THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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April, 1914

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TORONTO

The Canadian Magazine

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The CANADIAN MAGAZINE

For May

THE BEGINNINGS OF BRITISH COMMERCE AT MONTREAL

By A. Gordon Dewey. British troops entered Montreal in 1760. That event and year mark an epoch in our commericial history. This article outlines and traces that development, and is therefore a valuable contribution to our historical literature.

JOHN GALT: FOUNDER OF CITIES

By J. E. Wetherell. How few know that Guelph, Galt, and Goderich were founded by John Galt! But Mr. Wetherell here does justice to one whose name must forever be connected with the early development of the Province of Ontario.

THE HOUSE IMPREGNABLE

By George Clarke Holland. The official reporter of the Senate at Ottawa here shows why it would be almost impossible to do away with the Dominion Upper House.

THE SHACK ON THE NORTH TRAIL

By Ronald Graeme. An absorbing story of murder in a Western Canadian shack and of how the crime was discovered.

THE WARNING

By Norman Rankin. The lumber output of British Columbia is a billion and a quarter feet a year. It costs $140,000 a year to protect it. Mr. Rankin here gives a vivid impression of lumber-camp life, and lumbering in general, in British Columbia, with a warning. There are excellent photographs.

SABA: THE UNKNOWN ISLAND

By Lester Ralph. A delightful account of a visit to an "unknown" island of the West Indies. A strange rock, "rising sheer out of the sea," whereon a quaint people, sailors and boat-builders, live in magnificent isolation.

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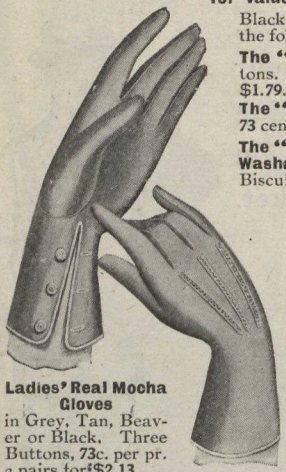

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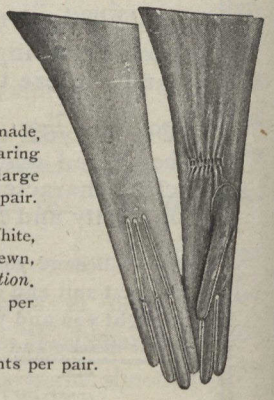

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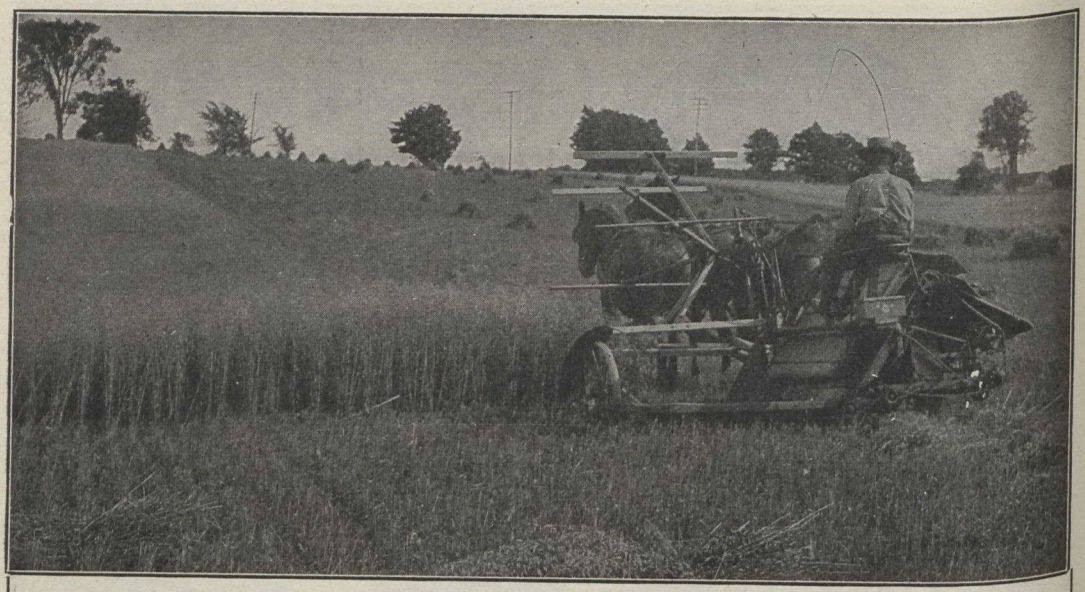

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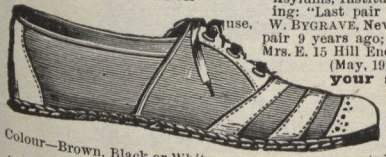

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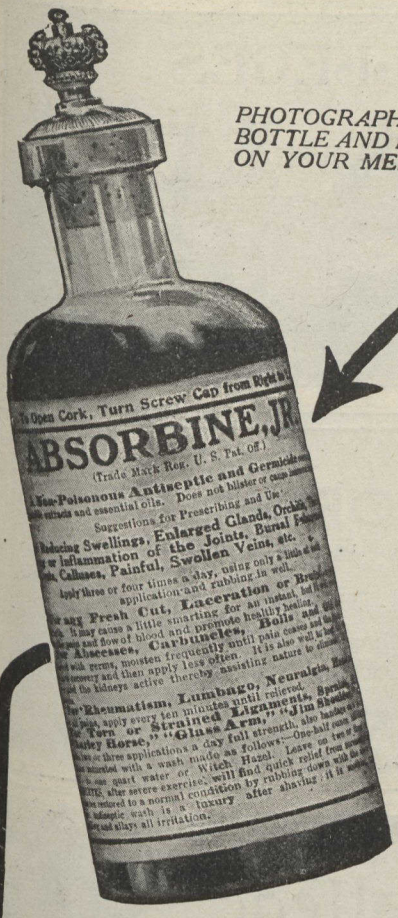
By The Way

The Vancouver World says that "The Canadian Magazine is steadily attaining a high position among the magazines of the continent and reflecting credit on the national taste and literary attainment."

Mr. Carmen's article in this number, entitled, "When De Salaberry was Worsted," is the result of a happy discovery of the original correspondence, which has been lodged in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa. There are on hand several other articles of great interest and value by Mr. Carman. They will appear in the Magazine soon.

The selections by Mr. Acland of pieces of literature dealing with the woman question should not pass without comment. They are intended to show, as they do, that woman's place in the social scheme is by no means a modern problem; it seems always to have existed. "The Drama Without End" should be read by all who are intelligently interested in the woman question.

Mrs. Murphy's account of her trip to Grouard ends with this interest. So end also Mrs. Grant's sketches, for the present at least. But there are in hand other contributions from these two charming writers, so that readers of the Magazine will hear from them again, particularly in Mrs. Murphy's prose poem entitled "A Song of This Land," which will appear in the May number. Mr. Stewart's entertaining account of a trip through Mexico is the result of a visit to that country just before the commencement of the present insurrection.



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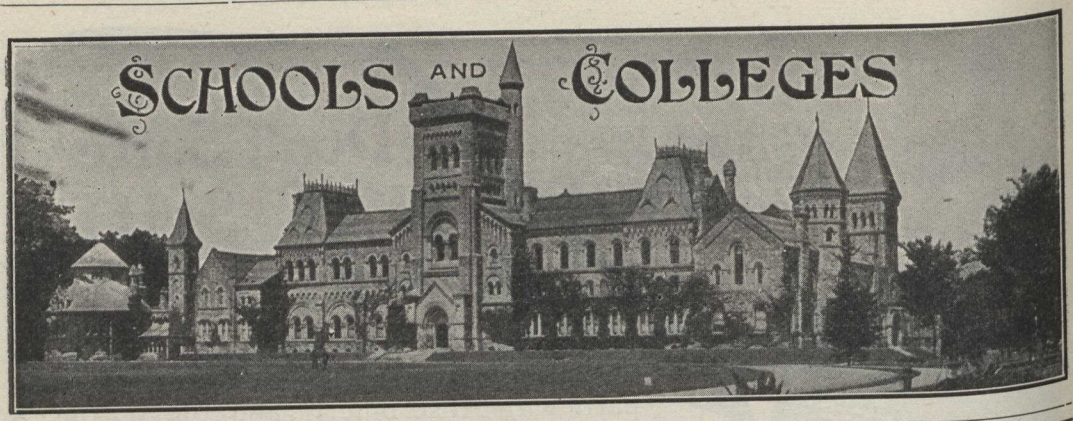

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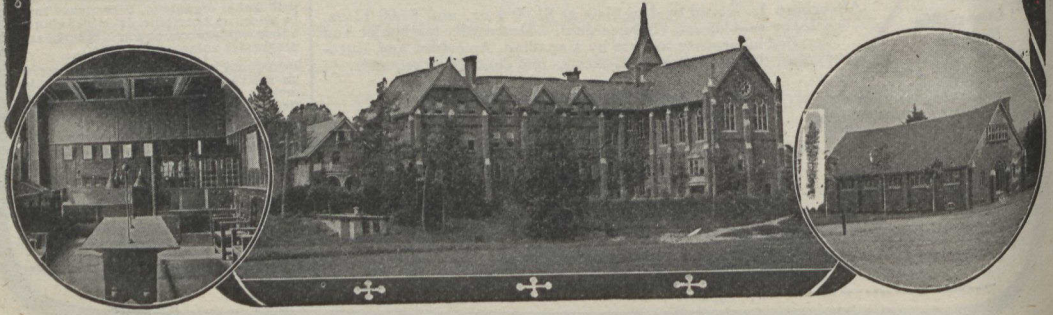

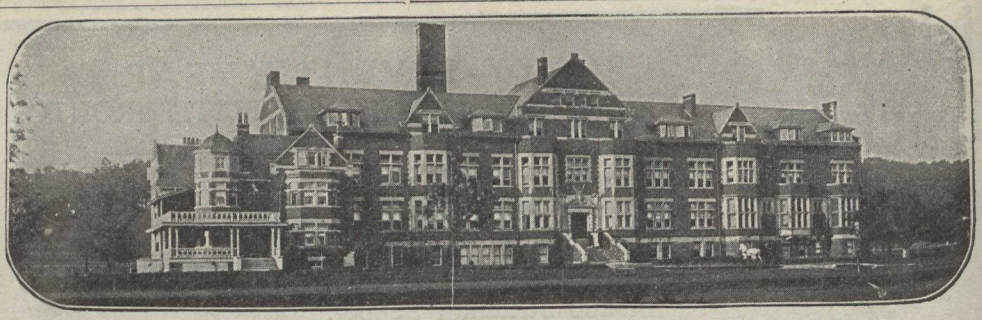

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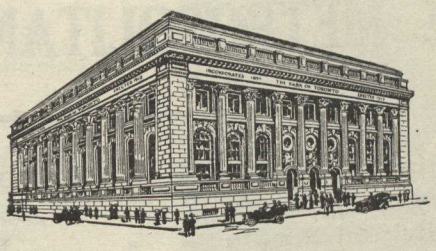

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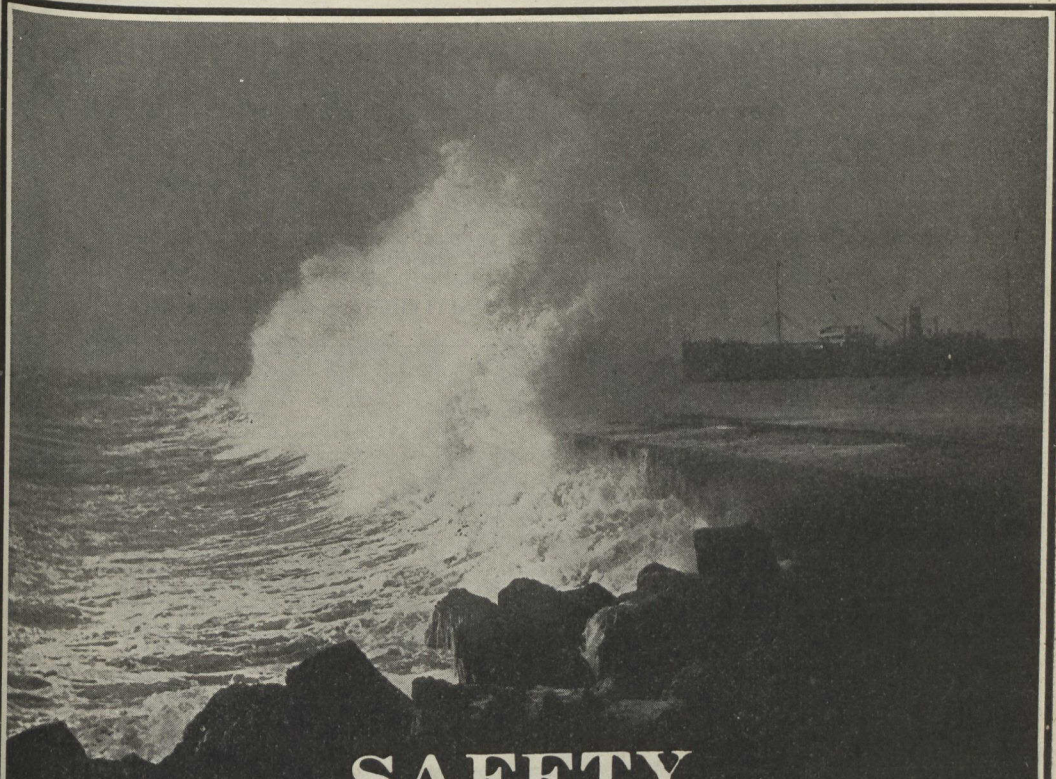

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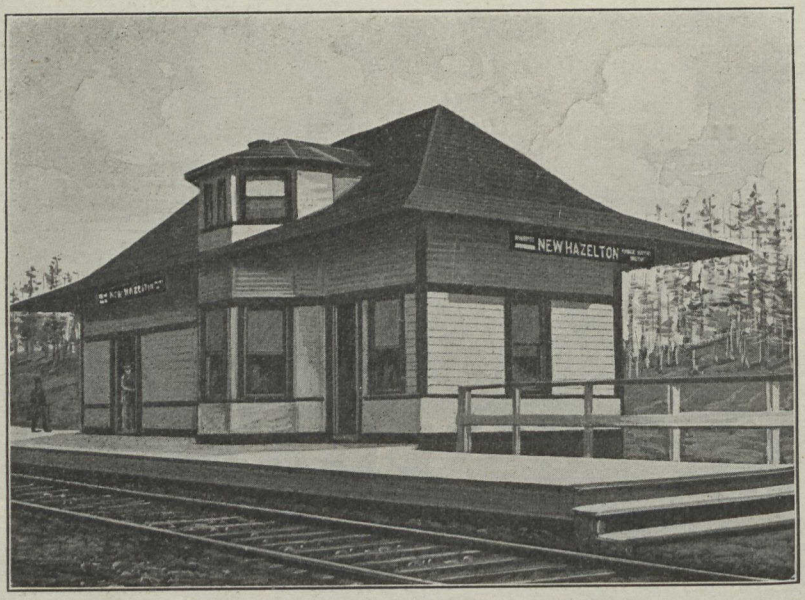

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THE

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WHEN DE SALABERRY WAS WORSTED

THE STORY OF AN ATTEMPT, FOR A TIME SUCCESSFUL, TO ROB THE HERO OF THE GLORY OF CHATEAUGUAY

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

WE have so long been accustomed to regard De Salaberry as one of the heroes of our country that it is difficult for us to believe there was a day since Chateauguay when his right to that title was doubted. Yet it is an undeniable, if unpleasant, fact in our history that a dishonourable attempt was made to filch from him that honour and that it was three years after Chateauguay before his merits were officially recognized.

The reasons for astonishment do not diminish when we realize that the effort to rob the victor of Chateauguay of his glory was made by the man who was then the representative of His Majesty in British North America. Just a year before Chateauguay, Sir George Prevost, Governor-General, wrote to De Salaberry that he had been commanded by the Prince Regent "to take every opportunity of doing full justice to the motives which induce His Majesty's faithful Canadian subjects to come forward upon this occasion." The year passed; and Montreal was saved from American invasion by a French-Canadian leader and a body of troops almost wholly of that race. And then the same Sir George Prevost showed his conception of "doing full justice" by seeking to deprive that French-Canadian leader of his hard-earned and brilliantly-earned honour in driving out the invaders of his country.

We find authentic record of this injustice in a letter written by De Salaberry to his father from the Chateauguay River on November 3rd, 1813, just a week after the battle, and here copied literally from the original in the Dominion Archives:

"You must ere this have seen the general order of the 27th ulmo., which will have acquainted you with the success I have had against the American army. The merit of it is attempted to be taken away from me in three instances—first, by giving credit to Gen'l de Watteville for the choice of the positions which I had taken up myself; secondly, for pretending that I was employed to cover working parties, which is incorrect; and, thirdly, by the Governor pretending to say that he witnessed the action when neither he nor Gen'l de Watteville came up till it was over. The truth of the matter is that not only the troops stated to have been engaged were under my immediate command, but as many more were left behind to guard my positions and lines. Gen'l de Watteville was seven miles in the rear of me. You will see by his general order that he does acknowledge what I here assert. I am entirely ill-used, and all the officers under my command and even the men are indignant on this account."

The indignation of De Salaberry against this general order was natural and abundantly justified; but if he had known what we now know, he would have been kindlier in his references to General De Watteville. This officer, who was brigade commander, gave the justly aggrieved Lieutenant-Colonel full credit for what he had done; and, as will be seen later, his brigade order fully bore out what De Salaberry claimed.

In order to get the situation before us it will be well to reproduce here the general order, against which the Canadian commander was protesting:

"Headquarters at the Forks of the River Chateauguay, 27th October, 1813.

"His Excellency, the Governor-General, and commander of the forces, has received from Major-General De Watteville the report of the affair which took place in front of the advance positions of his posts, Tuesday at eleven o'clock in the morning, between the American army, under the command of Major-General Hampton, and the advance pickets of the British force, placed in advance to cover parties of workmen, under the direction of Colonel De Salaberry. By the judicious positions which this officer knew how to take and the excellent disposition he made of his little force, composed of the light companies of Canadian Fencibles and of two companies of Canadian Voltigeurs, the attack of the chief column of the enemy commanded by General Hampton in person, was repulsed with loss; and the light brigade of Americans, under Colonel McCarty, was likewise halted in its progress on the south of the river by the brave and courageous march of the flank company of the third battalion of embodied militia, under Captain Daly, sustained by Captain Bruyere's company of the sedentary militia. Captains Daly and Bruyere having both been wounded and their companies having suffered some loss, they were immediately replaced by a flank company of the embodied militia. The enemy, having retired, returned anew to the attack, which ended only with the day in the shameful and complete defeat of his troops, inflicted by a handful of men not a twentieth part of the force which they fought, but who by their determined courage maintained their position and protected from all attack the working parties which meanwhile continued their labour without disturbance. Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry testifies that he was ably supported by Captain Ferguson, of the light company of Canadian Fencibles; by Captains Jean-Baptiste Duchesnay and Juchereau Duchesnay, of two companies of Voltigeurs; by Captain Lamotte, Adjutants Hebden and Sullivan, and by all the officers and soldiers engaged in the action, who showed courage and intrepidity which was remarkable and worthy of praise.

"His Excellency, the Governor-General and commander of the forces, having had the satisfaction of himself being a witness of the conduct of the troops on this brilliant occasion, makes it his duty and his pleasure to pay the tribute of praise so justly due to Major-General De Watteville and the admirable arrangements he made for the defense of his post; to Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry for the conduct, so judicious and so worthy of an officer, which he showed in the choice of his position and the disposition of his troops; and to all the officers and soldiers engaged with the enemy. Besides this testimony and the most lively recognition of the bravery and intrepidity of the troops engaged. His Excellency owes also the highest praise to all the troops of this station, for their constancy, their discipline, and their patience in enduring the fatigues and privations which they have experienced. Their determination to persevere in this honourable conduct could not fail to assure victory to the brave and loyal Canadians and to throw doubt and confusion into the heart of the enemy, should he think of defiling with his presence this happy country.

"EDWARD BAYNES,
"Adjutant-General."

The general order, it will be noticed, is drawn with much skill. There is no direct attempt to take away the credit from the actual commander of the day. In fact, there is explicit recognition of that officer's "judicious" conduct "in the choice of his position and the disposition of his troops." On the other hand, the indirect effect of the whole document is to belittle the part played by De Salaberry. General De Watteville is credited with a prominent part in the success of the action, when, as a matter of fact, he did not come up till it was over; he had, however, previously reviewed De Salaberry's positions and approved them. Further, De Salaberry is spoken of as merely acting as cover to working parties; when, as a matter of fact, he planned the arrangement for the whole action. And finally, Prevost insinuates, though he does not state, that he had a part in the conduct of the battle, when he was really some fifteen miles distant from the field.

The prominence given by the Governor-General to De Watteville seems to have been a bid for his assistance in robbing De Salaberry of his due. This temptation seems to have been held out to the brigade commander quite without his suggestion, if we are to accept the evidence of the report which he sent to Prevost and the brigade order which was issued by Major Burke under his direction. Both these accounts of the battle give all the praise for the conduct of the action and the choice of the positions to De Salaberry. This is sufficiently clear from the report to the Commander-in-chief, which is as follows:

"Ferme Morrison, 27th October, 1813.

"Sir,—I am permitted to send Your Excellency a report received last night from Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry, commanding the most advanced posts and the pickets on the River Chateauguay, relating the circumstances of an attack made by the enemy yesterday afternoon against the posts placed by his orders. Your Excellency will permit me to observe that Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry has done himself much honour and deserves my warmest recommendation for the judgment and activity which he displayed in choosing his ground, which he fortified shortly afterwards, and which, combined with the general good behavior of his troops, prevented the enemy from succeeding in the first movement against our advance posts on the Chateauguay."

This generous report by De Watteville, which he sent to Prevost as a cover to De Salaberry's account of the action, puts us in a position to understand the deep indignation which must have raged within De Salaberry's breast as he read the general order published on the day succeeding the battle. By the time he came to write to his father, almost a week later, his bitterness had subsided so as to enable him to write with comparative calmness. This calmness was probably due in part to the fact that he had already unburdened himself in two official protests against the order. One of these he had sent to Adjutant-General Baynes, who signed the order, and the other to the Prince Regent. The tenor of these official documents may be gathered from the copy of the former which he enclosed, with the letter already quoted, to his father. It is clearly the work of a man smarting under unjust treatment. It runs literally as follows:

"Advance Posts, 1st Nov., 1813.

"Sir,—Referring to the general order of the 27th ult., issued in consequence of the action in which I repulsed General Hampton's army, I observe with regret that the choice of the several positions which I defended is not attributed to me, neither is the disposition of the force which was immediately under my command understood to have been altogether mine, from which the greater part of the merit (if any there was in contending against a whole army for the space of four hours) is taken away from me.

"To elucidate this it appears necessary I should state that when it was reported on the 21st ult. at Chateauguay Church at night, the enemy had surprised the piquet at Piper's Road, I was desired to move with my corps to English River, and finding when there that the enemy's intention appeared to be to move down the River Chateauguay on the way to Mont-

real, I lost no time in pushing on the troops and took up the three advanced positions, and began to fortify them as well as I could (having then only a few axes) and distributed the troops for their defense. I ordered also the famous abatis, situated two miles in front of the above stated positions, to which I marched on the 26th, from whence I reconnoitred the American army in the act of advance, from whence I completed my dispositions for the defense of both sides of the Chateauguay; from whence after an obstinate engagement of four hours, I succeeded in defeating their project of penetrating in the country and finally obliged him to return to his former position five miles back with the loss of about 70 killed and 16 prisoners, besides a great number of wounded, about 150 stand of arms and six drums, etc., which fell into our hands. Moreover, he has since retired into his own country.

"It is true, Gen'l de Watteville inspected my positions and approved of them, and of the orders I had given for their defense. The dispositions to receive the enemy on the 26th were made by myself; no one interfered with them; and no officer of superior rank came up until the action was over. It is true I was ably seconded by Lt.-Col. McDonald of the Glengarry Fencibles, who had taken up a 4th position two days before the action, and by all the officers under my command.

"I regret also to observe in perusing the order of the 27th that it is supposed I had been thrown forward to cover working parties. This idea is erroneous in so much that there were no works carrying on there, but such abatis and defenses as appeared to me necessary to prevent my positions from being outflanked or forced; These I ordered myself, no engineer directed them. I placed myself in front of the abatis with the view to begin the defense of the country. I judged it a good position from whence I could have a good view of the enemy's columns, which I was apprized were in full march. This I did of my own accord. It was a desperate undertaking. It succeeded and the enemy, instead of going to Montreal, is gone to Four Corners. . . . The enemy's intention is ascertained by concurring circumstances and by the report of prisoners. He was not then in full march with all his baggage and artillery for the purpose of only attacking a few workmen.

"These are the true circumstances attending the action of the 26th, and it grieves me to the heart to see that I must share the merit of the action and that it must be reduced to my having covered a few workmen. Methinks if any merit is to be obtained, I am entitled to the whole.

"I cannot conclude without soliciting that this representation may be laid before His Excellency the Governor-General, to whose justice I confidently appeal."

There is undoubtedly bitterness in this protest. There is also possibly something which in a small man we would call conceit. But much may be forgiven a man who served his country as valiantly and as successfully as the victor of Chateauguay; and it cannot fail to be admitted that he was writing under intense provocation to both bitterness and self-assertion. The unfortunate part of these elements in the document is that they probably injured his chances of rehabilitation and assisted Prevost in his subtle endeavour to attach as much as possible of the honour to himself. Whatever may have been their relative abilities on the field of battle, it is obvious that in a campaign of despatch-writing the man who won the day at Chateauguay was a mere child compared with his highly-placed detractor.

One of the strangest features of the whole incident is that De Salaberry had no inkling of Prevost's real attitude towards him. The last sentence of his protest to Baynes is clear evidence of this; for the French-Canadian officer was not a man to use irony under such circumstances. He seems to have thought that his enemies were his immediate superiors, De Watteville and Baynes; but the evidences that he was deceived are unmistakable. It was not, indeed, the first occasion on which Prevost had caused circumstances to be misrepresented to his credit. The disaster at Sackett's Harbour was due to his dilatoriness; but he was careful to bury that fact out of sight by having his subordinate write the despatch to the home Government. In this instance of Chateauguay, where there was honour to be appropriated, he was equally careful to write the account to the Colonial Office in his own person and over his own name. This was in accordance with his practice and furthered the object he had in view; but it also enables us to acquit Baynes of all blame

for complicity in the dishonourable detraction from De Salaberry's glory. Otherwise his signature on the general order would leave him open to suspicion, as it evidently did, in the mind of De Salaberry.

"About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 26th," wrote Sir George Prevost to Earl Bathurst, Secretary for War and the Colonies, "the enemy's cavalry and his light troops were observed on both sides of the river by a detachment which was protecting 'habitants' employed in cutting trees for the construction of an abatis.

"Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry, who commanded the most advanced pickets, composed of the light company of Canadian Fencibles and of two companies of Voltigeurs, on the north bank of the river, handled his small force so excellently that he stopped the march of the principal column of the enemy, commanded by Major-General Hampton in person, and accompanied by Brigadier-General Izard.

"The light brigade of the American army, under Colonel McCarty, was repulsed in the same way in its march on the south bank of the river, where it met the right flank company of the Third Battalion of the embodied militia, under the orders of Captain Daly, and supported by the company of the Chasseurs of Chateauguay, under Captain Bruyere; these two officers having been wounded and their companies having suffered loss, the position which they held was covered immediately by a flank company of the First Battalion of embodied militia; the enemy rallied and returned to the attack several times until forced to abandon the effort at the end of the day, seeing himself baffled at all points by a handful of men who held their position bravely and succeeded in protecting our working parties against all attack.

"Having by good fortune arrived on the scene of the action a little after its commencement, I was a witness of the conduct of the troops on this glorious occasion, and it was to me a great satisfaction to be able to praise them on the very field.

"I thanked Major-General De Watteville for the wise measures taken by him for the defense of this position, the advanced post; also Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry for the good judgment which he showed in choosing the field of battle and the bravery and address with which it was held."

That the same brain which drafted this despatch drafted also the general order which roused the ire of De Salaberry, is abundantly evident. There is the same belittling of the action as a defence of working parties. There is the same credit given to De Watteville for choosing the position and for the defences erected. There is the same verbal recognition of the fact that De Salaberry chose his positions; and the same belittling of the significance of that choice and of the part played by him. Finally, there is the same indirect attempt to indicate that Prevost had some part in the management of the battle, when, as a matter of fact, he was visiting posts at Lake St. Louis and came on the ground only after the Americans had been repulsed. One cannot acquit Prevost of a deliberate attempt to rob his subordinate of the honour of a brilliant military success. The Governor-General was too vain to be fair; he was also too vain to be held back by the consideration that he was thereby endangering the policy of conciliating the French-Canadian population, a policy which had been committed to his care by the British ministers.

Unfortunately the unfairness of Prevost's conduct did not hinder its immediate success. His report coloured the official mind so deeply that for more than three years the just claim of the actual victor at Chateauguay could find no hearing there. The Duke of Kent, who had been closely associated with the De Salaberry family when in Canada, strove to correct the official impression; and he stated in a letter to the Lieutenant-Colonel's father that English officers present at the battle fully supported the protest made by the victorious commander. Still it was not until the winter of 1817, nearly three and a half years later—and then at the instance of a Canadian officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. McDonnell, of Glengarry, who had served under him in the action—that De Salaberry, in accepting the honour of Companion of the Bath, received royal recognition of his brilliant services to the country.

ROADSIDE FLOWERS

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

DECORATIONS BY INNIS D. STEINMETZ

THE flowers of spring live in the woods and make a delicate and ephemeral cover for the brown, exposed earth. Pale blue and white and pink, they shrink under bare branches from the last biting winds of winter, only to fade in the advancing heat of summer. But the flowers of summer, yellow, red, and purple, are tall and strong, and come out boldly to march along the roads with us, and camp in the fields, greeting the sun as a friend. Their vitality is mature; they have the courage of life.

To see the spring flowers, which are called "wild flowers," you have to go out especially, and, having made the effort, you value what you see. But the flowers of summer come to you, as it were, and are beside you as you drive or walk; so you pay no attention to them and call them weeds. This, in itself, suggests a curious symbolism and enlists the imagination on the side of the weeds.

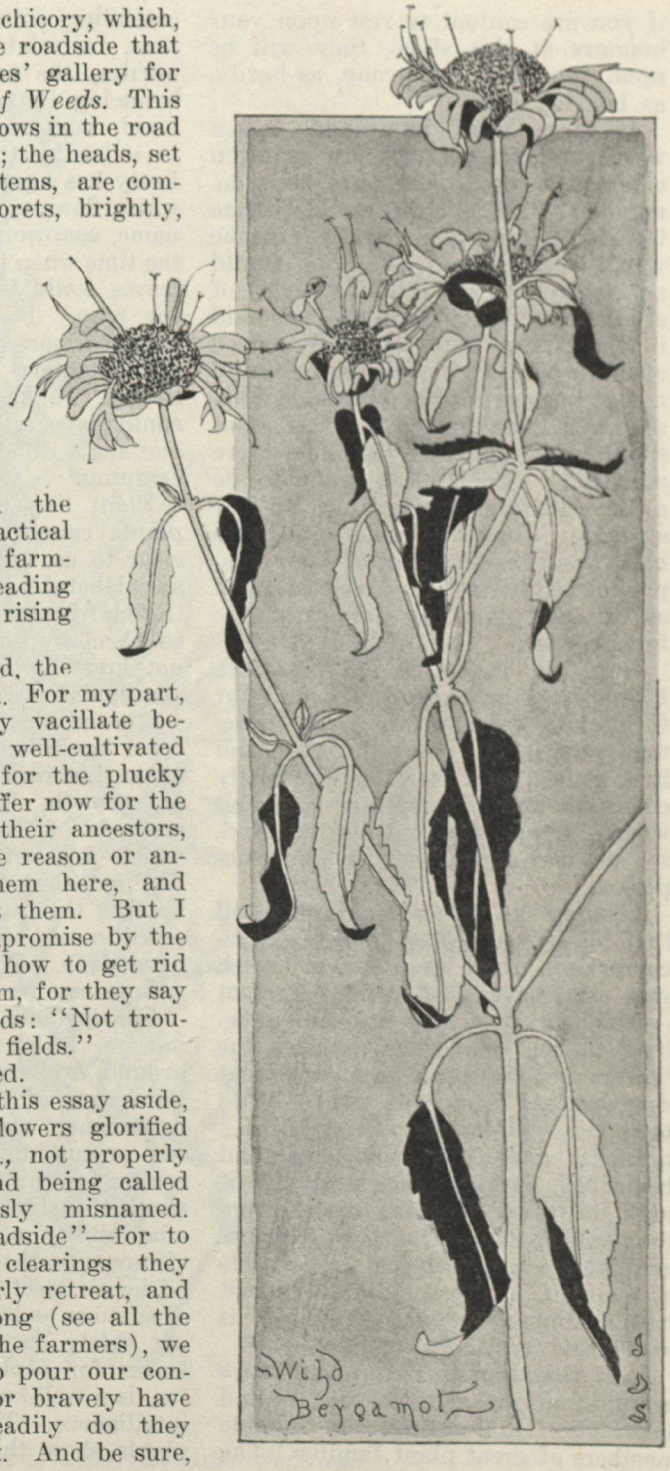
In the summer do you ever walk along the road in the dust and heat? For, it seems to me, you also must be a tramp to appreciate the plants that go along with you.

Most of these plants of summer have come with us across the Atlantic and we only renew a world-old acquaintance with them. You have seen the stout, strong elecampane that lives in fence-corners and among the pine stumps in half-cleared fields? The thick, coarse leaves clasp the heavy stem, and many branches bear the flower-heads with yellow ray-florets and brown disk-florets; flower-heads, for the elecampane is one of the compositæ, the most important of all plant families, chiefly because, long ago, some intelligence led it to group its florets into heads and so bring them more to the notice of the fertilizing insects. This elecampane found its way to America as a horse medicine, and we in our modern pride forget that Hippocrates, and with him all Greek medicine, considered its root an excellent stimulant for the human stomach and brain. We laugh, but is not the laugh rather with the elecampane?

So many of the most noticeable of summer flowers are of the compositæ, with their bunched-up heads of every colour—some, the primitive yellow, original colour of flowers, but many, blue and purple, the colour last evolved, beloved of bees. There are the thistles, of which the Canadian thistle—wrongly so named, as it also comes from Europe—has a perfume strange and haunting. Let this thistle, with its persistent roots and aeroplaning seeds, once get in his fields, and the farmer will have no time to think of its fragrance or admire the completeness of its prickly protection. The thistle is, indeed, an example among plants!

Among the purple compositæ, too, is the salsify—another introduction from Europe, but one which is not so generally common. The leaves are long, grass-like, vertical, and the flower-head will make you, at first, think of a garden pink, and the salsify (Tragopogon porrifolius, T.) actually has escaped from gardens to freer, if less protected, life of the road.

More common is the chicory, which, alas! is another of the roadside that is listed in that rogues' gallery for plants, *The Bulletin of Weeds*. This bare-stemmed plant grows in the road up to the wheel-tracks; the heads, set at intervals on the stems, are composed only of ray-florets, brightly, vividly blue. The French use the chicory—or succory—in a salad, and Horace names it as part of that frugal fare which he did *not* eat. Emerson has given the refugee sanctuary in poetry as "Succory to Match the Skies," but the practical Virgil, who saw it as a farmer, says: "And spreading succory chokes the rising field."



This is, I am afraid, the more exact description. For my part, I confess I miserably vacillate between a liking for well-cultivated fields and sympathy for the plucky plants who have to suffer now for the misjudgment, not of their ancestors, but of ours. For one reason or another, we brought them here, and now we do not want them. But I make a cowardly compromise by the books which tell you how to get rid of weeds on your farm, for they say of most of these weeds: "Not troublesome in *cultivated* fields."

It is, then, to proceed.

Or let farmers lay this essay aside, for nearly all the flowers glorified here are weeds, *i.e.*, not properly "flowers" at all; and being called flowers are seriously misnamed. "Flowers of the Roadside"—for to roadsides and wild clearings they have beaten an orderly retreat, and being hardy and strong (see all the botanists, as well as the farmers), we have not the right to pour our contempt upon them, for bravely have they fought, and steadily do they await our next attack. And be sure,

if you are content to rest upon your honours at this stage, they will be upon you again, as strong, as hardy, as bold as ever.

If there were no plants called weeds, much ingenuity now required of farmers would not have been demanded of them. Life would become too easy; if all the "weeds" in the world were cleared away we should no longer have the zestful struggle of eradication. When Nansen, ice-bound in the *Fram*, impatiently despaired of that North Pole which he could not at once attain, he corrected himself with the thought, "But what should one do once the Pole were reached?" So, if you want to do away with the weeds, take up the struggle. They will come joyfully to battle, and the strongest of their weapons is in the last tiny seed as much as in the flaunting flowers of the fence-corners.

But this is to be too practical. Plants have an existence in and for themselves, we may infer. The practical person will not grant this, and it is, at last, only the idler who really comes to know plants—or men and women, either, for that matter. And, so, we may come back to our compositæ.

Leaving the yellow sun-flowers and the black-eyed Susans, well-known composites, there is a flower which you may have seen—wild bergamot—which at first may appear to belong to the composites, because the flowers are bunched in a way that suggests a composite head. Wild bergamot (*Monarda fistulosa. L.*) branches gracefully, wand-like, and beautiful, as the illustrator saw it with its leaves drooping, tired, from the summer sun. The flower-clusters are like crowns, with scattered florets of exquisite mauve. Wild bergamot has a pungent odour, too, and is worth finding for this alone.

Is it that human nature is always unkind and uncharitable, that we find satisfaction in hunting out humble members of great plant families? The catchflies, with their effective stickiness, are related to the hothouse favourites, the carnations. So, too, is bouncing Betty, that sturdy country maid, who ran away from gardens to loiter by the wayside. Bouncing Betty has a gay umbrella of pink and white flowers, and its other common name, soapwort, is a reminiscence of the time when its narrow, shiny, green leaves could be used as a substitute for soap. If only, at the time we dropped horses' hairs into water to see whether they would become snakes, we had known of this, and could have tried it, too! But, now, one has a diffidence—unless one were camping.

Plant life is silent, inarticulate; plants cannot make their meaning clear to us, and so we have built up an elaborate interpretation of their life and functions. We have explained them by our own understanding, not knowing any other. From this standpoint, we find that plants, rooted to one place, and bound by many cruel conditions, have evolved ways of getting water and sunshine, habits of growth, means of protection, methods of distributing their seeds, which are not short of marvellous. We find them wonderful, I suppose, because the human intelligence, if so conditioned, would do as the plants have done. Than this, what higher tribute can we pay the plants?

For instance, the leaves of spring flowers which grow close to the ground, are large and simple in form; the leaves of the plants that flower in summer are narrow and numerous or cut into many parts; and the reason for this, of course, shows only another instance of the marvellous adaptability of plants to their environment—the narrow, much-divided leaves meet the winds and storms of summer as broad, solid leaves could not safely do. The arrangement of leaves for exposure to the sunlight, too, is a well-known instance of plant intelligence. The leaves of all these plants show this plainly—ranked in

AN ATTRACTIVE ROADSIDE FLOWER

pairs, or alternately, the one object is to have exposed as much leaf surface as possible.

Leaf arrangement is especially noticeable in golden St. John's wort, whose branches are so arranged that not one of the small leaves with its transparent dots is overshadowed by those above. When August brings out its attractive flowers, the botanist passes the humble tangle of plants, with "Its yellow colour and primitive structure show that it is not highly evolved". Its very name, too, is often unknown to us, and, yet, to the folk-lorist the golden St. John's wort is an historic plant. It, too, comes from Europe, and its generic name (*hypericum*) is an old Greek word. A name once given it (*fuga daemonium*) indicates the protection it gave against enemies in the unseen world. Gathered on the Eve of St. John's Day (the 24th of June) and hung at doors and windows, it was a safeguard against thunder and evil spirits. "Balm of the Warrior's Wound," a graceful and poetic name for it, tells of another quality. By St. John's wort, too, a maiden of old could discover whether the year held her wedding-day. Common little yellow St. John's wort, growing by a Canadian wayside, unknown now, once a magic plant—we smile, and our smiling measures the distance between us and the Middle Ages to which the St. John's wort properly belongs.

If on a walk in the country you see a new flower and ask its name of someone by the way, you need not be surprised if you cannot so learn it. In Europe, however, to which most of these summer flowers are native, the many folk names for each plant are quaint, accurate, descriptive terms. When you see nestled low in the grass the bluish-purple spikes of *brunella vulgaris, L.* you will recognize the poetry in its common name, "Heart of the Earth"; and if you cannot identify it by the description in the text, you will know it by another folk name, "Blue Curls". Its ordinary name, "Heal-all", is intelligible only when you learn that the genus name, *brunella,* comes from the German, word for quinsy, for which the plant was considered a cure.

But to the connoisseur in the music of language, the real joy of botanical nomenclature is in the scientific names, which combine the rippling vowels of an opera in Italian with the sonorous dignity of a Latin oration. Think, for instance, of *maruta cotula* —yes, you do know it, but probably only as the mayweed which covers damp roadsides and barnyards. With its fringe-like leaves, and small, white-rayed, yellow-disked flowers, *maruta cotula,* too, is a member of the compositæ family, and not a new soprano. Consider, for another instance, the guttural tragopogon, the generic name of salsify, which comes also from the Greek, and gives, in English, another name for the plant, goat's-beard.

The souls of plants are put in words, their seeds measured, themselves classified, labelled, described, bearing then a relation to reality like that, I fancy, the Almanac de Gotha bears to living members of noble families. They are there, and yet, they are not there. But isn't that the essence of literature? There is a book; in it is all its subject; look again, and life has escaped from its pages. So that Gray's Manual, with its plants, is, indeed, surely like literature and life.

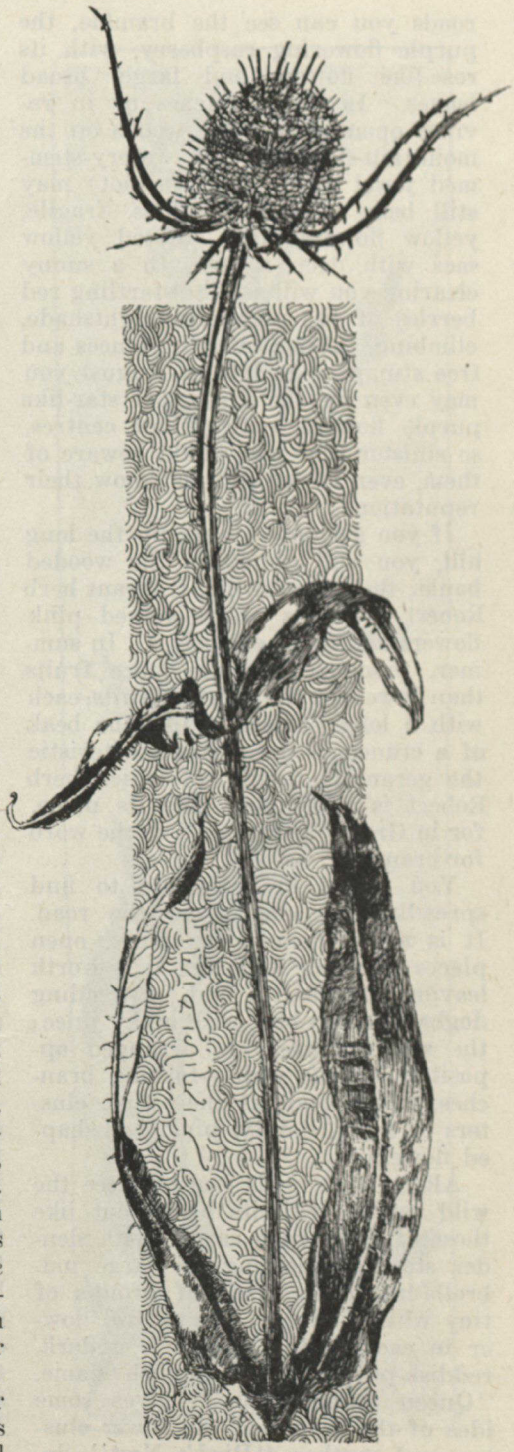
If you try to identify unknown flowering plants by the unassisted ingenuity of your own wit and a manual, there is added—not to speak it frivolously—the keen interest of an original detective story. But will you not confess, if you are brave and frank enough to own a scientific crime so heinous, will you not in the secret recesses of your own botanical memory admit that there have been times when, forsaking the hard and honest road of the examination of

calyx and ovary, you plunged boldly and got a name for the unknown by the simple method of eliminating the genera you knew until you reached the one "it must be"?

This is not necessary with the well-known milkweed, the haunt of the monarch butterflies. With its evenly-ranked leaves and milky juice with which it ensnares the nectar-thieving ants, the plantation of milkweed bears its tassels of flowers up to the sunlight. For the student of plant physiology this plant has a fascination because, next to the orchid, it has the most wonderful means of compelling insects to visit it; and self-fertilization becomes, in the milkweed, impossible. Its family (*Asclepiadaceae*) is mostly tropical; there are in all nineteen hundred species. The family is dedicated by its name to the Greek physician Aesculapius.

The milkweed gives to our northern roadside a touch of tropical life, but the mullein, straight, tall and stiff, has a familiar European air. On gravelly banks the stem of the mullein, with its woolly, decurrent leaves, rises without branching to the familiar spikes of yellow flowers. Forty folk-names it is said to have, and its uses and properties are in keeping. The Romans called it *candelaria,* using the long spikes, dipped in oil, for torches. The Greeks used the leaves for lampwicks. The mullein, too, like so many of these plants, would cure all diseases, although it was especially beneficial to diseased lungs. It is apparently widely-spread, taking its specific name from Thapsos, where it originated, as some say, or where, at least, it is very common. Its generic title, *verbascum,* is from *barbascum* (with beards) which was given to the mullein by Pliny. One has a sort of envy for a plant so historically connected. To have been named by Pliny! Many prouder plants are not so god-fathered.

Perhaps you cannot climb over rocky hillsides, but as your car goes slowly up or down the shaded hill



TEASEL

roads you can see the bramble, the purple flowering raspberry, with its rose-like flowers and large, broad leaves. In damp ditches or in ravines opening into the woods on the mountain-side, the tall, watery-stemmed jewel weed (touch-me-not) may still bear a few pendulous, fragile, yellow flowers, like dilated yellow sacs with deep spurs. In a sunny clearing you will see the startling red berries of the poisonous nightshade, climbing, falling, over the fences and tree stumps. As late as August you may even see the clusters of star-like purple flowers, with yellow centres, so sinister that you would beware of them, even if you did not know their reputation.

If you get out to walk up the long hill, you will notice on the wooded banks, the low-growing, fragrant herb Robert, with its purple-veined pink flowers and much-cut leaves. In summer, though, there are more fruits than flowers on the plants—fruits, each with a long projection like the beak of a crane. From this characteristic the geranium family, of which herb Robert is a member, gets its name, for in Greek "geranium" is the word for crane.

You would be fortunate to find spreading dogbane along the road. It is more common in sunny, open places on sandy soil; but it is worth leaving the road to find. Spreading dogbane is shrubby, with milky juice; the simple leaves are arranged oppositely on the widely-forking branches, which bear, at their tips, clusters of small, dainty, pink, bell-shaped flowers.

Along level roads you will see the wild carrot, with its leaves cut like those of the garden carrot, with slender stems supporting the large umbrella-like disks made of groups of tiny white flowers. The central flower in each of the umbels is a dark, reddish-purple. An English name, "Queen Anne's Lace," gives some idea of the beauty of the flower cluster, and another, "Bird's Nest", describes the appearance of the head in seed.

Common in the Niagara district, but found elsewhere, too, is the teasel, tall, prickly, with its three-forked stem bearing rasping, conical flower-heads. On these, mauve florets appear, not flowering all at once, but in successive rings around the head. The teasel, too, is of European origin.

You will pass the slender harebells swaying their blue bells in the wind; the tall evening primrose, whose yellow flowers are not always true to their name; the small flax plants and the mints, almost unnoticed; till you come to the roads where, for miles, the white clover, as tall as a man, hums with bees. Then, too, you may see the aromatic sweet-briar which flowers later than the other wild roses.

If your road goes by ponds and quiet water, you will see the water-lilies, whose white beauty is opened to the sun by day and at sunset is withdrawn under the surface of the water. In the evolution of plant life, the water-lilies belong to a very ancient type, which, in the course of time, has been much modified. On the banks of ponds, too, you will often find the great willow herb, for moisture is required for the finest growth of its purple blossoms. With the bindweed, the wild morning glory as some call it, which also likes moisture, we return to the plants that are weeds.

Purposely I left to the last two composites, the golden-rod and the asters, whose yellow and purple glory is the mantle of the earth in autumn. While so many of our other wild flowers are immigrants, these are native American flowers, and in their beauty and strength have always seemed to me the typical flowers of our continent. Except the asters and the gentians, the most striking blue and purple flowers in America are of European origin.

Aster, star-wort, again from the

Greek, grows in many species hard to distinguish, but the names of which ripple—aster *azureus,* aster *undulatus,* which are certainly characteristic names. The noticeable colours of the flower-heads vary from pale blue to purple and are always beautiful.

Equally numerous in species is the golden-rod, whose generic name, *solidago,* from *solidare,* to make whole, shows its medicinal value. Tall, slender, carrying its golden plumes, which throw back the sunlight, the golden-rod is the most beautiful native flower of America. Among all the immigrant plants that creep or climb or, erect, try to meet our gaze, the golden-rod stands as if conscious of its beauty of line and colour and mass, disdaining to trespass in our fields, proudly content with bank and roadside.

When your afternoon tramp is over, before you close the Manual you carry with you, pay one grateful thought to the men who have made the way of botany easy for you. "L." first, "Br.", "Michx.", abbreviations which at one time only added mystery to a difficult science, but which a later knowledge enables you to recognize as the sole monument to men whose patience first analyzed the plants to the names of which these abbreviations are added —men who have made the gentle, the humane art of botany.

For studying flowers is the gentlest, most humanizing pastime. No one who knows flowers can be wicked or hard or cruel; yet the struggle for survival among plants is as keen as among men; indeed sometimes, pitifully hard. I suppose we do not feel it so, because, however severe the struggle, there is no noise, no complaint, no dirt, no action.

It is well for us to notice the beauty there is in common things and in those which patiently await the attention we do not often give. We easily see the interest and beauty of those things for which we work or for which, to put it crudely, we pay.

SWEET-BRIAR

But it is unusual for us to observe any value of beauty in those things which come unasked and unsought; and yet it is in those very things that most beauty lies.

The wind gives voice to the trees, even to the grasses, but to the flowers he gives no tones audible to our ears; and so their inarticulateness we dumbly study. We are pleased with them or we are disgusted, according as they humbly wait upon our pleasure and cultivation, or as boldly they trespass on our fields and gardens. All flowers in the world are beautiful, but some are like common, dirty children, unnoticed or in the way. These are weeds, nearly all of them, listed in the bulletins for eradication, but are they not beautiful? Cultivated plants bear flowers more showy—showy, like fashionably-gowned women—but, have they greater perfection of line and form, of delicate colour gradations and harmonies than the despised, persecuted weeds? Plant tramps they are, going along the roads every summer on their way across the continent; world-travelled, some of them, wild, strange Peer Gynts that we do not even name. We avoid them as we do outcasts and take care they come not up to our houses. But, unabashed, they live where they can and how, knowing that the essential thing is to keep alive, recognizing no power but that of disc and plow and scythe. They take life as they find it, accepting its conditions, not trying to dictate—roadside flowers or, if you will, weeds.

Photograph of the Survivors of the War of 1812 taken on the lawn of the late Sheriff Jarvis, Toronto, 1859.
From the original in the possession of Mr. C. A. Meredith, Ottawa.
Names, left to right :—Colonel Duggan, Rev. G. Ryerson, Mr. W. Roe, Mr. Snider, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Denis, Mr. Woodall, Mr. James Ross, Lieutenant-Colonel Bridgton, Colonel Redside.

RED MICHAEL

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CHARACTER AND TALENTS OF DR. MICHAEL CLARK, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR RED DEER, ALBERTA

BY HARRY W. ANDERSON

IT was the summer of 1895—the electoral setting of the brief, meteoric premiership of Rosebery. Salisbury was sweeping the country, and John Morley had just fallen in Newcastle. It was a typical British election night, and thousands thronged the streets in front of the old Town Hall. The vanquished statesman was leaving after the count of the ballots, accompanied to his cab by a ruddy young physician, whose blue eyes glinted with strange fire. As the veteran gripped him by the hand he raised his hat, and remained, standing bareheaded, gazing for several moments after the candidate as the crowd made way for the departing vehicle. Then suddenly he sprang back, remounted the balcony, and leaned over the mass of humanity, with hand uplifted.

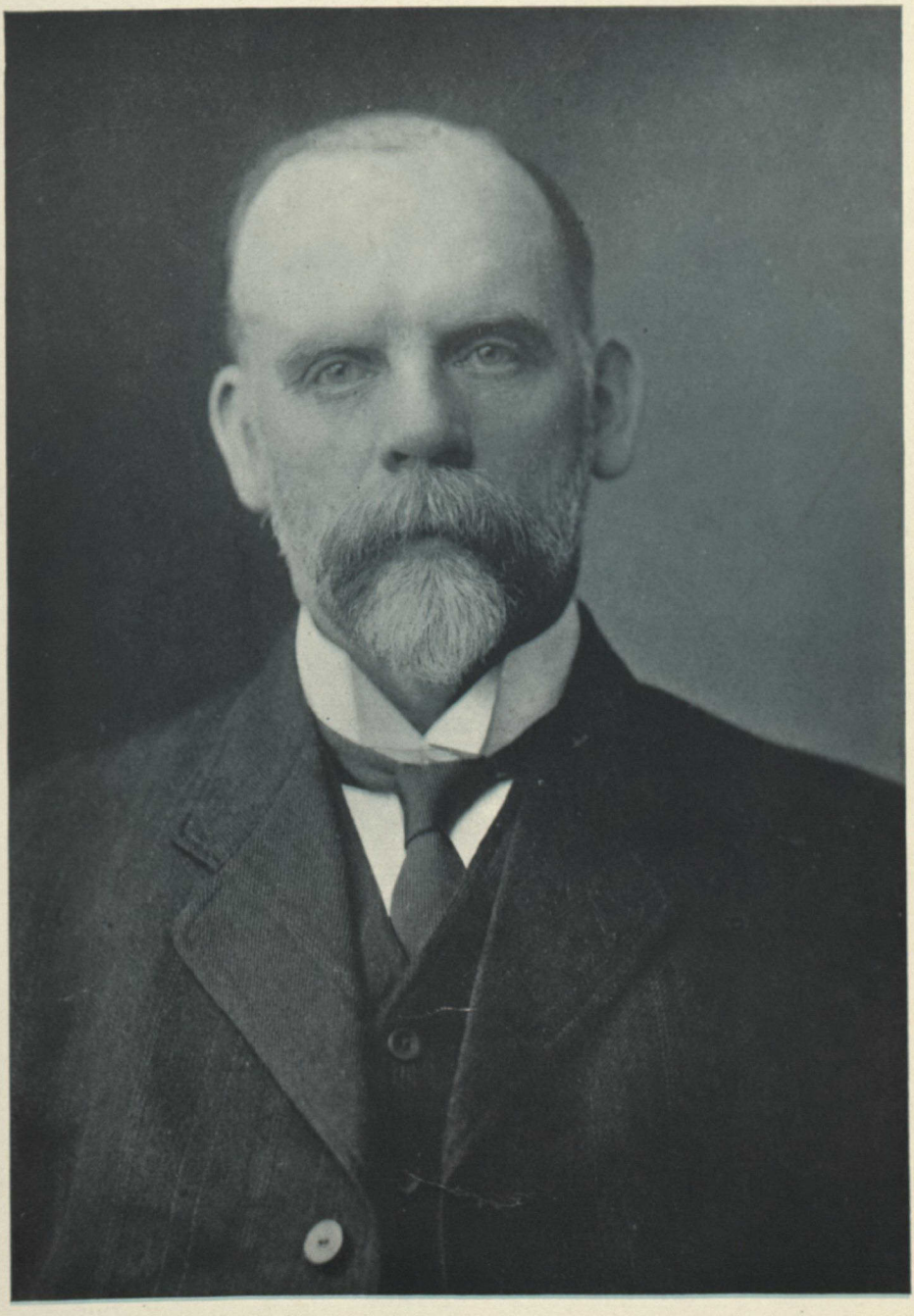
In the momentary silence which took possession of the people he poured upon them two burning sentences:

"What Durham did for John Bright, what Bristol did for Edmund Burke, Newcastle has to-day done for John Morley. Just as we now see that the defeats of former years did nothing to dim the glory of Burke and Bright, so we know in the years to come to-day's defeat will be placed to the discredit of Newcastle, and not to that of John Morley."

There was no more. It was his message.

The young physician who, nineteen years ago, thus electrified the Newcastle crowd was Dr. Michael Clark, now of Red Deer, one of the distinctive personalities in Canada's present Parliament. The incident is characteristic of the man and his method. When he speaks there are no wasted words. He is rarely upon his feet for very long, but while there he commands the undivided attention of the House. He has something to say, and he says it—says it without trimmings and verbal embellishments; says it with conviction—his own conviction, and, very shortly, the conviction of those to whom he is talking. He will always convince, though he may not invariably convert. He is, first and last, a logician. He sends men away thinking.

Dr. Clark was nurtured upon British Liberalism. As a boy in his Northumbrian home he imbibed the lure of political combat, and when but thirteen years of age played truant and walked several miles to hear Joseph Chamberlain, then in his Radical and Gladstonian days. The lad was thrilled by what he heard, and spent a painstaking night penning a boyish letter of tribute to his first hero. To his amazement and delight, the letter was acknowledged by a four-page communication, strangely enough containing an exposition of the wisdom of free trade, and counselling adherence to the political doctrines of Gladstone and Bright.



DR. MICHAEL CLARK

"Red Michael" of Red Deer, an outstanding figure in the Canadian House of Commons

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

His first attempt at public speaking was made at eighteen years of age, during his university course at Edinburgh, when he spoke to more than a thousand fellow-students in support of Earl Rosebery, then elected to the Rectorship of the institution by a majority of twenty-nine over Sir Robert Christison, for fifty-two years a professor in the university. But to young Clark the old professor had a fatal defect in that he associated with brilliant academic attainments a stubborn Scottish Toryism.

The lad's training was for medicine, and his temperament for public life. With his text-books he read history, absorbed biography, and studied economics. When, upon graduating, the young physician established a practice in Northumberland, he threw himself into the public issues of the day with zeal and enthusiasm. His first active participation in national politics was in the campaign for the extension of the franchise to working men in counties, and in the subsequent election fought under that extended suffrage in 1885. He stumped the country with Sir Edward Grey in the latter's first contest, as well as in the succeeding contest of 1886, when the first Home Rule bill was defeated. He there formed a personal friendship with the present Foreign Secretary which has survived all these years. Senator Lougheed, leader of the Conservative party in the Senate, tells how, when representing the Canadian Upper Chamber at the coronation ceremonies in England during the summer of 1911, he was seated next to Sir Edward Grey at one of the functions, and how the British Minister asked all about the Canadian member for Red Deer, bespeaking his appreciation of his loyal and zealous services in those memorable Northumbrian contests.

In the early nineties Dr. Clark moved to Newcastle, and almost immediately became immersed in the public life of the city and the whole Tyneside district. He was elected member of the Newcastle Board of Education under the old cumulative system of voting, standing third in a poll of twenty-four candidates. Morley was then the member for Newcastle, and the young physician sat at his feet, imbibed his political and economic creed, and became one of his most ardent lieutenants.

But as his boys grew up the indefatigable Newcastle doctor looked farther afield. He must give them their chance. So, nearing the meridian of life, he relinquished a profitable practice and transferred his home to Canada, where he located some eleven years ago on a large Albertan ranch, and proceeded, with "the boys," to grow wheat and raise cattle. It speaks much for his energy and enthusiasm that his radical venture proved successful. But the customary narrowing influence of a professional training left Dr. Clark unaffected. He early developed into a keen practical economist, and his devotion to bones and arteries did not prevent him from becoming a veritable reference library of history and literature. He made good as a farmer on the prairies, as he made good as a practitioner among the hills of Northumberland.

When in the latter part of 1908, only six years after his arrivel in Canada, he came to Ottawa to represent the new constituency of Red Deer, he was unknown to the House. All session he sat silent, and it was not until his second year was well under way that, one memorable afternoon, when Parliament was droning in desultory fashion through supply, it suddenly awakened to Dr. Clark. An unexpected query from the quiet Westerner interfered with the progress of the Honourable Mr. Foster. For some reason the member for North Toronto was particularly annoyed, and he turned the vials of his keen and brilliant cynicism on the newcomer—"the fly on the horn of the

ox,'' as Mr. Foster then bitingly put it—who had roused his ire. Members on both sides of the House were inclined to be a bit sympathetic toward the offender, and to think that Mr. Foster had been unnecessarily severe. But when Mr. Foster sat down Dr. Clark got up. In six short minutes the hitherto silent newcomer had subjected the veteran ex-Minister and his methods to such an arraignment as is remembered by the House to this day. And from this dramatic incident sprung the opinion, prevalent in Parliamentary corridors, that Dr. Clark is the one man whom Mr. Foster, master of argumentative prowess, never wants to follow him. Clark, they say, has remained Foster's *bête noir*. If this be true, it is not un-understandable. They are both giants in debate, each the antithesis of the other. But the client who entrusted his case to the Radical from the Western prairie need have no qualms over his clash with the astute Tory of the Eastern metropolis. Mr. Foster's keen cynicism will beat against hard logic; his stinging invective will be met with quiet humour; his nimble fencing and adroit sword-play will be tolerantly allowed to go to waste, and his rhetorical embellishments will be lost in a response, naked of drapery, but eloquent with earnestness, freighted with conviction, and compelling analysis and attention. Old Aesop solved it in the fable of the Wind and the Sun.

Dr. Clark is a ''mon o' pairts.'' English by birth, Celtic in sympathy and education, he is intensely loyal to the old land. He is, moreover, an exponent of free trade—free-trade-as they-have-it-in-England, and ready to justify the faith that is in him. As such he composes a mammoth minority—a ''party of one''—in the Canadian Commons, where he is perennially twitted on ploughing his lonely fiscal furrow.

But the intellectual quality of the man is high. In the House he has won a unique place for a comparative newcomer. He is a bit of a philosopher, thoughtful and reflective, with an occasional dash of pessimism, alternating with longer glimpses of a happier faith. No one can listen to him, or even read his speeches, without feeling that he is a vigorous swordsman in debate. He is flashingly effective at times, and can take an active part in the typical parliamentary *mêlee* without permitting his finer sense of British debating ethics to degenerate. ''Whenever you see a head, hit it,'' has come to be too much the *mot d'ordre* of the Canadian parliamentarian. If the Apostle had fought constantly instead of once in a way with the wild beasts of Ephesus, the apostolic character would have gradually merged in that of the gladiator, and perpetual participation in the long wrangles at Ottawa tends somewhat to vulgarize men as controversialists. But Dr. Clark has emerged from the ordeal unscathed. His geniality is unimpaired. His humour has a perennial sparkle. His capacity to appeal to the deeper sympathies of a great popular audience has been proved and developed. He is a hard hitter, but he bestows his blows with a wholesome impersonal flavour which does not weaken their effect and yet leaves no embittered recollection.

There is one quality, unfortunately somewhat rare in Parliament, which Dr. Clark possesses in ample store. He is magnanimous. He can tolerate a jibe, and he does not resent criticism. His lonely fiscal creed brings him full many a thrust. His theories are frequently pilloried and assailed. These incidents do not disturb his equanimity, nor shake his conviction. It is, of course, quite true that a shrewd sense of gratitude should keep the Red Deer man from feeling resentment at the oratorical brickbats which unbelieving members hurl at his head. They form no small part of the pedestal which enables him to command the gaze of the House. When Artemus Ward's

steed was weary he hung a hornet's nest upon his tail "to kinder encourage him." The perpetual roasting which Dr. Clark undergoes at the hands of Canadian protectionists does him a similar service. And he is a big enough man to disdain to regard a difference of opinion as a personal offence, and to recognize the intellectual honesty of those who regard his policy with detestation.

If, as Theodore Parker maintained, politics is "the science of exigencies," Dr. Clark will never be a politician. He is far removed from the opportunist. He thrives in and on opposition. He thinks out his own scheme of political philosophy and applies it to the body politic. But he is no mere doctrinaire. He is intensely practical, willing to bide the proper time, but with a deep underlying faith in the ultimate and complete triumph of every right.

Michael Clark is a reformer, not a revolutionist. He does not thunder, but wins by the saving grace of humour. He seldom seeks to annihilate an opponent. He prefers to attract—with a smile. He is ready at repartee, quick to avail himself of interruption. He glories in the rapid interchange, with a true Britisher's appreciation of the value—and opportunity—of "heckling".

"Thick as berries in Kazubazuza," declared Mr. Foster, using one of his striking similes.

"Ah," quoth Red Michael, "doubtless one of the places where my honourable friend the Minister of Trade and Commerce is seeking markets."

On one memorable occasion the mantle of self-control seemed to slip from his shoulders. The apostle of peace suddenly became a prophet of doom. He raised his voice; he shook his arms; he poured forth burning words of indignation and anathema. He arraigned the Administration. He denounced. He railed.

"My honourable friend from Red Deer speaks in passion," observed the Prime Minister quietly, in the pause which followed a particularly scorching sentence.

In a flash the man's face changed. The tense, taut grimness dissipated into a solemn and settled melancholia.

"My right honourable friend makes a slight but unfortunate omission," Dr. Clark responded in plaintive tones: "I speak of this Government in *com*-passion."

IN THE OTHER ROOM

BY H. M. LYON

THE night before Paul had committed suicide. And now it was late afternoon, gradually sinking into a mauve twilight, and the things of this world were taking on their tristful, vapoury, fairy dress after the garish day. I had been asked to take charge of the callers as they came and went to view the body, and since noon I had been about my cheerless task, answering the door, keeping the parlour and the little alcove quiet and subdued, the curtains drawn, and talk lowered to a whisper. Because Paul had loved violets, I now had them in abundance about his rooms; and purple crêpe was draped on the door to tell sunshiny world outside of the death within the house. Once a thought of Virgil's lament over the young Marcellus came to me as I moved noiselessly in and out, and I half chanted certain lines that seemed admirably to suit the occasion.

People came and went in numbers, for he had many friends, and many good friends. Paul was of that mercurial disposition which seemed all sunshine and optimism, which adopted itself at once to all surroundings, and which drew the miserable ones of this world to him for consolation, as a magnet draws things of iron and charges them with something of its own essence. A man of some forty years, he was unmarried, he had no relatives; but, as I said, he had scores of friends; and among these I walked and listened.

In the other room, darkened by thick arras and tapestry and shrouded in a potential gloom, lay the body, three candles pouring out their steady light upon the wreath of violets around the head. In the antechamber those who had come to mourn sat and waited in silence, grouped about in all the various postures of woe, some with heads thrust into their hands; some with eyes staring straight ahead at nothing, their numb brains probably conjuring up no images, no sequence of thought. Each of their little idiosyncrasies was brought out sharply by contrast against the general nullity of the company. Old Grymley's sore eyes and nervous hands became painful to look at; and a young man with tousled hair and unkempt neck, his crossed legs displaying a hole in the sole of his left shoe, sat ceaselessly, mechanically cleaning the fingernails of his one hand with the thumbnail of the other. The costumes of several were, to me, ridiculously funny. I found myself imitating the peculiar twitch of one's mouth as he whispered; it was a sort of nervous wrinkle running from nostril to mouth-corner, making the upper lip flicker spasmodically. My eye sought out threadbare places—places that had been darned—places where the clothes fitted well or ill; loose buttons, and all the infinitesimal things about each person's dress. A sort of nervous brooding seemed to seize them as the twilight came. The mourners were in constant fear, it appeared, of saying or doing something inappropriate,

and so they stayed well within bounds, employing the stock phrases which are always used in speaking of sudden and untimely death—"too bad," "such a pity," "terrible loss," "so infinitely sad," "awful," and so on. Seldom did anyone venture anything further, and, if he did, he felt insincere.

There was a mystery about Paul's suicide. None could understand why he had done it. They began at last to speak in low tones of the possible causes for his action, tremulously advancing theories and then retreating into palliative encomiums of the dead. After that a fitful silence would ensue, only to be followed again by the sporadic discussion. Presently a man entered from the other room, where he had been closeted with the body.

He was Paul's business partner, a large, heavy personage, square-jawed, with even now the inevitable black cigar held firmly in his teeth. He was all physical and cerebral, dynamic yet calculating, a massive commercial machine; and, as a result, whatever his feelings were they were under control and hidden. Only the lines in his mask-like face were deeper by a trifle, and his lips clutched his Havana more grimly. "I cannot understand it," he muttered to those in the antechamber. "I cannot understand it." He heaved a long sigh, and his tongue made a sound which resembled "tut-tut-tut." "Why, he had just made a million dollars yesterday on a big deal in stocks! If he had lived he could have made as much more—yes, a great deal more than that. He had a fine future before him, a future full of power, of opportunity—a cool million dollars on the one deal!" Several of the financial men present, who had snatched a brief hour from their labours to "pay their respects" to the dead man, nodded their heads in assent to the partner's words. There was a short silence.

"That's just it," began a man who was violent on the subject of psychology. "That is the great trouble about hopes and ideals, my friends. One must always set them high, so high that he feels it would be a miracle if he should attain them. Not high enough, you understand, to discourage him, but still high, very high. Otherwise when he finally does realize his ideals, he becomes dead—morally dead. His body may live on, but it is only a stagnant, rank existence. Satisfaction is the most miserable thing in the world to a man of intellect, of power—he is no longer actuated to really live. This is a psychological fact, deduced by laboratory experiment and logic. It can be demonstrated scientifically. It is essentially a psychic state, and professors from the German universities have made this a life study"—and his jargon of technical terms and data and statistics increased to a voluble clamour. His eye beamed with a fine frenzy; his voice grew in volume. Surroundings were wiped away, and he was lecturing to a class. His conclusion was: "And this must have been the case with Paul. He had made up his mind to get a million dollars, and he got it. He was a young man as the world goes, and here on the very threshold of his prime he had attained his ideal. There was nothing left for him to do but blow out his brains!" With which exclamation, feeling it to be bold and brutal in such a place and at such a time, he caught himself up and relapsed into silence.

The subtle, soothing, unctuous tones of the theological student, ordained for the ministry, followed upon the short quiet: "There is still another possible reason for our friend and brother's violent and shocking demise, dear comrades, which I think in this worldly discussion should be taken into account. It may have been that, though well schooled and equipped in the other qualities so necessary to this existence, Paul lacked that sure and certain hope for the future which comes from a fine spirit-

ual faith." Paul's partner stared in unconscious boorishness at the speaker, his jaws parted in sudden surprise, and his cigar fell to the floor. He picked it up again with a grunt. "Spiritual faith," went on the man of the cloth, "a belief in the highest and holiest things, however much all earthly travail may beset us, is as necessary to human life and human progress as the dew to the flowers and the sunshine to the fields. Religion is an anchor true and steadfast in every storm; a shepherd for every erring lamb. The Scripture has many things to say upon this subject, but I shall not stop to quote them. When we look about us and see the workings of a marvellous universe we are overwhelmed with thoughts of holiness and love. When enemies assail and the mind is filled with bitter thoughts, then we call religion to our aid and are sustained and soothed. There would be no suicides if all of us were workers in the fields of holiness, humble labourers in the vineyards of Zion. Considering that Life is but a brief span between two Eternities in which we are meant to perfect ourselves—in so far as we poor mortals may speak of perfection—it is a crime before the highest tribunal to make an end of all by our own hand. The cloak of the church is meant as a protection to the weak; it is there that their salvation lies. I think, brethren, that if Paul had received the words of some true minister in time, he would never have come to this, he would have seen the error of his ways, and we would not now be left to thus mourn his early loss."

The silence was as deep as the twilight. I lit two candles upon the mantel and in the half-light viewed the circle. The business partner was comatose in revery; an invincible stupor had seized upon him. Old Grymley was sniveling childishly and dabbing his handkerchief into his eyes. The clear-cut face of the young theological student fairly shone with fervour, and the air about him seemed electric with youth and sincerity.

A calm visaged, mature man took up the thread of the discussion in philosophical wise. His even, well-modulated voice brought out his sentences and the points of his argument distinctly. "There is such a thing in this world as a sense of humour," he said, and hastened to add, "oh, I don't mean the ability to gauge funniness. I mean the ability to recognize a thing at its true value. It has been called the 'saving grace.' If Paul had possessed it, I think in this case it would have saved Paul." He paused a moment, impressively. "We are too apt to judge things personally in this world. Because we are close to a calamity it looks large to us. We should be philosophical; we should judge impersonally. We should throw our immediate troubles into the great scale of things—and then we should see how really trivial they are. 'Everything looms and fades before the Eternal,' says Emerson. Get off away from your woe: view it in the universal scope of humanity and you will be ashamed that it ever even irritated you. Paul was probably oppressed with some one grievance which grew upon him until it seemed the biggest thing in the world yesterday—to-day it is infinitesimally small. A sense of humour is a sense of true proportion; it says to you, 'Do not take this thing too seriously.' The psychologist, wrapped up in his subject, beats out a narrow pathway by means of logic and experiment to the great mystery, and thinks his scheme the one and only thing in the world. To us he is merely a bore, because he takes himself too seriously." Here some one stirred uneasily. "And so it is with the theological theorist and his platitudes." Here someone else stirred uneasily. "Paul lacked a sense of humour," was the final conclusion of the grave, worldly man. "He would have laughed to-day at that which caused him to kill himself."

"Ah, but I know his temperament," eagerly cried a young person with long hair, who had been bubbling with the desire to speak. "He was a poet. His spirit chafed under the restraints of common daily existence. He was wild, untamed, emulous. His was the passion of the flower for the sun, of the eagle for the upper ether. The dull task of living ground him down to earth when he had hoped to walk the mountain-tops and commune with God. Life too sordidly 'stained the white radiance of Eternity' for him. There was only one thing to do, or go mad—that was break his bonds, free himself from this paltry bickering called Existence. I have felt that way myself at times—many, many times. Suffering could not make him purer, for he was already the purest among us. He felt these earthly limitations keenly; who has not? Does eating and sleeping, and infesting the theatres, or the four-o'clock tea suffice the man whose soul is yearning for the highest and the noblest that life has to give?" He broke off abruptly and Griggs, the physician, added:

"That suggestion as to Paul's going mad occurred to me late last night while I was going over in my mind some possible explanation of this horrible matter. I think it is very possible that he may have been demented—er — temporarily, you understand," he hastened to insert, "and —er—relatively speaking, always, always relatively speaking. Acute nervous prostration, brought on by—er—financial worry incident to the manipulation of large sums of money; indigestion; loss of sleep—in fact, a complication of those ills which are most evident in our modern strenuous life—could very easily bring on despondency—er—frequently does do so, to my own personal knowledge. I have several cases like that on hand at present. Yes, the chances are that it was for some such reason—I mean in some rash moment of melancholia, hypochondria, neuropathy, or what you will—that Paul—er—took his own life."

It was fast night outside by this time, and the meagre candles barely tipped the ring of faces with the yellow beams. Presently one of the financiers yawned, gazed at his watch, reached for his hat and silently stood up. The entire company imitated his movement. It was time to go. As I ushered them out and down the steps I heard the business partner say crisply to the physician: "Whatever it was, it wasn't a defalcation or anything like that. I went over the accounts this morning. No, sir, the money's safe. Paul's books are all straight and square."

I closed the door and stood in silent contemplation in the dark for a few moments. As I remained thus I heard sounds of some one sobbing in the other room; it was the sobbing of a broken heart. The carpet was soft and thick and some one must have slipped in there noiselessly during the argument. With a deft movement, I, too, approached the inner arras, and stood gazing at the scene.

A woman, with her back toward me, was bending above the violet wreath and weeping softly. She had not been one of the circle, so I concluded she must have entered from another apartment in the dark. The soft light of the candles bathed her red-golden hair in a haze of colour as she kissed the dead man's face and caressed his brow. "Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart," she murmured brokenly.

I thought of the psychologist, the preacher, and the rest; I stood in silence, and the woman wept.

The woman? Madame or mademoiselle? I closed the curtain and did not try to recognize her. For me the dead body answered that question; my friend, Paul, was a man of honour.

BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT

THE FOURTH OF SEVERAL SKETCHES

WHAT is "downtown" now in Toronto, was when I was a small child the best residential part of the city. All board sidewalks, of course. Let us walk along Front and Wellington Streets to begin with, and so many old houses come to one's mind, it's hard to know where to begin. In Wellington Street there was a beautiful old house, where lived Chief Justice the Honourable John Henry Boulton, called "Holland House." Originally, I imagine, it had lawns and gardens, but I only recall it with a small drive to the front door, which opened with a fine vestibule and hall. The rooms were large and well proportioned, with a big bay window in the front drawing-room. The house was quite imposing outside, the stone walls being all battlemented, with towers at the corners. After the family left, the late Mr. Manning lived there, and during Lord Dufferin's term as Governor-General, he and Lady Dufferin were there for a short period, the house being given up to them. Mr. Todd, and the Ridouts (Mr. and Mrs. John Ridout, and Mr. Percy Ridout, a bachelor brother) lived in tall old-fashioned houses opposite. Farther on was Mr. Hawkes's house; there his widow lived until recent years. Turning down York Street, on the corner of Front Street was one of the most charming houses ever torn down in Toronto; it was named "The Cottage", a good-sized house of two storeys, with handsome front door and stone porch, a verandah running round three sides; to the south was a big lawn with bright flower-beds: A gravel sweep led to the entrance, and to the right was a large yard in which were stables, coach house, coachman's rooms, laundry, and an outside billiard-room, where my uncle, Captain James Strachan, kept all sorts of things. I can remember the coachman had some ferrets in a wooden box, lined with straw, and they had a fearful fascination for children with their squirming bodies and red eyes! The inside of the house was quite charming, the deep-set doors, staircase, panelling, mantels, and skirting boards of shining black walnut. The drawing-room was furnished with a lovely shade of blue damask, the French windows opening on to the verandah, all curtained with the long curtains of those days of white lace and the blue damask; lovely old chairs and sofas, ottomans, fender-stools of odd shapes, and those pretty, tall fire-screens of tapestry work which move up and down according to one's convenience, and which were seen in most drawing-rooms then. Behind the drawing-room was a library, and at the end of the hall next the dining-room, which was papered in rich red, was a store-room, such as one seldom sees now; a long, narrow room with an end window looking on the garden, and on each side cupboards, tall and short, with all sorts of things needed for cooking and dessert; rows and rows of jars, big and little, mostly brown and yellow ware; neat tins,

labelled; glass bottles of sweets, "layers" of big, plump raisins, "drums" of figs, and I think even now I can remember the faint, sweet, spicy smell of that delectable store-room. The kitchen, of course, was down stairs, and each morning I used to trot after my aunt, (Mrs. James Strachan) and watch her interviewing the cook in the large, spotless kitchen. My Aunt kept her servants for years and years, and they were as interested in the house and her doings as any of the family. On the verandah were seats, and a smoking-table, books, papers, and, above, a single gas jet with a green shade, an article then which was regarded as the height of luxury.

My uncle, Captain Strachan, was one of the few people I can remember being in genuine fear of. He was a handsome man, of a dark saturnine fashion, with black hair, whiskers and moustache, always well dressed, a great sportsman; each season going out to the St. Clair Flats for shooting, and after he and Mr. Kennedy returned from one of their "shoots" I can remember seeing the whole floor of a warehouse in York Street opposite the *Rossin House* covered with the results: ducks, geese, wild turkey and other game. Many people came in to see them on that day.

The establishment was perfect, without the least show. I remember the full dinner dress every night. My Aunt in black tulle with red ribbon run through the "puffings" on the full skirt, the Victorian-cut low bodice, and her beautiful curls of dark brown, fastened by drooping pins of coral and gold. She had a low carriage and pair of ponies, with the coachman driving from his seat behind, and I can remember her telling me that her dancing mistress in Cheltenham or London, a famous woman, always gave her the highest praise for her grace of bearing, her curtsies, her dancing and her manner of getting in and out of a carriage, all of which went to make the education of a gentlewoman of that day. I do not remember seeing her dance, but I recall the graceful carriage, as I was much with her.

Across from the rear of the house was a long covered-in passage leading through the grounds to "The Palace" of the famous Dr. John Strachan, the first Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto, and father of my Aunt's husband. The palace was really in Front Street, with large grounds, and a clear view of the bay to the island. The house was of red brick, with a wide frontage, no verandah, large front door facing the south, ordinarily large windows, and some nice trees about. Inside, a large hall with a wide shallow staircase of, I suppose, black walnut; the drawing-room on the right, very cold and stiff, with many ornaments under glass shades (I have two little china ones; a small *lingueur* glass in the shape of a thistle; and a tiny Bohemian glass), a marble topped table, thick carpets and curtains. A small sitting-room was behind, while across the hall was the Bishop's library and sanctum, with a tall mantel-piece, and a red covered round chair, in which always reposed a huge cat. The great dining-room was opposite the drawing-room, with a splendid table. Mrs. Strachan I can dimly remember as a tall, large-featured woman, with short full curls of dark hair under the usual lace bordered and trimmed cap worn by elderly women then. She always retired from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, and would receive my Aunt in great style in her own room, with its huge four-poster bed, canopied in crimson, at the foot of which was a long couch. There Mrs. Strachan was enthroned. She was kind, I am sure, for I can recall her, on hearing of my grief at my Aunt's going over there one evening, sending to me the following morning to be put on my plate at breakfast a large package of sweets in the shape of miniature vegetables, by which I was quite consoled.

One room was, in my eyes, magnificent, as the cream walls had a broad frieze representing a crimson velvet drapery, looped up with cords and tassels. Mr. Cruikshanks lived in Front Street, which bordered the gardens of Government House, on the south, and on the corner of Front and Simcoe Streets was "York House", where my Grandfather, Mr. Justice Hagerman, lived when my mother was a young girl. I remember it as the home of the late Honourable John Crawford, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and when he left "York House" it was turned into Government offices. It was a fine old house with dark panelling and splendid old colonial door, now at the residence of Mr. John Falconbridge. The drawing-room in my mother's day was upstairs. The walls were papered in silver gray, with touch of gold; the woodwork all white; a cream velvet carpet, with delicate flowers, and the furniture of gold and white, with tapestry stripes on dark rose satin damask. Some of this furniture was in the drawing-room at "The Grange", having doubtless been bought after my Grandfather's death by Mr. Boulton. There were amongst the numerous china ornaments three which I have now, and to which an odd story belongs. When I was a small child a gentleman came to "Sleepy Hollow" one day carrying these pretty little china things, and asked for my mother. He said his father was a connection of the same name, (Hagerman), living in Denver, and that in some way they had been bought at the sale and come into the son's possession. He said his father had told him if he ever went to Canada to be sure to take the ornaments and deliver them to my mother, who at once remembered them. One is an exquisite little china inkpot of apple green, with garlands of flowers, holes for the quill pens, and a centre well for the ink, with cover.

A wing ran from the north end of the house, where my Grandfather had his office; he was Solicitor-General, and represented Kingston in Parliament for many years, and when my mother went to Government House she asked her cousin George Kirkpatrick, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor, to request the City of Kingston to allow the splendid portrait of her father, which hung in the City Hall there, to be placed in the ballroom at Government House, where it has been seen by thousands. It was just a touch of sentiment on her part, and gave immense pleasure. I have heard the late Sir Thomas Galt, Chief Justice, tell of his boyhood days when he was a student in my grandfather's office.

A high fence almost concealed the stables and coachouse where they kept the old-fashioned brougham and horses, and among them a beautiful riding-horse given to my mother.

The old Parliament Buildings were a fashionable rendezvous when the band played on the tree-shaded grounds; and west of that there was a pretty street, called Windsor Street, which ran from Wellington to Front, opposite to where the late Chief Justice Barton lived afterwards, and at each end of which were two very high red brick houses on either side of fine iron gates, which apparently meant to close in the street with its rows of smaller houses, where lived the late Mr. Boomer, Mr. Kivas Tully, C. E., Mr. Creighton, and others. The late Honourable Alexander Mackay lived in one of the four big houses, my uncle (afterwards Sir James Robinson), I have always heard, built the street. He also lived in one of the south red brick houses, the late Mr. Angus Morrison in the one opposite.

Farther westward were the houses occupied by Sir Mortimer Clark, the Macdonalds, Mr. Moffatt—all gone now. In Peter Street a most hospitable house was that occupied first by Mr. Arnold, (father of my Aunt, Lady Robinson) then by Mrs. Biscoe, mother of Mrs. John Hagarty, where

young people were ever welcome, and where I recall the delightful "high teas", winter and summer, and the impromptu musicales and dances. Her son, Colonel Vincent Biscoe, is living in Galt. Mrs. Stephen Heward lived there for many years. On the corner of King and Peter Streets there was a large house with big cosy rooms. There resided Mr. Harman, whose people had lived in Antigua. Mr. and Mrs. Harman came to Canada with their son, Mr. Bruce Harman, then an infant. Their only daughter, Kiturah, was a brilliant pianist; I say brilliant for, even now, her technic would be so, and she could read any music at sight, as if she were reading a newspaper. Nothing seemed to be difficult to her long, slim fingers, and she was passionately fond of music. She died of one of the first cases known here of typhoid fever, when the present treatment was not understood, and her loss was keenly and long felt by a host of friends. It was during Mr. Herman's term as Mayor of Toronto, that H. R. H. Prince Arthur, now the Duke of Connaught, came to Toronto for his first visit. The town was *en fête* and decorated; and I remember we all went down to the *Rossin House*, from the balcony of which we watched the grandees driving down to meet the Prince, especially Mr. Harman, sitting in a large landau, in the most correct dress and tall hat, and slowly drawing on a pair of green kid gloves.

Higher up on Peter Street was a dear old house with pillared porch, with a brass plate, always my childish admiration, and "Ring the bell" on it; herein lived an old cousin of my mother's, Mrs. Stanton, known all my lifetime as "Cousin Anne". She She was a great belle, I always heard, and was married three times. I really only remember her well as Mrs. Stanton. The rooms were quaint to a degree; and it was a rule rigidly observed that one part of the house was used in the winter, the other in the summer. The drawing-room was pretty—square, with a very large, small-paned window looking east and another to the south; a huge fire-place, with splendid brass andirons, and high brass fender, tall mantel-piece, above which was a lovely old triple-framed looking-glass. A funny little light wooden piano stood against the wall, and two crayon heads of husband and wife, the latter in white lace bordered cap and strings over her beautiful silky brown curls. The room had lovely Eastern draperies, embroideries, carved ivory and China ornaments, Empire sofa, and three-cornered chairs. A door with brass handles and plate led into a smaller room, which was the summer sitting-room, or living-room really, as breakfast and dinner were always served there. There was a vine-covered porch outside the glass door, with seats, and steps to the splendid big garden, in which there were many vegetables and quantities of fruit trees, strawberry beds; and mingled with these were all the old-fashioned flowers, the perfume of which filled the house, as a tall glass ornament with centre cornucopia-shaped holder and smaller ones grouped at the base was always filled with blooms from spring to autumn, which mingled with the scent of the wild grape vine on the porch, gave a delicious odour. Cousin Anne had great tales of society in Kingston and Toronto, and she presented me with an enormous jug of ivory-coloured china, with odd pictures of a deep brown on sides and great lip. It holds, I am sure, fifteen quarts, and she assured me once "I used to have this at my parties, my dear, filled with punch or lemonade". Her son, Colonel Newbigging, came home on leave from India once, and I can recall Cousin Anne in great excitement the day of his arrival, waiting in the drawing-room in a grand gown of bright pale-green silk poplin, deep lace collar, long earrings and pointed flat lace "cappet" on her beautiful

hair. It must have been in the autumn, as fires were blazing in the drawing-room and dining-room. Cousin Anne lived to a great age, and was surrounded to the very day of her death by numerous cats and dogs, to which she was devoted. She always held a reception on Sunday, with trays of wine, and *liqueurs* (cherry and current brandy) always ready.

Behind the garden of "Stormington House," in Catherine Street, (which I always connected with Cousin Anne's old maid Catherine!) was the home of Chief Justice McLean. I remember only his son, Mr. Thomas McLean, his sisters, the Misses McLean, and his daughters. His eldest daughter, afterwards Mrs. Harry Ferguson, now living in England, was a great belle here and remarkably handsome, her mother being a lovely woman; also her Aunt, Miss Mary Jane McLean. There were numbers of other houses, notably that of the late Honourable John Hillyard Cameron, K. C., in Queen Street, and west of Spadina Avenue, a fine old house with lovely gardens, and orchard behind, which must have stretched up to near where Grange Avenue is now. Mr. William Armstrong's place, "The Priory," is still in Esther Street, and the family are there now. All others are gone

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SPRING

By BEATRICE REDPATH

IN deepest woods there is a vernal stir,
While earth is quickened with the tender green;
Blue waters rend their crystal sephuleure
And there is life where death like sleep hath been.

Bird voices haunt the golden lighted days,
And snowdrops glimmer whitely 'mid the grass,
While in the twilight of the hidden ways
All greenly veiled Persephone doth pass.

CANADA'S PROBLEM IN ASSIMILATION

BY JOHN R. BONE

FREQUENTLY Canadians are warned that they are permitting the West to become Americanized, that the great trek of American farmers to the Western plains may one day suddenly result in a political uprising with disastrous results. Occasionally, there is a flag incident or a tourist comes upon a party of boisterous young Americans who but a year or two away from the land of their birth have not forgotten their old associations. Then in the Club smoking-rooms of Toronto or of London there is grave shaking of heads and an expression of mournful apprehensions.

There are two facts that discount such apprehensions. First, a large proportion of the American influx is composed of bona fide land settlers who buy their half section or section and settle down to live on it. This makes for rapid assimilation, particularly if as a class the newcomers are fairly treated. Secondly, this latest American invasion, like the American manufacturing invasion of England a few years ago, has been exaggerated. Cold figures as supplied by the census returns indicate that the American influx is by no means of such proportions that its assimilation ought to be a matter of great difficulty. Thus while the total Canadian increase in population in the last census decade was 1,835,388, the increase in American born population was only 175,781, or less than ten per cent. of the total increase during the same period.

This is not nearly as serious a matter either in numbers or in character as the influx of Europeans of whom there were 279,392 in the decade. These latter include Italians, Polacks, Russian Jews, Galicians and such like all drawn from the well-known distinctively immigrant class, bringing with them customs and standards which are strange to Canada and in decided contrast to those of the clean-cut American who has sold out his farm in Iowa or Dakota for $80 an acre and invests the proceeds in Saskatchewan wheat lands at perhaps one quarter the price.

Socially, educationally, economically, morally many of the Europeans are a real problem. The difficulty is aggravated by the fact that they show a decided tendency to herd in cities. Montreal and Toronto have a goodly share of them but in proportion to population Winnipeg bears the heaviest load of all Canadian cities. Every fifth person in Winnipeg is a native-born European—Galacian or Croatian or Macedonian or Doukhobor or what not. And Winnipeg is not handling the situation in an entirely reassuring manner. It was the educational situation in Manitoba mainly as it applies to these foreigners that got Mr. Roblin and Mr. Samuel into their famous snarl. Re-

gina, Edmonton and other Western cities also have the problem in a somewhat lesser degree, although it is nevertheless sufficiently acute.

However, even this problem should not be insuperable, for while the foreign-born population, chiefly American and European, increased by 474,283, the Canadian-born increase was 947,867, and added to this is an increase in the population of those born in the British Isles of 394,507. So that for every five foreigners who came to Canada during the decade there came on the scene at least thirteen new British-born or Canadian-born citizens, a proportion which ought to go far toward allaying alarm. To-day the Canadian-born and British-born comprise more than eighty-eight per cent. of the entire population. Europe has contributed 5.62 per cent., the United States 4.21 per cent., and Asia and Africa combined less than one per cent. Nevertheless, purely Canadian stock has had a serious relative decline in the last census decade. For whereas it accounted for eighty-seven per cent. of the population in 1901, it had receded ten years later to seventy-nine per cent., and the corresponding increase was divided in order among British, Europeans, and Americans.

Undoubtedly the influx which will have the greatest influence on the future of Canada is the large purely English immigration that has arrived in the past ten years. There have been during the last century many large immigrations from the British Isles to Canada, but never has there been anything approaching the present movement. For many years Ireland was the chief recruiting ground for Canada, and forty years ago there were almost as many native-born Irishmen in Canada as Englishmen and Scotsmen combined. But it is a curious fact that since that time there has been a steady decline in the number of Irish, though the decrease in the past decade has been less than in any previous period. The latest figures show only 92,874 Irish-born in 1911, as compared with 224,422 in 1871. As recently as twenty years ago there were fewer English-born than Irish and Scots, but now the preponderance is largely the other way. In the decade from 1891 to 1901 English, Irish and Scots alike declined, but in the last decade there has been a tremendous inrush of English, a moderate one of Scots, and a slight decline in Irish. Here are the figures from the last five censuses:

BRITISH-BORN IN CANADA.

	England and Wales.	Ireland.	Scotland.
1871	144,999	224,422	121,074
1881	169,492	185,522	115,010
1891	219,688	149,184	107,594
1901	203,803	101,629	83,631
1911	519,401	92,874	169,391

It is this influx of British-born which adds a distinctly new element to the political equation in Canada. The fresh arrivals are by no means evenly distributed over the country, but on the contrary are concentrated in such a way as to give their voting strength a maximum of influence. Not less than forty per cent. of the total British-born population in Canada is contained in the twenty cities of 20,000 population and more. Thus in 1911 of a total British-born population of 781,666, the number in the twenty large cities gives the astonishing total of 312,999.

To-day in the cities like Calgary and Victoria every third person one meets is British-born. In Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Hamilton, Regina, and Edmonton every fourth person is British-born. So interesting are the figures illustrating this concentration of British-born in Canadian cities that for this article the following table has been prepared, showing the percentage of British-born in each of the twenty largest Canadian cities, also the total number of British-born in each city, and for further purposes of comparison, the percentage of Canadian-born, the figures being compiled from census

bulletins quite recently issued:

City.	Percentage of British-born.	Percentage of Canadian-born.	Total of British-born.
Montreal	8.66	81.54	40,743
Toronto	28.50	61.71	107,302
Winnipeg	29.41	44.08	39,999
Vancouver	30.57	43.80	30,689
Ottawa	10.93	82.69	9,513
Hamilton	26.84	63.49	22,001
Quebec	1.74	96.43	1,369
Halifax	8.66	85.08	4,038
London	18.76	75.95	8,686
Calgary	33.80	43.84	14,722
St. John	5.58	89.88	2,371
Victoria	35.21	40.95	11,145
Regina	26.98	49.43	8,150
Edmonton	25.80	50.10	6,424
Brantford	22.46	68.58	5,195
Total			312,399

It will be noted in passing that in most of the cities the British-born and Canadian-born combined account for about ninety per cent. or more of the total population. The exceptions are Winnipeg, where there are 19.34 per cent. of Europeans; Vancouver, with 10.35 per cent. Americans, and 6.57 per cent Europeans; Calgary, with 9.40 Americans and 9.91 per cent. Europeans; Victoria, with 10.67 per cent. Asiatics and 6.97 Americans; Regina, with 17.27 per cent. Europeans; and Edmonton, with 9.90 per cent. Europeans and 11.71 per cent. Americans. The Canadian-born in Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa include, of course, a large number of French-Canadians, and it is noteworthy that in those cities and the far eastern cities of Halifax and St. John the proportion of British-born is the very lowest.

The twenty cities named in the foregoing which contain forty per cent. of the British-born population will have upwards of forty seats in the next Parliament. Of the remaining sixty per cent. of British-born most are to be found in smaller cities and towns where they command an influential position in determining the issues in a large number of rural constituencies. Very few are actually on the land.

It is not too much to say that today the British-born hold the balance of power as between the parties in Canada. Many are said to have been free trade Radicals in the old country, but in Canada they are without bearings. They find neither free trade nor Radicalism an issue as between the parties. But whatever affiliations they assume, it may be confidently predicted that their coming will be for the improvement of Canadian political life.

Considering in particular the great Canadian Melting-Pot of races (the four Western Provinces), the most striking feature of the nativity figures is the part Ontario is playing in the development of the country. The drain of the prairie has been and is a commonplace of life in Ontario, where for thirty years, with an occasional interruption, every post-office and every tavern sitting-room has been continuously decorated with bills of auction sales announced by farmers preparing to migrate to the land of promises. The movement is reflected in pathetic census figures for many an Ontario county. However, it is undoubtedly making for the unity of Canada. The polyglot population in each of the Western Provinces is strongly leavened with the sturdy stock of old Ontario and a casual survey of the men who are taking the leading roles in politics, in the professions, in education in each of these Provinces will demonstrate how strikingly their progress is in the hands of native Ontarions. It is interesting to glean from the census bulletins the figures which show in the mass the results of Ontario immigration upon the Western population. Of Manitoba's native population 27.39 per cent. is Ontario-born; Saskatchewan has 38.68 per cent., Alberta 35.46 per cent., and British Columbia 26.88 per cent. The other Eastern Provinces contribute only slightly. And it therefore appears that Ontario, while retaining her premier position in the Dominion

in population and influence, is thus also contributing largely to the cementing of the Canadian nation into one homogeneous whole.

Figures for each of the four Provinces showing the origins of the leading sections of the population are not without interest (only numbers over 10,000 are included):

BIRTHPLACE OF WESTERN POPULATION.

I.—MANITOBA.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
Manitoba	170,819
Ontario	73,077
Quebec	10,755
British Isles	90,622
Europe	78,051
United States	16,326
Elsewhere	15,962
Total population	455,614

II.—SASKATCHEWAN.

Total population, 492,432.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
Manitoba	21,677
Ontario	96,206
Quebec	12,909
Saskatchewan	101,854
British Isles	76,854
Europe	91,108
United States	69,628
Elsewhere	22,196
Total population	492,432

III.—ALBERTA.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
Alberta	73,813
Ontario	57,530
Quebec	10,112
British Isles	65,839
Europe	58,771
United States	81,357
Elsewhere	27,241
Total population	374,663

IV.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
British Columbia	84,490
Ontario	45,518
Quebec	7,496
British Isles	107,345
Europe	40,131
Asia	26,988
United States	37,548
Elsewhere	42,864
Total population	382,490

Taking the four Western Provinces together, it is found that notwithstanding the American invasion, the European invasion and the Asiatic invasion, not less than forty-five per cent. of the present total population were born either in the West itself or in Ontario, that just under fifty per cent. are Canadian-born, and that more than seventy per cent. are British-born. Here are the figures:

POPULATION OF FOUR WESTERN PROVINCES.

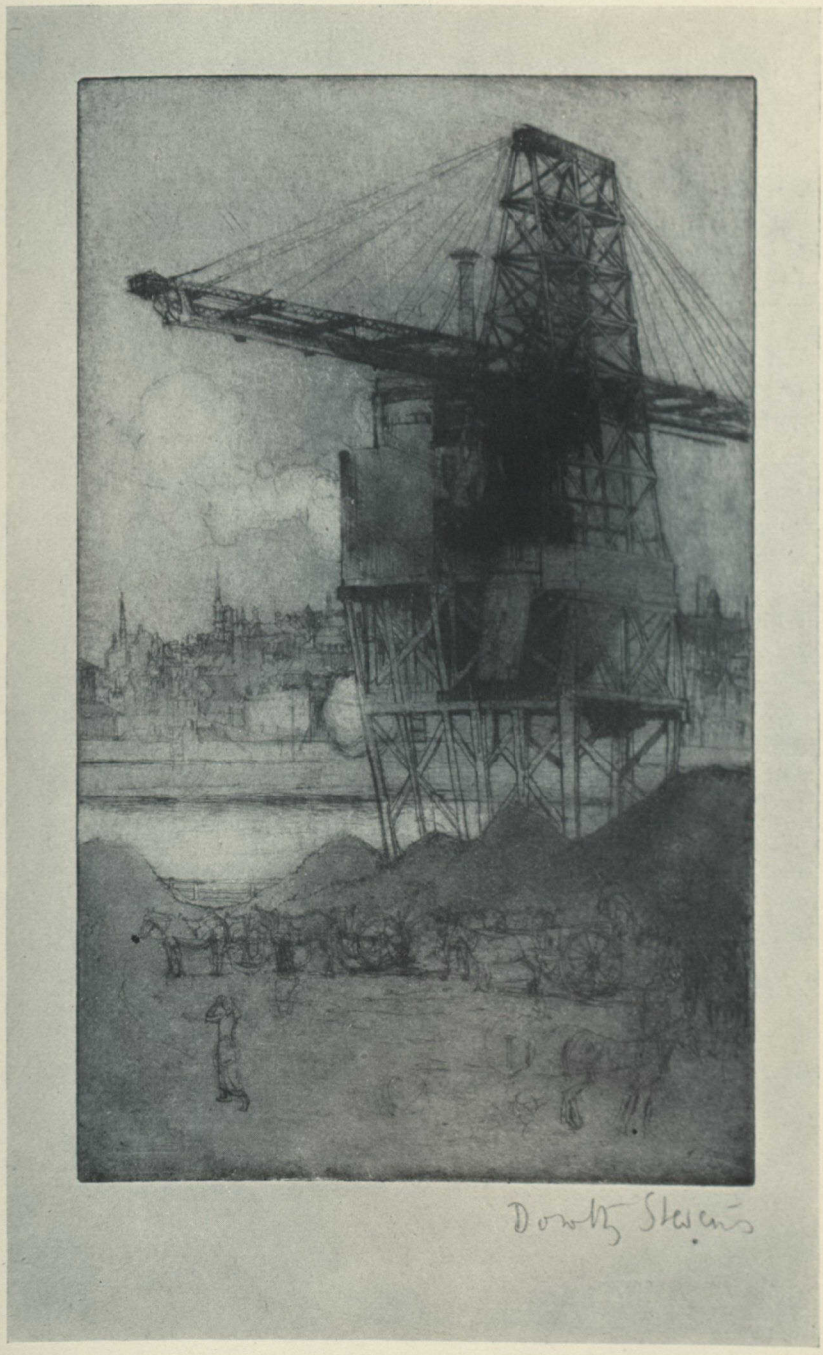
Total population	1,715,189
Born in the West	478,053
Born in Ontario	296,744
Born elsewhere in Canada	70,341
Total Canadian-born	845,138
Other British-born	363,681
Total Canadian and British-born	1,208,819

Meanwhile, what of Ontario itself? Although it has lost some of its homogenity, it retains a native-born population which ought to be sufficiently large to maintain its distinctive character. Thus:

ONTARIO.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
Ontario	1,931,726
Quebec	64,783
British Isles	348,681
Europe	86,967
United States	55,674
Elsewhere	35,443
Total population	2,523,274

Of the total population of Canada seventy-eight per cent. are native-born and twenty-two per cent. immigrants, of the latter 11.6 being British born and 10.4 per cent. being of alien birth. And in closing, let it be observed for the benefit of those who fear that Canada is growing too fast and are timid about further progress, that if eight native born Canadians with the assistance of one other British-born citizen are not equal to the task of assimilating and making a Canadian citizen of one foreigner there is in Canada much less ambition and public spirit and capacity for achievment than is generally supposed.



THE CRANE

From the Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE INEVITABLE WHITE MAN

BY JACK LONDON

"THE black will never understand the white, nor the white the black, as long as black is black and white is white." So said Captain Woodward. We sat in the parlour of Charley Roberts's pub in Apia, drinking long Abdul Hammeds compounded and shared with us by the aforesaid Charley Roberts, who claimed the recipe direct from Steevens, famous for having invented the Abdul Hammed at a time when he was spurred on by Nile thirst—The Steevens who was responsible for "With Kitchener to Khartum," and who passed out at the siege of Ladysmith.

Captain Woodward, short and squat, elderly, burned by forty years of tropic sun, and with the most beautiful liquid brown eyes I ever saw in a man, spoke from a vast experience. The criss-cross of scars on his bald pate bespoke a tomahawk intimacy with the black, and of equal intimacy was the advertisement, front and rear, on the right side of his neck, where an arrow had at one time entered and been pulled clean through. As he explained, he had been in a hurry on that occasion—the arrow impeded his running—and he felt that he could not take the time to break off the head and pull out the shaft the way it had come in. At the present moment he was commander of the *Savaii*, the big steamer that recruited labour from the westward for the German plantations on Samoa.

"Half the trouble is the stupidity of the whites," said Roberts, pausing to take a swig from his glass and to curse the Samoan bar-boy in affectionate terms. "If the white man would lay himself out a bit to understand the workings of the black man's mind, most of the messes would be avoided."

"I've seen a few who claimed they understood niggers," Captain Woodward retorted, "and I always took notice that they were the first to be *kai-kai'd* (eaten). Look at the missionaries in New Guinea and the New Hebrides—the martyr isle of Erromanga and all the rest. Look at the Austrian expedition that was cut to pieces in the Solomons, in the bush of Guadalcanar. And look at the traders themselves, with a score of years' experience, making their brag that no nigger would ever get them, and whose heads to this day are ornamenting the rafters of the canoe-houses.

"There was old Johnny Simons—twenty-six years on the raw edges of Melanesia, swore he knew the niggers like a book and that they'd never do for him, and he passed out at Marovo Lagoon, New Georgia, had his head sawed off by a black Mary (woman) and an old nigger with only one leg, having left the other leg in the mouth of a shark while diving for dynamited fish.

"There was Billy Watts, horrible reputation as a nigger-killer, a man to scare the devil. I remember lying at Cape Little, New Ireland, you know, when the niggers stole half a

case of trade tobacco—cost him about three dollars and a half. In retaliation he turned out and shot six niggers, smashed up their war-canoes, and burned two villages. And it was at Cape Little, four years afterward, that he jumped along with fifty Buku boys he had with him fishing beche-de-mer. In five minutes they were all dead, with the exception of three boys who got away in a canoe.

"Don't talk to me about understanding the nigger. The white man's mission is to farm the world, and it's a big enough job cut out for him. What time has he got left to understand niggers, anyway?"

"Just so," said Roberts. "And somehow it doesn't seem necessary, after all, to understand the niggers. In direct proportion to the white man's stupidity is his success in farming the world—"

"And putting the fear of God into the nigger's heart," Captain Woodward blurted out. "Perhaps you're right, Roberts. Perhaps it's his stupidity that makes him succeed, and surely one phase of his stupidity is his inability to understand the niggers. But there's one thing sure, the white has to run the niggers, whether he understands them or not. It's inevitable. It's fate."

"And, of course, the white man is inevitable—it's the niggers' fate," Roberts broke in. "Tell the white man there's pearl-shell in some lagoon infested by ten thousand howling cannibals, and he'll head there all by his lonely, with half a dozen kanaka divers and a tin alarm clock for chronometer, all packed like sardines on a commodious, five-ton ketch. Whisper that there's a gold-strike at the North Pole, and that same inevitable white-skinned creature will set out at once, armed with pick and shovel, a side of bacon, and the latest patent rocker—and what's more, he'll get there. Tip off to him that there's diamonds on the red-hot ramparts of hell, and Mr. White Man will storm the ramparts and set old Satan himself to pick-and-shovel work. That's what comes of being stupid and inevitable."

"But I wonder what the black man must think of the—the inevitableness," I said.

Captain Woodward broke into quiet laughter. His eyes had a reminiscent gleam.

"I'm just wondering what the niggers of Malu thought and still must be thinking of the one inevitable white man we had on board when we visited them in the *Duchess*," he explained. Roberts mixed three more Abdul Hammeds. "That was twenty years ago. Saxtorph was his name. He was certainly the most stupid man I ever saw, but he was as inevitable as death. There was only one thing that chap could do, and that was shoot. I remember the first time I ran into him—right here in Apia twenty years ago. That was before your time, Roberts. I was sleeping at Dutch Henry's hotel, down where the market is now. Ever heard of him? He made a tidy stake smuggling arms in to the rebels, sold out his hotel, and was killed in Sydney just six weeks afterward in a saloon row.

"But Saxtorph. One night I'd just got to sleep, when a couple of cats began to sing in the courtyard. It was out of bed and up window, water-jug in hand. But just then I heard the window of the next room go up. Two shots were fired, and the window was closed. I fail to impress you with the celerity of the transaction. Ten seconds at the outside. Up went the window, bang bang went the revolver, and down went the window. Whoever it was, he had never stopped to see the effect of his shots. He knew. Do you follow me?—he *knew*. There was no more cat-concert, and in the morning there lay the two offenders, stone-dead. It was marvellous to me. It still is marvellous. First, it was starlight, and Saxtorph shot without drawing a bead; next, he shot so rapidly that

the two reports were like a double report; and finally, he knew he had hit his marks without looking to see.

"Two days afterward he came on board to see me. I was mate, then, on the *Duchess,* a whacking big one-hundred-and-fifty-ton schooner, a blackbirder. And let me tell you that blackbirders were blackbirders in those days. There weren't any Government inspectors, and no Government protection for *us,* either. It was rough work, give and take, if we were finished we were finished and nothing said, and we ran niggers from every south sea island they didn't kick us off from. Well, Saxtorph came on board, John Saxtorph was the name he gave. He was a sandy little man, hair sandy, complexion sandy, and eyes sandy, too. Nothing striking about him. His soul was as neutral as his colour scheme. He said he was strapped and wanted to ship on board. Would go cabin-boy, cook, supercargo, or common sailor. Didn't know any of the billets, but said that he was willing to learn. I didn't want him, but his shooting had so impressed me that I took him as common sailor, wages three pounds per month.

"He was willing to learn all right, I'll say that much. But he was constitutionally unable to learn anything. He could no more box the compass than I could mix drinks like Roberts here. And as for steering, he gave me my first gray hairs. I never dared risk him at the wheel when we were running in a big sea, while full-and-by and close-and-by were insoluble mysteries. Couldn't ever tell the difference between a sheet and a tackle, simply couldn't. The fore-throat-jig and the jib-jig were all one to him. Tell him to slack off the main-sheet, and before you knew it he'd drop the peak. He fell overboard three times, and he couldn't swim. But he was always cheerful, never seasick, and he was the most willing man I ever knew. He was an uncommunicative soul. Never talked about himself. His history, so far as we were concerned, began the day he signed on the *Duchess.* Where he learned to shoot, the stars alone can tell. He was a Yankee—that much we knew from the twang in his speech. And that was all we ever did know.

"And now we begin to get to the point. We had bad luck in the New Hebrides, only fourteen boys for five weeks, and we ran up before the southeast for the Solomons. Malaita, then as now, was good recruiting ground, and we ran into Malu, on the northwestern corner. There's a shore-reef and an outer reef, and a mighty nervous anchorage; but we made it all right and fired off our dynamite as a signal to the niggers to come down and be recruited. In three days we got not a boy. The niggers came off to us in their canoes by hundreds, but they only laughed when we showed them beads and calico and hatchets and talked of the delights of plantation work in Samoa.

"On the fourth day there came a change. Fifty-odd boys signed on and were billeted in the main-hold, with the freedom of the deck, of course. And, of course, looking back, this wholesale signing on was suspicious, but at the time we thought some powerful chief had removed the ban against recruiting. The morning of the fifth day our two boats went ashore as usual—one to cover the other, you know, in case of trouble. And, as usual, the fifty niggers on board were on deck, loafing, talking, smoking, and sleeping. Saxtorph and myself, along with four other sailors, were all that were left on board. The two boats were manned with Gilbert islanders. In the one were the captain, the supercargo, and the recruiter. In the other, which was the covering boat and which lay off shore a hundred yards, was the second mate. Both boats were well armed, though trouble was little expected.

"Four of the sailors, including Saxtorph, were scraping the poop

rail. The fifth sailor, rifle in hand, was standing guard by the water-tank just for'ard of the mainmast. I was for'ard, putting in the finishing licks on a new jaw for the fore-gaff. I was just reaching for my pipe where I had laid it down, when I heard a shot from shore. I straightened up to look. Something struck me on the back of the head, partially stunning me and knocking me to the deck. My first thought was that something had carried away aloft; but even as I went down and before I struck the deck, I heard the devil's own tattoo of rifles from the boats, and, twisting sidewise, I caught a glimpse of the sailor who was standing guard. Two big niggers were holding his arms, and a third nigger, from behind, was braining him with a tomahawk.

"I can see it now, the water-tank, the mainmast, the gang hanging on to him, the hatchet descending on the back of his head, and all under the blazing sunlight. I was fascinated by that growing vision of death. The tomahawk seemed to take a horribly long time to come down. I saw it land, and the man's legs give under him as he crumpled. The niggers held him up by sheer strength while he was hacked a couple of times more. Then I got two more hacks on the head and decided that I was dead. So did the brute that was hacking me. I was too helpless to move, and I lay there and watched them removing the sentry's head. I must say they did it slick enough. They were old hands at the business.

"The rifle-firing from the boats had ceased, and I made no doubt that they were finished off and that the end had come to everything. It was only a matter of moments when they would return for my head. They were evidently taking the heads from the sailors aft. Heads are valuable on Malaita, especially white heads. They have the place of honour in the canoe-houses of the salt-water natives. What particular decorative effect the bushmen get out of them I don't know, but they prize them just as much as the salt-water crowd.

"I had a dim notion of escaping, and I crawled on hands and knees to the winch, where I managed to drag myself to my feet. From there I could look aft and see three heads on top of the cabin—the heads of three sailors I had given orders to for months. The niggers saw me standing, and started for me. I reached for my revolver, and found they had taken it. I can't say that I was scared. I've been near to death several times, but it never seemed easier than right then. I was half-stunned, and nothing seemed to matter.

"The leading nigger had armed himself with a cleaver from the galley, and he grimaced like an ape as he prepared to slice me down. But the slice was never made. He went down on the deck all of a heap, and I saw the blood gush from his mouth. In a dim way I heard a rifle go off and continue to go off. Nigger after nigger went down. My senses began to clear, and I noted that there was never a miss. Every time that rifle went off a nigger dropped. I sat down on deck beside the winch and looked up. Perched in the cross-trees was Saxtorph. How he had managed it I can't imagine, for he had carried up with him two Winchesters and I don't know how many bandoliers of ammunition; and he was now doing the only thing in this world he was fitted to do.

"I've seen shooting and slaughter, but I never saw anything like that. I sat by the winch and watched the show. I was weak and faint, and it seemed to be all a dream. Bang, bang, bang, bang, went his rifle, and thud, thud, thud, thud, went the niggers to the deck. It was amazing to see them go down. After their first rush to get me when about a dozen had dropped, they seemed paralyzed; but he never left off pumping his gun. By this time canoes and the two boats arrived from shore, armed

with Sniders and with Winchesters which they had captured in the boats. The fusillade they let loose on Saxtorph was tremendous. Luckily for him the niggers are only good at close range. They are not used to putting the guns to their shoulders. They wait until they are right on top of a man, and then they shoot from the hip. When his rifle got too hot, Saxtorph changed off. That had been his idea when he carried two rifles up with him.

"The astounding thing was the rapidity of his fire. Also, he never made a miss. If ever anything was inevitable, that man was. It was the swiftness of it that made the slaughter so appalling. The niggers did not have time to think. When they did manage to think they went over the side in a rush, capsizing the canoes, of course. Saxtorph never let up. The water was covered with them, and plump, plump, plump, he dropped his bullets into them. Not a single miss, and I could hear distinctly the thud of every bullet as it buried in human flesh.

"The niggers spread out and headed for the shore, swimming. The water was carpeted with bobbing heads, and I stood up, as in a dream, and watched it all—the bobbing heads and the heads that ceased to bob. Some of the long shots were magnificent. Only one man reached the beach, but as he stood up to wade ashore, Saxtorph got him. It was beautiful. And when a couple of niggers ran down to drag him out of the water, Saxtorph got them, too.

"I thought everything was over then, when I heard the rifle go off again. A nigger had come out of the cabin companion on the run for the rail and gone down in the middle of it. The cabin must have been full of them. I counted twenty. They came up one at a time and jumped for the rail. But they never got there. It reminded me of trap-shooting. A black body would pop out of the companion, bang would go Saxtorph's rifle, and down would go the black body. Of course, those below did not know what was happening on deck, so they continued to pop out until the last one was finished off.

"Saxtorph waited a while to make sure, and then came down on deck. He and I were all that were left of the *Duchess's* complement, and I was pretty well to the bad, while he was helpless now that the shooting was over. Under my direction he washed out my scalp-wounds and sewed them up. A big drink of whiskey braced me to make an effort to get out. There was nothing else to do. All the rest were dead. We tried to get up sail, Saxtorph hoisting and I holding the turn. He was once more the stupid lubber. He couldn't hoist worth a cent, and when I fell in a faint it looked all up with us.

"When I came to, Saxtorph was sitting helplessly on the rail, waiting to ask me what he should do. I told him to overhaul the wounded and see if there were any able to crawl. He gathered together six. One, I remember, had a broken leg; but Saxtorph said his arms were all right. I lay in the shade, brushing the flies off and directing operations, while Saxtorph bossed his hospital gang. I'll be blessed if he didn't make those poor niggers heave at every rope on the pin-rails before he found the halyards. One of them let go the rope in the midst of the hoisting and slipped down to the deck dead; but Saxtorph hammered the others and made them stick by the job. When the fore and main were up, I told him to knock the shackle out of the anchor-chain and let her go. I had had myself helped aft to the wheel, where I was going to make a shift at steering. I can't guess how he did it, but instead of knocking the shackle out down went the second anchor, and there we were doubly moored.

"In the end he managed to knock both shackles out and raise the staysail and jib, and the *Duchess* filled away for the entrance. Our decks

were a spectacle. Dead and dying niggers were everywhere. They were wedged away, some of them, in the most inconceivable places. The cabin was full of them where they had crawled off the deck, and cashed in. I put Saxtorph and his graveyard gang to work heaving them overside, and over they went, the living and the dead. The sharks had fat pickings that day. Of course, our four murdered sailors went the same way. Their heads, however, we put in a sack with weights, so that by no chance should they drift on the beach and fall into the hands of the niggers.

"Our five prisoners I decided to use as crew, but they decided otherwise. They watched their opportunity and went over the side. Saxtorph got two in mid-air with his revolver, and would have shot the other three in the water if I hadn't stopped him. I was sick of the slaughter, you see, and, besides, they'd helped work the schooner out. But it was mercy thrown away, for the sharks got the three of them.

"I had brain fever or something after we got clear of the land. The *Duchess* lay hove-to for three weeks, then I pulled myself together and we jogged on with her to Sydney. Anyway, those niggers of Malu learned the everlasting lesson that it is not good to monkey with a white man. In their case, Saxtorph was certainly inevitable."

Charley Roberts emitted a long whistle and said:

"Well, I should say so. But whatever became of Saxtorph?"

"He drifted into seal-hunting and became a crackerjack. For six years he was high line on both the Victoria and San Francisco fleets. The seventh year his schooner was seized in Bering Sea by a Russian cruiser, and all hands, so the talk went, were slammed into the Siberian salt mines. At least I've never heard of him since."

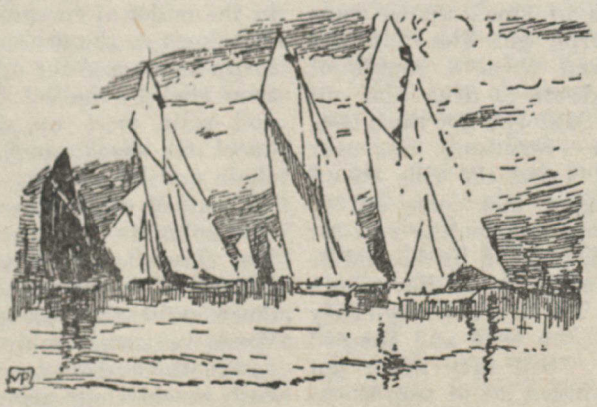
"Farming the world," Roberts muttered. "Farming the world, Well, here's to them. Somebody's got to do it—farm the world, I mean."

Captain Woodward rubbed the criss-crosses on his bald head.

"I've done my share of it," he said. "Forty years now. This will be my last trip. Then I'm going home to stay."

"I'll wager the wine you don't," Roberts challenged. "You'll die in the harness, not at home."

Captain Woodward promptly accepted the bet, but personally I think Charley Roberts has the best of it.



DEGRADING A GENERATION

BY W. LACEY AMY

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE WOLF"

IRREVERENCE as an accomplishment is a distinct development of this generation. It has become the standard of modernism, the badge of the automobile age. We call it freedom, rationality, progressiveness, and even genius—anything to blind us to its real essence: repudiation of the tenets of our fathers. New gods interfere with our religion, divorce courts laugh at marriage, festivity disturbs our homes, slit skirts and transparent waists violate the sanctity of the body, the tango shocks Terpsichore, cubism shatters art, sex stories distort literature, problem plays defile the stage. Our music has become mechanical, our charity an advertisement, our worship a form.

Summed up in a paragraph like that it is a disturbing picture—an unpopular one and inviting contradiction. We do not see it because the drug of our dissipations continues to control our senses. The picture is not yet completed; we are still painting it, most of us adding our daub of red and blue, and working up unconsciously a part of the consistent whole.

Perhaps, were the adult in control, common sense would right things before a cataclysm. That superficial intelligence which enables us to see wrong right, to urge a sophism in justification of every step, might strike deeper and become a sense of proportion, saving us, perhaps, from the full penalties of our foolishness.

But the young man and woman are growing up in the new life; and there's the rub.

Contumely has become, in the youth, a fine art. The disrespect of the father for the religion of his ancestors has extended in the son—and quite naturally—to include age, experience and control in his list of sneers. Eighteen years, or thereabouts, is the age of proficiency, of omniscience. An egg is not the only thing spoiled by time.

Religion? A nuisance, an interference with personal rights and reflection, a repudiation of individual acumen, a fossilized, unfounded fable fit only for the mentally unequipped. Age? A misfortune, a condition surrounded by hoary misconceptions that must now give way to more throbbing sapience. Experience? A handicap of the years that blinds the eye of reason, deafens the ear of wisdom, muddles the tongue of talent; a word to which time has attached an erroneous value. Control? If physical, vulgar and contemptible; if moral, a curb on individualism. The learning of years is but a drag on genius; and genius becomes senile after the twenties.

The youth of to-day acknowledges no value in the gift of the ages, denies the disadvantage of juvenility, permits no preference to the teachings of time, yields nothing to years. He sees in himself the embodiment of the progress of the world, the

proof of it, the result of it; and he demands that the facts be recognized in the determination of future schemes for advancement or entertainment.

About the only thing reserved to the advantage of age is the vote, and that because any alteration rests in the hands of those who are beginning to realize their responsibility for the ravages of domineering buds. The ballot box is the sole fortification of years; and even it will yield to the licensed demands of youth unless adult responsibility is more than recognized. "You can't hold down a good thing," says the boy; and he's a mighty brave man who points out that a really bad one is quite as difficult to control.

The boy is not to blame. The father has shaped the son; the image is his carving.

Modern entertainment is bent to the whim of the young. The "Not-outs" rage in a whirl of gaiety which would unsettle their seniors. A young girl of seventeen of my acquaintance yawns dolefully on her infrequent evenings at home, and bemoans her inability to accept all three invitations for to-morrow. A girl's health suffers, her intellect is untrained owing to early renunciation of studies, her moral fibre is warped by indulgence and independence, her sense of proportion is left unguided. For she has long since overcome the interference of her parents by a persistent fight, and by holding up her young friends as examples of liberty and license.

She dresses as she pleases, regardless of cost, age, and even decency. The nell-rose hat she induced her mother to purchase for her, demands a nell-rose parasol; a purple hat requires a purple petticoat and veil. When she selects the youth who is to be favoured for a while with her company, he needs must recognize his good fortune by taxis, roses, and a gift for every anniversary. A girl nowadays is apt to size a young man by the quality of his flowers, the name on the chocolate box, the location of the theatre seats. She has made vases a standard decoration, bon-bon dishes a fad, opera cloaks a necessity for every wardrobe.

She rises at nine, after the frivolities of the previous night, and fills her morning with fittings and the shops. Her afternoons are topped off with teas at a down-town hotel. Her evenings are a round of turkey-trots, tangos and theatres. No dance is long taboo, no play too *risqué*, no hour too late, few dissipations too abandoned.

Perhaps the secret of the license accorded to youth—especially to girls—is our frenzy for publicity, our determination to "keep in the swim". In the desire to prevent eclipse of our daughters we consent to conduct we find it difficult to defend. "Dorothy does it" is sufficient reason why our Gladys should go a shade better. It was Mrs. Jones's tea determined our dinner-dance. It is anything rather than be old-fashioned or "behind". We deliberately turn our backs on the evening's entertainment of our children to prevent a tussle with our consciences—or our daughters.

It may shock us to hear of an evening spent by our young girls wholly in turkey-trots and bunny-hugs, interspersed with cooling-off joy-rides; but that is not unusual even in Toronto, the Good.

The father in a prominent house sought to protect the entertainment given by his "not-out" children, by locking his stock of cigars in his billiard-room. The youths present—sons of social leaders—promptly broke through the locked door, forced open the cabinet, and calmly helped themselves, while below stairs the girls waited in vain for partners for the censored dance list. It mattered not that these young men came from families accustomed to guard their reputations as their most valuable asset. It was not that they condoned

house-breaking and theft, but that their resentment at restraint was keener than their appreciation of the crime they had committed. It was merely the result of the license to which they were accustomed.

Our thirst for the evidences of wealth is turning the world upside down. Self-amusement blinds us to results; the fever of the excitement beclouds our common sense; the spectacle of our neighbours urges only to emulation. And into the vortex we have drawn our children whose ballast is not yet adjusted, whose balance does not keep their heads above the whirl. It may be hard to believe that the adult of to-day, deliberately selecting the life he lives, is able to withstand the stronger currents of that whirlpool; but it is certain as the sun that adolesence cannot hold its own. We exchange our cars every year, join golf clubs too numerous to be patronized, travel to surfeit—thereby living up to and beyond our incomes. And we saturate our children with the virus of extravagance.

A mother with some foreboding still, urged on her daughter more carefully considered expenditure. "You can't expect that any young man you marry will be able to keep you as you are living now."

The girl laughed carelessly. "I won't marry him if he can't," she replied. "Or else father'll make me an allowance."

And all the time the young man contemplating marriage shudders at the troubles that face him—even while he maintains the standard of extravagance of his set. He balks at the cost of marriage; she balks at everything else.

A foolish—I should say, criminal—mother brushed aside the warnings of friends concerning her daughter's conduct by openly accusing them of jealousy. In the meantime the uncontrolled girl was rapidly passing through the stage of popularity that greets a vivacious, pretty youngster, and had already closed against herself the respectable homes of her set. Finally the mother awoke to a secret marriage with a young scapegrace—and then looked to the courts to undo what her criminal foolishness had done.

Engagement has become to the debutante merely a proof of popularity. The eagerness with which she looks forward to that condition is seldom realized by her parents. With her young friends she discusses it and the man as one might the new maid. In cold blood they compare chances, delve into "thrills" and psychology, and arrive at conclusions which would stagger their parents. At twenty the unengaged girl frets circles around her eyes. At twenty-one a joke about her condition rends her. And at twenty-three she begins to retire in abashment.

"Musn't it be awful," said a debutante, apropos of an elderly spinster, "to have to go through life without a chance to marry." She could not imagine spinsterhood with any opportunity of altering it. It is the result of the attitude of the mother who longs for nothing but the "success" of her daughter; for that "success" is measured by the train of pseudo-lovesick youths in her wake. Girls are thrown into society with a reckless disregard of health, innocence, mental equipment and real happiness—in order that Mrs. Jones's daughter may not be the "belle".

Take a census of the homes any night between September and May, and the few girls there will be yawning their heads off. And there lies the cause of *blasé* maidens in their twenties, of cigarette-loving boys who prefer loafing and untimely gossip and pleasures to anything else on earth. Reading is confined to the "popular" book—whose popularity depends upon its trifling with the sentiments of this new life of ours. Sewing is left to the bazaars—an accepted revelry of to-day. Music is a charm cultivated for further con-

quest. And with it all, life is a continuous Coney Island, a parent is but a bank, home a sleeping-place.

Some of us look on and manage to feel it at times to the wringing of hands—and the next minute work the hypodermic. We have spasms of conscience, the inconsistency of which is justly ridiculed by our children. We exercise a momentary control—and to-morrow exceed even our former license. We stand aghast at the month's bills—and go shopping the same morning with our insatiable daughters.

But within our grasp is the remedy. The restraint of the parent can revive in a decade the simplicity of youth, the glow of innocence, the respect owing age and experience, the unadulterated merriment that goes only with purity. To-day a mother may lay her hand on the throbbing head of her daughter and impel that peace which alone makes for real happiness and virtue. The father holds the rein that can keep his son from destruction.

If mother and father withhold the hand of peace what shoals will threaten ten years ahead?

If at that time our children retain a conscience, a sense of right and wrong, a tinge of reverence, there will be marked up to the discredit of weak, foolish parents the lassitude and weariness and worse that follow hard on the heels of a life of revelry. Our license will not be remembered as love, as desire to gratify a son's wish, a daughter's whim. For always, while the world lasts, there will remain the conviction that the parent is responsible for the child.

SPRING AWOKE TO-DAY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SPRING awoke to-day!
Somewhere—far away—
Spring awoke to-day
From the depth of dream.

Through the air bestirred,
Pulse of winging bird,
Through the air bestirred,
Laugh of hidden stream.

On the world's cold lips
Fell warm finger-tips;
On the world's cold lips
Woke the glow and gleam!

NORTHERN VISTAS

THE LAST OF A SERIES OF SIX SKETCHES

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

My name is Ojib-Charlie,
I like to sing and dance.
—Cy Warman.

I WOULD go further than my medical friend who said, "Grouard will one day be a large city." In spite of its small population it is one now, that is if we accept the definition laid down by an ancient Jewish writer who defined a large city as a place in which "there are ten leisure men; if less than so, lo! it is a village."

No one seems to be working unless it be the Indians who are training their horses for the sports that are to take place the day after to-morrow, which sports will last for a week. This might be the leisurely land of the hyperboreans where there is everlasting spring and the inhabitants never seem to toil or increase in years.

A land in the sun-bright deep,
Where golden gardens glow,
Where the winds of the north, becalmed in sleep,
Their conch-shells never blow.

The first men we meet are the civil engineers. Nearly everyone surveys here, and even the wild geese run lines along the sky. These engineers are pleasant-spoken men of proper spirit, who have been hammered into hardihood by work and weather. Nearly all of them invite you to eat in their camps: "Come over to my stamping-grounds," says a youth who looks like a walking pine-tree. There is no doubt in the world he is lonely for his women-folk whom we happen to know "down home," for when we accept he smiles and says, "Heaven bless you endlessly!" He gave us a good supper, too, of hot and savoury food, and the coffee, though served in cups of unbelievable thickness, was undeniably nectar.

Afterwards, we walk into the village to get acquainted with the people thereof, and to secure lodgings. Over the doors of some of the shops there are sign-boards written in Cree, that is to say in syllabic symbols which look like the foot-prints of a huge bird.

We are accosted by a gentleman of the Bible Society who wishes to sell us copies of the New Testament, which book, he says, is lightly esteemed in the North. He asks me if I belong to my Creator, but I dissemble in that I have never been able to say God created me without distinct reservations. There are certain ugly and reproachful traits in my make-up which it seems sacrilegious to attribute to the Deity. This colporteur has a keen, clean mind—anyone can see that—and I like him for his child-like straightness of soul.

He is carrying copies of the gospels in the different Indian languages but, so far, has sold but few. Doubtless the Indians think with

that Mendizabel, the Prime Minister of Spain, who once said to George Borrow, "My good sir, it is not Bibles we want but rather guns and gun-powder."

The knowledge one picks up on a walk down the street is varied in character and throws a light on village life several hundred miles from a railway.

There are three churches here, also a pool-room and a moving picture show. It costs fifty cents to see the latter.

When a trapper is not working he is whittling. This is a bad year for the trappers; two summers came together.

Eggs are a dollar a dozen and four loaves of bread may be had for the same price. Beef sells for twenty-five cents a pound and butter for sixty-five.

There is an outcropping of coal on a mountainside twelve miles away. A sample of the coal has been sent to Edmonton for analysis.

The main café is built of logs, and a notice in English advises the wayfarer to "Stick to our pies. Never mind the looks of the house"; it further confesses, "It's the oysters we eat, not the shell."

The village boasts of a brass-band with twenty instruments. Although instructed by wire to meet us at the boat to-day, they failed to assemble, the members of the company having quarreled over the selections to be played.

Lots on main street sell as high as two thousand dollars each.

A gentleman in tweed suit with capacious pockets and tan leggings which he has brought with him across the Atlantic has decided to stand for the legislature at the next election. "The electors will say," he assures us, "that I have been drunk. They will say that I have been in jail, but I shall reply with repartee. You see, I've always been deucedly clever at repartee."

The Mounted Police Barracks, the Indian Agency, the Hudson's Bay Post and the Catholic Mission are on the hill above the village. The Church of England Mission lies out and beyond, on a farther hill. The bankers ride out to the farther hill to play tennis with the pretty English girls who teach in the school.

When an elderly jocose Irishman so far forgets himself as to say "darlint" to a breed-girl, he must not be surprised if she draws a wry face and calls him *muchemina;* that is to say, "bad berries."

I might write a book on the news to be picked up on this main street, if a tide of sleep did not threaten to submerge me. In this dry crystalline atmosphere, one must sleep an hour or two sometimes, however unwilling the spirit or unique and alluring the things present.

My room at the lodging-house is the best the place affords in that it has a cotton curtain for a door and as yet doors are only used in the outside walls of the houses. The curtain is not, however, of much account in that the green lumber of the walls has warped to such narrow dimensions that the occupier of the adjoining room would have to shut his or her eyes to keep from seeing you. On the contrary part, you must of necessity go to bed in the dark unless you wish to fall a victim to the crafts and assaults of the mosquitoes who are attracted by the lamp. In a fortnight or so, they will have completly disappeared but, in the meanwhile, if you would escape their nasty niggling ways you must neglect your hair, teeth, and sun-scalded nose. A real estate agent was telling me to-day about how the mosquitoes often disappeared in a night and, to illustrate this fact, related a story of a Tipperary orator who said, "My fellow-countryman, the round towers of Ireland have so completely disappeared that it is doubtful if they ever existed."

A waggon is leaving this morning for St. Bernard's Mission on the hill

and by some felicity I am invited to go with it. Bill, who is the driver, received a bullet wound in a Mexican rebellion; had his leg broken by a fall from "a terrible mean cayuse", lost an eye and part of his nose in a mine explosion and says, by these same tokens, he will live to be a hundred unless he loses his head to the government. Bill was married once down Oregon way, but his wife divorced him. His wife was very short-sighted but, contrawise, her tongue was long. Besides, she was appallingly like her mother.

This trail to St. Bernard's, passing as it does through a trail of lanky young poplars and birch in green lacy gowns, is a right pleasant one and fills you with the great joy of growing things.

And, also, it is very pleasant this morning to shut your eyes, that you may the better inhale the fine brew of the conifers, the reek of the wild roses, the pungent wafture of the mint from the meadows and, above all, the subtle incense of the warm spawning soil. This is to have a happiness as large as your wishes. This is to think thoughts that are very secret and only half-way wise.

At St. Bernard's the nuns take me to see their finely manicured garden with its rows of cabbages, leeks, turnips, radishes and its many herbs such as parsley, mint, and sage. Their potatoes are "coming on" well, and so are the posy beds.

This sweet-breathed garden is tilled by voluntary labour and hold in common, but it must be remembered the nun's occupation does not afford her any special opportunities for knowledge of the world at large and its shrewder ways.

I can easily discern that the pride of this garden are the cabbages, probably because more care has gone into their culture. Indeed, this vegetable seems to be peculiarly favoured by all gardeners of all classes, for even the haughty Diocletian, when asked to resume his crown, said to the ambassadors, "If you would come and see the cabbages I have planted, you would never again mention to me the name of empire." In this garden-plot the sisters have erected a pedestal upon which stands a fair shining woman, even she who is the mother to their Lord and wonderful God.

In order that her labour may become an offering to her tutelary spirit, every woman should have a statue in her garden embodying her highest ideal, whether it be of Isis, Mrs. Eddy, or Diana, the "Goddess excellently bright." Such a statue would tend also to keep her religion a divine intimacy rather than a creed or an institutional observance.

Sister Marie-des-Anges shows me the hospital and pleasures me with a delicious cordial which is made out of wild berries and which tastes better than champagne.

Those who have an eye for esoteric apartments with etchings and faint-coloured prints on "toned-down" walls, would not be impressed with the wards and offices of this hospital where all the furniture is home-made. It is, however, cleverly contrived and has the prestige of being literally the original "mission furniture"—no one can gainsay it. In this connection, give me leave to transcribe here a passage which I have met with in the book of Thoreau, the naturalist. "Why should not our furniture be as simple as the Arab's or the Indian's?" he asks. "When I think of the benefactors of the race whom we have apotheosized as messengers from heaven, bearers of divine gifts to man, I do not see in my mind any retinue at their heels, any car-load of fashionable furniture."

I know not the answer of this question unless it be that we of Canada need practice in the excellence of those graces which have respect to personal simplicity and disrespect to communal opinion. I have a mind to make a trial of this.

It was in this hospital that "Twel-

ve-Foot'' Davis (now in heaven) gave instructions to his partner, Jim Cornwall, to take his body on a sled to the Peace River and bury it on the height of land.

People in the cities are too busily absorbed in the transactions of peers and politicians to know about northern philanthropists like ''Twelve-Foot'' Davis, the first man to introduce steel-traps into this country and to thus dare the wrath of the omnipotent and idomintable ''Company of Gentleman Adventurers.'' You may not know it, but the steel trap has done as much for the Indian as the self-binder has for the white man.

But down here everyone knows that ''Twelve-Foot'' Davis was held in high esteem, and any man will tell you, as Bill the driver told me, how it was a full hand this fine frontiersman laid on the Lord's table and that none of the cards were lacking.

''Twelve-Foot'' Davis was so called because, in the days of the Cariboo rush, he staked a claim of twelve feet. Each prospector was allowed one hundred feet, and there was no claim left when ''Twelve-Foot'' appeared on the scene. But to be assured in his mind he was not outdone, he measured the claims and found two of the prospectors were holding two hundred and twelve feet. Davis wanted those extra twelve feet and the prospectors decided to give him a place directly in the centre of their claims on a spot where a basin of shale lay. From this narrow claim, ''Twelve-Foot'' dug up a large quantity of gold, and this was the only spot on the entire creek where the least trace of ore was found, even his neighbours being unable to pan out a grain. It was from this happening that he derived the name which, because of the question it carries on its face, would, as a nom de plume, be worth a corresponding amount of gold to an obscure author.

Bill who is fairly amenable to bribes takes me over to the farther hill where the Church of England Mission stands, which Mission was the spiritual husbandry of the late Bishop Holmes.

It would be pleasant to tell of this place and of the school, but Bill is in haste and will not tarry my leisure. It may be that his swaying motive is another bribe.

It was only three months ago that the Bishop and his family started for England, and soon afterwards came the news that he had died in a London hospital. The teachers tell me the family who went out together on this holiday are never coming back, in that they cannot afford to take the journey now that the bread-winner is gone. The furniture is to be sold, and the house will be ''done over'' for another bishop.

As I walk through the home which for many years has been the most hospitable one in the north, it is with a mist in my eyes and a painful tightness in my throat. I touch the chords of ''Auld Lang Syne'' on the piano in honour of Madam, the mother; I kiss the house-flowers for the love of the young girls who carried them safely over the long, long winter; I finger the books in the library with affection in memory of the good Bishop who once told me kindly tales of those Indians who were his friends.

And when I, too, have gone, may it happen that someone who understands will touch my books in like manner, and say good-bye to them for me. I could not so endure it myself.

It was six days later at the sports that I received a proposal of marriage from Prosper, an Indian who is a trainer of horses. It was not wholly a surprise, for he had already approached the master of our party with an overture to buy me. The master had hesitated to tell me of this for fear I might be offended. ''You see, Lady Jane'' he explained, ''it is like that case in *Patience* where the magnet wished to attract the silver churn.''

"Yes?" asked I, "and what did you say to him?"

"Oh! I told him he was a master-fool; that you were nothing but a great cross-examiner who had the misfortune to be born a woman."

"And his reply?"

"He said he did not understand me but he saw you laughed a great deal and showed your teeth. He says he would not beat you but would be very mild and agreeable with you."

Now, I was not offended, for the proposal from this young Apollo of the forest only meant I was no longer regarded as a mysterious invader from another and strange land.

Why should he not propose? In this northern world distinctions fall away and all are equal. As a usual thing, the Indian regards a white woman impersonally, or with a half-contemptuous indifference. To him we are frail, die-away creatures, deplorably deficient in energy, yet, strange to relate, wholly lacking in the spirit of obedience. Scores of ill-instructed novelists to the contrary, no Indian has ever assaulted a white woman. This is an amazing fact when one considers how, for nearly two centuries, the Indian has guided our women through forests; piloted them down rivers; and has cared for them in isolated outposts. The Indian has lived rough and lived hard but, in this particular, he is morally the most immutable of all God's estimable men-folk.

When Prosper pleaded his case personally, he broke ice by requesting me to accept a pair of doe-skin gauntlets more beautiful than ordinary. In spite of my declining the gift, he asked, "Will you marry me?" assuring me, at the same time, that I was his *saky hagen*, or "one beloved." I would not have to travel far. He is one day from here if there be wind, but two days with no wind. He likes the noise I make in my throat when I laugh. The master explained to Prosper, "This is only a way she has of gargling her throat beautifully," a wicked cynicism which was lost on the bronze-faced tamer of horses, for gargling, to him, is an unknown and hence an incomprehensible practice.

Prosper is a hardily built man with admirable shoulders and a bearing like "Thunder Cloud," the American Indian who was the model for Mr. G. A. Reid's picture entitled "The Coming of the White Man." Also, Prosper is daringly ugly. When I tell him I am already married, he says, "You need not go back. Your man can find many women by the great Saskatchewan River."

It may interest the curious to know that Prosper ultimately sold me the moccasins for my man, and put away the money with an imperturbable serenity worthy the receiving-teller of a Western bank.

The sports were inaugurated by the slaughter of an ox for the benefit of the treaty Indians. It is foolish to shudder when we see the throat of a bullock cut. When a bird dips its long bill into the chalice of a flower it is doing precisely the same act.

The heart of this bullock was fat so that good fortune abides with the tribe. A lean heart is always unlucky. Once Baptiste killed an animal that had hairs on its heart, and Holy Mother! Holy Mother! that winter he trapped a silver-fox.

The white men played a game of baseball which would have given cause for thought to those impersonal pawns known as professionals; it was so very original. But, after all, baseball is only cricket gone mad and perhaps the game may be further evolved under the aurora. Someone must take the onus of initiative. Originally, the game was very primitive and I have heard tell, or I may have read, that it was really a baseball club which Samson used to kill the Philistines.

The results of the horse races are not posted, a fact which tends to a democratic spirit. If you want to see the start or the finish you must

bunch with the crowd at the post. This also enables you to learn how wonderfully an excited Cree can vociferate; there is no other place in the world where a more efficient instruction can be had. And when words fail him, Sir Hotspur says "Unhuh!" and makes other sounds in his teeth like a flame when it leaps through dry rushes.

The mysteries of "straight", "place" and "show" are not probed here and no Indian "throws" a race. The best horse always wins. The Cree jockey rides bareback and beats his horse from the start. This, they tell me, is necessary because there is no "best strain" in Indian ponies. They are as native and unimproved as the horses of Diomedes who roamed the hills of Arcadia.

The tents, booths, and dining-rooms skirt the track, and so the squaws can leave their cooking to engage in their own contests without any unnecessary loss of time. These include a tug-of-war, a horse race and foot races. The men engage in canoe and tub races, boxing bouts, swimming and smoking contests, bucking-broncho exhibits and other physical tests for which they have a fondness and natural aptitude. Gambling is in full fling, and no one thinks it necessary to apologise. Several men squat side by side on the ground and pass a jackknife from one to the other under a blanket which covers their knees. The gambler has to guess in which hand the knife is to be found. It is the same game as "Button! Button! Who has the button?"

The drum song, that rude rough song of the suitor, does not start till after nightfall. As a general thing, the man plays it in a tent lying on his back, his face flushed and his eyes suffused. "Hai! Hai!" he cries with a blurred staccato that is without response, "otato-oto-oto-oha-o."

After awhile, he seems to become hyptonised by the recurrence of this measured rhythm which is without melody and without gayety. These drum songs are indubitably the survivals of earlier days when the man-animal roamed through the land and made love-calls in the trees.

The drum-man has one pronounced characteristic; you can never mistake him for a Christian. On one of the drums, there was a sun-symbol marked in blue, but this may have been an accidental ornamentation. Or it may be the drum-suitor is a Christian who merely claims the masculine prerogative of changing his principles with his opportunities. You can never tell.

One hears much complaint in our Province over oak floors well waxed, but here is a dancing floor that is laid while you wait. Cross-beams are placed on the ground and over them are put planks of uneven thickness. When in use, the floor seems almost as active as the feet of the dancers.

The company is made up of dusky belles from the tribes of the Athabasca, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers; many braves, and some few white men whom I pretend not to recognize. I am like the man Herrick writes about, "One of the crowd; not of the company."

The dancing is of a primitive order not unlike the natural movements which street children make to the strains of the hurdy-gurdy.

In higher circles, it is known by the name of "turkey trot." Scientists classify it under the more dignified appellation of "neuromuscular co-ordination."

As compared with a ball, say at Government House, this one has some marked peculiarities. There are no chaperones, no refreshments, many sitting-out places, and it is wholly in the dark save for the light of a tolerant and somewhat remote moon.

A white woman who watches it is considered by the men of her own race to be one of the five things—stupid, innocent, mean, obstinate, or unduly curious, whereas, to be accurate, she may only be a conscientious journalist.

BEHIND THE SCENES

From the Painting by William Orpen. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE DRAMA WITHOUT END

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

SELECTIONS BY F. A. ACLAND

Up from Earth's centre through the seventh gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravelled by the road;
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.—The Rubaiyat.

I.

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.
(Extracts from Book V.)

Personages: Socrates, Adeimantus, Glaucon.

(The scene is laid in Athens, 400 B.C.)

ADEIMANTUS: We think that you are lazy and mean to cheat us out of a whole chapter which is a very important part of the story; and you fancy that we shall not notice your airy way of proceeding; as if it were self-evident to everybody that in the matter of women and children "friends have all things in common."

Socrates: And was I not right, Adeimantus?

Adeimantus: Yes, but what is right in this particular case, like everything else, requires to be explained; for community may be of many kinds. Please therefore to say what sort of community you mean.

. . . . .

Glaucon: What sort of community of women and children is this which is to prevail among our guardians? And how shall we manage the period between birth and education, which seems to require the greatest care? Tell us how these things will be.

Socrates: Yes, my simple friend, but the answer is the reverse of easy; many more doubts arise about this than about our previous conclusions. For the practicability of what is said may be doubted; and looked at in another point of view, whether the scheme, if ever so practicable, would be for the best, is also doubtful. Hence I feel a reluctance to approach the subject, lest our aspiration, my dear friend, should turn out to be a dream only.

Glaucon: Fear not, for your audience will not be hard upon you; they are not sceptical or hostile.

. . . . .

Socrates: Well, I suppose that I must retrace my steps and say what I perhaps ought to have said before in the proper place. The part of the men has been played out, and now properly comes the turn of the women. Of them I will proceed to speak, and the more readily since I am invited by you. For men born and educated like our citizens, the only way, in my opinion, of arriving at a right conclusion about the possession and use of women and children is to follow the path on which we originally started, when we said that the men were to be the guardians and watch-dogs of the herd.

Glaucon: True.

Socrates: Let us further suppose the birth and education of our women to be subject to similar or nearly similar regulations; then we shall see whether the result accords with our design.

Glaucon: What do you mean?

Socrates: What I mean may be put into the form of a question. Are dogs divided into he's and she's, or do they both share equally in hunting and in keeping watch and in the other duties of dogs? Or do we entrust to the male the entire and exclusive care of the flocks, while we leave the females at home, under the idea that the bearing and the suckling of their puppies are labour enough for them?

Glaucon: No, they share alike; the only difference between them is that the males are stronger and the females weaker.

Socrates: But can you use different animals for the same purpose, unless they are bred and fed in the same way?

Glaucon: You can not.

Socrates: Then if women are to have the same duties as men, they must have the same nurture and education?

Glaucon: Yes.

Socrates: The education which was assigned to the men was music and gymnastics.

Glaucon: Yes.

Socrates: Then women must be taught music and gymnastics, and also the art of war, which they must practise like the men?

Glaucon: That is the inference, I suppose.

Socrates: I should rather expect that several of our proposals, if they are carried out, being unusual, may appear ridiculous.

Glaucon: No doubt of it.

Socrates: Yes, and the most ridiculous thing of all will be the sight of women naked in the palistra, especially when they are no longer young; they certainly will not be a vision of beauty, any more than the enthusiastic old men who, in spite of wrinkles and ugliness, continue to frequent the gymnasia.

Glaucon: Yes, indeed; according to present notions, the proposals would be thought ridiculous.

Socrates: But then, as we have determined to speak our minds, we must not fear the jests of the wits which will be directed against this sort of innovation; how they will talk of women's attainments, both in music and gymnastics, and, above all, about their wearing armour and riding upon horseback!

Glaucon: Very true.

. . . .

Socrates: First then, whether the question is to be put in jest or in earnest, let us come to an understanding about the nature of woman: Is she capable of sharing either wholly or partially in the actions of men, or not at all? And is the art of war one of those arts in which she can or cannot share? That will be the best way of commencing the inquiry, and will probably lead to the fairest conclusion.

Glaucon: That will be much the best way.

Socrates: Shall we take the other side first and begin by arguing against ourselves? In this manner the adversary's position will not be undefended.

Glaucon: Why not?

Socrates: Then let us put a speech into the mouths of our opponents. They will say: "Socrates and Glaucon, no adversary need convict you, for you yourselves, at the first foundation of the State, admitted the principle that everybody was to do the one work suited to his own nature." And certainly, if I am not mistaken, such an admission was made by us. "And do not the natures of men and women differ very much indeed?" And we shall reply; Of course, they do. Then we shall be asked whether the tasks assigned

to men and to women should not be different and such as are agreeable to their different natures? Certainly they should. "But if so, have you not fallen into a serious inconsistency in saying that men and women, whose natures are so entirely different, ought to perform the same actions?" What defence will you make for us, my good sir, against any one who offers these objections?

Glaucon: That is not an easy question to answer when asked suddenly, and I shall and I do beg of you to draw out the case on our side.

Socrates: These are the objections, Glaucon, and there are many others of a like kind, which I foresaw long ago; they made me afraid and reluctant to take in hand any law about the possession and nurture of women and children.

Glaucon: By Zeus, the problem to be solved is anything but easy.

Socrates: Why, yes; but the fact is that when a man is out of his depth, whether he has fallen into a swimming bath or into mid-ocean, he has to swim all the same.

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: And must not we swim and try to reach the shore—we will hope that Arion's dolphin or some other miraculous help may save us?

Glaucon: I suppose so.

Socrates: Well, then, let us see if any way of escape can be found. We acknowledged—did we not?—that different natures ought to have different pursuits, and that men's and women's natures are different. And now what are we saying? That different natures ought to have the same pursuits—this is the inconsistency which is charged upon us.

Glaucon: Precisely.

Socrates: Verily, Glaucon, glorious is the power of the art of contradiction.

Glaucon: Why do you say so?

Socrates: Because I think that many a man falls into the practice against his will. When he thinks that he is reasoning he is really disputing, just because he cannot define and divide and so know that of which he is speaking; and he will pursue a merely verbal opposition in the spirit of contention and not of fair discussion.

. . . .

Socrates: Next we shall ask our opponent how, in reference to any of the pursuits or arts of civic life, the nature of a woman differs from that of a man?

Glaucon: That will be quite fair.

. . . .

Socrates: Let us say to him; Come, now, and we will ask you a question. When you spoke of a nature gifted in any respect, did you mean to say that one man will acquire a thing easily, another with difficulty; a little learning will lead the one to discover a great deal, whereas the other, after much study and application, no sooner learns than he forgets; or, again, did you mean that the one has a body which is a good servant to his mind, while the body of the other is a hindrance to him? Would not these be the sort of differences which distinguish the man gifted by nature from the one who is ungifted?

Glaucon: No one will deny that.

Socrates: And can you mention any pursuit of mankind in which the male sex has not all these gifts and qualities in a higher degree than the female? Need I waste time in speaking of the art of weaving and the management of pancakes and preserves, in which womankind does really appear to be great, and in which for her to be beaten by a man is of all things the most absurd?

Glaucon: You are quite right in maintaining the general inferiority of the female sex: although many women are in many things superior to many men, yet on the whole what you say is true.

Socrates: And if so, there is no special faculty of administration in a

state which a woman has because she is a woman, or which a man has by virtue of his sex, but the gifts of nature are alike diffused in both; all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also, but in all of them a woman is inferior to a man.

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: Then are we to impose all our enactments on men and none of them on women?

Glaucon: That will never do.

Socrates: One woman has a gift of healing, another not; one is a musician, another has no music in her nature?

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: And one woman has a turn for gymnastic and military exercises, and another is unwarlike and hates gymnastics?

Glaucon: Certainly.

Socrates: And one woman is a philosopher, and another is an enemy of philosophy; one has spirit, and another is without spirit?

Glaucon: That is also true.

Socrates: Then one woman will have the temper of a guardian, and another not. Was not the selection of the male guardians determined by differences of this sort?

Glaucon: Yes.

Socrates: Men and women alike possess the qualities which make a guardian; they differ only in their comparative strength or weakness?

Glaucon: Obviously.

Socrates: And those women who have such qualities are to be selected as the companions and colleagues of men who have similar qualities and whom they resemble in capacity and in character?

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: And ought not the same natures to have the same pursuits?

Glaucon: They ought.

Socrates: Then, as we were saying before, there is nothing unnatural in assigning music and gymnastics to the wives of the guardians—to that point we come round again.

Glaucon: Certainly not.

Socrates: The law which we then enacted was agreeable to nature and therefore not an impossibility or mere aspiration; and the contrary practice, which prevails at present, is in reality a violation of nature.

Glaucon: That appears to be true.

. . . .

Socrates: You will admit, then, that the same education which makes a man a good guardian will make a woman a good guardian for their nature is the same?

Glaucon: Yes.

. . . .

Socrates: Would you say that all men are equal in excellence, or is one better than another?

Glaucon: The latter.

Socrates: And in the commonwealth which we were founding, do you conceive the guardians who have been brought up on our model system to be more perfect men, or the cobblers whose education has been cobbling?

Glaucon: What a ridiculous question!

Socrates: You have answered me; well, and may we not further say that our guardians are the best of our citizens?

Glaucon: By far the best.

Socrates: And will not their wives be the best women?

Glaucon: Yes, by far the best.

Socrates: And can there be anything better for the interests of the State than that the men and women of a State should be as good as possible?

Glaucon: There can be nothing better.

Socrates: And this is what the arts of music and gymnastics, when present in such manner as we have described, will accomplish?

Glaucon: Certainly.

Socrates: Then we have made an enactment not only possible, but in the highest degree beneficial?

Glaucon: True.

Socrates: Then let the wives of our guardians strip, for their virtue will be their robe, and let them share in the toils of war and the defence of their country; only in the distribution of labours the lighter are to be assigned to the women, who are the weaker natures, but in other respects their duties are to be the same. And as for the man who laughs at naked women exercising their bodies from the best of motives, in his laughter he is plucking

"A fruit of unripe wisdom,"

and he himself is ignorant of what he is laughing at, or what he is about; for that is, and ever will be, the best of sayings, "That the useful is the noble, and the hurtful is the base."

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: Here, then, is one difficulty in our law about women, which we may say that we have now escaped; the wave has not swallowed us up alive for enacting that the guardians of either sex should have all their pursuits in common; to the utility and also to the possibility of this arrangement the consistency of the argument will itself bear witness.

Glaucon: Yes, that was a mighty wave which you have escaped.

Socrates: Yes, but a greater is coming; you will not think much of this when you see the next.

Glaucon: Go on; let me see.

Socrates: The law which is the sequel of this and of all that has preceded is to the following effect, "that the wives of our guardians are to be common, and their children are to be common, and no parent is to know his own child, nor any child his parent."

Glaucon: Yes, that is a much greater wave than the other, and the possibility as well as the utility of such a law are far more questionable.

Socrates: I do not think that there can be any dispute about the very great utility of having wives and children in common; the possibility is quite another matter, and will be very much disputed.

Glaucon: I think that a good many doubts may be raised about both.

Socrates: You imply that the two questions must be combined. Now, I meant that you should admit the utility; and in this way, as I thought, I should escape from one of them, and then there would remain only the possibility.

Glaucon: But that little attempt is detected, and therefore you will please to give a defence of both.

Socrates: Well, I submit to my fate. . . .

. . . .

(Two thousand years pass).

II.

LES FEMMES SAVANTES.

(Molière).

Personages in play—

Chrysale . . . A worthy burgher
Philamante . . Wife of Chrysale
Armande . . Daughters of Chrys-
Henriette . . ale and Philamante
Ariste . . . . Chrysale's brother
Bélise . . . . Chrysale's sister
Clitandre . . . Lover of Henriette
Trissotin . . . . A wit of the day
Vadius . . . . A learned man
Martine . . . . . Kitchen maid
Julien . . . A valet to Vadius
Lepine . . . . . A page
A Notary

(The scene is laid in France in the seventeenth century).

—

(Extracts from Act I.)

Henriette: Your sincere avowal does not surprise me.

Clitandre: My love demands such frankness; the heights to which its proud hopes reach require, at the least, sincerity. But, since you grant me this permission, I go at once to see your father.

Henriette: 'Twere safer to win my mother. My father has an easy-

going temper that consents to all, but there is little weight to what he promises. Heaven granted him a kindliness of heart which subdues him instantly to what my mother wills. 'Tis she who governs, laying down the law in autocratic tones. I fain would have you show a little more compliance to her, and to my aunt. Such a spirit, by flattering their fancies, might draw the warmth of their regard upon you.

Clitandre: My soul can never, being born sincere, flatter the character of others, not even your sister's; and I frankly say that female pedants are not to my taste. I agree that a woman should be enlightened in all things; but I do not like her to have an offensive desire to make herself learned merely to seem learned. I wish that sometimes she would even pretend ignorance of the things she knows. I like her to hide her studies and have knowledge without wishing every one to know of it; to refrain, in short, from citing authors, using fine language, and nailing pedantry to every word. I respect your mother greatly, but I cannot like her hobby or make myself the echo of the things she says, or swing my incense to her favourite wit. Her Monsieur Trissotin annoys and bores me. I am provoked to see how she esteems that man. She ranks him with the highest, noblest spirits—a fool, whose writings everybody hisses, a pedant, whose prolific pen supplies the market with waste paper.

Henriette: His writings and his talk are, as you say, most wearisome, and I agree with you in taste and judgment; but as he has so great a power over my mother, you ought to force yourself to some compliance. A lover plays his court where his heart clings; he needs the favour and goodwill of all, and to have none to thwart his love, he ever strives to please the watchdog.

—

(Extracts from Act III.)

Philamante: Let us sit here and listen at our ease to poems whose every meaning must, word by word, be weighed.

Armande: I love to hear them.

Bélise: We are dying of that desire.

Philamante (to Trissotin): Each line that comes from you has charms for me.

Armande: To me they are sweet beyond compare.

Bélise: They are dainty morsels to my ear.

Trissotin (reading):

Love doth dearly sell its tie.

Philamante, Armande, and Bélise: Ah!

Trissotin (reading):

Love doth so dearly sell its tie
That half my wealth it costs to buy
The splendid coach which you behold,
Embossed and spangled o'er with gold,
Till nought can equal but Danae's
This pompous triumph of my Lais:
Then say no longer it is yellow—
Say rather it is golden colour.

Armande: Oh! Oh! Oh! that final turn is so wholly unexpected.

Philamante: Do not compel our pressing hopes to languish.

Armande: Hasten to gratify them.

Bélise: Yes, make haste and expedite our pleasure.

Philamante: Bestow your epigram on our impatience.

Trissotin (to Philamante): Alas, madame, 'tis but a newborn babe—and yet its fate may justly move you, since I have given birth to it within your precincts.

Philamante: Knowing its father makes it dear to me.

Trissotin: Your approbation, madame, is its mother.

Bélise: What wit he has!

. . . .

Trissotin (reading):

On a yellow coach given by a lady to a friend.

Philamante: Even your titles are so choice.

Armande: Their novelty prepares us for countless strokes of wit.

Philamante: None but Monsieur Trissotin can write in such pure taste.

. . . .

Philamante: I do not know if instinct warned me, but from the moment that I knew you I have admired your poems and your prose.

Trissotin: If you would show us something of your own, no doubt I should return your admiration.

Philamante: I write no poems; but I have ground for hope that I may show you soon, in confidence, eight chapters on the plan of our academy. Plato went no further than the project in writing his Republic, but I desire to carry his idea into complete effect, and I have now committed it in prose, to paper. I feel a strange vexation for the wrongs done to us as to intellect. I long to avenge all women, such as we are, for the debased condition to which men relegate us—limiting our talents to futilities, and closing the gates of knowledge to our sex.

Armande: 'Tis too bitter an offence to woman, this restriction of her intellect to the mere judgment of a petticoat, the set of a mantle the beauties of a bit of lace, or a new brocade.

Bélise: Women must rise above their shameful lot, and lift their minds to masterful conditions.

Trissotin: My reverence for ladies is well known; and if I render homage to the sparkle of their eyes, I likewise duly honour the flashing of their wit.

Philamante: Our sex does justice to you as to that. But now we wish to show to certain minds, whose proud assumption treats us with contempt, that women also are supplied with brains; that they can found, like men, learned assemblies—conducted, too, by better rules than theirs—meetings at which they seek to reunite that which men separate; blending fine language with the loftiest knowledge; revealing Nature by experiments; and drawing forth on every topic that may be advanced the views of every sect, although espousing none.

. . . .

Trissotin: Truly an admirable project!

Bélise: Yes, you shall see our statutes when they are completed.

Trissotin: They cannot fail to be both glorious and wise.

Armande: According to our laws we judge all works of prose and poetry; each and all must be submitted to us. Beyond the circle of ourselves and friends, none will have intellect. We shall seek everywhere for things to criticize, finding that none but we know how to write.

. . . .

(Preceding passages, which lack of space forbids quoting, show that Bélise and Armande, aunt and sister of Henriette, are chagrined at Clitandre's preference for Henriette, and Clitandre has admitted that he had been at first attracted to Armande, but, finding her cold, had transferred his affections to Henriette. Martine, the domestic, it should be noted, had been shortly before dismissed by Philamante, against the wish of Chrysale, because of her ungrammatical speech. The parties have assembled to witness the marriage contract.)

Philamante (perceiving Martine): Ha! does that impudent hussy dare to show herself again? May I ask why, if you please, she is brought into the house?

Chrysale: I'll tell you when we have leisure; at present we have other things to settle.

Notary: Let us proceed to draw the contract. Where is the bride?

Philamante: The daughter whom I now intend to marry is my youngest.

Notary: Good.

Chrysale (pointing to Henriette): Yes, monsieur, here she is; her name is Henriette.

Notary: Very good. Where is the bridegroom?

Philamante (pointing to Trissotin): This is the husband to whom I give her.

Chrysale (pointing to Clitandre): The man whom I declare that she shall marry is monsieur, here.

Notary: Two husbands? That is one too many for our customs.

Philamante (to Notary): Why do you delay? Write, write, I say, the name of Monsieur Trissotin, my son-in-law.

Chrysale: Write for *my* son-in-law, write, I say, the name of Monsieur Clitandre.

Notary: Agree among yourselves, and with deliberate judgment choose your son-in-law.

Philamante: Follow my orders, monsieur; do the thing I tell you.

Notary: But tell me first which of you two I must obey.

Philamante (to Chrysale): What! you oppose the things I wish!

Chrysale: I will not suffer my daughter to be wooed for love of money.

Philamante: Pooh! who thinks about your money here? A fine solicitude for wisdom and philosophy!

Chrysale: Well, for her husband, I have chosen Clitandre.

Philamante (pointing to Trissotin): I for her husband have selected this man. My choice is fixed; it will be followed; that's resolved upon.

Chrysale: Heyday! that's a top-lofty tone you take.

Martine: Tain't for a woman to command; and I'm for yielding the top place in everything to men.

Chrysale: That's well said.

Martine: Though I get turned away again, I'll say it—the hen mayn't crow before the cock.

Chrysale: No, no!

Martine: And every man is jeered at when the wife at home is seen to wear the breeches.

Chrysale: That is true.

Martine: If I'd a husband—and I say it now—I'd make him be master of the house. I couldn't love him if he played the puppet; and if I argued with him—just to make a fuss—and raised my voice, I'd think it right that he should box my ears and bring me down a peg.

Chrysale: That's talking as you should.

Martine: Monsieur has shown his sense in choosing a good husband for his daughter.

Chrysale: Yes.

Martine: Then why refuse her to him, he being young and mightily well made? And why, if you please, consign her to a learned man who carps and chides at everything? She wants a husband, not a pedagogue. Not knowing Greek or Latin, what need has she of Monsieur Trissotin?

Chrysale: You say well.

Philamante: How long is this hussy to chatter as she likes?

Martine: Pedants are only good for preaching; and for my husband—I've said it a thousand times—I'll never take a man with mind. Mind is no good in household matters; books don't square with marriage. If ever I bind myself for life I mean to get a husband who wants no book but me—a man who don't know A from B, and, begging your pardon, madame, can't preach to any one but his wife.

Philamante (to Chrysale): Has she finished? Pray, have I listened long enough to your most worthy mouthpiece?

Chrysale: She tells the truth.

Philamante: Well, to cut short the whole dispute at once, my wishes will now be executed. *(Motioning to Trissotin).* Henriette and Monsieur Trissotin will now be joined. I have said it, and I will it; make me no reply. If you have given your word to Clitandre, offer him the chance of marrying your eldest daughter.

Chrysale: Ah! that indeed would settle the affair. *(To Henriette and Clitandre).* Come, will you both consent to that?

Henriette: Oh, father!
Clitandre: Hey, monsieur!
Bélise: There is another proposition which might please him better; but the sort of love we strive to introduce should be as pure as the great orb of day; substance that thinks may be admitted there, but we must banish that which is material.

(The closing scenes show how Ariste by stratagem unmasks the fortune-hunting propensities of Trissotin. The latter retires amid general opprobrium, and the Notary proceeds with the contract between Clitandre and Henriette).

(Two centuries pass).

III.

THE PRINCESS: A Medley.

(Alfred Tennyson—1809-1892).

The Lady Psyche:

"This world was once a fluid haze of light
Till toward the centre set the starry tides
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets: then the monster, then the man:
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins,
Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here
Among the lowest."

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious past;
Glanced at the legendary Amazon
As emblematic of a nobler age;
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of Empire, and the woman's state in each,
How far from just; till warming with her theme
She fulmined out her scorn of laws Salique
And little-footed China, touched on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry:
When some respect, however slight, was paid
To woman, superstition all awry:
However then commenced the dawn: a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of Promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert
None lordlier than themselves but that which made
Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught:
Let them not fear: some said their heads were less:
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size:
Besides the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more was more;
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field: some ages had been lost:

But woman ripened earlier, and her life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scattered stars, yet since in truth
The highest is the measure of the man
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those hornhanded breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
With woman: and in arts of government
Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Sappho and others vied with any man:
And, last not least, she who had left her place
And bowed her state to them, that they might grow
To use and power on this oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.
At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future; 'everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind:
Musician, painter, sculptor, critics, more:
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls—
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.

. . . . . .

The Princess:
What fear ye, brawlers? Am not I your Head?
On me, me, me the storm first breaks: I dare
All these male thunderbolts: what is it ye fear?
Peace! there are those to avenge us and they come:
If not, myself were like enough, O girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,
And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,
Or, falling, promartyr of our cause,
Die: yet I blame you not so much for fear;
Six thousand years of fear have made you that
From which I would redeem you; but for those
that stir this hubbub—you and you—I know
Your faces in the crowd—to-morrow morn
We hold a great convention: then shall they
That love their voices more than duty, learn
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live
No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,
Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.

The Prince:

Blame not thyself too much, (I said), nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man,
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We, too, will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood,
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow—
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statlier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!

The Princess (sighing she spoke):

I fear they will not.

The Prince:

Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each and always thought in thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating with one full stroke,
Life.

The Princess (and again sighing she spoke):
A dream that once was mine! What woman taught you this?

(Fifty years pass.)

IV.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

(Bernard Shaw).

(Scene, an English watering-place; time, August, 1896*).*

Personages:

Mr. Valentine—A young dentist, just starting in his profession.

Mrs. Clandon—"Her voice and ways are entirely kindly and humane; and she lends herself conscientiously to the occasional demonstrations of fondness by which her children mark their esteem for her; but displays of personal sentiment secretly embarrass her; passion in her is humanitarian rather than human; she feels strongly about social questions and principles, not about persons." (Mrs. Clandon has, as it appears from passages in this play not here cited, been living for the past eighteen years in Madeira, while her husband has remained in England; their children know nothing of their father.)

Gloria—Mrs. Clandon's daughter, "is a much more formidable person than her mother. She is the incarnation of haughty highmindedness, raging with the impatience of an impetuous, dominative character paralyzed by the impotence of her youth and unwillingly disciplined by the constant danger of ridicule from her lighter-handed juniors. Unlike her mother, she is all passion; and the conflict of her passion with her obstinate pride and intense fastidiousness results in a freezing coldness of manner. In an ugly woman all this would be repulsive; but Gloria is an attractive woman."

Gloria, with her mother and younger brother, Philip, and sister, Dolly, (twins), has just arrived in England from Madeira. Gloria met Mr. Valentine half an hour ago, on calling at his operating room, where her sister had been his first patient. Gloria's father, whom Gloria had just met for the first time within her recollection, had left the room the moment before the scene depicted in the extract which follows. The father is known as *Crampton*, while the wife and daughters call themselves *Clandon*. Gloria's interview with her parent has not been satisfactory to either side.

(Extract from Act II.)

(Gloria turns to speak to Valentine, who comes running up the steps of the hotel.)

Valentine (panting): What's the matter? *(Looking round):* Where's Crampton?

Gloria: Gone. *(Valentine's face lights up with sudden joy, dread, and mischief. He has just realized that he is alone with Gloria. She continues indifferently):* I thought he was ill; but he recovered himself. He wouldn't wait for you. I am sorry. *(She goes for her book and parasol).*

Valentine: So much the better. He gets on my nerves after a while. *(Pretending to forget himself.)* How could that man have so beautiful a daughter!

Gloria (taken aback for a moment; then answering him with polite but intentional contempt): That seems to be an attempt at what is called a pretty speech. Let me say at once, Mr. Valentine, that pretty speeches make very sickly conversation. Pray let us be friends if we are to be friends, in a sensible and wholesome way. I have no intention of getting married; and unless you are content to accept that state of things, we had much better not cultivate each other's acquaintance.

Valentine (cautiously): I see. May I ask just this one question? Is your objection an objection to marriage as an institution or merely an objection to marrying me personally?

Gloria: I do not know you well enough, Mr. Valentine, to have any opinion on the subject of your personal merits. *(She turns away from him with infinite indifference, and sits down with her book on the garden seat.)* I do not think the conditions of marriage at present are such as any self-respecting woman can accept.

Valentine (instantly changing his tone for one of cordial sincerity, as if he frankly accepted her terms and was delighted and re-assured by her principles): Oh, then, that's a point of sympathy between us already. I quite agree with you; the conditions are most unfair. *(He takes off his hat and throws it gaily on the iron table.)* No; what I want is to get rid of all that nonsense. *(He sits down beside her, so naturally that she does not think of objecting, and proceeds with enthusiasm):* Don't you think it a horrible thing that a man and a woman can hardly know one another without being supposed to have designs of that kind? As if there were no other interests—no other subjects of conversation—as if women were capable of nothing better!

Gloria (interested): Ah, now you are beginning to talk humanly and sensibly, Mr. Valentine.

Valentine (with a gleam in his eye at the success of his hunter's guile): Of course! two intelligent people like us. Isn't it pleasant, in this stupid, convention-ridden world, to meet with some one on the same plane, some one with an unprejudiced, enlightened mind?

Gloria (earnestly): I hope to meet many such people in England.

. . . .

(Extracts from Act III.)

(The Clandons' sitting-room in the hotel. Mrs. Clandon is at the tea-table. Valentine enters).

Mrs. Clandon: . . . Will you sit down, Mr. Valentine. I want to speak to you a little if you will allow me. . . . I must begin by throwing myself somewhat on your consideration. I am going to speak of a subject of which I know very little—perhaps nothing. I mean love.

Valentine: Love?

Mrs. Clandon: Yes; love. Oh, you need not look so alarmed as that, Mr. Valentine: I am not in love with you.

Valentine (overwhelmed): Oh, really, Mrs. — *(Recovering himself),* I should only be too proud if you were.

Mrs. Clandon: Thank you, Mr. Valentine. But I am too old to begin.

Valentine: Begin! Have you never—

Mrs. Clandon. Never! My case is a very common one, Mr. Valentine. I married before I was old enough to know what I was doing. As you have seen for yourself, the result was a bitter disappointment both for my husband and myself. So you see, though I am a married woman, I have never been in love; I have never had a love affair, and to be quite frank with you, Mr. Valentine, what I have seen of the love affairs of other people has not led me to regret that deficiency in my experience. *(Valentine, looking very glum, glances sceptically at her and says nothing. Her*

colour rises a little; and she adds, with restrained anger): You do not believe me?

Valentine (confused at having his thoughts read): Oh, why not? Why not?

Mrs. Clandon: Let me tell you, Mr. Valentine, that a life devoted to the Cause of Humanity has enthusiasm and passions to offer which far transcend the selfish personal infatuations and sentimentalities of romance. Those are not your enthusiasms and passions, I take it? *(Valentine, quite aware that she despises him for it, answers in the negative with a melancholy shake of the head.)* I thought not. Well, I am equally at a disadvantage in discussing those so-called affairs of the heart in which you appear to be an expert.

Valentine (restlessly): What are you driving at, Mrs. Clandon?

Mrs. Clandon: I think you know.

Valentine: Gloria?

Mrs. Clandon: Yes, Gloria.

Valentine (surrendering): Well, yes; I'm in love with Gloria. *(Interposing, as she is about to speak):* I know what you're going to say; I've no money.

Mrs. Clandon. I care very little about money, Mr. Valentine.

Valentine: Then you're very different to all the other mothers who have interviewed me.

Mrs. Clandon: Ah, now we are coming to it, Mr. Valentine. You are an old hand at this. *(He opens his mouth to protest: she cuts him short with some indignation.)* Oh, do you think, little as I understand these matters, that I have not commonsense enough to know that a man who could make so much way in one interview with such a woman as my daughter can hardly be a novice.

. . . .

Valentine (turning confidentially to her): Come; shall I teach you something, Mrs. Clandon?

Mrs. Clandon (stiffly): I am always willing to learn.

Valentine: Have you ever studied the subject of gunnery—artillery—cannons and warships and so on?

Mrs. Clandon: Has gunnery anything to do with Gloria?

Valentine: A great deal—by way of illustration. During the whole century, my dear Mrs. Clandon, the progress of artillery has been a duel between the maker of cannons and the maker of armour-plates to keep the cannon-balls out. You build a ship proof against the best gun known; somebody makes a better gun and sinks your ship. You build a heavier ship, proof against that gun; somebody makes a heavier gun and sinks you again. And so on. Well, the duel of sex is just like that.

Mrs. Clandon: The duel of sex!

Valentine: Yes; you've heard of the duel of sex, haven't you? Oh, I forgot; you've been in Madeira; the expression has come up since your time. Need I explain it?

Mrs. Clandon (contemptuously): No.

Valentine: Of course not. Now, what happens in the duel of sex? The old-fashioned mother receives an old-fashioned education to protect her against the wiles of man. Well, you know the result; the old-fashioned man got round her. The old-fashioned woman resolved to protect her daughter more effectually — to find some armour too strong for the old-fashioned man. So she gave her daughter a scientific education—*your* plan. That was a corker for the old-fashioned man; he said it wasn't fair —unwomanly, and all the rest of it. But that didn't do him any good. So he had to give up his old-fashioned plan of attack — *you* know — going down on his knees and swearing to love, honour, and obey, and so on.

Mrs. Clandon: Excuse me; that was what the woman swore.

Valentine: Was it? Ah, perhaps you're right—yes, of course, it was. Well, what did the man do? Just what the artillery man does—went one better than the woman—educat-

ed himself scientifically and beat her at that game, just as he had beaten her at the old game. I learnt how to circumvent the Woman's Rights Woman before I was twenty-three; it's all been found out long ago. You see, my methods are thoroughly modern.

Mrs. Clandon (with quiet disgust): No doubt.

Valentine: But for that very reason there's one sort of girl against whom they are of no use.

Mrs. Clandon: Pray what sort?

Valentine: The thoroughly old-fashioned girl. If you had brought up Gloria in the old way, it would have taken me eighteen months to get to the point I got to this afternoon in eighteen minutes. Yes, Mrs. Clandon; the Higher Education of Women delivered Gloria into my hands; and it was you who taught her to believe in the Higher Education of Women.

Mrs. Clandon (rising): Mr. Valentine, you are very clever.

Valentine (rising also): Oh, Mrs. Clandon!

Mrs. Clandon: And you have taught me *nothing.* Good-bye.

Valentine (horrified): Good-bye! Oh, mayn't I see her before I go?

Mrs. Clandon: I am afraid she will not return until you have gone, Mr. Valentine. She left the room expressly to avoid you.

Valentine (thoughtfully): That's a good sign. Good-bye. *(He bows and makes for the door, apparently well satisfied.)*

Mrs. Clandon (alarmed): Why do you think it's a good sign?

Valentine (turning near the door): Because I am mortally afraid of her, and it looks as if she were mortally afraid of me.

—

(Extract from Act IV.)

(Valentine and Gloria, after wrangling, are apparently on the verge of parting.)

Valentine: . . . After all, I still shall have my own Gloria.

Gloria (facing him quickly): What do you mean?

Valentine: Of my imagination.

Gloria (proudly): Keep your own Gloria—the Gloria of your imagination. *(Her emotions begin to break through her pride.)* The real Gloria—the Gloria who was shocked, offended, horrified—oh, yes, quite truly—who was driven almost mad with shame by the feeling that all her power over herself had broken down at her first real encounter with—with— *(The colour rushes over her face again. She covers it with her left hand, and puts her right on his left arm to support herself.)*

Valentine: Take care. I'm losing my senses again.

. . . .

(Various parties have come in, including Mrs. Clandon, and the twins, Philip and Dolly.)

Gloria: . . . Now let us have no false delicacy. Tell my mother that we have agreed to marry one another. *(A silence of stupefaction ensues. Valentine, dumb with panic, looks at them with an obvious impulse to run away.)*

Dolly (breaking the silence): Number six!

Philip: Sh!

Dolly: Oh, my feelings! I want to kiss somebody; and we bar it in the family. Where's Finch?

(Eighteen years pass.)

—

V.

Seven members of the Women's Freedom League who were arrested in Whitehall on Tuesday night were brought up at Bow Street Police Court. Two were each ordered to find sureties of £10 for their good behaviour, and on refusing were sent to prison for four days. Five others were each ordered to enter into their own recognizances in £5 to keep the peace for six months. They refused, and were discharged on the rising of the Court.—*London, (Eng.), newspaper, February* 14*th,* 1914.

IN ARCADY

By HELEN M. MERRILL

THE sea is green, the sea is gray,
The tide winds blow, and shallows chime;
Where earth is rife with bloom of May
The throstle sings of lovers' time,
Of violet stars in lovers' clime.
Love fares to-day by land and sea;
On the horizon's utmost hill
The mystic blue-flower beckons still
Beneath the stars of Arcady.

Love fares to-day and deftly builds
To melodies of wind and leaves,
Castles in Spain yet brightly gilds,
And song of star and woodbird weaves,
And flowers, and pearl and purple eves.
With roofs of ever-changing skies
And fretted walls with time begun,
Its portals open to the sun,
On dreamheld hills a castle lies.

No proud armorial bearings now,
But God's white seal on every leaf,
No sapphires gleaming on my brow,
Deep in my heart a dear belief,
No gray unrest, no pain, no grief.
By day a forest green and fair,
Where veeries sing in secret bowers,
And lindens blow, and little flowers,
And blue birds cleave the shining air.

By night a quiet wayside grove
Where Aldebaran lights the gloom,
And silent breezes idly rove
About a shadow-painted room
Builded of many a bough and bloom,
A wafted air of myrrh and musk,
The music of slow-falling streams,
A whitethroat singing in its dreams,
Thou near me in the starry dusk.

THE YELLOW SOFA

From the Painting by John Crealock. Exhibited by the Canadian Nationa Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OPEN SEASON

BY SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

AUTHOR OF "EMPERY," ETC.

THROUGH the green colonnades of Temiskaming firs the morning light came down to the snow. Sharp and bright it came, and under its gleam forms and trails that night had concealed turned clearly into definition.

Looming blackly against the crimson sun-ball, stood a great bull moose, his nostrils to the wind. The large, sensitive muzzle inhaled each drifting current of air and tested it for the hated man-scent. Much had the taint haunted him of late, coming all at once on a morning in the middle of October, coming in a way he could not understand, but this morning he at last seemed to have worked away from it. The air blew free of the man-smell, free as the gibbous sun now risen above the fantastic spruce tops.

So, satisfied that nothing was near, the monster stirred and sought his breakfast. An ample breakfast it must be. For, a king of his class, he measured seven feet from the ground to the maned ridge of his shoulders. His huge, palmated horns spread out nearly sixty inches, and, set upon head and neck of majestic proportions, they made a trophy such as a hunter pictures in his smoke-dreams.

The massive, muscle-corded chest was covered with shiny, black hair which extended over the sloping back and down the flanks, meeting the tawny tint of the belly in a sharp line. Legs of enormous length and of iron strength supported the colossal frame, ready at the slightest sign of danger to tear miles off the runways and spurn them behind with the flying crust.

He was a royal specimen, and with delicate taste he chose a royal meal from the sweet-smelling twigs of the tenderest birches. In dreamy contentment he browsed along the juicy sapling tips, unconscious that his huge form was marked by the field-glass far, far off on a parallel ridge.

The heart of the man who held the field-glass thrilled at the bulk of the pasturing moose. At once he plunged into a labyrinth of muskegs and swales, heading towards the game. An hour's tramp brought the moose in easy eyeshot. Crossing a clearing where the hemlock bluffs slid down to sere, frozen marsh, the hunter saw him plainly on the crest of the fir slope.

But the range was too great. Down on his stomach went the man, worming through the reeds across the marsh to a little ridge, heavily clothed with tamarack, that thrust out like a spur from the main ridge. Once in the thick cover, it was equal chances for hunter and hunted. Warily the hunter wound through the marsh growth where the ruddy sun cast pink flushes on the open snow-spots and turned gray water-lilies to violet and mauve. He moved slowly, circumspectly, silently, invisible as a gliding snake. He reached the spur and vanished into the thick evergreen aisles.

The moose remained at his meal till the voracious appetite which the crisp morning air had given him was somewhat appeased. Then, quite suddenly, he stopped eating. The dawn-wind had freshened to a blustery gale, and the savoury birch-tips batted his nose. Was it the rising wind that interrupted his meal? Releasing the sapling he had straddled, the big bull looked restlessly about. His expanded nostrils turned north, south, east, west. Still no man-scent reached them. Then the great ears listened. No sound! As far as his clear eye could see he scanned the slope, but nothing showed. Only, below in the marsh near his old yarding-ground a gust of wind was stormily shaking some reeds.

There was no enemy he could sense, yet some intuition prompted him, some secret woods-spirit whispered to him to leave the birches. A loud sniff, and he started abruptly over the crest. Down the incline he broke into a shambling run, the click of his cleft hoofs sounding out sharply in the void of the valley.

Skirting the beaver meadow, one of his favourite haunts in summertime, the forest monarch sped on to the shores of the inland lake where the lily roots he had cropped so often were black blotches in the ice. On along its margin and out through the scrubby swales he ran and circled back across the marsh above the ridge which had been his late feeding-ground. The fine exultation of vigorous exercise ran through each artery and muscle. The quick pace sharpened his half-satisfied hunger, and over the marsh he knew were seedling birches, rich, tender, and aromatic. He could imagine he smelled them already, and he launched himself eagerly forward.

Then at the very edge of the marsh he jerked to an abrupt stop, with a quick breath of terror. In the snow at his feet was a trail where something had wormed through, and thick in the air was the dreaded man-scent. A shuddering seized the moose, and his limbs remained for a second paralyzed. The next second a surge of shame filled his wild heart, the knotted muscles woke to life, and the vast bulk flew like an arrow back off the marsh, up the slanting ridge and out on a shrouded runway. At full speed he rushed down the canopied alley, fleeing against the wind, urged on by the horror he had almost stumbled on above.

The stroke of his hoofs, recovering from their spread, grew to a staccato tune, but the bull never paused. His antlers back, muzzle outstretched, and eyes widely dilated, he crashed on. The smoke of his breathing hung in frosty clouds behind. Farther and farther from the menace he pressed, and, crossing another marsh, went up the silent, woody steep of the next ridge. Up through the defile his mighty shoulders brushed their way. Low-hanging twigs tapped his horns as he mounted.

On the crest of the ridge the runway opened straight into the sun. Blinded by the fiery glare, the moose stopped.

And as he stopped, a whip-like report broke near. A stinging pain smote his chest with awful force, so awful that the impact threw him back on his haunches. The blood welled in his nostrils. The sense of ear and eye seemed failing, but innate wilderness cunning told him what he should do. Instead of rising to meet another missle, he half-twisted his body and slid down the way he had come up, slid into the fir fringe at the ridge-base. There he staggered to his feet. The terrible pain still pierced his breast, almost forcing him down, but he called on every sinew in his giant frame and started through the cover.

Another whip-like report! Something whistled through the thick boughs, scattering bark and twigs. It reached the bull, and he felt a wicked thrust from flank to flank. A third report followed, a fourth, a fifth—a

perfect fusillade. From some blind instinct the moose dropped to his knees in the soft snow while the lead rained harmlessly above, and there before his glazing eyes a second moose-bulk flashed past him, quick with life, tensing with the fullness of its strength, ploughing a terrified path from its concealment.

The second moose thundered along the ridge bottom and plunged across the open burnt area in plain view of the man on the crest of the slope.

And the stricken monarch in the cover heard a succession of shots which did not slash down round him. These were aimed at the fugitive bounding over boulders and charred logs and disappearing in the muskeg beyond. That he was hit was apparent by the scarlet that blotched the snow at every stride, and wild with excitement the hunter dashed on the trail. He had seen only one bull, and he thought the one he followed was the old monarch he had shot at first. The trail at the base of the ridge would have told him different, but he had no time to descend on that side. His interest lay all on the other, and he rushed away to make his kill.

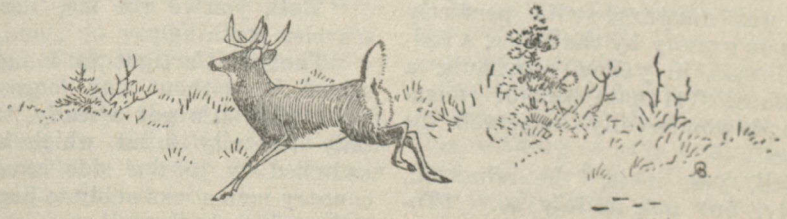
Mile after mile he trailed, but the track did not end. Night fell with the hoof-prints still splaying out ahead and the blood-stains showing but faintly. The bleeding had stopped. The second bull was lightly hit.

On the edge of the dark the hunter gave up the chase and turned campwards, while back in the fringe of the fir-trees the first moose still lay in the same spot. All the hours of the silent afternoon a stupor had deadened his senses, and he knew nothing till the tingling frost of evening waked him. Or was it the frost? A presence seemed abroad with the frost, a creeping, stealthy something that approached noiselessly through the thick cover.

Again the moose's wilderness instinct stirred, a final spark as of failing fire on a cooling altar, and, lying in the heart of the Temiskaming wild without power to raise his rending hoofs or swing his formidable antlers, he sensed the invisible forest prowler who stole upon him.

There was no crunching of crust under the cat-footed tread, no swaying of the branches brushed by the abnormal shoulders, yet some strange clarity of the old bull's ebbing spirit revealed step by step the swift, inimical advance.

Now, he knew, the soft, furred feet padded the beaten runway. Now the heavy, lithe, short-tailed body bellied along the fallen, rotting fir-trunk which edged his shelter. Now—the slit-eyed, tufted-eared, fierce-jowled face of a gigantic lynx thrust through the green!



THE MAN WHO DROPPED OFF

BY MARION HILL

HE was a traveller whom activity of mind rather than restlessness of body impelled to seek the car platform at every stop made by his train. From that slight eminence, he good-naturedly exchanged remarks with all and any talkers whom sociable fate threw in his way. The information he thus chanced to pick up was all of a character to contradict the theories of life he had inclined to form at Law School, and was consequently extremely valuable—which he was adaptable enough to realize.

This same generous adaptability induced him to look favourably upon all way stations—whether of existence or of the more literal railroad track—but the placid obscurity of Sunnytop proved too much for his regard.

"Lively, isn't it?" he called in cheerful irony to the one railsitter at Sunnytop depot, and he waved his hand towards the few low farmhouses, asleep in the noon glare, which constituted the town.

He was answered with perfectly courteous gravity by the sitter, a red-headed man in yellow overhauls, a man whose fortunate lack of education had wonderfully conserved his intellect.

"Well, yes, it is," he admitted, proudly, but not unduly so. "Today. Not in general, though. Are you going over?"

"Where?"

"To court."

"Court, eh? who's holding it?"

"Judge Kinney — Jim Kinney — know him?"

"No."

"Then you don't know how mad he is."

"Sounds as if I'm missing something. What's maddened him?"

"Holding court in the schoolhouse. It's cramping to legs and temper."

At this moment, just because his train was beginning to move under him, giving him no time to think, the traveler suddenly decided to visit Judge Kinney's court and therefore jumped lightly to the depot platform, letting his unregretted "accommodation" crawl cityward without him. Our not having time to think is responsible for all the interesting things which happen to us.

No one else left the train, a fact which was regretfully noticed by the red and yellow man.

"I might as well have stayed to school," he murmured. "But Judge felt sure there'd be a crowd come and sent me here to pilot 'em back."

"Well, you've got me," said the traveler soothingly.

"Though it's tight fit enough, the school is, without any more crowd than what it's got a'ready." It is only the city mind which can be switched by jocular side issues; the country man sticks nobly to his theme. "Everybody's there."

"Why in the schoolhouse?" asked the traveler.

He gave away an excellent cigar, lit one himself, and then trimmed his

city stride to fit the more plodding gait of his rural guide, they both setting out by the one way of the dusty wagon road.

"Town hall burned down last night—that's why the schoolhouse. Burned to the ground."

"Too bad. Loss heavy?"

"Several tons of good hay."

"Hay! what was hay doing there?"

"Burning," answered the other. "Town hall was over the blacksmith's shop and barn."

"Ah," said the traveler, expectant of further items. But there were none. The barn was burned and that was naturally the end of it. A farmer narrates facts without journalistic embellishments.

As a possible furtherance to conversation, the traveler then tendered his card.

The countryman took the card and read the name:

Mr. Judson Jurewell.

Then he handed the card back—done with it.

Jurewell pleasantly recovered it. "And your name?" he asked.

"Samuel Hanse."

"And what is Judge Kinney handling to-day, Mr. Hanse?"

"Trying to handle Aunt Bessie; but no matter how much he proves to the dear old soul that she ain't no wife of the dead man's and never has been, she only says, mild-like and gentle, the way she always speaks, 'Now, Jimmie, you know better nor that'. And so he orter—marriage license go-hang. But, land, Mr. Jurewell, you don't know head from tail about, do you?"

"No. Suppose you tell me as we go along."

This, Samuel Hanse willingly did, unfolding an odd little tale of farm life in which comedy and tragedy strangely mingled.

Forty years ago there had come to Sunnytop, buying a small farm there, Joe Cummin and his wife Bessie, hard working, honest young people who had no other ambition than to be self-supporting and respected in the country where they elected to live. This ambition they had fully realized. Childless, they had become father and mother to the whole community, being affectionately known as Uncle Joe and Aunt Bessie to the grateful neighbourhood for miles around. Aunt Bessie had experienced none of the joys of motherhood and all of its cares, for she had devotedly brought up her husband's two troublesome step-brothers, Jason and Isaac Hull. Bad as small children, "Jase" and "Ike" had grown up to dishonest and thankless maturity, deserting the farm when the old people most needed their aid and coming back only after the old man's death, hoping to find themselves remembered in a will. But of course there was no will. Old Joe Cummin was without immediate kin and moreover had nothing to deed away except the undesirable little farm which he most rightfully considered was Bessie's as much as his, having been kept unincumbered chiefly by reason of her lifetime of hard work. As his widow, would she not naturally inherit the property and continue to live on in the old home, sheltered by its friendly shabbiness, nurtured by the grudging acres which would nevertheless afford her a sustenance? Why make a will? In looking for one, however, the hard-fibred Jase and Ike had discovered among the old man's papers a document which badly menaced Aunt Bessie's security.

In an envelope inscribed "Marriage Certificate" they had found merely an unsigned wedding license.

Interrogated, Aunt Bessie had freely given the information that she and Joe, wishing to save a minister's fee, had concluded that the license (costing the frightful sum of two dollars) was certainly binding and lawful enough, and consequently was all that was necessary. In other words, the couple had never been married.

Assured of this, Jase and Ike laid

claim to the property. Aunt Bessie was nothing loath. She had worked for the two boys all her youth and did not utterly rebel at the prospect of having to slave for them in her old age. For she fancied that the extent of their claim merely entitled them to live upon her. However, they announced their intention of selling the place for what it would bring, quite callous as to what would become of the penniless and homeless old woman who had mothered them—and in speaking of her they used a vile name.

The epithet had struck poor Aunt Bessie like a whip-lash and had goaded her into fighting the proceedings.

"But she ain't got nothing to fight," concluded Samuel Hanse sadly. "She admits all right that she and Joe never had no 'extra marriage' as she calls it, but she just peacefully makes fun of Judge and the others when they say she ain't no wife and she tells—'Boys, if I've been a good true wife to Joe for forty years, raising his brothers, nursing him and them when they was sick, cooking their victuals, hearing them their prayers, sewing their clothes, working myself to skin and bone for 'em, how can the turning up of the very license that made me Joe's wife undo it all now that Joe's dead? Boys, don't be so silly. Get done fooling and let me go home. I won't be there so very long. Can't Jase and Ike wait till I'm with Joe?' "

Jurewell had the pleased look which he wore when he was playing chess and was planning "mate in two moves".

"She admits she was never married?" he asked.

"Admits it plumb out."

"Admits that she knew it?"

"All along. Evidently she and that poor old fool of an Uncle Joe never got over shaking hands with themselves for their thrift in saving a parson's fee."

"And yet she is innocent of wrongdoing?"

"As a baby. Aunt Bessie is sure an angel on earth if there ever was one. That license looked like law and gospel to her and does still."

"And have not the two men feeling enough to let the queer old soul alone for the few years she has to live?"

Samuel Hanse spat in the dust. "That for Jase's feelings," he said. He spat again. "And that for Ike's."

"You say she nursed them?"

"Through typhoid. Watched 'em night and day for ten weeks."

Jurewell had drawn out a notebook and was jotting things down.

"And raised them from boyhood?"

"From babyhood. Jase was a year old and Ike three when their parents died and Joe and Bessie took 'em."

"How much is the farm worth?"

"Jase and Ike would be hard pushed to get four thousand."

The two had now reached the schoolhouse, an old wooden building from whose windows hung crowds of struggling rustics, testifying to the greater crowds behind them. Outside, children, dogs, and vehicles made the scene look like a camp meeting.

Pushing his way inside, Jurewell noted that a sort of intermission was evidently taking place, for business order was entirely suspended and a babel of talk was going on. Hulking big men, wedged in little seats, kept their uncomfortable places, fearing to lose them should they get up to stretch their legs. Some few were making an unembarrassed lunch from huge sandwiches, taking unconcerned bites almost in their companions' faces. A proud urchin, barefooted and perspiring, who would not have sold out his stand for a million, was carrying around a bucket of water, and a tin cup. He was working twice as hard as there was any need to and consequently was multiplying his own enjoyment.

The Judge, a gray-haired man of about fifty, was seated at the teach-

er's desk and was pretending to take deep interest in some papers before him concerning the ever vital country question of boundary fences, fences not put up where they should be, or put up where they should not be. He was the only one who was not audibly espousing Aunt Bessie's cause, which had evidently been lost.

Jase and Ike having absolutely no henchmen in that quarter of the globe were reduced to the necessity of talking to each other, and it may be said that both had a most undesirable listner. They were intensely stupid men and made the fact more than patent by their constantly repeated assertion that they were too "smart to be soft-soaped by everybody who came along".

"Aunt Bessie" sat on one of the recitation benches. She was a tiny little creature, with washed-out blue eyes set deep in a thin, spiritual face banded by hair so smooth and white that it looked like the demure linen of a nun. Her knotted old hands that never were comfortable in idleness were tremulously clasped in her decent black alpaca lap. She was of the type of women who can fight even all foes of darkness when entrenched within the mystic solace and refuge of their own home, but who are absolutely stricken to the death when torn away from their familiar place; women who more tenderly love a geranium slip they have raised in a tin can than the finest blossom that may be bought; women to whom each chair is a sacred family heirloom, each garden shrub a record of events, being either a monument to some hope, or a shaft to mark the grave where a hope lies buried.

"Jase and Ike never planted the lilac hedge," she was saying, in a wondering tone to three or four women around her. "How can it be their place?" Then, slightly raising her voice so as to be heard at the desk, "Jimmie, *you* know who planted the lilacs, 'cause you helped me—you was a little boy about ten."

"Jimmie" convulsively tightened his grip on his pencil, but gave no other sign of having heard the appeal—not but what the sympathetic distress on his face showed heartfelt corroboration of every word she said. His duty had plainly been a hard one.

"Now Jedge Kinney—he's a man of good horse sense," Jason Hull was saying to his brother, both furtively glimpsing the eulogised one to see if the praise was effective. "Jedge isn't going to hev honest men cheated of their lawful due."

"And lawful it is," said Isaac, glancing scowlingly around in criticism of the general condemnation. "Who *could* the farm belong to, if not us, the sole survivin' relatives of brother Joe who never married and never had no children?"

"Jimmie," quavered Aunt Bessie gently, "can't you make 'em shut up? Don't seem hardly brotherly for 'em to talk that way about Joe, and Joe dead."

The tow-haired little Ganymede with the water having here come near to Jurewell, he gave him his card and asked him to take it to "His Honour", amending the title, at the boy's stare, to the more familiar one of "Jim Kinney".

That the name on the card was not so unknown to His Honour as it had been to samuel Hanse was evinced immediately by the expectant look which appeared in Judge Kinney's face as he raised his eyes to hunt among the throng for the owner of the bit pasteboard just handed to him.

Jurewell met the glance and bowed profoundly.

"Have I your permission to say a few words?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Jurewell," said the Court, not needing to request silence, for a curious hush was already established. Every eye was on the stranger, who spoke authoritively.

"Your condescension in permiting me to speak is as great and un-

usual as is my effrontery in asking for the favour, but in extenuation let me say that great and unusual also is the interest taken by me in the circumstances of the case which has just been heard, your decision concerning which does credit to your sense of justice, refusing, as it does, to be biased even by the weighty considerations of sentiment and your personal regard for the parties chiefly involved." Jurewell was in the realms of pure guesswork at the moment, but, inclining his head deferentially to Aunt Bessie and nodding with scant ceremony in indication of the brother Hull, he found that public opinion was with him and therefore proceeded jubilantly. "These—gentlemen," he continued, nodding again at the victors, and poising on the word so as to render it distinctly uncomfortable, "are to be congratulated that the law is no respecter of persons and has consequently put into their hands the power to recover the property that so rightfully belongs to them."

"To the relinquisher of the property," went on Jurewell turning to her, "I have this to say: although in the eyes of the Lord and in the esteem of the community, there is no stain upon her fair name, she being the most faithful of wives, the most honest and honourable of women, still, the law having decreed that she never owned a wife's position, the law takes cognizance of the fact that she therefore holds a valid claim against the estate." Tapping the paper upon which he had been making notes, but carefully refraining from explaining that they *were* but notes, Jurewell said impressively, "Here is a statement of the claim presented—For forty years of service, as housekeeper to the late Joe Cummin, rated at five dollars a week, nine thousand six hundred dollars; ten years' service as governess to the half brothers of the deceased, two thousand four hundred dollars; ten weeks' service as sick nurse, two hundred dollars—total fourteen thousand dollars. This is a just and lawful claim, the payment of which the claimant will certainly exact. The value of the property being but four thousand dollars, it seems hardly likely that she will accept from Isaac and Jason Hull a deed to the farm in equitable exchange, yet my advice to her would be to do so."

The fine points in Jurewell's presentment appealed first to the clerk of the court, a sunburnt young man in a bright pink shirt, and he emitted a prolonged chuckle, his Honour soon followed the example, finally the whole throng joined in, sending around the schoolhouse a laugh which rang as joyously as a cheer, bringing amazed resentment but to two.

"Monkey business isn't law," they shouted threateningly.

But Aunt Bessie held otherwise. Pressing to Jurewell's side, she took his hand and kissed it humbly.

"It's good of you, sir. Thank you, sir," she said timidly. No further words could she find, but the big tears which rolled down her cheek made words unnecessary. Then turning to the tJudge, she dipped a little curtsy and said with meek determination, "Jimmie, I think I'm through here, and so I'm going home."

Quite refusing to bother her head with the idea that Jason and Isaac might fight the case and that it might be long before any reversal could be made in her favour, satisfied that her friends would never shut in her face the kindly door which Jurewell had opened, she kissed again the helping hand, bobbed again to the Court, and then thankfully trudged out into the sunlight, her face turned towards the little farm where she had come as a bride, forty years ago, where she had lived with "Joe", where she had held him in her arms when he died, and, from where she had buried him—with clusters of lilac on his quiet heart—the only place which could be "home" to her on this side of eternity.

NEW LIGHT ON THE VINLAND VOYAGES

BY W. S. WALLACE

As all the world knows, America is supposed to have been visited by the Northmen about the year 1000. That, at least, is the tale told by two of the Icelandic sagas, and by some scattered references in Norwegian vellums. Just what degree of truth resides in the story as told by the sagas, has hitherto remained uncertain, and will perhaps remain forever uncertain. But within the last few years some new light has been cast from various quarters on the problem; and while this new light does not dispel the darkness in which the problem is wrapped, it reveals features of it which have not been seen before.

The first recent contribution to the subject was archæological. In the year 1898 there was discovered by some farmers at Kensington, Minnesota, a large stone bearing a Runic inscription. On one side was a legend which may be translated thus:

> "Eight Goths and twenty-two Norwegians upon an expedition of discovery from Vinland. We had a camp by two rocks in the water one day's journey north from this stone. We were fishing one day. When we returned, we found ten men red with blood and dead. Ave Maria! Save us from evil."

On the reverse side of the stone there were the words:

> "We have ten men by the sea to look after our vessel, forty-one days' journey from this island. Year 1362."

It should be said at once that grave doubt has been cast on the authenticity of this stone. Experts have pointed out what appear to be anachronisms in the runes; and it is unfortunate that the locality in which the stone was discovered is one that should have been for many years settled by Scandinavians. It is difficult, moreover, to see how so large a party of men could have reached Minnesota from Vinland, in the fourteenth century, in so short a time as fifty-one days. On the other hand, the authenticity of the stone has not wanted champions.* It has been imbedded in the roots of a tree of very considerable age, and it is difficult to see how it could have been "planted" there. The suggestion has been made that the stone is possibly the last will and testament of a Norse exploring party which struck inland, perhaps from the shores of Hudson Bay, and perished at the hands of the Indians in the heart of the continent. "Red with blood and dead" is not a bad description of the victims of the scalping-knife.

The controversy regarding the stone is one of such a technical character that no good purpose would be

*See Hjalmar Rued Holand: "Oldest Native Document in America" (Journal of American History, vol. iv., pp. 165-184).

served by embarking on it here. In the absence of any authoritative pronouncement, the stone and its inscription remain at any rate an interesting object of fancy and conjecture.

The next contribution to the problem, in point of time, was a paper by an American botanist which appeared about three years ago in the pages of a scientific journal published a few years ago by a New England learned society. The title of the paper was "Notes on the Plants of Wineland the Good." In it the author, Professor W. L. Fernald, of Harvard University, attempted to discover, by reference to the plants mentioned in the Icelandic sagas of Eric the Red and the Flat Island Book, the location of Vinland. The name Vinland was derived from a plant, called in the sagas a "wineberry," which the Norsemen found in that country. This plant has been commonly identified by scholars as the wild grape (*Vitis Labrusca*); and since the wild grape and other plants mentioned in the sagas are not found in very northerly climates, it therefore became the fashion to identify Vinland with Nova Scotia or New England. Professor Fernald, however, showed, by a convincing use of the old herbalists, that the "wineberry" mentioned in the sagas is not the wild grape but the mountain cranberry, which occurs in the greatest abundance in the country stretching from the Lower St. Lawrence northward along the coast of Labrador. He thereupon placed Vinland on the coast of Labrador, probably in the neighbourhood of Hamilton Inlet, where there is abundance of the heavy timber in search of which the Northmen came. This interpretation of the sagas, it is interesting to notice, removes some of the difficulties and discrepancies which have troubled scholars in the past. There is no longer, for instance, any difficulty in identifying the Skraelings or natives of Vinland, with the Eskimos, rather than with the Indians, whom they do not seem to have resembled in the least.

Professor Fernald's argument succeeded in convincing at least some students of the Vinland voyages. But hardly had his conclusions begun to win acceptance, when the whole question was thrown once more into the melting-pot by a new contribution to the subject. This was a book by the distinguished Norwegian scholar and explorer, Dr. Fridtjob Nansen. In this book, which was entitled "In Northern Mists," and which was a history of Arctic exploration in the early times, Dr. Nansen subjected the Vinland sagas to a ruthless scrutiny. When he was done with them, there was little left of them. He did not, it is true, deny the bare fact of the Norse visits to America: the cumulative evidence in that respect was too strong to be disregarded. But he showed, as perhaps had never been shown before, how large the mythological element in the sagas really is. The details of the story of Vinland the Good, he strove to show, are derived from legendary sources, especially from the legendary literature of Ireland, a country which in the early middle ages was closely connected by trade with Iceland. Wine and wine-fruit, for instance, play a great part in early Irish legend; and it is Dr. Nansen's belief that the story about the wineberries found in Vinland is nothing but a fable drawn from Irish sources. If his theory is correct, the whole of Professor Fernald's elaborate botanical investigations fall to the ground.

Nor does Dr. Nansen's evidence end there. By reference to Scandinavian mythology and philology the Skraelings of the sagas, the natives of Vinland, are shown to be really gnomes or brownies, such as are commonly met with in Norse legend: the "Tyrker" who found the wineberries, and the two runners sent out by Karlsefni when he reached "Mar-

vel-strands," appear to be half human creatures such as Norse mothers used to frighten their children with. The recurrence of the number three in the Saga of Eric the Red, and the recurrence of the prefix Thor—in nearly all the proper names—these are shown to be features characteristic of Norse fairy-tales. Everywhere, in fact, the sagas bear on their face, according to Dr. Nansen's view, the marks of the mythopoeic imagination.

It is perhaps too early to ascertain what effect Dr. Nansen's destructive criticism will have on the estimate in which the sagas will ultimately be held by scholars; but it is likely that it will effectually discredit any conclusions based, as Professor Fernald's are, on an interpretation of the details of the story.

Last of all there comes the evidence of anthropology. Not long ago there returned to civilization a Canadian anthropologist who had spent several years among the Eskimos of the Arctic Circle. This anthropologist, whose name was Vilhjalmur Stefansson, reported that he had discovered among the Eskimos of the far north what he thought were signs of an admixture of Scandinavian blood. On Victoria Island in Coronation Gulf he found Eskimos with fair hair and blue eyes. In some cases, the hair was light brown; in others, it was rusty red, with the redness more pronounced on the forehead. A great many had eye-brows from a dark brown to a light brown, or nearly white. A few had curly hair. One girl had the delicate features sometimes seen in the women of the fjords of Norway. The Eskimos whom Professor Stefansson had brought with him kept protesting: "These are not Eskimos: they merely dress and talk and act like Eskimos."

It must not be imagined that Professor Stefansson was the first to notice the existence of these blonde Eskimos. As long ago as the year 1656, Nicholas Lunes, the captain of a Dutch ship trading in Davis Straits, observed the difference between them and the other Eskimos. "As regards the inhabitants," wrote the chronicler of the expedition, "our travelers report having seen two kinds, who have lived together on the most friendly terms. Of these, one kind is described as very tall, well-built, of rather fair complexion, and very swift of foot. The others are much smaller, of an olive complexion, and tolerably well proportioned, except that their legs are short and thick." The latter are easily recognisable as ordinary Eskimos; the former are obviously the blonde Eskimos with whom Professor Stefansson has come into contact.

Any suggestions that Professor Stefansson has advanced with regard to the explanation of these peculiarities have been only tentative. He has not attempted to lay down anything more than a hypothesis. But his hypothesis is that the traces of Scandinavian blood in the Eskimos of Victoria Island are due to an admixture in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries between the Eskimos and the Norse settlers of Greenland. There is no fact in history better attested than the Norse colonization of Greenland. Founded by a band of outlaws in the tenth century, the colony lasted until the fourteenth. The ruins of the settlements were wiped out by the Eskimos; and the frail thread which linked Greenland to Europe was broken. It has commonly been assumed that the Greenlanders were massacred. But there is no good reason to doubt that some of them may have been adopted into the Eskimo tribes, or even that whole groups of them may have continued to exist in the Arctic Circle, cut off from Europe and civilization. In that case, the blonde Eskimos are their descendants.

That it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Northmen should have penetrated to the neighbourhood of Coronation Gulf, or of Hud-

son Bay, there exists a proof the importance of which in this connection has not, so far as the present writer is aware, been pointed out. In 1824 there was discovered on the Island of Kingitorsook in Baffin's Bay, in a region supposed to have been unvisited before the modern age of Arctic exploration, a stone inscription:

"Erling Sighvatson and Bjarni Thordharson and Eindrid Oddson raised these marks and cleared ground on Saturday before Ascension week, 1135."

Thus archæology adds its testimony to the evidence of anthropology.

Tab. II

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE Asquith Government is confronted with the serious problem of how to conciliate the extreme Labour vote which in recent bye-elections has gone against the Liberal candidates. Mr. Masterman, the newly-appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was defeated in Bethnal Green through Labour opposition. An analysis of the voting shows, however, that the combined Liberal and Labour vote was greater than at the election of 1911. Home Rule was a minor issue, the Labour and Unionist attack being chiefly directed against the Insurance Act. The weakness in the Insurance Act is its failure to meet the case of the casual labourer. *The London Nation,* a leading Liberal weekly, says:

"Liberals have to recognize that modern legislation, while aiming at improving the condition of the poor, tends to increase the control of the authorities over their lives. It was stated recently that insurance cards were being used by employers for tracing strikers with a view to preventing them getting other employment. In *The Candid Quarterly Review,* it is stated that 'the writer had heard police witnesses swear a man a lazy and idle vagabond because he had no insurance card about him. . . . In short, the insurance card has become a police passport without which no member of the working-class has a right to live or move in free England.' These are the statements that require investigation. Mr. Thomas asked the Home Secretary if he knew that the Glamorgan police were visiting the home of trades union leaders and asking for a great deal of information about their organizations? All the conditions of modern life and the social re-organization that is going on tend to strengthen the powers of the police, and the duty of protecting the rights of the citizen is becoming not less but more urgent."

Bethnal Green, a neighbourhood of squalid courts, dark alleys, depressing streets, and hovels hardly fit for human habitation is the place where of all others an appeal may be made to the cupidity of the elector, for it is peopled with casual labourers, to whom the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread" is very real. Into this constituency, where two dollars a week is an average income, flocked silk-hatted and frock-coated canvassers and orators and fashionably-dressed ladies. Down the dark alleys, along mean streets, and up the creaking stairs of insanitary tenements the candidates and their friends pay court to King Demos. The natural order of things is reversed at these elections. It is Lazarus, the rich man, who sits at the door of Dives the beggar, crying, "Votes, for the love of Allah, votes!" The out-of-work, the casual labourer, and the poor who, like their pre-historic ancestors, are compelled to hunt for a living are beginning to sit up and take notice.

Times have changed since the days of the rotten boroughs. The worker is no longer satisfied to vote Liberal or Conservative. Nor is he willing any longer to permit his representative in Parliament to be absorbed by the Liberal party.

It is the Parliamentary system that is on trial, with its traditions of Cabinet control, and it is interesting to observe that the attacks on the system are not confined to the extreme wing of the Labour Party. From more than one quarter a plea has been put forward for the substitution of committee for ministerial control of the public departments. These committees would be appointed by all parties in the House of Commons in proportion to their membership. Under such a system no party would be excluded from a share in government and administration, and the failure to carry certain bills would not, as at present, involve loss of Cabinet prestige and the resignation of the Government in power. Lord Esher advocates the appointment of such Parliamentary Committees for the control of naval policy and Foreign affairs. With the present Parliamentary system under criticism from men of such widely-divergent views as Lord Esher and Mr. Jowett, the Labour M.P., it is evident that Great Britain, in her constitutional evolution, may go further than the reform of the Upper Chamber. The whole Parliamentary system is obsolete, over-weighted, and cumbersome, and requires overhauling. The workers are in revolt against the Parliamentary policy of the Labour Party in the House and will continue to mark their dissatisfaction at the poll until some remedy is found. It is stated in British Labour circles that one hundred Labour candidates will go forward for election at the next appeal to the country.

*

The murder in Mexico of a British subject named Benton has been magnified into an international issue. It is alleged that Villa, the leader of the Mexican Constitutionalists, shot Benton in cold blood. Villa claims that Benton was executed after a trial by court-martial, but the affair has all the aspects of a dark and sinister crime, such as is too common in that blood-soaked Republic. Great Britain and the United States are determined to unravel the mystery. Sir Edward Grey has acted with great restraint and has not allowed the British ferment over Benton's tragic end to warp his diplomatic judgment in his relations with the United States Government. The comment of *The London Times* reflects the sober thought of the British people in regard to the murder:

"Americans have taken the murder of a number of their own citizens so quietly that many of them do not seem to understand our indignation over the death of Benton. One thing only will satisfy us, and that is a complete, searching examination into the deed and the exemplary punishment, as soon as punishment is possible, of all who may be answerable for our countryman's blood. We shall be surprised and grieved if all that is best in the United States does not recognize the justice of that resolve."

The feeling in Europe with regard to the Monroe Doctrine and Mexico may be summed up in ex-President Roosevelt's advice to Britain in Egypt —"Get on or get out!" The United States must see that other countries are sensitive of any dishonour to their flag in Mexico. It has always been the proud boast of the British people that their lives and property were sacred, and that reparation would be exacted for any violation thereof. Other outrages on foreigners—including the burning of several American railway passengers in a tunnel—have been reported, and the indignation these have excited may have a prejudicial effect on the reform movement in Mexico. President Wilson is naturally anxious to abstain from active interference by the despatch of

troops, for this would involve the United States in a war of tremendous magnitude, but inaction in the face of such outrages on foreign residents may easily become impossible.

*

President Wilson, in a communication to Congress last month, pleaded for repeal of the provision of the Panama Canal Act which exempts American coastwise shipping from tolls. He declared that his reason for asking the repeal was that everywhere except in the United States the toll exemption was regarded as a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and he further asked it in support of the Administration's general foreign policy.

"We consented," says the President, "to the treaty; its language we accepted, if we did not originate it; and we are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or refined a reading of words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please. The large thing to do is the only thing we can afford to do: a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood. We ought to reverse our action without raising the question whether we were right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for generosity and the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation."

This attitude in regard to a delicate international dispute which has been the subject of embittered controversy for more than two years, will enhance President Wilson's reputation as a statesman throughout the world.

*

During the debate in the Upper House on the amendment to the address, Lord Macdonald, former Under-Secretary in Ireland, accused the Lords on the Opposition benches of being actuated by bitter sectarion animosity. Lord Middleton had said that under Home Rule Nationalists would fill public offices with men of their own party. But the figures of an inquiry made when he was connected with the Government of Ireland were a reply to such a supposition. They referred to counties in the three Nationalist Provinces and in Ulster. In Galway, which had a population of 192,000, the percentage of Protestants in the population was six, and the percentage of paid posts which they held under local governing bodies was nineteen. In Roscommon the percentages were respectively three and sixteen, in Mayo two and eleven, in Munster ten and twenty-one, in Carlow eleven and forty, in Tipperary six and twenty-nine, in Kildare fifteen and twenty-three, in West Meath nine and thirty-two, and in King's County eleven and forty-eight. "Was there any confirmation in these figures," he asked, "for the statement that the Catholics of Ireland were given to hunting their Protestant neighbours out of their locality? He took the other side of the shield, and in the County of Antrim he found the percentage of Catholics in the population to be twenty-six, while the percentage of public appointments which they held was eight. In Armagh the percentages were respectively forty-five and six, and in Tyrone fifty-five and ten. When a charge was brought against Roman Catholics of intolerance in the exercise of their public functions, surely some sort of official statistical information might be produced in order that they might be able to judge for themselves of the validity of the charge."

*

Despite the alarmist fears of the Ulster Unionists there has been a distinct rise in Irish securities. Referring to this fact *The Economist* remarks:

"For our part we cannot understand why the investors of Belfast are content to leave their money in the old securities if the country is

really overshadowed by the danger of warfare and bloodshed. It is too much to believe in civil war on a basis of four per cent."

*

In the House of Lords, Lord Murray of Elibank made a personal statement regarding his share in the Marconi deal. He declared that when he made the investments in Marconis it did not occur to him that there was any impropriety in so doing. He understood that the American company had nothing to do with the English contract. But he now recognized that he ought to have seen that his action was open to criticism; he regretted his error, which was one of judgment and not of intention. As to the purchase of shares bought for the Liberal party funds, that, too, was an error of judgment, and he was doing what he could to make amends by taking them over at the price paid for them, at a considerable personal loss. Far from his resignation of the post of Chief Whip having anything to do with these transactions, it had been mentioned in February, 1912, to the Prime Minister, who had begged him to remain in office till the end of the session. Lord Lansdowne said that this explanation clearly showed that Lord Murray did not think the matter could be left where it had been left by the Commons Committee. A committee has been appointed by the Lords to inquire into the whole affair, on which Lord Loreburn, a Liberal ex-Lord Chancellor, has agreed to act.

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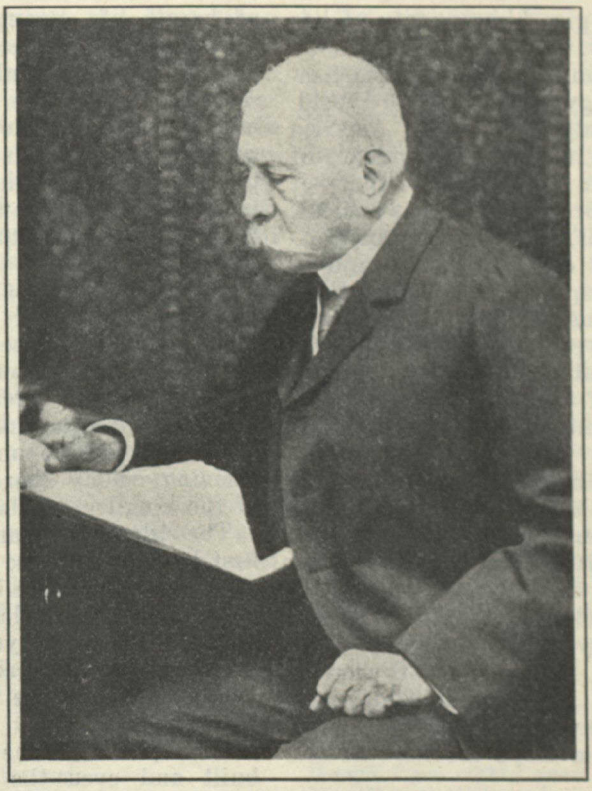
A way out of the Ulster difficulty was suggested by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons, his plan being local option for each of the Ulster counties and boroughs. Any county or borough voting by a bare majority for exclusion would continue as heretofore, for a period of six years, to be represented in the Imperial Parliament. As the Unionists have always contended that no compromise on the basis of the present Bill would be acceptable to them it is extremely unlikely that this fantastic proposal will make for a settlement. Were a plebescite of the Irish electors taken, the Unionists of Belfast and the adjoining two counties, Antrim and Down, would carry exclusion for these units. Other parts of Ulster would probably vote the Nationalist ticket. The chief difficulty in the way of a settlement by consent on these lines is the fact that no Irish Parliament, deprived of Belfast, Antrim, and Down, could possibly carry on without additional financial aid. As it is at present, Ireland would have to resort to rigid economy to make ends meet, but without the revenue from the most wealthy parts of Ulster, suitable provision would have to be made, by way of amendment of the financial clauses of the Bill, to compensate Ireland for the loss sustained by the withdrawal of any part of the northern Province. The British electors are not in the humour to increase the finacial grant to the Irish Parliament, and as any amendments to the Bill must pass unchallenged the prospect of a peaceful settlement is not particularly bright. An election in Ireland on the one issue of exclusion would stereotype the Ulster opposition and aggravate sectarian divisions.

BRÜHL TERRACE, DRESDEN

From the Painting by Gotthard Kuchl. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



PORFIRIO DIAZ, LATE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

THE LAND OF TO-MORROW

A GLIMPSE OF MEXICO UNDER PORFIRIO DIAZ

BY ELIHU STEWART

IT is only about four short years since the writer made a rather hurried trip through the Republic of Mexico, and yet what a change since then! At that time the old autocrat Diaz ruled supreme from the Rio Grande on the north, to the Assumacinta on the south, and perfect order everywhere prevailed. The authority of the Rurales (military police) was undisputed. You met them everywhere, on all the highways of the country from Chihuahua to Chiapas. No mountain trail was too rough for their mules to traverse, and the pestilential forests of the Tierra Caliente were as familiar to them as the cultivated fields surrounding Monteray or the City of Mexico itself. In almost every town throughout the whole country, at night, you would see one of these men with his red lantern posted at the intersection of every important street to watch the traffic and to apprehend the unruly.

To-day disorder is everywhere. The poor peon is bewildered with his frequent change of rulers, as one or other of the military factions is successful in the battles in which he is compelled to take an unwilling part; for he cares little who the ruler is if

he will only give him security of life and property.

Mexico is in many respects to America what Egypt is to the Old World. It is the only portion of America which shows indisputable evidence of a civilization similiar to that of Egypt, and probably quite as ancient. The pyramids, near the City of Mexico, are only equalled in size and in the labour required to construct them by those wonders that rise from the sands of Egypt. The buried cities of Mitla and Palinka are only surpassed by those of Thebes and Lucknor. Enter the museum in the City of Mexico, and you can almost fancy you are in the Egyptian quarter in the British Museum or the Louvre. These ancient works date farther back than either the Aztecs or even the Toltecs, the latter of whom it is believed entered Mexico in the Seventh Century. It is interesting, as I have said, on account of what it reveals of a great past history, extending through a period as dim as that which envelops the land of the Pharoahs.

It is equally interesting when we come to more modern times, say from the invasion of the Toltecs to their overthrow by the Aztecs and also through the several centuries that the latter held sway, down to their conquest by the Spaniards. This latter period might well be called the golden age in Mexican history. The annals of the world afford no parallel to that exhibited by these people. In the old world the torch of civilization, ignited in Egypt, was carried to Greece, thence to Rome and then on to her distant colonies; but the Mexico of this period developed unaided and alone a civilization which was in many respects equal if not superior to that existing among the nations across the Atlantic during the same era. This brilliant period, however, was darkened by a religious rite which involved the sacrifice of human life.

Amid the unmistakable evidences of happy life among the people of that age it is disheartening to look at the great sacrificial stone, still preserved, on which the priest stood and offered up his fellow beings as a sacrifice to the gods in fancied expiation of human sin, and one cannot but wonder how such a belief found its way into the minds of this isolated people.

Again, Mexico is interesting as furnishing the field for the earliest settlement of Europeans on this side of the Atlantic. Long years before the English and French had started colonies in North America, Spain had conquered Mexico and established a thriving colony there, on the ruins of the kingdom of the Aztecs.

The island of San Salvador, the first land seen in the new world, was discovered October 11th, 1492, and twenty-seven years later, about 1519, and one hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims on the New England Coast, we find Cortez in Mexico; and to-day in the City of Mexico you will see the church he built and even the very house he occupied, as well as one adjoining, where his Lieutenant-General, Alvirado, lived. The climate is such that structural works withstand the ravages of time far better than in our varying temperature.

The Republic of Mexico comprises twenty-seven States, covering an area of some 800,000 square miles. It is 2,000 miles in length by 800 in greatest width. After Spain had lost authority over the country, now nearly a century ago, its political conditions were unstable for many years. All know the attempt of Louis Napoleon to establish a monarchy there and its overthrow and the sad fate of the short-time Emperor Maximilian. Following the execution of Maximilian was the establishment of the present Republic based on that of the United States of North America with President Jaurez at its head. Jaurez was succeeded by Porfirio Diaz, who was a general

in the war against the Maximilian forces. Though the constitution demanded an election of a President every four years Diaz succeeded for many years (from 1884 to 1911) to retain his place without any interregnum. Many say and probably with a good deal of truth that the means adopted were not always what would commend themselves to the self-governing Canadian, but there is no doubt that he was the man for Mexico, and was one of the most conspicuous rulers in the world; a man of pure private life, who knew his country and his people and who had the wisdom of a Cavour coupled with the iron will and determination of a Bismarck to carry out his views. He made his country honoured and respected among the nations, and whatever of discontent there was among some of his own people on account of the means he sometimes employed there was but one feeling on the part of the foreigners in the country, when I was there, and that was of sorrow that his rule could not last much longer.

I confess that I was surprised when the old warrior abdicated his position as President and voluntarily left the country. It must have been trying to the man, who, whatever his methods, had given his country a stable Government for many years, to say good-bye to all that was dear to him; to view probably for the last time from the heights of Chepultepec the beautiful valley land surrounding it; to take a last look far across the plain, on snow-clad Popocatapetl and near by at the towers and spires of the city he had beautified.

It may be said that in his case discretion was the better part of valour. It must be remembered, however, that Diaz was a man of iron, who never feared a foe. Far back in his early life he was Mexico's greatest soldier and seemed to inherit the bravery and dash of those valiant Spaniards who centuries ago had won the country for their sovereign.

To my mind this voluntary exile is greatly to his credit. It shows a strength of will, to lay down authority without a struggle. A weak man would likely have temporized and hesitated until a bloody struggle had convinced him that resistance was useless. I can fancy the old veteran driving down the Plaza from the castle and boarding the train for Vera Cruz. Then it passed out into the Maguey fields and through a country with its towns and villages that he knew so well, finally reaching Vera Cruz—Vera Cruz which he had at his own behest within a few years changed from a pestilential seaboard town, where the ravens were the scavengers, to a clean, sanitary city. Here a steamer was waiting to receive him, and his last words were in perfect keeping with his character. When addressing the assembled crowd from the bridge of the steamer, he said:

"Senors and Sonoritas, I am leaving your country and mine for the sake of peace and to prevent bloodshed, but though I am eighty years of age, if during the remainder of my life you need me I will return at your call."

Long before passing the Rio Grande which separates the United States from Mexico we become somewhat familiar with Spanish America. Once in the State of Texas we realize that we are face to face with much that bears the marks of Spanish colonization. The mission style of architecture; the adôbe buildings as well as the appearance and language of many of the people bring to mind the fact that we have entered territory once under the domain of the Spanish Sovereigns. The sandy arid plains, with the cactus so much in evidence over a vast arid tract both north and south of the Rio Grande, makes one value all the more the fertile land of our own country. This continues until we ascend the Mexican table land; after this, both the soil and the climate greatly improve, and as we proceed, vast fields of

grain are seen until we approach near to the City of Mexico, when the greater part of the land seems to be given over to the cultivation of the Maguey plant from which the native beverage pulque is made. The Maguey is a species of the century plant which if allowed to grow will reach a height of twelve to eighteen feet, but the Mexican has other uses for it than that of bearing flowers, so he cuts off the portion which would shoot up and bear the flower; and the liquid substance that would if undisturbed produce the upgrowing stock and the flower is gathered for pulque. This beverage is applied to uses similar to that which we in the *more civilized* North apply to other alcoholic drinks.

I shall not refer to the numerous towns and villages on the way but one we must notice. Just outside its bounds stands a small church built on the very spot where Maximilian, with some of his officers was led out one bright morning and shot, the day after his wife, poor Charlotta, had made an ineffectual appeal for his life; this is the village of Queretero.

Soon after passing Queretero we begin to see evidences of our near approach to a great city. The highways are in better condition and along with the familiar pack mules are seen carriages and even automobiles, and almost before we are aware of it we find ourselves at the station in the City of Mexico.

What shall I say of this metropolis? Rather what shall I not say? For there are so many things so strange to a Northerner, and yet so interesting that if I were to attempt to relate them all, I would have no time left for the other places which I wish to notice. One thing that struck me very forcibly was to see here a city which in many respects is more beautiful than any other on this Continent and yet where a majority of those we meet on the streets are Indians, with a small admixture of Spanish blood in their veins, but who have adopted the language and many of the customs of Old Spain. The women especially from their wearing shawls which partly cover the head very much resemble the Indian women. Notwithstanding their appearance, however, the native Mexican both male and female have adopted the politeness so characteristic of their distant relatives in Andalusia or Castile. Among other Spanish customs the embrace is as common as our handshaking.

I cannot do better than quote from a recent writer regarding this. He says that even with the almost pure blooded Indians along the Gulf Coast, there is when they happen to know you an elaborateness about your meetings and partings on the road that amounts to a kind of ritual. The following conversation might quite likely occur after the embrace:

"Is this horse yours, senor?"

"No, it is yours."

"How are you?"

"Thanks to God there is no change! How are Don Guillermo and your Mama?"

"Many thanks, they are as always." (then a pause)

"The roads are bad, senor. Is there much coffee?"

"Enough."

"I am coming to see you next week."

"Come when you wish to. Well until we meet again."

"Until we meet again—if God wishes it."

"May you go with God!"

"Many thanks, Vicenti. Remain with God."

"Thank you, senor—if God wishes it."

"Adios."

"Adios."

And I have seen myself, on entering a very dilapidated dwelling in the Tierra Calienta (hot Country), the master of the cassa, a diminutive and insignificant looking native, welcome us as if we were entering a

real castle with the words, which translated would mean, "This dwelling is yours." And the best they had would be given us. In the evening before retiring all the half-naked children would approach us with outstretched hand and an *adios noche*, repeated by each to everyone of us. In the morning an appropriate salutation would also greet us by every member of the family.

Besides the peons (peasants), there are in the country, of course, a higher class, some of whom are well educated and cultivated people, whose manners are really charming. Many of the latter in addition to the good training in the colleges of the country have taken a course in the universities of other countries, especially of Spain. So much for the people of the country. Now to return to the City of Mexico.

It is situated on a high plateau of great extent. The elevation of the city above sea level is 7,349 feet. It has a delightful climate and even temperature. The mean from October to April is 56, and from May to September 63. Among its notable buildings and institutions are the Free National Library, with nearly 200,000 volumes. The National School of Fine Arts, The National Museum, before referred to, The Cathedral, The Post Office, a gorgeous building, and lastly and most lovely of all, the Castle of Chapultepec. The latter is built on an enimence; the beautiful Hill of the Grasshopper, where stood the home of Montezuma and the Aztec kings. This magnificent structure is only surpassed by its surroundings. The view of the park at the foot of the hill, and surrounding it on all sides is simply beyond description. Winding roadways lead us beneath cypress trees and rare shrubbery. Again stretching in a direct line from the gates of the Park to the glorieta of the statue of Charles the 4th of Spain, is the Paseo de la Reforma, a magnificent avenue more than two miles long, shaded by splendid trees and bordered by flowers and shrubbery known only to a torrid climate. The Paseo widens into circles here and there, called glorietas, in the centre of which are statues in memory of historic characters in the past history of the country.

I can only refer to one other distinguishing and unique feature of this wonderful City, namely the Viga Canal.

This is not the great drainage Canal recently built at a cost of $12,000,000, but a water highway constructed by the Aztecs long before the discovery of America. It was used before Cortez's time, for the same purpose that it is to-day, namely, for traffic between the outlying towns and villages and the city, and no person visiting Mexico should miss seeing this great work. It leads from the Alameda, (a large park in the centre of the city) to Lake Charles, a distance of about twelve miles.

The Mexican is passionately fond of flowers, and it would appear as if almost as much space was allowed for their cultivation as that devoted to vegetables. Among numerous varieties, the poppy was the most conspicious. Acres and acres of these were seen. It would seem that the natives have some special veneration for this flower, for with it they garland themselves on fête days.

I witnessed a very pretty spectacle at a lakelet near the canal entrance. It was a family party in a small canopied barge covered with flowers. They had with them a number of wooden crosses decked with roses and poppies, to these they attached weights and sank them in the water, which was so clear that they could be distinctly seen at the bottom about thirty feet down. Evidently they were commemorating some anniversary in their family history. After a short stay at Santa Anita, a village of thatched houses, a relic of primitive times, but within sight of the spires and towers of the

great modern metropolis, we took again our conveyance for lunch at the country club. This latter, near the town of Charubusco, is one of the handsomest of its kind in America. Its grounds too are very large, containing tennis courts and splendid golf links.

On our return we passed by the new Plaza de Toros, (bull ring), a great circular building of stone, with an interior, which is an immense amphitheatre capable of seating thousands, and from which, on a Sunday afternoon, mey be seen the national sport of the country, which is only a little less barbarous than that witnessed from the Colosseum in pagan Rome two thousand years ago.

The next morning we were at Beuna Vista station at 7 a.m., and soon we were on our way to Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, the principal seaport of the country. It is two hundred and sixty-three miles distant, and is reached in about twelve hours. To describe this journey fully would alone require a volume. At first, the track follows along an ancient roadway, which for three centuries has been trodden by pilgrims to the great shrine at Guadaloupe. All along are lesser shrines where prayers were offered up by the faithful, as they journeyed. Snow-capped mountains are in sight, and far away, if the day is fine, you may discern the volcanic peaks of Popocateptl and Ixtacihuatl glistening in the tropical sunlight.

Soon we see, at some distance to the left of the track, two elevations which look like large conical hills. These are the pyramids of the sun and moon, the former 216 feet high and the latter 151 feet high; neither of them as high as the great Cheops of Egypt, but the base of the larger one covers nearly double the area of its great rival of the Lower Nile. When they were constructed, and by whom, is a secret unrevealed.

Continuing on through innumerable fields of the maguey plant, where the natives are seen gathering its product to cheer, or rather stupify, those who use it, still on through this great Valley of Anahuac, with here and there at varying distances villages with their church spires glistening in the distance, till at noon we reach Esperanza, where we stop for lunch and obtain a view of our fellow passengers, as varied in appearance as the languages they speak. For the greater part they are inhabitants of the country, some retaining the handsome features and proud mein of the Spanish grandee, but the majority resembling more the native Indian. Along with these are English, Americans, and Germans, on their way to Vera Cruz to take passage to more northern lands.

After half an hour's pause, during which we have endeavoured to cultivate a taste for Mexican dishes, the tortillas, frioles and especially meats, highly seasoned with peppers and garlic, we resume our journey and soon reach Apizaco, the highest point on the route, over eight thousand feet above the sea. To the west is the immense tableland of the country, while to the east are vast mountain ranges down which we start to descend with very little aid from the engine. A magnificent panorama opens to our view with the volcano of Orizaba far above all the other peaks. In about eighteen miles we descend more than 6,000 feet. The road with winding curves clings to the sides of the hills, while in the valleys below are fields and orchards and villages—a magnificent picture.

The town of Orizaba is reached before we have completed this great descent, but we find a very marked change in the temperature, and shortly after when stopping at Cordoba we realize that we have at last reached the Tierra Calienta, and on the station platform are seen a crowd of native women with baskets filled with oranges, mangoes, pineapples, bananas, etc., fresh from the surrounding orchards.

One can scarcely conceive possible the great change in temperature from the pleasant climate of the upland. In two short hours by a descent of some seven or eight thousand feet, we have passed from a moderate temperature to one of torrid heat. To accomplish the same change on the level would certainly necessitate a journey of at least one thousand miles in the direction of the equator. Between Cordoba and Vera Cruz, the heat continues very great and the words, *muche calore* (much heat) are heard on all hands.

I will never forget my first night at Vera Cruz. On arriving at our hotel we found a crowd taking their evening meal on the boulevard. They were all clad in garments of the lightest material and supplied with fans, which they industriously used between the courses. Another traveller and I were assigned to a very large double room overlooking the harbour. When it became time to retire I pulled my mattress off the bed and spread it on the floor near an open window. There was a church across the Plaza, the bell of which for some reason was rung every fifteen minutes throughout the whole night, which with the heat left us very little sleep. We however consoled ourselves with the anticipation of getting a good rest the following night when we would be on the water.

At four o'clock the next afternoon our steamer left the dock at Vera Cruz, bound for Frontera in the State of Tabasco, some two hundred miles farther south. There was but little wind and of course it was hot. I had always understood that in the West Indies and in the neighbouring seas the climate was made delightful by those land and sea breezes, blowing from the sea in the day time and from the land at night. We were a little too late starting to expect much that day from the former, so we looked eagerly for that refreshing breeze that would soon be due from the land. The land was not very far away but not even a zephyr did it vouchsafe to us. A dead tropical calm seemed to spread over the sea, the like of which is portrayed by Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner." My stateroom was only a degree cooler than the engine-room, and I soon realized that there was no sleep for me in it, so unfolding a small army-cot, with which I was supplied, I passed the first night rather comfortably on the open deck. Lying here with the moon, brilliant overhead, as the steamer glided over a halcyon sea, the situation was very strange, if not weird. Here on the waters of the Bay of Campeachy, with strange stars overhead, one could not help allowing one's mind to wander where it would, before unconsciousness arrived. What thrilling scenes were witnessed here in the early days! Cortez's ships plowed these waters before the Indians of this continent had ever beheld the pale-faced European. They were also the resort, a little later, of the Buccaneers. Here too came the galleons from old Spain to carry back the riches of a despoiled land. With such thoughts floating across the mind, only disturbed by the songs and conversations of my fellow passengers, I finally fell asleep and was unconscious till about five o'clock next morning. When I awoke it was to witness a scene as strange as it was beautiful; a tropical dawn. Shortly before the sun rose from the depths of the ocean it cast its rays on the ethereal spaces far above us, and produced a brilliancy of colouring which our own beautiful twilights at their best can but faintly emulate.

In the evening we reached the mouth of the Assumacinta River two hundred miles South from Vera Cruz, but too late to ascend the stream to Frontera, so we anchored for the night outside the harbour in the open sea, which was as calm as the proverbial mill-pond. Frontera will one day be an excellent harbour when the bar at the mouth of the

River is removed. Here we took passage on a flat bottomed River Steamer for Tennosique, some three hundred miles up stream and at the head of navigation.

The Asumacinta is the largest River in Mexico. At the mouth at Frontera it is about two miles wide but soon contracts to less than half that width. Let us take a seat on the deck of the steamer under the canopy which is supposed to shade us from the heat of the sun, and watch the panorama that passes before our eyes as we pass up stream. In some respects it is similiar to what we might expect under similiar conditions here in the North, but in others, very dissimilar. At first great marsh lands and lagoons, stretch away to the horizon reminding one of the Tantramar marshes of the Bay of Fundy, referred to as "The melancholy marshes," in Longfellow's "Evangeline." As we proceed farther up stream, the banks are lined with banana plantations, then with fields of sugar cane, then the corn and bean patches wherever a peon has his home, for these furnish the staples of his existence. Here we meet a barge laden with bananas, another with corn floating lazily down stream; there, a raft of mahogany timber on its way to the ocean. Next we stop to wood-up, when we have time to visit some of the native houses and the small orchards which usually surround them, containing mangoes, limes, oranges, bananas and other native fruits. As night approaches, you will probably hear a fearful commotion in the forest. I am certain you will be wrong in guessing the cause. You will think that a fight is going on in which perhaps a dozen lions are engaged, if there are any in this district, and will be surprised to learn that they are monkeys, for it would seem impossible that so small an animal could produce such a noise. I am certain at two miles distant we have heard them in the woods and the shrieks they uttered were anything but musical.

Continuing on our journey farther up the river the banks become higher and the appearance of the country and the villages more interesting. The palm tree of many varieties is seen everywhere, the royal palm being the most stately and growing to a height of 100 feet and a diameter of perhaps two feet. Those bearing the cocoanut will also be seen along the banks, but most conspicuous of all is the ciba, a tall stately tree with a canopy top very much in the shape of an umbrella. Other varieties of trees and shrubbery, some of them bearing blossoms of rare and delicate colours, serve to make a most charming woodland picture.

Space will not permit me to attempt a description of the scenes witnessed along the Assumacinta, suffice it to say we passed numerous villages where we beheld life in its primitive stages: where in the early morning we would see the women grinding the corn on stones, for the early meal, just as it was done in far Eastern lands two thousand years ago.

Leaving our steamer at Tennosique, an inland Town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants, we remained in camp for two days of intense heat. Then we engaged some thirty mules; twenty of them were loaded with packs containing our camp equipage and supplies for the trip, and the rest were to carry us and our native attendants. When I mounted mine it seemed to me impossible that so small an animal would ever be able to complete the task assigned to him, but he carried me safely through sixty miles, and over a very rough forest trail, apparently without regarding that he was doing anything extraordinary, and on the fourth day I dismounted at the end of the trail, on the bank of the Assumacinta, the same stream that we had left below the rapids. Here we were met by a very large mahogany canoe manned by four natives that had been sent

some seventy miles down stream to take us up to a large mahogany forest which it was our mission to inspect. Some eight days were occupied in making this journey. The current was strong throughout, and many rapids were encountered. In fact every foot was gained only by poling the canoe along the shore. Finally we reached Buenos Ayres, the head-quarters of the mahogany cutters. Here we met a cordial welcome from Senor Antonio Aburto, the contractor, who was the major-domo of the Village. Everyone here was his retainer, dependant on him as much as any slave ever was on his master. The laws of the country compel a labourer to remain with his employer as long as he is in the latter's debt, and he is generally hopelessly situated in this respect. The proprietor of a far-away ranch or finca, as one writer says, acquires a certain proficiency in the performance of almost every kindly office from obstetrics to closing the eyes of the dead and our Senor Aburto was certainly no exception to the rule.

After meeting us with an embrace in front of his village, built of bamboo poles and thatched with palm leaves, he led us up to his cassa. Then we began to see the numerous and varied offices he filled. First calling one of his sons, he gave him an order in Spanish, unintelligible to us, but we soon saw a bullock brought up and under the direction of our host quickly despatched to furnish a feast to us, in which all the village shared. I noticed Aburto superintend the distribution of the meat to his vassals. While this was being done a man came hurriedly in who was suffering from the bite of some insect. Aburto quickly cauterized the affected part and sent him away satisfied. Sitting on a chair on the verandah as the night was fast closing in, I was politely asked to vacate my seat for a young woman who had just approached, and for a moment I wondered at this apparent deference to her, who I knew was the cook at the cassa; but Aburto appeared immediately with a pair of forceps. A man was asked to hold the woman's head, and the next moment a shriek was heard as a large tooth was extracted.

After spending a night under the hospitable roof of our host, we went next day some six miles through the forest to see the cutting and taking out of mahogany. This valuable tree grows only in valleys in the hot country, and nowhere is it found growing, like our own pine, in clumps, but is scattered here and there among other varieties of timber. It, however, is the giant tree of these woods, frequently attaining a diameter of six to eight or even ten feet on the stump. It is cut and squared in the woods and trailed to the streams by oxen. We saw one tree which squared a little more than four feet and was forty-two feet long. The product of this giant sold for $700 the next year in the Glasgow market.

We had been told in the City of Mexico that probably we would reach our destination about the close of the dry season, and this prediction proved true. Shortly after commencing our journey up the river in the canoe, we heard the first thunder one afternoon and saw gathering clouds in the distance, but no rain fell. The next afternoon this was repeated, but also without bringing the usual results. But on the third day we experienced a real tropical shower, and thereafter nearly every night brought a reptition of the same, only with increasing intensity. At first these cloudbursts (this is the only appropriate name) were rather pleasant, as they somewhat cooled the atmosphere, but later on they would burst on our poor tent with such drenching violence as to cause us not only inconvenience but real alarm, while the crash of thunder and the vividness of the lightning are rarely, if ever, witnessed in our latitude.

After making a recognisance sur-

vey of the Mahogany Zone, which we had come to examine, it was time for me to start on my return journey.

One word about our party. There were four of us who were English speaking, four Mexican canoemen and last but not least an Oriental gentleman from Canton whom we engaged at Frontera, in the double capacity of cook and interpreter. He was known by and answered to the euphonious name of Charlie Foo. We soon found out that he knew very little about cooking, less abount English, and even less about Spanish than he did of either English or of the culinary art. Among us was also a Scotsman, whose accent, to say the least, was very pronounced. The latter knew a few words only, of Spanish, but was fluent in pigeon English with an Aberdonian inflection, and the conversation indulged in between the latter and the man from Canton served to beguile many a weary hour as we passed on our snail paced journey up stream under that scorching sun.

One day as we were approaching an ancient ruin, I asked the Aberdonian to convey to the canoe men, either directly or through our regular interpreter, my desire to camp for the night at the nearest point to this ruin. He chose to do so through the medium of the Oriental and began in this fashion:

"Charlie, tell the men to stop at the ruins. Savez vous?" Charlie replied, "Me savey, Mr. Buchanan," and immediately started off in a dialect probably made up of equal parts of Chinese, English and Spanish, but the only observable result was that they steered the canoe a little nearer the shore. After ten or fifteen minutes it was apparent that there was a mistake somewhere, and I asked Buchanan to try again, so rather indignantly he asked Charlie what he had told the man. Charlie replied, "All right, Mr. Buchanan, me tell him you want catchem turtle." More indignantly Buchanan broke out, "No Charlie, not turtles, ruins, *Ancient* Ruins," but the qualifying adjective did not assist Charlie in the least. Evidently the word ancient as well as ruins was not in his vocabulary. However, the Mexicans knew what he wanted and stopped where a path led to the desired spot.

It is always easy going with the stream, and what took us eight days in ascending was made on the return in a day and a half and on reaching Desempanè the next day after leaving Beunos Ayres I found very much to my delight a man there with mules awaiting me.

The Mexican has a motto which is: "To never do to-day that which can be done manyanni (to-morrow)" and he lives up to it, so I was not surprised to learn from Antonio that he was not intending to start till the next day, but to make up for the time we were losing he informed me that we would start very early and go all the way, sixty miles without stopping. I knew this was impossible and so did he, but one becomes accustomed to the wonderful things that they are always going to do "manyanni." By the way Mexico is known as the land of manyanni.

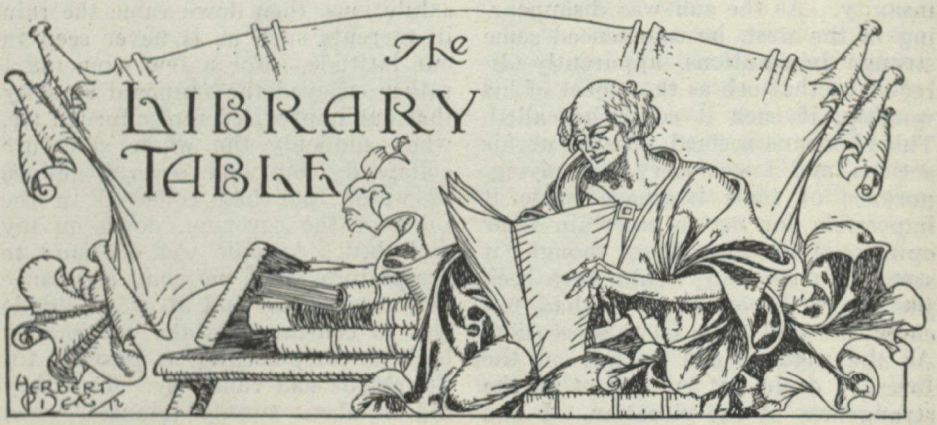
On the following morning at seven o'clock I mounted my docile charger of the mule persuasion, while Antonio rode one of the same species and led another which carried my scanty outfit. We were soon rushing over the forest trail at a speed of not less than four miles an hour. At five in the afternoon we reached an open space in the forest where we had camped the second night on our way in. Here we found a large party of natives engaged in carrying raw rubber across the portage. They were busy arranging their camp for the night, and I was rather pleased than otherwise when informed that we would do likewise, especially as there were evidences of an approaching shower. However, the first one passed by, permitting us to witness a beautiful tropical sunset.

On our arrival here, I noticed with the other party, a half-naked Indian who, I was informed, had just arrived from the Caribee Mountains, and was evidently expecting to be a guest with the Mexicans. His manner was very strange, which to me suggested insanity. As the sun was disappearing in the west, he commenced some strange incantations, apparently directed to that orb as the object of his worship, if such it could be called. The Mexicans seemed puzzled at his actions, and I was sorry that my ignorance of their language made it impossible for me to ascertain their opinion regarding him, though it seemed to me they would have been just as well pleased if he had not chosen to visit them on this occasion. As the night began to fall on the forest, I could not but reflect on the strangeness of the situation. I had been warned before leaving of the treachery of the native Mexican, that it was always wise to travel behind him on the trail, but I had learned to discredit much of such information, and besides my poverty would insure me against violence on the part of any sane person. But who could tell what a savage bereft of his reason might do? However, any such forebodings were unjustified, for once this sad-eyed son of the forest had been furnished with his evening meal he became quite rational and was soon sleeping as peacefully as any Christian beneath the spreading branches of a ciba tree.

The lowering clouds left little doubt that we would have rain before morning and my man assisted me in making some preparations against it. We constructed a light framework made of small branches over which was spread a small tarpaulin and a rubber coat. Under this I spread out my cot, and, covered with a very light blanket, lay down, feeling quite secure from the elements and without the least fear from any quarter. I was about drifting off into the land of dreams when suddenly the whole woods were for an instant as light as day; then a few moments of more than Egyptian darkness, succeeded by a terrific crash of thunder. For ten or fifteen minutes there was a succession of these exhibitions, then down came the rain in torrents such as is never seen in our latitude. For a few moments I rather enjoyed the supposed security that our improvised roof afforded me, when suddenly the whole structure collapsed, emptying several gallons of water that had collected in the folds of the covering, down on my poor bed. Antonio was on hand to sympathize with me, but assistance now was useless and all we could do was to continue to take our shower bath as complacently as possible till the clouds had rolled by. This they did in about twenty minutes, when Antonio assisted me in ringing out my clothes and blankets, when I retired to my cot again but not to sleep. I feared a dreadful cold, but the sweltering heat of the next day seemed to act as an antidote, and I was none the worse for this interesting experience.

We arrived at Tennosique at noon the following day. It was a Sunday, but very unlike the same day with us. There was a church at the corner of the plaza, the only one in the town, but I was informed that it had not been used for some years. The Government obolished the State religion years ago and took over the church property, and rural Mexico is now a country without a religion. The day was being celebrated by horse-racing on the main street, and in the evening a ball was given by the citizens in honour of the Jeffi politico (political boss of the district).

On arriving at Vera Cruz I found the steamer Monterey at the pier, and three days thereafter I took passage on her and started on what proved to be a nine-days' voyage to New York.



THE OXFORD BOOK OF CANADIAN VERSE

Chosen by Wilfred Campbell. Toronto: The Oxford University Press.

ACCORDING to this the latest anthology of Canadian verse, there have been produced in Canada so far just exactly one hundred poets. To call them versifiers might be fairer, because the title of the book makes no mention of poetry, nor does Mr. Campbell in his introduction claim for his selections that superior distinction. So that we would be misled by any inference that we have or ever have had within the length and breadth of the Dominion one hundred veritable singers. Nevertheless, the book makes a creditable showing of native verse, and we suspect that there are within the covers at least one or two selections that will go in time to swell the great volume of English literature. But while that may be true of a few poems, it is far from being applicable to the great mass of the book's contents, and notwithstanding the efforts that several anthologists already have made we can show but few poets indeed whose work would be taken up greedily by anyone seeking verse that would make a universal appeal. One thing in particular, however, can be said for this collection, and that is that it is quite thoroughly comprehensive of the writers, both early and late, who have any claim whatever on our attention, although a difference of opinion could be found easily on a consideration of the selection of examples. Here appears in consequence names that are found in no other anthology, and one might be pardoned for hoping that they never will appear again. But that condition is almost inevitable. Mr. Campbell should not be blamed for all the bad verse that is included or credited with all the good. Nor should it be supposed that the selections have the approval of the University of Oxford. But some day the history of the making of this anthology may be written. Whether it be written or not, the public would be justified in regarding the book as an honest and intelligent undertaking to present

in one collection the best verse of the Dominion. It is more complete than any other anthology of Canadian verse, being inclusive of writers who recently have come before the public, and it is also more discriminative. Examples have been sought beyond the common channels, with the result that we have in this "Oxford Book" verse that otherwise might not have found a permanent place.

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THE HISTORY OF NIAGARA

By Janet Carnahan. Toronto: William Briggs.

NIAGARA is one of the most interesting historical spots in Canada, and at least as far as Ontario is concerned, it is one of the most important. Few persons know its history as intimately as the author of this admirable volume. Miss Carnahan is secretary of the Niagara Historical Society, a position which she has filled with credit and honour for many years, and because of her position and her fine historical sense, she has been able to produce a volume of more than ordinary value. But no better idea of what the book contains could be given in a few lines than that contained in the foreword by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario:

"The local narrative is in itself of wide interest because Niagara is a kind of mother-colony, and from it have gone forth to other parts of Canada families and individuals retaining memories and traditions of the early settlement. But the book is much more than local in its theme. As the first capital of Upper Canada, where the Legislature began its sessions, as a battle-ground in the War of 1812, as a border town intimately associated with international disturbances, Niagara touches national history at many points. Miss Carnachan has left nothing unrecorded. From the rich stores of her knowledge have been drawn details of political, social, religious, educational, and commercial beginnings. We get a complete picture of life in one of our oldest and most interesting towns, and can reconstruct in the mind's eye what Canada was like more than a century ago."

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

By Wilfred Meynell. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Son.

WHILE every one who pretends to know anything at all about the best of recent English literature acknowledges the great merit of Francis Thompson as a poet, it has remained for his friend Mr. Meynell to tell us what manner of man Thompson was and what method in life he pursued. To this great task Mr. Meynell came splendidly equipped. Not only had he been a profound admirer of Thompson, a litterateur of fine taste, and a gentleman of excellent culture, but he had been as well for many years on the most intimate friendly relations with Thompson himself. His book, therefore, while not going beyond the scope of a single volume, is large and inspiring in content. It describes the circumstances under which many of the poems now well known were written. It tells about Thompson's early struggles, about his profound religious convictions, and about his supreme sacrifice of everything but the highest attainments in his art. Thompson knew that he was a great poet, and although he was one of the humblest of men, he seemed, nevertheless, to carry about with him all the time the feeling that there was reposed in him a great heritage, which was not merely a personal heritage but a national heritage. He seemed to think that his life would really only begin after what was mortal of him had passed away.

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams as that with bread;
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

I hang 'mid men my needless head
And my fruit is dreams as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper,
The world shall glean of me, the sleeper.

This volume is in style and binding

the same as the definitive edition of Thompson's poems, issued by the same publishers.

ASIA AT THE DOOR

By K. K. Kawakami. Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company.

THIS is a book that should be read carefully by all who are interested in international relations, particularly those relations that affect immigration. The author, who is himself a Japanese, has made a careful study of the problem, both in his own country and in the United States, Canada, and other countries where his own countrymen live. He is already the author of another book entitled, "American-Japanese Relations," and he has contributed an article entitled "White Canada" to *The Canadian Magazine*. While the book contains vivid descriptions of the author's personal experiences, it is as well a close study of the Oriental question as it affects the Occident, and also a plea for the fraternity of the races and for international peace based upon justice and humanity. It is written in a calm, dispassionate style, and it should add much to the literature of what has become an intensely vital question.

THE ROCKS OF VALPRE

By Ethel M. Dell. Toronto: William Briggs.

TO all who like the sentimental, conventional, and withal melodramatic novel, we commend this book, but to those who enjoy good writing, good ideas, living characters, and a well thought-out plot, we should say that it would not be read with profit. The author made a pronounced impression with her first novel, "Knave of Diamonds", and almost an equal impression with "The Way of a Needle", neither of which can rank as an achievement in recent fiction, except to be among the good sellers. Nevertheless, there is in this, her latest volume, the quality of fascination that attaches to the handsome young man who has so often sacrificed his own personal interests in order that the beautiful, wayward girl of his admiration may achieve a respectable and conventional happiness with her straightforward husband.

PEACOCK PIE

By Walter De La Mare. London: John Constable.

THIS is indeed a refreshing volume of verse. To call it a book of nursery rhymes would be to do it an injustice; and yet its contents will be heard with delight in many a nursery. To use a trite expression, it is a book for old and young, as one may judge by these two selections:

TILLIE.

Old Tillie Turveycombe
Sat to sew,
Just where a patch of fern did grow;
There, as she yawned,
And yawn wide did she,
Floated some seed
Down her gull-e-t;
And look you once,
And look you twice,
Poor old Tillie
Was gone in a trice.
But, oh, when the wind
Did a-moaning come,
'Tis poor old Tillie
Sick for home;
And, oh, when a voice
In the mist doth sigh,
Old Tillie Turveycombe's
Floating by.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

There came an old soldier to my door,
Asked a crust, and asked no more;
The wars had thinned him very bare,
Fighting and marching everywhere,
With a Fol rol dol rol di do.

With nose stuck out, and cheek sunk in,
A bristling beard upon his chin—
Powder and bullets, and wounds and drums
Had come to that soldier as suchlike comes—
With a Fol rol dol rol di do.

'Twas sweet and fresh with buds of May,
Flowers springing from every spray;
And when he had supped the old soldier trolled
The song of youth that never grows old,
Called Fol rol dol rol di do.

Most of him rags, and all of him lean,
And the belt round his belly drawn tightsome in,
He lifted his peaked old grizzled head,
And these were the very same words he said—
A Fol-rol-dol-rol-di-do.

MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

By Rose Ferguson. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS dainty little book of verse is the work of a Canadian writer of fine sentiment and dignified construction. Sincerity and a profound sense of spirituality are marked characteristics. We quote this sonnet:

WE FALTER IN THE MISTS.

One winter morning, forth from my abode,
Which stood upon the summit of a hill,
I issued into sunlight, and a thrill
Of keen delight swept o'er me, for the road
Was gemmed with jewels, and the sun bestowed
Bright smiles on all the waking world until
The trees burst forth in crystals, gleaming chill,
And all the world with splendour overflowed.

Beneath, the vale lay wrapped in vapour gray,
And from the glory of a brilliant morn
My path led on through where the shadows lay,
With not a gem to brighten or adorn.

So youth's ideals past, in life's brief day,
We falter in the mists that dim the way.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Suburban's Garden Guide," by Parker Thayer Barnes. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"Things Mother Used to Make," by Lydia Maria Gurney. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

In the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge: "Problems of Village Life," by N. N. Bennett; "Common Sense in Law," by T. V. Vinobradonn; "Prehistoric Fiction," by Robert Munro; "Unemployment," by A. C. Titou; "Literature of the Old Testament," By George Moore. Toronto: William Briggs.

—One of the chief literary events of the year in Canada will undoubtedly be the publication within the next few months of John Boyd's history of the life and times of Sir George Etienne Cartier, the illustrious Canadian statesman and father of Confederation. While there have been numerous biographical sketches of Sir John A. Macdonald's eminent colleague, there has as yet been no attempt to do adequate justice to his work as a great nation-builder, especially in connection with the establishment of the Dominion, or to deal exhaustively with the important events in which he played a conspicuous part. The forthcoming history, upon the writing of which Mr. Boyd has been engaged for more than a year, will be not merely a compilation or sketch, it will be a serious contribution to Canadian historical literature, fully covering the career of one of the greatest politicians in the Confederation, whose life was contemporaneous with some of the most memorable happenings in Canadian history, such as the period of 1837, the union of the two Canadas, the struggle for responsible government, and the movement for Confederation. It is understood that a large amount of new data of great national interest and importance has been placed at Mr. Boyd's disposition, and the work, therefore, should throw new light on the men and events of one of the most memorable epochs of Canadian history. Mr. Boyd has been a frequent contributor on historical and other subjects to *The Canadian Magazine*.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

Give Him A Long Season

At a certain college in the north of England the male students were not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a male student was caught in the act of doing so and was court-martialed.

The head master, addressing him, said:

"Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offense is 50 cents, for the second $2.50, for the third $5, and so on, up to $15."

In solemn tones the tresspasser said: "How much would a season ticket cost?"—*The Argonaut.*

✲

She Took Him

Kenneth was discussing the baseball team of which he was a member, and said to the girl:

"You know young Barker? Well, he's going to be our best man before long."

"Oh, Kenneth," she cried, "what a nice way to propose to me."

McAndrews (the Chemist, at 2 a.m.): "Two penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for the wife's indigestion at this time o' night when a glass of hot water does just as well—!"

Sandy (hastily): "Weel! Weel! Thanks for the advice. I'll no bother ye at all. Good nicht."—*Bystander.*

✲

An Insult

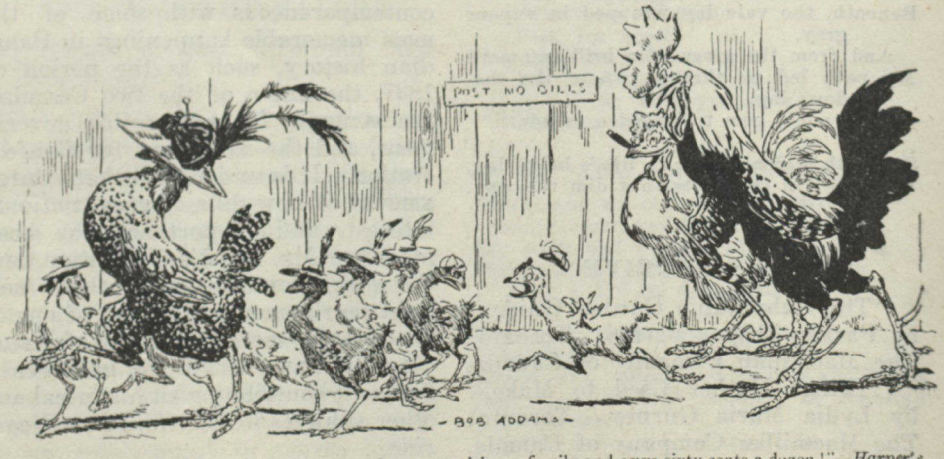
Mariana—"Why don't you like him? He wrote a poem to you."

Mabel—"Yes—and called it 'Lines on Mabel's face.'"—*Judge.*

✲

In The "Profession"

A widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before, wrote across the bottom of an invitation to the wedding to be sent to a well-known concert artist, "Be sure and come. This is no amateur performance."



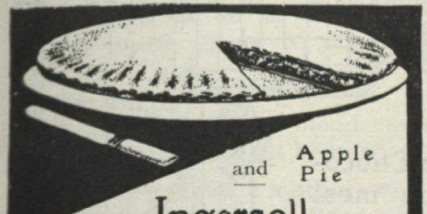
The Rooster: "Gee! there's extravagance for you—raising a family and eggs sixty cents a dozen!"—*Harper's*

It—must—be—Bovril

You can be sure of being nourished if you take Bovril. Partly by virtue of its own food value, partly through its unique powers of assisting assimilation of other foods, Bovril has been proved to produce an increase in flesh, bone and muscle equal to 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken. But *it-must-be-Bovril.*

Of all Stores, etc., at
1-oz., **25c.**; 2-oz., **40c.**; 4-oz., **70c.**; 8-oz., **$1.30**; 16-oz., **$2.25.**
Bovril Cordial, large, **$1.25**; 5-oz. **40c.**
16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), **$1.20.**

S.H.B.



and Apple Pie

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

HAVE you ever tried this delightful combination? If not, there is a treat in store for you. But—be sure to buy **Ingersoll** Cream Cheese. No other has the same delicious and distinctive flavor.

At all Grocers, 15c. & 25c. pkt.

Manufactured by—
The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.
Ingersoll - Ont.

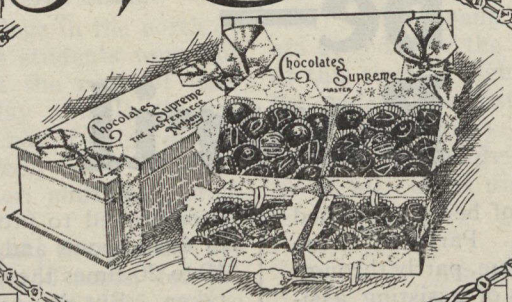
WHEN good friends get together, it is always a box of Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates that expresses the most perfect hospitality—their unvarying delicacy of flavor and absolute freshness are always appreciated by those who like the better confections.

There is no more gracious addition to the afternoon tea table.

Huyler's

130-132 Yonge Street, Toronto
Sales Agents Everywhere

Chocolates Supreme



The Masterpiece!

WE believe these Chocolates to be the most exquisite of all confections.

THEY are a particularly appropriate gift for special occasions, as, for instance, at Easter.

Neilson's Chocolates

"THE CHOCOLATES THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

Eyes, Cheeks and Lips

Reflect One's Health as a Mirror

The precious blood current—when pure and laden with vitality—is Nature's greatest beautifier.

Thoughtful mothers who know this simple truth, that health and beauty depend upon pure blood—largely a matter of proper food and drink, use

POSTUM

regularly as their table beverage instead of coffee—there's a reason.

Coffee has no food value, but contains caffeine—a drug—most harmful to stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels; and a common cause of dull eyes sallow cheeks and lips that lack the red blood of health.

Postum, made only from wheat and a small portion of molasses, has genuine food value—the pure nutriment of the grain. It is free from caffeine or any harmful substance.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

—sold by Grocers everywhere.


DIRT
Hasn't a
GHOST OF A SHOW
with —
Old Dutch
Cleanser
Chases
Dirt

For Easter Brides

No gift is more suitable than a case of genuine "Rodgers" Table Cutlery or Carvers. The trade mark, of the Cross and the Star, is known the world over as the symbol of quality.

It has stood the test for two and a half centuries.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, LIMITED

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD - - - - - ENGLAND

It Must be tasted—

before you can appreciate the dainty delicate flavor of

Mapleine

Many delicious dishes are made with it. Try it in icings, on tea cakes, in ice cream, whipped cream, etc.

Use it for flavoring sugar syrup.

Grocers sell it. If yours doesn't, we will supply you.

Send 2c. stamp for "Mapleine Dainties" recipe book.

Crescent Manufacturing Co.

Dept. H - - - - - Seattle, Wn.

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

You are Invited

To a delicious dish of

Post Toasties

- and Cream

Whenever you have a hankering for something

Extra Good!

These dainty crisps of toasted white corn come to you fresh from our great ovens, ready to serve for breakfast, lunch or supper.

We want to you try Post Toasties. We also wish you could see, with your own eyes, just how these delicious bits of toasted corn are made—

And you can see, too, if you ever come to Windsor, for visitors may inspect each nook and corner of our model food plant and see every process in the making.

When you visit these big, clean factories and see just how Toasties are made, you'll know then why they taste so good, and why

"The Memory Lingers"

When you come our way, drop in. Ther's a welcome.

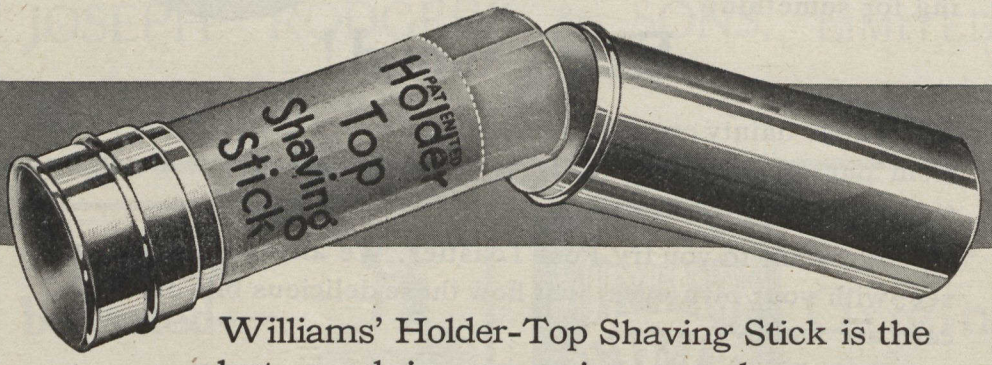
Toasties come in tightly sealed packages—crisp and appetizing—sold by Grocers everywhere.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

Nothing ever touches this soap but your face. You hold the shaving stick by the metal holder, which allows you to use the last available bit of soap as conveniently as the first.



Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is the last word in convenience and economy. Add to these qualities the absolute purity of the soap and its rich, creamy, lasting, abundant lather and you have a shaving luxury that is unsurpassed.

THREE OTHER FORMS OF THE SAME GOOD QUALITY:

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-Cover Nickeled Box
Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-Cover Nickeled Box
Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

A sample of any one of these four shaving preparations will be sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A Glastonbury, Conn.

WILLIAMS' JERSEY CREAM SOAP and our extensive line of *Toilet* soaps have the same softening, creamy, emollient qualities that have made Williams' *Shaving* Soaps so famous. Ask your dealer for them.

No Breakfasts Like This

In the Days When We Were Young

No Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

No bubble-like grains, thin, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

No cereal foods with a taste like confections—with the flavor of toasted nuts.

And no whole grains were made wholly digestible in those days of long ago.

All this came a few years ago, when Prof. Anderson discovered a way to shoot these grains from guns. To cause inside of every grain a hundred million steam explosions. And thus to blast every food granule to pieces.

Then came these enticing foods—grains that crush at a touch and melt away into almond-flavored granules.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West

No Suppers Like This

And we had in those old days no suppers like Puffed Grains served in milk. We had bread and crackers, but no dainty morsels, thin, toasted and crisp, with the nut-like flavor of Puffed Grains.

Now, at a millions meals or more each day, folks serve these delightful dishes. But even now countless children don't get them, just because their mothers forget.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

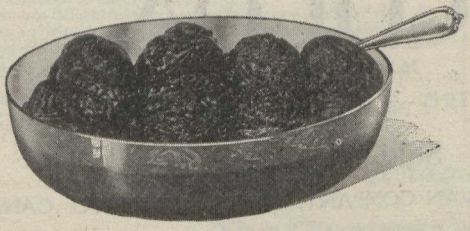
(539)

Your "General Manager"

The wise business man leaves the management of his home to his real "General Manager" —the wife who buys the food and who makes a study of its nutritive value. The housewife who knows

Shredded Wheat

has already solved the servant problem and the problem of the high cost of living. With Shredded Wheat Biscuit in the house it is so easy to prepare in a few moments a deliciously nourishing and wholesome meal in combination with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, or other canned or preserved fruits—a meal that furnishes highest food value at the lowest cost.



Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) will supply all the nourishment needed for a half day's work. Delicious for breakfast or any other meal for youngsters or grown-ups. Try toasted TRISCUIT, the shredded wheat wafer, for luncheon with butter or cheese.

"It's All in the Shreds"

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Limited, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

TORONTO OFFICE : 49 WELLINGTON STREET E.

You Can Tell by the DELICIOUS AROMA

Yes—easily. Cowan's has a fragrance that can be obtained only by Cowan methods.

Selecting the finest cocoa beans, skilfully blending and roasting them, removing every trace of bitter shell—handled from start to finish in a spotless factory—each operation is a step toward the *perfection* of flavor and wholesomeness to be found only in

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

MAPLE LEAF LABEL

10c. TINS—¼ LB.—½ LB.—AND 1 LB. TINS.

Sold by all Grocers

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

235

The Pedestal Dish

of the Entire World

The Price of This Luscious Flavor

To give Quaker Oats their matchless taste and aroma, this is the price we pay:

We pick out just the big, plump grains—the richly flavored oats. By discarding all others, a bushel of choice oats yields us only ten pounds of Quaker.

Then we employ a long process which enhances that flavor and keeps it all intact.

That is a price which millers hesitate to pay. So lovers of oats from all the world over send to us for Quaker.

And note this: These picked-out grains—these large, delicious flakes—cost you no more than the lesser grades of oats. You have simply to say you want Quaker.

Quaker Oats

Made of Delicate Oats Alone

This is what flavor does: It fosters the love of oats. It leads children to eat an abundance.

It makes delightful to them the food they need for growth—the grain that is richer than any other in brain and nerve constituents.

And there are millions of grown-ups who owe to that flavor the good they derive from oats.

No other delicacy, comparable with this, costs such a little price.

Now a 25c. Size

We now put up a large 25c. package in addition to the 10c. size. It saves buying so often--saves running out. Try it--see how long it lasts.

10c and 25c per Package, except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

(238)

Fashion-Craft Morning Coats

SPRING 1914

Must be seen to be fully appreciated. — Perfectly moulded to your figure. —Smart, Dressy, Graceful and Correct. Favorite materials Grey or Black Vicunas and Cheviots.— Silk Braided edges or plain. Prices according to material. All equally well made.

"Shops of Fashion-Craft"

In every Important Town and City in Canada.

Steamed Beans or Baked Beans

Which Do You Prefer?

IT'S only a question of what you want. Only a question of getting what you ask for.

We have no quarrel with the manufacturer who offers *steamed* beans—or with the grocer who sells them—or with anyone who wants to buy them.

The Government permits no misrepresentation on the can. Only beans that are really baked may be labeled "Baked."

Steamed beans cannot lawfully be labeled "Baked." So, to be sure of the kind you are getting, you must *read the label on the can.*

Heinz Baked Beans are labeled "Baked" and they *really* are baked—in great ovens under intense dry heat; not simply boiled or steamed like most canned beans.

They come out of our ovens brown, mealy and tender—delicious—digestible, and with all that real Boston baked bean flavor that cannot be *brought out* by any other than the baking process.

That's why Heinz Baked Beans are preferred by all who understand the difference between steamed beans and baked beans—why they are today the largest selling brand on the market. They have no equals.

Heinz Baked Beans

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce)—Boston Style.
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork—(Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Try Heinz Baked Beans at our risk. If you don't prefer them to any other you have ever eaten, your grocer will refund full purchase money.

Others of the famous "57": Heinz Spaghetti—cooked ready to serve; Preserved Sweet Pickles, India Relish, Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Cream of Pea Soup, Cream of Celery Soup, Cream of Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Apple Butter, Grape Fruit Marmalade, Prepared Mustard, Olive Oil, Olives, Peanut Butter, etc.

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

More than 50,000 Visitors Inspect Heinz Pure Food Kitchens Every Year

A Royal Beauty Secret from Ancient Egypt

READ THIS TRANSLATION

(1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
(2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with / oil of palm and / oil of olives.*
(3) *There cause to flourish these / ointments the skin.*
(4) *As for the oil of palm / and oil of olives / there is not their like for revivifying, making / sound and purifying the skin.*

EXPLANATORY NOTE

This is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3,000 years ago.

The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present-day knowledge of the subject.

Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

Today one of ancient Egypt's lost arts is becoming universal knowledge. Apparently Nitocris, Hatasu, Cleopatra, and other celebrated queens of Egypt, all used Palm and Olive Oils at their daily toilets.

For over three thousand years these enriching oils have been famous for their cleansing, softening and beautifying virtues.

So we use them in Palmolive Soap. We unite them in a scientific blend which greatly enhances their old-time efficacy.

In the form of Palmolive these healthful oils are today used in millions of world homes. The utter purity of Palmolive is evidenced by the delicate green color—due to Palm and Olive Oils. The exquisite fragrance is a veritable breath from the Orient.

Palmolive

In hard water or soft, hot water or cold, for toilet, bath or shampoo, Palmolive lathers freely and readily, cleanses and refreshes in a way that is strictly "PALMOLIVE."

15 cents a Cake

Palmolive Shampoo—the Olive Oil Shampoo—makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price 50 cents.

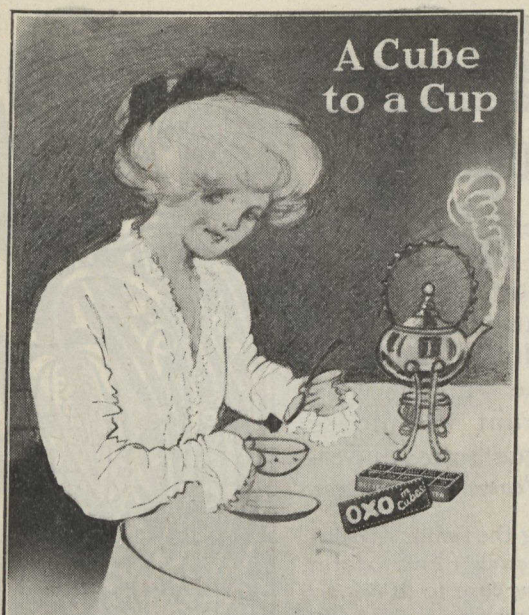
Palmolive Cream cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50 cents.

Threefold Sample Offer—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five 2-cent stamps.

B. J. JOHNSTON SOAP CO., Ltd, 155-157 George Street, TORONTO, ONT.

American Factory: B. J. Johnston Soap Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.


MOGUL
CIGARETTES EGYPTIENNES
In vain I cogitated on this message briefly stated
Nor its import could discover in my books of mystic lore.
Then sprang a voice imploring
from the fireplace or flooring-
Next, the very wind was roaring-
"MOGUL! MOGUL!" nothing more
Only "MOGUL! smoke some more."



They beat all the old ideas

—*for food-quickness*

What is more warmth-giving and invigorating than a delicious cup of Oxo! What can be quicker than dropping a Cube into a cupful of hot water! Oxo gives just that rich strengthening beef-nourishment the body needs.

And how delightful! ready at any moment without trouble. Before a morning's shopping—after the theatre—on a journey—at bedtime—no matter when, the handy little Cubes in their dainty tin are at your service.

A daily cup of Oxo is an excellent safeguard against the "grip"

TINS OF
4, 10, 50 & 100
CUBES

A Beautiful Switch By Mail

Spring Fashions in hair-dressing bring to favor a style of dressing known as, "*The High Coiffure*," which offers many artistic and becoming effects. In the executing of this fashion, "*The Hair Switch*," becomes an indespensable accessory.

Send Us Your Sample

(cut from between the ear and crown of head, as close to the roots as possible,) and we will quote you prices in all the different lengths. The fine quality of imported cut hair and the perfection in the manufacturing of all.

Dorenwend's Hair Goods

insures, *satisfaction* on every order. Made to your requirements by expert operators who will match your sample not only in shade but in texture as well. *Write now enclosing sample.*

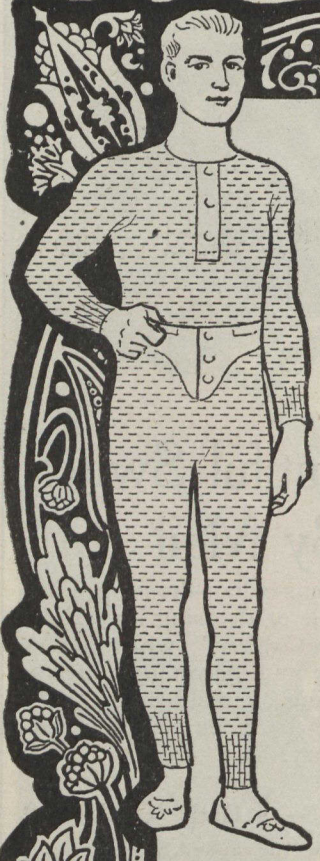
Catalogue Postpaid To Any Address.

Address Dept. "X"

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

(the House of Quality Hair Goods)

105 Yonge Street - TORONTO



"Faultless Underwear"

Isn't that *exactly* the kind of underwear *you want*—the kind that *cannot* sag or lose its shape—the kind that hasn't one of the many faults of ordinary, commonplace underwear? *Certainly* you want "Faultless Underwear" -*guaranteed* underwear--*you want Penmans Underwear.*

Every suit bearing the famous *triangular* trademark, is *actually* knit to form—knit with *exacting* care to fit *distinct* types of men, women and children.

You can get the *style* you want and the *weight* you like best either in union or two garment suits. No. 95 natural wool garment is probably just what you are looking for—ask to see it.

89

Penmans Limited

Paris, Canada

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SWEATERS

Look for this Trademark

Penmans Underwear

Last Week's Corns

Made these shoes impossible. But Inez told me of **Blue-jay.**

I applied it and the pain stopped in a moment. In 48 hours all three corns came out.

No soreness whatever. I never thought of the corns from the moment I used **Blue-jay.** And now they are gone, to never return, unless tight shoes cause new ones.

This is the story of millions of corns which have been ended by Blue-jay. It will be the story of your corns when you use this one right method.

Don't pare them. Paring never ends a corn. Use the modern method.

A famous chemist, by inventing **Blue-jay,** has made corn troubles needless. Blue-jay takes corns out, without any trouble, without any annoyance. Apply it in a jiffy, then forget the corn.

It is taking out about one million corns a month. It is the method now used and endorsed by physicians. You owe to yourself a test.

Blue-jay

For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York

Makers of Physicians' Supplies

There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

F. W. Fearman Co., Limited, Hamilton.

EARN $15. WEEKLY at home evenings, mailing catalogs for Large Canadian Mail Order House. Representatives wanted in all cities, towns and country. **National Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.**

The General says:-

Eggs *are* eggs—when your hens don't lay. A warm chicken house encourages the hens.

Make the roof—and sides too—of

Certain-teed ROOFING

—The label guarantees it for 15 years—the three biggest mills in the roofing industry are behind that label.

No roofing "tests" can give you that assurance.

Your dealer can furnish ***Certain-teed*** Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., *world's largest roofing manufacturers*, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

Smart men wear them
Smart shops sell them

E&W RED MAN BRAND

BABY LOVES HIS BATH

With

CUTICURA SOAP

No other keeps the skin and scalp so clean and clear, so sweet and healthy. Used with Cuticura Ointment, it soothes irritations which often prevent sleep and if neglected become chronic disfigurements. Millions of mothers use these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for every purpose of the toilet, bath and nursery.

For samples address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. Liberal sample free.

PURITY OF STYLE
Standard Silver Plate

embodies the essential factors that determine the value of decorative and table silver

Quality—The best that can be produced,
Original Designs—Worked-out by prominent artists.

Careful consideration is given to the selection of the designs, for we realize the importance of thoroughly high class goods, fit to adorn every Canadian Home and we base

THE SUCCESS *of* STANDARD SILVER PLATE

on the reputation earned by our goods everywhere, through the original designs, honest workmanship and value given, unequalled by any other make.

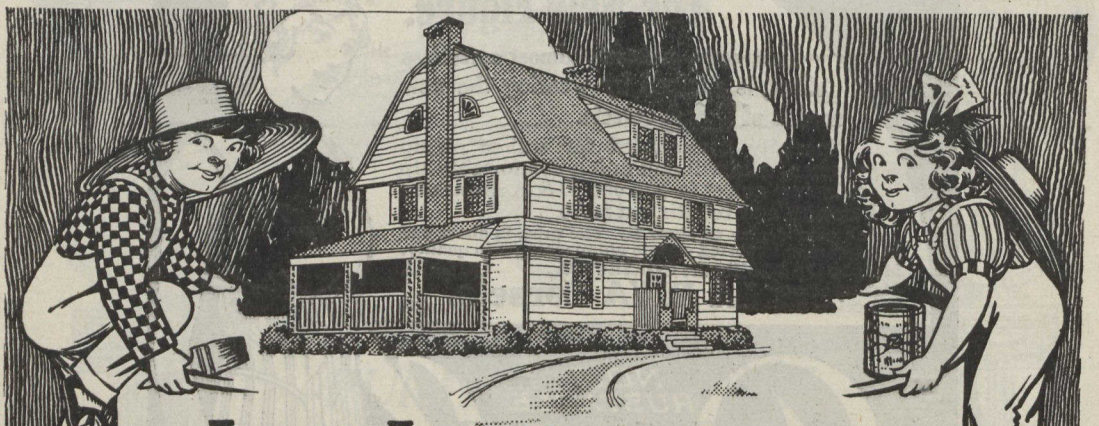
Wisdom says: "Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for "Standard Silver plate."

SOLD BY RELIABLE JEWELERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited

Madison Ave., Toronto



LIFE INSURANCE FOR YOUR HOUSE

A TREE often lives several hundred years. Nature has protected the wood by covering it with bark to shield it from the elements.

When trees are sawed into lumber, Nature's protection is lost. Therefore, the wood used in your house must be paint protected to insure it against wear and weather.

"100% Pure" Paint is a good life insurance policy on your house. It protects against decay—pays for itself, over and over again, in the repairs it saves—adds value and beauty to the building as well as long life to the wood.

Martin-Senour "100% Pure" Paint

is most satisfactory for all outside and inside painting. ***"100% Pure"*** is genuine White Lead, Oxide of Zinc, purest Colors, and Linseed Oil—ground to extreme fineness by powerful machinery—the combination of which produces a paint that is greatest in hiding, covering and wearing qualities—and makes it the cheapest to use as well as the most satisfactory.

Write for our booklet, "Town and Country Homes". It gives you many helpful suggestions in Color Harmonies, and is free for the asking.

MARTIN-SENOUR
100% PURE
PAINT
& VARNISHES

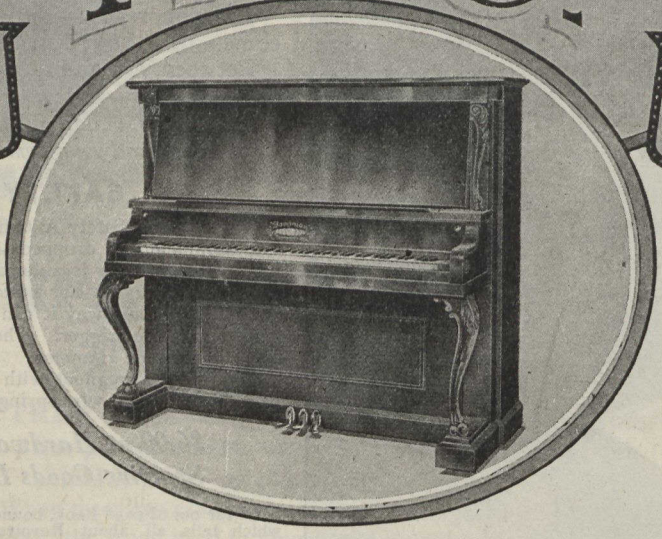
The Martin-Senour Co.

Limited

MONTREAL.

26

The DOMINION PIANO



SOLD IN EVERY COUNTRY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

80,000 satisfied users.

Think of it! Eighty thousand Dominion Pianos, and every one giving satisfaction.

Why? you ask—Because the Dominion Piano is built for lasting service—not merely to sell.

The Dominion Piano is all value. We put our money into buying the best materials and workmanship for the instrument, not into buying a lot of "puffs" from artists who will recommend one piano this year and an entirely different instrument next year, because they are paid a higher price to do it.

The Dominion Piano costs at least $100.00 less than a professionally commercialized instrument of equal merit. Do not place your order for any piano until you have seen our catalogue.

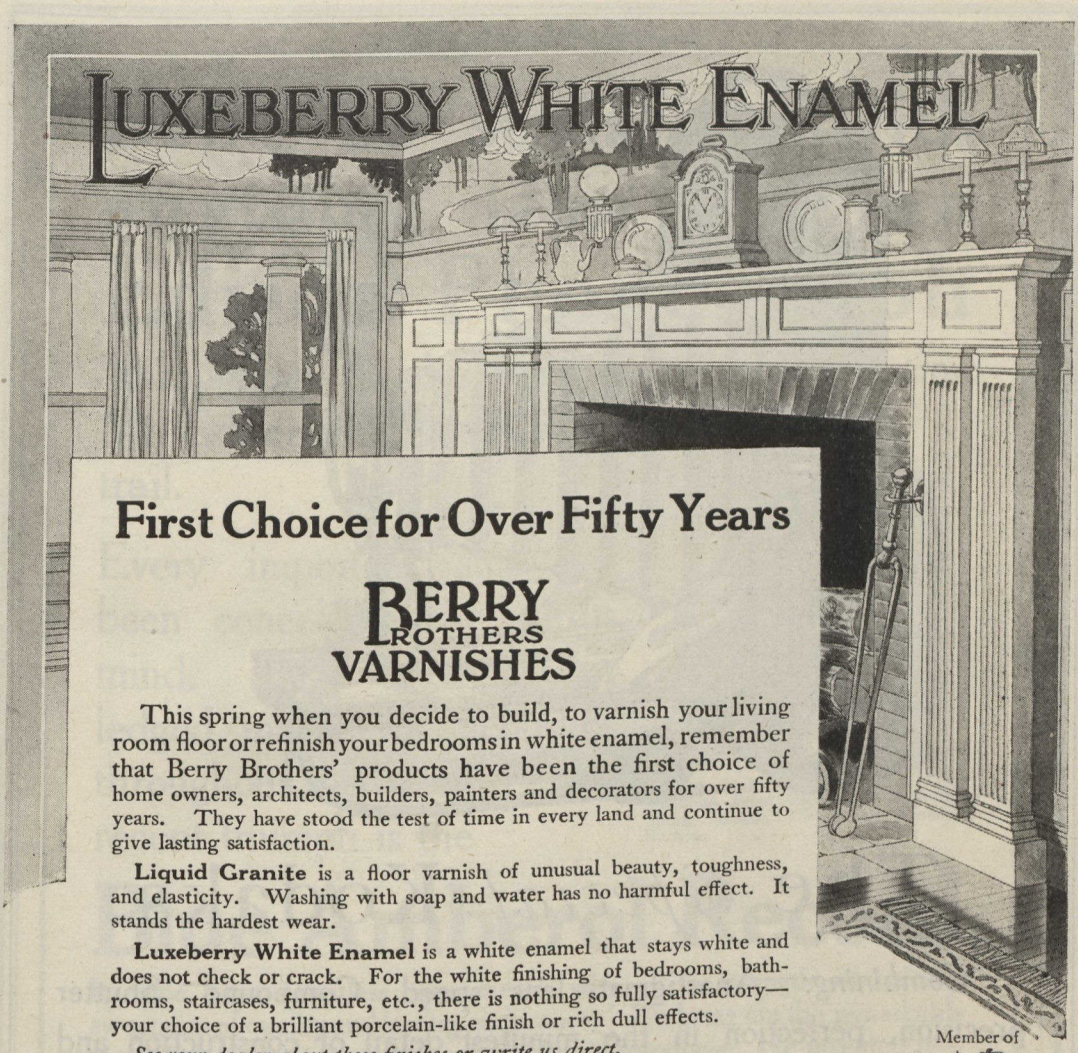
Write for a copy now and see how much money you will save by purchasing from us.

Established Nearly Half a Century.

The Dominion Organ & Piano Co., Limited

(Makers of Pianos, Organs and Player-pianos),

BOWMANVILLE, CANADA.



First Choice for Over Fifty Years

BERRY BROTHERS VARNISHES

This spring when you decide to build, to varnish your living room floor or refinish your bedrooms in white enamel, remember that Berry Brothers' products have been the first choice of home owners, architects, builders, painters and decorators for over fifty years. They have stood the test of time in every land and continue to give lasting satisfaction.

Liquid Granite is a floor varnish of unusual beauty, toughness, and elasticity. Washing with soap and water has no harmful effect. It stands the hardest wear.

Luxeberry White Enamel is a white enamel that stays white and does not check or crack. For the white finishing of bedrooms, bathrooms, staircases, furniture, etc., there is nothing so fully satisfactory—your choice of a brilliant porcelain-like finish or rich dull effects.

See your dealer about these finishes or write us direct.

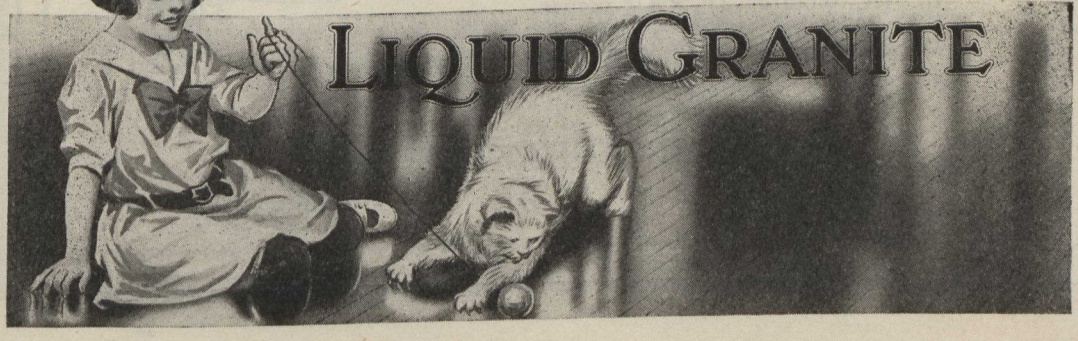
Member of

BERRY BROTHERS (INCORPORATED)
World's Largest Varnish Makers

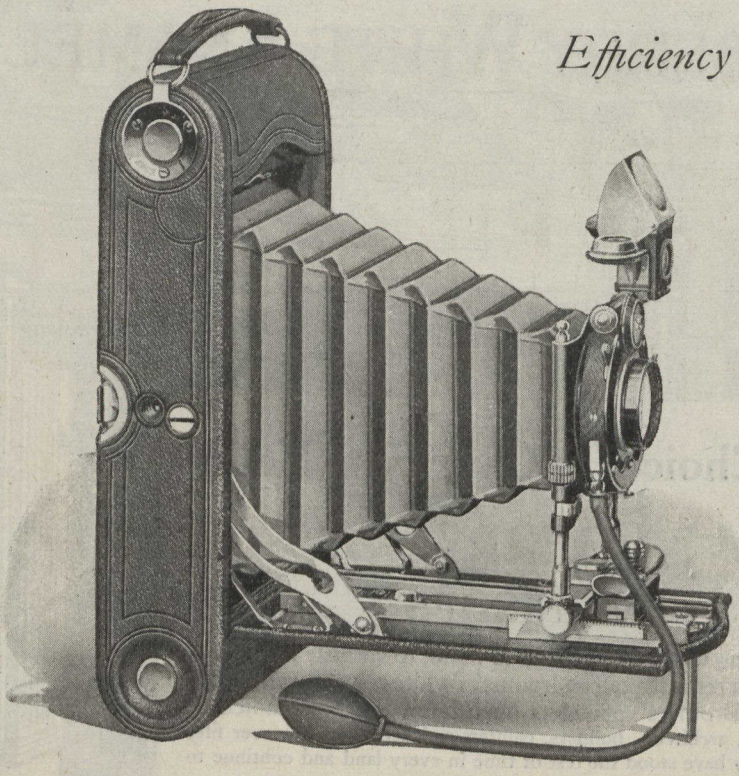
Walkerville, Ont.

Established 1858

Branches in Principal Cities of the World.



Efficiency Plus



The *Special* Kodaks

Combining: Anastigmat lens speed, Compound Shutter precision, perfection in the minutest detail of construction and finish, every feature that is desired by the most expert hand camera worker—all this in pocket cameras that retain the *Kodak Simplicity.*

No. 1A,	pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches, - - - -	$46.00
No. 3,	" 3¼ x 4¼ inches, - - - -	48.00
No. 3A,	" 3¼ x 5½ inches, - - - -	60.00

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,

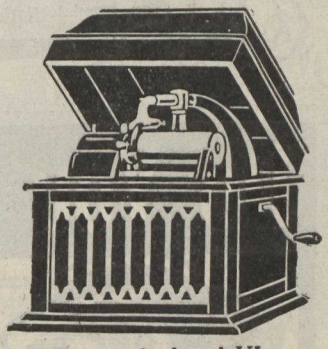
Toronto.

Catalogue free at your dealers or by mail

Don't be satisfied with anything less than an Edison Phonograph

Throughout the history of sound reproduction Mr. Edison has blazed the trail.

Every important step has been conceived first in his mind. He is the acknowledged master of acoustics throughout the world. His recent triumph is the



Edison Amberol VI

Cabinet Mahogany or Golden Oak, Diamond Point Reproducer, Powerful Spring Motor, Plays Blue Amberol Records.

Blue Amberol Record

It came after countless experiments, with all its strength of volume, sweetness of quality and lasting endurance. To bring out the remarkable tone of this new record demanded a new reproducer. He invented it—

The Diamond-Point Reproducer

With it there is none of the annoyance of changing the needle after each record. The diamond is as much a part of the phonograph as its beautiful cabinet.

Hear a blue Amberol—that's all we ask. Your Edison Dealer will play over as many as you like. We are content to leave the verdict with your ear.

Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Avenue - - Orange, N. J.

Save Your Voice

Do not ignore hoarseness, coughs, sore throats or loss of voice. Use

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT Pastilles

FORMULA OF THE LIVERPOOL THROAT HOSPITAL

They give relief at once, and their continued use restores strength and tone to the throat and vocal organs, If you speak or sing in public, always keep Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles at hand. 174

For Free Sample, write

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Do You Want Money?

THEN LISTEN! You can have it if you will put your name and address on a postal card today and mail it to us at once. We will put you in your own, quick-paying business where you will make $5 to $20 a day. You can do it just the same as our other men. Here are some late reports: Cable, of Wyo., writes: **"Made $27.00 in 2 hours."** Bryant, of Colo., **made $16.00 in 6 hours.** Evans of Miss., says: **"Made $15.75 last Tuesday."** Perry, of Ky., **"Made $50.00 in 2 days."** Hundreds of actual, bona fide letters like these on file.

Now is your chance to get out of the "time clock" line and the "pay envelope" brigade. **Be a one minute photographer.** New business—tremendous opportunities—the world for your field—travel or at home—all or spare time—big, quick, clean profits at private houses, parties, picnics, on the street, in the small towns, in great cities, at fairs, carnivals, conventions, reunions, street parades, aviation meets, etc., etc.,—NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—Profits begin at once—first day—first minute—and you **Make 500% on Every Sale.** Don't delay—don't wait—act—**write at once** for complete free information about

The "MANDEL" Post Card Machine

A new invention—wonderful machine, that takes, finishes and delivers five different styles of photos. Turns out original post card photos (also button pictures) at the rate of three a minute **right on the spot where you take them.** Wonderful, new, photographic process—startling—sensational—

Photos Direct on Post Cards

Without Plates, Films, Printing or Dark Room

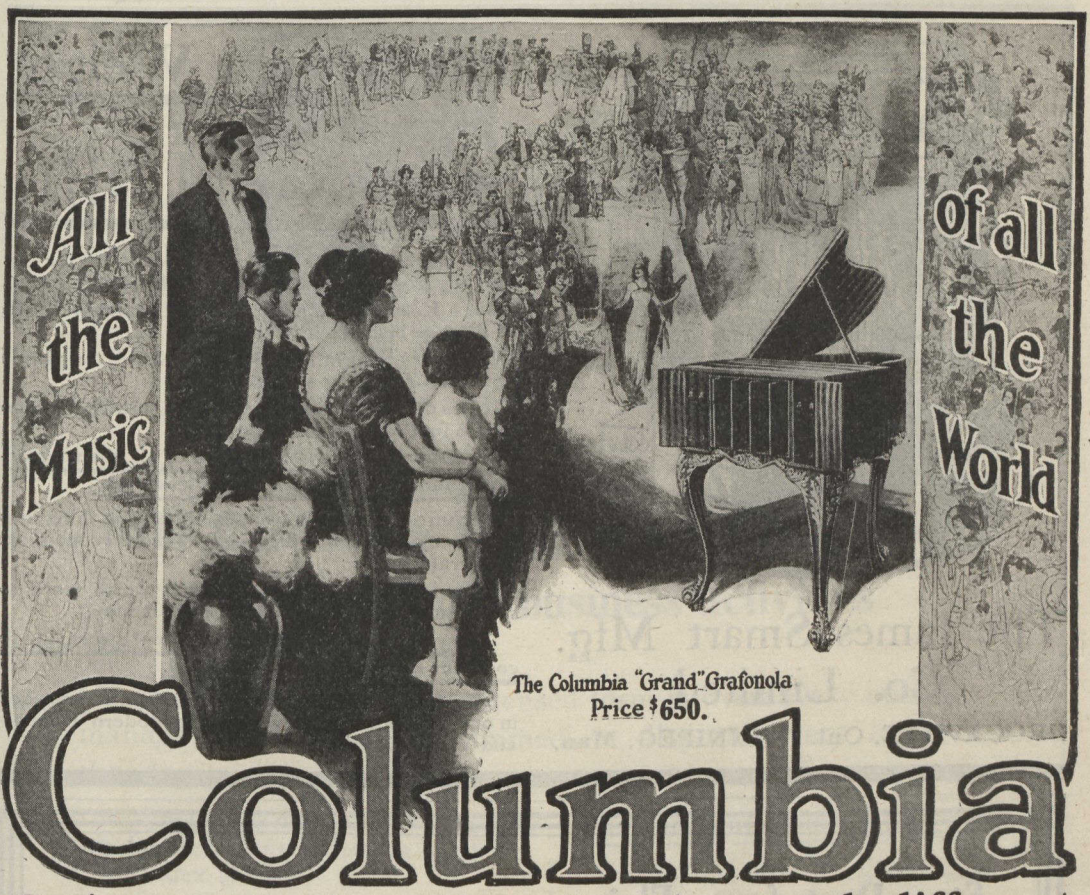
Machine is everything in one—**a complete portable post card gallery.** Excites interest, arrests attention, compels immediate order from every onlooker. Small capital starts you. Sale of supplies that come to you with outfit practically gives you back entire investment—and you have the business clear and fully established. You begin making money the same day the outfit arrives. Immediate sales—immediate profits. If you are sincere and really want to make $2,000 this year—DO NOT DELAY—show us that you are in earnest—that you mean business. We will show you how to get the money. **Write NOW—AT ONCE—INFORMATION IS FREE, Address either office.**

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY

419, Ferrotype Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

—or—

Dept. 419, Public Bank Bldg., NEW YORK, N. Y.



Columbia

85 cents is the price of a thousand different 10-inch double-disc Columbia Records.

Others from $1.00 to $7.50.

OUR GUARANTEE—

Quality the finest.
Reproduction the best.
Will outwear any other record on the market.

To demonstrate this a sample advertising record will be mailed you for 30c.
Ask for catalog of records, also of Columbia Grafonolas from $32.50 to $650.00.

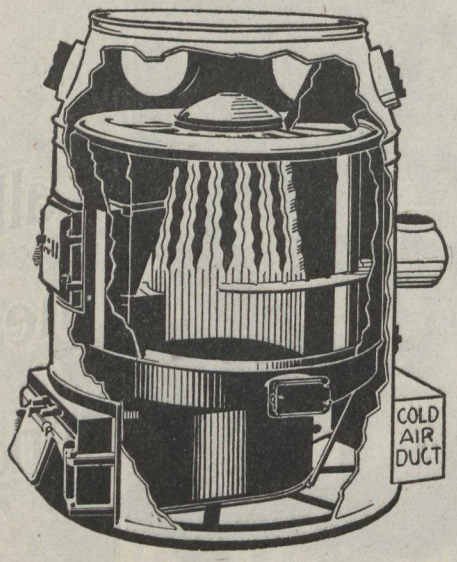
IMPORTANT NOTICE—All Columbia Records can be used on your disc talking Machine. (If any standard make).

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY
365-367 SORAUREN AVENUE, TORONTO.

Manufacturers of the Dictaphone,
Dealers wanted—Write for special proposition.

Records



The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

The Extra Weight in a KELSEY Saves Coal Bills

You can buy a Kelsey Warm Air Generator for less than any good steam or hot water heating system.

But a Kelsey costs more than an ordinary warm air furnace because it weighs more.

This extra weight is built into a Kelsey to give it more heat-radiating surface.

It has 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of fire-grate surface.

A Kelsey heats larger volumes of air than an ordinary furnace, and does it with less coal.

Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

Stop Dust from Flying

A dry dust cloth only scatters the dust. Moisten it with

Sunlight Liquid Gloss

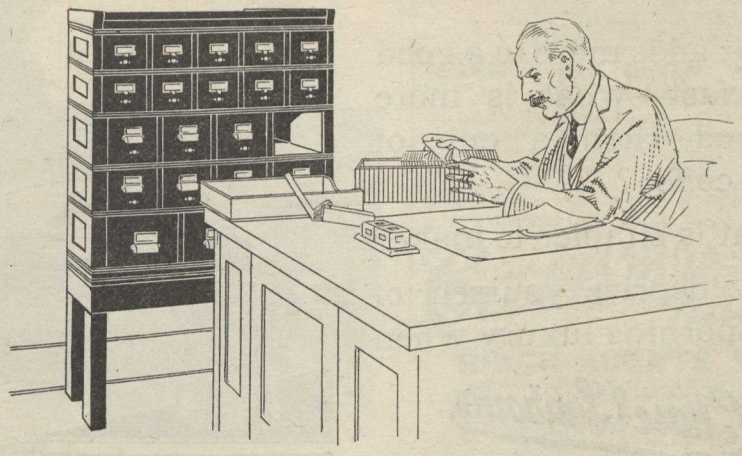
and it gathers the dirt, leaving a clean, highly polished surface.

Sunlight Liquid Gloss is the best for polishing furniture, pianos, automobile bodies, and all finished woodwork.

In half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, and five gallon lithographed tins; also in barrels and half-barrels at furniture and hardware dealers everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL
SASKATOON REGINA
VANCOUVER EDMONTON CALGARY



The Card Index brings you in immediate touch with your business activities

Complete information in condensed form is what every business manager requires at his immediate disposal every hour of the day.

The simplest method of recording this business information is by the Card Index Method.

Records are easily kept right up to the day.

Ready Reference.

Irrespective of the volume of business statistics kept, any one card bearing the specific information required is at your instant command.

The Card Index is expansive.

If a small number of records are kept, a single drawer Card Index Cabinet, suitable for use on the desk top may be used. Sectional Card Index Stacks are used by many large institutions in which thousands of their records are kept with the same facility as that of a single drawer.

If you do not use the Card Index System, why not adapt it to your business now. Ask us to send the Office Specialty Equipment Catalog which fully describes our complete line of Card Index Filing Equipment.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

CANADA

HEAD OFFICE: 97 Wellington Street West, TORONTO

Filing Equipment Stores: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver

Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.

For protection of polished table top against damage by hot dishes or moisture.
Made of especially prepared asbestos covered with heavy double faced cotton flannel, soft and noiseless.

Made for round, square or oval tables. Special sizes to order. Folds to convenient size to be laid away.

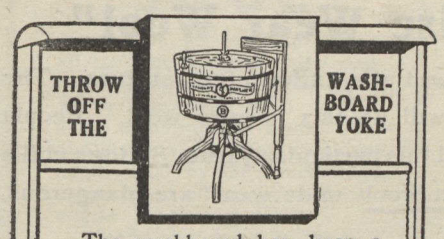
The Best Pad Made.

Better class of dealers sell our goods or can get them for you.

Doily, Chafing-dish and Platter Mats, size 5 to 18 inches; Round, square or oval. Look for our trade-mark "Star"

Booklet on Request

KERNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
163 West 62nd Street Chicago. Ill.



The washboard has been a hard taskmaster for generations, but now the washing machine has taken its place.

The New Century Hand Washer eliminates the back-breaking rubbing, thus making washing a pleasure instead of a hardship. It runs easily and does better and quicker work than the old method.

No other machine can be built on the New Century principle, because its features are patented. The rust-proof steel ring, that prevents warping, adds years of wear to its life.

See it at your dealer's or send to us for information.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
Hamilton, Ont.

205

Jack London

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAME-TAPES

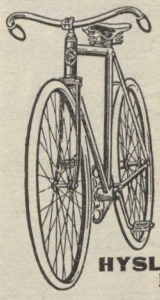
Your full name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. $2.00 for 12 dozen., $1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Required by schools and college They make a dainty, individual gift. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks, direct to

J. & J. CASH, Ltd, 301 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

Cash's Woven Names TRADE MARK

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Hyslop Bicycle with coaster brake and all latest improvements.



We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price* until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive proposition.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write us a postal, and catalogue and full information will be sent to you **Free Postpaid** by return mail. **Do not wait.** Write it **now.**

HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited
Dept. G. TORONTO, Canada

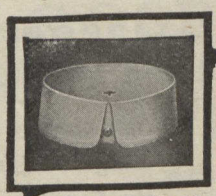
NEXT to DIAMONDS OUTSHINE ALL OTHERS.

They not only represent diamonds to perfection (in white and canary brilliancy) but also rubies (in oriental pigeon blood red) and sapphires (in rich oriental blue) all as beautiful in color and sparkle as genuine oriental gems, and guaranteed everlasting. Considering the opportunity offered and desire for personal adornment at a very low cost, Lapids should be given the first thought. They pass all test and defy all criticism. See them first, then buy. All goods sent for examination, C.O.D. Ins. Policy with all Lapids, insuring against fire, breakage or loss of stone. If you have a ring, pin or heirloom for re-setting use a Lapid. Jewel book free. Engel's patent Ring Gauge included for five 2c stamps, which assures exact size when you order ring.

ALBERT W. ENGEL, *Gem Expert Since 1879*

Maker of Engel's Famous 75c Gem Cleaning Outfit. Buy it at special price, 50c. Use it often and retain the sparkle of your jewels.

Address Desk 8D **1456 Leland, Chicago, Ill.**



CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Waterproof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.
58 FRAZER AVENUE
TORONTO

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

WITH the narrow skirts of the new styles, one's footwear is more conspicuous than ever. How necessary it is, then, that the shoe which divides attention equally with your gown and hat should have the grace of form and style that give to these their charm anddistinction. The

VASSAR SHOE

shown here, will be found to meet all the requirements of the well-dressed woman. In looks it has all the earmarks of a custom shoe, including the smart lines and little style-touches which are emphasized by the short-vamp, high-arched effect so much the vogue.

Send Coupon for Vanity Hand Glass

Size 5 inches long, fine bevelled glass, richly chased silver-finished back, engraved with any initial. Retail price 50c. Sent prepaid for 15c. (coin or stamps) to cover cost of engraving, postage and packing Only one mirror to each person. Money back if not satisfied.

Minister-Myles Shoe Co. Ltd.

109 Simcoe Street Toronto

C

Please send me Vanity Hand Mirror, for which I enclose 15 cents.

Name_____

Address_____

The VASSAR

A TOILET TREASURE

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

IN the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful: after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it

Accept no Substitute!

ACCOUNT BOOKS

All Sizes and Descriptions.

Our Peerless Make Unsurpassed.

LOOSE LEAF

LEDGERS, BINDERS and SHEETS.

I-P PRICE

and

MEMO BOOKS

For Every Business and Profession.

BROWN BROS. LIMITED

Note our New Address

Simcoe, Pearl and Adelaide Sts., TORONTO

YOUR SUNDAY ROAST

Your Sunday roast is best done on a

New Perfection

WICK BLUE FLAME

Oil Cook-stove

Its steady, even heat preserves the rich, natural flavor of the meat. And you can regulate the heat just as you want it—ideal for baking, broiling, toasting—every kind of cooking.

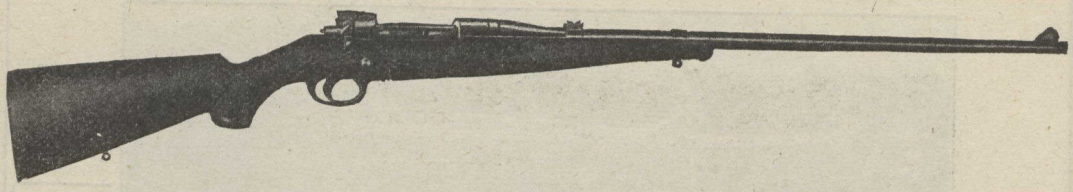
The New Perfection is ready for use in a minute. No fires to kindle—no ashes, no soot. Easy to clean and re-wick.

Made with one, two, three, and four burners, cabinet top, drop shelves, towel racks. Indicator in front. Handsomely finished. Ask to see the New Perfection at all hardware and department stores.

ROYALITE OIL GIVES BEST RESULTS

IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED

WINNIPEG TORONTO ST. JOHN MONTREAL VANCOUVER HALIFAX



"ROSS" RIFLES
BRING GOOD LUCK

"Yes, I have had very good luck with my Ross, and with every other Ross I ever had" writes Mr. Harry A. Preston of Massey, Ontario. His experience is not unique. "Ross Luck" is getting to be a proverb among hunters of big game.

The reason is the low trajectory which makes a hit out of what with another rifle might have been a miss, and also the extraordinary destructive effect of the Ross Sporting Cartridge with copper tube expanding bullet, patented.

The Ross .280 Rifle and the .280 Ross Sporting Cartridge are the most effective aids to bag big game.

The Ross .280 High Velocity Rifle sells at $55.00, Ross Sporting Ammunition $7.50 per 100. Sold by the best dealers in Canada and the U. S.

Other models Ross Rifles at from $12.00. *Illustrated Catalogue free on request.*

ROSS RIFLE CO. - QUEBEC

"The Light Beer In The Light Bottle."

292

AFTER the day's work—a bottle of O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager.

When you come home all tired out, a bottle of O'Keefe's "Pilsener" will take the tiredness all away.

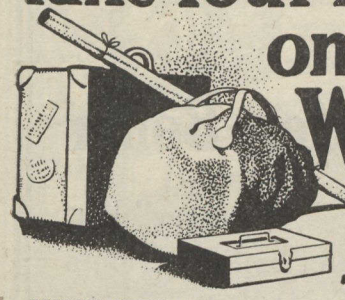
O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager is concentrated strength, vigor and refreshment. As a food-tonic—as a strength-giver and reviver—nothing surpasses this delicious, sparkling lager.

Keep it in the house—enjoy a bottle after a hard day's work.

Order a case from your dealer.

O'Keefe's PILSENER LAGER

Take Your Motor on Your Week End Trips



WHEREVER boats can be rented or borrowed, there's a motor boat waiting for you—if you have a Wisconsin Detachable Row Boat Motor. You carry your 55-pound power plant right with you—no harder than toting a well-filled grip. You attached it to any rowboat in a moment—and there you are! No more weary miles of rowing.

WISCONSIN
DETACHABLE
Row Boat Motor

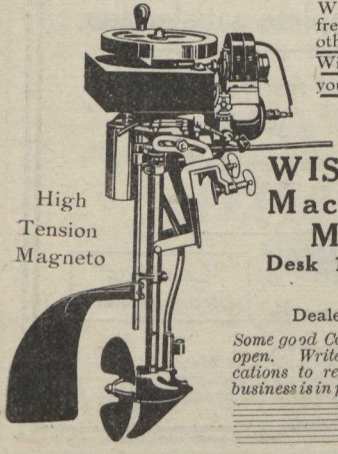
You can depend upon a Wisconsin. You could safely head up stream without an oar or paddle in the boat—your sturdy little Wisconsin Motor would speed you "there and back" without balk or trouble of any kind. That's because it's built right by men who have grown up in the marine engine business. There s nothing freakish or experimental about it. It has made good in three years of general use.

Reversible High-Tension Magneto. This means no ignition troubles—no missing even at the slowest speeds. Steady, throbbing power.

Rudder Steering. The only safe way. You have control at all times—you're not helpleslsy drifting when the motor is still.

Get Our Catalog

Write to-day for this free booklet. Get the other reasons why the Wisconsin is best for you to buy.

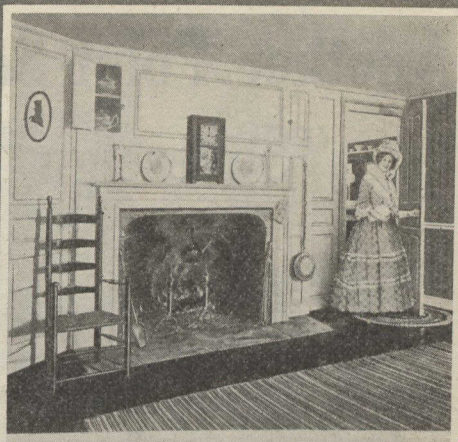


High Tension Magneto

WISCONSIN Machinery & Mfg. Co.,
Desk 11 Milwaukee, Wis.

Dealers Wanted

Some good Canadian territory is open. Write us your qualifications to represent us A big business is in prospect this season.



The Charm of Colonial Silverware

The quaintness and simplicity of olden times find expression in our "Old Colony" pattern. Added to these qualities is the finish that results from present day skill and methods. The design possesses individuality in a marked degree without resorting to over-ornamentation or sacrificing its purity of outline. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

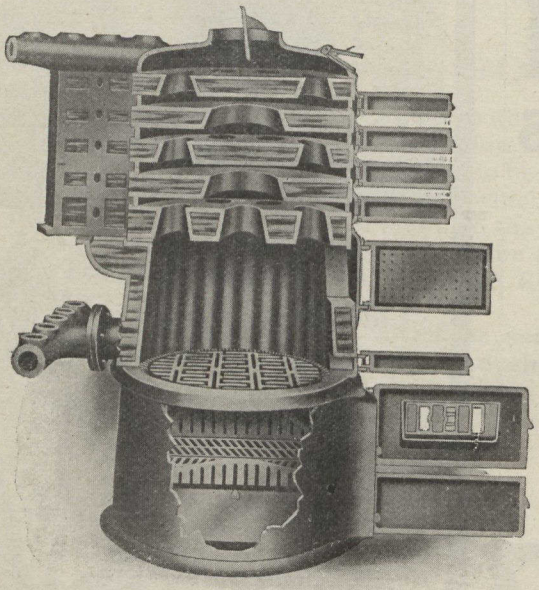
Most Popular for Gifts

The unvarying quality and richness of design make 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware especially favored for gifts.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO
MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Another Point Scored by "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler



The Large Flared Flues are an improvement exclusive with the "Sovereign."

THE "Sovereign" hot-water boiler will burn Hard Coal to better advantage than any boiler made to burn hard coal only.

It will burn soft coal to better advantage than any boiler made to burn Soft Coal only.

And the "Sovereign" will burn cut or rough wood, waste or any burnable material and draw from such free burning fuel its full heat producing value.

This means that having a "Sovereign" boiler in your house you may have sufficient heat in the Spring and Fall at a reduced expense for fuel. And you may regularly burn, during the winter, the cheapest fuel available in your locality, with complete satisfaction.

The secret of the "Sovereign" adaptibility for all kinds of fuel is in the Large Flared Flues. Write us for further information if you do not thoroughly understand the importance of this improvment in boiler construction.

9-11

"Sovereign" Radiators

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office and Foundries: Guelph, Canada

"Canadian" Steam Boilers

Toronto—1088 King St. West
Vancouver—1070 Homer St.
Quebec—Mechanics Supply Company
Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Limited, 622 Ninth Ave.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West
St. John, N.B.—W. H Campbell, 16 Water Street
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works, Limited
Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

THE ATLANTIC ROYALS

NEXT SAILINGS

From ST. JOHN, N.B.	Steamer	From BRISTOL
Wed., Apr. 8, 1914.....	ROYAL GEORGE	.....Wed., Apr. 22, 1914 (For St. Lawrence)
Wed., Apr. 22, "	ROYAL EDWARD	.....Wed., May 6, " (For St. Lawrence)
From MONTREAL and QUEBEC		
Tues., May 5, 1914.....	ROYAL GEORGE	.....Wed., May 20, "
Tues., May 19, "	ROYAL EDWARD	.....Wed., June 3, "

For Reservations, literature and information apply to the Offices of the Company at

52 King St. E., Toronto, Ont. 593 Main St. Winnipeg, Man.
228 St. James St., Montreal, Que. 123 Hollis St. Halifax, N. S.
Canada Life Bldg., Prince William St., St. John, N.B.

BEFORE BOOKING BY ANOTHER LINE GET AT THESE FACTS

SAFETY? ACCOMMODATION?
SERVICE? CUISINE?

Our Representative will be glad to discuss them personally or by letter.

CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Spring Fishing

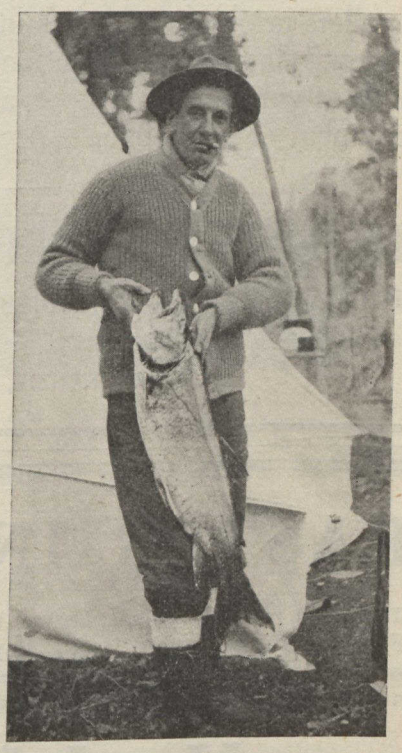
in Algonquin Provincial (Ontario) Park.
A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory.

Open Season for Fish

SPECKLED TROUT—May first to September 14th.

SALMON TROUT—December first to October 31st. following year.

BLACK BASS—June 16th to April 14th following year.



PRIZE LAKE TROUT

Highland Inn, Algonquin Park

Affords excellent hotel accomodation. Beautifully situated 2,000 feet above sea level. Rates **$2.00** to **$3.00** per day. **$16.00** to **$18.00** per week.

For advertising matter and all particulars apply to any agent of the system, including J. QUINLAN, D. F. A., Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. HORNING, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

H. G. ELLIOTT,
General Passenger Agent,
MONTREAL

For Ocean Travel Use A *Berth-high* Steamer Wardrobe Trunk

Make your next ocean voyage leave pleasant thoughts of travelling comfort—travel with a "Berth-high." Just the right size for use aboard steamer and marvellously compact, but has double carrying capacity. Ample room for the most extended voyages, and your clothing will be as crisp and bright on landing as when packed for the trip.

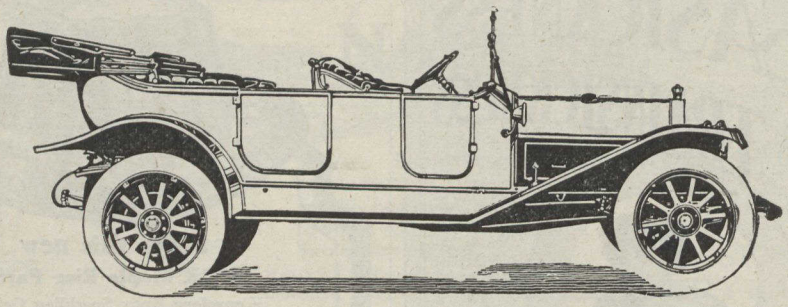
Outfit for your next voyage at "Julian Sale." Everything for travelling comfort is displayed for easy choosing. If out of town, send for catalogue and prices.

Our display of kit bags, club bags and suit cases offers wide range for selection at reasonable prices considering quality and workmanship.

"JULIAN SALE"

(The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.)

105 King Street West, Toronto



The Statement of the Fact

$20,000 Challenge

The best, and easily the most efficient and enduring automobile engine is **made in Canada**—not in Europe or in the United States—but right here, in Canada. This fact ought to be a source of national pride and recognition.

This statement is a broad one, but it is the unchallenged truth.

If your motor is not a Russel-Knight, no matter who made it, nor where it came from, nor how much you paid for it (with duty added, perhaps), nor who may have told you otherwise—it is not the best, nor the most efficient, nor the most enduring, nor the best value for your money. The best value to-day is **made in Canada.**

This has been proved—and to the hilt.

The engine test recently conducted by Professor W. H. Price, of the Faculty of Applied Science of the University of Toronto, has abundantly shown it. The results have been made known. They are authentic and certified. They have established many world-records for engine efficiency, economy, endurance, and power production, unapproachable to other type motors. There is no poppet valve engine manufactured which has ever equalled, or can equal, the performance of the Russel-Knight Motor. The convincing proof is backed by a

$20,000 CHALLENGE

to any manufacturer of poppet valve engines or enthusiastic admirers of them, to equal the performance of our Russell-Knight Engine. This challenge has been open since February 18, and remains open for 90 days.

Ask for Professor Price's Complete Report now being printed

Made up to a Standard—Not Down to a Price

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED

Head Office and Factory: West Toronto

Branches at: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, and Melbourne (Australia.)

Doctor, Merchant, Farmer, Manufacturer

It matters not who the car owner is, he wants two things—SAFETY, SERVICE.

BECAUSE he gets these two and many others from Dunlop Traction Treads, you find the car owner, whether he is Doctor, Merchant, Farmer or Manufacturer, one of the many seen driving cars equipped with the "Most Envied Tire in All America."

Speed for the Doctor
Reliability for the Merchant
Comfort for the Farmer
Durability for the Manufacturer
Safety for All

And these hosts of motorists, not only travel in perpetual safety, but they never hear anything about loosened treads, rim-cutting, insufficient air capacity, etc., unless their acquaintances whose cars are unequipped with Dunlop Traction Treads tell them their tire troubles.

There would be no need for the newly organized Safety League, if all motorists would use Dunlop Traction Tread Tires.

The Dunlop line consists of Tires for Automobile, Motor Truck, Motor Cycle, Bicycle and Carriage; Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling, and General Rubber Specialties.

More Power—Less Fuel

IT'S the motor that does it.

The wonderful Buick Overhead Valve Motor.

In the new McLaughlin-Buick "Six" it has proved itself capable of greater mileage per gallon of fuel than any other six-cylinder car of similar horsepower.

It has also shown greater capacity for developing power than any other motor of equal size.

And remember that the overhead valve motor is installed in every McLaughlin-Buick Pleasure Car for 1914.

If you consider upkeep cost, the saving in fuel made possible by this motor is a point that cannot fail to command your attention.

Consider, too, the daily satisfaction the McLaughlin-Buick will give you in certainty of service, comfort, convenience, appearance and pride of ownership.

No matter what its price, a McLaughlin-Buick car must, and will, give the maximum of that service for which it was intended, and must bear its proportion of the responsibility of maintaining that high prestige which McLaughlin-Buick cars have attained.

Abbreviated Specifications, McLaughlin-Buick, 1914

B. 24.—Two passenger Roadster, 28 h.p. Left hand drive. Centre control. 105-inch wheel base $1,250.00

B. 25.—Five-passenger Touring Car, 28 h.p. Left hand drive. Centre control. 105-inch wheel base $1,460.00

3.—Five-passenger Touring Car, 32 h.p. Right hand drive. Centre control. 105-inch wheel base $1,650.00

B. 36.—Two-passenger Runabout, 35 h.p. Left hand drive. Centre control. 112-inch wheel base $1,675.00

B. 37.—Five-passenger Touring Car, 35 h.p. Left hand drive. Centre control. 112-inch wheel base $1,775.00

"41"—Five-passenger Touring Car, 40 h.p. Right drive. Right hand control. 115-inch wheel base $2,250.00

B. 55.—Six Cylinder Touring Car, 48 h.p. Left hand drive. Centre control. 130-inch wheel base. Seven-passenger $2,780.00
Five-passenger $2,700.00
Three-passenger Roadster $2,750.00

Model 4.—Truck, 4-cylinder, 122-inch wheel base. Express body, 1,500 pound capacity $1,550.00

All Prices f. o. b. Oshawa.

Electric lighting and electric starter supplied as regular equipment on all pleasure cars. Send for catalogue.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO. Limited

Head Office and Factory: OSHAWA

EASTERN BRANCH HOUSES:—Toronto, Corner Church and Richmond Streets; London, Corner Bathurst and Richmond Streets; Hamilton, 36-40 Bay Street South; Belleville; Montreal, 260 Ontario Street, West; St. John, 140-144 Union Street.

From Any Point of View—
The World's Greatest Automobile Value

FROM the standpoint of *appearence*—the Overland has unusual grace and harmonious body proportions.

From the standpoint of *power*—the Overland if a big powerful, smooth running 35 horsepower car; economical to operate; easy to drive.

From the standpoint of *comfort*—the Overland is luxuriously upholstered in genuine hand buffed leather, tufted over specially selected curled hair, made deep with tilted divan cushions; lots of leg room; ample for five passengers; no crowding.

From a *mechanical* standpoint—the Overland chassis is one of the finest and most finished pieces of mechanism in the world.

From the standpoint of *size*—the Overland has the longest wheelbase of any car at this price in the world; the largest motor, the roomiest tonneau, and the largest tires of any car at this price in the world.

And finally, and most important of all, from a *price standpoint*—the Overland costs 30% less than any other similar car on the market.

Now from *your standpoint*—can you afford and does it seem reasonable to pay *more* for other cars that offer you *no more* than you get in the Overland for $1250.

There is an Overland dealer near you. Look him up and see this car today.

Handsome 1914 catalogue on request.

Please address Dept. 4

$1250
Completely Equipped f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request.

$1425
With electric starter and generator, f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

gets the credit for the health, of this family of eleven. . .

MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL

Read what this Mother says:

"I am the mother of eleven children and have brought them all up on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,
12 Mount Ash Road,
Sydenham Hill, S.E.,
London, England

COSGRAVES Half-and-Half

The good old style beer that is the dream of all those who know good Half-and-Half.

High in nutriment and low in alcoholic percentage—and comes in evergreen bottles—24 to a case—pints or quarts.

The ONLY Chill proof beer.

At all dealers and hotels.

How to arouse a sluggish skin

A dull, sallow, lifeless complexion has several causes. Whatever the cause in *your* case, your skin needs *stimulating*. The following treatment is the most effective you can use:

Use this treatmenttonight. See what fresh, vivid coloring it gives you.

To refresh your skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, use a flesh brush, scrubbing it for about five minutes until the lather makes it feel somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then cold water. Now rub your skin five minutes with a *lump of ice*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the face and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin. You can feel the difference the first time you use it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland

Write today to the Woodbury Canadian factory for samples

For 4c. we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 109-O Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

The modern girl is a healthy, outdoor creature. She will help Nature and defy the weather by using

FAIRY SOAP

Made of pure vegetable oils and high grade materials —so clean, sweet and wholesome—it is agreeable to the tenderest skin and complexion.

It is the kind of soap particular people use. The oval cake fits the hand naturally and always floats within easy reach. It cleanses to the last atom.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

Fairy is the best soap for washing dainty fabrics and laces.

Fairy Soap—the white oval cake of floating purity.

You fire up a jimmy pipe

that's filled jamful of Prince Albert and you'll get what you're looking for in pipe smoke joy.

No use arguing or losing sleep about the question. There's one answer—Prince Albert! You, nor any other man, ever smoked tobacco with such class for bully deliciousness — flavor, fragrance, aroma!

Never was such pipe smoke tobacco as P.A., because it's made by a patented process that cuts out the sting and throat-parch and just leaves the stuff that makes every man who smokes P. A. joy'us *for life!*

You get this hot:—Polish up your smoking irons. Get 'em tuned for action. You buy some P. A. in the tidy red tin and go to it, because it's your right to be jimmy pipe joy'us! Since P. A. hit the turf, three men smoke pipes where one smoked a pipe before. And that average is growing right smart like.

Prince Albert is manufactured by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., at their factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A., and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers. Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe smoking tobacco in the U. S.

You buy Prince Albert *everywhere* tobacco is sold. Stick to P. A., because P. A. will stick to you. Buy Prince Albert in the tidy, full 2-oz. red tins. And take a tip: Before you do the next thing, you get acquainted with

PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

A Suit of Stylish Color Is Always a Delight

Can you be really happy without clothes of attractive color?

How often do you say to yourself, "Why did I buy that suit? Its color does not please me. It makes me unhappy every time I wear it."

Light brown cloth dyed black

Do you realize that with DIAMOND DYES, you can easily recolor any garment? DIAMOND DYES give you a choice of scores of fashionable shades. With them you can change the suit that is a disappointment into a delight.

Hosts of other women regularly use DIAMOND DYES. You too should utilize them to solve your perplexing dress problems.

Mrs. D. L. Brown writes:

"I had a white serge suit which soiled so quickly that I put it aside after several dry cleanings. A friend advised me to dye it with DIAMOND DYES. I must confess that I feared I could not recolor it successfully, but it came out beautifully. I dyed it green and trimmed it with lace collar and cuffs. It is now a delight.

"I send you my picture taken in my new green suit, made with the aid of your perfectly splendid dyes."

Miss Alma Sands writes in part:

"You can judge by the photograph whether I am a clever user of DIAMOND DYES. It shows a cloth suit which I dyed black, it used to be light brown. I bought some black velour and made the trimming and broad girdle. I think it is an awfully nice looking suit with lots of style.

"If only all women could realize how much happiness DIAMOND DYES give.

"What an abundance of pretty clothes, and what a delightful sense of having accomplished something really worth while results from transforming old gowns into new with your truly marvelous DIAMOND DYES."

White serge dyed green

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool** or **Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen,** or **Mixed Goods** to color Vegeble Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY fabric.**

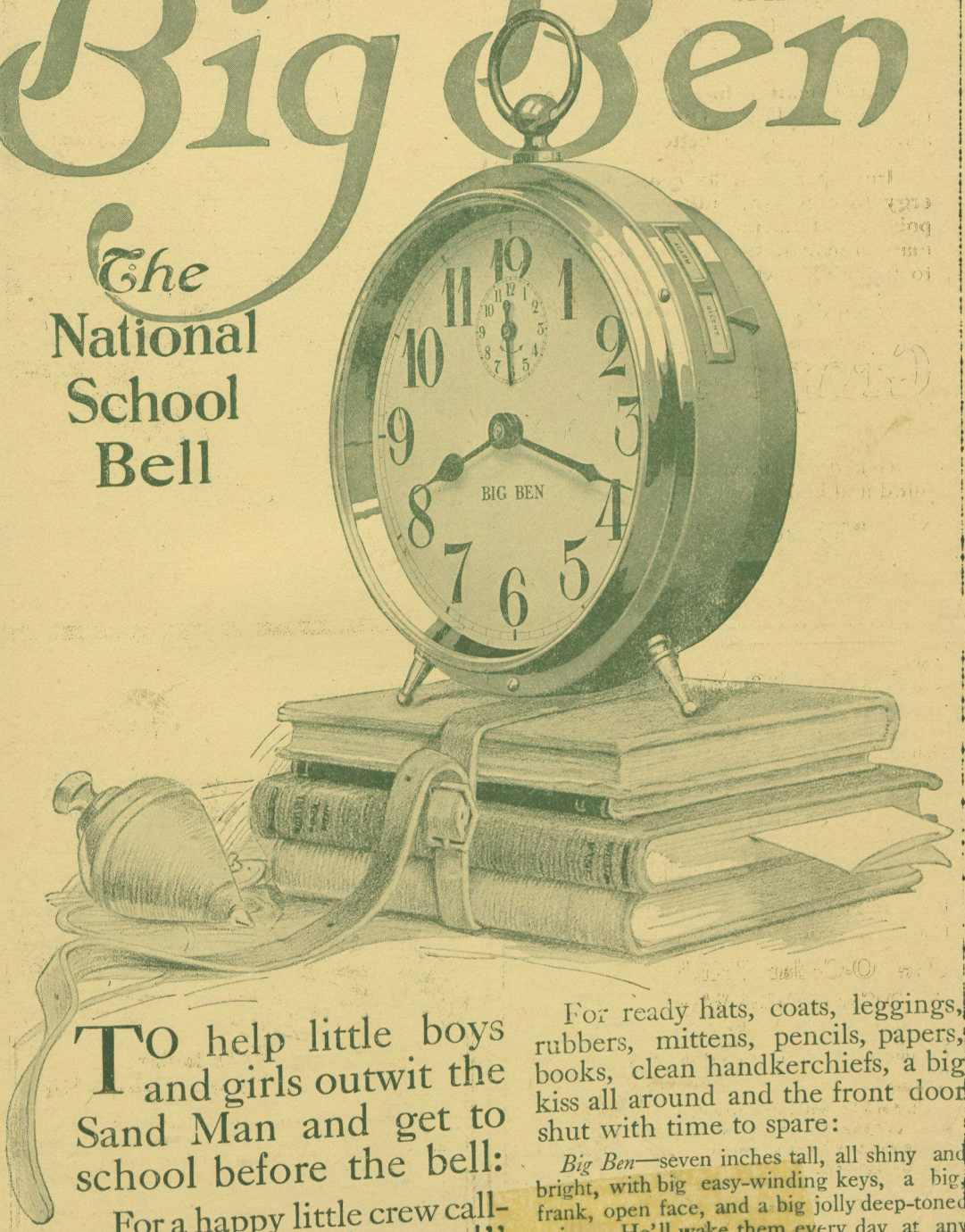
DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

Big Ben

The National School Bell



TO help little boys and girls outwit the Sand Man and get to school before the bell:

For a happy little crew calling "Mother, we beat you!" For brushed hair, tied ties, white hands, pink ears inside and behind.

For ready hats, coats, leggings, rubbers, mittens, pencils, papers, books, clean handkerchiefs, a big kiss all around and the front door shut with time to spare:

Big Ben—seven inches tall, all shiny and bright, with big easy-winding keys, a big, frank, open face, and a big jolly deep-toned voice.—He'll wake them every day at any time you say.

Rings two ways—five minutes straight or every other half minute during ten minutes. $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada. *Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox.*

Play Life's Game Well

Small matter how humble one's position on Life's Ladder, he may always strive for a better place.

Improper food, by consuming energy to digest it, and manufacturing poisonous ferments in the blood, robs many a man of the ambition and ability to "climb higher."

A ten day's trial of

Grape-Nuts FOOD

Generally shows improvement in mind and body—

"There's a Reason"

—Grocers sell Grape-Nuts

The all-the-year-'round drink for health, comfort, and satisfaction. Keep it on hand always.

Put up in quarts, pints, and splits.

Armour's Grape Juice Booklet, sent free on request, gives many household uses of Armour's Grape Juice.

Address Dept. A-13
Armour and Company
Chicago

Armour's GRAPE JUICE

Cleans the Woodwork

Makes it hygienically clean—preserves the varnish and adds to the life of the furniture.

O-Cedar Polish

the varnish food. Gives a hard, dry, durable lustre. A cleaner—not a coating or veneer.

Use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Polish Way

Pour a few drops of O-Cedar Polish on a damp cheese cloth. Clean the furniture and polish with a dry cloth. Cleaner, brighter and prettier furniture is the result.

Buy a 25c bottle as a test, use it the O-Cedar way. Your money back if you are not delighted.

25c to $3.00 sizes at all Dealers.

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd., Toronto
Channell Chemical Co., Chicago

Write to-day— It's worth your while

You may be one of those who are looking for a dentifrice that is pleasant to use as well as efficient. If you are, send us 4c. in stamps and we will post you a generous tria tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the dentifrice without a "druggy" taste.

Ribbon Dental Cream checks decay-germs, corrects excessive acidity and cleans the teeth thoroughly and safely.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, Coristine Bldg., Montreal
Makers of the famous Colgate Shaving Stick
W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL, Sole Agent for Canada

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