Vol. LV. Toronto October 1920 No. 6

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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Beginning

"Reminiscences Political and Otherwise"

By

Hon. Justice Longley

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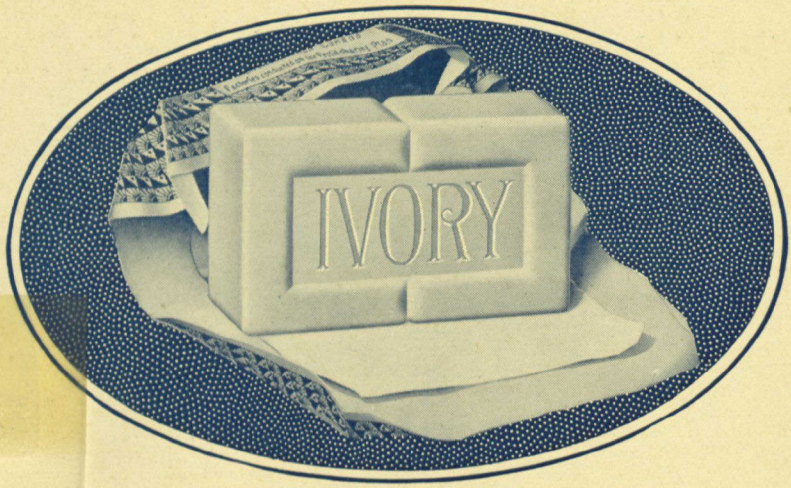
TORONTO



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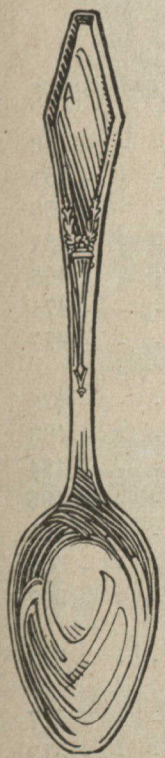

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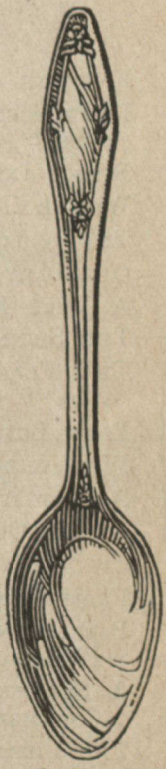

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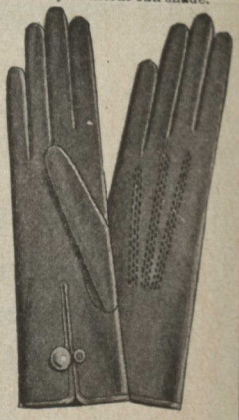

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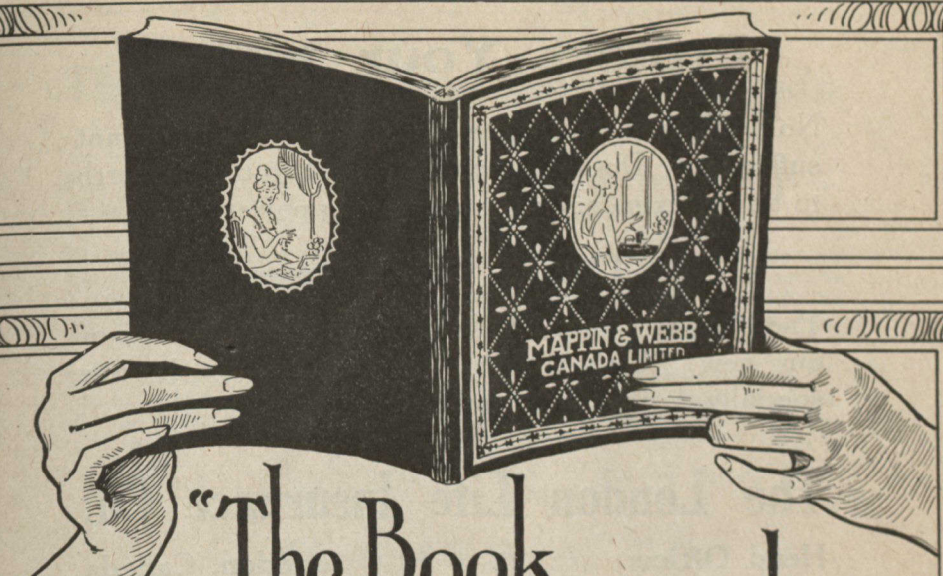

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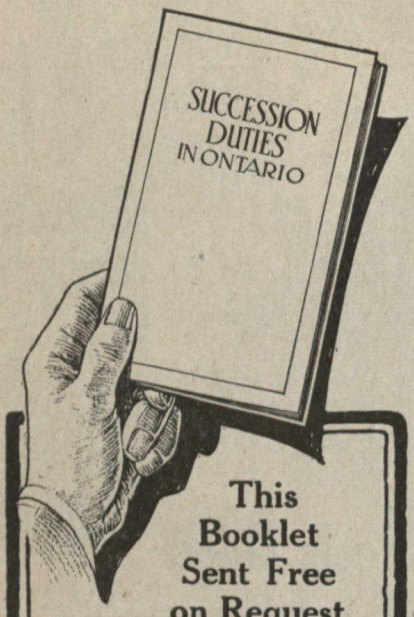

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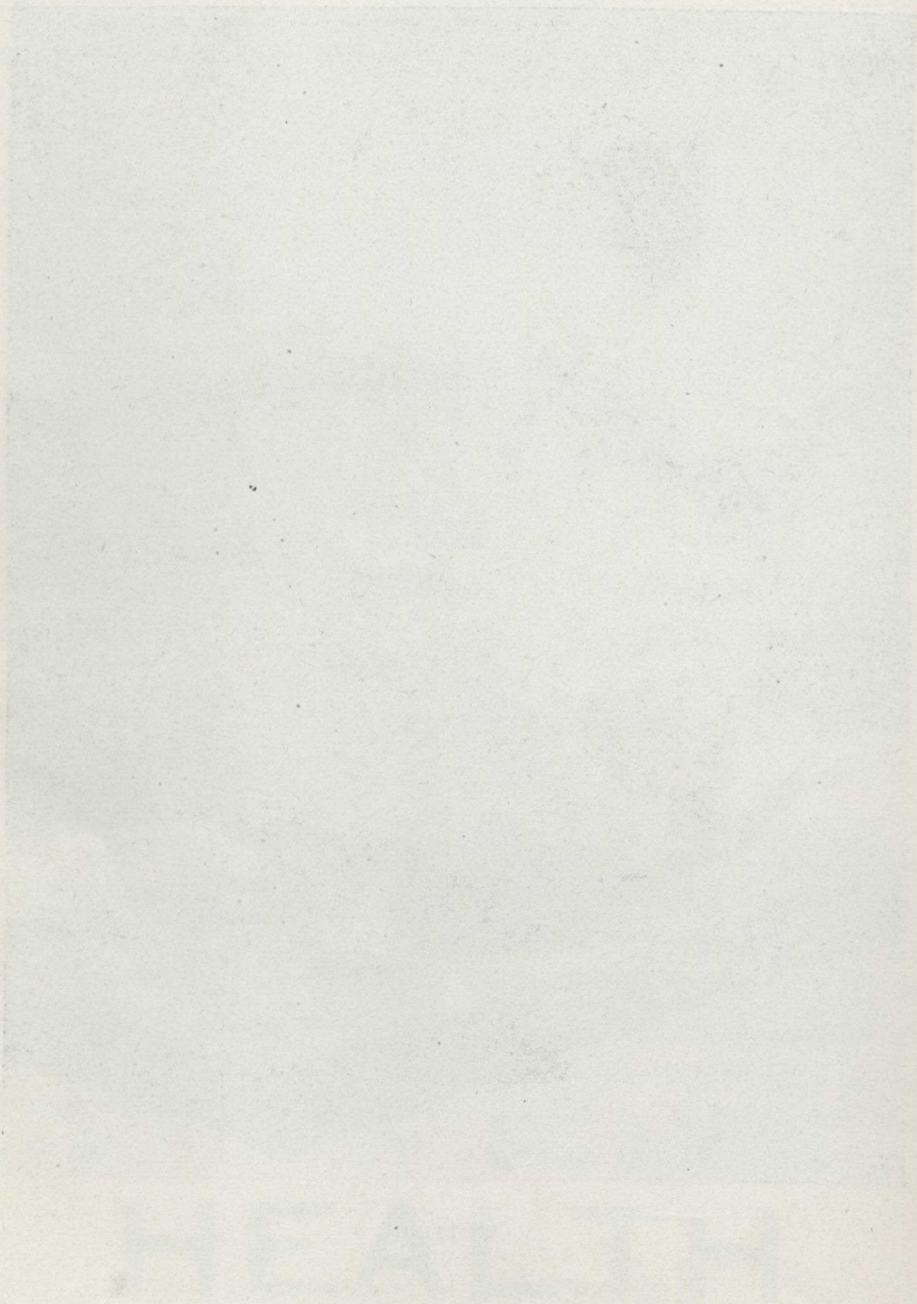


THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1920 No. 6

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

I AM not particular about biography, but I perhaps might say that my grandfather was a descendant of "John the Captive". William Longley came to Massachusetts from Yorkshire in 1636. He had eight children. The parents and five children were slain by Indians on July 27th, 1694, and the three other children were taken into captivity. The daughter Betty died of starvation. Lydia was taken by the Indians to Montreal, redeemed by the Sisters, and afterwards was taken into the nunnery, where she passed her life, attaining the position of Mother Superior. John was ransomed after having lived many years with the Indians. He had become quite accustomed to the life, but he was induced to return in 1699, and he was the father of the Longley family in North America. A monument has been erected at Groton, Mass., on the site of the old home in which the massacre took place, with this inscription:

"Here dwelt William and Deliverance Longley with their eight children. On the 27th July, 1694, the Indians killed the father and mother, and five of the children, and carried into captivity the other three."

One member of the family at Groton came to Nova Scotia and settled in Granville, Annapolis County, and from him is descended all the members of the family in Nova Scotia having that name. I mention this fact so any one may see how near an accident it was that there should have been any of the name preserved.

On the fourth day of January, 1849, I first came into being. There were four children born to my father and mother. The oldest, at the age of thirteen, died; the second, Leigh Richmond, died at the age of two years, and my second sister, Sophie, died at the age of twelve, of

diphtheria, which was then first appearing and was considered a mysterious disease. The doctors did not know how to deal with it. I was myself eight years of age when she died. I am now in my seventy-second year and have passed on through the various trials and incidents of life, so far, in comparatively good health.

My father, Israel Longley, was thirty-six years of age when I was born. He was a successful farmer in Paradise, Annapolis County. My mother was two years his junior, a daughter of Rev. James Manning, Baptist Minister.

I did not attend school until I was nearly eleven years of age, but I devoted myself wholly and unreservedly to study, and at four I had learned to read, and then I commenced the study of geography and various matters which a youngster can have until, when I went to school, I was considerably more advanced than most children of my age.

At the age of eight I found myself an only child and spent my life chiefly in roaming about, getting up early in the morning, as the rest of them did, between four and five o'clock. One thing especially I note, and others who read this can recall similar experiences or not, exactly as the question presents itself to them, I was consumed with a vast ambition. I pictured to myself every possible achievement that was within the power of a mortal to make. My thoughts ran chiefly on political matters, and I felt there was no position in the political world which was beyond me, or which I was unable to reach. I dreamed of being governor, prime minister, of being chief justice —everything that was possible for me to achieve would be mine as surely as could be. This same consuming ambition followed me all through my school days and all through my college course, and I never for one moment doubted that whatever there was in the region of achievement possible for me to attain would be mine beyond question. Alas for human ambitions!

My father first ran an election in 1859, when I was ten years of age. He was a candidate of the Liberal party. There were three on each side. On the one side was Hon. J. W. Johnstone, at that time the leader of the Conservative party in Nova Scotia, and associated with him were Avard Longley, an uncle of mine, and Moses Shaw. On the Liberal side were Mr. W. C. Whitman, Mr. W. H. Ray and my father. It was a violent contest, and I myself took an active part in it. I hailed people on the road that were going along in carriages, got in with them and talked of the prospects. As a matter of fact, Johnstone was elected by seventeen majority. Johnstone was in power at that time, and in the election his government was defeated by a majority of four or five in a total of fifty-five seats.

In the Autumn of 1859, a series of public demonstrations were held by each party, first by Johnstone, Tupper and others, who visited the western part of the Province, and held a series of meetings, and secondly by Howe, Young, Archibald and McCully on the Liberal side. I went to the Liberal meeting, of course, and it being impossible for me to see, from the great crowd, everything that was going on, I was advanced to a place on the platform, where I viewed everything with great interest and the deepest attention, and can remember now the words uttered by the speakers.

In 1863 the next election took place, and Johnstone was again a candidate, together with Avard Longley and Mr. George Whitman, whereas my father and Ray and Moses Shaw (who had turned in the House a year or two previously) were the candidates on the Liberal side. The issues were against the Government, led by Howe and Archibald and McCully, and my father was again de-

feated by a majority of two hundred or more, and Johnstone and Tupper came into power in 1863. They had every member of the House except seventeen.

At the first session of Parliament a bill was put through the House creating a Judge in Equity. It was first put through making him Chief Justice in Equity, but it was amended in the Legislative Council, making the office only that of Judge. It was designed to create a place for Mr. Johnstone, who at this time was advanced in years, and the consequence was that at the conclusion of the session of 1864 Johnstone was appointed to the position, and Charles Tupper became Premier of Nova Scotia.

At that time Dr. Tupper introduced and carried a bill for making education compulsory. Hitherto the teachers had obtained their support only by collecting so much from each person who was sending pupils to the school. Dr. Tupper proposed to compel every person to pay a tax to the schools in the district in which they were placed. This was perfectly sound legislation and we had held off long enough in this Province, and Adam G. Archibald, who was the leader of the Liberal party, had really supported the measure, but it created great dissatisfaction in the country and was one of the means likely to involve the Government in defeat at the next election.

But Dr. Tupper projected another matter, which was far-reaching in its consequences and constituted the main object of the elections in 1867. He proposed that a conference should be held of the Premiers and various members of Government of the three Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, which was held at Charlottetown. They had proceeded but a short time in the consideration of the matter when it became evident that it was impossible to agree to any plan at the time, for the simple reason that Prince Edward Island refused to embrace any system of government that did not make Charlottetown the capital of the whole, and they were about to break up without accomplishing anything when they received notice that a deputation from the Government of Canada would meet them and make propositions for a larger union. Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, Hon. George Brown and others came to Charlottetown and proposed a scheme for a larger union. The Government of Canada was in reality a coalition, composed of the leaders of both parties, which had been formed for the purpose of devising a scheme by which government could be carried on in Canada successfully without continual dissensions, and George Brown was exceedingly active in propounding a policy of union of all the colonies in British America and forming a Federal Government which would embrace them all. After having outlined his policy as successfully as he could, he induced the three Provinces concerned and also Newfoundland to send delegates to Quebec for the purpose of forming a Federal Government, and subsequently they met in Quebec, in October, and framed an Act for the union of the several Provinces.

It happened that New Brunswick was to have an election immediately. It had been agreed by all the delegates present that the terms of the scheme should not be made known until the legislatures of the several Provinces met, but, as an election was to be held in New Brunswick, the nature of the compact became known, and it was submitted then, in reality, to the electors of New Brunswick, with the result that the Government of Hon. S. L. Tilley and Hon. Peter Mitchell was completely wiped out, and a Government, of which Albert J. Smith was the leader, was called into existence, and arrangements were

made for carrying on the Government entirely opposed to any scheme of confederation. The effect of this was to immediately postpone the question as far as Nova Scotia was concerned and also as far as Prince Edward Island was concerned. Canada proceeded to discuss the question and the Government carried it by a large majority.

In Nova Scotia the attitude of the parties in 1865 was peculiar. The Government and both the leaders of the Opposition were in favour of union, but the majority of New Brunswick had rejected it by a large majority, and it therefore became the business of the Government not to press the scheme at all. Dr. Tupper, in order to let himself down as easily as possiible, proposed that they should go on with the scheme of uniting the three Lower Provinces, although he knew at the time that this could not be accomplished, and so passed by the session of 1865. In 1866 New Brunswick had completely changed in regard to the subject, and in a very short time, owing to various matters which it is not necessary to dwell upon at length here, the anti-confederate Government was defeated and Hon. Leonard Tilley and Peter Mitchell came back into power. Then it was that Mr. William Miller, an anti-confederate member in Nova Scotia, proposed that Nova Scotia should send delegates to a convention to be held in London to frame a scheme that could be accepted by the people of Nova Scotia, and this was taken advantage of by Dr. Tupper, and a delegation of five was appointed to go to London and cooperate with the Government there, who had already sent representatives to such a convention. New Brunswick did the same thing. Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland rejected it and stayed out.

In London the scheme was fully discussed and it was carried, very largely according to the resolutions adopted in Quebec in 1864, and it was provided that the Act should come into operation by proclamation by Her Majesty in Council on July 1st, 1867. This led to a tremendous contest in Nova Scotia on the question of it being carried by a partisan convention at London without having consulted the people in any respect, and Nova Scotia came to the front in such an emergency with Joseph Howe as leader of the anti-confederate party, and in the election of 1867 only two members—Blanchard from Inverness and H. G. Pineo of Cumberland —were elected to the Local House. Dr. Tupper himself squeezed through by a narrow majority in the Federal House. Therefore, by an overwhelming majority, the Province of Nova Scotia had determined that she would have no part or parcel in the matter of Confederation.

In the year 1866 I had made sufficient advance in the common school department to go to Wolfville to enter the collegiate school there and prepare for matriculation, but the trustees of the school at Paradise the next spring had engaged Mr. Freeman Tufts as teacher in the school, and it was felt that I could most successfully study under him for the matriculation examination, and I consequently left the Academy and returned to study in the school under Mr. Tufts for a period of time, then went back and finished the course at the Academy, and matriculated into College in May, 1867. The period of four years which I spent at college were, in many respects, the most interesting of my life. It was not that I regarded the question of study as the important matter. It afforded an excellent opportunity to cherish my dreams of ambition, and it afforded unlimited scope for sentimental developments with the girls at the Academy and elsewhere. I will not refer to these in detail now. A whole volume could be written of the various escapades and adventures of this,

my college life. They are things which should be remembered by all, and some day I may be able to picture as well as possible the scenes, but in the meantime they will pass into oblivion.

I attended the first political meeting of my life at the age of ten years, at which Young, Howe, Archibald and McCully spoke at Aylesford. It was a great event to me. I had been dreaming even before this for years about politics and politicians, and the names of theses men had been as familiar to me as could be, and I was placed upon the platform, as a small boy, in order that I might see and hear well. William Young was at this time the leader of the party, Howe having devoted himself to the work of building the Provincial railway in 1854, having retired from leadership of the Government, Young taking his place; and when the Government was defeated in 1857 and the whole Liberal party went out, Howe went with the rest, but Young remained the leader. Young appeared to best advantage at this meeting. Howe was left until the last and the meeting was pretty well exhausted by this time. Benjamin Weir, Adam G. Archibald and Jonathan McCully and William Young had spoken by this time and Howe had been addressing himself to the ladies and getting them all in proper humour, but he did not appear to full advantage at this meeting. It was a meeting of the Liberal leaders after the election and was intended to bring them into prominence. They had only won the election by a small majority, four or five, but they were pretty certain to defeat the Government. I enjoyed this experience above all else in my life. The meeting was held at Aylesford in the county of Kings, which is next to the county of Annapolis, and in order to get there in time, we had to start before daylight in the morning, but arrived on the spot in sufficient time to see the carriage drive up with four horses, containing the various speakers, who were received with great huzzahs on all sides. The next opportunity I had was when Tupper, as Premier and Provincial Secretary, came to Bridgetown and held a meeting on Confederation. It was a crowded meeting, and I have no doubt that a great majority of the meeting was opposed to Confederation. Tupper was at his best. He was not met on that occasion by a real opponent. The Hon. Mr. Musgrave, who was really a most genial and happy type of speaker, made some remarks and they were hostile to Confederation, but they were not of a political character, and therefore had not the weight that would attach to the matter otherwise. Dr. Robertson was present and made a few observations, which, while he was a highly respected clergyman, had no effect upon the meeting, but at the end of it young Mr. Gidney, son of the famous Angus M. Gidney, editor of *The Free Press*, rose and moved a resolution offering great hostility to the present scheme. This was seconded and put to the meeting. My father was chairman of the meeting at the time. As the place was packed with people, it was impossible to form a division, and therefore my father proposed that those who were in favor of the resolution should go out, whereupon the meeting arose, as far as I could judge, two-thirds, and rushed towards the door. But Tupper at once took advantage of the occasion to rise and make all sorts of exclamations—"Would you tie the hands of your representatives?" and all such remarks as that, which the parties going out stopped to hear, which prevented any real division from taking place, and Tupper afterwards stated that he had scarcely been able to miss from this great meeting in Annapolis the people who had gone and supported the resolution.

The next meeting I attended was a memorable one. It was held in the

spring of 1867, and was the occasion of Joseph Howe appearing in Bridgetown to formulate his policy of opposition to the union. He first went into the Court House, but the meeting could not nearly all get in, and therefore it was resolved that, as the weather was fine, they should go outside, and Howe spoke from the steps of the court house. Howe was then in the very palm of his ability, and he made a speech on that occasion that would drive any politician wild, and produced an effect upon me in regard to his oratory that is unequalled, and I am now approaching my seventy-second year. One extract from his speech will enable one to form an idea of how brilliant was his oration:

"Aye, but think of the attractions of Ottawa! They may be very great, but I think I may be pardoned if I prefer an old city beside the Thames. London is large enough for me, and you will no doubt prefer London with its magnificent proportions to Ottawa with its magnificent distances. London! the commercial centre of the world, the nursing mother of universal enterprise, the home of the arts, the seat of Empire, the fountain-head of civilization. London where the Lady we honour sits enthroned in the hearts of her subjects, and where the statesmen, the warriors, the orators, historians and poets, who have illustrated the vigour of our race and the compass of our language repose beneath piles so venerable we do not miss the cornice and the pilaster. London! where the archives of a nationality not created in a fortnight are preserved, where personal liberty is secured by the decision of free courts and where legislative chambers the most elevated in tone, control the national councils and guard the interests of the Empire. Surely with such a capital as this we need not seek for another in the backwoods of Canada, and we may be pardoned if we prefer London under the dominion of John Bull, to Ottawa under the dominion of Jack Frost."

The election on Confederation came on in September and resulted in Howe's magnificent victory. I heard later in Bridgetown a debate that took place upon the question of Confederation between Avard Longley, who was the candidate for the Dominion, and Jared C. Troop, who was a candidate for the Provincial House. Both were speakers who were well known, possessed great ability and exerted all their best powers on that occasion. The result was that Avard Longley was defeated and Ray was returned for the Dominion, and J. C. Troop and D. C. Landers were elected by a large majority to the Local House. J. C. Troop was immediately made a member of the Government which was formed after the election, and was sent as a delegate to London with Howe and Annand. He was afterwards Speaker of the House of Assembly and was about to be appointed a Judge of the County Court when he suddenly died in 1874.

My next political meeting was at Windsor. Howe had accepted office in 1869 with the Dominion Government, and had come to the county of Hants for endorsement. It is needless to say that this step was a momentous one, because it followed so quickly the avalanche of hostility to Confederation, and the people of Nova Scotia, viewing the matter as a whole, had no idea that such a verdict as Nova Scotia had returned would fail of accomplishing its real object. Those that were cold-blooded and vested with clear common sense realized that nothing could be accomplished in opposing the union. Howe and Tupper had discussed the matter fully while in London and the momentous consequences of such a step were brought before Howe, and the necessity of some action on his part which would satisfy the people of Nova Scotia was recognized.

However, Howe had entered into arrangements whereby better terms would be given Nova Scotia. They had been arranged in Portland, Maine, and Howe had gone to Ottawa and been sworn into the Government. This was a patriotic step and worthy of a statesman, but, on the other hand, if Howe had had money enough to exist without it, it was a mistake in

many respects. It destroyed confidence on the part of multitudes of persons in Nova Scotia in regard to the great leader. It was the first time he had been placed in such peculiar and embarrassing circumstances, and if he could have exerted his influence in some other way except by going into the Cabinet at Ottawa, it would have been far better from an historical point of view. Howe's reputation, it must be understood, and his position as a great man, is dependent not at all upon his career as a politician. His letters and addresses to the people of England, together with his utterances in regard to various matters are of so much higher and more dignified character than that of any other public man of Canada, or in the Empire for that matter, that his reputation is beyond doubt or question, but no doubt he is placed under a peculiar state of things by people who do not reason well on account of his sudden change in the matter of confederation.

The meeting in Windsor was held about February, 1869, and it was the first appearance of Howe before an audience in Nova Scotia since he had accepted office, and those present on that occasion filled the court house to overflowing and it was necessary for Howe when passing up to the platform to elbow his way as best he could through the crowd of people. His first reception was entirely unfavourable. He was received with shouts and hoots and hisses all the way from the door to the platform. He began his speech, as he did all his speeches, with a desire to please and create an impression in his favour, but he was handicapped throughout by the hostile feeling which came from all parts of the court-house and was chiefly engineered by a crowd of men who had organized for that purpose. He was followed by Mr. M. H. Goudge, who was then alive and active in public life and was President of the Legislative Council at the age of ninety-one, but who died only a few months ago. He spoke but a short time and was received with tremendous applause. Hon. A. G. Jones followed and made a very formidable speech as representing the opposition interests in the Province, and he spoke with considerable effect and amid great applause. When he had finished, it was twilight, and the lights had been lit in the court-house. Howe rose to reply, and all the innate force of the man and his power over masses of people never came at a greater advantage. The little clique of clackers were silenced, and great applause burst forth from the people assembled, as Howe proceeded. At last he came to this passage:

> "But my friend Mr. Goudge says that I am ambitious. Ambitious am I? Well, I was ambitious that Nova Scotia should have a free press and free, responsible government. I fought for it and I won it. Ambitious am I? Well, a man at my time of life can be supposed to have but little ambition any way, but I am ambitious that when in my declining years I ride up and down the length and breadth of Nova Scotia I may receive the same confidence and love from her sons that in days gone by I received from their sires."

The audience then burst out into loud applause.

Although Mr. Howe was successful in this election, he was subjected to a serious breakdown on account of his health, which was now beginning to fail, and the campaign on behalf of his election had to be carried on by others of his friends. It is said that when he broke down in health and was staying at a certain place in the county of Hants in bed, Dr. Tupper took advantage of the occasion and quietly went to his bedside without having any noise or fuss made about it, and told him that he sympathized with him in the great contest that was going on and that he had every confidence that he would win, but, if by any accident he should fail, he, Tupper, would place the constituency of Cumberland at his disposal and see

that he was returned by a handsome majority. "But," said Howe, "what of yourself for the time being?"

"For myself," said Tupper, "I will go into the Local House and make it warm for the Government."

The incident is worth preserving, though, of course, as Mr. Howe was elected by 380 majority, it has nothing to do with any future relationships of the two parties.

Mr. Howe was elected and went to the House and was present during the sessions of 1869-'70-'71-'72, but he was not himself. In the first place, he was approaching seventy years of age; in the second place, he had been always used to leading and having supreme command, whereas in Ottawa Sir John Macdonald was Premier; George E. Cartier occupied a tremendous position of responsibility in the Government; Sir Francis Hincks was Finance Minister, and Tupper exercised the greatest command over matters which pertained especially to Nova Scotia. Therefore, he did not appear at his best, but all the same in those matters which constitute great thoughts, looking to the larger development of Imperial interests of Canada, he made use of expressions and gave utterance to opinions that have not yet borne their full fruit and which may be said to constitute the origin and beginning of the prevailing Imperialistic views of to-day.

(To be continued.)

BURKE AND HARE IN LITERATURE

BY D. FRASER HARRIS

IT cannot for a moment be maintained that great criminals have not had their place in literature, although some of them have obtained their dishonourable mention quite as much by reason of their exalted position as by the enormity of their crimes, of whom we might take Nero, Heliogabalus and the Borgia Pope, Alexander VI, as examples. But the Irishmen William Burke and William Hare, who were members of the very lowest stratum of society, have obtained their place in literature solely by reason of the novelty and enormity of the unparalleled wickedness of which they were guilty. They are certainly in literature, for they are referred to by Sir Walter Scott both in his leters and in the *Journal*, by John Gibson Lockhart, by Lord Cockburn, by Thomas de Quincey, by Robert Chambers, by Lord Macaulay, by George Eliot, by James Grant, the novelist, by Professor Saintsbury, by Robert Louis Stevenson, by Archbishop Trench, and by Mrs. Gaskell. The flood of contemporary doggerel verses for consumption on the street was considerable. The trial of Burke and his paramour, Helen Macdougall, is the subject of several treatises, one as early as 1829, the other as late as 1884. The murders were the subject of magazine articles as late as 1867. Dr. Robert Knox, whose dissecting-rooms received all the victims, insisted on a commission being called together to investigate the sensational charges made against him; and within three years of the murders, Parliament passed an act for the licensing and supervising of duly qualified teachers of practical anatomy. As recently as April, 1917, in the first number of the first volume of "The Annals of Medical History", published in New York, there is an article by Dr. Charles W. Burr on "Burke and Hare and the Psychology of Murder". Dr. Fielding H. Garrison, in his exhaustive and valuable "History of Medicine", has a brief but accurate account of the murders, in which he discusses Knox's innocence.

William Burke, like Captain Boycott, his fellow-countryman, is one of the few men whose name has become an English verb, for "to burke" an inquiry is to stifle it—stifling or suffocating his intoxicated victims being the method adopted by this murderer to avoid leaving any trace of external violence on the body. In Sir Walter Scott's diary for March 7th, 1829, we read: "This extrication of my affairs, though only a Pisgah prospect, occupies my mind more than is fitting; but without some such hopes I must have felt like one of the victims of the wretch Burke, struggling against a smothering weight on my bosom, till Nature could endure it no longer." Burke's method apparently disturbed

the dreams of the dying novelist, for in the delirium of his last illness he kept repeating, "Burke, Sir Walter". Lockhart's words are, "A few times, also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh, and 'Burke, Sir Walter, escaped him in a melancholy tone." The occasion referred to was an election at Jedburgh in May, 1831, when his carriage was mobbed.

But the reasons for the celebrity of these miscreants are by no means exhausted. The trial of Burke and Helen Macdougall, as might be supposed, was one of the most sensational ever held in the High Court of Justiciary in the Parliament House at Edinburgh. It began at 10.15 a.m. on the morning of December 24th, 1829, and did not end until 9.30 a.m. the next day, Chirstmas morning. It therefore lasted all day and all night: the jury was absent only fifty minutes. The medico-legal aspects were entirely new; the evidence of Dr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Christison, the medical expert for the Crown, being of unusual interest. It came out that no signs whatever of external violence could be detected on the bodies, if one excepted the rupture of some cervical ligaments, an injury which, as Christison had to admit, could perfectly well have been produced *post mortem*. As a matter of fact, these ligaments were ruptured by the corpses being forced, bent up, into relatively too small tea-chests or barrels which the ruffians used to transport their victims on a handcart or "hurrley" or on their shoulders to Knox's rooms.

A number of lawyers either at that time possessing or subsequently attaining to the highest distinction were engaged on the case whose legal aspects gave rise to a prolonged debate between Bench and Bar, and, indeed, constituted a precedent for all subsequent procedure. The subject in debate was whether Hare and his wife, certainly accomplices in a majority of the murders, could be permitted to give evidence—so-called King's evidence—against Burke; and if so, could the Hares be cross-examined in regard to murders in which they had assisted Burke but for which Burke was not being tried. It was decided that King's evidence might be admitted, but that Hare could not be forced to answer any question he did not wish to relating to any parts he might have played in the grim dramas.

The popular interest in all this rose to an indescribable pitch of intensity. No fewer than fifty-five witnesses were called, amongst them William Pultney Alison, M.D., Professor of the Theory of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, and also three of Dr. Knox's assistants, two of them eminent in after life; Thomas Wharton Jones, Huxley's teacher of physiology at Charing Cross, who was the discoverer of the diapedesis of leucocytes, and William Ferguson, later Sir William, the distinguished surgeon. At least two of the lawyers involved in the case, Mr. Francis Jeffrey and Mr. Henry Cockburn, became, as Lords Jeffrey and Cockburn respectively, not only ornaments of the Scottish bar but world-renowned figures in the republic of Scottish letters. Sir Walter Scott's interest in the case was very largely professional.

The execution by hanging of William Burke in the open air at eight o'clock outside the Old Tolbooth prison at the head of Liberton's wynd, on the morning of January 28th, 1829, was witnessed by 20,000 persons on the lowest estimate and by 40,000 on the highest. It was destined to be one of the last of public executions within the realm of Scotland, and Burke the last person sentenced to be hanged and dissected. This sentence was carried out in all its grimness, for the body was publicly anatomized by Professor Monro (*tertius*) in his lecture room at the University, through which, in the course of two days, 30,000 persons filed past the

corpse. Sir William Hamilton, of the chair of Metaphysics; George Coombe, the phrenologist; Mr. Liston, the surgeon, and Mr. Joseph, the sculptor, were among the spectators. The skeleton was prepared as an osteological specimen, as had been directed in the sentence, and exists to this day in the museum of the Department of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh. Here, too, is a piece of Burke's skin, tanned to leather. It used to be said in medical circles in Edinburgh that one or two tobacco pouches or pocket books had been made out of the murderer's skin; they were described as "soft as glove leather".

It was not merely that Burke and Hare murdered people; they were deliberate, systematic, ingenious and one may say scientific murderers. This is the aspect that appealed to DeQuincey when he mentions them in his "Murder as one of the Fine Arts". They employed the simple method of asphyxiation following on alcoholic intoxication—putting their hands over the mouth and nose of the victim—a method suggested by Hare as one leaving no external signs of violence and one at that time unknown to medical jurists. The miscreants received for each corpse sums varying from £7 to £14, which, to idle and illiterate men in their position, were very large sums indeed. In the space of less than eleven months they dispatched at least sixteen persons—male and female, old and young, hideous and comely, it mattered not; they were tracked down, decoyed, poisoned, suffocated, and sold to be dissected. It was said that one of the demonstrators, Dr. Ferguson, and some of the students recognized two of the bodies as those of persons not only very recently in good health but alive and walking on the Edinburgh streets, namely "Daft Jimmie" or James Wilson, an idiot youth, and Mary Patterson, a prostitute, whose body was so well developed that Knox did not permit it to be dissected, but had it preserved in alcohol to demonstrate certain points in myology. It is on record that he brought in an artist to view the corpse.

The last victim was an old woman called Doherty, who was murdered on the night of Friday, October 31st, 1828, in Burke's room, and whose body David Paterson, Knox's porter, was brought to see on the Saturday morning as it lay in the straw at one side of the bed. Later in the day the corpse was delivered at Knox's, Surgeon's Square. Lodgers in the neighbouring rooms, who had seen the old woman alive on Hallowe'en, searched Burke's room early the next morning and found the body as described; but while they went out to fetch the police it had disappeared and Burke and Hare had set off for Newington, where Knox lived in order to be paid for "the subject", as it happened, their last.

Burke and Hare were at no time body-snatchers, although to allay suspicion they encouraged a belief to that effect among inquisitive neighbours in the West Port. They discovered that with much less risk and fatigue they could command prices quite as high as those paid to the riflers of graves or "resurrectionists", as they were always called. R. L. Stevenson has perpetuated this inaccuracy in the chapter on Greyfriars in his "Edinburgh Picturesque Notes".

Phrenology was all the rage when Burke's brain was dissected, and the professors of that pseudo-science lost no time in examining this notorious person in the light of their great delusion. The phrenological report given in the "West Port Murders" (Edinburgh 1829, Anonymous) occupies eleven pages and includes copious measurements of Burke's head and a description of the cast that was made of it.

The report bristles with all the flagrant errors and consummate nonsense of the phrenologists in their heyday.

We may judge how reliable an estimate of character the expert phrenologists of 1829 could make when we are solemnly told that Burke, one of the most desperate and cold-blooded of modern criminals, a man who could break the back of a child, who a moment before was sitting on his knee and whose grandmother he had just smothered, "was deficient neither in benevolence nor conscientiousness". He was a savage, drunken monster, and we are informed he had a "bump" of veneration and of philo-progenitiveness. This philological exactitude means "love of children"—possibly he loved children after the fashion that Germans love the weaker nations around them. Burke and Hare also murdered an Italian boy, a street musician, who carried about tame white mice; the phrenologists must have overlooked the bump of love for harmless foreign musicians. Burke not being physically so perfectly repulsive as Hare, acted as the decoy to entice his victims into the den in Tanner's close. And yet the list given us of nice bumps is a long one. We need not thrash a dead horse; the pseudo-science of phrenology died long ago believing to the last that the cerebellum is "the organ of amativeness". Of course Burke had a large cerebellum.

As will be gathered from the passages quoted from Scott and Cockburn, the public certainly believed that Dr. Knox and some of his assistants were aware that murder was being committed, even if they did not instigate it. The popular outcry against Knox was very intense. He was called for at the trial, and at the execution the crowd cried, "Hang Knox too". The windows of his house at 4 Newington Place were smashed by the mob, and for many years he could not live in Edinburgh. This bitter feeling was not confined to the lower orders, for, as is seen in the quotation given later, Sir Walter himself did not think that Knox ought to have come forward and attempt to read an anatomical paper at the Royal Society, as he proposed to do, within three weeks of the conclusion of the trial and while the monster Burke was still unhanged (January 14th, 1829). Certainly good taste was not one of Knox's strong points. Lord Cockburn, however, considered Knox perfectly innocent. There exists a declaration signed by Burke while a prisoner in the Tolbooth, to the effect that neither Knox nor any of his assistants was, as the lawyers put it, accessory before the fact. The scrawl runs thus: "Burke declares that Doctor Knox never incouraged him. Nether taught or incoreged him to murder any person Nether any of his assistants that worthy gentleman Mr. Fergeson was the only man that ever mentioned anything about the bodies. He inquired where we got that young woman paterson. Sined, William Burk, prisoner."

Knox demanded that a committee of prominent citizens should be formed to investigate the rumours and charges in regard to him. The committee consisted of Mr. Allan, banker; Dr. W. P. Alison, Professor of the Theory of Physic, the University; Sir George Ballingall, Professor of Military Surgery; Mr. Brown, Advocate; Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Philosophy, University; Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Robinson, Secretary to the Royal Society; Mr. Russell, Professor of Clinical Surgery; Mr. (later Sir) George Sinclair; Mr. Stewart, Advocate.

After deliberating for six weeks, this commission issued its report on March 13th, 1829. It is given in full in Lonsdale's "Life of Knox", and there occupies three crown octavo pages of small print. The report concludes in these words: "The extent therefore to which (judging from the evidence they have been able to procure) the committee think that Dr. Knox can be blamed on account of

transactions with Burke and Hare, is that by his laxity of the regulations under which bodies were received into his rooms be unintentionally gave a degree of facility to the disposal of the victims of their crimes which, under better regulations, would not have existed; and which is doubtless matter of deep and lasting regret not only to himself but to all who have reflected on the importance and are therefore interested in the prosecution of the study of Anatomy. But while they point out this circumstance as the only ground of censure which they can discover in the conduct of Dr. Knox, it is fair to observe that perhaps the recent disclosures have made it appear reprehensible to many who would not otherwise have adverted to its possible consequences."

The committee was clearly satisfied that there was no evidence that Knox had any guilty knowledge of the murders or that he had. in fact, any suspicion of foul play, although there were circumstances which might have created such suspicion in his mind. What ought to have been the really suspicious thing about the whole affair was that all the bodies were "fresh", that is, had evidently never been coffined or buried. We have to remember that before the passing of the Anatomy Act in 1832, the only sources for "subjects", besides the bodies of murderers sentenced to be hanged and dissected, were corpses disinterred by "resurrectionists".

Therefore, Professor Wilson, in his attack on Knox, in the "Noctes", is perfectly justified in saying that Knox ought to have had his suspicions aroused by the arrival in his rooms of a whole series of bodies which showed no signs of having been buried. The idea that so many bodies could have been purchased in so short a time was perfectly absurd, and was clearly a stupid but impudent falsehood. Knox knew as well as anybody else that the Scottish poor did not sell the bodies of their dead relatives; and he must have known there is no property in a corpse. Of course, the plain truth is that Knox did not want to inquire, and was far too occupied with his teaching and his researches ever to trouble to cross-question two illiterate blackguards, whom he left to be interviewed by his porter and occasionally by his assistants.

Robert Knox, who attained to this highly undesirable notoriety, was probably one of the most successful lecturers on Anatomy or anything else that Scotland has ever produced. There is no doubt that, an able man naturally, he had the gift of teaching so that he showed up all the more advantageously against the third Monro, who was as stale, flat and unprofitable a lecturer as one could well conceive. The first and second Monros had been towers of strength to the Edinburgh School of Medicine, the third was unoriginal and inept. The students had to "take out" Monro's lectures to qualify for their examination, but they went to Knox to learn the subject. Dr. Knox researched widely in Comparative Anatomy, and was one of the first to grasp and teach the views of Xavier Bichât on the classification and structure of the tissues. He was born in Scotland in 1791 and died in London in 1862. Undoubtedly some of his popularity with the students was due to his theatrical style of lecturing. He had what we should consider some objectionable mannerisms, and he was dandified to a nauseous degree. He lectured in a dress coat (the object of that being to avoid soiling the skirts of a coat not cut away at the sides); he wore several rings, he displayed much more than the usual amount of frills on his shirt, and he used scent freely. Notwithstanding all this, Knox was not in the least effeminate. When the popular outcry against him was at its height, he knocked a man down in College Street for shouting some insulting remark at him. When, on the 12th of February, 1829, a mob

had burned him in effigy and made a furious demonstration outside his house and had broken all his windows, he showed no signs of physical fear whatever. He did not owe his popularity as a lecturer to his good looks, for his face, which was admittedly ugly, was badly marked with smallpox, and he was blind in the left eye. Apart altogether from the odium he incurred from his connection with the murders, Knox was not popular with his medical brethren, for he was not diplomatic in his intercourse with them, and he held in opposition to them very strong views on some subjects of anatomical controversy. It is to be suspected that he rather enjoyed argument. He is described by his biographer, Lonsdale, a pupil, as really kind-hearted, especially to the poor; on one occasion he gave a starving man his last five shillings and dined off a penny roll.

The chief actors in this sordid drama were young: Knox was thirty-seven, and Burke only thirty-six years old when he was hanged, for he was born in 1792. He was a native of the parish of Orry in County Tyrone, Ireland. When was was about twenty he married a young woman in Ballina, County Mayo, by whom he had seven children, all of whom, except one boy, died as infants. Deserting his wife, he went over to Scotland to get work on the Forth and Clyde Canal which was under construction in 1817 and 1818. While engaged as a labourer on this work in Stirlingshire, he met the woman Macdougall, recently a widow, and thenceforth they agreed to live together; according to the reports of neighbours they were continually quarrelling, and on one occasion Burke nearly killed her.

That there should have been a great outcry for the execution of Hare is perfectly intelligible. He seems to have been one of the most squalid and depraved wretches that human eyes were ever set upon—ghoulish, ferocious, diabolical, inhumanly ugly, are the terms used to describe him. Burke averred in one of his confessions that Hare either alone or assisted by his wife murdered several of the sixteen victims, including "Daft Jimmie". To one of the jailers who had said to Burke that he never wished to see the man forgiven who could have murdered the poor, harmless idiot "Daft Jimmie", Burke replied, "I am soon to die. . . I have no interest in telling a lie. . . I am as innocent of Daft Jimmie's blood as you are. He was taken into Hare's house and murdered by him and his wife." All who examined Hare were unanimous in the conclusion that he was absolutely destitute of moral sense. He could neither read nor write. He had to fly from the vengeance of the Edinburgh mob by the help of the Dumfries coach one dark night in February, 1829. He was booked as "Mr. Black", a not wholly inappropriate pseudonym. Immediately on arrival in Dumfries he was recognized and greeted with cries of "Burke him, burke him". He would have been dispatched then and there had he not contrived to run for his life into the shelter of the town prison. From here he was smuggled away to his native Ireland. The mob assailed the building all day long, and not until one hundred special constables were sworn in was order restored. Hare was a native of Armagh, and believed to be only about twenty-five years of age at the time of the trial.

David Paterson, Knox's porter, was evidently a man not easily repressed. In April, 1829, he had the effrontery to write to no less a man than Sir Walter Scott, offering him a collection of anecdotes relating to the murders, and suggesting that he, Scott, should write something on the subject. The public believed that Paterson knew a good deal about the crimes. Burke distinctly stated that Paterson knew where he and Hare lived, but that neither Knox nor any of his assistants knew. Seeing that

Paterson lived in the West Port itself, at number 26, which he gave as his address in court at his cross-examination as a witness, it is on the face of it exceedingly probable that he knew not only where Burke lived, but how Burke was living. Paterson was astute enough to see that there was money in a story of the West Port murders based on personal knowledge, and he probably contemplated an advantageous monetary arrangement with the "Great Unknown".

In the days of body-snatching it was the recognized thing for the dissecting-room porter to deal directly with the resurrectionists and keep some portion of their fees for his part in the business. He was the middleman, and got that necessary evil's profits. But more than that, the anatomists themselves had to depend on the body-snatchers for their entire supply of subjects, and of course they had to pay them well.

The anatomists were very dissatisfied with the absence of legislation in regard to practical anatomy, and they implored successive governments to legislate in such a way that teachers of anatomy might, without scandal, carry on their indispensable work. All their attempts to overcome the official functional inertia were unavailing until the Edinburgh murders aroused the public generally to a sense of the unfair position in which the anatomists were placed. They had to have human bodies; the legal source of supply, persons executed for murder, was far too small; they had to accept bodies from the resurrectionists, although they detested them and their methods. But the law would not come to their aid. Of course the difficulty of acquiring bodies for dissection was not one confined to our own country. Vesalius, the Belgian, the Father of Anatomy, bitterly laments the difficulties he had in his time (1530) both as a student and later as a teacher. On the continent of Europe the chief supply was from suicides and the bodies of friendless persons who had died in the poor-houses.

There can be no doubt whatever that "An Act for Regulating Schools of Anatomy" (*Anno secundo et tertio, Gulielmi* IV *Regis Cap*: LXXV) was the direct outcome of the West Port atrocities. It is known as Warburton's Act, and became law on August 1st. 1832, since when British schools of anatomy have been properly and legally conducted. Part of the preamble reads as follows: "And whereas, in order further to supply human bodies for such purposes, divers great and grievous crimes have been committed, and lately murder, for the single object of selling for such purposes the bodies of the persons so murdered. And whereas, therefore, it is highly expedient to give Protection under certain Regulations to the study and practice of Anatomy and to prevent, as far as may be, such great and grievous crime and murder as aforesaid; Be it therefore enacted," etc.

The murders alluded to in the Act are without any possible doubt those of the Burke and Hare series. The Act contains 21 provisions, one being that the old law of George II, directing the body of a murderer to be dissected after execution, be repealed. No less a man than Lord Macaulay spoke in favour of the bill.

It is natural that I take more than an ordinary interest in these crimes, seeing that I have known intimately two persons who witnessed Burke's execution, one, the late Mr. F. S. M., of Edinburgh, one of the clerks of the Court of Session; the other, my maternal grand-uncle, William Sutherland Fraser, W.S., Procurator-fiscal for the County of Sutherland and sometime Provost of Dornoch, the county town of Sutherlandshire. Mr. M., only a boy at the time of the execution, was enabled to see it through the kindness of a man who placed him on his shoulders. My grand-uncle (b. 1800, d. 1888)

was one of the junior counsel engaged on the case. I saw him for the last time when he was eighty years of age, and he then recounted to me, with the full detail of an eye-witness, the story of the trial and execution. So deep an impression had it made on him that he remembered those distant scenes very much better than many recent events.

The actual houses in Tanner's close, West Port, where the crimes were committed, have long ago disappeared in city improvements. I could, however, take anyone desirous of seeing the locality to within two hundred yards of Burke's haunts.

The towering mass of the mediæval castle of Edinburgh frowns grimly over the place where murders more dreadful than any perpetrated in the darkness of its dungeons were carried out in hovels, some of them under the full light of day.

No wonder that Edinburgh was scandalized! Edinburgh, the Calvanistic Holy of Holies, the very high place of Presbyterianism! Edinburgh, with its martyrs of the Grassmarket and their graves scarcely a stone's throw from these scenes of unimaginable turpitude, had good reason to be scandalized! Edinburgh the royal and saintly; the school of a decorum that was a very paragon to less favoured places; the centre of social illumination and multiform culture, in ecclesiastical, legal, educational, medical, scientific and charitable circles: this city had revealed to it with sudden and brutal frankness such unplumbed depths of degradation to which it had been thought no human nature, male or female, could ever descend. It was a terrible unveiling to the city of that other Knox—John the stern Reformer—the reprover of all iniquity, the great citizen of that same Edinburgh the *Uutima Thule* of respectability.

WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by W. E. Atkinson. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Art.

THE PUBLIC TELEGRAPH

BY GEORGE L. STRYKER

THERE is nothing, perhaps, concerning which the public is more curious and knows less about than the manner in which the great daily volume of commercial telegraph business is handled.

The inner workings of the metropolitan newspaper is to the majority an enigma, but the operation of the telegraph to the uninitiated is a puzzle infinitely greater.

To the old-time telegrapher whose pen indited "copper plate" copy and whose clearly enunciated Morse was like music to the ear, telegraphy was an art and it had its recompense in accomplishment and renown.

Defending the old system an old-timer the other day remarked facetiously: "They may boast of their new-fangled schemes with a 'Bug, a Tin Can and a Mill—(new mechanical devices used by operators), but in the old days when I took press report in New York City I had to take nine carbon copies with a stylus." This did not seem to imply anything phenomenal until he added sententiously, "And mind you, I had to turn out the bottom copy in German for the *Staata Zeitung!*" Rather extravagant? Nevertheless, some remarkable feats were performed, the chief difficulty being that only comparatively few attained to the higher degree of the art.

Modern telegraphic inventions do not dip so deep into the intricate as to enable the telegrapher to manifold his copies in different languages, but to-day he does receive press reports at the larger news-gathering agencies on wax stencil; combining the operation of receiving press reports in a phonetic form, doubling the old rate of speed, translating it into English and typing it in full at the same time direct from the wire. The stencil is then passed through a cyclograph and one hundred copies of the report turned out in one minute ready for distribution to the newspapers whose editors may revise to suit their particular journals.

The profession has become more mechanical, more prosaic, yet more scientifically systematic, and, in some respects, mollifying the high tension so superinducive to nervous strain on the operator of "heavy" wires.

Continual expansion of business demanded both increased wire facilities and an increase in the capacity of wires. These exigencies have been largely met by the invention of instruments which increase the capacity of single circuits many fold. Likewise, mechanical devices have helped to increase the capacity and efficiency of the workman, while many thousands of miles of copper wire strung for new circuits and to replace iron wires have given advantage of longer successfully operated circuits.

In the beginning the telegraphic signals were recorded by a needle which performed marks corresponding to those transmitted. In certain respects science has brought the automatic telegraph back to first principles, with the added advantage of reproducing the copy printed in full instead of merely the symbol.

But how is the business handled? Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, with Halifax and Sydney as the chief cable offices, in the order named, are the principal telegraph centres of Canada. Each of these centres, in addition to handling its local business, is a relay office for telegrams to and from everywhere. Each is like the hub of a wheel, the spokes of which are represented by wires to cities and towns in surrounding districts; while through the hub run trunk lines, like axles, connecting with distant wheel hubs, or relay centres, in Canada and the United States. Of the several hundred wires passing into and through Toronto switchboards many are tapped daily only for testing purposes—such as, for instance, the direct duplexed Montreal-Vancouver and Chicago-Montreal circuits. These are termed trunk lines and have no intermediate offices.

Chicago is the largest relay telegraph station in the world. New York and London, (Eng.), may handle more local business, but Chicago is the great throbbing, pulsating heart core through which flow the briefest stories of love, war, peace, weal and woe from all points of the compass. It is at once the centripetal and centrifugal wheels of the telegraph which gather and disseminate the thousands of messages filed by thousands of persons throughout the continent. Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, St. Paul, Winnipeg, St. Louis and a number of other centres are similiar offices on a smaller scale.

In the main office of the larger of the two commerical wire companies in Chicago an average of 200,000 messages are handled daily under normal conditions. Only one-fourth or less of this number originates in Chicago, the greater bulk of the business being messages relayed for other points. Approximately 1,500 telegraphers perform the work of handling these messages. The general average number handled by each telegrapher every hour, press specials included, is twenty-two messages. All large offices attain to about the same average.

In Toronto a big day's business for one main office during the busy war period totalled about 20,000 telegrams handled. To form some idea of the telegraph occasioned by an active military, one has but to know that following the signing of the armistice—hence the truncating of war orders—there was a falling off of about 6,000 messages a day for the two companies in Toronto alone.

An extreme case of the travels of an occasional message is afforded in the case of an occasion when a man filed a telegram in Montreal for Vancouver. In this extremity the sender happened to learn that half an hour after filing his message the same message was hanging on the hook in Chicago awaiting transmission to Winnipeg via St. Paul, whence it would be relayed to Winnipeg and thence to Vancouver. This message had been routed first via New York, thence Chicago, for no other reason than to expedite its transmission, because of congestion, obstruction, loss of direct wires or lack of a better route. This, of course, is an extreme case. In this connection the increased number of trunk line wires in recent years has largely obviated the necessity for route circumlocution; and improved methods of quickly locating wire trouble aid in the maintenance of good direct wires.

On the other hand replies from New York or Chicago to Toronto in from two to five minutes are common daily examples of service, especially in connection with stock and grain business; and the service is correspondingly rapid in general business when prompt response is given. The telegraph itself is instantaneous. A telegraph character made on a Montreal-Chicago wire at either end registers simultaneously at the other end.

The larger offices, like a railroad, are split into divisions, each presided over by a chief and assistants who direct and route the business for their

respective territories and assign the telegraphers. Only a small proportion of the telegraph business originating and developing in the larger cities is filed at and delivered from the main offices. It is principally filed at or delivered from branch offices located conveniently to business centres. There are approximately 500 branches in Chicago, 800 in New York City and a number corresponding to the needs in Montreal, Toronto and other large cities. These branches or city line feeders—excepting grain exchanges—work only with the main offices; so that, when a person files a telegram at a branch office in Toronto destined for, say, Saginaw, it is transmitted to the main office, relayed to Detroit, thence repeated to Saginaw. In the event of especially long messages or press dispatches even the otherwise obscure hamlet may be put in direct connection.

Although Chicago has direct wires to more places than any other city—thus making it the great relay centre, still it is impossible to have direct wires everywhere, for economic reasons as well as for advantageous operation. And, while Chicago "works" with the larger cities direct, north, east, south and west with duplexed and quadruplexed circuits, the distant small town business is handled through intermediate relay offices. Although it is practically impossible to elucidate to the uninitiated the reason and necessity for repeated relays, sometimes a thousand miles roundabout to reach a point a hundred miles distant, it is obviously better that he never hear of the devious route his message sometimes takes and which is in fact the shortest cut though maybe the longest way round.

An important adjunct which obviates delays formerly caused by country offices having to call relay offiecs an indefinite length of time to "raise" them, are the concentrators. These are group switchboards on operating tables. There may be, say, sixteen wires entering one concentrator with a total of, perhaps, one hundred offices on them. Instead of calling indefintely to ears riveted on an independent instrument yards away as formerly happened, the outside office, by making a brief combination on the wire, lights a tiny lamp in front of the operator at the relay office, who has the entire sixteen wires under his control in the concentrator before him, and who is enabled to give immediate attention to calls.

The average person who files a message adds the strict verbal injunction, "Rush that right off". This, of course, is but human and in keeping with lack of knowledge of the inner workings of the telegraph. Especially is the request emphasized at a time when wires are known to be impeded by prevailing storms. There is no delay on the normal wire.

Considering the vast territorial extent of Canada and the United States, telegraphic communication between their widely separated districts is remarkably well maintained.

Judgment is used, of course, in putting ahead messages whose nature manifestly demands the utmost dispatch. This is the especial duty of the traffic chiefs.

Occasionally telegrams circumlocute the entire continent before reaching their address. For instance a message was filed at Omaha for Denver. Ordinarily Omaha "worked" direct with Denver, a distance of less than 400 miles. On this occasion the wires were "down" west and southwest. Chicago was asked to handle the message. A routing was given it and that message was sent by Chicago to New York, from there to Toronto, relayed on to Winnipeg, from Winnipeg to Vancouver, from Vancouver to Seattle, Seattle to San Francisco, thence to Oakland, repated to Salt Lake City and finally relayed by Salt Lake City to Denver.

The great volume of telegraph business is filed by the large industrial and commercial concerns, and it is only by means of the modern facili-

ties of the telegraph that they are enabled to negotiate gigantic deals at precisely the opportune time to make them profitable. The miscellaneous volume originating in the small cities, however, forms in the aggregate a mass of no small proportion, and the delay in this class of business is even more probable because of the numerous relays necessitated, and often because of the involuntary neglect of the operator at the small station to respond to his wire call caused by his attention being required at another important one of his multitudinous duties. But when delays caused by other circumstances obtain, and all regular routes fail, no matter how obscure the point of destination of a message, if it can reach one of the great relay centres, Toronto, Montreal or Chicago, these centres will find a route, or make one, for its delivery. The wires of the two larger commercial companies in Canada connect direct with the two chief wire companies in the States.

Trunk lines and overland areas are usually crowded, but there being no intermediate offices on these wires explains why it is possible to sometimes get quicker communication between Montreal and Vancouver than between Montreal and some small town a hundred miles out served by wires with a score of offices, all clamouring for the circuit at once.

A visitor to the main office of one of the large telegraph centres with its thousand and one instruments hammering in discordant note and undulating buzz, instinctively compares it to a beehive, but, should the visitor chance to enter that room on election night he would think it the home of a thousand beehives with the bees all swarming, such is the hum and hustle of the place. And in the circumstance of a great flood or other catastrophe he would find stacks of delayed messages being sorted over by traffic managers; operators on certain wires working at top speed, and others with hooks piled high before them would be waiting for a wire to "come up", meanwhile idly bombarding each other with paper wads. And all this happens while wire chiefs are perplexed in efforts to figure out seemingly impossible connections to derive circuits to relieve the situation.

But the wheels are ever turning. And as quick communication is the very essence of success to many modern business enterprises there is ever an incentive to improve upon telegraph apparatus and arrangement.

Notwithstanding the competition of the telephone in its rapid development for commercial purposes, or, perhaps, in part, because of it, there has been a steady economic development of the telegraph, combining capacity of circuits, expedition of business and reduction of cost to the public. And it is noteworthy that most of the improvements have been invented by men practically employed at the business, who have seen the vast potentialities in connection with their daily work. Thus, in place of the old metallic circuit, (a double wire) of uncertain reliableness, we have copper wires bearing electric current so adjusted and balanced through mechanical instruments, that eight, and as high as twelve messages can be handled with facility over one single strand of wire at one and the same time. And certain manifold circuits are in process of development which contemplate more than twice this number over a double wire circuit. Furthermore, a telegraph and a telephone circuit on the same wire have been a practical success for more than a decade.

Reference has been made here to only the commercial telegraph. The railroad telegraph, the stock and grain brokers' private wires, the leased service of news agencies and other private wire connections of private concerns, are, of course, independent and operated independently of the public telegraph, except in so far as making up their circuits daily and maintaining them in working

order, which is carried on by the companies controlling them. The "ticker", often confused with the telegraph, is purely local between telegraph office and clientèle, and does not require a telegrapher to operate it, although the quotations it records are primarily received by telegraph in the main office.

As a business barometer the telegraph is an unfailing dial. The increase or decrease of the average volume of business handled in one of the larger centres invariably and accurately reflects the fluctuation of general business, and the industrial and commercial status of the nation; and business men who have become aware of this open secret undoubtedly find it profitable at times to court the friendship of knowledge of this indicator.

Great Britain's telegraphs are handled by the post-office department. The London office employs about 4,000 persons. Incidentally, Mr. MacEwen, Controller of Telegraphs, is a Canadian, born in Hamilton. In England the great volume of the business is handled by the automatic "printers". As the business of the old world varies in method to that of the new generally, so, too, the telegraph system and methods differ. Shorter distances between the busier centres make it possible to use the automatic telegraph to a greater extent, which lessens proportionately the cost of service. The code characters also differ, being known as the Continental Morse, which has no "space" characters. The Continental Morse is also used for cable, wireless and army signalling service.

Cable operators working with the continent from London must be linguists to the extent of at least three languages.

An official of the London Telegraphs told the writer that more than 1,000 men from the London office alone were engaged in the army signal service corps during the war.

The longest working telegraph circuit on this continent, and probably in the world to-day, is the circuit that carries the grain quotations from the Board of Trade in Chicago. This circuit extends from Maine to California, embraces Canadian exchanges, and has more offices connected than any other circuit, and yet none can interrupt. The wire is so connected with what are known as "blind" automatic repeaters that should any leg or section of the wire fail, no interruption to the balance of the circuit is possible because of it.

One of the big companies maintained for some time as an experiment, a direct circuit from Chicago to Vancouver via Montreal and Winnipeg, with fair satisfaction.

The longest circuit successfully operated at any time, until the Peace Conference opened, was during the World's Fair in Chicago. At that time the representative of the Peruvian Government at Washington, was put in direct communication with the capital of his country over a single wire, with the Superintendent of Public Telegraphs of France as a witness to observe the possibilities of the present system of telegraph. The route was by way of Galveston, the Isthmus of Panama and a short distance by cable.

The same French official quite recently has had the unique experience of effecting a direct connection from his own country to the United States Capitol in connection with President Wilson's attendance at the Peace Conference.

OUR LADY OF THE MOON

A PHANTASY

BY G. MURRAY ATKIN

Author of "Flowers of the Wind"

TIME—Early Summer.

SCENE—A garden in full bloom. In the centre a marble bench shaded by four cypress trees, above which shines the rising moon. To the left a statue of Cupid with a broken bow.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Alexus Lepidus - - - - - - - - - *A Roman Prince.*
Romona - - - - - - - - - - - - *A Singer.*

Lepidus—

Dusk and the scent of the acacia tree.
Dusk with dark lilies banked against the wall,
To lay upon the night their sweet perfume
And cloy the listless moments as they pass.
Spirit of night draw near and bless this hour,
Since for this coming hour was I first born,
Since for its triumph was my soul ordained.
God of the night, I ask thee to draw near
And with thy mantle wipe from off my face
The telltale wrinkles by weak moments left.
Pale moments that lie dead these many moons,
Yet in my gestures spring to life again,
So hard it is to kill one's wayward past.
But now the past must hear her requiem,
For like a fan the future fair unfolds.
The running water in the fountain laughs.
I hear the feet of angels on the clouds.
Effort and pain are gone, but love remains.
Romona comes. The portal swingeth wide.
Yes. For this moment I have waited long.

(*Enter Romona.*)

Lepidus—

The scented wind hath been your precursor,
Heaving night's bosom with small, gentle sighs,
As though she dare not breathe too deep, but waits
In awe this hour, when roses rain their bloom.

Romona—

Henceforward, do you choose our trysting place
More near to home. The night dew is falling
And my feet slacken with the day's advance,
Until I wish not adventure, only rest.

Lepidus—

Ah! true. 'Tis far and yet methinks 'tis fair.
This marble bench on which the beating rain
Hath left its mark. These stately cypress trees.
The little broken god of love. And then
The roses and the rising moon. 'Tis true.
You need them not. Your eyes have brought me dreams,
That e'en this solitude may ne'er evoke.
Yet masterpiece is not less beautiful,
If set perchance in framing of carved gold.

Romona—

I bring you news from Rome.

Lepidus—

Rome were not Rome, did not a Roman's ear
Tune to the sound of its ancestral name.
And carry to his brain a thought, a dream
Of hoary eagles winging on their way
To rest at last upon the Capitol.
A Roman without Rome can e'er be nought,
But to-night Rome does not need the Roman
And he would rest awhile in loverland.

Romona—

And yet this news.

Lepidus—

It will keep and be as new to-morrow.
But love. It is the very hour of love
That strikes. The last grain falls in the hourglass.
The sun has left the dial. All fateful
Ends the day in brilliant starry night.

Romona—

O Lepidus, love's hour is gone.

Lepidus—

Now on the instant. Come and sit by me,
Upon this bench. Unheard. Unthinkable.
These words of thine. Thy strength thou hast outspanned,
A tired body drags its sovereign soul.
Come. I will rob thee of this passing gloom.

Romona—

It is true.

Lepidus—

Speak not so. Even in jest. Repeat it not.
No matter. I can so well imagine,
How thy patience ebbed these years gone by.
Our wedding feast put off from month to month,
But now thy fame hath raised thee to my side.
Thy name lies sweet upon the lips of Rome.

Romona—

Impatient, before. Perhaps—but now—

Lepidus—

Always in boyhood, dreamed I of my bride,
That fate would hollow in her little hand
The mark of fame. And add to her beauty
Power that is of conscious loveliness.
It was at twilight, was it not we met?
The wind blew damp from off the azure sea.
Dusk and the sweet-scented acacia flowers
And the fatality of brooding night.
Well. Well. Since then, I've found no fault with fate,
But vowed to bend her to my eagle mind.
You lacked but fame. And fame can be coerced.
My will is strong Romona. All these years
Your life has bent before me like a bow.
Arched now at last for shooting Cupid's darts.
If thou hast wearied—I say not thou hast,
But if thou hast—is it not worth the price?
To hear thy name acclaimed by Roman lips.
Thy horseless carriage drawn by Roman hands.
To know thyself the Queen of Roman song.
'Tis well. 'Tis very well. Duped by your love
Had I foregone your destiny. Allowed
Simplicity of life to hold full sway,
Then had we missed the brilliance of this hour.

Romona—

Methinks you had done well.

Lepidus—

'Tis weariness, Romona. Weariness
Crept from your feet up to your tired soul.

Romona—

Perhaps, as you say, 'tis weariness.
But it hath gone so deep. It is so deep
That it doth dim my golden moments all.

Lepidus—

My love shall charm away your weariness.
Your tears be dried when effort is no more.
Effort and strivings pass, but fame remains.

Romona—

The malady is deep set. It is true,
You bent my spirit to your iron will,
Forcing me ever onward to your goal:
That I contribute to your majesty,
Bring to your princely ear the clap of hands,
Plant envy in the bosoms of your friends
And heal the wound men live as great as thou.
'Tis done, Lepidus. I have reached your goal,
But now a canker curls about the rose.
The flame that leapt towards you leaps no more.
The fire that nourished it— is gone—burnt out.
Burnt out by effort and the flare of life.
A gentle flame that would have warmed your hearth
Had you not willed that it attract the world.

Lepidus—

Then with my will I'll woo thy love again.

Romona—

Wills cannot woo, nor pale ghosts answer call.
Across the waste of years love comes no more.
Dead fingers to dead days may beckon back,
But to the vanished past no paths return.
I cannot stay the fateful march of time,
Or take from death its sting, or lift the gloom
From out a long farewell. No Lepidus,
I am a mortal and you seek a god.

Lepidus—

How may I win thee back?

Romona—

Too late. The hour of our near parting sounds.
I hear the beat of hoofs upon the stones.

Lepidus—

It is the echo of the distant sea.
How shall I trick away the laggard years,
Or hold at bay gray days without thy hand.

Romona—

There is the news that I have brought from Rome.
For Rome is threatened by her enemies.
Great hostile sails filled by a western wind
Approach and menace our fair Roman shores.
Farewell, I go. You must depart for Rome.

Lepidus—

Would you commit our love so soon be gone?
May it not tarry as it goes, as we
Were wont in that far distant summertime
To say farewell. And then return and say
Farewell again. Speed not too fast love's feet.
The years are long in which they make no print.
When goes romance from out our earthly life,
There is no meaning in the wistful moon
And dead the song that longing music sings.

Romona—

I hear the beat of hoofs upon the stones.

Lepidus—

And I—a horseman stands without the gate.

Romona—

It is a chariot to draw me home,
For, Lepidus, I go in weariness.

Lepidus—

It is—

Romona—

Farewell, my Prince.

Lepidus—

Farewell.

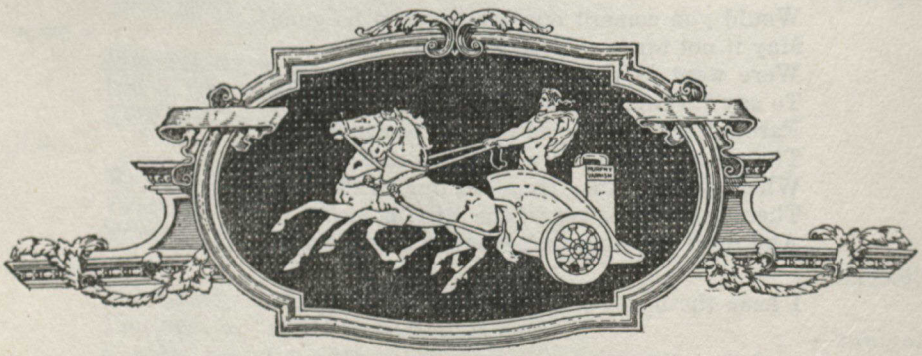
(*Exit Romona.*)

Lepidus—

'Tis well indeed for me Rome needs me now.
A Roman who has Rome hath ever much.
Beyond some star lives God, but Rome is near.
God and his country why doth man ask more?
And yet love in life's early dawn is sweet.
The bloom that lies upon the rose of life.
What do men search for when they seek for love,
Within the eyes of women as they pass?
Peace and a land of dreams. Fairy moments
That the sun has spun in a gossamer
So light memory may hardly chain them,
Unreality with sweet magic mixed.
Where is the woman of man's wistful dream,
Clad in illusion, handmaiden of time,
Bringing him endless thoughts and moments rare?
She is a fancy, bred of utmost need,
Waiting for him beyond the starry sky,
Our Dream Woman—Our Lady of the Moon.

. . . . . .

Ah! Well, I go fight for Rome.



A VERY RESPECTABLE MAN

BY BILLEE GLYNN

MARK GASPAR was a very respectable man. Even in Bradford, one of those small New England towns of four thousand people, where all are neighbours, and which require respectability, he was highly accounted as such. He had been born there, and lived there practically all of his life, holding in turn almost every municipal office the place afforded, from that of deputy sheriff to mayor, and had always been an exemplary figure in church circles. It behooved a man in business to be a church member in Bradford, though no one for a moment doubted Mark Gaspar's sincerity. He was in the retail grocery and dry-goods business, and had five clerks. He was worth probably a hundred thousand dollars. People everywhere, farmers of the surrounding country who traded at his store, habitually spoke of him with admiration as a man of industry, who had more than doubled the business left him by his father, and one who was thoroughly honest. Indeed, he had become popular as an example of success for parents to eulogize for the benefit of their children. And it made even a stronger case that his two sons, the younger twenty years of age and the other twenty-four, were generally known to be quite as virtuous in every respect as their father. They took life just as if it were a text-book, which, of course, it is. They even courted seriously, as was right and proper, too, for in Bradford all young people were exceedingly circumspect and were obliged to be. A breath of scandal and the whole town would have risen in moral dignity to sift the truth of the matter. Once when a young girl of eighteen had fallen by the wayside, she was obliged, though in a state of convalescence, to pick up and leave—unable to stand the boycott and criticism in every eye. The town had five churches, all on different prominent corners. Between these religious bodies a certain rivalry existed, but it was necessarily a rivalry for good. In this environment, Mark Gaspar moved with perfect serenity, the equal in every conventional respect of his fellows, and, because of his wealth, a figure of rather greater influence. His eldest son, Raymond, besides being an under-partner in his father's store, held the position of secretary to the public library. He was engaged to a young lady of known virtue, who sang powerful, soprano solos in the same church where he made the collections. It was his custom to walk home with her twice a week, kissing her perfunctorily and with a certain physical ardour at parting. Its effect on her was much the same sort of parchment process as trembling the leaves of a new prayer-book. The match was regarded on every side favourably, though in some instances with jealousy. It could not help but be prosperous and of long standing. Raymond Gaspar took it very seriously.

Arthur, the younger son, had just completed his course in high school, and had chosen school teaching as a profession. He was a youth of willowy, scant appearance, with a mop of yellow hair and a grave expression. It was said of him that he looked like

his mother. She was a woman of tall, rather ungainly mold, carrying her awkwardness with a show of dignity and sternness, however. Her reputation before and after marriage was spotless as any immaculately-laundered thing. Nothing pertained to her that had not been perfectly ironed and aired for inspection. No one could point a finger at any single blemish in her that was not also a virtue. With the aid of one servant she kept her household as spotless as herself, and bore the name of being an excellent cook. Her one sorrow, it was whispered, was that no daughter had been born to her to inherit her virtues. However, she made the most of the two boys, bringing them up with a degree of properness to satisfy even the most pernicious gossip of the community. Not that Bradford was ruled by a gossiping element, but that these being church-goers, stood strictly on moral grounds in their criticisms. Consequently they wielded a double-edged sword from which there was rarely any escape for the guilty. That the majority of the best families stood secure betokened the general carelessness and discretion of the town. Of course, there were little things, as there always are little things in any human herding, but nothing ever of importance when the wrong-doer did not pay in publicity and loss of prestige. If there were accidentals on a higher scale, they required that fine art of concealment which pertains only to country places, with always, however, the attendant danger of them coming to light eventually. But in this honeycomb of familiar knowledge and cognizance, Mark Gaspar shone a steady flame. In every office in which he had served, he had always given an excellent account of himself. His habits and home life were as regular as a clock. Even when he attended lodge meetings his wife could be always sure of where he was. And Bradford had no club. Just recently one had sprung into being, but it had been hastily and generally frowned upon, so that in a few weeks it had wilted to nothing, dying miserably as things do which lack healthful setting and nourishment. It had been advocated and founded by George Paxley, a Californian in Bradford, on a visit and for the purpose of writing a volume on French Canada, a country from which he had just returned. He had decided to stay East to do the work because he was in closer touch with his publishers in New York City. Robert Benton, sheriff of Bradford, and an uncle of Paxley, had written to him, praising the place, its pure, high air, ideals and quiet. So he had gone there. Then, suffering in the unaccustomed environment, he had, with a few stronger spirits whom his arguments tempted, endeavoured to form a club as a sort of pastime. But he went too far in permitting the members to play poker, though the ante had been carefully limited to two cents, and all gains made a general fund for relieving the distress of a certain poor old washerwoman, whose husband had been killed in an accident, and who had been left with eight children to take care of—the eldest of them being not yet fourteen. Bradford, preferring to feed the widow from its back doors, could not relish that form of charity.

One sermon, preached from the principal pulpit, followed the next day by what was generally regarded and clipped as a strong editorial in the local paper, took all the breath out of the scheme, and caused Arthur Paxley, in dudgeon, to prepare to quit the town. To this move, his uncle, the old sheriff, had raised few objections, for the whole matter had embarrassed him to an extreme degree. Very hot under the collar that such a little thing should have created such a hubbub, and feeling that he must express his mind to somebody, the Californian went to see Mark Gaspar, with whom he had struck up something of an acquaintance. He was received in the family parlour, and Mrs. Gaspar was present, her low jaw wearing a snappy look that denoted her absolute rejec-

tion of Paxley's defence of himself. When she spoke on the subject of morality, Mrs. Gaspar invariably brought into it her two sons, pointing to them with a mother's pride and always making reference to their "dying happily". All of Bradford, it would appear, thought of little else but dying. Mark Gaspar, himself, was still but fifty years old, and well preserved. The Californian was his junior by only seven or eight years—not such a great difference. Consequently he addressed him freely, leaving madam rather out of it.

"It was absolutely nothing to make a fuss about," he complained, growing more reckless in expression as he seemed to evoke such little sympathy in his audience. "Why, this place is so good, or would pretend it was, that it is no longer human. In what way a club with a few games could hurt, I cannot imagine."

Mrs. Gaspar came to counter, her thin chin slightly in the air. "Bradford is very human," she pronounced. "I consider it very human. Whenever anyone does wrong here, and it is known, they are punished. Your 'Home Club', as you were pleased to call it, might have done a great deal of harm. Supposing my two boys had become frequenters of it, and had learned to play that gambling game—"

"But there was no gambling, madam. It was only another manner of charity in which none were expected to join who could not afford it. Anyway, the club was for men, and your youngest son would not have been permitted in it."

"Just the same, it was wrong."

Mark Gaspar, who appeared to have no desire to go into the matter, looked up from a store ledger he had been inspecting, an occupation which he had excused on the ground of its immediacy.

"From what part of California do you come?" he asked.

"San Francisco."

His eyes semed to lighten momentarily. so that his wife looked at him. "I spent eighteen months there," he stated, "about twenty years ago; the fifth summer, it was, after I was married. I had just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, and my doctor, fearing for my lungs, ordered me to California. Father was alive then, and he and Alice, here, looked after the business."

His wife cut in rather harshly. "Though I did want to go to California, too," she attested. "And even after he was there, when he stayed from month to month, I would have joined him if he only would have let me."

But her husband passed her remark over. "San Francisco was full of colour in those days," he said, "charged with health and vitality. It did me an immense amount of good, and I do not regret my stay there. I do not think that anyone forgets San Francisco."

The Californian responded heartily. "It is the greatest town on earth," he boasted, "and with more pretty women to the square yard even than Vienna."

Mrs. Gaspar was picking the sleeve of her lawn blouse with nervous repression. "Pretty women," she pronounced, "usually do not amount to much."

Her husband did not seem to hear this remark, either. For the moment he had fallen, as it were, into a sort of brown study. He awakened to turn away from the subject. "I am sorry," he apologized, "that you do not find Bradford sufficiently agreeable for you to stay here to finish your literary work. This is a small community, you know, and it is not always easy for a newcomer to fit himself into such. Living in sight of each other, it is necessary that we set an example for each other, and do right. One's place in the community depends on it, and, of course, it is the common desire, anyway."

"Of course it is," emphasized his wife. "In Bradford, *we*, that is, the best of us, have the satisfaction of living good, of living so that no neigh-

bour can point even a finger at us."

"That may be true," said the Californian. "But it strikes me as being too much for the sake of your neighbours."

She did not like his remark, and showed it plainly in her face. Mark Gaspar, on his part, spoke with reflection. "Life is different in different places," he acknowledged. "In communities like Bradford, we have our own particular code, and which we think is best. You have lived too long in San Francisco to be able to recognize it, I fear." He smiled. "But with those of us who have lived here the most of our lives, we have learned different values. Our family is here, our business is here, and to live rigorously, as it might seem to a stranger, before each other, is quite the natural thing for us."

"Perhaps so," retorted the Californian. "But you might, at least, allow yourselves a few liberties. In the Western States one does not find the small town so circumspect. Why, you must have half a dozen churches all within four blocks of each other. One hears nothing but psalm-singing. Your local option law makes it impossible for one to buy a single drink for any purpose at any time. This may apply well in some cases—weak husbands of poor families, say—but it is mighty hard on the stranger. And your pretty young women are so housed up that they are obliged to marry the first suitor to hand or take the risk of losing their youth. Your greatest ecstasy is a social or foolish moral play, given by church talent, and if a travelling troupe happens through, they are boycotted by all of your best families for no other reason, maybe, than that nothing is known about them, or that they maybe have a couple of soubrettes who dance as it pleases them. As for your ne'er-do-wells, there is never any chance for them. A man is known so well for one fault, and watched so closely for it, that he is always conscious of it, and can never hope to have anything else believed of him. It is all extremely narrow, and I cannot understand how you fit in the groove."

He was looking straight at Mark Gaspar as he spoke, and Mrs. Gaspar, visibly annoyed at his heretic point of view and arguments, fancied he addressed her husband in a personal sense.

"It is *extremely good,*" she flung, *"and of course he fits in it.* He has his wife, his family, and his business, and he has never desired anything more. My husband is a respectable man, and I do not like you talking to him as you have."

"There, never mind, my dear," interposed Gaspar. "No one can change a man so old as I am by talking to him, and Mr. Paxley has a right to his own opinions."

The Californian, who had been speaking with feeling, courteously withdrew from the argument. "I did not mean to offend, madam. The perfect character of your husband is too well known, of course, for me to criticise him or doubt his sincerity. The evident satisfaction and certain success of his life, indeed, is one of the greatest arguments in refutation of what I have said, and which I beg of you to forget. We will let the subject drop."

The author was not to get away for a couple of days. The following afternoon Mark Gaspar sent for him. Himself and two friends were going deer-hunting for a couple of days, he said, and it might add to the pleasure of Paxley's visit if he would go with them. Evidently he desired to make a good impression upon the author, possibly wishing him to remember Bradford more kindly.

It was the fall season for deer, and ten miles north of the town was a scrubby pine range in which the animals sometimes ventured to run from the wild interior. This game land, which was really a large tract, belonged to an old Englishman who had owned it for years, and steadily refused to have it cleared up. It was part of his good-will and sportsmanship that he permitted certain citizens

of Bradford to hunt there, among others Mark Gaspar, who made it his particular pleasure every fall.

Of the two others in the party besides Gaspar and Paxley, one was a rich and retired farmer by the name of Michael Anderson. He had grown up from a bare-foot boy in the neighbourhood. Being a resident in the town for the last ten years, and having nothing to do except collect his rents, which ran into something like a thousand a year, he knew every one and everything about every one with an intimacy that made him exceedingly respected. He was a tall, spare man, with brown whiskers and a severe manner. He was a member of the same church as Mark Gaspar, and had a pew directly behind his. The other was Joel Benning, an old deacon, still possessed of a certain degree of youth, and who chattered constantly—a stream of pleasant minor platitudes, pebble-like information and suggestions that made his companionship more or less desirable. He was a sort of gravy to any gathering, a pivot upon which things might more easily turn. In his youth he had been something of a shot, and at fifty-two, and with bad eyesight, still boasted of being one. The Californian fell in with him quite easily.

The four rode out to the deer country in a double buggy drawn by two black horses. As some one remarked afterward, the outfit had the appearance of a hearse. A log hut set some distance in the woods served them as a shelter for the night, and outside of it they built a camp-fire which flared and crackled in good, old-fashioned style. Joel Benning held his two hands to it and grinned widely. Mark Gaspar and Michael Anderson seemed to warm in some degree, too. And the author told some tales of lion and wildcat hunting in California that excited his audience visibly. He spoke sparingly of the freedom of San Francisco life, also, but Michael Anderson received this with so much criticism, and the chubby deacon appeared so horrified and fermented at common statements, which could apply to any large city, that he dropped the subject. Toward the conclusion of the conversation, the deacon turned to address Mark Gaspar, who, except for a few pointed questions directed at the Californian, had said nothing.

"You spent some time in San Francisco, a good many years ago, did you not, Gaspar?" he inquired.

The other responded rather carelessly: "No; only a short while. I saw very little of the place, indeed, and remember less."

Then the conversation, with the fire, died quickly out, and they all turned in.

Deer hunting on a crisp, sunshiny fall morning is a sport to intoxicate. There is a lean, gray dog or two running with their noses to the ground, the excitement of stalking down paths leading to the frost-hued glades, the scent of fresh, wooded air in the nostrils, the autumn leaves crackling underfoot and tremulous in red and gold above, and everywhere filtering sunshine that seems to make every echo golden. Then, above the yelping of the dogs, a shot rings clear, perhaps two or three, followed by shouting, a buzz of voices, exclamations and laughter.

In the forenoon the party got two young bucks and a doe. They skinned the latter and roasted a piece of the flank, eating it beside the campfire with great gusto. It was the end to their good time. For they had just started out in the afternoon again when Mark Gaspar fell on his gun, which went off, wounding him fatally. By the time they got him to camp, he was dying. Then, while the Californian held him in his arms, and the other two stood looking on horror-stricken, the two hands of the wounded man sought and fumbled unconsciously at an inside pocket of his vest, which had been unbuttoned and swept aside to give him better ease of breathing. The pocket was fastened on top, and Paxley opened it for him. Then one hand drew out a photograph, yellowed with age and stained with blood.

He held it to his lips, regarded it fondly with glazing eyes, and kissed it long and fervidly again. And, murmuring indistinctly a woman's name, the breath left him in a sort of heavy sigh and he lay dead.

"It's all over," said the Californian quietly.

The deacon, who was very susceptible to death, dropped to his knees and voiced a prayer, while Anderson stood with uncovered head.

Then, Heaven having been dealt with, he rose to his feet, and, catching sight of the picture which had dropped from the hand of the dead man, he bent quickly for it like a bug attacking its prey. He was just an instant ahead of Michael Anderson, whose instinct had been the same. Open-mouthed he stood looking at it over the deacon's shoulder. The latter's eyes protruded like alleys.

"Why, it's an *act-ress!*" he articulated. *"An act-ress!"*

He glanced down at the dead man critically, almost with a chuckle, as if at last knowing him. The face of Michael Anderson had taken on a stern, cruel look.

"Yes, it *is* an actress," he endorsed.

The whole horror of death seemed to have been swept away with this statement.

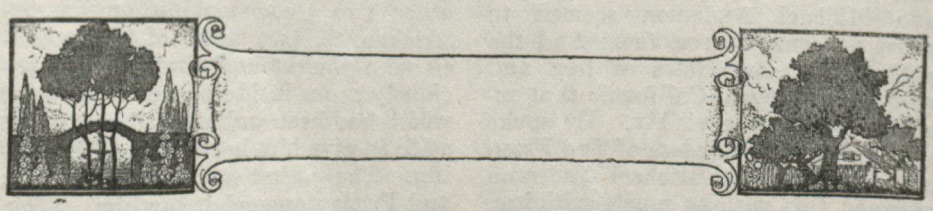
The Californian got on his feet, snarling an oath that startled his companions. He snatched the picture from the deacon's hand, giving it a quick glance. "Supposing it is an actress," he thundered; "supposing it is an actress—hasn't ever man a right to his own past!" He put the picture in his pocket. "I'll take care of this," he pronounced.

Little else was said. They put the corpse in the buggy and drove back with it in all haste to Bradford.

The Californian, who made it a rule never to attend funerals, saw that of Mark Gaspar pass, from the balcony connecting his room in the sheriff's house the next day. He took out the photograph, yellowed with age, and smiled. He had known Kitty Walters in his time, too. A daring, picturesque, mediocre creature of the San Francisco stage she was, and one of strange notions with regard to lovers. She seized them from all angles of sentiment and taste, parading each publicly and with a certain genius for advertising. So Mark Gaspar had been one of them. That was the manner of his sojourn in San Francisco, and which he had flatly refused to share with the woman who was his wife. Well, he must have paid the price and gone the pace with her, living the bizarre life of the town as she lived it so notoriously. Who could have imagined it! And for twenty years Mark Gaspar had remembered her and loved her—she, who represented probably his only period of folly and sinning. Smiling at his own recollections of her, Paxley rose to his feet and walked to the upper end of the balcony. The long line of black rigs wound like a snake in the distance, headed by the high hearse with its tossing plumes. The old sheriff, with his hand shading his eyes, looked after it from the sidewalk below.

"A large funeral!" the Californian called down to him in a subdued voice.

"A very large funeral," responded the sheriff gravely. "He was a most respectable man."



THE SPINNER

From the Photograph by Edith S. Watson

THE FLAME-COLOURED DRESS

BY KATHLEEN BLACKBURN

BREAKFAST at the Warrens' — that heavy, succulent, English meal —was over at last, thank goodness, and as the maid, according to a time honoured custom of the Warren house, brought in the morning mail and laid it in an orderly pile in front of Mr. Warren's place, Pen leaned forward expectantly. Pen was always more or less expectant. Youth and a vivid imagination, reacted upon by the dulness and the repression of her surroundings, combined to make her so.

For nothing happened in the Warren house, and nothing was ever likely to happen. It was a prosperous and orderly establishment with well-oiled wheels that never creaked, and over which Samuel Warren Esq., the master and arbitrator, presided like a Sultan. The three Warren girls bore their lot passivley, with that patient submission to the superior masculine will that is so largely a feminine trait. They had always been kept down, overruled and treated as children, and since their mother's death nearly two years ago, things had been, if anything, a little worse.

The two elder girls, Lucy and Kate were thin, dark-eyed young women with sallow skins, neat brown hair and a general air of meek compliance with fate and existing circumstances. Their stuffy black mourning dresses with high collars, and unrelieved with any touch of white, were extremely unbecoming. They partook of their breakfast stolidly and for the most part, in silence.

Pen the youngest was different from her sisters. She was a fair girl, with quantities of unruly chestnut hair, pretty skin, large gray-blue eyes and an atmosphere that carried with it a suggestion of youth and suppressed gaiety. As her father, the white-whiskered, opulent, masterful old gentleman, inspected the correspondence for the family through his gold-rimmed spectacles, she watched him eagerly. Perhaps something was going to happen to-day, something interesting and exciting! Perhaps there might be a letter for her! She loved getting letters. Her eyes were shining at the mere suggestion; her colour came and went; she needed only a touch of joy to make her radiant.

But as Mr. Warren went through the correspondence, in that methodical way of his, tearing up circulars and tossing aside the bills that formed the bulk of the morning's mail, her heart gave a disappointed throb. Then there were no letters for the family and nothing was going to happen after all! She settled herself back on her chair again with a resigned air as her father took up the morning's paper, and in a throaty voice began to read depressing items of war news out loud. The girls exchanged silent

glances round the table, but no one moved or raised a finger. They were all as quiet as little mice, for it was an unwritten law in the Warren household that no one should rise until the author of their being should be disposed to release them. Goodness knows how long that might be! It was a question of mood.

Pen amused herself by watching an audacious fly circling round the bald spot on the top of her father's head, and by casting furtive glances at the marble clock on the mantelpiece over the fireplace. It is to be feared that she wasn't very interested in the progress of the Somme offensive, at least not just then, and when at last paterfamilias took out his watch and exclaimed, "Dear me, how late it is!" her spirits rose perceptibly.

"By the way, my dears," he said, flinging the paper down on the floor, for the maid to pick up, as he rose from the table, "I have a bit of news for you." He smiled down on his cluster of three with an amiable tolerance at the interest in their faces. Mr. Warren, when not thwarted, could often be quite mild and pleasant. "We are going to have a young man to dine here this evening." He cleared his throat oracularly. "A Lieut. Morse from Canada. His father used to be an old friend of mine, and he is anxious for me to meet his boy before he goes to the Front."

"Lieut. Morse from Canada!" breathed Pen, her colour rising perceptibly. That was news indeed! She was so fearfully interested in Canada and everything Canadian, and so especially interested in the boys in khaki from overseas. She had read about the part they were taking in the war, of their bold, unconventional ways and their deeds and daring. The thought of actually meeting one in the flesh sent little waves of joyous excitement pulsing all through her body.

"I can hardly wait to tell grandma," she said to herself as she got up from the table, and then like a young colt, she went bounding up the three flights of stairs till she reached a room on the third floor where the door was always closed to keep in the warmth. Behind that door there flickered a little unsteady flame that death had thoughtlessly passed by. Grandmother Spencer had outlived her day and generation, for she was the mother of the mother who had already been called away. A little wisp of a woman in an invalid chair, with a white, unwrinkled face, soft white hair and clear blue eyes that seemed to be looking out steadily and patiently for the great adventure. But she and her youngest granddaughter were like girls together, and when Pen came bounding into the room with her wonderful piece of news, she, the old lady, was girl enough to understand just what it meant.

They talked over the anticipated event in every detail, speculating as to the appearance of the young unknown, and whether he would be dark or fair, tall or short.

"I do hope," Grandmother Spencer exclaimed at last, "that your father won't monopolize the whole of the conversation! But he's sure to. He always has, and always will." She looked at her granddaughter speculatively. The girl was really very pretty. She was her mother over again. She had her mother's gray-blue eyes and oval shaped face. Her mother's delicate skin and unruly chestnut hair with those ruddy gold streaks through it. Dressed in anything but that stuffy, sombre, mourning dress, she would be a beauty—in evening dress with a touch of colour, for instance. Her mind went back and back through the avenues of the past and her daughter's disappointed life. Suddenly an idea leaped into her mind. Pen was just her mother's size when she was young. Fashions change and revive, and old styles come in again. That flame-coloured dress that her dear dead girl had never been allowed to wear because it

had been cut low in the neck! Why couldn't Pen—

"Pen, my child," she said, pointing to the old-fashioned dresser with looking-glass doors, "open my wardrobe. There is a cedar box in there with one of your mother's dresses put away. I want you to get it for me."

"Now, child," as Pen obeyed, "try it on."

"Oh, grandma, how beautiful!" the girl exclaimed as she held out the dress, a dainty, glowing, butterfly thing of silk and chiffon. "If I could only wear it!" she added wistfully.

Grandmother Spencer's blue eyes flashed fire. It was fire that for twenty-five years had smouldered helplessly within her breast only to shoot up now into sudden flame at the close of her life.

"You shall wear it," she said decisively. "You will wear it to-night."

"Oh, but grandma. Papa—"

"Put it on, child, and just take him by surprise. Be brave for once and defy him. If your dear mother had taken that course she might have been spared much unhappiness. Most men are tyrants if their women allow them to be."

It usually takes two minds to hatch a plot. Pen stood gazing at her mother's dress, her cheeks on fire. "I will wear it, grandma," she said suddenly. "But I wish you could come with me and hold my hand. Suppose he should order me out of the room."

Pen was late for dinner that night. Indeed, it was seven o'clock, the guest had arrived, the gong had sounded in the hall and the party had already assembled at the table before she ventured downstairs. She was acting under grandmother's advice. "Don't go down, dear," that astute old lady had said, "until the last minute. Ah, but you're the living image of your poor mother!" she added quickly.

And Pen certainly looked a picture. A living, glowing incarnation of beautiful girlhood in the flame-coloured dress that her mother had never been allowed to wear. She had no other ornament but a row of pearls around her throat; but her eyes were blazing with excitement, and as she went down the stairs toward the dining-room her heart was pounding out great throbs of fear. Never in her life had she done anything so daring and so bold.

As she neared the door the sound of voices fell upon her ears, her father's raised above the rest. Oh, whatever would he do when he saw her! Would he be very angry? Would it be the explosive kind? Would he shame her before the guest? Order her out of the room, for instance? Or tell her she wasn't fit to be seen? If he did—she hesitated an instant, clenched her fists in a sort of nervous agony, then took the plunge.

But the flame-coloured dress was responsible for none of these things. It burst upon the party in the nature of an electric shock—as though some beautiful and gaily plumaged bird had suddenly alighted in their midst. Pen's two sisters in their sad black, gave audible gasps and Lieut. Morse, rising as she entered, covered her with an admiring glance, as though she had been a queen. The sample of the family he had already met had, no doubt, left him unprepared for such a vision. Mr. Warren, however, was the biggest surprise of all, for he said nothing at all. Indeed, Pen almost had a feeling that he was pleased as he introduced her as "my youngest daughter Penelope".

It was in a sort of rapturous dream that Pen took the seat assigned to her beside the guest of the evening. Never in all her life had she been so happy, and never had she looked so radiant. Lieut. Morse was all that her fancy had pictured him. Tall, broad-shouldered, clean shaven and athletic. A Canadian of the Canadians—the sort of man designed by nature from the beginning to win the heart of Penelope Warren. And oh, what an even-

ing it was! The conversation, for once, flowed easily, and Mr. Warren did not have the entire monopoly. The young lieutenant had a way with him—an easy, unconventional way of keeping the ball rolling, and of appealing first to one and then to another, and though, of course, his eyes rested upon Pen oftener than upon the others and lingered there with a sort of unconscious and boyish admiration, it was not obtrusively done.

"It is all my dress," thought Pen, her heart fluttering gaily. It seemed so wonderful that a mere dress could make such a difference in any one's feelings, and that her poor little starved life could all at once be enveloped in such warmth and happiness. She had forgotten the fear of her father's impending anger; she had forgotten all the dull, narrow, objectless days of the past; she had forgotten everything but that Lieut. Morse's eyes were brown, and that when they looked down into hers, they filled her with a sort of delicious glow and happiness that was like nothing else in all the wide world.

After dinner they had a few minutes' conversation, just a very, very few, but the young lieutenant, with the ardent eyes, had found time to ask her if he might see her again, and when, and Pen, with the colour coming and going, had expressed her willingness to grant him the pleasure and so on and so forth. It was all extremely short, because in a household like the Warrens' no one was even allowed to talk very long with any one, and at ten o'clock the young man was obliged to go.

Mr. Warren saw him to the door, while Pen stood just outside the drawing-room door, her heart beating like a little bird. Now for her punishment! She wondered what it would be. Would he storm and stamp his foot, telling her never, on pain of death, to wear that dress again? Would he order her to her room on bread-and-water diet? Would he—

She heard the front door close, the key turn in the lock, and then her father's step coming through the hall. She waited dumbly.

"Penelope!" he called. "Where are you, Penelope?"

"I'm here, Papa," she answered dutifully.

"Come into the library. I want to ask you something."

His voice did not sound so very savage after all, and as Pen obeyed the summons she had a faint glimmer of hope that his anger might not be as dreadful as she had anticipated. She was scarcely prepared, however, for the surprise that awaited her. Mr. Warren was standing waiting for her, and on his face was a softened, almost a tender expression.

"Wherever did you get that dress, child?" he exclaimed. "When you came into the room at dinnertime you startled me you looked so like your dear mother. I never realized before how like you were."

"It was mother's dress," Pen answered simply. Grandma gave it to me."

"Your mother's dress?" He frowned reminiscently. "I don't remember. No! I don't remember it," he repeated.

"Grandma told me that she never wore it," said Pen.

"Indeed," he replied. "And so it comes in for her youngest daughter." He had made no remark about the outstanding feature of it all—the bare neck and arms. Perhaps he had forgotten this deep-rooted prejudice of his earlier years, or perhaps the custom of the eye is stronger than the taste of the individual. Anyway Pen had dared all and had won out.

Dear old Grandmother Spencer smiled as she listened to Pen's recital of it all afterwards. The success of that plot of hers had almost exceeded her anticipation.

"And so the young soldier looked at you a good deal, did he, child? I knew he would. I knew he couldn't

help himself. And it all passed off well, and your father didn't raise a protest! Well! well!" Her eyes grew dreamy and reminiscent. She was thinking of the years that had fled, and of that other young girl whose young life might perhaps have been happier than it was.

"Pen, my dear," she said, laying her frail old hand on her granddaughter's head, "when you marry don't be too gentle and too yielding, and don't put the man up on a pedestal and worship him. Most men are tyrants if they are ever allowed to be."

"Oh, grandma," protested Pen in a shocked tone. Pen was very, very young, and she was thinking of the flame-coloured dress, of the young lieutenant and of the long, long future ahead. Her grandmother was very, very old, and of course she has forgotten about the dream of love, forgotten it long ago. She, Pen, was just entering on it. It was a wonderful, wonderful dream, and like most wonderful dreams, she just wanted it to go on for ever and ever. For though Grandmother Spencer might know something about a flame-coloured dress, and its power to attract, she really didn't know much about men. How could she?

DEAD LEAVES

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

FLUNG down a crying wind,
A handful of broken leaves;
So are my days to me,
So are my moods to me.
Nor Time nor Life know I,
Nor Great nor True am I;
I am leaves in the crying wind,
Broken and torn and hurled,
Twisted and tossed and hurled,
Past the edges of God's wrath,
Past the House of His Pity and Love,
Past all the stars of the world—
A handful of broken leaves,
Dead in a wind that grieves.

The wind is endlessly old,
'Tis the gray old wind of the sky,
That knows nor dream nor path,
But drifts, and lifts, and drifts,
With no Below or Above,
That All and Nothing hath.
And with purposeless destiny,
Dead, in Time's eternity,
With its handful of broken leaves,
It is crying about God's Eaves.

WITH THE TIDE

BY HELEN NOWELL BROOKS

AS he locked the door of his office, distinguished from the others by the word "Private" across its glass surface, John Deming seemed to droop visibly, like a tired horse suddenly relieved of his check rein.

It was half past five and the stillness of the executive department contrasted sharply with the monotonous clicking of the telegraph instruments on the floor above.

"Down!" he called automatically, as the swiftly dropping elevator shot into sight. At the main entrance to the building the general manager of the company was stepping into his automobile. He hailed Deming pleasantly: "Hello," he said, "get in and let me drop you off at your house."

John assented with an inward sigh of relief. His head ached and he had been dreading the general rush into the subway station across the street and the smashing grind of the trains on their uptown trip.

He stretched out his feet and leaned back on the soft, leather cushions with an expanding sense of comfort and luxury. The car threaded its way through the congested downtown district and worked gradually uptown, finally turning into the park at Fifty-ninth Street. Although it was early in March, still winter by the calendar, the birds' cheerful twittering held an unmistakable note of spring, and a shaft of later afternoon sunshine across the path bore out the illusion.

Deming's glance fastened hungrily upon a lean twig showing faintly green at the tip, and causing him to break the silence.

"Do you know," it was an unwonted burst of confidence for Deming, "I can't get the country out of my mind. All day I've been thinking of green trees and grassy plots, with an unbroken expanse of blue sky above them—" he broke off with a laugh, dropping his eyes to hide the feeling in them. "Don't encourage me by listening," he added, "I may get maudlin."

The other man carefully flicked the ash from his cigar before speaking.

"You haven't been in harness long enough, that's all," he said finally. "I was a good bit older than you are when I got my promotion to the head office—my home was in a little Western town—and I thought at first I should go mad from homesickness every spring. This buckling down to real work comes harder when you're young, but after awhile it gets to be second nature to put everything that's in you into the battle. You realize that it's taking it out of you, body and soul, brain and nerves, yet you go on fighting and eventually you get used to it. After all, it's as good as any other life."

He spoke complacently, settling himself more comfortably in his seat. Deming glanced curiously at his plump, white hands and well nourished body; they bore no trace of the struggle for supremacy, but in his face there were deep lines merging into furrows at either side of his mouth and a network of wrinkles under his keen eyes, accentuating in

repose their very expression of fatigue.

The automobile drew up in front of a large, white apartment house near Riverside Drive. A boy in uniform sprang forward to open the door. The general manager took out a note book. "I must write down the number of your house," he said, "so that Mrs. Morse may have the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Deming." He had taken a liking to the young superintendent and, in his own phraseology, he meant to "keep an eye on him".

"You are very kind," replied Deming, a trifle constrainedly. The automobile chugged away and he turned unwillingly into the house. The shining marble walls towered above him, shutting him in like a prison. A few feet away toward the river the air was fresh and stimulating and the water gleamed through the bare branches of the trees. Perhaps Margaret would go for a walk with him before dinner.

As he let himself into the artificially lighted hall of his own apartment, a warm breath of perfume smote him. Above the soft hum of voices sounded the tones of a piano and the tinkle of tea cups. Through the portieres he caught a glimpse of the room, flooded by an indistinct pink glow.

He suddenly recollected that it was one of Margaret's confounded "Second Wednesdays!" If only he had remembered it in time he might have gone to the club. Tiptoeing softly down the hall to the library he threw himself on the leather couch by the fireplace. In the dining-room he could hear the maid tripping across the floor as she set the table. Now and then the front door closed and occasionally a man's voice reached him, raised in farewell. The semi-darkness soothed his tired nerves as he lay there, and after awhile he fell into a light doze.

A sudden glare of electric light woke him. He shielded his eyes with one hand and looked up at his wife as she sat on the edge of the couch. The light from the reading-lamp caught her reddish hair and transformed it into a dazzling mass of golden threads.

He drew her toward him tenderly. "That's a funny sort of a gown," he said, "all heavily embroidered on one side and plain on the other—the latest gasp from Paris, I suppose?"

She laughed, lifting one silvery gray shoulder with a shrug. "You won't think it's so funny when you get the bill."

A faint shadow passed over his face. "Margy, I hate to mention it again, but we've been going pretty steep these last few months and if you could slow down a bit for a while——"

She put a white hand over his mouth. "Another little monologue on 'How to Economize'?" she interrupted teasingly. "I simply must have a few good looking clothes in order to keep up with the procession. Wait till after dinner to scold."

His smile was a bit rueful as he followed her into the dining-room. It was so difficult to get Margaret to look at money matters seriously.

"Rosco, the violinist, was here this afternoon," she said, biting into an olive, "he's the one you always refer to as the man with the trained hairs; it's really quite an honour to get hold of him. He came with Mrs. Mary Rhinelander Riggs, who writes for the magazines——"

"For them, or in them?" queried her husband.

"She gave me two tickets to 'The Suburbanite' for this evening," went on Margaret, without noticing the interruption, "and asked us to go with her party; the leading man's a friend of hers. After the theatre, we'll all have supper together. You'll go, won't you?"

Deming hesitated. "I'm pretty tired," he said reluctantly.

She looked at him, frowning. I don't believe you realize how much you've changed lately! Whenever you go out now it's under protest, and you don't take the slightest interest in anything but your business. There

are other things just as important in life." The suggestion of a gathering storm darkened her eyes. "Of course, you have to devote your days to the office, but I don't see why you can't broaden your outlook a little, by going out in the evenings. It's horribly dull for me to stay at home every night; you shouldn't expect it of me."

His face flushed hotly at her changed tone. A wave of resentment passed over him, startling him with its intensity. He grappled with it, strangling on his lips the bitter words that followed in its wake. When he finally spoke his voice was deliberate.

"You exaggerate, Margaret. It's true I haven't much use for the social game these days, but, really, there's a lot of responsibility on my mind just now," he said slowly. "I haven't had my new job long enough to be able to drop the burden of it off my shoulders the minute I get home. The superintendency of these big city offices isn't all glory, there's a deal of good, hard work connected with it. You see," he was adapting his words carefully to her understanding, "I'm rather young for so important a position, and the fact that several older men are under me causes a lot of backbiting and jealousy. Every one of them is ready to spring into my place the moment I fail to make good and I'm not anxious to give them the chance."

He searched her face for a flash of understanding, but she toyed impatiently with her coffee spoon and did not raise her eyes.

"As for the theatres and parties and dances and suppers and all that sort of thing," he went on in a firmer tone, "I like them well enough two or three times a week, but I can't go out every night as we have been doing this winter and be fit for work next morning."

Throwing her napkin on the table, she stood up, her gown falling in shimmering folds about the slender fullness of her figure. "Work—work—work!" she burst forth passionately, "anybody would suppose you were a teamster or something of that sort instead of an official in the biggest telegraph company in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Morse go everywhere and yet he's a busy man; so do the president and his wife. I've no intention of poking around here this evening while you're immersed in *The Telegraph News* or something equally diverting," she added, with heightened colour. "I mean to call up the Riggs and tell them I'll go with them alone."

A swift stab of jealousy shot through him; it was not the first time in the last few months that she had proposed accepting invitations without him.

"I see you're becoming inoculated with the sting of the social bee."

"And if I am?" she retorted defiantly, "haven't I a right to get from life whatever seems to me worth while?"

Her vivid beauty dominated him as his eyes traveled over her, from her daintily shod feet to the masses of burnished hair above her gray eyes, set wide apart and fringed by heavy bronze lashes. The faint breath of fragrance that emanated from her seemed to him as much a part of her as the even whiteness of the teeth that gleamed through her lifted lips when she laughed, or the few golden freckles dotted on the bridge of her nose. It came over him suddenly that it was to women of her type that life gave full measure, mingling its richest gifts indiscriminately with offerings of a more doubtful nature. What a wonderful thing that she had elected to cast her lot with him! She was beautiful and she was his, but how could he be sure that the whirlpool might not yet snatch her from him? He suddenly forgot the yearning for sympathy and understanding that had seemed so urgent.

"Margy!" he stammered, with outstretched arms.

She backed away from him almost immediately, patting into place the curls and puffs that his embrace had disarranged.

"Why in the world didn't you say you'd go in the first place?" she inquired coldly. "We might have saved all this unpleasant fuss. Hurry into your evening clothes and I'll 'phone for a taxicab."

A faint sense of apprehension swept over Deming. Things were going far from well between himself and Margaret of late. Involuntarily, his mind reverted to the evening six months before, when he had brought home the evening papers containing the account of his promotion.

He had thrown them on the table, his blood pounding in his ears exultingly.

"Would you care to look them over, Margy?" he asked, with an effort at casualness.

She was seated at the piano, an open score spread before her.

"Oh, you read it to me," she called over her shoulder, running her fingers lightly up and down the keys. He shuddered yet with the chill her indifference had given him.

"Childishness," he muttered to himself, viciously jamming the studs into his shirt. Often of late, he had been disconcerted to find himself wondering what would become of his illusions regarding his wife if affairs ever reached a crisis between them?

The strain of his financial obligations was growing unbearable. Mrs. Deming had no idea of the value of money, and dread of her displeasure stifled his remonstrances. The end of each month that hurried by left him mentally breathless with the curious sensation of having been rushed beyond his capacity.

A half guilty feeling of relief filled him when summer came and Margaret went away for several weeks, leaving her husband in sole possession of the apartment, shrouded in gray linen and smelling of camphor balls. The day after her departure a new batch of bills appeared in the afternoon mail. John tore open the envelopes nervously and sat looking them over, aghast at the amount they represented. For the second time that day he filled a blank sheet of paper full of rapid figures. During the past month his expenditures had been about eight hundred dollars, utterly out of proportion to the amount of his income.

He racked his brains to think of some way of adding to his earning capacity, aware all the while that the work he was doing took all his time and effort. At night he often came home exhausted with the day's struggle and sick from the heat that surged upward in hot waves from the asphalt.

The thought of his club haunted him, the huge brown building facing the Park where he had spent so many comfortable evenings the summer before. Only a few days ago he had resigned from it to save the annual fee and the temptation to run up incidental expenses. Deming's face twisted with a wry smile as he reflected that with the raise in his salary, he had felt the need of economy hungrily lapping at his heels again.

He must have a plain talk with Margaret when she came back, and start the new season on a solid financial basis. It was becoming impossible to keep on drifting aimlessly with the tide of circumstance.

With the first cool breath of autumn, Mrs. Deming returned from the seashore, full of enthusiastic plans for the winter.

"Mr. Renshaw was telling me about a new apartment house further down the Drive—it's a much more fashionable location than this—and I'm going to look at it. The rent's a little more than we're paying, but we really ought to keep up appearances on account of your position and——"

"Margaret," he interrupted her desperately, "don't you see we're living far beyond our limit now? With all my straining I can't make both ends meet. Don't make the mistake of classing me with Renshaw; he's a millionaire, and a crooked one at that."

She gave a little laugh. "What a pessimist you are! The bills always get paid somehow, I notice, so why

worry continually? It isn't as if you wouldn't be making more money as you go on. Mr. Renshaw says you'll be a power in the business world some day."

Deming hesitated, choosing deliberately from the flood of words that rushed to his lips in reply. "And how long do you suppose a man can keep on spending nearly twice as much as he makes on the bare chance that some day his income may warrant it?"

She hesitated a moment; then, crossing over to where he sat, she perched on his knee, rumpling his hair playfully. "I know you think I'm extravagant, Jack, but see how well I look in my clothes! Other men think I'm pretty, even if you don't," she whispered into his ear.

There was no answering smile on his set face; the familiar little coquetry seemed suddenly to have lost its savour. Unable to bear the triviality which made a jest of his gnawing anxiety of mind, he rose and left the room. The discussion of money matters between himself and Margaret invariably ended in sharp quarrels during which illusions perished one by one in the warring of bitter personalities. At first it had seemed to him preposterous that the sordid question of dollars and cents could move her to paroxysms of tears and hysterical reproaches, but as time went on he grew wearily accustomed to her outbursts.

The grinding necessity of adding to his income became an obsession, killing the pride and joy he had felt in his new work. As the winter progressed the few remaining ties that bound his interests to Margaret's gave way gradually. He no longer bored her with comment from newspapers that she never read, and she was spared the pretense of lending an ear to his plans for the enlargement of district telegraph service.

The realization that his wife considered him merely a commonplace business man, incapable of understanding the brilliant social life to which she was aspiring, dawned slowly upon Deming—so slowly that he scarcely felt the shock. He was making little effort these days to keep in touch with the aimless whirl of her existence. Often he failed to ask where she was going when he saw her leaving the house, radiant in a shimmering evening gown, the bill for which was even then burning a hole in his pocket.

Twice, apparently unobserved, he saw her in the Park, driving with Renshaw. Something in her appearance jarred him momentarily; was it that her hat was too big or the flush in her cheeks too pronounced? It might be that, after all, Margaret lacked the nice perception which marks unerringly the distinction between vulgarity and "smartness".

Her readiness each time in mentioning the incident made him suspect that she had seen him; but he made no comment, marveling at his own indifference. Nothing seemed to matter particularly, except the heavy burden with which he was struggling.

He had begun to run seriously into debt through borrowing on his salary in advance and it took the last remnant of his resistance to keep himself from gambling in Wall Street. Time dragged miserably along. His apathetic indifference to everything in life convinced Deming that he was losing his nerve. A succession of dull days during which the rain drizzled dismally from an overcast sky plunged him into the depths of gloom. He waited grimly for the next development in his situation.

It came in the guise of a visiting card brought in by the office boy, bearing the name "Mr. Julius Newbourg". Scrawled across it were the words, "Important business."

"He's been here three times already, but you was too busy," volunteered the office boy.

"Show him in."

Mr. Newbourg shut the door himself after entering, as if to make sure that the other man would not escape him. Deming stiffened visibly.

"Well?" he inquired. "What can I do for you?"

Something in his tone warned his caller to proceed quickly. He seated himself and laid his hat across his knees.

"I understand," he began, "that your contract with Eberhart and Morris expires in a couple of months and that you're thinking of making a change—ain't it?" His voice was lowered confidentially.

"Why do you ask?" inquired Deming, frowning slightly.

"Well, I represent the Universal Wholesale Stationery Company," responded Mr. Newbourg, "and I come to see if I could land the business. It's a big deal, Mr. Deming, and we're prepared to make it worth while to anyone who helps us. The profit from a big concern like the Metropolitan Telegraph Company is immense. I know from the inside that old man Eberhart has made a million in the last few years out of your company's business."

Deming, nervously tapping the desk with his paper knife, made no comment. His visitor reached into his pocket for a pencil.

"The contract's for five years, ain't it?" he inquired cautiously.

The new superintendent hesitated. "I've heard something about a contemplated change," he began with an effort, "but the affair's not in my province——"

"I know," interrupted his caller, eagerly, gaining confidence, "it's a matter for the supply department, but ain't you boss of the superintendent of supplies? What you say goes, don't it?" He paused a moment, hitching himself nearer the desk. "Your good will is worth a good deal to us—in fact, to be perfectly frank, I'm authorized—" he broke off, scribbling as if casually upon the edge of the blotter beside him and peering significantly at the other man out of the tail of his eye.

The superintendent involuntarily fixed his eyes on the moving pencil point as it etched its way on the paper. Two—five and three ciphers—two—five—and three ciphers. "Merely a little business proposition," his visitor was repeating.

Finally its message flashed on Deming, bringing the blood to his face in a hot wave of shame. He sat motionless in his chair, wondering what in heaven's name prevented him from throwing the man out, or at least dismissing him with the curt rejection the occasion demanded. The beady black eyes fixed on him seemed to be holding him under a hypnotic spell.

Twenty-five thousand dollars in his present extremity! The bank book in his pocket showed at that moment a paltry deposit of fifty dollars and in the drawer beside him lay a sheaf of bills long overdue which he saw no prospect of settling. He passed his hand over his forehead, damp with sudden moisture.

An intolerable desire to end the interview brought him to his feet. Newbourg followed his example at once, slipping the pencil back into his pocket, and pausing anxiously. In Deming's whirling brain was a confused notion that when he spoke he would reject the matter definitely and unmistakably. Instead, to his surprise, he found himself saying in a voice curiously unlike his own, "I'll look into the affair for you and let you know to-morrow."

The other man's face cleared. "All right," he said with a suggestion of a wink, "I guess we understand each other."

When his departing footsteps had died away in the corridor, Deming walked slowly back to his desk and sat down. With a hand that shook in spite of his efforts at self-control, he mechanically tore a leaf from his daily calendar and remained staring stupidly at the beginning of the new month that met his gaze.

The door of his office opened suddenly and he jumped nervously to his feet, thinking that Newbourg had returned. It was the general manager, however, with his hat and coat

on. He glanced into the outer office and then crossed the room to the superintendent's side, speaking in a low tone.

"There's something crooked going on in the construction department, Deming, and I'm going to make a thorough investigation. I want you to look into the affair to-morrow and let me know what you find out as soon as possible." He went on to cite the incidents that had awakened his suspicion.

"A thief to catch a thief," ran through Deming's mind when the door had closed. He shook the thought from him. "No, by heaven, not yet," he muttered aloud. The manager's brief intrusion had somewhat cleared his brain. Once more, Deming began to set the values of life straight in his mind. He drew a chair over to the window and sat there, thinking deeply, his faculties galvanized into sudden activity.

It was plain that he had just passed the first warning signal on a course leading to moral bankruptcy. The path that led to the inevitable pit digged for him by Newbourg and his kind was rich in financial return. His mental vision forged ahead to complete the picture. In a few years he would have left the ranks of these unpretentious thieves and joined the prosperous vultures of the business world who settle intricate deals over their cigars and liqueurs at luxurious dinner tables, choosing terms of expression carefully and cloaking their dishonest transactions with the semblance of respectability and honour.

The janitor, whistling cheerily, opened the door armed with brooms and mop, interrupting the train of Deming's thought. He glanced at his watch—after six o'clock. The building was deserted except for the receiving department on the main floor and the busy operating room upstairs where the buzzing and clicking of instruments kept on incessantly through the night.

He put on his hat and coat and hurried to the street, weary in mind and body. When he finally arrived at home, a maid met him at the door.

"Madame will not be here for dinner, Mr. Deming," she said.

The tension under which he was labouring lessened suddenly. He ate his solitary dinner abstractedly, and afterwards, with an instinctive desire to postpone the reckoning with himself, he fell to reading the evening paper. It seemed impossible to fix his attention on the printed words; his mind kept reverting to his own impossible situation. If only he were free to live his own life in his own way!

When Mrs. Deming returned several hours later, he was still intent upon the first column of the sporting page. He looked up as she threw her pale pink evening wrap carelessly across a chair and revolved before him, clad in a clinging black velvet gown, cut almost to the waist line in the back. It seemed to his masculine eyes fairly molded on the slender lines of her figure.

"Well, how do I look, Jack? You've no idea what a sensation I made in this frock."

From its dusky blackness, her firm neck and shoulders rose white and smooth, and through her glistening hair, piled high on her head, a silver fillet gleamed. With one hand on her hip, she faced him triumphantly, her red lips parted and her eyes hungry for tribute.

There was a curious expression on his face as his glance swept over her bare arms unhampered by sleeve or shoulder strap. "I dare say," he responded drily, dropping his eyes to the paper again.

Something in his tone sent the swift colour flooding over her face. She stared incredulously at him for a moment and then swept from the room with exaggerated disdain, shutting the door, even slamming it, vehemently behind her.

For a long time after she had left, he remained seated in the big chair, the paper fallen unheeded on the floor beside him.

Promptly at half past nine the next morning Mr. Newbourg was ushered into the superintendent's office. Deming greeted him pleasantly while looking over his morning's mail; finally he looked up.

"By the way," he said, "I find I can do nothing for you in regard to the stationery matter; the company has decided to renew its contract with Eberhart and Morris."

Newbourg's jaw dropped; he stood staring stupidly at the other man. The official's attitude precluded any attempt at reopening discussion of the delicate matter.

Deming rose and crossed the room, opening the office door wide upon its hinges.

"Good morning," he said suggestively. Despite his courtesy, the advisability for a prompt departure was borne in upon his caller. Mr. Newbourg passed through the door with dignified haste. In the outer corridor, however, he scowled fiercely.

"H—l," he muttered, as he jammed his hat roughly down over his head and signalled to the descending elevator. "You thought you was too smart to make a break."

When he had gone, the superintendent took up the letter that lay before him on the desk and went on with it automatically.

"The lines into Key West and Santiago have been put through already and we are now engaged in organizing the central offices in Havana, the material for the plant having already been shipped."

He read the entire letter twice, resting his head wearily on one hand, before its meaning finally reached him. The telephone on his desk began to ring insistently. Gathering his faculties together, he plunged into the day's routine with a feverish intensity that absorbed his misery of mind and left him exhausted when evening came.

He departed from the office with its impersonal interests almost reluctantly. Outdoors, the crisp air stung him into a fictitious energy. He began to walk uptown, plodding along with bent head and his hands in his pockets. The episode of the day before had wrought a subtle change in him; a hitherto dormant element in his nature suddenly rose in revolt at the thought of further compromise. He wanted to be free! The fierce yearning for liberty struck to the roots of his soul. Why had he shrunk from admitting it before? He smiled a little as he remembered the time, only a few months past, when life without Margaret loomed before him a preposterous, dreary waste. It was freedom even at the price of losing her that he coveted now.

As he turned the corner of Seventy-second Street, he threw back his head and caught a deep breath of the chill breeze that swept up from the river. An immense burden seemed suddenly lifted from him. The big white apartment house in which he lived, even the elevator boy who took him up and down daily, looked strangely unfamiliar.

As he entered his own hall, the murmur of voices reached him from the dining-room; a dinner party was apparently in progress. Unobserved he made his way to the library and threw himself into an armchair, leaning back with a luxurious sensation of gratified physical fatigue. From the next room he caught snatches of merriment and conversation, the tinkle of silver and glasses and the popping of champagne corks. Margaret seemed in high spirits, her laugh rang out spontaneously from time to time, and he heard her voice raised in vivacious chatter.

He switched on the light and picked up a magazine that lay on the desk. The print blurred confusingly before his eyes, however, and he tossed it impatiently aside.

A stir of departure came from the dining-room and he turned off the light while the soft swish of silken gowns passed his door. Someone struck up a popular waltz on the drawing-room piano and his teeth gritted at the unwelcome sound. He

got up and tramped restlessly up and down the library in a fever of impatience, rehearsing again and again the little speech he had prepared.

Finally he heard his wife's voice in the hall, bidding her last guest goodnight. He opened the door, calling to her, and presently she came, reluctantly. All the laughter and vivacity had faded from her face.

"I heard you come in," she said coldly. "Perhaps you had forgotten that I begged you to be home early on account of the dinner I was giving?"

He noticed the graceful poise of her head and the droop of her long eyelashes with a detached, impersonal admiration.

"Yes," he returned absently. "I had."

"Do you realize how awkward you made it for me?" she demanded.

Her voice seemed to come from a long distance; he scarcely heard her words.

"Margaret, I must have a talk with you," he said abruptly, but forewarned by his seriousness, she moved toward the door.

"Sit down," he said.

"Not at all," she rejoined with angry sparkling eyes, "you know how I hate scenes."

A blinding fury seized him; he stepped forward and grasped her roughly by the shoulders. "Sit down!" he commanded through set teeth, forcing her into a chair.

Her face paled slightly at the tone. "You're hurting me." His grip loosened; after a moment he stepped back, regaining his control.

"There is no need for a scene," he said wearily, "I merely insist upon your looking our situation squarely in the face. For the past two years I've been playing a losing game, and now that I'm convinced of it I'm going to quit. It's only a fool who doesn't know when he's beaten and I'm not entirely that, although God knows I've given you sufficient cause to think so. I suppose, however, that a man as hopelessly in love as I was, must necessarily be blind to the effect he is producing on the object of his affection." He hesitated for an instant, during which the hall clock punctuated the stillness with precise, staccato strokes.

"Yesterday afternoon," he went on evenly, "I got a chance to steal twenty-five thousand dollars."

She started and leaned forward suddenly, her eyes dark with apprehension. "And—did you?" she asked.

"No," he answered quietly, "but I came near enough to it to realize where I was drifting. A man came into the office and offered me that amount as a bribe to turn our stationery business over to him."

"Oh," she leaned back, evidently amused, "that's all! I was afraid we were going to create a scandal in the evening papers with our photographs on the front page and all that; it would have been a death blow to your prospects of getting the General Superintendency."

He gave a curious smile. "So you've heard that rumour, too, have you? Well, I hope you haven't ordered an automobile or planned a country place on the strength of it, for as far as I know, there's nothing in it."

He paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Suppose I had taken the bribe quietly and there had been no scandal, what then?" he inquired.

She shifted resentfully. "It doesn't do to be Quixotic," she returned evasively; "everyone else in this town is doing that sort of thing and taking advantage of opportunities."

"Then you think the standard of honesty is different in this city from that in Keokuk, for instance?" he persisted.

She jumped to her feet suddenly, with quivering lips. "Why do you catechize me so?" she cried, with averted face; "do you really want to force me into admitting that I think you are a fool? I can't understand why in the world people refer to you as a splendid business man; you're always letting chances to make money slip by. What does a successful man

mean except one who has money?" She stopped herself with an effort, catching her underlip with her teeth.

His face hardened. The carefully chosen words of his little speech had long since taken flight from his mind.

"The word 'success' may be interpreted in several ways," he replied shortly.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Almost everything is measured by its money value. Even workers in the fine arts aren't considered successful unless they can sell their talent for a high price. There's 'artistic success,' of course, but it usually means that the person who thinks he's made it is starving somewhere in a garret."

The contempt in her tone stung him into a sudden realization of the gulf that widened momentarily between her viewpoint and his own.

"The worker who toils to produce a beautiful thing has at least justified his existence, whether the world ever hears of him or not," he answered, letting the words fall with cool deliberation. "Everyone who lives owes something for the privilege of existence. Did it ever occur to you to wonder what part you play in our system of social economy? Of course not, because you never really make use of your mind; even your vivacious conversation depends upon random thoughts and impressions that never go below the surface. The type of modern, fashionable woman to which you belong contributes nothing at all to the world. If the support of the man on whom you depend should suddenly be removed and you couldn't find another provider, what would become of you? You have no wage earning talent nor necessity to absolve you from what is popularly supposed to constitute a woman's usefulness, yet you avoid all domestic responsibility and are not even willing to pay your debt to humanity by bringing a child into the world!"

She whirled around to face him with blazing eyes. "Why should I drudge?—there are plenty of plain women to do that. Isn't beauty a sufficiently good excuse for living?"

He laughed and she flushed hotly at the sound.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but in that case you are at once relegated to the capacity of a pet, a sort of plaything for a man's leisure moments, and you're a little too imperious for that role. No, even as a toy, I'm afraid you wouldn't prove entirely successful."

She turned toward the door, her face white and bitter. "You're a brute," she flashed, trembling with resentment.

In the silence that followed he struggled to regain his self-possession. He had rather expected her to rush from the room in a burst of tears and was a little surprised to see her hesitate, apparently intending to stay and near him out.

"Perhaps I am," he said finally. "When I started I had no intention of launching forth into a tirade against modern womankind. All I meant to do was to offer you your freedom. It's quite impossible for us to go on living together. You must realize it, too."

"Her freedom." His face flushed slightly at the subterfuge. It was his freedom of which he was thinking.

"The morning will be time enough to discuss ways and means," he went on. "For of course I shall divide whatever I have equally with you until you marry again, as you probably will."

The sudden colour that flooded her face showed him that he had struck the right note. Unconsciously his mind reverted to Renshaw, with his millions, his yacht, automobiles, prize dogs and horses. What more natural than that he should yearn for a beautiful wife on which to hang the expensive clothes and jewels he could so amply afford to buy for her?

There was a moment's silence. Then, "What have you been hearing about me?" she demanded.

He adjusted the position of two books on the table with exaggerated care.

"You misunderstand me," he said. "I haven't the slightest intention of applying for a divorce and I am taking for granted that there is no cause for such an action, although you are free to take the step at any time. I'm sure you are far too wise to accept a lesser price than matrimony for your favours."

He saw her bite her lips to keep back the tears and he wondered how deeply his contempt had pierced her vanity.

For a moment she did not speak. She stood nervously knotting and reknotting the lace handkerchief in her hand.

All at once he realized the finality of this interview with her. She was standing less than a dozen feet away and yet they were separated as effectually as if the poles intervened. The thing was inevitable; he knew now that it had been coming ever since their marriage. The futile regret that swept over him was absurd in the circumstances. He clenched his hands on it as if it were a tangible thing he could throttle at will.

He suddenly remembered his first glimpse of her. It was at a tea party. He made it a point, too, never to go to tea parties. She came in radiant from a brisk walk on the Drive. He recalled a huge bunch of violets that she had worn in the midst of the heavy dark fur thrown over her shoulders. A mist gathered in his eyes.

"I'm going now," she said at last.

In the shadow of the doorway where she stood he saw her bright hair gleam against the dusk of the hall and noticed how it fell in curling tendrils over her white forehead.

"Very well," he said, without looking at her, his breath coming a little quickly. "Good night. If you are awake in the morning before I leave, I'll talk things over with you. The first of May is drawing near and I should like to terminate the lease on this apartment then."

When he glanced back she had gone, but on the floor he noticed the filmy lace handkerchief that had been in her hand. He picked it up and stood looking at it a moment, breathing in its suggestion of violets, before he tossed it on the table. An unaccountable weariness had suddenly taken possession of him. He walked absently to the window and looked out into the familiar street with unseeing eyes, his head resting heavily against the casing. Far down the hall he could hear the sound of her door closing.

A PORTRAIT

From the Painting by Frederick S. Challener
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Art

PLAYED OUT

BY LEO CRANE

THE little burro plunged on ahead, out of one hole and into another. The pack on its back seemed a deformity. At times the little beast would slip and be completely submerged in a drift, and then High Card would anxiously question himself about their chances. Sometimes he gasped, the wind in his throat, and wondered if they really had chances.

Above drifted a dull gray sky, without a cloud, without a wrinkle, hard, pitiless, from which swept at intervals a bitter wind. Around was an uneven landscape, topped by spare ridges, lean and gaunt, like bones from which the rapacious wind had picked everything. And over all, the snow. Snow everywhere encrusted, the old snow of a season, tinged with impurity. Winter having painted so bleak and uncomfortable a scene, cast over it silence, and fled. The open season was drawing nearer, day by day, when the thaws would begin and the mountain torrents become arrogant. At times a weak sunlight would try to creep into the picture, but with sad success.

High Card Baldwin thought he had given the Camp Freeze-out people the slip. For several days he had collected those things which a long prospecting experience had taught him were absolutely necessary to have. Food had been high at Camp Freeze-out because of the rigorous winter, and High Card had purchased his supplies cautiously, a bit at a time. Tools he did not require. He had cached a complete kit in the gully where he had first encountered the vein, and where he had well nigh gone mad with delirious joy. Matches and ammunition had been scarce in the camp, and High Card dared not seem overanxious for either. He was forced to content himself with a moderate supply of these things. Precious little sticks, those matches! He guarded them jealously. A man might fight a wild beast successfully with a bare knife; but he might not fight cold without fire.

For his rifle, High Card Baldwin did not have more than thirty loads.

High Card Baldwin was a woodsman and not a fool. He realized all the imprudence of attempting this journey so early in the season; but there were reasons making an early start and secrecy preferable. If he had not made a great strike, he could not have told of it. If he had not become beastly drunk in Peter Simon's saloon at the Camp one night, he would not have told of it.

But his find was now common talk. A wait until the favourable months would entail much undesirable company. The men were watching him. He knew they were watching him. He grew nervous and irritable. He had two fights about these little attentions. He had shot Wilberforce Jones in the arm. So High Card Baldwin wanted to get away and make sure of his allotment as discoverer. There were other and quite as important reasons. He was not certain that he would easily find the valley of which he had so boastfully spoken. Fully a hundred little gullies, similar in appearance, seamed

and pierced the five miles of ridge which he was sure his vein traversed, and High Card felt that some search would be necessary to again locate the exact point of discovery. Of course, he had centered this spot by triangular observation, but he did not care to depend hurriedly upon that primitive method. He wanted to be twelve or fifteen days ahead of the horde which would swoop down upon the place as hungry wolves at the first signs of spring.

To gain this decided advantage he must risk much. He was willing to risk much. High Card Balwin was not a man to quibble at danger. He had faced all the deaths of that time and region since first setting foot in the mountains, and such perils are various and not a few. A man's exit could be accomplished swiftly and without embarrassment in the mining country, and High Card Baldwin knew the entire programme, from the long tiresome number by starvation to the nerve-racking report of a forty-five. But, just as he would have calculated his chances at faro, so he figured the probabilities of a late season and more snow. More snow—more snow—he thought of it only amid shudders.

So he left Camp Freeze-out in the night. No one saw him depart. He felt sure of this. In the first stages of his journey he met no one. About him was a wild region, sterile, naked and exhausted from its long battle with the cold. Silence and solitude reigned in grandeur at once simple and profound. Bare trees and a haggard mountain scenery encompassed him. Had he been the last man in a ruined world, the only survivor of a cataclysm, he could not have been more than hopelessly alone.

The air was thin and deserted of birds. A terrible force made itself known in the solemn quiet. As though earth had died, it was rigid in the iron clutch of this remorseless season. Winter lingered reluctantly on the horizon. Its heavy hand had left vacancies which no number of successive summers could refill. Winter was not to be flaunted lightly. And bitterest of all would be a loitering storm. More snow, a grim possibility. High Card Baldwin laughed as he often had over his last coin. He assured himself that no man from Camp Freeze-out would follow him in the face of this stern probability.

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But after the first three days—something, an indescribable something, akin to fear, told High Card Baldwin that he was being followed. In the beginning he put his feelings aside.

"Why, I'm a reg'lar baby," he said.

But this strange premonition recurred again and again with a steadily increasing persistency. As a momentary distraction High Card cursed and beat the burro. Twice, however, he paused with his arm upraised, and slowly lowered it, overcome by the haunting idea.

"It might be . . ." he half whispered.

Then he consented to think of the thing. He debated with himself, he argued, he considered. He glanced behind him. Then he surrendered to it. The little, indescribable suspicion rode between his shoulder-blades. It nagged him until he was in a highly nervous state. A hundred times a day he would swing about to scan the distant horizon and the ground over which he had passed. It was a feeling like that which impels a man to step aside from a danger in the dark.

After a while this suspicion became fear, a strong, dominant fear. It possessed him.

When the matter grew so insistent that it could no longer be denied, when it had fed sufficiently upon his nerves, High Card Baldwin stopped and waited for the second man to catch up. A whole day he waited, patiently expectant. At the end of it he was disappointed. The snow was a barren waste, with a faraway line of lines like so many vultures against a sheeted sky.

"Strange!" said High Card. Then, with an oath: "I'll ambush the hound, whoever he is. . . ."

But the little traps were fruitless. He lost another day. Then he went on, cursing his timidity and trying to convince himself that he was a fool. But, an hour after he was fully convinced, a stick cracked in the thicket, and he suddenly spun around to scan the backward trail. Instinctively he knew he was being run to cover as a wounded deer.

At night the feeling of oppression did not trouble the man so much. The nights were calm and still, and coldly beautiful. The stars were so many pointed icicles. Between the earth and the stars was a clear, keen atmosphere, having the freshness of crystal and the purity of rock-water. All about in the greenish smile of the winter moon lay stretched the hills, clean, deadly white, as if upon a bier. And what candles more blessed than the stars!

High Card Baldwin would heap up his fire until it roared. Tired, sometimes almost exhausted, he would sit before it, his back to the windbreak, and consider this thing. To him the fire was a companion, a comfort, an imagination. Beside it he would plan those conquests which that store of gold in the gully would make possible. In the glowing crevices of the fire he could see, as so much molten metal, all his previous gold, ruddy warm, fit to delight the heart of a king, and he would stretch out his hands to it, as a covetous child, until the heat scorched his skin. And, indeed, truly the fire was his treasure. It possessed the gold as a warder might. Without the one he could not hope to have the other. The fire kept him snugly from the cold, cooked his food, banished care and the dull monotony of the gray, gray days, preserved him until that time when the unsympathetic treasure could be ensnared and made captive.

Sometimes High Card would talk to the fire. He felt that he must speak now and then. During the day, as they plunged through the drifts, he talked to his burro, and at night he would include the fire, while the burro looked on solemnly, his funny little head just within the circle of its light.

"Fire . . . fire," High Card would say, warming his hands, "you're just like gold . . . gold . . ."

One night he met with an accident. It had almost terrible results. A little tin box, in which were all his matches, slipped from his hands and tumbled fairly into the flames. High Card Baldwin heroically plunged his hands in after it. He caught up the smoking box and tossed it aside in the snow. Eagerly, his hands burning and throbbing where the fire had licked over them, he darted after, and, without breathing, inspected these little sticks of unborn flame. The matches were smoking—they had been ready to flare up. High Card Baldwin, when he realized his safety, turned sick all over and weakly sank down to the ground. He became as ice, and then flushed as with fever. His hands shook, but not from pain. He breathed as though he might have covered miles, running.

"My Gawd!" he whispered, his lips quivering. A moment more, and he would have faced the wilderness, snow-barred, ice-sheeted like Prometheus, blowing on a brand. When these foolish sensations were past, High Card Baldwin laughed in a little high-pitched tone. He wrapped the box in a piece of blanket and tucked it away in his pack. He took from it only one match at a time. His operations in this way were painfully deliberate and precise. He revered the matches, loving them when it was possible not to fear them. They were his genii, his gods. To them he would owe his gold—his preservation. What space of life he had left to him was measured by these. He no longer counted days, weeks, months, years. He looked upon existence as represented by so many little sulphur-capped splinters. Had any one asked

his age, it is very likely he would have replied without thinking:

"Why, I am forty-two matches old"

*

One night when the stars were calmly critical, and the whole world was touched with an enchanted peace, High Card made his lone camp on the sheltered side of a ridge and at no great distance from the summit. The opposite ground dropped away into the valley which he had that day crossed. He had contemplated his fire and smoked a pipe. He was about to roll into the blankets, when a near-by crackle caused him to start. Some four or five deer had slipped up through the undergrowth, and were staring in blank wonderment at his fire. At his first movement they went over the ridge, making little, frightened leaps. High Card caught up his rifle quickly and scrambled after them.

"I'll have a steak," he said with determination, drawing back the hammer of the gun. A few seconds later he had parted the damp branches of the thicket which fringed the summit. An exclamation came from his lips, and as if his hand had been relieved of all power, he allowed the wet branches to whip back across his face. Venison was now gone from his mind.

"Caught, by Gawd!" he said aloud, his mouth and tongue becoming dry as a bone. He stood for a long time gazing across the valley, where a faint sparkle peeped from the folds of the hills. It was a fire. The pursuer had caught up with him.

In former years, years of plenty, when High Card knew the gold of his first strike, and when the cards were high enough to bestow on him a name, he had gambled desperately. He knew the worth of gold only by the sensation it caused when a big bet swung on a single turn. He had sat upon both sides of the table of Fortune, beside her and facing her. He had seen his pile disappear in a single round of play, the gold, precious and beautiful, deserting his side of the board, like a false mistress, and crossing the table to mock him in the abyss. On that last night, when he had been beggared, a certain look settled as though it were a mask upon his face, rendering the features hard, adamant, criminal. That night decided the utmost length to which he would go for gold. Gold, though it had tricked him, beaten him, starved him, deserted him, was, after all, his goddess. The falsity of the deity proved only the fanaticism of the devotee. And such an expression swept across his features again as he stood, this night, upon the summit of the ridge, and looked across the valley toward the second player. Once again the stakes were high, and the turn against him.

All the good in him was overthrown in this revulsion of feeling. The greed of the man ascended to a dominant strength. He stood forth reckless, without conscience. The yellow, mellow call of the gold enslaved him. Incoherently he muttered against this invasion, just as he had muttered when he had shot Wilberforce Jones for meddling at Camp Freeze-out.

But for High Card Baldwin this was no new experience.

An old, old dread caught him in its cruel talons. He remembered a man, a certain old man. The guilty are ever mindful of their sins first and the chance of happening comes after in its turn. The gambler gripped his hands and fought back his momentary cowardice.

"By the Living Gawd!" he cried out tremulously, "I'll share my finds with no man. It's my gold, mine, mine. And you want your share? Well, follow me. I'll lead you a dance, you meddler . . . you . . ."

*

For the next three days, High Card Baldwin endeavoured to lead this follower astray. Each night, from a vantage point, he surveyed the backward trail, and always he located the little gem-like gleam indicating the fire. He hated that persistent gleam, he hated it with a terrible vicious hatred. Despite the suffering he knew

the loss of fire would entail, he would have willingly stamped out the embers of that fire had he been able.

High Card made off to the right, into the wild, untrammeled hills. He did not hesitate. He was willing to tread the dangerous edge of a precipice that another might slip over it. The thickets were now denser, the defiles more rugged, the way steep. It was a severe detour, but he kept on, gritting his teeth against his every hardship. He knew that across country, distant perhaps five terrible, uncharted miles, opened several very deceptive passes through the range. It was his plan to confuse the tracker at this point, circle about, and pick up his original bearings. What would become of the man? That did not worry High Card Baldwin. The man would no doubt lose out. Some one always lost out on the turn of a card. In the winning of gold, one must play a game with the elements; therefore, one must ever face the probability of the elements winning.

High Card plunged determinedly into the newer country, the wilder and more intricate features of which pleased him as he thought of the other man's bewilderment. He was ever anxious for perfect freedom; he was ever haunted by the instinctive feeling that he was not yet free.

Then the burro went lame.

"A misdeal . . ." growled High Card Baldwin, urging onward.

Four hours later the little beast slipped over a fallen and snow-mantled tree. When the burro refused to rise and go on, the impetuosity of the man received a severe chill. He examined the burro's ailment, a definite fear in his heart. The poor little beast moaned despairingly.

"A broken leg! said the gambler, contemplating the disaster wearily. "Was there ever such a devil of a hand to play? Mickey, you're out o' this game, little beggar, an' may be a good job for you, too. I'll have to play it alone. Serves me right for dealin' as I have. Well . . . many a good fellow got it before ye, Mickey. Damn this deck, anyhow . . . well . . . "

There was a gunshot.

The gambler looked down at his work, and said with very little of the spirit of mockery:

"Poor Mickey . . . despondent over his losses at play . . . well . . . "

A little later High Card Baldwin began dividing the outfit. He separated the portions of it with a rare precision. Precious were those things which he discarded, but more precious were those he retained. Matches and ammunition were the only parts of it he did not lighten or curtail. He tossed all the beans and a goodly half of the cornmeal away.

"Swift play," he muttered, and then, with a bitter laugh: "It's like splittin' aces to draw a straight. But if that's him, as long as I have the gun and the matches, I've got the call."

Courageously desperate, he shouldered the small pack and came to a more serious consideration—his surroundings.

What had been familiar ridges were now a series of chaotic shapes, frowning upon the world men love; what had been a forest was now a primitive wilderness, always hostile; what had been a solitude was now utter desolation. The silent was only broken by the coughing rush of snow from overladen trees. This promised dangers of avalanche. The wind was tempered with bitterness. There came into the air a soft warning of future snow. High Card noted these things, shivered and prepared to make his circle without delay. The hardship and worry had made him like a lean animal. His boots were showing signs of strenuous wear. The ammunition was and had been at all times low enough. He counted the cartridges—now thirteen. He had not too many matches even in the beginning. Now he must consider his own preservation. Had the burro lived—but the burro was dead. He had had to spend a precious cartridge

on that burro. The question in a small compass was, could he manage with the pack upon his shoulders or ought he strike out immediately for the nearest settlement? Common sense pointed the latter course. He hesitated, as he had once hesitated between placing his last ounce on the queen or supper. The queen meant many suppers, perhaps; the ounce but one. Then he sighed wearily, a gambler's sigh.

"In the morning," he promised himself, "luck may change then."

The luck changed as he sat toasting his feet that night before the only friend left to him. He started at the sounds of crunching snow. There was a warning crash in the thickets. Without a halloa of greeting, without a word, a man suddenly came into the light of his fire. High Card's hand moved toward his rifle. But the other man came up boldly and stood opposite, a strange figure.

"Well!" snarled High Card, recognizing this newcomer.

The other man raised his hand to his head, seeming dazed; then he looked at the fire in the way a man regards something which he must respect. When he spoke, the words came slowly, pronounced in a queer monotony of tone:

"Lost my bearin's back there—matches ran out, too. You got any matches? Glad you got a fire—been lookin' out for one some time. You've made a big strike, locatin' this fire."

High Card Baldwin listened, watching the other suspiciously. He had thought to hear reproaches, demands, threats; but there was nothing of the sort. This man was fairly old. His hair was a grayish white in places and straggled down, unkempt. He went off a few paces, still watching the leapings of the fire, his face earnestly intent. He sat down. There was a certain reflection of satisfaction in his look as he contemplated the ruddy, cheerful blaze.

"Matches ran out back there," he repeated, without looking up.

"Well, do ye expect to refill the matchbox here?" asked the gambler. Once he had insolently refused a loan to a man he had beggared at cards. He had spoken at that time quite the same. Matches or gold—which the more precious? Treasures are those things we most need and covet most when they are quite beyond our reach.

The old man looked up, a vacant stare on his face.

"Why," he replied to the question, "we're pardners, you an' me . . ."

"You've been following me," broke out High Card angrily.

"Just comin' along."

"What right had ye?"

"Why, we're pardners, you an' me . . ."

High Card Baldwin laughed — a nasty, derisive laughter.

"Pardners nothin' . . ." he snorted.

There came over the other's face a grim look. Several moments passed while he sat stroking one hand over the other, nervously, as if they were cold. He did not notice the fire. His eyes were alert, restless. His dirty gray mustache straggled down on either side of his mouth, giving him the fierce expression of a viking.

"Pardners, of course," he continued as if persuading himself. "We opened the Mary Ellen mine, didn't we . . .? Oh, yes, share an' share alike, we said."

"So that's your game?" bellowed High Card Baldwin.

"It's a fair enough game. We staked out the Mary Ellen. But that was a long time ago. That's past, High Card. But when you came to camp awhile back, an' said you'd made another strike, why, says I, that's where High Card'll make good, says I. So I comes along. Had to pack all the stuff myself, an' that made me quite a bit late, ye see. Then the powder gave out, back there, an' then the matches gave out, too. Somehow, never thought of that. But I kept on . . . I knew ye'd wait somewhere for me, High Card, an'"—

"Wait for you!" sneered the gambler.

"Why, we staked out the Mary Ellen. We came out o' the East together, you an' me—we're pardners."

"Not by a damn sight!" proclaimed High Card Baldwin, doubling his fist and shaking it emphatically. "We ain't pardners — neither gold, nor powder, nor matches, nor nothin'. My finds I keep to myself. Savy?"

"But I found the 'Mary Ellen,'" said the old man, speaking a trifle faster.

"An' you were fool enough to let me lose the stuff, but that's not me. I finds this trick, I trumps it, an' I counts it. There ye are . . ."

High Card Baldwin stooped down to rake the fire a little. He noted, as the flame hissed upward at his touch, that the old man drew aside. Then, still watching the ruddy heap of sticks, the old man continued in his monotone:

"You ferget there was lots in the 'Mary Ellen' 'sides gold. Gold there was aplenty, to be sure, but . . . there was a woman an' there was a child. You lost it all at faro . . . you! First went the gold, yellow stuff—I could see the man rake it in across the table. Then you lost the woman . . . then you lost the child. Somehow, I didn't seem to mind it—then. Ever since that fight at Slim Jim's, when they tried to do for us, an' Burgundy hit me with the bottle, I didn't seem to mind it. We were pardners; you managed. But the woman died, an' the child . . . well, says I to myself, 'them things'll all come right when we make another strike,' an' now we've made it . . ."

"I have—you've lost out," said High Card.

"Ain't we pardners?"

High Card laughed again.

"You laughed that way when you lost the gold . . ."

The laughter of fools is often heard in the gray corridors of death. The old man brushed aside his long hair with a nervous movement. Suddenly he stood erect. His action and decision were so quick it caught High Card unawares. The gambler reached for his gun, but too late to secure it. With a demoniacal scream the other man tore it from his hands. Mechanically the gambler sought a weapon, something, anything, with which to defend himself from this madman. Quick as a flash he leaped across the fire, and caught out from it a club, one with a blazing end. The old man sprang away from this with another eerie cry. There was in the sound an element of pain. High Card saw the man feared the brand only. When he swung it about the circlet of fire seemed to fascinate, charm. When the old man saw this brand advance, glinting, glowing, he fled into the thicket. Trembling and breathing heavily, High Card Baldwin watched him go. He saw the black figure against the lighter, greenish white background, and in an upper clearing, lighted by the pale radiance of the moon, the old man was an awesome figure, his movement spasmodic and grotesque as he ran.

"Loony!" muttered High Card in a faint tone of surprise. This realization was astounding and the full import of it came only in degrees. "Loony, an' afeered o' fire," he said. Then a panic seized the gambler.

"He took the gun!" he gasped.

*

There was now much to consider besides snow and the possibility of snow; sterner than the lack of provisions; greater than the methods of keeping warm. Upon the hillside, free and unrestrained, roamed a madman, having a vengeance and a gun. In the gun there was but one load, but one load is often sufficient. For the gambler there was a hope—the man feared fire.

High Card collected a pile of wood and heaped up the blaze, just as he would have done had he considered an animal. But an animal has no means of projecting its vicious rage. This madman had a gun. High Card crept around and collected his wood on all fours. During all the night he watched from the shelter of two trees, between which he stood, alert.

"Can't keep this 'ere game up long," reflected High Card. "He's got aces to my deuces—well, I mustn't go off to sleep. First time I locate him, I'll go after him. If I can get him to loose that one ball, then I'll be all right."

Ghostly dawn came after an eternity of somber waiting. A breaking of twigs on the north slope aroused High Card from a doze. Peering about the tree trunk, cautiously, he could see nothing. His every sense attuned, High Card fancied he could hear the old man circling the ridge, creeping upon him from every side, now here, now there, like an assassin, a specter, a woodland fiend. High Card found himself growing highly nervous. The slightest noise now caused him to quiver and chill with the terrible fear of the unseen.

"I can't stand it no more," he decided at length, steadying his jangled nerves. "Any way, to stay here means to starve. I'd as lief be shot right down like a dog than starve. Here goes, an' may the devil spoil his aim, damn him . . ."

Locating the next suspicious sound, High Card made a determined start. With the stealth of a slinking cat he advanced over the rising ground, dodging in and about the tree trunks, which were now as lank specters in a pallid mist. High Card had remembered to carry a club, one end of which was charred and glowing. He could hear the other in retreat, but he could not catch sight of his adversary. The strain of this hide and seek was horrible. At any moment he expected the crashing of a shot. He was as a man following a trail set with infernal machines, the triggers of which were always a little beyond. Then the brand he carried died away. High Card glanced back to where his fire burned in the open space, feeling a certain security in its presence there. It lived for him, protecting him. That was a fire of some proportion, he told himself. The woods chilled him with the veil of dawn-mist, and he shivered to be back by his comforting friend. The brand dead, he must beat a retreat to the fire for another. But a louder noise directly ahead drew him on a little. There was a crash of breaking branches and the rush of a heavy body.

"Maybe . . . that wasn't him"—exclaimed High Card. "Where"—He wheeled about, and stood momentarily paralyzed at the sight of his enemy in the clearing, tearing open his precious pack, throwing the things about in a destructive glee. High Card could see the stuff falling into the fire.

"Matches," he groaned, the word coming from his heart.

Then, with a wild yell, he charged down the hill, whirling his club, a fearful courage goading him onward. What was the chance of a shot when the loss of matches and fire was reckoned? He would fight the man, mad and armed though he be, with bare hands. As High Card neared him, the old man disposed of the last of the pack, and with a call of impish delight he ran off to the higher wooded ground. High Card tried to rescue a few of the burning fragments. He burned his fingers severely, and a certain little package seemed to explode with a shimmering poof of bright flame in his very hands.

"Matches!" he groaned again pitifully.

*

Without a gun, now without the gift of fire! He must preserve the embers, and High Card feverishly scraped them into a heap until they blazed up again. Hardly had he accomplished this when a dull report sounded from the upper ridge, and High Card heard the heavy plunging of a bullet overhead in the sodden branches. He sprang to his feet, an expression of delight upon his face.

"There he goes . . ." he said. "That kills his little game. He'll not be . . ."

Another report and another bullet. High Card's face was convulsed. Like a petrified man he was.

"He must have got the cartridges . . . "

A third report sounded as a muffled signal. This time the ball sped nearer its mark, and High Card made a desperate leap backward into the timber.

"There are thirteen cartridges," he whispered to himself. "Three shots—he has ten left . . ."

A ball struck the very tree behind which he had taken refuge.

"Close—that," said the gambler, shifting swiftly to another shelter. He kept account of the reports. "Four," he said, as carefully as an accountant over his ledger. "Four—that leaves him nine cracks at me . . . Gawd!"

During the next hour High Card Baldwin was hunted from cover to cover like a beast. He tried to keep circling the fire, for that precious fire must not go out or be destroyed. He risked touching the finger-tips of Death rather than be compelled at length to look the Judgment fairly in the face. In the open, clinging to the roots of a large tree, the fire lovingly leaped and fawned its delicious, red gold flames. Such a fire meant preservation, life itself.

"Eight . . . seven left, now . . . " counted the gambler, as he would have tallied tricks at cards. All games of chance paled into petty insignificance when compared to this game he played. A close call flecked splinters of bark into his face, and he could feel the warmth of blood. Now he knew the emotion of being cornered. He hedged about, snarling. His hands trembled with fear and cold. It was growing cold, a moist, damp cold. The sky was overcast, a drab ominous, heavy, leering sky. There were mists along the trees which had not been dispelled by the feeble light. High Card edged nearer the fire.

"Six . . . five . . . four," he whispered, following the muffled reports. "I've got to carry fire with me somehow. Can't stay here—no food, no matches, no gun . . . looks like a bad lot of weather comin' . . . three . . . only two doses left in that bottle. What's comin'? The red or black to win, eh? . . . " He was growing jocular and impatient. High Card peered about his tree. Immediately the wind was whipped near his face. He laughed. "One left . . . one left . . . Gawd! what's he mean . . . "

The old man had come forth from the wood and was advancing. Straight to the fire he came.

"The fire . . . " murmured High Card, in a half-frozen whisper.

Now the old man, a grin upon his face, attacked his greatest enemy. He began scattering the burning sticks. High Card saw them go this way and that, some blazing brightly, some dying in the wet hollows of the snow. What could he do to dissuade this madman? Fire! it meant . . . there was but one shot in the gun. High Card caught up a handful of snow. He crushed it together between his palms and threw it at the other. His aim was bad. It had been a long time since he last played at snowballs. Schoolboy days, they were in the grave of yesterday. He remembered how they had once pelted the master from behind a fence, and what a peculiarly funny expression of astonishment had come to the teacher's face at a well-directed shot in the ear. High Card made just such another hit now, and wondered vaguely why this old man did not reflect that same expression. He stooped to make one more ball of snow. He must drive the man from the fire. It was almost out. The old man looked up at him, an unearthly stare of monotony on his face. There was only one shot in the gun. The gambler hurled his snowball with a maddened effort, running. He heard a dull report, and saw the snow strike into the man's face, staggering him. Now he could get possession of the gun. He went forward. Two long strides he made, and then brought up with a little wavering stagger. There was a wet film before his eyes. He put up his hands to wipe it away. Had the old man thrown a snowball, he wondered. But there

was nothing. With a little choking cough he hesitated . . . stopped . . . sank down upon trembling knees, slowly.

"You . . ." he said once, before he dropped over, his white face touching the cold, wet ground.

*

The old man came up to him cautiously, holding the gun extended. His wan face exhibited the wonderment of a child. He laughed in a tremulous way, as if he might begin to cry. He looked all around. The woods were silent, dull gray and cold. There was no more fire, only a few dead sticks. He snapped the trigger of the gun several times, and was surprised at the continued quiet. All this was very strange to him. He glanced up at the sky. It was a heavy, overcast, drab, lowering sky. A moist something touched his cheeks, his hands. There were little dancing particles in the air. A sane expression of realization leaped to his face instantly. He quivered as a man awakening from a horrible dream, only to find it true enough. He feared for the first time, sought companionship, comfort.

"High Card!—High Card!" he cried out sensibly, running to and vigorously shaking the quiet figure. "The fire's out, an' it's . . . *it's snowing ! ! !*"

THE CHANGELING

By CLARE GIFFIN

HOMESICK, and homesick, ah, sick am I for home,
To see the cliffs of Faery above the flying foam.
The winds go blowing westward, the blue skies turn gray,
But I must walk the sea-sand and watch the ships away.

Westward and westward and westward go the ships,
And seaward and seaward the bright brook-water slips,
And the hunting horns of Faery ring clear every morn,
And I must hear them calling, yet wander here forlorn.

East the sun and west the moon and overseas away
I would go a-faring by night and by day,
But round me and round me, and round me yet again,
Three times the spell was bound that holds me like a chain.

Brook water, tide water, river and sea,
As long as the waters flow I may not win free;
But still I walk the sea-sand and watch the ships go down,
West into the sunset, the road to Merlin's town.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

It is estimated that the money value of the grain, dairy and animal products of the three Prairie Provinces for this year will not fall below $850,000,000. All this is new wealth from which nothing has to be deducted for cost of raw material or cost of manufacture. The grain crop is not of average excellence but even a fair wheat yield at $2.50 a bushel gives a satisfactory return. There are settlers who have had "hard luck" and others struggling for a bare living upon land on which wheat growing should never have been attempted. But generally over the three Provinces the people are prosperous and many farmers become comparatively wealthy. In the fact there is no ground for adverse criticism but only reason for rejoicing.

It is stated that the deposits in the banks of British Columbia equal the deposits in all the banks of Canada a generation ago, and that the deposits in the banks of the three Prairie Provinces exceed the total deposits in all the banks at Confederation. If there are pessimists who still regard the West as an experiment they will only be more completely confounded as the years pass. No doubt wheat prices will decline but in the West as in Ontario the agriculturists will turn more and more towards stock breeding and general farming. In this they will be greatly assisted by the era of high prices. The farmer, like the manufacturer, requires a reserve of capital if he is to expand, enlarge his activities and multiply his products. There is no doubt, also, that through industrial development and growth of towns and cities, he will get better local markets and discover new fields of production and greater sources of revenue.

One feels that there is before Canada not only the greatest era of expansion in its history but the greatest era of expansion in the history of the Continent. As Europe recovers from the effects of the Great Tragedy, there will be an immense movement of immigrants towards this country, while from year to year the overflow from the United States will continue and increase. Apparently British capital shows an increasing disposition to seek investment here while already American capital investments in Canada run into hundreds of millions. No one need expect that the Dominion will escape periods of anxiety and depression. Nor can Governments, in face of the tremendous obligations the people now carry, plunge into reckless expenditures or sanction doubtful public undertakings.

We have need to show great wisdom in providing for the immigration that is coming and in so controlling expenditures as to reduce the heavy burden of taxation. Fortunately, in the future, we shall not require to devote such huge sums of public money to railway construction. We shall probably be less tolerant of railway deficits than we have been of railway subsidies. It will be well, too, if the public understand that deficits on national railways do not differ greatly from subsidies to private railways. Indeed, in the

immediate future there is nothing of more vital importance to Canada than economical and efficient operation of the National Railway System.

What we shall need is a public policy that will attract capital, ensure stability, guarantee the quality of immigration and sympathetic treatment of new settlers, discourage rash governmental undertakings, relieve private enterprises from embarrassing and repressive regulations, and conserve and develop the natural resources of Canada for the national advantage. The war enlarged the functions of government in every country, but apparently the conviction of the nations is that many of the regulations and restrictions necessary for war are merely mischievous and destructive in time of peace. The prospect before the Dominion is such that we probably could defy even bad government but with economy in expenditures, energy in administration and prudence in legislation for the next quarter of a century, the country will be immovably established as a powerful populous British Commonwealth.

II

There is a tragic likeness between the French Revolution and the long reign of confusion and terror in Russia. From the first the real object of the French revolutionary leaders was not reform but destruction. As Mrs. Arthur Webster has established by her History of the Revolution, the Subversives of France in 1793 and 1794 were the natural disciples of the Order of the Illuminati founded in Bavaria in 1776, and in itself an outgrowth of a spurious form of masonry. The Order, according to Mrs. Webster, "abjured Christianity, advocated sensual pleasures, believed in annihilation, and called patriotism and loyalty narrow-minded prejudices incompatible with universal benevolence". Further the Order "accounted all princes usurpers and tyrants, and all privileged orders as their abettors; they meant to abolish the laws which protected property accumulated by long-contined and successful industry; and to prevent for the future any such accumulation, they intended to establish universal liberty and equality, the imprescriptible rights of man, and as a preparation for all this they intended to root out all religion and ordinary morality, and even to break the bonds of domestic life, by destroying the veneration for marriage vows, and by taking the education of children out of the hands of parents". Mrs. Webster contends it is this doctrine that provides the key to the whole policy of the leading revolutionaries of France, and which finally brought the Reign of Terror.

For more than a century French and British historians have presented the revolution as a great, unselfish, herioc struggle for human freedom and social and industrial reform, when, as the evidence discloses, the leaders deliberately plotted to make all measures of reform futile and ineffective and often had no higher object than to use the people to advance their own unholy amibitions and infamous purposes. "Does the nation know what it wishes?" said Chamfort. "One can make it wish and one can make it say what it has never thought. The nation is a great herd that only thinks of browsing, and with good sheep dogs, the shepherds can lead it as they please." The British Empire only begins to be emancipated from Whig history. So many English writers have been the patrons of revolution in every country but their own. We complain of the perversion of history in American schoolbooks, but they contain nothing for which the authority of English writers cannot be produced. For generations Burke's interpretation of the French Revolution has been treated as the product of a mind which had been unsettled by the horrors of The Terror. But as now appears, he, chiefly among English writers, understood its spirit and its purpose. As Mrs. Webster shows by definite quotation from contemporary writings and official reports the "Revolutions" of Car-

lyle and of "The Tale of Two Cities" are sentimental romances. It is well that history should turn its face towards democracy, but in Mirabeau's phrase one cannot "build upon mud". Reform is not the handmaid of anarchy. Even the tyrrany of absolutism may give a greater general measure of happiness and freedom than the brutality of The Terror or the bloody despotism of the Soviet. It now seems clear that Louis XVI was not only willing but eager to lead his people towards Reform while the revolutionary leaders would go only along the Road to Destruction.

III

As the intriguing hand of Prussia was busy throughout the French Revolution, so there is every reason to think that German machinations precipitated the confusion and ruin of Russia. But Germany's hand is seldom revealed and Berlin seldom openly employs foreign instruments. The revolutionary elements in France were enormously strengthened by the attacks of foreign armies. The "Patriots" could always appeal with effect to the tradition of loyalty and the sentiment of patriotism in the French people. So in Russia with its centuries of national tradition and history any appeal to the people against economic menace or military pressure by foreign nations must bring a response. If there is a thing on earth which has the touch of immortality it is national spirit. Who doubts that the unity of Russia will be restored or believes that its light will go out forever in blood and ruin?

It is hard to think that Poland, in its movement against the Soviet Government, has been well advised, nor is it any secret that the Poles have acted under French inspiration. A vast amount of French capital is invested in Russia, and there are powerful elements in France whose supreme object is to establish a government in Russia which will not repudiate the country's foreign obligations. Indeed it is believed in London that concern for these investments is now the mainspring of French policy. Hence the friction between the British and French Governments. Apparently British ministers have become convinced that direct military intervention in Russia is mischievous and in the temper of British feeling impracticable and impossible, have not regarded the Polish adventure with favour, and are most reluctant to have British power and prestige employed as the instruments of French capitalists. There can be no doubt that the feeling between France and Great Britain is more acute than the despatches disclose. It is not easy on this side of the Atlantic to discover the exact currents and tendencies of feeling in Europe. One cannot know the real temper of Great Britain unless one goes to London. But it is a fact that in Paris there is a general smouldering anger against the British people and in England a great wonder and impatience over the suspicions entertained and the demands formulated by the French Government. There is no thought of an open rupture, but once again one is reminded of the uncertainty and mutability of the relations between nations. How hardly the world learns the lesson of peace, and how rashly, ignorantly and criminally governments and peoples dare the cost and ruin of conflict. Surely the task of the League of Nations is for the gods alone!

IV

In the French Revolution there is a lesson for all democracies. For in the last years of Louis XVI France was essentially a democracy as Great Britain has been for more than a century. No one can set bounds to what may be achieved by demagogues in the press and on the platform. Not ten per cent. of the French people were in actual sympathy with the Revolution. Mrs. Webster quotes a statement by Arthur Young, who "watched the engineering

of the Revolution". He asked, "Will posterity believe that while the press has swarmed with inflammatory productions, that tend to prove the blessings of theoretical confusion and speculative licentiousness, not one writer of talent has been employed to refute and confound the fashionable doctrines nor the least care taken to disseminate works of another complexion." Mrs. Webster also quotes Playfair, another contemporary English writer, who "was amazed by the incredible inertia of the ruling classes". He said, "In this state of things did the proprietors pay a single man of merit to plead their cause? No. If, by chance, a man of merit refuted their enemies, did they make a small sacrifice to give publicity to his work? No. He who pleaded the cause of murder and plunder saw his work distributed by thousands and hundreds of thousands and himself enriched; while he who endeavoured to support the course of law, or order and of the proprietor, had his bookseller to pay and saw his labour converted into waste paper." Mrs. Webster adds: "So at the outbreak of the Revolution all dynamic force, all fire and energy, were to be found on the side of demolition, whilst the Old Regime, resolutely blind to the coming changes, allowed itself to be destroyed without striking a blow in self-defence."

If ever Bolshevism destroys law, order and civilization it will be through the recreancy of the "best citizens". On this continent too many of those who have made or inherited money are reluctant to give themselves directly to public affairs. They are easily persuaded that their duties and obligations lie elsewhere. It is not quite so in Great Britain where the example of the "ruling classes" has made public life the most honourable pursuit in which a man can engage and a seat in Parliament the most honourable position to which a man can aspire. Here, perhaps, is the secret of the long security of Great Britain against revolution. Throughout the world, in Canada as in other countries, the agents of intrigue, unrest and disorder never were so active and determined. There never before has been so much incendiary writing and mischievous teaching. But those who have most to lose are least concerned. Those who, after all, are the best advisers of the people, give little of time or money to ensure social stability and defend and maintain responsible constitutional government. Democracy, interpreted and applied by demagogues, impoverishes the true sources and destroys the vital securities of civilization. Unfortunately the consequences fall most heavily upon the working masses of the people in field and factory, as was demonstrated in the French Revolution, and is as clearly revealed in the desperate experiences through which Russia is passing under the direction of fanatical idealists and malignant destructionists.

V

A few weeks ago a man charged with a heinous offence was taken out of jail and narrowly escaped lynching by a mob at Thorold. It was by the appeal of the prisoner, not by the vigilance or strong hand of the authorities, that the community escaped an indelible disgrace. No group of men for any cause whatever, may be allowed to establish mob law in Ontario. If over the very sparsely settled areas of the West, in frontier communities and even in the Yukon, law and order could be maintained and fugitives pursued through thousands of miles of wilderness, it should be possible to secure and punish murderous rioters in one of the oldest and most highly civilized districts in Ontario. Should there be failure the contrast with the spirit and efficiency of the Northwest Mounted Police will be humiliating and disgraceful.

There is not a right thinking citizen of Canada who was not shamed by the behaviour of the mob at Thorold. We would have been outraged if such an

incident could have happened at Dawson, when it held nondescripts and adventurers from every corner of the earth, and when it would not have been surprising if the ordinary sanctions of civilization were not highly regarded. We have always been willing to lecture the United States over the lynching and burning of negroes. Among us there has been an exalted, at times perhaps, somewhat pharisaical feeling, that we were the true interpreters of freedom and justice on this continent. We have believed that lynching was only possible in the South where feeling between whites and blacks is virulent, or in the pioneer mining camps of the Western States.

What would we have said a few weeks ago if a lynching had been attempted in a New England village? What may fairly be said of Ontario and of Canada if there is no visitation of justice upon the rioters at Thorold? It must be remembered that so far as the authorities are concerned nothing even feebly effective was done to prevent organized murder. The reputation of Ontario is in the hands of the Attorney-General and unless he acts firmly and fearlessly British justice as applied in Canada will have lost something of its lustre and significance.

VI

There is general irritation over heavy increases in freight and passenger charges. Owing to the great distances which separate communities and Provinces in this country high railway charges are very onerous. But possibly inefficiency in transportation is even more demoralizing than the exaction of high rates by the public carriers. This has been demonstrated by the demoralization of the railway system of the United States, where all business has been dislocated, coal shipments retarded and disastrous freight blockades created by the failure of the railways to secure necessary capital for new rolling stock and equipment, for the maintenance of roadbed, for high power engines and adequate siding and terminal facilities.

It is difficult to conceive a more unfortunate situation than that which arises when the transportation services become unequal to the demands of commerce. At any cost we must ensure that the railway services of Canada do not deteriorate, and that the deficits upon the national railway system do not involve oppressive general taxation. It does seem that railway charges must increase if tens of millions are added to the wages of railway workers and costs of material and supplies increase proportionately.

There is need to-day, not only for the expenditure of tens of millions but of hundreds of millions on the national railways to provide additional equipment, more powerful engines, and stronger permanent structures, to improve and rebuild roadbed, and to give better service for passengers and expedite the movement of freight on the branches and even on long sections of the main system. It was a misfortune for the Grand Trunk and for Canada, that the Company never had adequate supplies of capital, and the progress of the country will be retarded if the Government in the operation of the national railways cannot command greater financial resources than the Grand Trunk possessed. Moreover, it is vital in consideration of our huge investments in railways that population and production of field and factory should increase and traffic go in Canadian carriers to Canadian markets and seaports.

VII

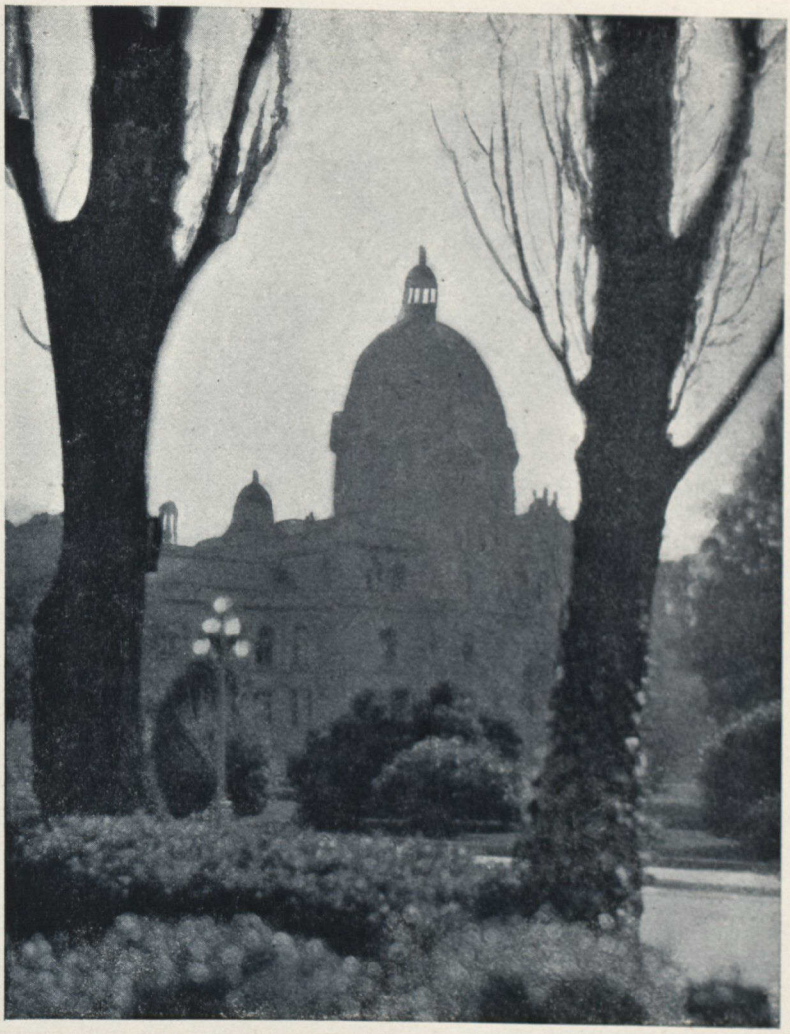
In my contribution to *The Canadian Magazine* for May last, I made some references to the late Judge Savary of Nova Scotia, and gave a letter which I had from him shortly before his death in which he described a dinner party given by Sir John Macdonald at which Sir Richard Cartwright was among the

guests. From his son, Rev. T. W. Savary, rector of St. James' Church, Kingston, I have another letter received by the Judge when he was appointed to the Bench. It is interesting to find that of all appointments the Conservative leader declared in 1876 he would like that of a County Judge. He fully realized public feeling was running against the Mackenzie administration and foresaw his restoration to office two years later. "When I saw you gazetted as County Judge," wrote Sir John Macdonald, on September 23, 1876, "my feelings were of a mingled description. I was pleased to think that you had arrived at a position of dignity and usefulness and at the same time I regretted the withdrawal from political life of a true-hearted friend, whose ability was sometime or other sure to bring him to the front in the administration of public affairs. If your duties are similar to those of the County Judges of Ontario, I heartily congratulate you on the position. I have often thought that of all appointments I would like that of a County Judge. There is just enough work to do to keep one reasonably employed without the worry and responsibility of the Supreme Bench. You are the first man in your County and have leisure enough to amuse yourself with literary or such other pursuits as your taste dictates. Long may you live to enjoy it! There is a great awakening of the dry bones in Ontario and Quebec. If the present feeling in the country continues the Government will be routed in these two Provinces. The unexpected victory of Campbell in Victoria, C.B., shows that the reaction has extended to your Province. Lady Macdonald unites in best regards."

VIII

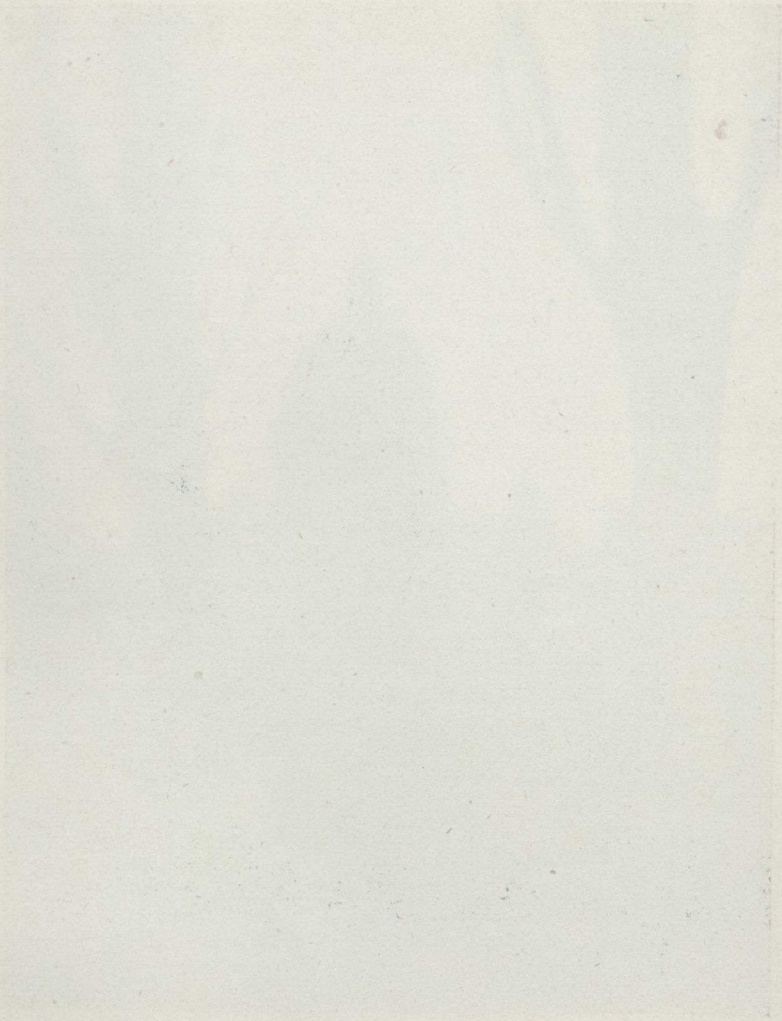
Mr. Savary was not of Acadian descent, as was stated in the obituary notices. His grandfather was Nathan Savary, who joined the Continental Army at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War and, it is believed, was with General Ethan Allen when he surprised the fortress of Ticonderoga and demanded its surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continenal Congress". But Nathan Savary served in the army for only a short time, refused to re-enlist, and gradually adopted the doctrines and followed many of the distinctive practices of the Society of Friends. At the close of the Revolutionary War he came to Nova Scotia, professing that the Declaration of Independence had wrought a change in his political views and affiliations, that he had fought for "redress of grievances" but not for "independence", that independence in the sense of separation was a "hateful word", and that the Thirteen Colonies ought to have accepted the offers of reconciliation made by Great Britain "under the terms of which", the late Judge Savary said, "British America to-day continues to enjoy the blessings of constitutional liberty clothed in its ancient forms and symbolized by the flag of our remote ancestors". Sabine Savary, Judge Savary's father, married a daughter of Samuel Marshall, a Loyalist who came from New York to Shelburne and thence to Yarmouth, was a leading merchant and pioneer shipowner, and represented a Nova Scotia constituency in the Legislature.

Judge Savary was among the pioneer advocates of Imperial federation. In a letter which he wrote in 1917 to Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, who had published an article in *The Nineteenth Century* on the Organization of the Empire, Mr. Savary stated his position with great clearness and vigour. He said: "I cannot understand why representation of the Overseas Dominions and colonies in the British House of Commons is either never mentioned or curtly dismissed as impracticable by those who consider and discuss this all important subject. I have heard no reason why it is less practicable than for the colonies of France and Spain to be represented in their national Parliaments, nor why it is necessary for us to devise and formulate a written constitution and call



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.

From the Photograph by Travers Sweatman
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition



into existence a new general Parliament for the Empire, or any merely deliberative body. We have the national Imperial parliament all ready to hand, with its many centuries of glorious associations, and it seems idle and useless to speculate on the composition of another.

"Under Home Rule the number of Irish members is to be reduced. Why not give the number thus taken away in fair and just proportions to all the Overseas Dominions, colonies and dependencies of the Empire? Let it be provided that this representation shall carry with it no right to tax or give Parliament any right to bind the colonies in their domestic affairs which it does not now possess, and reciprocally let the overseas member have no right to vote on any question concerning the purely domestic and local affairs of Great Britain and Ireland, to be decided by the Speaker as occasion arises. But let them have full right to speak on every subject. If they take part in the discussions of such subjects, it would be in a sort of advisory capacity, and their position would be somewhat analogous to that of the delegates to Congress from the American territories not yet admitted as states. If, however, an overseas member should become a member of the Imperial Cabinet, then I should give him the right to vote as well as speak on all questions, for he would have been raised to the position of a representative of all the people of the two islands by the confidence of Parliament representing those islands by a vast majority. I conceive of the possibility of an overseas member becoming premier, and for example, Mr. Bonar Law being elected for his native Province of New Brunswick, or one of its constituencies. I would give to any member from the Province of Quebec the right to address the House in his own language, a concession which would have an immense effect in strengthening the loyalty and affection of the French-Canadian race to the Imperial tie. Non-residence in the colony represented should be no disqualification, nor should the holding of an office under or a seat in the legislature, council or government of any Dominion, Province, colony or dependency. The number of members allotted to each of the Dominions and dependencies would be fixed in the Act of the Imperial Parliament, but their subdivisions into constituencies as well as the franchise should be regulated by the Dominions themselves. The Imperial Merchant Shipping Act already binds the colonies, and I would reserve to the Imperial Parliament exclusively the subject of aliens and naturalization.

"True, the representation of the overseas territories would be numerically small in proportion to the whole Parliament, but not proportionately too small considering the small number of matters in respect to which they are to be bound, and that the brunt of the expense of the Empire's sustentation and defence in peace and war must still be borne by the mother country, and the action of each constituent part of the Empire would continue purely voluntary. It would be unwise to attempt to curtail the present autonomy of any of the Dominions by a single function. It could no longer be said, however, that the Dominnons, although necessarily involved in war when the mother country is at war, have no voice in determining the policy on which the issue of peace or war depends, and the call to them for men and money would be responded to with even more alacrity than that with which they have spontaneously entered into the present conflict. Every Dominion and colony would be an integral although a locally independent part of the great whole. The overseas members would bring a freshness of thought and a new way of looking at things to the debates of Parliament, and carry back to their own Parliaments the tone of the old Parliament of the nation, the mother of Parliaments, and the Empire would renew her youth with such a bond of union holding every part of it together and to the mother country. Of all the schemes propounded for the unification of the Empire this seems to me to have most the merit of simplicity

and facility of adoption. It is the policy always persistently advocated by Hon. Joseph Howe, one of the greatest and far seeing of our old colonial statesmen, and to whom the consolidation and permanency of the British Empire was a darling object. I refer you to the recent edition of the Letters and Speeches of Howe by Mr. J. A. Chisholm. In this volume will be found a remarkable letter by Howe to Lord John Russell, then Colonial Secretary, about seventy years ago, and a speech delivered by him in the Provincial Parliament of Nova Scotia, on a resolution in favour of a union of the Provinces of British North America, on March 11th, 1854. He elaborated the scheme in more detail in the memorial which he published and distributed in England in 1867 and 1868, when a delegate from Nova Scotia to oppose the confederation of the Province with Canada, and secure her release from the operation of the British North America Act of 1867. His scheme was limited to British North America, but I would extend it to every part of the Empire, including India and Egypt."

At the moment there is among British statesmen no general support for any project of Imperial federation. Mr. Savary could not have foreseen that three years later the Imperial Parliament would concede political independence to Egypt. And, by the way, it is significant that this concession should have been recommended by a British Commission of which Lord Milner was Chairman. But never was there a greater injustice than the common interpretation of Lord Milner as the mouthpiece of British jingoism and an opponent of self-government for the Dominions. The report of the Commission to Egypt is consistent with all Lord Milner's teaching and expresses his long settled conception of the future of the Empire. Mr. Savary may not have been a prophet. Events and not theories seem to be the determining influences in the evolution of the Empire. But his letter is interesting and the whole subject becomes important in view of the prospect of an early Imperial Conference to consider common problems affecting the nations of the Imperial Commonwealtn.

IX

THE JOY OF LIFE

A Boy and Girl with arms entwined,
A bit of wood, a sunny day,
A tender softness in the wind,
How happy they!

A Youth and Maid who loiter by
A bit of wood, a sunny day.
Dumb with love's quiet ecstasy,
How happy they!

A Man and Wife, a Child between,
A bit of wood, a sunny day,
A deeper look in eyes serene,
How happy they!

A dear old Man, a sweet Old Dame,
A bit of wood, a sunny day,
With memories that have no shame,
How happy they!

A SOLDIER SETTLEMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

"HOW much will you charge to take me out to the ex-soldiers' setlement?" I inquired of the young man with keen and jolly gray- blue eyes who runs the garage at Creston.

"We usually tax five dollars for there and back and give you half an hour to transact your business," he told me. When I explained that I was going out less on business than to take by surprise two ex-soldier friends who had cast in their lot with that colony of fruit-farmers in the making, he at once understood that I would probably want to stay longer than half-an-hour, and promised not to be hard on me.

Away we went with the rush that Westerners used to delight in when going off on horseback, and now demand of their automobiles. At high speed we swerved, twisted, raised the dust on a broad wagon-road between the aligned orchards of Creston. The evidence of the landscape scarcely required the testimony of the driver regarding the "making good" of fruit-growers here. On either hand were trig fences, and the orchards beyond, all in fine condition, half-hid and half-revealed the pleasantest of bungalow homes. As we curved down hill, with the odour of balsam and fir washing past us, the roar of a hidden stream grew louder, and at the hill-foot we slowed up, drawing near to a bridge, crawled on it and stopped. The object of the halt was clear, for down in the canyon, a hundred feet below, a river foamed into rapids and falls—the celebrated Goat River, snapped by every tourist's camera. The chauffeur shouted to me the depth of the canyon and the depth of the water in the gorge, and then we rushed on again through the woods, leaving the roar of the river behind. Soon the only sounds were the cling-clang of cow-bells in the bush and the chirring of our engine.

The woods swept past us, the road ran under us, till we came to a wide cleared space of wilderness dotted with frame houses and shacks. For back view to the settlement is a range of mountains like a stage-scene, all blue and gray of jutting rocks and mast-like trees, and a wavering rocky ridge high above with snow in the topmost crannies and silver threads showing here and there, slender threads that, if anyone climbed so high, would prove to be foaming creeks. At the store we laid in a stock, for our surprise party, of tinned veal, canned corn, and air-tight peaches, and then sought out my friends. They were in the pink of condition, brown as Indians, collarless, open-shirted, surrounded by hammers and lathes, shovels and fishing rods, rifles and cameras.

The surprise over, we made a tour of the settlement, heard all about what is being done and what is to do. These ex-soldiers who are taking up

land here work in gangs under various bosses and one head boss. Some are swamping—that is clearing bush—some are working at dynamiting the bigger tree-stumps (or "shooting"), others are at the sawmill, where the logs become lumber for the building of houses. The system at first was to cast lots for the choosing of a position; but now the spirit of chance has been eliminated and the system is that of seniority of arrival. Every man receives wages for his share in the clearing, four dollars a day, a dollar less than the usual pay for such work; but the "proposition", as they call it, seems "not too bad", because each of these settlers, while working for the general welfare and progress of the colony (somewhat in a communal system) is also working for himself. Clearing the land as a whole, he is also clearing at the same time his own parcel of it.

It is wonderful how speedily the woods disappear and the fields are rid of stumps by aid of a donkey engine, and how soon the preliminary shacks vanish to give place to frame houses. In another six years or so this domain of the squirrels, the frisky chipmunks, and the deer will be such another place as Creston, with the same facilities for speedy shipment of produce to the prairie markets. I do not write as a "booster" for I have no axe to grind (and for all I know the lots at this especial settlement may be already all booked), but I heard no one disparage the location. In Creston last season, on his apple trees alone, one man cleared ten thousand dollars. What others are making I cannot say. It does not come natural to me to ask my host: "And now, sir, tell me, what is your income?" But I do know that the folks there are well-clad, and have very charming homes, and spin about in automobiles everywhere, and can spare considerable time to go picnicking, camping-out in the surrounding hills, or a-fishing. And the common view is that there is no reason why Lister (the settlement, I should say, is named after Colonel Lister, who set the project afoot, and is still resident there though he has withdrawn, I believe, from active participation in its further development) should not, in a few years, show as good fruit as Creston can raise. I am no expert in this matter of fruit, but I have ears to hear, and a certain amount of discernment to weigh what is said. It is essential for anyone purposing to become a rancher to consider the lay of the land, make inquiries regarding the possibility of summer night-nips of frost (winter cold but improves apples) and the question of proximity of markets and shipments to them. There are parts of British Columbia, where a man requires capital behind him to go in for fruit-farming; and I know one section where the orchards, at the moment, are only paying their way. Creston, however, does not seem to be one of these places. I heard of farmers elsewhere who made the mistake of raising too many varieties of apples, with the result that they could not make up orders of sufficient quantities of one specific apple to ship a "straight carload". They are now rectifying that error by specializing on not more than three kinds of apples they can export, by the paying carload, early, middle, or late fruit.

Once the initial hard work is over the jollities of British Columbia life are close at hand for those on the settlement. Boating or canoeing on the lakes; fishing for trout and salmon; motoring on the winding roads; mountain climbing in the season after deer, or a little higher, climbing after bear; these are some of the attractions at the back of the minds of the young men, who (after the trenches and the hideousness of Flanders, the sunstroke and the malaria of the Tigris, and the burden generally that military life thrust upon them) are making homes for themselves, in the midst of these splendid scenes of mountain, wood, and falling streams.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE MEN OF THE NINETIES

By Bernard Muddiman. London: Henry Danielson.

THIS charming little book, written by an old-country man now living in Canada after having served abroad during the war, is the fourth important work treating a period that has a genuine attraction for students of the literature and art of our own time. It has been urged, and with much good reason, that literature is as much an art as painting, and therefore that when one speaks of art it should not be presumed that one is speaking of painting. As a matter of fact, all the *soul* that one puts into a piece of writing is, as art, the same as one puts into drawing or painting or singing. In other words, art is the same in all mediums, and although Mr. Muddiman does not make this claim, he reveals his attitude by placing writing and drawing and painting side by side in his splendid appreciation of artistic expression in England during the decade that ended in 1899. The same period already had been discussed in an even slenderer volume, by Mr. W. G. Blaikie Murdoch, entitled "The Renaissance of the Nineties", and later, in a much larger book, by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, entitled "The Eighteen-Nineties". A fourth study of the same period, one perhaps less widely known is by Mr. Harold Williams. Besides giving one an acquaintance with the moving spirits of the nineties, Mr. Muddiman points to Aubrey Beardsley as the moving spirit and gives reasons not only in his work but in the rise and fall of the "Yellow Book" quarterly, why this mere youth, struggling against a fatal malady and the apathy of publishers, was at length, by the results of sheer genius, able to make a profound and lasting impression on the artistic conscience of his time. Mr. Muddiman, perhaps more than the other writers of this period, discusses individuals who stood alone, such as Hubert Crackanthorpe and Ernest Dowson, and individuals who were parts of groups or who affected groups, such as Henry James, Henry Harland, and Oscar Wilde. Indeed, he ascribes the death of this age to the fall of Wilde and its burial to the Boer War. But Beardsley is the great figure in the movement. "Beardsley's literary work," he says, "like his black-and-white, though the embodiment of the spirit of the age, is also of the noble order of the highest things in art. It is for this reason, indeed, that I have selected Beardsley as the centre-piece of this brief sketch of a movement that is dead and gone. He was the incarnation of the spirit of the age, but when the fall of Wilde killed the age, and the Boer War buried it, neither of these things disturbed the magic spell of his art. His age may die, but he remains. Even now he has outlived the fad period, while many of the books that were written at that date by others and decorated by him are only valuable to-day because of his frontispiece or wrapper. One has not forgotten those wrappers, for as one will not forget the work of William Blake, one will not forget that of Aubrey Beardsley. His enthusiasts treasure the smallest

fragment." Again he says: "The majority of the work of the movement, in fact, can be described as impressionisms of the abnormal by a group of individualists. For in all their work the predominant keynote will be found to be a keen sense of that strangeness of proportion which Bacon noted as a characteristic of what he called beauty."

Mr. Muddiman pays a fine and deserved tribute to the courage, vision and sympathy of the publisher, Leonard Smithers, a publisher who issued "The Ballad of Reading Goal" at the very moment when Wilde, its author, was under his blackest cloud, and a publisher also who considered artistic merit rather than commercial possibilities.

One should not expect Mr. Muddiman to discover much connection between this movement and Canada, but he mentions a contribution by the poet Bliss Carman to "The Savoy". It is perhaps worth nothing also that another Canadian poet, Charles G. D. Roberts, contributed at least one poem to "The Yellow Book", and the Canadian painter Elizabeth Standhope-Forbes, had one of her paintings reproduced.

This is a book that should be in every library that makes any pretense of interesting or informing the ones who are attracted by belles lettres.

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A STUDY IN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION

By W. G. Smith. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

PROFESSOR SMITH has on occasion been known to agitate a meeting of good clerics by some remark which had the truth of God in it but not as the brethren saw it. At such times, being under the compulsion of his particular demon, Professor Smith has humorously characterized himself as the fly in the ointment—and gone on being the fly. As happens so often in life, he has been taken by many at his own valuation and been voted a disturber in ministerial assemblies if not withal a stirrer up of strife. There was indeed a time when men of fine and earnest spirit and theological bent shook their heads over Professor Smith. Even when they learned that he taught a Bible class every Sunday afternoon it made a difficulty for them that a man who so frequently irritated the peace of theological discussion didn't pass his Sundays shooting dice or otherwise indulging himself in the ways of sin.

But Professor Smith is getting known. His fashion of half humorously, half tenderly jogging preoccupied theological elbows is coming to be recognized as but one expression among many of a fine and serious interest in the truth of things. When, for instance, he once pointed out to a more or less excited theological alumni association that Nietzsche probably did not cause the war he was not being pro-German or anti-Ally, but merely truth-seeking.

This truth-seeking tendency is one that Professor Smith might repudiate, being modest and possibly rather liking the fun of "gadflying", but his repudiation would fall flat under the onset of proof from his own book recently published. "A Study of Canadian Immigration" is manifestly an attempt to get at the truth of the immigration situation in Canada. The book stimulates as the work of the searcher after the truth of things always stimulates. In places it stirs and excites. In places it is stronger than fiction and more romantic, even if convincing.

The author has done in this book what has not heretofore been done in Canada. The word study on the title page is not a misnomer. Hard work, the drudgery of search among blue books for bald figures, the toil of gathering in and examining pamphlets and laws, is behind the business-like volume issued from the Ryerson

Press. No other volume in connection with the subject has shown quite the grasp within its given area of interest. No other volume has had quite the compact and final character of this one.

But the book is more than a study. It is a study brightened by enthusiasm. Professor Smith has done for the reader that difficult and serviceable thing, he has conveyed the sense of a romance that lies always about the data of the laboratory for him who can see it; he has added to fact illumination. He has gathered the materials and arranged the data in connection with Canadian immigration with a vitality and an insight that is new. With his peculiar knack for analysis he has made tables of figures vocal. He has made now and then a page of statistical data the occasion of a revelation.

This statement occures on page 351 of Professor Smith's book, "The undeniable fact is that the immigrants have come, are here, and are coming." The statement is the central point of departure for all the discussions of the book and diverging from it are the lines of investigation and comment upon past policies, present conditions, and future tendencies. It is natural that Professor Smith, contributing what is almost the pioneer scientific study of the whole area, should feel that in the past there has been manifest too much casualness and even careless ignorance in connection with a vital Canadian problem. His comments on the laws and public attitude of the past are not laudatory. In reviewing conditions as they are at present he has to say things that will be awakening and stimulating, and, to some, who have sat comfortably down to hug prejudices, irritating. For instance, he begins by saying that "It is by no means desirable that a bad or a good case should be made out for the immigrant, but rather that the facts of the case should, as far as possible, be ascertained in order that an adequate judgment may be reached," and ends by showing by tables of statistics that "this problem, then, of how far the alien immigrants contribute to the total of mental deficiency, insanity, and criminality is an intricate and even a delicate one if injustice would be scrupulously avoided". His figures in one case lead him to say that "a comparison. . . . shows that between the British Isles, Canada, and Europe the last mentioned can scarcely be blamed for 'furnishing us with more than fifty per cent. of our defectives and insane" someone having made this claim, and, further, taking the 1911 census as a basis for whatever it is worth, "the statistics for that year gave the number of blind, deaf and dumb, insane and idiotic, as 28,611, of whom 23,983 were born in Canada and 5,528 were from outside . . . . on this basis the more than half should become less than a fifth". The following is an arresting statement: "In 1913-14 1,834 persons were deported and 952 or nearly fifty-two per cent. were British, 405 or twenty-two per cent. were American, and 477 or twenty-six per cent. belonged to practically the remainder of the world. This does not speak so adversely against the non-English-speaking foreigner."

All this does not mean that Professor Smith would worship figures or bow down before the infallibility supposed to belong to tables of statistics. He is indeed constantly taking his figures with a grain of salt and mixing them with adequate portions of saving common sense. But the figures are revealing. They are the background for such a comment as, "British justice has been wont to regard a man innocent until he is proven guilty, and guilt can scarcely be established by general impressions, or the somewhat panicky spread of assumptions . . . If the foregoing basis of comparison be accepted it only proves that the alien is but of like passions and failings as the rest of folk, and the country into which he comes has a duty to discharge as much as he

has a labour to give. And if, on the other hand, the foregoing basis is utterly erroneous and inadequate, then, until a new and better basis be found, judgment must be suspended."

Professor Smith has suggestions to offer as to future policy. Having gathered by a reading of his book some notion of what must necessarily be his wide acquaintance with the subject one is apt to grant to these suggestions a respectful hearing. He speaks with authority and not as a scribe who merely scribbles amiable or hostile animadversions according to particular personal bias.

For one thing, Professor Smith urges that the examination of immigrants should be made at the port of departure. He meets the adverse argument to the proposal based on its cost by pointing out the reduced expenditure in connection with subsequent deportations and in connection with the ultimate expense incurred on account of the defectives always all too apt to slip past the necessarily cursory examination at the port of entry. The changing nature of Canadian immigration is pointed out and the tragedy of a continuance of drift policy urged. Regulation is offered as a panacea for most of the ills of the situation.

This review is manifestly favourable. Careful students of the immigration problem of Canada will surely disagree at points with Professor Smith in an intricate matter over which disagreement is so easy. There will be plenty also whom his book will irritate or trouble. He deflates some assumptions and is not without his word of warning against race and national prejudice. But few will find fundamental fault with a book so packed with information, so careful and restrained in its interpretations of statistics, and withal so enveloped with a spirit of fine enthusiasm for Canadian citizenship.

A book with a paragraph like the following in it is worth the perusal and regard of every good citizen:

> To think that Canadians can be made by changing a sheepskin jacket for a tweed suit, adopting the English language with a foreign accent as a means of becoming subservient to a party advocate, or by casting a ballot whose significance and power is only vaguely understood, is to make the foolish mistake of confusing the outward and visible sign with an inward and spiritual grace. Citizenship without devotion may be worse than a delusion and become a snare, and devotion can be evoked by something worth while. The saving means of cultivating that germ of devotion is for Canadians to cast off any temper of superiority, any attitude of neglect, or any presumption that in good time nature would produce the assimilated product, and begin, by assistance, goodwill, friendship, education, and an eagerness to accept the best the alien can give, to set in action those subtle forces that are connected with the working out of a great destiny for a united Canadian people.

LINDA CONDON

By Joseph Hergesheimer. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a wide departure from "The Three Black Pennys", "Virginia Blood", and "Java Head", which are only three of the seven or eight books of fiction written by this versatile, searching and, at times, brilliant American novelist. It is a study of a young girl who is reared single-handed by her mother in one hotel after another. The mother and daughter differ absolutely in looks, character and temperament. Linda is dark, slight, severe, serious, undemonstrative, yearning. Her mother is fair, plump, frivolous, worldly. Casually they meet many types and classes, and at length Mrs. Condon, who is a widow, marries Moses Feldt, a Jew, who is rich enough to make her eat gold. Linda goes to live with them and his two daughters in New York. One of the daughters affects Bohemian society, and in that atmosphere Linda meets her fate in the person of a sculptor named Dodge Pleydon. She and Pleydon are seekers after the beautiful. As to Linda, the beautiful she endeavoured to discover and maintain in herself. Here is how the author puts it:

Linda wanted desperately to preserve the whiteness of her skin, the flexible black distinction of her hair, yes—her beauty. Here, again the vicarious immortality of children would be sufficient. But not for her. She was in the room that had been hers before marriage, with her infinite preparations for the night at an end; and her hair loose against the blanched severity of her attire, her delicately full arms bare, she clasped her cold hands in stabbing apprehension."

One might think that a woman like Linda Condon would not marry, but she does. She marries, not Pleydon, but Arnaud Hallet, because she needs expensive things, slippers that cost a hundred dollars a pair and gloves by the dozen. Hallet has money enough to supply these luxuries. Perhaps that is why she marries him. One doesn't quite know. She doesn't know herself. One thinks that she, of all persons, might have married Pleydon, but no one would blame her for not marrying him. The book is artistic, but not altogether pleasing. Certainly it is not satisfying even if it is immensely interesting.

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ISLE O' DREAMS

By Frederick Moore. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is the kind of story that is fitted for summer reading. Much of the setting is in the Orient, with the China Seas and all the colour of the East for background. Treasure trove and a mad whirlpool of destiny whose centre is a girl's whim; all the colour and tang of Eastern waters, all the vigour of men, drawn alive, all the fascination of adventure undertaken with a smile on the lips. Through the treachery and madness of men, and the greater treachery and madness of the sea, the story moves to its climaxes. The gold is proved to be a mirage and all the strain and struggle wasted, but for one man and one woman, the expedition was gloriously successful, for they found a treasure greater than gold, an adventure

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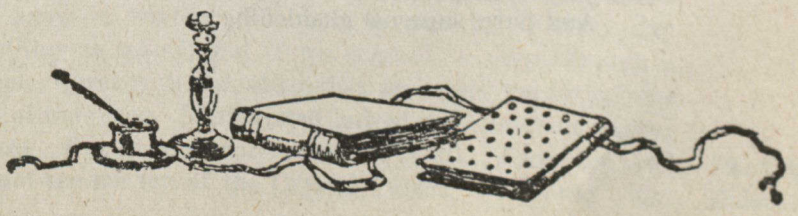
THE WHITE MOLL

By Frank L. Packard. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

MR. PACKARD has written a number of exciting stories, but we doubt whether any of them is quite so engrossing as this one. Perhaps there is more art in "The Miracle Man", and more upstanding adventure in "The Adventures of Jimmie Dale", but this novel leads them all in fidelity to the type that reveals the machinations of the underworld. The scene is laid in the East Side of New York, and "The White Mole" is a young girl without family ties who moves about amongst all kinds of offenders, doing good wherever she can, hurting nobody and keeping herself from the many almost unavoidable pitfalls that beset her on all hands. She is known, respected and beloved of this underworld, but owing to a rash step she takes in trying to shield others she immediately is suspected as a hoax and a crook. By an ingenious method she manages to disguise herself and avoid the police. In so doing, however, she meets the "Adventurer", a youth who, like herself, is trying to do good. Each suspects the other, but in the end they discover their motives; and instead of stealing from others they have been stealing from themselves—each stealing the other's heart.



FLUTE OF GOD

By J. D. LOGAN

OH, I have drained the cups of ecstasy!—
At eventide upon a high-faned hill
Where I have watched God's sunsets spill
Apocalyptic splendours to infinity;

And on the wide, high-weltering sea
Where I have seen mad Ocean spend
Its awful energy
In towering titan-waves—end to end,
While my steel-sinewed ship would plunge
Into the whirling waters' vortex, and amain
Leap to the crest; and once more plunge,
Defiant, down the waves' abyss,
And leap up triumphing and free again,
Scorning the snarling hiss
Of Ocean angry at the impotence
Of its voracious violence;

And in a sun-shot, flowered field
Where I have lain concealed
And suddenly have heard
The wild, swift winging
And the wild, sweet singing
Of a glad, free bird.

But not the loveliest note
That issued from the thrush's throat,
Nor wildly weltering sea,
Nor sunset splendours ever stirred
My spirit to such transports of pure ecstasy
As you—Sweet Flute of God!—awake in me.
Oh, when I hear
The music absolute
Of your belovèd voice I stand entranced and mute;
And I am blest beyond all power of uttering:—
There is no Autumn and no Winter in the year,
But only Spring is near,
And pure, supernal gladdening!

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE FALL FAIR.

Open to the World

EVERYBODY knew the date set for the Fall Fair, still it was the duty of the Secretary to hang notices in public places, especially in post-offices and taverns. Local pride demanded at least that much publicity, because every competition that offered a prize was open to the world. And that world was not merely the little world of our daily walk and conversation, for it reached out in all directions and embraced places whose very names stirred the imagination, hearing them pronounced glibly by the ashman and the fish pedlar. The ashman is remembered because he was always talking about other worlds than ours, and he never failed to leave bars of hard yellow soap on the back porch; the fish pedlar because it was he who first revealed the phenomenon of ice in July. So that our Fair permitted you to exhibit your Shropshires from Tuckersmith, your Berkshires from McKillop, your Suffolks from Hullett, your Percherons from Fullarton, your fruits and your grains from the Boundary, and your knitting and baking and embroidery from either of the two Easthopes.

It was open to the world.

Could any fair be fairer?

The Crystal Palace

The ground lay half a mile from the village, between an imposing row of poplars and old man Elson's rhubarb patch. It was not extensive, but it was well fenced with boards nailed close together. On three hundred and sixty-four days of every year it was indeed a sad and forlorn object. Even the Crystal Palace, that scene of famous conquests in needlework and crocheting, was suffered to bleach in summer and crouch under snow in winter. We used to pass by it every day on our way to school, and if we deigned to peep through a knot hole, it was with a shudder that we beheld the forbidding aspect of the place. It presented indeed a gloomy and austere prospect. But in winter it was worst of all. From the road we could see the top of the Crystal Palace. We could count

The Great Fair Day

the icicles hanging from the eaves and see snow clinging to the roof. No sign was there of human touch. No track led to the door. No smoke curled upwards.

But what a change on Fair Day! Gone all the drab and forlorn aspect. Gone the icicles and the snow. Instead there was a scene of animation and colour. For since early morning, up the Tuckersmith line and down the gravel, had come wagons laden with hogs and sheep, trucks carrying grains and fruits, fakirs afoot and hired men ahorse, democrats full of families, itinerant merchants with tents and cases of pop and lemons, shining top buggies bearing youth and beauty, men leading stallions and men leading bulls—all coming to a focus at the Fair. The village appeared to teem and swell with people. And every shed was occupied, every shelter, all the tavern stables, every hitching-post, every possible fence corner out as far as the Fair ground and even beyond.

And at the Fair ground itself what a convergence! The entrance fee was twenty-five cents for adults and fifteen cents for children. Even fifteen cents, when the most you have is twenty-five, is a considerable sum of money, especially if you have in view the purchase of a throw at the dolls, a drink of pink lemonade and one cornucopia of grapes.

I have in mind a little boy who found himself sitting alone on the front step of his home in the village and wondering how he could make twenty-five cents do the work of thirty. He knew that Big Angus would be at the gate and that one might just as well try to slip past St. Peter as slip past the dour Scot. And to make the Fair for this boy a success four things were required—entrance, one throw at the dolls, one glass of pink lemonade and one cornucopia of grapes. To procure these things he must start out with thirty cents. But how could one make thirty out of only twenty-five? The store was just across the way, and it occurred to the lad that if he were to have the quarter changed into five-cent pieces the storekeeper, who was not noted for giving overweight, might make the impossible blunder of giving six pieces instead of five. And that is exactly what the storekeeper did give.

A miracle had been performed! The lad ran out, but he had not gone far before he stopped to make it certain that he was not dreaming. And, sure enough, there in the palm of his hand lay the six little shining pieces of silver. There may have been a qualm of conscience, but in any case I can say this much, that if that storekeper can be found I myself will return to him gladly his five cents, with interest compounded at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

Find the Storekeeper

Our Little Community

You must follow the boy into the Fair, and with him our little community will be revealed to you—our conceits, our whims, our oddities. You will not be overcome by the extent of ground, but you will realize that on the whole it is so well confined that nothing will escape you. In short, you are at all times within sight and hearing of everything. So that you need not be disturbed if you hear the grunting of hogs and the whickering of horses synchronizing with shouts of "Lemonade, forty feet in the shade, and it shines with the light of a diamond". Nor should you whimper if the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle puts to shame the raucous yelling of the dollman, whose cajolery is limited to the continuous repetition of, "Hit a doll and win a cigar! Three shots for five—a nickel, half a dime; will neither make you, break you nor buy you a farm".

A farm! And to think that this man himself once was a farmer, this man who now stands there and stakes a cigar against your five cents and your skill at throwing! He also makes the alluring offer that if you hit the same doll three times in succession he will give you a dollar.

Could anything be fairer?

And yet Josiah Judson declared at revival that it is gambling. As to that, some of us never have seen the dollman as a gambler. We have seen him as an instigator of an ancient and honourable and somewhat hazardous game of chance. And of all games of this character none has equalled the dolls. For these audacious puppets quicken one's primitive instincts, saying, "Hit us if you dare!" and then one in particular seems to offer itself apart from the others, saying, "Hit *me!* Hit *me!*" No one with a scruple of manhood left in him could ignore a challenge like that. No boy could overlook it. And, anyway, there is about the dolls a kind of human appeal. Like many of us, they show marks of buffeting and are a little down at heel. Then, again, although they are only dolls, they represent humanity, and so as individuals they are amusing caricatures of persons we know. Gaze, for instance, at the one in the middle, the one with the nanny-goat whiskers and pug nose. It looks more like Mike O'Hara than any of Mike's own family, and it has all that bold Irishman's defiant attitude. Long have I wished to hit it square between the eyes, not that I nourish any ill feeling for Mike, but because it is so impudent, so provoking, so bedevilingly Irish. And it is above all else full of contrariness. In that also it is like Mike. For Mike does his spring plowing in fall and his fall plowing in spring. He has no idea of rotation. His wheat will be shelling in head while

More Like Mike O'Hara

Would Rather Trap Minks

his hay still lies in cock. Nor has he much regard for the eternal fitness of things, for he would rather trap minks than haul cordwood, and Sunday, after mass, is unhallowed by the scandalous pastime of quoits or euchre.

Euchre is a game dear to the heart of the widow McVey. But the widow declares that never has she turned a card on Sunday, and, please God, she never will. Among the dolls she is represented by the one in the striped wincey dress and red hair. One small boy always tries to hit her, because one Saturday she spanked him half-way up her green gage tree.

Spanking, by the way, seems to be turning from a pastime into a science. The long-armed doll with the large hands and heavy black eyebrows is its personification. But it shows more marks of violence than any other doll in the group, and it seems to be on the verge of collapsing. Beside it hangs a little bewizened doll with flaxen hair and a form like a clothespin. It reveals the likeness and simpleness of Bessie Biddle, who always boasted that when she was born her head could be hidden under a teacup. She died one fearful night when the dog howled and strange whizzings were heard as far away as the next concession. She was so frail that big Bill Benson picked up the coffin and carried it on his shoulder all the way from the cottage to the grave.

But in another way just now big Bill is testing his strength at a machine whose resistance is indicated on a high pole marked off in feet and inches. With a great wooden mallet in his hands Bill lifts his arms high above his head, and muscles bulge the sleeves of his coat. Then he strikes the machine. Up rushes the indicator, and the barker in charge announces that Bill has come within two inches of breaking the record. With that Bill immediately throws off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. The spot where the mallet strikes he regards intently for a moment. Then he looks up at the indicator, and spits on his hands. To his greatest height he stretches himself, poises the mallet high above his head, and then brings it down with a tremendous thud. Up rushes the indicator, but for some unaccountable reason it stops an inch below the record. Bill regards it wistfully, and while he is thus occupied you might be pleased to look at some other aspect of our community, because you can return at any time and still find Bill with this new fame almost, but not quite, his.

The Local Member

You might be pleased to notice a few of our leading citizens. The local Member has not arrived yet. He always comes late, driving a span of fancy roadsters hitched to a single buggy, with a coach dog running underneath. He will

be late to-day, as usual, but in plenty of time to shake hands with everybody, ask about everybody, praise everything, and in due course of time, before the long shadows creep across the grass, discuss, in a well-prepared speech, the leading questions of the day. Meanwhile you have an opportunity to cast an eye here and there. You will observe that the tent staked over against the Crystal Palace and the other close to the Horticultural Pavilion give a touch of wild life to the scene, and that on closer scrutiny, with their flaps turned back, they reveal an array of tempting libations and sweetmeats that make our thirty cents look like the vanishing point. Near the first tent you see one of our local preachers. His circuit takes in Salem and Beulah, leaving us with only one service in the Methodist church each Sunday. He is talking to the schoolteacher, who got her third-class certificate at the age of eighteen and who, to quote her own father, is "jist fu' o' edication". There is some talk of the preacher proposing to her yet, and, in fact, it is whispered about that he was seen going down in her direction one night last week. Who knows? She looks pretty spick in her starched dimity, chip hat and pink stockings. That's Mrs. Ezekiel Brown standing near them. She is the wife of the owner of our three mills—cider, saw, and grist. She has on a new lustre dress made by the new dressmaker. Some think the bustle is too pronounced, and I must confess that she left an impression when she walked up the aisle of the church last Sunday night. Most of the dresses have overskirts of embroidery, with starched blouses and mutton-leg sleeves. Some squeamish persons complain of too much open work, but they would regard it as a total eclipse if placed beside the fashions of a later generation. For the blouses stick up under the chin, with frilling at the top, and the skirts at least touch the ground if they do not form a train behind, giving every galoot at the Fair something to stand on while gawking at the prize-ring.

Shake Hands With Everybody

The prize-ring is, of course, the great show place of the Fair. All the big stock parades there, and there it is that the best horseflesh is displayed. It performs also a more intimate, subtler function, for if a young girl should accept a young man's invitation to ride around the ring with him in his buggy she might just as well announce her betrothal and be done with it. There goes Betty Butson at this very moment. Frank Farquhar is cranking his new buggy with the rubber tires, and as sure as Satan she's climbing into it. She, too, is wearing a new dress made at home of fluffy stuff called seer sucker. It is quite effective and not expensive. They'll

Betty Butson In Seer Sucker

In Her Black Farmer's Satin

make an excellent match. Henry Harvey is competing also in the single class. He looks pretty gay in his striped blazer beside Lizzie Lavery, who is, if anything, a little grave in her black farmer's satin, which was all the fashion a year ago.

The judge, standing in the middle of the ring, is the local farrier. He always wears his fine kip boots, with the red tops, on Fair Day, and he just loves to crack that whip and appear to be horsey. His annual joke is to take a third-prize ticket and put it on a first-prize exhibit and then stand back, leaning on the guard rail, and laugh at the chagrin of the owner.

On the guard rail, by the ringside, lean also Joe, the teamster, smoking his choice five-center; Charlie Mitchell, waiting for night to fall, so that he can perform at the tavern; Jimmie Jordan, with a little peak cap, and the village doctor, who wears a brown straw hat with a rolling brim, a black alpaca coat and a white waistcoast. He is moving away, and the others are following. Perhaps they hear the man shouting, "Roll up, tumble up! If you can't get up, throw your money up". No, it is the local Member standing on the steps of the Horticultural Pavilion and about to begin his speech. Showing deference to him, all other cajoling ceases, even the dollman's; and Big Bill, with becoming respect, leans on the mallet and listens to the merits of the National Policy.

This diversion is not attractive to Henry Perkins and Mrs. Charlie Simpkins. Henry's squashes received a first prize and Mrs. Simpkins's a second prize. These two, neighbours and distantly related, were the only exhibitors in that class. Naturally they are very proud, and they have been standing beside their exhibits receiving congratulations, for they are highly esteemed. Unfortunately their location is at the farther end of the Pavilion, just out of hearing of the new Member. But they come forward and listen patiently, until someone makes a move to withdraw. Then they, too, slip away, being on the side of politics opposed to the Member, and soon the small boy, jostling on the back of a wagon-load of hogs, overlooks them reloading their squashes, while Jerry O'Brien chases a Shropshire ewe that has run loose. The boy overlooks also the wholesome excitement of the general leave-taking, and as the wagon swings out into the road he sees the long procession of home-faring folk, a procession that reaches all the way from the big gates to the top of the village hill, where it disappears. And he is content. For he has had a throw at the dolls, has drunk pink lemonade and consumed one cornucopia of grapes.

Home-faring Folk

Could any Fair be fairer?

Only time for

Grape-Nuts

—that sturdy appetizing cereal, always ready, always satisfying.

$5 a day
To feed a man on chicken

20c. a day
Feeds him on Quaker Oats

Food is measured by calories, the energy unit. The average indoor man needs 3,000 calories daily.

In chicken those 3,000 calories would cost about $5. In chops or eggs about $1.80. In Quaker Oats they cost but 20 cents.

Think of the difference, then remember that oats is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food, nearly the ideal food. As a body-builder and vim-food it has for ages held a unique place.

If Quaker Oats cost ten times other foods you could not afford to omit it. But the other foods cost ten times Quaker Oats.

Note the cost per serving. These other servings cost 8 to 14 times a dish of Quaker Oats. And no meat dish compares with oats in balance and nutrition.

Start the day on Quaker Oats. It may save 90% on the breakfast. It is rich in elements which everybody needs.

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

This exquisite flavor has made Quaker Oats the leading brand all the world over. Millions send over seas to get it. You can get it for the asking, without extra price.

Based on prices at this writing, other necessary foods cost about as follows, measured by calory value.

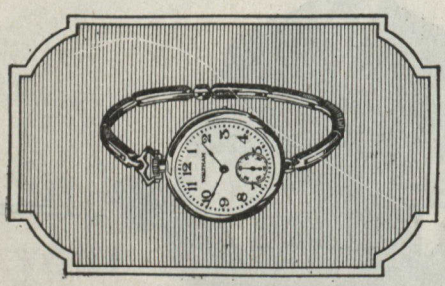
Cost per 1,000 calories

Quaker Oats -	6½
Average meats -	45c
Average fish -	50c
Hen's Eggs - -	60c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavory Flakes

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover



The Waltham Ladies' Convertible Bracelet Watch. Can be worn in many different ways as Fashion may dictate. Priced from $27.00 upwards.

You gain in Prestige when you own a Waltham

TO be well-dressed induces self-respect. It also commands the respect of others. In the same way one's prestige is increased by carrying a Waltham Watch.

The name "Waltham" itself possesses the prestige that comes from being the world's standard of watch value for more than sixty-five years.

And this name is more than a mere tradition. It signifies progress as well as long establishment.

Waltham was the world's first factory to produce complete watch movements. At Waltham to-day the specially-designed mechanical equipment and the large staff of skilled watchmakers combine to make every Waltham Watch a perfected piece of mechanism.

Waltham Grandfather Hall Clocks, Mantel and Leather (all colors) Desk Clocks for homes of refinement. Ask your jeweler.

Carry a Waltham for time-accuracy and justifiable pride of possession.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED

MONTREAL

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada

Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

Never Sleep

With a film-coat on your teeth

All statements approved by authorities

Millions of people on retiring now combat the film on teeth. They fight it day by day. And those glistening teeth seen everywhere now form one of the results.

You owe yourself a trial of this new teeth-cleaning method. Dentists everywhere advise it. The results it brings are all-important, and they do not come without it.

What film does

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. Feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth enters crevices and stays. And dentists now trace most tooth troubles to it.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So, despite all brushing, much film remains, to cause stain, tartar, germ troubles and decay.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found effective ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Together they bring, in modern opinion, a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which complies with all the new requirements. And a ten-day tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

Watch the teeth whiten

You will see and feel results from Pepsodent which brushing never brought you heretofore. A week's use, we think, will amaze you.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest all starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Watch these effects. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Note how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The book we send explains all these results. Judge what they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

CANADA

Pepsodent

REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-day tube free 484

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 922, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Baby Wakes up Smiling

after its food has been digested as it should be, which is best done by giving

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Thousands of wise mothers know from actual experience that there is nothing better than this remarkable remedy for overcoming constipation, diarrhoea, feverishness and other baby troubles.

This purely vegetable preparation is absolutely harmless—contains no opiates, narcotics, alcohol or other harmful ingredients.

If your baby is fretful, cries, or gives other symptoms of not being well, give Mrs. Winslow's Syrup and note the bounding health and happy smiles that follow.

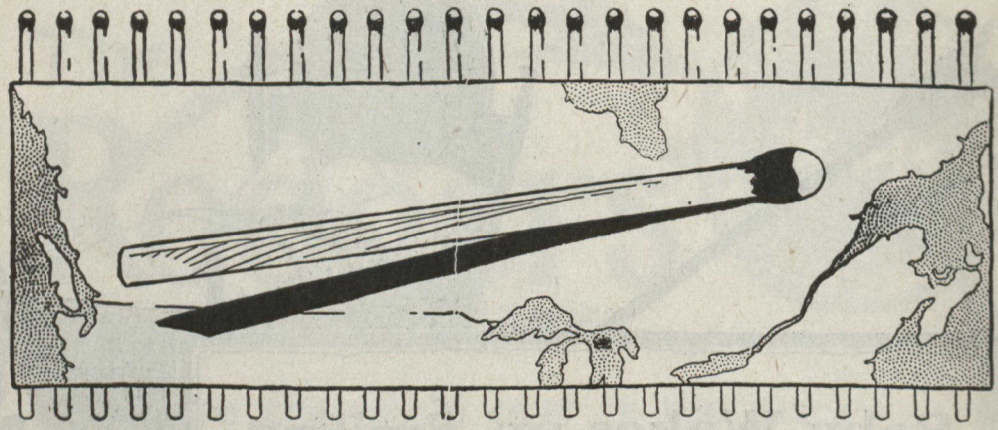
At all Druggists

ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO.

215-217 Fulton Street, New York

GENERAL SELLING AGENTS:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. — New York, Toronto, Can.



Three Thousand Miles of Matches Per Day

Every working day of the year, the huge factory of Eddy's turns out over 70,000,000 matches. If placed end to end, these matches would reach right across Canada.

This gives you a rough idea of the tremendous popularity of Eddy's matches.

It shows that Eddy's know how to make matches—it shows the public appreciation of Eddy matches—which in turn shows that Eddy's are reliable matches.

We make between 30 and 40 different brands—a kind for every purpose—and each is the best of its kind our 68 years' experience can devise.

When you buy matches, look for the name Eddy on the box—it is your assurance of good value and match satisfaction.

The most perfect match in the world is Eddy's "Silent Five"—Ask for it.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL, CANADA

Makers of Toilet Paper, Indurated Fibreware, Paper Specialties

EDDY'S MATCHES

Puffed Wheat

More Bubble Grains

Millions of dishes coming

Direct from the harvest fields we get the choicest wheat that grows. Then we seal the grains in guns, apply a fearful heat and explode them. They come out as bubble grains, flimsy and flaky—puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the grains remain shaped as they grew.

Every night of the coming year millions of children will enjoy this Puffed Wheat in their bowls of milk.

Two grains now exploded

Two grains are now puffed by Prof. Anderson's process, and each has its own delights.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains puffed eight times normal size.

Both are thin and airy—with exquisite flavor. And every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Serve both of them in all the ways you can, for no other form of grain food can compare with these.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Whole Grains, Puffed to Bubbles 8 Times Normal Size

Between-meal confections

Crisp and lightly douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Let them eat the grain bubbles like peanuts or popcorn. Puffed Grains do not tax digestion.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada Saskatoon, Canada

3468

Mrs. Knox's Page

Low-Cost Dishes for High-Cost Days

WHEN a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year chef is paid to create pop-over cream puffs from left-over muffins, unbaked custards with left-over cocoa, or luncheon appetizers from unused slices of tomato, why shouldn't we home-makers be proud instead of apologetic at our own home talents in this direction?

There is nothing that the chef uses more than Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It will be just as helpful to you in making left-overs, canned foods, fruits and juices, into ten-thousand dollar chef creations. It will transform half-a-can of tomatoes or other vegetables into a delicious salad, use up unattractive bits of fruit in a colorful dessert, or stretch cold meat from a roast into twice the number of portions it might ordinarily serve. Here are a few "low-cost-dishes" which you will find helpful in solving your home food problems in these high cost days.

LEFT-OVER MEAT LOAF DE LUXE

Take two cups of any left-over stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to boiling point, add one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in one-half cup cold water. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold chopped meat at hand—veal, ham, beef, or chicken, which has been salted to taste. Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, onion if desired, or parsley. Turn into a square mold, first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from mold to platter for serving, or cut in slices.

JELLIED VEGETABLES LUXURO

Soak one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water ten minutes. Add one-half cup mild vinegar, two cups boiling water, one-half cup sugar and one teaspoonful salt. Strain and when mixture begins to thicken, add any left-over vegetables on hand, such as string beans, peas, beets, chopped cabbage, a few stalks of celery, a little cucumber or pepper. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water and chill. May be served with or without mayonnaise and lettuce.

UNBAKED CUSTARD

Soak one-half envelope of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-fourth cup cold water ten minutes. Make a custard of two egg yolks, one-third cup sugar, a few grains of salt and two cups milk. Add soaked gelatine to the hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, two-thirds cup stale cake crumbs and one teaspoonful vanilla. Turn into small cups, first dipped in cold water and chill. Any left-over cocoa may be used instead of the milk.

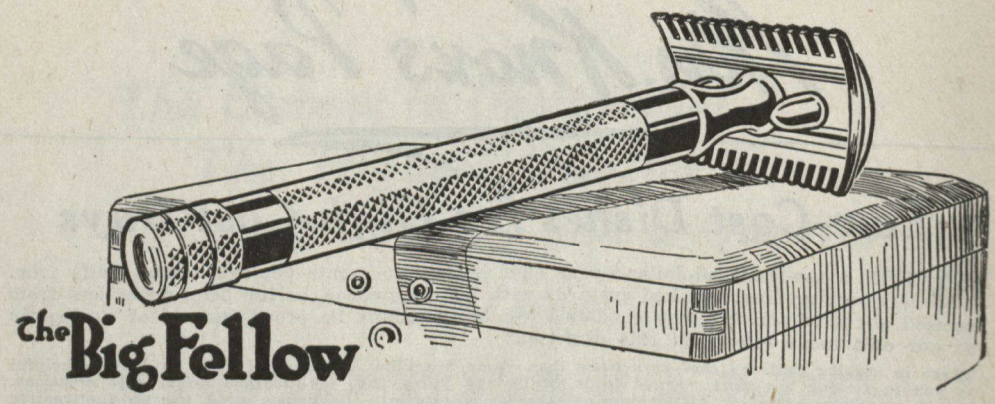
MUFFINS OR POP-OVER CREAM PUFFS

If pop-overs are left from breakfast, make an opening in each one just large enough to fill the center. For six pop-overs take one-half cup cream, two tablespoonfuls sugar and one-half teaspoonful vanilla, a pinch of salt, and one teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine, softened in one-fourth cup milk 10 minutes and dissolved over hot water. When mixture is cool, fill pop-overs.

Not only does Knox Gelatine make up into many low cost dishes, but it is an economy in itself, for one box makes twenty-four individual servings or provides a family of six with four delicious salads or desserts for four different meals. If you would like other suggestions for attractive low-cost dishes, write for my booklets—"Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts." They are free of charge. Just enclose a 2-cent stamp to cover postage charges and mention your grocer's name.

"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
KNOX GELATINE
Dept. A, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal



Evolution—
The Survival of the Fittest

Until the introduction of the Gillette Safety Razor, no man dared to shave without stropping his razor. Now mark the tremendous progress that has been made in shaving methods within a generation!

20,000,000 Men Use the Gillette Today

Today, twenty million men never think of stropping or honing, because they find, with the keener edges of the Gillette Blade, the necessity has vanished.

It is evolution—the survival of the fittest. Away with all unnecessary parts, strops, hones, etc. They are becoming as obsolete as the starting crank on an automobile.

The "Big Fellow" Gillette Safety Razor, shown above, is the latest evolution. It was created to meet the needs of men who want a sturdier, heavier handle than that of the Standard Gillette.

But you had better see the whole Gillette line at your nearest dealers', and make your choice. The price is $5.00 per set.

MADE IN CANADA

No Stropping

TRADE Gillette MARK

No Honing

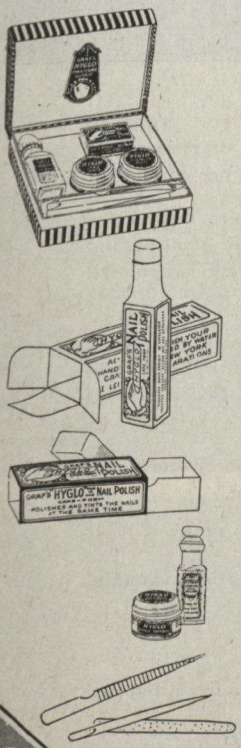
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

734

Beauty is a thing of a thousand subtleties

THE PINK-TIPPED HAND OF YOUTH

is one of the "points" of that subtle difference between the woman who is truly charming in every small and infinitely important detail and the woman who never achieves distinction. A bit too much of the wrong sort of polish—thickened roughened skin at the base of the nails—an over-manicured look caused by indiscreetly chosen nail rouge or nail white—the result is deplorable—vulgar.



HYGLO
Manicure Preparations

are made for the well-groomed woman who realizes that she is as old as her hands look, the woman whose taste in small details is invariably correct, and who understands the tremendous importance of trifles.

HYGLO NAIL POLISH, in cake and powder form, for the exquisite polish the gentlewoman prefers, 35c and 65c.

HYGLO CUTICLE REMOVER and NAIL BLEACH, to efficiently and painlessly remove the cuticle and prevent hangnails. 35c.

HYGLO NAIL POLISH PASTE, for just the right lustre —softly brilliant and lasting, 35c.

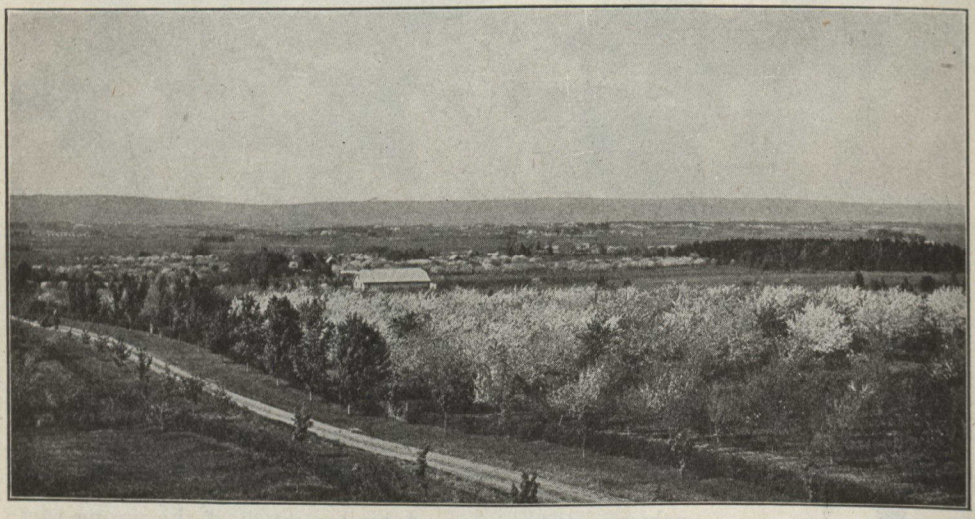
HYGLO NAIL WHITE, the finishing touch to a perfectly manicured hand. 35c.

Also HYGLO Compacte Face Powders and Rouges, lip-sticks, eyebrow pencils and HYGLO COSMETIQUE, for the eyelashes and eyebrows (removed with water). Small trial sample of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Powder sent on receipt of 10c in coin.

GRAF BROS., Inc.
133 West 24th Street, New York

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc., *Selling Agents*
171 Madison Avenue, New York
10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada

What Nova Scotia Offers The Farmer



Land Suitable for Dairying with succulent and well watered pastures. The climate is moist and cool and the markets for dairy products unexcelled. Good breeds of cows average 10,000 pounds of milk per cow.

Land Suitable for Fruit Growing. Nova Scotia Apples are among the finest flavored in the world. Trees bear from five to ten years after planting and yield profitably for from 60 to 100 years. A million acres of land not yet planted are suitable for orcharding.

Land Suitable for Sheep Raising in one of the most favorable portions of Canada for the sheep industry. The hilly pastures produce healthy sheep and the mutton and lamb are of superior quality and flavour. Nova Scotia wool is sought after by cloth manufacturers.

Land Suitable for Market Gardening. Strawberry, Raspberry and Cranberry Plantations yield profits ranging from $200 to $500 per acre.

Strong Local Markets and excellent opportunities for EXPORTING.

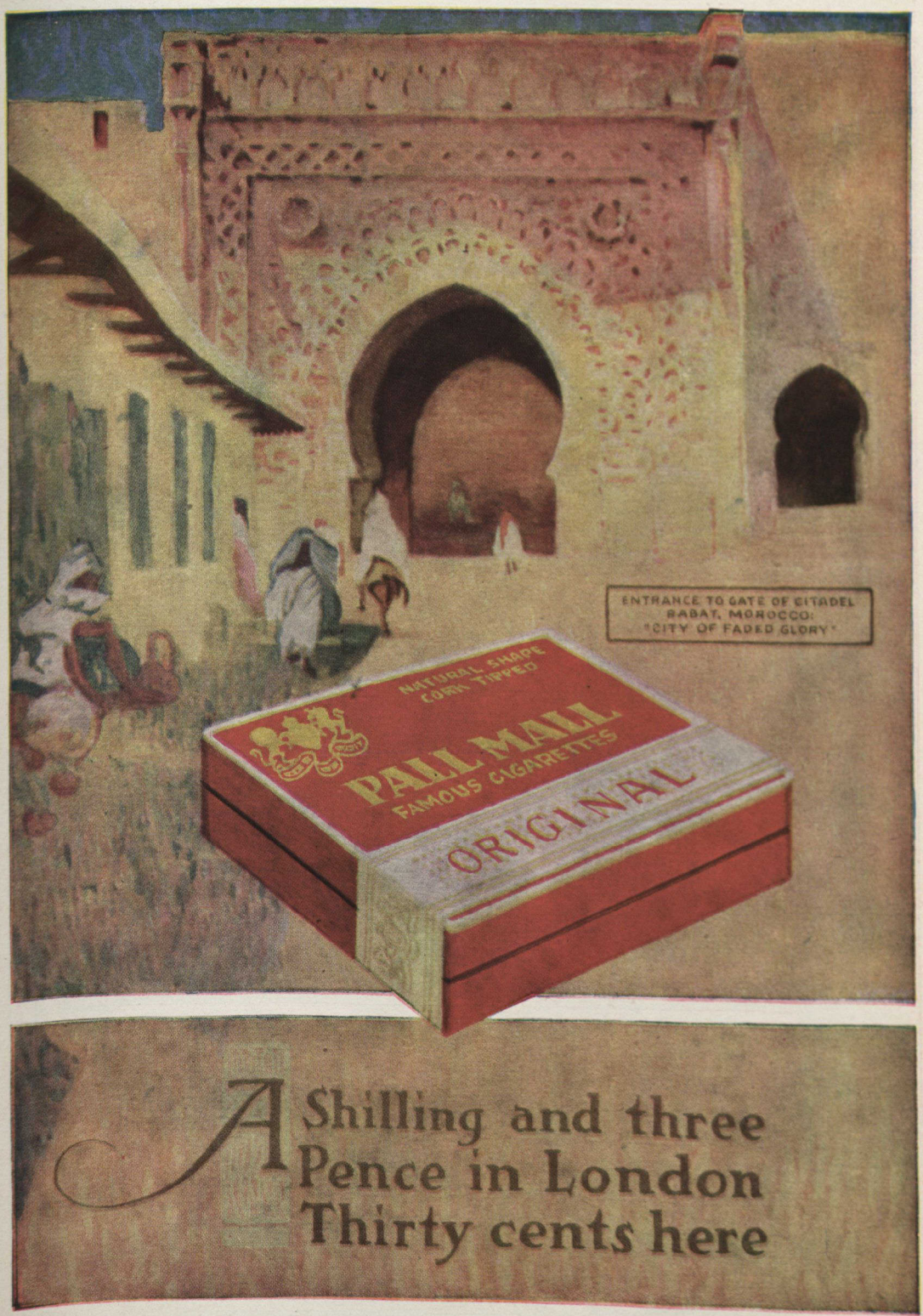
For further information including booklet of sample farm properties available, write,

W. B. MacCOY

Secretary Industries and Immigration,

197 Hollis Street,

Halifax


ENTRANCE TO GATE OF CITADEL
RABAT, MOROCCO:
"CITY OF FADED GLORY"
NATURAL SHAPE
CORK TIPPED
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
ORIGINAL
A Shilling and three
Pence in London
Thirty cents here

"California Syrup of Figs"

For a Child's Liver and Bowels

Mother! Say "California," then you will get genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Children love this delicious laxative.

"DANDERINE"

Girls! Save Your Hair and Make It Abundant!

Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

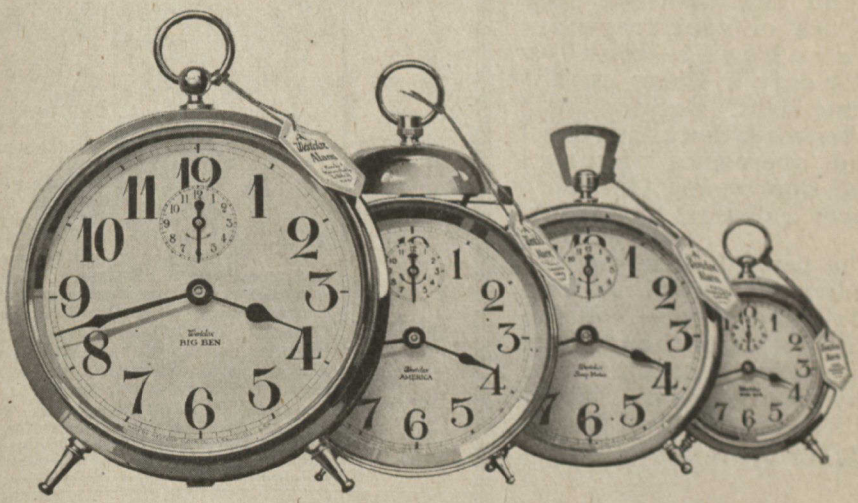
A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness.

All Drugstores and Toilet Counters sell Danderine

McClary's

Make good stoves and Cooking utensils.

Westclox



How father beat the school tardy-bell

LIKE MOST successful business men he was a stickler for punctuality. He considered his habit of being at the right place at the right time largely responsible for his success.

To encourage the same habit in his sons, he gave each boy a new alarm clock on the day he started school. The clock is the boy's very own—just as his pencils and school books.

The plan works like a charm. The boys are proud to bring their report-cards home; the "times tardy" column shows a clean record. And father is as much pleased with their showing at school as with the success of his plan.

He knows they are learning one of the big secrets of his success; getting on the job at the first tap of the gong.

If you ask him the most important study his boys are taking, he'll answer, "Punctuality," and he'll recommend as a text book a dependable alarm clock—one that runs and rings on time.

Western Clock Co., Ltd., makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Ontario

Real economy in clothes means.....

the purchase of the greatest amount of style—of wear—and of satisfaction in the wearing—for a given price.

FASHION-CRAFT

clothes—for men who know—have established a solid name for just such economy.

When buying, look for the label.

300 shops in Canada specially feature Fashion Craft Clothes.

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

ONE of the chief sources of the additional value offered in Goodyear Tires is the savings effected through Goodyear's system of distribution.

It is a system made possible by the enormous sale of Goodyear Tires.

To several thousand selected Canadian dealers Goodyear sells tires direct, and the money that would go as profit to jobber is largely saved.

Shipments to distributing points are so large that we make the saving of carload freight rates. Orders from dealers are large enough to reduce clerical expense to a small factor.

Such efficiency in practice and the resulting increased business has reduced expense-per-tire to a minimum.

The saving-per-tire between factory and dealer is *approximately $2.00.*

In total this saving represents hundreds of thousands of dollars turned back into the product to heighten quality and keep price down.

So a 30 x 3½ Goodyear All-weather Tread Tire with Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube costs you to-day only $31.05. Six years ago it cost you $30.45. An increase of only 1.9 per cent., while most commodities and labor increased over 100 per cent.

And Goodyear Service Station Dealers help you get all the mileage that is built into the tires.

The resulting low cost-per-mile of Goodyear Tires has built the largest tire sales in the world.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

DUNLOP
CORD TIRES

The Super-Test

¶ BEFORE you are asked to buy or try Dunlop Cord Tires, they must undergo a test such as you would never give them.

¶ Tires just like your garagemen and dealers now sell are put on our own test cars, and away speed the drivers.

—A Test that is kept up day and night.

—A Test that takes in some of the worst roads in the country and the generality of bumps, bad turns, and all the sudden stops that go with them.

—A Test that specifies the number of miles which must be made by the drivers each day and night.

¶ The results of this crucial test, naturally, have an important bearing on our manufacturing policy.

¶ Tested-in-Advance Service aptly applies to **Dunlop Cord Tires—"Traction," "Ribbed."** Can you ask for a greater guarantee than the story the road tells—a story which in the case of Dunlop Cord Tires proves that our manufacturing methods are not only Right but **Dead Right?**

DUNLOP THE UNIVERSE OVER—THE WORLD'S GREATEST RUBBER ORGANIZATION

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited

Head Office and Factories . . . TORONTO

BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

A short pause in the Trans-Continental run to take on gasoline

Atlantic To Pacific Economy Record

32.64 Miles Per Gallon—3442 Miles—25 Drivers

FORWARD, day and night, over mountains and plains, roads well-nigh impassable, an Overland stock car sped on its record run from New York to San Francisco.

Twenty-five men who had never seen the car before piloted it over the course.

—And at the end, the wonderful showing — 32.64 miles per gallon (Imperial gallons).

This new accomplishment proves positively that economy is inherent in Overland construction.

It shows how *Triplex* Springs make possible light weight, staunchness and economy—how they preserve every part of the mechanism from damage.

You can see the Made-In-Canada duplicate of this car. Your nearest dealer will demonstrate the Overland over the roughest road in the vicinity.

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED

Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters

Head Office and Factories: Toronto, Canada. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Regina

Test Tire Pressure With Pump Hose Connected

SCREW the Schrader Universal Pump Connection to the regular hose-coupling of either hand or power pump, and you can use the Pressure Gauge without removing hose from valve. This saves you a lot of time and trouble. You simply place your pressure gauge over deflating pin. This handy little device costs only 65 cents, but it adds greatly to your convenience.

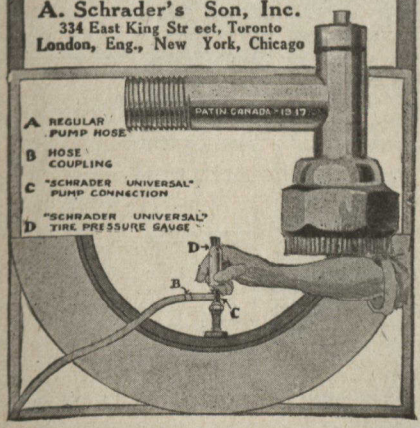
SCHRADER UNIVERSAL PUMP CONNECTION

Made in Canada by

A. Schrader's Son, Inc.

334 East King Street, Toronto

London, Eng., New York, Chicago



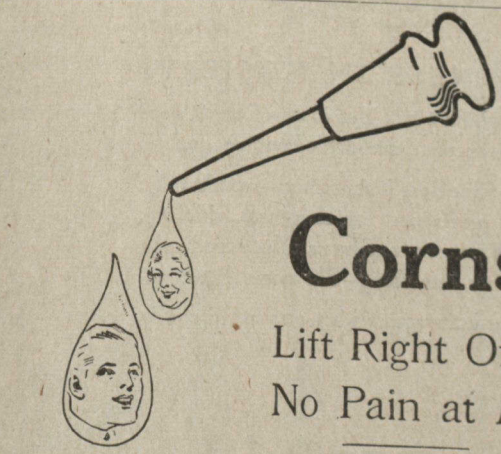
AFRAID TO EAT

Regulate your stomach so you can eat favorite foods without fear of

Indigestion
Flatulence
Gases
Acidity
Palpitation

A few tablets of Pape's Diapepsin correct acidity, thus regulating digestion and giving almost instant stomach relief. Large 60c case—drugstores.

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN



Corns

Lift Right Off! No Pain at All

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon that bothersome corn, instantly it stops hurting; then shortly you lift that sore, touchy corn right off, root and all, without the slightest pain or soreness.

End Any Corn—Anywhere!

Tiny bottles of "FREEZONE" cost but few cents—drug stores

DAINTINESS IN HOSIERY!

Essential isn't it? Yet ideas of thrift urge one to have, as well, the dependable Penmans quality.

Now, buying of fine hose is simplified—wonderfully. Your natural preference for sheerness, coloring, shapliness, soft texture may be satisfied, prudently, if you remember one thing—the name Penmans.

Daintiness is not extravagance when you buy Penmans.

Penmans Hosiery

"THE STANDARD of EXCELLENCE"

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" you are not getting Aspirin at all.

The name "Bayer" is the thumbprint of genuine Aspirin. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headaches, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Nourishes Baby When All Other Food Fails

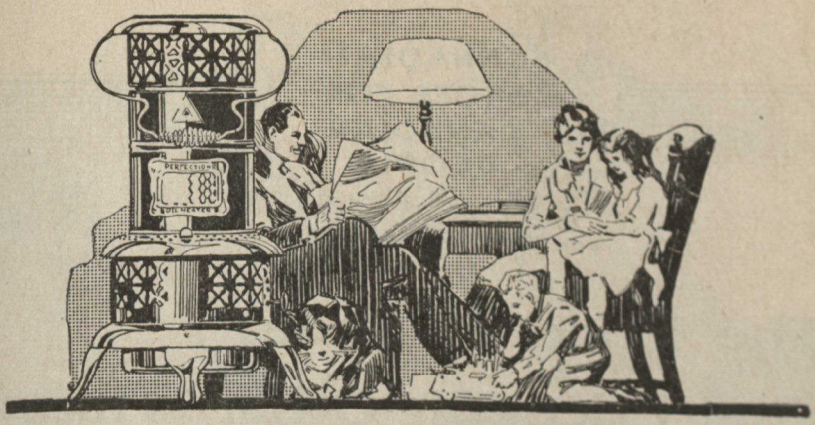
Numbers and numbers of cases are on record where infants unable to digest other foods, have grown strong and healthy when fed according to directions, on cows milk combined with Robinson's Patent Barley.

A copy of "My Book," the latest booklet on the care of infants, sent free on request.

MAGOR SON & CO., LIMITED, Sole Agents for Canada

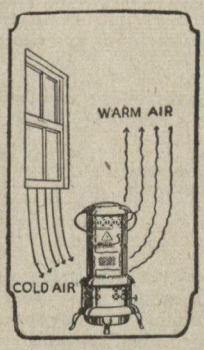
191 St. Paul Street West, Montreal

30 Church Street, Toronto



Just before the sandman comes

---complete the family circle



A Perfection Oil Heater near a window heats the cold air seeping through the sash and then radiates it as warm fresh air.

YOU really need a little warmth in the parlor these cool evenings, but you naturally hesitate to put on the furnace, because it eats up the coal, and coal is scarce and high in price—and then, you don't want to heat the whole house. A Perfection will produce all the heat you actually need right *on the spot*, and you can turn off the heat as soon as you retire.

A Perfection Oil Heater is invaluable as auxiliary heat on cold winter days and in exposed corners. Use it to boil a kettle, heat shaving water, dry clothes indoors and in many other ways.

Over 4,000,000 Perfections in use, and each giving ten hours of cosy warmth for every gallon of coal oil.

Get a copy of our new Heater folder. Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Oil Heater. Dealers will also demonstrate New Perfection Oil Cookstoves and Perfection Water Heaters for you.

PERFECTION Oil Heaters

MADE IN CANADA

THE PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, LIMITED

Eastern Office:
704 Drummond Bldg.,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

Home Office and Factory
SARNIA - ONTARIO

Western Office:
911 Confederation Life Bldg.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Price of Shoes
vs.
The Price of Other Things

IT has been said that "comparisons are odious." And so they are—as a rule.

But it has been so repeatedly stated that shoe prices are "excessive" or "ridiculous," that we feel justified in making a comparison between the present price of shoes and the price of some other things that we buy.

The following prices are from Government statistics and cover the period from January, 1914, to January, 1920.

Advance in price of Iron and Steel	-	124 per cent.
Average wholesale advance in all commodities		146.4 "
Advance in price of Fruit and Vegetables		153.2 "
Advance in price of Textiles	- -	206.2 "
Advance in price of Western Grains	-	259.6 "
Advance in price of boots and shoes	-	118.2 "

Shoe prices had to increase—naturally. The price of everything that enters into a pair of shoes has gone up tremendously in late years. For instance, hides have advanced 154.6 per cent, in six years. One of the principal materials used in making fine shoes has advanced 500% in the same period. In fact, there is no single commodity used in the manufacture of shoes that has not advanced by leaps and bounds during late years.

But in spite of this a close margin of profits, efficient manufacturing methods, and keen domestic competition, has resulted in lower prices than the above advances would seem to make inevitable.

These comparisons will show why shoe prices are higher—they have simply followed in the wake of general advancing prices.

But, in Canada, they are neither "excessive" nor "ridiculous," but proportionately lower than most other things.

The Shoe Industry in Canada is an efficient and competent one—making shoes for the Canadian people which, grade for grade, are as low, or lower in price, as shoes obtainable in any country.

¶ *Canada produces footwear of every desirable type, and of standard quality in all grades. When you buy Made in Canada Footwear you are assured, at fair prices always, of the utmost that modern skill can produce in Comfort, Service and Style.*

SHOE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

"Which?" says Joan, "Choose it quick."
"Bof', I guess," says chubby Dick.

Ask any small boy to choose between a dish of strawberry ice cream and one of vanilla, or between two different dishes of Jell-O, and he will certainly feel like answering as Dick did.

JELL-O

More different kinds of good things to eat are made of Jell-O than of anything else. The Jell-O Book explains the newest and easiest ways of making them—dozens of different ways of making desserts and salads. This Jell-O Book will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

Grocers and general storekeepers everywhere sell Jell-O in all the different pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Vanilla, Chocolate.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY OF CANADA. Ltd.
Bridgeburg, Ont.

Ganong's GB Chocolates

In ½, 1, 2 and 5 pound boxes.
Ask for the "Delecto" Box.

THERE are certain Candies which have taken generations to produce and can never be successfully duplicated.

Such are "DELECTO" Chocolates—the supreme achievement in G. B. Chocolates—and the result of 50 years' experience in making fine Chocolates.

Originated by

GANONG BROS. LIMITED
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Makers for 50 Years of Fine Chocolates.

12

HAPPY MEMORIES

Live them again in
The Canadian Wilds

The glories of the chase, the tang of the clear pure atmosphere: the thrill of the "Out of Door" is calling you!

"Resident Sportsman's Representatives"

F. C. ARMSTRONG, COCHRANE, ONT.

N. McDOUGALL, PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

will gladly furnish advice and assistance in completing plans.

For Copies of OUT OF DOOR Booklets, write

Passenger Traffic Department

TORONTO : MONTREAL : MONCTON : WINNIPEG : VANCOUVER

Canadian National Railways

BANFF

You who think you should know Canada better —who are wondering where you should seek this year's vacation—why not visit the Canadian Pacific Rockies, the most magnificent mountain region in the world?

Glistening snow-peaks ten thousand feet and higher surrounding you—trails to walk and ride —good roads for motoring and driving—mile-high links for the golfer—opportunities everywhere for the Alpine climber—warm sulphur swimming pools—luxurious hotels at Banff and Lake Louise, and mountain chalets at Emerald Lake and Glacier, with music, dancing, and a gay social life—trout-fishing in season, sublime scenery and big game for the camera (and in September for the rifle)—camping in regions of unparalleled majesty—these are a few of the delights in store.

And this Mountain Garden of the Giants is so easy to reach by

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

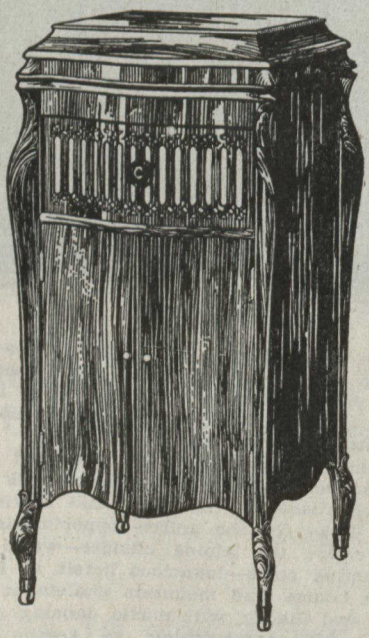
Get particulars at any C.P.R. Passenger Agency. W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

THE CECILIAN CONCERTPHONE

"THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

CECILIAN

TRADE MARK



Enjoy a Perfect Reproduction of the world's finest music through the CONCERTPHONE

Plays all records more clearly—The CECILIAN is a sweeter and fuller toned phonograph than any you have ever heard.

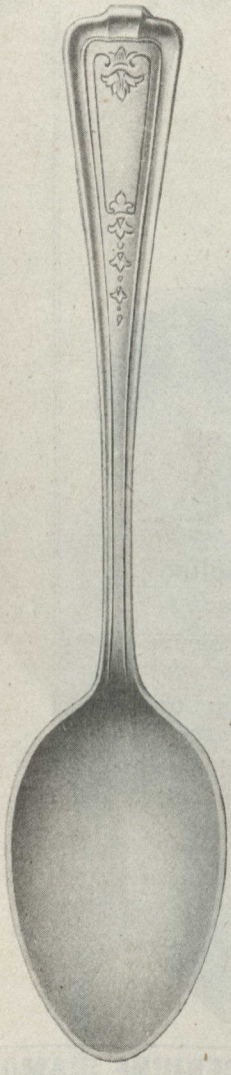
Beautiful in design and finish — contains many exclusive features.

Write for Catalogue with Prices and Terms.

Export enquiries invited.

HEAD OFFICE THE CECILIAN CO., LTD.

247 Yonge Street, Toronto



Louvain Pattern

Proud of it

THERE is a definite reason back of the pride of ownership. You wouldn't be especially proud of cracked, broken china nor would you point with pride to silverplate that had not kept its glistening surface.

But the graceful lines, and enduring, burnished surface of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate are cause for lasting pride of ownership.

The designs, the conceptions of which are so artistic that they remain always fashionable—and the quality—which is enduring—make of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate the family plate. It has been the choice for over seventy years.

You will always get exactly what you want, if you ask for this fine silverplate by its full name "1847 Rogers Bros."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

Made in Canada by Canadians and sold by leading Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion.

ASK YOUR RETAILER
FOR PRUE COTTONS

PRUE COTTON PRINTS MAY BE HAD IN A WIDE RANGE OF COLOURS AND DESIGNS, FROM THE GAYEST TO THE MOST SIMPLE AND CONVENTIONAL. THERE IS NOTHING PRETTIER, COOLER OR LESS EXPENSIVE FOR SUMMER SERVICE, EITHER FOR CHILDREN - - OR ADULTS, THAN GOOD COTTONS - -

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY
LIMITED

Montreal - Toronto
Winnipeg

11

SPENCERIAN

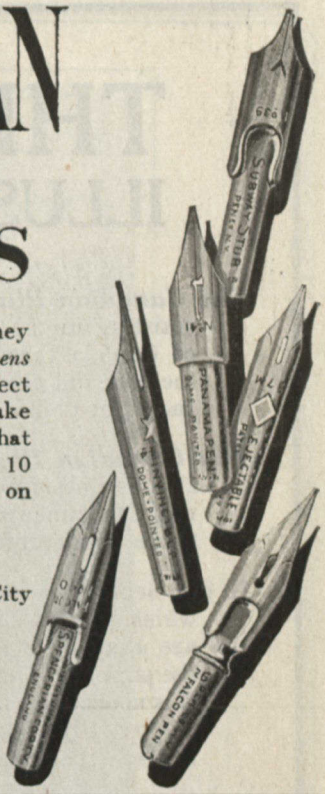
PERSONAL

Steel Pens

Made in England

Spencerian Pens are today what they have been all these years—*the best pens made*. The finest pen steel, a perfect writing point and extra long life make them so. That fascinating book, "What Your Handwriting Reveals", and 10 sample pens, different patterns, sent on receipt of 10c.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York City



Fine Medium.
Stub and
Ball pointed

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

The Canadian Illustrated Monthly has been established for the purpose of assisting in the development of the great latent resources of the Dominion of Canada through the dissemination of conservative information relating thereto, and to give entertainment, refraining from discussion of religious, racial, or political questions.

The Canadian Illustrated Monthly is an unusually well illustrated magazine and besides containing authoritative articles on Canadian subjects, carries departments devoted to affairs at Ottawa, angling and hunting, foreign trade opportunities, and ships and shipping. Nor is fiction overlooked.

In our September issue we will have an exhaustive article on McGill University, which will no doubt interest the alumni of that renowned institution. We are anxious to make this magazine a success and to do this we will need the support of the people of Canada. We believe that if you once look over this magazine you will want to become a subscriber, and to that end we would respectfully request you to fill in the form printed herewith, and return it to us without obligation on your part.

The Publishers,

The Canadian Illustrated Monthly,
P. O. Box 2829, Montreal, Que.

Gentlemen:

Please send me without obligation a sample copy of your publication.

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town or City .....

Province or State .....

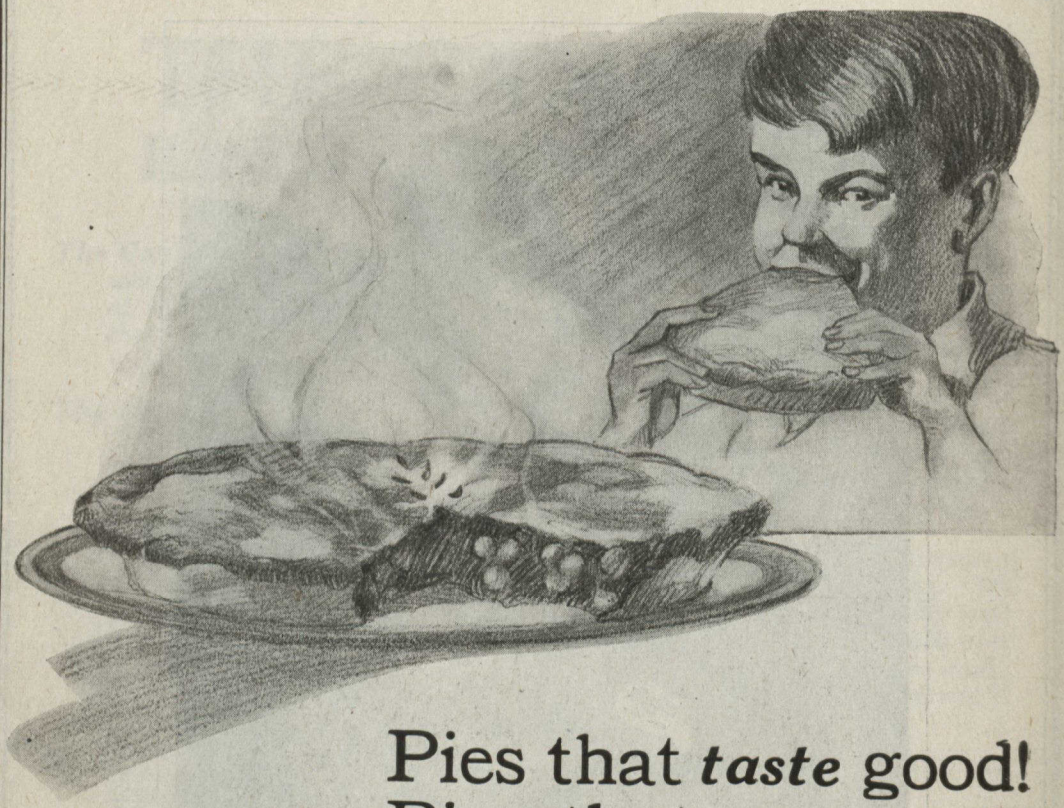
MONARCH HAND KNITTING YARNS

The wool from which Monarch Floss, Monarch Down and Monarch Dove are spun is taken from the long, thick, silky coats of Australian sheep. The elasticity, softness of texture, and serviceability of these long-fibre yarns is such that the garment into which they are woven retains its shape and its good looks throughout long and active use. Whether it be a light scarf or pullover requiring Monarch Floss, or a somewhat heavier piece for which Monarch Down or Monarch Dove is used, you will find these yarns uniform in size and true and dependable in coloring. Forty fashionable shades to choose from in handy balls ready for use. Have you our new book No. 5, "Art in knitting Monarch Yarns"? Now on sale at 25c a copy. May be had from your dealer, or if he is not able to supply you, from us direct.

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Also manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats, Monarch-Knit Jerseys for men and boys and Monarch-Knit Hosiery for men and women.

MONARCH KNIT
THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED
MADE IN CANADA



Pies that *taste* good!
Pies that *are* good!

THE making of pie crust is an art. But skill alone cannot produce that tender, flaky, melt-in-your mouth texture so much desired. You must also have the very best materials—and this means principally a choice, velvet-smooth, rich shortening.

Swift's Jewel Shortening always meets the requirements and can always be relied upon in the production of wonderful pies.

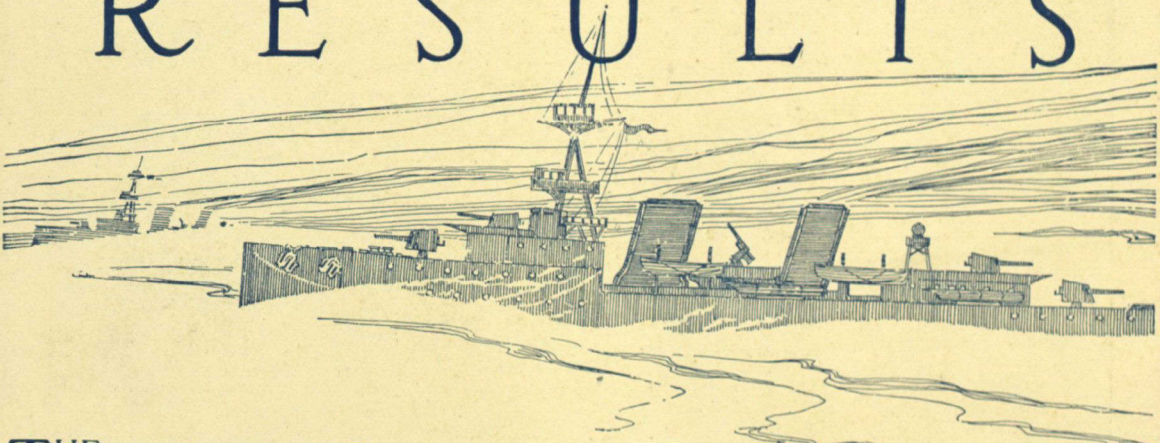
SWIFT'S JEWEL SHORTENING is absolutely tasteless and odorless. You need use less because it is all shortening. Why not try this Shortening on your next baking day? You can get it in sanitary tin pails from your grocer or butcher.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

M. 35

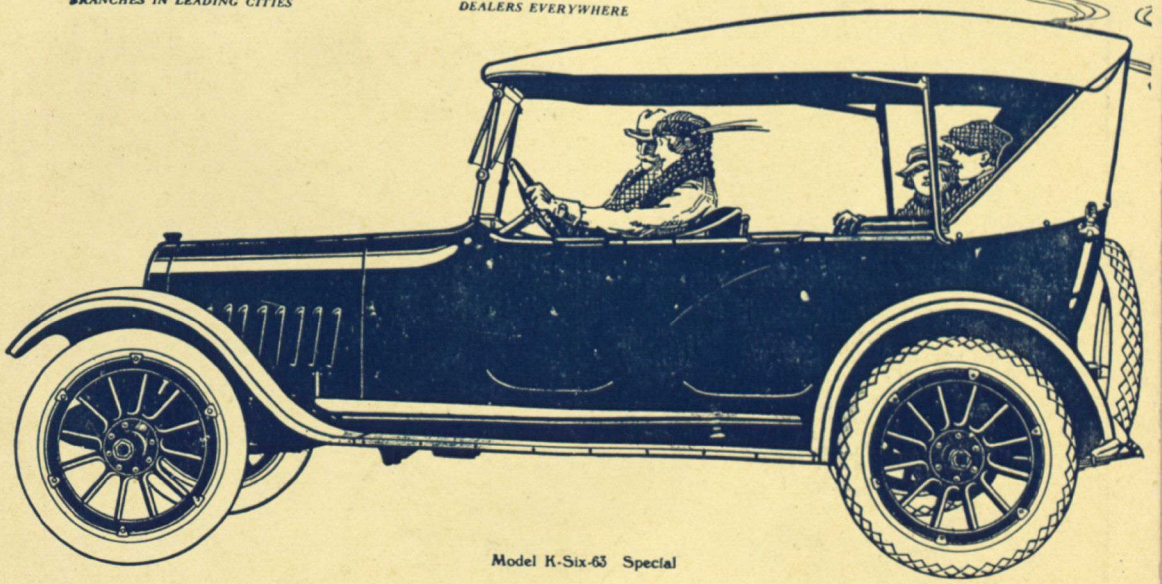
RESULTS



THE growing demand in motor cars is for lightness in weight without the sacrifice of strength and efficiency. Just as the light battle cruiser proved its efficiency with the British Fleet so the McLaughlin Light Six is establishing new efficiency and economy records with thousands of Canadian owners.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES *DEALERS EVERYWHERE*



Model K-Six-63 Special

McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX


Sleep nights
Keep awake days
drink
INSTANT POSTUM
Instead of Coffee