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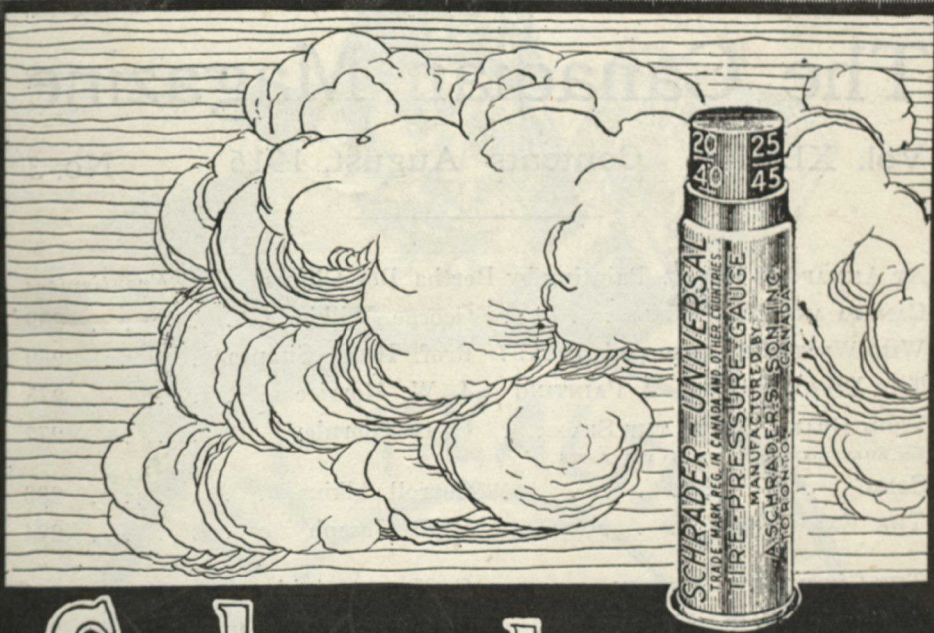


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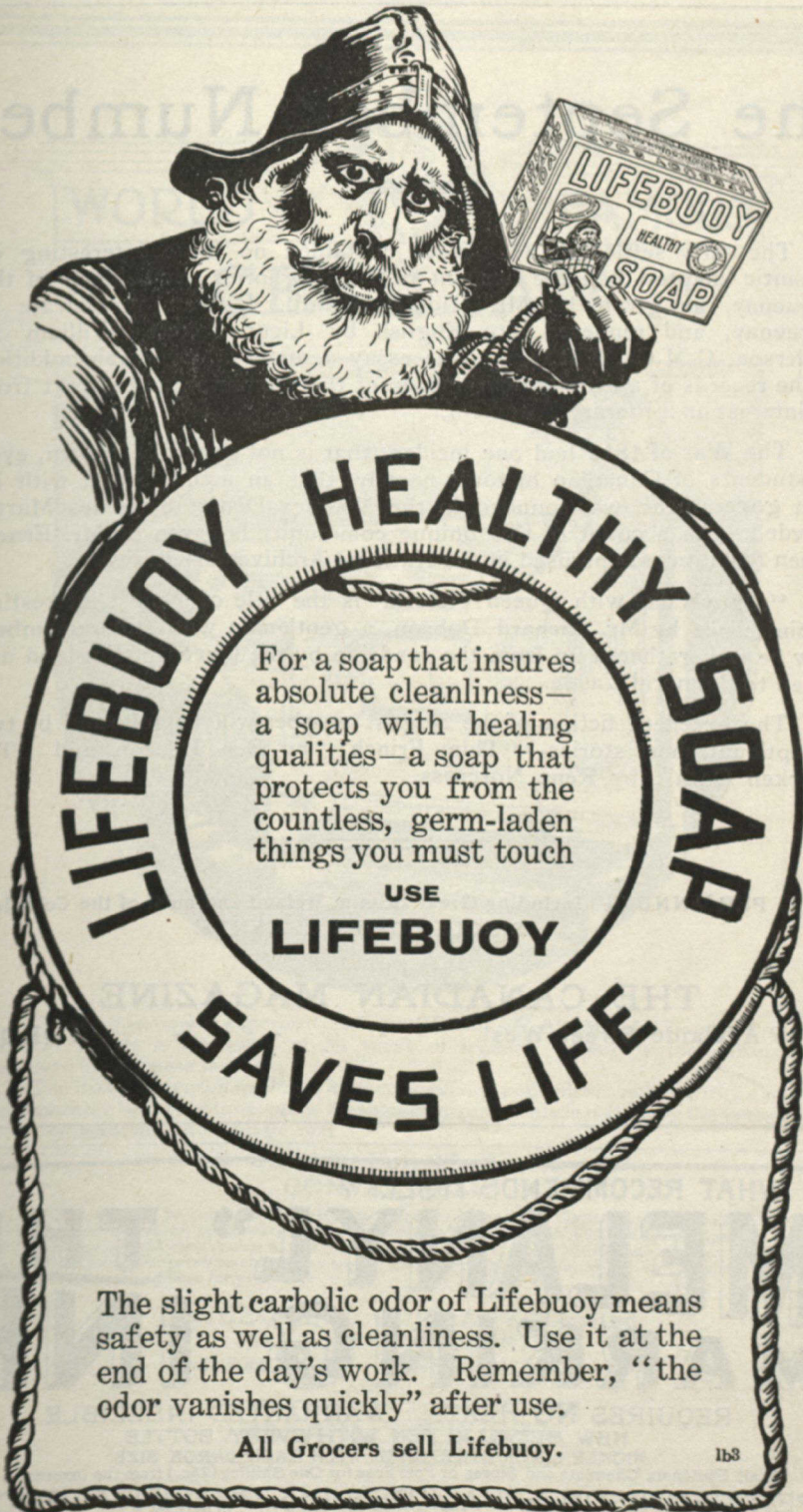
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The early settlement of Canada contained no more interesting or romantic chapter than the account of the Seignories, particularly of the Saguenay, as given by Mr. Hidalla Simard, District Magistrate of Saguenay, and rendered into English by Lieut.-Colonel William P. Anderson, C.M.G., F.R.G.S. The essay actually is a valuable addition to the records of a little-known portion of the Dominion quite apart from its interest as a literary document.

The War of 1812 had one incident that is not generally known, even by students of Canadian history, namely, that an actual State, with its own government, was founded in the Niagara District by James Martin Cawdell. An account of this unique community is given by Mr. Ernest Green from records perused in the National Archives at Ottawa.

"A boy's day with Queen Victoria" is the title of a most interesting reminiscence by Mr. Richard Dobson, a gentleman who still remembers how he was gathered up from the roadside by the Queen of England and taken to Balmoral Castle.

The excellent fiction of the August number will be followed by two exceptional short stories—"Thim Frinch", by Ben Deacon and "The Chicken Oath", by Rene Norcross.

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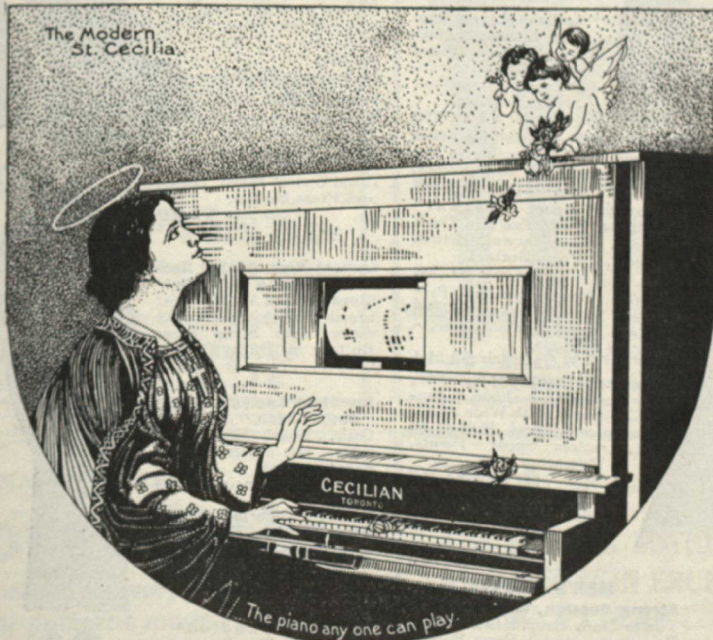


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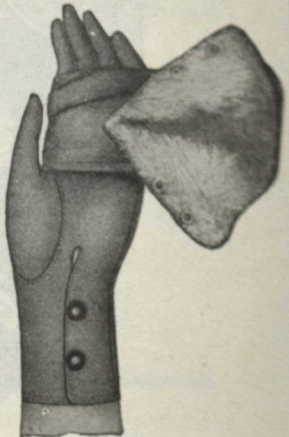
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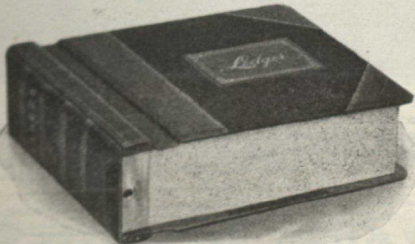
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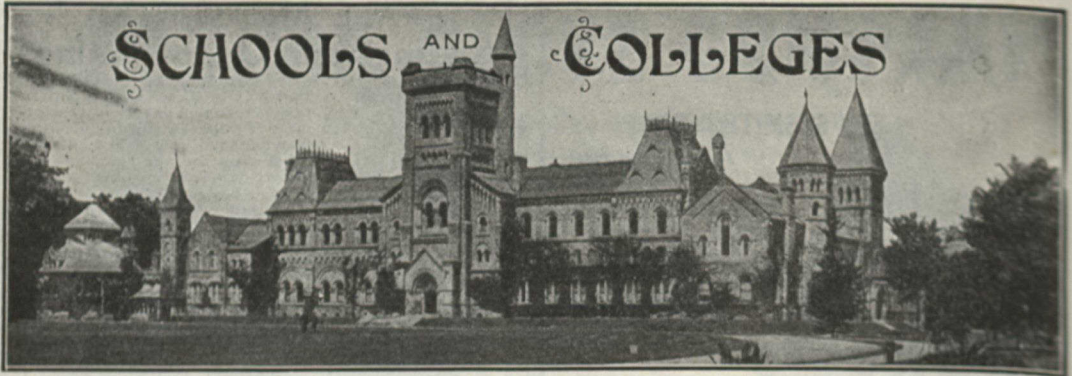
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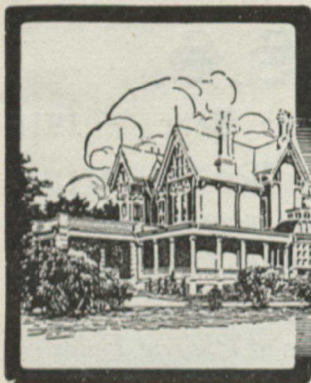
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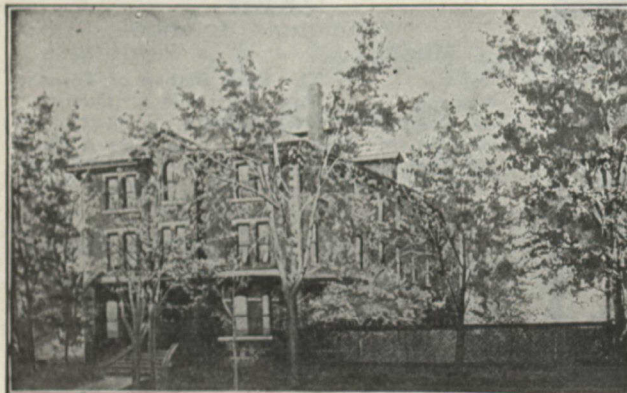
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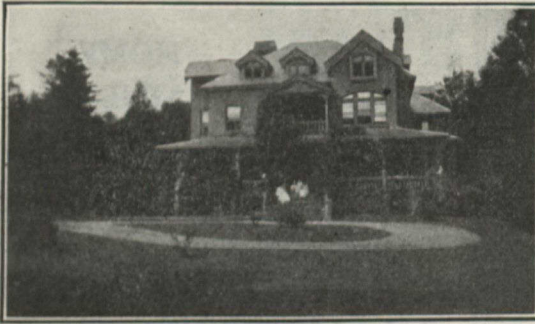
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For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.





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For Prospectus, etc., apply to the Headmaster,

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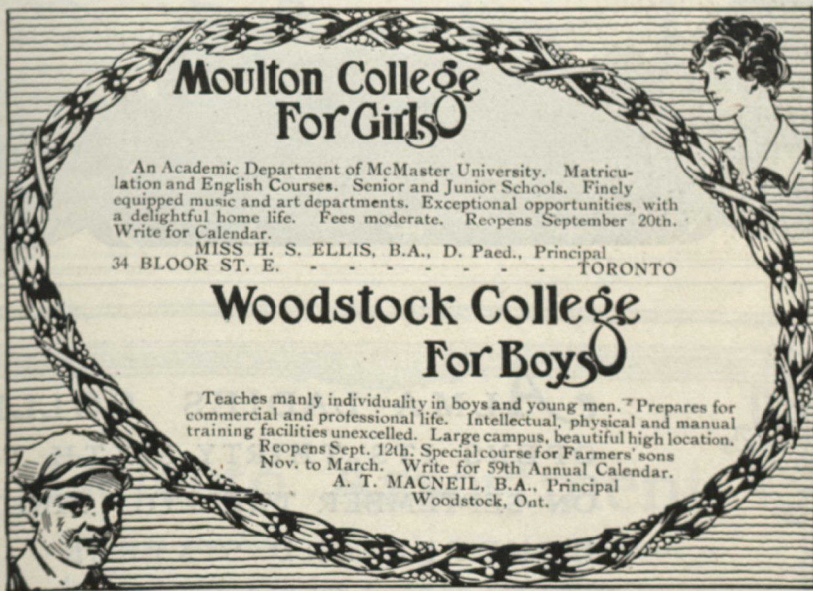
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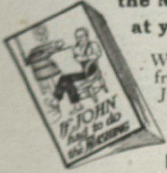
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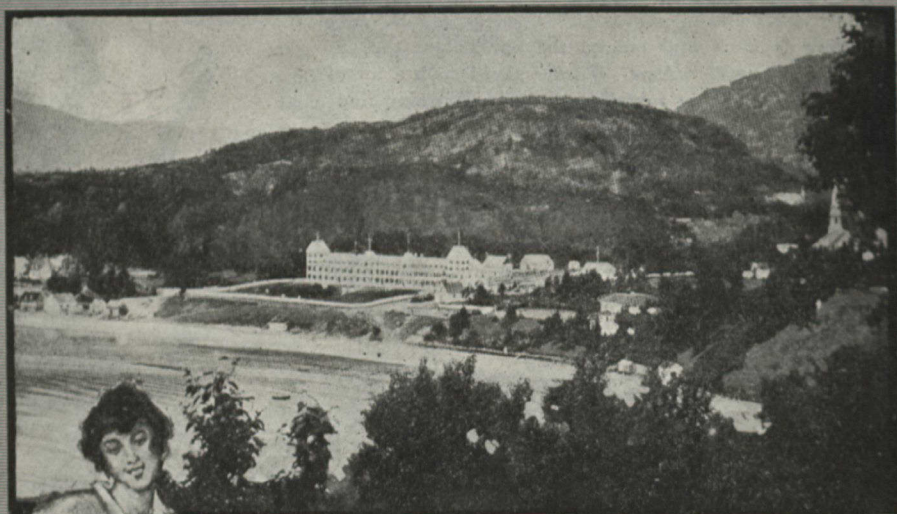
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Canadian soldiers were tried as no other soldiers were ever tried before this war, and were not found wanting.

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To reduce **sprains, swellings, inflamed conditions, enlarged veins or glands.**

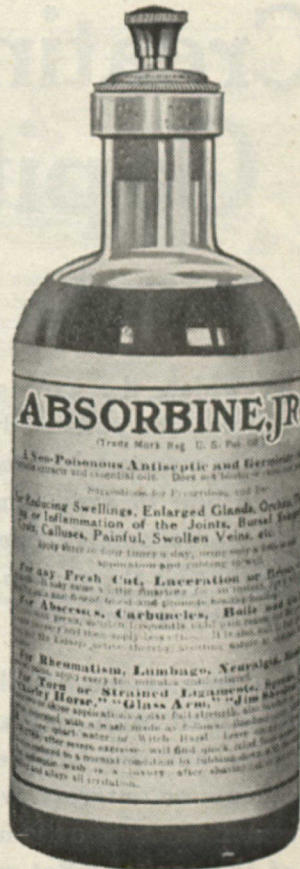
To relieve **aches and pains and stop lameness.**

To reduce **soft bunches** such as wens and weeping sinews. Absorbine Jr. penetrates quickly and assists nature in bringing about a resolution and dissolution of the deposits.

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#### Reprint from Laboratory Report on Absorbine Jr. by A. R. Payne, M.B., Dominion Analyst, 134 Carlton Street, Toronto, Can.

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will, at a very moderate premium, not only protect your home but will make full provision for your own old age. These policies can be made payable in instalments to yourself or your beneficiary, for life, and continue to share in the Company's surplus earnings.

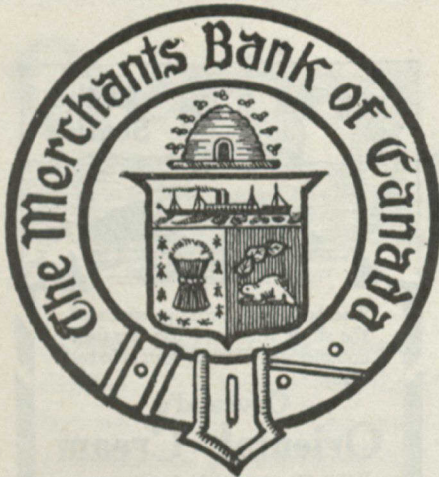
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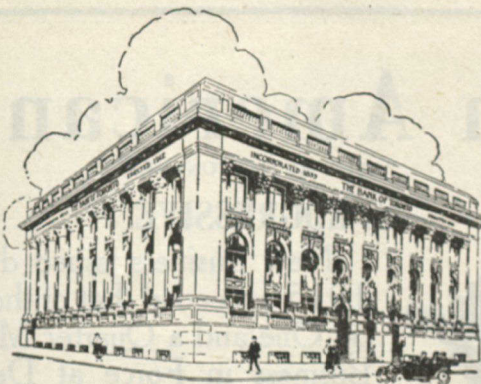
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We offer the modern Banking Service of a progressive Bank possessing ample resources, extensive connections and complete facilities.

All customers of The Bank of Toronto are assured every courtesy and attention.

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Net Surplus held on Policyholders account increased during the year by \$385,927, and now amounts to over \$2,500,000, while Assets amount to over \$15,716,000. It is a Policyholders Company. A "Solid as the Continent" Policy is a safe and profitable one to hold.

**North American Life Assurance Company** HEAD OFFICE: **Toronto**

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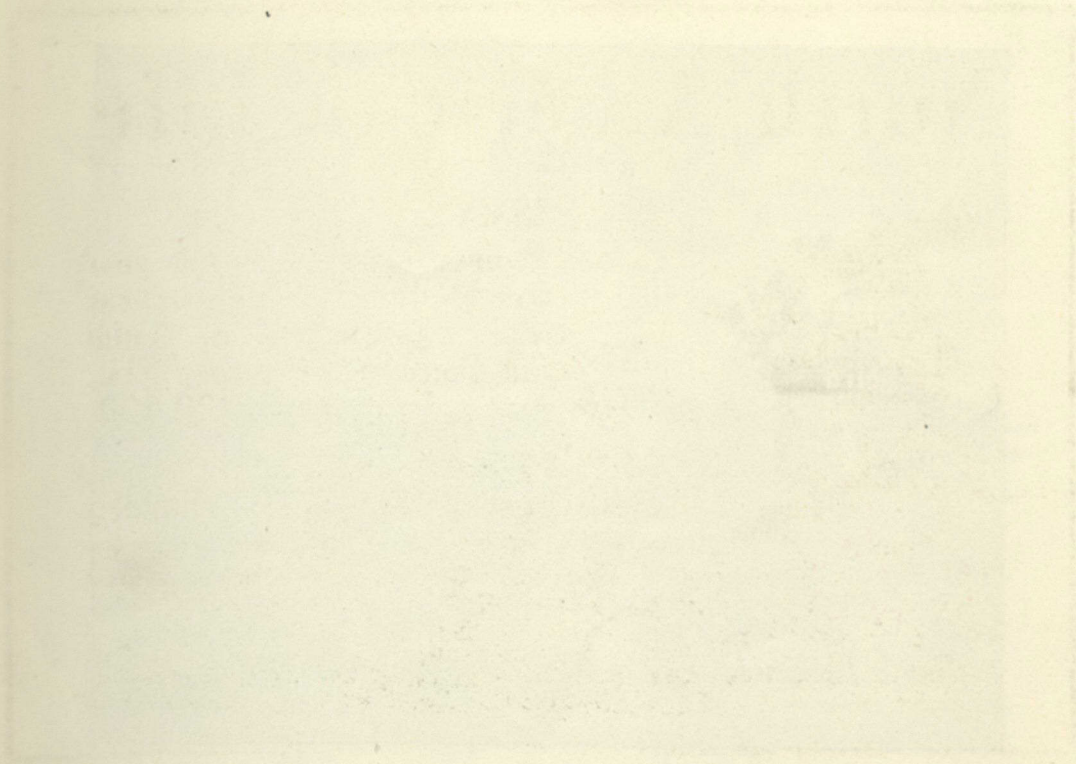
## HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED ..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP .....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS .....	\$3,475,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES











From the painting by Bertha Des Clayes.

## ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

At Annapolis Royal, one of the most beautiful spots in Nova Scotia and, indeed, one of the most historical, the visitor sees to-day the old fort, which contains a number of the old stone structures that were used successively by the English and the French. These antiquities include the officers' quarters, a large stone building, with huge fire-places and an immense common cooking-place in the basement; an old powder magazine, which is seen on the left side of the illustration, a dungeon, and a sally port, while the earth-works support a number of cannon.





THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1916

No. 4

CANADA and its NICKEL  
*By George Wilkie*

HOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT ONE OF OUR BOASTED RESOURCES BECAME A SOURCE OF GREAT PROFIT TO OUR COMPETITORS, A POWERFUL ARMOUR AND ARMAMENT FOR OUR ENEMIES, AND NOTHING FOR OURSELVES, IS HERE TOLD AS A STORY AND AN EXAMPLE.

THE natural resources of Canada have produced much writing, more speaking and some wealth. We have often boasted of them, sometimes allowed others to develop them and occasionally worked some of them ourselves.

Take the case of nickel. Nickel has been the subject of speaker and writer for years. The nickel ore is Canadian, but nickel metal is entirely non-Canadian. The nickel ore is part of the very soil of Canada. It is torn from the Canadian rock, raised to the surface in Canada, for that is inevitable. But the moment it has been detached, the ore is out of the control of Canada and Canadians and is sent

out of her borders, having contributed to Canada the privilege and profit of operating the boarding-house at which the miners live while blasting and raising the ore. Some of the employed are Canadians residing permanently in Canada. Many are foreigners who are imported into Canada by the foreigners who control the industry.

The nickel-mining community is no exception. It is hard to govern. It produces more than its share of disorder and crime. The population it gathers about it is vigorous for good and also for evil. That population we provide for—doubtless at a profit, and we govern and keep it in order—at an expense. A little tax on the



value of the ore at the mine goes to the Province of Ontario. When you have cast up the account of those items the balance, if any, will show the profit or loss to Canada on this natural resource. If we had a manager for our business, if we took an intelligent interest in our own national and Imperial business, someone would inquire whether that account showed a satisfactory dealing with this matter, whether this natural resource, which looked so important and valuable, could not be made to show a little more profit and some other advantages.

If inquiry were made it would be found that Canada is the source of eighty per cent. of the world's nickel, that the only other deposits of importance are in New Caledonia, a French penal settlement on a small island in the Pacific, which produces practically the whole of the remaining twenty per cent. The consumption of nickel is increasing rapidly. The introduction of a small percentage of nickel into steel gives the product qualities which greatly enhance its value, gives it a superiority for certain purposes which make it a necessity to certain users, for the warship, the gun, and the automobile.

Nickel-steel is a necessity. And our nickel deposits which permit us to operate a boarding-camp and supply house and to conduct an excellent police court, enable our foreign competitors to operate gigantic businesses and our enemies to destroy our friends, our fellow British subjects and our fellow Canadians by ships, cannon and projectiles, improved and strengthened by a judicious addition of Canadian nickel.

The nickel deposits of Canada were discovered in the middle eighties, and their extent and value had become known by 1890. Up to that time the modest demands for nickel had been supplied by the mines of New Caledonia. The demands were moderate—nickel had not yet come into its own.

In the later eighties experiments were made with steel containing a small percentage of nickel. These experiments showed that nickel-steel was stronger, tougher and less subject to erosion than carbon steel.

In 1889 the Canadian Copper Company were selling large quantities of nickel in Europe and had an offer from Krupp to take their entire output for three years. S. J. Ritchie, of the Canadian Copper Company (Canadian in little but name), communicated the condition of affairs to B. F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy for the United States. The Secretary communicated with the Honourable William McKinley, Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means, under date of March 15th, 1890. Tests of armour plates made at Annapolis on September 18th, 1890, showed the superiority of nickel-steel plates. *The Scientific American* of September 27th, 1890, gives an account of the experiments. In the issue of October 4th of that year appears:

“The remarkably short time it took for Congress, after the final results at the recent trials at Annapolis were made known, to make the large appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the purchase of nickel to be used in the manufacture of nickel-steel plates for armouring our war vessels is something phenomenal. The very great superiority of such plates over the English compound plates, such as is used on most of the armoured vessels of the British Government, was so plainly shown at the trials as to admit of no question.”

It should be kept in mind that these experiments were made a quarter of a century ago. At that time the Government of Ontario were actually anticipating the nickel situation as we see it to-day. The Attorney-General made a request for a report on “the occurrence of nickel in Ontario and on its value when alloyed with iron and steel”. The Honourable Arthur S. Hardy, the Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario, made a report to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, in which he dwelt on the importance of the nickel deposits in the Province



and referred to several authorities whose experiments had demonstrated the great value of nickel in alloy with other metals. Then Mr. Hardy, in the same report, made this far-seeing suggestion:

"In view, therefore, of the important national uses to which nickel is being applied by foreign Governments, and of the consequent demand for mining locations here, it has occurred to the undersigned that an arrangement might be made under which the Government of the United Kingdom should acquire a substantial, possibly a controlling, interest in the nickel deposits of this Province."

He urged that the proposition be made during the session then being held of the Legislative Assembly, because,

"It will be remembered that pending contemplated changes of the law all locations within the region of the nickel ranges were, five months ago, withdrawn from sale by Order-in-Council, but, unless the Government should be authorized to say that negotiations are pending with the object mentioned, this territory may have to be again thrown open to applications and claims by prospectors and others."

The Honourable Oliver Mowat, the Attorney-General of the Province, took the matter in hand immediately, and on April 6th, 1891, he sent the following letter direct to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Knutsford:

"I beg to enclose to you copy of a report of the Ontario Commissioner of Crown Lands, and of an Order-in-Council adopting the same with reference to our nickel lands. These have been forwarded to the Secretary of State for Canada, but, as time is a great object, I venture to send you these copies direct. Our Legislature is in session just now, and the session is expected to terminate before the end of this month. If it were practicable to give us by cable before the 25th instant at latest some intimation as to whether the proposition suggested and explained in the Commissioner's report is thought worthy of consideration by the Imperial Government, it would enable us before the Legislature is prorogued to provide for further action.

"I send also in a separate cover a memorandum prepared by Mr. Archibald Blue, secretary of a commission appointed

last year by this Government to inquire into and report on the mineral resources of the Province. Certain documents referred to in the memorandum are enclosed therewith.

"Though our communication and accompanying papers have, in usual course, been sent through his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor to the Secretary of State of Canada for transmission by his Excellency the Governor-General, this method may not have been necessary in a matter, which, so far as we are concerned, is commercial and not political, and the mining lands to which reference is made being the exclusive property of the Province, as to which the Dominion Government has nothing whatever to do.

"As I have already explained, time is a great object in the matter."

No doubt the Attorney-General wrote direct to the Secretary of State for the Colonies in order to avoid the delays of the rigidly formal state communication. All the formalities, however, were observed in Downing Street. Lord Knutsford advised the Governor-General of Canada that he had sent the proposal to the Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty and that he had the honour to transmit, for communication to the Provincial Government a copy of the letter which had been received from their Lordships' department. Here is the text of the letter, which was signed by the Under-Secretary of State:

"I am commanded by my Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th May, transmitting copy of a despatch with its enclosures from the G.-G. of Canada, respecting the nickel deposits in Ontario, and in further reference to my letter of the 4th May, C. P.

"I am to acquaint you for the information of the S. of S. for the Colonies that my Lords have most carefully considered the representation conveyed to them, and, while they much appreciate the courtesy and consideration of the Ontario Government in inviting their attention to the vast resources of the nickel mines of Sudbury, they have arrived at the conclusion that it would be inexpedient to apply to Parliament for powers to acquire the controlling interest suggested in these nickel mines.

"As far as can be ascertained, and judging from the great extent of the area in Canada over which nickel is found, it is



not anticipated that any difficulty will arise in obtaining sufficient for the requirement of H. M. Service through the ordinary channels, and while desirous of thanking the Ontario Government for its friendly forethought and consideration, their Lordships consider that it will be preferable to leave the development of these mines to private enterprises, though my Lords have no doubt that the Government of Ontario will for some long period to come retain under its control some of the land in which these nickel ore deposits are to be found."

*Exeunt omnes!* The curtain falls upon this act. We may not applaud either plot, author, or actor, but surely he who runs may read and observe where the real statesmanship was exercised.

For a space no further move was made. Then the Ontario Government began to receive proposals from private persons to undertake the smelting and refining of nickel ore in Ontario, but none of the proposals satisfied the Government, and nothing came of them.

Then on November 23rd, 1899, the Director of the Bureau of Mines called the attention of the Commissioner of Crown Lands to the proposal that had been made to the British Admiralty in 1891 and advising the reopening of negotiations. As a result the following Order-in-Council was approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in 1899:

"Upon consideration of the memorandum of the Director of the Bureau of Mines dated 23rd November, 1899, and upon the recommendation of the Honourable the Commissioner of Crown Lands, the Committee of Council submit for the approval of your Honour the following suggestions respecting copper and nickel mining in the Province of Ontario, namely:

"1. That in the interest of our relations with the Empire it is desirable at an early opportunity to renew the negotiations opened with the British Government in April, 1891, which have for their object the concession of an interest in nickel ores of the ungranted lands of the Crown for Imperial and national uses, on such terms as may be mutually agreed upon.

"2. That having in view a large scope for the employment of capital and labour

in the copper-nickel mines and works, it is desirable to secure the establishment in the Province of refining plants in accordance with the scheme of the charter of the Canadian Copper Company, or otherwise; and, if necessary to the success of this object, to ask that effect be given to the provisions of the Act (Chap. 67 of 60-61 Victoria) for imposing export duties on nickel and copper, subject to such modifications in favour of the United Kingdom and the other colonies of the British Empire as may appear to be in the common interest.

"3. That for safeguarding the public interests in ungranted lands of the Crown it is advisable that all grants of mining lands hereafter issued shall provide in the patent or lease that the copper and nickel ores upon or in such lands shall be treated and refined in the Province so as to produce fine nickel and copper of marketable quality, and that for any violation or evasion of this proviso by the grantee, his heirs, or assigns, such lands shall revert to and be vested in her Majesty, her successors and assigns for the public uses of the Province, freed and discharged of any interest or claim of any other person or persons whatsoever. . . ."

This order-in-council was without practical effect. No arrangement was made between the Governments. None of them appears to have taken any action, and the Ontario Government alone manifested a serious interest in the matter.

Again, in 1904, certain nickel properties were offered to the Admiralty, and at the same time it was pointed out to them that the nickel had become a practical monopoly and there remained but few desirable nickel properties in the market. In a letter of the 6th of May, 1904, the Admiralty once again set out their views upon the matter, which were given in a letter from the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"My Lords took the view that the great extent of the nickel-bearing area in Canada precluded any possibility of difficulty in obtaining sufficient supplies, and that the development of the mines should therefore be left to private enterprises. . . . Arrangements have recently been made through the armour-plate manufacturers for the constant maintenance in this country of large stocks of nickel for a number of years ahead, in the probability that,



even in war time, there would appear to be no insuperable difficulty in obtaining supplies of ore from Canada if necessary. My Lords feel satisfied that the position is sufficiently safeguarded, and that no necessity exists, as far as the Admiralty is concerned, for incurring a large outlay for the acquisition of nickel properties.

"In conclusion, I am to inquire whether, having regard to the possibility of the future acquisition by foreign companies of further nickel-bearing areas in Canada, to which Mr. Kirkwood alludes, any arrangements have been, or could be, made whereby the Dominion Government could retain rights over a considerable extent of ore-bearing areas, or rights of pre-emption over the ore output, so as to secure adequate supplies in case of necessity for Imperial purposes."

In this connection, however, the Admiralty sent to the Dominion authorities inquiries in regard to the powers of the Province in respect of the export of nickel and as to the condition of nickel generally. The inquiry was addressed to Lord Minto, at that time Governor-General of Canada, on the 9th July, 1904, and was sent on by the acting Under-Secretary of State to the administrator of the Government of Ontario on the 22nd of August, 1904. At this time the Provincial affairs were somewhat disorganized, and in February of 1905 the Ross Government went out and the Whitney Government came in. These inquiries of the Admiralty sent on to the Provincial authorities appear not to have received attention until the 4th of January, 1906, although numerous requests had been made by the Dominion authorities for attention. In December, 1905, a memorandum was prepared by the Director of Mines for the guidance of the Honourable Frank Cochrane, at that time Administrator of Lands and Mines. In his report to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council the Administrator says:

"From his personal knowledge of the nickel fields the undersigned is convinced that the position taken in the memorandum regarding the lack of feasibility of the proposal to retain under control of the Crown any considerable area of known

nickel-bearing lands is justified by the facts of the case; and, indeed, it is, in his opinion, doubtful whether at the time the offer was made in 1891 by the Provincial Government of the day, to enable the Government of Great Britain to acquire 'a special, possibly a controlling, interest' in the nickel deposits of Ontario, was one which was even then within that Government's power to implement.

"The further proposal made by the Lords of the Admiralty that 'rights of pre-emption over the output' of the nickel mines in this country should be retained, or acquired by the Dominion Government, so as to insure a sufficiency of supplies for Imperial use in cases of emergency, raises a question of policy which it is not within the province of your Honour's advisors to pronounce upon, since it invites action by the Government of the Dominion of Canada, not by the Government of this Province. The matter is one, which in the opinion of the undersigned, might with propriety be referred to the Government of Canada.

"Regarding the suggestion made in the covering letter of the late Colonial Secretary, that in any future grants of nickel lands it should be a requirement that companies working them shall be British, and shall not pass under foreign control, the undersigned concurs in the view expressed in the memorandum attached, that it is doubtful whether any substantial result could be expected from its adoption, the fact being that the nickel-bearing lands already granted and leased comprise practically all the known deposits."

Again, in 1907, in a letter dated February 3rd, the Superintendent of Mines of Canada submitted to the Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines inquiries of the Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty for information on the same matter as had been the subject of the former inquiries. The letter was replied to on the 8th of March, 1907, with brevity amounting almost to curttness, and the letter was treated by the writer, and apparently by the receiver, as finally terminating the communications between the parties in regard to this matter.

No action was taken by the Provincial Government in regard to these serious matters, but the nickel leases were allowed to be dealt with in the same way as other mine leases, until practically all the known nickel properties of known value got into the



hands of private parties, and the best of the mines producing nickel, by the process of amalgamation of certain companies, became centered in the Mond Nickel Company and the International Nickel Company. The Mond Nickel Company is a concern of moderate dimensions and corresponding output. Their mines cannot be as cheaply worked as those of their great competitor, and their ore is not as rich. The International Nickel Company are much the largest producers of nickel.

The International Nickel Company was incorporated in September, 1912, taking over the International Nickel Company and the Colonial Company. The International Nickel Company was itself organized to take over the Canadian Copper Company, the Orford Copper Company, the Anglo-American Iron Company, the Vermilion Mining Company, the American Nickel Works, the Nickel Corporation of Great Britain, and the Société Minière Caledonienne.

The American Nickel Works, including the Orford Company, composed the subsidiary company, the Huronian Company, Limited, which owned and operated the water-power at High Falls, near Nairn, Ontario, and the generating plant for the supplying of power to the Copper Cliff works.

The authorized capital of the International Nickel Company is \$62,000,000, of which \$12,000,000 is six per cent. preferred stock, which was partly issued to the holders of stock in the International Nickel Company, and part remained in the treasury. The total amount outstanding to March 31st, 1913, was as follows: Common stock, \$38,026,437.60; preferred, \$8,904,000. Dividends have been paid regularly on the stock of the International Nickel Company. The common stock, having paid ordinary dividends, paid in July, 1910, an extra dividend of twenty-five per cent.

The profits of the company have

been excellent. The total net income in 1914 was \$6,128,975. The dividends for that year on the preferred stock amounted to \$534,756, and on the common stock to \$3,803,150. In 1915 the net earnings were \$6,713,387; the dividends, \$534,756 (preferred), and \$4,753,938 (common). The surplus for the year 1914 was \$454,759, and for the year 1915, \$309,317. It is a recent report, and probably well founded, that the net income for the year 1916 will exceed \$10,000,000. These amounts of net incomes were standing after allowing for depreciation of plant in 1914 of \$636,915, and for mineral exhaustion for the same year \$687,395, and the like allowance for depreciation in 1915 of \$726,915, and for mineral exhaustion \$389,315.

It will be seen, therefore, what are the profits for the nickel industry. Of those profits, whether they be fifty million dollars or ten dollars per annum, little, if any, reaches Canadian pockets. But this is the least of our losses. Of the tens of thousands of dollars invested in the refining plant of the International Nickel Company not one dollar was spent in Canada, not one dollar went to pay the Canadian working man or the Canadian manufacturer. Of the tens of thousands of dollars they spend annually in salaries, wages and for material for their refining plant not one dollar finds its way to Canada and not one dollar of any of these pay anything towards the revenue of Canada or Ontario; and the Canadian manufacturer who desires to buy nickel steel buys back his own Canadian nickel from a foreigner.

We ought to derive from this great natural resource a cash price for the nickel ore, an opportunity for our miners to mine the ore, an opportunity for our working men to work at and in the refining plants, an opportunity for those engaged in building trades to sell material to the builders of such plant, and an opportunity for the manufacturer of machinery to supply machinery for such plants and



an opportunity for those who have supplies to sell supplies to those who are building plants and operating them. In short, there should be expended in Canada on the refining in Canada of this nickel tens of thousands of dollars, and then when we should have the refined nickel we should be in a position to determine to whom it should be supplied to make sure that none of it reaches customers we do not desire to serve.

If a step further were contemplated or desired we might by means of the control which we would have over the supply of nickel-steel also the supply of nickel-steel. At the present moment the Dominion Government has legislation to apply an export duty up to 10% on nickel and

nickel contents of nickel ore and matte. If that were put in operation and if the nickel refineries were in Canada our Canadian manufacturers of nickel-steel would have automatically a preference in the world market for steel of approximately ten dollars a ton, which ought to enable them to control the business of manufacturing nickel-steel.

The possession of this great natural resource is a responsibility as well as an advantage. We have not received the advantage; we have not assumed the responsibility. So far as the advantage to Canada at large is concerned we are but little better off for the nickel that is in Canada than we would be if it were in Oklahoma.





# WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS?

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THE Baconian theory has now been before the world for more than sixty years, and in spite of the fact that it has not lacked able exponents the world is slow to accept it. For nearly two hundred and fifty years no one doubted that Shakespeare's plays were composed by the actor William Shakespeare of Stratford. But the mid-nineteenth century, like Iago, was nothing if not critical. It was the time of the beginnings of the Higher Criticism, as applied to the Bible and to Homer, and it was impossible that Shakespeare should escape the scalpel. Some doubts were raised in 1848, and in 1856 came Mr. W. H. Smith and Miss Delia Bacon. The Baconian theory is now upon us. Since that time numbers of volumes upon the subject have appeared and fresh ones are continually appearing. It is obvious that in the space at our disposal nothing but a very superficial examination can be made of a theory so widely debated, but still we will do what we can to discuss the question as impartially and fairly as may be.

Those who disbelieve in the authorship of Shakespeare the actor fall into two great sects. The earlier, which still persists, is that of the pure Baconians, like Miss Delia Bacon and Mr. Smith. These believe the author to have been Bacon himself. There is, however, another and more reason-

able class, who, while not convinced as to Bacon's authorship, are yet certain on one point, namely, that the plays were by no means written by the author William Shakespeare. The most effective exponent of this theory, the chief of the believers in the "Great Unknown" X, is Mr. George Greenwood, whose views are fully set forth in a volume of more than five hundred pages, "The Shakespearean Problem Re-stated", published in 1908.

Let us look at some of the arguments with which the Anti-Shakespeareans in general attempt to refute the orthodox belief. It is said in the first place that very little is known of Shakespeare himself. This statement, however, is misleading. It is true that the records of his life are meagre, but they are as full as those of any other Elizabethan dramatist, except perhaps Ben Jonson. "Indeed," it has been well said, "we know little of the biography of any writers of the 16th century, unless their lives affected Church or Politics, and hence found preservation in the records." "But," say the anti-Shakespeareans, "according to you, Shakespeare the actor was the author of the greatest plays the world has ever seen. How is it then, that his contemporaries did not take more notice of him?" This, however, is to look at the 16th century with the eyes of the 20th. The Baconians forget that in Elizabethan



times, people did not chatter about literary and dramatic celebrities as we do to-day, and that consequently, unless they were courtiers, or churchmen, or otherwise distinguished, (unless, for example, like Ben Jonson, they had killed someone in a duel), their private lives were bound to be unknown. What do we know of Shakespeare's illustrious contemporaries and his immediate successors in the art of dramatic poetry. Very little. Shakespeare's plays were not published in collected form during his life, so how could he be studied? Unlike Dr. Johnson he never had a Boswell. How can we expect biographical materials? We have a few stage anecdotes, and recollections of ancient people at Stratford. What more have we of Beaumont, or Fletcher, or Chapman? Not so much! Stratford was no literary place, a fact on which the Anti-Shakespeareans are fond of dwelling. How should it keep up literary traditions? Andrew Lang gives us an interesting modern example of how little impression may be made in his early years by a very great poet even in a place so renowned for culture as Balliol College, Oxford.

"In 1866," says Lang, "I was an undergraduate of a year's standing at Balliol College, Oxford, certainly not an unlettered academy. In that year, the early and the best poems of a considerable Balliol poet were published. He had "gone down" some eight years before. Being young and green, I eagerly sought for traditions about Mr. Swinburne. One of his contemporaries who took a First in the final classical Schools, told me that "he was a smug". Another, that, as Mr. Swinburne and his friend were not cricketers, they proposed that they should combine to pay single subscription to the Cricket Club. A third, a tutor of the highest reputation as a moralist and metaphysician, merely smiled at my early enthusiasm—and told me—nothing! A white-haired College servant said that "Mr. Swinburne was a very quiet gentleman".

Why did Shakespeare, conscious as he must have been of his great powers, never collect and publish his plays? The answer is simple. No dramatist did so until the year of Shakespeare's death, when Ben Jonson broke ground in this way, and was much laughed at for his pains. There was no great reading public then as there is to-day. For the illiterate public—and we must remember that most people were illiterate—the acted play stood in the place of the modern novel and the illustrated magazine. Moreover we have to remember the conditions of play-writing at the time. The play was sold outright to a manager like Henslowe, and the author had no further rights in it. The manager could have it altered in any way he pleased, without reference to the author, and was usually averse from publication, as that would give an opportunity to a rival manager to put the play on the boards himself. It is easy then to understand why Shakespeare's plays were not published till seven years after his death. But even if we suppose that Bacon or X was the author of Shakespeare's plays, the theory does not help us at all. The plays were not published in bulk till 1623, and in Mr. Greenwood's own view two of those in the first folio are of different authorship to the rest. Clearly, then, if Bacon or X was responsible for the issue of the first folio, he was quite indifferent as to what was included and what was not. The truth is that dramatic authors seem to have cared very little for a reputation among readers of another age. It is a fact too often forgotten, even by critics, that plays were written, not to be read, but to be acted, and to be acted in the authors' own time, and often by their own companies and in their own theatres.

"But," say the Anti-Shakespeareans again, "there is no proof that Shakespeare the actor is the author of the plays." Here we take direct issue. Indeed, the evidence is overwhelming. Limitations of space for-



bid our producing this, but to any unprejudiced mind the witness of Ben Jonson alone, in his well-known verses addressing the "sweet swan of Avon", should be sufficient to prove the truth of the orthodox position.

With the first of the Anti-Shakespearean arguments, the silence of Shakespeare's contemporaries, we have now dealt; but a word or two must be said as to the alleged significant silence of Philip Henslowe, one of the great theatrical managers of the period. Henslowe controlled the "Fortune", a rival theatre to the "Globe", in which Shakespeare was interested. He died in the same year as Shakespeare, and left behind him a volume of manuscript, the so-called diary, dating from 1591 to 1609. This is really an account book, in which Henslowe records the performance of plays, with their dates, and the sums taken at the performances; and the book also contains notes of money lent on account to several actors and dramatic authors. Mr. Greenwood, following the American Judge Stotsenburg, calls attention to the "remarkable phenomenon" that the name of Shakespeare does not occur in Henslowe's book. The keen scent for mysteries of the Anti-Shakespeareans is truly marvellous! Why does not Henslowe mention Shakespeare's name in his account book? Because he had no dealings with him. This obvious explanation does not seem to occur to the mystery mongers. Why should Shakespeare have dealings with a rival manager when he had a better market in his own company? Note again that the theory that the plays were written by Bacon or another does not help Mr. Greenwood in the least in the solution of his own mystery. If Shakespeare is selling Bacon's or X's plays, he must sell them to someone. Whether Shakespeare wrote his plays or not, we may be sure he got paid for them. Shakespeare was no fool in money matters. Who paid him? Obviously his own company! Why then go to Henslowe?

"The silence of Philip Henslowe," Mr. Greenwood writes, "is a very remarkable phenomenon." "It is," replies Andrew Lang, "a phenomenon precisely as remarkable as the absence of Mr. Greenwood's name from the accounts of a boot-maker with whom he has never had any dealings!"

The various spellings of Shakespeare's name need not detain us. In Warwickshire and at Stratford the name was spelt in scores of ways, and sometimes in different ways within the same document. "His father's name appears in the records of the town in sixteen different forms." (Neilson-Thorndike). Similarly the name of Raleigh is spelt in a number of different ways. The Elizabethans generally were careless in the matter of spelling. Again, it is said, the signature of Shakespeare the actor is not the handwriting of an educated man. There is no force in this argument. Mr. Greenwood says: "It is hardly possible to conceive that the poems and plays were written in William Shakespeare's illegible, illiterate scrawl." Shakespeareans reply that the signatures are neither illegible nor illiterate. As Canon Beeching points out, they show different scripts—the old English and the Italian. "No illiterate person would write two hands," says Beeching, "but playwrights did so habitually to distinguish the text from the stage directions." As for illegibility, most Elizabethans wrote a hand which would today be thought illegible. Even the writing of Bacon is extremely difficult to read. Moreover the signatures to the will, on which our very slight knowledge of Shakespeare's writing is largely based, would probably be written when the author was near death, and the ink too has faded very badly. One of the Toronto newspapers has recently been printing signatures of famous Canadians. It must be confessed that they are but rarely decipherable.

We now come to the vexed question of the author's learning, a question



really settled by Farmer's famous essay of 1767, before the Baconian problem ever arose. According to the Anti-Shakespeareans Shakespeare was an ignorant yokel. Some of them even deny that he could write his name! It is obviously impossible, they say, that this man could have possessed the scholarship and knowledge, especially of Greece and Rome, which the plays manifest. How could he create the witty court ladies and gentlemen of the comedies, or know that in Venice there was a place called the Rialto, or a common ferry called the Tranect? How did he obtain an intimate knowledge of the castle of Elsinore? The Anti-Shakespeareans dwell on the general ignorance pervading the town of Stratford; on the fact that Shakespeare's father, wife, and daughter made their marks in place of signing; on the absence of any proof that the boy was ever at Stratford grammar school.

Now the extreme Baconians obviously go too far. If Shakespeare was a mere ignorant yokel, it would have been impossible for him not only to have written the plays, but even to have passed himself off on his contemporaries as their author. But a further question arises. Is the knowledge shown in the plays so great, is the scholarship so accurate, that we must go to someone like Bacon for the authorship? By no means. Exact scholarship is just what we do not find. Shakespeare pronounces *Postumus* with the long *u*, and *Andronicus* with the short *i*, mistakes which Bacon certainly would never have made. Nor would Bacon have made *Menenius* refer to *Galen*, and *Ulysses* quote from *Plato*; nor would he have placed *Aristotle* before the Trojan war. Shakespeare, like *Gallio*, cared for none of these things. In "The Winter's Tale" he calls *Delphi*, *Delphos*; makes the place an island; and places there the oracle of *Apollo*. He is obviously confusing the island *Delos* with *Delphi*, which was no island, but which was famous for its oracle of

*Apollo*. Contemporary with this oracle at *Delphos*, according to Shakespeare, was the artist *Giulio Romano* who flourished in the 16th century, A.D.! *Scott* played some queer pranks with history in "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth", but nothing to this!

Shakespeare's knowledge and scholarship, in short, are exactly what we should expect from a very intelligent youth who had been educated in such a free grammar school as existed at Stratford; who left school early, and got most of his knowledge of the classics out of translations; though able at need to render a page or so of Latin; and perhaps even, though with more difficulty, of Greek. We know that Shakespeare used translations—a translation of *Plutarch*, for instance. Bacon would have gone to the original, not to an English translation of a French translation of the original. Moreover, a knowledge of Latin was much more current in the world in Shakespeare's day than now; and all the dramatic writers were steeped in the classics. Whoever wrote the plays of Shakespeare was evidently an omnivorous reader. "No doubt," says *Sir Walter Raleigh*, in his delightful little book, "Shakespeare ranged up and down the book-stalls of *Paul's churchyard*, browsing among the innumerable sorts of English books and infinite fardels of printed pamphlets, wherewith, according to a contemporary, 'this country is pestered, all shops stuffed, and every study furnished' . . . Shakespeare was one of those swift and masterly readers who know what they want of a book; they scorn nothing that is dressed in print, but turn over the pages with a quick discernment of all that brings them new information, or jumps with their thought, or tickles their fancy. Such a reader will perhaps have done with a volume in a few minutes, yet what he has taken from it he keeps for years. He is at times wrongly judged by slower wits to be a learned man."



With regard to the knowledge of the court and courtiers shown in the plays, Shakespeare acted at court, and was not unacquainted with members of the nobility. Young men of position in Shakespeare's day seem to have taken an interest in actors, much as in the 18th century they took an interest in prize-fighters. We know that Burbage and Kemps were held in such favour. According to the evidence of Heminge and Condell, the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery were on similarly friendly terms with Shakespeare; and we find him dedicating his poems, "Venus and Adonis", and "Lucrece" to the Earl of Southampton. Here, again, his reading would help him; especially the plays and novels of Lyly, and Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia". Moreover, the argument recoils on the Baconians. If it was impossible for Shakespeare to acquire his knowledge of the court, surely it was equally impossible for Bacon to become so familiar with Mrs. Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, Pistol, Bardolph, and the waiters, carters, and other characters in low life who are so plentifully scattered throughout the plays. Bacon was a pretty busy man all his life; and if he managed to acquire all Shakespeare's information of the lower orders of society, as well as to write his plays; (no mere academic performances like those of Browning and Tennyson); he certainly was a genius of a universal kind; so much so that the theory that he wrote Spenser's "Faery Queene", and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" in addition ceases perhaps to be staggering.

Finally, we have the legal argument. This is the Anti-Shakespeareans' trump card. The plays, they say, show an astonishing knowledge of the law; and indeed they bring forward excellent evidence in favour of the plea. Lord Campbell and Lord Penzance should certainly know good law from bad, if any one does. Is it conceivable, ask the Anti-Shakespeareans, that the Stratford rustic

should have been able to acquire such knowledge? And they immediately look round for Bacon, or someone like Bacon, as the author of the plays. Here, obviously, the ordinary layman is at a disadvantage. He can, however, plead that other able lawyers find legal inaccuracies in some of the plays. Mr. Castle, K.C., for instance, says that in some plays the law is good, in others bad; and thinks that the author must have had legal assistance in the first case and not in the second. Indeed, Mr. Castle thinks that Bacon was hardly lawyer enough to have supplied the necessary knowledge, and suggests as Shakespeare's legal adviser Sir Edward Coke, Bacon's chief enemy! The ordinary layman is breathless, and can say nothing! Reply has however been made that the general literature of the period is full of legal terms, and that those in Shakespeare's plays, though "numerous and usually correct, do not establish any great knowledge of the law. Elizabethan London was full of law students who were among frequent patrons of the theatre. Through acquaintance with these gentlemen, Shakespeare might have readily acquired all the law that he displays. Moreover, he had an opportunity to gain a considerable familiarity with the law through the frequent litigations in which he and his father were concerned." (Neilson-Thorndike). Mr. Greenwood scoffs at this. The legal jargon is too difficult for a layman to master in any such amateur manner, even if he is a genius. "There is nothing so dangerous," writes Lord Campbell, "as for one, not of the craft, to tamper with our freemasonry." Be it so; but the plays show something besides legal knowledge. They show a thorough knowledge of a craft as alien to the legal genius as is a knowledge of law to the playwright, viz.: a knowledge of the technique of play-writing. On this point we cannot have better evidence than that of Sir Henry Irving. "You may be the



mightiest genius that ever breathed," says Sir Henry, "but if you have not studied the art of writing for the stage, you will never write a good acting play. Of this technique there is no more striking example than "Othello". It is a masterpiece of pure exposition, which could have been achieved only by a man who had spent years in the atmosphere of the theatre. The Baconians cannot grasp the elementary fact that the Shakespearean plays were written exclusively for the stage, by a play-wright who was in the very centre and heart of theatrical life, and not by an inspired outsider. The inspired outsider may have an admirable story admirably written, but without any knowledge of the stage, how is he to get his characters on and off? You see the craft of Shakespeare in his exits and his entrances . . . an essay might be written on Shakespeare's exits alone.

Apart from the genius of the poet, you have the irresistible evidence that Shakespeare was a great dramatic constructor, who knew the stage as intimately as a watch-maker knows the mechanism of a watch. How could Bacon acquire this experience?" As Mr. Greenwood so often remarks, echo answers—Bacon shows nowhere any interest in the stage. His essay on "Masks and Triumphs", indeed, displays something of a contempt for theatrical matters. Nor, as we have seen, could he ever have had the leisure to cultivate such knowledge.

Moreover, an examination of the evidence shows that Shakespeare the actor was universally taken for the dramatist by his contemporaries. Here, surely, we may adopt the words of Sir Theodore Martin: "We might as soon believe that a man who pretended that he had written "Vanity Fair" or "Esmond" could have escaped detection in the society of Charles Butler, Tennyson, Venables, or James Spedding, as that Shakespeare (the Baconian Shakespeare) could have passed himself off as the author even of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"

or "Love's Labours' Lost"—we purposely name two of his earliest and weakest plays—or that any of that brilliant circle of Elizabethan poets would have given credit for ten minutes to such a man as the Baconians picture Shakespeare to have been, for the capacity to construct one scene or even to compose ten consecutive lines of the exquisite blank verse which is to be found in those plays."

Obviously, either the orthodox theory is sound, or there was a huge and successful conspiracy, so huge that its success would be almost as great a miracle as that of "Romeo and Juliet" issuing from the pen of the author of the "Essay on Love".

We must not conclude without saying somewhat of the Simon Pure Baconians, and especially of the ingenious writers who prove Bacon's authorship by cryptograms hidden in his works and in the writings of his time. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly (*The Great Cryptogram*, 1887) may be briefly dismissed. Lord Penzance, who is a strong Baconian, says of this book: "The attempt to establish a cipher totally fails. There is not indeed the semblance of a cipher." The absurdity of this imaginary cipher has been frequently exposed. Among the least of its difficulties is the fact that it involves the printers in the conspiracy! Mr. Donnelly comes to the amazing conclusion that Bacon wrote not only the plays of Shakespeare but those of Marlowe as well, and in addition, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the essays of Montaigne. This is much as if one should say that Rudyard Kipling was the author of the works of Anatole France! Is it necessary to concern oneself seriously with a theory which leads to such preposterous results as this? Mrs. Gallup's "Bi-Literal Cipher of Francis Bacon" appeared in 1900. Byron says:

" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name  
in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing  
in 't."



Mrs. Gallup's work is printed and bound, with a frontispiece of the authoress; so let it pass for a book. But one may doubt if a worse written book has ever been put before the public. We look for evidence of the famous cipher. What does Mrs. Gallup do? She gives the curious reader her results! As for any attempt to prove that her cipher is accurate, the great work is voiceless. She makes no effort of the kind. She gives, however, her results; and what results! Listen to the lady for a moment: "The proofs are overwhelming and irresistible," she writes, "that Bacon was the author of the *delightful lines* attributed to Spenser"; ('delightful lines' is good, as Polonius would say! She means "The Faery Queen" and a few other little trifles!) "the fantastic conceits of Peele and Greene"; (a goodly number of plays, and other writings besides plays!); "the historical romances of Marlowe; the immortal plays and poems put forth in Shakespeare's name; as well as 'The Anatomy of Melancholy' of Burton." Anyone who has read "The Anatomy of Melancholy" of Burton will appreciate the humour of its being affixed as a tail-piece to this marvellous collection! However, Mrs. Gallup is not content even now. She also claims for Bacon Lyly's "Euphues" and five plays of Ben Jonson's! Further, we learn that Bacon stated in his cipher that he was the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth, and the rightful heir to the throne of England. After this, the statement that "Romeo and Juliet" is based on the love of Bacon for Marguerite de Valois falls comparatively flat!

A book almost as wild as Mrs. Gallup's is Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence's "Bacon is Shakespeare". Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence is a resolute cryptogrammist. He finds symbolism even in the Droeshout engraving to the first folio. The right arm of the coat is really the back of the left, and this proves somehow that Bacon is Shakespeare! Then "he counts up the letters in Ben Jonson's

verses to the reader describing this portrait, and, finding them to be 287, counting a "w" as two "v's", concludes by adding 287 to 1623 (the date of the first folio) that Bacon intended to reveal himself as the author in the year 1910". "This sort of argument," says the writer from whom these words are quoted, "makes the plain man's head reel. On similar principles anything might prove anything."

Two people less alike than Bacon and Shakespeare, the Shakespeare discoverable in the plays, as well as the Shakespeare of tradition, it would be hard to find. Bacon is a cynical egotist; a man of clear intellect, but without a heart, and totally wanting in poetry. Macaulay says of him: "His faults were—we write it with pain—coldness of heart and meanness of spirit." Bacon has a genius for generalization and classification, but there is nothing whatever in his works which shows Shakespeare's interest in the individual. However little our knowledge of Shakespeare, we may at least be sure that he was not in the slightest degree like Bacon. Read the "Essay on Love" and "Romeo and Juliet" and you have a measure of the great gulf fixed between the two. Moreover, Bacon's acknowledged verses, though not hopelessly bad, show no poetic mind and no genius for the happy word and expression; no sense of the music and colour which make great poetry. Harvey said of him that he wrote of science like a Lord Chancellor. We may say, too, that he wrote verse like a Lord Chancellor; certainly not in the least like Shakespeare. His attitude even to science is unimaginative. This is exactly the opposite fault which we should expect to find in a poet. Surely the language of Professor Tyrrell is not a whit too extravagant: "I would rather believe all the fables of the Talmud and Alcoran than that the author of the "Novum Organum" was the author of the plays and poems of Shakespeare. Conceive for a moment



Bacon as the creator of Falstaff, Shallow, Dogberry, the grave-diggers in 'Hamlet', and Launcelot Gobbo! It would be as easy to imagine Mr. Herbert Spencer as the author of 'Pickwick'!"

Why should Bacon have been at such pains to find another father for his plays, supposing he himself was the author of them? Some of the Baconians seem to imagine that it would have damaged his reputation at Court and his chances of political preferment to have been known as so light a thing as a writer of plays. Yet, in truth, it was more likely to have enhanced his reputation than diminished it. The court was much more interested in plays than in science. Every great man had his company of players, and delighted in patronizing players as well as authors. Moreover, even if we were to grant that Bacon would have suffered in being known as a playwright, and that this argument applies even after his disgrace; (which, according to the Baconians, was the very time he chose to employ Heminge, Condell and Ben Jonson to produce his plays under Shakespeare's name); it is hard to believe that an author who was so careful of the preservation of his work should have left so much of it to the doubtful mercy of an obscure cipher, only to be read by an American nearly 300 years after his death! Besides, the argument could not apply to the authorship of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" or Montaigne's Essays! They were not too light to damage his reputation!

Again, why should Shakespeare be chosen as the nominal author? If Shakespeare *was* the ignorant boor of the Baconian imagination, a less suitable man for the purpose could hardly have been found. Ben Jonson, himself, would have served much better. If Shakespeare was a mere pen-name, why choose as a pen-name the name of a living actor? "Shakespeare" might pass, but why *William Shakespeare*?

But the worst is still to come. We are actually asked to believe that Shakespeare, the author of "Richard II.", was identical with Bacon, the prosecutor of Essex. Now, one of the accusations brought against Essex was that, on the eve of his conspiracy in 1601, he had caused to be acted Shakespeare's "Richard II.", with its famous deposition scene; (the play and the company can be identified with certainty). What a dramatic situation! There is hardly anything equal to it in Shakespeare's plays! Bacon, as prosecutor, cites as damning proof against his friend the performance of a play which he had written himself! No wonder William Shakespeare amassed a competence and became the owner of New Place! But who imagines for a moment that such a fraud could be concealed? One can fancy what Elizabeth would have said and done, had she ever made the discovery! No wonder Bacon kept his secret carefully! It is the most marvellous instance on record of the successful covering of a trail. Even Sherlock Holmes himself would have been a fool in the hands of Bacon!

As for Mrs. Pott and Mr. Donnelly, and the supposed verbal resemblances between Shakespeare's plays and Bacon's known writings—an argument on which Lord Penzance lays great stress—the answer is easy. Wherever there is a real parallel, the phrases used are such as are common in Elizabethan writings. Mrs. Pott finds food for the Baconians in the occurrence in both writers of even such simple phrases as "Amen", "Good Night", "Good Morrow", and "O the—"; ("O the Heavens", "O the time", "O the devil", "O the good gods"! ). As for "Amen", it has been noted that such argument as this would prove that Bacon was the translator of the Authorized Version of the Bible, and the author of the English Church service and numerous Hymn Books!

We have now reached the end of our task. It is sometimes said that

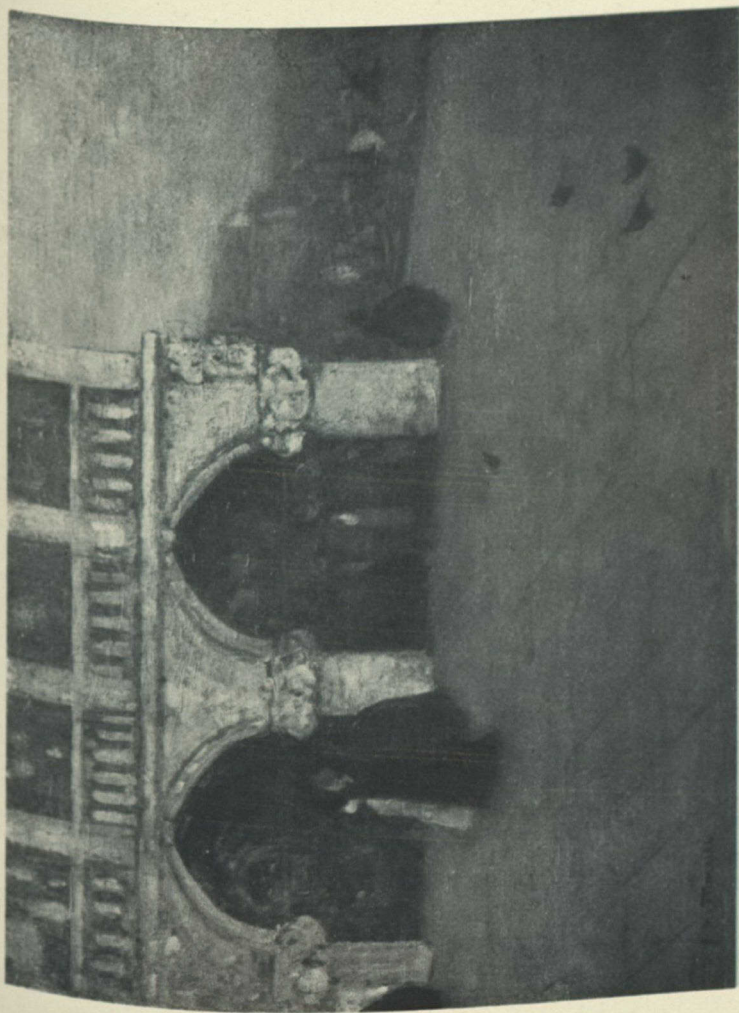


the question is one which it is useless to argue. "We have the plays," it is said, "why trouble ourselves with the question 'Who wrote them?'" "What does it matter," asks the old joke, "whether the plays were written by Shakespeare or by another man of the same name?" One may appreciate wit, and yet not agree with the attitude. The Baconians wish to rescue these works from the imputation of having been written by a mere ignorant play actor. They hate William Shakespeare of Stratford with a most deadly hatred. We Shakespeareans, on the other hand, resent the idea that the famous lines on Justice and Mercy in "Measure for Measure" and "The Merchant of Venice" proceeded from the pen of the cold-hearted egot-

ist who prosecuted Peacham and hounded his friend Essex to death; much as we resent the Pan-German idea that Shakespeare, like almost all the famous men of the world, was really a Hun! Indeed, there is just about as much reason in the one view as in the other. We have no wish to speak severely of Bacon. We hold him, indeed, to be a very great thinker and a very great writer. But when it comes to identifying him with Shakespeare, the sweet-souled, the genial, the kindly, the humorous Shakespeare; "the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul"; then, indeed, we find it difficult to restrain our honest indignation.







THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE

From the Painting by  
J. W. Morrice, a Canadian Painter

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club







# FROM GRAND PRÉ to the SEA.

By Betty Thornley.

Drawings by Berthe des Clayes

OLD sorrows, lost in peace, give to the common sun-filled day the final beauty—an Indian-summer-misted touch of loveliness. Protective Providence, sketching its isothermal lines across the world, has been kind to Nova Scotia, as the railways have been kind to her, and the harbour commissions. But the visitor who knows his Evangeline brings a charm more potent still.

The green of summer-showered grass would be less soothing, had there been no tripping clogs a-dance for Gabriel—the drifting apple-blossom scent would come less sweet if through its fragrance there were not the memoried tang of beachfires on the fateful night—and all the opal-tinted, red-sanded Fundy tide would bear less magic on its towering crest, had not a gentle poet, dreaming in an alien garden, incarnated the grace, the truth, the grave sweet charm of Acadie and sent it, sorrowing, southward into exile.

You can weep at the Well of Evangeline, though you know that her birthplace was an American brain, not a Canadian farmhouse. For Evangeline is typical of womanhood—loving, giving, waiting, finding. And the willows that lean against the still Acadian sky are sacred to the patient wistfulness of all the unnamed daughters of her race.

To-day there is no Gallic spice in

Grand Pré speech. The prim white cottages are filled with English faces; the birds that call and cry over the long salt marshes look down on cross-less churches; and the old Acadian *chansons* are heard no more on the Gaspereau. But the well and the willows are forever at the heart of Grand Pré.

In the Clare District to the south, one hundred and fifty thousand of Evangeline's folk dwell in a commonwealth of their own, faithful to the traditions and the speech of their forefathers. Here the "Norman cap and the kirtle" may be seen beside the spinning wheel, and the logical successor of Father Felicien wields a more potent sceptre than King George. Proverbs from Molière star the quaint French of the leisurely people whose thin-stripped farms, each with its chin on the roadside, stretch back into the country-side, divided and subdivided like the branching shoots on the family tree.

Half way down the western side of the peninsula lies Annapolis Royal. Here the well-informed traveller discards his rosary and looks to the hilt of his jewelled rapier, mindful of De Monts and his gallant "*Ordre de Bon Temps*" who feasted and frolicked there three centuries ago, toasting the King of France who had forgotten them and the marauding Indians who shook revengeful tomahawks outside





Drawing by Bertha Des Clayes

"The prim, white cottages are full of English faces

the door. They were a mad company, all but Champlain who lived to found Quebec, plant a garden, marry a wife, and settle statuesquely due east of the Chateau Frontenac. It is only fitting that the finest district for hunting in the southern part of the Province—the Kedgemakoogee and Liverpool Lakes—should lie within wagon reach of Annapolis.

Here the man who gets tired of all the ordinary summer paraphernalia—mermaids, millinery, motor-boats—and what man doesn't?—may find a restless rest whipping the trout-stream or sensing the wonder of the Kedgee Lakes, not the colour-wonder alone, with its gamut stretching from the silver of the beach sand through all possible leaf shades to the dun of the rocks under the blue of a fleckless sky, but the wonder as to how many pounds the rising trout will weigh and how frequently his cousins will repeat his flying silver-scaled leap

that begins in greed and ends in the basket.

In the autumn there are wonderful sun-drenched days sacred to the woodcock, the partridge, the plover and the duck. Nova Scotia is on the main line for the feathered traveller from the mysterious Pole, and there are few reaches in the world where the cock-shooter and his setter, or the duck-hunter in his sink-box can find better sport. Bear River, famous also for its cherries, is the recognized point of departure for cockdom.

Back of the birdlands, in and out around the trout streams, and over the open country of the interior the moose is striding, biggest of American game animals and fond of Nova Scotia to the tips of his antlers. Civilization, in the objectionable sense of the word, is a coastline accessory, and even the most modest-pursed of hunters can obtain a guide and a game license.





Drawing by Bertha Des Claves

"Each with its chin on the roadside"





Drawing by Bertha Des Claves

The old Powder Magazine at Annapolis Royal

Adam, then, is happy in Acadia. So is Eve, left for the nonce on the hotel verandah. So are the little Adams who find it fascinating to paddle and sail on the same Bay—paddle in a puddle, far out on a terracotta beach in the morning, go to lunch while Fundy does its magic rise of forty or fifty feet, and later try a P.M. sail over the spot where the mud squeezed through one's A.M. toes!

Eve Junior is also happy, because she makes pictures. The twins who carry cameras are probably content with their results, but the misted distance and the flare of the red sunshade on the blue water are for the artist's fingers a never-ending, tremblesome delight. To see—to attempt—to all—but achieve! Never mind. Blomidon will tower to-morrow as he sits to-day. The Five Islands doubtless flung a heady challenge to the Miemac painter of milleniums ago. He didn't get them. But he was a

bigger man—a sadder-wiser, happier-memored man—for trying.

All the Fundy side of Nova Scotia has a hazed and melancholy beauty despite the vividness of its sands, the heavenly incense of its orchards, where, as Joseph Howe used to say, a man might ride fifty miles under apple-blossoms. But the eastern side of the Province, forgetting the slow brimming rivers, the gentle, peaceful, stay-at-home constitution of the Fundy dwellers, puts on a more robust loveliness with blue-green hills fit to front Atlantic winds, and gray rock outcroppings that show indeed why the Province should be called New Scotland.

Halifax was settled in 1749 as a war measure. Massachusetts, then a brave little toddler with no foreknowledge of any coming break with her English mother, feared the ravages of the French D'Auville and his fleet. So she petitioned the Lords of Trade and Plantations, who sat in





"Paddle in a puddle in the terra-cotta beach"



"The well and the willows are forever at the heart of Grand Pre"





Drawing by Bertha Des Clayes

"The heavenly incense of its orchards"

London town over the sea, and the said Lords decided to plant a sturdy colony to the north, the personnel of the settlers to consist of disbanded soldiers—since at that time England and France had unlocked horns for the nonce. Two thousand five hundred and seventy-six colonists sailed into the "Mighty Haven" one royal June day, and Halifax was born, if not full grown, at least well advanced into knickerbockers.

The manner of this event may be the reason for a certain assurance, a cool belief in its ability to maintain its own which the city has always evidenced—a desire moreover to govern itself and everything else within range, and an aptitude commensurate with its dreams. In everything entered, Halifax will be first, whether

the contest concern the possession of the most commodious harbour, the best-stocked fishmarket, the biggest guns, the bravest sailormen or the prettiest summer-girls.

Halifax has a water-provision of no ordinary sort, backed as it is by Bedford Basin—landlocked, deep and summer-still—with the long inlet of Waegwoltic, or the Northwest Arm, curving around it to the right. Here is the regatta-region, the hotel-haunt, the canoe-country, the paradise of the boy with the banjo and the girl with the first moonlight in her eyes. It's just near enough to town to get there and back for what you can afford any time you like. And just far enough away to lie in the Land of Heart's Desire every Saturday afternoon.



Point Pleasant Park on the "Arm" looks as if it had grown by itself, and had enjoyed doing it. There's a wildness, a native free grace to it that no mere man-architect could have thrown together. But when it was grown, and old, and kindly, then the summer-muslined little Haligonian drifted up into its dim recesses, and made her mark. There are paths just wide enough for friendsome twos; there are wishing wells and fairy springs; there are portly trees so full of carved hearts and initials that their wise old heads are forever nodding to the shore-seeking canoe.

The visitor to Halifax will be sure to want to take the Bedford Drive along the Basin, passing the site of "the Prince's Lodge" where Edward VII. of flawless tact and blissful manners used to avoid the eyes of his faithful guardian. Bedford too is bathing-blessed, and as for boating, whether it's rowing after fifteen years' non-practice, or canoeing with the scarefullest of maiden aunts, or motor-racing with your big 'steen-times-winner power-beauty, the Basin will be found to fill all requirements and leave enough over for the next comer.

## SONG

By CARROLL AIKINS

THE way is long  
 And short the day,  
 But sweet in song  
 Thy roundelay.

And though the night  
 Be dark and drear,  
 Is there no light  
 With thee so near?

Shall Death eclipse  
 Those eyes of thine  
 And touch thy lips  
 With bitter wine?

And I that am  
 So close to thee,  
 Shall I not span  
 Eternity?





TICKET OFFICE AND MAIN ENTRANCE TO TORONTO EXHIBITION GROUNDS

# THE EXHIBITION

BY H. B. JOSEPH

**F**AIRS, or exhibitions, historians tell us, can be traced back to the days of Ahasuerus, who "exhibited the riches of his kingdom for an hundred and four-score days". Almost ever since down through the ages, they have played a part in world progress and development. In rude and inland countries in the early stages of society, it was necessary, in the absence of shops and transportation facilities, that something of this character should be established to facilitate trade and barter. But in those days fairs were of a purely trade character, and lacked the educational and inspirational motive which is the life of the modern exhibition.

Originally they were associated with religious festivals, or holidays, or popular political assemblages, and, to some extent, in certain countries they still are. The Romans had such marts in all their provinces. In ancient England no fair could be held except by grant of the Crown. Back in 1314 Philip, of France, found it necessary to complain to Edward II. that "the merchants of England had desisted from frequenting the Beaucaire Fair, much to the great

loss of my subjects". He entreated his fellow monarch, for the sake of international amity and commerce, to persuade the people of his kingdom to return to their former custom.

In the tenth century fairs for the sale of slaves were common in the north of Europe, and were encouraged in England by William the Conqueror. On the American continent they date from early times under Spanish rule. The great bazaars of the East are essentially fairs.

Always we find the amusement end encouraged, much of the charm and popularity of fairs, back to the ancients, being due to the gathering of entertainers, who assembled in numbers to amuse the crowds, who have apparently always, just as they do at present, demanded that the more serious business matters of the day be leavened with a little healthful recreation and relaxation.

In tracing their evolution, one old authority says: "We find a series of legitimate steps, always advancing in the same direction and tending toward the same grand result—the spread of knowledge among the different peoples of the earth, concerning the advancement made by each in



industrial labour, in the arts of design, and in the culture and adaptation of the earth's products to the necessities of mankind."

In the earlier stages of this progress it was necessary to offer inducements to enable the gatherings of large numbers of people from distances wide apart, and therefore the purchase and sale of the goods exhibited were particularly a feature of the occasion. But as the world became richer, transportation freer, and the minds of men more widespreading in the ambitious thirst for knowledge, the necessities for this feature no longer existed, and it was found that visitors would travel vast distances only to see the products of the ingenuity and constructive skill and industry of their fellowmen.

The modern industrial institution where the exhibit and competitive ideas are uppermost, is a British gift coming into existence with the London Society of Arts in 1753. From the first this society was patronized by royalty, and some nobleman of high rank was invariably elected president. The influence of the organization upon the arts and manufactures of Great Britain, and incidentally of the world, has been enormous. By a judicious system of prizes, native ingenuity and invention, and their application to the arts and manufactures, were encouraged, and some of the most prominent artists and others of past generations could attribute their rise to the encouragement offered by the Society of Arts, which did everything humanly possible through its periodical exhibitions to advance the cause of civilization.

The election of Albert, Prince Consort, in 1845, was made the crowning feature in the career of the organization. The royal mind conceived some very ambitious plans, including the idea of the first World's Fair, a fair, as he explained to his colleagues, "not merely national in its scope and benefits, but comprehensive of the whole world". He suggested the construc-

tion of the famed Crystal Palace, wherein was to be exhibited a "grand collection of various products for the purpose of exhibition, comparison, instruction and encouragement". Queen Victoria opened the building in person, and the project was sustained and endorsed by the Government, Court and aristocracy, and was a pronounced success, financially and otherwise. Dublin Exposition followed. The Paris Exposition was founded on the London plan shortly afterward. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert paid it a visit, the first visit of a British sovereign to Paris since 1422. Since that time world's fairs have been held in various countries and have perhaps been brought to their highest point of development in the United States.

While fairs date back about a century in Canada, Niagara Falls having the credit for the first movement of the kind, they do not appear to have gone beyond the county or township limits until 1846, when the first Provincial Fair was promoted and opened in Toronto. This was about the time that Prince Albert became chairman of the Society of Arts in London; perhaps, indeed, it was to some extent because of that fact. It was conducted for two days on the grounds of the old Government House, at the corner of King and Simcoe Streets. The prizes were valued at \$1,150. The Provincial and Agricultural Association of Upper Canada took charge the next year, and it was decided to make the affair a perambulating institution, alternating between various towns, no one place to have it two successive years.

It returned to Toronto in 1852, and Robertson's "Landmarks" tell us that it "was held in the field which then existed north of Simcoe Street, which at that time, above Queen Street, was known as William Street". After wandering to Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Cobourg, Kingston and Brantford, the event was again held in Toronto in 1858, this time on the





THE BUILDING THAT REPLACES THE OLD CRYSTAL PALACE

grounds to the south of the Queen Street Asylum. Crystal Palace was built that year, and the Fair was opened with considerable pomp by the Governor-General. It remained open for two weeks, a marked innovation on the established order of things.

In 1877 Toronto suggested that the Fair be weaned from its migratory habits and installed permanently there, and a deputation came away from a meeting of the Arts Associa-

tion at London with the belief that their arguments had prevailed. With this thought in mind, they applied for a grant of ordnance land and were given sixty acres on the present site of the Exhibition. Though the work of building the Fair had already been started when the question was submitted to the ratepayers, the following year, it was overwhelmingly defeated.

The Council, however, having al-



THE OLD CRYSTAL PALACE, TORONTO EXHIBITION



ready pledged in good faith the credit of the city to both the Government and the Arts Society, determined to proceed, feeling assured that when the public was enabled to pronounce upon the completed measure they would appreciate the inestimable advantage to Toronto and would undoubtedly endorse it. The delay inseparable from such a complication left only ninety days from the time the authority of Council was obtained until the opening day of the Exhibition. To a body of men less in earnest this would have appeared an insurmountable obstacle to the completion of a task of such magnitude, but, thanks to the persistent energy and untiring efforts of the gentlemen who formed the committee, the whole of the work was completed and the Exhibition opened in the new buildings by the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, on Tuesday, September 24th, 1878. Crystal Palace had been brought down from King Street in sections, a new storey added, and the roof raised, and this remained in use and was regarded as the most ornate and best exhibition building in Canada, right up to the time the present Manufactures Building was erected a few years ago.

Much to the chagrin of the Toronto committee, the Arts Association decided, the following year, 1879, that the Exhibition must resume its old character as a travelling institution, and as a protest the organization, headed by the late J. J. Withrow, who remained president for twenty years, decided to give Toronto a permanent Exhibition. To the unselfish and patriotic efforts of this body of gentlemen, Toronto to-day owes her position at the very apex of exhibition achievement. Of the original directors, there is still one left on the Canadian National Exhibition Board, Mr. George Booth, of Toronto.

In the thirty-eight years that have since elapsed the Exhibition Association has scored a long series of

phenomenal successes, and in the ages old history of Fairs there is perhaps no more interesting chapter than that dealing with the rise and progress of the Canadian National. It has met with many obstructive elements, but has been pursued to complete fruition with excellence of judgment, fertility of resource, and energy of patriotic determination. It is the culmination in a long series of steps in competitive exhibitions, and is conceded by experts in such matters to be the most ideally balanced institution of its kind the world over.

In the early days it encountered organized opposition even from the governments of the time, large grants being made to other fairs from year to year which were running in opposition to Toronto, while the local institution was compelled to struggle along unassisted except by its own loyal, public-spirited citizens. A threat was even made by a member of the Arts Society of legislation to compel Toronto to discontinue its Fair, but fortunately the matter never went that far.

There were times, too, when it appeared as if the Exhibition would have to cease through lack of funds, and on occasions its officers have personally been compelled to give their notes from time to time to finance its affairs. On one occasion, not many years ago, Colonel W. K. McNaught, C.M.G., gave his own note for \$10,000, in order that the gates might not be closed. Exhibition history is full of such patriotic sacrifices on the part of its officials.

But if the Association has had to meet bitter opposition, so has it received loyal support from the people of Canada, from the people of the Old Land, even from the Throne itself. The late King Edward was one of the staunchest friends the Exhibition ever had, and many times he showed his deep interest in its welfare, personally helping it with exhibits from his Army, from his Navy, and from his household collections.





A CROWD AT THE EXHIBITION, TORONTO, SHOWING ON THE RIGHT THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING

During its career, the Exhibition has entertained some of the most distinguished political and industrial leaders from all parts of the world, and its importance as an Imperial asset has more than once been referred to by men high in the Councils of the Empire. Its influence on Canadian affairs is perhaps not generally realized, though many important national undertakings have had their inception or received their inspiration within the grounds.

Sir Charles Tupper once said that the Toronto Exhibition had had an important influence in binding Canada after Confederation. At the Directors' Luncheon twenty-one years ago he said:

"Indicative of what your efforts have accomplished is the change that has taken place in the views of the people from my own Province, Nova Scotia, where one school of men had been trained to consider you as Canadians, and themselves as Nova Scotians; you as men desperately situated, in 1867 having to grasp out for these other Provinces in order to support and maintain you, and enable you to exist as a self governing country. These men have learned a

signal lesson from this great Canadian Fair. I have had it from the lips of my opponents, who were frank enough to confess what they learned from a visit to Toronto, that one visit to this Fair, after seeing Buffalo and the Fairs of the adjoining States, had convinced them that much of their creed in regard to the value of a Canadian Confederation had been entirely mythical, and absurd, and that here chiefly in their travels through Canada, they had begun to learn what a great people you—and they are including themselves in the number—were after all with such an Exhibition as you have given to this country, for you have given it to the country at large, and to no particular locality, for years past."

Every Governor-General since Lord Dufferin has opened the Exhibition, and some have likewise followed the principle of saying farewell to the people of Canada from a platform at the Canadian National, leaving messages of goodwill likely to enhance that greater solidarity of feeling and larger patriotism which has meant so much to us in Canada. There are many who remember Lord Dufferin's stirring valedictory in 1878. "Love your country," he told us; "believe in



her, honour her; work for her; live for her; die for her." His phrases have rung resonantly down the years.

Turning to the more materialistic side it will be found that the Canadian National Exhibition has been in advance of many important movements that have made for industrial betterment. The farmer comes to learn the new and advanced methods of agriculture, because he knows he will find the very latest word in that respect; the manufacturer is stimulated to greater efforts by the things spread out exemplifying the world's most advanced ideas in the product in which he specializes; and the thought of the Directors and management is applied to securing those things that will best serve to stimulate emulation in all matters that go to make a nation great.

As to the purely cultural side the efforts of the management to promote the arts have been well sustained over the entire career of the Association. The presence here from year to year of the world's greatest bands, whose famed selections may be heard free by visitors, is fully appreciated by musicians and others, especially the man who could not pay the big price that would be demanded were the same organization to appear in the large halls down town. Canadian artists have been greatly encouraged by the stimulus and inspiration afforded by the magnificent exhibitions of masterpieces gathered from all parts of the world annually. And they appreciate the exhibition none the less because it affords Canadian artists and others a chance to dispose of their works to art lovers who flock to the gallery in large numbers during the progress of the Exhibition.

There was a time in the early days when the artists decided to abandon the gallery and it was given over to amusements and band concerts. Later they asked for the old privilege back and since then the Exhibition has gained world-wide renown where-

ever artists congregate. The sales annually of the pictures on view, amount to a considerable sum. One year they reached \$12,000. The Exhibition management decided years ago to appropriate a sum each year for the purchase of paintings to form the nucleus of a public art gallery for the citizens of Toronto, and this custom still obtains. The paintings so purchased are to be seen on the walls of the City Hall and in the old Goldwin Smith home, and they number among them some of the leading works of Canadian artists selected from the Exhibition gallery for their merits as representing the best art of Canada.

The importance of an institution is indeed great that can send so far as Australia and New Zealand for cadets to take part in an Imperial review, that could bring the Queen's jubilee gifts here, pay the enormous cost of bringing the bands of the British Brigade of Guards to play free for two weeks, provide entertainment, attractions and prizes that call for an expenditure each year of approximately a quarter of a million dollars. More than \$25,000 is spent annually in direct advertising in more than 250 newspapers in Canada and the United States, and to such an effect that railway men describe the Canadian National as the greatest creator of traffic in North America.

A conservative merchant has said that Toronto could not afford to abandon its Exhibition even if it showed an annual deficit of \$100,000. It probably attracts 300,000 to 400,000 people to the city each year. What this means in money to the merchants and the citizens generally runs up into the millions. Toronto business men, it is said by bankers, are better able to meet their paper after the Exhibition than at any other time of the year. The visitor coming here for the great national gathering brushes up at the village store before his departure and in this way the whole Province feels the stimulus.



The detail of the Exhibition management is just as great as with any other big national undertaking. To prepare the spectacle and grand stand entertainment takes months of patient effort and planning, and involves a world-wide search for novelties that starts almost as soon as the gates close in September, and never ceases until they open again the following August. It is a year-round job.

From the standpoint of attendance it is a fact that more people visit the Canadian National in one day than many fairs on the continent that are supposed to be among the leaders can boast of in an entire season. In the early days 100,000 was a wonderful figure, even for the three weeks it ran in 1879. In the twelve days it was open to the public a year ago, 864,000 people passed through the gates, which is perhaps a more remarkable showing, when the War is considered, than was the attainment of the million mark in 1913.

Panics are more or less psychological, we are told, so also is prosperity to some extent. Who then can estimate the widespread effect last year's attendance had on national sentiment, or how far it went to restore business confidence throughout Canada? Certain it is that many pessimists looked for a complete failure of the 1915 Exhibition. Immediately following the wonderful turnout of cheerful, prosperous, optimistic visitors at the Canadian National, business perceptibly improved. Who will say there was no relation between the two events?

The Canadian National Exhibition has been fortunate in having the help through its career of the lead-

ing men of the community, men whose devoted service could never be paid for in dollars and cents, but who have taken unlimited time away from their business interests in order to thus serve the public. They give their time freely and ungrudgingly, happy in their connection with an institution that has meant so much in the promotion of Canadian progress and prosperity. Is it any wonder that the Canadian National has prospered after thirty-eight years of such cumulative effort on which has been concentrated the best constructive thought of leaders in agriculture, industry, commerce, and public life, men who have cheerfully obeyed one of the most powerful and beneficent of the human passions to build and promote growth "that the earth may be more fair and fruitful"?

As to the service the Exhibition has rendered since the war broke out, one could hunt the continent from one end to the other and not find a more suitable winter concentration camp for the militia. It has proved the ideal place for thousands of men who would otherwise have been placed in temporary quarters where the rigours of winter might have seriously interfered with their training. As it is, no better trained men have left Canada than those who received a part of their preparation at Exhibition Camp. The existence of such a place solved a perplexing problem for the military authorities, and that the Exhibition has been of service to King and country in such an emergency must alone be sufficient reward to the patriots who instituted the "Fair" and who have since carried it along through good and bad times for nearly forty years.



# The Gypsy Boy

BY G. MURRAY ATKIN

FAR away from the city, where there were no trams or motor-cars, or smoking chimneys, the Gypsy Boy lay on the hillside dreaming. All day long he had watched the ships as they sailed up the river, and in his dream he saw himself standing on the deck of the biggest, wrapped in a velvet cloak with silver buckles on his shoes. There were many people with him on the ship; they talked together and moved about, but the Gypsy Boy knew nothing of their interests; he only noticed that as they passed him they bowed as courtiers bow when they pass a man who is born to be a king.

The ship sailed up the river past the purple hills, and the Gypsy Boy was very happy, because he knew that in the evening they would anchor in the harbour of the city. His eyes were open, but he shut them quickly and awoke from his dream.

"I must go to the city," he said softly to himself. "For where there is so much life I shall surely find love, and love is the most wonderful thing in the world."

That evening, when the stars were shining, they saw a little boy asleep beside a dusty road.

When day broke, the boy bathed in the river and went on his way. And as he journeyed he heard the birds singing sweetly overhead. In the evening they sang in long, low notes, and he knew they were singing love songs. On his way he met many strangers. Sometimes they inquired

whither he was going, but when he told them he was on his way to the city they made no comment.

One day he met an old man feeble and bent with age.

"Old man, old man," said the Gypsy Boy, "where do you come from?"

"From the city," said the old man.

"What did you find there?" asked the Gypsy Boy eagerly.

"Suffering," answered the old man.

"I shall find love," said the Gypsy Boy, as he went on his way.

Although the journey was long, he was never lonely. On quiet days, when the wind made no music in the trees and the birds did not call to one another, he whistled through his fingers and sang softly to himself.

Once, when he came to the forest, he was half afraid to go on. At last, when he had grown accustomed to travelling, his journey came to an end, and standing on a high hill he saw the city that had seemed so far away. Then he laughed aloud and ran, so eager was he to be there. But at dusk he had still some distance to go, so he threw himself down and slept until daybreak, when he arose to go the rest of the way. And never had the birds sung with such wild joy as on that day. People were hurrying to and fro, motors passed him quickly and sped on their way. He heard the clanging of bells and saw the tram-cars.

"Surely to-day is a fête day," he said. "I am just in time. It must at least be the crowning of a king."



But when he asked the city boys they made fun of him.

"Why does he wear gold rings in his ears?" asked one.

"Why does he wear a red handkerchief round his neck?" asked another.

"Little boy, little boy," said the old beggar woman, "what makes you look so happy?"

"Life is so wonderful," cried the Gypsy Boy. And then a cloud passed over his face, for he remembered he had not found that which he had come to seek.

But the next day passed, and the next, and the next, and again many more days, and still he caught no glimpse of love; and though he was filled with the joy of life he felt he must have love.

He liked to wander by the green bank of the river and watch the ships. Sometimes a little girl watched him from the upper window of a sailor's house. One day she came down the bank and passed behind him. He did not hear her. She threw a daisy at him and ran away. He paid no attention to her, so she came back. Then he was annoyed and rose at once to go.

"Wait and play with me," she begged.

He shook his head.

"I must look for something I cannot find," he said. And farther up the river he lay on his back to watch the clouds and dream his dream.

Once he saw a beautiful child, and he followed her. Her cheeks were like roses, and her beauty troubled him; but when he lost sight of her the trouble left him, and he knew that it was not love. Then he grew disheartened and returned to the bank of the river to watch the ships. And his little friend came and sat beside him, but she did not ask him to play.

Day after day all through the summer he came to the river. Day after day they sat together and watched the ships.

One day, as he lay on the ground

biting off little blades of grass, Judy broke the silence.

"Gyp."

"Well."

"What will you do when the winter comes?"

"Go on looking."

"What for?"

"Something I care for."

Judy was lost in thought. Gyp had never told her of his quest. The days went by. Far away like the call of a bird was the call of the future. But for the moment the sounds in the Gypsy Boy's heart were still.

And as they grew accustomed to each other the sunbeams played around them and they were happy.

"Life lasts forever," whispered the boy to himself. "I have many days in which to continue my search."

"Only one week more," said Judy, as if in answer to his thoughts, "and then I am going away."

The Gypsy Boy's eyes filled with tears.

"I shall be very lonely," he said softly, "when you are gone."

One week longer they sat and watched the ships pass down the river laden with yellow grain. The fishermen went out with their nets to the sea. Birds circled and wheeled and flew southward. The week passed, and together they watched the crimson setting of the sun. In the harbour the brig had hoisted a brown sail.

"We sail at sundown," said Judy. "So I must say good-bye."

As the sun dropped below the cathedral spire, she raised her face. And he kissed her and held her close. Then—she ran down the bank to her father's boat. But the Gypsy Boy threw himself on the grass and wept as if his heart would break.

"That was love," he cried. "That was love!"

Hour after hour, through the gloom of the dusk, long after night had fallen, he lay, with his head resting on his arm, listening to the sound of the river flowing on to the sea.



# A GIFT OF WAR

By A. Gertrude Jackson.

**E**XHAUSTED, faint from loss of blood and lack of food, Cameron Young staggered along, now up, now down, but never for one moment forgetting that he belonged to a university battalion from Canada. The colours were there inside the khaki, and they demanded much of the men who loved them. A rope around his waist was fastened to the saddle of his captor, who had fallen behind the rear German lines. About them lay the ruins of the little Belgian village which had been caught midway between the British and German forces and had received its baptism of fire.

Amidst the desolation of the deserted, shell-swept little place the German relaxed his vigilance, and rode slowly, his thick shoulders drooping with weariness, while behind him, on foot, reeling and tumbling, came the boy. There was no sign of life, only the whimpering of lonely spring winds searching among the ruins for familiar nooks and corners.

The shadow of the little church fell upon the two men. The steeple had been demolished by a shell, but from one corner still rose the gilded cross to catch the gold of the low sun.

Suddenly, unexpected as a voice from the grave, the sharp crack of a rifle pierced the monotonous droning

of the distant artillery. The horse beneath the German leaped into the air and fell heavily, pinning its rider under it. Behind them, the boy, hurled on his face by the sudden jerk of the rope, lay still, half-stunned by the violence of his fall.

The church door swung open, and from it sprang the lithe figure of a girl, rifle in hand. She snapped out a sharp shrill command in French, while her rifle covered the German. But he lay motionless, half-buried beneath his horse. With a bound she was at his side, and had her rifle butt against his head.

Frantically Young tried to raise himself on one elbow. He tried to cry out to her, but his lips were swollen and parched, and the sound came through them like the faint whistling of a summer wind. He had been in Europe just two months, and he had not yet seen a woman shoot anyone. The horror of it gripped him with cold shuddering.

"Oh, Don't! Don't!" his quivering lips framed.

The rifle cracked again, and he fought the deadly faintness that was overcoming him, and struggled up to his knees.

"A life for a life!" he heard her saying harshly. "That's for my brother!"



Then everything faded—the desolate village, the dead German, the white face of the girl bending over him.

He awoke in the little chapel. Through the gaping roof the moonlight streamed, revealing dimly the chaotic condition of the church. Nearby a man was lying on a heap of tapestries, and though his eyes seemed closed, his lips were moving slowly, repeating endlessly the prayers of a life-time. Now and again some half-familiar Latin phrase forced itself into the boy's attention. He was too tired to think, too tired to do anything but accept this strange place as he found it. Like a sleepy child he repeated brokenly the words that reached his ear.

The sound of his own voice roused him. He stirred weakly, and discovered that he was all in bandages, soft white things that breathed out the aroma of antiseptics. He tried to remember— He tried to think— Was this a hospital?

"Hush!" whispered a soft voice imperiously. "You must not make any loud noise. We are hiding here. You never know who is around. How do you feel?"

The boy stared. Then with a shuddering cry he remembered.

"Did you kill him?" he asked faintly.

"Yes. Go to sleep."

He searched her face in the dim light, and found it pale and stern and marked by tears or loss of sleep. It was a very young face, and seemed to the boy's dim fancy reminiscent of the campus and tennis court and home.

"Who tied me up in these rags?" he demanded shakily, trying to smile.

"I did," she answered softly. "You are not seriously wounded, though you have lost a lot of blood. Try to go to sleep if you can."

"Thanks. You made an awfully good job of me."

He fancied that she smiled a little sadly. "I'm a nurse," she said. "I

ought to be able to bandage a few flesh wounds."

"Are—are you English?" he asked her.

"No, I am Belgian."

"B-but you are talking English?"

"I was educated in England," said the girl quietly. "Now you must stop talking. If you want me, call softly, and I will hear you."

"Wait! Oh, wait a minute!" cried Young, now wide awake. "Who is that man over there? Is he wounded, too?"

"It's Father Boilleau, and he was badly hurt when the church was struck. Now not another word."

She straightened out the dark covering that lay over him, and disappeared into the dusky corner of the chapel.

By degrees, through the week that succeeded, he found out much that he wondered about. The girl was Eloise Belloy, and she had graduated from the Malines hospital a year before the war. Her father had been killed in the first part of the war, at Liege, and her brother had been sorely wounded in a skirmish in the streets of the little village. She had come to nurse him there, and then the approaching forces of both Germans and Allies had doomed the little place. Everyone fled in a panic, but there was no time or chance to move her brother, who was dying, and so she had stayed. The priest, finding that she would not go and leave her brother, had stayed also. The brother died, and the same night, before the girl dared to leave the cellar where they had taken shelter, the church was struck and Father Boilleau crushed so badly that they had been forced to remain in the abandoned village.

During the early twilight, the girl crept out to forage among the ruins for food and necessities. And during the day they lived quietly in the little church, listening with sad hearts to the roar of the distant battle. There was no longer any danger from shells,



but the country was infested with spies and scouts, and they dared not light a fire.

"You are endangering your lives by keeping me here," the boy said bitterly one day. "If you were found concealing me here, it wouldn't be slow what the Germans would do to us all. I must leave as soon as I can walk."

"Don't be foolish, my son," said the old priest. "I will never be able to leave here, and who will take care of her? This whole part of the country is now in German hands."

"But with you here no one would bother her," cried out Young. "I am the forbidden person around here. It is not safe for a dog to be seen in my company unless he has me at the end of a halter."

The old man paused, and looked at the boy. "She has not a relative left in all the world to whom she can turn. My days are short—perhaps they are but hours. Who can tell? She has royal blood in her veins, and this is no more than a rat's trap. Surely you will not leave her to shift for herself?"

"No, no," exclaimed the boy eagerly. "I—I thought she—might—be safer—without me!"

"You are a Canadian, and you've fought shoulder to shoulder with us, and for us," said Father Boilleau solemnly. "Don't you think I would trust her in your care rather than to our enemies?"

"I've—I mean I—Mother and Dad are—" floundered the boy. "Darn! What I'm trying to say is that I—I'm—I've got a sister at home like her—and I'm no angel, but I'm—white—and if there's any way out of this hole, I'll get her out."

"I know you will," answered the old man, and Young's heart throbbed against the stained colours under the khaki, for the priest's face was full of trust. "As I said, she has the blood of kings in her veins. Her grandmother was of royal descent, but she married unfortunately and against the royal wish, and was no longer re-

cognized. Her daughter—Miss Belloy's mother—married a merchant of Malines, but she is dead these many years."

The girl entered, and they could say no more on the subject just then. But the boy looked at her with dim eyes; for he thought of his sister, Marion, sheltered and safe in their quiet home in Toronto, and he shuddered as he imagined how he would have felt if he had been the brother who had had to die and leave his sister in such a predicament.

With the passing of the days, he grew stronger, and the old priest grew weaker. Young was obliged to keep very close to shelter for the sake of them all, but with his renewed strength came more hope, more of the buoyant optimism of youth.

"We will escape all right," he asserted confidently to Father Boilleau. "My mother is in London, waiting for me, and even if Miss Belloy had not saved my life as she did, Mother would be only too glad to help her."

"You will have to marry her first," said the priest deliberately, and forcibly. "As a Belgian refugee, she will have to await her turn to cross the channel to England. But as the wife of a Canadian officer, she will be sent at the first opportunity."

"I—I'm only a lieutenant," acknowledged the boy, flushing hotly. The suddenness of the suggestion took away his breath. He was not quite twenty-one years old. His head swam. Life was becoming too complicated for his complete comprehension. He felt vaguely that he had somehow slipped from the present into the middle ages. He wondered if he had really been a rollicking university freshman so short a time ago. But while he tried to think and realize what it all meant, the girl protested passionately and tearfully.

"War and love don't go hand in hand," the old man said grimly. "Love is a result of propinquity, anyway. You ought to know enough—



after what we have seen in Belgium—to know—to think—what will become of you, if you—”

She shivered, and the boy cried out to her.

“You shall not, if you don’t want to,” he exclaimed. “It is—horrid—for you—”

“I stayed in the village for you,” said the old man quietly. “If you cannot do this for me—”

Eloise Belloy flung out her arms despairingly and sobbed. And the boy stood, awkwardly uncertain of what he should do, and twirling a loose button on his coat.

“It’s rotten luck,” he burst out at that. “It’s—I—”

She came to him slowly, with her dark head held high, and her lips quivering. And Young, living in the fairy book world of his childhood, caught both her hands in his own, and bending kissed them lightly.

“Cheer up!” he cried shakily. “I can use my arm again, Miss Belloy, so we will soon be off and out of all this horror.”

Her eyes, dark and tragic, bored into his soul. “We can get—what—you—call divorce—after?”

“Sure thing,” he nodded.

“You—promise?”

“Of course.”

So they were married by the old priest in the little church. Two days afterwards Father Boilleau died; and they set out together, the boy in his ragged khaki, and the girl in the gray uniform of the German. They were young, and life was very sweet, and hope was overflowing their hearts.

“If we fall among Germans, I will be your prisoner,” he said, trying to joke, “and if—I mean when we get to the British lines, you will be mine—till I can tell some of the officers—you are my—wife! Doesn’t it seem like a dream?”

“Don’t!” she said sharply.

“All right,” Young agreed. “Only it makes me think how I used to feel when I was a little tad and read big tales of adventure. I used to wish

that something would happen to me like it did to the heroes in the stories. And now that it is happening, and in the twentieth century, too, I want to keep pinching myself to see if I am asleep.”

She smiled a little at that. “I feel like that, too,” she said softly. “Only I think it is far nicer to read it than to live it.”

The boy looked at her. She was little and dark, and the uniform was ludicrously large for her. But to his boyish eyes she was altogether good to see. A sudden shyness flushed his brown cheek. For he remembered that she had come of royal ancestors.

They travelled by slow and weary stages. They seldom even saw the travelled thoroughfares, for they kept to the wooded valleys, and the fringed banks of the labyrinth of rivers that lay among them. Fortune favoured them, for the German line had been bent back from Lemar to the North, and the allied armies were advancing to meet them. And, at last, after many days, they came one night to a sentry whose challenge rang out in a deep Irish brogue.

“Thank God!” cried Cameron Young, laughing and sobbing as he drew Eloise forward with one arm flung across her little shoulders.

They were sent together to the base hospital, the boy to recuperate, and the girl, at her urgent request, to help nurse. Young would have had her go at once to Ostend, and from there to his mother in London. But she begged to stay, and her help was only too welcome in the overcrowded hospital. Because he realized that no letter could explain as he would have wished, and because he knew that his people, remote from the actual scene of war, could not see things as he did, the boy did not tell them about his marriage. He told them only about her saving his life and all about their escape. And afterwards, when his mother’s reply came, he was glad that he had not told her yet.

“Just think if that had been our



Marion, Ronnie dear," she wrote. "Oh, dear boy, don't you think they will send you back here to get strong? My arms ache for you, little boy of mine. The days here are interminable. I cannot remember when we had no war. Were we very happy, Ronnie? It seems but yesterday that you were running about at my knee, and now you are a soldier, bearing the scars of battle—If love will keep you from harm, dear, surely you will come back to me, for my heart is breaking with it. For your sake every laddie in the uniform is dear to me

But he gained strength quickly, and they did not send him to England. The second month he went to join his battalion again. He was anxious to go, yet something tugged at his heart at the thought of leaving Eloise.

"I'll miss you—terribly," he said wistfully. "Why won't you go home to mother? I shall feel so worried about you. I—I'm awfully—I mean, we've got to know each other pretty well, haven't we?"

She brushed her handkerchief over her eyes, but not before he saw the tears shining on her lashes.

He took a step nearer, and his heart was very full. But suddenly she stamped one small foot passionately, and dashed away the unwelcome tears.

"War is—h-h-hell!" she sobbed out, and, turning, fled.

He never saw her again. On the very first day in the front trenches, a hand grenade exploded in his face, and took his sight. At the field hospital, after hours of waiting for his turn, the doctors removed what was left of his eyes. They were very merciful; they gave him chloroform and morphine to dull the agony of those terrible days. But he was very young, and all life lay ahead—to be lived, blind. His mind became a treadmill, turning over and over the past, and the future as he now saw it—Ah! The unbearable future! Not to be blind for to-day, or this week, or this year. but

for ever and for ever till the end of all things! He wished that he had found death in the trenches—at first. Then he remembered his mother and his wife! His wife! Through the weeks just passed he had dreamed dreams of taking her home to Toronto when this war was all over. He had thought how he loved her, how he must have her, how he must make her love him! He had seen her with Marion, with the crowd of young people at home; he had seen her in their little home, sitting across the table from him, smiling happily. And now—now she must have her divorce! What woman could love a blind man? He heard the sound of groaning on every side of him. Poor fellows! He tried to be glad that he was not hurt as some of them were. He tried to be brave—He begged a nurse for the colours pinned inside his coat—his university colours. He clutched them tightly, and shut his teeth.

The wounded poured in from the field, and on the third day he was sent back to the base hospital with all those who could be moved. He dreaded meeting Eloise. He was afraid of his own weakness. In between the spasms of agony he kept repeating savagely to himself: "Buck up! You've got to buck up!"

But nature helped him, for he was unconscious long before they arrived, and he awoke hours after he had been laid upon the little cot in the hospital. He could hear someone groaning and calling. He was shocked to find that it was himself. He stopped abruptly. Then he felt his right hand caught tightly between two small hands. He knew everything in that one second.

"Eloise?" he whispered.

She sobbed; tears fell on his hand.

He could not bear that. He groped with his hand, and found her hair. He patted it awkwardly.

"Don't cry!" he said, and it angered him that his voice was thin and shaky. "Why, I'm o.k. Nothing but my blinkers gone."



She caught his hand and kissed it. He wanted to cry out to her that he loved her, that he would not mind anything, no, not even blindness, if she loved him. Then he remembered again his future as he had seen it; he could not tie her down to such a life. In his anguish he snatched his hand away. Then she rose from her knees and stood by the cot.

"We are going to England as soon as you are able to go," she said brokenly.

He groaned.

"Poor mother!" he said. "Write to her, will you, Eloise? Let her down easy, if you can. She's—We're awfully good pals, you know."

Then he remembered that she had said 'we'.

"Are you coming, too?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"Thanks," he said a little bitterly. "I will need a nurse always now, won't I?"

"Don't!" she cried out.

He remembered that was what she had said when he had spoken of her as his wife.

"Cheer up!" he said more quietly. "We will get that divorce when we get to England. I don't want to hold you, Eloise."

In spite of his wish to free her, he longed to hear her say something, anything, to tell him she was not anxious to be free. But she left him without even a word. Then he wondered whether he had said something he had not meant to; he wished that he knew what she was thinking. But they spoke no more about it till they were on the boat crossing the channel. Then, because he was very young, and very brave, and altogether blind, he left her out of his plans for his twisted, broken future, and talked about the divorce as a thing almost accomplished. But she remained silent whenever he spoke of it. Then he would talk feverishly of his mother and Canada; of Varsity, and the 'bunch', and Marion. Eloise

talked so little, and he could tell nothing from her face now, as he had been wont to before he had lost his sight. So he thought she did not care, and he tried to be glad that she did not, for he knew that would make it easy for her.

But he thought almost enviously of the boys who were at rest beneath Belgian or French soil, and he wondered if things would have been very different if he had not been so disabled and disfigured. Perhaps Eloise would never have loved him, anyway. He was glad there were such things as divorces, for what a terrible thing it would be for any girl to be tied to such a thing as he was now. He shuddered at the image he conjured up of his own features, and he was glad that he was bandaged.

He was talking with a young lawyer who had lost a leg, and was going home to Liverpool. He told him of his own marriage to Eloise, but in an impersonal way, as though he were telling the story of someone else.

"I don't think they could get a divorce," said the Englishman thoughtfully. "But of course that would not matter. That marriage without witnesses as it was would not hold in any court."

"Then they would not need a divorce?" questioned Eloise's quiet voice.

The boy started. He had not heard her approach.

"Well, of course, I could not just say that positively," returned the man. "But I rather think not."

"But they would feel bound by it themselves, I should think," she continued calmly.

That worried the boy. Of course she would feel that way. He began to fret about it. His temperature went up in leaps and bounds. His very weakness made him fret about things that at other times would not have cost him a thought.

Eloise charged him with worrying about something, but he managed to laugh. But he did not feel so well



physically, and twice he was startled by suddenly hearing himself saying something over which he had no control. He knew that was not right, and he questioned her.

"Oh, you're just a bit delirious with the pain and weakness," she said evasively. "You've got to stop worrying up your temperature."

But he felt drowsy, and he hardly remembered more than that they reached Folkestone at last. Then it seemed just a moment after that Eloise was trying to rouse him, and telling him that his mother would be with him in a minute. They were in London.

He tried to shake off the heaviness that seemed to have paralyzed him. He heard his mother's voice through the darkness that enveloped him. He knew she was kissing the bandages about his head, and crying.

"Ronnie! Ronnie!" he could hear her calling over and over. He tried to tell her about Eloise. He wondered why she was crying.

"Mother!" he whispered at last. Then he went to sleep.

"Mother!" That had been his last word. It was his first afterwards, too, when the long siege of fever had spent itself. This time it was in the little suite his mother had taken in London, and he reached into the darkness for her and found her. With his weak hands he felt her lips and her eyes.

"Mother!" he cried out to her. "Oh, Mater, I'll never see you any more!"

"But you can hear me and feel me, Ronnie," she whispered brokenly.

"People will shrink from the sight of me," he groaned. "Mother, Mother!"

"Oh, my dear! My dear!" she cried. "If only I could bear it for you, little laddie mine!"

Then like a flash memory flooded his brain with images. Was it all a dream? Eloise? His blindness? He knew it was not.

"Mother!" he pleaded. "Is Eloise—Won't you tell her I want her?"

She did not answer, but her cool fingers lingered on his wrist.

"No, no!" he said almost impatiently. "I'm all right. Mother, where is she?"

"Hush, dear!" said his mother tremulously. "I do not know whom you mean, Ronnie. You are just weak, and you forget what has happened."

"She came home with me!" he cried. "Mother! Mother! Where is she?"

"Dear Heart," she said, "try to keep calm. There was no one but a nurse with you—just the nurse who—"

"It was Eloise!" he interrupted. "Where—?"

"I do not know, Ronnie," replied his mother in a troubled voice. "She went off to help some others of the poor lads who came in on the train."

Then a sharp cry escaped the boy's lips.

"Mother!" he groaned. "Oh, Mother! She is my—wife!"

He dreaded her outcry; he felt unequal to the explanations that he knew must come. But there were depths in his mother that he had never sounded. He could not see her face, and she did not cry out as he had expected. Instead, she put her warm arms across his shoulders, and laid her cheek against his hot hand.

"Why, Ronnie!" she said, and her voice held the music that comes from the strings of a mother's heart. "My poor laddie! My poor little laddie! And I did not even know!"

He tried to control himself, but he was very weak; and big sobs shook his thin frame.

"Tell me, dear," she whispered, and, bit by bit, with her arms still about him, he told her.

"Listen to me, little boy of mine," she said when he was done. "You are still a very sick boy, and you must rest and get strong before we can go home. Now you must try to keep from worrying, because if Miss—Eloise is in London, I'll find her. Don't ask me how, for I do not know



yet, but just trust your mother, Ronnie. But, dear, you must not build too much on it. She may not—"

She hesitated, and he nodded, for he understood.

"Mother!" he said brokenly. "I'd die if you were not here!"

Then they spoke of Eloise no more, for each one thought it worried the other. But his mother went out every day, and often twice a day, and left the nurse in charge of him. He waited and watched for her return feverishly, but as the days dragged by, and October came, he gave up hoping. In spite of that, youth gave him the elasticity that made recuperation possible, and he gained strength steadily. Early in November he was able to walk about the room (with a cane to guide him). He knew they would soon be going home.

Then one day his mother came in at dusk, and his quick ear caught the sound of her swift, light step before she entered. He found his cane, and started for the door to meet her. She was earlier than usual.

The first instant he knew that there was something the matter. He noticed a little flurry of excitement about her; he could hear the soft flutter of her breath. She laughed softly, and flung her arms up about his neck.

"Ronnie," she fluttered. "Ronnie, can you stand—"

Then he knew. He trembled a little, and she made him sit down in the easy chair. She kissed him gently.

"You must keep cool, little boy of mine," she whispered. "Oh, Ronnie! Foolish little son! Didn't you know that you were breaking her heart as well as your own when you insisted on talking divorce all the time? She thought—Why, Ronnie, she actually thought you wanted to get rid of

her! And she thought she would make it easy for you."

"B-but, Mother, she—she seemed—I thought she didn't care!"

His mother pressed his hand. "You are very young, Son," she laughed tremulously. "You surely couldn't expect a woman to act as if she liked you, when you were worrying all the time about how soon you could get a divorce!"

"Where is she?" he cried.

"She has been in the St. Berenice Hospital, nursing. I found her through the Belgian Consul's aid. It has taken a long time—"

"Is she here?"

She ran her fingers through his hair. "You'll be calm, dear?"

She did not wait for any answer, but he heard the soft rustle of her skirts. Then he was alone.

He waited breathlessly. The thundering of his heart deafened him. He thought the door opened softly, but he was not sure. He wanted to curse the blindness that darkened his world.

"Eloise!" he called pleadingly, reaching groping hands toward the door.

She was on her knees beside him the next moment, and he gathered her little sob-shaken figure into his thin arms.

"But—but, Eloise—" he whispered. "I am blind! Think of my eyes, my face! Do you care enough to stand that?"

"I'll be your eyes," she said, laughing and crying at once. "If—only—you'll love me! In all the world I have no one else!"

"We're going home next week!" he cried gaily. "Home! Canada! Do you hear, little Gift of War? Where are we going?"

"Home!" murmured Eloise Young.



# MARTHA of DRANVOORDE

By Ralph W. Bell

MARTHA BEDUYS, in Belgium, was considered pretty, even handsome. Of that sturdy Flemish build so characteristic of Belgian women, in whom the soil seems to induce *embonpoint*, she was plump to stoutness. She was no mere girl; twenty-seven years had passed over her head when the war broke out, and she saw for the first time English soldiers in the little village that had always been her home. There was a great deal of excitement. As the oldest of seven sisters, Martha was the least excited, but the most calculating.

The little baker's shop behind the dull old church had always been a source of income, but never a means to the attainment of wealth. Martha had the soul of a shop-keeper, a thing which, in her father's eyes, made her the pride of his household.

Old Hans Beduys was a man of some strength of mind. His features were sharp and keen, his small, blue eyes had a glitter in them which seemed to accentuate their closeness to each other, and his hands—lean, knotted, claw-like—betokened his chief desire in life. Born of a German mother and a Belgian father, he had no particular love for the English.

When the first British Tommy entered his shop and asked for bread, old Beduys looked him over, covertly, as a butcher eyes a lamb led to the

slaughter. He was calculating the weight in sous and francs.

That night Beduys laid down the law to his family.

"The girls will all buy new clothes," he said, "for which I shall pay. They will make themselves agreeable to the English mercenaries, but"—with a snap of his blue eyes—"nothing more. The good God has sent us a harvest to reap; I say we shall reap it."

During the six months that followed the little shop behind the church teemed with life. The Beduys girls were glad enough to find men to talk to for the linguistic difficulty was soon overcome—to flirt with mildly, and in front of whom to show off their newly-acquired finery. From morn till dewy eve the shop was crowded, and occasionally an officer or two would dine in the back parlour, kiss Martha if they felt like it, and not worry very much over a few sous change.

In the meantime old Hans waxed financially fat, bought a new Sunday suit, worked the life out of his girls, and prayed nightly that the Canadians would arrive in the vicinity of his particular "Somewhere in Belgium".

In a little while they came. Blossoming forth like a vine well fertilized at the roots, the little shop became more and more pretentious as the weekly turnover increased. Any day that the receipts fell below a cer-



tain level old Beduys raised such a storm that his bevy of daughters redoubled their efforts.

Martha had become an enthusiastic business woman. Her fair head with its golden curls was bent for many hours in the day over a crude kind of ledger, and she thought in terms of pickles, canned fruits, chocolate, and cigarettes. The spirit of commerce had bitten deep into Martha's soul.

More and more officers held impromptu dinners in the back parlour. Martha knew most of them, but only one interested her. Had he not shown her the system of double entry, and how to balance her accounts? He was a commercial asset.

As for Jefferson, it was a relief to him, after a tour in the trenches, to have an occasional chat with a moderately pretty girl.

One rain-sodden, murky January night, very weary, wet, and muddy, Jefferson dropped in to see, as he would have put it, "the baker's daughters".

Martha happened to be alone, and welcomed "Monsieur Jeff" beamingly.

Perhaps the dim light of the one small lamp, perhaps his utter weariness, induced Jefferson to overlook the coarseness of the girl's skin, her ugly hands, and large feet. Perhaps Martha was looking unusually pretty.

At all events he suddenly decided that she was desirable. Putting his arm around her waist as she brought him his coffee, he drew her, unresisting, onto his knee. Then he kissed her.

Heaven knows what possessed Martha that evening. She not only allowed his kisses, but returned them, stroking his curly hair with a tenderness that surprised herself as much as it surprised him.

Thereafter Martha had two souls. A soul for business, and a soul for Jefferson.

The bleak winter rolled on, and spring came.

About the beginning of April old Beduys received, secretly, a letter

from a relative, in Frankfurt. The contents of the letter were such that the small pupils of the old man's eyes dilated with fear. He hid the document away, and his temper for that day was execrable. That night he slept but little. Beduys lay in bed and pictured the sails of a windmill—HIS windmill—and he thought also of ten thousand francs, and his own safety. He thought of the distance to the mill—a full two kilometres—and of the martial law, which dictated, among other things, that he be in his home after a certain hour at night, and that his mill's sails be set at a certain angle when at rest. Then he thought of Martha. Martha of the commercial mind. Martha the obedient—Yes! That was it, obedient! Hans Beduys rose from his bed softly, without disturbing his heavily-sleeping wife, and read and re-read his brother's letter. One page he kept, and the rest he tore to shreds, and burned, bit by bit, in the candle flame.

\* \* \*

High up on the hill stood the windmill—the Beduys windmill. Far over in the German lines an Intelligence Officer peered at it in the gathering dusk through a night-glass. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the sails of the mill turned, and stopped for a full minute. Slowly, almost imperceptibly they turned again, and stopped again. This happened perhaps twenty times. The German made some notes, and went to the nearest signalling station.

Five minutes later a salvo of great shells trundled, with a noise like distant express-trains, over to the left of the mill.

There were heavy casualties in a newly-arrived battalion bivouacked not half a mile from the baker's shop. The inhabitants of the village awoke, and trembled. "Hurrumph-umph!" Again the big shells trundled over the village, and again. There was confusion, and much death and wounding.



In his bed lay Hans Beduys, sweating from head to foot, while his brain hammered out with ever-increasing force: "Ten thousands francs—Ten Thousand Francs."

In the small hours a shadow disengaged itself from the old mill, cautiously. Then it began to run, and resolved itself into a woman. By little paths, by ditches, by side-tracks, Martha reached home. She panted heavily, her face was white and haggard. When she reached her room she flung herself on her bed, and lay there wide-eyed, dumb, horror-stricken, until the dawn broke.

Jefferson's Battalion finished a tour in the trenches on the following night. Jefferson marched back to billet with a resolve in his mind. He had happened to notice the windmill moving the night before, as he stood outside Company headquarters in the trenches. He had heard the shells go over—away back—and had seen the mill move again. The two things connected themselves instantly in his mind. Perhaps he should have reported the matter at once, but Jefferson did not do so. He meant to investigate for himself.

Two days later Jefferson got leave to spend the day in the nearest town. Here turned early in the afternoon, put his revolver in the pocket of his British warm coat, and set out for the windmill. He did not know to whom the mill belonged, nor did that trouble him.

An Artillery Brigade had parked near the village that morning.

Jefferson got inside the mill without difficulty. It was a creaky, rat-haunted old place, and no one lived within half a mile of it. Poking about, he discovered nothing until his eyes happened to fall on a little medallion stuck between two boards on the floor.

Picking it up, Jefferson recognised it as one of those little "miraculous medals" which he had seen strung on a light chain around Martha's neck. He frowned thoughtfully, and put it in his pocket.

He hid himself in a corner and waited. He waited so long that he fell asleep. The opening of the little wooden door of the mill roused him with a start. There was a long pause, and then the sound of footsteps coming up the wooden stairway which led to where Jefferson lay. The window in the mill-face reflected the dying glow of a perfect sunset, and the light in the mill was faint. He could hear the hum of a biplane's engines as it hurried homeward, the day's work done.

A peaked cap poked above the level of the floor, followed by a stout, rufous face. A Belgian gendarme.

Jefferson fingered his revolver, and waited. The gendarme looked around, grunted, and disappeared down the steps again, closing the door that led into the mill with a bang. Jefferson sat up and rubbed his head.

He did not quite understand.

Perhaps ten minutes had passed when for the third time that night the door below was opened softly, closed as softly, and someone hurried up the steps.

It was Martha. She had a shawl over her head and shoulders, and she was breathing quickly, with parted lips.

Jefferson noiselessly dropped his revolver into his pocket again.

With swift, sure movements, the girl began to set the machinery of the mill in motion. By glancing over to the window, Jefferson could see the sails move slowly—very, very slowly. Martha fumbled for a paper in her bosom, and, drawing it forth, scrutinized it tensely. Then she set the machinery in motion again. She had her back to him. Jefferson rose stealthily, and took a step towards her. A board creaked, and, starting nervously, the girl looked round.

For a moment the two gazed at each other in dead silence.

"Martha," said Jefferson, "Martha!"

There was a mixture of rage and reproach in his voice. Even as he spoke they heard the whine of shells overhead, and then four dull explosions.



"Your work", cried Jefferson thickly, taking a stride forward and seizing the speechless woman by the arm.

Martha looked at him with a kind of dull terror in her eyes, with utter hopelessness, and the man paused a second. He had not known he cared for her so much. Then, in a flash, he pictured the horrors for which this woman was responsible—a mere common spy.

He made to grasp her more firmly, but she twisted herself from his hold on her. Darting to the device which freed the mill-sails, she wrenched at it madly. The sails caught the breeze, and began to circle round, swiftly and more swiftly, until the old wooden building shook with the vibration.

\*

From his observation post a German officer took in the new situation at a glance. A few guttural sounds he muttered, and then turning angrily to an orderly he gave him a curt message. "They shall not use it if we

cannot," he said to himself, shaking his fist in the direction of the whirling sails.

\*

In the little village part of the church and the baker's shop lay in ruins. Martha had sent but a part of her signal, and it had been acted on with characteristic German promptness.

In the windmill on the hill, which shook crazily as the sails tore their way through the air, a man and a woman struggled desperately, the woman with almost superhuman strength.

Suddenly the earth shook, a great explosion rent the air, and the mill on the hill was rent timber from timber, while the fragments hurtled skyward and the great sails doubled up like tin-foil.

"Good shooting," said the German Forward Observation Officer, as he tucked his glass under his arm and went "home" to dinner.

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## THE VICTORIOUS DEAD

By MINNIE HALLOWELL BOWEN

HOW should we weep, beholding the white light  
 Of those young spirits, joyous and unafraid?  
 The pathway shines the exultant feet have made  
 Beyond the immeasurable darkness of this night!  
 So were the strong brows crowned with living gold;  
 The imperial ardour won through sacrifice  
 Burned like a lambent flame, to grow and rise,  
 Glory on glory, as rich dawns unfold.

Their eyes were purified that looked through death:  
 They took the cup and thirst was satisfied,  
 Eternal vistas opened, life beyond breath!  
 In man's extremity, in the last sleep,  
 The immortal spirit would not be denied  
 Triumphant gloriously! How should we weep?



# FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

NO. IV.—THE LONE ROAD

THE chalk of Vermelles and the red clay of Givenchy had not yet played havoc with our trousers and tunics; three days and nights had only elapsed since we left Southampton for France, and we were now billeted in a farm-house, a rickety, red-brick construction, islanded in a waste of dung and splashed with muck flung up by passing horses and cumbrous wagons. The farm was some twelve kilometres distant from Neuve Chapelle, where a battle was now in full swing. In the evening I went with my two chums, Bill Teake and Dudley Pryor, to the wine-shop of Jean Lacroix, two miles away from our billet. As we walk across the fields we could see the constellations of star-shells riot in a heaven pierced with electric white and lurid red spears of artillery flame. The tumult of thunder and the crash of conflict smote across the world and we tried not to think too clearly of what was happening out there where men, drunk with the delusion of war, strove to kill one another under the setting of quiet stars.

Has man through all the ages worked towards this? Have the excesses of maddened progress made him again an atavism; a being, full of primordial hate and lust, who takes his brother by the throat to strangle him? We were such atavisms, Pryor, Teake, and myself, striplings with badges on

our hats and weapons of war in our hands, and now on our way to the house of Jean Lacroix.

Jean Lacroix sat beside the long-necked stove stroking his beard, a neat little white beard which stood out perkily from his fat chin. Jean Lacroix was fair, a jelly blob of a man. When he changed his locality he shuffled instead of walking, when he laughed he shivered and shook his fat as if he wanted to fling it off. He was seldom serious, when he was, all those near him laughed. Pryor was speaking to Jean now and I was following the conversation with my ears. French I could understand, but I could not speak it.

"The night before last the Bosches broke through the English trenches out there," Jean was saying, as he pointed a fat thumb towards the locality of the firing line.

"Hundreds of them broke through. They were unable to get back and now they are roving all over the country."

"They haven't been captured?"

"Some of them," said Jean. "Most of them perhaps, but not all. Last night they were about here."

"Did you see them?" asked Pryor.

"Have I seen them?" asked Jean, shivering with laughter. "They can't be seen. They disguise themselves as turnips, as bushes, as English soldiers. . . . Last night two of your countrymen, soldiers, left here at



nine o'clock and got killed outright."

Jean paused.

"Where were they killed?" asked Pryor.

"You are billeted at Y— Farm, are you not?" inquired the inn-keeper. "You are. Then you came along the road to-night coming here. Did you see a ruined cottage on your right, a little distance back from the road?"

"A mile from here?" said Pryor.

"Yes, we saw it."

"That is where it happened," said Jean Lacroix. "The two soldiers were found there this morning with their throats cut, lying on the floor. The Germans . . ."

"The Germans," repeated Pryor.

I went into a back room where an Army Service Corps man was telling a story of marvellous adventure in which he played a notable part during the retreat from Mons. A circle of listeners paid for the man's wine and hung on every word of the narrative. When the tale was told I came back to the man by the stove. He was sitting there all alone, his sunken eyes fixed on the flames. Pryor was not there. Bill Teake had left; both my comrades had gone home without me. The farm was some two miles off.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was nine o'clock.

"Nine o'clock," I said aloud, and something familiar in the words struck me. Two soldiers left the wine shop the night previous at nine o'clock and next morning they were discovered lying in a ruined cottage with their throats cut. None of the men in the inn now were billeted at Y— Farm. I had to go home alone. I swung my bandolier over my shoulder, lifted my rifle from the table, and went out into the night.

The story which Jean Lacroix had told affected me, I must confess. A stranger to war in a strange land, I was ready to give credence to any tale. What might happen in the darkness? I could not tell. I wished that Pryor and Bill had not gone.

They ought to have looked me up. I was annoyed with them; I was angry.

The road stretched out in front, a dull streak of gray lined with ghostly poplars, and lost itself in the darkness ahead. The night was gloomy and chilly, a low, weird wind crooned in the grass, and a belated night bird shrieked painfully in the sky above me.

The shadows gathered round me silently, one rushed in from the fields and took an almost definite form on the roadway in front. I could not help gazing round from time to time and staring back along the road. What might not be following! I was all alone, apart from my kind, isolated. One hand gripped tightly on my rifle, and the fingers of the other fumbled at my bandolier. I ran my hand over the cartridges, counting aloud. Fifty rounds. But I had none in the magazine of the rifle. I should have five there. But I would not put them in now. It would make too much noise.

My eyes, becoming accustomed to the darkness, could now take stock of the roadway, the grassy verge and the ditch on either side. My imagination conceived ghastly pictures of men lying flat in the shadows staring at the heavens with glazed, unseeing eyes, their throats cut across from ear to ear. What a noise my footsteps created!

The breeze whimpered amidst the poplar leaves, and its sigh was carried ever so far away. Again a shadow crept up from the fields and took shape on the road in front. I advanced towards it quickly and collided with a solid mass, a living form!

"I am sorry," I muttered.

"Good evening," said a voice with a queer, strange note in it. "You are out late."

"I am going back to my billet now," I said, and asked, "Where are you going?"

There was a moment's hesitation before the stranger replied, saying,



"I'm going on to the next village."

I could now see that he was dressed as an English soldier in a khaki uniform, a rifle over his shoulder and a bandolier round his chest. Germans disguise themselves as British soldiers, Jean Lacroix had said.

"What do you belong to?" I asked, stepping off after the momentary halt. The man accompanied me.

"The Army Service Corps," he answered readily enough, but his accent struck me as being strangely unfamiliar; in his low guttural tones there was something foreign.

"Are you billeted here?" he asked, at length.

"I'm billeted at—"

I stopped and asked, "Where are you billeted?"

"Oh, at the next village," said the man. "A number of the A.S.C. are billeted there."

Again a long silence. Our boots crunched angrily on the roadway, and ahead the lights of war lit the horizon.

"They're fighting like hell up there," said the man. "There's a big battle on now. Has your regiment been called up?"

As he spoke he pulled his rifle forward across his chest and fumbled with the bolt. I stared at him fascinated, my nerves strained to an acute pitch.

"What are you doing with your rifle?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, and slung it over his shoulder again.

Had he a round in the breech? I wondered. I had not a cartridge in the magazine. What a fool I had been not to have taken the precaution of being prepared for emergencies! The man came close to my side and his shoulder almost touched mine. I moved to the left, close to the verge of the road and my hand slipped towards my bandolier.

"It's very dark to-night," I said as my fingers closed on a cartridge.

"Very dark," said the man.

"There's no moon," I said. I slipped the bolt of my rifle back as I

spoke and pressed the cartridge into the mouth of the magazine. As far as I could judge, the man had not noticed the action.

"No, there's no moon," he said, in answer to my remark.

"How far is it to the next village?" I asked and shoved the rounds into the magazine. The cartridge-clip clattered on the cobbles.

"You've dropped something," said my companion. "What was it?"

"I've dropped nothing," I replied, "I must have hit my boot against something."

I glanced at his face, white and ghostly it looked, with a protruding jowl and a dark moustache that drooped over the lips. I pressed the bolt home as I spoke and now felt a certain confidence enter my being. There was a round snug in the breech of my rifle. One touch of the trigger—

"Did you think I dropped a shilling?" I laughed. "Wish I had one to throw away."

"Many a one would wish the same," said the man gruffly; then he whistled a tune through his teeth, a contemplative whistle as if he was considering something.

"You're at Y—— Farm, of course," he suddenly remarked. "There are a number of soldiers billeted there. You know the way to it?"

"I know the way to it," I answered.

"You leave the road at a ruined cottage along here and cross the fields," said the man. "I'm going that way myself."

"I leave the road farther along," I said hastily.

"Nonsense," said the man. "Past the ruined cottage is the best way."

"I'm not going that way," I said.

"Not going that way," repeated my companion—"why?"

"I don't know the road through the fields there—"

"But I know the way."

"I prefer to go farther along," I said. "Two of my mates are just ahead."



"Where are they?" asked my companion in a tone of surprise. "I thought you were all alone."

"They are just a few hundred yards in front," I told him. "Not so far away."

"Oh!" said the man. "Then that is why you're in such a hurry."

"I'm in no particular hurry," I said. "But it is wise to be back before 'lights out.'"

We had turned off the road now and had gone about twenty yards in the direction of the cottage before I noticed it.

"I'm not going that way," I said, coming to a halt. My companion stopped.

"Afraid?" he said.

"Afraid! H'm! I'm not afraid," I answered, nettled at his words. "All right, you go ahead. I'll follow."

The man did not move. He fumbled in his pocket and brought something out, something dark, small and tipped at the points as if with silver. I imagined it to be a revolver and slid my rifle forward so that its muzzle pointed at the man's body.

"Hold your weapon up, you fool," he said, and a note of concern was in his voice. "I've a pocket lamp here. We'll get off into the fields now and I'll light the way with this. The place is full of ponds and drains. Last night I fell into a hole somewhere about this place. You get off in front."

"I'll follow," I said. "You lead the way."

"All right," the man meekly responded. "Now we get off the road."

He slipped into the field, and I followed. We were now near the cottage, and I could see its bare rafters and ruined walls clearly. It looked gloomy and forbidding. As I gazed at the cottage I saw a light close to the dark ground, a tremulous flame gleamed for a moment and was gone.

"Did you see that?" I asked. "A light near the cottage."

"I saw nothing," said my companion.

"You didn't see the flame?" I said.

"There's somebody in front. Friends of yours, maybe."

"I've no friends here—You saw a light—Nonsense!"

"There, what is that?" I asked, as I heard a thud as of somebody falling over a hurdle. "Did you not hear it?"

"Yes, what is it?" asked my companion, extinguishing his torch. "I heard something. Shall I shout?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" exclaimed the man "Only to find out who's there. Hallo!" he yelled.

Somebody answered with a loud "Hallo!", and again a light gleamed in the darkness."

"Who's there?" shouted my companion.

"It's us," came the answer. "Blurry well lost in this 'ere blurry 'ole. 'Oo are yer?"

"Bill Teake!" I shouted in a glad voice, for I recognized the voice of my mate. "Is Pryor with you?"

"It's ole Pat," I heard Bill exclaim. "We're lost, Pryor and me. We don't know where we are. D'ye know the way to Y—— Farm?"

"We'll soon get there," I said. "I've somebody with me who knows the way."

"Bring 'im along 'ere then," said Bill.

I turned to my companion who had just moved to one side, but now I could not see him. On my right a dark form became one with the night and lost itself.

"Hi!" I shouted, but there was no reply.

"Hi there!" I cried in a louder voice; but no answer came back. He had gone.

We got into the farmhouse at ten o'clock. All our mates were in bed, and the watchdog at the gate bit Bill in the upper part of the thigh as we came in.

I never met the A.S.C. man afterwards. Three German soldiers dressed in khaki were found in the neighbourhood on the following day and taken prisoners.





MA-TA-MÉ

From the Painting in the National Art Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, by Festus Kelly, a British Painter







# WAKING UP BADGERBORO'

*By Paul A. W. Wallace.*

HE was a big, absent-minded man with large ideas but a small income. Unlike many westerners, he bore the town no grudge for being his home. He even loved it and never for a moment lost his faith in its future. The railway survey had given birth to Badgerboro' and presented it with some real estate wrapped in a fairy tale for a birthday gift. But the fairy tale never came true, and the real estate proved to be merely mud, for the railway turned its back upon the survey and went south, leaving the orphan "city" to dream of the future that was past. It lay dumped on the shaven prairie like a heap of packing-boxes in a back yard, and nobody made a fuss over it any more but the coyotes and the curlews squalling round the slough behind the school.

The townspeople did not have much sympathy with one another, for when men love only money and cannot get that, they grow bitter as stagnant wells in the alkali country. None of them came west to live, but only to make enough money to go "home" again; and those alone remained who were caught by hard times like rats in a hole and suffered the dismal existence of people who are always on the point of moving away.

But there was no alkali in Robert Sparrow's disposition. Behind the counter of his general store (so call-

ed, said customers, because it was "generally" out of everything a body wanted), he dispensed tobacco, tea and overalls, and made plans for local improvements that nobody cared a fig for but himself.

"What this town needs," he said, "is to be wakened up," and he set himself to find something to rouse it with. It never occurred to him that the town was dead—and a dead town on the prairie is the deadest town there is.

One day the idea came to him that what Badgerboro' needed was moving pictures.

"Look at all the wide-awake towns," he said to John Allen, the liveryman, who came in to buy tobacco and chew it. "Every one of them has a picture show. That's what wakes the people up."

"Picters nawthin'," retorted Allen, jamming a palmful of tobacco into his mouth. "It's hard cash wakes 'em up."

"You don't understand me," protested Sparrow. "What I mean is that when people see moving pictures it stirs them up and, well, wakens them up. Moving pictures'll bring the money to the town. And we've been waiting for it, we've been waiting for it, ain't we?"

"We been waitin'," nodded John. "An' now we're goin' to whistle fer it 'cause we thinks it loves music?"



"You don't seem to get my point, John," remonstrated Sparrow. "I want to pull out of this town as soon as any, and I'm going to start a speculation. I thought maybe you'd like to have a share in it."

"Me! Chase yerself! Only spekilation I want is a single fare railway ticket."

"Wait till I tell you. I'm going to build a theatre up agin the store and start some moving pictures. I think it'll help the town."

"Good-night!" exclaimed John, expectorating furiously. "W'y don't ye build a subway or a mooseum, or a parliament buildings, eh? Gee hokus! Who's goin' to *look* at yer pieters?"

"Why, the people'll come in from round—sure they will, won't they?"

"Say, Bob, w'en yer daddy-in-law got you, he got a damn poor stick. You kin try on yer movin' pieters ef ye like. They don't fit me."

"You don't understand, John," said Sparrow sadly. "You ain't got no imagination. You need wakening up as bad as any."

Then one evening in May, Sparrow pinned a large yellow paper upon the door of the new hall beside his store. The poster proclaimed, in shining blue type:

Moving Pictures  
To-night 8 o'clock Sharp  
7,000 Feet of Film  
All Welcome  
Tickets Twenty-five cents.

The day of the awakening of Badgerboro' had arrived. Sparrow had timed the opening of his theatre with the day of the annual auction sale to make sure of a good crowd for the first performance.

"It's the first night that counts," he said. "Now we've got the people here, we must make them want to come back. That's good business, ain't it, John?"

"It'd be a whole lot better business if you could chain 'em up and put 'em in cages," sneered John. "Then you'd be sure of 'em."

Sparrow smiled good-humouredly and walked back to the store.

All day behind his counter he worked like an election man.

"Yep," he said, twirling string round a package of tea, "it's a wonderful invention. Now to-night (What next? Soap? Sure. Which, Fairy or Lifebuoy?)—Now to-night we're showing some wonderful films—seven thousand feet. I'd like you to see them. Here's a ticket."

The farmer put it in his purse.

"Gimme a plug o' terbaccar. Guess I'll come, mebbe."

"Seven thousand feet," repeated Sparrow. "Wonderful, aint it?"

"How's yer apples?"

"A dollar a case. It starts at eight o'clock sharp."

"Good eating?"

"Oh, fine. It's a kind of an experiment, seeing we've never had moving pictures in this town before."

"Rale juicy?"

"Sure. Help yourself. But if she goes all right to-night, it'll help the town some. You'll come?"

"Oh, I dunno. Guess there aint much less. What time's yer show begin?"

"Eight o'clock. Eight sharp."

"May come ef nawthin' else turns up."

So it went on all day. Sparrow canvassed every man in town, and he gave more than half of them complimentary tickets. Hardly any of them refused to come.

At 7.30 p.m., a light appeared in the Empire Theatre. At 7.35, Mr. Sparrow's voice, commanding the town with a megaphone, swept out into the fields and set the coyotes yelping in the stubble behind the Presbyterian church.

"All aboard for the Empire begins sharp at eight o'clock wonderful feature eight o'clock sharp and seven thousand feet of film."

Allen came along and looked in.

"There'll be nobody come," he remarked genially as he passed on up the street to the hotel.



At 7.45, Mr. Sparrow, having in the meantime attended to three out-of-town customers in the store, again planted himself behind the megaphone and repeated the announcement. At 7.55, two more customers had been disposed of and Sparrow was back at his post.

"All aboard for the Empire begins in fifteen minutes six big reels of twelve hundred feet each will begin in fifteen minutes six big reels."

At 8.15, a long-necked phonograph on the platform started crowing at the empty seats, while the megaphone outside proclaimed hoarsely the "seven thousand feet just going to begin".

At 8.30, the doors opened to receive the first of the audience. It was Molly Evans, the famous female baseball rooter, with a couple of boys named Hess. That started it. The crowd came like geese after the leader. Sparrow could not collect the tickets fast enough, so he threw the doors open wide and didn't take any more.

Last of all came John Allen.

"Who's runnin' yer show?" he asked.

"Me."

"You!—I suppose you know Molly Evans is here, an' the Hess boys, eh? I suppose you think they come to see the picters, do you?"

"What's the matter with Molly Evans?"

"Oh, nawthin', only some people is all mouth from ear to ear an' they kin use it, too. There'll be some tough breakin' here to-night. Believe me, this is goin' to be some shirt sleeve performance."

When the hall was full, a last wail from the megaphone announced: "Seven thousand feet of film is now off at the Empire. All aboard."

Under tumultuous applause, Sparrow ran up to the platform and throttled the phonograph in the middle of "God Save the King". The applause redoubled as he cleared his throat to speak.

"Ladies," he began, but could not

hear his own voice for the stamping. "Ladies," he cried again, and then "Ladies!" at the top of his voice. Shouts of "Oh! Oh!" Above all the din, shrilled the voice of Molly Evans:

"Yes, lady-bird, we're comin'."

"Ladies and gentlemen," bellowed Sparrow.

"My name's Bill. What's yours?" yelled somebody at the back.

"Who killed cock robin?" shrieked Molly Evans. One of the Hess boys took it up:

"I, said the Sparrow, with my bow an' arrow."

The manager, transfixed by these delicate shafts of wit, stood dumb. He had never been made fun of to his face like this before; but he was a mild man, and kept his temper for about eighty seconds before his face grew dark.

"Hold on to the ropes," howled Molly. "He's goin' up!"

It was not a personal matter with Sparrow at all, and if the Hess boys had not made fun of the theatre, they might have been saved a lot of trouble. But when the audience began to shout:

"Where's yer picters? Bring on the film!" one of the boys leaped on to the platform and signed for order.

"Boys," he announced, "the show is now about to begin. The first attraction is our wonderful tame film-sparrow, a cross between the ostrich an' the ass, with no less than seven thousand feet—"

"How big is it?" interrupted the other Hess.

"I think I have the number right?" continued the spokesman, turning pleasantly to Sparrow. The latter was opening and shutting fists and jaw spasmodically. He remarked afterwards that he thought he was alone in the hall with the Hess boys.

"Take a look at him, boys," continued Hess. "He's all the show we got. 'Taint much, but it's enough. The meetin' is now adjourned. Amen."



The next moment, Hess was flying through the air on to the heads of the crowd, and Sparrow was charging like a bull after its victim. Hess dodged down the aisle and through the door like a hunted rabbit, but Sparrow got jammed in the jumping crowd.

"Give him to me," he cried, struggling. "Give him to me. I want him."

Meanwhile, the other Hess boy, considerably startled, was trying to make himself inconspicuous in the crowd; but the crowd had plans of its own. Some hoisted him on their shoulders, while others lifted Sparrow, and they bore the two of them gesticulating round the hall to meet on the platform in the midst of a howling stampede.

"Let me down, boys," gasped Sparrow. "I didn't know what I was doing. He made fun of this show what was to help the town."

They hoisted him higher.

"Who killed cock robin?" squealed the voice of Molly Evans. She had been waving her arms and shouting unheard for five minutes.

"I said, the Sparrow," roared a score of voices.

"Three cheers for the film-sparrow," shouted Molly. They were given. "An' a tiger fer his feet," she added.

When chaos had collapsed, and Sparrow had escaped to his machine in the rear, John Allen clapped him on the back.

"You done great," he said. "I didn't think you had it in you. Now fer the picters. Anythin' I kin do to help?"

"I wouldn't have minded their kidding me," groaned Sparrow, "if they'd only left the show alone."

"Sure. Now git them picters agoin' quick. Molly Evans is about ready to make love to you fer the chase you give that there Hess feller. But she don't last long quiet. I'll run up an' set the phonograph agoin' eh? An' put the lights out."

"Thank you, John—and, John, go

find Hess and tell him I didn't mean it."

When the phonograph resumed its grinding and the Union Jack, stuffed badger, and thirty feet of mural decorative stove pipe had disappeared with the blowing out of the lamps, Allen hurried back to help "the boss". He saw that the thing was on the way to success after all, and it improved his sociability.

"Away we go," he said, "bully for us!"

"Where's the hammer, John?" asked Sparrow nervously. "It's on my mind I've forgotten something, but I can't figure out what it is."

"Here's the hammer. Start her up. Don't talk about it. Strike while the irons is hot. Run the show first and fergit afterwards. There they go agin'!"

The audience was restless once more. The phonograph had run out; "the sound of the grinding" was low.

"Aint that there—hic—hen done scratchin' yet?" cried a drunken man near the front.

"Light a candle so's we can see yer pretty picters," shouted Molly Evans.

"You better talk to 'em," said Allen. "Their mouths needs shuttin'. I'll run the machine."

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Sparrow, "sorry to keep you waiting, but we are now going to begin. Start her up, John."

"Where's the light?" demanded John.

"The light?" repeated Sparrow nervously. "What light?"

"Why, the thing to shoot the picters on the sheet with."

There was a long pause.

"Won't they go without it?" said Sparrow.

"D'ye think we're all a bunch of owls to see in the dark?"

Another pause.

"Will I get a lamp from the store, John?"

"Get the moon, for my sake," cried Molly Evans.

"Strike a match," yelled someone.



"Use your head: it's light enough, aint it?" cried another.

Pandemonium resumed the throne. Yells and catcalls charged with witticisms filled the hall with a hideous din, until at length a match struck and Sparrow, his round face illumined by the dismal glow from a candle, made his way up to the front and turned to speak. The noises died away.

"Boys," declared Sparrow huskily

(his feelings were too deep for "ladies and gentlemen")—"Boys, she's bust, or at least she aint all there. We forgot about the light, and he says it'll take half a day to fix it. But if you'll all wait over till to-morrow night, we'll show every cussed foot of it free of charge!"

With howls and stamping, the hall cleared, and Badgerboro', after a brief hour of civic consciousness, rolled over and fell fast asleep again.

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## FOREVER

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

WITH you I shall always be;  
 Over land and sea  
 My thought will companion you;  
 With yours shall my laughter chime,  
 And my step keep true  
 In the dusk and the dew  
 With yours in blithesome time;  
 In all your joy shall I rejoice;  
 On my lips your sorrow shall find a voice,  
 And when your tears in bitterness fall  
 Mine shall mingle with them all.  
 With you in waking and dream I shall be,  
 In the places of shadow and memory,  
 Under young springtime moons,  
 And on harvest noons.



# SCHOOL KEEPS

*By Jean Campeau*

WHEN, fifteen years ago, I was reading the despatches from South Africa covering the siege of Ladysmith, Harrissmith and the smaller towns, I did not dream that one day I would myself have some part in similar scenes laid in the same territory. But Cora, who had gone with Dr. Kingston, almost immediately after their marriage, to Barchfield, had been back only once during the eighteen years of their life there, and so the last week of October, when the trouble began, found me a South African guest of some weeks' standing.

Among the people of Barchfield one of the traditions of the war will be that school kept even in the darkest days of the rebellion, and, although scarcely a heroine, Hilda Pietrorr, the teacher who quietly but firmly insisted on adhering to the work in hand despite the anxieties and interruptions of the time, has become in consequence one of the outstanding members of the community. Moreover, that last week of October holds another story of which Barchfield may never hear—just one of the hundreds of stories that are weaving themselves into the history of the Empire's trial.

It was indeed a dark week. Botha, some time before, had made a speech

on leaving Pretoria in which he declared that things were far more serious than people knew. Then in some places the defence force had been called out. Reports came from the north that a body of farmers, getting arms and ammunition, had revolted. This however, was untrue, as the action of the volunteers from that section later proved. But it was only too true that DeWet had gathered up a thousand rebels from about Reitz and Frankfort and that these were in camp on the foothills, not twenty miles out. It was also true that there were only fifty rifles in the town—all of the old ninety-seven type.

During the week the banks had loaded their gold on an engine and sent it to Natal. No secret was made of this, and the authorities hoped that it would be one reason less for an attack. It was known, however, that there was still provision and dynamite in the town, and if in want of either the hill camp would almost certainly attempt a raid.

For nearly a month range-riders supplemented by scouts had been doing special patrol work between the town and Natal and on the hills, but there had been no particular cause for alarm until the beginning of the previous week, when a general warning was sent out. On the Friday



night of that week the news of DeWet's arrival was suddenly brought in. The same evening, however, a heavy rain began, accompanied by intermittent thunder and lightning, during which it was almost certain that the hillsmen, of whom the rebel leader's band was largely composed, would not fight. The storm lasted over the week-end.

On Sunday the magistrate received a telegram saying that men, guns and ammunition were on the way from Ladysmith and that a machine gun was coming from Durban. All available equipment had previously been rushed to German South West, but meanwhile the *Lusitania* had arrived in Capetown with big guns, two hundred and fifty Imperial Gunners and quantities of small ammunition.

The arrival of a machine gun would mean that a proper defence of the town might be made. The location in itself afforded a partial defence. I can see it now as it appeared from the doctor's bungalow or, better still, from the steps of the little Dutch church on the shoulder of the hill to the south and west, where it was more vividly impressed by the events that followed. Behind and on two sides ran the mountain, with no passes and nothing but a fall to certain death for any who attempted to come in that way. Straight ahead ran the road out to Natal, with an electric line paralleling it. These were patrolled. To the south and to the right of the roads ran a large spruit, with only one drift. On the west lay the river, spanned by a bridge of five long, low-hanging arches.

In the centre of the town stood the court-house, with High Street running down from it to the bridge. The road from Natal came in at right angles and intersecting at the market square ran a short distance up the hill, with the bungalow at the head overlooking it. Part way up the hill also and on the east side stood the school near the back of a large square that served as a play-ground. A new

flag, made by the children themselves under the supervision of the teacher, lent a dash of colour to a landscape which in spite of the rain wore the usual khaki colour of the veldt.

The town itself emerged from the three days of wet weather with every appearance, as far as equipment allowed, of a military camp. Stores were closed except for two hours each day. The streets were patrolled. No one left the town without permission.

On Tuesday morning the news came that Botha had routed Beyer's commando, the Transvaal rebels. That might have a good or bad effect on DeWet. A general summons had been sent out and on Tuesday afternoon all men of both town and district were to be reviewed in the market square. Those who were not prepared to fight were to be disarmed and interned. Even of those who volunteered only the trusted would be accepted. It was embarrassing.

The afternoon came without further word of the rebels, although the local men of the district came crowding in. No regular troops had yet arrived and until they did the citizen volunteers worked in co-operation with a supervisory committee of the town board.

The doctor, who was one of the members, went down soon after lunch to attend his duties at the square. The day was warm, so Cora and I took our afternoon's work outside on a verandah facing the little park and school-house opposite.

Preparation for defence had so far not interfered with attendance at school. When we went out the children had already been gathering for some time and shortly before the two o'clock bell Hilda Pietrorr came down the street towards us and stopped a moment at the foot of the walk. Although short, she was well proportioned, carrying herself with an air that was at once dignified and girlish. Her expression was reserved and yet frank. She was fair-haired and of a light complexion and her blue eyes



seemed to speak and listen for her as much as lips and ears.

"You, at least, are going ahead as though nothing were happening," said the doctor's wife.

"I am believing that nothing will happen," she replied, smiling a little self-consciously at her slight lapse from the English cast of expression which she evidently prided herself on having mastered. "Garth, you know, is much among the country people and except for outlaws in the hills he says they want no fight."

A slight frown passed like a shadow across her face and she added, "If anything does happen, it might be well to have the women and children go at once to our church. A Dutch church is safest."

Then she crossed the square and entered the school-house.

"Who is Garth?" I asked when she had gone.

"Garth Johnson is on the doctor's committee," his wife replied. "He has a large farm to the south, but since the trouble began he has been helping in the town. They are to be married when school closes."

"She speaks of him without hesitation."

"Yes, indeed, I did not tell you with what unconcern she told the doctor and me when we met her Sunday evening that she was just getting back from seeing Garth off to picket duty. She is very anxious, and you should see the man. He is at least large enough to take care of himself."

Later in the day I did see him. It was when I was taking down Hilda's suggestion to the committee. They had been talking of getting the women and children out altogether but fell in with the new idea, and scouts were sent from house to house with instructions as to just what to do.

The streets were crowded. Hundreds of farmers had come in in answer to the summons and the committee had before them the serious problem of solving peaceably whom of these they could trust. A booth

had been set up outside the court-house, and here the doctor with the magistrate and the town clerk were busy attending to registrations. Both farmers and townsmen were registered. The Boers were sent to the Show Grounds and the British to the little park opposite the school.

Earlier in the day the merchants had boarded up the fronts of their stores, and now throughout the town work had commenced on barricading the streets. At four an armoured motor truck and guard arrived with ammunition, but neither guns nor reinforcements had accompanied it. It was then I caught sight of the big man, Garth Johnson. He had just finished giving orders for the unloading and storing of the ammunition which was being placed in the vaults of the court-house and was going to the Show Grounds, where the incoming farmers were being tested. And on the way he called at the doctor's booth, near which I was standing.

"That ammunition is another liability, not an asset, with neither men nor guns at hand," the doctor commented, turning to him.

"But we are changing the combination on the lock," replied the other, "and troops are to be in to-morrow or Thursday at the latest."

"I have just heard from the grounds," the doctor continued. "There is going to be no trouble, so you can get some sleep. Very few of the Boers are volunteering. Some German Jews offered, but were not accepted. They all gave up their horses, but with the few arms we have ourselves we have not offered to disarm them. As a matter of fact, however, they have very few guns among them."

"I shall do as you say," Johnson replied. "I go out at eleven and shall not see you until to-morrow. Wilson is to parade the volunteers this evening."

Presently the man just mentioned, an officer of the Burgher commando, came up.



"What news have you of the out-riders?" questioned the magistrate.

"They brought in a rebel despatch rider taking despatches to the camp. Advances have evidently been made to the local district commando, but they declined to leave us."

"DeWet has been waiting for such reinforcements. He will hardly attack without them unless badly put to it for ammunition," commented the magistrate.

When I reached home supper was ready, but the doctor did not come in until quite late, so that I did not see him again that day.

It was inky black and Cora was shaking me when I awoke.

"Overpowered the sentinels—are on us—to the church," I dimly caught the ideas but not all the words, and snatching for what clothes I could find in the dark made after my hostess. The doctor had already gone to take his place in the defence formation. I had forgotten the instructions about the church, but Cora caught me by the arm and we hastened up towards it. Evidently we were among the last to be disturbed by the alarm, for house doors were open all along, and except for a few stragglers who were running with us the streets were deserted.

But firing was waging fiercely in the lower part of the town next the river. We could not only hear it, but from the elevation we could see well the flash of burning powder and smell the smoke as it came up to us. Then I learned for the first time that there had been a terrific explosion that had completely wrecked a part of the bridge and prevented the attacking force from getting into the town unheard. How it had occurred no one in the church yard knew. Perhaps the local officers could tell. Perhaps it was an accident on the part of the rebels.

In any case the bearing of the incident on the situation became clearer as daylight approached. It had been between five and six when the attack

began. The rebels wanted darkness to get their prize but daylight to hold it.

For an hour or so the firing continued but became more and more intermittent. The first streaks of dawn revealed the broken bridge, and it could be seen that a number of rebels had already crossed before the explosion. These, unable to retreat, had established themselves on a knoll commanding the near bank. On the bridge two men were working furiously in an attempt to span the broken arch with ropes thrown across by those on the far side. They were protected from our fire to a certain extent by a stone bulwark between them and the town and might have succeeded in respanning the break had those on the knoll who were covering them been able to hold it. But although armed with rifles, the latter were few in number, and when our force organized at the bridgehead one dash was enough to dislodge them. They were driven up the river and behind the town and running out of ammunition surrendered.

With no possibility of victory, the shooting from across the river gradually grew less, and once faltering and being exposed to fire without a protection such as the defences of the town afforded those on the near side, they fell back as rapidly as possible, leaving their dead.

By seven o'clock the affair was over. The captive Boers were locked in the court-house cells. The main band disappeared in the hills.

Presently to those of us who had been able to do nothing but look on from the hilltop a scout brought news that danger was over for the present. He reported casualties on the town's side of four sentries killed, of whom Garth Johnson was one. A lieutenant who had officered the capture of the knoll and two volunteers were severely wounded, and five others were also wounded, although not seriously. How the sentries had been trapped had not been ascertained. One was found on



his patrol clubbed rather than shot. A second, evidently taken along as a prisoner and resisting, had been shot at the outer approach to the bridge. Johnson and the other, a local merchant who had volunteered, were also found near the outer approach to the bridge, their bodies, and those of a number of rebels indescribably mutilated by the explosion.

This was all that could be learned at the time, and women and children breaking away in groups of three and four from those about the church gradually dispersed through the town. Two of the women, one whose son and the other whose husband had been wounded, started down at once for the warehouse that was being used as a hospital, fear chasing hope across their faces.

Just then the doctor who had commandeered a light delivery wagon for ambulance work drove up High Street and cut across the square. Sitting closely beside him was the huddled form of Hilda Pietrorr, almost completely hidden in her large cloak. Evidently she had gone down and heard the news, for her shoulders were trembling as though in physical agony. The doctor caught sight of his wife, drew up his horse and beckoned to her. She went over and would have spoken to the girl, but her husband shook his head, motioned toward the town, and with a word or two drove on with his charge.

He had told her that they needed help at the hospital, and we hurried down.

"Poor Hilda!" Cora sighed. "There is no hospital for broken hearts, but I might have spoken to her."

It was almost nine o'clock and we were still working when the Doctor came back to take us home for some breakfast and rest. His rig had been taken for use elsewhere, and as no

other vehicle was at hand at the time we walked. The distance was not long.

As we crossed the market square the bell on the school was ringing for the hour. Little was thought of it except that it sounded strangely familiar after what we had been passing through, for there was no clock or bell in the court-house tower and this served as a substitute, ringing each day at seven in the morning, at noon and at two and six.

But as we turned the corner and glanced across the square we saw that the children were forming for the morning's marching and singing exercises, and moving about among them as though nothing had happened the little teacher was getting them into proper formation.

Cora stopped as though struck, and pointing mechanically at the little woman cried out, "Now there is your heroine for you!"

The doctor jerked about and glanced at his wife sharply.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

"Know what?" she asked.

"Then you have not found out. Well, it's a secret. A woman fired the bridge."

"She—and with Garth Johnson on —"

"Yes, Johnson, whom I found lying where he had been thrown with a rebel rifle in his hands, instead of one of ours. Johnson was on the bridge. She made sure of that."

We glanced across the street. The children were waiting for the word to begin. Hilda began beating time. She was using her left hand. The right was held in the splints with which the doctor had bound it.

Overhead a light breeze had caught up the folds of the flag, and it was of that the children were singing.



# JORDAN DAY

## By Arthur B. Watt.

JOHN ALEXANDER, owner of the hotel news-stand, having turned it over to his assistant for the rest of the day, was considering what diversions the town had to offer to a young man of his ample leisure and keen appreciation of the pleasures of life.

He made a careful selection from his stock of cigars. Lighting one and filling his upper vest pockets, he walked across the rotunda and threw himself into an upholstered chair that commanded a view of the main street.

The embryo metropolis of north-western Canada was still on the boom. The eastern newspapers had much to say about the prevailing commercial depression, and everyone who wrote to John from Chicago—the city of his birth and adolescence—complained of being hard up. But all along the new railway business was good. Every month brought an increase in his turnover, and he supposed he ought to consider himself lucky.

"What's the use of making money, though," he argued, "if you haven't anything worth while to spend it on? Another winter, if things don't go flat, I'll take a trip to California. I've got the looks and the clothes and no one ever said I was a tightwad, so

what's to hinder me making a dash?"

Sunny skies, gentle breezes, beautiful women, no one thinking of work! It was something to look forward to. But outside in the street the people hurried by with their hands to their ears.

"Another of the days," Alexander muttered, "they tell easterners about, when it's cold, but you don't feel it." There was nothing to do but lounge about the hotel till evening. He had a date with Mary Soroka then.

He knew he deserved something better in the way of lady friends than dining-room girls. But, under the circumstances, Mary wasn't so bad. He was glad to take her around and give her a time when she finished her work. She had to drop that crazy notion, though, that he was going to marry her. He smiled at the thought of giving up his freedom and getting on close terms with a horde of her Russian relatives.

Some people might say that he wasn't doing the right thing by her. But hadn't he helped her to learn city ways? That day, a year and a half ago, when she arrived from her father's farm at Plostock, down the Saskatchewan, with her fooska and her sheep-skin coat and her big boots, what a fright she was!



It didn't take her long, however, to realize the fact that she had to dress like a civilized being, if she wanted to get along, and by the time she was promoted from the kitchen to the dining-room the other girls had stopped making fun of her. And then when he started taking her out with him—the ambition of the help at the Ruperta went no further than that—how Mary did queen it over them!

He had to laugh every time he thought of the set-to she had with Laura Alloway the first night he took her to a show. When Mary was dressing, along came Laura and asked her where she was going. He could see her toss back her head, as she said in her broken English (it was much better now):

“Go and get a box at the Bijou and see me sitting up in the front row with your old beau, John Alexander!”

They were rolling around the bedroom floor when the girls came in from the next room and separated them. Mary had to do her hair over and he almost went off without her. He wasn't accustomed to be kept waiting. But when, half-crying, she told him about the spiteful old cat, he just said to her to keep her nose in the air and never mind, that he was going to stick to her and that if Laura was the last girl in town he'd never spend any more money on her again.

And he'd been as good as his word too. There weren't many fellows in his position who wouldn't have taken a whirl now and then with someone else. And yet she wasn't satisfied. If she didn't look out, he'd give her the shake too one of these days. Wouldn't Laura have the laugh then!

As he chuckled at the thought, Mary dashed past the window without looking in. She was out of hearing when he reached the sidewalk. He ran after her and, though he called several times, she did not stop till he had caught up with her.

“Where do you think you're going at this hour?” he asked in a tone of proprietorship.

“Well, I'm not going with you any place, Meester Alexander,” she answered.

She had been crying and was wearing the first American clothes she had owned.

“Where's the hat and coat I gave you for your birthday?”

“In my room.”

“Don't you know you disgrace me when you come out in these rags?”

“They my rags and this a free country.”

He stared at her for a moment.

“Don't get hot about it. I don't mind saying that even in that outfit you look pretty good to me. But what's your game? Want to lose your job, eh, running off just at the rush hour? Think you don't need to worry about jobs any more, is that it?”

“It's my job and I guess I give it up if I want. Any way, boss let me go.”

“What for?”

“None your business. Have to hurry. Good-bye, Meester Alexander!”

She started on again but he held her back.

“Look here, kid, what's all this mean. Why do you call your boy ‘Meester Alexander’? What are you sore about? Haven't I been treating you on the square?”

She hesitated an instant and then, looking at him steadily, replied:

“You all right, far as you go. But I got to think of something else. Do nothing but thinking of you too long. This feast day in our church. You not orthodox and not understand. Your calendar say 19th of January. Ours say 6th of January, end of Christmas time. Not a good girl this Christmas. Went to show with you when ought to go to church, priest came last night and made me feel very bad. Someone tell father I bad girl. He write priest to talk to me. Very kind priest and I promise him



be better girl and go in morning to blessing of water down at river. This big day in Russia. Everywhere people go to river, break ice, pray and sing and drink water. Big help all year. Czar do it on Neva at Petrograd. All soldiers fighting Germans do it before they take breakfast or fire shot. Some get shot doing it, perhaps."

She spoke with quiet fervour, but her sense of the solemnity of the occasion was not communicated to John.

"It beats all," he said with a sneer, "how a bright girl like you who's taken to American ways as you have can stand for all this nonsense. Shake yourself, why don't you, and live in the twentieth century."

The blue eyes lost their softness.

"I tell you this once, Meester John," she answered. "You make fun of my religion, you make fun of me. Go right back to your old cigar stand and not bother me any more. Had enough of you, thank you."

He held her arm but she shook herself free and struck out briskly. He followed, chiding and questioning her, but she took no notice of him. He felt that he was making a mistake; it was something new for him to try to have to force himself on a girl; but, fast as she walked, he kept beside her.

They came to the river valley and turned down the winding road. Out on the ice there was a cleared space; it was bordered with Christmas trees and holiday decorations were strung between them. Three crosses, built with blocks of ice, recalled whose baptism it was that this festival of the church of the East commemorated. An improvised pulpit faced the spot where a cutting had been made to allow the easy release of the water.

As Mary and John neared a little group in the clearing, she broke her silence.

"You please go home," she said. "You not understand this. In few minutes crowd come from church and

we sing and pray. You stay here, you spoil it for me. Be good fellow."

"Oh! I guess I might as well stick around," he rejoined, "and see your damfoolery through. When you've had your fill of sewage, perhaps you'll be in a better humour and walk back with me."

She turned from him abruptly and greeted some Russian friends. They chatted in their own language and Alexander walked over to look at the crosses.

"I have half a mind," he told a man who lived near by, "to go and call up the medical health officer. He'd stop them sure as a gun and that'd put the kibosh on the celebration."

But he found that the nearest telephone was half a mile away.

"I was at the church," said a Russian girl to Mary, "but it was packed and I couldn't get in. I never knew there were so many orthodox in town. Isn't it just as if we were in the Old Country?"

Mary looked at the simple preparations for the ceremony, the expectant Slav faces, the snowy stretch of the Saskatchewan. There had been a heavy fall the night before and then it had frozen hard and all the trees up the high banks had a shimmering covering. The sky was cloudless.

No doubt there was much about this Northwest country, especially in winter time, to suggest Russia. She could easily imagine that she was standing on the ice of the Dnieper. Two years ago she and Ochrin Shandura drank its waters together. Only two years ago! Poor Ochrin! He must have had thoughts of her. It was easily five months since she had written to him. In his last letter he said he had been drafted for the war and was likely to go to Poland or Galicia. She hadn't even written to wish him luck. That would have encouraged him, she argued, to think that she was still his. He was a nice boy, Ochrin, but then, you know, America



does wonders for a girl in a very little while.

"There they are!" someone shouted. In the distance singing was heard. In a few moments the tune could be recognized. It was one of the Norovodi that Mary had often sung at church festivals when she was a little girl. There was a flash of colour at the top of the hill; the priest was in full vestments. Down the road the procession moved slowly, the ikons in the lead, the choir following the priest. How those child voices rang out in clear treble and how like a deep organ was the bass refrain of the glorious chant! What did they know about beautiful church music in this country?

Across the ice they came—incense burning, candles alight, the Holy Book held aloft. Great Russians, Little Russians; fathers of the congregation, with their long, waving beards and well-groomed and Americanized young men; old toil-scarred women, still wearing the fooska, and their daughters, with jaunty hats and stylishly-made clothes. They were all one family to-day. Diverse as were the paths into which the life of the new land led them, the mother church drew them all back to her embrace at times like these.

Around the opening in the river they gathered. Mary kept her head bowed and joined earnestly in the responses.

When the great moment arrived, the priest came down from his pulpit, broke the thin crust and pronounced the blessing. Two doves were released and flew among the Christmas trees.

Mary watched one circling above the crowd. As it descended, her eyes met John's. He winked at her and she was suddenly brought back from Russia to Canada, back from the world of her childhood to that which had of late so largely centred in him.

She turned about with a shudder and saw that the people were already

drinking the water. Pitchers and bottles were filled and passed about among the family groups.

Two lovers, standing near Mary, pledged each other. She watched them closely. It was just as she and Ochrim had done.

But there was no Ochrim here to-day to get the water for her. She drew a bottle from her muff, stooped and filled it. As she put it to her lips, the priest smiled at her.

She was glad, very glad, she had come, but how lonely she felt! If only this were really the Dnieper! Or if Ochrim had come to America with her and her father, instead of staying home and perhaps getting shot!

Had he been drinking the waters of some Polish river this morning? The priest wouldn't need to beg him to come. Would he be thinking of her? But she hadn't any right to expect that.

She knew she had been a bad, foolish girl and perhaps it was too late even to tell him that she was sorry. There was that battle where the Germans drove the Russians back across the Vistula. What was it the papers said? The river ran red with Russian blood. She could see all these bodies floating down the stream. Oh, horrible! was that Ochrim's that passed just now?

The men and women were talking loudly and light-heartedly about her and some had started already for home. But Mary sank to her knees at the edge of the water and prayed, oh, how she prayed, that Ochrim might be safe and that some day she'd see him again and that when she did, he wouldn't be ashamed of her and would still love her.

The priest helped her to her feet. "You have done well, my daughter," he said, "Great is the power of the old religion over the young Russian heart."

"Good morning, Mary," came a cheery voice from the other side of the clearing. She looked up and saw Paul Dubec and his wife Marusia.



"Come on home to dinner with us, won't you," said Paul. "You're a great stranger at our house lately."

"You don't have to go back to work, do you?" asked Marusia.

Both were from her village in Russia. The three had been childhood companions and came to America together. Lately Mary had avoided Paul and his wife and there was a momentary impulse to refuse the invitation. But the appeal of the smiling faces of these good friends of her youth, of her own race, could not be resisted.

"Sure, I'll come," she called back.

"Orthodox girls don't work on Jordan day."

She hurried to join them. After all, there were no people like the Russians and, besides, Paul was Ochrim's cousin.

Marusia kissed her. What a grip Paul had!

"I knew you'd come," he said, "Marusia's been worrying about you. She thought you'd grown away from us all. But I tell her how hard the girls have to work down at that Rupert hotel."

"Oh, I wasn't really worrying," his wife broke in. "It's just that I was growing a little hungry for you. And then you know there are lots of Russian girls that don't come to any good in town, and I got to thinking all kinds of crazy things. You understand how it is. But I should have known you weren't one of that kind."

"Perhaps you weren't so wrong after all," Mary rejoined. "But, anyway, all that sort of thing's over with me now and don't let's talk about it to-day."

At the foot of the road leading up the hill, John was waiting for her.

"You will let me walk home with you, Miss Soroka," he said with a flourish of his hat that he had practised carefully before the mirror in anticipation of the California trip.

"Thank you, Meester Alexander, but I go home with some of my people. You meet Meester Dubec and his

wife, my little girl friend, Marusia."

"Great honour, I assure you. Miss Soroka has often spoken of you both and I have been looking forward for a long while to making your acquaintance."

Mary smiled at his airs of the fine gentleman. They were wasted on her now.

"Most interesting ceremony, that this morning," he assured Paul. "Don't know when I've enjoyed watching anything so much."

"But I must say," John added after a moment, the strain of the language of polite society becoming too much for him, "it does beat me how you figure out that that river water does you any good."

"You see me," Mary ventured, "I very sick girl this morning, when I come down to the river."

"You were feeling on the rough, all right."

"Now I all better, better than for a long while."

"That's all in your eye. You just imagine it."

"Oh, no," interrupted Paul, "she don't imagine it. I explain. You 'member Christ told man take up his bed and walk. Man believe he could take bed and walk or he couldn't do it. When he believed, he do it. Just same this water. You believe it cure you, then," with a gesture which indicated that the argument was over, "it cure you."

"I'm beginning to savvy," John drawled.

A newsboy rushed up to them.

"Big German victory in Poland," he shouted. "Thousands of Russians killed!"

Mary grasped Paul's arm.

"What's the matter, little girl?" John exclaimed, as he noticed how pale she had become. "Water not agreeing with you now?"

"Don't you know she Russian?" Paul turned on him sharply. "She afraid some of her friends get killed in that battle."

"But don't you worry," he said to



Mary. Ochrim not in that battle, you know."

"No, I don't know," she shook her head, while her eyes begged him to go on. "You heard from him?"

Paul laughed.

"What's that about true love never run smooth? I guess you and Ochrim been having some quarrels. But it's going to come out all right, never mind. You got that letter, Marusia? No? Well, you'll read it, Mary, when we get home. Ochrim, when he went to Poland, had some hard fighting. I suppose he told you about that. Didn't get a scratch for two months. Very lucky boy! Then down came a Germany army ten times as big as theirs, when they were holding a bridge, and slaughtered hundreds of them. Awful sight, Ochrim says. Three fellows went at him with bayonets and thought they left him dead. But he wasn't dead. By-and-by along come Red Cross people and take him to hospital. Poor Ochrim! He was in bad shape and no mistake but when he wrote to me he was getting along first rate. Something must have happened to your letter."

"But do you think he'll go back to the fighting?" Mary asked.

"Not much chance. Doctors tell him that peace is going to come before his wounds get healed. Any way, he wouldn't be much good as a soldier for a long time. Lots of men in Russia to take his place."

"Perhaps I shouldn't tell you about this part of the letter," Paul went on with a smile at Marusia. "He thinks he'll come to Canada when the war's

over and it's a sure thing they won't want him any more and I do believe he's got, what they say in English, a bee in his bonnet that he's going to marry you. He didn't just say so but Marusia and I know, don't we, Marusia? You love him yet, don't you Mary?"

"Oh, I think so," she sighed. "And I tell you, Paul, you make me very happy with all you say to me."

Since the conversation switched suddenly to Russian, John had formed a half dozen different theories as to what it was all about. He took careful note of the changes that came over Mary as Paul's narrative proceeded. When it finished, she turned and gave him the first friendly look he had had all morning.

He told himself that he liked her all the more for the spirit that she had shown. They were going to be better pals than ever.

"Nothing like news from home to cheer you up, is there?" he said, as he patted her on the shoulder.

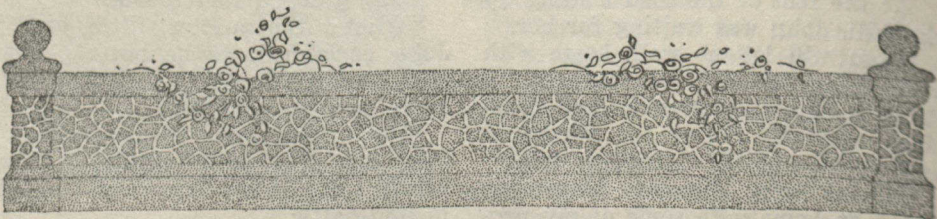
"All correct, Meester Alexander," she answered, glancing slyly at Paul and Marusia.

They reached the street where the Dubecs lived.

"We go this way," said Mary as she held out her hand to John. "Much pleasure seeing you."

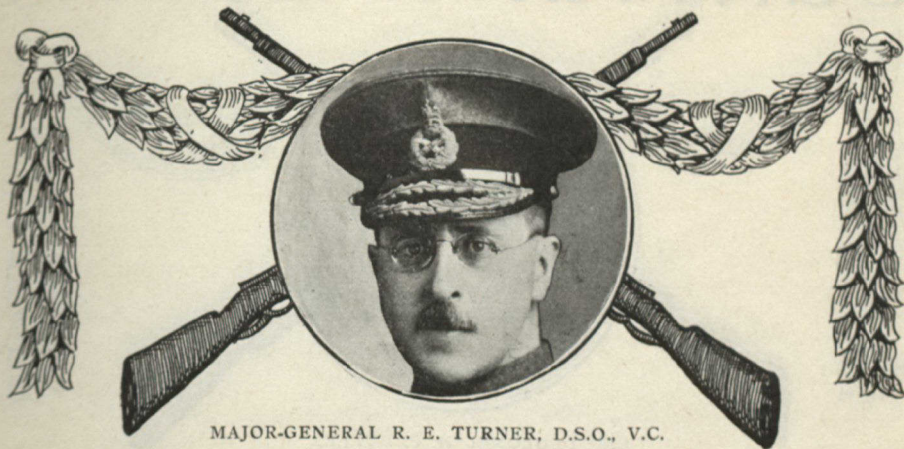
"Same here. You'll be on deck sharp at eight to-night?"

"No, no, I'm sorry, but I make mistake. Orthodox go to bed early to-night. But, I say, Meester Alexander, you read all the papers, how soon you think this war be over?"





# OUR NATIONAL HEROES



MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. TURNER, D.S.O., V.C.

QUEBEC CITY, famed in Canadian military annals, has the honourable distinction of giving two divisional commanders to the Canadian forces in Flanders—General David Watson, commanding the Fourth Division, and General Turner, V.C., commanding the famous Fighting First. If a vote were taken in the Canadian expeditionary forces to establish the ablest of our military leaders at the front, it is certain that General Turner's name would be very high on the list. In organizing ability and tactical skill he is declared by military critics to have reached an unusually high degree of efficiency. He is probably the most experienced of Canadian generals. Of the colonial officers who went to South Africa none achieved so high a distinction. He went out with the first contingent in 1899 and remained fighting the Boers until Kitchener had completed his work. He fought in the battles of Vet River, Zand River, Diamond Hill, and also took part in severe engagements near Johannesburg and Pretoria, displaying such conspicuous valour and leadership that he was awarded the coveted Victoria Cross, as well as the D.S.O. His fine courage and gifts of generalship attracted

the attention and won the highest praise of both Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and the latter recommended him for promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In addition to winning the Victoria Cross and the D.S.O., he was decorated with the Queen's Medal with six clasps. He served under both Roberts and Kitchener, and for some time in 1900 was intelligence officer at Wonderfontein, in the Transvaal.

At the outbreak of the war General Turner was one of the first of Canadian officers to volunteer for service. He went to Valcartier with the rank of colonel. There his ability as an organizer won almost instant recognition and before the contingent departed for overseas he was promoted by General Hughes to the command of a brigade. In the recent fighting at Hoge it was General Turner's "Fighting First" division which recaptured the trenches previously taken by the Germans, thereby gloriously avenging the death of the heroic General Mercer.

Like Generals Morrison, Watson and Mercer, General Turner was born in Canada. He first saw the light in the old city of Quebec, was educated there, and has lived there all his life.



# OUR NATIONAL HEROES



LIEUT.-COLONEL H. C. BULLER

Killed in Action

WHEN the war broke out Colonel Farquhar and Captain H. C. Buller answered the call of Empire as colonel and adjutant respectively of the famous Princess Pats. Colonel Farquhar went down fighting in an engagement near Hill 60 in the winter of 1915, and Captain Buller succeeded to the regiment's command. The other day Buller met death while leading the battalion at Hooge, and his men buried him in Colonel Farquhar's grave.

Colonel Buller has probably seen more hard fighting than any Canadian officer in France or Flanders. He took his regiment, or the remnants of it, through all the terrific fighting at Ypres last spring, losing his right eye in one of the engagements. After some months in the hospital in England he returned to the front and, with his old battalion again brought up to strength, formed a part of the Canadian line in the deadly salient at Hooge. He was killed in a counter-attack on the German lines on the morning of June 3rd.

Colonel Buller came of a fighting family, being a nephew of the late General Buller, of South African fame. He served with distinction

against the Boers and was commended and decorated for bravery under fire. Before coming to Canada as a member of the Duke of Connaught's staff, he held a commission as captain in the Rifle Brigade. He was regarded as an exceedingly able and gallant officer. He was the last of the first staff of the Duke of Connaught's staff to remain in action, with the exception of Brigadier-General Lowther, for Colonel Farquhar, Major Bulkley and Captain Newton all had been killed previously.

Describing the last charge led by Colonel Buller, the correspondent of *The London Times* says: "When they saw the enemy coming and close at hand, they climbed from the trenches to meet them and, some blind and deaf and staggering, they charged magnificently but pitifully to their death, with no weapons but broken rifle butts, bits of entrenching tools, and in some cases their fists. . . . The Princess Patricia's never fought with greater gallantry and, led by the brave Colonel Buller, they helped, though at great cost, to check the further German advance. Colonel Buller met his death in the most heroic fashion."



# OUR NATIONAL HEROES



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. E. SHAW

Killed in Action

AS gallant a soldier as ever faced an enemy lost his life on July 3rd, 1916, when Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Shaw, commander of the First Canadian Mounted Rifles, fell fighting at the head of his men in the bloody battle of Hooze. Colonel Shaw was one of the most modest of men, and it was only known to a very few that on March 18th last he was recommended for the Victoria Cross. One of the British air scouts was in difficulties, his machine diving down upon a part of the ground at Ypres upon which the Germans were raining a tornado of shells. Colonel Shaw rushed from his dugout into the open and carried the pilot to safety, and not a minute too soon, for the aeroplane was shattered into bits by an enormous explosive almost immediately after.

"All the boys loved him." This tribute of praise—as high as any in human standards—was uttered by nearly everyone who knew him when it was learned that he had gone down. Colonel Shaw was beloved by his men, and the camaraderie of the First Mounted Rifles, the brave lads who stemmed the German rush at Hooze, was said to have been uni-

versally remarked. "We go in again on Tuesday," wrote Colonel Shaw shortly before his death, "and, after that, for England! . . . I have been beside men who have been killed, and beside the badly wounded, and have never heard one of them murmur or complain. They shed their blood like the heroes we read about in olden days . . . You will often hear people sympathizing with officers, but it is the rank and file who have to bear the brunt of the hardships. I am proud of my men, and want to be with them always."

Colonel Shaw owed much of his skill as a soldier to several years spent in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, prior to which he had served in the 3rd Mounted Rifles, going to South Africa with that corps. Three years before the present war he transferred to Strathcona's Horse, at Winnipeg, and in October, 1914, he crossed to England with the first Canadian contingent. For eleven months he held the responsible position of Assistant Provost Marshal in London, and instead of "rounding up" offenders, became known as the soldiers' friend, doing his best to keep them out of trouble.



# OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GARNET HUGHES

**B**RIGADIER-GENERAL GARNET HUGHES, who succeeded Brigadier-General Williams, now a prisoner in Germany, as commander of the Seventh Brigade, Third Canadian Division, has the double distinction of being the son of General Sir Sam Hughes and one of the youngest brigadiers in the entire British army. He is but thirty-three years of age. Garnet Hughes inherited all the military zeal and aptitude of his father. He is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston. In the entrance examinations to the college he took first place. He maintained the lead while he was there, and on leaving the college he secured the gold medal and sword of honour. His contemporaries at that period state that Garnet Hughes had one of the most logical and most mathematical brains of all students of his class. Before entering the Royal Military College he took his first-class and second-class military certificates for the militia of Canada at the London Military School. After graduating he engaged in engineering out West and on the Pacific coast, and although a comparatively young man he already had won a considerable name for himself in the engineering world of the Do-

minion as an engineer of merit.

At the outbreak of the war he quickly volunteered his services, and was among the first batch of western officers to arrive at Valcartier. He held the rank of major in the 15th Gordon Highlanders of Victoria. He went overseas in the rank of major, but his natural ability along military lines soon attracted the attention of General Alderson, who promoted him to the rank of colonel. He was in the thick of the fighting at Ypres, and in most of the other engagements where the Canadians distinguished themselves, and his behaviour was recognized by promotion to his present rank.

Of course, there were those who could see nothing in this fine young soldier's rapid promotion but his father's influence as Minister of Militia. The truth is General Hughes knew nothing of his son's advancement until it was announced to him in the regular way through the regular channels. It was entirely the work, as are all Canadian field promotions, of the commander-in-chief of the Canadian forces at the front. And it was promotion won honestly by genuine efficiency and fine gifts of leadership.



# The East in the West

BY MAIN JOHNSON.

IF Saskatoon is reminiscent of Egypt, Calgary certainly, when we saw it, had something Moorish about it. Perhaps the first assumption, however, will not pass unchallenged; therefore, we shall not go too fast.

"Saskatoon like Egypt?" I can hear some scholarly person ask incredulously. "Do you compare the type of Western moderity with the symbol of Eastern antiquity?"

When you walk along the streets of Saskatoon, to be sure, you do not think of Egypt, but it is not all of life to live always on sidewalks. You can walk the streets of Calgary, for example, and not see the snow-crowned summits of the Rockies to the west; there are even streets where you do not see the foothills, which loom up so spaciouly and solidly in many of the street views. But climb one of Calgary's skyscrapers (for the West has high buildings, too, although their streets are still not the canyons of New York nor the fissures of Toronto), climb one of the skyscrapers and all the cloudy snow-capped glories of the Rockies at long range are spread out before you.

So also with Saskatoon. On the streets it is Western Canada; from a high point of vantage, there is at least one touch of Egypt. For, apart from the innumerable schools that crowd the landscape, the building which dominates Saskatoon is an Egyptian temple. It has mass, heaviness, dignity, and permanency.

"I knew there were Ruthenians out

here," exclaimed one of our party," and Galicians and Austrians, and Italians and Belgians, French and Germans, Doukhobors and Poles, Italians and Bulgarians, Englishmen and Americans, Icelanders and Danes, but I didn't think there were enough Egyptians to build even a shack-church, much less such a huge, classic temple."

"What are you talking about?" was the comment of a Saskatoon business man, who probably had been thinking more about how he would meet the next payments on his urban real estate than about either Peru or Egypt.

"I mean that splendid Egyptian temple on the hill," was the Easterner's reply.

"That!" exclaimed the Westerner with contempt at the other's ignorance," that's the Dominion Grain Elevator!"

And so it was.

And yet the man who said it looked like an Egyptian temple was right too. Its style of architecture, from a distance, is old Egyptian. All praise to the imagination of that architect, grotesque as the idea (not the building) may be. He has symbolized in an artistic way, by means of a building devoted to wheat, that great material divinity of the West, the promise of stability and permanence for what some pessimists thought was only a mushroom city.

Now we can return to our original thesis—if Saskatoon is reminiscent of Egypt, there was certainly a



Moorish flavour to Calgary when we saw it. We had come into the city late at night, had gone directly to the hotel, and therefore had not had an opportunity to make any observations that evening. When we went to bed, we were quite certain we were in Canada; when we came down into the hotel rotunda in the morning, we really didn't know where we were. A sybaritic scene of glowing Eastern colour leaped at us. The quiet, tasteful decorations of the hotel were the foils for a riot of purples and yellows and reds and blacks. Moorish potentates, clothed in magnificent robes of purple and white, and other Eastern dignitaries with uniforms of red and gold, lolled in profusion and with nonchalance in the deep-cushioned divans, or talked in an idle fashion with their companions. A slight haze of aromatic smoke perfumed the air, and lent an appearance of shadowy distance. Again as at Saskatoon we marvelled at the cosmopolitanism of Canada, greater by far than we had thought.

Perhaps the most striking feature of these visitors' gorgeous attire was their hats, or rather their fezes (is that the right plural for fez?) or whatever is the name of the head-gear of African satraps. These top-pieces (to use a safe generic term) were of all colours of the rainbow, and much more brilliant. Various figures of animals, actual and mythological, were worked in gold, on the front or sides, and strange foreign names, done in scroll work. I think Alcazar was one of the names we deciphered.

And then, in quick succession, there occurred four incidents which took from us something of our joy. The first was that on one of the hats we deciphered not Aroaster or anything mystical like that, but Lulu.

The very next moment, a number of ladies came in, and joined the rulers, and they were not veiled!

Right on top of this, we overheard one of the most richly robed of the kings cry out, "By gum, I hope those

Giants beat the old Pirates to-day!"

And, to knock down our castle completely, one of the men (do you notice that I am calling them men now?) began singing blythely as if he enjoyed it, "Way down in Michigan!"

So they were only pseudo-moors after all! In fact, they were Americans.

Now, we have always liked Americans, and like them still better after seeing them in their holiday-madness at Calgary, but it was a little disappointment to be fooled at first in their nationality. In truth, they were members of one of the innumerable Secret Societies, which flourish everywhere, but especially in the United States of America, and they were on their way to the Pacific coast for their convention. Their colourful costumes were a part of their full dress regalia.

"Don't they look simply ridiculous?" was the openly contemptuous comment of our Montreal lawyer friend. He seemed to think that this foolishness was somewhat typical of the American people. "They profess to be so democratic," continued the Montrealer, "and to despise all titles and social ranks, but as a matter of fact, they are the vainest race in the world, and in the absence of genuine, historical titles and degrees, they rig themselves up like these foolish folks, establish artificial distinction of rank, and bow down to the superiors elected by themselves."

The rest of us were forced to agree with our friend in admitting that the costumes were somewhat grotesque and apparently unconnected with any fundamental phase of life, and yet our admiration for these visitors far outbalanced any adverse feeling of criticism. Their chief charm was their simpleness, almost their childishness, which delighted in fancy costumes and the opportunity to wear them in public instead of the drab, everyday business suits to which the masculine race in the Western world has either advanced or degenerated.



Added to this simplicity was the quite remarkable spontaneity of their happiness and good humour. Since the opening of the War, we in Canada, rightly and inevitably, had not felt very gay, and we had not been accustomed to see any gayety, at least in public places. It was a positive pleasure, therefore, and a distinct thrill, to meet hundreds of people who apparently had not a worry in the world, and who were out for a buoyant hilarity as in the good old antebellum days.

The gayety of these transients was of a quality which, I am inclined to think, is foreign to Canadians even when conditions are favourable and the world does look rosy. Probably, in spite of all their conservatism, the most essentially gay Canadians are those of French descent in the province of Quebec. Certainly, the evening entertainments in Montreal are bright and light-hearted to an extent undreamed of in rather phlegmatic Toronto, and rural Quebec, with its crowds, almost its hordes, of men, women and children farmers, and the close proximity of their farms, fostering a hospitable, community feeling, is quite a different world from rural-depopulated Ontario. With the exception of the French Canadians, however, and a few of the foreign peoples of the West, Canadians are not gifted with the ability to have a rollicking good time in their amusements. They are, for some reason or other, inclined to be stiff and self-conscious in their fun.

These Americans in Calgary, on the other hand, even if perhaps some of them were a trifle crude, were nevertheless genuinely having a good time, and in their joy, were simply tossing all about them a happy atmosphere which soon overcame even our cynical Montreal friend (who is not a French Canadian). One incident especially will prove what we have been saying about these Moorish-Americans' gayety.

They had with them what they

called the Millionaires' Band, composed of private citizens of an American city, doctors, lawyers and business men, among whom were said to be eight millionaires. Incidentally the band was a good one, but the use that was made of it was the typical characteristic. Not only did "The Millionaires" play in the street at Calgary in front of the hotel, and render British airs, including the banned "Tipperary" with such verve and gusto that the thousands of Britishers standing about cheered them to the echo in scenes of wild enthusiasm (and, by the way, if the bandmaster wasn't a German-American, it wasn't because he didn't look exactly like one, fat, fair and heavy), but also, after the patriotic concert, the band struck up a breezy fox-trot, and, in a minute, the street in the vicinity of the hotel was cleared, and hundreds of American couples were fox-trotting on the pavement with infectious vim and abandon!

The most remarkable part of the story, however, is the time of day at which this incident occurred. It was nine o'clock in the morning! We think of the Latin races as light-hearted and gay, and in the pre-war days they did dance a bit on the streets in France at festival times, and also in Italy. But at nine or twelve at night, not at nine in the morning!

A Frenchman at nine in the morning, if we are to believe his own story, is not much good for anything. He thinks it remarkable and rather vulgar that we English people can get up and have enough energy to go to the breakfast table and eat porridge or bacon and eggs or, perhaps worse still, both. I know a number of French people, and all they can do in the morning (so they say themselves) is to roll around laboriously with many sighs, and, propped up on one arm, munch a small roll and drink the cup of coffee which the servant brings to their bedside.

It is all very well to be bright and



gay and to dance on the pavement at midnight, but this early morning achievement of the Americans puts them, I believe, in the lead among the gay races of the world!

So much for Saskatoon and Calgary. They both had had certain North American characteristics, the former with its Egyptian architecture, and the latter with its Moroccan fashions. Regina, on the other hand, did not look as African as it did ten years ago. Then, despite all its fertility, it had some features, drabness, for example, and treelessness and flatness—which bore a resemblance to the African desert. To-day the desert is blooming. Regina, it is true, still lacks trees and hills and rivers. Its natural situation is not ideal, but the hand of man has been busy, and fortunately it has been an artistic hand, with the result that the capital of Saskatchewan now is one of the show places of the West.

Whether you like Regina or not depends, even more than is usually the case, on the weather. A cold, unseasonable rain, such as met us when we arrived, makes the city look uninviting; bright sunshine, however, or even warm rain, works a transformation.

Regina opened for us in a dirge of rain and cold; it closed with a paean of sunshine and warmth. In all the West, we had never seen the prairies, or rather the skies and the prairies for they merge together, look quite so beautiful. The delicate chastity of the white Parliament Buildings,

framed not only by the home-made but charming Wascana Lake, but also by the most brilliant and unobstructed of blue and white skies, formed a picture which even at the moment, one felt would never entirely depart from one's consciousness, but would constantly be recurring at the thought of beautiful things.

The scene, of course, was as different as could be from the more traditional beauty spots, such as those of the Rockies, but it had all the elements of the artistic, and was just as worthy of the best painters' art. As we saw it that day, it was a fit subject for the brush of a Morrice.

We had four days in Regina, and they were delightful in their range of versatility of the weather and its effects on the prairie. From the windows of Government House, which is not in the city, but a mile or two outside on the open plain, we could see every variety of weather, and at one particular time, we could watch them all at once.

It was a day of fitful and violent deluges, relieved by intervals of brilliance and of peace. From the window of an upper story, we could see the full glory of the prairie sun, feel the tugging vigour of the prairie wind, see the blue of the prairie sky and the green of the prairie wheat, and at the very same moment, could see also the inky black of the prairie storm clouds and the wild bursts of the prairie rain. For those who are sensitive to such things, it was a day of worship.



# CURRENT EVENTS

## By Lindsay Crawford.

WITH that leisurely gait, so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, not moving a man or a gun until the most minute detail had been completed, the British forces on the western front under General Sir Douglas Haig have at length launched their grand offensive. At time of writing the first and second German lines have been carried and heavy guns are pounding away at the third line. The artillery bombardment which preceded the assault was the most terrific and awe-inspiring ever witnessed on a field of battle. Far away in English homes the noise of the bombardment could be heard as it continued, night and day without ceasing, for eight days. Millions of shells of all descriptions were poured on the Germans in what they had come to regard as impregnable positions. The grand experiment decided once for all that it was possible to break the German lines, that the day of deadlocks had passed and that the German positions are untenable under the concentrated fire brought to bear upon them by the British.

While the British have pierced several miles of the enemy's lines, the French army continues with unabated courage the defence of Verdun. The Germans seem determined to carry this position, and will be allowed to do so at any time if they sacrifice another hundred thousand men in the endeavour. A disturbing

element in the present offensive for the Germans is that the Allies refuse to be moved one iota from their pre-conceived plans. Against a force of about one and a half million British effectives and about half a million French the Germans for the first time are feeling the shock of inferiority in numbers. There is a cheery optimism noticeable in the Allied Press which bodes well for the result of the present offensive. In some quarters it is confidently hoped that the war will be over before another winter sets in. It is too soon yet to prophesy with regard to the duration of the war, for, although the British have reached the third German line of defence, these entrenched positions may be repeated *ad infinitum* back to the German frontier. A significant sign was the use of cavalry for the first time after eighteen months of incessant trench warfare. The appearance of British cavalry on the western front surprised the British troops quite as much as it alarmed the enemy. It was a magnificent spectacle to see the British cavalry charging through the enemy. It seemed to proclaim an end to the dull monotony of underground warfare. It is rumoured that the Allies have amassed about half a million cavalry in the pink of condition. The use of this arm of the service will be recorded more frequently now that the Germans are being slowly driven back.



The death of Lord Kitchener has brought about changes in the British Cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George is now Secretary of State for War, while Lord Derby, as Under-Secretary of State for War, is responsible for the supplies of munitions. The phenomenal success of Mr. Lloyd George in this campaign is a complete reply to the oft-repeated question, "Can a democracy prosecute a successful war?" With very few exceptions the members of the Cabinet who are really doing things in this war have sprung from the democratic ranks. It does not require the examples of the United States and France to show that a democracy can be thoroughly efficient as a military instrument. The raising of Kitchener's army, which will now decide the issue on the western front; the organization of munitions in British factories; the financing of the war by the British Government—all this proves that democracy in war is not less efficient than the most autocratic form of government. It is true, of course, that democracy is less disposed to wage an offensive war, but this is an argument in favour of the extension, not the limitation, of democratic forms of government throughout the world.

\*

A significant sign of the times is the rumour that Austria and Turkey may each sue for separate peace. It baffles the ordinary lay mind how Austria-Hungary has been able to keep in the field after the terrible losses she has suffered. As to Turkey, the revolt of the Arabs in Sinai and the tightening grip of the Anglo-Russian armies in the Caucasus and Mesopotamia regions have combined to cool the ardour of the Turks and cast discredit on the leadership of Enver Pasha.

The Russians are still hammering away on the eastern front. Having cleared the enemy out of Bukowina they have flung their forces into Galicia, where the enemy is making

preparations to evacuate important centres. The resurgence of Russia has been a dramatic surprise to the Germans who, with Verdun on their hands, apparently cannot find sufficient men to enable Hindenberg to resume a northern offensive in the Baltic provinces.

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The proposed settlement of the Irish question on the basis of the exclusion of six Ulster counties, including the boroughs of Belfast, Londonderry and Newry, has been endorsed by the Carsonites in the north and by the Redmondites. As a settlement it is not likely to survive very long, as it has arrayed against it not only the Sinn Fein element, but also a large minority of the Redmondites and the entire Unionist population of the south and west of Ireland. As a half-way house it may serve in bringing the North and South together in a National Parliament, but it is doubtful if the new Irish Parliament will meet during the war. In the present temper of the Irish people it would not be possible for Mr. Redmond to carry on government save under military protection. The suggestion that the Irish problem may be settled ultimately as part of a wider scheme of Imperial Federation does not take account of the difficulties that lie in the way for any scheme of Imperial reconstruction that does not admit Ireland to the circle of self-governing nations. Irish Nationalists will not be satisfied with a mere provincial form of government, such as Ontario and Quebec possess.

While politicians are wrangling over the political status of Ireland, it is refreshing to read the following letter from a late regimental chaplain of the Royal Munster Fusiliers in France, the Reverend Francis A. Gleeson, a Catholic curate. The letter is addressed to Sergeant-Major Dineen, of Aghada, and shows that Irishmen are much nearer a settlement of their old-world quarrels than



politicians would have us believe:

19 Buckingham Street,, Dublin,  
26th June, 1916.

Dear Sergeant-Major Dineen,—I am having the mission souvenir sent to you today. Few of the Munsters whom I met deserve it more. May God ever bless and guard the good and faithful Munsters—as Catholic and devoted a body of Irishmen an Irish priest need wish to meet or minister to. It makes me so lonely when I think of the hundreds of admirable fellows who lived and died with me during my time in France. The holy manner in which they prepared for the great conflicts, the calm confidence with which they faced certain death, and the edifying sights that surrounded their last moments, when they eagerly grasped Mary's Rosary and lovingly kissed the crucifix—these things have reflected fresh glory on our faith and on our country. In Ireland's sad history much blood and sacrifice has been offered for her freedom and redemption. It is true and just to say that the sacrifices made and the blood shed by the Irish regiments in the present war are as truly and sincerely offered up for the same sublime object—the liberty and love of Ireland. Knowing the Irish soldiers as I do, I know that in serving in the army they believe they are serving their motherland in an efficacious and noble way; and their deaths in such circumstances deserve the honour due to those who have ever made, or ever will make, the supreme sacrifice for Ireland's cause. From Dunkirk to Bagdad the soldier sons of Southern Ireland have mixed their sweat and blood with that of their Protestant brothers of Northern Ireland; and, having met the Ulstermen and Munstermen on the crimsoned fields of France, and having myself laid their mangled bodies side by side in the same grave, I am justified in believing that, at last, the unity and fraternal friendship of all Irishmen is the harvest from the seeds of brotherhood and common nationality sown in the great sacrifices of a great war. The tears of Erin are about to cease, for "her various tints unite to form in Heaven's sight one arch of peace." All Irishmen are followers of Christ, and these are His words: "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another" (John xiii., 35).

\*

There are two schools of thought in regard to Imperial reconstruction. One is led by the aristocratic diehards who fought to the last against the abolition of the veto of the Lords, and who still threaten to have that Act

revoked as soon as they return to power. This school frankly contends that questions of foreign policy, the government of India and Egypt, and other such matters of Imperial concern, cannot safely be left in the hands of the democracy. Their idea is that a reconstruction of the Empire should provide a further opportunity for the old feudal classes to continue as the ruling element in the wider sphere of Imperialism from which the direct influence of the democracy is rigidly excluded. Another school of thought is that which reflects the democracy of the United Kingdoms and the Dominions. This important body of public opinion views with deep concern any attempt on the part of the old ruling classes to recover their class dominance in a specially created Imperial Parliament. The question of the reconstruction of the Empire is not quite so simple as theorists would have us believe. As *The Manchester Guardian* points out, it is not yet quite clear that even in Great Britain, as a result of the war, the democratization of government will be extended to foreign policy on which hang the issues of peace and war. Failing this widening of democratic control any scheme of Imperial Federation must necessarily signify class government in Imperial affairs—a policy which is incompatible with the growth of democratic institutions.

Writing of the projected plan of Imperial Federation, *The Manchester Guardian*, the leading organ of British Radicalism, says:

The conference on the future government of the Empire which is to meet at the end of the war raises tremendous questions to which past Colonial Conferences afford no real parallel. What used to be called Imperial Federation will definitely enter into actual politics. And it is certain that the representatives of the Dominions, fresh from a war which has cost them sacrifices relatively as great as our own, will at any rate emphasize the point that if they are to make the sacrifices they ought to have some share in the making of the policy that leads to them. Whether that would lead to what is called the



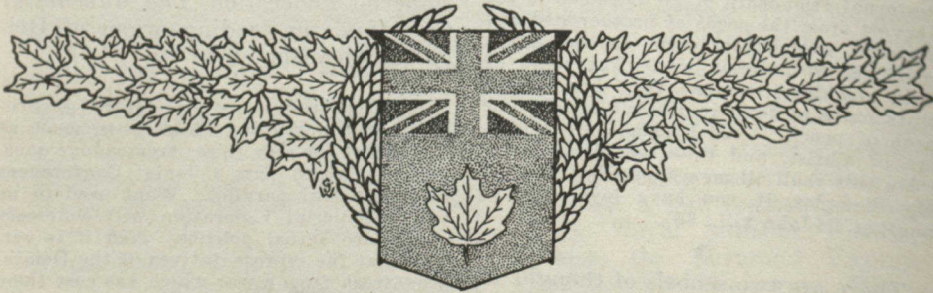
"democratization" of our foreign policy and the break-up of the present oligarchy which controls it—an argument that appeals with great force to some Liberals—would depend mainly on the form which proposed schemes of union took. The union might lead to greater popular control, due to the participation of the Dominions in the direction of our foreign policy, or it might, on the other hand, lead to government by a kind of Imperial Council of Elder Statesmen. These, however, are vast questions into which it is impossible to see very far. We indicate them without discussing them, merely as illustrations of the tremendous ferment which the war has set working in all political ideas.

\*

Is Canada to pass through a social revolution similar to that associated with the name of Mr. Lloyd George in the United Kingdom? A meeting of the Liberal Advisory Council met last month at Ottawa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the chair. A programme of social reforms was put forward, but whether this will make any headway remains to be seen. Canada is far behind the Mother Country in social legislation. The Dominion is on the threshold of some interesting re-alignments of political forces.

The murder of Mr. F. Sheehy-Skeffington by a British officer during the recent outbreak in Dublin is to be the

subject of a special Government inquiry. The officer was court-martialed and found guilty of murder, but during temporary insanity. The trial and verdict have stirred public feeling to such an extent that Mr. Asquith, in response to pressure, has decided to re-open the case. It is alleged that officers higher up treated the shooting of Skeffington with indifference. Mr. Skeffington had devoted his rare talents to the propagation of the woman suffrage movement. *The Irish Citizen*, of which he was editor, was a weekly journal that voiced the feminist movement in Ireland with a vigour and independence that made it a force to be reckoned with in political circles. When he was brutally done to death by a British officer Mr. Skeffington had incurred a personal liability of one thousand dollars in carrying on the paper. A fund has been opened to wipe out this debt, and among those who are associated in the raising of the money are leading suffragists in England and Ireland. One of the most brilliant of the younger free-lances in Irish public life, Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, will be missed in the New Ireland in which he seemed destined to play a big, even if independent, part.





# THE LIBRARY TABLE

WITH THE FRENCH

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Toronto:  
The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS intensely interesting volume was written during the last months of 1915 and the beginning of the present year, in the form of letters from France, Greece, Serbia and England. It gives a gripping picture of the scenes which the late distinguished war correspondent encountered on his last trip through the war zones. Frankly pro-Ally in his sympathies, the late Richard Harding Davis had the ear of the Allied commanders and had opportunities enjoyed by few of seeing the fighting armies at close quarters. What he saw on the last trip strengthened his belief in the ultimate triumph of the Allied cause, and did much to impress his own countrymen with a sense of their duty regarding the great issues that are being fought out on European soil.

The book opens with the arrival of the author at Bordeaux which, for a time, was capital of France when, in the early days of the war, German armies threatened Paris. In contrast to the splendid monuments, beautiful parks and buildings of rare architectural interest, he noticed some sad sights on the streets of Bordeaux.

"There are so many wounded. There are so many women and children in black. It is a relief when you learn that the wounded are from different parts of France, that they have been sent to Bordeaux to recuperate and are greatly in excess of the proportion of wounded you would find

in other cities. But the women and children in black are not convalescents. Their wounds heal slowly or not at all."

At the quay lay a white ship with gigantic American flags painted on her sides, unloading horses for the French army. The animals were glad to be free after their long period of confinement on board ship, and kicked joyously, scattering the sentries, who were jet-black Turcos.

In vivid colours he depicts the departure of an express train with recruits for the front, in their new sky-blue uniforms, new soup-tureen helmets, and new shoes. The last farewells were lingeringly said at the station as the young soldier kissed the wife, sister or sweetheart or whatever she was, sketchily on one ear and shoved her after the fleeing figure of her mother, with the last injunction, "*Gardez mama!*"

In Paris the author found the city no longer gay, but Paris going about her business as usual. The people showed a great calmness, great courage and confidence that to every enemy of France must be disquieting. Paris always had its quota of soldiers. The only difference to-day is that they wear bandages or walk on crutches. The flower markets carry on their traffic around the Madeleine as usual, while crowds of women flock in front of the shops in the Rue de la Paix. It is a France that has confidence in her armies, and that is patiently awaiting the outcome of the war. Everywhere the people are warned against German spies. "Be silent. Be distrustful. The ears of



the enemy are listening," is the oft-repeated injunction posted on the dead walls of public buildings, in tramways, trains and cafés.

A change has come over the French with regard to the United States which the author was quick to observe.

"Before the war we were not unduly flattering ourselves if we said the attitude of the French toward the United States was friendly. There were reasons why they should regard us at least with tolerance. We were very good customers. From different parts of France we imported wines and silks. In Paris we spent, some of us spent, millions on jewels and clothes. In automobiles and on Cook's tours every summer Americans scattered money from Brittany to Marseilles. They were the natural prey of Parisian hotel-keepers, restaurants, milliners and dressmakers. We were a sister republic, the two countries swapped statues of their great men—we had not forgotten Lafayette. France honoured Paul Jones. A year ago in the comic papers, between John Bull and Uncle Sam, it was not Uncle Sam who got the worst of it. Then the war came and with it, in the feeling toward ourselves, a complete change. A year ago we were almost one of the Allies, much more popular than Italians, more sympathetic than the English. To-day we are regarded, not with hostility, but with amazed contempt. This most regrettable change was first brought about by President Wilson's letter calling upon Americans to be neutral. The French could not understand it. From their point of view it was an unnecessary affront."

Next to Paris the most interesting sketches of war life are those of Salonika. Starting with the water-front, along which lies the principal streets containing in an unbroken row the hotels, the houses of the rich Turks and Jews, clubs, restaurants, cafés, and moving-picture theatres, all ablaze at night with electric lights, he found

much in the scene to remind him of Broadway—but Broadway with one-half of the street in darkness. "In the darkness lay hundreds of vessels of every nationality. Behind was a background of hills that form the third and last defence of the city. In the crest a fifteenth-century citadel stands like a towering sentinel against the sky-line. Salonika is a veritable Tower of Babel, but the language most commonly used is French. A neutral port, a neutral territory, along the quay were spies of every enemy nation calmly watching the landing of troops from the transports, counting the number of cases of ammunition and men. The Allies in Salonika are forced to live under conditions that would be intolerable in any other war zone. The neutrality of Greece enables spies to go about freely and record the doing of the Allies for the information of the German headquarters staff. These spies sit in the same restaurants with French and English officers. They are in charge of head spies, who in turn report to the respective consulates of Austria, Turkey and Germany. The Allies are helpless to prevent the activity of the spy system.

"The streets are narrow, irregular and unkept, and the clamour is increased by the rumble and roar over the huge paving-stones of the army motor trucks carrying supplies from the quay to the Allied lines. The East clashes with the West and the various uniforms lend a medley of colour to the scene."

Verdun and St. Mihiel occupy the last chapters of the book. The attack on Verdun had just commenced, the fourth time this historic spot has witnessed the advance of an enemy. The author describes a visit to one of the Verdun forts. At the time of writing the author saw little possibility of the Crown Prince ever getting through the almost impregnable lines of trenches and fortified positions defended by the French.

The book is profusely illustrated



with photographs of actual scenes on the battle-fields. They add greatly to the interest of the story, which will be read with pathetic interest in view of the tragic end of the brilliant author. A perusal of this book will give the reader an intelligent grasp of the tremendous importance of the task that is thrown upon the Allied commanders in defending the liberties of Europe. It is written throughout with the graphic pen of a master journalist, whose experience as a war correspondent enabled him to grasp the salient features and record in picturesque language the kaleidoscopic scenes that met his eye in the various theatres of war.

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### THE PRISONER

By ALICE BROWN, Toronto: The Mac-Millan Company of Canada.

THE author of this book is beginning to take a prominent place among the popular novelists of the United States. Her other two novels, "My Love and I" and "Vanishing Points" gained much popularity, but this is regarded as a better piece of work than either of the other two. It suffers somewhat from a hackneyed theme, namely, the struggle of a young man to live down the stigma of a term in prison. One false step sends him behind the bars, but love and a determination to right the wrong overcome all obstacles. There are several intensely dramatic moments, and altogether it is a better novel than the average one.

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### CAPPY RICKS

By PETER B. KYNE, New York: The H. K. Fly Company.

HERE at last is a novel of the sea or, rather, a novel of men who harness the sea and then set other men to drive it. Old Cappy Ricks, the owner of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company and the Blue Star

Navigation Company, is the chief character, and a most amusing character he is. Indeed, the book is full of amusing situations and dialogue and one reads it with the zest that attends the discovery of something fresh and stimulating. Here is part of the description of Ricks:

It is more than probable that had Alden P. Ricks been a large, commanding person possessed with the dignity the average citizen associates with men of equal financial rating, the Street would have called him Captain Ricks. Had he lacked these characteristics, but borne nevertheless even a remote resemblance to a retired mariner, his world would have hailed him as Old Cap Ricks; but since he was what he was—a dapper, precise, shrewd, lovable little man with mild, paternal blue eyes, a keen sense of humour, and a Henry Clay collar, which latter, together with a silk top hat, had distinguished him on 'Change for forty years—it was inevitable that along the Embarcadero and up California Street he should bear the distinguishing appellation of Cappy. In any other line of human endeavour he would have been called Pappy—he was that type of man.

\*

### THE HUMAN BOY AND THE WAR

By EDEN PHILPOTTS, Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a first-rate boys' story—by a boy (for the author is always youthful), about a boy and for boys. The style is so good, however, that older readers will enjoy it just as much, if not more. The boy in this book tells his own story, the story of what he is, what he thinks, what he does and what he wants. It contains much good humour and much sympathy. The beginning depicts a school-boys' fight in a sand-pit.

"In time, curiously enough, there got to be two war parties in the school. Of course, they both wanted England to win, but we took a higher line about it, and looked on to the end, and argued about the division of the spoils, and the general improvement of Europe, and the new map, and the advancement of better ideas, and so on; while Rice and Pegrarn and such-like took the 'horrible slaughter' line, and rejoiced to hear of parties surrounded



and Uhlans who had been eating hay for a week before they were captured, and the decks of battleships just before they sank, and such-like necessary but very unfortunate things."

It goes on through all the life of an active boy in war time, and ends with the boy in the office of a firm of stock brokers, where he overhears one of the partners say that he is taking to it like a duck to water. And it closes with the confession that "I am writing this account of the business at Merivale on sheets of the best correspondence paper of Messrs. Martin and Moss! They would not like it if they knew. But they won't know."

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#### THE PROBLEM OF THE COMMONWEALTH

By LIONEL CURTIS. Toronto: The MacMillan Company.

THE writer of this book, who has taken a leading part in the Round Table movement, acknowledges he has set out to examine how Canadians, having gone to war, will presently assume control of the issues leading to peace or war. Canada is engaged in war, but we, as everyone knows, had nothing to do with the cause of the war. Therefore, says Mr. Lionel Curtis, the people of Canada, having no Minister responsible to themselves for determining the issues of peace and war have not attained responsible government in the real sense of the word. It is a momentous question, but it is by no means a new question. It has been with us ever since Confederation. And the fact that the Canadian Government does not declare war is only one of the instances of imperfections as a so-called self-governing country. Canada governs herself in most things; but the issue, as seen by Mr. Curtis, is whether the Dominions are to become independent republics, or whether this world-wide Commonwealth is destined to stand more closely united as the noblest of all

political achievements. If in truth this is the issue, no greater has ever been raised by events for conscious decision. It is such as transcends parties and party creeds, as much as the immediate issues of the present war, or, indeed, more so. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to plead that political leaders should abstain, at least for so long as the war is in progress, from committing their followers either to or against the conclusions of this inquiry.

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#### WHEN PAN PIPES

By MARY TAYLOR THORNTON, Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS story, although, as seems quite proper, it contains a villain, a duel, an elopement and several mysteries, is generally happy and in its fate is almost always kind. Reuben Gade, a peddler who used to go to Cloudesley at indeterminate times to sell his wares, is one of the most attractive characters, the kind of men who bribes himself into doing good deeds. He is by nature a miser, but he fights against nature, and every time he succeeds in taking advantage of himself to the advantage of some one else he puts a gold piece in "a jar of good deeds". He it is who helps Jerry, the youth whose father left him as a legacy some of his own handwork in the form of a carved image of Pan. This image in time becomes a curiosity, and as Gade is a dealer in antique objects he plays a part in the development of the plot. Jerry, left alone, was reared by a widow and educated by his playmate, Betty—fascinating, elusive, naughty Betty. They lived and played and worked and learned in the fields and woods of Betty's foster parents. And they were shy of, and a little awed by, the Earl of Cloudesley, on whose estate they were tenants. The Earl's daughter's, for whom great plans are made, takes part in the story, but as Pan plans, not a great part.





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A little wound—even a pin-prick—opens the way for germs. What you apply should be utterly sterile. It is folly to take risks.

You should have on hand  
B&B Absorbent Cotton  
B&B Gauze and Bandages  
B&B Adhesive Plaster

Then call a physician—always—for more than a minor wound.

### Be Sure of B&B

B&B dressings have, for 22 years, been made to meet hospital requirements.

They are made in a model laboratory, under ideal conditions, constantly supervised by highly-skilled chemists.

They are *twice* sterilized by costly apparatus, in the most efficient way. The rooms are equipped like operating rooms, filled with washed air.

Then our Cotton is protected by

*Always call the doctor—Remember First Aid is only first aid.*

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Chicago and New York.

a Handy Package. You never touch the unused part—never remove the roll.

It also comes in germ-proof envelopes (B&B Arro Brand Cotton)—just enough for one use in each. So does B&B Handy-Fold Gauze.

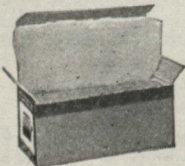
These are extreme methods, but essential to safety. Surgeons and hospitals require them. Anything less than B&B standards involves vast risk.

### Fumigation

So with fumigation. Half measures are worse than none. They simply make danger seem safe.

B&B Fumigators have twice the usual strength. They accord with Government recommendations. You may feel sure that no germ lives where their gas penetrates.

Don't be careless in this war on germs. They are too dangerous. Do as surgeons do—be utterly sure. Insist on the B&B standards.

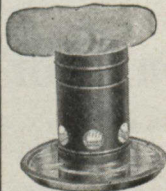


B&B Absorbent Cotton

Protected by a patent package. The unused part stays untouched.

# B&B

## Formaldehyde Fumigators



Ready for use and twice the usual strength. Sizes for all rooms. The gaseous germicide enters every crevice.

## Some of the B&B Home of the B&B Needs

Double-Sure Products  
Absorbent Cotton  
Gauze Bandages  
Adhesive Plaster  
First-Aid Packets  
Blue-jay Corn Plasters  
Fumigators  
Araby Pastils  
(Elegant Deodorizers)  
Sold by All Druggists



# Smile Makers

## At Rising Time



Do you know any food which greets you at breakfast so inviting as Puffed Wheat or Rice?

Airy bubbles of grain, flaky, toasted and crisp. Each morsel seems a bonbon.

But you know they are whole grains, made wholly digestible. You know that every atom feeds.

No elements are lacking—none are lost. For in these foods—and these only—every food cell is blasted

by steam explosion.



## At Dinner Time

These grains are so crisp, so toasted, so flavory that they take the place of nut-meats.

Folks garnish ice cream with them. They use them in candy. They dot them on frosted cake.

Yet Puffed Grains hold supreme place among scientific grain foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. In every kernel a hundred million steam explosions are created. They are perfect foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence.

<b>Puffed Wheat</b>	<i>Except</i>	<b>12c</b>
<b>Puffed Rice</b>	<i>in</i>	
	<i>Far</i>	
	<i>West</i>	<b>15c</b>



## At Bed Time

The bowl of milk in summer is the favorite bed-time dish. But it's twice as delightful with Puffed Grains floating in it.

These grains are puffed to eight times normal size. They are four times as porous as bread.

You get the whole wheat in Puffed Wheat—all the phosphorus of the outer coats. You get it so it easily, completely digests without any tax to the stomach.

Do you know anything else which so meets the requirements of an ideal good-night dish?

See if you have all these foods on hand.

### The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers  
(1353)

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

SASKATOON, SASK.



# 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

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ENGLAND

## CLARK'S SPAGHETTI

WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE



A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL









# NON RUSTABLE D & A CORSETS

New corsets must precede new costumes—See the D & A and the La Diva models, which give the best foundation for correct style dresses.

Despite the excellence of their material and workmanship, these corsets, which are made in Canada, sell at from \$1.00 to \$3.00 less than similar imported models. They are sold by most of the progressive corset departments.

*Domintion Corset Co., Quebec, Montreal and Toronto*

## IF BABY IS UNDER-NOURISHED GIVE HIM ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY



Is your baby peevish and irritable? Is it under-weight and not gaining strength or weight? Is it restless at night, constantly crying and unable to retain food? Any of these symptoms would indicate that baby is not getting the right food. There is nothing better to nourish and strengthen your children than Robinson's "Patent" Barley. It is easily digested and readily assimilated. Read what Mrs. Moore, of Yew Tree Farm, Pleasenhall, Suffolk, England, says about her boy (whose picture is shown), "He was brought up entirely on cow's milk and Robinson's "Patent" Barley until he was 14 months old."

*Send today for our invaluable little booklet, entitled  
"Advice to Mothers."*

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CERTAIN-TEED is best for your farm buildings, because it saves you money, is weatherproof, easy to lay, looks better and is cheaper than galvanized iron, tin or wood shingles.

It is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years according to ply (1, 2 or 3). This is a real guarantee backed by a business operating the world's largest roofing mills. Don't confuse CERTAIN-TEED with cheap roofing sold by mail.

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# JAEGER

## Ladies' Sports Coats

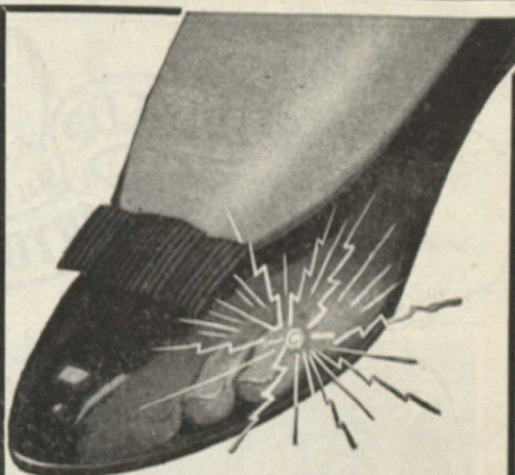
For active outdoor life, nothing equals in attractiveness and comfort Jaeger Sports coats, either in camel hair or white and fashionable colors. These with Jaeger Spencers, Cardigans, Golfers and Sweaters offer a choice of garments for outdoor wear unsurpassed in attractiveness.

*A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application to:*

**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woolen System **CO. Limited**

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"Incorporated in England in 1883 with British capital for the British Empire."



## My Enemy My Corn

It's Utterly Needless

This is to prove that every corn which stays and hurts is folly.

Lovers of dainty footwear are bound to start corns. But nobody needs to keep them.

At the first sign—or any time—apply a Blue-jay plaster. That ends all pain. And it ends the corn. In two days it disappears.

You know that paring never cures.

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Now you should know Blue-jay. It has ended 70 million corns. To a world of men and women it has brought perpetual freedom.

**We promise that to you.**

# Blue-jay

Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists.

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters  
**BAUER & BLACK**, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.





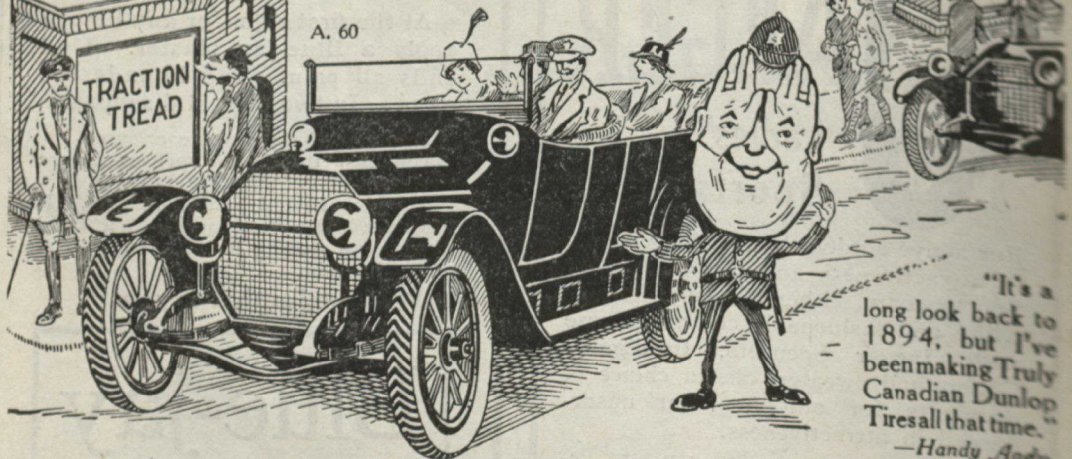
Twenty-two years' experience means that into Dunlop Traction Tread, and into Dunlop Special, we put all the knowledge which has been accumulated through those years of successfully serving Canadians because we thoroughly understand Canadian conditions.

It means that years ago we faced and mastered the issues with which other tire-makers are confronted to-day.

True, a few tire users occasionally swing their allegiance from Dunlop to some other make, but it is almost a certainty those same tire users will come back to "Dunlop Traction Tread" or "Dunlop Special"

In the end, it is the tire maintaining the best quality average that wins out; and we surely know more about quality averages in Canada than any other maker, seeing our experience is as great as that of all other tire makers in this country combined.

A. 60



"It's a long look back to 1894, but I've been making Truly Canadian Dunlop Tires all that time."  
—Handy Andy.

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Makers of High-grade Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Carriages, and High-grade Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Hoses, Mats, Horse Shoe Pads, Tiling, and General Rubber Specialties.



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for children*

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Does not contain opium, morphine,  
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*Soothes the fretting baby and  
thereby give relief to  
the tired mother.*



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One-third "Lily White" to two-thirds  
Sugar, by weight.

"Lily White" Corn Syrup prevents fer-  
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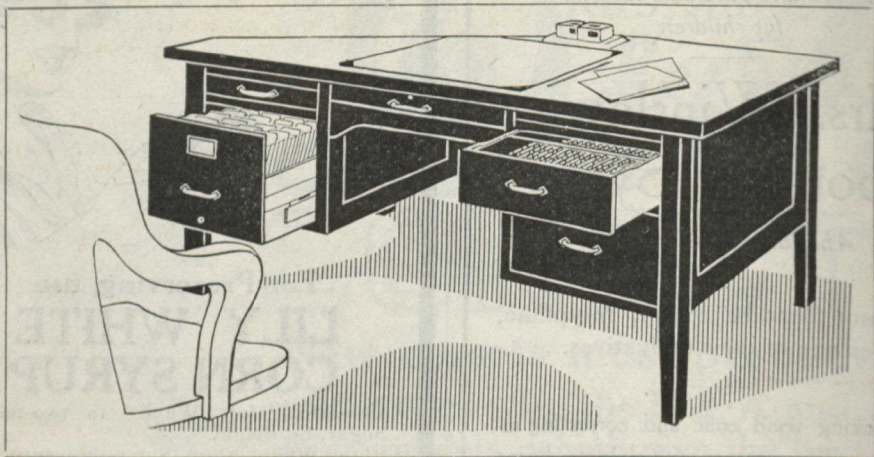


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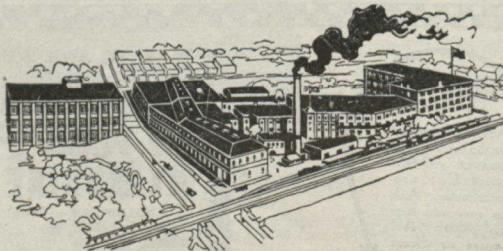
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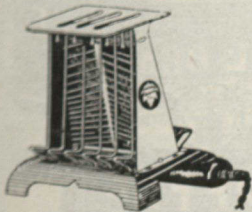
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have long life. Their sturdy build, from sound materials, is an assurance of lasting service. They are economical, sold at reasonable prices and cost little to run. They are handsome, a graceful addition to any home.



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ent take from one to two  
in a tumbler of Tepid Wa

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HAD NEVER TASTED ABBAY'S SALT I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SAID I HATE IT THROUGH PHYSIC TO THE DOGS

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CAUTION Please see that the SPOON and GLASS are PERFECTLY DRY as any dampness would spoil the Salt

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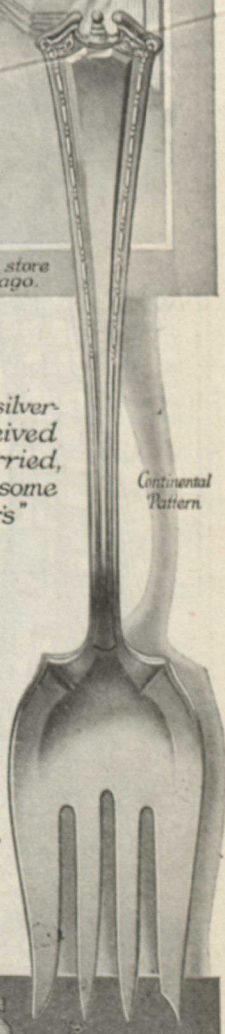
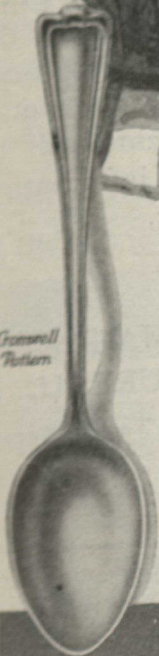
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Miss C. R.—After using my "Trados 22" for only two weeks sees a wonderful improvement in the shape of her nose.

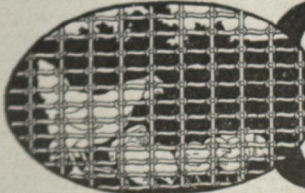
Mr. P. R. writes—"Your Nose Shaper is doing the work and I am certainly pleased with it; will recommend it to my friends."

Miss K. W. says that she is getting fine results and is very much elated over the nose shaper.

Dr. F. D. G. writes and says that after he had used it for two weeks he thinks that "Trados 22" is fine and will recommend it to his patrons.

Mr. J. B. is very pleased with the Nose Shaper and his nose looks much better.

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