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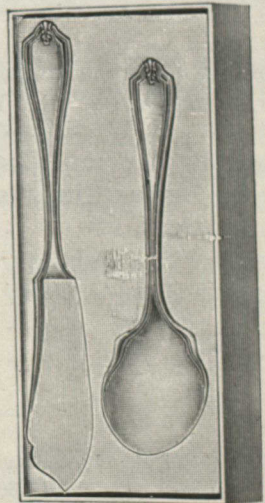
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LII

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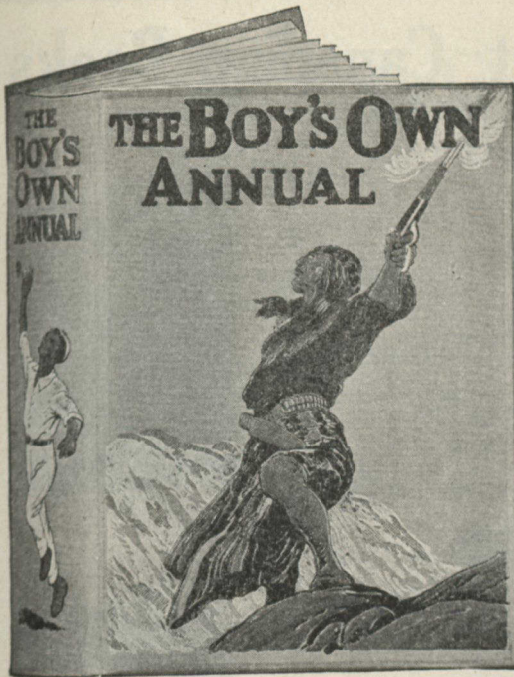
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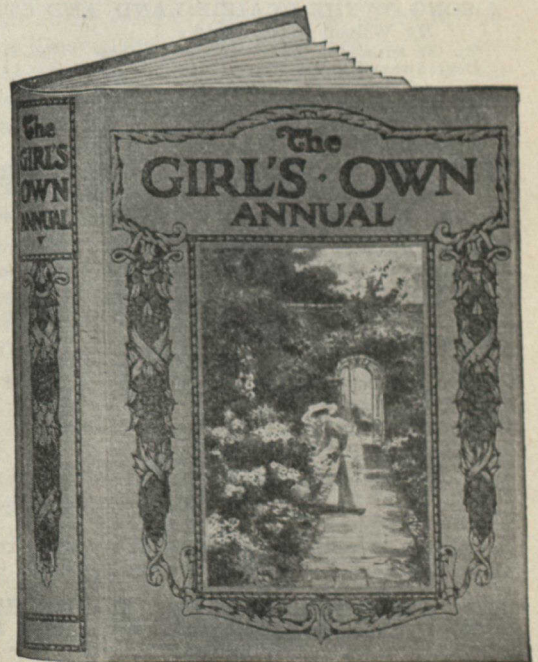
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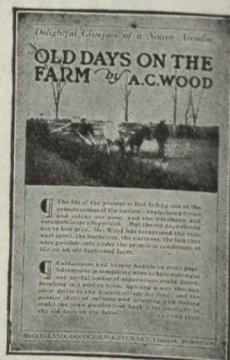
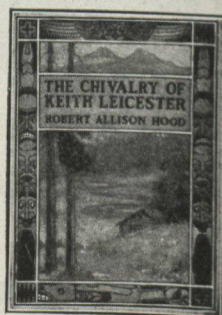
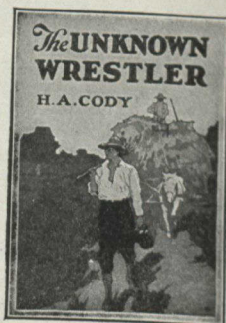


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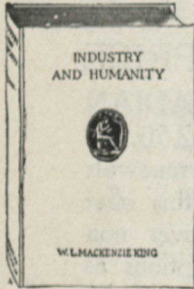
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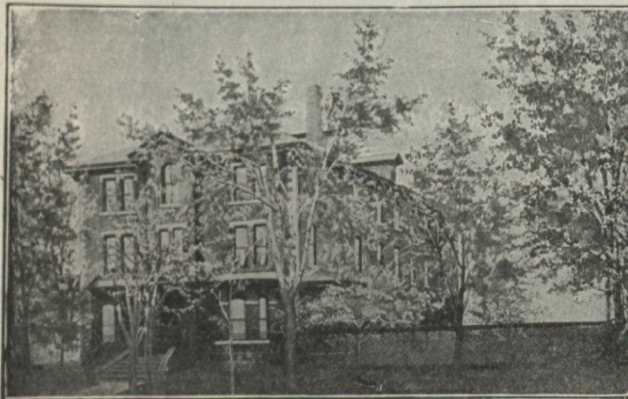
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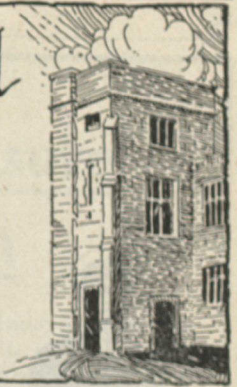
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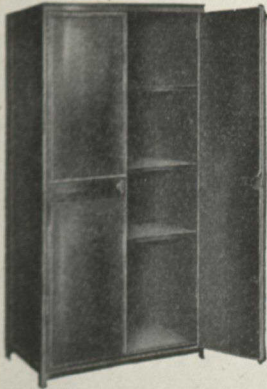
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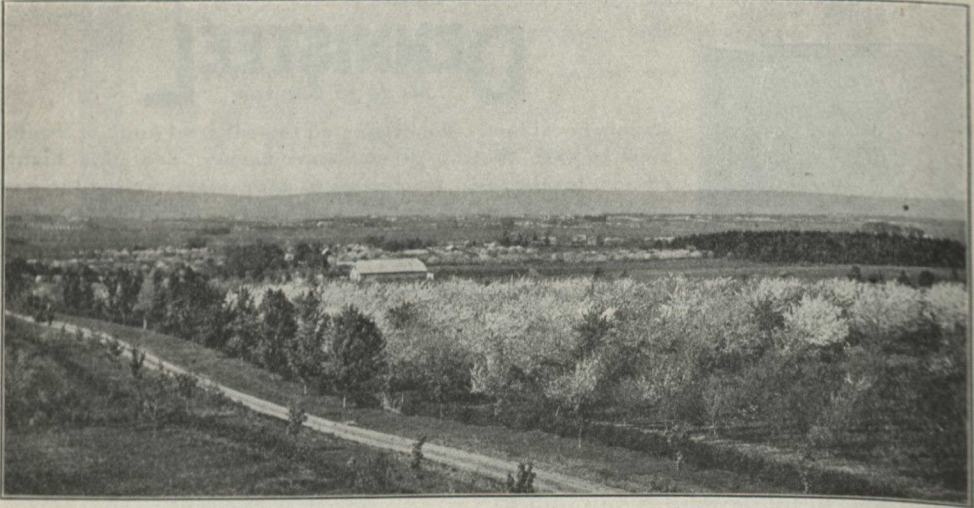
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Edited by Lindsay Crawford

VOL. I.

TORONTO

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"Why I Chose a Brunswick for our Christmas Gift"

By BURTON WYNNE

FOR YEARS my family has wanted a phonograph. Yet we hesitated. We were on the verge of buying often, but delayed.

We love music. And value the phonograph for the wealth of world-wide talent it brings to the home.

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I realize that all this sounds like we were too critical, and that we set ourselves above the thousands who were content with the phonographs we hesitated to buy.

But we wanted to be sure before we bought, so as to avoid regrets.

In our determination to find the super-phonograph, we came upon

The New Brunswick. It was announced as something different, something advanced.

We read and heard of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction, which included the Ultona and an improved amplifier.

And so we investigated. We were somewhat skeptical—but we came away as proud owners.

For here, at last, was our ideal instrument—one which played all records at their best, one with incomparable tone.

This remarkable instrument ended our search. We found in the Brunswick Method of Reproduction all we had looked for and more.

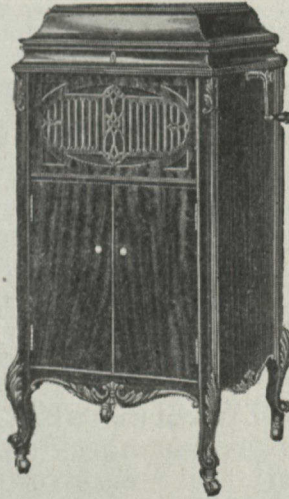
The Ultona is a simple, convenient all-record player, adjustable to any type of record at a turn of a hand. And now we buy our records according to artists rather than make. Thus we overcome

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I am convinced that the tone of The Brunswick is far superior, and due chiefly to the strict observance of acoustic laws.

The tone amplifier is built entirely of wood, moulded so as to give the sound waves full opportunity to develop. No metal is used in this amplifier, so there are no stunted metallic sounds.

My advice to every music lover, is to hear The Brunswick before deciding. One's ear immediately appreciates the difference. And old conceptions of the phonograph are changed.



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"WHO SAID SANTA?"



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1918

No. 2

HELIOTROPE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER"



It went hard with me not to remind Gregory that I had discouraged the taking up of the case in the first place. It wasn't our sort of case at all. I had said, "If we don't look out, Gregory, people will begin to call us private detectives". Then we had both laughed and I had given in, as I usually do when my senior partner insists.

Gregory does not like me to call him "my senior partner" because our standing in the firm of Gregory and Hubbard is supposed to be equal, but I believe that when any two men are associated one of them naturally takes the lead, and Gregory happens to be that one. I don't mind. My position as chief of staff is quite as necessary as his. Indeed, the whole idea of our partnership has been that two heads are better than one, especially when the heads are utterly different. No one person, save a superman perhaps, can combine minute and painstaking observation with

that instinctive, almost inspirational, selection of the essential which is the essence of all really useful detective work. A partnership is necessary, and it seems that my head combines beautifully, however useless it may be on its own. Gregory is quick and far-seeing, a born reasoner and a fine logician. I am a looker-on who sees most of the game. From boyhood I have been conscious of a power of minute observation which has helped me in some ways and hindered me in others. As a newspaper man, for instance, I always saw too much. I never seemed to learn what not to see. The news editor wore out his vocabulary and his blue pencil in vain; and then one day an unexpurgated report slipped through, and I slipped out of newspaperdom for good and all!

It was just at this time that Gregory, too, suffered a reverse of fortune which gave him a fellow feeling for other misfits and resulted in our embarking upon our present partnership for the study of those problems which

society for its own sake dares not leave unsolved.

So far it has worked well. Several nice little problems have been handled by us in a satisfactory manner. We do not often do ordinary police work; our province rather is to prevent these guardians of the law from being troubled with delicate matters which do not clamour for the official spotlight. We do not call ourselves detectives. We are, in fact, by way of being somewhat highbrow; affecting an exclusive air and writing ourselves "Criminologists"—a fine sounding word better suited to the ear of that society which we still continue, at intervals, to adorn.

But this case was different. It was a police case, very much so, a murder in fact. Not at all in our best style. I had not wanted to take it up, and now that I had returned from a preliminary investigation with a book full of notes and a head quite empty of ideas I felt cross and discouraged and very much like saying, "I told you so".

"The kind of thing we should not attempt," I said. "Murder—ugh, there is nothing logical about murder. Murder is an accident of the emotions. Anyone may commit a murder any time."

"You think so?" asked Gregory placidly. "Well, that leaves us with a wide field in which to operate anyway. And as for taking the case, we simply had to oblige Chief Ridley. So now let us get to work. Where are your notes?"

With praiseworthy restraint I produced my papers, and as my notes were still in shorthand, I began to translate freely for Gregory's benefit:

"The affair isn't over romantic," I grumbled. "The person whose taking-off we are to investigate is, or rather was, the most ordinary person. She was a Mrs. Agatha Simmons, living quietly at No. 3 Richly Road. A widow, age about fifty-five; character respectable; habit, retiring; hobby, cats; lived alone; means of livelihood, an annuity bought by herself about six

years ago, *i.e.*, just before coming to live in Richly Road; no known relatives; previous history unknown; previous address unknown; is remembered to have said that she came here direct from London, but was not in the habit of receiving any English mail; had a current account in the bank; paid for everything by cheque, and never kept money in the house. The alarm was given by her milkman. Deceased was in the habit of getting milk twice a day, presumably for the cats; she kept ten cats; had no maid, and always answered the milkman's knock herself, or, if absent, left the ticket outside the door. Last night when the milkman called at half-past five he found the side door open, a very unusual thing, and no one answered his repeated knocks nor the cry of "Milk". Being in a hurry, for it was raining hard and beginning to sleet, he entered the kitchen and looked around for some place to set the milk out of reach of the cats. In crossing the room to the cupboard, he observed that the door into the sitting-room was open and, glancing in, saw Mrs. Simmons sitting in her chair beside the table. The lights were not lit, but he could see her by the light of the fire in the open grate of the stove. He called "Milk!" again, but "had a feeling" at once that there was something wrong and went in. He got the start of his life when he saw her face, dropped his milk-bottle and fled for the nearest policeman. He didn't touch her or disturb anything. When he and the policeman returned they examined her sufficiently to see that life was extinct. She had been shot. The milkman stayed in the room while the officer searched the house. No sign of anyone in the house; nothing upset; no trace of any struggle; no sign of any weapon; apparently nothing missing! The dead woman was leaning back in her big rocking-chair; her eyes half-open, staring straight in front of her. Her hands were tightly clenched and in them was some white article, and they did not know what it was.

"Policeman Saunders's story corroborates this, but adds nothing new except that he couldn't hear himself think for the noises 'them blasted cats' were making. They were shut up in a room off the kitchen, which appears to have been used as a sort of cattery. They were probably hungry and smelled the spilt milk, anyway, they got on our policeman's nerves and he had no further investigations, but rang up headquarters from the nearest telephone. There was no telephone in the house. Ridley came down at once and brought Dr. Jones with him.

"Doctor's evidence shows that deceased had been dead only a short time, not more than half an hour. Shot had been fired at close range and passed directly through the heart. Death had been instantaneous. Expression of fear and horror on face quite marked. It is Dr. Jones's opinion that deceased had known that murder was intended, but had been unable through fear to give any alarm.

"So much for the oneseide evidence. Now for what Ridley and I noticed for ourselves. The most striking thing seemed to be the apparent fact that the woman had died sitting in her accustomed chair, facing her murderer, yet there had been no alarm (that anyone heard), and certainly no struggle. The expression on the face seemed to me almost more of surprise than fear or horror.

"Another strange thing was the nature of the article clasped in the dead woman's hand. It was a baby's hand-made flannelette night-slip. I inspected this very carefully and came to the following conclusions: The slip was old, but had been carefully kept; the material was of the cheapest; the hand-work on it was beautiful; it was a very small slip, seemed almost too small for a baby—"

"How do you know that?" interrupted Gregory.

"I don't. It's just an impression. We'll have to get a woman's opinion."

"Right."

Then I continued reading the note:

"The slip had been washed and ironed, evidently with great care. But it showed no signs of wear. That cheap stuff would show wear quickly. Another odd thing: on the table stood a small tin tea-caddy; the top was off and some of the contents had spilled or been spilled upon the tablecloth. But the contents were not tea. The caddy was half-full of twenty-five-cent pieces, each carefully done up separately in tissue-paper, and each labelled with a date. The dates were irregular and ranged back through the past four years. Sometimes there would be three or four very close together. Sometimes there were quite long intervals between. (I have a list of the dates here). The latest date was only a few days old. There was no other mark of any kind on the coins. The paper in which the coins were wrapped was ordinary white tissue. There was nothing else upon the table, save the afternoon mail, consisting of two or three tradesmen's accounts. She always paid by cheque. But on the floor was an envelope with the end torn open and the contents gone. The envelope was not a business one, nor was the writing that of a tradesman. Here is the envelope—see for yourself. It looks like the writing of an educated woman—the envelope is good style and quality. From the date, it was delivered with the other afternoon letters, but its contents have disappeared. Not a trace of them."

"Anything else?"

"One thing more. As I was coming out I searched the front yard—it's very small—and found this—it's a slip of paper, apparently the address torn off the top of a letter. The address is 'No. 3 Richly Road', and the writing is that of Mrs. Simmons. Probability is she dropped it herself and that it has nothing to do with the case."

"I don't know. Why should she tear her own address off a letter and drop it in her front yard? But no use theorizing yet. Is that all?"

"Not another thing. There wasn't so much as a pin out of place. No sign of any weapon. The only fingerprints were those of the dead woman herself on the chair-arm and on the table. The carpet yielded nothing. There was no trace of ash in the fire. The fire, by the way, must have been built up shortly before the murder. The kettle had been set on top, presumably in preparation for a cup of tea. But our search was not exhaustive. Ridley had O'Toole with him, and I think O'Toole is about the best searcher that ever happened. We left him to go over everything microscopically, and he will report any find to us. He is quite safe to be trusted with the routine. But I fancy he won't find much. Everything looked so undisturbed and normal. It was as if someone had called in for a chat and a cup of tea and decided on murder instead. There are only three things which bear the slightest emphasis—A-chew! Great Scott, I've got a cold!—and the three things are: the dated coins, the baby's slip and the look on the woman's face. If you can make anything out of them, you're welcome. I can't."

"That's the proper state of mind," grinned Gregory. "When discouraged, remember that you're not the whole show. To my mind those three things look distinctly promising, and you're wrong about there being nothing else. There is a very interesting something else which will be this-half-of-the-firm's contribution. But I shan't tell you what it is until your case is all in. What outside evidence did you get?"

"Surprisingly little. The house is a corner one, unfortunately, and the room in which the shot was fired does not face another house, but faces a strip of lawn and the side street. The woman who lives in the next-door house on Richly Road thinks that she heard a noise about five o'clock when she went into the kitchen to brisk up the fire for supper, but she thought it was a bursting auto tire and did not even look out of the window. None

of the other neighbours saw or heard anything. They are busy people and know very little about the tenant of No. 3. She never made herself popular in the neighbourhood, and the houses being rented, the occupants change quite often. No one has anything very definite to say for or against Mrs. Simmons, but on the whole I think I detected traces of a vague dislike of her. One woman said she had disagreeable eyes, and that her cats gave her the creeps. She kept herself to herself, they say, but seemed to have some fashionable friends, for smartly dressed ladies have been seen to visit her at different times. In fact, nearly all her few visitors appear to have been prosperous people. But they have never been known to make very lengthy stays, nor to return. It is the opinion of Richly Road that Mrs. Simmons had been some sort of upper servant whose former employers continue to take an interest in her."

"Not very likely. Former employers do not display such touching loyalty, as a rule—and certainly not in quantities. If her visitors had been the same people coming at intervals there might be something in it, but I gather that all these prosperous people were different?"

"Yes. I questioned rather closely upon that point."

"Besides, if her former home was in England—"

"She gave out that she came from England, but Richly Road doesn't believe it."

"Does Richly Road give any reason for its disbelief?"

"None whatever. But every woman I questioned said that although Mrs. Simmons spoke 'kind of English' she didn't believe that the deceased had ever been in England in her life."

"That's odd. Strange how these popular beliefs form themselves without a trace of evidence, and stranger still how often they turn out to be correct. It is just possible that the lady was not fond of her past and

therefore removed it across the ocean for safe keeping. Had she no regular visitors at all?"

"There is only one person who seems to have been at all intimate at No. 3. She, too, is by way of being rather a mystery. Richly Road thinks that she is not a friend exactly but perhaps dependent on Mrs. Simmons. The description I got is that of a little wisp of a woman, age from thirty-five to forty-five. No one knows much about her, even her outside appearance seems to have left everyone unimpressed. Perhaps this is because she is very deaf and almost impossible to talk to. No one ever cared to find out where she came from or where she went. All I can discover is that she came on a west-bound car down Carroll Street, alighting at the corner of Carroll and Richly Road, which is three blocks down from No. 3. Ridley at once sent out a man to interview the car conductors on the western lines, but not one of them has any memory of her. She was an indefinite sort of person and she did not come to see Mrs. Simmons often. So it would have been miraculous if they had remembered her."

"Nothing to go on there, then. But if she were a friend of the murdered woman the accounts in the papers may bring her forward. Did no one see anyone enter the house on the day of the murder?"

"None of the women. But Ridley set Macrae to round up the children. He has a light hand with kiddies and is a good man all round. Ridley left orders for him to bring whatever he found right here—shouldn't be surprised if he were in the outer office now. I thought I heard the door close."

"Let's have him in at once, then," said Gregory, ringing the bell, which was a sign to Miss Emisley, our stenographer, that we were ready for visitors.

Macrae, for I was right in my guess, and it was he whom Miss Emisley ad-

mitted, is a big red-cheeked Scot with broad shoulders and, when he is excited, an accent almost as broad. But long chaffing in the service has rendered his ordinary conversation quite intelligible. To-day his cheeks were redder than usual, and he led a little girl by the hand. This was evidently a 'find' and Macrae was uplifted.

"Mak' yer boo to the gentlemen, Jessie," said Macrae with the air of a fond father presenting his offspring.

The child giggled. She was an intelligent looking little thing of about seven, with bright eyes and an utter lack of shyness peculiar to those who have long known the world.

"Here's a bit lassie who has something to tell," declared her conductor triumphantly. "Noo, Jessie, if ye tell your tale nicely you'll be getting a bit sweetie and a ride home forby."

Jessie was quite willing and responded instantly. "It was a lady I saw," she said, "a lady that went into old mother—I mean into Mrs. Simmons's house."

"When did you see the lady?" prompted Macrae proudly.

"Yesterday afternoon when I was home from school and I was playing down the street with my dolly in a little cart. I saw a pretty lady in a blue dress go into Mrs. Simmons's."

"You're tellin' it fine," encouraged Macrae. "Are you sure, noo, that the leddy went into Mrs. Simmons? Which house would Mrs. Simmons be living in?"

"The corner house," answered the child instantly.

"And did old Mrs. Simmons come and let her in at the door?"

The child shook her head vigorously. "No, the lady didn't knock at the door. She just opened it and went right in."

"Kind of as if she was an old friend like," suggested Macrae cleverly.

The child looked doubtful. "She didn't know the number," she said, after a moment's thought, "for she was looking at all the numbers as she

went along and she stopped at Mrs. Simmons's gate while she looked at a piece of paper that she had in a shiny purse."

"The address, forby!" declared Macrae. "You're a clever lassie and you'll get your sweetie. And when she went in after making sure that the hoose was right, was that all that you saw of her?"

"No. She came out again. She came running out and she ran down past me round the corner and she was saying 'Oh! Oh!' just like that"—the 'clever lassie' gave a good imitation of someone gasping in fear or pain.

Gregory grinned.

"Where did she go?"

"I dunno. Mother called me in to get my face washed for tea."

"Quite right too. My mother does the same by me. And what did you think when you saw the leddy run out so quick?"

The child's eyes widened.

"I thought old Mother—Mrs. Simmons was a witch——"

"And you went in and told your mother all about it?" interrupted Gregory.

But apparently Jessie had not done that. Why, was not apparent. Probably her mother in the stress of tea-getting was not interested in witches.

"Well," said Gregory, "can you tell us how long the lady was in the house?"

Jessie couldn't tell us this either. Even Macrae could make nothing of her. "Was it a long time, think ye?" he asked ingratiatingly.

Jessie thought not.

"Wad it be a short time then?"

Jessie thought not so very short.

Then I had a bright idea.

"What were you doing while she was in?" I asked casually.

"I walked my dolly down to the corner and back."

"Great head!" said Macrae without a trace of accent. "That would take from five to seven minutes, or there-

abouts. Noo, Jessie, what else did you notice?" Are you sure the leddy's dress was blue?"

The child was quite sure of this.

"Did she have a parcel?"

Jessie had not seen a parcel, but the lady had a blue handbag and a shiny purse that she took the piece of paper out of. Had the lady spoken to her or smiled at her? No, the lady had not noticed her at all. She was a young lady. Her hair was black and she was pretty. Would she know her again? Jessie was very vague upon this point, but thought she might. She didn't know just what time her mother had called her in, but it was just beginning to rain—a few drops had fallen on her doll.

When Macrae and his charge had departed, Gregory ran his hand through his hair.

"I wish to goodness we could get the exact time when that woman next door heard what she thought was a bursting tire," he said. "It would help a lot. I have little doubt in my own mind that it was the shot she heard. You are sure you did your best with her?"

"Yes. I'll read you my notes, exactly as they were taken in question and answer. Here they are:

"You thought you heard a tire burst? What time was that?"

"I don't know."

"About what time was it?"

"About time to brisk up the fire for supper."

"What time do you have supper?"

"As near six as possible."

"About what time do you brisk up the kitchen fire?"

"It depends on what we have for tea."

"What did you have for tea on Monday night?"

"Stew of the Sunday joint."

"How long does stew take to cook?"

"It depends how the meat is——"

"Now, Mrs. Moore, please try to tell me what I want to know. Try to re-

member just what you did that afternoon and at that time?"

"I didn't look at the clock, except at half-past four. At that time I put the stew on the edge of the stove and went back into the sitting-room to sew. I was sewing at the machine all afternoon. After a little while, I don't know what time it was, but it must have been about five, maybe five or five or ten minutes to five, or five or ten minutes after (I really can't say) I went to brisk up the fire and I heard the noise like an auto tire bursting.

"Had it begun to rain then?"

"I don't know. It was getting very dark. The storm had been coming up for some time and I had pulled down the blind in the sitting-room and turned on the light to see to sew. All I know is that it was raining quite hard when I got through what I had to do in the kitchen and went back to my work. It must have been about half-past five then."

"That's positively the nearest she could get to it." I told Gregory, "I believe she did the best she could."

Then all we know is that the shot was fired between ten minutes to five and ten after. The rain began about five minutes after five. When the girl in blue came out of the house the first drops were just about to fall, according to Jessie's evidence. So the girl in blue was in the house during part of that twenty minutes. But that proves very little. Twenty minutes is a big latitude——"

"But why did she go in without knocking and come out running?"

"And why did she continue to run so swiftly and so blindly that she ran into a young man and nearly knocked him off his feet——"

"Whatever are you talking about?" I asked in pure amazement.

Gregory grinned (he has an annoying grin) and handed me a small newspaper clipping which he took from his pocket with the greatest care. "Look at that," he said. "My contribution to the knowledge of the firm."

The clipping was from the personal column of my old paper *The Argus* and read as follows:

"If the lady who stumbled against an awkward young man on Stanley Street last evening will phone S. 1702 or call at 17 Wilson Arcade he will be pleased to return her lost property."

"What's the answer?" I asked thoroughly puzzled.

"Perhaps nothing, and perhaps a great deal. Can't you see! I clipped that out of the personal column this morning. I always clip out unusual personals. It's a useful habit. Besides the name 'Stanley Street' struck me. Do you know where Stanley Street runs?"

"Why—by Jove, yes, it is the street which crosses Richly Road at the corner next to No. 3. It's the——"

"It's the street that the girl in blue ran down when she came out of the Simmons house. Now I ask you—is it likely that there would be two young ladies running madly down Stanley Street and bunting into polite young men with such force that property of value is dropped during the impact? What do you think?"

I sprang up and reached for my coat.

"I think we can't get to 17 Wilson Arcade too soon," I said. I had quite forgotten that I did not favour the taking up of this case.

"Of course there is nothing *romantic* about this murder," began Gregory slyly but——"

"Oh have a heart!" I adjured him, and we set out together with old scores forgotten.

(To be continued.)

IN BRUGES, 1917

BY GILBERT WHITE



LD Madame Cortlandt groaned aloud as she climbed the cellar stairs, a foaming mug of beer in either hand. As she reached the sunlit hall, she saw by the long clock that it was already half-past four. The August afternoon was on the wane.

"Marianne," she called softly, "Marianne, the beer for the General! Be quick and take it up this time without spilling it."

A chair creaked in the kitchen, and a heavy step crossed the floor. Through the open doorway came a young woman, tray in hand. There was a dull, vacant look in her brown eyes.

"The swine!" she hissed between her teeth. "I will kill him some day."

"Hush, my girl. Be good as you always are, and help to keep food in our mouths until the little one is born."

Placing the beer-mugs carefully on the tray, the old woman went out through the back door to attend to the evening meal of her chickens.

Marianne carried the tray upstairs and knocked at the door at the far end of the hall.

"Come in," a gruff voice called in German. The girl opened the door and crossing the room, served the German General, who was seated at the desk. Then she offered the other mug to his companion, another officer of the German Army which was in occupation of Bruges.

"Where is Elspeth?" the General

questioned, spreading a newspaper in an apparently careless manner over the papers and maps which littered his desk.

"She is out, meinherr," Marianne answered quietly, "helping at the hospital." She turned toward the door, then stopped. She tried to speak, but her mouth trembled and the hand which held the tray shook.

"That will do," the General said in a stern voice. "Go at once."

"What is wrong with the girl?" asked the other officer. "Insane also?"

"Yes, of course. She will be better, they say, when her child is born. She and Elspeth are sisters, daughters of Emsden, a merchant whose people have been well-to-do for generations. He is working for us somewhere in the Fatherland, I believe, if not, he is dead. One never knows which road they will prefer at the last. Both girls were left to the soldiers, but the younger one, Elspeth, was rescued by that young nephew of mine, Carl Rudolph. He wants to marry her, but she won't, if you please." The General took up his mug of beer. His companion laughed.

"I did not know that there was a girl in the whole of Belgium who could, or would dare do that."

"I am sure that there is not another," said the General. "But Carl has ideas which he calls advanced and I call stupid. He got them in America. I am a fool, I suppose, to indulge him as I do, but when one has no other living relative, a nephew is

sometimes very dear. Damn it all, I adore that boy. I wish he were not in the aviation."

The General blew his nose and then fiercely kicked the scrap basket.

"It is for him," he continued, "that I am living here. I should be quartered in a much finer house. But Carl wanted the two girls brought here to be cared for by Madame Cortlandt. After all, the beer is good, and there are always fresh eggs and a young pullet for one's dinner. Now shall we try to simplify these plans a little more?"

While the two men were working upstairs, Elspeth Emsden, after having passed the sentry, opened the front door and crossed the hall to the stone-paved kitchen at the rear of the house.

Marianne was sewing, and a light of pleased recognition passed over her dull face at the appearance of her younger sister. She did not speak, however, and Elspeth crossed the room and tenderly laid her hand on her sister's hair.

"Be happier, my sister," she said in French, "the light shows through the clouds a little."

Marianne muttered something which was quite unintelligible and then her face showed relief as her mind seemed to be clear. She spoke quietly now, as she had spoken to the German General.

"Elspeth, you had better marry Carl so that he can protect you. Suppose he were killed while flying? Where would you be then? Oh, Elspeth, it is awful." The girl's mouth quivered and she shook and trembled convulsively.

Elspeth soothed her gently and then she whispered, "Dear, the end of this Purgatory must be coming soon. I heard to-day that the American troops have landed in France. Be of good cheer and do not worry. I love and trust Carl in every way, but I will not marry a German. He is so unlike those who have never

been out of Germany, that I still hope he will one day see the light and give up the Fatherland. It is his Uncle who holds him. You know, Marianne, that the old man is as cruel as are all Germans who have been educated there. Some day Carl will find this out, and it will be the last straw. He cannot bear cruelty, and yet he will not hear a word against the old man."

Elspeth began to prepare the evening meal. Both girls had learned to relieve Madame Cortlandt of nearly all the work in her house. Shortly after the woman's aged husband had been deported to work in Germany, Carl had brought the two girls to her. Marianne had been quite insane, Elspeth, suffering from nervous shock, was in a state of stupor. The latter soon recovered, but Marianne's mind was unhinged by the torture which she had suffered.

After the simple supper was cleared away, Elspeth made the large and unsavoury sandwich which was her daily bribe to the sentry at the front door.

Every evening she slipped through the door as if she had not seen him. And every evening he feebly protested.

"Aber Fraulein—" he said, the odour of the sandwich already filling his nostrils. Always she turned with a smile, the sandwich on her outstretched palm, mock horror coming into her eyes as she looked at the fixed bayonet which she had so far pretended not to see. She never attempted to go beyond the edge of the canal, where she sat every evening, twenty feet from where he stood.

To-night the moon was shining, and there would be many aeroplanes on the road. The girl paused and looked along the canal which divided the street. The water reflected the rays of the moon, a dark streak crossing the shimmer about fifty yards to the left. It was the bridge which crossed the canal.

All was silent in the town and all was dark. Only the distant booming

of cannon far out at sea broke the stillness of the summer night. Wrecked houses, whose broken chimneys showed against the sky, told their tale of the ever-present horror. Elspeth closed her eyes. She saw the busy Flemish and Dutch trading boats in the busy canals, the long-necked, snowy swans floating in the water. Leaf-trees scattered the moon-beams on the polished paving-stones in showers of silver. Now the trees are gone. And she thought of the gay band-concerts in the Grande Place to which their father often took them. She and Marianne would choose alternately which café they preferred to patronize. She herself always chose the one on the corner. There the pink grenadier was a little sweeter, the straws a little longer, and one could see the Belfry. She could not remember the time when the Belfry had not been a sight which was a joy to her. As the evenings advanced, all the little children fell asleep, each in its own chair, until the end of the concert made it necessary for sleepy eyes to guide stumbling little feet over the stone-paved streets to bed.

All that was over now. Never again could Elspeth think of the Grande Place without a shudder. Would Carl never come? She sat down on the stone fence at the edge of the canal. The sentry watched her as he ate his sandwich.

Presently a footfall sounded on the bridge, and Elspeth saw Carl crossing the canal. She waited for him where she sat, for she had given her word to the sentry. Carl's heavy boots rang out each step on the smooth stones of the street, and presently he clasped her in his arms.

"Dear little girl," he said, "I have got to fly with orders to another town to-morrow. I want you to marry me, Elspeth, before I go." He held her closely to him.

"You are going to be in danger," she whispered, "Oh, Carl!"

"We are all of us in danger all the

time. But you particularly are not safe here . . . even with my Uncle," he added.

Elspeth clasped both his hands in hers.

"Give me a revolver, then," she said.

"I cannot, dear. If it were found in your possession you would be unmercifully punished. But I will leave one of mine in the desk in my room. If it were not that I am glad that I am here to save you and to learn to love you as I do, I could wish that I had remained in America. I don't like some orders I received to-day." He held her more tightly as he spoke.

"Carl, dear," Elspeth began. "Now you are feeling as I have been sure you would one day." She lowered her voice. "Won't you consent to becoming an American citizen when the war is over, and never, never go back to Germany again?"

"Dear heart, it is hard to promise what one may do, if the world survives. I am sworn into the German Army for the present anyway. You know, I only happened to be in Germany on business when the war broke out. I have never known England and the English, and jumped for the love of adventure, into what everyone in Germany believed would be a six weeks' war. Lots of men from neutral countries did the same. I never expected to have to give orders for bayonetting civilians."

Elspeth shuddered, and Carl kissed her.

"You never seem German, you can't be German," she whispered.

"We are not all bad. Come, dear, I have to report to my Uncle, as I leave before morning," he answered.

Next day, Elspeth heard in the early dawn, the whirr of Carl's aeroplane. He had had his hangar built in the open field behind Madame Cortlandt's chicken-yard. As soon as the girl was free of her duties in the house, she obtained the necessary permit to work in the hospital. After

gathering a large bunch of field-flowers and a few others from the house garden, she started off.

St. John's Hospital was situated on a canal which wound its way through part of the town. Elspeth avoided the Grande Place by taking a circuitous path through the fish-market, the beautiful carvings of which had long been destroyed.

On reaching the gate, she showed her papers, then followed the stone-paved walk to the arched entrance.

A black-robed nun was showing a visiting surgeon the huge mortar and pestle which the nuns used in the fifteenth century for the grinding of their medicines. It stood three feet high in the dispensary, which, owing to the crowded condition of the hospital, served also as the office.

Elspeth wondered what had become of all the valuable paintings which had been in the hospital in peacetime. She remembered her father showing her through a powerful glass, the exquisite colours on the three panels which depicted Saint Ursula's pilgrimage to Italy. After the war, where would these treasures be?

Elspeth's work consisted of rolling bandages, passing cool drinks to the patients and writing their letters. To-day, however, she would first distribute her flowers. She passed down the long rooms, leaving a glowing flower on each bed. A nun met her half-way down the long room.

"Good morning, Elspeth. How is Marianne this morning?" she asked.

"Her mind is better, thank you, ma mère, but she is very much depressed. She dislikes more and more to wait upon General Aldheim, so that I cannot stay very long to-day," she answered.

The nun passed on, and Elspeth turned to the next bed. A badly wounded young Englishman lay there. He made a feeble signal with his hand, and as she placed a poppy on the coverlet, he whispered to her in French.

Are you a Belgian, mademoiselle?

"With all my heart and soul," she answered.

"Then for the love of the Allies, undertake a mission for me. I gathered from your conversation with the nun, that you have access to the rooms of the General von Aldheim. I lost my bearings two days ago in the fog, and was brought down in the German lines. Secret orders for the British General have been taken from me. Try to find and burn at once, the blue paper which he has in his possession. If you do not destroy it, Bruges will be blown up. Thank you so much for the flower," he said in a louder tone. Then, closing his eyes, he turned his head wearily away.

Elspeth was so astonished, that she stood looking at the young man with round eyes, wondering if he were delirious. Then a weak voice said, "For God's sake, hurry."

She turned at once and finished her tour of the room as quickly as possible. The young man watched her go.

"I hope she believes what I told her about the blowing up of Bruges," he said to himself. "What may happen, will be worse, but it was better to tell her that, in case she would have hesitated at taking a personal risk. She looks very young."

Elspeth excused herself to the nuns, and hurried back to the house. The General and his aide were both out, but a sentry, his bayonet fixed, stood outside the General's room. She knew that she could never bribe this man. She left her hat in her room as if she had gone up for that purpose, and then went downstairs to the kitchen. Her sister was there alone.

"Marianne," she whispered as she closed the door, "I want you to help me. Use all of the will power that you have, dear, for only you can do what must be done. I have to find something which is lost. It means life or death to both of us. Let no one come into this room, no one. Do you understand?"

Marianne nodded. Her sister went out of the back door, and closing it quietly after her, looked up at the General's window. She could make the bedroom window from the hen-house roof, and from there, slip into the sitting-room which contained the desk.

The girl removed her shoes, and with no difficulty, climbed onto the roof of the low building. From this height she could reach the sill of the bedroom window. By standing on the hen-house ventilator, the sill was only three inches above her waist. Holding her skirts well above her knees, she threw her right leg over the sill, and then grasping the window-frame, sprang upward with her other foot, until she grasped the sill in the bend of her right knee. In another second she was in the room.

With a beating heart, Elspeth searched the bedroom, and then crept stealthily into the sitting-room. She turned over in vain all the papers on the desk. The drawers were locked. She had heard that secret documents were never locked up, but were usually hidden in receptacles unlikely of being suspected of containing anything of value. She turned back the rug without making a sound, shook the window curtains and examined the bottom of the only upholstered chair in the room. In despair, she went back to the desk.

Marianne, left alone, repeated to herself as she wrung her hands, "Life or death, life or death. There must be death for me, but for Elspeth, there must be life. I must let nobody in through the door. Elspeth has lost something, lost something."

Her mind became vacant again, and then she remembered her sister's admonition. "Use all the will-power that you have." Elspeth was in danger. Their dying mother had left the child to her care ten years ago. And now she must save her. She closed her eyes and her terror for Elspeth increased. She started to her feet as the darkness seemed to grow.

She forgot to open her eyes, and with clenched hands, her face white, she began to pray.

"Mother of God," she whispered, "Save her, save her."

A sound came from the street, and Marianne nearly screamed. She clapped her hand over her mouth, and the sound outside passed off in the distance. Then she became aware of a light on the wall which shone out in the apparent darkness of the room. A cross of flame became visible. Marianne crossed herself and the flame vanished. In its place a framed picture of the German Kaiser appeared. Then this too vanished, and the cross flamed out again. When this faded into the darkness, Marianne opened her eyes.

"It is a message for Elspeth," she thought. Steadily she crept back to the back door and opened it. Her sister was just trying to leave her window on the return journey.

"The Kaiser's picture," Marianne whispered, "It is there."

Elspeth returned to the General's room and looked for the Kaiser's picture. It hung over the mantel in an imitation wooden frame. The edges of the frame crossed each other at the corners, and there was a round knob on each end. The girl unscrewed first one knob and then another. In each receptacle thus disclosed, a roll of paper lay. From the third one a blue paper slipped.

Trembling with excitement, Elspeth placed it within her dress, and in another minute stood breathless in the kitchen.

"Quick, Marianne," she whispered, "the matches!"

The other brought the box.

"Oh, Elspeth," she cried, "your hands are red with blood."

"Nonsense, my dear. I spilled the red ink in the General's room, but I wiped it all up with my petticoat. It has merely stained my hands a little."

Together the two girls burned the blue paper, and then Elspeth removed all traces of the red ink from her

hands, and started to prepare the dinner.

At three o'clock General von Aldheim entered with his aide, and closed the door of his room.

Elspeth, too afraid to be left alone, had remained in the kitchen with madame. Five minutes passed, and then there came a roar of rage from the room above. The sentry was called, and finally madame and the two girls were summoned.

"Has anyone passed this door, sentry, during the time you were on duty?" the General questioned.

"No one, meinherr," the sentry answered, "and no one has come upstairs except the Fraulein here who went to her room for five minutes, but who returned downstairs without stopping or speaking."

"You have not been asleep?"

"I have not, meinherr."

"Someone has been in the room, nevertheless. Papers are missing, and there is red ink on another paper which did not have red ink on it this morning. The ink bottle is half empty."

The General turned to his aide and said, "Weissner, kindly go to the wireless station yourself, and send off the special messages which you know are necessary as a result of the loss of that paper. As you go out send me the sentry posted in the street, and I will handle these women myself."

The aide went downstairs and out of the house, and an extra sentry, with fixed bayonet, entered the room.

"You may sit down," the General said to the three women as he waved his hand toward some wooden chairs ranged against the wall. "You make me nervous." He turned to the sentry by the door and said, "Telephone for the woman who examines woman prisoners, and a squad to search the house."

The two sisters were standing hand in hand. Elspeth's eyes were wide with fright, but Marianne looked calmer and more sane than she had looked for months.

Elspeth was tired, the strain of the morning was telling upon her, and she knew better than the others what would happen now. She dropped wearily into the plain wooden chair and comfortably crossed her legs.

The General had his back turned, but in a mirror which stood on his desk, he saw the red ink on Elspeth's petticoat. He jumped up, his face livid.

"You little devil," he shouted. "All the time you were a spy. And you used the honest love of Carl to protect yourself while carrying on your work. Oh, I will be even with you for what you will have made him suffer with your innocent face. Sentry," he said to the one woman that now remained in the room, "when the authorities have finished the examination, you may give her to the soldiers, the more the better. She will be shot anyway at sunrise."

The end of the order was drowned by a scream from Marianne. Elspeth had fainted and fallen from her chair. Madame Cortlandt fanned her with a newspaper hastily snatched from the table, and the sentry dropped his bayonet to help the old woman to lift Elspeth onto the couch. The General turned his back to the group and picked up his own telephone.

No one was looking for Marianne. She stood in strained silence as if listening, her face transfixed. She slipped her hand into the large pocket of her apron and lovingly fingered the weapon she felt there. It was Carl's revolver which, with the cunning of the insane, she had taken from his desk. She drew it from her pocket and took careful aim at the General's back. No one saw her movement. Suddenly three shots rang out. Two were fired at the General and they killed him instantly. With the third shot, Marianne took her own life, and died under the impression that her act had somehow saved Elspeth.

At the sound of the shots, the second sentry, who had been telephoning

in the hall, rushed into the room. The other man held Elspeth by the wrist.

"Take the other woman's hands;" he yelled, "till I can tie up this one and see what I can do for meinherr." He whipped a leather strap out of his pocket. Elspeth opened her eyes as the strap cut her wrists. Her captor left her securely tied and knelt by the body of the General, which had fallen face downward. He was trying to turn it over when the front door banged. Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs and Carl stood in the doorway.

"What does this mean?" he said. "Elspeth!"

She did not speak. He turned to the man who held Madame Cortlandt. The sentry explained in a few words.

"Meinherr ordered that she be given to the soldiers and then shot," he ended.

Carl set his jaw and his face paled.

"The General is now dead, so I am in charge here. As your superior officer, I will change the orders. Go to the barracks and report all that has occurred. Exonerate madame of any complicity in this plot. I will take charge of the Fraulein, and you will have the proper authorities here in half an hour. Now go."

Carl left the room with them and ran upstairs.

As the two men left the front door, he returned to the room with a warm coat and cap of his own for Elspeth. He cut the straps on her wrists and helped her to sit up, bringing her a glass of water to revive her.

"Try to come to," he said tenderly. "Elspeth I want you to come with me. Marianne is dead, dear, and happier so. Come, we will go in the aeroplane. Say good-bye to madame."

Elspeth sat up and took madame's hand. "You have been so good to us, dear madame. I hate to leave you so."

"Dear child, it is best. I have been exonerated, and nothing will happen to me." As she spoke madame placed a sofa cushion under the head of

Marianne. Elspeth helped her with brimming eyes. Then she turned to Carl.

"Where can we go?" she said.

"The American troops have landed in France," Carl answered. "We will fly over the German lines until dark, and then land behind the American lines. I have finished with Germany and the Germans. Come, Elspeth, we have only a short time to get off. I will tell you my plan on the way."

He helped her to her feet and she kissed madame good-bye. Then Carl placed his hand over her eyes and led her from the room and out of the back door.

Once outside, they hurried across the field behind the house to the hangar. While Carl was unlocking the door and preparing the machine for flight, he told her what had happened.

"I have been given orders," he said, "which I cannot carry out. I returned to tell my Uncle so, and to take the punishment, which is death. When I heard of the orders which had been given about you, I suddenly thought of this plan."

"You will be taken prisoner," said Elspeth as she turned up her coat collar.

"At first, yes. We will give ourselves up, of course. But I am an American citizen. I have been one for five years. And I think I can convince the authorities that I wish the Allies to annihilate the brute force in Germany. Besides which, I can give much valuable information."

"Oh, Carl, you never told me that you are an American citizen," Elspeth said reproachfully.

"I couldn't, dear," he said, pulling on his driving gloves. "I had enlisted in the German army at the time that the United States was neutral. I had a right to, then, and I deemed it my duty to keep to my oath. I do not feel that way now. As soon as I regain my American nationality, we will be married. Meanwhile some hospital matron will look

after you. Ready now. Jump in."

"Oh I hate to leave Marianne like that."

Elsbeth drew back, and tears welled up into her eyes.

"If you don't, dear little girl, you will in a few hours be past doing anything for her yourself. Come." Carl put his arm around her and with his left hand, turned her face up to his.

"The soldiers are in the street," he said. "I hear them marching on the

stone road. It is worse than death to stay here. "If we go, there is Life, and Love, and Liberty."

Elsbeth kissed him.

"Come, then," she said, and together they took their places in the aeroplane. Carl started his engine, flying low over German-held ground until he reached the sea.

Half an hour after dark, he and Elspeth stood hand in hand in France happy prisoners in the hands of the American Army.

BOY BLUE

By ARTHUR B. WATTS

LITTLE BOY BLUE, come blow your horn
And mount your steed this summer morn!
Your hobby-horse is a charger bold
That takes a strong little arm to hold.

Rattle-de-bang adown the walk!
Whoa a minute! We want to talk—
Talk of the elves and the fairy prince,
And the lad who made the giant wince.

You take my hand and from "our street",
Familiar to your tiny feet,
We pass along through foreign parts
To where the dear, green country starts.

The river bank, the daisy field,
The wooded nook, what joy they yield!
The warbler's note 'mid leafy shade
Allures us farther up the glade.

It's time for home; you cry, "No! No!"
But when we turn our pace is slow;
And ere we reach the beaten track
You're glad to climb upon my back.

Big Boy Blue! The years have sped,
And now you tower above my head.
Another hour, and you will slip
Away from home to join your ship.

You go alone; no more we two!
Your King has need of men like you.
His call has come to eager ears.
See how my pride has dried my tears!

SONS

By BEATRICE REDPATH

AS soon as he could hold a toy
He had a bugle and a gun
And leaden soldiers; as a boy
I taught him that my son
Must learn to fight his battles out,
Not hide—nor run.
And I would tell him tales about
Battles and stern-faced warriors,
And speak of brave things men had done.
Yet women wonder why do men make wars.

AT NIGHT

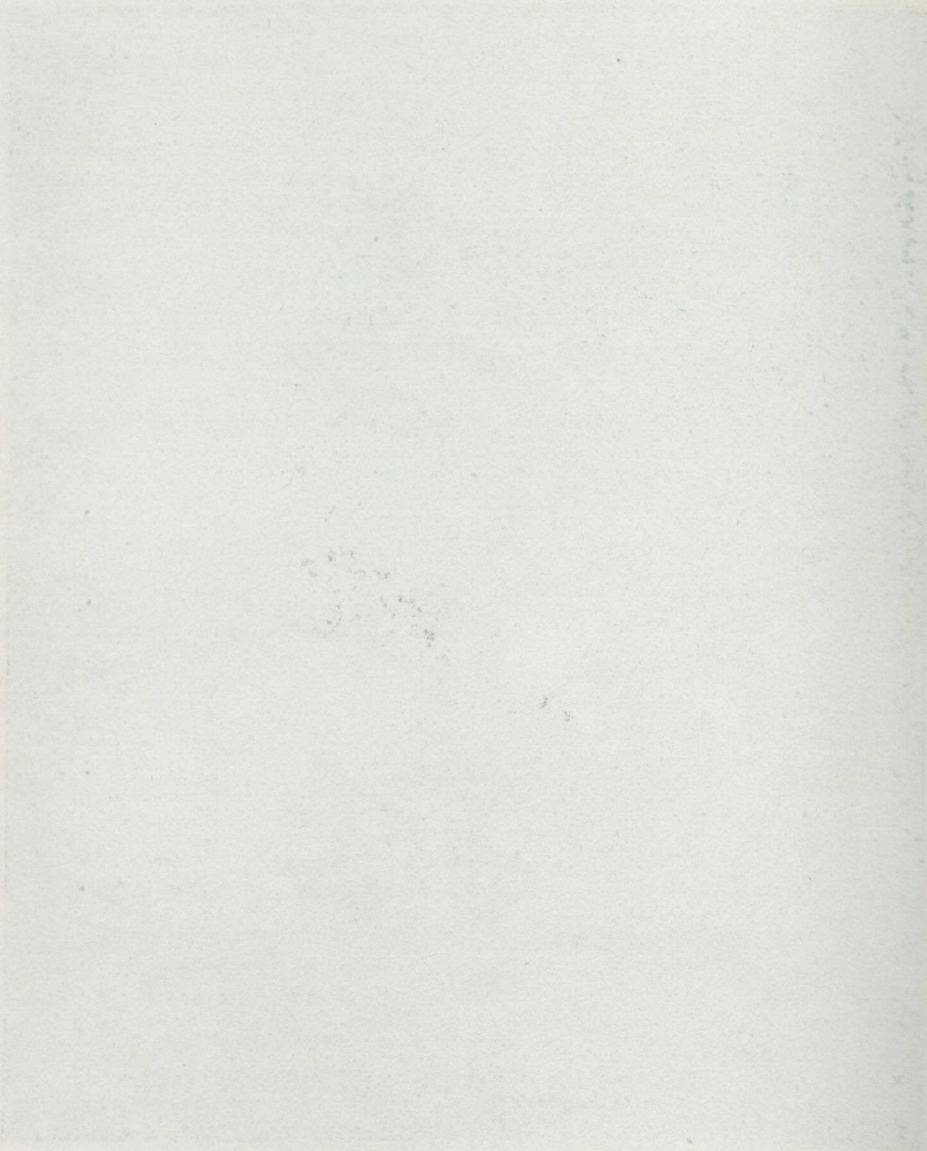
By BEATRICE REDPATH

I KNOW some day
That he'll be here just as he used to be,
I know that he'll be still as gay
And kind to me—
Oh, so I say
Most every day,
But in the night-time, sick with fear,
Huddled beneath the sheet,
I hear
A blind man's stick come tapping down the street.



HORSES DRINKING

From the Painting by
Horatio Walker, R.C.A.,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy



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IN THE VINEYARDS OF BURGUNDY

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



THE level road that runs from Beaune to Dijon is bordered with vineyards. They cover the plains and vanish up the hillside on one hand and disappear into the valley on the other. Shorn of all grace, each vine stands erect, one pace removed from its fellow, while the stake to which it is tied projects like a gray spear above the green. Here and there a sunbonneted woman, an old man or a child may be seen pruning the vines, tying them with wisps of straw, harrowing the ground or spraying the leaves till they are changed to a metallic blue which seems to be reflected from the sky above.

At intervals throughout the countryside are gray stone hamlets with tiled roofs, each with its ancient church, a chateau or two and a café, and my stay in Gevrey-Chambertin has been of sufficient duration to give me a feeling of pride in stating that here may be found the oldest chateau and the nicest café in the whole canton! They tell me too, that Chambertin is one of the best varieties of burgundy and that the names of the nearby villages sound sweet in the ears of wine bibbers, but the best is always exported and the clients of our café are apt to think more of quantity than quality. The name above our doorway, "Aux Vendanges de Bour-

gogne", is seductive. Enticing, too, are the green tables and chairs in the gravelled space before it, separated from the dusty highroad by shrubs in green tubs, flowering hydrangeas and nasturtium vines. I have the self-righteous feeling of the early riser as I sit here, carefully stirring my morning coffee to extract the full flavour from my limited supply of sugar. The *vignerons* are only now going to work, for at eight o'clock they call it seven,—they did not alter their clocks with the daylight-saving law! The café is quiet at this hour; but the paper girl brings me the Paris papers and before long, customers will begin to arrive; French officers in dusty motors, poilus with transport wagons, American soldiers driving ambulances or motor lorries on the road from Beaune to Dijon. The "Sammies" order *limonade*; they have not the Frenchman's love of wine, nor his capacity for drink which daily fills me with amazement.

Vineyardmen who work by the day, are given by their employers a quart of *petit vin* at ten o'clock, a quart at noon, another at four and still another at night, but sometimes they find that insufficient and will drop in between times at a café where wine of a richer hue gladdens their hearts. "Old George," when he is not working, will drink as many as six large bottles of the real article and there are other

men in the neighbourhood who can consume an equal amount without being noticeably affected. "Old George" complains bitterly of the price—one franc, seventy-five centimes for a large bottle, eighteen sous for a *demi-bouteille*! Truly this is a terrible war! But I doubt if in times of peace such a poor specimen of humanity as he could find employment.

Even the well-to-do bourgeoisie, so saving in most things, is lavish in his expenditure for wine. On Sundays a plain, middle-aged couple with a little girl of eight come here for dinner and, with their napkins tucked carefully under their chins, soberly consume their mid-day meal which includes a quart of red wine and a large bottle of burgundy of a finer vintage. Other couples, for whom the outing is a rarer celebration drink an *apéritif* before the meal, a quart of Burgundy and one of Champagne during the repast, with coffee and liqueurs to follow, making the bill for drinks more than double the sum paid for the food.

One day at noon a little man driving a load of wood to Dijon sat down opposite me at the green table and, opening a newspaper containing the end of a loaf, a small piece of cheese and about half a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, called for a quart bottle of red.

"I see you prefer drinking to eating, monsieur," I said. "Yes," he replied, "Yes . . . I am made like that! Small need for cooking in my home! A plate of soup—that is easily made—bread, cheese and a good quart of wine and I run like a rabbit! Ah wine is the saviour of life!" He sipped a little more and then continued, "I have been a *vigneron* since I was a youngster. Perhaps you remember the wine of 1893? It was 14 per cent. pure alcohol in my part of the country—well, I thrive on that. Wine is what gives the Frenchman his spirit and makes him the best fighter in the world!" He meditated awhile and

then added, "No; it is not I who would betray France!" and he patriotically emptied his glass. "Are you an American, madame?" he continued.

"Canadian," I replied.

"Ah! *ma pauvre dame*! You are far from home! My mare also—the one out there—she is a Canadian, but she understands no language—neither French nor *argot*. But you, madame, speak English? Then my daughter would be very pleased to have you come and talk to her. She lives on a good little farm quite near—not more than six miles away. . . . I paid a lot of money to have her taught. She is a sensible girl—my daughter—a *modiste*. She has served her apprenticeship in Paris and makes hats of very great value. If you like I will drive you to see her with my mare—the one from Canada—perhaps you could make her understand!"

Now that hats "of great value" are not in demand I suppose the sensible daughter is working in the vineyard like everyone else. War has made us all versatile! My host, M. Collardot, is not only a hotelkeeper, vineyardman and farmer, but on Sunday, behold he is the village barber and his regular customers pay him for their weekly shave by the year! He raises sufficient fruit and vegetables for the use of his establishment while Madame Collardot carefully preserves them for the winter use. In her little yard she raises chickens and rabbits, she does all the cooking and she and her serving-maid take their turn in the fields when extra help is needed.

In the old days there were banquets in the great empty dining-room above the café, and the stores of linen, glass and china in madame's cupboard were often used, not only on the premises but sometimes the horse was harnessed to take supplies to wedding celebrations in distant villages. There was dancing too and music—now we hear none, unless you count the blind piper who pays us a visit every week or so.



“Tying them with wisps of straw”

He plays from ear and changes popular ditties to suit his morbid fancy, but *que voulez vous?* It is surely a great misfortune to be blind! So the children crowd around him while their elders part with carefully-hoarded pennies and the girls receive in exchange, from the old hag who leads him, a brightly-coloured paper whereon they see the picture of their “future” and plainly read their fortune.

The crowd that the piper attracts is only equalled by the one which gathers when the town crier beats his drum. The children cry:

“V’la l’ appariteur!” and we throw open our windows or run to

the street to hear what he may have to say. Yesterday he hurried the slothful from their beds—but it was only to remind us to get our bread tickets! Sometimes his announcements are more personal: a cow having strayed into a field of lucerne and eaten not wisely but too well became swollen to such an extent that she had to be killed, so her owner informs the public that he has beef for sale. This advertisement costs him one franc, fifty centimes and when there are two announcements to be made in one day the *appariteur*, who is already in receipt of a salary of thirty dollars a year paid by the township for official notices, grows wealthy.



The Church at Gevrey-Chambertin

I often wonder what the quiet road was like when the appariteur beat his little drum to call to arms four years ago in Gevrey-Chambertin.

"The news had travelled before him," Madame Collardot told me, "but we gathered round to listen just the same, then he called for my husband who was working at the vines and I ran and ran, without stopping to take breath. Of course I knew he was too old to fight (and I was too old to run like that!) but I called to him, 'Come quick!' and he came running, and there was an auto at the door and he jumped in, for there was a sealed despatch to be delivered to every young man in the district, calling him to join his regiment.

"We were not sad when the boys went away—no, we were far too ex-

cited for that! I said to my son-in-law, 'You will not fight; this is but a demonstration!' No one had told us the fighting had already begun! . . . and since that day we have not lived in Gevrey-Chambertin!"

Yet life goes on! Bread is scarce and wine is dear but there is still the vintage and everyone lives for and by the vintage. There are no young men to help—unless you count the German prisoners and the Russians who, though not prisoners, are not allowed to leave France. The Slavs seem fairly contented, though no one speaks their language and they know very little French. Two of them used to lodge behind our café, but Ossip left last Sunday to join the foreign legion. He did not relish his undefined status—neither soldier nor civilian—nor



The XIII Century Chateau at Gevrey-Chambertin

did he like being mistaken for a Bosche, as he sometimes was, though the Russians wear their own uniform, a loose belted khaki blouse and a peaked cap. The German's gray cap is without a peak and has a red band. He is frequently dressed in bright green and in all his clothing the P. G. (*Prisonnier de guerre*) are conspicuously stamped.

Ossip had been a carpenter in Russia and he did not like the constant stooping involved in work on the land. Still he was clothed and well fed and besides that he received two francs a day and the farmer for whom he worked was very kind. "But some day I may have a patron who is not good," Ossip reasoned, "and if I do not please him he will put me in prison with 200 grammes of bread a day and water. That has happened to some of my comrades." So Ossip decided to fight for France.

The motors that fly between Beaune and Dijon are all military, and comparatively few horses pass by, especially since the day of requisition. Gevrey-Chambertin is the *chief lieu* of the canton, so it was here that all the horses from thirty-two surrounding townships were brought for Government inspection. More than four hundred came, so they, with their attendants, made a great stir in the quiet place. All day long the peasants

waited, camping on the village green where they ate their black bread and drank their sour wine at mid-day and fed their horses with oats. All day long the café was crowded with bourgeois who discussed the war, speculated on the chance of their horses being taken, the price the Government would pay, and the possibility of replacing them. Madame Collardot was unexpectedly called upon to prepare forty dinners—a tremendous crowd for her humble restaurant! And all day long Antoinette ran up and down the cellar stairs for fresh supplies of wine.

Four hundred and sixty horses passed, one by one, before a stable door where the inspecting officers had installed themselves, with a table, chairs and writing materials. A policeman called each man by name from a list of the owners of horses compiled at the various town halls, and every horse, old and sorry though it might be, had to be led before the judges. Even when the owner had papers to show that his horse had already served and been discharged as unfit for use in the army, he must again be produced, for rest and care make new horses as well as new men. Sometimes a woman led the horse, sometimes a German prisoner—for many of the farmers had brought with them their only labourer, and he found pleasure

in conversing, in his own language, with those who lived in distant villages. The judges watched the gait of the horse as it was made to run before them, they examined its teeth and fixed the price and noted its qualities in case a further requisition should be needed. Sixty horses in all were chosen and the prices fixed were often three times the cost of the animal, but even so, a good horse is impossible to replace just now, and none but the proprietors who could prove that their horses were absolutely indispensable to the cultivation of their farmsteads were able to obtain exemption.

The examination dragged on all day long, and it was growing dark when the last of the old people

wearily turned their faces homewards. Only the children had thoroughly enjoyed the day, and the chickens and geese who wandered as usual about the village square, but this day reaped a richer harvest in grain and crumbs from the noon-day meals of man and beast.

At night the women, gathering in the doorways to discuss the events of the day, shook their heads sadly and said:

“They have taken our sons, they have taken our husbands, now they have taken our horses . . . only the little children are left and they are growing tall . . . when will this cruel war be over? When will we begin to live again in Gevrey Chambertin?”



THE EAST IN THE WEST

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS

MISS MABIE'S interview with Chin Fook was short but courteous, particularly courteous on the side of the Oriental. Miss Mabie nearly lost her temper once or twice for this very reason. He had explained to her in good English, that he did not want his daughter Fon brought up as a Christian, because while he thought Jesus' teachings were very good, Buddha's were older and better, and there was nothing Christ had not said that the earlier teacher had not said before him. He was very much obliged to Miss Mabie for teaching his child English, he believed a certain amount of education good for every woman; and when Miss Mabie had rather hotly retorted something about the slavery of Oriental women with their "certain amount of education", Chin Fook had quietly and smilingly replied that at least Eastern women had not yet learned to shun the highest and noblest responsibility of their sex, that of bearing children, and jocularly he had added, "In one hundred years, Miss Mabie, there shall be no more sons of white women; then the conquest of this country shall be an easy task for the child-bearing peoples."

At the last Miss Mabie was forced to fall back upon the lame excuse that Fon did not want to go home with her father. To which the latter shrugged his shoulders expressively and conveyed to Miss Mabie a dozen insinuations by that one gesture.

So Fon was called into the room, where she huddled beside her teacher's chair, and her father standing in the middle of the floor, with a bland smile and a lazy grace, talked to her very rapidly in Chinese, of which Miss Mabie understood not a word, and to which Fon made ejaculatory and monosyllabic responses. At length the Chinese child stood up, "I will go with him", she said in a low voice.

"But you don't want to go, Fon." Miss Mabie caught the girl's hand, and drew her around to face her. "You don't want to go, do you?"

Fon's face for one moment expressed sick fear, and a wild appeal, then it assumed its usual sweetly docile mask. "I will go with him," she repeated.

Miss Mabie told the man that if he would have the goodness to go, as soon as she could get Fon's clothes together she would bring the girl to his house herself. Chin said he would wait. Miss Mabie said it would take too long. Chin said Fon would not require the clothes anyway, because he did not believe in the English style of dress the child was wearing.

"Very well, wait, then," said Miss Mabie, and still keeping Fon's hand, she drew her from the room, and they went upstairs together. The Chinese girl was told to pack her small belongings in her small matting bag, and then Miss Mabie went into her sitting-room to telephone to Mr. Brenton, reporter on *The Call* and her usual "very pleasant help in time of trouble".

"It's Alice speaking," she told him. "Paul, I wish you would come up here."

"What's the matter?"

"Can you come instantly?"

"Unless you're being held up, or have taken poison by mistake, I can't. It would cost me my job. You caught me just as I was leaving to take the boat to V—. I've got three minutes to listen to you."

"What do you know about Chin Fook?"

"Let me see, let me see, Chin Fook—silk merchant, building the new Oriental hotel in Chinatown. Worth a million probably. Decent sort of man to deal with. Credited or discredited with six wives and one of 'em a white woman. Recently returned from China. Lived in this city ten years off and on. Said to be highly connected with Chinese royal family. Don't believe it, but undoubtedly a superior sort."

"It's his daughter, Fon, who has been staying with me off and on since he has been absent in China."

"One of your Chinese class, eh?"

"Yes, and now he's come home, and he wants her to leave me altogether."

"A father's privilege."

"Paul, he's not a father. He's a cold, cruel, calculating, fat beast. How can he know anything about fatherhood with six wives? Besides, one of the little girls in my class, Fon's cousin, told me in secrecy, that Chin Fook is not Fon's father at all. He drove up here in his motor car two days ago, and when he saw Fon, his eyes fairly glistened, and she was so frightened of him, I thought she was going to faint. He told her he wanted her at home now that her mother was dead; she died about a year ago, I believe, Fon was with me at the time. And to-day he came to take Fon away. All last night the poor child lay wide awake, and over and over again, she would beg me not to let her go. It's been terrible, Paul. Listen to me."

"I am listening," Paul replied.

"I am perfectly sure Chin Fook is a slave dealer. I have no proof beyond my own intuition, but I feel certain he wants to sell Fon to some one. She has grown so pretty, so charming. There was a Chinaman with him yesterday, a perfectly hideous creature. Fon would not speak about him. In fact, she won't tell me anything, but she looks at me with dumb, appealing eyes, and I know she trusts me to help her. What can I do? Fon is not like those other Chinese women and girls you see about. She has ideals, Paul, beautiful ideals, and for six months she has been going to service with me regularly. Paul, I must do something, I simply must."

"Where is Chin?"

"Downstairs waiting for her. What if I lock her up, Paul, and refuse to let him have her?"

"It wouldn't do at all, Alice, you would only get into trouble. You are not an Oriental, and you can't understand them. You are investing Fon with some of your own sweet attributes, but in reality she's Chinese and nothing can make her anything else. I wish I could come up and see you, but I can't. You know the Chinese are like fish, cold-blooded. Fon is grieved at having to part with you, that's all. She'll get over it. There's no common ground on which West can meet East, and our breed and their's is as far apart as the poles. For heaven's sake, don't let Chin know your suspicions. Pretend friendliness, if you want to keep in touch with your protégé, but, believe me, it won't do very much good, so far as changing Fon's nature goes. Well, good-bye, Alice. You have known a long time how I feel about these subjects. Be a good girl, and don't worry."

"Paul you are as cold-blooded as a fish yourself. I am going up to Fon now, and if she will consent to stay with me, I'll lock the doors against Chin Fook."



"Alice presented herself at the shop"

"Don't do it, Alice."

"Good-bye, Paul."

But when Miss Mabie returned to Fon's bedroom, it was to find it empty; and all search of the small house failed to reveal any trace of either Chin Fook or the girl.

*

At five o'clock Alice presented herself before one of the long counters in Chin's silk shop. There were several American tourists examining embroidered linens and talking in very loud voices, evidently labouring under the impression common to most English-speaking people that natives of all foreign countries must necessarily be a little deaf. They turned to look at Alice with frank and friendly admiration. But the Chinaman who came to serve her wore an expression of bored indifference.

"Where is Chin Fook?" she asked.

"Not in," laconically replied the Chinaman.

"I must see him," said Alice.

"He not here. Come back eight o'clock."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes—sure."

"I want to see his brother then, his brother Lee."

"Jes' minute." Alice watched, as he ambled slowly to the back of the shop and disappeared under the stairs. Presently he returned accompanied by a small, stout man who wore glasses, and smiled benignly upon Alice.

"How do you do?" said she, trying to return the smile.

"How do you," he replied, "you velly well?"

"Thank you," Alice nodded. "Did your brother bring Fon here, a few hours ago?"

The first Chinaman had been hovering behind the other man and now at a sharp word from the latter, slowly and reluctantly withdrew.

"I know no," Lee told Alice. "I jes' come in mysel'."

"Where is your little girl? Where is Bit?"

"She go play somewhere. I know no."

Alice looked about her slowly and comprehensively. For all she knew Fon and her other little pupils' so well, she had never been at the home of any of them, and was not sure whether Fon lived over the store as did the families of most of the Chinese merchants, or in quite another part of the town. She looked at the closed wooden door at the back of the long store, at the little door under the stairs through whose glass a dim oil lamp could be seen burning; looked up the narrow stairway to another closed door, and there while she watched, the curtain of the glass was drawn back, and for a brief moment she saw Fon's face, swollen with weeping, the lips white, the eyes entreating. The curtain dropped almost instantly and the face was gone, but Alice without a moment's hesitation walked toward the stairway, the Chinaman following her up. Up the steps she walked and straight to the door. She tried the knob. The door was locked.

"Open this," she said to Lee, "Fon is in here."

He looked a little troubled, but smiled as he shook his head.

"Please," entreated Alice softly. "I want to speak to her. She went away to-day without saying 'good-bye' to me. I would like to see her."

"You come to-night," said Lee in a kindly tone, "Come eight o'clock. Chin Fook here then."

"Won't you please let me speak to her now?" asked Alice.

Again the Chinaman shook his head. "Velly solly," he said. "Chin Fook say 'no'. I can not. Velly glad see you to-night eight o'clock."

And Alice, much disturbed at heart, but trying to keep an untroubled countenance, followed Lee down the stairs, held her chin a little high as she passed the survey of the tourists' inquisitive eyes, and, reaching the doorway of the shop, was bowed ceremoniously away by Lee.

*

Alice had eaten no luncheon and when she sat down with her sister Annie to their dinner, she found she had no appetite. Annie was away all day teaching in a primary school outside the city limits. Their evenings were the only times the sisters had together. Fon's tear-stained face, and terror-haunted eyes were constantly before Alice; she could talk of nothing but what she called the "kidnapping" of her little friend. Annie was sympathetic but very tired. When Alice announced her intention of going out to try to see Fon, her sister endeavoured to dissuade her, and while they were arguing about it, a ring at the front door bell interrupted them. Alice responded and found a Chinaman, whose face looked oddly familiar, and yet whose identity she could not fix. He handed her a note, and then ran away down the street as fast as he could go. Alice looked after him, puzzled for a moment, then opened her letter. It was in Fon's writing:

"Dear Miss Alice," it ran, "I write to say good-bye and God bless you. I was in much hurry to-day. I like to see you again, but better not. Have good memory of me. I will try and be good. Chin Fook is kind to me. Fon." Then underneath these very carefully penned lines were some hardly legible words, looking as if the writer had been under great stress:

"Come to-night. I watch for you, to the doorway on Ogilvie Street. Come for Jesus' sake."

When the letter was shown to Annie she was more insistent than ever that Alice should not go out of the house that night, but Alice was very white-

faced and determined. Besides she told Annie she would run no risk; eight o'clock was early, it did not get dark until nine. There would be lots of shoppers in Chin Fook's, and whoever heard of a white woman being harmed in Chinatown anyway.

The streets were crowded with the usual Saturday night throng and Chinatown was as noisy and noisome as ever. Alice walked rapidly. Her neat frock, her dark hat, her small black boots were inconspicuous enough, but the plainness of her attire did nothing to hide the bright loveliness of her young face, the shining gold of her soft hair, or the slim beauty of her figure.

The obsequious Lee was busy attending some customers when she entered the store, but he left them, and going to Alice asked her to follow him into the office, a small room, which took in one of the front windows, and was separated from the rest of the shop by a partition which reached halfway to the ceiling. Chin Fook was there alone.

Alice sat down when he had invited her to do so, and then without any preamble he came straight to the point, speaking quietly, formally, and sitting in his own chair behind the desk.

It was best, he told her, that she should not see Fon at present. The girl was upset naturally at leaving her, but she was very sensible and amenable and would become reconciled in a very little while. He thought it had been a mistake for Fon to have seen quite so much of Miss Mabie. True, he had been glad, as had other Chinese friends, to have the children taught by so capable a lady, and if Miss Mabie had gone a little farther than they had intended in trying to instil Western ideas into Eastern children's minds, she was acting according to her own opinions of what was fitting, and they had no fault to find with her. Most of the children whom she taught would continue to live in Canada, and such

teaching would do no harm. But for Fon he had different plans. She would return to China in the course of two or three years, marry a man of his choosing, and raise her sons and daughters as befitted the children of a Chinese dignitary. "We are a very old people," he said, smiling almost paternally. "But we are glad to learn from younger nations what is new, when it is worth knowing. Yet, some of our own institutions have stood the test of time, and we have yet to find that they can be improved upon."

Now Alice knew nothing whatever about Chinese institutions, nothing whatever about Chinese religions and philosophies. She looked upon the whole nation as benighted heathen, in spite of the fact that the fathers of some of her pupils spoke English as well as she did herself, and had a breadth and tolerance of thought, which she, uncomprehending, and unappreciating, looked upon as further evidence of their immorality. Alice was very young, very lovely, and very charming, but her ancestors had been Puritans, and she had inherited something of their narrowness of view, a fault which the breadth and freedom and unconventionality of the West would in time overcome, but which at present invested her with a zeal for missionary work, which was almost Jesuitical. She looked coldly and gravely upon Chin.

"Why did you and Fon leave my house without telling me?" she asked. The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders.

"Fon came down stairs and asked that we go at once," he said. Alice's large eyes expressed her frank unbelief of this statement, and Chin smiled again.

"Whom do you want Fon to marry?" she asked peremptorily, but with no idea at all of being impertinent.

"You would not understand," said Chin patiently. "In one month you come again and see Fon. We shall

be moved then into my new house on the corner of Glenwood and Oak streets." -

"Thank you," said Miss Mabie stiffly, getting up to go. Chin handed her a sealed envelope.

"The amount due you," he said, and then tendering her a receipt book, "Please sign."

Alice did not linger longer. She wanted to ask a dozen questions, make several accusations, but somehow her tongue refused its office. She felt sick with disappointment, and angry and utterly baffled by Chin's calmness of demeanour. She went out of the shop, and into the night with her mind in a turmoil. Pausing for a moment at the edge of the sidewalk she looked up at the windows above her. No sign of life there. The blinds were closely drawn. Some pots of flowers stood on the little balcony, over the doorway to the shop, tall chrysanthemums, not yet in bloom, and white and red peonies. Alice walked past the shop and around the corner farther into the heart of Chinatown. She was not sure whether Ogilvie street was to the right or the left of Chin Fook's premises. Somewhere a clock struck nine. A man jostled against her with a muttered apology, and then turned around to stare after her. She did not notice him. The shops on the side street were small and mean, their windows dimly lit, and containing a vastly unattractive assortment of unnamable Chinese edibles. There were few people about and those few Chinamen, who looked with furtive curiosity at the girl. Having come to the conclusion that the doorway which Fon specified must be in the street above, she was about to retrace her steps, when the sound of a child crying softly arrested her. Just ahead of her was a dark alley between two shops, a little boy stood there in the shadow sobbing wearily. Alice, her warm heart responding instantly to the appeal, drew the little chap out into the light of a street lamp. He was neither Chinese nor white,

but something of both. The girl's being recoiled. This was one of the tragedies of the West, the tragedies that always made Paul so chokingly indignant. The child spoke English. His mother had whipped him, he said; he was waiting for his father, his father was good to him, and while he spoke the father came, a nondescript Chinaman to whom the little chap ran with a cry of pleasure, and was lifted to the man's shoulder and carried into the dark passage. Alice shuddered and turned away, walking swiftly. Looking over the roofs of the little low shops, she could see the back windows above Chin Fook's store, and while she looked at them, one of them was opened, and a sleek little head thrust out, which Alice believed to belong to Fon. It was quickly withdrawn, so quickly that it seemed to her as if some one had pulled the owner forcibly back. Alice clinched her little teeth. Fon must be set free, to that she had made up her mind. Little Fon, gentle, pretty, confiding Fon, only sixteen last month, should not be forced into marriage or slavery by Chin Fook—Chin Fook with his six wives and one of them a white woman; Chin with his cold, unfeeling face, and his little, shining, appraising eyes, his yellow hands with their long, pointed, polished nails, and his forty years or more of unrighteous living. Alice walked past the silk shop, past the tea shop which adjoined it, past the furniture shop where they were holding a sale of sea-grass chairs, and where even yet there were many shoppers, past the barber shop, from whose open door unspeakable odours came, in which highly-scented soap played the least objectionable part, and so on, until she had come to the end of the block and turned the corner. Ah, here was the entrance to the dwelling portion of the block, the first entrance on Ogilvie street. She was sure of it now, for a small sign-board at the corner bore the names of the intersecting streets. She entered the



"At length the Chinese girl stood up"

doorway boldly, her heart beating a little fast, but her head held high, and her eyes full of courage. A long flight of steps was before her, she ran up them, and opened the door at the top, finding herself in a small dimly-lit hall. Here she paused for a moment, and while she waited, debating what step to take next, which one of the several doors that opened off the hall, to knock upon, one of them opened softly and a woman came towards her, a middle-aged, gray-haired woman, who held her finger to her lips.

"I am Alice Mabie," said the girl in a whisper.

"I know," the other nodded. "Fon explained to me. Come along, I will take care of you. Fon is not here. They are taking her to V——, but if we get down to the boat at once, I think we can manage to intercept them. She is at the Angel Hotel."

"Then it was not she I saw looking

out of the window a few minutes ago?"

The woman seemed puzzled. "Oh, no," she said, "it couldn't have been. Fon is waiting at the hotel until it is time for the boat to leave. But she expects you, she is looking for you, poor little child."

*

Annie Mabie waited until ten o'clock, and then when her sister had not returned she telephoned *The Call* office for Mr. Brenton. Hearing that he was away, she telephoned Chin Fook, and got no reply; then she put on her hat and coat and went to a friend's house, where she enlisted the services of Mr. Thornton, who played in the orchestra at one of the vaudeville houses, but who like many another had much more ability and ambition than his position called for. Mr. Thornton had just come home, and was "dog-tired", but Annie Mabie was only one degree less lovely

and charming than Alice, and so he accompanied her with great avidity.

They walked rapidly toward Chinatown, and Thornton tried to laugh Annie's fears away, and to persuade her that Alice was being entertained by Fon and her father, who would probably bring her home in his motor-car. But Thornton was not without misgivings himself. The crowds were thinning, and Chinatown was comparatively quiet, the shops closed, and closing. At Chin's silk store the blinds were drawn, the door padlocked, and the place in darkness. They retraced their steps to a chemist's shop, and Annie remained at the telephone twenty minutes calling up one place and another that Alice might by chance have gone. Finally she turned away with a very white face, and her eyes, dark with apprehension, questioned Thornton.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"She may be home now," he said cheerily. "Call up your house."

Annie did so without result.

"Then we must go and rouse up Chin." Thornton took her arm, as they left the store and pressed it reassuringly. "She's quite all right, depend upon it," but his own voice broke a little. The city clock struck the quarter before midnight. Late stayers were hurrying into last cars, taxis and motors from the theatres were flying homeward. "She may have gone to a show with some one," suggested Thornton.

"No," whispered Annie, "she'd never do that, knowing I was waiting for her, and anxious. "We must go to Chin's."

Thornton led the way to a little doorway, a very inconspicuous little doorway, between two of the shops. He opened the outside door and rang the bell of the inner door. He rang three times before his summons was answered.

Five minutes later they were in Chin's office, questioning the Chinaman, who told them of his interview with Alice early in the evening; of

how he had given her her money, and she had left him to go home.

"How much money?" asked Thornton.

"Fifty dollars."

"But you did not owe her——" began Annie.

Chin shook his head. "I owed her thirty-five dollars; my brother Lee and I owed her thirty-five dollars for the last three months, but she has been so kind to——"

"Did anyone know that you were to pay Miss Mabie this sum to-night?" interrupted Thornton.

Chin shook his head again. "No one except my brother. She teaches his little girl, too, you understand."

"Could anyone have overheard you telling him about it?"

"No. He was with me only about five minutes before Miss Mabie came in. He and I were in this office alone."

"You paid her in this office?"

"Yes."

The partition is low, some one might have heard, might even have climbed up and seen. Were there many people in the store?"

"Yes, a great many more than we could serve. There was an excursion from S——. But I handed her the money in an envelope. It was in ten dollar bills"—the Chinaman's face was puzzled. "No, I don't think any one could have heard or seen."

"I'm not so sure," Thornton shook his head.

"Did she see Fon?" asked Annie.

"No." Chin looked kindly at the girl's panic-stricken face. No, my little girl is too much distressed. I could not permit it. I am sorry. But it would make it much harder, and——"

"Where is your daughter? She might know something," Thornton suggested.

"She is asleep, I suppose."

"May I see her?" Annie clasped her hands beseechingly. "Please let me see her, I have something very important to ask her."

Chin went away and in the course of ten minutes returned, followed by



“I am Alice Mabie”, said the girl in a whisper”

Fon, who shuffled along in little white Chinese shoes embroidered in silver, and who was wrapped in a blue mandarin coat. Her hair hung in two wide plaits over her shoulders, and her face was like a waxen-white anemone.

Without any preface Annie asked her about the note which had been sent to Alice, and the girl admitted writing it, though to Annie's surprise Chin seemed to know all about it, too. She did not mention the contents of the note then, and after telephoning to their own house once more, and failing to get a reply, Annie got up and said huskily that they must go and look elsewhere.

Chin accompanied them to the sidewalk. He was evidently much concerned. He suggested that they lose no time in consulting the police, and begged them to call upon him at any hour if they needed his services.

*

The moment that Paul Brenton got off the boat the next morning, he hailed a taxi cab, jumped in and was

driven to the Mabies' house. Annie met him white-faced as a ghost, and half stupefied with anxiety. In answer to Paul's rapid queries, she had nothing new to tell, and she broke out into little dry sobs now and then, that were heart-rending to listen to.

“Did you see the Chinaman that brought the note?” asked Brenton.

Annie shook her head, and Alice had taken the note with her, she explained. Fon had admitted writing the letter, but this morning when more closely questioned, she declared she knew nothing whatever of the latter part of the note, that she had not wanted Alice to come and see her again until it would be easier to say “good-bye”.

“We must find the Chinaman who brought the letter,” said Brenton.

“We can't,” said Annie. “He did not come back to Chin's shop this morning and no one has seen him since. Anyway, I don't believe Fon. I think she did write the whole note, but is afraid to confess it, and I am afraid Alice has gone to the wrong

place. I have forgotten what the note said, except that the last message was very urgent."

"Did it mention a street and number?"

"I think it mentioned a street, but I didn't take any notice of the name. I didn't want Alice to go; I begged her not to go."

"What is the police's theory?"

"They think that someone overheard them talking in the store, and followed her for the money—or—they think—"

"Yes, yes, I know." Paul patted Annie's shoulder soothingly. "But we are not going to give up, little woman, or jump to wild conclusions."

"Before she went out, I made her take the little revolver you left," Annie told Paul, to which he replied that that was the best piece of news he had heard. Then he kissed Annie very gravely on the forehead, and because he had never kissed Alice, and yet was claiming a brother's privilege with Alice's sister, he blushed very much, and then turned quite pale, and when he tried to speak he could not, for a little while. "But I'll find her," he told Annie as he went away. "You just watch me. We'll have her home to-night—and then—if she will have me—she won't need to teach those little heathen. After next month, I'll be night editor." He smiled wanly, and Annie tried to smile, too.

The police were working on a clue that led them to S—, following some suspicious characters who had been among the excursionists. Thornton was inclined to a hold-up theory, but Brenton had his own opinions and he enlisted the services of Chin Fook, who was more than eager to assist. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Sin Fat, the young Oriental who had brought the note to Alice, and who proved to be the same one who had served her in the shop the afternoon before, was unearthed. While Paul looked on, Chin interrogated his one-time clerk. They were in a small room at the back of a fish shop, lit

by a smoky oil lamp and smelling like the inside of a glue-pot. Chin shot his questions at the quailing Chinaman, who seemed to writhe under the rapid fire of them. At length the merchant turned to Paul.

"He says some one else wrote that message at the bottom of my daughter's note to Miss Mabie. He says he has been in the employ of the Sangster woman——"

"Good G—!" ejaculated Paul, springing toward Sin Fat.

Chin held up an admonitory hand. "If you frighten him too much," he said, "he will tell nothing more. Wait." Again he spoke rapidly to the other Chinaman, who answered hesitatingly, sullenly. The three left the room and went through the fish shop into the street, walking rapidly.

Through the doorway which Alice had entered the night before they went, and up the stairs into the hall. There was no sign of life. Brenton unlocked all three of the doors which opened off the hall. Two of them led into rooms, unfurnished now, and one of them into a long, dimly lit passage. Off this passage were various rooms, the doors of which were not locked. They were all furnished identically the same, a highly polished bed, dressing-table, and wash-stand, two upholstered chairs, and a square of carpet, and they were all empty. In the last room at the end of the passage, the three men stopped, and Brenton and Chin looked at one another.

"The Sangster woman has had word," said Paul jerkily.

Chin spoke to the other Chinaman, who sat in one of the chairs, a dejected and thoroughly cowed creature. Their dialogue lasted some moments and afterwards Chin interpreted.

"He's been lying to us," said he. "The Sangster woman left here last night for Vancouver on the midnight boat, and was to take Miss Mabie with her. She rented this place from me two weeks ago, but the police told

me who she was and I ordered her out. The women she had with her left last week, and she was to go to-morrow. She saw Miss Mabie in my store two or three times when she came here with Fon, and she spoke to Sin Fat about her. Yesterday he overheard my brother tell her to come to my place at eight o'clock. Then he went to Fon and advised her to write Miss Mabie a letter, saying he would carry it for her. Fon did write it, and she showed it to me, and I let him take it, for I had no suspicions. He went to the Sangster woman, who added something to the note, trying to write like my daughter as though my daughter was much troubled and in haste. Sin Fat swears he knows nothing more, except that he gave the note to Miss Mabie, but for this, he shall die at latest to-morrow morning." Chin spoke slowly and carefully, and with ominous calmness, but his dark eyes burned in his yellow face.

Brenton's own face was ghastly.

"Ask him what other place the Sangster woman frequents in town?" he said huskily.

Chin spoke sharply to Sin Fat, the other did not answer at first. Chin walked over to him, and without any warning, leaned above him and thrust his long fingers about the other man's throat. The room was very still, horribly still for a few moments, and then the sounds which came from the chair were indescribably horrible. At last Chin moved away from his victim.

"He will speak when he gets his breath," he said. But the other Chinaman lay quite inert, his head hanging over the chair arm. Brenton took a jug of water from the wash stand and threw some of the contents in the face of the fainting man, who revived presently and told Chin what he wanted to know.

Brenton and Chin left Sin Fat in the custody of the police, and went together to the water front. They entered a dingy hotel, in the office of

which Chin remained, while Brenton went upstairs alone. He went up the front stairs and down the back stairs and out into a square-shaped yard, not as untidy as might be expected, and where a single tall poplar tree grew and a great deal of ivy covered the back walls of the brick buildings which hemmed it in. Opposite the back of the hotel was a flight of steps leading into a three story brick house. Brenton climbed the steps, and knocked at the door. A Chinaman opened it. Brenton said "Victory." The Chinaman nodded, looked at him keenly with unblinking black eyes, then motioned him to follow, and led the way into the house. There was a kitchen to traverse, a dingy dining room, a dark hall, then more steps and another hall. The Chinaman moved without the slightest sound, and Brenton unconsciously taking his cue from him, went on tiptoe.

"She's at the end there, in room to left," the Chinaman stopped and whispered. "I'll wait in hall down stairs. S'pose you want me, you call, all lite?" and he smiled unblinkingly.

"All right," said Brenton tersely.

"Miss Sangster she say tell you she come back to-morrow night, all lite?"

"All right," again responded Brenton, his throat was parched and the words came jerkily. He walked to the end of the dark hall, and rapped softly on the door indicated at. At first no stir, no sound answered him. He rapped louder. Then a voice came to him, wavering low.

"If you come into this room I shall shoot you at once."

"Alice." Brenton spoke close to the crack of the door. "It is I, Paul."

There came the sound of a low cry. Brenton turned the knob and entered. Alice Mabie leaned against the foot of a bed in a small, dimly-lit room, whose one window was high in the wall and barred. She wore her neat, little suit, and her neat little hat, only her hair was a little disordered, and one or two curling strands hung about

her cheeks. Her face was ashen white and purple shadows lay under her heavy eyes. One hand held fast to the iron railing of the bed behind her, her other hand clutched a small revolver, which she still pointed at arm's length in front of her.

"Put down the revolver, dear," said Paul, coming toward her.

She dropped her outstretched arm. "It isn't loaded," she whispered. "It never has been loaded."

She leaned against him with a little shaking sob, as he put his arms around her, and he unclasped her fingers from the bed, and took the revolver from her stiff clasp, lifting her hands to his lips. Then his self-control gave way entirely. "Alice, Alice," he whispered hoarsely, and he bowed his head over hers, and for a little while neither of them spoke.

"Alice," he whispered after a few moments, and he held her away to peer into her eyes. "Alice, my sweet, has anyone hurt you?"

She shook her head. "No one has touched me, Paul, no one. But all night, since that woman left, and all day, I have stood there where you found me, just watching like that and waiting. I have had nothing to eat, or drink, and yet I have not felt hungry or tired at all until now, though sometimes the room would seem to go around and around. She told me the man would come back again to-day."

"The man, what man?"

"I have puzzled it all out, Paul, while I have been waiting here," Alice said, not answering him directly. "That note the Chinaman brought me was not all in Fon's writing, the last part of it was written by some one else. You see it was not Chin's house I went to at all, though at first I did not guess. The woman said Chin was taking Fon to V—— and that they were down here in this house. She seemed a kind woman, and I thought she cried when she spoke about Fon being so unhappy, and wanting me so much. We came to this place together, and up to this

room, she said Fon was here. She pushed me in and then closed the door and went away. There was some one here, a man. I did not see him at first. He was about as tall as you, and in the dim light looked like you, for just a minute I thought it was you, then I saw more plainly and at once I knew. I took the revolver out of my pocket—and God gave me courage—" her voice broke, but in a moment she had regained her self-control. "The man did not come near me. He only laughed a little, and went quickly to the door, going out and locking it. Later the woman came back and spoke through the key-hole. She said they would keep me here until hunger and thirst overcame me, and that the man would come back to-day. It struck one o'clock just after she went away. I had some milk chocolate in my pocket, and I ate that, I thought I must try and keep up my strength. But I don't know, I don't know, if you hadn't come, Paul—if you hadn't come just when you did—"

"There, there," said Brenton softly, as the girl leaned her head on his shoulder and sobbed a little, chokingly trying to restrain herself. He smoothed her hair with a hand that trembled, but his lips were set and his eyes hard as steel. Presently she asked:

"Can we get away, Paul?"

"Yes, dear."

"While she took off her hat and smoothed her hair, he brushed her coat and skirt with his handkerchief, smiling into her eyes so tenderly that she could not guess at the passion for retribution in his heart. He took her arm and led her from the room. The Chinaman at the foot of the stair they passed without a glance, traversing the house and finding their way out into the yard. There was no one to intercept them. They passed through the hotel, avoiding the office, and found Chin in his motor waiting for them in the street outside. He drove them to Alice's home, and a little later went with Paul to the police station.

Sin Fat was found dead by his own hand in his cell the next morning, and the Sangster woman was apprehended on her return to the city and the justice of the law meted out to her.

*

Two months later Alice and Paul were married, and among the presents was a handsome check from Chin Fook, and a wonderfully carved cabinet from Fon. But Alice did not go to see her little protege for a twelve-month. Fon had written her a letter telling her that she was "never so happy in all her life," and Alice preferred to believe her. Mr. and Mrs. Brenton went to England to visit Paul's people and it was while they were there that Paul told Alice Fon's rather romantic history. The little Chinese girl had been given to Chin Fook while she was still a baby and had been brought up when Chin married, with his own children. Her father had been Chin's dearest friend, but he had died poor and unable to provide for his daughter. It had been arranged before his death that when the time came for Fon to marry, Chin should wed her if he pleased. Needless to say, he did please, and when after his return to Canada he found his adopted child grown to charming womanhood, he did not wish to delay the marriage. The ardour of his wooing frightened Fon at first, and knowing Miss Mabie's convictions she had not wished her to learn the truth. But Chin was both kind and gener-

ous, and Fon had a loving and quickly responsive heart.

One afternoon when Paul and Alice had returned home, they went by special invitation to take tea at Chin Fook's house at the corner of Glenwood and Oak streets. Chin was leaving for China in a few weeks and taking Fon with him, and they did not expect to return to Canada. Chin's house was a large one of mixed architecture, and it had half an acre or more of a garden full of flowers, and a wide verandah enclosed with matting blinds. It was here that Fon and Chin received their guests, Chin as calm and dignified as ever, and Fon wholly adorable in a wonderfully embroidered pale blue satin coat and trousers, and shoes of blue embossed with gold. Her abundant hair, guiltless of grease was dressed high on her small head, and she wore earrings an inch long in her tiny ears. Chin was vastly proud of her, and the four of them conversed animatedly and cheerfully. Presently, Mrs. Chin at a smiling word from her husband, excused herself and disappeared in the front door, returning presently, her face faintly flushed, her head high, and a warm, shy smile in her brown eyes. On her back in a hoodlike sling, she carried a tiny mite of humanity, with a charming little round dark face, and a head covered with soft, black hair.

"Our son," said Chin, with grave dignity, looking at Alice.



PEACH

BY CARLTON McNAUGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. HORSMAN VARLEY



WHEN young Canadians began to lay aside the peaceful weapons of civil life to become the leaders in a grimmer sort of warfare with the Hun, they made an interesting discovery. An important necessity, it appeared, had been omitted from their former plan of life. None of them (that is, none worthy of our notice) had ever employed a valet. They learned, with an increased sense of self-respect, that an officer and a gentleman, whatever else he may lack, must have one of these attendants to minister to his personal needs. It was a flattering idea. The tradition was not allowed to die out.

In the army this functionary is usually called a batman. The term has nothing to do with baseball. In the old days a batman was a soldier who looked after the *bat*, or baggage horses. Later on the sobriquet came to be applied to soldiers who, in addition to their regular duties, "performed odd chores for sergeants in their own time" (*vide* the "Canadian Soldier's Bible"). Nowadays, however, it is the term used to designate the personal servant of an officer or a battalion sergeant-major—for the latter shares with the commissioned ranks the right to have a valet.

A batman is supposed to be a "trained man", capable of bearing arms and taking his place in the firing-line if needed. But while acting

as batman he is relieved of certain parades and such irksome duties as guards and picquets in order to devote his energies to that glittering being, his master. He cleans boots, belts and buttons, carries water, makes fires, resolves order out of chaos in his master's quarters, and generally dances attendance on this superior being whose big point is conveniently presumed to be brains rather than elbow-grease. The superior being allows him a certain stipend, in addition to the pay which a private soldier receives, as a salve to any loss of dignity a fighting man may feel in taking up such menial duties. As a matter of fact, if his patron is not too exacting a master, or is too busy to keep a regardful eye on how the batman spends his time, that worthy is likely to find his lot quite an easy one. So it is not surprising that the post is coveted, especially by such as have no consuming ambition to shine in battles—for instance, "old soldiers", who, having been through it all before, know too much about the less agreeable aspects of war to set a very high price on glory.

There are good and bad batmen. Indeed, batmen have at least one characteristic in common with poets—they are born, not made. The Canadian army, like all the rest of the British forces, drew its material from exceedingly various walks of life. Professional valets are not one of Canada's by-products; hence an officer

was quite likely to discover that his batman had formerly been a coal-heaver or a book-agent. Neither of the above-mentioned occupations is calculated to fit a man to become a gentleman's valet. And yet previous occupation does not have as much to do with it as one might think.

I have already said that batmen are born, not made, and up to the time of enlistment they may have missed their calling. One of the best batmen I ever had was an ex-cow-puncher, who had busted bronchos on the plains of Alberta. In the winters he played a fiddle in theatre and dance orchestras in the cities, so you see he was nothing if not versatile. But he was more used to riding than walking, and although a falling arch did not disqualify him for service in the brass band, (he played an alto horn with great charm), this defect became so bad after a few long route marches that he was ruled out for marching and relegated to "base duty". It was thus that I got him as batman for a portion of the training period.

His long suit was neatness and order. It pained him to see a pair of boots in the wrong corner of the room or a tooth-brush out of alignment in the wall toilet-case. Having been a cow-puncher he knew all about leather, and kept my boots and equipment in excellent condition.

On the other hand, I once had as batman for a short period an ex-plumber, a city man born and bred. I have felt less uncharitable towards plumbers ever since. If this exponent of the profession had the same genius for mending water-pipes as he had for constructing articles of furniture out of old boxes and bits of sack-ing, and for getting impossible accumulations of kit into one small trunk without damage to the trunk or the contents, I am sure he must have risen to the top. He also rivalled a more famous predecessor named Raffles as an appropriator of desir-

able articles for my quarters. Heaven knows how he accomplished it, but if I even casually mentioned a passing desire for a certain convenience, it was in place the following day. And yet his honesty was never impugned. Far be it from me to say he *stole* these things.

All this is really by way of introduction to the story of Private Alfred Peach. Private Peach was my first batman, acquired at a time when I was too absorbed in new and more or less exacting duties and too little impressed with the importance of such a functionary to pay much attention to the choice. In fact, he was not of my choosing at all, but was wished on me by a company commander who (as I afterwards found out) wanted to be rid of him.

His name was Peach, but he looked more like a stale and sallow apple. He claimed to be an "old soldier". When Peach was pressed for particulars, this turned out to mean three years in the Territorials in England, which was Peach's native land. More recently he had been a labourer, employed on drains in Canada. His attestation paper said he was unmarried and forty-two years of age, but he looked nearer fifty. He was a little man, and he had an odd fashion of sidling into my tent with his shoulders drooped forward and his arms hanging limply in front of him, which gave him a furtive air. He also had an uncanny habit of perspiring profusely in the face on the slightest provocation. His sandy moustache had been allowed to luxuriate in primitive wildness. When he took his place in the ranks for drill or parade he straightened up and managed to assume an air of semi-smartness, looking almost like a soldier, and on a route march he could tramp along with the best of them, perspiring in streams, but giving no other signs of strain.

I don't think I ever saw a man less suited to be a gentleman's valet. His

appearance was unpromising from the start, but the full extent of his extraordinary ineptitude became apparent only by degrees. He had plenty of energy, but no imagination, and not an atom of what, for want of a better term, may be called a sense of neatness and finesse. He never anticipated a want, and when advised as to what was required he invariably did it the wrong way.

His idea of polishing boots, for instance, was to force all the accumulated mud into the pores of the leather, then spread on a sticky layer of polish and by a vigorous rubbing destroy all hope of ever getting the dirt out again. The result was a sort of ghastly gray lustre that advertised any shabbiness the boots might possess. Despite frequent warnings, it was only after he had ruined two new pairs of boots that he changed his methods.

His notion of making up a bed was almost as silly. How he managed to get the blankets into the complicated entanglement which he achieved has always been a mystery to me. After fighting ineffectually in the dark of two successive nights with an arrangement of blankets that seemed determined to strangle me while my feet froze in the frosty outer air, I took Peach in hand and gave him personal instruction step by step.

His knowledge of military equipment was of the sketchiest. I would frequently find after donning my Sam Browne belt of a morning that the cross strap had been turned back to front or buckled into the wrong ring, giving an oddness of appearance calculated to elicit undesirable pleasantries from junior subalterns. And I can see him now, down on his knees, with great drops of sweat falling from his streaming brow upon my boots, struggling with splendid assiduity to buckle on my spurs. Unless his attention were directed to it he would never discover, even after he had got them firmly buckled on, that

they were upside down. I let him do it quite frequently in order the more forcibly to point out his mistake, but this seemed to have little effect; he was just as likely as not to do the same thing next time.

Perhaps you are wondering why I continued to employ Peach as batman when I might have had another. Well, the truth is that there was something about Peach that disarmed severity and melted any uncharitable feelings. I never could find the heart to send him back to the ranks. He seemed always so earnestly striving, with a sort of pathetic eagerness, to give satisfaction. And if I did harden my heart and set out to give him a rating for his clumsiness, he assumed such a dumb, beaten look that it was like kicking a sick dog. My own private opinion was that he was older than he said, and despite his seeming hardihood on route marches he did not look strong and was ill-fitted for the more arduous duties of soldiering.

I used to marvel that Peach had remained so long unmarried. He was such a helpless, trustful, appealing creature, and he so palpably needed someone to look after him. Indeed, he seemed to be the very type of man who marries early and improvidently and has a large and ever-growing family. But when questioned on his attitude towards the fair sex, Peach always grew shy and uncommunicative.

"I never was much of a 'and with wimmen, sir," he replied sorrowfully, when I rallied him once on his bachelor state and his seeming imperviousness to feminine charms. "It ain't in my line." I thought there was a faint touch of bitterness in his tone, too, and I began to suspect some tragedy of disappointed love in his past, and did not press him. His habits appeared to be blameless. He told me he "never touched booze", and as far as I could see he was a tee-totaller. He rarely asked for leave.

Once he wanted to go and see a

stammered and looked so penitent and scared that I thought he had already had enough punishment in the mere discovery of his lapse and did not press the point.

I was now sure of my theory. Peach's fall from the temperance heights had been preceded by recurring spells of extreme glunness, in which he seemed to be brooding over something. Perhaps it was my already-formed theory that led me to notice the apparent accentuation of these morbid moods in Peach when in the presence of the fair sex. Occasionally on Saturday afternoons and Sundays the boys would bring their wives or sweethearts into the lines to show them over the camp. At such times I would catch sight occasionally of Peach standing in the door of his tent, contemplating with an air of Byronic melancholy, the unabashed billing and cooing of these happy mortals.

Undoubtedly the sex had dealt harshly with him. Some lovely maiden in the heyday of his youth had spurned poor old Peach, and he had never recovered. As he gazed at these light-hearted lovers he seemed to be thinking sadly and a trifle bitterly of the happy home he might have had, of the tender ministrations of a loving wife, of the supreme happiness of children. These fate had withheld. Was it any wonder that the spectacle of love's young dream had a depressing effect? Could I blame him for an occasional submergence in the strong waters of forgetfulness? He was doing his best not to become a drunkard. He swore to me that he would cut it out.

But apparently, while Peach's intentions were of the best, his will was not as hardy a plant. On several occasions, while he was in the act of brushing my boots before dinner, his breath raised strong suspicions in my mind. It smelled of sen-sen.

I began to frame some words of friendly comfort and advice for Peach, in the endeavour to buck him up and avert his footsteps from the

dangerous paths of intoxication. My little heart-to-heart talk was almost ready for delivery, when one morning I received a summons to the colonel's office.

"Is your batman's name Alfred Peach?" asked the C. O.

I replied with some surprise that it was.

"Is that the man?" continued the C. O., holding up a large mounted photograph. It seemed to be a family group. Peach, in civilian clothes, was seated by the side of a large and determined-looking English woman and surrounded by a boy of about sixteen, a little girl of probably fourteen, two smaller boys who appeared to be twins, and a child of three whose sex was debatable, while the woman was holding in her arms a very young baby. There could be no mistaking Peach, even in civilian clothes. He had the same shrinking, submissive mien, the same untamed moustache, the same stale-apple sort of countenance. I said so to the C. O.

"The other individuals in the photograph are Mrs. Peach and the little Peaches," said the C. O. reflectively. "Mrs. Peach's sister has written me enclosing this charming family portrait and complaining that Peach deserted his wife two years ago, and for the past year has not been contributing a penny towards her upkeep and the upkeep of the little Peaches. I see from his attestation paper that he enlisted as a single man. Has he ever told you anything about his—er—sizable family?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I had been led to believe from his occasional remarks that he was a woman-hater."

"That may be, that may be," mused the C. O. "But apparently his aversion to the sex is not so much general as particular. I think perhaps we had better look into this."

Peach was summoned, and stood at attention in the C. O.'s office in a state of violent perspiration.

"Peach," said the C. O., "I understand that you enlisted as a single



"He swore to me that he would cut it out"

man, and wanted to do your duty."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, tell me the truth, Peach, are you married?"

I think Peach scented that something was up. Beads of perspiration trembled on his brow. At any rate he threw up his hands without a struggle.

"I am, sir," he said.

"Now, see here, Peach," said the C. O., leaning back and regarding the criminal contemplatively, "I don't want to interfere in any man's private affairs. At the same time, it seems to me you haven't done the right thing by your family, quite. Do you think so?"

"No, sir," said Peach meekly. The sweat was running down his nose in streams. "I 'aven't, sir."

"Now, I tell you what I want you to do. I am informed that you haven't been sending your wife any money. I want you to write your wife and tell her that you are assigning part of your pay to her, and she will then receive also a separation allowance. Meanwhile you can go into the paymaster's office and make out an assigned-pay and separation allowance card. Are you satisfied to do that?"

Peach was obviously satisfied to do anything that would get him out of his present uncomfortable situation. He quailed before the C. O.'s gaze. I

think he had feared severer measures, in which the civil courts might figure.

"I'm glad it's come out, sir," ventured Peach. "I've been worrying a lot about it, sir, and I'll feel much better now."

I don't think this enigmatical statement made much impression on the C. O. He dismissed Peach with a wave of the hand.

In the privacy of my tent that night I endeavoured to draw Peach out. Indeed, he seemed much happier than I had ever seen him before, and I was constrained to put it down to the easing of an overburdened conscience. Little by little I got his story.

Some two years ago the strain of domestic relations had become a bit too severe for Peach. His wife was a lady of ambition, I gathered. She aimed to move in society, to be seen and heard. The daughter of a wealthy butcher, she already had some claims on public notice, and marriage but increased her yearning for social sway. The death of her father brought her a tidy income, for her mother was already dead and she was an only child. The Peach homestead became the centre round which the smart set of Hampstead revolved and from which it took its cue. Alfred, however, failed miserably to live up to his wife's position in Hampstead circles. He preferred humble companions and a pipe and slippers before the fire when the day's work was done to the glittering *milieu* which Mrs. Peach regarded as her natural element.

I have already pointed out that he was of a shrinking disposition, though constitutionally eager to please. He did his best, for a while, to play his part, but only drew upon his head the scornful displeasure of his lady. His blunders I could picture quite easily, from my own knowledge of Peach. And I could see from the touching family portrait, taken, as Peach explained, in the days before the Peach home became the nerve-centre of Hampstead society, that Mrs. Peach was of the masterful type.

Finally it became too much for Peach. All unknown to his wife, he bought a ticket for Canada. When he secured a job digging drains for the corporation of the city of Toronto, he wrote back to Mrs. Peach, sending her some money and informing her that, having decided to better their fortunes, he had secured a post as manager of a large department store. This was so as not to shock Mrs. Peach's aristocratic sensibilities, Peach explained; but if she knew her Alfred, I'm thinking the announcement must have had quite the opposite effect. Peach as a department store manager!

Well, he continued to send money home regularly, till the slump came, for activity in the drain-digging line slowed down, and Peach was out of a job. He stopped writing to Mrs. Peach because he was ashamed to tell her he had lost his job and had no more money to send. Things went from bad to worse; and then came the war, with the opportunity to enlist. Peach under-stated his age by eight years, for at that time the age limit was being rigidly adhered to. He did not write to Mrs. Peach because he had debts to pay off, and, anyway, he hadn't written for so long that he didn't know how to start again. It would entail explanations, and (as I knew from the difficulty I had in drawing this story from him) Peach was no hand at explanations.

But, honest soul, he had been worrying about it. He could scarcely bear to think of Mrs. Peach struggling along unaided to keep up the tone of Hampstead society and bearing the expenses of a family and a *salon* solely out of her private fortune of six hundred pounds a year. It is true that all but the two youngest children were holding good positions in Hampstead business establishments, and so paying for their own living and augmenting the maternal coffers. But he was not easy. Sometimes he was even driven to seek the sweet *Nepenthe* of the brimming cup, though he was al-

ways remorseful for it afterwards. He had been reared as a teetotaler.

"I ain't never *quarrelled* with me wife, you see, sir, but she was some'ow so set on 'avin' me pl'y the part of a gen'leman, and me never 'avin' 'ad much schoolin'. It was a bit 'ard at times. I knows me pl'ice, though me wife used to s'y it was because I 'ad no ginger or hambition. I ain't a society sort o' person."

No, Peach was distinctly not a "society sort of person". In fact, he was not even the sort of person of which the attendant slaves of society are made. I rather sympathized with him in his aversion for the hard, white light of social prominence. Indeed, I thought I could quite understand the feelings that prompted his flight to Canada. His explanation of his subsequent neglect of Mrs. Peach was the more understandable after a glance at that lady's portrait. Plainly he could not bear the thought of Mrs. Peach's comments on his failure as a department store manager. And, as he explained, debts contracted during his period of enforced idleness had to be settled from his military pay, and forbade any remittances to the Queen of Hampstead. I had no misgivings about the genuineness of Peach's story. I knew he would be quite incapable, if only from sheer lack of imagination, of inventing such a tale.

Well, for the sequel, the scene must be shifted to the fighting-line in France. Private Peach stayed on as my batman for some weeks after the startling disclosures above related. He told me from time to time of letters from his wife indicating that he had been at least partially forgiven, and acknowledging the receipt of the money. What explanation he gave her I could never find out. But there is no doubt that the clearing of his conscience worked a great change in Peach. His furtive, sidling manner disappeared and his eagerness to please grew even more pronounced.

His bearing became respectfully cheerful, and he was even heard to whistle while going about his work.

I cannot say that his deftness as a batman increased. He never overcame his genius for carefully selecting the wrong way of doing a thing. But it did not matter so much, for when our third reinforcing draft was ordered and all "employed" men were re-examined as to their fitness, Peach passed the medical test as an "A1" man and was included in the draft. He said good-bye to me almost affectionately before he marched off. And that was the last I ever saw of him. I used to think of him frequently, and hope that he would return after the war with the prestige of a hero to fit him for the place in Hampstead society designed for him by Mrs. Peach. A hero is always a social asset.

But one day, in the casualty list, I saw the number and name of Private A. Peach. It was in the column headed "Killed". It was not till some time later that a returned soldier told me the story. He was in the support trench at the time, quite near where it happened. Peach, with a number of others, whose first day in the trenches it was, was in the act of getting a hot lunch ready. He was standing over a little wood fire, across which a couple of short iron pipes had been laid to support his mess-tin. The men in the next bay heard a terrific explosion and rushing around the traverse they came upon a scene which led to a hurry-up call for the stretcher-bearers. Three men were killed and five badly wounded. Peach was one of the three. The iron pipes so ingeniously pressed into service by Peach had contained ammonite, the deadliest of high-explosives. His genius for selecting the wrong method had proved his undoing at last.

So Peach did not go back to become a society lion, after all. I often wonder if Mrs. Peach is still "carrying on" as the leader of Hampstead's smart set.

A FAMOUS FRONTIER JUDGE

BY R. G. MACBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF THE CANADIAN WEST", ETC.



BRITISH COLUMBIA, mining, lumbering, and sea - bordering area though it is, has been throughout all its history singularly free from lawlessness and crime. This is not a reflection on the character of the industrial workers of that Province, beyond the fact that theirs are the industries that in large degree isolate men from the humanizing influences of home life. And it is matter of common knowledge that such isolation does not generally tend to the cultivation of high morality.

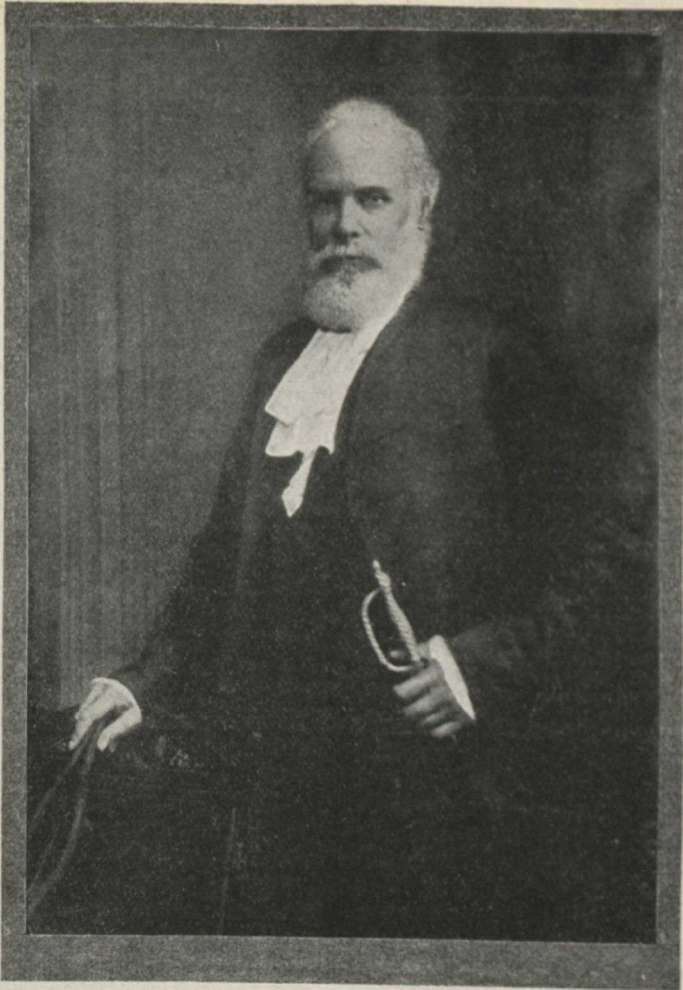
This common knowledge rests on wide observation of humanity, to such an extent that the shining exceptions to the rule only serve to prove it. This does not suggest that the mean offences of smallness, theft, deception and general all-round selfishness get a strong hold on the men in these occupations, for the very opposite is the case. But the temptation is in the direction of recklessness regarding human life, one's own and that of others, to such a degree that gunmen and gamblers have always been in evidence in frontier camps.

We know, for instance, that for several years in their history, the Western States of the neighbouring Republic were given over to a kind of atheistic lawlessness to such an extent that observing people declared "there is no God west of the Mississippi River". This, of

course, was a luridly extreme statement, but its general implication is clear enough.

We affirm again that British Columbia has been, on the whole, singularly free from such a lawless condition, though its geographical situation and the type of its industries in the early days might have been considered likely to produce it. For this there must have been some distinct cause. And one's study of the history leads one to say that a two-fold cause existed: In the labours of devoted missionaries, and the remarkable work of that famous frontier judge, Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie. Men like Earl Grey, Governor-General, and the late Major Walsh, noted Mounted Policeman, and countless others have borne testimony to the influence of missionaries in the cause of good order. Of such missionaries British Columbia had its share. But the purpose of the present article is to give a portraiture of the man who incarnated the best traditions of British courts of law and who, in his administration of law, neither courted the favour nor feared the frowns of any man or set of men whatsoever.

It is a curious thing to watch the streams of human history and their unexpected confluences. For some years past, "Knebworth" has been familiar to us in Canada as the former home of Lord Strathcona, our High Commissioner in England. And it is to the former owner and occupant



A Famous Frontier Judge

Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, Chief Justice of British Columbia from 1858 to 1894

of "Knebworth," namely, Bulwer-Lytton, that we owe the early constitution of British Columbia, as well as the appointment to a judgeship therein of the famous subject of the present writing. Bulwer-Lytton is remembered as a novelist rather than as a statesman, but he had ambitions to make a name in the latter direction, and, when Secretary for the Colonies in 1858, introduced a bill into the British House creating British Columbia a colony of the Crown. And as the judge for the new colony, Begbie, then a rising lawyer in Lincoln's

Inn, was happily selected. Thus did the famous novelist do a statesman-like service for the Far West. For when in 1866 the two colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver Island were united in one under the name of the former, Judge Begbie became Chief Justice over the whole, and thus came to exercise tremendous influence on the coast country in its most critical formative days.

Begbie was born in Edinburgh and was the son of an officer who had seen much active service under the Iron Duke. And though young Begbie in

the piping times of peace entered on the study of law, he, too, was a soldier in bearing and in spirit all his days. More than six feet in height, he was a man of most commanding figure, as well as stately carriage, and he possessed withal the unflinching courage that took no account of the fierce threats often made against him in frontier camps, whither he went on circuit to hold court wherever necessary. It was doubtless this dauntless soldierly air, coupled with his dignity in court, which led one of the most dangerous characters in the country, one Ned McGowan, a gold-miner, to say one day that he "did not like the look of Begbie" and so was going to get out to some safer clime. Which McGowan duly did, by crossing the line to San Francisco.

It was perhaps because he was a soldier's son that the Chief Justice on one occasion delivered a vitriolic broadside from the Bench against a man who had appeared in the dock with the Crimean medal on his breast. The charge was that this man had broken into a church mite-box and had stolen the pennies that some children were saving to buy Sunday School books. The sight of the medal evidently troubled Begbie and it is recorded that he took some pains with the witnesses in the hope that he could clear the man of the accusation. But the evidence was clearly against the prisoner and the jury said "Guilty". Then the Chief Justice opened fire. He told the prisoner that he was the meanest scoundrel he had ever met. He intimated that the perpetrator of such a crime had either stolen that "War Paint" or "had secured it by hiding behind the breastworks at Sebastepol". He wound up by imposing a long term of imprisonment and telling the prisoner that when he got out of jail, he had better get away to the other side of the earth, where no one would know him. Then he added to the Sheriff: "Take this creature out of my sight". This surely was a case in which the spirit of his soldier ancestry flamed out in

the heart of the judge against an act that had disgraced the uniform and belied the medal.

It should be borne in mind that Begbie was sworn into office about the time when miners who had been through the gold rush in California began to crowd up to try their hand at placer mining on the Fraser River.

Amongst these miners there were many reckless characters and some of their camp followers were even worse. It was a time to test the quality of the Judge, but Begbie was fully equal to the occasion. It is quite a notorious fact that judges and magistrates across the line at that time were ridiculously lax in their administration of law, were very deficient in dignity and were in the habit of being hale-fellows-well-met with all and sundry. Hence the courts there were a good deal of a joke and lawless characters defied even the administrators of law themselves. But when the crowd came over into British Columbia and started in to play "rough-house"; they got the surprise of their lives. They had been accustomed to the very extreme of democracy in the dress and manners of the Judge, but here they came up against the severe dignity of a British court. They found in Chief Justice Begbie a man clothed in all the stately insignia of office and absolutely proof against any of the terrorist tactics of the gang. He spoke as a man who had the consciousness of having behind him an Empire that stood for law and order and the sanctity of human life.

He evidently saw the situation from the outset and decided to deal with it strongly. We find ground for this statement when we read a case where quite early in his career as judge, Begbie had brought before him on a charge of stabbing one who was a notorious bully and general "bad man" from across the line. A big crowd of men who were of the same kind as the prisoner, assembled to see what this new kind of judge would do. The Chief Justice, nothing daunted, recognized and seized upon the

opportunity, for it is on record that he addressed the prisoner as follows: "Prisoner, I am glad to find that your case has drawn so many of your compatriots into court. I am given to understand that the mining class of the Western States think that they have liberty to defy the law of the land and govern it to suit themselves by the Bowie-knife and the Colts' pistol. You, prisoner, are a good representative of that class, and I am told that there are a good many of your type within the sound of my voice. Now, I have been appointed a Judge to interpret and administer the law in this country. We have a law which prohibits the carrying and the use of offensive weapons, and under the British flag there is no necessity for them amongst citizens, and let me tell those who are in court as well as those outside that any who carry such weapons in this colony will be dealt with to the full limit of the law. Prisoner, you have been found guilty of a cowardly attack and are sentenced to three years' imprisonment."

In connection with this period a statement was once made in a paper south of the line that Begbie on his arrival in a new district, generally took a walk around and found suitable trees on which to hang criminals. This, of course, is a ridiculous exaggeration, but it was well known that the powerful, athletic Judge was quite ready to see that a hanging was carried out at all hazards if a judicial case arose that required the execution of that sentence. Some doubt has been thrown on the well-known story of the case in which the Judge turned the tables on a "fresh" prisoner who, on being given a fine, shouted out that "he had the cash in his pockets and the Judge could not put anything over on him", whereupon the Judge added a stiff sentence of a term in jail and asked the prisoner if he had that in his pockets. We find this story vouched for by many, and the fact that a similar case occurred elsewhere does not disprove it. It is thoroughly characteristic of Begbie.

In some cases it is on record that the Chief Justice fairly scorched the jurymen when he saw that they had been influenced in their verdict by considerations other than the evidence. In one instance he told the jury that they were a pack of Texas horse-thieves and deserved hanging for allowing a murderer to escape. In a case where an inoffensive citizen had been sandbagged, the jury, to the great disgust of the Chief Justice, brought in a verdict of "not guilty", whereupon he released the prisoner and told him that he would do a good turn if he sandbagged every man on the jury. One can readily understand how lawless characters soon came to know that it was an extremely dangerous thing to "fool with that man Begbie", and hence the record is that the criminal class never got a hold in British Columbia. But it is now well known that the Chief Justice brought this all to pass by methods that involved serious personal danger and frequently at the risk of his life.

In private life, Begbie was a courteous, cultivated gentleman, with a strongly-developed taste for the fine arts. He was especially fond of music, and was for years President of the Philharmonic Society in Victoria. Both in New Westminster and Victoria, for he resided for a time in each, he always sang in the Anglican Choir and often read the lessons in his fine sonorous voice.

He died in June, 1894, at the age of seventy-five, and up to within a few years of his death had been actively engaged in the duties of his high office. I happened to be in Victoria at the time and recall how deeply the city was moved and what a great concourse of all classes of people attended the public funeral. Sir Matthew had never married and had no near relatives in this country. The pall-bearers were the Premier and other leading public men of the Province, while the Lieutenant-Governor and the Admiral of the Pacific Fleet were present, next to the chief mourners.

On the morning of the funeral a

large number of the members of the Bar of the city and the Province met in the Court House and unanimously passed a resolution which is really a history and a tribute put together. It reads as follows:

"Resolved, that the members of the Bar now assembled, on behalf of themselves and brethren throughout the Province, express their deep sorrow at the death of Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, Knight, late the Chief Justice of British Columbia.

"His removal takes away one of the most prominent figures connected with the early history of this Province, a man whose strong individuality and uprightness have left a lasting impress upon every branch of our judicial system.

"At a period when firmness and discretion in the administration of justice were much needed, his wise and fearless action as a Judge caused the law to be honoured and obeyed in every quarter.

"When the settlement of the country advanced and the necessity for preventing lawless outbreaks became less frequent, he as Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, manifested an ability which showed that his intellectual faculties were as keen and active as his character was stable and commanding.

"He was a man of scholarly attainments and his versatility of talent evoked the admiration of all who came in contact with him.

"As a Judge, the tendency of his thought was eminently logical, his judgment was prompt and decisive, his integrity was never questioned.

"His private life was in every way worthy of his public position. Plain and unassuming in manner, courteous and dignified in his speech, loyal to his companions, firm in his friendships, of a generous and sympathetic nature, unostentatiously good and silently charitable, he will be missed, not only by his professional associates, but by many who knew him only as a kind and steadfast friend.

"He has departed from us full of years and honours, but his memory will remain as that of one whose judicial career has been without stain and whose personal worth won our deepest respect and affection."

Sir Matthew, being human, had no doubt some faults, and had probably made some errors, but the main level of his life was high above the ordinary plane of average humanity. He was unmistakably the man destined to meet the needs of this Western Province in its most critical hour, and the debt this country owes him is great beyond calculation.





THE NORTH COUNTRY

From the Drawing by
Frank H. Johnston,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

VIII.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS WAYS



AROUND no other name in Canadian history gathers so much of praise and detraction, of confidence and distrust, of story and legend as around that of Sir John Macdonald. Those who loved him loved greatly; those who trusted him trusted fully. But no man ever excited greater ferocity among political opponents or was the object of more continuous and relentless attack. The association of George Brown and John A. Macdonald in the Coalition Cabinet which united the Provinces was a truce but not a reconciliation. The personal relationship between the two men was unfriendly before the Coalition and more unfriendly afterwards. Both had vital elements of character, but in impulse and texture, in mental and moral attitude they were destined for conflict. This is only to recognize essential constitutional differences and not to assign moral or intellectual inferiority to either. Each was vitally ambitious and in early manhood each saw a common goal in the distance. Brown had the temper of an agitator and the outlook of a reformer. Macdonald had genius for government. The one sought to accomplish his objects by sheer driving power while the other conciliated, persuaded and prevailed. Macdonald would have said with Cavour, "If you want to be a

politician, for mercy's sake do not look more than a week ahead." Brown looked towards the hills whence came his strength. One was a political evangelist, the other a shrewd, wise, patient shepherd who gathered many flocks into his fold and so long as they followed him found humour in variety and harmony in contrasts. Just as Gladstone was offended by the sardonic cynicism and deliberate levity of Disraeli, so George Brown was outraged by the flippancy, audacity and dexterity of the Conservative leader. Looking backward to those days one seems to see a camp meeting with George Brown in the pulpit and "John A." making merry with the unrepentant on the outskirts of the congregation.

It was very, very hard for Liberals to laugh with Sir John Macdonald. In his jokes they saw only coarseness, buffoonery and irresponsibility. The truth is that he was seldom coarse and he laughed at himself as freely as he laughed at his political opponents. He had a humour which the people understood. They forgave much because he so frankly admitted human weaknesses and because looking into themselves so many men knew that they had like faults and frailties. And because women know men better than they know themselves and better than men ever suspect there was among women a passionate devotion to Sir John Macdonald such as no

other political leader in Canada has inspired. No man of ignoble quality ever commands the devotion of women although perhaps the standards of judgment which we commonly ascribe to women are the standards which many women least respect.

Sir John Macdonald was a man with his feet on the earth and his head not so far above it. He seldom sought to climb to moral elevations where the footing might be insecure. For a time he drank freely but any whisper of censure only stimulated Conservatives to fiercer personal loyalty. He said himself that the country would rather have "John A." drunk than George Brown sober. He told D'Arcy McGee "this Government can't afford two drunkards and you've got to stop." His drinking was exaggerated, as were his other faults and follies, by sleepless and insensate opponents. Very often the attack was so violent as to bring chivalrous souls to his side and actually react in his favour. Down to middle life and beyond Sir John Macdonald had periodical "sprees" and nothing that he attempted was done badly. Sometimes he was disabled for public duty. The authorities seem to agree that not only may a "spree" come unaware but that it is as uncertain in its going as in its coming. Begun in complete privacy it may develop various phases and attract more public notice than is desirable even though the performance may be original and artistic. Unlike any other pursuit every rehearsal is a performance and every presentation a surprise. The public seldom saw "John A." in liquor, but occasionally there were symptoms which even Conservatives could not mistake. Once he was to speak at a town on Lake Huron, but he was so long in sleeping off the consequences that the vessel on which he was a passenger dare not put into harbour. That was nearly fifty years ago but not yet have local Conservatives discovered any humour in the incident or become reconciled to the graceless chaffing of their Liberal neighbors. A

common story, resting upon no adequate authority, is that a shorthand writer once undertook to make a verbatim report of a speech which Sir John delivered at Kingston. When he had examined the report he sent for the reporter, gravely intimated that he had read portions of the manuscript with pain and surprise, and with the mild austerity of a grieving father added, "Young man, if you ever again undertake to report the speech of a public man be sure that you keep sober."

There is an authenticated story of Macdonald in the early sixties. He was Attorney-General for Upper Canada, and lived in lodgings in Quebec. He had been absent from duty for a week; public business was delayed, and the Governor-General became impatient. He sent his aide-de-camp, young Lord Bury, to find the absent Minister. Pushing his way past the old housekeeper, Lord Bury penetrated to the bedroom where Macdonald was sitting in bed, reading a novel with a decanter of sherry on the table beside him. "Mr. Macdonald, the Governor-General told me to say to you that if you don't sober up and get back to business, he will not be answerable for the consequences." Macdonald's countenance reflected the anger he felt at the intrusion: "Are you here in your official capacity, or as a private individual?" "What difference does that make?" asked Lord Bury. "Just this," snapped the statesman, "if you are here in your official capacity, you can go back to Sir Edmund Head, give him my compliments, and tell him to go to h—; if you are simply a private individual, you can go yourself." In after years Lord Bury often told the story but with more of affection than of censure for Sir John Macdonald.

In his time Sir Richard Cartwright was perhaps the most caustic and scholarly speaker in the Canadian Parliament. Too many of his speeches had the flavour of malice and the acid of bitterness. But every word carried

its exact meaning. There was no verbiage or redundancy. The argument was direct, deliberate, compact and luminous. In his humour there was the frost of Autumn, but the radiance, too, of its piercing sunshine. Always stately and severe he relaxed nothing of his outward austerity when he was striking at a victim with biting irony or brilliant badinage. But the irony was always corrosive and the badinage often malicious and sometimes insolent. In social intercourse Cartwright could be gracious and intimate. As a host he was a simple gentleman, kindly without condescension, interesting without effort, sage without pretension. But in political warfare he knew only the law of the jungle. For Sir John Macdonald he had a consuming, incurable hatred. Than his Reminiscences nothing more sardonic and merciless ever was written. But they reveal the author more clearly than they disclose the qualities or establish the motives of his adversaries. He had distinction and integrity but a brooding vengefulness against those who stood in the gates through which he would pass vitiated his judgments, filled his days with anger and made political reverses the seed plots of sleepless animosities.

One was often amazed at Cartwright's ferocity when he spoke of the Conservative leader. It was commonly believed that his hatred had its origin in a personal humiliation. He aspired to be Minister of Finance but was set aside for Sir Francis Hincks. But when one changes his political relation an ignoble motive is always discovered. It is hard to believe that this could be the only reason for Cartwright's lifelong pursuit of Macdonald. According to Sir Joseph Pope the Conservative leader never understood the bitter inveterate animus towards himself which possessed Cartwright and could not fully reciprocate his contempt and hatred. Very often while I was editor of *The Globe* Cartwright sought to have charges made against Sir John Macdonald

which would have violated every tradition of responsible journalism and every principle of decent controversy. Towards other opponents he was less malevolent. Indeed there was sometimes a sense of equity in his judgments. When Sir John Macdonald disappeared and the Liberal party was restored to office he became mellow and humane, gracious and tolerant. In Parliament thereafter he was persuasive and conciliatory. Deputations which came in doubt and apprehension departed with glad hearts and smiling faces. He even neglected to blaspheme the manufacturers. One feels that he could have slept in the "Red Parlour" with an easy head and a good conscience if Sir John Macdonald's picture had not hung upon the wall. But even the new Cartwright cherished the old grudge. When a sum was put in the estimates for a statue to Sir John on Parliament Hill he was determined to offer an amendment requiring that the facts of the "Pacific scandal" should be inscribed upon the monument. For days his Parliamentary associates pleaded and reasoned that he would injure only himself and the Liberal party if he should actually submit such a resolution. But it was long before he would yield and he yielded at last to the persuasion of friends who were brought to Ottawa to reinforce the appeals and protests of the Parliamentary party. The madness broke out again in his Reminiscences. His final bequest to posterity was his hatred of Sir John Macdonald.

Nothing that Cartwright ever said in Parliament better displays the quality of his humour and the leisurely method of his attack than his reference to Mr. J. E. Collins's biography of the Conservative leader. Facing Sir John in the House of Commons he said: "That work was couched in chaste and elegant language, and no doubt it will be very satisfactory to the honourable gentleman's friends, because I observe from it that in all the acts of the honourable

gentleman's career which evil-minded persons have misinterpreted, he has been actuated by the purest and most patriotic motives, and has even sometimes allowed his reputation to be tarnished for the general welfare of the country. It is a happy association of ideas, and what a lamented friend of mine called the 'eternal fitness of things,' that a gentleman who in his life has done justice to so many John Collinses should at last find a John Collins to do justice to him."

It will be remembered that after the Conservative party in Parliament had committed itself to Protection the leaders addressed many political demonstrations throughout the country. Referring to these demonstrations Mr. Joseph Rymal said that he was reminded of one who went to and fro on the earth many years ago, tempted the people with false promises, took the Saviour into a high mountain, showed Him the Kingdoms of the earth and declared that He should possess these and the glory of them if He would fall down and worship him. Failing to make the application Sir John, who always maintained good relations with Rymal, interrupted with the remark, "You did not finish the story about the man who went up into the high mountain". Rymal retorted, "That was not a man, that was the devil; the other tempter did not go to the top of the mountain; he went round the country holding picnics and tempting the people."

Occasionally Sir John emphasized an argument by the experience of the old squaw who had found that a little too much whiskey was just enough. He used to say that he was like a certain old nag, "a rum 'un to look at but a rare 'un to go". In a bye-election in West Toronto in 1875 necessitated by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Moss to the Bench, the Liberal candidate was Alderman John Turner and his Conservative opponent Honourable John Beverley Robinson. Speaking in behalf of the Con-

servative candidate Sir John said Mr. Robinson had assisted and might again assist him at Cabinet making but he was no turner. In Mr. E. B. Biggar's very complete anecdotal life of the Conservative leader he describes an incident in which Colonel Playfair of Lanark was the victim. Colonel Playfair was urging the construction of a colonization road of which he desired to be superintendent. Exasperated by repeated failures to get a decision he visited Ottawa and had Sir John called out of the Council Chamber. The Prime Minister grasped Playfair by both hands and exclaimed, "God bless my soul, Colonel Playfair, is that you? I am so glad to see you. We have just been discussing in Council a military matter that we cannot decide. Now you with your great military experience and your memories of Salamanac and Talavera will be able to solve the question. How many grains of powder would have to be put under a bull's tail to blow his horns off?" And Sir John disappeared into Council. Colonel Playfair withdrew in disgust and anger and in sad conviction that he would never receive the appointment. He was mail carrier between Perth and Playfair and the first letter he took out of the mail bag when he got home was an official notice of his appointment as superintendent. This military problem was often submitted for solution in the townships forty years ago, but I cannot recollect that it was ever connected with Sir John Macdonald. Mr. Biggar has another story which I have not found or heard elsewhere. Visiting the Provincial Fair at Kingston Sir John was attracted by the performances of a troupe of female acrobats and remarked that no doubt it was the custom to show the calves first. A Scotch Liberal in Parliament he described as "Mackenzie and water". Of another member, erratic but brilliant, he said the world never would have heard if God Almighty had given him commonsense. Once Honourable Robert Watson, then the only Liberal in

Parliament from West of the Lakes, urged Sir John not to allow party feeling to affect the consideration of a proposal he had submitted to Parliament. The Prime Minister put his hand upon Watson's shoulder and whispered, "You are right, Watson, you are right, it would be far better for the country if every member of the House were as free of party feeling as you and me." When he "hived the Grits" in a group of constituencies in Ontario by the redistribution of seats in 1882 he scoffed at their righteous protest and with jaunty insolence suggested that they could not hope to get on with Tories when they could not live with themselves. He said it was not men who voted for him when he was right but those who voted for him when he was wrong who had the stronger claim upon his favour and gratitude. The humour in his insolence and the laughter in his levity exasperated his opponents but delighted his adherents and predisposed to lightness and leniency many people who held their political opinions loosely.

In *The Canadian Magazine*, twenty years ago, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., described Sir John Macdonald as "The Canadian Themistocles". Nothing else that anyone has written about the Conservative leader is so frank, so faithful and so penetrating. In a few rapid, comprehending sentences he reveals the man and illuminates his whole career. "Sir John," he said, "had a wonderful influence over many men. They would go through fire and water to serve him, did serve him, and got, some of them, little or no reward. But they served him because they loved him, and because with all his great powers they saw in him their own frailties. He abounded in the right kind of charity. And speaking of the love his friends and followers had for him, Mr. Pope dwells on the 'old guard' and the old loyalty to the chief. So it was, but there were dark days also, when even those who afterwards enrolled themselves in the guard, passed by on the

other side. If ever there was a man in low water, it was Sir John as I saw him one day in the Winter of 1875, coming out of the House into the bitter air, dressed in a Red River sash and coat, and the old historic mink-skin cap, tottering down the hill to the eastern gateway alone, others passing him with a wide sweep. The lesson of Sir John's life is that he pulled himself out of those days and trials into higher and more solid footing. But Sir John's real 'old guard' were not the men who stood with him at Ottawa, but the greater old guard who stood and fought for him in every township, year after year, and to whom a call by name or a nod of the head was all the recompense they got and yet the recompense they most prized. Sir John has been praised for his statesmanship, and for this I, too, give him all praise. But his statesmanship was limited to two things: carrying on the government when no one else could do it, and do it so well and so continuously, and forging the country together. He originated no great principle. He appropriated, however, freely from others when an opportunity offered, or when he thought another's idea would lead to or keep him in office."

Interesting, but far less searching and fundamental, is Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin's appreciation. It has value as a contemporary judgment for it was written nearly forty years ago. Davin had often heard Disraeli, who was said to have a physical resemblance to Sir John Macdonald and in language as brilliant as ever was spoken by any man in Canada he would describe the likenesses and differences between the two leaders. "Sir John Macdonald," he said, "is a type of politician which has never failed to delight the English people—the man who, like Palmerston, can work hard, do strong things, hold his purpose, never lose sight for a moment of the honour and welfare of his country, and yet crack his joke and have his laugh, full of courage and good spirits and kindly fun. . . . Sir John

Macdonald in the English House of Commons would have been equal, in my opinion, to Mr. Disraeli in finesse, in the art of forming combinations and managing men. He never could have equalled him in invective, or in epigram, or in force as an orator. Sir John Macdonald brings up his artillery with more ease. He is always human, even in his attacks. Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, approached his opponent like some serpentine monster, coiled himself ruthlessly round him, fascinated with his gaze, and struck out with venomous fang. But Sir John is probably the better debater of the two. His delivery is lively, natural, mercurial; Lord Beaconsfield's is labored. The power of making a statement is not the forte of the author of *Endymion*. Sir John Macdonald makes a luminous statement, and his reasoning faculty is at least as high as Lord Beaconsfield's. He has very little, comparatively, of the latter's *curiosa felicitas*, in coining phrases, but his humour is more spontaneous. Lord Beaconsfield has the charm which is inseparable from genius, but it may well be doubted if his power of conciliating men and fixing their affections surpasses that of the Prime Minister of the Dominion. I am sure that in sober strong sense the balance is in favour of the Canadian statesman. There is nothing viewy about Sir John Macdonald. Though a man of imagination, reason is lord every time."

From my seat in the Press Gallery for four or five Parliamentary sessions I looked across at Sir John Macdonald. I was so placed that I could sometimes see shades of expression cross his face, the defiant jerk of the head when he was angry, the shrug of contempt for a mean gibe that was meant to wound, the quick, natural, human manifestation of pleasure over a generous word from an opponent or a tribute of affection and confidence from an associate. I think he liked best to have the word of praise come from the back benches as he was most

attentive to those who spoke seldom and in sweat alike of brow and brain. Few men have had such charm for his kind, or such power to inspire sacrifice and devotion. Mr. James F. Lister, of Lambton, often attacked Sir John Macdonald in language as personal and violent as was permitted under the usages of Parliament. I once asked him if he had any active dislike or actual hatred for the Conservative leader. He confessed that he was so attracted by the man's personality that he dare not trust himself in his company. I was told by a Conservative member of the Commons that he had never sought a favour for his constituency from Sir John Macdonald that was not refused and yet could hardly ever convince himself that the refusal was not a favour. I have known gray haired Liberals who had persuaded themselves that the Conservative leader was the favourite offspring of the father of evil forever disarmed by a few quick, happy, spontaneous sentences, spoken carelessly enough, but which, as he intended they should, penetrated to the very marrow of their self-esteem. I think of a Liberal member, dull but fluent, who died in the conviction that he was among the most effective debaters in Parliament because Macdonald so insinuated in language just deft enough to conceal the motive and effect the object.

There is reason to think that few men had his complete confidence. He never had any real affection for Sir Charles Tupper. He often distrusted his judgment and his motives. It is said that he was always uneasy when Tupper was under attack and often disturbed by the rash courage of his colleague from Nova Scotia. But when there was a great battle to be fought in Parliament or in the constituencies he relied upon Tupper as a commander in jeopardy relies upon a reserve army. Whatever may have been the judgment of his contemporaries there were the roots of greatness in Tupper. He was bold, tempestuous, and audacious. In debate he was

often—imaginative. In action he could be unscrupulous. But he could sacrifice for a great object; he could be loyal and he was steadfast. In constructive genius he has had no equal among the public men of Canada. Thus he was the natural complement of Sir John Macdonald. For Sir John was not naturally constructive nor had he any such reserve of courage as Tupper possessed. The Conservative leader waited upon opportunity; Tupper made opportunity and by the energy of his character seized the vital position before the opposing forces could organize and occupy.

Not long before his death Tupper said a thing which faithfully illustrates his temper and method. Discussing the trade agreement with Washington negotiated by Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson, the situation which developed in Parliament and the defeat of the Laurier Administration, he said the facts afforded final evidence that Laurier was neither a politician nor a statesman. If he had been a politician he would have dissolved Parliament and gone to the country as soon as the agreement was negotiated, while if he had been a statesman he never would have made the agreement. Whether or not Tupper would have made the agreement it is certain that he would have taken an immediate appeal to the constituencies and probably have secured a favourable judgment before the Opposition could have adjusted itself to the situation. It may be fair to soften this hard judgment upon Laurier for which I am not responsible with a hostile estimate of Tupper. Once when Sir Charles was speaking in Parliament with characteristic vigour and vehemence a Liberal member said to his deskmate, "What a d— liar that man Tupper is". "Yes," was the reply, "he just wastes lies." But as happens so often in these reminiscences this is a digression which perhaps even the irrelevant material brought into the story may not justify. There can be no doubt that

Tupper was a valuable and powerful ally of Sir John Macdonald and that without this alliance some of the more striking achievements of Conservative Governments would neither have been conceived nor executed.

The alliance with Cartier was fortunate for Sir John Macdonald and fortunate for Canada. Without Cartier the union of the Provinces could not have been accomplished. While it is true that George Brown made greater sacrifices for Confederation than any other political leader Cartier was beset by greater political dangers and among all the statesmen who cooperated to establish the union had the most difficult personal position. We often forget that the career of Sir John Macdonald in United Canada was a preparation for the alliance with Cartier, that his infusion of liberalism into McNabb toryism was a vital element in the alliance and that his wise, sagacious, deliberate cultivation of Quebec provided the necessary assurances that the movement for Confederation was not a conspiracy against French Canada. When all is said Sir John Macdonald was the only statesman in the Quebec Conference who had a personal constituency in both Upper and Lower Canada and whether or not he fashioned his career to that result federation became feasible because of the character which he had developed and the authority which he exercised.

No successor to Cartier arose in the Conservative party after Confederation. Masson was scholarly and gifted, but he was a churchman before he was a statesman. Langevin was dull but faithful; Chapleau was neither. In political practice Chapleau was of the school of Mercier and he was even more brilliant on the platform. There is, however, no more striking illustration in Canadian history of the failure of the orator in the House of Commons. In mastery of men's emotions when he spoke in French Chapleau was incomparable and invincible in Quebec. He was hardly less effective in English when he spoke to great

public meetings in the other Provinces. When he came to Ontario in 1886 to defend the execution of Riel, affirm his allegiance to Sir John Macdonald, and denounce the agents of mischief in his own Province, his vibrant, moving, passionate speeches held men breathless or brought them to their feet in a tumult of cheering. He was tall and erect, his face lean but mobile, his hair gray and long and shaken by the energy of his deliverance, his gestures free and appropriate to his language, his sentences eager and rapid. He had the fire of a prophet and the unction of a deliverer. But at best he was a great performer without continuous purpose or depth of conviction. In Parliament he was comparatively futile, perhaps even unequal to Langevin, who had greater industry and no pretension. Once perhaps Chapleau was equal to himself in the Commons. In the wide, eager, hungry searching for scandal during the session of 1891 Chapleau was assailed. In defence of his reputation he held the House to silence and respect and fought at least an equal battle with his accusers. But when one remembers that Mr. Tarte was in daily association and conference with Mr. Chapleau while he was formulating the charges that were designed to destroy Langevin and McGreevy and that Chapleau and Langevin sat in the same Cabinet one feels that Tarte should have been left to his own devices or that Chapleau should have withdrawn from the Government.

According to Sir Joseph Pope there was a time when Sir John Macdonald thought of Langevin as his successor in the leadership of the Conservative party. The statement would not be accepted if the authority were not so unimpeachable. But apparently that was Sir John's judgment in 1888 when he professed to be willing to retire and when it was believed that Sir Charles Tupper would prefer to remain in England as High Commissioner. As surprising as his choice of Langevin is the statement

that when Pope suggested Sir John Abbott, Macdonald declared he had not "a single qualification for the office". But in this connection there is some conflict. While the Conservative leaders were considering who should succeed Sir John Macdonald, Mr. C. H. Cahan, of Halifax, was staying with Sir John Thompson at Ottawa. There was an active movement in behalf of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and Mr. McCarthy himself believed that he should be chosen. Thompson, convinced that he was ineligible because of his religious affiliations, was urging Abbott to take the Premiership and reorganize the Cabinet. "At the close," said Thompson, "of the last meeting of Privy Council which Sir John Macdonald attended, he seemed very weary. The other ministers were leaving hurriedly as it was late. I remained to help Sir John put on his coat. He then put his arm about my shoulder, and, looking at me in a serious way, said: 'Thompson, when I am gone, you will have to rally around Abbott; he is your only man.' I walked out with him to his carriage but nothing more was said. He seemed in deep thought. When Sir John's illness became severe he sent for me and I went to his bedside. He spoke with difficulty a few words about immediate affairs and then added: 'Thompson, some time ago I said you would have to rally round Abbott, that he was your only man. I have changed my mind now, he is too d—— selfish.' Those were the last words Sir John spoke to me."

In "The Day of Sir John Macdonald" there is a frank disclosure of the relations between the French ministers but nothing is revealed that was not suspected or perhaps was not of common knowledge at Ottawa. "It was no secret," Pope writes, "that the French Canadian ministers, Langevin, Caron and Chapleau, were far from showing that spirit of mutual trust and confidence which is supposed to exist among members of the same Ministry. Sir Hector Langevin, the senior of the triumvirate, had been

the lieutenant of Cartier, but, in this instance, the mantle of Elijah had not fallen upon his successor. In my experience I never met a man who more nearly fulfilled Bismarck's cynical description of Lord Salisbury—"a lath painted to look like iron." He was a good departmental officer—but he was nothing more. The moment Sir John Macdonald's support was taken away he fell. Yet Sir John stood by him against the attacks of his opponents, and generally sided with him in his differences with his colleagues. . . . When asked why he thought so much of Langevin, the reply was at once forthcoming: 'He has always been true to me.' The same thing might have been said of Sir Adolphe Caron, ever a faithful supporter, and from his youth up equally in prosperity and adversity, a close personal friend of the old chief; but Sir John thought that Caron sometimes allowed his personal feelings to obscure his judgment, or, as he expressed it, 'Caron is too much influenced by his hates—a fatal mistake in a public man, who should have no resentments.' Sir Adolphe Chapleau, with all his attractiveness and charm, Sir John never quite trusted. The relations between these three French Canadian ministers were hard to define. I frankly confess that, with all my opportunities, I could never master the intricacies of Lower-Canadian politics in those days. In the beginning it seemed to be a case of Langevin and Caron against Chapleau; later it sometimes looked as though Langevin and Chapleau were making common cause against Caron; perhaps most often it resembled a triangular duel. There was absolutely no difference between those three men in respect of public policy, but the personal jealousy and suspicion with which they regarded one another was amusing. 'Langevin,' said Sir John, 'on his way down to Quebec, cannot stop off for lunch at Montreal but Chapleau writes me that he is interfering in his district, and if he leaves his house in Quebec

for a walk down John Street, Caron wires in cypher that a breach in the party is imminent.' Langevin, on his part was equally vigilant to resent the encroachments real or supposed, of his colleagues upon his domain, and altogether Sir John had no pleasant time in keeping the peace among them." The insensate jealousies among these ministers culminated in the scandals of 1891, the fall of Langevin and McGreevy, and the disruption of the Conservative party in Quebec. It was through intrigue within, not by accidental discovery or the vigilance of opponents that the revelations of the memorable "scandal session" were produced.

Sir John Macdonald was faithful to the old guard who stood with him and around him in 1873. He had affection for Sir Mackenzie Bowell. He never deserted Sir John Carling and he reposed great and continuous confidence in Honourable Frank Smith. He was grieved by the death of Honourable Thomas White, a potential Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative party. But in no man had he greater confidence than in Hon. J. H. Pope. Among Liberals in Parliament there was a disposition to regard Pope with offensive toleration if not with open contempt. Angular, ungainly, slow of speech and awkward in gesture and manner he was not impressive in Parliament, but no one who was not wholly encrusted in his own prejudices could think him contemptible. During my first sessions in the Press Gallery I tried to understand the Liberal attitude towards John Henry Pope. I was told that he was uneducated, but that was not a thing so uncommon in a new country. It was said that his English was irregular and faulty and perhaps it was sometimes, but so was that of other men of more pretension. It was Pope who was said to have met a charge against his department with the single sentence, "There ain't nothin' in it". But I never could discover whether the story was a fact or a fabrication. There is no doubt that when he was

on his feet Mr. Pope floundered and hesitated and threw his arms wide in vague, uncertain, impotent gestures, but he never blundered into dangerous admissions or ever was fretted into haste or anger. Moreover, about the man there was a patriarchal simplicity and dignity which inspired liking and respect. At least, this was how I felt towards Mr. Pope when I was in the Press Gallery and when I had heard little or nothing of his wisdom in council or what Sir Joseph Pope calls "his remarkable political sagacity." In "The Day of Sir John Macdonald" there are these sentences. "Macdonald used to say that Pope could have been anything he desired had he only received a good education in his youth. He added that he had never known Pope's judgment to be at fault. In times of stress and difficulty Pope was the colleague of whom he first sought counsel and upon whose rough good sense he implicitly relied. Pope died two years before his chief, who never ceased to mourn his loss."

Sir John Macdonald was rarely at fault in those whom he trusted. The men he used were serviceable if not always brilliant. There were men of greater lustre to whom he gave little confidence and slight recognition. For this he was reproached but in many of those whom he set aside there were defects of temperament or insurrectional tendencies which time revealed. Human as he was, he was not too susceptible to flattery. Not by adulation did men obtain his confidence and recognition. It was often said that he exalted mediocrities in order to seem great by contrast when the truth was that he would not have brilliance that was not serviceable and reliable. He wanted to govern with material that was workable and his supreme objects were to unify Canada and maintain the connection with the Empire. He distrusted Sir Alexander Galt who nourished the vision of an independent Canada. Premature advocacy of a federated Empire he discouraged. He was sensitive to the predilections of Quebec, not

only because he needed the support of the French Province, but because he believed that Quebec should have coordinate authority in the Confederation and that unity of feeling was the essential condition of national stability. Sir John Macdonald was not a reformer, but he was more than an opportunist. He was reluctant to unsettle public opinion by revolutionary proposals. For the evangelical school of reconstructionists who would remake the world in their own image and redeem mankind by legislation he had only a complacent tolerance. He bore the trouble which they made because he respected their motives, because he seldom lost confidence in his own genius to govern and because government as he understood it was to advance or recede as public opinion required and so manage the people as to command a majority in Parliament. But the substantial consistency of Sir John Macdonald's career is good evidence that he directed while he managed and that he abandoned none of his essential convictions for office.

It is true that he adopted Protection with reluctance. As he said himself, "It's devilish hard for a free trader to make a Protectionist speech." But he became a convinced, uncompromising protectionist for Canada. If he moved slowly it was because he hesitated to break new ground and because he was very unwilling to be misunderstood in Great Britain. We were not then emancipated from the old colonial idea of restricted commercial and political sovereignty for the Dominions. We had not come to understand that commercial independence was compatible with the Imperial relation and that as a self-governing community within the Empire Canada was as free to establish protection as Great Britain was to maintain the free trade system. The colonial autonomists who insist that free trade is the necessary policy of all portions of the Empire because the United Kingdom adheres to free trade deny the natural incidence and

vital principle of their own teaching. Those were days when Canada acknowledged no obligation for the common defence of the Empire and had not established equality of citizenship by the fact of common sacrifices and the acceptance of common responsibilities. Even yet we do not always distinguish between loyalty to Great Britain and loyalty to the British Empire.

For a generation Sir John Macdonald was a shameless corruptionist to those who did not follow his standard. For his direct appeal to Sir Hugh Allan there is no defence. He sanctioned bribery and misuse of public appropriations for party purposes. But in the party by which he was opposed there was a considerable admixture of pretence and hypocrisy. George Brown was as unscrupulous in elections as Sir John Macdonald. Mackenzie and Blake set their faces against corruption and to a degree they prevailed. But no one who has knowledge believes that corruption ended when the Conservative party, twenty-two years ago, entered upon its long service in Opposition. This is not said in justification of Sir John Macdonald nor in defamation of his Liberal successors in government. But history should not be perverted in order to maintain the evil pre-eminence of a great man who with all his faults loved Canada and served

Canada with singular fidelity and remarkable ability. Other Canadian statesmen had great qualities which were not his in equal degree and freedom from faults which he possessed but in the sum of his service and in high fitness for the tasks of his time he was greater than any of his contemporaries. I recall that May day when Sir Hector Langevin arose in Parliament and read in halting sentences and with deep emotion the bulletin from Earnsliffe which gave the first certain intelligence of his mortal illness. Men flocked down from right and left to the centre of the Chamber, affected by an instant common grief, lifted in a moment above all rancour and contention, and no one who looked into their faces or caught their hushed voices could say from what he saw or heard who was Conservative or who Liberal, who had praised or who blamed, who had followed or who had not. I think of the gloom which lay over the country until the end came, and the universal sorrow which bound all Canadians together on June 6th, 1891, when he passed out of the turmoil of this world into whatsoever God willed for him. It was no common man who so touched a nation's heart and as time passes we see his stature more clearly and forget the way in which some things were done in gratitude for all that was achieved.

In the January Number Sir John Willison will give his "Experiences of an Editor".



FLORINDA'S CHRISTMAS EVE

BY W. E. NORRIS



NE dark and cold December evening Miss Florinda Hopkins sat warming her toes at the fire, with a tea-table, prepared for two, by her side.

Every now and then she cast a wistful, apprehensive glance at a covered dish, containing crumpets, which had been placed inside the fender; for if there was a delicacy that she appreciated, it was crumpets, and she feared that delay was doing them no good. Not until recently had delicacies of any kind been brought within her reach; not until her father, the curiosity-dealer, above whose closed shop she was sitting, had been found dead in his bed one morning, had more than the barest necessaries of life been her portion; so it is really difficult to account for her being at middle age the plump, jolly-looking woman that she was. Suspicions had always been current in Littleborough that old Elijah Hopkins was as well-to-do as he was niggardly; still nobody had suspected the magnitude of the business transactions which had so often taken him away from home, nor had anybody anticipated that he would leave his only child a fortune amounting, it was rumoured, to fifteen or twenty thousand pounds; and only this startling revelation had been needed to bring the enriched Florinda a revelation almost equally startling—namely, that Littleborough simply teemed with hitherto unobtrusive friends and well-wishers of hers. Grim, old Elijah, to be sure, had been

went to discourage acquaintances, while she herself had been kept too hard at work to seek out friends. As a matter of fact, she had but the one intimate who was now hurrying along the bleak, wind-swept High Street to join her at tea.

“Oh, Florinda dear,” exclaimed pretty little Sylvia Martin, whose knock at the door was followed by her immediate entrance, “why did you wait? I’m so sorry to be late; but, in spite of early closing day, I couldn’t get away until five minutes ago. We’re so frightfully busy this time of year!”

“Sit down,” said Miss Hopkins, “and help yourself to a crumpet. I don’t suppose I shall ever get out of the habit of helping myself, though I’m told I ought to have at least three servants to help me now. So they’re busy up at your place, are they? Your old woman was here this afternoon.”

“Mrs. Williams?” asked Sylvia, in a tone of awestruck surprise; for indeed it was not everybody whom the wife of the principal draper in Littleborough honoured with a call.

Miss Hopkins nodded. “Oh, I tell you I’m coming up in the world! Thinking of having cards printed and buying a set of sables. Not that it’s for you to wonder at my shaking hands with the Williamses, seeing that you’re engaged to be married to their son.”

“Oh, Florinda!” protested the girl, blushing.

“Well, what’s the matter? Nobody here but ourselves—and it’s a fact.”

It was scarcely that. Vows of mutual and undying love had, it was true enough, been exchanged between handsome young Ned Williams and the orphan girl who occupied a subordinate position in the great linen-drapery establishment; but only Florinda Hopkins had been let into the secret of an affair which, should any inkling of it come to the ears of old Mr. Williams, would undoubtedly result in Miss Sylvia's instant dismissal. And the worst of it was that Ned, headstrong and impatient, had been with difficulty restrained from proclaiming to all and sundry what his unalterable intentions were.

"He does such crazy things!" sighed Sylvia. "Do you know that he has actually invited me to the Christmas Eve dinner and insists upon my going! What will Mrs. Williams think when she sees me there?"

In accordance with a custom of many years' standing, the leading Littleborough shopkeepers (though it was a terrible breach of good manners so to designate them, "traders" being, for some occult reason, the correct term to employ) were wont to dine together at the White Hart, and what lent special interest to these gatherings was a rule that every bachelor should be privileged to invite one lady, whose name was not divulged in advance. Hence, as may be supposed, the White Hart had witnessed the closing scene of many a celibate career.

"Well done him!" cried Miss Hopkins approvingly. "Now don't you be scared, my dear. They can't turn you out, and they won't think of being rude to any friend of mine—so popular as I am now! I'm going to the dinner myself," she added, with demure complacency.

"Florinda!—you don't mean that!"

"I do, though. Had a couple of invitations—one from old Joe Hicks and one from Mr. Bradford—and accepted 'em both."

Mr. Hicks, an elderly widower, was

an upholsterer and undertaker, while Mr. Bradford, who carried on a flourishing saddling business, considered himself, and was generally considered, the most eligible of Littleborough's unmarried men.

"But you can't accept invitations from two gentlemen," remonstrated Sylvia, suppressing an inclination to laugh at the idea of poor old Florinda's being in such request! "You'll make the party a lady short that way."

"My dear," returned Miss Hopkins, "there's almost nothing I can't do these times. More than that, I've accepted offers of marriage from the pair of 'em. Now, then!"

Sylvia was as dumbfounded as she was expected to be. She was also a little shocked; although her friend hastened to disclaim any project of committing bigamy.

"You see," said the latter, "it was this way. Those two poor men worked so upon my feelings that I couldn't bear to disappoint either of 'em. Been adoring me in secret for years, so they declared, but, knowing father would never consent to part with me, they had to bide their time. So there it is! I can't make 'em both happy; but I may take one or t'other. I don't say I will and I don't say I won't."

"But, Florinda, do you want to marry either of them? Do you think they really want . . . don't you think that perhaps your money?"

"Nothing farther from their thoughts, my dear! I couldn't tell you which was the most emphatic about that."

Sylvia sighed. "Well, then, let it be Mr. Hicks. He's rather old and he has six children; but at least he isn't horrid, like Mr. Bradford."

Mr. Bradford, as Miss Hopkins happened to be well aware, had been very horrid indeed to the pretty linen-drapeer's assistant. He enjoyed (greatly enjoyed) the reputation of a local Lothario, and he had developed an

objectionable habit of loitering outside the premises of Williams and Son about closing time.

"Ah, young men will be young men!" remarked the tolerant Florinda. "If I marry Bradford he'll jolly well have to behave himself, I promise you. I don't say I shall marry him, though. Nor yet I don't say I shan't."

When, a few evenings later, Sylvia went to the White Hart she passed through some minutes of embarrassed misery, which were but little mitigated by her lover's encouraging whispers or the waved salute from afar of Florinda, resplendent in black velvet and jet. She felt sure that everybody was looking at her, and relief only came when, at the moment of sitting down, she perceived that everybody was looking at somebody else. This was Miss Hopkins, between her two admirers, each of whom appeared to be claiming her with a good deal of heat and insistence.

"Well, well," Sylvia heard her say, in her loud, good-humoured voice, "don't let's have a row about it. My mistake; so it's only right that I should be the one to suffer by being deprived of you both. Don't you stir, Mr. Hicks; there'll be an empty chair between us, and I'll promise not to talk to you across it. Now, Mr. Bradford, trot along round to the other side of the table, take young Mr. Williams's place and send him here. It mayn't be just what you or he or I should choose, but some sacrifices must be made for the sake of impartiality and harmony."

To Sylvia's consternation, the cruel and unexpected transfer of neighbours was actually effected. Mr. and Mrs. Williams lent themselves to it authoritatively. Mr. Bradford did not seem to mind much, and Ned's expostulations were disregarded. What could Florinda mean by such inhuman behaviour! Poor Sylvia had much ado to refrain from mingling her tears with her soup, and the progress of the

inordinately long banquet brought her neither comfort nor enlightenment. What it did bring her was a sense of stupefied indignation at the spectacle of Ned engaged in animated converse with Florinda and quite unmistakably enjoying himself. Add to this the increasingly bold gallantries of Mr. Bradford, who drank a great deal of wine, and it will be realized that if Miss Martin had been guilty of indiscretion in thrusting herself upon her betters, her punishment was commensurate with her offence.

Not until an advanced hour did Mr. Williams, the pompous chairman, rise to propose the customary loyal toasts to a flushed and replete audience. These having been duly honoured, local institutions received the tribute of much halting rhetoric. Finally, the health of "The Ladies" was given in a ponderously joocular style which elicited outbursts of cheers and laughter. Perhaps it was because he never before had an opportunity of so doing that Mr. Williams was pleased to single out for special mention in this connection "our anniversally esteemed friend and neighbour Miss Hopkins". Assuredly, however, he did not expect Miss Hopkins to respond in person; for Littleborough shared the objections of St. Paul to feminine oratory, and custom decreed that, on the occasion of the Christmas Eve dinner, the fair and timid sex should express its acknowledgments through the medium of a bachelor spokesman. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bradford did get up—a trifle unsteadily—to discharge this pleasing duty; but he had to give way to Florinda, who was on her feet before him.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," she began, "I beg to thank you, on behalf of your lady guests, for the excellent dinner you have given us. Likewise for wishing us a happy Christmas and good health in the coming year. I'm sure I hope we shall all continue to enjoy good health, and I may almost make bold to answer for

myself, having nothing that I know of the matter with me up to now, and being a hale woman, though five and forty years of age." (Murmurs of polite incredulity). "Well, I was born in March, 1865, so you can tot it up for yourselves if you like. Which leads me to remark . . . I should mention that this is going to be a personal speech; but I make no apology for that, because I've been very much struck of late by the kind interest that you all take in me and my small personal affairs. I say, that question of age leads me to the remark that at five and forty old habits aren't easily changed. As you know, I've been poor all my life, and haven't specially minded it. Now I'm rich, and it's open to doubt whether I specially like that. I won't say I do, and I won't say I don't; all depends upon what's to become of this money of mine. I haven't much personal use for it, my habits and tastes being so simple, and I've neither kith nor kin to inherit it when I die, which seems a pity. Might make a will in favour of a friend? Yes, there's that; but what I ask myself is—why should my friend be kept waiting for a matter of twenty or thirty years? Why shouldn't I have the enjoyment of seeing her in possession of what's bound to come to her sooner or later? Did you say anything, Mr. Hicks? Oh, beg pardon! I thought you did. So during dinner I've been talking things over with a gentleman in whose judgment I have every confidence, and I'm glad to think that he doesn't think it at all a foolish action on my part to get rid at once of money that's burning a hole in my pocket."

Miss Florinda paused and surveyed the puzzled, inquisitive faces which were turned towards her. Mr. Hicks's face, always a long one, had lengthened to such an extent that the fringe of stubby gray beard which adorned his chin threatened to touch his plate; but he remained expectantly silent, and the speaker resumed:

"Well, I thought maybe it would interest you to hear what I'm going to do for my best friend, Sylvia Martin. I'm going to give her a Christmas present. I'm going to give her a handsome Christmas present. Twenty thousand pounds in short." (Sensation). "Oh, it's a lot of money; but I daresay it won't be too much for her, and I know it's too much for me. Now, Sylvia, sit down; it isn't your turn to speak. I was about to say that a person can't be called good for giving away what she don't want. I was also about to say that twenty thousand pounds will come in handy for my dearest friend Sylvia Martin, because I'm happy to tell you, and I know you'll be happy to hear, that she's engaged to be married to a fine young fellow, Ned Williams by name, who would have been proud to marry her if she hadn't had twenty pence. That, gentlemen, is the proper spirit in which to enter upon married life. I happen to be aware—" here Florinda looked down and assumed an indescribably coy expression—"that there are some amongst you who are prepared to enter upon it in that spirit, and I'm confident that they'll be the first to applaud my decision. Now I won't detain you any longer from offering your congratulations to the young people."

Mr. Hicks was no longer to be detained from correcting a most unwarrantable assumption. He skipped nimbly into the empty chair which had hitherto separated him from his neighbour and said, in a low voice, trembling with anger:

"If you imagine that I shall sanction this insane proceeding, Miss Hopkins, let me tell you that you little know me! I am far from being a wealthy man; I have a large family to support. . . ."

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Florinda, with unruffled good temper. "I never supposed you were the sort of man to marry an elderly pauper. What surprises me is your having

thought me the sort of woman to enrich you and your large family just for fun. Never mind, Hicks; shake hands. You're glad to be free, and so am I."

Mr. Bradford, meanwhile, had made his way round the table and had dropped heavily into Ned's vacated seat. After mopping his heated brow with his handkerchief, he began:

"Miss Hopkins!—"

"Won't you say Florinda?" softly pleaded the lady whom he addressed.

"No," returned Mr. Bradford, with decision, "I will not say Florinda. Not proper nor fitting, under the circumstances. You yourself intimated as much just now. Miss Hopkins, all's over between us! You've trifled with me in a way no self-respecting man would endure."

"Maybe that's true," observed the imperturbable Florinda. "I don't say it is, and I don't say it isn't. You're a bit of a trifier yourself, though, so you should be able to make allowances."

"What, me?" called our Mr. Bradford, tipsily indignant. "No such thing, Miss Hopkins! I'm serious, and so you'll find!"

"In jilting me, do you mean? Well, I suppose there's no help for that, and I won't pretend that you astonish me. What does astonish me is your having believed for a moment—you did believe for a moment, you know—that I meant to make Sylvia Martin a Christmas present of you, over and above twenty thousand pounds. You and Sylvia!—well, well! Never mind, Mr. Bradford; shake hands. I bear no malice, and I'm pleased to hear that you've managed to keep your self-respect. I call that clever of you."

He was, at all events, clever enough to discern that he had better bring the interview to a close and that he might deem himself lucky to have escaped an action for breach of promise. Florinda, for her part, had no need of

excessive cleverness to discover that her recently acquired popularity was on the wane. Littleborough did not understand, and could not approve, such ways of going on. Generosity, within reasonable limits, is well enough; but a woman who strips herself bare of all her possessions for an idea is a sheer fool, and the self-despoiled Florinda was not left long in ignorance of public opinion. It may be hoped that the tearful gratitude of Sylvia and the radiant visage of Ned Williams made her some amends. The latter was helping her on with her cloak, preparatory to escorting her home, when Mrs. Williams bustled up, with almost shame-faced blandishments.

"Dear Miss Hopkins, so extraordinarily good of you! I am delighted at Ned's choice, for I have always felt so—irresistibly drawn, I may say, to dear Sylvia! But—is it quite right? Ought you to impoverish yourself like this?"

"Oh, I shan't come on the rates," laughed Florinda, and added, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all bystanders, "I've only given Sylvia what I didn't know how to spend; otherwise Mr. Ned wouldn't have let me have my way. You see, poor father left a larger fortune than anybody would have supposed. Fifty thousand pounds it works out at, I believe. Now, I must be off, and I wish you a very happy Christmas. Mine's going to be firstrate, because your son and Sylvia are coming to dine with me. Three's no company, I allow; but I'm afraid it's too late to invite a fourth person now. No, Mr. Bradford; you're more than kind, but I couldn't think of inflicting my society upon you, many thanks. More especially as I'm so unaccustomed to dining late two nights running that I shouldn't wonder if I was to drop asleep soon after dinner to-morrow. I don't say I shall, but I don't say I shan't. Good-night, everybody!"



THE SETTLEMENT ON THE HILL

From the Painting by

A. Suzor Coté, R.C.A.,

in the National Gallery of Canada

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE MANOR

BY EDITH G. BAYNE



APTAIN ALAN ARMSTRONG climbed to an outside seat on the Muggleton coach and with a sigh of supreme satisfaction, disposed his long-

limbed, trench-hardened person between a little old lady holding a parrot-cage and a little old gentleman with a plain muffler and a touch of asthma.

"This is the life!" he ejaculated.

"Did you speak, sir?" rather timidly inquired the little old lady, peering around the parrot-cage and up into the brown face of the Canadian.

Alan grinned, half-apologetically.

"If I did it was wholly spontaneous," he admitted. "To think I should have the luck to strike an old coach-route and right through the heart of Dickens's England!"

"Then you've never ridden on a coach before?"

"Never. And it was by the merest chance I learned of this. My friends at the Manor Farm wanted to send the motor for me, but I telegraphed them that I intended travelling Pickwickian style and to meet me at Muggleton instead. Why, all my life I've longed to ride 'outside' on an English coach!"

"Ah, yes," spoke up the asthmatic gentleman. "It is almost the only coach route left. Sentiment, I believe, is responsible."

"Sentiment and pity for the coach-driver," amended the little old lady.

"The coach-driver?"

"Yes, it's the only work he can do, you see."

"Why, he looks a husky old chap!" said Alan, with a glance down at the driver's seat where a vast bulk of brown greatcoat surmounted by a tweed ear-muffled cap obscured a large portion of the English winter landscape. "As a matter of fact, I don't ever remember seeing such a huge man before. He must tip the scales at about three hundred."

"More than that," said the little old gentleman.

"And he's past eighty," observed the little old lady.

Alan was impressed.

"I wonder why he doesn't join a circus or apply for admission to a freak museum," he said wonderingly.

"Ah, but it's his activity keeps him alive! He's afraid of apoplexy or fatty degeneration or something."

"And well he may. What a monstrosity!"

"Still, he deserves credit," wheezed the little old gentleman, "for trying to make up for a misspent youth."

"Oh, I see. Drink?"

"No, eating."

"Eating?"

"Yes, he was a great gourmand. Did little else but eat and sleep. . . . You said, I think, that your friends lived at the Manor Farm. The one near Muggleton, sir?"

Alan nodded.

"I get off at the Blue Lion," he explained.

"Well, I was about to say that our driver in his early youth was page and general handyboy to the then owner of the Manor—a Mr. Wardle, sir."

After a while Alan's companions got off and he was left alone. He pulled his cap further down, drew his collar closer about his ears and fell to day-dreaming. The air was pleasantly crisp, the wind blew freshly and the coach rumbled smoothly along past brown hedgerows, snug, thatched cottages, an occasional ivy-hung lodge gate, and now and then through the cobbled street of a little market town. Alan's reflections were sweet and absorbing. Anticipations of a real old English Christmas filled him and the central figure was a beautiful maiden named Phyllis.

What is this? Another stop in an inn yard! Fresh horses. Another party of travellers. Alan rouses himself from his state of pleasant coma and gazes with interest at these people. They are "outsiders" by choice for which Alan is distinctly glad, for the leader of the group is such a merry-looking, rosy, rotund old chap that he feels drawn to him on the spot. There is another middle-aged gentleman only a little less stout and two younger men, one in a blue great-coat and the other an ascetic-looking fellow with the dreamy eyes of the poet. Lastly there is an attendant, who appears to be a very jocular young man for as he assists the leader of the party to mount the steps he winks at Alan and murmurs: "Bless 'is old gaiters!"

The leader takes off his spectacles, wipes them and puts them on again. Then he watches with the keenest interest the disposal of the various portmanteaux, carpet-bags and shawls. The jocular youth and the guard are endeavouring to insinuate into the "boot" a huge codfish several sizes too large for it and half a dozen small barrels of oysters. At last the guard achieves his purpose but only by falling in head first after the basket. The

bystanders shout with delight. The leader smiles and pulling out a shilling begs the guard to drink his health. The guard grins and so do all the others in the party. Evidently the old chap's benevolence is well known. Off come the horse cloths, the coachman shouts out a cheery "All right!" the guard's key-bugle announces departure and the coach proceeds once more on its journey to Muggleton. The wheels skim smoothly over the pike, there is a smart crack of the whip and the horses break into a canter that lasts until another town is reached. At various stops some of the "outsiders" get down to stamp their feet and look longingly at the bright fire-glow in the taproom windows where springs of holly hang. There is a hint of snow in the air.

On again. Alan listens abstractly to the hum of conversation. This party apparently is also bound for the Manor Farm, for they talk of a wedding and Dick's older sister—not as pretty, by the way, as the dark-eyed Phyllis—is to be married to-morrow. So Alan introduces himself to his fellow-travellers. It is as he suspects. They too are guests. All are very gay and companionable except one—the young man in the blue overcoat, who appears to have taken an instantaneous dislike to the stalwart Canadian. Alan catalogues him privately as a "boob". At three o'clock the coach rolls into the inn yard of the Blue Lion at Muggleton.

The passengers descend stiffly. The "insides" come out and the "outsides" come off. The jocular young man springs from the driver's seat and assists his master to the ground. Then he takes out the codfish and the oysters from the "boot".

"There!" he exclaims, as Alan watches. "Now we're all werry comfortable an' free from worry as the father said ven he cut off his little boy's head to cure him of squintin'."

"Sam!" calls the stout old gentleman suddenly.

"Yes, sir."

"Come here! Come here at once!" he commanded.

Alan looked about him and presently he saw a very fat boy—absolutely the fattest boy he had ever seen—tugging at the merry old gentleman's coat-tails. He was an unctuous-looking urchin with round, staring eyes.

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Ah," said the adipose youth, and he glanced at the codfish and the oysters and licked his lips.

He was the colour of a chimney-pot from having slept by the taproom fire.

"Master sent me over with the shay for the luggage," he explained. "He'd a' sent some saddle horses but he thought you gentlemen would rather walk—it being a cold day."

"Yes, yes. Quite right," said the merry old chap hurriedly, and he glanced at the others and looked quickly away again.

Alan saw each of the other three exchange furtive glances and colour slightly. The poetic-looking young man coughed deprecatingly. Blue Coat turned slightly pale.

"Yes, indeed," they all chorused, the stouter one adding with a nervous laugh: "Shan't soon forget how we got to the Manor House the last time—poor Winkle drifting along sideways on that awful steed—"

"Hush!" begged Blue Coat, turning red again.

"—and Snoddy here throwing himself into the bramble bush when the shay horse bolted—"

"Tupman, I beg of you!"

"—and our beloved leader trying to dispose of the other noble animal which everybody thought we had stolen—"

"Tupman, pray do not recall that mortifying episode," pleaded the rotund old gentleman, a pained expression on his benevolent features.

The one addressed as "Snoddy" drew close to Mr. Tupman. There was a gleam of malice in his eye.

"Remember!" he hissed dramatically. "Remember that upon the occasion of that visit a certain elderly virgin gave you the everlasting go-by and eloped with one Alfred Jingle of unsavoury memory!"

Mr. Tupman started, but quickly regained his self-possession and walked away. Presently the four gentlemen struck into the footpath across the fields and then Alan and Sam and the fat boy got into the shay with the luggage.

"You're a fine specimen of a prize boy, you are!" observed Sam to the latter. "Do you ever drink?"

"I likes eatin' better. Can you drive?"

"I should rayther think so!"

"Then there." And the fat boy sighed and put the reins into Sam's hands, pointing up a lane. "It's as straight as you can go! You can't miss it."

He laid himself down by the codfish and, with an oyster barrel for a pillow, fell instantly asleep.

At the Manor a great welcome awaited the travellers. There was a houseful of people—wedding guests, poor relatives, and whatnot. There were the genial host and his mother and young ladies and gentlemen to the number of a score or more. The poetic young man called "Snoddy" immediately fell in love with a young lady named Emily. Blue Coat proceeded to surrender to the charms of a dark-eyed damsel who wore a pair of fur-topped boots—none other, in fact, than Alan's own Phyllis Arabella! Alan ground his teeth in silent rage. The flirt!

The deaf old lady was a trifle cantankerous and refused to remember the new guests at first, but under the pleasant cajolery and admirable tact of the rotund old gentleman she thawed, and the pair were soon deep in a rubber of whist. The host ordered hot elder wine with spice and in the soft glow of the candles all was merry as the marriage-bell which would ring on the morrow. The pros-

pective groom and his love frankly spooned in one of the corners.

Then came dinner, and what a dinner! Roast and fowl and game and mince-pies and drinking of healths! In the butler's pantry Sam and the fat boy stuck sprigs of holly in each pie, Sam calling the urchin by such fond names as "young boa-constructor" and "Jumbo" and "little opium-eater."

"Wardle, a glass in honour of the happy occasion to-morrow!" the ro-tund old chap cried.

"Be delighted, Joe! . . . Dash that boy, he's gone asleep again."

"No, I ain't, sir."—from a corner where he had been devouring a pie, came the voice of the fat boy.

"Fill the glasses."

"Yes, sir."

Alan was seated beside his charming Phyllis and had the keen additional pleasure of noting the chagrin on the face of Mr. Winkle—for that, it turned out, was the "boob's" name. He began to feel that sooner or later he and Winkle were destined to cross swords and he gloried in the idea. A duel, ah!

Then there was the ball, held in a long, oak-panelled room where a huge fire blazed and crackled and where, in a bower of evergreen and holly a couple of fiddlers and the harpist from Muggleton discoursed sweet music. Laughter and gay voices made the old rafters ring at times. Was this a Cruickshank cartoon come to life, Alan wondered! But Phyllis continued to smile upon him while Mr. Winkle glowered from a recess across the room. Tall candles in massive silver candle-sticks and in four-branched sconces diffused a soft yet radiant light over the scene and rich brocaded gowns and satin "smalls" shimmered and rustled. Holly berries glowed redly everywhere and the scent of evergreen filled the air while the creamy mistletoe berry peeped shyly forth from its half-hidden retreat.

The merry old gentleman, his face rosier than ever and his eyes twink-

ling behind his spectacles, appeared without his gaiters and in smart pumps. He meant to dance with the best of them!

"You! In silk stockings!" cried Mr. Tupman jocosely.

"And why not, sir—why not?" demanded the merry old chap warmly.

How the girls laughed as their partners swung them through the mazes of the dance! What giggling and blushing beneath the mistletoe! How cleverly the merry old gentleman stepped through the minuet with the host's mother, graceful in spite of her four-score years! Then how delightfully he saluted his partner underneath the mistletoe, as the others had done, and took her to a seat! Mr. Snodgrass kissed Emily, Mr. Tupman kissed numberless young ladies and proved by his demeanor that he had long since ceased sighing for his lost Rachel, and Mr. Winkle kissed the girl with the fur around her boot-tops.

Seeing this last, Alan withdrew to a remote corner and sulked a little, but not for long. After a time he went downstairs and there found Sam, the jocular young man, and the maid Emma in close conclave, while the fat boy demolished a pork pie on a bench by the fire.

"Your master's a fine gen'l'm'n," Sam was telling Emma. "I hear he always invites the servants up for the games on Christmas Eve. I never see such a reg-lar gen'l'm'n."

Emma tossed her head, quite pleased.

"Oh, that he is!" the fat boy cut in. "Don't he breed nice pork!"

Sam turned and gazed at the youth for a moment in silence.

"I'll tell you what it is, young drosy," he began at length, very impressively, "if you don't sleep a little less and exercise a little more, you'll lay yourself open to the same thing as was inflicted on the old gen'l'm'n as wore a pigtail."

"What was that?" Joe asked, showing much interest.

"Why *he* was one o' the largest patterns turned out—hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for forty-five years."

"Lor!" exclaimed Emma.

"He was rollin' down the Strand one day an' he sees a pickpocket he knew a-comin' along arm-in-arm with a little boy with a werry large head. Now, there wasn't a pickpocket in all London but had taken a pull at his watch-chain, but it never broke an' his watch was stuck tight—almost burstin' through his gray Kersey smalls. 'They're a-goin' to have another try,' he chuckles. Then all of a sudden the little boy lowers his head an' rushes straight for the old gen'l'm'n's stomach an' doubles him up. 'Murder!' howls the old chap. An' w'en he come to his watch an' chain was gone an' so was his digestion for the rest of his nat'ral life. So young feller take care!"

The fat boy was much affected by this moving tale and went straight-way to the pantry where he annexed a cold bird and half a dozen currant buns.

The servants were called upstairs now and old-fashioned time-honoured games were indulged in while the great wassail bowl with the hot apples greasing and bubbling was prepared by the host himself.

"Rake up the fire, Trundle," he called to his prospective son-in-law. "It is snowing hard now."

"We'll have a white Christmas, after all," someone cried, peering through a casement.

"What's that?" demanded the deaf old lady nervously. "Is the chimney on fire?"

"No, no, mother. Snow is falling and a bit of wind has got up. We'll have sleighing, I expect."

"And skating!" exclaimed Emily.

"Severe weather perhaps," remarked the merry old gentleman.

"Fine time for them as is well wrapped up, as the polar bear said," observed Sam in an aside to his master.

Blind man's buff and snapdragon together with copious draughts from the bowl of wassail continued to keep everybody merry and at length toward morning story-telling replaced the more active forms of amusement. Alan felt that he could have remained awake forever. He and Phyllis sat hand in hand now and listening to the tales of their host and the old clergyman and others he began to feel a sense of unreality steal over it all—the voices, softly English, the merry faces, and the touch of that small hand in his seemed all part of a delightful dream. Here he was, a soldier on a week's leave from the trenches miraculously set down in the midst of an old English family celebrating Yule-tide and with a fine old English country gentleman to do the honours. Like unfamiliar phantoms, such phrases as "food shortage," "farmerettes," "submarine warfare," "sea blockade" and "greater production" stalked strangely through his mind. Why weren't Winkle and Snodgrass in khaki? Why wasn't the old lady—and every other lady—rolling bandages or knitting? Why did the merry old gentleman not make a patriotic speech? Dick had written that he would find things very dull at the Manor Farm, as economy was the order of the day. There was little economy in evidence here—not that he would wish it otherwise for this one evening. But did they burn half a thousand candles *every* night? Surely not.

Whether it was the wassail or the sudden soft pressure of that little hand in his own or what it was, Alan suddenly became very brave and determined. His bashfulness fell from him like a cloak and he rose unsteadily and faced the throng of merry-makers. Just as he opened his lips to speak, Sam returned from a trip belowstairs and crossed over to his master.

"There's a couple o' sawbones downstairs," he said, in a low tone, but which Alan caught nevertheless.

"One of 'em is eatin' oysters an' aimin' the shells at young drosy asleep in the corner."

"Ah! Medical students, I gather," said the merry old gentleman, smilingly. "I remember them."

"Yes, sir. One is Miss Arabella's brother. He's 'er guardian, he says. Won't 'ave 'er marryin' anybody as he don't approve of."

Alan looked at Mr. Winkle and caught that gentleman favouring him in the same manner. Steel flashed on steel in the two pairs of eyes and Mr. Winkle got up quickly and took a step forward. His expression was menacing in the extreme and Phyllis Arabella screamed. But Alan flexed the muscles of his good right arm and smiled.

"Come on!" he cried invitingly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried the host quickly.

"Remember there are ladies present," said the merry old chap. "Winkle, restrain yourself."

"He stole her from me!" said Mr. Winkle. "Her brother, I am sure, would approve of my suit——"

"I had her first!" Alan broke in hotly.

"What does Phyllis herself say?" asked someone suddenly.

Alan turned in the hope of reading sweet assurance in Phyllis's eyes. But—what was this?

There she stood, lovely as ever, her cheeks like holly, warm and ruddy, her eyes glowing and a smile on her lips. But the yellow brocade gown—the pearls—the lace—where were they? From her head to her feet she was clothed in khaki brown! Slim and upright she stood, her curls half-hidden beneath a hat with "*Land Army*" on the crown—a severely plain hat with a straight brim. Heavy shoes and puttees had taken the place of the little fur-topped boots. Her waist was as neat as ever, but in a business-like belted jacket and—was the rest of the costume a skirt or some kind of bifurcated affair? Whatever it was, the whole effect was very

pleasing. As Alan, lost in admiration, continued to gaze upon her she brought her right hand smartly up at the salute.

Then Winkle, in a jealous rage, fell upon the Canadian. There was a struggle, scuffling, loud voices, and—Winkle seemed to have quite a "punch" after all! Muscular fellow. Wouldn't have guessed it, though. Alan's own arms flew about like busy windmills. His breath came short. He heard strange noises and then a sympathetic feminine voice.

"Poor boy," it murmured, close beside him. "I suppose it's the first real sleep he's had in months. A shame to rouse him!"

"But this is where he gets off," came a deep rumbling voice, and Alan felt a strong arm shaking him. "I say, this is your stop, sir, wake up."

Alan's eyes opened full. The stout coachman loomed over him, breathing heavily.

"The fat boy!" Alan muttered.

Some of the other passengers sniggered and Alan turned a dazed glance about him.

"Where's Winkle?" he demanded drowsily.

"Where's who? There warn't nobody with you, sir," said the coachman. "This is the Blue Lion, sir, and there's a party a-waving to you from a motor down below. I'm a-going on to West Muggleton."

Alan rose and having found his bag pressed a coin into the palm of the stout driver.

"Thank you, sir," said the latter, touching his ear-muffled cap. Then, as Alan descended and the coach rumbled on—for the Blue Lion is not the important stop that it once was—the coachman smiled till the creases in his cheeks almost hid his eyes. "A golden crown, as I live! But I just about earned it, I did. Never see such a chap to wake up! He's almost as sound a sleeper as I was myself in my young days. . . . But I wonder wot he called me a 'fat boy' for! I ain't wot you'd call *fat*."

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

BY GUY THORNE



WITH the dawn of Christmas Eve, snow began to fall heavily over the great City of Ironpool with rigorous persistence. Flake after flake descended through the heavy smoke-laden air until it seemed that the whole city was putting on a dazzling bridal garment for the coming feast. Muriel Winstanley, tall, lithe, and glowing with health, left her lodgings for the Prince's Theatre for a last rehearsal of the play in which she was to appear on Boxing Day. On all sides she saw the artistic posters advertising "The Old World Players," and here and there her own portrait as leading lady, stared out upon her from the hoardings.

The management of the Prince's Theatre had decided upon a new departure this Christmas. A pantomime was to be given at the three other theatres, but at the Prince's a play, written by a north-country author, and acted by professionals who had nearly all been born in the north, was to be produced. It dealt with the industrial life of a hundred years ago, and if the advance booking was any criterion, "A Certain Rich Man" was going to be a considerable success.

Muriel Winstanley had played small parts in London, Paris and New York, and was well known as a "leading lady" in the provinces. She had been born in Monpool, and had been selected to play the chief part in the new play. It was a distinct chance for her, and she knew it. The

play was a good one, the part fitted her like a glove, and yet, as she made her way to the theatre, her mind was troubled, and her eyes dull with thought.

When she had gone a short distance, she stopped before a house at the other end of a long street, where theatrical folk generally lodged, and as she did so, old Mrs. John Lupin, the well-known comedienne, came out and joined her.

"It's freezing hard," said the jolly old lady, "so the snow won't hurt us, not but what I shall be glad to get to the theatre, so come along, my dear."

The two ladies walked along in silence. Neither seemed inclined to talk. Once or twice as they crossed The Square with its towering town hall on one side, the old lady stole a questioning glance at her young friend's face, and finding nothing to reassure her there, she sighed. They arrived at the theatre, and went round to the stage door, inquiring for letters from the stage doorkeeper in his little hutch, and then making their way towards the large dressing-room which they shared together, which, being what is known as the "star" room, was on a level with the stage itself.

"We're early, there is nearly half an hour yet," said Mrs. Lupin. "What is it, Muriel? I know you are unhappy, my dear—and I think I can guess the reason."

Muriel sat down upon a chair, and gazed moodily at the row of grease paints, neatly set out in front of a

large mirror clamped firmly to the wall.

"We have known each other a good many years now, Harriet," she said. "You've been like a mother to me in the profession. When I was a silly, ignorant girl you saved me from all sorts of dangers."

"And will again, please God," said the old lady. She laid her hand upon the girl's arm, and the deep contralto voice that had set so many audiences rocking with laughter in the past, now trembled with womanly sympathy. "It's about him, isn't it, about Chris Pilkington?"

Muriel nodded. "Yes," she said, and there was a sob in her voice. The old lady sighed deeply.

"Ah, Muriel!" she said, "in all the years I have known you, you have been heart-whole until now. They call you 'Proud Maisie,' all the men say you are as cold as ice, and now. . . !"

The girl turned on her fiercely.

"The same tone!" she cried. "You are all alike. What is there against Mr. Pilkington? Why does every single member of the company treat him with such coldness? He is a great artist—he'll get to the very top of the tree in our profession; he is a gentleman, he is courteous, and kind, and yet, apart from the actual necessary business in the theatre, everyone seems to avoid him like the plague. I suppose it is because he is the leading man, and they are jealous of him—though I have never seen anything like it before in any company I have been with."

"My dear," Mrs. Lupin answered very quietly, "let me ask you one question. You needn't answer unless you like, but old Harriet is your accepted mother, you know! Muriel, do you think he loves you?"

The colour mantled into the girl's face, and her eyes grew bright.

"Doesn't a girl know?" she said, "it is mere pretence to say that she doesn't. A girl always knows."

"You don't think it is a mere passing fancy on his part—or on yours?"

"How should I be able to enter into a man's mind?" Muriel answered bitterly. "One thing I do know, he is not that detestable thing, a male flirt, like so many actors are, though he is by far the handsomest man I have ever met upon the stage. He doesn't go preening his feathers, and endeavouring to attract attention like so many men do. Oh, Harriet," and here her head fell upon her arms, "Harriet, I feel sure he loves me, and yet, and yet, he seems almost afraid of me—and then this hostile attitude of the company! There's a sort of veiled warning whenever they make any reference to him, and I am utterly miserable. Yet I thought that this was going to be one of the happiest Christmases I have ever spent."

"You've answered both my questions," said the elder woman gravely. "Child, it is not for nothing they have called you proud in the profession! You are proud, and I am glad of it, because your pride and your pride alone, will help you to bear it. You love Christopher Pilkington. I can see that, and because I love you as if you were my own daughter, I am going to be cruel in order to be kind. It is better that it should come from me."

The girl looked up, and stared with startled eyes at her companion.

"What do you mean?" she whispered, and there was fear in her voice. "There is something, then? Is there anyone else?"

Mrs. Lupin shook her head. "Not that I know, dear," she answered. "No, it is not that sort of thing. But for you, it is almost as bad."

"Tell me," Muriel said, wiping her eyes. "I must know. Don't be afraid. I shan't make a fool of myself and no one will know anything at the rehearsal. What is it?"

The old comedienne bit her lip, and her large, plump face wrinkled up unconsciously into her famous attitude of stage perplexity—though now she was sincere enough.

"You've noticed all the company look coldly on Chris Pilkington," she

said, "they do. It's perfectly true, but they have only heard hints and rumours. If they knew the truth, some of them would very likely throw up their parts—those who could afford to do so at any rate."

"You know the truth?"

"I and one other person in the company, Rose Howard."

Muriel started. "That furtive, sly, little thing," she said, "though I'll own she can act. What do you and she know about Christopher?"

"Something that will shock you very much, dear."

"Then why haven't you and Miss Howard thrown up your parts, or at any rate told the rest?" Muriel said disdainfully.

"Because, my dear," Mrs. Lupin answered gently, "because I have seen so much evil in the world that I have learnt to be tolerant, and try to keep a kind heart for the failings of others. As for Rose Howard, I know very little of her. She always keeps herself to herself, but it is charitable to suppose that her reasons are the same as mine. Now I'll tell you at once."

"Please do, I can stand anything but this uncertainty."

"A year ago," said Mrs. Lupin, "you may remember that Constance Savage," she referred to one of the most famous actresses of the day, "had an eight weeks' tour, starring in all the No. 1 towns."

"I have heard you speak of it. You were with the show, weren't you?"

"I was. So were Rose Howard and Chris Pilkington. The tour was a big affair, a great success, and I was very glad to be a member of the company, for it was an advertisement."

She hesitated for a moment, trying to bring herself to the point.

"Go on, for heaven's sake go on!" said Muriel.

"One day, a gold hand-mirror, worth a considerable sum, was missing from Constance Savage's dressing-room—she is a most careless woman, and even on tour travels about with all sorts of valuable jewellery and toilet things."

"And what has a gold mirror to do with Christopher Pilkington?"

"Muriel, he, he took it! He was hard up at the time, he took it, and he pawned it!"

"I won't believe it, I won't believe it for a moment. Christopher Pilkington a thief, never!"

The other shook her head sorrowfully.

"It is only too true, dear, he confessed it himself. Constance Savage didn't want a scandal in a company like hers. She wouldn't prosecute, the whole matter was hushed up, and Pilkington was dismissed immediately. There have been all sorts of rumours as to what happened, but nobody knows the truth, except Miss Savage, Rose Howard and myself. I was most surprised when I found that Pilkington had been chosen for the leading part in this play. I suppose the management have heard nothing, and at any rate he is town born like yourself, and, as you say, a magnificent actor. That's all. Muriel, I would never have breathed a word of this had I not seen how things were going with you. But, loving you as I do, I have to save you."

Muriel kissed her, and the girl's lips were cold as ice.

"You have done so very effectually. A sharp operation, but I am cured."

The laughter that rang out in the dressing-room was so scornfully bitter and despairing that it stabbed the kind old woman's heart as with a knife.

*

Hammond, the stage manager, was thoroughly satisfied with the last rehearsal.

The curtain was up, and the enormous cavern of the auditorium was in gloom. The brown holland which covered all the seats and gilding seemed like some ghostly audience to the actors, and only a bar of yellow from the lighted room of the theatre manager, which opened into the back of the dress circle, focused the eye.

Muriel Winstanley played to that bar of yellow light. She said her

words, performed, went through the business of the play, as if in a dream. She seemed a being aloof, apart. And though all her colleagues knew what fire she would put into her part on Boxing Night, they whispered, and some of them sneered to each other at the tall, dark-haired girl's detachment.

One member of the company neither whispered nor sneered, but his heart grew leaden cold within him. There was one moment in the play where Christopher Pilkington had to take Muriel Winstanley in his arms, and whisper words of love to her. For many days now the man had known that the girl in his arms thrilled as he took her, had known himself a keen anguish of mingled joy and pain.

To-day, she lay in his embrace like a doll, and a horrible fear came to him at the contact. She had heard! She had heard at last! And the man with dark red hair and the steady gray eyes also went through the rest of the rehearsal in a dream of pain.

*

Muriel slipped out of the theatre alone. She did not want to speak to anyone at all. Even Mrs. John Lupin would have been unbearable at this moment.

It was nearly three o'clock. Muriel was faint for the want of food. She shuddered as she thought of going back to the little sitting-room in Paradise Row. She hurried out of the theatre, crossed The Square, and hardly knowing what she did, entered a large, brightly-lit restaurant.

The place was full of happy, Christmas-faring folk. Laughter and bright chatter were all around her, as she shrank into a quiet seat and began her lonely and depressing meal.

But the food did her good. It restored her to herself, as it were. The terrible shock and blow of Mrs. Lupin's revelation had left her despairing and without courage.

Now she regained courage—of a sort—and steeled herself to go through the ordeal before her without

a sign that she had been wounded in the very depths of her being.

As she left the restaurant, the snow was still falling. The shops blazed with light. Joy and festivity were all around her, but her heart was a stone.

Well, all her hopes were over. Her Ideal, her one Ideal, was shattered. She ground her teeth together, as she realized that she had been on the point of giving herself to a vulgar thief—a thief, nothing more nor less than that.

And yet— Oh! incredible!

She felt deadly tired. She wanted to go home and sleep, to forget everything.

Her homeward way led past the theatre, and she suddenly remembered that she had left a despatch box in her dressing-room. It contained several things of value, letters from old friends, it would be a companion for her lonely Christmas Day.

The stage door-keeper was dozing in his den as she passed quickly up the stairs, crossed the gloomy stage with its gaunt piles of scenery, and opened the door of her dressing-room.

As she did so, Muriel gave a cry of surprise.

All the electrics were turned on. A girl in a cheap fur coat of "Cony Seal" was bending over the despatch box with a screw-driver in her hand.

It was Rose Howard, the furtive little creature whom Muriel had instinctively disliked from the first, and who was the sharer of the secret with Mrs. John Lupin.

Muriel understood the situation in a flash.

"What are you doing here?" she cried. "You've wrenched open my despatch box, you've got my bracelets in your hand, why, you are stealing!"

The girl threw up her hands with a loud wail of despair.

Muriel caught her by one wrist. "You wicked girl! How could you do such a thing. Do you know that you could be lodged in prison for this?"

The other broke down horribly.

"It's mother," she cried, clinging to Muriel's skirts, "it's mother, I don't do it for myself."

"Do you mean to say that your mother makes you steal?"

"No, no, but she is ill, she is bed-ridden. I only earn thirty-five shillings a week, year in, year out, and I have to do my best to keep her. Oh, please, Miss Winstanley, let me go this time, and I'll never do it again."

Muriel's anger was short-lived. The sight was too pitiable, the girl was obviously speaking the truth.

"If you wanted money," she said gently, "you might have come to me and asked me for some, instead of breaking open my despatch box."

Suddenly a thought came to her, which froze the words upon her lips. She breathed quickly; a furious energy of excitement possessed her. "You've done this before!" she said, in a flash of illumination. "You stole Miss Savage's gold mirror!"

The girl's face was a white wedge of terror. Her lips grew ashen gray, she cowered upon the floor—her silence was sufficient answer.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do," Muriel went on, "I shall write out a confession of what you did with Miss Savage, and what you have tried to do this afternoon, and you will sign it. I'll promise not to use it against you, if you try to mend your ways, I have no wish to harm you. And I'll lend you a little money—I get a good salary, and I have some of my own—and I'll do what I can to help you."

Then she remembered something else.

"But Mr. Pilkington was accused," she cried, "he confessed!"

"I gave it him," the girl faltered. "I told him it was mine, the last thing of value I had left, and I asked him to pawn it for me as I was ashamed to do so myself."

Anger and contempt for the miserable creature on the floor flamed up in Muriel like a torch. She could have spurned her with her foot, but the confession! At all costs she must get that.

There was a fountain pen and paper in the despatch box, and she sat down and wrote rapidly for a minute or two.

"Read that, and sign it," she said in a cold voice.

The sobbing girl did so, and wrote her name with trembling fingers at the foot of the document.

"I shall keep to my promise," said Muriel, folding up the paper, "come to me on Boxing Day, and I'll see what can be done. But how you could let an honest man bear this terrible suspicion all this time, see him shunned by everyone, knowing that you yourself were the thief, it is impossible to understand. Go now, or I shall say more than I wish to if you stay much longer."

There was a moan, a scuffle and the dressing-room was empty.

*

It was six o'clock in the evening, Muriel was alone in her sitting-room.

The fire burned brightly, and she was gazing into it with a tender smile upon her face.

Outside the snow was still falling thickly, and in the distance the voices of some carol singers sounded in sweet harmony.

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen. . . .

There was a knock at the door, and the landlady entered, a kind old soul, with whom Muriel had stayed before.

"Miss, will you do me a favour? The servant's out—I had to let her go on Christmas Eve—and I have not near done my shopping. Mr. Hammond it out, too," the stage manager occupied the sitting-room above Muriel's. "If I was to be gone for an hour, would it be troubling you too much to open the door, and take in any parcels?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Brown, I am not going out. Go and do your shopping and be away as long as you like."

*

The carol singers tramped by in the snow, and she could hear their merry voices.

Then, Muriel sat up suddenly, and the colour went from her face. There was a click of the outside gate, a muffled footstep on the path, and by sure instinct she knew whose step it was. Then came the ringing of the front door bell.

She went out and opened it.

"Can I see Mr. Hammond," said a man's deep voice, "there's some theatre business, I have——"

Pilkington recognized Muriel Winstanley.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not know——"

"Mr. Hammond is out, Mr. Pilkington, and I am alone in the house. But won't you come in for a minute or two out of the snow?"

He hesitated for a moment as she held the door more open, and the light from the lamp in the hall shone upon his face. She read the struggle there—the longing to accept the invitation, the stubborn will fighting against it.

"Please do," she said, "I am rather lonely to-night."

"Lonely!" he said, and there was a suppressed agony in his voice that thrilled her to the inmost fibres of her being.

Without another word he came in, and she knew that she had conquered.

She made him take off his hat and coat, and follow her into the sitting-room.

They sat on opposite sides of the fire—strangely intimate yet strangely aloof—in the cosy little room, and each knew as their beating hearts

ticked off the seconds that the decisive moment in their lives had come.

For a minute or two they talked on indifferent subjects, and every instant of that time, Muriel divined the frightful struggle between love and duty that was going on within the soul of the man before her.

All at once she saw his face stiffen, and she knew that he would never speak unless she made him.

"You are lonely too," she said. Something like a strangled groan burst from him, and his hand went up to his throat with a swift, involuntary gesture. She looked at him, straight in the eyes, and he would have been more than mortal if he had resisted her.

In a moment he was at her feet, kneeling before her, pouring out his love with swift, passionate utterance, pleading with her, as no man had ever pleaded with her before.

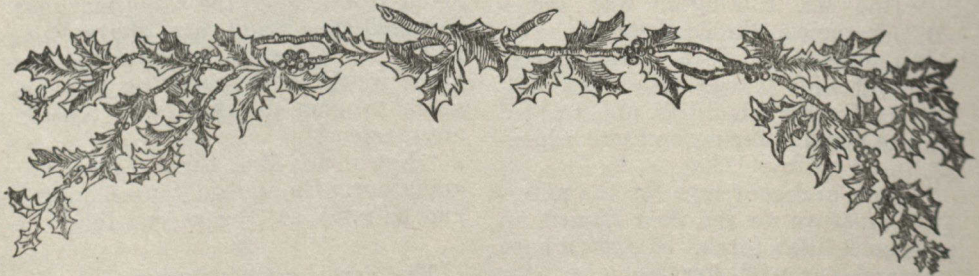
"But I also love," she said quietly, and she saw him reel as if struck by a bullet. "I love a man who is the best man I have ever known, a man who is the soul of chivalry and honour.

His face grew deadly white. He tried to speak, and could not.

"See," she said, fumbling in her breast, and withdrawing something which hung there from a thin gold chain around her neck—"see, this is his portrait."

With a groan he looked.

What Muriel held out to him was a small, round mirror.



OUR SUBVERSIVE LAWS

BY L. A. M. LOVEKIN



HE late Honourable Edward Blake once profoundly impressed the members of the Ontario Legislature with a quotation from Junius, to many of his hearers, doubtless, an unknown name. It was taken from the "Dedication", in the course of which the famous masqued writer warns his countrymen against innovations in the machinery of state and counsels them never to permit the most minute invasion of their political constitution, however insignificant in appearance, to pass without resistance. "One precedent," he writes, "creates another. They soon accumulate and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy." Mr. Blake repeated a warning given in Britain nearly a century before he spoke, but which, irrespective of the sincerity or honesty of the writer, he saw was applicable to Canada in 1872. It is still more so to-day, for there is a present tendency to permit the creation of dangerous legislative precedents with the most culpable indifference on the part of the public who may unknowingly be wronged and whose interests are most affected. And so more and more the process of one bad "precedent", embalming worse principles, goes on. The fathers complacently eat sour grapes careless whether or not their children's teeth be set on edge. Half a century's experience has shown us that the far-seeing Canadian patriot spoke

wisely, and many a sinister page on the statute books throughout the Provinces proves the force of his warning. As Minister of Justice he was able to prevent the perpetuation of crude and badly-designed bills, and their consequent evils, in various parts of the Dominion. And it is regrettable that much of the "law" passed in Provincial Legislatures has not received the attention in the Department of Justice it should have received before becoming effective for good or evil.

There has recently been newly discovered in certain circles questions arising out of the passage of a bill in the Quebec Legislature thirty-seven years ago, which prolonged its own duration from the four years specified in the British North America Act to five. That its action cannot consistently now be challenged, on the ground of law, seems unquestionable. And in this may be seen the force of Mr. Blake's warning against public indifference permitting the creation of dangerous precedents. The "precedent" established at Quebec by Mr. Chapleau in 1881 has been followed by the creation of two others. One by the Legislature of Ontario in 1901, led by the late Sir George Ross, and a third by the present Assembly. These instances merit passing attention. In the first case it must be noticed that in extending permanently the duration of the Quebec Legislature Mr. Chapleau's bill, carefully drawn by Honourable L. O. Loranger, the Attorney-General, expressly excluded the existing Legislature from its operation. This at least avoided one most dangerous prin-

ciple. But the measure did not pass, and with good reason, without challenge and it was severely criticized. The present writer well remembers the onslaught made on it by the Opposition of the day in the Legislature, headed by the late Sir Henry Joly, who moved the three months hoist on the third reading. This was rejected by a vote of 26 to 17, one of the Cabinet not voting. This debate was an able one and, apart from the constitutionality of the proceeding, it was held that if the assumption of such a power as the ministry proposed became general, Provincial Cromwells would be found necessary; and, further, that such law would tend to make the members of the Assembly too independent and the "mandatories of the people independent of their mandators". The proposal was largely treated as an infringement of the rights of the people. The debate was one of much ability and force and recalls the names of many noted public men of the period.*

The measure for certain reasons was not disallowed at Ottawa, though it was at the time said that Sir Alexander Campbell, the Minister of Justice, had verbally disapproved of the proposition, and he was one of the framers of the British North America Act. The Ministry was in the throes of an impending general election; "political exigencies" had to be considered and so a very important matter was side-tracked and such a "precedent" as Mr. Blake warned his hearers against established.

Of the Bill passed in 1901 in Ontario only having for its object the temporary extension of the Legislature nothing too severe can be said.

The bad precedent established was certainly growing by what it fed on, for the Ross bill proposed to make it legal "for the Legislature to continue until prorogued by the Lieutenant-Governor and for ten days after". So, given an unscrupulous ministry and a pliant Lieutenant-Governor, the same Legislature might be sitting to-day. A Cromwell would indeed have been necessary. This Legislature legally expired about the end of March, 1902. A private communication from Honourable David Mills, at the time Minister of Justice, and possibly the influence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Oliver Mowat, a "Father of Confederation", averted the proposed outrage and the Legislature was prorogued on the 17th of March, 1902, several days before its natural death. But there was an amusing sequel. By the extraordinary Act the Legislature was to continue for ten days after prorogation only. It therefore expired by the new "law" on the 27th of March, but the ghost of the defunct Assembly was laid by proclamation, with maimed rites on the nineteenth of April, the "remains" being wanting.

The question was raised in 1881. Did the British North America Act in clause 92 give the Provinces power to extend the duration of the Legislatures? Clause 85 clearly states that the duration of the Local Assembly of Ontario and Quebec shall be "for four years...and no longer". Now clause 92 grants to the Legislatures certain powers, one of which is "the amendment, notwithstanding anything in this Act, the constitution of the Province, except as regards the Lieutenant-Governor". Here is the ground of doubt and

* Of the Assembly then representing the Province scarcely any remain to-day. Of the Ministry Honourable E. J. Flynn (Crown Lands) is to-day a Judge of the Superior Court; Honourable W. W. Lynch (Solicitor-General) after some years' service on the bench was lately superannuated, and Honourable Charles Langelier, of the Opposition, is now a judge. Among the rank and file may be named J. Israel Tarte, W. Evan Price, Louis Beaubien, L. Ruggles Church, George Irvine, Charles and Francois Langelier, Michael Mathieu, A. Turcotte, Aimé Geoffrion, all of whom have played a leading part on the bench, in the Senate and House of Commons and in other public offices. Sir L. D. Taillon, later Provincial Premier, is now practising law in Montreal.

though raised it was not dealt with at Ottawa, probably for reasons already referred to. But at Quebec it was discussed and the opinion expressed that the duration of a Legislature could hardly be regarded as a part of the "constitution" in the ordinary acceptance of the term.

I was at that period engaged in Parliamentary work for the press and was instructed to gather as far as possible the individual opinions of some of the public men who were at London, and the Quebec Conference, at the birth of the great charter of Canadian Federation, as to the intention of the framers of the Act on this point. I have before me some memoranda taken down in answer to my questions. Honourable Senator Dickey, of Nova Scotia, said emphatically that no such point was categorically discussed. He added that at the time there was a very marked difference of opinion in certain quarters on the subject of the Legislative Councils, their continuance or abolition. The clause as to "constitutional changes" primarily related to that very important issue and he laid great stress on this point. The documents on Confederation issued by Sir Joseph Pope contain a point in the discussion which seems to add weight to this view.

Honourable William Macdougall dealt with the subject as one of a rather "paltry" kind which the "fathers" would hardly have wasted time over and said that if they had it would not have been for the purpose of enlarging Provincial powers. They would not have given powers to a Provincial Assembly which Parliament itself would not possess when the Act passed. Like Senator Dickey he held that the Legislative Council matter was the underlying motive of the sub-section 1 in clause 92 of the Constitutional Act. He added that he regarded the passage of such a law as the Quebec Bill as a contradiction of the preamble of the British North America Act, for that united the Province federally "with a constitu-

tion similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom", and he further said that spasmodic extension of the British Parliament at the will of the House of Commons was anything but an accepted "principle", and this would, in degree, apply to the Provinces. Such a virtual re-election of the House of Commons, by itself, would probably cause a revolution and he made some reference to the time-worn incident of Oliver Cromwell and the Long Parliament. Mr. Pope, Prince Edward Island, P. Mitchell, New Brunswick, Dr. Tupper and Mr. Langevin, Quebec, all expressed somewhat similar opinions on general lines, though it was clear that the question had never been positively given attention to in London as it later loomed up.

But whatever may have been the intention of the framers of the British North America Act the bad precedent set in 1881 has now apparently narrowed down to bad practice. The elementary principle that a statute is the will of the Legislature, and the fundamental rule of interpretation to which others are subordinate and that a statute is to be expounded "according to the interest of those who made it" is very oracular. When, however, the intention cannot be clearly stated there must necessarily follow the hair-splitting of legal interpreters and the evolution of what are supposed to be solid conclusions from a phantasmal premise.

Amusing, though rather serious, consequences arose not many years ago in Ontario as to the "intentions" of the framers of an act passed only a year or so before its operations gored, in the opinion of the gored, the wrong ox. An amendment to the election law was enacted and to the horror of the administration and its party among its first victims were Government supporters and their friends. The next session saw a new bill before the Assembly setting forth that "in view of the circumstances of the election trials since the last election it is just and expedient that

relief shall be given to some extent to the candidates". They were relieved, accordingly, over and above the judgment of the courts and disqualification removed. It may be noted that Mr. C. F. Fraser voted against his friends on the retroactive clause. Sir Oliver Mowat waxed in debate very warm over the fact that the court's interpretation was "not the intention of the Act".

"From precedent to precedent." So it was but a natural sequence that Mr. Mercier should shortly after rush a bill through the Legislature of Quebec lifting the judicial disqualification of one of the Provincial Ministers or that, at a more recent period, the present Government should better its instruction and at one fell swoop wipe out all the judgments of the courts given in certain election trials. What next? Surely if such eccentricities of legislation are continued it will become imperative for the Ministry of Justice to scan more carefully in the future than in the past the bills it has submitted to it from the Provinces. But the remedy for fast accumulating legal abuses and their prevention in the future can be better provided by the exercise of ordinary common sense.

Some time ago the present Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, Honourable Benjamin Russell, made a very earnest plea for unification and revision of laws now chaotic. The need is greater now and as there is a convention of some kind about to meet for the consideration of the matter of unification it would be well if its programme were extended and a general revision of the results of the existing "lawless science of the law, the codeless myriad of precedent, that wildness of single instances", made with the end in view of checking the growth of what bids fair to become a national danger. At present the aspect of our law and its tendencies is not an enticing one. Very

recently an American critic, an unfriendly one, certainly, referring to laws in Canada, quoted, as the utterance of a Yale lecturer, the assurance that "the courts are not secure in their jurisdiction; the interpretation put upon statutes by the courts may be reversed by the legislatures; any man may be deprived of his property without due course of law. Property must be insecure, enterprise at a discount, the courts an object of contempt, the government an object of awe not unmixed with terror." The picture may be overcoloured, but as all these things specified have been done "by legal enactment" the criticism merits some study as a warning for the present and the future. With a Parliament and nine Legislatures turning out annually an endless torrent of laws, amendments and repeals, when the wrongs have been done by the repealed law, the Dominion bids fair to become "hag-ridden" with statutory enactments and too often under the protection of "precedent". Swinburne asks if "Precedent is not a King of men". Sometimes, it may with advantage be remembered, Kings cause their subjects to resort to extreme measures in order to obtain redress. On the strength of the theory most of the confuted and unjust domestic laws in Britain have been based and in that land reforms have only been brought about by defiance of oppressive laws and then negation by repudiation of the underlying principles on which they were founded. This is covert rebellion, an evil to be avoided. The gathering of an assembly for unification of the provincial laws could with national advantage at least initiate a scheme of reform which would not only unify, systematize and subordinate the present chaotic mass of too often incoherent statutes to common sense, but provide that future enactments be in the form of "reason written down".



A ROCKY COAST

From the Painting by
F. M. Bell Smith, R.C.A.,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

THE GREATER GOOD

BY BANNISTER MERWIN

ALL the way from town to Essex Lawns, Dr. Philip Latham pondered the best way of asking Marjorie Stone to marry him. A crowded week had forced his personal problems into the background. In addition to the many demands upon him as a young but brilliantly successful diagnostician, there had been an important lecture to prepare. The mere pressure of work had kept his thoughts from Marjorie; but now he was soon to see her.

How would she receive the avowal that her friend of years was more than friend? They had been boy and girl together, and it is not always easy to turn friendship into love. The very nature of her candid liking for him was, in its way, discouraging. It no longer pleased him, as it once had, to hear her refer to him as "dear old Phil".

When the car that brought him from the station at last swung into the drive, and came to a stop before the entrance to the house, he ran up the steps straight to the welcome of Fanny Caldwell, who clung to the old, informal way of meeting her guests. Her young face, beneath its crown of hair prematurely white, showed genuine pleasure.

"Why do you always run up the steps in that professional manner, Phil?" she said, laughing.

"Eagerness," he replied. "Who's here, Fanny?"

"Marjorie and her father." Mrs. Caldwell looked at him shrewdly. She had guessed his secret long before

he knew it himself. "And two or three others who don't count," she added.

"Yes, you wrote that Marjorie was coming," remarked Latham. He glanced across the lawn. In the distance a girl in white was strolling slowly, a man at her side. "Who is that with her?" he asked.

"Cyril Kent," said Fanny.

"Kent? I don't think I know him."

"A man you will like," she replied; "an agreeable, experienced man, who has spent most of his life in travel. Marjorie and I met him in Cairo last winter."

With some inner pain Latham realized that Marjorie, who had made the trip to the Orient under Mrs. Caldwell's chaperonage, had never spoken to him of this Kent. But why should she? The question partly reassured him.

"Don't worry, Phil," said Fanny Caldwell. "Cyril Kent is not Marjorie's first globe-trotter. Marjorie is sensible."

Nevertheless, as he went to his room to rid himself of travel-dust and dress for dinner, Latham could not free himself from a disquiet which, because of its very pettiness, made him disgusted with himself. Surely he was not to be jealous of every stranger!

II

When Latham entered the library, a few minutes before the dinner-hour, the two men who were standing before the fireplace abruptly stopped their conversation. The older of the two, William Stone, nodded.

"Hello, Phil!" he exclaimed. "You haven't met Mr. Kent, have you?"

Latham advanced, took Kent's lean hand, and looked into his strongly marked face. It was the face of a man who might have known hard military service in tropical countries.

"How d'you do, Mr. Latham?" he said in an agreeable voice. "I've heard of you, of course—from Miss Stone and Mrs. Caldwell. But there was also a chap at Manila, a surgeon in the Eighty-ninth, who told me about your discoveries among the phagocytes."

"You are an army man?" asked Latham.

"Oh, no! but I was there for a time looking on—Mindanao, chiefly.

Latham felt that he was being met more than half-way, and he rebelled at his own unreadiness. He realized that Kent had the charm of one who has wrung much from experience—though, perhaps, at the cost of inner fineness. He could not avoid making this reservation.

"Kent is done with out-of-the-way corners," remarked Mr. Stone. "He is going to settle down at home."

"Yes," said Kent. He flashed a speculative look at Latham; it was almost instantaneous, but Latham caught it. "As I was telling you," he went on to Stone, "I've bought into Crane & Co."

The drift of Kent's words was apparent, and Latham's heart suddenly became heavy. How far matters had gone between Marjorie and this stranger, he could not determine; but Kent's easy confidence and Mr. Stone's obvious satisfaction aroused the dread that they were perilously close to some understanding.

However, at that moment Marjorie came into the room.

"Phil!" she cried, taking both his hands and smiling radiantly. "How good to see you! Why didn't you come down yesterday? Fanny thought you might."

She included Kent and her father in a swift, happy side-glance.

"I don't like to plead work," said

Latham rather lamely; "but there was a lecture to be finished."

"Something with a long Latin name?"

"Why, no, Marjorie. It deals simply with professional ethics—the so-called medical secret, to be exact."

"How mysterious!" she laughed.

It was Latham's habit to be reticent about his work; but he explained:

"Nothing mysterious. The medical secret is the obligation upon the physician to respect the confidence of his patient. It is as sacred as the confessional, you know."

Marjorie did not know. Before she could carry the talk further, however, Fanny Caldwell entered with the two remaining guests, Mrs. Torrence and her daughter; and a moment later dinner was announced.

Latham had never seen Marjorie so full of spirits as she was that evening. All through dinner she led the talk, while Kent, from his place across the table, watched her with open admiration and persistently resisted her attempts to lead him out.

To Latham it seemed as if the man's self-effacement was based upon a recognition of what would make him the more acceptable to her. She was, in a sense, flattered. For she liked to count for something. She could be a bit wilful, too, at times. Yes, Latham knew her weaknesses as well as her virtues, and he loved them scarcely less. But it troubled him the more that Cyril Kent should appear so thoroughly to understand her.

When they arose to go to the veranda for the coffee, Latham saw a glance of understanding pass between Marjorie and Kent; and then Marjorie quietly pressed her father's hand. This partly prepared him for the inevitable. By the time Marjorie called him from the unending chatter of Miss Torrence and led him to a shadowed corner, he had schooled himself for what was coming.

"Phil, dear," she whispered, "I have been waiting for a chance to tell you. I know you will be so

happy for me. I am going to marry Cyril Kent."

He choked down his pain.

"I sha'n't say I hadn't guessed," he answered. "And your happiness—"

"I knew you would be pleased," she interrupted. "He—he is splendid, Phil; and you and he will be such friends. We settled it this afternoon, but I couldn't say anything till he had talked with father."

That, then, was the talk that Latham had broken into in the library.

"I must speak to Fanny," she went on. "The Torrences aren't to know till we make the formal announcement."

She beckoned to Kent, who strolled over to them with just the right reserve in his gait—a lagging that suggested faint diffidence.

"Phil knows," said Marjorie.

Latham could merely put out his hand. He hoped that his failure to speak would be attributed to the emotions of friendship; and, indeed, Cyril Kent came to the rescue by speaking first—modestly, with the manner of one who has received more than he deserves.

It was only a moment before Marjorie led Kent away, and Latham had an opportunity to get himself in hand. But Mr. Stone approached.

"What do you think of it, Phil?" he asked. There was a faint hint of caution and doubt in his voice.

"An interesting and capable man," replied Latham.

"Exactly," said Mr. Stone reflectively. "I feel sure that he will know how to manage Marjorie."

"Manage her?" exclaimed Latham.

"I have said all along," continued Mr. Stone, unheeding, "that I should never consent to an international match. There was that Frenchman—De What's-his-name. But Kent is of a good Southern family, and he has property—enough."

"But her happiness—Marjorie's happiness?" blurted Latham.

His self-control had weakened. His face showed his feelings.

Mr. Stone stared. Then he spoke with evidence of sympathy.

"Why, Phil," he said in a low voice, "I never dreamed of this; nor did Marjorie, I'm sure!" He laid his hand on Latham's arm, and added gently: "My boy, it's too late; though, of course, it would have been quite suitable. But it's too late. Try to forget."

"Oh, I'll try!" exclaimed Latham, contemptuous of the elder man's superficial kindness. He knew that William Stone was devoid of deep feeling, even for his daughter.

III

In his own room, at last, Latham went over to the window and stared out into the velvet night.

There had been a brief but veiled talk with Fanny Caldwell, and then an unavoidable rubber of bridge, organized triumphantly by Miss Torrence; but now he had the loneliness he had desired—the freedom to relax, to drop the mask of pretended interest.

Without Marjorie, life seemed empty. Yet the ironic mentor he called his reason reminded him that men as good as he had suffered in the same way and had recovered. Their lives had not been ruined. They had even loved again, after a time, and had married; had been happy. Meanwhile his work remained to him; and he would give himself to it more fully. Work—love; together, they constituted life. His work itself was based upon a love of truth as deep, as compelling almost, as the softer passions.

In the midst of these moments of emotional readjustment it suddenly occurred to him that he was considering only himself. What of Marjorie? Would Kent make her happy? Had the man appealed to her heart, or merely to her imagination?

"I have the right to ask?" he muttered.

The time dragged on, and Latham still wrestled for inner peace. He had no morbid liking for his misery, but he knew it was useless to try

to sleep till he got himself better in hand. And he could not decide that the situation was right. He could not believe that Marjorie truly loved Kent. She was fascinated by his charm and by the mystery of his experience.

He heard the big hall clock chime one. Then, suddenly, there came a knock at his door. The sound was so unexpected, and he had been so completely lost in his thoughts, that, though he turned involuntarily, he did not speak. The door was slowly opened from without, and a man entered.

It was Kent. He had on a long gray dressing-gown. He walked as if he were very tired.

"Your light was burning, doctor," he said with an effort. "I had to see you—professionally."

"Are you ill?" asked Latham. "Sit down."

"Thanks," replied Kent dully. He staggered to the couch at the foot of the bed. "I'm pretty weak."

He let himself sink down on the couch before Latham got to him. He was breathing rapidly.

"I must have fainted," he gasped. "I went to the bath-room, and was turning on the light. Then I found myself lying on the floor. I felt as if I had been pounded."

"Too much smoking, perhaps?" suggested Latham.

"I haven't smoked since morning." Kent smiled wanly. "To tell the truth, doctor, I've had a strange, dizzy feeling all day. Some of the time it has seemed as if a draft of cold air were blowing on me."

"What?" exclaimed Latham.

The abruptness of the word caused fear to leap into Kent's eyes. He partly raised himself on his elbow, and his lips parted.

But Latham had turned away. His brows were knit, and it was several moments before he again faced Kent and said quietly:

"I will look you over."

He made a careful, methodical examination—pulse, heart, respiration,

knee-jerk, and so on. Kent was sound and hard—hard as nails. With the few minutes of rest, his breathing had returned to normal. So Latham, who never hurried to conclusions, was forced at last to the hypothesis which he hoped would prove unnecessary. And with an effort of will, he thrust from his mind all thoughts and emotions except professional interest. He was in the grip of his work.

"Have you ever—fainted before?" he asked.

"Once; a year or more ago."

"What were the circumstances?"

"I was crossing the Arabian desert with a caravan. One day I fell, just as we were making midday camp."

"How long were you unconscious?"

"I don't know. My Arabs wouldn't talk of it. I fancy they thought I was in some holy trance—like a dervish. Myself, I thought it was the heat."

"And did you have any preliminary dizziness?"

"Yes."

"And a sensation of a draft of cold air?"

Kent nodded. His eyes were fixed on Latham's face as if to catch the reflected significance of his own words.

"And to-night," said Latham. "Do you know how long you lay on the floor?"

"It must have been some time. I can't say how long."

"And when you came to yourself, did the furniture seem to have been disturbed?"

"What do you mean? Yes, I must have knocked the chair over in falling."

"Where were you standing when you lost consciousness?"

"By the light—close to the door."

"And in what part of the bath-room were you when you came to?"

Kent stared apprehensively.

"At the farther side," he said. "I seem to have staggered several steps before I went down."

"Are you conscious of having staggered?" Latham persisted.

"No. But what is it, anyway?"

"A few more questions first," said Latham impersonally. "Now, please be very careful how you answer. Have you, from time to time during your life, had moments of mental blankness—as if you could not account for a second or so—perhaps when you were talking with some one?"

"Why, yes"—Kent spoke hesitantly—"during the last few years."

"And has any one ever remarked your turning suddenly pale?"

"Yes. But it didn't seem to amount to anything. Is it—is it my heart?"

Latham shook his head.

"You have felt a little dizzy afterward?"

"Why, yes."

"And perhaps your neck muscles have been somewhat stiff?"

"They have ached sometimes. Now, don't keep it back, Dr. Latham. What is it?"

Kent raised himself higher on the couch. His bearing had become steadier, but there was still the tortured fear in his eyes. And Latham, who knew that the hardest truth was often more merciful than uncertainty, answered him.

"It is bad," he said, "but many great and useful men have had it. Cæsar suffered from it; so did Napoleon; so did Peter the Great."

Kent's face was set in staring horror.

"School yourself," continued Latham. "Yes, it is epilepsy."

Kent relaxed as if a stunning blow had been struck him. His lower lip dropped. But, with a rebound to sudden fury, he jumped to his feet.

"You lie!" he exclaimed. "You are trying to frighten me! You—"

His face died away as he saw the truth in Latham's face. He sank limply to the couch and covered his face with his hands.

"It might be worse," said Latham gently. "Consider the situation as calmly as you can; and listen to me. You are in splendid physical shape. You have taken good care of your

body, and you may withstand many nervous inroads. The attacks may never be frequent. Look constantly to your general health. Avoid undue excitement. Do not marry."

"Ha!"

Kent sprang from the couch. At the action, Latham realized the force of what he had said.

"Do not marry!"

He was no longer the single-minded scientist, but the man. His position was equivocal beyond explanation. He flushed.

"I am sorry," he said quietly. "For the moment I had forgotten the special bearing of my words. Nevertheless—you must not marry."

Kent looked at him contemptuously; then swung on his heel and went slowly to the window. After the lapse of many seconds he turned again to Latham, and his eyes were steady.

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"There is this shadow upon your life."

"Well? I shall keep it hidden from her."

"And—and the question of children?"

"There needn't be children," said Kent calmly. "No, Dr. Latham, I'm not going to give up happiness, because once in a year or two there is danger of being unconscious for a few minutes."

"But, man, think of *her!*" exclaimed Latham with growing disgust. "She is sure to find it out. And—"

"That is something you needn't concern yourself with," said Kent. "I'm quite capable of looking out for her."

"But you don't realize—"

"That you're in love with her yourself?" Kent laughed a short laugh. "No; that's been plain enough ever since you came. It's even plainer now."

Latham made an abrupt gesture. He smothered his resentment.

"You distrust me," he said gravely. "I have spoken to you as a physician, and not as a man. Now I ask you to

go to New York and see Bidwell, and follow his advice. If he tells you not to marry, you certainly will not accuse him of interested motives."

Kent was silent.

"Will you do it?" Latham persisted.

"No, by Heaven, I won't!" Kent exploded. "You think you've got me in a trap. But if all the quacks in the world told me to give Marjorie up, I would not. Do you understand? She's mine; she'll stay mine."

"No!" exclaimed Latham sharply.

"I'm not afraid of you," sneered Kent. "I have come to you professionally. I am protected by the medical secret. It is as sacred to you as the confessional is to the priest. Your mouth will stay shut. Suppose I went to Bidwell, and he also told me not to marry, do you think he would interfere if I didn't follow his advice? Certainly not."

"But, Kent—" Latham cried.

"We'll stop right here," said Kent. "I came to you for professional advice. You've given it."

He jerked his head in a curt bow, and left the room.

IV

By all the vows that bound him to his professional ideals, Latham was pledged to silence. However, in the moments that followed Kent's departure, he let himself look at the case humanly, emotionally; and his soul cried out in utter revolt.

Should he work out a scheme by which Mr. Stone would of himself discover what was wrong with Kent? Should he bring about a disclosure that would appear to be accidental?

Impatiently he dismissed the thought. He would not evade the issue.

"As sacred as the confessional!"

His own words. He remembered how strongly he had insisted that in every case the physician must keep the patient's confidence. Without that assurance, how would it be possible to establish the *rappport* essential in diagnosis?

"As sacred as the confessional!"

The physician of men's bodies must be as single-purposed as the physician of men's souls.

But Marjorie—bound to a man who had no right to marry! How could he permit it?

"The good of the greater number," he muttered.

Was it sound reason? If the patient were afraid or ashamed to tell the truth, should not the physician's failure to treat the case successfully be charged against the patient? To insure full knowledge, should the physician condone a moral wrong and say, "This is beyond my province"?

He could not answer. All the traditions to which he had been tutored struggled against his human impulse, and accused him of warping his views to fit his emotions. And so, racked by his problem, he paced the room until the red dawn streaked the sky.

"The good of the greater number."

But was the good of the greater number always the greater good? Marjorie!

It came to him in a flash at last. Whatever the result to Latham, whatever the ethics to which he had been bound, Marjorie should not suffer. Even if he had to give up his profession, Marjorie should not suffer.

His portfolio lay on the table. Within it were the typewritten sheets of his lecture on the medical secret. He took the manuscript and tore it in two.

V

"This is most distressing, Phil," said Mr. Stone. "Are you sure there can be no mistake?"

"I am sure," replied Latham.

"And he had an attack last night? How terrible! Poor Marjorie!"

Latham was silent. Mr. Stone considered before speaking again.

"You say he came to you professionally?" he suggested.

"Yes." Latham spoke shortly.

"We-ell, it put you in an awkward place, Phil. But it was important for me to know. The match seemed suitable, but—Marjorie will get over it." His face brightened. "Who knows, Phil? Perhaps, after a time, she and you—"

"Stop!" said Latham painfully. "I go back to town at once. There is a train in half an hour. I am more than half minded to give up practice and go abroad for a year or two."

Mr. Stone smiled.

"Foolish!" he said. "This is awkward, Phil, but it is not so tragic as you think. From my standpoint, you have acted sensibly—yes, sensibly. In time Marjorie will feel the same way."

"Don't!" Latham pleaded. "Good-by, Mr. Stone."

"And Marjorie?"

But Latham was gone. Mr. Stone smiled a quiet, worldly smile.

Latham had already made his excuses to Fanny Caldwell, and the motor would soon be at the door; but a duty remained. Kent had not yet come down-stairs; and Latham went up to his room and knocked.

At the dull invitation to enter, he opened the door. Kent, still in his gray dressing-gown, was sitting before the empty fireplace. His brow was furrowed; his eyes were sombre.

"Well?" he queried, not rising.

"I have told Mr. Stone," said Latham.

Kent slowly nodded.

"I thought you would," he said.

"In the hours I have been sitting here, I have come to see that you would. It is a violation you were bound to make." He stared into the fireplace. "I've been growing older, these hours," he added.

Latham stepped toward him impulsively. Kent raised his head and nodded toward the window.

"I've been trying not to look out there," he said.

Latham looked. In the garden, Marjorie, all in white, was helping the gardener to cull the morning flowers.

"I suppose she'll be yours some time, Latham."

"Not after what has happened," Latham replied.

"What has happened will become as a dream—to you and to her," said Kent. "There will be the greater reality to make you forget it."

"I am going away," said Latham chokingly.

Kent smiled.

"And every road will lead you back to her. Good-by, Latham. The fight has gone out of me."

"I am sorry," said Latham, "sorry that—"

"Don't!"

Latham respected the plea. His heart was wrenched by unforeseen sympathy. As he was about to go, Marjorie's laugh floated in to them through the window. The two men exchanged a last look.

Then Latham went down to the waiting motor.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE CLASH

BY WILLIAM HENRY MOORE. Toronto:
J. M. Dent and Sons.



THROUGHOUT every general election in Canada, and even whenever a great issue confronts the Canadian people, the racial differences between French Canadians and Canadians of other nationalities become at once the cause of much dissension and sometimes of open hostility. We were witness of this recently when the first attempts were made to enforce the Military Service Act, particularly in the City of Quebec. Notwithstanding this constant unpleasantness and the hundreds of pamphlets and articles on the subject, not until the appearance of this book by Mr. Moore have we had a sympathetic study of the French-Canadian race and a thorough consideration of the whole subject. The book professes to be a study of contrasting nationalities, but particularly of the people of Quebec and the people of Ontario; and it is, in fact, a defence of the French Canadians as a race. Heretofore most of the articles and pamphlets treating of this subject have made sentimental appeals, cited disputed incidents of history and misused inflaming generalities. But there is in this book no appeal to prejudice, no unpleasant insinuations. The statements made are supported by evidence, and the book as a whole is logical and convincing, convincing in its claim that nationality stands for "those thoughts and

habits of life which are dearer than others because they are 'our own.' Because they are the dearest possessions of mankind, Great Britain has respected national things; in Canada, in South Africa, in India the people who became British were left free as Canadians, Boers, and Hindus, to continue their group development in the land around which their traditions had grown; were left free to cherish the achievements of the past and free to work along their own lines for the greater achievements of the future. That is what is meant by national freedom. Do we believe in it? Of course we believe in our own freedom, and so does every other people; but such belief is not enough. Do we believe in national freedom as a principle? Time and time again we have said so; how can we reconcile our words with our action in curtailing the freedom of a nationality that, by force of war, has become subject to our domination in its native land?"

The book begins with an explanation of what nationality really means and how it is revealed in the French Canadians, for whom the claim is made, by the way, that they are first cousins of most of their English-speaking neighbours in Ontario. The author quotes Lord Thurlow to show that at the time of the conquest of Canada the attitude of the British statesmen was that humanity, justice, and wisdom compelled them to give the French Canadians possession of all the "customs and institutions" that do not relate to French sovereignty; and he cites the writings of Tilby as the historian's proof of what

actually was done. Then he gives the German attitude as explained by Prince von Bülow: "We certainly do not wish to deprive the Pole of his mother-tongue, but we must try to bring it to pass that, by means of the German language, he comes to understand the German spirit. In our policy of settlement we fight for German nationality in the East; in our policy with regard to the schools we are really fighting for Polish nationality, which we wish to incorporate in German intellectual life. Here, again, we cannot proceed without severity, and this will increase or be mitigated as the Poles increase or diminish their opposition." Mr. Moore asks, "Have the English Canadians of Ontario and Manitoba accepted the British view that there is a morality above the written law, above the state, above their necessities or their desires, which protects the minor nationality in a land which was once theirs—or have they accepted the German view that, as a dominant majority possessing the State machinery, they may do as they please?" He goes on to observe that the "effect of Regulation 17 of Ontario's Department of Education is denationalization; the object of Regulation 17, as expressed by its creators, is 'to rescue this Province from bi-lingualism' and dual nationality; and yet *The Globe* argues in words that might have been borrowed from von Bülow that the lingual rights of the minor nationality are preserved."

The accomplishments of the French Canadians are reviewed, and by statistics it is shown that the average school attendance in Quebec is greater than in Ontario, that Montreal led the way in technical education, and that Quebec in agricultural production has held her own well compared with Ontario. A mild claim is made that in the arts the French Canadians have advanced ahead of the other nationalities in Canada, and the author cites the painter Suzor Coté, the sculptor Philippe Hébert and the

songstress Madame Albani. With this claim we cannot agree, for it is a singular fact that the work of the French Canadians in the arts has not been nearly as good generally, notwithstanding the instances given, as one might think it would be in a race descended from a people who almost live artistically. It has been claimed in these columns that Coté is the outstanding French Canadian painter, but there are a dozen or more English Canadians who have greater claims to distinction than he has. He is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy and of the Canadian Art Club, but there are English Canadians who are members of both these organizations and also of distinguishing art societies abroad. Everyone acclaims the work of Philippe Hébert, but when the Canadian Art Club was organized he was not asked to join, although his fellow Canadian sculptors Phimister Proctor and Walter S. Allward were taken in, the former immediately and the latter a little later on. The French Canadians have done better in music than in any other art, but in the arts generally, and even in music, they have come short of the accomplishments of other nationalities in Canada. But that is a detail. The book stands, nevertheless, as a splendid study and defence of the French-Canadian people.

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THE SHINING SHIP

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild, & Stewart.

THE popular author of the delightful novel of Ontario country life, "Up the Hill and Over," has been a frequent contributor of verse to *St. Nicholas*, *Youth's Companion* and other publications of particular interest to juveniles, and this volume is a collection of this class of work, some of it here published for the first time. It is all first-class and much

of it is worthy of the consideration of adults. It contains much beautiful fancy, a wealth of imagery, and is indeed just the book for any youngster's library. It should indeed have a place in every public and Sunday school library in Canada. We quote one of the poems:

BIG SISTER'S VALENTINE.

The house seems wrongside out to-day,
Big sister acts the queerest way!
At breakfast father said, "My dear,
This tea is somewhat weak, I fear."
And sister said, "I quite forgot
To put the tea into the pot!"
Then when she heard the baby fret
She said, "Whatever's wrong, my pet?"
It took some time for her to think
She'd put no sugar in his drink.
She made Bob's lunch for him, but why
Did she forget to put in pie?
Why did she put Ned's coat on me
And laugh and say she "didn't see"?
Yet all the time she looked so kind
And smiled so nice we didn't mind.
I said quite low to father—"Say,
What makes big sister queer to-day?"
He whispered back, "Small son of mine,
Big sister's got a Valentine."

THE CHRISTIAN MAN, THE CHURCH, AND THE WAR

BY ROBERT E. SPEER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN one facet of the multiform complex known as the Church can in Canada flash light about into the dark places of the nation's life as did the recent Methodist General Conference in Hamilton, through its splendid quasi socialistic and semi-radical resolutions, there is hope that that same complex known as the Church may really serve Canada as a national asset. Not that the Church should go over to Socialism—if there is any meaning in talking that way at all; for there are as many parties in Socialism as there are sects and denominations in the Church, and to which one would she go? Socialism, taken even in all its comprehensiveness, lacks the potentiality that is hidden in truth the Church has not lost. But the trouble with the Church is that so much of its energy is just

merely potential. The Church gives the impression of a banker with a vast gold reserve who refuses to use it in the very crisis it was designed to meet. One feels about the banker that he has power; he moves in the atmosphere of power. But why, why doesn't he save the situation? If the Church would but set her gold in circulation! Instead, she issues paper unendingly. And so many people—quiet, serious simple people here and there no one would dream of having done it—have banked with her. They have put the shining gold of their believing into her keeping, and trusted her. And, and—she is going to let the world go to pot.

Unwittingly and pathetically and in the midst of doing splendid things, the Church has shown herself up in these four years of war. The very energy and high zeal with which she turned her pulpits into recruiting platforms and her services into war propaganda meetings for the nation, has betrayed her. She has been too frantic. Her great desire to please has revealed her fear lest she should not please. She has not trusted the people with her whole truth. It is significant that the greatest, most dignified, most resolute statements of war aims have come from statesmen and labour parties. The statements with pettiness and scandal-mongering in them, the statements born of fear and hate, have all too often come from the pulpits. A certain minister, defending the type of war sermon that has been current, said, "Well, but we must put it that way; there must be no public self-criticism to-day. The nation won't stand for it." It is true that certain pulpits have given splendid refutation to this man's contention. But it is also true that the Church has been too desperate in her effort to please, to justify herself, too much afraid to take chances with her truth. A Church with fear in her heart is dead.

A serious, quiet layman said the other day, "You know, I believe we

would respect the Church more if she made us more angry". It is a real truth. A subtle yet pervasive disrespect for the Church is developing among real men, among men whom possibly the Church would repudiate from her communions because she had never tagged them with her communion card, but among men who nevertheless believe in Christianity, though of themselves, perhaps out of a kind of modesty, they might never really work at it. The Church has failed for these men because in their heart of hearts they cannot really respect an institution, even while they tolerate and support it, that compromises with humanity's frailties (even their own) in its desire to please those frailties.

The Church has lacked in the matter of such simple work-a-day virtues as consistency and bravery about little things. She has not been at special pains to apply the cleansing flame of New Testament truth to the dark rubbish of our war minds. She has had the appearance of rather avoiding to read the fifth chapter of Matthew, say, too much in public. An emphasis upon what might be called the private use of the New Testament, notably such passages as those referring to the mote and beam and the woman taken in adultery, has not been particularly noticeable in an endeavour to subdue the excesses of war psychology. A widely circulated Church journal has had little but sneering disrespect to offer men like the conscientious objector who gave himself up, saying to the authorities quietly, "You may do as you see fit with me, but I cannot fight". The man may have been a fool, and to some have seemed an insane ingrate, but he had a conscience and was unafraid to follow it. There is at least due to such a man the respect that is so properly and lavishly given to the soldier who enlists. Is it that the Church is afraid to give it lest she displease the public and the military authorities? If so, her attempt to please is unavailing, because the pub-

lic in its heart of hearts and the military authorities in their practical administration often offer the very respect she withholds.

Now this question of the impotent Church is Robert Speer's question in his little book. There is a certain amount of the tendency to a slight mental shortsightedness that characterizes Speer in the book. He is like many a religious person talking about war and the world and Christianity. He hasn't enough of the stark radical realism that was part of the equipment of Jesus when He dealt with questions. He talks a little too much about religion and not enough about politics. If Robert Speer and all the preachers who have been so voluble on what they have called "the world situation" had studied the political history of the last fifty years in Europe they would be none the less certain of Germany's particular guilt in the particular instance of this war, but they would also have a somewhat more burdensome certainty than they now apparently possess concerning "the guilt of the whole world", to use their own theological language. The entrance into a heavenly hereafter may indeed be guaranteed to one who learns certain of the occult phrases and cloudy symbols of theological abstraction. But the way to a heaven here is open only to him who masters the dialects and realities of world politics. How can any sane man talk about the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ on earth who doesn't know how Austria-Hungary is going to be broken up, or who doesn't understand the significance of the memorandum on inter-Allied war aims, or who hasn't read the British Labour party's Sub-Committee report on Reconstruction?

An alternative is offered to the assumption of responsibility for all this world knowledge, social, political, commercial. It is a kind of personal evangelism that ignores all external means and agencies. But except in the case of stray sects, the Church is

not committed to this personal evangelism theory; on the other hand, she talks a great deal about business and society and politics. Upon her then be the responsibility of knowing what she talks about. At least she must be consistent with the implications of either theory of world regeneration. The world awaits her message.

*

THE YANKS ARE COMING

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT. Boston: The Page Company.

PEOPLE seem to have a bias towards viewing their co-humans of other nations in terms of some one characteristic. Thus, the Englishman is a snob, the German a pedant, the Irishman a wit, the American a blow, etc. This is pre-war mental stock in trade and probably mainly superficial, but some of it at least holds valid to-day. And there are possibly those who would say that this book of Mr. McNutt's is just another breath, this time very hot and very recent, of the Great American breeze. The book is a correspondent's account of the work and spirit of the various American training camps in the East, West, Middle West, and South of the United States. The enthusiasm of the book is outrageously contagious. One finds oneself—though one may never have met him before on any printed page, slapping McNutt on the back and saying, "Say, McNutt, *isn't* it a fine army!" And when McNutt answers, "Best ever!" you exclaim and say, "It sure is!" And all the while some veteran of the Canadian First Contingent sits by and listens and smiles. America has entered into this thing, he will say if you ask his comment, she is probably building up a magnificent army, her men will behave splendidly, in many departments of war activity they will likely excel, but, but—why do the Americans talk about it *quite so much*? . . . The spirit that prompts this question is not that of international discourtesy.

It is rather the real thing that knits nations, the spirit of critical kindness. Nobody—unless he be indeed a snob and a little person—nobody is really nasty about the American's love of a good blow. Indeed, there is something we like about it very much. It is, at its best, so abounding, so full of life, so the quintessence of naïve self-confidence leapingly expressing itself, that we often love to watch it. It is only with a sort of grave friendliness that sometimes we are moved to say, "Go a little easy, Brother Jonathan, go a little easy"; somewhat as we fear a bit for the neck of the colt loose in his first spring field. It is appreciation and love that prompts solicitude.

But whether Mr. McNutt is a little over enthusiastic or not, one cannot read his pages without realizing that America is developing a marvellous army of men, simple, sincere, high-minded, eager, boy-hearted men.

What are they going to do?

Mr. McNutt's book, coming for review just at this time, asks a very dramatic question. In Mr. McNutt's pages every one of the millions of men he talks about is out "to lick the Kaiser".

But if the Kaiser is licked!

What are they going to do?

It is a question for the militarist, for the pacifist, for the politician, the statesman, the political economist, the educationist. For every real citizen it is a tremendous question.

Shall we talk of William James's "moral equivalent" of war, that challenge which lies in our slums, in our mansions, in all the thousand and one dirty odd corners of modern political, business, social, religious life? Can all this energy of trained bodies and cleaned minds be turned into the American nation instead of out of it, for a great and holy if somewhat drab crusade? Can it all be redirected and bent upon the high business of national regeneration?

The book, not in so many words, asks the question.

THE COW PUNCHER

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD. Toronto:
The Musson Book Company.

THIS story of love and devotion in Western Canada is by one who knows the West well but who, like many others who write of the West, has not revealed the real spirit of the West in this novel. But whether he has or not, or whether or not it was his purpose to do that, he has stuck to facts and not gone romancing and swashbuckling like most writers go whenever they think about schaps and a sombrero. It is a wholesome novel, contains some good humour and is well written. The element of love is refined, and the characters, though somewhat conventional, are carefully drawn. It is the story of a boy who lives with a drunkard father on a ranch near the foothills. The father is killed accidentally, and then the boy sets out to make a place in the world for himself and the girl who has won his affections. Here is his first effort at love-making:

"Then I'm goin' to say some more things to you," he went on rapidly. "Things 'at I didn't know whether to say or not, but now they've got to be said, whatever happens. Reenie, I haven't ever been to school, or learned lots of things I 'a' learned, but I ain't a fool, neither. I know 'at when you're home you live thousands of miles from me, but I know 't in your mind you live further away than that. I know it's like all the prairies an' all the oceans were between us. But I know, too, that people cross prairies an' oceans, an' I'm wantin' to cross. I know it takes time, an' I'll be a slow traveller, but I'm a mighty persistent crittur when I start out. I didn't learn to break all those bottles in a day. Well, I can learn other things, too, an' I will, if only it will take me across. I'm goin' to leave this old ranch, someway, jus' as soon as it can be arranged. I'm goin' to town an' work. I'm strong; I can get pretty good wages. I've been thinkin' it all over, and was askin' some questions in town to-day. I can work days and go to school nights. An' I'll do it if—if it'll get me across. You know what I mean. I ain't askin' no pledges, Reenie, but what's the chance? I know I don't talk right, an' I don't eat right—you tried not to notice, but you

couldn't help—but Reenie, I think right, an' I guess with a girl like you that counts more than eatin' and talkin.'"

In time he succeeds and the two are married. But the great war comes, and the young husband, like thousands of others in Canada, goes overseas and is killed at the Front. The ending is perhaps overly sentimental, but, even at that, most readers will like it.

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THE ESCAPE OF A PRINCESS
PAT

BY GEORGE PEARSON. Toronto: Mc-
Clelland, Goodechild & Stewart.

TIME was when we read with awe and wonder of the escapades and glorious disasters of prisoners of war or adventurers who lived in far-off lands or bygone centuries. To-day some chap who stands in the sun on the corner of College and Yonge in Toronto is the hero of more romance than was in all our imaginings; or he may live at 70 Standish Ave., North Rosedale, and his name may be Corporal E. Edwards of the P.P.C.L.I. This book is the story of the escape of Corporal Edwards from Germany after having been made a prisoner of war. It is rather fascinating reading. It is a vivid additional chapter to the Arabian Nights. Only in this case the chapter is vouched for as being true. All the more wonder in it, then, for the reader.

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FOR GIRLS AS WELL AS BOYS
THE GIRL'S OWN AND THE BOY'S
OWN. Toronto: Warwick Brothers
& Rutter.

THESE two great annuals for juveniles should require no commendation, but it might be worth while to repeat that now as much attention is given to the book for girls as to the other for boys. Both are well illustrated, reliable and fascinating books for the young folks.

JOAN AND PETER

BY H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A WONDERFUL book! If there have been those who believed that after *Mr. Britling* the brilliance of H. G. Wells suffered eclipse, they must now admit that his sun is once more clear in the heavens. "Joan and Peter" may or may not be literature, but it is certainly life. It speaks with authority. It has depth, it has breadth, and it has vision. It has what the world wants instantly and badly—a working philosophy of life for the young, who are facing their problems in a new world which will emerge when the frightful débris of this war has been cleared away. It is a book which believes profoundly (if unorthodoxly) in God and in man and in the possibility of a reconstructed world of which neither man or God need be ashamed.

The main factor in the new world-life is to be the new education. Mr. Wells has much to say about education, and what he has to say is the result of the constructive thought of a great brain and, as such, invaluable. Let us take this book seriously (not as a work of fiction, though it is an excellent work of fiction), but as an attempt by one of our foremost thinkers to let light in through the haze of receding battle over a shell-shocked world. The story itself is just the story of the lives of a boy and girl left orphans and the struggle of their guardian, an experienced and thoughtful man of the world, to fit them for life by giving them the best kind of education obtainable; of his failures and successes; of the inevitable development of *Joan and Peter* along the lines of these influences. Then comes the outbreak of the war and a study of its action and reaction upon their personalities and the personalities of those about them.

One does not pretend that the book is perfect or without flaws of taste, judgment and prejudice, but its central message is so big that the smaller things may be disregarded. No review can possibly do justice to a book of this nature. The utmost a review can do is to say, "read it". If you care at all for the future, read it again and then go out and do something to help. For the great value of the book lies in just this fact: It gives one the impulse to *do* something. Not only "world peace" but "world purpose" is the burden of its gospel.

*

FRAGMENTS OF PHILOSOPHY

BY JOHN MCQUARRIE. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS little book of a hundred odd pages does not belie in any serious way its title. The contents is fragmentary. There is something philosophic in its tone. The Fragments have appeared serially in many journals in the West. They are bright and homey and full of good common sense comment on education, money, politics, religion, etc. All who have appreciated the serial appearance of Mr. McQuarrie's work will now appreciate the opportunity of obtaining it collected in a neat pocket volume.

*

—Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King, formerly Minister of Labour in the Dominion Government, has written a book on reconstructoin, which is soon to appear under the title "Industry and Humanity." This is sure to be one of the most important books on popular economics that have been written in a long time. Thomas Allen, Toronto, is the publisher in Canada.

*

—William Briggs will publish soon a book of poems by the late Colonel John McCrea. It will include, among others, the well-known "In Flanders Fields".



AUTUMN, 1918

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I

WHEN climbing tendrils of the amber flame
Hold our eyes watching and the room is still,
And flicker and glint and shadow have their will,
As we sit moveless, wondering whence came
Beauty to earth, Beauty that is the same
In firelit rooms, on roads, and on a hill,
Where waters leap, or where they lie all still,
Where a tree stands, Beauty that seems to aim
Piercingly near, and yet that ever slips
Somehow beyond us so we never say
We hold it, know it, not with all our arts —
When the day ends, and we from quiet lips
Murmur good-night, put Beauty's lure away—
There is a sadness in our heart of hearts.

II

If a dead leaf fall, eddying past your eyes,
And find a pool made by the recent rains,
And float there quiet, while its crimson stains
The jade pool with Beauty's quick surprise,
Standing and watching, will you deem Him wise
Who, grant your God, or what of Him remains,
Takes all the world of hills and seas and plains
And makes it Beauty in His great Emprise?

This Beauty tricks us; He has caught us sure
When we stand watching, naming life so rich:
Poor fools, 'tis death; we know not which from which!
And He still holds us with His ancient lure.
Better by far stand up and say the earth
Is dead, long dead, and we are dead from birth!

III

Nay, that contention's wrong, and this is true:
He does not trick us with His Beauty spread
Beneath us, round us, and above our head;
He puts Beauty in life that, through and through,
We may know life is good and that He drew
Great plans that day when in His soul He said:
"Let earth be made and fully furnishèd."
He has given us earth, and we are of it, too.

And, in death's Beauty, He has made it so,
We see but proving of His further aim:
He will have death a whisper and a kiss,
A promise of more Beauty, a portico
To Beauty. Have you not seen Him make upflame
The butterfly from out the crysalis?

IV

But why outside my window does the wind
 Reach through the trees and flch their Beauty down,
 And tatter all their crimson till the brown,
 Naked, lean limbs appear, and Beauty's thinned
 To nothing that was flushed and fine and proud?
 And why does goldfinch have to raise his cry
 That is so sad at summer passing by,
 And all his colour and Beauty disallowed?

He's crying now, outside upon his wire—
 Must I go tell him Beauty is never over,
 There will be summers still for a happy lover,
 Must I go mock him with his heart's desire,
 When all his fields and trees are bare? Must I
 Beg him remember it is best to die?

V

Ah, goldfinch, and ah, human Beauty's face
 Makes us both sad, for in our hearts we know
 Beauty is passing, we must let her go;
 There is no faith, no hope, that can replace
 What we have seen; all that gay summer chase
 Of you and your mate about the thistle-tops,
 All that I knew of summer, stops, just stops,
 And of it all we find no single trace.

Beauty in this, says some wise sonneteer?
 More Beauty in death as death points out a way
 To further Beauty which He has in store?
 I tell you, He rips Beauty, drabs its clear
 Colours. He blurs and blotches the bright day;
 And if He made it then His guilt is more!

VI

Yet, if He takes, He gives. Some even urge
 His taking yields more Beauty than His gift,
 Cite the leaf crimsoned and set down to drift
 On the jade pool; and die as it were on verge
 Of further Beauty. Let that pass, a splurge
 Of argument. If He takes, He gives. The lift
 And help of that is great: out of the rift
 Of cloud the sun. From winters springs emerge.

So, it may be, He does it after all,
 Has a plan in it; as one form, fleeting, goes,
 He gives another, for the bud, the rose;
 And, after roses, colours of the fall,
 And, after colour, snow. Goldfinch and I
 May find new Beauty even as we cry.

THE JOHN BERTRAM & SONS COMPANY

A Splendid Record of Industrial Development

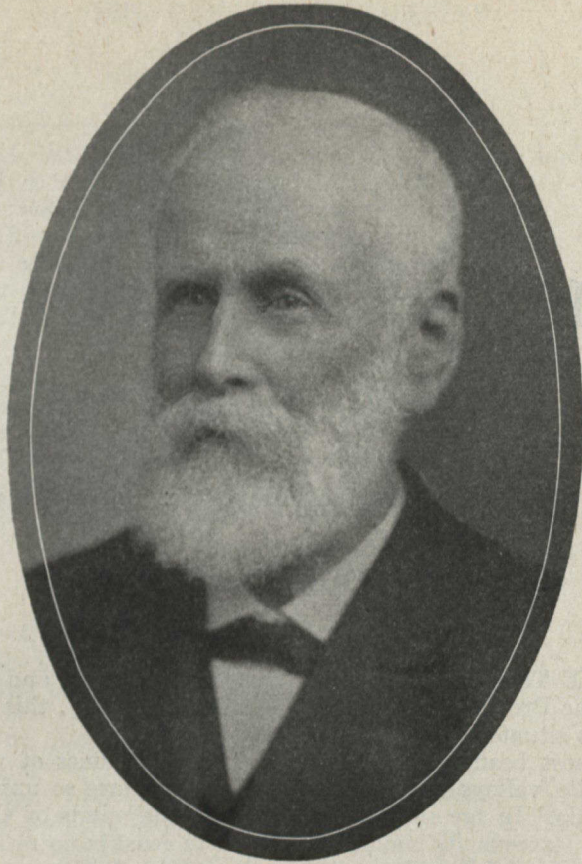
BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE



THE Town of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, is situated in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in all Canada. In age and historical interest it exceeds its ambitious neighbour, the City of Hamilton, and while it still is a flourishing industrial centre, it has been in its day one of the most important commercial towns in Upper Canada. Up to the date of the completion of the Great Western Railway it was the head of navigation on Lake Ontario, being connected to Burlington Bay with a canal, the outlines of which can still be seen, and many early settlers from Scotland had the novel experience of travelling all the way from Glasgow to Dundas by boat. No matter how it is approached, except, of course, by the old canal or from the low levels of the valley, Dundas is revealed in superfine panorama from any one of several overlooking hill-tops. The railway trains which run along the face of the escarpment to the northward give an excellent view of the whole valley, which begins shortly after leaving Hamilton, pro-

ceeding westward, and which is greatly enhanced by this active, wide-awake town.

That the names of "Dundas" and "Bertram" are so universally associated in the minds of Canadians from coast to coast is no result of extensive advertising but is a tribute to the growth and solidity of the company which holds so much in common with the business and social life of the town that wherever its townspeople may wander they hear the fame of its premier factory on proud and friendly tongues. The plant is more to the townspeople than a mere factory—it has become to them an "institution" whose welfare and theirs are joined and have been joined inseparably together from generation to generation. No greater tribute to the company can be found than the fact that son has followed father to the third generation on its pay rolls. The names of Kyle, Turnbull, Hendry, McEwan, Douglas, Henderson, Manning, Millington and Fisher were familiar in the plant thirty, forty or fifty years ago, and sons and grandsons of these early employees are today valued employees in the same



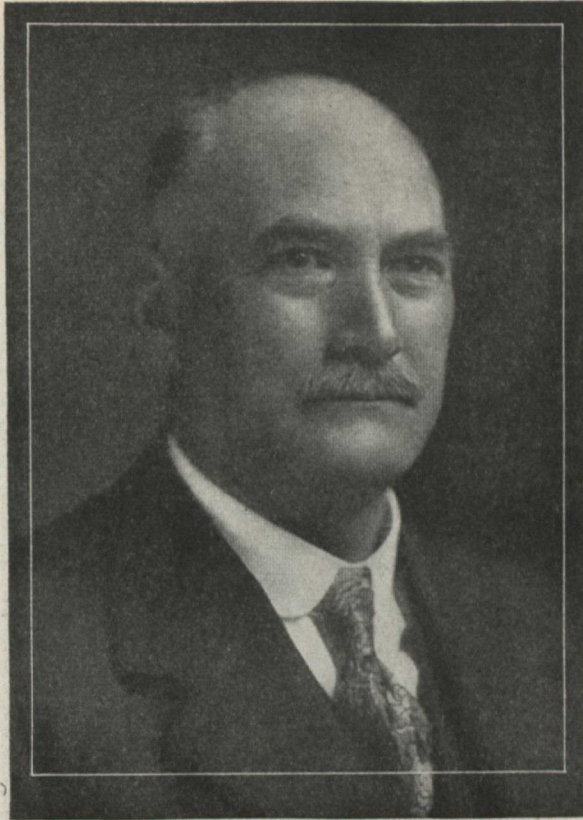
The Late John Bertram

works. "Geordie" Turnbull, who was one of the first apprentices, whose term of service dates from 1863, is still assisting in the work. He was a fellow apprentice with General Bertram and part of his duties in those days was to fire the boiler and run the engine while "Alick" (now Sir Alexander) had the more exciting work of driving a horse and cart, hauling from the E. & C. Gurney's Foundry in Hamilton the weekly supply of castings for the miniature machine tools of those days. The late Edward Gurney, of Toronto, was the clerk who used to weigh out the castings at that time. George Turnbull is one of several employees of to-day whose terms of service date back forty years or more. Almost scores of men have been with the company for thirty or more years and the

"newcomers" of twenty years' standing number more than one hundred.

One of the first things to attract the eye in looking on Dundas from a distance is a large white water-tank, which already has become a landmark, standing out as it does like a huge monument in a sea of green. One has to go closer, however, to learn the full significance, for although the name "Bertram" is painted in huge letters upon its surface, the distance from the farthest elevations is too great for its deciphering, unless one uses a field glass or has the eye of a Pacific Coast Indian. But to all but the stranger it signifies what the name of John Bertram and Sons has meant for almost half a century—integrity, uprightness and a first-class product.

When in the year 1852 the late



Mr. Henry Bertram
Managing-director of The John Bertram & Sons Company

John Bertram, who actually was the designer of the great modern machine tool manufacturing plant as it stands there to-day, went to Dundas, he was but twenty-two years of age. He had served his apprenticeship in the machine shop of the late Thomas Aimers, in Galashiels, Scotland, and although he did not possess an education in the academic sense, he was a scholar at heart, and he possessed a keen, absorbent and retentive mind. While he was a practical man at his trade, practical in the same sense as his two sons, General Sir Alexander Bertram and Henry Bertram are practical, he was a thorough business man as well, one of those sound, sturdy, progressive men of affairs who at about the time of Confederation laid the foundations of Canada's present high standing as a producing country. There was no humbug in John Ber-

tram. He regarded the affairs of life seriously, and even apart from his business he was always trying to improve the understanding of himself and his family, and towards that end devoted a great deal of time to reading and demonstration.

He had an extraordinary talent for reading aloud, and it was his wont of an evening to practise what was with him really an art, with his family as audience. He took a lively interest in the development of history, in geology, astronomy and in what was then a new discovery—electricity. So keen was his interest in astronomy that he made and ground with his own hands a metallic reflecting lens on the same principle as the great lens now in use in the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory at Victoria. He also made one of the first galvanic batteries in use in Ontario and in other ways he



Brigadier-General Sir Alexander Bertram, Kt.

experimented with that mysterious power that since then has revolutionized the motive-producing systems of the world.

One can only speculate as to whether John Bertram could have had any foresight of the great changes that electricity has since wrought even in the business that, great as it now is, was going along very modestly indeed when in 1865 he became a partner in the firm of McKechnie and Bertram.

This partnership was dissolved in 1886. The factory building of those days was known as The Canada Tool Works, and though a portion still stands and is used, it is a miniature affair compared with the big modern, well-lighted, well-heated, well ventilated, thoroughly-equipped structures

that now surround and encompass it. The fine new office building is larger than the original factory, while the various shops, storage plants, moulding and pattern rooms of the present system cover acres of ground and are a veritable town in themselves. There are 1,200 employees on the pay-roll. But we must go back to the old factory and the old methods before we can properly appreciate the magnitude of the present plant.

In the old days the important details in the making and building of machine tools was entrusted to memory, and instances are cited of men who were almost phenomena in this respect. Where to-day records are kept by a specification chart of every item in the make-up of every simple or intricate piece of machinery, in

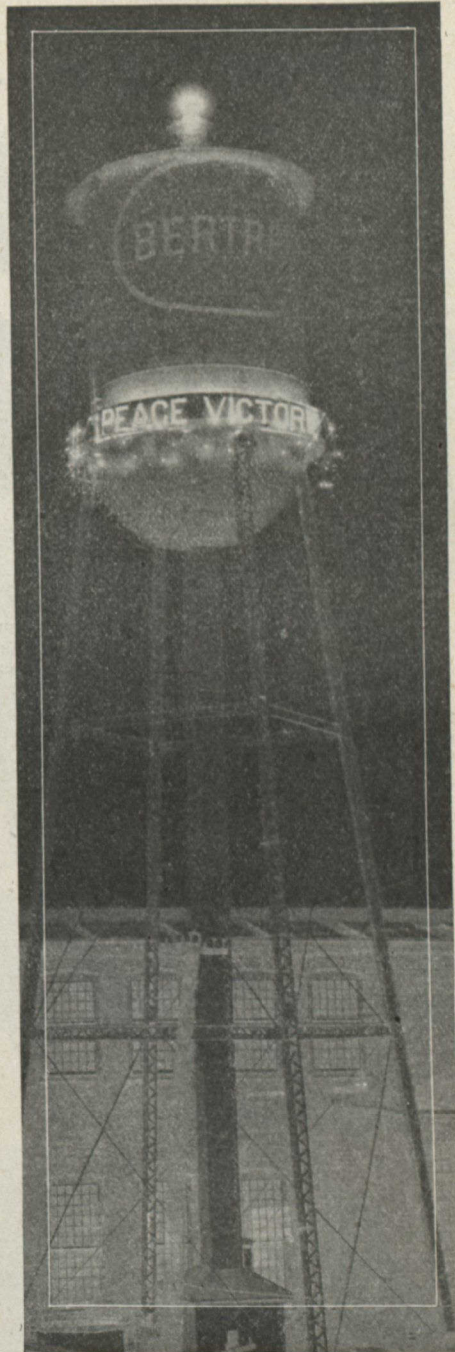
former days all these details were entrusted to the memory of the foremen or workman. The draughting-room to-day comprises a big department in itself, where drawings and designs are made as guides for the workmen, and tracings of these are filed in what is a library in itself, working blue prints only being sent to the shop. In the old days the memories of the foremen were practical encyclopedias, and to each one's memory was entrusted the details of the machines constructed under his immediate supervision.

John Bertram was a thorough mechanic in this respect. Perhaps his memory was more capacious than specially trained. He could read a book, for instance, and then quote much of its actual contents and give readily a comprehensive digest of it. He was a constant reader of the Scriptures and from them, even from the Old Testament, he could quote freely and accurately and to an amazing extent. All the old tribes of Israel were familiar to him, and he knew their origins and their destinations. He took a keen interest in Egyptology, especially as it pertains to the Bible, and he was familiar with, and made a study of, for instance, the Elgin antiquities and such other Egyptian relics now stored in the British museum, London.

All this, of course, was apart from business, but it had its affect on business and on those who were associated with him. Certainly one can find traces of this training in the two sons who have succeeded him in the business.

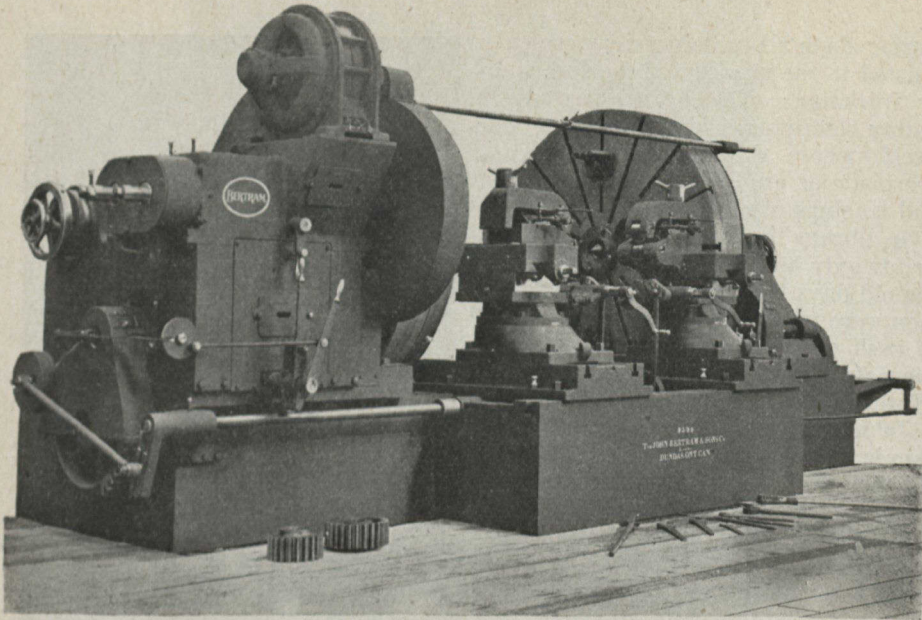
John Bertram's attitude of mind no doubt had much to do with the business ethics of the concern. He was a stickler for perfection, if perfection could be attained, and he insisted on quality and good value. In one of the early illustrated booklets issued by the firm we find this statement of policy:

"It has been our aim and ambition, as the pioneers of this branch of business in Canada, ever to stand foremost among the numerous competitors for public favour and patronage. How we have succeeded in ac-



The Great Water-tank of John Bertram & Sons, illuminated on "Peace Night"

complishing this is not for us to say; we leave it to the judgment of a public which



A Bertram Product

A Railway Machine Tool, a specialty of The John Bertram & Sons Company.
A 90° Heavy Driving Wheel Chucking Lathe, motor driven, and fitted with pneumatic tool clamps.

we have ever found fully appreciative of our endeavours to meet the demands of the machinery trade. With our long experience and our practical personal knowledge of the business, added to the fact that we have always in our employ talent second to none in the country, constantly engaged in perfecting and improving the different machines, we can, with confidence, recommend our goods as complete in every respect, and unsurpassed either in improvements or workmanship. We are bold to make this statement, strengthened as we are, and always have been, by the testimony of some of the most practical men in the country."

"Every machine we build is what it is represented to be. Each machine is put together and tested on the work it is designed to do before leaving the shop, thus giving us the best evidence, that of actual use, that it is perfect."

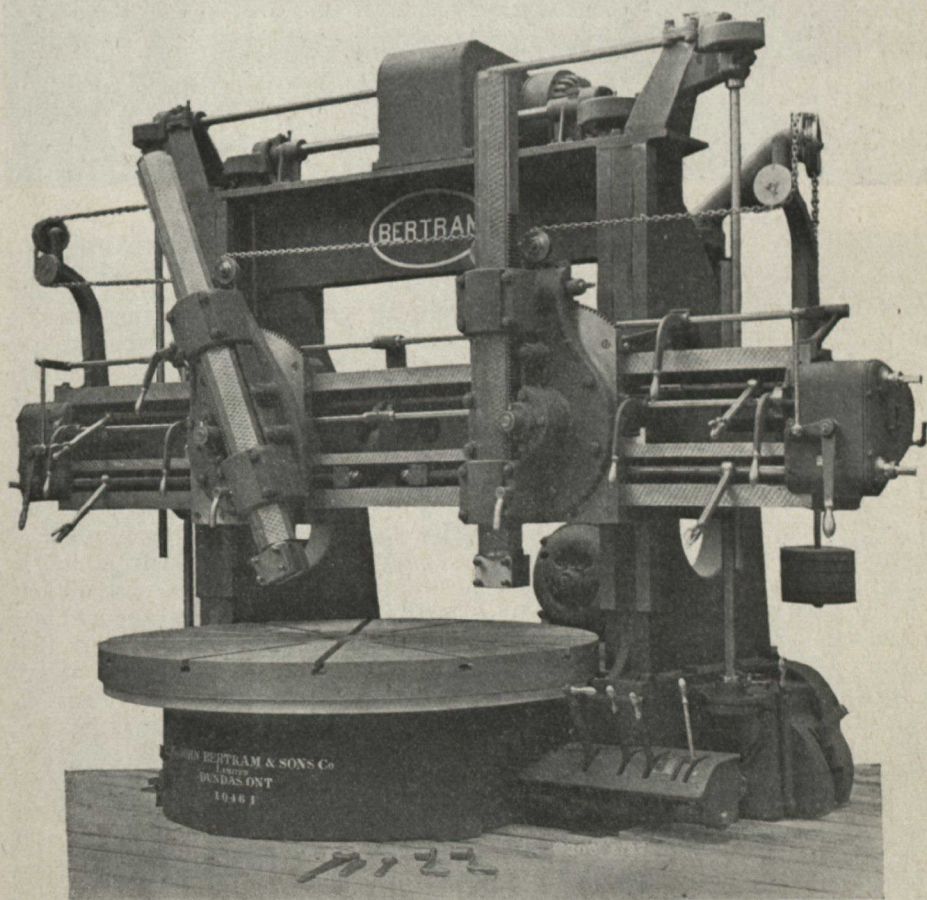
That policy was maintained throughout John Bertram's long connection with the firm, and it is being maintained to-day under the present management. But tremendous advancement has been made and tremendous changes. In the early days the workmen were all known personally by the heads of the business, and the foremen, in some instances, were intimate friends of their employers.

Nevertheless, with the personal interest removed, a condition rendered necessary by the magnitude of the concern, another interest, even a greater interest than the former, has taken its place. To realize this one has only to look at the conditions in which the employees work now as compared with what prevailed in all factories even twenty-five years ago. All the new factories of this concern, either completed or in course of construction, are almost absolutely fireproof. The floors, however, even in the basements, are of hardwood or wood blocks laid on concrete, for the present management believes that concrete floors or floors of any suitable and available material but wood could not be conducive to the health and comfort of the workmen. The walls are finished in a pleasing light buff tint; and indeed the whole effect would be well in keeping with the requirements and expectations of a modern office building. The sanitary conditions are excellent. The thought given to the comfort of employees reminds one of the equipment of a country

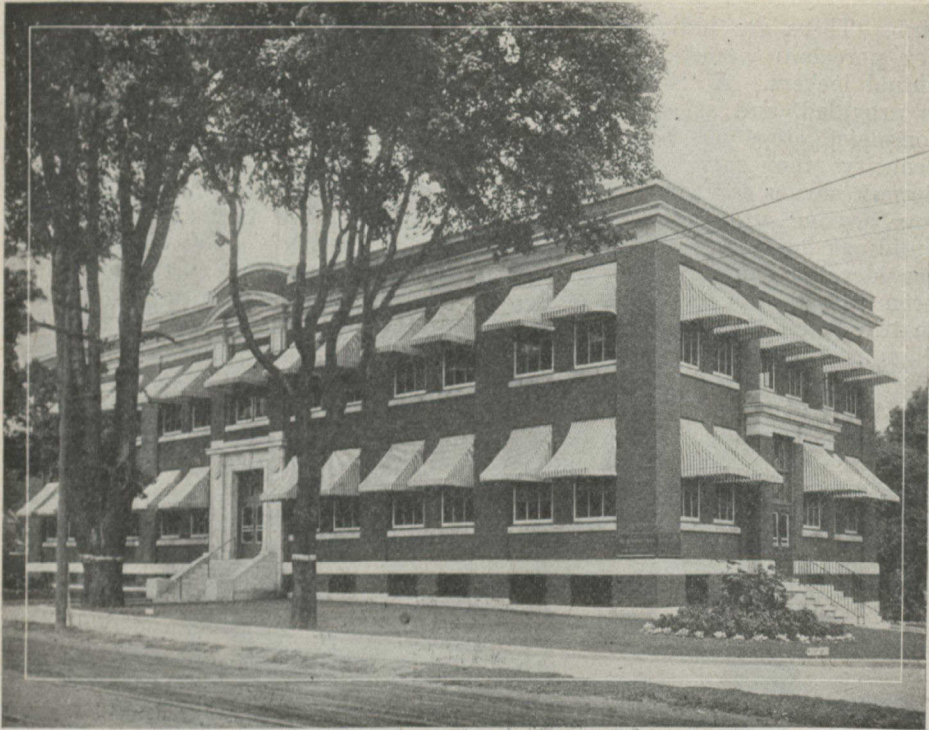
club. There are individual stationary porcelain washstands and individual lockers. A "first-aid" room is provided, and as each factory is completed steps are being taken to beautify the outside with grass, flowers, shrubs and vines. The lighting, heating and ventilating of the buildings has received extraordinary consideration, and no expense has been spared to make each of these features first-class. The amount of glass used has been enormous, but the interior results in lighting has justified the means. Some persons might fear that so much window space would cause the rooms to be cold, but any danger in that way has been removed

by the installation of a great steam-heating plant, so that the several factories can be kept at a desired temperature all the time. The windows open on the swinging principle, so that fresh air can be admitted at will. All these improvements have been made over conditions that everyone knows existed formerly in all factories, because the present management has learned that more work and a better product are the result of fresh air, good light, warmth and excellent sanitary equipment.

Then there is the question of space. It has been demonstrated that men working in cramped and cluttered quarters cannot do as much or as good



A Bertram Product
83" Boring and Turning Mill.



General Offices of The John Bertram & Sons Company, and the
Pratt & Whitney Company of Canada

work as when they have plenty of room. The business of the company has been increasing so rapidly that constant additions have had to be made, but heretofore the fact was not fully appreciated that a man, working under restrictions as to space could not do so well as if he had plenty of room. So that now the space for each workman is greater than it used to be. The whole experiment is a splendid lesson in economy. It is a lesson that has been learned as a result of continual experiment, because there have been periodical additions, extensions and new factories ever since the business was inaugurated. Not until within the last few years, however, have these improvements been made on so large and so generous a scale.

The war activities of the company date from the declaration of war by Great Britain. The morning after war was declared a telegram was sent

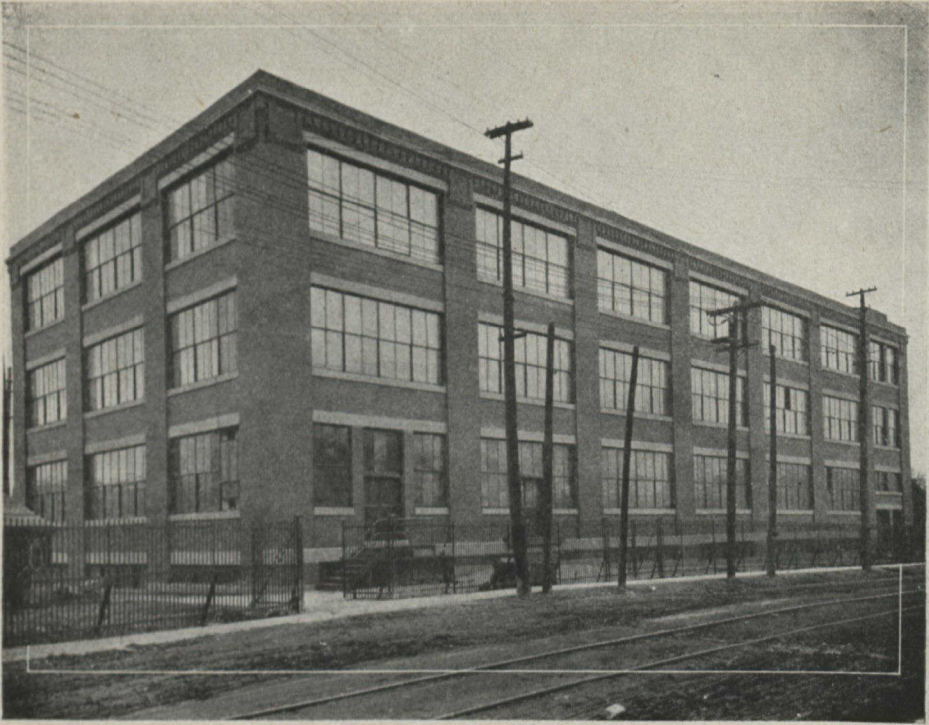
Sir Robert Borden placing at the disposal of the Government the entire plant and engineering staff for any purpose for which Canada or the Empire might be able to use it. When it was arranged to place orders in Canada for 18 pr. shrapnel shells, the Bertram Company was one of the first to proceed with the equipping of a plant for their manufacture, and so carefully and thoroughly were their methods of manufacture thought out and designed by their engineers that they immediately became the standard, and nearly all machinery and attachments used for this work in Canada were either the product of the Bertram plant or designed along the lines laid down by them. Indeed some of the largest American concerns sent representatives to this Canadian plant to obtain data for the equipment of large plants in the United States, which were afterwards equipped on the Bertram plan of manufacturing. Fur-



Time and Cost Department



Draughting-room of The John Bertram & Sons Company,
showing steel furniture and method of lighting



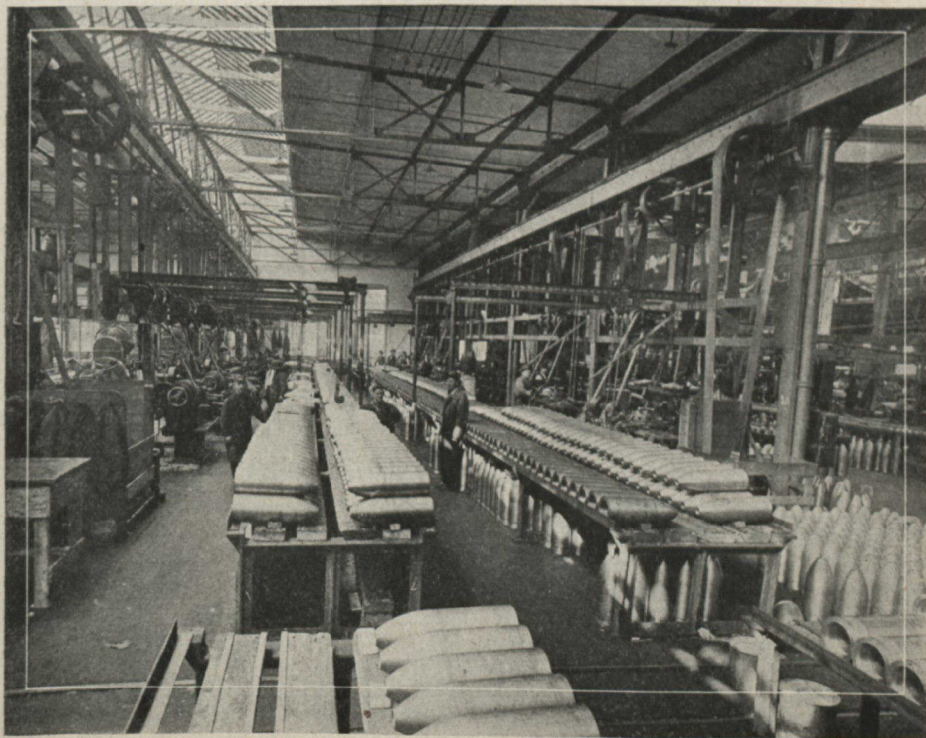
The New Factory of The Pratt & Whitney Company of Canada,
(makers of small tools) which is amalgamated with The John Bertram & Sons Company



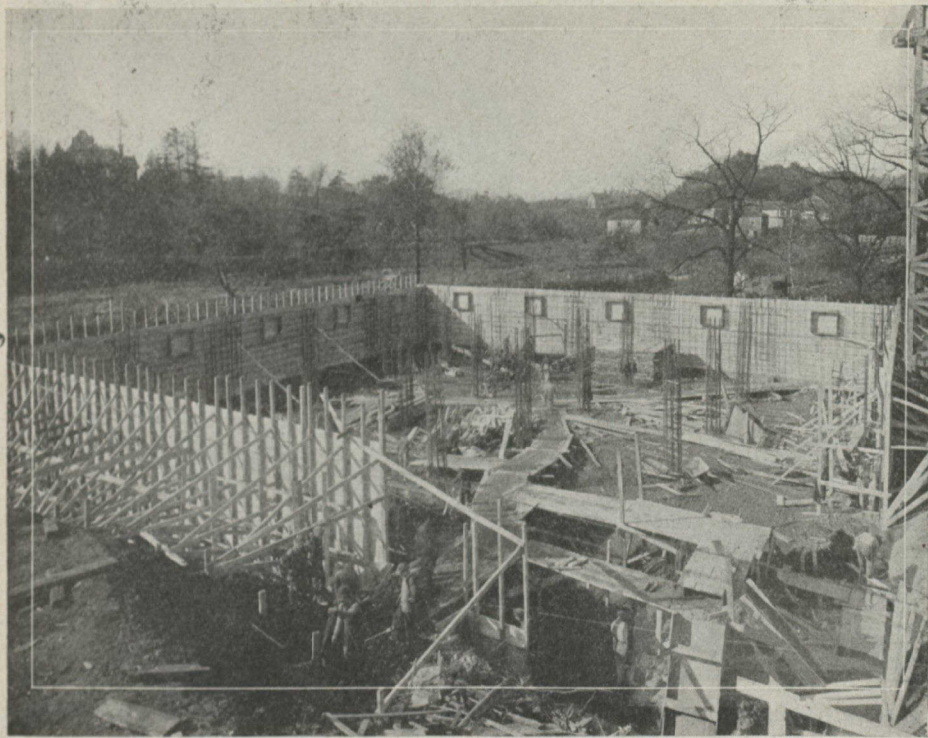
The General Manufacturing Floor of The Pratt & Whitney Company of Canada



A general view of one of the Machine Tool Shops of The John Bertram & Sons Company



Large Shells in process of finishing at The John Bertram & Sons Company

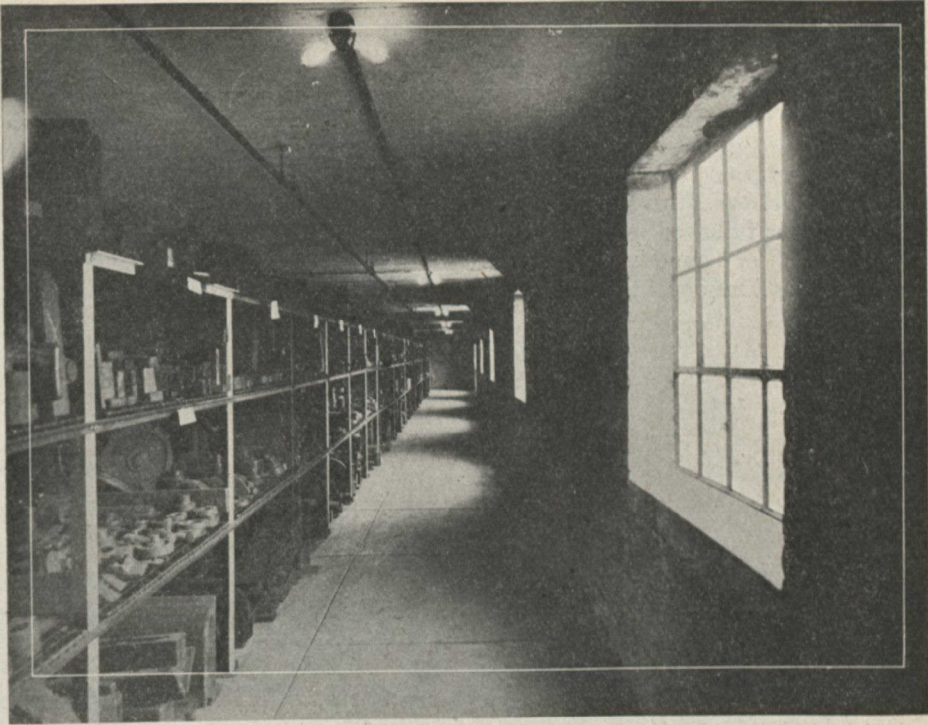


Pattern Storage Building under construction,
showing on the hill to the left the residence of Mr. Henry Bertram

thermore, not one of the numerous attachments designed by the Company was ever patented, and as a result anyone engaged in the manufacture of shells was not only at liberty to manufacture or have manufactured for themselves any of these attachments but the plant at Dundas was open to anyone who wanted help in laying out their plants and hundreds availed themselves of the privilege of visiting the plant and discussing their problems with the engineers in charge of shell operations.

As the requirements of the Allies developed into a need for large shells, the Bertram Company equipped what was admitted to be the most complete large shell plant for its size in America and produced 8-inch shells for the British Government, and at the same time equipped several of the larger big shell plants with the necessary machinery and attachments for the larger size of shells.

The making of shells demands a high degree of skill on the part of the workmen and workwomen (in Dundas women and girls work on the smaller shells), and each shell has to be almost perfect. A nearer approach to perfection is demanded in machine tools, the regular business of The John Bertram and Sons Company, and it can readily be seen that work-people who have been trained to the rigid demands of shell-making can readily turn to the equally rigid demands of tool making. For this reason, if for no other, Dundas is bound to be the home of an even greater machine tool industry than ever before and the management is aiming with the completion of the present splendid plant to keep the present, or a greater, staff of 1,200 employees regularly engaged after the war is over. There is genuine patriotism and real public spirit in that ambition. Many concerns have been willing to make



Pattern Storage Building, showing Steel Pattern Racks

money out of the war, but have not reinvested the money in a way to provide work for the thousands who will be looking for work when hostilities have ceased in Europe.

The product of the Bertram Company, originally confined to light and medium weight machinery for general machine shop work, has gradually been extended to a specialty of extra heavy machine tools for locomotive and car shops, shipyard and boiler shop equipment and structural iron working machinery. It is interesting to note that a large part of the mammoth tools used by the St. Lawrence Bridge Company in the fabrication of the famous Quebec Bridge over the St. Lawrence was designed and built in the Bertram shops.

Employees of the Bertram Company to the number of nearly one hundred and fifty enlisted for overseas service during the course of the war, of whom eight made the supreme sacrifice. In addition the Bertram

family was represented by five of its members: Major James K. Bertram, Adjutant, 20th Battalion (killed in action); Lieut. Aimers S. Bertram, 58th Battalion (died of wounds); Sergt. Marr Stirling (killed in action); Sapper Bertram Stirling (Engineers) and Major Leonard H. Bertram, M.C. (wounded at Langemarck), who enlisted as a private in 1st Battalion and earned his commission on the field.

In 1905 the Bertram Company associated themselves with the Niles-Bement-Pond Company of New York, who are by far the largest builders of machine tools in the world. This new connection has made possible the addition of lines of heavy railway and general machine tools which the comparatively limited market of Canada could not have warranted as the Bertram Company have the benefit of the research work of the immense experimental and engineering departments of the Niles-Bement-Pond Com-

pany, as well as the use of their many patent rights and their association with the larger concern has opened up markets for Bertram products in all the principal countries of the world.

The association of the Bertram Company with the Niles-Bement-Pond Company was followed in 1906 by the organization of another associated company in Dundas, the Pratt &

Whitney Company of Canada, Limited, for the manufacture of taps, dies, reamers, milling cutters and similar small tools; and under the same management as the Bertram plant the new company has outgrown its original factory, has just completed the erection of one of the most up-to-date manufacturing buildings in Canada.



The Original Factory of McKechnie & Bertram.
Built in Dundas, Ontario, in 1867

IMPERFECT ELIMINATION

Civilization's Greatest Enemy

WHY WE SHOULD BATHE INTERNALLY

BY WILLIAM A. GRIFFITHS, Phm. B.

THE word elimination as applied to the human system means the freeing of the Intestines from all waste matter which nature intended should never be allowed to accumulate in the body. This matter is not always completely discharged in a proper and regular way. The constant accumulation forms a deadly poison and by degrees is absorbed into the blood, until finally all power of resistance is overthrown and the body readily contracts various forms of disease. Rheumatism, Typhoid Fever, Headaches, Kidney Trouble, Impure Blood, Colds, Appendicitis, Hardening of the Arteries, and nearly every serious human ill is directly traceable to this one cause—Imperfect Elimination.

Constipation or retarded elimination is to-day the greatest and most prevalent affliction of modern civilization, and is principally accounted for by our present mode of living, sedentary occupations, and lack of sufficient out-of-door exercise. Constipation is claimed by the best informed physicians to be the primary cause of most every form of sickness and disease. We all realize this to be true, and seek to remedy it as best we can, but not always in the wisest and best advised manner. The use of Drugs, under various names, is resorted to; Laxatives, Physics and the like. When eventually the so-called cure which is only temporary relief proves to be an aggravation to the trouble, larger

doses are frequently resorted to and finally a Chronic condition is the result.

The writer has been connected with the Drug business for thirty years and has yet to learn of a single case of Constipation that has been permanently relieved by the use of Drugs of any kind. They cause temporary relief by irritating the membranes, thus causing a secretion to form which assists elimination for a time. But these laxatives react as a poison to the system, gradually weakening the muscles, each dose lessening the natural secretion. In fact they are the most unnatural and harmful means of treating constipation.

Internal Bathing by the "J. B. L. Cascade" is Nature's own way of keeping these Intestines clean for just purified warm water is used to flush the Colon or the Large Intestine. The system is then left pure and clean and Nature will do the rest in restoring you to perfect health. An occasional Internal Bath not only rids the system of all impurities, but keeps you in robust health, prolongs life, makes you sleep and eat well, and feel equal to any occasion.

Nearly one-million bright, enlightened Canadians and Americans have proven these statements, and when a family knows the advantages of Internal Bathing the yearly doctor's bills, in most cases, are reduced to nil. A jeweller in Cobalt, Canada, told the writer a few days ago that

their doctor bills used to run about \$200 per year, but for the past two years since getting their Cascade no doctor has been needed.

Now, whether you are sick or well it will pay you to investigate the "J. B. L. Cascade." Nothing else has ever done so much to uplift health and lessen disease as this wonderful invention of Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York.

Dr. Tyrrell over twenty years ago restored his own health and has prolonged his life many years by Internal Bathing after all other known means had failed, and has since devoted his study and energies in this direction. Dr. Tyrrell has embodied his vast experience and those of others in a valuable and interesting book called, "The What, The Why, The

Way, of Internal Bathing," which you can have absolutely free for asking. Address Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, Room 533, 163 College St., Toronto, mentioning having read this article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and the book will come to you by return mail.

Internal Bathing has become better known and appreciated during the past twenty years and those who have proven its value have done most to spread its virtues by recommending the "J. B. L. Cascade" to their friends. If you want to regain your health; have a new lease of life, and enjoy your being, just send to-day for this interesting book and when you have learned the advantages of Internal Bathing you will have reason to be thankful. Just write to-day before it passes from your mind.



LIGHT LUNCHES

QUICKLY PREPARED WITH

Ingersoll
Cream Cheese

so delicious—so nourishing, easily digested, pure and wholesome. You will also enjoy Ingersoll Pimento and Ingersoll Green Chile Cheese. 10c. and 15c. a package.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD. INGERSOLL, ONT.



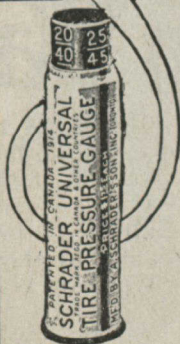
Schrader Universal



**Schrader
Universal
Pump
Connection**

Facilitates Pumping and Testing of Tires. Air pressure can be ascertained without detaching connection from valve.

Price 65c



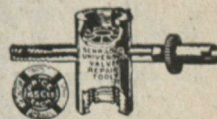
**Tire Pressure
Gauge**

Measures the air in your tires. Tires maintained under the correct inflation last twice as long as tires run on haphazard pressure. A "Schrader Universal" Gauge means Tire Insurance.

Price \$1.75

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.
334 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.



**Schrader
Universal
Valve
Repair Tool**

A Four-in-one Tool for Quick Repair of Damaged Cap threads of Tire Valves; Removing Valve Inside; Reaming Damaged Valve Seat; Retapping inside thread. Of value to all Motorists and Garages.

Price 45c



*A Waltham Colonial "A"
Thin at no sacrifice
of accuracy.*

*To make Christmas
all that it should be—
requires the presentation
of a*
Waltham Watch

Such a gift becomes part of the life of the recipient and an unceasing reminder of the wise forethought of the giver. In it are embraced all the virtues of an ideal time-piece—enduring accuracy combined with beauty that time can never impair. Ask your jeweler to show you his full range of high-grade Waltham Watches.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED
MONTREAL

Here's What I'm Drinking



HAVE you noticed how many people nowadays drink Postum instead of tea or coffee?

However much one may like this or that beverage, it is an unmistakable fact that tea and coffee *do* prove harmful. Their unfortunate influence upon the nerves, as shown by wakefulness, headaches, and so on, make them undesirable for many.

POSTUM

meets such situations exactly, for it provides an invigorating table drink much like superior coffee in flavor, but as it is made from cereals and a small portion of wholesome molasses it never produces the ill effects that often result from tea or coffee drinking.

“There's a Reason”
for **POSTUM**



MISS ANITA STEWART EXAMINES A NEW "GODDESS" MODEL

Grace of appearance, and ease of movement, are so important to an eminent Screen Artiste like Miss ANITA STEWART—that her warm approval of the "GODDESS CORSETS" that lace in front, is their strongest possible recommendation.

Miss Anita Stewart writes as follows:

*"Your Goddess Corsets are most satisfactory; they give
"greatest possible comfort and freedom, and, without any
"undue compression, add to the grace of the figure."*

This is a real triumph for the "GODDESS CORSETS" which are made in Canada, and are now on sale by at least one dealer in every shopping centre of Canada.

"GODDESS CORSETS" are the latest word in style and are sold at very reasonable prices. If you cannot easily locate a "GODDESS" dealer, kindly write the makers.

The
Dominion
Corset Co.
Quebec - Toronto
Montreal

Goddess

Corsets that lace in front

Makers also
of the
celebrated
D. & A.
and the
"La Diva"
Corsets

The New-Day Price Tags Should Show Calories Per Pound The Vital Point in Food Cost



1810
Calories
Per Pound

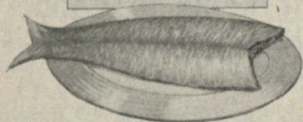
890 Calories
Per Pound



860 Calories
Per Pound



365 Calories
Per Pound



The calory is the energy unit by which governments and experts measure food.

It is a major factor to consider in combating cost of living. Figure what you get per dollar as compared with Quaker Oats.

In these foods, for example:

Cost Per 1,000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5 cents
Meats Average	40 "
Fish Average	40 "
Canned Salmon	33 "
Canned Corn	30 "
Potatoes	13 "
Canned Peas	54 "

Most meat foods cost you 7 to 10 times Quaker Oats for the same calory units. And some foods cost you 20 times as much.

Then Quaker Oats is better-balanced than these costly foods. It is richer in minerals. It is more nearly a complete food.

The oat is probably the greatest food that grows.

Use Quaker Oats to reduce your meat cost. Every dollar's worth used in that way saves \$7 on the average.

Then mix it with your flour foods. The more you use the more you save, and the better you are fed.

This great food in these times gains a multiplied importance.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Use Quaker Oats, because it means superlative flavor at no extra prices. It is flaked from queen grains only—just

the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. It means the cream of the oats and the maximum enjoyment.

35c and 15c Per Package (Except in Far West) 2056

Peterborough,
Canada

The Quaker Oats Company

Saskatoon,
Canada

The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark
which identifies the best of cutlery.

Look for it on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

-

ENGLAND

CLARK'S PREPARED FOODS



Some of our helps to Food
Conservation

- CLARK'S Pork & Beans
- " Spaghetti with Tomato
Sauce & Cheese
- " Concentrated Soups
- " Peanut Butter
- " Stewed Kidneys
- " Ox & Lunch Tongues
- " Pate de Foie, etc., etc.

W. CLARK, LIMITED,

MONTREAL

Canada Food Board License No. 14-216

Rescued from the Huns to Die of Starvation!

Hideous Plight of Belgians Demands Immediate Help

Peace does not mean Plenty in Stricken Belgium!

Germany's hellish policy has been too thoroughly administered for Belgium to be able to feed and clothe herself again—at least, until the Government has been thoroughly organized on a permanent basis.

Little children, thousands of them, are hungry for a slice of bread, shivering in their worn-out rags. YOU can help to feed and clothe them. They haven't a cent to buy even what supplies are available.

The destitute Belgians need your help about as badly as a human creature could need it.

HOW TO HELP!

All the machinery of the Belgian Relief Fund is at your service to convert your contribution in money **HERE** into food and clothing **THERE**.

A dollar here and **now** means **LIFE** to one of the starving subjects of King Albert, but look here

NO ONE will come to you and **ASK** you for your contribution. If you do not voluntarily send it to the Belgian Relief Fund, Local Committee, or Headquarters, the opportunity is gone, and the Belgian you **MIGHT** have saved, dies of starvation or perishes for lack of clothing or proper protection.

Make cheques payable and send contributions to

Belgian Relief Fund

(Registered under the War Charities Act)

125

Ontario Branch—Belgian Relief Fund, 95 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

This name
& can - your
guarantee
of "Coffee
Satisfaction"

In $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and 2 pound
sealed tins—also
for Percolators.

Every lover of delicious coffee should
have our booklet, "Perfect Coffee,
Perfectly Made". Write for a copy.
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL



Robinson's "Patent" Groats Should Be Used



For Baby when eight or nine months old. Made in the form of a thin gruel combined with three parts milk and one part water it is a perfect food.

If the child had been reared on

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

until it has reached the above age, Groats and milk should be given alternately with "Patent" Barley, as it tends to promote bone and muscle.

For the Invalid and the Aged, in cases of influenza, a bowl of hot gruel taken in bed at night produces a profuse perspiration helping to drive the cold out of the system. Taken by the aged at night it promotes warmth and sleep.

Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

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

191 St. Paul St. W.,
Montreal

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Toronto

**As good as the
Finest Imported
Brands.—None
Better.**

This New Ginger Ale of O'Keefe's is the same type as the famous imported brands. It is quite dry—with a most delightful flavour.

O'Keefe's
SPECIAL PALE DRY
**GINGER
ALE**

is only one of the many delicious beverages, put up under the

O. K. BRAND



Belfast Style Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, Cola, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour, Cream Soda, Lemonade, Orangeade, Special Soda.

Order a case from your dealer. 517

O'Keefe's, Toronto

"Canada Food Board L-15-102."



ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED OVER 60 YEARS

Fearmans "Star" Brand

HAM and BACON

Quality Counts. No other Ham or Bacon stands so high in the estimation of people who know, the most particular people are our customers. Serve it to your family and guests during the Christmas season and you will use it all the year.

**F. W. Fearman & Co.,
Limited**

HAMILTON, ONT.

BOVRILISE your Cookery

That's the secret of keeping well during epidemics. Every time you put a spoonful of Bovril into a dish you are adding enormously to the nourishing value. You are ensuring the health of everyone in the home.

The body-building powers of Bovril have been proved by independent scientific experiments to be actually 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.



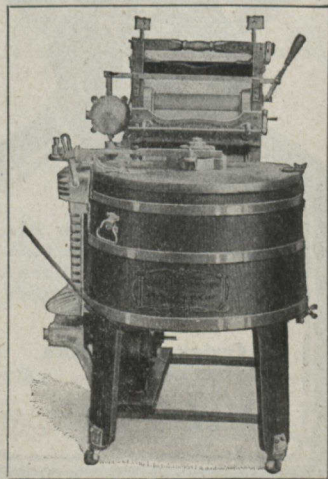
“The Perfection Electric Washer”

The very thing needed for war time, conserving of time, energy and money.

The Perfection Electric Washer will turn Wash Day into Wash Hour, take ALL the work out of washing, disposing of the extra help usual on that occasion.

The saving—considering the cost of electric current at three to five cents per washing, fifty two times a year against the cost of the usual help—will pay for the investment in less than one year with one hundred per cent dividends in the years to come, besides the added comfort of having your washing done to your complete satisfaction and under personal supervision.

May we mail you full particulars.



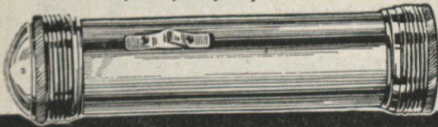
J. H. CONNOR & SON LIMITED, OTTAWA, ONTARIO



**EVEREADY
DAYLO**

He Needs It
FROM sundown to sunrise the man in the service finds a hundred uses for one of these handy, portable electric lamps. It's his servant in security and his guardian in danger—when *light may mean life!*
 Send him one at once and be sure it's an Eveready Daylo, for that means *dependability* or the capacity for long service without frequent battery and bulb renewals.
 Canadian National Carbon Co.
 Limited
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No. 2631 illustrated—
 one of 77 styles of Daylo



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DISTRIBUTORS



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 Our reputation has been built on our efficient service.

SPIELMAN AGENCIES Regd.

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SPANISH INFLUENZA

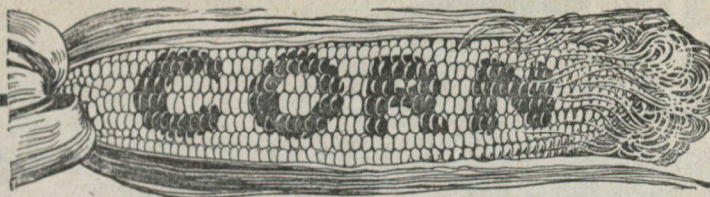
The surest way to prevent it is to keep your bowels active by taking every morning a glassful of

“RIGA”

Purgative Water. It cleans out and keeps clean the digestive organs and wards off disease.

At All Druggists. 25 cents the Bottle (except in Far West).

Distributors for Ontario: National Drug Co., Ltd.; Lyman Bros., Co., Ltd.; Drug Trading Co., Ltd.
 Distributors for the West: The Martin Bole, Wynne Co., Ltd., who are also distributors for Dr. Gordon's Foot Soap, Powder, and Shampoo Soap.



SYRUP

Are YOU saving Sugar by using

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Corn starch converted into its "sugar" form, with pure cane syrup added.

LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP

The Canada Food Board recommends Corn Syrup (White) for preserving and cooking. Also delicious for all table purposes.

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins, at all dealers.

CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED

162

MONTREAL



COWAN'S COCOA

RESERVE POWER

Cowan's Cocoa should be part of the daily diet at this season of the year. It strengthens and builds up the reserve powers of the body and in this way helps to combat epidemics. Give the children lots of this nourishing food. It makes them robust.



Hail, Merry Christmas !

A Century of Christmases have come and gone, and still the years proclaim

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

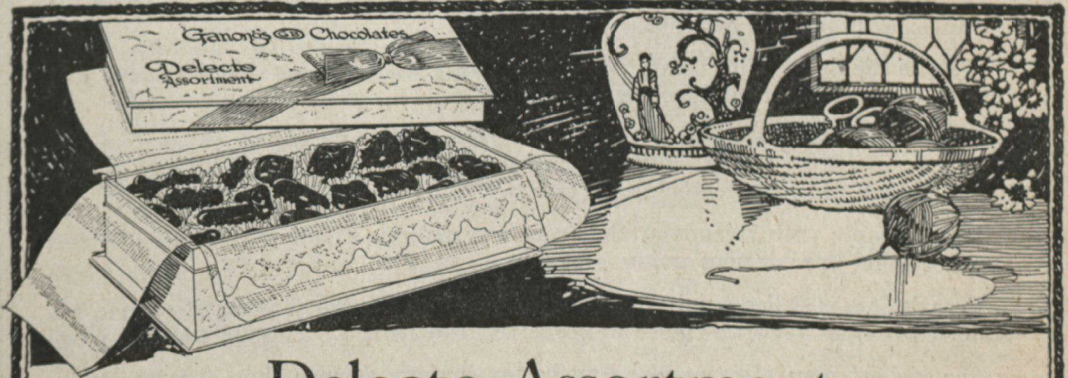
a delightful, seasonable and most acceptable gift for
BACHELOR, BENEDICK, MATRON OR MAID.

For the Handkerchief, Dressing-table, Bath or Shave
IT IS ALWAYS A DELIGHT.

All the leading Druggists and Perfumers sell it.

"Health and Beauty" booklet on request.
Sample size mailed on receipt of six cents.

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 Water Street, NEW YORK



Delecto Assortment

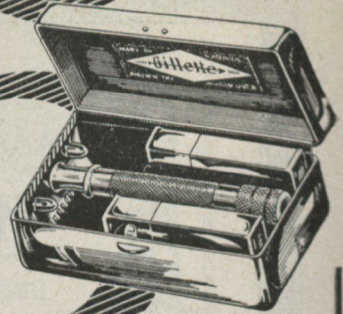
The rich-chocolate coating is delicately flavored to harmonize with the flavor of the centre. *An unusually delightful assortment.*

Ganong's Chocolates

"THE FINEST IN THE LAND"

Canada Food Board License No. 11-264

The Gillette Razor Still \$5



How many of the every-day needs can you buy now as cheaply as before the war? Clothing has gone up; food has gone up; coal is almost a luxury; and war taxes have nearly doubled the price of tobacco and matches.

But the Gillette Safety Razor still costs the pre-war price—five dollars.

There has been no advance, though wages, materials, and the hundred and one items entering into the making of a Gillette Razor have soared.

Increased Output Keeps Down Cost

New and improved processes have helped to lessen production costs, but the big factor has been increased output. Light, power, supervision, and other "overhead costs" remain very much the same whether the factory is run to capacity, or not.

Our great objective, then, was to increase the output so much it would offset the advance in wages and materials.

Here is the interesting thing. War, which increased the cost of labour and materials, also provided the increased **demand**.

The Allied armies are literally a vast congress of Gillette users! Where we sold one razor in 1913 we now sell more than ten. The production of Gillette Blades has increased in even greater proportion.

Many people with friends at the front buy Gillette Blades in carton lots and slip a packet into letters going overseas.

Five dollars is still the price, and figured out on the basis of years of service, the Gillette provides about the most inexpensive enjoyment the average man can have.

The richest man alive cannot buy better shaving service than the five-dollar Gillette will give you.

*Gillette Razors and Blades may be purchased from Jewelers,
Druggists, and Hardware Stores throughout Canada.*

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., OF CANADA,
LIMITED**

Office and Factory : 65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal

get a copy
of This Book
- to-day -
IT'S FREE

HOW TO TRANSFER
PAPERS AND
RECORDS

OFFICE SPECIALTY
FILING SYSTEM

WHY should you transfer your papers and records at the end of the year?

In the first place, to relieve your congested files of the year's accumulation of papers. For they *do* become congested, and your filing clerk (or whoever handles the work) doesn't like the patience-trying job of hunting up papers in an over-filled and unwieldy file. Ask her if she's ever experienced it, and what it's like.

And another good reason why you should transfer at a stated time—at the end of the year preferably, is to preserve order in the files—to keep your papers and records of a certain period in a certain place so you can put your hands on the paper you want *just when you want it*.

And here's the book—How to Transfer Papers and Records—which tells in simple, direct language just how you can do this in the easiest and best way.

It's a text-book. With the aid of graphic illustrations and understandable

charts it explains the different ways of transferring various kinds of papers and records in every kind of business.

Every Office Manager, every man and woman in charge of a filing department should have a copy. Executives and other department heads should also see that filing clerks, and stenographers in charge of filing, are provided with a copy.

A post-card request will bring it to you at once. Or merely write your name and address on the margin of this ad., tear it out and a copy will go to you in the next mail. This, of course, doesn't put you under any obligation in the least.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., LIMITED
Home Office NEWMARKET Canada

Filing Equipment Stores at

Toronto Montreal Ottawa Halifax Hamilton Winnipeg Regina Edmonton Calgary Vancouver

OFFICE SPECIALTY
LABOR SAVING OFFICE DEVICES
TIME IS MONEY
FILING SYSTEMS

Rely Upon This

The goods and services here presented are of no ordinary merit and, therefore, are entitled to more than ordinary consideration.

Before you lies a treasure-ship of the Nation's best. Here you meet those who have achieved distinction in interesting fields of endeavour:— those who make possible the enjoyment in your homes of conveniences and necessities, as well as the luxuries of life.

Their imprint insures you the highest standard of dependable worth.

In convenient form they offer you information, ideas and suggestions that will bear repeated consultation as the Holiday season approaches. They merit, we believe that full measure of your confidence which we bespeak.

The Publishers

MURAD

CIGARETTES

Remember Our Boys At The Front

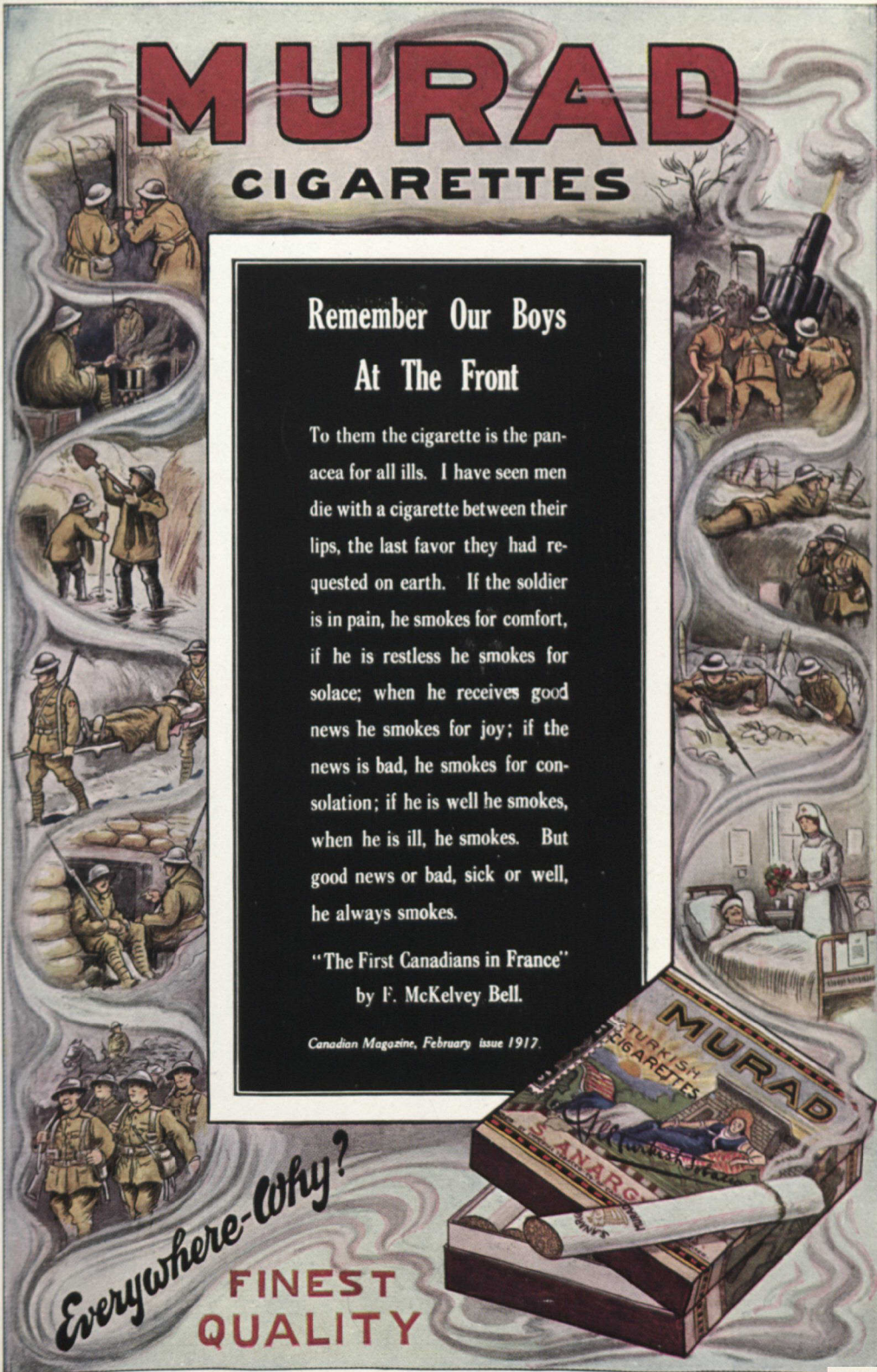
To them the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips, the last favor they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort, if he is restless he smokes for solace; when he receives good news he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well he smokes, when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he always smokes.

"The First Canadians in France"
by F. McKelvey Bell.

Canadian Magazine, February Issue 1917.

Everywhere-Why?

**FINEST
QUALITY**



BERTRAM MACHINE TOOLS

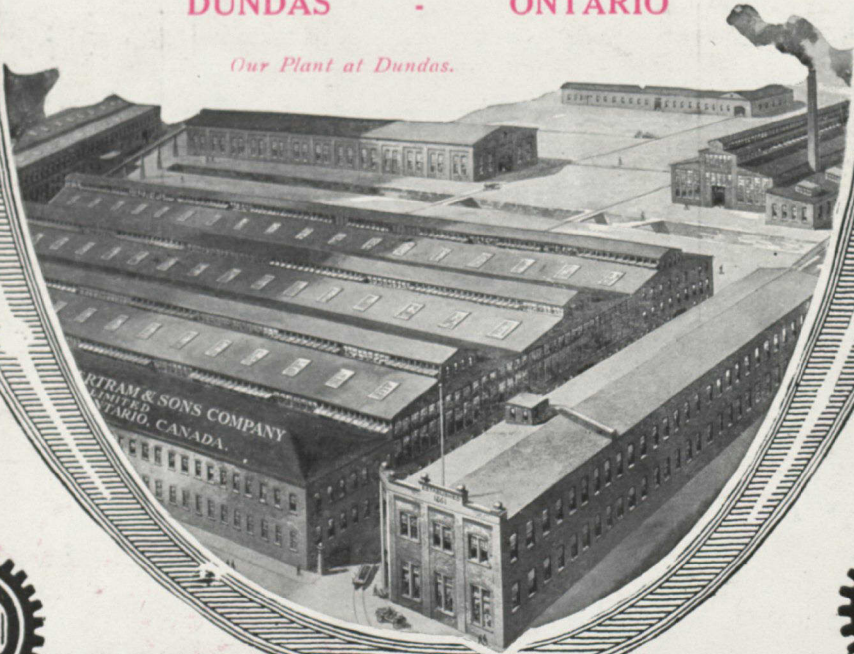
are strictly up-to-date in design. Built to give economical, efficient and long service. They include General Machine Shop Equipment, Repair Shop Machinery, Locomotive and Car Shop Machinery, Structural and Bridge Shop Machinery.

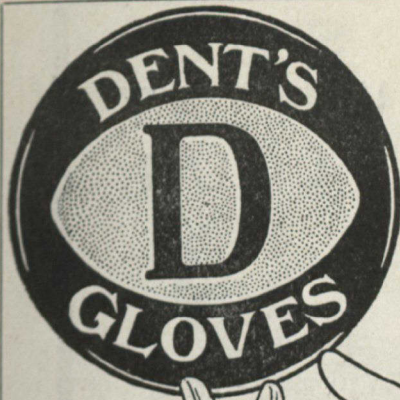
Photographs and full particulars upon request.

**The John Bertram & Sons
Company, Limited**

DUNDAS - ONTARIO

Our Plant at Dundas.





GLOVES FOR XMAS GIFTS.

The "dainty and useful" are combined in a very happy manner in the gift of DENT'S Gloves.

Gloves are always gladly received, but only one caution: Insist on DENT'S.

You can get DENT'S in KIDS, fabrics and silks. In washable gloves always get Dent's Neuvel—after every washing they are velvety and soft like new.

Insist on Dent's



Barber & Ellis,

FRENCH ORGANDIE

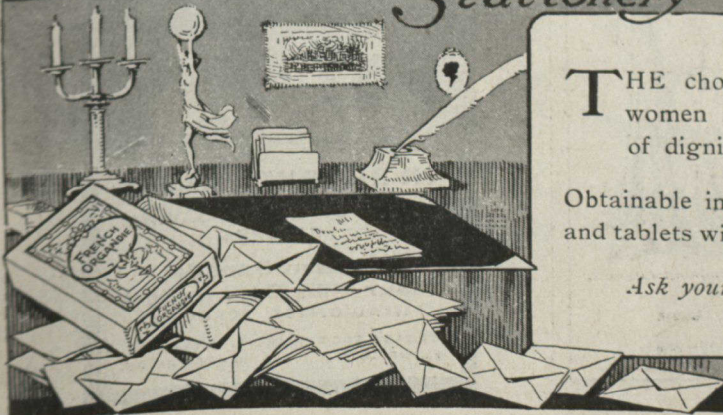
Stationery

THE choice of discriminating women who wish stationery of dignity and refinement.

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

Ask your Stationer for it.

35-8-18





Vapo-Cresolene
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

'Used while you sleep'

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. Sold by Druggist. Send for descriptive booklet

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the Irritated throat composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortland St., N. Y. or Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada



JAEGER

Should be Worn by Ladies



Constitutionally women are much more delicately constructed than men, and their bodies being of a much finer texture are more susceptible to weather changes. JAEGER Pure Wool Underwear affords complete protection in all weather and at all seasons.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For sale at JAEGER Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen System Co., Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British, "founded 1883"

SAVE WHEAT FLOUR



Substitute

PURITY OATS

In all your Baking
SEND FOR WHEAT-SAVING RECIPES

Western Canada
Flour Mills Co. Limited
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

CANADA FOOD BOARD LICENSE NOS. FLOUR 15, 16, 17, 18. CEREAL 2-009.

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 1907 - EVERY MONTH IN 7 MAGAZINES - 1918
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 Write to these advertisers and refer to WHERE-TO-GO, 8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Ask us for travel information. Enclose postage
 Where-to-go Bureau forms for January close December 1st.



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DELAND FLORIDA
 LOCATED ON A HIGH RIDGE-NEAR THE CENTER OF EASTERN FLORIDA-PURE DRY AIR, LADEN WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF PINE TREES & ORANGE BLOSSOMS. NOTED FOR CUISINE-FORMAL & INFORMAL CONCERTS & DANCING-18 HOLE GOLF COURSE-TENNIS, RIDING & DRIVING-OPEN JANUARY 1st-ADDRESS, THEO. C. BROOKS, MANAGER.



PINEHURST

N. C. Center of winter out-of-door life in the middle south. Four excellent hotels. The Carolina opens informally Nov. 10; formally Nov. 20. One of nine. Splendid clay tennis courts. Trap shooting. Rifle range. Horse racing, running and steeple chasing. Fine auto roads. Through Pullman service from Washington. Inquire Gen. Office, Pinehurst, N. C., or Leonard Tufts, Boston, Mass.

GALVESTON TEXAS



"PALM BEACH By-the-Sea," Fla.
 "Palm Beach Hotel" By rail 36 hrs. Booklet. Warm ocean bathing. Less formal. Select. Holds 300. Outdoor concerts. Golf. Warm. Keep fit. Inexpensive. Write now. Tell us exactly what facts you desire.

A ruined vacation often results from lack of knowledge regarding localities, climate, recreations, and the right hotel. To avoid this, ask Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., for our very best advice.



HIGHLAND PINES INN

WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS, SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.
 Home of Winter Golf. Tennis. Turkey and Quail Shooting. 700 ft. elevation. Just right climate. No snow. Pure spring water. Best of everything. Cottages. Bungalows. Orchestra. Write CREAMER & TURNER, Proprietors, for Booklet.



SUMMER HOTEL - THE INN AT CHARLEVOIX - THE BEAUTIFUL - MICHIGAN

HOTEL ST. JAMES

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY
 Just off Broadway at 109-113 West 45th St.
 1 1/2 Blocks from 45th Street Entrance to Grand Central Station.



Women will find here a home atmosphere and absence of objectionable features of ordinary hotel life.

40 Theatres, all principal shops, 3 to 5 minutes walk.

2 minutes of all subways, "L" roads, surface cars, bus lines.

An excellent Restaurant, at moderate prices.

Write for "What's Going On In New York".

All Outside Rooms
 With adjoining bath - - - - - from \$1.50
 With private bath - - - - - from \$2.00
 Sitting room, bedroom, bath - - - from \$4.00

Furnished Apartments by the year, month or week, at special rates.

RAYMOND L. CARROLL, Pres. and Mgr.

May we send you this guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?

Any reader of the Canadian Magazine may obtain an illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Sent free with our compliments.

The Hotel Lenox, at North Street and Delaware Ave., Buffalo, has become a favorite stopping place for Canadians visiting Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The pleasant location of the Lenox—quiet, yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts—adds much to the comfort of tourists, as do the unusually good cuisine, complete equipment and excellent service.

European plan. Modern. Fireproof. Every room as outside room, \$2.00 up.

On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free.

C. A. MINER,
 Managing Director
 North St. at Delaware Ave.
 Buffalo, N.Y.



HOTEL LENOX

BUFFALO

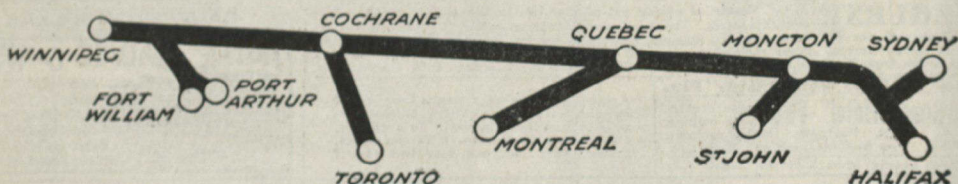
HAVE YOU READ PAGES 16 and 17

in the front section of this Magazine? The offer made there will not only save you many worries in making up your List of Christmas Gifts for 1918 but will also save you money.

Canadian
Government
Railways

NEARING THE
MILLION
MARK

Canadian
Government
Railways



THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

Winnipeg - Toronto
Winnipeg - Quebec
Montreal - Halifax
Halifax - Sydney
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H. H. MELANSON, *PASSENGER TRAFFIC MGR.* MONCTON, N.B.

OVER

700,000
SOLDIER LADS
HAVE TRAVELLED THIS
ROUTE WITHOUT MISHAP

COMFORTABLE TRAINS AND GREAT SCENIC BEAUTY WHEN YOU TRAVEL C.N.R.

Spend Your after-War Vacation on the North Pacific Coast

Good health and recreation where sunshine abounds

A NARRATIVE

"It seemed but over-night since disembarkment when we reached the great Hinterland back of Lake Superior, with its mighty rivers clothed to the edge with a tangle of forest, interspersed here and there by rocky ridges—the bright green of the underbrush and the shadowy white of the birch breaking indiscriminately the dark evergreen of the predominating pines.

"Nearing the head of the Great Lakes, the country becomes more broken, and Nipigon Forest Reserve, with its world-famed trout streams, is soon traversed. At Port Arthur we saw the largest grain elevator on the Continent, and were informed that the immense shipbuilding industries here, with a continually increasing touristic traffic, is rapidly developing a great commercial centre. Leaving Port Arthur, the route is through the picturesque Rainy Lakes District and Quetico National Park, reaching Winnipeg by a fertile and gradually rolling prairie.

"West of Winnipeg the prairie continued with its teeming activities, and innumerable clusters of grain elevators standing silent sentinel as we raced along over the flat country will long be remembered. A choice of routes are available west of Winnipeg, taking one either through Brandon, Regina and Saskatoon, the southern route; through the Central districts; or by Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan to Calgary and Edmonton. We chose the second because of its through train service. At Calgary and at Edmonton our short stay was well spent in studying the great commercial and agricultural opportunities of this Last Great West, with its infinite possibilities as the outpost of a mighty nation. Here, work, enterprise and prosperity go hand in hand.

"From Edmonton west the prairie is soon replaced by the haze-clothed mountains in the distance, and following the banks of the Athabaska River, the Canadian Northern passes through Jasper National Park, a second Yellowstone, to Yellowhead Pass, the Great Divide and the head waters of the Fraser. Yellowhead, as tradition has it, is named after a mighty Iroquois-Scotch trapper known as Tete Jaune, or Yellowhead, who hid or cached his furs at this spot and stood a tower of strength and a goodly beacon to the luckless wayfarer in the tempestuous days of old.

"The scenery at this point is grand—a rocky gorge covered with dark pines and light green shrub above surmount the seething currents of the Fraser, and towering on either side and lost in the clouds are the snow-capped peaks of giant Mount Robson, the highest known in Canada. Such is the surrounding chosen by an appreciative country in its selection of a fitting tribute to the memorial of the famous British nurse martyred by Germans in Belgium, October, 1915—Mount Edith Cavell.

"Journeying south from the Yellowhead we followed the Canoe and Albreda Rivers, which are succeeded in turn by the North and main Thompson Rivers, reaching at Lytton the lower waters of the Fraser. From here west we crossed and re-crossed, hugging its mighty and picturesque banks through to Vancouver.

"Nowhere in this mountainous and river-valley journey of over 700 miles from the gateway to the Rockies, clear through to the Pacific did it grow monotonous or time hang heavily, so insistent were the attractions which flashed past the windows of our comfortable Observation Car."

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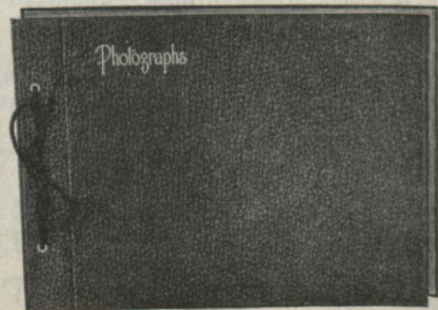
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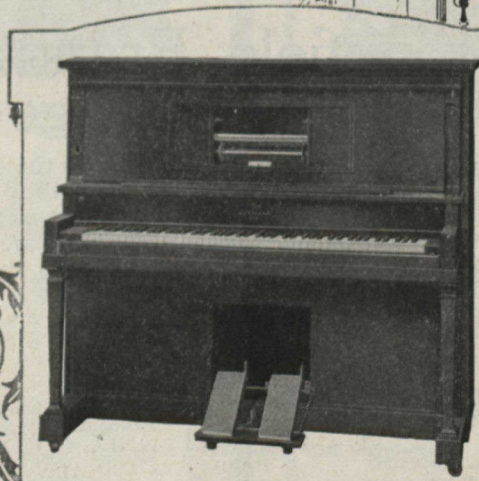
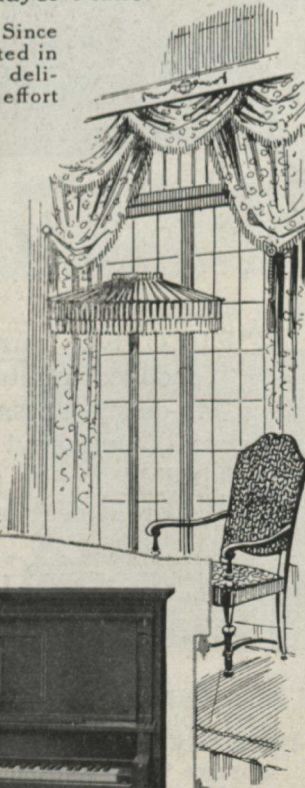
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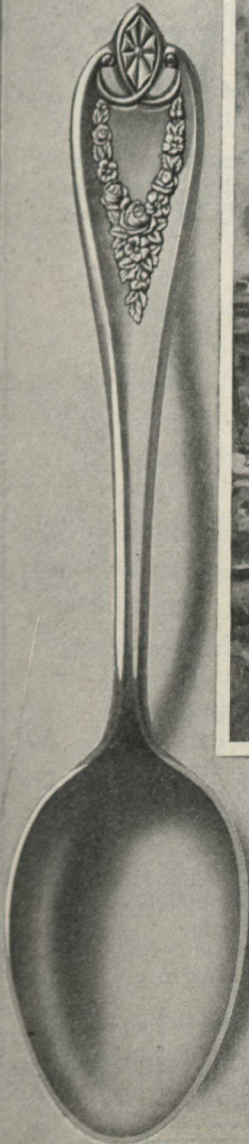




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