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MARCH, 1918

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IT was in response to a strongly felt demand that we recently concluded to offer the Official Laboratory Model in a walnut cabinet, in addition to the popular Chippendale. To tell you how we developed the cabinet, which is pictured on this page, may throw some light on the methods of the Edison Laboratories.

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. L Contents, March, 1918 No. 5

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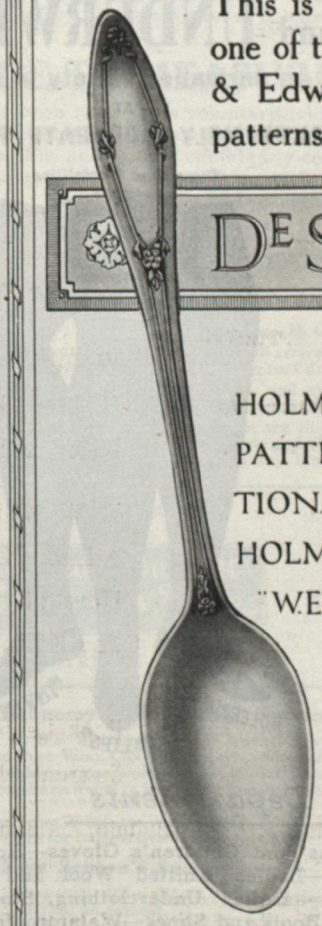

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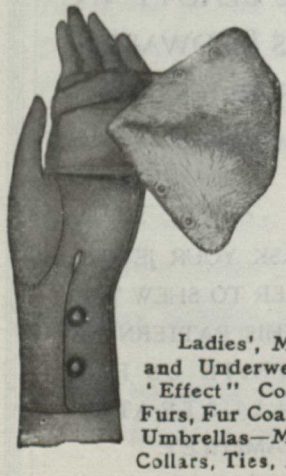

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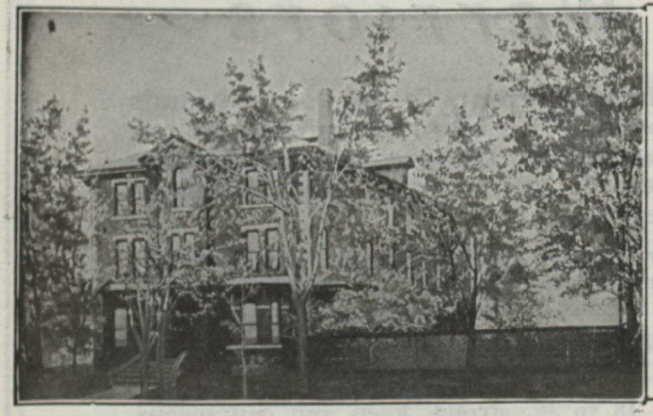

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Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

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of Canada

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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military service to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

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Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

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The length of the course is three years in three terms of 9½ months each.

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

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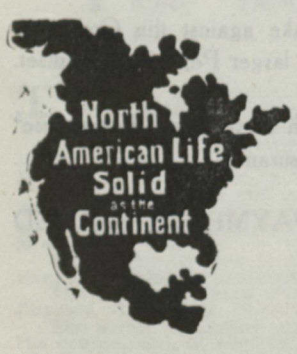

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Cash Income	**3,138,817.40**
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Net Surplus	**2,774,854.38**
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A net gain of over Five and a Half Millions in business in force is indicative of the increases made.

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Business in Force Dec. 31st. 1917 - - - -	152,643,165
Increase of Business in Force in 1917 - - -	19,626,717
Total Assets Dec. 31, 1917	24,385,666
Interest Earned on Investments Over - - -	7 per cent

Those needing Life Insurance will do well to investigate the Policies of

The
Great-West Life Assurance Co.
DEPT. "P"
Head Office - WINNIPEG

The War Charities Act, 1917

DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE OF CANADA

THE War Charities Act, 1917, defines "war charities" as follows: any fund, institution or association, other than a church or the Salvation Army, whether established before or after the commencement of this Act, having for its objects or among its objects the relief of suffering or distress, or the supplying of needs or comforts to sufferers from the war, or to soldiers, returned soldiers or their families or dependents, or any other charitable purpose connected with the present European war. Any question whether a charity is a war charity shall be finally determined by the Minister.

The Act also provides:

(1) It shall not be lawful to make any appeal to the public for donations or subscriptions in money or in kind for any war charity as hereinbefore defined, or to raise or attempt to raise money for any such war charity by promoting any bazaar, sale, entertainment or exhibition, or by any similar means, unless—

(a) the war charity is either exempted from registration or is registered under this Act; and,

(b) the approval in writing of the executive committee or other governing body of the war charity has been obtained, either directly or through some person duly authorized to give such approval on behalf of such governing body;

and if any person contravenes any of the provisions of this section he shall be guilty of an offence against this Act.

(2) This section shall not apply to any collection at Divine Service in a place of public worship.

The Act was assented to on the 20th of September, 1917, and the above section so far as it relates to registration is applicable to War Charities on the 20th of December, 1917. After that date, collections made otherwise than on behalf of a registered War Charity by subscriptions, donations, bazaars, sales, entertainments, exhibitions or similar means of collecting money are illegal.

Regulations and information respecting registration may be obtained from the undersigned.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.

Ottawa, December 3, 1917.

Your Responsibility

EVERY true man will protect wife and child from anything that would give pain—even an injurious word, and this feeling of responsibility for his loved ones grows with the years.

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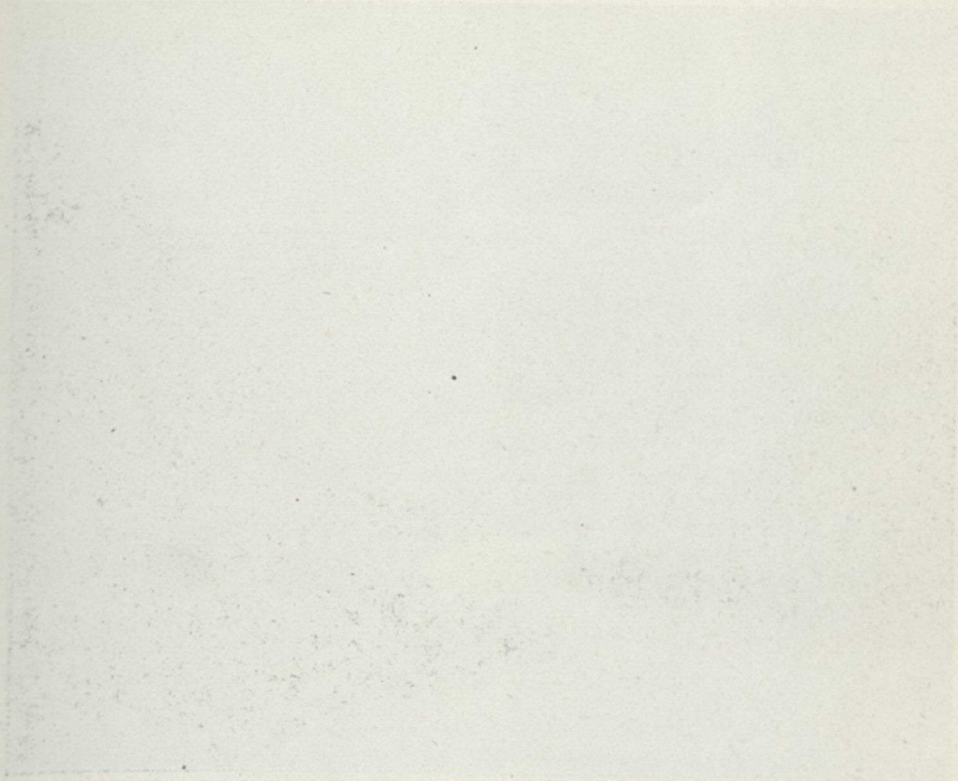


THE BOW RIVER AT BANFF, ALBERTA
By Moonlight.

From the Painting by
Charles W. Simpson.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
VOL. L TORONTO, MARCH, 1918 No. 5

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

From the lone sheiling in the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a world of seas;
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

IT is many years since the recital of these lines by a distinguished British statesman profoundly moved a gathering of Scottish Highlanders and set the seal of fame upon a poem that had long lain buried in obscurity. Quoted to illustrate the sentiment cherished by Highlanders for the land from which they had been banished by selfish and oppressive landlords, they attracted attention, not so much by their political oppositeness, as by their peculiar literary quality. At once, curiosity was aroused as to their origin. Inquiries led to discussions which filled the columns of the newspapers and literary journals, and, presently, from the mildewed pages of an old Scottish magazine was unearthed, in its complete and original form, the now familiar "Canadian Boat Song".

Few poems have been more often quoted in public than this remarkable effusion of an anonymous bard. It has fascinated audiences, critics and readers alike; and the interest inspired by the haunting beauty of its lines has been enhanced by the mystery surrounding its authorship. It has been the subject of much research and not a little disputation; around it has gathered a literature which would fill several large-sized volumes.

Curiously enough, this interest has not been so apparent in Canada, where it might have been expected to be most keen, as elsewhere. In Canadian anthologies, the song is conspicuous by its absence, and one looks in vain for any reference to it in the appreciations of our national literature that have appeared from time to time. The reason probably is that, though Canadian in name and inspiration, it has never been clearly proved that the poem was Canadian in

origin. The point is certainly open to doubt, and may never be satisfactorily determined; but, at anyrate, there is a considerable body of evidence to support the claim, and it may not be amiss to consider whether, in the confusion of theories concerning the authorship, the true key to the mystery has not been overlooked.

A notable feature of *Blackwood's Magazine* in its early days was the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—an interesting compound of literary criticism, philosophical discussion, political invective, poetry and humour, to which Professor Wilson (Christopher North)), Lockhart, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and other writers of lesser note contributed. It was in this section of the magazine for September, 1829, that the "Canadian Boat Song" first appeared. Though evidently regarded by the "Noctes" circle as of no ordinary merit—the Shepherd (Hogg) describing them as "most affecting"—the verses do not appear to have attracted more than passing attention. Like most periodical effusions, they were read, no doubt appreciatively, and forgotten; and it was not until twenty years later that someone found them of sufficient interest to warrant their republication in slightly altered form, in the pages of *Tait's Magazine*, a rival Edinburgh publication, where, on the authority of one Donald Campbell, they were attributed to the twelfth Earl of Eglinton. Thus reproduced, they caught the keen eye of Dr. Norman Macleod, the well-known Highland divine and author, who was probably the first to quote the now familiar stanza beginning "From the lone sheiling". In later years, it was repeated by, among others, William Black, the novelist, and Robert Louis Stevenson; and then in 1885, came its recital by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as the result of which the song acquired the popularity it has since enjoyed. It should be pointed out, however, that the quatrain quoted by Mr. Chamberlain, and generally recited, differs materially from the original version; the latter, as it appeared in the "Noctes" having read:

From the lone shieling of the misty island,
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Speculation as to the authorship of the song has been ingenious, but more or less indefinite. The claim that it was the work of the Earl of Eglinton, based chiefly on the discovery among his lordship's papers of a manuscript copy of the verses set to music, and purporting to be a translation from the Gaelic, has been supported by more than one reputable authority. Other critics, equally well qualified to judge, have ranged themselves on the side of Professor Wilson, resting their theory as to his connection with the song on the fact that he was the presiding genius of "Maga", the most voluminous contributor to the "Noctes", and a poet of a high order. Certainly he possessed qualifications which were decidedly lacking in the Earl of Eglinton, but the probabilities in his case were lessened by the discovery that the particular "Noctes", in which the song appeared, was written, not by Christopher North, but by Lockhart: This fact, attested by the publishers of the magazine, naturally lent colour to the hypothesis that the son-in-law and biographer of Scott was the author of the verses, as well as of the article that accompanied them; and it has been suggested that he may have received them from the great Sir Walter himself, a theory as probable as any of the others in view of the circumstance, generally forgotten, that the novelist's favorite brother Tom, a writer of talent, had lived in Upper Canada for a number of years. Opinions, more or less authoritative, have also been expressed in favour of the claims of Hogg, some of whose work possesses the same haunting

From the Drawing by Maclise

Dr. "Tiger" Dunlop

There is reason to believe that he was the author of "The Canadian Boat Song"

quality as the "Canadian Boat Song"; and, some years ago, a well-known Canadian writer hazarded the conjecture that the distinction belonged to Vicar-General Macdonald of Toronto.

But the view which has found most acceptance is that John Galt was the author. Favoured by such good judges as Neil Munro, the Scottish novelist; T. Newbigging, the author of a volume entitled "The Canadian Boat Song and Other Papers", and the Blackwoods, it is based chiefly on the grounds that Galt was for several years a resident in Canada, that in 1827 he was rowed down the St. Lawrence on his way to Quebec, and that, as a well-known contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine,* he was probably the "friend" and correspondent in Upper Canada referred to in the "Noctes" paragraph accompanying the song. As of further significance, it has been pointed out that in the same issue of the magazine there appeared an article by Galt dealing with Canada.

These circumstances would seem to establish a pretty strong case for the author of "The Annals of the Parish" and the founder of Guelph; but, if the explanation by the writer of "Noctes" article, as to how the verses came into his possessioon, is to be taken literally, they are by no means conclusive. Here is the statement, with "North" as interlocutor: "Canada; why it is as Scotch as Lochaber; whatever of it is not French, I mean. Even omitting our friend John Galt, have we not one Bishop MacDonell for the Papists, one Archdeacon Strachan for the Episcopalians, and one Tiger Dunlop for the Presbyterians. By the by, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine in Upper Canada. He was rowed down the St. Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a strapping set of fellows, all born in the country, and yet hardly one of them could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sang heaps of our old Highland oar-songs, he says, and capitally well, in the true Hebridean fashion; and they had others of their own Gaelic, too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He sent me a translation of one of the ditties." And then follows the "Canadian Boat Song", with the "Shepherd's" comment: "Heah me! this is most affectin' now."

Whether or not, any significance may be attached to the words: "Even omitting our friend John Galt," it is at all events certain that that worthy writer had no speaking acquaintance with Gaelic, and, therefore, could not have "noted down" or translated the words of a song in that language. Nor is it known that among his many gifts a knowledge of music was included, so that he could scarcely have transposed the air. But the most damaging testimony against the claim set up on his behalf is to be found in the fact, which all his supporters have singularly overlooked, that, if the letter enclosing the song was received, as stated by the "Noctes" writer, "this morning from a friend of mine in Upper Canada," it could not have been sent by Galt, for the simple reason that, at the time the verses appeared, he was not in Upper Canada, but in England. Thus we find Lockhart writing from London to the Blackwoods on June 5th, 1829: "Here is Galt as large as life and as pompous as ever, full of title pages and connecting books, the "Tiger", squaws, and, I am sorry to add, his own personal troubles, which are neither few nor cheerful." The author of "The Entail" had left "the houseless shores of Huron" in the spring of 1829 to close his account with the Canadian Company in London; and he never returned.

Of course, it might be argued that Galt could have had the verses in his possession when he returned to England, or have written them there from recollection of some incident in his Canadian travels. But either the ac-

count given in the "Noctes" of their origin was a statement of fact, or it was not. If it was, the circumstances could not, as has been shown, apply to the Commissioner of the Canada Company; if it was not, his claim is equally insupportable, for no other evidence has been adduced on his behalf than that of his connection with Upper Canada.

Assuming then, that the accompanying note in the "Noctes" contains the key to the mystery, who was the friend and correspondent referred to? The question is one that scarcely admits of a positive answer, since in the absence of proof it must necessarily depend upon circumstantial evidence; but it is curious that none of the writers, who have dealt with the subject, has considered the possibilities suggested by the name of Dr. William Dunlop, the "Tiger" mentioned in the "Noctes," the associate of Galt in his work of colonization, a writer of acknowledged ability and wide reputation, and a notable figure in the history of Upper Canada.

No one can read the "Canadian Boat Song", or hear it recited, without feeling the Celtic strain in it, that peculiar pensiveness and perfervid sentiment so characteristic of the Highland lament.

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as you pull your oars;
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand.
But we are exiles from our father's land.

Whoever wrote the song beginning with these appealing lines was undoubtedly one whose blood was strong, and whose heart was Highland; and William Dunlop, though of Lowland birth, was a true and typical Celt, a descendant of the lairds of Keppoch, and a Gael in spirit, temperament and physique. With the language of Ossian he was quite familiar; among the men of Glengarry, to whom reference is made in the "Noctes", he had many friends; and in the company of Highland boatmen, chanting Gaelic ditties, none could be more at home than he, for he loved a song and, unlike the staid and stately Galt, could sing one too. As a matter of fact, it was he who accompanied the novelist on his trip to Quebec in 1827, when, according to the latter's Autobiography, he was impressed by the "singing boatmen —a race fast disappearing"; and it was he who, when a comedy of Galt's was performed in that city, played with an excellence commented upon by the author, the part of the Highland Chieftain, which, there is reason to believe, was his own contribution to the piece. But the point of chief importance is that the "Tiger" was not only a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* but a warm personal friend of both Lockhart and "Christopher North", and a resident in Upper Canada at the time the "Canadian Boat Song" appeared.

Dunlop was, in many ways, a remarkable character, who, had he applied himself seriously to literature, might have taken a high place among the writers of his time. His "learned lucubrations". as Christopher North styled them, were amongst the most acceptable contributions to *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's Magazine;* and as Dr. Colquhoun, in his admirable preface to the book, says: "No one can read his (Dunlop's) 'Recollections of the American War' without perceiving that they bear the impress of a man of parts, possessed of a bold and resolute spirit, and sure to play a prominent part in whatever sphere of action his lot is happened to be cast. The literary quality of the author is likewise notable. As a narrator of events he is graphic and amusing, the air of good humour, which marks the work, being everywhere apparent." But his severance from the literary circles of Edinburgh and London, a love of adventure and good fellowship rather than of letters,

a jovial and undisciplined nature, and years of strenuous work in the forest wilderness, restricted the use of his pen, and literature was to him little more than a diversion. "Some authors write for fame," he declared in his book of "Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada", "some for money, some for spite, some at the instigation of their friends, and not a few at the instigation of the devil. I have no one of these excuses to plead in apology for intruding myself on the public; for my motive, which has at least the merit of novelty to recommend it, is sheer laziness!"—by which paradoxical but characteristic pronouncement he meant that, having received numerous letters from intending emigrants seeking information about Upper Canada, he thought it would save time and trouble to embody the information in a book instead of answering the inquirers individually.

The first glimpse we have of Dunlop is as a somewhat grotesque but truly heroic figure in the War of 1812-14. Attached as an assistant surgeon to the 89th Regiment, composed of "wild tremendous Irishmen", he presented the appearance of a raw, red-headed giant who, as Col. Fitzgibbons pictured him, had outgrown his clothes. The sleeves of his coat reached but a short way below his elbows, and his trousers did not nearly reach his ankles. "He was careless, if not slovenly in his dress, and he seldom applied the razor to his chin. His proportions were almost herculean; his movements and gait awkward and ungainly." But though a freak outwardly, the doctor was a real hero when it came to fighting, and, in several engagements, played a part that is all too modestly concealed in his "Recollections" of the campaign.

Returning to England, with his regiment, at the close of the war, only to miss sharing the glory of Waterloo, he was subsequently drafted to India, where he distinguished himself as a newspaper editor and tiger-hunter, earning, by his exploits in the latter capacity, the sobriquet which clung to him through life. It was the story of his Indian experiences, written for *Blackwood's Magazine* on his return to Scotland in the early "twenties", that introduced him to the "Noctes" circle, who welcomed him as a spirit after their own hearts. He joined in their ambrosial revels, regaling them with stories that set the table in a roar; wrote sketches under the signature of "Colin Bannatyne, R.N.", and startled the grave professors of Edinburgh University by delivering a course of lectures on medical jurisprudence, which were described as "a mixture of fun and learning, law and science, blended with rough jokes and anecdotes, not always of the most prudish nature."

With Lockhart, Dunlop formed a friendship, which seems to have been warmly reciprocated by the famous biographer and critic; and when in 1826, the former went to London to edit *The Quarterly Review*, the "Tiger" accompanied him. There, we are told, he lived "a most miscellaneous life, turning his hand to anything". He wrote for the magazines, compiled medical treatises, edited a newspaper — *The British Press* — which, it is interesting to note, had as its parliamentary correspondent the elder Dickens, and was later the receptacle for the first contributions of "Boz"—and founded the "Pig and Whistle", a club for convivial scribes like himself. His conception of the duties of an editor appear to have been as singular as his ideas about lecturing and tiger-hunting. "Sometimes *The British Press* would appear with leading articles; sometimes without"; and the story is told of how when a significant change of ministry took place under the Bourbons, the "Tiger's" only editorial comment was: "We perceive that there is a change of ministry in France; we have not heard of any earthquakes

in consequence." Not less amusing were his efforts to run a Sunday newspaper—*The Telescope*—"the history of which," it was written, "would be a comedy of the drollest kind."

But Dunlop's Bohemian life in London, however much to his liking, was not of long duration. In the autumn of 1826, John Galt had completed his arrangements with the Canada Company to undertake the colonization of the Huron tract, and the "doctor" was persuaded to join the staff that was preparing to leave for Upper Canada. "The Tiger, as you have perhaps heard," wrote Lockhart to the Blackwoods, in August of that year, "is going shortly to Canada to hunt bears and other fellow creatures. This will be a relief to the Professor's (Wilson's) imagination, though to me, I assure you, it is a sorrow." A year later, we find his name figuring in the "Noctes Ambrosianae" as Lord Warden of Woods and Forests, with a complimentary reference to his abilities as a contributor to the magazine.

Of his work in the Huron district, it is needless to speak. He himself has described the ecstacy, "the Arab-like independence, and the utter contempt for the advantages and restrictions of civilization" which he felt when he donned the blanket coat and snowshoes, and camped in the woods; and it would be superfluous to add to what has already been so well written of the part he played in the development of what is to-day one of the most prosperous communities in Ontario. It is sufficient for the purposes of this article to note that in the midst of his "Caesarian operations in the woods", as Galt described them, Dunlop's pen was not idle. Reports concerning conditions in Upper Canada had to be prepared for the Company, together with pamphlets containing information and advice for the settlers; and these were supplemented by magazine articles on Canadian life, which did more to attract emigrants from Britain than any other literature of the time. "It had been said," writes one authority, "that no man had a greater talent for throwing an air of romance over the stern realities of settlement founding than had Galt; that, with his genius and spirit, reality seemed to be a romance. But it was reserved for the pen of the "Backwoodsman" (the *nom de plume* used by Dunlop for his sketches in *Blackwood's*) to put upon paper an accurate, even if sometimes a higher coloured account of life as he found it, a popular statement of the resources and appearance of the Tract, and a list of minute directness as to the *modus operandi* necessary in transferring families, capital and brains, energy and industry from one hemisphere to the other."

That Dunlop was in communication with the Blackwood "set" at or about the time the "Canadian Boat Song" appeared can hardly be doubted. His contributions to the magazine, invariably anonymous, were frequent, and it is not without significance that in the "Noctes" prelude to the poem his name is mentioned in direct conjunction with the allusion to "a letter from a friend of mine in Upper Canada". It is true that he was not known as a poet, but neither was Galt, nor Lockhart, nor Eglington. Among his literary friends he was noted more for the "wild luxuriance of his anecdotes" and "the Titanic bray of his laughter" than for romantic rhymes or rhapsodies. Indeed, nothing could be less suggestive of a pensive poet than the picture drawn of him by his convivial companion of the Edinburgh and London days—the brilliant but erratic Maginn, the original of Thackeray's Captain Shandon. "This remarkable biped," wrote that wild Irishman in *Fraser's Magazine*, "stands six feet three inches, measures two feet across the shoulders, 'light-somely drops in his lordly back; the calf is just twenty inches in circumference—*ex pede Herculem*; the paw

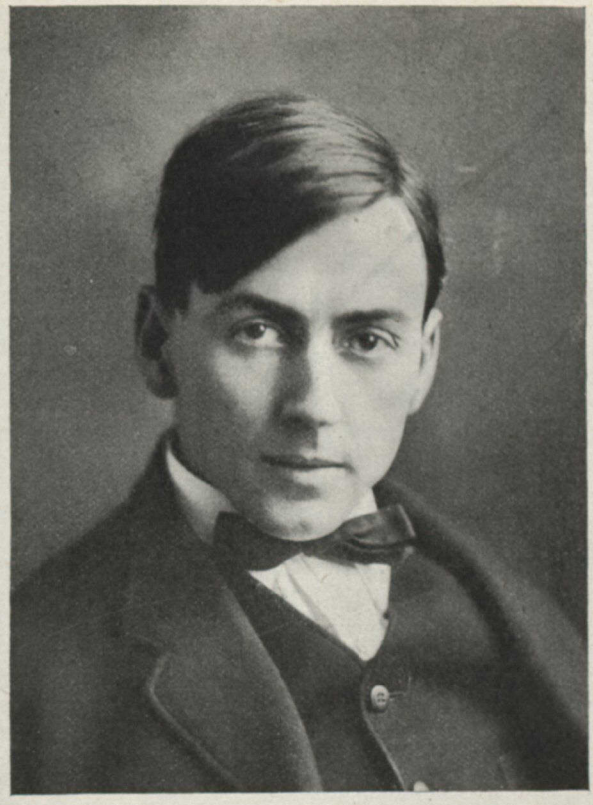
would have startled Ali Pasha; the fur is of the genuine Caledonian redness and roughness; and the hide, from long exposure to Eurus and Boreas has acquired such a texture that he shaves with a brickbat!" And when the "Tiger" revisited his former London haunts some years later, and was admitted to the select circle of the "Fraserians", the same facetious writer described him in even more extravagant terms, likening him to "a red and fiery roaring volcano", whose eruptions in the editor's sanctum had a most disturbing effect. Eccentric he was in both appearance and manner, but when someone suggested to Galt that the worthy doctor was "a compound of a bear and a gentleman," the novelist retorted: "I did not know that bears were as good natured."

Beneath the rough exterior and boisterous wit there lay concealed a vein of sentiment and a tenderness of feeling that needed but the occasion to find expression. "Those who enjoyed the friendship of this warm-hearted man," wrote Major Strickland, "had frequent opportunities of knowing his kind and feeling disposition; for there never was a finer jewel, though roughly set, than poor Dunlop." Himself an exile from the land of his fathers, and the guide, philosopher and friend of many immigrants, he knew better than most the spirit of the men "from the lone sheiling of the misty island", understood their longings, and shared with them the feeling expressed in the lines:

When our blood-kindred in the time long vanished,
Conquered and fortified the keep;
No seer foretold their children could be banished,
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Suggestive too are the allusions in the song to the fighting spirit of the clansmen, for his own "blood kindred" had "in arms around the chieftain's banner" rallied, and "conquered and fortified the keep"; while he himself had proved a worthy descendant of those "leal hearts that would have given blood like water" for the cause they so warmly cherished.

Unconscious of his powers as a writer, as he was heedless in the exercise of them, Dunlop assuredly had it in him to give expression to the deep-rooted sentiment of the exiled Highlander, whether the inspiration came from the chanting of Gaelic ditties, or from his own dreams of the Hebrides. One who enjoyed the friendship and esteem of men of genius like Lockhart, Christopher North and Hogg; who was considered worthy of a seat at the table of the "Fraserians", round which gathered such literary giants as Colebridge, Southey, Thackeray, Carlyle and Hook, must have been more than a "good fellow" and a raconteur of jokes and anecdotes. And when all the circumstances have been considered — his Highland descent and Celtic spirit, his associations with Gaelic boatmen on the St. Lawrence, his friendship with Lockhart and Wilson, his position as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the fact that he was in Upper Canada when the poem was published—there seems nothing unreasonable in the view that as surgeon, soldier, traveller, hunter, litterateur, pioneer and colonizer, the claims of "Tiger" Dunlop to be remembered may not improbably include that of having enriched our literature with the "Canadian Boat Song."



TOM THOMSON: PAINTER OF THE NORTH

BY J. M. MacCALLUM

WITH the tragic death of Tom Thomson in July, 1917, there disappeared from Canadian art a unique personality. Thomson's short and meteoric career, the daring handling and unusual subjects of his pictures, the life he led, set him apart. Living in the woods and even when in town avoiding the haunts of artists, he was to the public an object of mysterious interest. He lived his own life, did his work in his own way, and died in the land of his dearest visions.

It was in October, 1912, that I first met him—in the studio of J. E. H. Macdonald. The door opened and in walked a tall, slim, clean cut, dark young chap who was introduced to me as Tom Thomson. Quiet, reserved, chary of words, he interested me, for I had heard of his adventures in the Mississauga Forest Re-

serve. I asked Macdonald to get some of his sketches so that I might get an idea of what the country is like. This was done, and as I looked them over I realized their truthfulness, their feeling and their sympathy with the grim, fascinating northland. Dark they were, muddy in colour, tight, and not wanting in technical defects, but they made me feel that the North had gripped Thomson, as it had gripped me ever since, when a boy of eleven, I first sailed and paddled through its silent places.

The following March, at an exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, my attention was attracted to a picture—one of the small northern lakes swept by a northwest wind; a squall just passing from the far shore, the water crisp, sparklingly blue and broken into short, white-caps—a picture full of light, life and vigour. This picture, "A Northern Lake", the first one exhibited by Thomson, was purchased by the Ontario Government.

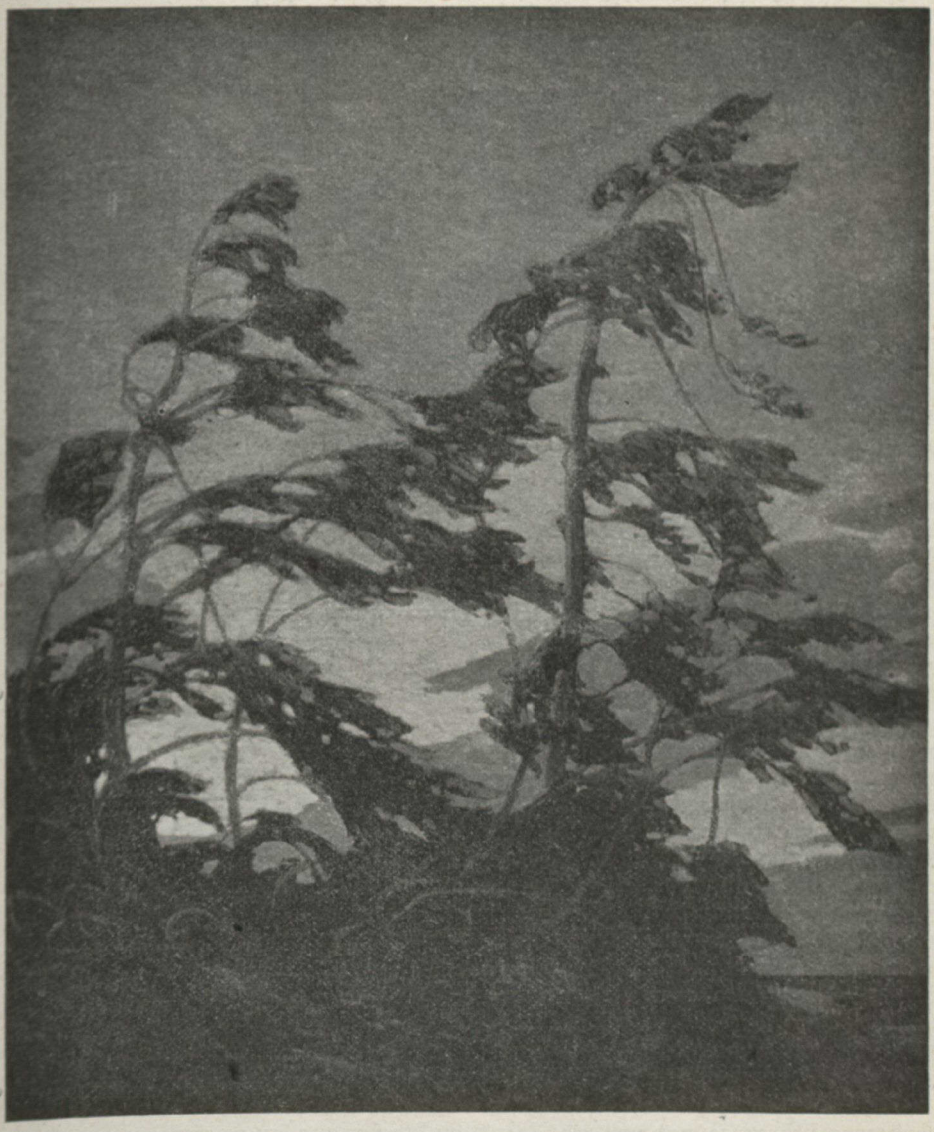
Autumn came again, and at last my numerous inquiries were rewarded by the information that "Tom has come home again". His hiding-place in a boarding-house I at last discovered, and found his walls covered with sketches. Half of them I borrowed to look over at my leisure, for he had sought to depict lightning flashes, moving thunder-storms, and trees with branches lashing in the wind. These sketches so interested the painter A. Y. Jackson, that he asked to meet Thomson, and ended by sharing his studio with him.

At the next exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, in 1914, Thomson exhibited two pictures, one of which, "A Moonlight Scene", was purchased for the National Gallery at Ottawa. As spring came on, it was arranged that the artist should go with me on a trip amongst the islands of the Georgian Bay and remain there at my summer home until August. Leaving my place, he paddled and portaged all the way from Go Home to Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park, where he was joined by Jackson, who had been painting in the Rockies. Before leaving me, we had a long talk about his work. I said to him: "Jackson has had what you have not—an academic training. He has a brighter colour sense, but he has not the feeling you have. You can learn much from him, and he from you, but you must not try to be another Jackson. Learn all you can from him, but, whatever you do, keep your own individuality."

Jackson and he camped together and painted until the snow and cold weather drove them back to the city. I awaited with some curiosity their home-coming, but the first glance at Thomson's sketches reassured me. His colour sense had broadened marvellously, but the old feeling and sympathy remained. The sketches were much higher in key, with not a trace of muddiness, but painted in clean, pure colour ranging from one end of the spectrum to the other. I felt sure that many of them had been devised simply as harmonies in colour, but I was always met with the response, "No, it is just like that". The truth of that I know now from personal experience, for I have, when camped with Thomson, frequently seen the very colours and forms to which in his sketches I had taken the most violent exception.

The group of painters of which Thomson was one soon began to be bitterly attacked by artists and newspaper critics and held up to ridicule as painting things which were untrue and impossible. Thomson lived eight months of each year in Algonquin Park, often disappearing into its recesses for a month at a time, seeing no one and being seen by no one. Only one who has so lived is in a position to attack the colour or truthfulness of his pictures. I have a sketch painted by him the spring before his death. I remember well my saying:

"I have stood for a lot, Tom, but I can't stand for this. You never saw



Painting by Tom Thomson

THE PINE ISLANDS

anything like this in God's world."

"Oh, yes, that is quite like it," he replied.

"Well, what is it, anyway? What are these gray pillars here? Are they more of the pillars of cloud that led the children of Israel across the desert?"

"Those are pillars of snow. On certain winter days up here the snow hangs suspended in gray pillars up in the air."

This was news to me, but I verified it two weeks later from the lips of an old French Canadian lumber-camp foreman, who told me that these pillars were frequently seen and were gray.

Thomson painted a world of phenomena of colour and form which has

not been touched by any other artist. His sketches are a complete encyclopædia of all the phenomena of Algonquin Park, and aside from their artistic merits have a historical value entitling them to preservation in the National Gallery.

Thomson painted not merely to paint, but because his nature compelled him to paint—because he had a message. The north country gradually enthralled him, body and soul. He began to paint that he might express the emotions the country inspired in him; all the moods and passions, all the sombreness and all the glory of colour, were so felt that they demanded from him pictorial expression. He never gave utterance in words to his feelings of the glories of nature. Words were not his instruments of expression—colour was the only medium open to him. Of all Canadian artists he was, I believe, the greatest colourist. But not from any desire to be unusual or to make a sensation did he use colour. His aims were truthfulness and beauty—beauty of colour, of feeling, and of emotion. Yet to him, his most beautiful sketches were only paint. He placed no value on them. All he wanted was more paint, so that he could paint others. He enjoyed appreciation of his work; criticism of its methods he welcomed, but its truthfulness was unassailable, for he had seen it. He never painted anything that he had not seen.

Sombre and gray, or gloriously golden, nature had equal appeal to him. His one criticism of his own work was "there is not enough daylight in that". He saw and painted in pure colour—colour so clean that one almost feels his pictures had been laundered. His colour is varied, brilliant and beautiful, but always dominated by the beauty of emotion. It sings the triumphant Hosannas of the joy and exaltation of nature.

Furthermore, his colour composition is beautiful. The poetry of his soul never permitted the colour, however brilliant, to be anything but harmonious. Unusual though it may be, it never jars, never brings one up with a jerk. He combined in an unusual degree the sense of design, of pattern, rhythm and decoration with the sense of composition, of character and feeling. The line and pattern—the design—but added greater beauty to nature's garb, yet nature dominated him and actuated all his work.

As has been said, Thomson had but one method of expressing himself, and that one was by means of paint. He did not discuss theories of art, technical methods nor choice of motives. He never told about marvellous scenes, of how they had thrilled and held him. He merely showed the sketch and said never a word of his difficulties or of what he had tried to express. His idea seemed to be that the way to learn to paint was to paint. He did not choose some one landscape or some one kind of landscape. All nature seemed to him paintable—the most difficult, the most unlikely subjects held no terrors for him—the confidence of inexperience it may have been. No doubt he put his own impress on what he painted, but the country he painted ever grew into his soul, stronger and stronger, rendering him shy and silent, filling him with longing and love for its beauties. His stay in the studio became shorter and shorter, his dress more and more like that of the backwoodsman. The quiet hidden strength, confidence and resource of the voyageur showed itself in the surety of handling in his work. He was not concerned with any special technique, any particular mode of application of colour, with this kind of brush stroke or that. If it were true to nature, the technique might be anything. A technique all his own, varying with the occasion, sprang into being, not as the result of any laboured thought or experiment, but because it could not be otherwise. He proved the theory that the technique should harmonize with the nature of the painting, should never overpower or dominate the idea or emotion express-

Painting by Tom Thomson

THE WATERFALL

ed, and should appear to be the best or the only technique to adequately express the idea. However unaccustomed a technique, if, after a short acquaintance with it, one loses sight of the technique and feels only the emotion of the picture, that technique is good. Judged by these criterions, his technique is unassailable. Drawing was to him the expression of form, and form might be expressed by any method, so long as the form is true.

One would have expected that with his intimate knowledge of trees he would have loved to paint all their traceries. In the "Northern River" alone did he lavish detail on his trees and here only because it helped the pattern. In one in whom the sense of design, of decoration was so developed that is the more striking, for in his sketches and in his larger pictures he always treated trees as masses. In his painting of them he

Painting by Tom Thomson

THE DRIVE

gives form structure and colour by dragging paint in bold strokes over an underlying tone. Like many other painters he felt the limitations of paint, the impossibility of expressing on a flat surface the solidity and thickness of a tree, and in some canvasses almost modelled them in paint, while in others he got the same effect by expressing them by deep grooves in the paint.

At an exhibition of some of Thomson's pictures I overheard a well-known woman artist say, "Well! now *where* would you hang that?" She really felt the daring of the colour and of the method of execution of the picture. To the painter of the schools his work may seem daring, but it was not so to him. It was rather the joy of a boy playing with paints, intent only on expressing something which has pleasurably excited him, and all unconscious of doing anything out of the ordinary, of tackling anything unusual. Because his paintings are so striking in purity of colour and in handling they are thought to be unusual. They are unusual, in that other artists have not had the opportunity to see the same subjects or have thought them either impossible or unworthy of painting.

The northern spring radiant with hope bursting riotously forth from the grim embrace of winter always found him in the woods ready to chronicle its beauties. The awakening rivers and lakes, the earth peeping here and there through her coverlet of snow and the sunny skies afforded a wealth of ravishing colour which ever charm-

Painting by Tom Thomson

THE JACK PINE

ed his sensitive soul. The hardwood bush, budding into varied hues of pink, lavender, blue, purple, brown and black, lent itself to many harmonies.

When the beautiful white birches, and solemn stately pines were lost in the crass greens of the summer forest, his brushes were laid aside. He now began to cruise the park seeking new sketching grounds. Camped by himself, he was, to the tourist, a mysterious hermit of whose marvellous skill as a fisherman there were many tales told. To the native guides he was just as incomprehensible, "worse than any Indian", they said.

The September hardwood in its gorgeous garb of many colours; the pines, strong and grave, mourning among the forest ghosts still beautiful in their tracery against the cold blue October sky; the falling snow and biting blast, the southward migrating of wild fowl, the November heavens, chill and gray, all had response and record from him. Loath to return to the city, he lingered, painting until the forming ice warned him that he might be shut in for the winter. Then he returned to us, who were waiting to see what new thing he had brought home.

Three months of steady painting in his studio, and early March found him growing more and more restless. His fishing lures made by himself, and strung like necklaces on the wall,

gradually disappeared from their accustomed place. Then we knew that his flitting time was near. One day he would say, "If I don't get up there now, the snow will all be gone."

Next day his shack would be empty.

And so his year passed by.

Thomson's knowledge of the appearance at night of the woods and lakes was unrivalled. He was wont to paddle out into the centre of the lake on which he happened to be camping and spend the whole night there in order to get away from the flies and mosquitoes. Motionless he studied the night skies and the changing outline of the shores while beaver and otter played around his canoe. Puffing slowly at his pipe, he watched the smoke of his campfire slowly curling up amongst the pines, through which peeped here and there a star, or wondered at the amazing northern lights flashing across the sky, his reverie broken by the howling of wolves of the whistling of a buck attracted by the fire. In his nocturnes, whether of the moonlight playing across the lake, or touching the brook through the gloom of the forest, or of the tent shown up in the darkness by the dim light of the candle within, or of the driving rain suddenly illuminated by the flash of lightning, or of the bare birch tops forming beautiful peacock fans against the cold wind-driven blue skies, one feels that it is nature far apart, unsullied by the intruder man.

Never was he satisfied with his own performance. Pictures were put away again and again in the spring, to be dragged forth on his return in the fall, some change made in the design or the colour, as suggested by the added observation of the year. Oftentimes he said, "Oh, no, it's not like that at all. I have been watching it again, and it is quite different."

This untiring observation, this compelling desire for truthfulness pursued him ever, making him conscious of his shortcomings and urging him on to renewed efforts. Once we had lost our way hunting for a back channel leading into the French River, when darkness and a sudden storm had forced us to camp for the night. We breakfasted in a pelting rain, tried to fish for a time, and ended by talking art, when Thomson said: "I am only a bum artist, anyway. Why, even the animals know that!" Then he added: "I had been sketching in the park and made up my mind to go farther in, two days' journey. So I decided to lighten my load by leaving my sketches to dry, and to pick them up on my way back. On my return I found that a lynx had come along and after a critical inspection of one of the sketches, had clawed it. Not satisfied with this expression of opinion, he had put his head down and chewed it."

"There's a fine picture for you, Tom," said I—" 'The Art Critic'."

Down he thrust into his dunnage-bag and brought out the sketch of birches, beautiful in spite of the critic's slashing.

It has not been the fortune of any of our artists to have had during their lifetime a vogue with the Canadian public. Thomson was no exception. To the art critics of the daily press he was an enigma, something which, because beyond the pale of their experience, it seemed quite safe to ridicule. Yet in one magazine a courageous writer ventured to say, "Tom Thomson can put the spirit of Canada on a piece of board eight inches by ten inches."

The intelligent public rather liked his work, but was not quite sure whether it was the safe and proper thing to say so. He found recognition, however, among his fellow artists, who looked forward with pleasure and curiosity to see what he would show at each exhibition. It is to the credit of the Ontario Government and the trustees of the National Gallery at Ottawa that they recognized his value. He never exhibited at the Ontario Society of Artists without having one of his pictures bought for the Province or the Dominion. These will remain

WEST WIND, ALGONQUIN PARK

By Tom Thomson

One of the Canadian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition

TOM THOMSON'S SHACK

The rear section of this building was occupied by the artist as a combined studio and dwelling-place

for succeeding generations, the ultimate arbiters of the reputation of all artists. Confidently we leave to them the fame of "Tom Thomson, artist and woodsman, who lived humbly but passionately with the wild".

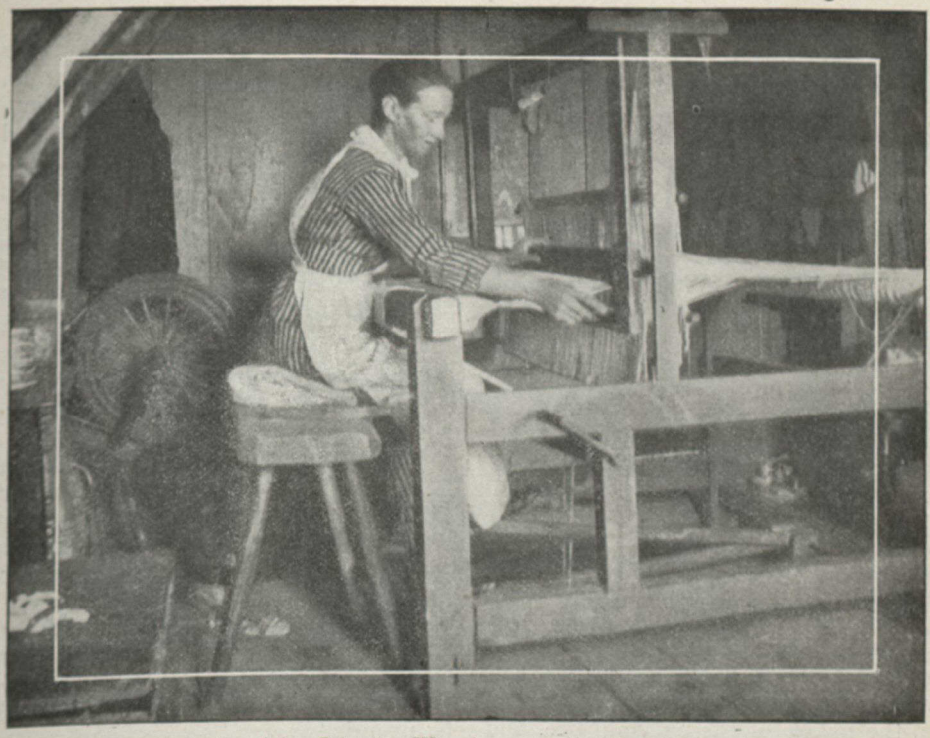
An Eastern Canadian Harvest Scene

WOMEN WORKERS OF CANADA

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

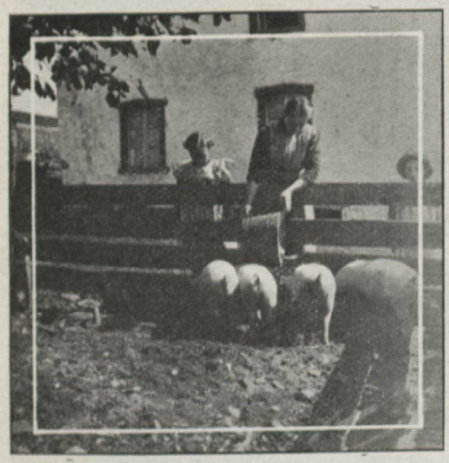
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON

JOURNEYING from one end of Canada to the other, following the jagged lines of extensive sea-coast region around the Bay of Fundy, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Atlantic, the Great Lakes and the Pacific, or striking inland from the purple glens of Cape Breton through the storied land of Evangeline, by New Brunswick towns and villages and those of quaint Quebec and thriving Ontario, over the illimitable prairies of the West, even far into the sub-Arctic northland and in the high eyrie-like home-places of the Rockies, one finds the Canadian woman hard at work producing and conserving everything —doing her best with such material as happens to be at hand in her particular region or which can be brought



A Magdalen Islander Weaving on a hand-made loom

Hoeing Potatoes at Ingonish, Cape Breton

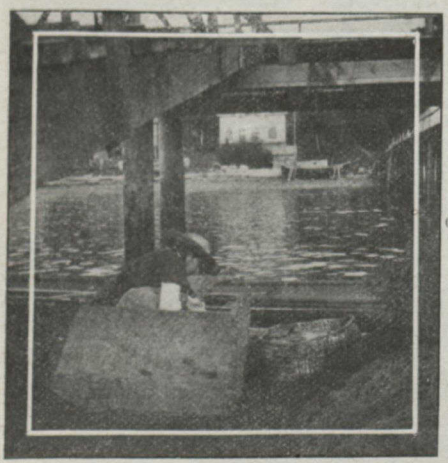


Children Feeding Pigs in Quebec Province

to hand without causing difficulties and upsetting important machinery elsewhere.

The nobility of these women must at this time go largely unsung, but even now it is being indelibly written on the pages of the national life, and a grateful history will fill its archives with thousands of stories of these splendid women of the Dominion, many of whom are, in years, older than Confederation.

Types of these women may be seen in the accompanying photographs gathered from every section of Canada. But the women have further claims than geographic distribution. For, though resident in every section, they likewise represent every race and nationality which finds a home in Canada—English, Scottish, Irish, French, Gael, Russ, Swede, Galician, Ruthenian, even the red Indian woman, is here. And not only every race and nationality, but women receiving and enjoying the comfort of almost every form of religion in all these different tongues are curiously and wonderfully united in one great purpose for the one great cause.



Indian Woman Dressing Salmon in British Columbia

Someone has called these women "Mothers of Canada", because their sweetness, unselfishness and ability typifies all the time-honoured qualities summed up in that glorious word "motherhood". But in these days, when democracy is the high aim of the world, they also represent a vast Canadian sisterhood—a country-wide energy of which any nation might well be proud.

No organization or badge distinguishes this noble army, but they are bound together and their work unified quite unknown to themselves and, perhaps, to many others who have not visualized the country as a whole, by those powerful "phantom wires" which consist of purity of heart to begin with, and end with a clearness of vision amounting almost to "second sight" in their love and hope for Canada—the little mother-sister.

Those women living on or near the coast work with material native to these parts; the woman of the prairie looking from her doorstep over a sea of grain or stubble dotted with groups of cattle, also works with the material at hand. Thus each Canadian woman is *producing* necessaries with the minimum of transportation and doing, in each individual case, the thing which experience has taught her to do and do well.

Many a reader may be inclined to criticize and say, "But they have always done these things. The war has made no difference, they worked in

Knitting

the fish or they knitted socks long before the war; these things are an "old story".

We ourselves have heard this same unfriendly criticism of these lowly folk more than once, and it is quite true that Canadian women were knitting, gardening, spinning, weaving, milking cows, raising motherless lambs by hand, washing and drying codfish, churning, and putting their hand to a thousand equally commonplace duties long before the outbreak of war; and it is to their credit that this was so. When war came they were prepared, and in these channels of work, *their* work, the whole country was *prepared*. We who have learned to knit since the war began in common justice must bow to this great army of women, east and west, whose clicking needles held the trenches in those early days against the German Berthas, while we of the awkward

Hilling Cabbages

squad were being licked into shape on the "knit-one-and-make-two" drill. As with knitting, so with all the other industries referred to. In other words, it rather redounds to the credit of these Canadian women that they had never been caught in the whirlpool of non-essentials in which most of us spent our days before the war. With a clearness of vision, amounting almost to second sight, through all these years of the country's young life, they have clung and are clinging more than ever to essentials and to the simple life, with all its charm. And they stand ready to hand these characteristics down, a crown of beauty, to the Canada of the future.

At the Front it was the old English regiments who had seen long service who first arrived at the firing-line; on the sea it was the long out-of-date sailing vessel that came out of retirement to hold our Atlantic trade and carry Canadian lumber, through zones infected by submarines, to roof the trenches of France. And on the loyal soil of Canada it was the steadfast old-timer, "old-fashioned and out-of-date", and living often in most remote glens and havens, far up in the mountain regions or by some quiet river valley, who knitted and wove and planted potatoes and brought up her daughters on these "war measures". And so when war actually came they were ready, on the moment, to do their "bit".

The preparedness of her women is one of the most marvellous things about Canada in the eyes of the people of the United States. A visitor cannot help being struck by the utter lack of self-consciousness in the strong hardy women encountered in the fishing districts, at work, in all sorts of weather, on the fish. Their greeting is as direct and cordial as that of any hostess in our best homes. Strong, fine women with frank, honest, gentle manners that bid you welcome. Rugged figures that stand out boldly against the gray tones of the drying fish and the up-creeping fog. A people themselves full of trust and confidence, they inspire you with the same. The whole-heartedness with which they go about the task of washing, salting and spreading fish, morning, noon and night, week in and week out, in order that the world's supply of fish—a war-food if there ever was one—may measure up to the greater requirements of these times, is in itself inspiring. A group of them at work upon the great fish stages, against a background of gray sea roughening into white combers under a fresh breeze blowing out from dew clouds overhead, makes a dramatic scene the

A Clam Digger in the Gulf of St. Lawrence

like of which one would expect to find only in the old world; yet here it is, equal in character to Breton coast scenes depicted by the best French artists. And why not? Are not these fisher folk of our Cape Breton shores of the same hardy, courageous stock? All along the Nova Scotia shores remnants of scattered Acadians work side by side with English Royalist and Highland Gael. Even in the far-away Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, ice-bound and cut off from communication with the mainland during all the winter months, the French *habitant* women work in the fish unceasingly, going a step farther than their sisters on the mainland, in that they dig the clams which are used as bait for cod and mackerel, in order that the men may spend longer hours at the actual work of fishing, the Canadian Government having sent out a plea at the beginning of this last fishing season to the fifty thousand fishermen of upper Atlantic coast to fish just *two* hours longer each day in order that the country might meet the war requirements for fish.

The lassie with the Breton cap, standing ankle-deep in water, is one of these women farmers-of-the-sea. With the home-made fork in her hand, which may be taken as the trident of victory, she turns the mud of the ocean bed when the tide is out, working as long as it is safe, unearthing the buried treasures, of which she holds a full basket in her right hand.

When not working at the fish and the clams, as at this time, the Islander betakes herself to the loom in the

Photogra ph by Edith S. Watson

The Milkmaid

attic, and there weaves—*tapis, couverts* and good warm homespun clothes for herself and family—carpet for the floor and blankets to keep out the piercing cold of the island nights. So that these women, beside aiding in the catch, curing and despatch of fish to the mainland, en route to the Front via Halifax, are enabled to make their homes almost self-supporting through their skill at the loom. The wool for the operation of these ponderous home-made machines is grown on the sheep now grazing over there on the smooth rounded slopes of Les Demoiselles.

On a Truck Farm near Winnipeg

Rambling along the cross-lined country roads in rural Quebec one happens on farmhouse after farmhouse in which the habitant women are constantly at work on essentials, constantly producing not one, but almost every necessary of life. Not only the women, but every child of the *grande familee* is brought up on the doctrine of production—brought up to look forward to a life on the farm, believing, as their forebears of old France believed, that "land is the sole source of wealth".

The children, then, of these districts are all farmers in miniature. All the work on a farm that the boy and girl can do with their nimble young bodies it is part of the daily task of the older women to instruct them in. The hired man, no longer to be had, is not missed in districts where the young girls assist the women to feed the young pigs and calves, which are this year being raised in greater numbers than ever. Within the past twelve months, judging by the number seen as against those in previous years, the Quebec women have about doubled the number of porkers in that Province. More cows, too, are being raised to supply food for them. Butter and cheese-making keep the women, young and old, at the churn many hours of each day, and at night there are rugs to be hooked, wool to be carded, spinning to do, socks and jerseys to knit, rugs and cloth and blankets to weave.

The tale is the same along Nova

Scotia and New Brunswick highways. Here along the grassy lanes women, milk-pail in hand, may be seen at evening milking the patient-standing family cows. For where in years before the war there was one cow, there are now three or four to be taken care of, and milked twice daily, for the output of butter and cheese must be increased to take the place of meats. Many of these women are doing work formerly done by men now at the Front, so that in addition to an actual increase in the production of the farms they have also volunteered, in the language of the knitter, to pick up "the dropped stitches". Of course, the great thing about these women is they have all recognized and grasped their *opportunity!* They have all welcomed the stress of the times. They have all given and are giving unstintingly of their life's blood in their men; and they are rising to heights of record-breaking endeavour to fill the depleted ranks on the farm and at the fishing at home. It does the heart good to hear the woman of Grand Pré tell you her record this year for apple-picking.

The charm of these simple folk lies in their unconsciousness. They have not lost in the battle of life their sweet, childlike simplicity. They are not conscious that they are doing anything unusual in all these many extra "jobs" of home, shore and barnyard. Nor has the work as a whole or in part obsessed them. Rather they are wonderfully and beautifully poised. Not a murmuring word, not an impatient motion, not a frown escapes them. No nerves! It is wonderful how the strong, sturdy fibre of the entire British nation lives and glows in these humble folk.

On the coast, tragedy grim and frightful stalks the pathway of every family. It looks the sea-coast fisherwoman in the face from the cradle to the grave. Yet they are not afraid. Why, then, should they be afraid and weak now, in these days when the old foe comes in the new guise of war?

Their indomitable courage has not made our women hard and stern either. Rather where Russian women have formed "Battalions of Death" these home women are forming Canada's "Legions of Life" to save the day. Surely the Canada of the future must be, by reason of its heritage from these mothers, a nation born of their strength.

These peasant women are indeed hardy flowers in Canada's garden of rare souls. At the same time they hang in her national picture gallery as masterpieces. A host of old-world masters would have given much for such subjects as are found here, scattered over the great stretches of sea-coast regions. Take the women digging potatoes in a field at Ingonish, Cape Breton, in the late afternoon of an autumn day. Nowhere on this continent except in Canada could one have happened on a scene which composed itself into such a perfect pastoral—with the water and opposite shore for background. These women are not posed, but are working just as the artist happened to come upon them.

Here is the real history of certain sections of our country, in picture form, far more accurate than any mere written history could ever be. You see by the bend in their backs and the action in their arms that this is not the first time or the first season these women have planted and dug potatoes. Their tools, too, are homemade, just as the loom and the clam-fork of the other women are homemade. See their earnest faces! The grace of their bending figures breathes of skill and work accomplished. Looking at them, you feel assurance creeping into your soul, for as long as the country has such women for her mainstay, starvation by our enemies seems a long way off.

The moment this fall when at a turn in the road during a tramping trip through Cape Breton we happened on the two gleaners shown herewith, the mask of modern-life-and-

A Modern Evangeline
Codfish Drying in the Sun

society fell as if by magic from our faces. Not the twentieth century, not Canada, lay before us, but Old Testament days and lands. Yet Millet, too, and France were here, before us, in this happy pair of hard-working modern Acadian women. The motive of this pastoral scene lacks the rugged strength of the potato-diggers, but it has a natural grace and sweetness and a certain fragrance of womanliness that gives it a new and different charm, for these women had about them the unmistakable quality of a delightful femininity that was enhanced by the tawny colours of waving grain, by the red-brown mud of the shores, and by the light veil of mist that enveloped the distant mountains.

From these women doing their war work so gracefully as to appear artists in concealing all appearance of real labour it is a far cry to the Indian woman, or *kloochman*, of the Pacific coast, and yet the Indian woman

out there on the shores edged by the wilderness, paddling ashore in her canoe, with the dug-out full of splendid salmon, is also a sister in war work. When salmon runs are short, as they are this year, every fish counts. Some of the Indian woman's salmon goes at once to the canneries, but more frequently one happens on her shawl-enveloped figure squatting silently beside a heap of fish, splitting and preparing them between sticks for the smoking process. This woman by her work keeps the entire family supplied with winter food, and by so doing allows her lord to dispose of the best of his catch to the canneries putting up war food.

The Indian woman is a knitter, too. For some of them have sons at the Front, several of whom have already made the supreme sacrifice, along with their white brothers.

Since 1914 Canada has produced all sorts of surprises, both to herself and the outside world. Not the least of these is her magnificent army of women workers. Home-keeping, home-loving women who have accepted the innovation of war and its strenuous demands on both strength and ability as a mere matter of course.

This great army of working women, the real busy bees of the hive, represent the true pulse of the country from the food-producing point of view. By increased effort, so finely and evenly adjusted that it was almost imperceptible, they have helped to make Canada competent to meet the great demands of the commissariat department of the overseas army and to keep down the home prices even as low as they have been kept. They have adjusted all other additional burdens so well that the output of food has steadily risen without signs of weariness or fatigue showing on any face.

In many cases the Canadian women are teaching their older children how to raise little farm animals—goats, pigs, sheep and calves—of their own.

Instead of playing with store-bought toys, children have reverted to the old-time rag doll or to a doll or a warship or a fishing-smack carved out of a log of firewood. Remote nurseries, east and west, are full of treasures of this sort. The women themselves are sweeping their rooms and porches and barnyards with home-made *arbor vitae* brooms. All of these things, though trifles in themselves, have a deep significance for the nation. It shows that even the women in the humblest circumstances are neither neglecting their children nor overlooking the urgent need of bright, clean homes in these dark times of war. Little sons and daughters of such mothers are stepping of their own accord into war work on the fish, in the berry and fruit-picking, in weeding and light hoeing, in feeding chickens and pigs, in driving out cows in the morning and bringing them in at night. Even in the home cooking they are allowed to take a hand, in turn, so that the mother may superintend the other children at some out-of-door work with hay or fish or stock, each one doing his or her "bit" to swell the ranks of Canada's food army. These children are the men and women of to-morrow, and their mothers, in giving them some training, and in sparing a moment here and there out of the busy day to it, are bringing up "reserves". For with foresight amounting almost to inspiration, with piercing, seeing eyes, these peasant women are gazing into the "crystal" of the future, confident that whatever befalls, this great and growing country will always need food, need it in ever-widening directions and in ever greater degrees. This spirit dominates not only the fisher-folk of the Maritime Provinces, the habitants of Quebec, and the farmers of Ontario, but it influences as well the new settlers upon the prairies in the even more mysterious regions farther westward towards the setting sun.

INDIA AND THE WAR

BY GEORGE W. AUSTEN

EARLY in the war, one of the members of the Indian National Congress, Surendro Nath Banerjea, moved that the Congress "proclaim to the Kaiser and to the enemies of England that behind the British army was the Indian people, who as one man would defend the Empire and die for it". Before the war, the National Congress had agitated against British rule, and some of its members were virtual revolutionaries. Its loyalty to the Empire in the crisis has been typical of India.

From the native states, with no feudal obligations to the British rulers of India, to the Anglo-Saxon communities of Calcutta and Bombay, there has been a solid support of the British cause in the war. Instead of being a liability, India has been a big, and increasing asset, a reservoir of unexpected resources. Aid in men and money has been on a scale quite comparable to the efforts of the white Dominions, notwithstanding that, previous to the war, the policy of the Delhi Administration had been to discourage native ambitions for military organization. What India has given, has been contributed either by native free-will, or by the decision of the Indian Government, advised by the Viceroy's council, which contains nineteen native Indians. In the great crisis, Britain has not put coercive pressure on its great dependency of 315,000,000 beings. Germany would not have scrupled to organize India on a vast scale, getting perhaps 10,000,000 soldiers out of it, but, as the world has reason to know, British and German methods are quite different.

What has India contributed? Sir Francis Younghusband vouches the assertion that if, at the outbreak of war, 70,000 Indian troops had not been thrown into the breach in Flanders "in all probability our troops in Flanders would not have been able to stay the German onrush, and our brave little army would have been swept off the Continent". The Indian field and heavy artillery, paid for out of India's revenue, was hurried to France to fill a most urgent need for modern guns. It was a precious asset. The Indian contingents in Flanders fought at Ypres, Hollebeke, Festubert, La Bassee and Neuve Chapelle. Later they were transferred to Egypt, aiding in repelling the Turk invasion, then were sent to the Gallipoli peninsula, then to Mesopotamia. Indian troops conducted the fighting in East Africa until General Smuts brought over his South African veterans. Indian troops helped to reduce Tsingtau, Germany's possession in China. Up to the end of 1915, India had sent abroad twenty-eight regiments of cavalry and 124 regiments of infantry. No definite figures of recent reinforcements are available, but at least 200,000 more men have been provided, making in all perhaps 500,000. The sacrifice of blood for the British "raj" has not been light. In September, 1915, King George had occasion to telegraph the Viceroy his appreciation of the "passionate devotion expressed both by my Indian subjects

and by the Feudatory Princes and Ruling Chiefs of India, and their prodigal offers of their lives and their resources in the cause of the Realm." Many times since such appreciations have been warmly repeated.

It may be thought that half a million men from a vast conglomeration of 315,000,000 people, filling a country as big and varied as a Continent, is comparatively small. But the policy of the Government of India before the war confined recruiting to the "fighting races"—the Sikh, the Pathan and the Gurkha. These fighting races form a very small part of the total population. The masses of Hindoos are not at all warlike, in disposition or physique. The Indian natives have been forbidden to wear arms, or hold semi-military gatherings. Indians have not been allowed commissions in the Indian army. There being no reserve of native officers, the organization of fresh units was difficult, because white officers were all being utilized. India's standing army, on a peace basis, was supposed to be 160,000 men. However, since the war, recruiting in the Punjab alone has been 200,000 men. Companies of Bengali infantry have been raised, and Burmese pioneers. Of the 600 Native States, twenty-seven sent Imperial Service contingents out of their own resources. These contingents have served abroad in in campaigns, and have been steadily reinforced.

The Native States contain about 71,000,000 people, and the largest of them is Hyderabad. Why have the princes of these States been so ready to assist those who are, after all, "foreign masters" of India? Because, as they have expressed it on many occasions, they recognize the fairness of British rule, the desire to deal justice to all, the guarantee to them of peace and security. Masters in their own realms, they do not fail to understand the forbearance of the British "masters" in not interfering with their domestic affairs. Many of these princes have served on British staffs. On the Western front, the figure of Sir Pertab Singh was familiar. The gifts of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Maharaja of Mysore, the Maharaja of Gwalior, and many others, in airplanes, hospitals and equipment have been princely.

Public opinion is said to be ripe for a considerable expansion in military organization. Notwithstanding that the Government of India, out of its limited revenues, has paid the expenses of troops retained in India—it has paid the expenses of the Indian troops abroad up to an amount equivalent to its regular military outlay. It has floated a loan of $500,000,000 to aid the British treasury. On the peace basis the annual cost of the military establishment was about $100,000,000. This burden was a theme of complaint at every session of the National Congress. The Congress insisted that the British Treasury should share the expense, since the British forces in India "were required by the exigencies of British supremacy and British policy in the East". But now India is willing to shoulder heavier burdens, on behalf of the Empire. One of the native members of the Viceroy's council has proposed an Indian militia. He asks: Why should not India, having shown its loyalty, be allowed to organize larger forces?

Concessions and reforms, looking to such an end, are asked by leading Indian intellectuals interested in political progress:

1. Trust India.

2. Improvement in the conditions of enlistment and service for Indian officers and men; their pay, pensions and prospects.

3. Remove the colour or religious bar for Indians in their own country; open commissions on equal terms with white officers; open the military academies, and develop a type of native officer socially and intellectually responsible.

4. Re-examine recruiting fields, not on the old caste basis, but in the light of new class evolution.

5. Put the responsibility for the defence of India more on the citizens of

India, and less on the frontier tribes. Create imperial service troops in British India, with their own artillery.

6. Make India self-contained in rifle-factories, powder plants, and munitions.

7. Create a limited Indian navy on the Australian plan, to make future Emden raids impossible.

Obviously, such a sweeping recasting of the status of India under the Crown needs much careful thought. In view of India's proven loyalty, and splendid war service, the British Government has already decided to make large concessions along political lines, allowing Indians a much larger share and voice in the Government of India. The object is the eventual passage to complete selfgovernment on lines similar to those on which Canadian and Australian partnership in the Empire is founded. To start with the creation of large native military organizations, under native leadership and with native equipment plants, without adequate political development and responsibility, might be putting the cart before the horse. Loyal though the bulk of educated and uneducated Indians are, revolutionaries are still at work in India, and risk of sedition must be eliminated.

It is true that India's loyalty has stood severe tests. When Turkey went into the war, as an ally of Germany, some apprehension was felt as to the attitude of the 60,000,000 Mohammedans in India. The appeal of Islam was feared. But the Osmanli failed to seduce their co-religionists. The manifestoes of the Nizam of Hyderabad and of the Aga Khan exposed German trickery and Enver Bey's duplicity. The British gave assurances that they would not attack the Holy Places in Arabia, that they intended no intervention in the Caliphate, and would not annex Egypt, which is regarded as Mohammedan territory. Revolutionary outbreaks occurred at Lahore, and in frontier districts. The Germans sought to create disaffection through Afghanistan, but the Ameer of that country stood firmly by his British friends in the Persian disorders. In Chicago recently, trials of Indian conspirators proved the German hand very clearly. It has been proved that, immediately before the outbreak of war, German consuls in Asia financed the Komataga Maru incident at Vancouver, to excite Indian feeling. The mutiny of the Fifth Indian Light Infantry at Singapore was instigated by a revolutionary, Har Dayal, who at one time published a Hindoo paper in Canada, called *The Ghadr* (The Mutiny) He was paid by Berlin. Notwithstanding many intense efforts to create rebellion in India, it stood fast with Britain in the crisis. Can it be trusted in the future? The visit to it of Mr. Montagu, the British Secretary for India, who is framing a scheme of partial self-government, says "Yes".

Undoubtedly, India has earned in this war very different status in the Empire. At the last Imperial Conference, Sir Robert Borden moved that representatives of India be invited on the same footing as the Dominions' representatives. Recently the Secretary for India has added a native Indian to his Council. Lord Morley's reforms provided many years ago for the election of native Indians to the Viceroy's Council. Mr. Montagu promises wider concessions. The ideal of the moderate Nationalists of India—the few millions of educated Indians—is for autonomy within the Empire. In his book on Indian Nationalism, the Calcutta Nationalist, Bipin Chandra Pal, exclaims "British rule in India is not based on superior physical strength, but on the sufferance of the ruled. We wish to be ruled by England, therefore England rules us easily. Responsible statesmen know that India was not won by the sword, is not ruled by the sword, and can never be kept by the sword. Our destiny is autonomy within the Empire."

The warmth of Indian support to British connection and the war is the more striking when compared with the coldness and apathy exhibited in the South African war. Lord Hardinge's

conciliatory policy brought about better feelings. He had to fight against prejudices by the Civil Service, the bureaucracy of 100,000 officials who practically rule India, but he accomplished much. The manifest justice of the Allies cause in the war, Germany's cruel, heartless treatment of Belgium, the murderous warfare on the seas, and the conviction that if Germany triumphed, India would suffer in common with all other peoples, appealed strongly to India's heart and intellect. The native Princes have often dwelt upon the great change in their secure position if Britain were to succumb to German might.

When King George was in India, in one of his speeches he said, "I leave you a legacy of hope," meaning that Indian aspirations for a large degree of self-rule would come eventually, as India showed capacity to undertake it. The war is fast hastening this development. After the war, the British Dominions will be faced by the grave problem of readjusting themselves to the new conditions caused by the upspringing of the new Imperial partner.

THE SONG SPARROW

By CHARLES BARLTROP

I KNOW a winsome bird in gray
Who shrills a treble glee;
His summer life from day to day
Is one sweet jubilee.

Upstarting from the bladed wheat,
Or dewy clover blow,
He preens his feathers pleat by pleat,
And pipes his piccolo.

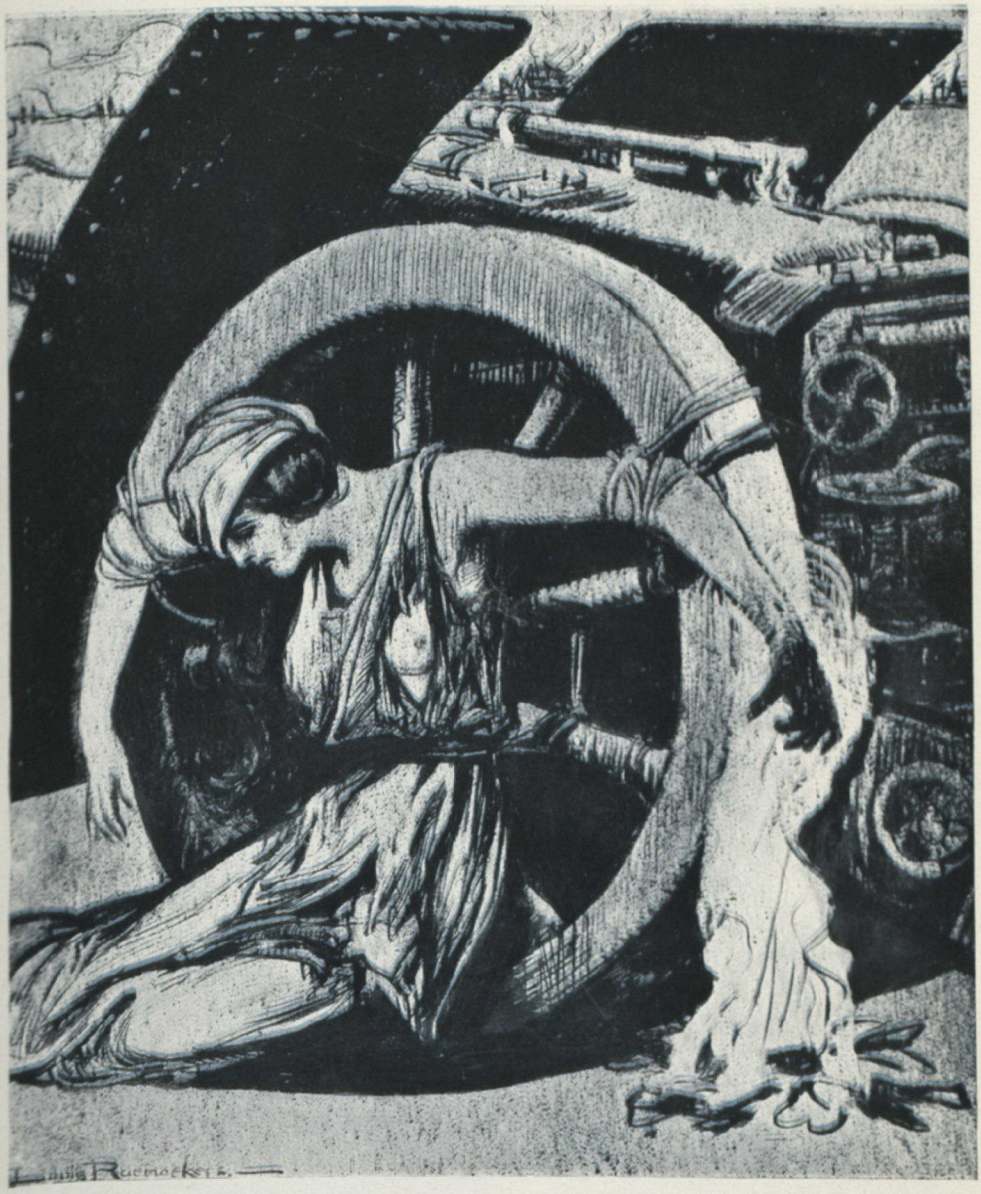
With preludes for the morning flowers
And matins for the sun,
And vespers for the twilight hours,
His daily course is run.

For him 'tis paradise in spring,
To perch upon a spray
Where aspen leaves are shimmering,
And chant his time away.

When he attacks his proudest note,
Raised to his puny height,
With lifted head and swelling throat,
He puts forth all his might.

Oft as I hear him in the fields,
His elfin notes employ,
Some new sensation starts and yields
An added thrill to joy.

So strewing thus the summer wind
With strains of artless bliss,
He leaves a sweetness that the mind
Could ill afford to miss.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

PRUSSIANISM AND CIVILIZATION

THE GRIM ADVENTURE

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

HERE was a great stir of feeling throughout Yorkshire when it was known that Nevinson, the hero of many highway escapades, lay in gaol awaiting the carrying out of the death sentence passed on him at York Assizes. The timid folk, and those who went abroad with swollen purses, were devoutly thankful; but there was grief among the poor; and the gallants, who loved a brave and clean adventurer who was ready every day to play at dice with the fate of the open road, were resolved that if wit of man could help him out of this dire escapade he should be set free to ride the countryside once more.

Six of these gallants were gathered in a snug and pleasant hostelry tonight, discussing the wildest schemes of rescue and finding none that satisfied them. So at last they sent for another dozen of claret, to help their wits; and, while the host was busying herself in the cellars, a dapper, round-faced man stepped in and greeted them with cheery friendship.

"I've had the devil of a day," he said, shaking the wet from him into the big roomy hearth. "All York seems to have ailments of one sort or another—from my lady's megrim to a man I've just attended for hurts taken in a drunken brawl. My throat's as dry as a lime-kiln."

"Oh, be easy, doctor," laughed young Slingsby, his nephew. "We've just ordered up two coopers of claret."

"That would do a lot to slake my thirst, Will; but there are six of you to share it with me. My throat is a bucket longing for the well."

Slingsby, best-loved of the Yorkshire doctors—because he was so human, so full of charity, and skill, and honest sentiment—began to stride up and down the room. "It is not the work that troubles me," he said, halting again to dry his soaked great-coat at the hearth. "All day long this business of Nevinson's has weighed me down like lead."

"We were talking of him, doctor, just as you came in."

"All York is talking of him. The city knows him for—for a gentleman. The word is much mis-used these days. Any pilfering tradesman makes his ill-gotten gains, and purchases his gentility; but Nevinson is a knight of the old, happy breed. He robs fat, greasy purses only. He feeds his poor—my journeys take me into squalid rookeries, friends, and I know how he feeds his poor, with a laugh that is better than his alms-giving. There's talk to-day among them of a riot in the city to rescue Nevinson; but I warned them it would only end in prison for themselves, and no good done to anyone."

"But the man cannot swing at the end of a rope, doctor," broke in a gray elder of the company. "I protest that so good a fellow shall not be put to the indignity of dangling toes."

"Life's a brick wall at times," said Slingsby, taking a leisurely pinch of

snuff. "If it's to be for poor Nevinson—well, it must be. But I'm in evil temper, friends, and so I tell you. I knew the man's father, and watched the lad grow up. They tried to force him on to a stool in a merchant's office, thinking he cared for broadcloth and smooth ease. They missed always—his dull parents—the eager light in his eyes, and the dancing blood in his veins. So he took to the fine adventure of the road, and carried it with gallantry. Heigho! I feel like one preaching a funeral oration. He never wronged a woman on the highway, but sped them safe through dangerous ways. The children loved him. Poor Dick!"

The host came bustling in with relays of claret. Slingsby took a brimmer from his nephew's hands and drained it with copious ease and leisure that was gift of his.

"It puzzles me to know who sells good claret, gentlemen," he said, setting down his glass. "If I were a wine-merchant I should keep all my stock for private use. It warms the body; it stirs the pulse; it clears the head and the body. Yet if that poet came, he would rob me of half my practice here in York. They would go to the wine-merchant instead for physic."

They laughed with him, for they knew this staunch, gray-headed man for one who liked to talk at large when the day's work was over, but not a moment sooner.

Again the host bustled in and glanced at Slingsby with quiet dread of the intrusion.

"There's a message from the gaol, sir. The doctor there is ill of fever, so they say, and you're needed to tell them what to do."

"Tell them I'll come when I'm through with your cooper of claret, host," said Slingsby as he passed his glass forward for another measure. "Tell them to whistle for me, in brief, until I've had my share of well-earned ease."

When the host had gone Slingsby's face lost all its look of old age. He was a boy again, alert, with the sense of adventure that had kept his heart alive for sixty years.

"This gives me entry to the gaol," he said, "and once in, I shall find ways and means to see Will Nevinson. Bless the rascal! His head was never near a halter yet but he found help come to him in need."

Slingsby tarried awhile lest he showed too great eagerness on an errand that needed a cool nerve and steady head; but, from the moment that he reached the gaol-doctor's house and was admitted by the servant-maid, his way was made easy for him, as if fate played into his hands.

"I'm glad you've come, Doctor Slingsby," sobbed the maid. "Master's as ill as ill can be, and they say he may be sickening for gaol-fever. Lord help us if it is, for they tell me it kills all and sundry in the house that shares it."

When Slingsby went up to the bedchamber he found his patient as the maid had pictured him, so far as illness went; but a glance at his face, yellow as guinea, told plainly what the malady was.

"Why, it's jaundice, man," said Slingsby, "and your maid was all for making me believe it gaol-fever."

"She would," assented the other. "If a sheep meets her in the road she thinks it a bull run mad and gets into the nearest hedge to hide. It is jaundice, Slingsby, and I'm treating it as well as my taste for the bottle will allow—but I sent for you to ask if you'd see to my duties in the gaol. Your hands are full enough, I know, but you're a friend of long-standing and I've grown to love my prisoners. There's Nat Waddilove, who cannot for the life of him keep out of prison. The dull routine of life does not suffice, though he's the best-hearted lad I know; and now he's down with some queer nervous ailment that makes him weak as a baby."

"Too little fresh air, and too many rats to keep him company o' night.

For myself, I should go mad if they confined me in one of those damp, pestilential cells."

"That's how it is, Slingsby. I get as fond of these rascals as if they were a family of mine. They need better housing, better food; and I'm up on my hobbyhorse again, in spite of jaundice. Yes, but I read your thoughts."

When Slingsby left his patient he admonished him by all rules of medicine to adjure wine of any sort until the yellow left his face; but he turned at the door to remind him that if the sickness worried him too long, a couple of bottles of port, taken near bedtime, had been known to drive out worse maladies.

Slingsby, once inside the gaol itself, went about his business quietly. He saw to Nat Waddilove and the other invalids who had been recommended to his skill. Then he turned to the gaoler, who had accompanied him through his errands to the different cells.

"You've a prisoner named William Nevinson?" he asked.

"I have, sir; a most distinguished prisoner—the terror of all nightroads for a score of miles round York."

"You're a man of discretion, I take it—can share a confidence, and keep a close tongue about it? Well, then, your doctor here tells me he has seen much of Nevinson these late days."

"May be; may be not, Dr. Slingsby. What of it?"

"Just this, man. Your doctor is ill. I suspect gaol-fever, and I need to see how it fares with Nevinson."

The gaoler took a step backward.

"Good lord, sir, you needn't take the thing so easily. Gaol-fever runs like fire and brimstone through a place. We may be dead of it, we two, before to-morrow."

"Not quite as soon as that," said the other gently. "It is a little more leisurely in its operation, but surer for its slowness."

"Then what are we to do, doctor?"

"Avoid panic, first of all."

"Of course, sir," said the gaoler with tremulous haste.

"Take me to this Nevinson. If there are mulberry spots about his wrists as large as the tip of one's little finger—"

"That will mean death to us all?" broke in the other.

"Oh, you're like the doctor's maid-servant, all a-twitter with your dread of gaol-fever. If Nevinson is stricken, he'll need a bed made up in some dry, convenient out-house, so the contagion shall not spread. I'll see to that, if you're afraid of pestilence."

"My father died of it, sir; and man is only human, after all."

"Then take me to the prisoner's cell and unlock the door and run for your life, gaoler. I take risks of this sort every day that comes."

"It's your trade, doctor—but it was never mine," said the other, as he led Slingsby between two lines of barred cells and unlocked a door on the right hand and departed with great haste.

Slingsby glanced down the corridor to make sure that the gaoler was not loitering in his panic, then he slipped inside and saw a quick smile of welcome greet him from Nevinson, who was killing flies and vermin in his cell for lack of other sport.

"Why, doctor, what brings you here? Oh, not so grave a face, old friend. Time and again I've been within an ace of that wonderful adventure known as the hereafter, but you know how luck runs with me."

"I have reason to be grave, Will. Your pulse a moment—and now your tongue—yes, there is reason to be grave . I want to break the news gently to you, lad."

Nevinson laughed—the old, light-hearted laugh that went with him on all occupations, whether he were robbing the over-wealthy, succouring the poor or contemplating the near arrival of the hangman.

"I should be hardened to all news, sir, at this date. The gaoler was in an hour ago, and he said he was sorry

to be parting with me just so soon—for he liked me—but the affair was fixed for this day week, he understood. He added that the hangman was known to be skilled at his trade, and there would be no bungling, so there was something to be thankful for."

Slingsby was astounded by this man's courage in disaster. It had no taint of the tinsel and the theatre about it, such as attached to Dick Turpin and other frowsy cut-purses who haunted London's outskirts and posed as heroes of romance. Great strength of body and mind, a boy's heart beating always for the night-roads and the clean adventure, a poet's faith in the luck of this world and the next—these, it seemed to Slingsby, made Will Nevinson a man well worth the saving.

"All your symptoms point to gaol-fever," he said with the same grave, professional calm. "Your body is weak, so that you tremble and totter as you pace your cell. Your head is ice one moment, and on fire the next. You have delusions, sudden fears that start out at you from hidden corners."

"To be exact, sir, I give the lie to all your symptoms. The rats bother me, and lack of fresh air."

"Be quiet, Will. If you haven't this mixed bag of symptoms you must learn them all by rote."

"I have no notion of your meaning, sir—but I'll learn them all, if you'll promise me the right prescription."

"Oh, that's granted, lad. What do you need?"

Will Nevinson made a quiet reckoning of the weeks he had spent in prison, and the dumb, unsufficing taste of cold water to wash down his meals. "Three coopers of claret for a beginning; and then a dozen or so of port; and, after that, if the fever settles in and nothing else will daunt it, you will order brandy, sir. Abstinence is not good for me."

"It never was good for any hale, full-blooded man, Will. You shall have your liquor in three days, if you will be obedient and keep quiet."

As Nevinson listened to instructions and realized the whole grim flavour of the jest, a smile that was good to see broke and rippled round his big charitable mouth.

"I always had the luck, sir," he said. "The scheme would be perfect but for one particular."

"And what may that be, Will?"

"Three days are long in passing when one is thirsty, and from my knowledge of gaol-fever, it is essential that the patient has good liquor to give his strength a fair chance of recovery."

"Out on you for a rascal," laughed Slingsby; "but I'll see to your physic, as to other matters. D'ye remember that port I have in my cellar—the stuff we drank just before you rode out on the confounded adventure that brought you here?"

"Remember it? As one remembers the eyes of one's lady or the fragrance of a herb-garden. It made poetry of this dull world."

"It shall make poetry again to-night, lad. Just borrow my snuff-box and take a pinch when you're impatient. To be sure, you've had a long captivity."

Slingsby, when he had said farewell and reached the end of the long corridor, encountered the gaoler, fingering a bunch of keys with nervous trepidation.

"Well, doctor, is it the fever?"

"It is—and virulent. Get a warm bed ready in some convenient outhouse, as I warned you. I go to see the governor of the gaol."

He found the governor at home in the snug house that seemed remote from the broken lives and the damp, rat-ridden cells so near at hand, and he found his welcome chilled when he explained his errand.

"You would like to see the prisoner, no doubt?" said Slingsby suavely, as if he invited him to a supper-party or some other pleasantry.

"It is not necessary—not necessary at all, sir."

"But prudent, from my point of view. The doctor of the gaol is ill, as you know, and his deputy must needs be circumspect. The prisoner will die, in all likelihood, before three days are out. He may last for a week, and by one chance in a thousand may recover. I would prefer that you come with me to see him now, before the risk of infection grows—grows with the spread of the mulberry spots on wrists and arms."

"I like you as a friend, Slingsby," said the governor drily, "and all York admires your skill in physic. You shall have my full sanction to deal with the patient on your own responsibility."

"Very well. And in case the worst happens, the body will be my perquisite, of course, to take away for dissection at my leisure?"

"How cold-blooded you men of science are," said the governor, with a laugh that broke through all his impending fear of gaol-fever. "Here's Nevinson, a gay, romantic figure in York's life—a lad I had a fondness for since I used to sup with his father and young Will was brought in to entertain us—and you think no more of him than of a body to cut about with knives."

"In the interest of humanity, believe me."

"Oh, to be sure! My own humanity led me to move heaven and earth in high quarters to obtain a reprieve for him. And now I'm glad poor Will is dying in the course of nature; it's a death more merciful than the other, because there's no shame attaching to it."

"Why do you grudge me his body afterwards?" asked Slingsby, dry and debonair. "There is urgent need that those in my profession should learn more of the workings of this fever, and I cheerfully take all risk of handling the body."

"Because I like him—because I would have saved him, if I could—because there's a heart in my body, Slingsby."

"Of all the body's organs, the heart hinders progress most. It is always beating too fast or too slowly. Its impulses shorten life, because they go from heat to cold with vehemence and speed. Give me a cool dissecting-room and the quiet mind of science and knowledge of the human frame work."

"Each to his trade, Slingsby," said the governor as they parted at the door. "I thought you human once, but now I doubt it."

That evening Slingsby came to the gaol with a bag, which he unpacked as soon as he was alone with Nevinson in the out-house shunned by all and sundry. He painted the highwayman's wrists and arm-pits a rich mulberry colour—in case there were folk about the gaol, he explained, who were not cowards and who came prying. And then he brought out two bottles of port, with the cobwebs clinging to them.

"You're a dying man, remember, if any random fool comes in to rouse you, Will."

"I begin to live, sir," said Nevinson, with the random laugh that never would be daunted in this world or the next. "Open both bottles, by your leave, and I'll find the drowsiness that is the worst symptom of my case."

They opened both bottles and drank together in great security, because they had the finest sentry at the out-house door—fear of contagion, that stills the weaklings' hearts. And three days later Slingsby claimed his perquisite, the body of Will Nevinson, and had it carried to the building in his own garden which he used as laboratory and dissecting-room.

And all the decent folk of York were sorry, because Will Nevinson—they knew it now that they thought him dead—had been a beacon for them, lighting the drab routine of everyday life.

In the mean streets that Nevinson had dowered with his bounty there was sorrow for his passing; and there was grief, too, in the big houses where men gathered after the day's hunting

to praise the laughter, the courage and quick wit of this outlaw who, to his finger-tips, was knightly and a cavalier.

As for Nevinson himself, he suffered some inconvenience during the short journey between the gaol and Doctor Slingsby's garden; for the burly rascals who had been willing, at a price, to shoulder a coffin with gaol-fever inside it had primed themselves so well for the ordeal that they stumbled at every other step. Once housed in the laboratory, however, and the door locked against intrusion, hardship was ended.

"Did I drive holes enough in the coffin to give you air, Will?" laughed Slingsby, when he had released the prisoner.

"Too many, sir. I feared the bearers would hear me choke with laughter as I lay inside it. Of all the droll things that ever happened to me, this is the oddest."

"It is true what they say of you in York," said Slingsby, with a glance that was paternal in its tenderness. "If an earthquake opened under your feet, you'd make a jest of it."

"That is the right way to meet peril of all kinds, surely. One would be afraid if no jest came."

"Sound wisdom, lad—sound wisdom. And now we'll get to supper."

A pleasant meal was set on a table given over in working hours to more serious pursuits; and when it neared its end Nevinson glanced curiously about him and saw a great cupboard standing near the door.

"What d'ye keep in there, sir?" he asked with lazy curiosity.

Slingsby crossed to the cupboard and opened the wide doors. Six skeletons, nicely poised, grinned their welcome to the lamplight.

"That's as you might have been by-and-by, Will, if I'd not been fond of you."

"The thing is outrageous, sir," protested Nevinson. "There's a skeleton in the cupboard of every house, one knows—but six is a large allowance for a man of such excellent repute."

"Oh, I shall never bring you into the quiet fold of respectability. Between ourselves, I shall never bring myself. When you ride out to-night, Will—there's a trim mare of my own waiting for you at the gate—put this box of mulberry paint into the skirt of your riding-coat."

"But why, sir, now the danger's past?"

"Because you'll go forever running your neck into the noose. If in danger, lad, paint your whole face a ripe purple colour, and say it's gaol-fever. It never shows in the face, but only my profession knows as much—and you've learned already that the fever is like a company of horse about a man, to guard him. And, Will," he added, laying a quiet hand on his shoulder, "through all the devilments to come, remember one old man who loves you like the son I never had."

Within the week news spread that Nevinson's ghost had been encountered at lonely cross-roads, mounted on a horse as slight and filmy as himself. In the after-life, as in this, he showed himself never at all to the poor and derelict, except to help them forward on their journey; but to the rich he was a spectre that menaced them with a fury not of this world. My lord—who yesterday was a yokel, as York counts yesterdays—was robbed of everything he had, except his chaise-and-two. Fat aldermen, sleek with good-feeding and time-serving, would yield purse and all to this phantom highwayman whom they knew for dead, and dissected, and safely buried in the doctor's garden—what was left of him. And none questioned, in the midst of panic, what need a ghost had for this world's guineas.

THE AGONY OF FRANCE

BY THE REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

FOUR hundred years ago the Duke of Alva carried the Spanish Inquisition into northern France and southern Belgium. In the hope of breaking the spirit of these conquered people, this monster invoked the aid of mechanics for devising instruments of torture. One of those instruments was called the Painted Lady, who opened her arms to embrace the victim, but upon her lips was a secret poison that turned the boy in his strength and the girl in her beauty into victims smitten with a horrible death. In the hall of the Inquisition the Duke of Alva installed iron boots, the thunb-screw, the rack, instruments for blinding the eyes and tearing the tongue and closing the breath, while the fiery oven waited the man of conviction who refused to recant. Nearly four centuries have passed since the Spanish Inquisitors were expelled from Arras and Ypres. Cruel men who fled, leaving the instruments of torture behind them. It is said by the fugitives who escaped upon the approach of the Germans that the rulers of these cities upon the approach of the invading army, carried from the museum these devilish instruments, lest their presence suggest some form of torture to the German soldiers. This forethought, alas, alas, was all in vain. The inquisitors were children in the art of cruelty. The history of pain holds no agony like the agony of France—unless it be Belgium. To find any adequate symbol of the anguish of the people of the devastated regions we must go back to the Man of Calvary. By way of Gethsemane, the bitter cup, the bloody sweat, Jesus came to His cross, leaving two miles of stones reddened with His own blood. But beautiful France walked like a tortured angel of beauty along a Via Dolorosa that stretched from Switzerland and Verdun to Rheims and Lens and Arras, even to the English sea. "Into the woods the Master went, and He was clean forespent; forespent with grief and pain." Unprepared for attack, having no plan of hate in her heart, asking only to be let alone, her peasants, her painters, her poets and her philosophers, her merchants and her bankers, were startled out of their peaceful industry by the growl of enemy cannon, thundering upon the horizon, and by the spectacle of a cruel and merciless beast that, like a vampire, leaped upon the white flesh of her women and her little children.

All men love their native land, but the Frenchman's love has a unique quality. The patriotism of the Englishman is undemonstrative. The Britisher surrounds his home and his garden with a high brick wall, conceals his finer feelings from his closest friends, and when he enters his club on Pall Mall and disappears beyond the threshhold the door is closed upon a tomb. The American's patriotism is largely academic; national safety through isolation breeds contempt for danger. The time was when his love of country was vociferous on

the Fourth of July, but the enthusiasm has died down, until he is now ready to extinguish even a firecracker. The occasional speaker deals in historical statements about the four wars fought by our country. But the Frenchman's love of country has a tender, gentle, wooing note. He speaks of La Belle France as Dante spoke of Beatrice, as Petrarch spoke of Laura, and the name of France lingers upon his lips as music trembles in the air after the song is sung. The reason, doubtless, is found in the fact that the French people have carved the hillsides and smoothed the valleys and adorned the ridges and mountains with vineyards, until the whole land is a thing of radiant beauty. It is love that has made France beautiful just as the lark, after completing the nest, makes it soft and warm by pulling the down out of her own bosom. The French people love France as an artist loves his own canvas, as Bellini loved the missal he had illuminated, and as that young architect loved the little Roslyn chapel, upon whose delicate capitals he had lavished his very soul. Would you have an emblem of France in the month of June, with her wide, fat valleys, her green pastures, and the hillsides up which the pines climbed in serried regiments? If so, take a great robe of green velvet lying loosely on the floor, the creases and velvet ridges answering to the rivers and the valleys and the hills, and then fling a handful of rubies, pearls and sapphires down, so that these gems will lie within the creases as the lovely French cities at the foot of the hills, and beside the rivers, and you have France, the beautiful; France, the mother of the modern arts and sciences; France, full of sweetness and light; that France concerning which Heinrich Heine exclaimed, "Oh, France, thou daughter of beauty! Thy name is culture!"

For forty years the two great enemies of farms and towns and cities have been fire, flood and earthquake. Witness the city of St. Pierre. An interior explosion blew off the cap of the mountain, and a flood of gas poured down upon the lovely city, asphyxiated the citizens and left not one house standing. Witness that mighty convulsion in San Francisco that brought thousands of bricks crashing down in ruins. Witness the fire in Chicago that turned the great city into twisted iron and ashes. In New Zealand there is a lake called Avernus, the birdless lake. Poisonous gases rise from the black flood of water, and soon the lark with its song, and the eagle with its flight, fall into the poisonous flood. But all these images are quite inadequate to explain the desolation, the devastation of France upon the retreat of the Germans. About forty miles north of Paris, one strikes the ruined region. Then hour after hour passes, while with slow movement and breaking heart one journeys 100 miles to the north and zigzags 125 miles south again, through that black region. The time was when it was a wild land, rough, with forests filled with wolves. Then the Frenchman entered the scene. He subdued all the wild grasses to which Julius Caesar referred in his story of his war in France; he drained the valleys, and widened the streams into canals. He enriched the fields, and made them wave with gold. He surrounded the meadows with odorous hedges, and banked where there had been a swamp with perfumed shrubs. Slowly he threw arches of stone across the streams and carved the bridges until they were rich in art, while everything made for use was carried up to outbreaking beauty. The roof of the barn had lovely lines, the approach to the house was upon a curved road, the highways were shaded by two rows of noble trees. The stony hillside was terraced, and there the vines grew purple in the sun. How simple was his life! What a sanctuary his little home! With what rich embroidery of wheat and corn he covered all the hills! He was prudent without being stingy, thrifty without being mean. He saves with one hand and distributes with the other.

And having lavished all their love upon the little farmhouse, the granary and the barn; having pruned these grapevines with their clusters of white and purple, until each seemed like a friend, dear as that miraculous picture was to Baucis and Philemon, having at last made every tree to be shapely, their little world was invested with affection and beauty. Do you remember how that Florentine artist after his day's work was done, toiled upon his studio, slowly carving the capitals, collecting a little terra cotta from Cyprus, an old manuscript from Athens, a lovely head of Apollo from Ephesus, and iridescent glass from Persia, with a bit of old Tyrian purple lending a spot of flame in one corner, and a little mosaic from Thebes coloured another, when he saw the end was approaching, while on a visit to Egypt, asked that he might be carried home to die in the studio, which he had made rich with his soul. In some such way as that the French peasants loved their land, and then lost it. One morning the enemy stood at the gate. The farmer with his pruning-knife was no match for a German with a machine gun, and down he went under the plum-tree he was pruning. The devastated regions of France are like unto a devil world. All the pears and plum-trees have fallen over under the stroke of a German axe, and are dead and dry. Here and there one sees an occasional tree where a half-inch of bark remains, and sympathizing with the peasant's sorrow, the roots have sent a flood of sympathetic tears and sap out into one little branch, amidst the death of a hundred other boughs that flamed in May its rose and pink of bloom, then in August gave its red glow of clustered food. But as for the rest, it is desolation. Gone all the beautiful bridges —they have been dynamited. Gone all the lovely and majestic thirteenth century churches. Gone all the galleries, for every city of 5,000 people in France has its quarterly exhibition of paintings sent out from Paris, and some of the finest art treasures in the world have perished. The land has been put back to where it was when Julius Caesar described it 2,000 years ago—a wild land, and waste, growing up with thorns and thistles. That proclamation on a wall tells the whole story, "Let no building stand, no vine or tree. Before retreating let each well be plentifully polluted with corpses and with creasote." The spirit was this, "Since we Germans cannot have this land, no one else shall". Your eyes never saw a more exquisite bit of carving for the corner of a roof than this spray of myrtle I found, carved in stone, after the Germans had destroyed the Cathedral of Arras. But that is not all. Every German company of soldiers carried one automoble lorry filled with firebrands, with a tank of gasoline hanging beneath the axles. One of the historic châteaux is that of Avricourt, rich in noble associations of history. It was one of the buildings specially covered by a clause in the international agreement between England, Germany, France, the United States, and all the civilized nations, safeguarding historic buildings. For many months it was the home of Prince Eitel, the Kaiser's second son.

Forced to retreat, the aged French servants, who understood the electric lighting and the gas plant, and served Eitel during his occupancy, when the judge and jury held the trial at the ruins of the château, stated that they heard the German officers telling Eitel that he would disgrace the German name if he destroyed a building that had no relation to war, and could be of practically no aid or comfort to the French army, and he would make his own name a name of shame and contempt, of obloquy and scorn. But the man would not yield. He brought in great wagons and moved to the freight cars at the station absolutely every object that was in the splendid chateau. And, having promised to leave the building uninjured, he stopped his car at the entrance and exit gates of the ground, ran back to the historic building with a can of oil that

he had secreted, filled the asbestos in this ball of perforated iron, ran through the halls and waited until the flames were well in progress, and then ordered his men to light the fuse of a dynamite bomb. All the testimony was taken immediately afterward from aged servants and from the little children, and the degeneracy revealed has not been surpassed since the first chapter of Romans was written on the unnatural crimes of the ancient world. There are the copies of the affidavits. In the ruins, hard beside the black marble steps, I picked up the firebrand with which Prince Eitel assassinated a building that belonged to the civilized world. I hope to live long enough to see Germany forced to repay at least one debt, in addition to ten thousand others. Conceived by the Gothic architects after four hundred years of neglect, the Germans, about 1875, completed the Cathedral of Cologne. When this war is over every stone in that cathedral should be marked, German prisoners should be made to pull these stones apart, German cars be made to transport every stone to Louvain and German hands made to set up the Cathedral of Cologne in Louvain or Arras. For a judgment day is coming to Germany, and though dull and heavy minds doubt it, men of vision perceive its incidents and outlines already taking shape.

But the ruin of his bridges, his school-houses, his churches, his farm buildings, his vineyards and orchards, is the least of his sorrows. In a little village near Ham, there dwelt a man who had saved a fortune for his old age, 100,000 francs. When the invading army, like a black wave, was approaching, he buried his treasure beneath the large, flat stones that made the walk from the road up to the front step of his house. Then, with the other villagers, the old man fled. Many months passed by, while the Germans bombarded the village. At last the German wave retreated, and once more the old man drew near to his little village. There was nothing, nothing left. After a long time he located the street, which was on the very edge of the town, but could not find the cellar of his own house. Great shells had fallen. Exploding in the cellar, they had blown the bricks away. Other shells had fallen hard by and blown dirt to fill what once had been a cellar. The small trees in front of his house had been blown away and replaced by shellpits. In Paris Ambassador Sharp told me that the aged man had up to that time failed to locate his house, much less his treasure. But what trifles light as air are houses!

At the officers' château, late one night after returning from the Front, a general and a captain were recounting their experiences. Among other incidents was this one. During the winter of 1915, months after the Germans had occupied that territory, several English officers and a young French captain were recounting their experiences. In saying the farewells before each man went out to his place in the trenches to look after his men, the English boy exclaimed, "Next week at this time I will be home. Five more days and my week's leave of absence comes." Then suddenly remembering that the French captain had been there a long time, he asked when he was going home. To which came this low answer, "I have no home. You men do not understand. Your English village has never been invaded. When the Germans left my little town they destroyed every building. My wife and my little daughter are both expecting babies within a few weeks. I—I—I—" and the storm broke. The two Englishmen fled into the dark and night, knowing that there was a night that was blacker, that rain was nothing against those tears, for all his hopes of the future were dead. His only task was to recover France and transfer all his ambitions to God in heaven. That is why there will be no inconclusive peace. Do not delude yourselves. Whether this war goes on one year or five years or ten years, it will go on until these

Frenchmen are on German soil. Nor will the German ever learn the wickedness of his own atrocities and the crime of militarism until his own land is laid waste, until he sees the horrors of war with his own eyes, and hears the groans of his own family with his own ears, and sees his own land laid desolate. We may believe that vengeance belongs to God, and we may argue and plead for forgiveness, but it will not avail. You remember that passage in Proverbs, in which the penalties of nature become automatic, and where an outraged brain and nerve and digestion are personified and speak to the transgressor. "I warned you, but ye would none of my reproof. I stretched out my hand and pleaded, but we would not listen. Now I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock at your desolation. When desolation comes as a whirlwind, and fear and destruction are upon you." The dam that held back the black waters has broken and it was the German who dynamited the dam and released the flood of destruction upon his own people and his own land. Whether it takes another summer or many, there is no British nor Canadian officer, no French nor Italian whose face does not turn to granite and steel whenever you suggest that he will not walk down the streets of Berlin and institute a military court, and try a Kaiser and his staff for murder. That is one of the things that is settled, and about which discussion is not permitted by soldier regiments.

One of the things that has horrified the civilized world has been the ruin of Rheims Cathedral. Germany, of course, was denied the gift of imagination. It belongs to France, to Italy and to Athens. Heinrich Heine, her own poet, says that Germany appreciates architecture so little that it is only a question of time when "with his giant hammer Thor will at last spring up again and shatter to bits all Gothic cathedrals". This gifted Hebrew had the vision that literally saw the Germans pounding to pieces the cathedral at Louvain and Ypres, in Arras, in Bapaume, in St. Quentin and Rheims. The German mind is a hardy, mediocre mind, that can multiply and exploit the inventions and discoveries of the other races. The Germans contributed practically nothing to the invention of the locomotive, the steamboat, the Marconigram, the automobile, the airplane, the photograph, the sewing machine, the reaper, the electric light. Americans invented for Germany her revolver, her machine gun, her turreted ship and her torpedo submarine. In retrospect it seems absolutely incredible that Germany could have been so helplessly and hopelessly unequal to the invention of the tools that have made her rich. But that is not her gift. If Sheffield can give her a model knife, Germany can reproduce that knife in quantities and undersell Sheffield. The German people keep step in a regiment, in a factory and on a ship, and therefore are wholesalers. The French mind is creative, stands for individual excellence, and is at the other extreme from the German temperament. The emblem of the German intellect is beer; the emblem of the English intellect is port wine; the emblem of the French mind is champagne; the emblem of an American intellect like Emerson's, is a beaker filled with sunshine—my knowledge of these liquors is based on hearsay. It is this lack of imagination that explains Neitzsche's statement that for two hundred years Germany has been the enemy of culture, while Heinrich Heine declared that the name of culture was France. Are you thinking of painting?

Germany has no art, no painting. Find one German artist to whom dealers will pay $100 for a canvas, and you will find a score of French or Italian artists for whose work they will pay thousands. Is it sculpture? The whole world ranks Rodin with Michael Angelo and Phidias. But

there is no German sculptor. Is it music? Poetry, or philosophy? Schumann was a Hebrew, as were Schubert and Rubinstein. Beethoven was a Hebrew, Wagner was a Bavarian Jew, Haydn a Viennese Jew, Chopin a Polish Jew, Handel an English Jew, Dvorak a Russian Jew. The Hebrews claimed Goethe, Des Cartes, Zeller, Heine and even Kant's mother was a Jewess. Because the German loves detail work, and excels therein, he is great as a conductor of an orchestra, but some other race must write the music. Unable to verify one or two of these claims made by the Hebrew historians as to music, let us confess that we must not expect a race that excels in the factory and the wholesale store to exhibit the imaginative gifts that belonged to Athens. Florence and Paris. It is this lack of imagination that explains the blunders of her diplomats, in every city like Washington, Buenos Aires, Stockholm and Buda Pesth. Germany spent millions of dollars here in her spy system, worked in the dark. The Kaiser tells us that he selected his brightest minds for the diplomatic work. Well, if Bernstorff, von Papen, Boy-Ed, von Bopp —still the German Consul at San Francisco, with his two years' sentence in the penitentiary—represent her brightest minds, what shall be said of her stupid ones! Everything that the German diplomat did in darkness has been spread out before the whole world by the American Secret Service, which has shown us their plots, seditions and bribes. Two-talent diplomats ought to keep out of ten-talent capitals. For mindless, muddy thinking, for crass, vulgar blundering, commend me to the diplomatic representatives of Germany in every known capital. If our great cities ever run out of pine wood for paving the streets, there are enough German blockheads around to replace all the decaying pavements.

It is this total lack of mental capacity to appreciate architecture that explains Germany's destruction of some of the noblest buildings of the world. She cannot by any chance conceive how the other races look upon her vandalism. Her own foreign government expressed it publicly in one of her state papers, "let the neutrals cease chattering about cathedrals. Germany does not care one straw if all the galleries and churches in the world were destroyed, providing we gain our ends."

Now apply those tests to the Kaiser and his war staff, and you understand why Rheims Cathedral is a ruin. No building since the Parthenon was more precious to the world's culture. What majesty and dignity in the lines! What a wealth of statuary! How wonderful the twelfth century glass! With what lightness did these arches leap into the air! Now, the great bombs have torn holes through the roof; only little bits of glass remain. Broken are the arches, ruined some of the flying buttresses, the altar where Jeanne d'Arc stood at the crowning of Charles is quite gone. The great library, the bishop's palace, all the art treasures are in ruins. Ancient and noble buildings do not belong to a race, they belong to the world. Sacred forever the threshold of the Parthenon, once pressed by the feet of Socrates and Plato; thrice sacred that aisle of Santa Croce in Florence. In front of the wreck of the Cathedral of Rheims, all blackened with German fire, broken with the German hammer, is the statue of Jeanne d'Arc. There she stands, immortal forever, guiding the steed of the sun with the left hand, lifting the banners of peace and liberty with the right. By some strange chance, no bomb injured that bronze. Oh, beautiful emblem of the day when the spirit of liberty, riding in a chariot of the sun, shall guide a greater host made up of all the peoples who revere the treasures of art and architecture, and law and liberty, and Christ's poor, and will ride on to a victory that will be the sublimest conquest in the annals of time.

CANADIAN LABOUR AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR

BY W. W. SWANSON

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SOME few thousand years ago Aristotle observed that in order to live nobly one must first have the means to live. This aphorism is as fresh and pregnant with meaning for our civilization as it was the day it fell from the lips of the great philosopher.

Simple as is this fact, it seems to have been but slightly apprehended by many of the leaders of modern democratic states. Only the impact of war itself made clear the truth that the fundamental factor in life is economic in nature. Wars and preparations for wars, international bickerings over the division of unexploited and backward territories, philosophizings on the nature of government, the hectic pursuit of pleasure, the piling up of fortunes through the formation of trusts and combines—these and a hundred and one other pursuits dimmed the understanding of statesmen and leaders to the imperatively important fact that the getting of a living was all-essential for the living of a life.

And it was too often forgotten, also, that the state is merely the outward expression of the life of millions of personalities—human beings engaged in the stern process of wresting a living from nature. Well-being was confused with wealth, and it was commonly thought that the creation of economic values was tantamount to providing the people with the material means of existence. The common man, the average citizen, was overlooked in the savage struggle for economic power even within the state itself. Production, so called, consisted as often in limiting the supply of want-satisfying goods, in order that prices might be enhanced, as in making the necessaries and comforts of life abundant and cheap. All this made for the wealth of the few, and the misery of the many. The war has profoundly altered the thinking of the masses on these economic facts as well as upon political theories.

Great and significant changes are bound to follow the close of the present struggle, and in no direction more so than in the field of economics—or, simply stated, in the production and distribution of wealth. It is foreign to our present purpose to inquire into the nature of this change, except in so far as the working classes will be directly affected thereby. Just in what particular labour will benefit, or lose, as a result of this world-shaking war is foreshadowed in the changes that have already come about during the course of the struggle. These will now be briefly considered.

At the outbreak of hostilities Sir George Newman was appointed chairman of a special committee, under the direction of the Ministry of Muni-

tions, to investigate the whole problem of labour as affected by the war. This committee has issued somewhat more than ten reports dealing with such questions as Sunday labour, industrial canteens, the employment of women, industrial fatigue and its causes, proper ventilation and lighting and many other subjects. What is of most significance in these reports is the fact that Sir George Newman and his committee, after exhaustive investigation, unqualifiedly approve the principles of scientific management as applied to industry. They conclude that the ten and twelve-hour working day is an anomaly; and that the longer the day, and the more intensely labour is worked, the smaller the proportional output. This is a remarkable finding, so remarkable that it may be called epoch-making in British industry. It breaks down the wall of English conservatism. It gives the *coup de grace* to the outworn theory, so long cherished by British and many Canadian industrial leaders, that the only way in which a larger output can be secured is to work labour for longer hours, and work it more intensely.

It will be recalled how feverishly England set to work at the outbreak of hostilities to mobilize its industrial forces. This task proved even more difficult of accomplishment than the creation of a vast army for service on the continent. In their eagerness to provide munitions, cannon, and other war material to the Government, the leaders of British industry relentlessly worked the entire labour force at their command for long hours, and at a greatly accelerated rate of speed. Trades union officials who protested were branded as traitors, and their "ca' canny" policy held up to ridicule and scorn. Nevertheless, the event more than justified their predictions. Long hours, intensive work, the restriction of the use of beer and other intoxicating beverages—the chief weapons in the arsenal of the manufacturers—led to irritation, fatigue, and inevitably, to strikes. On more than one occasion these strikes assumed such alarming proportions—as in the Welsh coalfields—as to threaten with paralysis the industrial life of the nation. Only after the acid test of hard experience were the industrial leaders and the Government taught that there is a limit to human endurance, a limit based upon certain unalterable physiological facts. War or no war, facts cannot be ignored. And it was proved to be an indubitable fact that reasonable hours of work, right conditions of ventilation, heating and lighting, proper canteen provisions and so forth, resulted in an increase, rather than in a diminution, of the industrial output.

The same lesson was learned in Canada, but learned more slowly and less thoroughly. While a considerable improvement has taken place in point of view of hours of work in the field of Canadian labour, much remains to be accomplished. On the whole, working men labour longer hours in this country since the outbreak of war than formerly. In some quarters voices are raised in advocacy of the return, at the close of the struggle, to long working hours and a lower level of wages. It is contended that this course is imperative in view of the competition that may be expected from Germany and other European countries when peace shall have been concluded.

And yet there was good reason to believe that the battle for the ten-hour working day had been won on this continent. The Bunting decision of April 9, 1917, and the upholding of the constitutionality by the United States Supreme Court of the Oregon ten-hour law seemed, in the United States at least, to have settled the question of the economic validity and legality of the short working-day. Indeed, before the Republic entered the war, public opinion had practically decided in its favour. Be it recalled, in this connection, that in the United States 350,000 workers won the battle for the eight-hour day in 1916. But the declaration of war put the short

day in peril in the Republic. American manufacturers have demanded that labour shall expect no greater favours than those shown the army in the field; and that the industrial army must be mobilized and take its chances in the factory and mine, in like degree, if not to the same extent, as the forces that will battle in Europe.

The reasoning seems convincing, but it is altogether specious. No one doubts that the American troops will acquit themselves nobly in France. They, like the Canadians, will perform feats of valour. And yet no one expects them to be always in the heroic mood—to be ever and always keyed up to the highest pitch of fighting form. And the same holds true of the industrial army. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and if the war should prove to last two or three years longer—as it certainly may do—the experience of the United Kingdom should sufficiently demonstrate that American industry will gain less than nothing by overworking the available labour force.

It may be objected, however, that generalizations prove nothing. To this we may offer concrete evidence of the efficiency and value of the eight-hour day, admitting that available data on the subject are difficult to procure—at least evidence of accurate and scientific value. The McElwain experiment in the United States, undertaken in December, 1916, has more than measured up to expected results. At the time it was inaugurated the 7,000 employees of the seven plants under the control of the company were working under normal conditions—that is to say, 9.5 per cent. of the productive pay-roll was on standardized piecework; a definite transmission system for the routing of work was mapped out, and delays thereform reduced to zero, and the full standard production of each plant was being maintained. With no changes introduced, either of men or of machines, after the beginning of the experiment in the eight-hour day, it was found that in four months' time there was an increase of .09 per cent. in the production unit of output, and in the next two months an additional increase of .02, or .11 per cent. in all. In other words, the output of each man during eight hours was actually greater than the output during the ten-hour period. This demonstration of the value of the eight-hour day has already become a standard; and ranks along with that undertaken at the Zeiss Optical Works, and of that of M. Fromont, of the Engis Chemical Works, in Belgium.

It is certain, therefore, that in view of the experience of the war, labour will insist upon the general adoption of the eight-hour day at the conclusion of the struggle. In the meantime, whatever the situation may be with respect to hours of work, labour finds its position vastly improved since the outbreak of hostilities. And although much advice is being given to the labouring class to-day concerning the virtues of thrift and application to work, and although many homilies are being delivered against greed, it is safe to say that labour for once pursues its way quite indifferent to the attitude of other interests and classes.

Wages have increased considerably since the outbreak of war, on the average probably twenty-five per cent. —although in some instances the increases are much greater. And still labour is dissatisfied and demands more How much can it get?

The answer is difficult. Many economic theories have been thrown on the scrap-heap during the course of the present struggle, and others are due to follow—including the so-called laws of supply and demand. Workmen regard with a somewhat ironic interest the argument that wages, at the close of the struggle, must fall because of supply and demand; while at the same time trusts, mergers and combines are permitted to control the supply, in the public interest, so that there shall not be a glut in the market.

Bacon, for instance. In any event, workmen who find that their wages are only now slowly closing the gap hitherto existing between the purchasing power of their money income and commodity prices, do not propose to give serious consideration to the contention that, because war orders have ceased, wages generally must inevitably fall.

As society is at present constituted, class interests predominate, each group striving to secure the largest income possible. The rate of interest upon capital has gone up very considerably since the outbreak of war; industrial profits have also increased, and commodity prices have reached hitherto unheard of figures. In this time of brisk trade, of flush business and easy money, labour is determined to get its share. And it is getting it, or beginning to get it. Labour believes that the patriotic appeal applies equally to profits and interest, as well as to wages; and sees no reason for denying itself on these grounds alone. In truth, the only limit to the height to which wages may go during this period of war work is the ability of the industry in each particular case to pay them. This is hard, no doubt, upon those industries to which the war has brought no increase in commodity prices; but it is no harder upon them than the conditions imposed upon labour when immigration is in full swing, and industry is being operated below normal.

The simple fact is that even present wages are inadequate, and represent a belated effort, in their increase, to overtake advancing prices. Many Canadian workmen still receive much less than a living wage, if that term be properly interpreted. It is of imperative importance that a high standard of living be maintained in this country, to the end that workmen may have better health, increased efficiency and a juster share of the national income. And it is of equal importance that the standard of living be maintained because of its effect upon the stability of Canadian industry. It is self-evident that greater purchasing power in the hands of the people will do more to strengthen and sustain the industries of the nation than any one other single factor, inasmuch as seventy-five per cent. of the products of our factories and mines is ordinarily marketed at home.

In conclusion, we may say that the wages of American workmen are more seriously threatened by post-bellum conditions than are those of Canadian labour. This is due to the fact that a great influx of immigrants from Europe during the decade following the war will be bound to increase the labour supply, and thus reduce wages, unless a new outlet is found for the newcomers. In Canada that outlet will be on the fertile lands of the West. A growing agricultural population will bring with it an increased demand for the products of Canadian factories, and it may be said, therefore, that only during the period of readjustment are Canadian workmen likely to suffer economic loss. Not only in the sphere of politics, but of industrial democracy as well, would it appear that labour has at length come into its own.

A SUMMER BREEZE

From the Painting
by H. Ivan Neilson,
exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

XI.—AFTER THREE YEARS

SINCE this series of articles began so much has happened within their scope that anything approaching a complete examination of the measures taken in the British Isles to cope with war conditions must include those adopted after the trying experiences of three years of war. It would be reasonable to expect that in such a period of unprecedented struggle for existence the problem of the nation would be solved in so far as organization and experience could solve them, that the difficulties still remaining would be not in effective planning or decision but solely in the strain and deprivations rendered necessary by a powerful foe. Yet only the blindest fatuity could assert that England has solved the simplest of her war problems, only the most superficial student would declare that even the obviously wise and fair measures have been taken.

The status of the women has been growing stronger every day. More and more they have been offering themselves for the needs of the war, and more and more they have proved themselves the real backbone of production. It is only due their earnest participation in munition making to admit that they perform their work more carefully and quickly than the same number of men. They have been set by the thousand at tasks hitherto considered beyond their capacity, in strength and brains, and in not one case that has come within my knowledge have they failed to exceed the production of the men in a very few weeks. The reason is not that they are more able, but that they throw more vim and enthusiasm into it. They are not too busy haggling over privileges to remember that the soldiers at the Front are looking to them for the shells and the guns. The women have saved the Empire, though there are hundreds of thousands of the better classes doing their utmost, by idling and extravagance, to depreciate the sum total. More than a million and a quarter women were engaged on the first of September, 1917, on work formerly done by men. In government factories and in the Civil Service they have released a quarter of a million men. In Government controlled factories half a million of them have found employment, and in commerce generally more than three hundred thousand more. In these two branches of service they have released three-quarters of a million men.

All told, there are more than four and a half million women and girls in classified employment, not including domestic servants, hospital workers, and those employed in small shops.

Their interests have been studied by the Ministry of Munitions, and after tests the standard number of

hours of employment has been reduced to forty-eight a week with increase of output; and during the year two raises in wages have been officially declared. So important a part do they play in the necessary war production that a special committee has been appointed to deal with their wages, hours of labour, and conditions of employment.

The latest call for their services has come from the military organization in France. The first lot of ten thousand, for office and mess duties hitherto performed by men, was overwhelmingly supplied, and during the latter half of 1917 the demand was continuous. So insatiable was it, and so eager were girls to undertake this new work, that the drain on the munition factories in England was seriously felt, the type of worker finding favour in France being the same as that sought for the factories. Now the Admiralty has appealed for women to relieve naval ratings on shore duty. Were all England imbued with the spirit of its average woman the war would be further advanced towards victory than it is to-day.

The problem in the case of female labour is the after-war results. Certainly thousands of women, having tasted the pleasures of earning and of steady employment, will be unwilling to return to idleness. It is the knowledge of this that has interfered with their acceptance in the councils of labour. From the first, labour unions demanded that pre-war conditions be restored immediately with peace, and as a further block to the ingress of women into industrial competition, the same wage was demanded for both sexes. The women accepted the wage at first with eagerness, but a few of the leaders quickly discovered the reason and are now insisting on an equality that is not absolute but based on the differences in strength, sex, and the requirements of physical well-being. For, while the women have a better record of production than the men, it is telling on their health and nerves, and without the incentive of war it is certain that their production will decrease.

The position of the farmer has steadily improved. But it cannot be said, unfortunately, that he has done much to warrant it. While the farmer in England was, for many years before the war, in the lowest plane of society and the least profitable, his rise to a deserved recognition as the solution of the food problem of an island kingdom has had a natural result. Filled with the idea of his unwonted importance to the country and to victory, and thrilled with his new power, he has ignored the demand for a common sacrifice and refuses to direct his efforts to production that does not bring him returns consistent with the level established by the needs of a country short of all food stuffs. He insists that his every acre be guaranteed by a Government driven to extremity for supplies, otherwise he reserves the right to confine his crops to the profitable grains and roots, or to leave it idle. If he is asked to grow potatoes he must be protected in a profit beyond his wildest dreams of former years. If the profits of barley, for instance, are eliminated by decreased liquor production, he must see the loss made up from another source or threats of lessened production are issued.

And therein the farmer is but requiting for the hardship of his lot before the war. Yet, great as are his profits to-day, he resists the extension of the higher returns to his workmen. Three dollars a week was the offer of a farmer for a man to work from 5.30 a.m., to 9.00 p.m., and from that the man must board and lodge himself. Even the Government established a rate of $1.50 a week above their billets for girl plum pickers on the farms, railway fares to be paid by the workers. Girls on the land were paid three dollars a week, supplying their own food.

The Education Bill, introduced by the President of the Board of Education as a remedy for the glaring evils in the education system of Great Brit-

ain, has been received by the people with the loudest acclaim—and quietly shelved by the authorities. There was too much innovation in it for those with power to accept it without serious misgivings. Oxford University has led the fight against it, not openly but none the less effectively. For Oxford University represents education as it has been for centuries in England. It eschews science, clings to classics as the soul of England, and resents the claim of anyone else to critize or advise on education.

The result is that the Bill, to the middle of December, 1917, has not even been considered in the House. Public bodies have protested. The newspapers have made demands. But those subtle muscles which wield the power of Great Britain from behind the scenes have intervened. The Bill was at first refused consideration in the last session of 1917. It was soberly contended by Bonar Law three months before the end of the session, that there would be no time for discussing the Bill, although time was always found readily enough for inconsequential subjects, and hours every day were wasted on questions and answers which should have been deleted for the good of the country. It was obvious that the majority of the Government were against the Bill of the Minister. But the demand grew so insistent that finally the hope was expressed of completing one reading, leaving the final stages to another session. At the time of writing, there it stands, the end depending upon whether the balance of power rests with the people or with the forces for conservatism. It takes more than three years of war to break the grip of tradition in England.

The liquor question has resolved itself into a typical capitulation on the part of the Government. That started as an apparent effort to conserve food stuffs for a more or less suffering country by directing grains from beer to bread, has become merely another official failure to live up to promises—or threats. After announcing drastic curtailment of the consumption of food stuffs in the manufacture of beer, the Government yielded to pressure, largely artificial and concentrated, and increased the quantity one-third at the middle of 1917. During the year ending September, 1916, there were 65,000,000 bushels of grain and 160,000 tons of sugar used for the manufacture of liquor. During 1917 the quantity permitted was more than half that amount. When it is considered that sugar is absolutely unobtainable by a great part of the people of England, and the ration is set at half a pound a week, this amount assumes considerable importance. The Government's excuse that the sugar thus consumed is largely unfit for human consumption is misleading, for not only is much of it exactly what is used on the table, but its importation into England takes the same space in the limited shipping as the same quantity of edible sugar for general distribution.

The cause of the Government's surrender was a well-organized campaign by the newspapers and brewers. One or two of the largest London papers published each day reports of serious disturbances throughout the country through the shortage of beer, and although some of these were entirely without foundation, the workers of England were convinced that beer was a vital necessity and that strikes were expected of them.

To meet the demand with the least expenditure of foodstuffs the Government authorized a weaker quality, termed government beer, and to it thereafter was accredited by every "drunk" the cause of his downfall. Being a government brand, the magistrates could scarcely convict. But the main result of the new liquor restrictions was an increased profit for brewer and retailer. The annual returns of the breweries show that they never made such profits; and the retailer, working less than half the prewar hours, asked what he wished for his stock. So independent did he become that there were saloons in London showing signs prohibiting the en-

trance of women, an unusual sex distinction. At last the Government was forced to intervene and establish prices. But the Government scale of prices, in the experience of this war, protects the merchants in a percentage of profit on which he can afford to smile benevolently.

In the meantime government purchase has advanced no further. The report of the Commission appointed to investigate is against purchase, and everyone seems content to leave it at that as a plan too radical to adopt without several years of deliberation.

The fondest admirers of the war government of Great Britain must admit that the methods of handling labour, man-power, food, and the enemy alien have savored little of real war. Great Britain labours under a number of special disqualifications. These might be summed up as excessive deliberation and delay, class distinctions, unpardonable tolerance, and conventionalism. And the last includes all the others. Somewhere in this short list might be found the foundation of every obstable to victory. Lack of decision and firmness, of organizing ability, and excess of pride are other descriptions of the country's deficiencies.

Inexperience in organization, where a country has succeeded fairly well on the plan laid down by former generations, has exhibited itself in almost every move since the war began. To-day it is evident in the internecine strife among the Government departments. It is plain in the food muddle, which is to-day in a more chaotic state than ever. It is to be seen in the labour troubles, the record of the navy, the shortage of man-power at the Front, and of production in England.

The position of labour offers the most serious trouble. Asquith's foolish promise of exemption to twenty-nine unions is an instance of the weakness of a war government in the national extremity. Irrespective of any crisis, these unions insist on adherence to the promise, and the blame is not so much with them as with the Cabinet that had a country on its shoulders. Union labour has not changed its opinion noticeably since it lent itself to conscription under certain conditions, but union labour, as governed by its main executives, is almost a negligible power now, partly from its own thoughtlessness, partly from governmental weakness. The Engineers' disloyal strike in May, 1917, brought to the fore a power that has been robbing the executives of their authority. The Engineers struck for nothing but fear of being taken into the army. Whatever other excuse may have been given, determination not to serve with the colours was the real one. They had no complaint, but new orders for obtaining the necessary additional soldiers by extending the dilution of labour gave them a pretext for calling a strike. And they won. The Government rescinded everything, although it had the country behind it and could have taught a much needed lesson in patriotism that would have solved for the duration of the war every difficulty of man-power. Were the workers convinced that the penalty of loafing was fighting in France two-thirds their number would produce what they are now producing, and there would be no thought of strikes.

Having obtained almost all they wished, the engineers resumed work; and for a time there was comparative peace. But during the last two months of 1917 the labour situation was a boiling disturbance. The South Wales miners frankly took a vote to decide whether they would resist the Government in combing out the new men introduced into the mines since the war began. The Coventry aeroplane makers, engaged in the most vital of munition production, walked out and remained idle a week until they, too, won all they asked. All over England were demands for higher wages, shorter hours, greater privileges, and the reinstatement of employees dismissed for the most outrageous offences.

The reason for the ferment was easy to find. The Government lacked backbone—simply that. The submission to

the engineers, although the whole country was so strong against them that at the end they were but looking for an excuse to return to the shops and feared to wear their union badges, paved the way to every strike that has occurred since. Winston Churchill, already convicted of incapacity by an official commission, was appointed Minister of Munitions purely as a political expedient. And Churchill's first few months in office seemed to justify his selection. Never had there been so few strikes. But suddenly they blazed forth all over the country, so seriously as to jeopardize the war in 1918. And the secret was out when, without consulting those directly affected, he declared a general increase of pay for the engineers. Immediately other unions struck for increases and other advantages. It was found that railwaymen had long suffered from a ridiculous discrepancy between their wages and those of even the unskilled in other trades which had ignored the war and thought only of self. It was found, too, that the increase so lightly granted affected a score of trades not contemplated.

The temporary immunity from strikes had been because every demand had been met. The unpardonable extent to which this weakness went may be illustrated by one example. When a shop steward was caught making tools for himself from Government material (it was a government controlled factory) in government time and promptly dismissed, a strike was declared for his reinstatement. And the Government forced the firm to submit. Besides the principle involved, it is natural that ever since then the reinstated employee has been a cause of constant trouble and agitation. Such folly was rampant all over England. The natural result was that strikes were called on the flimsiest pretexts. The men jeeringly declaring that the Government was afraid of them.

But this was not union labour as constituted before the war. Every strike has been engineered by the shop-stewards, a new force that has crept in since the factories were filled with able-bodied young men whose only concern is to escape service in France. The regular union executives and power of unionism to-day is in the hands of those young shirkers who do not hesitate to declare their reasons for working on munitions. Unionism thought to protect itself by forcing all workers to join. In reality it lost every shred of power by the act. To-day every local union is a law unto itself. The Coventry strike was called by the shop stewards against the union leaders' instructions, just as the engineers' had been. And the only bone of contention was the recognition of the shop stewards.

Wrapped in this question of labour is the other of obtaining men for the trenches. Anyone who knows conditions in the factories of England is aware that hundreds of thousands of fit young men could be cleared out with profit to production, even though they were not put in khaki. The majority of these are doing as little as possible, they are always on the watch for grounds for striking, they interfere with those who would produce to their utmost, they refuse to permit the women to be taught certain operations well within their capacity, and they are almost all recruits to this kind of work since 1914. Yet the only apparent concern of the Government seems to be to assure them of exemption. And since more soldiers are an absolute essential, raising the age to 45 is being seriously considered while these young slackers loaf in security. It is a fact that experienced factory hands discharged from the army have been called up again from the munition factories while these young fellows look on from the next benches and laugh. It is also a fact that married men with large families, men too old for the hard life of the Front, others whose businesses will close with their conscription, are relentlessly put into khaki to fight for these strong youths without dependants or extra bills of expense to present to the Government.

Every government department

seems to delight in refusing to release its youthful clerks for service. Each being king in its own realm and jealously guarding its power, there is none with authority to comb them out, although battalions could be replaced by girls and older men. It continues, too, to be a department habit to order tribunals to exempt applicants for no reasonable excuse. And England is teeming with non-combatant young men wearing the red tab of headquarters or the khaki of soft jobs far from the sound of war. It is not lack of men that keeps the army in want.

The food problem is too wide to be more than touched here. There is no daylight showing, even after almost a year of submarine war. Hundreds of orders have been issued by the Food Controller, thousands of appeals. But they have affected little save to establish prices at an unjustifiable level, force the poor to stand in queues hours of every day, and reserve to the merchant an exhorbitant profit. The House of Commons is made up of men interested in trade—one would know it without acquaintance with the members. It may safely be said that not a single law observes the good of the people at the expense to the merchant. Merchants are making more money than they ever dreamed of. The country is bringing in the food stuffs and handing them over to the stores for extreme profits. And when a law threatens to interfere, the merchants ignore it with impunity. Laws that appear every few days in public print are openly flouted, and to protest is to be denied supplies. Every time a maximum price is established by regulation it instantly becomes the minimum price as well. Now and then a merchant in some distant village or in the East End of London is proceeded against, and the papers are so filled with threats that few read them.

The attempt to regulate prices and supplies have demonstrated the inability of the authorities to organize and devise reasonable methods. Only those of the lower classes who have time to stand in queues can obtain supplies. Thus the hard-working munition makers find themselves short half the week. England's short stocks seem to be reserved for the idle, and no attempt has yet been made to change it. Take sugar as an example of muddling. Although the rationing of sugar was determined on more than six months before it was put into force, the plan had to be completely altered during that six months, after the first scheme had been issued and everyone had done his part in the registration, and for reasons that were obviously insuperable defects from the start. It is also an instance of the wasted and misdirected zeal of officialdom that the postal customs filched two pounds of sugar from a small gift sent from Canada to a Canadian war worker in England, and at the same time, on the Government's own figures, 8,000 tons a week were being issued above the rations without any effort to trace them.

A half dozen food commodities have been short, not so much because they were not in the stores but from unfair and unequal distribution. In every commodity in which the demand seems to exceed the supply there has been a riot of mismanagement and unfairness. The last month of 1917 saw an insistent demand for rationing all round, to prevent queues and to ensure something resembling even distribution. If there was one thing in the situation that was threatening unrest it was the manner in which the food question was handled.

The shortage of other commodities has been equally mismanaged. Petrol affords an illuminating example. Given over finally into the hands of a pool formed of the importers themselves, it travelled upwards in price until a government investigation was demanded, when it immediately dropped several cents a gallon. The Government's later efforts to control its use have driven many cars from the streets, but more by threat than by force. Petrol may still be used for domestic business, for business purposes, for going to and from the sta-

tion, and for everything connected with war work. The loopholes were innumerable. So long as a man is in khaki no questions are asked. Business men have their cars for running to the office, actors have licences at their pleasure, but, worst of all, the taxi is practically unrestricted. For the Lord Mayor's banquet orders were given that anyone might use his car.

Now and then the law bestirs itself in a characteristic manner. A taxi driver was fined $250 for carrying a government official and his wife many miles into the country to bury their pet dog in a dog cemetery—but nothing was done to the official. A poor street match vendor was fined for overcharging for a box of matches—but a hundred stores were at the same time openly doing the same, and other laws were being broken. A Canadian General's mother was summoned for using petrol to attend church—but she might have hired a taxi to take her to a restaurant and have kept its engine running during the meal. Two women were fined for engaging a car that was not a taxi to take them to the theatre—but had the garage keeper sent a taxi nothing could have been done to them.

It is such inconsistencies that bring the authorities and their methods into disrepute, until one wonders how much it takes at home to discount the country's best efforts in the field.

A similar indecision and fatuousness exists in the treatment of alien enemies. There is no reason why Germany should not be kept informed of all that England contemplates, if freedom of German-born means espionage —and all the world knows by this time that it does. Scores of influential Germans continue to be granted freedom and other favours, each backed by prominent politicians or titled people. When Laszlo, a popular Austrian painter, proved by a letter three years ago to be an Austrian at heart—when he was brought before a court of inquiry for internment, several of England's most prominent men protested against locking him away; and because they were of the upper classes the Government refused to divulge their names. There is a large fund collected in England for the dependants of interned Germans, Cadburys, of cocoa fame, being the main supporters. And the wives of these interned Germans are already granted an allowance higher than the wives of the British soldiers used to get. The interned ones, too, were given more liberal allowances of food than are prescribed for the British people. The brother of the German Governor who murdered Nurse Cavell, interned in England, was allowed to enter a nursing home on the plea of ill-health. An army officer, once Krupp's agent in London, ordered out of France as a suspicious person, although with the British forces, was immediately taken on the British Intelligence Department where military secrets are the only commodity dealt in. These instances of extreme tolerance and folly might be multiplied over and over again.

For almost two years I have studied Britain's methods at home for making war. I have made every allowance for tradition, for excusable conditions. I have looked through the eyes of an Imperialist. But in the end I can see an early end to the war only by more aggressive and sensible methods. England does not make war with both fists —that is the trouble.

THE RIDER OF THE VELD

BY J. W. WILLIAMS

A STORY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN HIGHLANDS

SILENCE lay over the great veld. The solitary rider was not hurrying, but rather jogging along, keeping his eyes and ears open. A flock of birds flew overhead and cast a quick shadow in front of him, at which he started and grasped his carbine; but seeing the cause swung it back again.

Away to the west, where the kopjes broke the clean sweep of the veld to the skyline, a faint thin mist rose that would never have been noticed by any but a trained eye, but the rider detected it and reined in. With puckered brows and shaded eyes he sat motionless for a few minutes, watching it in the wonderfully clear atmosphere for which South Africa is justly noted, and then there broke from his lips the one word, quick as though it had been shot out:

"Smoke!"

With that he turned his horse into a spruit that came from the north. In this direction he rode for an hour, the horse swaying around the great boulders against which the waters dashed themselves white in floodtime, emerging at length in some low bushes that broke into a rougher country beyond.

Again the horseman shaded his eyes and looked at the line of kopjes. No word fell from his lips this time, but he spurred his horse and went toward them through the scrub. Reaching the hills he dismounted and tethered the beast, which started at once to crop the nutritious grass with which the rains had so abundantly clothed the earth. Hastily undoing a roll that had been strapped to the saddle, he began eating a meal of dried beef and bread, helping it down with a mouthful of water now and then. Meanwhile he kept peering anxiously in the direction in which, nearly four hours previously, he had seen the thin haze of smoke.

The long African day was dying in peace, and its mellow light flooded all the veld and rough country. When the rim of the red sun touched the skyline the man mounted again and rode southward, following the line of kopjes.

For some miles he travelled, scarcely ever lifting his eyes off a flat hill that rose against the darkening sky. When near it he jumped from his horse, tethered it with care, and crept up to a little hill. Sounds fell on his ears as he crawled round to a ledge that overlooked a dip in the kopje. Cautiously he advanced, every once in a while raising his head and quickly lowering it again.

The ledge reached, he looked beneath and saw a herd of cattle in a wide area which was hemmed in by precipitous walls of rock; while a wagon was outspanned right below him, at the only entrance to the natural corrall, in which the shadowy figures of men moved to and fro.

The man's face would have been a

puzzle if there had been anyone to see it. Now it was drawn as if in pain, and now relaxed as if made happy by what he saw.

"They are all there," he whispered to himself, "six of them, and I'm alone."

He shrugged his shoulders at the thought.

For some time he lay, and then crawled slowly back to where his horse was tethered.

"Potchers is over a hundred miles away," he mused. "Phil, you can't do it in two days," he added, turning to his already tired horse. "Three days to go, a good two to get back—five. They will be in Portuguese territory then. No! I've got to stay, that's all. But how—how?" he pondered.

"I could see Schweeps's ugly face in the light of the fire."

He shrugged his shoulders again as he thought of all the crimes with which this name had been linked, and then he smiled as he recalled the last thing he had noticed when he rode out of Potchers six days before, a bill on a telegraph pole, offering a reward of three hundred pounds for the capture of Schweeps, and detailing his numerous crimes, from cattle lifting to murder.

"Three hundred pounds," he smiled, and the smile broadened into a grin.

And then seriousness returned, as he thought of his perilous position and the desperate men at hand, who were more likely to get him than he to get them.

"If they get me, a corporal in the Mounted Constabulary, I won't get time to say my prayers," he said to himself.

Taking his horse, he went south a few hundred yards and tied the animal near the mouth of the gorge, where forage was good and it could not be seen. He stood in a position himself from which he was able to see, though dimly, a little of what was going on in the camp.

Evening had become night and after the hot day the thirsty cattle lowed for water. There was none nearer than a mile and a half, and to get to it they would need to be driven out. The watcher concluded that Schweeps was not yet ready to break camp, that he would not dare show up on the veld in daylight with the animals, and that he must soon drive them out to drink.

Below dim forms moved, and then some of them dashed on horseback. He could see the cattle being rounded up, and in a little while they began to stream through the defile into the open beyond. Two men rode in front and two behind. There was no shouting, and in a few minutes the party had passed out of sound. He could still see the two men who had been left, and occasionally the sound of their voices floated up to him.

The corporal knew that those who had gone would be absent at least an hour, and he knew, too, that he must act now, while the outlaws were divided. So he stole down the side of the kopje, and into the narrow path that led inward. The shadows lay deep there, and he made rapid progress. Near the end he waited until the men had gone some distance away, and then he crawled quickly to the wagon, behind which he stood up motionless, and not daring to shoot, grasped his rifle by the barrel and waited.

A minute or two passed and the figure of a man glided out of the shadows toward the wagon. The corporal raised himself upon his tiptoes and brought down the butt-end of his rifle upon the head of the gliding form, which fell without a groan.

A minute or two more passed and a voice called:

"Jan, where are you?"

No answer came.

"Hello! Jan, where are you?" A low earnestness was in the voice this time.

A figure moved out of the shadow of the great looming rocks.

Again the butt-end of the rifle descended; but the blow missed its mark this time and crushed on the bones of a man's shoulder.

There was a sharp cry of rage and pain, and a tall Kaffir sprang at his assailant. The corporal flung down his rifle and grappled with him. Both were powerful men, and in the darkness they swayed to and fro, panting like wild animals. No word was spoken, but the Kaffir's smashed shoulder proved the deciding factor, and he fell with a crash and lay stunned upon a big flat stone. In a short while he was gagged and bound.

The corporal lay breathing heavily after the exertion in which he had put forth every ounce of strength, but quickly recovering himself crept again into the shadows of the narrow defile. Reaching the edge of the open he found cover behind a big boulder and law down to wait. He had been a crack shot in the Boer war and had a plentiful supply of ammunition.

In the lucid night sky of the African highlands the stars shone like the diamonds that had made the country famous, and the Southern Cross, the nestor of star clusters in that clime, was hung with rare gems. The cattle lowed in the distance, but no human voice or sound could be heard.

"Schweeps!" The name always brought a tremour to the corporal. This Ishmael of the veld had held a posse of burghers at bay for forty hours, killing four and escaping from the clutches of the other six. Many a child on the far veld went to sleep with a fear in its breast that froze all activity when the mother said: "Schweeps will get you!"

He was an irreconcilable who had fought throughout the Boer War, and had cursed his brethren since for the peace of Vereeniging. He was a desperate man, lacking in that high chivalry which marks the Psalm-singing Boer, whom he now hated equally with the rooinek Englishman.

In a nation of sharpshooters he was a crack shot, and during the war confined his efforts largely to officers; scorning to touch the common soldier, except when his own safety called for it, declaring that they were as easily picked off as cattle. He was credited with two colonels, a captain and numerous lieutenants.

The mobility of the gang outrivalled that of the famous De Wet. Since they got their horses for the lifting, they kept the best in the country, and following the plan by which De Wet so successfully evaded capture, each man had two horses, and in a three-days' chase could almost double the distance on any pursuer with one horse. This, with the desperate character of the man, accounted for the widespread terror in which the name of Schweeps was held, and for his depredations in all parts of the country.

The corporal nerved himself and moved to look at the line of veld against the sky. Nothing showed, but a sound from below told him that the drive back had started. The sounds came nearer and then he heard the noise of horses galloping. No word was spoken. After some delay the cattle began to surge through into the corrall. When the main body had passed a few stragglers came, followed by the horsemen. A voice said:

"Curse that lazy Jan, why wasn't he there to turn them? I'll put lead in his bones yet."

A shot rang out, and the speaker fell dead from his horse.

Two of the other horsemen, surprised by the suddenness of the attack, and thinking that numbers were in ambush, turned and fled in the direction of the waterhole. A deep gruff voice called upon them to stop, threatening to shoot, in words checkered with oaths. It was Schweeps.

A bullet just missed his body and tore through his horse's flank, and with that the animal, frantic beyond control, started off across the veld. With a few bounds and a leap into

the saddle the corporal was following. Twenty minutes passed and he did not seem to have gained much upon the outlaw. Once in a while he could see the slouched hat of the man in front. In twenty minutes more he seemed to have gained considerable and was surprised, when the horse ahead plunged over a slight rise and stood for a moment clear against the sky, to notice that there was no rider in the saddle.

In an instant the corporal drew up his horse and wheeled round. At once he grasped the situation. By the actions of the horse he concluded that he had struck it, and that when Schweeps felt the animal weakening he had quietly dropped out of the saddle. The desperado was somewhere not very far back, but how could he be found on the veld at night?

With such thoughts the corporal made his way back, zigzagging and straining his eyes to catch sight of something that looked like a man. A strip of scattered bushes crossed the veld here and beyond which it ran clear for miles. This was the place where Schweeps would most likely find shelter. For over an hour he looked closely, but found not a trace of his man, and at length he came to the edge of the open country.

Having decided to ride back to the kopje, he stooped to have a last look and sat motionless for a minute, when suddenly there was a sharp pain along the top of his head; he threw up his hands and simultaneously with the report of a Mauser rifle dropped to the ground. The bullet had torn through his hat and had burned a thin furrow along the top of his scalp, lifting the hair in a straight line, but leaving him uninjured.

"That was closer than Potgeiter's Drift," he whispered to himself, referring to a wound, the marks of which he carried on his chest.

For a while the corporal lay on the ground, feeling a little dazed and not knowing what to do. A noise near at hand made him life his ear, and there was the outlaw, who, thinking he had killed his man, was coming for the horse.

Schweeps's outline was clearly visible, but the corporal could not be so easily seen as he swung round his rifle and fired. A yell of rage followed, and the outlaw lay kicking on the grass, a bullet having smashed his thigh. The corporal sprang upon him and pinned him down, before he could grasp the rifle which had fallen from his hand. Taking this and a large hunting-knife, he did his best to bind the wound, which was evidently a bad fracture.

"Does it hurt?" asked the corporal.

But the outlaw ignored the question.

"I suppose you think you've got me," he grunted.

"I stopped thinking a while ago," was the answer. "I suppose you thought you had me?"

But the man was in no mood to follow any trend of conversation save his own.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"Take you with me," was the reply.

"You can't," was the rejoinder.

"Can't, eh! We'll see," was the laconic reply. "I'll let you have your choice. Do you want to be left here all day, or shall I take you to the kopje?"

The latter was the preferable place in the heat of the day, but the journey thither, strapped on a moving horse's back, meant torture to a wounded man, so Schweeps sullenly chose to stay where he had fallen. The corporal gave him some of the water in his bottle and a few dried provisions, enough for two meals, and rode off to reach the kopje before day gleamed from the east.

In the corral things were much the same as he had left them, only the big Kaffir had managed to free himself and was nursing his sore shoulder. He made no effort to rise as the corporal came forward. He knew very

little English, and much of what he did know was not dictionary English, and it was with a stream of such language that he greeted the corporal, who replied:

"You are able to swear yet, are you? Schweeps would see to that, I suppose."

"Ya, ya, curse Schweeps," was the rejoinder.

"You don't like Schweeps?"

The Kaffir shrugged and grunted as he showed the red marks of a jambok across his check.

"Schweeps kill me for last night," said he, lapsing into Dutch, into which the corporal followed him.

"Schweeps won't kill anybody for a while," was the answer

"No," said the Kaffir eagerly, "he's dead?"

"Oh, no," said the corporal lightly, adding "where were you going with the cattle?"

"Sun country," was the answer, with a nod to the east where the sun stood well up in the sky.

"How many cattle?"

"Oh, maybe two hundred."

"Where did you get them?"

But the Kaffir could only answer, "Far away, come two weeks to this place."

With that the corporal went over to where the cattle were standing. As they moved he saw many of them branded "DR". His grin passed into a smile as broad as the new day.

He was thinking of his visit to a certain ranch ten days ago. He had been there on previous occasions, but as his visits had always been of purely personal concern, he contrived never to enter them in his reports. He had never told the rancher's daughter just what he thought of her, nor had he allowed it to himself, but suffice it to say that he was most happy when, on his patrol, the white buildings of the Roon ranch loomed up over the veld, and although that was always the signal for faster travelling the miles always seemed longer.

Alice Roon had met him on that particular day, and the greetings on both sides were more than what is ordinarily called hearty. It was when the corporal was drinking some milk she had brought him that her father came in.

Drag Roon was the son of one of the earliest voortrekkers, or Boer pioneers, but his father had died when he was a boy, and his mother, an Englishwoman called Dragson, after whom he was named, had so shaped his national sympathies that he did not join the burghers during the war. He had led a stirring life, and, like all men of the frontier, lacked the formalities of social usage.

"You heard I've lost some cattle?" he asked.

"I've been away on a long patrol, but Miss Roon is just telling me," was the answer.

"Miss Roon," said the rancher, emphasizing the miss. "You'll likely mean Alice," adding, "well, can you get the cattle?"

"We'll try," was the answer.

"Try won't get them?"

"I can't be just sure," ventured the corporal.

"Just be sure," was the reply. "We ranchers pay a mighty sight for the police, and if they can't keep a few cattle from being stolen what good are they? If I hadn't been in Potchers myself that night they'd never have got a hoof. If I were young, it's not Schweeps and his gang that would be loose in this country. I'd run my ranch and get him, too, but you fellows don't get him, and you've no ranch to run."

The corporal's visit was cut rather short, and his last words were:

"If possible, we'll get the cattle."

"Yes, get them," shouted the rancher as the horse sped out at the gate. "But you'll not," he added to Alice at the door.

Having thought over the scene at the ranch, and surveyed the cattle with unfeigned pleasure, the corporal came over to the Kaffir.

"You know Potchers?" he asked.

A smile radiated the black man's face.

"Can you go to Potchers?"

A frown took the place of the smile as he thought that his acquaintance with it was limited to two months spent in the prison there.

"Nobody will touch you," said the corporal, noticing the frown. "Your part in this affair won't hurt you, and I'll see that you get ten pounds if you drive the cattle there."

The eyes of the black man fairly sparkled. He knew the mounted police well enough to know, that for good or ill, they usually kept their word.

"How long will it take you to go?"

"A week," was the reply, to which was added quickly, "You say ten pounds?"

"Yes, ten pounds."

"But Schweeps," said the Kaffir.

"Schweeps won't get you."

The Kaffir's terror of Schweeps was so great that he trembled when ever he thought of him, and several times during the day he went back on his bargain, and it took all the corporal's words to encourage him again.

Towards evening they inspanned, the corporal taking everything belonging to the Kaffir out of the wagon and getting him to help lift the Boer who had been the first to fall, and whose skull was fractured A comfortable place was found for him in the wagon, and the corporal started off with it, telling the Kaffir he was going to spend the night on the veld just outside, and would be waiting for him to drive the cattle out in the morning.

Two hours later the span was stopped and the corporal began his search for Schweeps. He had evidently been trying to escape, and had managed to crawl nearly half a mile from where he was left. But he was too pained to say anything and was hoisted into the wagon without protest.

Ere long the wagon was back near the corrall, and, having snatched a few hours' rest, the corporal was awaiting the cattle in the morning. In due time they appeared, the Kaffir howling behind them. They were started off to a spruit in the north, and, driven by thirst, ran most of the way.

On the third day the corporal was so pleased with the progress being made that he offered the Kaffir an extra two pounds if he got the cattle safely to Potchers. The grin, by which the black man made reply, was limited only by the size of his face, for he had never even dreamed of possessing such a sum of money.

During all this time the Kaffir had not been near the wagon, which was covered with canvas. and did not know that Schweeps lay there wounded. It was the careful policy of the corporal to tell him that Jan's condition demanded his being entirely undisturbed.

Several times the Kaffir was overtaken by the fear of what would happen to him if Schweeps got hold of him, and he was calmed only with difficulty.

It was towards evening of the day on which the Kaffir had been promised an extra two pounds, when riding not far from the wagon, that he caught sight of Schweeps's face looking out at the front. A loud howl went up, and he fled like a madman. The corporal turned and saw the horse galloping off. Spurring up, he followed, and the chase lasted for half an hour, when the Kaffir's horse stumbled and flung him. In a moment the corporal was at his side.

The black man's face was horror-stricken. His eyes bulged out of his head, as he screamed:

"Schweeps! Schweeps!"

To all the entreaties of the corporal, and to the offer of twenty pounds, the Kaffir had but one answer:

"Schweeps! Schweeps!"

It was a waste of time to stay longer, and taking the Kaffir's horse the corporal turned to go back, the black man continuing his flight on foot.

Before he had gone far the cor-

poral could see the wagon going off in one direction and the cattle in another. His first thought was of Schweeps, who had been tied midway down the wagon, and who had evidently got loose and was driving the span. The wagon sped on ahead at a great pace. The corporal urged his horse to the utmost, and the wagon drew near. With a dash he rushed forward and seized the horses by the head.

A string of oaths came from the wagon, where the outlaw lay urging the horses with a long pole.

"Curse you rooinek, if I had a rifle it's not you nor your kind that would get me."

The corporal merely smiled as he turned the span round and started back. After having gone some miles he outspanned for the night and prepared a hasty meal. This finished, he attended to Schweeps's wound, which he dressed every day. Jan, who had lain in a state of semi-consciousness all the time, and with difficulty could be got to take any nourishment, was getting a little better. Leaving them, the corporal set off to find the cattle. The fewness of his words might have been taken as the measure of his determination. On an ordinary occasion it would have been enough to have taken Schweeps to Potchers, but this was no ordinary occasion and he wanted the cattle as badly as he wanted the thief himself, being determined to lose neither. To round up a couple of hundred cattle at night and have charge of two prisoners was a task to which only a few would have applied themselves. But the corporal did not think twice about it.

He had ridden many hours in the starlight and was probably short about thirty head in the bunch of cattle he was bringing up to the wagon, when he noticed a light over in the direction in which it sat. At once it seemed to flare up, and urging his tired horse he could soon see that the wagon was on fire. In a moment he knew what had happened. Schweeps had taken a sinister revenge, unmindfull of how it affected himself. Dashing up, he was able to save Jan from the flames, and some provisions; but in a few minutes all was over, save for a little smoke that swung round and coiled upwards.

Then the corporal looked hastily for Schweeps; but neither he nor the span of horses could be found. He judged, however, that he had made off in the direction of Portuguese territory. Early daylight justified this surmise, for the grass in that direction was bruised as though something heavy and flat had been dragged over it.

"Just as I thought," mused the corporal, "he made a cariole out of the loose side of the wagon and lay on it, but how did he get the harness which I carried and laid fifty yards away? He planned some, and suffered some in carrying out his plans. I'll get him, though," he added with determination.

Leaving Jan with a blanket, he struck off, trailing his man. The desperate venture had over-reached itself, and the horses were found quietly grazing; while Schweeps was near at hand, evidently not able to stand the rough trip for the next eight miles that would have seen him into other territory, although he had liberally supplied himself with blankets to ease the roughness of the journey.

Once back where Jan lay by the ashes of the wagon, the corporal made a short speech to the two of them, although he looked at Schweeps only. He said:

"We're going to Potchers—all of us—and the cattle. I'll get you there if I have to drag you by the heels; don't forget it. If you behave, we'll be there in something over two days, and if you don't, it may take longer. Thanks to your foolishness, we haven't quite as much to eat as we had, and we haven't a wagon. Of course, that doesn't make so much difference to me as it does to you; but you're going to Potchers, if only to be buried there. Do you understand?"

This was a long speech for the corporal, and he had so over-reached himself that he was practically silent for the rest of the trip.

He began to fit up the cariole, and pulled some grass to make it as easy to lie on as possible, after which he tied the two men thereon and proceeded.

Three days later a band of tired and thirsty cattle broke down the one street that is Potchers and bellowed round the pump.

From the verandah of the police headquarters, from which he had just emerged after giving vent to a most emphatic complaint about the slackness of the police, and about it being no more use any more to raise cattle no how when any man could come and take them, Drag Roon gazed out over the street.

He straightened himself up and opened his mouth as he looked.

"Shakes me if them's not my cattle," he cried, and with a few strides he was amongst them, his smile broadening all the while as he saw animal after animal with his brand upon its flank.

"Hey there, how did this happen?" he asked some men near.

The corporal rode down, leading the team and its load.

"You do this?" asked the rancher.

"I had a little hand in it," was the reply.

"Who helped you?"

"Some fellows I've got here."

Drag went forward and lifted the light blanket that had shaded the prisoners from the sun. A black-bearded face with sinister eyes looked up at him.

The rancher caught his breath and reeled back, a look of amazement on his face. Then his cry rose above the bellowing of the cattle:

"Schweeps! Schweeps!"

The crowd that had gathered looked up the street and started to run. Women screamed and children cried in terror.

The colonel of the mounted police came through the now terrified mob.

"What did you say?" he asked.

The rancher pointed to the sled.

The colonel walked over and gingerly lifted the blanket.

He gasped.

The corporal saluted, "He's wounded, sir."

The colonel ordered two of the policemen to run the team into the barrack yard, shut the gate, and call every available man to get the prisoners safe inside.

"How did you do it?" he said, turning to the corporal.

But the latter merely smiled. He might have answered if a single word could have sufficed; as it was he was dumb.

Overcome with the strain of the past week, and with lack of sleep, the corporal fell rather than jumped off his horse.

The colonel came to give him his arm, but Drag was there, too.

"He must come to the barracks and report," said the former.

"Well, if he must, he's going to have the best in Potchers, and Drag Roon is going to see that he gets it, too. Here, you," turning to a storekeeper, "bring up the best you have, enough to keep one man a week."

Drag would let nobody help the tired rider in but himself, not that he was any help, although he went home and told how he carried the corporal in alone.

The corporal spent a delicious week resting up at the Roon ranch. One day Drag took him to look round the place.

"You see," he explained as they neared home, "I'm not so young as I was, and I think us old fellows should give way to you young chaps, and I have been wondering how you would like to come and take hold of the place."

The corporal looked away out over the veld, and smiled his pleasure at the idea. He did not mention what Alice and he had planned the night before, and he was wrong when he

thought that Drag Roon had not guessed.

Drag Roon lives in Potchers now, next to the police barracks. He says it's the right sort of place to live in; if his cat strayed to the Cape those chaps would be sure to get it sooner or later.

But he often goes out to the ranch, where there is always a welcome, and when he came back last time he confided thus to the colonel:

"It's wonderful how them young folks manage. Shakes me, they are doing better than I did, although it wouldn't do to tell them that."

THE POET

To A. H.

By ALFRED GORDON

THE poet stands apart—
As the world thinks—
And from springs at the earth's heart,
Alone, he drinks.

Madness divine, men say,
Misreading him, is his,
And, nodding, turn away
From too deep mysteries.

But, ah, too well he knows,
Himself, his circling fate;
Too human, all men's throes
Depress him or elate.

Communion too intense
Divides him who would be
One with their every sense
Of joy or agony.

In youth, from youth estranged,
Thought clogs his running feet;
While some boy's glee unchanged
Pulls age down from his seat.

So, when a boy, boys say,
If he but one hour dream,
"Come out! You never play
By field or wood or stream!"

Now, when a man, and men
Would make him as themselves,
Down, down he throws his pen,
And laughs with fays and elves.

Thus is he out of time,
Eve misunderstood,
Made by the gift of rhyme
Old only as his mood.

THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR

BY HAROLD SANDS

WHEN King George threw overboard all "German degrees, styles, dignities, titles and honours," and changed the name of the royal family from Wettin to Windsor, he performed an act of relinquishment that won the instant approval of the British Empire. Wettin is a name "made in Germany"; Windsor is inseparably connected with England.

The English people never took very kindly to the Saxe-Coburg connection and they are not sorry to see it discarded by the king, "for ourselves and for and on behalf of our descendants". They know that George V. has no sympathy with the baby-killers who in their raids above the unfortified City of London have sought out, but so far fortunately have missed, Buckingham Palace.

With a misdirected energy some genealogists have tried to trace the dynasty of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha back to the early Saxon kings of England. More recently, too, others have tried to show that Windsor is a name of German origin. It is good old English and dates back to the days of Edward the Confessor. At that time it was known as Wyndleshore, because of the windings of the River Thames, which flows past the royal estate which the world now knows as "proud Windsor".

Some people were surprised to learn that the surname of King George's family was Wettin. They thought it was Guelph, the family name of the House of Brunswick. Queen Victoria was a Guelph, but when a woman, be she queen or kitchen-maid, marries, she takes the name of her husband. "Albert the Good," husband of Queen Victoria, was a Wettin. In the earlier years of his family's history the heads of the house were best known as Counts of Wettin, a title which King Edward VII. liked to use when he travelled incognito on the continent.

Guelph goes back to the days of Charlemagne, whose sister was the mother of the first Guelph, or Welf. Her husband was Isenbard of Altdorf in Swabia. He was attending the Emperor one day when a messenger came riding in haste to convey the news that a son was born to him.

Isenberg, anxious to see his first-born, asked the Emperor for leave of absence, whereupon Charlemagne, so runs the story, exclaimed: "There is no need of haste to go and see this Whelp." The Emperor was so pleased with his description of his sister's boy that he again called him a whelp when he took part in the baptismal ceremony. The Isenbard family adopted the name, which ultimately became changed to Guelph.

Now the British people are done with Guelph and Wettin and in their stead have Windsor. The great castle which thus supplies a name for the royal family is in some respects the most remarkable residence in the world. It has been in its time palace, prison and tomb.

The pious Edward the Confessor, its first royal owner, presented the property to the Abbot and Monks of St. Peter of Westminster. Trading in real estate was as much in evidence in the early days as now, comparatively speaking, and a later abbot exchanged the property when William the Conqueror offered him a good bargain in land closer in to Westminster. The Norman king erected the first castle of which there is any accurate knowledge, and from that day to this Windsor has been a favourite royal residence.

Windsor is connected with some of the most memorable British events. It was from the castle that King John went to Runneymede, where he signed Magna Charta, and he returned to it in a great rage after having been forced to divest himself of much power.

Ancient chronicles report how King John walked about in the castle, white as death and biting now on one staff and another, and cursing the hour in which he was born, as many another autocrat has done since. It is not without interest to recall that his excessive claims on the barons for military service led to the combination against him. This should not be without significance to the Hohenzollern family.

King John's dismal thoughts made Windsor somewhat of a dark place for him, but to the monarchs who took the name of Henry the property was a source of pleasure. Henry I. rebuilt the none too pretentious castle which his father, William the Conqueror, had erected. Henry III. spent a small fortune in additions, repairs and works within the old fortress. Henry VIII., too, though he found other uses for his money, delighted in Windsor, where he carried on several of his flirtations.

The first English sovereign to be born at Windsor was Edward III. He was called Edward of Windsor and not unnaturally spent much money on his birthplace. At the castle he instituted the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the chief English knighthood.

Many legends have been told concerning the origin of this order, and the one which most people prefer to believe relates to the garter of that most beautiful dame, Joan, Countess of Salisbury, of whom King Edward was enamoured. It is related that while dancing at a high festival the countess accidentally slipped her garter, of blue embroidered velvet, from her slender, well-formed leg. It was picked up by her royal partner who, noticing the significant looks of his courtiers, used words to them which afterwards became the motto of the order—*"Honi soit qui mal y pense,"* evil be to him who evil thinks. The monarch added that "in a short time they should see that garter advanced to so high honour and estimation as to account themselves happy to wear it".

The institution of the order was arranged on St. George's day, 1345, but the first installation did not take place until the anniversary of St. George in 1349. Nine German emperors have been invested with the order. The Emperor Sigismund bestowed upon the chapter the heart of St. George, the patron saint of the order.

This temple of chivalry and birthplace of royal babes is also the burial place of kings. Among the bodies buried there was that of the much-married Henry VIII. It was at Windsor, also, that Cromwell's officers first decided on the death of Charles I., who was as staunch a believer in the divine right of kings as William II. of Germany.

Charles held court at Windsor just before the Civil War broke out. The Parliamentarians captured the castle from the Cavaliers in October, 1642. It is recorded that "several valiant religious commanders" made off with the plate of St. George's Chapel, stripped Cardinal Wolsey's tomb of its costly bronze-gold work, and some of them divided among them the velvet surcoat of Edward IV., wrought with gold and pearls and decorated with rubies, which hung over the tomb of the sovereign.

At the end of the Civil War some

officers of the Parliamentary Army spent two days together in prayer at the castle, "inquiring of the Lord" what they should do with the king. They decided that the word of the Lord was "to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for that blood and the mischief he had done".

A few months afterwards the king was captured and taken to Windsor. From there he was conveyed to London, tried, condemned and executed. His body was buried at Windsor, in the vault which contained the remains of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. Friends who accompanied the body to the castle asked that it might be buried according to the common prayer book, but the Roundhead Governor "expressly, positively, and roughly refused consent to it, and said it was not lawful".

Pleasure-loving Charles II. made Windsor a summer residence and his fair but frail Nell Gwynn had a lodging close to the castle, near the Henry VIII. gateway. By this time the castle, "the most romantique castle that is in the world," as Pepys said, had become "exceedingly ragged and ruinous". Prince Rupert, who besides being Governor of the Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay, was constable of the castle after the restoration, started to "trim it up". Sir Christopher Wren did his bit of trimming, too, but Windsor fell on comparatively evil days during the last years of the Stuart dynasty. At the downfall of James II. the revolutionary crowd ruined the interior of St. George's Chapel, giving as an excuse that it was there that James received the Papal Nuncio.

William of Orange didn't "cotton to" Windsor, but Queen Anne liked it as a royal residence and was partisularly fond of the park, to which she did considerable improvement work. George I. and George II. who spent much time in Germany, neglected Windsor, but the third George was more partial to it and spent some money in repairing buildings.

The great rebuilder of Windsor Castle, however, was George IV. He devoted more than $3,500,000 to its restoration. William IV. continued the good work and Queen Victoria, urged on by the Prince Consort, carried it on still further. Among them the last three sovereigns of the Hanoverian dynasty spent not less than $7,500,000 on the castle. It is small wonder, therefore, that a distinguished French statesman who visited Windsor during the reign of Queen Victoria, described it as one of the most delightful and picturesque castles in the world. "Its exterior is a Gothic fortress of the Middle Ages; its interior is a very elegant and comfortable modern palace," said Guizot. That is hardly "elegant" language, but it serves to describe the ancient castle from which the British royal family takes its new name.

Some notable honeymoons have been spent at Windsor, but the most delightful, undoubtedly, was that of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who repaired there within a few days of their marriage in London in February, 1840. The Prince of Wales, their second child, afterwards Edward VII., was christened there. In view of the fact that among the titles and honours which the House of Windsor has specially relinquished are those pertaining to the dukes and duchesses of Saxony, it is interesting to recall that the title of Duke of Saxony was conferred on the heir-apparent of that time at his christening.

Even in those days there was objection to this German title. The conferring of the title, although it was hereditary, was much criticized. Objection was also taken to the quartering of his father's hereditary arms of Saxony on the prince's shield, with those of England. An examination of newspapers and pamphlets of the time would disclose that the Germans were little less popular in England in 1842, the year of King Edward's birth, than they are now.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

A Retrospect

BY THE EDITOR

THIS is the 301st number of *The Canadian Magazine*. That means that for a quarter of a century this magazine has been issued twelve times a year, making it much the oldest monthly in Canada and one of the oldest on this continent. Age in magazines, as well as in wine, furniture or people, generally is a guarantee of goodness, and therefore one might quite rightly conclude that there has been some peculiar virtue in *The Canadian Magazine* that has caused it to last when all other standard magazines in Canada have failed.

Twenty-five years in the life of a country is not a long time, and yet what a great change there has been in Canada, especially in the realms of literature and art, realms that *The Canadian Magazine* has striven against great odds to extend and improve. At the time the magazine was established (in 1893) Canada had scarcely any history of literature or art. The country was on the verge, nevertheless, of a great revival. The revival was not so apparent then as it is now. If we look back to the magazine's beginning we shall see in that very year the first publication of Bliss Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré", the kind of poem that helps to give foundation to a country's claim to literary distinction. In that very year also first appeared Charles G. D. Roberts's "Songs of the Common Day", which, according to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, never have been surpassed by anything of their kind.

The nineties was an unusually dominant period in literature and art, not only in Canada, but as well abroad. The decade closed the nineteenth century with a renaissance quite as remarkable as the ten years which in England closed the eighteenth century, ten years which Mr. Watts-Dunton has described as the Renaissance of Wonder, ten years made glorious by Constable and Morland, Raeburn and Crome, Shelley and Keats, Wordsworth and Byron, Coleridge and Burns, Scott and De Quincey.

Great names are these. And yet if we look at the men who made illustrious the decade that has been named the Renaissance of the Nineties we find names equally as important if not equally as great—Conder and Beardsley, Guthrie and Steer, Synge and Moore, Wilde and Dawson, Carman and Yeats, Morrice and Sickert, Ferguson and Whistler. These names have scarcely as yet passed into history, so that they do not appear, like the other group, with the halo of a century upon them. They were, nevertheless, and some of them are still, great men; and it is noteworthy that they were at the height of their powers during the nineties, which was in most instances during young manhood. Of the Canadians who here ap-

pear prominently Charles G. D. Roberts was thirty-four years of age, Bliss Carman thirty-three, and James Wilson Morrice thirty. Of the old countrymen of that time—most of whom had work appear in *The Yellow Book*, an artistic and literary quarterly which was established a year later than *The Canadian Magazine*, but which survived only to its thirteenth volume—Conder was twenty-six, Housman twenty-seven, Dowson twenty-seven, and Beardsley, at twenty-one, was tasting the sweets of early fame.

In the first number of *The Canadian Magazine* appears this announcement of conduct:

> "While the pages of the magazine will be open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinions, and opinions with which the magazine does not agree, the policy will be steadily pursued of cultivating Canadian patriotism and Canadian interests, and of endeavouring to aid in the consolidating of the Dominion on a basis of national self-respect and a mutual regard for the rights of the great elements which make up the population of Canada."

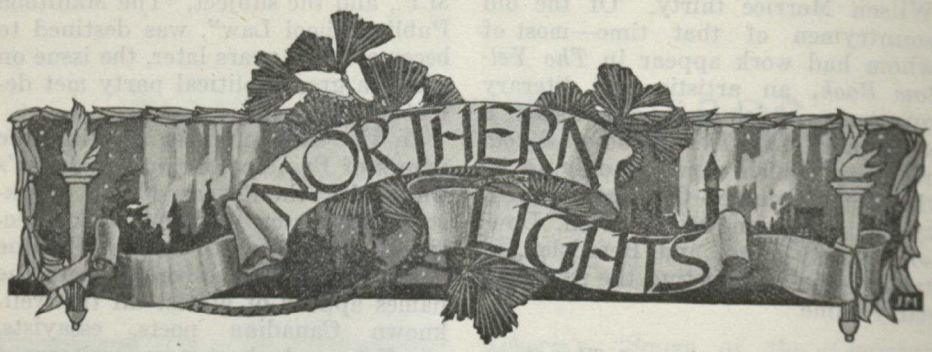
From that policy the magazine never has departed, and while opinions have been expressed and statements made that have wounded individuals and classes, the expressions have been permitted without malice and for a high purpose, and opportunity to present the "other side" of the case never has been refused.

In *The Canadian Magazine* first appeared the work of many writers who are now famous. There also have appeared writings of some of the most eminent men of letters of its time. Perhaps the most erudite and refined contributor to its pages was Professor Goldwin Smith, who, although he had sad memories of his own experiences as a publisher of periodical literature in Canada, was albeit a sincere sympathizer with any worthy effort being made to promote the interests of literature and art in a country that had been concerned mostly, and naturally, with the common amenities of life.

The first article in the first number was contributed by Dalton M'Carthy, M.P., and the subject, "The Manitoba Public School Law", was destined to become, a few years later, the issue on which a great political party met defeat at the polls.

In the same number we find the names of Principal Grant, of Queen's University; the Reverend W. S. Blackstock, Professor William Clark, Hector W. Charlesworth and E. Pauline Johnson. In successive numbers the names appear of almost all the well-known Canadian poets, essayists, novelists and short-story writers of the time. Among these are Goldwin Smith, Sir Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Arthur Stringer, Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Wilfred Campbell, Harvey O'Higgins, Sir John Bourinot, Jean Blewett, Norman Duncan, Louis Fréchette, Edward Farrer, J. W. Longley, Sir James Le Moine, the Honourable David Mills, L. M. Montgomery, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Lord Strathcona, Stephen Leacock, Sir Clifford Sifton, Sir John Willison, Erastus Wiman, Sir Charles Tupper, Professor Adam Shortt, A. H. U. Colquhoun, Grant Allen, George Tate Blackstock, "Kit", A. D. De Celles, Sir Louis H. Davies, the Honourable George W. Ross, Theodore Roberts, John Reade, W. A. Fraser, Franklin Gadsby, James Hannay, J. Castell Hopkins, Z. A. Lash, W. D. Lighthall, Agnes Maule Machar, W. Sandford Evans, John Ewan.

Some of these names still appear from time to time in the magazine, but almost every issue contains the name of a new writer who therein makes his first venture in literature. Twenty-five years from now names that are obscure to-day will have become household words. So that in our praise of the older writers we should keep in mind the newer ones, the ones who, though not less gifted than the others, need our encouragement and support.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

PRESS, POLITICS AND THE PEACE RIVER

MRS CHARLES THOMPSON, who did considerable campaign work in Calgary before the Alberta elections last June, was formerly Miss Alice Elliott, women's editor of *The News-Telegram*, Calgary. Her parents live in Galt, Ontario, and she lived there until marriage—and Captain Thompson—took her to the West.

Mrs. Thompson has always been interested in the progressive movement amongst women, but it was only this past spring when she seconded W. M. Davidson's nomination that she came especially into prominence. She is the first woman on record to approve in this way of a man's candidature.

The election being over in Calgary, Mrs. Thompson, whose speaking had been pretty constant, was asked to go to the Peace River in the interests of the Liberal candidate, and again she can claim the distinction of being a pioneer—for no other woman had ever spoken along political lines in this district.

Starting out from Edmonton, she made the trip to Spirit River without adventure, unless the small matter of a dining-car be counted as such. On asking the porter where it was, the reply was distinctly discouraging, and, the question being pressed, the porter admitted that he didn't know where it was, that the last lady who saw it "threw a fit". The reason for this extreme emotional abandon was soon explained; the dining-car proved to be a coach which had been turned upside-down in some wreck, possibly, and which had been converted into a *cafeteria* without having its position altered in the least!

Arrived at Peace River, Mrs. Thompson was delighted to find so high a degree of mentality in the women so far removed from what we are accustomed to think of as civilization. They showed themselves to be able conversationalists on all the live topics of the day and discussed political issues after the manner of seasoned campaigners. True, they had recently enjoyed unusual opportunities for hearing all sides of many questions, for the country had been flooded with speakers *pro* and *con*, but a point worth remarking is that they were sufficiently interested to make great efforts to hear these speakers, travelling miles and then more miles in order to learn something of the subjects agitating the Province.

At all Mrs. Thompson's meetings women were as much in evidence as

men. She tells of motoring to one particularly lonely home. From the doorway she looked over a great stretch of uninhabited country; she was unable to see a house or even any smoke rising anywhere to denote human habitation. And yet nearly one hundred enthusiastic seekers after political truth were gathered inside to hear her view of the situation. Another meeting-place was an old mill, denuded of its bags of grain, but boasting of a fine player-piano. Oh, the West is full of surprises!

On election-day there were but few women who did not poll their votes, and it would hardly be fair to Mrs. Thompson to slip over the that fact without giving her credit for having stirred many of them to a sense of their civic responsibilities.

Mrs. Charles Thompson,
A campaigner in the Peace River District

*

BY TRAIL AND WATERWAY

THIS is a chapter from the life and work of Bishop Roper, of Ottawa, who for three years laboured throughout the Diocese of Columbia. Nowhere is the Bishop more dearly loved than in the settlements in the northern parts of Vancouver Island and the islands adjacent, where the travelled extensively, visiting the various little communities, carrying to those who are shut away from the railroad and the facilities of telephone and telegraph all the news of the outside world, his breezy cheeriness of manner, his frank cordiality, his unfailing kindness and sympathy conveying to the people of these isolated places a practical demonstration of that Christianity of which he is such an active example.

One who is unfamiliar with the country in this farthest west of Canada has no conception of the difficulties which attend travel when one has left the railway lines, the high roads and the well-beaten trails, old as some of the giant fir-trees, trails that have felt the feet of many passing generations of Indians, and has gone out into the pathless wilderness, where to cross swamps, to ford streams, to pick one's way through a forest broken by windstorms, or to cross the rocky shoulder of some great foot-hill is all part of the day's routine.

One feels a little thrill of pity, mistaken perhaps, for the families who live miles from even the little villages. They are so pathetically glad to see visitors. It was to these isolated folk that Bishop Roper loved to wend his way. In his modest diary he makes no complaint of the inclemency of the weather, speaking cheerfully of fashioning leggings out of potato sacks, of sleeping in shacks "not quite weatherproof", on beds of calf-skin "not quite dry", while he was going to visit a family of German Lutherans who had a baby to be baptized.

"I had all my episcopal habit with me, just as I should have had it in the Cathedral," he writes, and one can imagine what that must have meant to the parents of the baby, and how the precious memory of that baptismal service must have hallowed the little shack to them for all time.

Bishop Roper, as he appeared "on the road" in British Columbia

Of course, not all the villages are only in the beginning stage. Some of them have been growing for a score of years more or less, and are now thriving little communities, with schools and churches and sidewalks, the latter not the least important of the three from a layman's point of view. Then there are the Indian villages, older still, which are always built along the coast, or on the shores of some lagoon or lake. To be near the water is indispensable to the fish-loving Siwash. Wierdly uninviting are the most of the Indian settlements. The natives' primitive love of the really picturesque seems to have vanished with what they have learned of civilization. Their houses, built as they are almost on the beaches, just above high water, look as though a slight wind would shatter them to kindling. In front of some of the more pretentious buildings, the chiefs' houses or halls, they set up their totem-poles, grotesque looking things enough, but interesting in that they tell the history of the family or the tribe. It is in these villages which have felt the influence of the church's teachings where one finds by far the best conditions, social, moral and sanitary. The missionaries are responsible for the establishment of the schools and clubs and musical organizations, which latter have done more than words can express to help the Indian and give him some of the real delights of civilization.

It is astonishing the number of little churches that are built or in the course of construction along the east and west coasts of Vancouver Island and the smaller islands of the Gulf of Georgia. The completion of the various railways will do an incalculable amount of good towards facilitating the carrying of the Gospel and other good cheer to the white settlers and the Indians, but the pioneers of the church's teaching, like Bishop Roper and others before him, have laid a foundation very strong and sure upon which may be built that which shall stand unshaken through the storm and stress of time.

Westerners always will cherish many pleasant pictures of Bishop Roper and among the most pleasant will be that of him as a traveller upon the trail, in his practical walking costume, his pack on his back, his kindly face looking out from under his cler-

ical hat, and vividly suggesting in its benign cordiality, those delightful curés of Sir Gilbert Parker's stories.

*

NURSING SISTER READ

MISS HELENA L. READ, who has recently been appointed matron of the Soldiers' Infirmary, at the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, on the outskirts of London, Ontario, has already had a varied experience of work as a nursing sister. Born and educated in Stratford, Miss Read went over the line for her professional training and is a graduate of the New York Polyclinic Hospital. She engaged in private nursing until the outbreak of the war led to her enlistment for service with the Canadian Army Medical Corps. In April, 1915, she sailed for England on the hospital ship *Letitia*, which, by the way, was wrecked on its next voyage. Miss Read served first in the Moore Barracks Hospital, at Shornecliffe, then at Brighton, and thirdly in the No. 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital at Boulogne, in France. Among the patients under her care in the "Port Hope" ward of this hospital was Private McDonald, the man whose patriotic zeal inspired him to walk to Winnipeg—350 miles—to enlist. Miss Read returned to Canada in July last, having had over two years' experience of military nursing overseas. The work for tuberculous soldiers at the Queen Alexandra, or, as it was called formerly, the Byron, Sanatorium is yet in its infancy. The Military Hospitals Commission has erected its own

NURSING SISTER READ

buildings in the grounds of the Sanatorium, which is finely situated on a height overlooking the Thames valley. Four pavilions, each containing fifteen beds, have been opened, and the new main building will soon be ready for occupation. In fact, the kitchen and dining-room are already in use, the first meal having been served in the latter on November 24th, when Sir Adam Beck, ex-President of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and Lady Beck were guests of honour. Miss Read is assisted by Nursing Sisters Bodkin and MacCormack, both of London.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

AMERICA AT WAR

By Professor W. F. Osborne. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is a good, sprightly, readable book. Professor Osborne's style is already known to quite a number of Canadians. These sketches of the doings at Washington when the United States entered the war make no pretension to literary merit. The author is very humble about them on this score in his preface. But they achieve a certain literary merit nevertheless. They have the literary merit of vivacity and movement in description. They give the picture they set out to give inevitably, with possibly one somewhat obvious flaw. The author was not quite sufficiently the disinterested artist depicting the humanity of a great nation going into action in connection with its first great war. He has his prejudices and reveals them. Sometimes he quite obviously grinds his axe, and the note sounded is an unpleasant one. Barring this, the book is clever writing, good depiction of its picture, and for anybody who is interested, and that should be everybody, very pleasant reading. *The Winnipeg Free Press* for getting a man to do it, and Professor Osborne for doing it, should be complimented.

*

THE FORFEIT

By Ridgwell Cullum. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

HERE is a typical western novel in which figure the "Lightfoot Rustlers", a notorious band of cattle thieves. It has just enough melodrama to make it enthralling. The leader of the "Rustlers" is the devil-me-care twin brother of Jeff Masters, who discovers this fact through the agency of a woman who gets a huge reward for her information. Ronny, the brother, is hanged, and years afterwards, and herein rests the romance, Jeff and the woman marry, and afterwards Jeff discovers that she is the woman who betrayed his brother. The complications that follow are sufficient to absorb the average reader's attention.

*

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

By Hamlin Garland. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE of the best American writers here gives us in reminiscent form a searching picture, even a revelation of pioneer life in the middle Western States. And how different a picture it is from the pictures drawn in the ordinary novel! It depicts the struggles of the settler, the privations of border life, the perpetual romance always confronting the family of a man like Richard Garland, father of the author, a man who always was giving way to the lure of the hinterland. From one place to another the Garlands repeatedly moved, and through these pages one catches wonderfully illuminating glimpses of the life and the times. Here is one of the Dakotas:

> There on a low mound of the prairie, in the shadow of the house we had built, beneath the slender trees we had planted, we were bidding farewell to one cycle of emigration and entering upon another. The

border line had moved on, and my indomitable dad was moving with it. I shivered with dread of the irrevocable decision thus forced upon me. I heard a clanging as of great gates behind me, and the field of the future was wide and wan.

Lacking its humorous and ludicious features, this book otherwise compares favourably with "David Copperfield". The one is as illustrative of pioneer American life in the Middle West as the other is of England half a century or more ago.

*

THE WAR, MADAM

By Paul Geraldy. London and Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack, Limited.

IT is difficult to read this book with a view to literary criticism. The reading of it constitutes an experience, accompanied by very vivid sensations. The book is a representation of the war and of madame at home such as only a rare genius could achieve. Genius discerns the fundamentals which are universals and so "The War, Madame" may be translated into any tongue and lose none of its effectiveness. It is for wars of all time. If this be true the little book of scarce a hundred small pages is a classic. The translator signs simply, "S. C. B."

*

THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE

By Vachel Lindsay. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a volume of Mr. Lindsay's latest poems. It is the first to appear since "The Congo", and among its notable contents is the poem that gives it title and that won the prize awarded by *The Poetry Magazine*. The author has been a nomadic poet, something of the style of the old-time minstrel, who has gone about from place to place in the United States reciting his stanzas and paying his way by the sale of printed leaflets. He has published several volumes, including "General William Booth Enters into Heaven", and "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty". We quote from this latest volume the poem entitled "Two Old Crows":

Two old crows sat on a fence-rail,
Two old crows sat on a fence-rail,
Thinking of effect and cause,
Of weeds and flowers,
And nature's laws.
One of them muttered, one of them stuttered,
One of them stuttered, one of them muttered.
Each of them thought far more than he uttered.
One crow asked the other crow a riddle.
One crow asked the other crow a riddle:
The muttering crow
Asked the stuttering crow,
"Why does a bee have a sword to his fiddle?
Why does a bee have a sword to his fiddle?"
"Bee-cause," said the other crow,
"Bee-cause,
B B B B B B B B B B-cause."

Just then a bee flew close to their rail—
"Buzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzzzzzzzz ZZZZZZZZZZ."
And those two black crows
Turned pale,
And away those crows did sail.
Why,
B B B B B B B B B B B-cause,
B B B B B B B B B B B-cause,
"Buzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzzzzzzzz ZZZZZZZZZZ."

*

THE OLD FRONT LINE

By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of this vivid description of the front line as it was when the battle of the Somme began is better known as a poet, the author of "The Widow in the Bye Street"; but that fact need not detract from the importance or the interest of the volume. Mr. Masefield writes about the events and conditions which made victory possible for the Allies in the biggest battle in which Great Britain ever was engaged. He claims that this battle first gave the enemy the knowledge that he was beaten. There are many unusually interesting photographs taken on the spot.

REED VOICES

By James B. Kenyon. New York: James T. White and Company.

MELODY is one attribute that distinguishes Dr. Kenyon's verse from the work of many present-day American poets. It is commendable also for its rejection of brazenness, for not attempting to shock, and for its appeal to the average reader, who can understand it and like it. The present collection is a result of the publishers' determination to give the reading public American poetry that has sufficient merit to justify its perpetuation. Dr. Kenyon, however, is not a new poet, but this volume should serve to make him much more widely read. We quote "The Transformation":

Along the hills the winds are mute;
The yellow sunlight falls
On streams by which the birds still flute
Their evening malrigals.

I tread the old familiar path,
Among the peaceful sheep,
Nor dream that e'er war's vengeful wrath
Could o'er this landscape sweep.

And yet far hence o'er other fields,
By such a quiet stream,
The shuddering heaven rocks and reels,
And wounded horses scream;

And men, with hate and fury blind,
And bayonets dripping red,
Go charging down the poisoned wind,
Across the mangled dead.

Yet mayhap there, mid daisies sweet,
When summer airs blew free,
Some loiterer fared with aimless feet,
Nor dreamed that this could be.

*

COLLECTED POEMS, 1904-1917

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of this large collection of poems, all of his writings, it is announced, that he wishes to preserve, is a poet whose writings will be found refreshing to many who regard poetry as something that treats only of roses and lilies, perfumes and fairies, love and laughter. For in this book will be found poetry, real poetry, that considers the everyday affairs of everyday people. There will be found "Daily Bread", "Womenkind", "Borderlands and Thoroughfares", "Akra: The Slave", "The Dancing Seal" and many other well-known Gibson poems. We quote the first part of "The Wife":

That night she dreamt that he had died,
As they were sleeping, side by side;
And she awakened in affright,
To think of him, so cold and white;
And, when she turned her eyes to him,
The tears of dream had made them dim;
And, for a while, she could not see
That he was sleeping quietly.
But, as she saw him lying there,
The moonlight on his curly hair,
With happy face and even breath,
Although she thought no more of death;
And it was very good to rest
Her trembling hand on his calm breast,
And feel the warm and breathing life;
And know that she was still his wife;
Yet, in his bosom's least stir,
She felt a something trouble her;
And wept again, she knew not why;
And thought it would be good to die—
To sink into the deep, sweet rest,
Her hand upon his quiet breast.

*

A HEAP O' LIVIN'

By Edgar A. Guest. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

OF a different style from most of to-day's output is this volume of homely, uplifting verse. It may be called commonplace, but at any rate it is wholesome. Here is an example:

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

I do not think all failure's undeserved,
And all success is merely someone's luck;
Some men are down because they were unnerved,
And some are up because they kept their pluck.
Some men are down because they chose to shirk;
Some men are high because they did their work.

I do not think that all the poor are good,
That riches are the uniform of shame;
The beggar might have conquered if he would,
And that he begs, the world is not to blame.
Misfortune is not all that comes to mar;
Most men, themselves, have shaped the things they are.

A THEOLOGY FOR THE SOCIAL GOSPEL

By Walter Rauschenbusch. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHEN George Eliot accused the professing Christians of her time of "other worldliness" she criticized a bias which was quite obvious in the religious emphasis of the day. Many will be ready to accuse Dr. Rauschenbusch of "this worldliness". If his book has any failure it lies in this, that it leaves one with a slightly provincial feeling, as if one's significant connections were severed or threatened with severance. Dr. Rauschenbusch is distinctly interested in the "local situation". He is obviously dissatisfied with the present capitalistic system which dominates the life of the earth. He does not like the Imperialism and commercial rivalries which lead to disruptions of international harmony. To his eyes the existing social order is very selfish and brutal. He would emphasize those elements in the Christian religion which he thinks have the impact for change upon all this badness of the modern world. He takes the Bible as his incisive text-book and uses it zealously in a free and easy style which tosses about brilliant applications as freely as a Sunday school superintendent tosses oranges at a picnic. His whole contention is that much, very much, of the church's theology has an abstract reference and that it is without the precise and immediate indicativeness of Jesus and the prophets. In setting out to remedy this defect and in offering a theology for the social gospel he is performing a welcome service. The treatment from this standpoint of sin and salvation, of the Kingdom of Evil and the Kingdom of God becomes in his hands attractive and suggestive. One humble instance will suffice to show the nature of his contention. He cites the case of a Mennonite brother who sent dirty milk to the city, and was excluded from the brotherhood of his sect because he swore when he was punished for it. Rauschenbusch does not imply that the blasphemy was not sin, a matter "to be settled alone with God", but he urges on our notice the fact of the sin against society for which the man by his religious sect was not even reprimanded. Instances in kind similar to this are multiplied to build up a case against social sin, the sin of here and now, and the whole argument of the book becomes therefore a plea for a new orientation of our thought about the things of this present world order. It is all, of course, blatantly Western, as opposed to Oriental, and practical. In Dr. Rauschenbusch's hands the significance of the Gospel comes to lie in its social outworkings. This idea is developed in the treatment and restatement of all the great doctrines of the church.

Now the point at which the reader pauses is where he asks from Dr. Rauschenbusch a connotation for the word social. Does it refer simply to the relations of this present and immediate earth realm? Or do its outworkings "carry over"? Does immortality come into Dr. Rauschenbusch's scheme in any modifying fashion, and what are his ideas about a personal God and the whole possible realm of reality that conception may imply? The careful reader will admit that the book does not evade these questions, but the careful reader will also be forced by the treatment they receive to an inquiry after further inquiry. It is, of course, the old question, loved of the theologians, that is raised, the question of the mandate or sanction for social effort. Some materialist, some cynic, some fatalist, some pessimist, so the lover of God will urge, will be sure to ask: "Yes, and when you have redeemed your social order according to your beautiful specifications what are you going to do with it? It will all run amuck at last somewhere among the stars."

TWICE-TOLD TALES

Two of 'Em

"Once," said the truthful citizen, "I was in the Klondike when it was so cold that my breath froze, and I broke it off and threw it away."

"Yes, you scoudrel," broke in the deacon, "and I've been looking for you these twenty years! You threw that chunk into my eye, and it melted, and I've had a cataract ever since!"—*Richmond Times-Despatch.*

*

A Canny Scot

A canny Scot was travelling from London to Birmingham one day in a smoking compartment. Turning to the man opposite, he asked if he could let him have a match.

"Certainly," replied the man. But a search in his pockets revealed the fact that he had left them at home. The Scotsman then turned to the other two male passengers, but they both expressed their regret that they had come without any.

"Ah, well," said the Scotsman with a sigh, as he put his hand into his pocket, "I'll hae to use one o' my ain."

*

Literary Criticism

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill-luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump, it's a cheese."—*The Globe,* New York.

*

Wiser Than Solomon

He was a typical Scotsman, and when he was asked his opinion of the troubles which had arisen between a couple who began to find the yoke of Hymen a burden, he was not slow in giving it. "It's all along o' these hasty marriages. They didna understand one anither, they'd only knowed each ither a matter o' seven years."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested listener.

"Long eno'? Bah, ye're wrong! When a body's coortin' he canna be too careful. Why, my courtship lasted nineteen years!"

"You certainly were careful. And did you find your plan successful when you married?"

"Ye jump to conclusion," said the old man impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna marry her."—*The Argonaut.*

*

Strategic Move

Blanche: "Captain Dasher proposed to me after lunch to-day."

Barbara: "Good gracious, you only met him this morning."

Blanche: "I know, but you see he goes back to-night."—*To-Day.*

And the Boy got It

A hungry traveller put his head out of a car-window as his train pulled up at a small station, and said to a boy:

"Here, boy, take this dime and get me a sandwich, will you? And, by the way, here's another dime. Get a sandwich for yourself, too."

The boy started away and returned, munching a sandwich, just as the train was starting off. He ran to the traveller, handed him a dime, and said:

"Here yer dime back, boss. They only had one sandwich left."—*Washington Star.*

*

He Didn't Mind

"How's your brother Bill getting on?" asked a neighbour of a small boy.

"Oh! he's gone to the Front," was the answer.

"And your brother Bert?"

"He's gone to Africa."

"And what about Jack?"

"They've sent him to Egypt."

"And what are yau going to do, my little man?"

"Well, I've written to ask if they'll let me mind India."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

By Gum!

A certain lady who was travelling in Canada, collecting data for her next book, stayed with a farmer's wife. When the farmer came in from the fields he stopped some time to rub his gumboots on the door-mat.

"Where is your husband?" asked the visitor. "I thought I heard him at the door."

"He's cleanin' his 'gums' on the mat, ma'am," said the farmer's wife.

When the book was sent to the publisher this passage caught his attention:

"Canadian settlers in the out-of-the-way districts can't get tooth-brushes, so they use the door-mat."—*Exchange.*

Changed Her Mind

A young woman called at the Boston post-office and inquired if there was a letter for her.

"Business or love letter?" jokingly inquired the clerk.

"Business," was the hesitating reply. As there was no such letter to be found, the young woman took her departure. She came back, however, after a little while, and said, in faltering tones: "Please, would you mind looking among the love letters?"—*Woman's Journal.*

*

Where Ignorance is Bliss

A certain employer of labour had received many complaints from his foreman as to one of the hands, who, though an excellent workman, and one whom it was undesirable to dismiss altogether, could never be induced to arrive at the proper time in the morning.

So the employer, determining to expostulate with the offender personally, arrived early one morning and lay in wait for him.

"In due time the dilatory one strolled in, and was accosted wrathfully.

"Do you know what time we begin work here in the morning?"

"No, sir," was the calm reply. "I know they're always at it when I get here."—*Exchange.*

*

Poor Patrick!

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang boss, was given a job with a railway construction company at Port-au-Prince, Haiti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual his gang of black Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse the Irishman was heard to shout:

"Allez—you sons of guns—allez!" Then, turning to the engineer, he said: "I curse the day I ever learned their language."—*Harper's Magazine.*

He Got It

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him, she said:

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

*

It all Depends

Among the members of a work gang on a certain railway was an Irishman who claimed to be very good at figures. The boss, thinking that he would get ahead of Pat, said:

"Say, Pat, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?"

"That depends," answered Pat, "on whose yard you get into."—*The Tatler.*

*

The Down-Trodden Sex.

"By gorry, I'm tired!"

"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day an' you wurkin' in a nice cool sewer!"

*

Hen Pecked

Sam had worked on the farm for nine years, and until his master took to poultry farming he was quite satisfied with life. But this poultry business was a bit too much. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And worse than that, he had also to write on the eggs the breed of the hen that laid them.

So one day he marched up to the farmer.

"I'm about fed up," said he, "and I'm going to leave!"

"Surely, Sam," said he, "you're not going to leave me after all these years?"

"Yes, but I am," retorted Sam. "I've done every kind of rotten job on this here farm, but I'd rather starve than go on being secretary to your old hens!"—*London Answer.*

Bill Knew.

An officer lately returned from Alexandria carried home a story of the British soldier's humour. A curio-collecting captain had prevailed upon two privates to move his effects. They managed everything except a weighty packing-case, which defied their united efforts. As they paused to wipe the sweat from their brows one asked: "What the deuce is in it, Bill?" "T' Pyramids," answered Bill promptly.

*

Beating the Band

The Paris *Liberté* has discovered the most "nervy" of English tourists—always a self-confident race. This man entered a well-known restaurant, accompanied by two little girls, ordered a bottle of mineral water and three plates, and began to eat sandwiches, which he had brought with him in his pockets.

The manager, overcome by this outrage, approached him, and said, "I should like to inform you that this is not a—"

"Who are you?" interrupted the Englishman.

"I am the manager," was the reply.

"Oh, you are the manager, are you? That is good. I was just going to send for you. Why isn't the band playing?"—*Youth's Companion.*

*

Small Profits, Quick Returns

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" shouted Pat.

"The Germans," replied Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"—*London Opinion.*

LIGHT LUNCHES

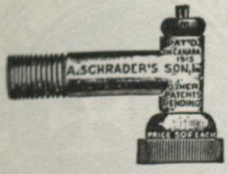
QUICKLY PREPARED WITH

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

so delicious—so nourishing, easily digested, pure and wholesome. You will also enjoy Ingersoll Pimento and Ingeroll Green Chile Cheese. 10c. and 15c. a package.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD. INGERSOLL, ONT.



Schrader Universal Pump Connection

Facilitates Pumping and Testing of Tires. Air pressure can be ascertained without detaching connection from valve.

Price 50c

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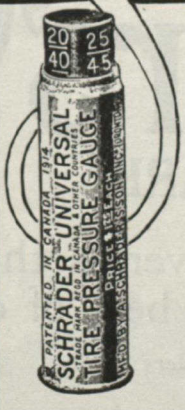

Tire Pressure Gauge

Measures the air in your tires. Tires maintained under the correct inflation last twice as long as tires run on haphazard pressure. A "Schrader Universal" Gauge means Tire Insurance.

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Schrader Universal Valve Repair Tool

A Four-in-one Tool for Quick Repair of Damaged Cap threads of Tire Valves; Removing Valve Inside; Reaming Damaged Valve Seat; Retapping inside thread. Of value to all Motorists and Garages.

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Kelsey Warm Air Generator

Look into the Kelsey before you buy a Heater. Let us show you just why Kelsey Fresh Air Heating is preferred to any other system by people *who investigate.*

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The Home Soldier

is doing her part in these strenuous times, and stern necessities are educating all of us in food quality.

Aside from being a true builder of body and brain,

Grape-Nuts

has economical features which every housewife should consider.

It requires no sugar, for in its twenty-hour baking a quantity of grape-sugar is developed from the grains. Then, too, less milk or cream is required than for the ordinary cereal.

In Grape-Nuts, barley is mixed with wheat, providing an economy over an all-wheat food, and further enriching it. And it is all eatable—not a bit of waste.

"There's a Reason"
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For Baby when eight or nine months old. Made in the form of a thin gruel combined with three parts milk and one part water it is a perfect food.

If the child had been reared on

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until it has reached the above age, Groats and milk should be given alternately with "Patent" Barley, as it tends to promote bone and muscle.

For the Invalid and the Aged, in cases of influenza, a bowl of hot gruel taken in bed at night produces a profuse perspiration helping to drive the cold out of the system. Taken by the aged at night it promotes warmth and sleep.

Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

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WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE

A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

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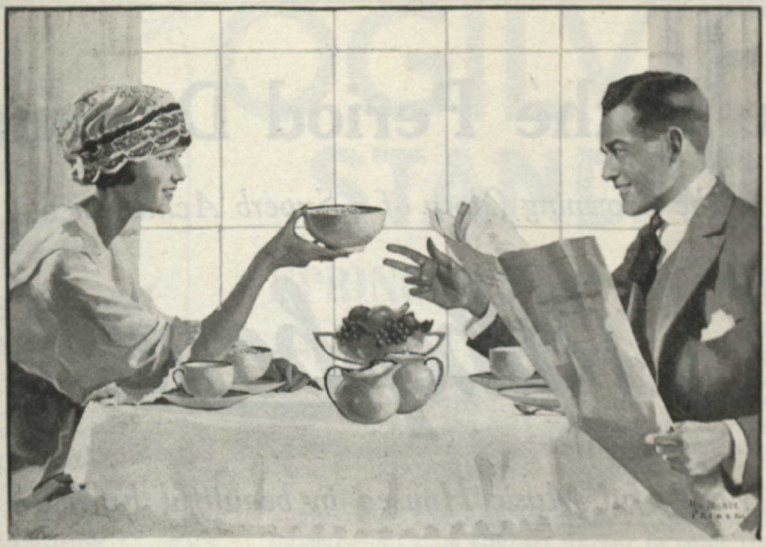

A Royal Dish

At 1/8 the Cost of Eggs

Do you know that Quaker Oats, with all its delightful flavor, is about the cheapest food in the world?

Measured by food value—by calories—eggs cost 8 times as much. Ham costs 4 times as much—steak 5 or 6 times as much. Potatoes 3 times as much. Even bread and milk costs nearly 3 times as much.

1000 calories—which is one-third a day's food for a workingman—costs only five cents in Quaker Oats.

Then think of the flavor, the aroma—such as no other grain food has. Think of its energizing value. All the needed elements are stored in oats, in just the right proportion.

This is the supreme food—more nutritious than wheat. It is the prescribed food for the years of growth. To bread and muffins, cookies and pancakes, it adds a new delight. It makes wheatless days enjoyable—which the government recommends.

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The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Quaker Oats is made from queen oats only—just the big, rich, flavory grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

By this selection we get in this brand an exquisite flavor, which has won the world. Everywhere, among oat lovers, this is the favorite brand. Yet in America it costs no extra price. If you ask your grocer for Quaker Oats, you'll get it.

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1868

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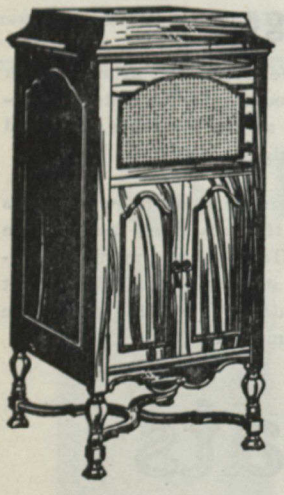
The Crowning Glory of a Superb Achievement

Pathephone

Wonderful Music Housed in beautiful Furniture

ONCE you hear the beautiful tone of the Pathephone and are thrilled by the rich deep music as it pours forth with indescribable sweetness, you will realize how greatly Pathe excels.



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1. The Permanent Sapphire Ball —no digging, tearing needles to change.
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3. An all-wood tone chamber (on the principle of a violin).
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Pathé Records

—are truly the world's Treasure House of beautiful music—all the best from all countries without equal in vocal and instrumental masterpieces. All Pathe Discs are double faced. Thus you have low first cost and (due to the smooth genuine Sapphire Ball) everlasting wear.

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SPRING WHEAT FLOUR

THIS is the WAR FLOUR of the OGILVIE MILLS—a loyal product to conserve Canada's resources and, at the same time, give the public the best possible flour that can be milled according to the Government standard.

This War Flour is excellent in quality and flavour—but it is slightly darker in color than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" to which you have been accustomed.

It is just as hard for us to give up milling "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" as it will be for you to forego your favorite brand; but our "STANDARD" Flour will nevertheless make delicious bread, rolls, biscuits, cake, pies and pastry. If you have any difficulty—just drop us a line; we have a staff of expert chemists and bakers, whose experience is at your service.

Just as soon as the Food Controller will allow us to mill "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" again, we will tell you of this happy fact.

In the meantime, the new regulations—being in the best interests of Canada and the British Empire—demand the whole hearted support of the Millers and the Public.

Certain stores and dealers have stocks of "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" still on hand. In order to avoid any confusion or misunderstanding, all "STANDARD" FLOUR will be plainly branded as such.

When all your "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is gone, make sure of getting the next best grade by ordering

OGILVIE'S STANDARD

Grocers everywhere have it—don't forget to stipulate, "OGILVIE'S". It will be your surest guarantee of the highest grade obtainable.

The Olgilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited

Montreal—Fort William—Winnipeg—Medicine Hat

Daily Capacity, 19,000 Barrels

The Largest Millers in the British Empire

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A SPECIAL Opportunity of getting acquainted with

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

is offered you in our booklet, "Perfect Coffee —Perfectly made".

Your request will bring it by return mail.

190

CHASE & SANBORN - MONTREAL

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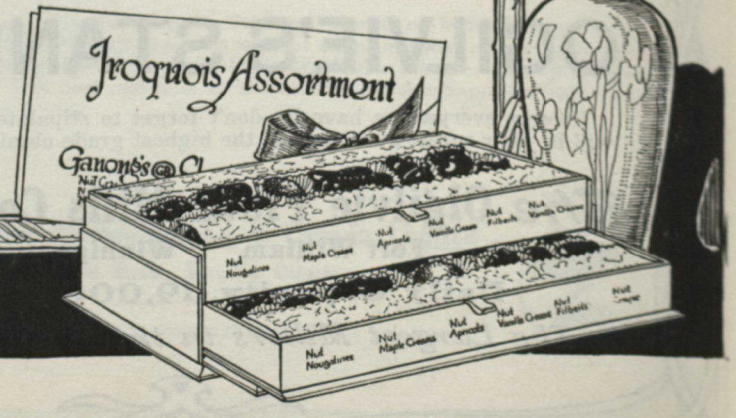
Choice Nuts and delicately-flavored Chocolates in a variety of combinations.

Another revelation of the high standard of

Ganong's GB Chocolates



Economical Food Desserts

Inexpensive because each Tablet with milk makes 6 individual dishes of dessert and 10 Tablets cost only 12c.

A *food* because *made with milk;* and Junket actually makes milk *more easily and completely* digestible.

Junket
MADE *with* MILK

Delicious, easy to make. Affords a wide variety of dainty, attractive desserts that everybody will enjoy. May be frozen into exceptionally wholesome ice cream.

Enjoy your milk in the form of Junket—you will like it and it will be better for you. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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Among our many lines of papeteries Marie Antoinette stands out prominently as one most suitable for your correspondence.

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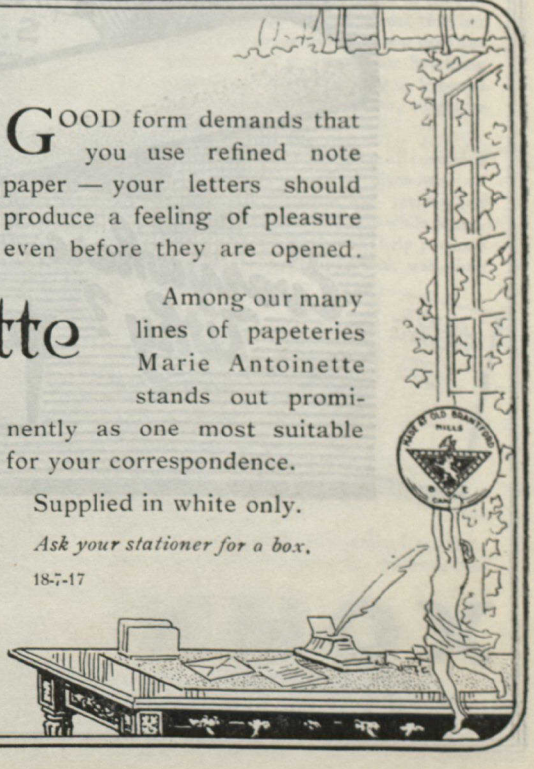

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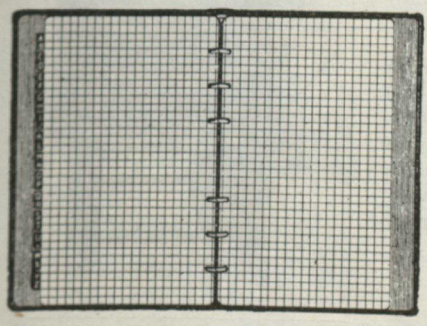

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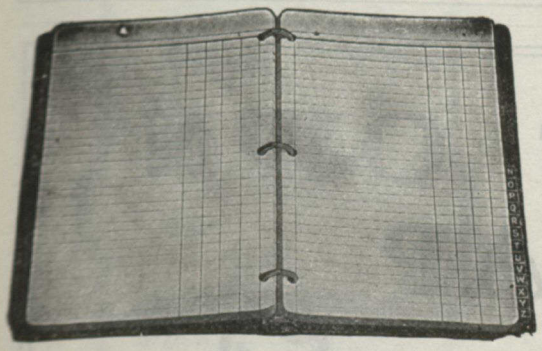

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MRS. KNOX knew better than most the need for food conservation—she has studied food for years in connection with her business.

She knew that in Knox Sparkling Gelatine she had a material that would go far to help in the elimination of waste, were it properly used.

So she devoted a great deal of time to study and experiment in order that her business might be put on a war basis and that the many uses for Knox Sparkling Gelatine as a means of using up left-over meats, vegetables and so on, might be given to the public.

The results of her work are all contained in her new book, "Food Economy"—a book that contains 138 recipes and many suggestions for worth-while household economies that will help patriotic housewives to practice real war-time economy.

***Send** for this book.* It is free. A post card request will bring it to you if you mention your dealer's name and address.

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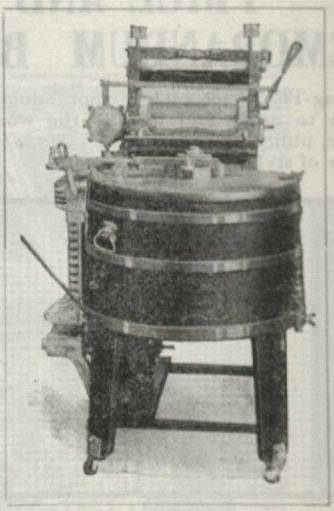
The very thing needed for war time, conserving of time, energy and money.

The Perfection Electric Washer will turn Wash Day into Wash Hour, take ALL the work out of washing, disposing of the extra help usual on that occasion.

The saving—considering the cost of electric current at three to five cents per washing, fifty two times a year against the cost of the usual help—will pay for the investment in less than one year with one hundred per cent dividends in the years to come, besides the added comfort of having your washing done to your complete satisfaction and under personal supervision.

May we mail you full particulars.



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Baby's Own is Best for Baby—Best for You.

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ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, Mfrs., - MONTREAL

Such a Delicious Ginger Ale

For more than sixty years, O'Keefe's beverages have been the finest of their kinds produced in Canada.

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SPECIAL PALE DRY

GINGER ALE

is quite in keeping with the high standard of other O'Keefe beverages. It is a *most delicious* ginger ale—pale and sparkling, dry and inviting—with a unique flavour that you will enjoy. Try it.

We also make

Belfast Style Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, Cola, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour, Cream Soda, Lemonade, Orangeade, Special Soda.

516 **Order a case from your dealer.**

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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs

"Used while you eep"

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresoline relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

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It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresoline's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. *Sold by Druggist. Send for descriptive booklet*

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A safe and palatable laxative for children

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Absolutely Non-narcotic

Does not contain opium, morphine, nor any of their derivatives.

By checking wind colic and correcting intestinal troubles common with children during the period of teething, helps to produce natural and healthy sleep.

Soothes the fretting baby and thereby give relief to the tired mother.

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Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

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In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food. It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

5-18

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is complete without a bottle of

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

This matchless perfume, after a Century of success, still stands today the acknowledged favorite among Toilet Waters.

In the Bath, on the Dressing-table, after Shaving, in fact however used, it is always delightfully refreshing.

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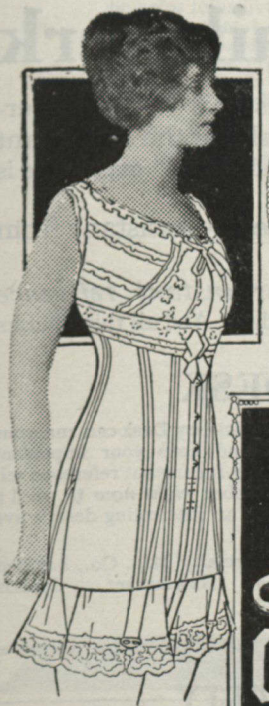
Accept no Substitute!



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NON RUSTABLE

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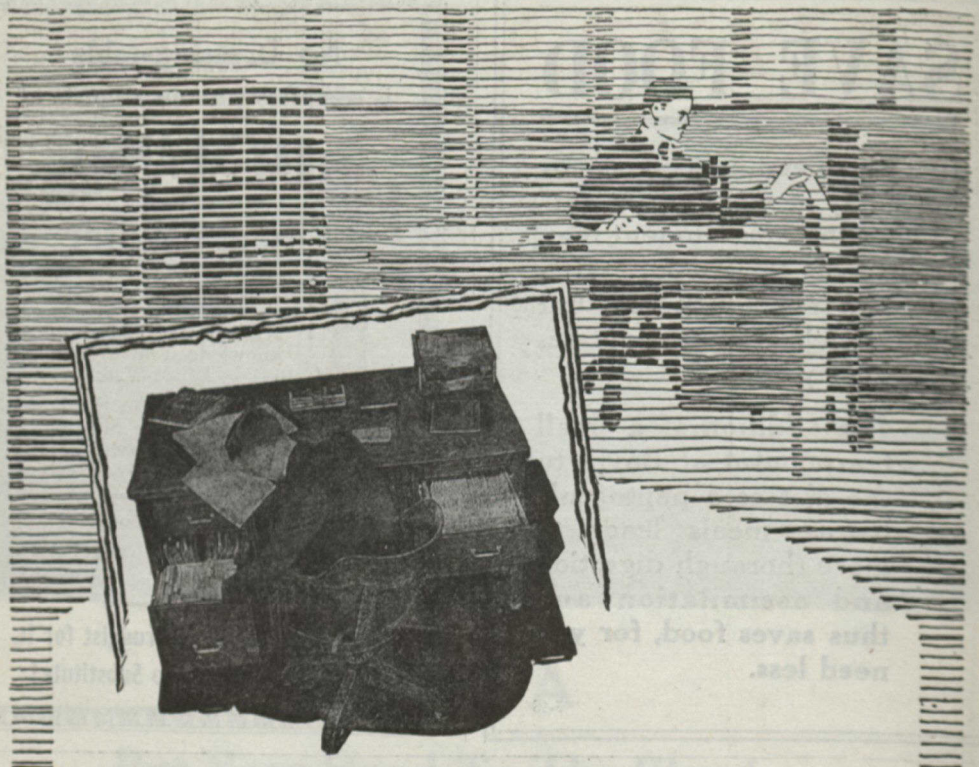

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I keep my temper now—and, too, free my assistant from those incessant calls I used to make.

Clear is my desk-top—arranged for *instant reference* the papers I must have at any moment in the day. And all this, thanks in no small measure, to my

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If you want to know how an "Office Specialty" Efficiency Desk can run your detail work and keep your important papers close by for instant reference tell your stenographer *right now* to send a post card for an interesting descriptive folder.

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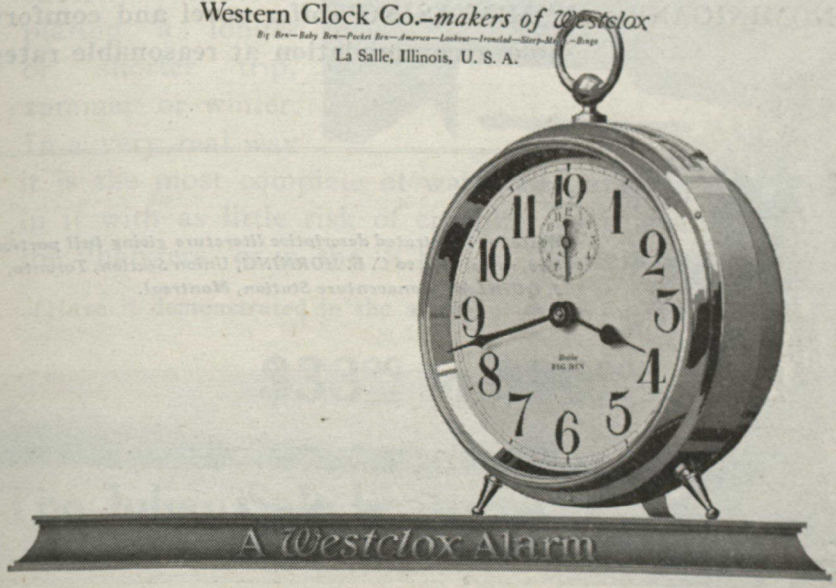
These are family traits. All *Westclox* alarms run true and ring true. They're all good looking, too. You can tell them by the family name, *Westclox*, on the face of each clock.

The Western Clock Co. builds them in the patented *Westclox* way. Needle-fine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. *Westclox* make good in the home.

That's why folks call *Westclox* success clocks. Look for *Westclox* on the dial of the alarm you buy.

Your dealer has them. Big Ben is $4.00. Or, sent prepaid, the same price, if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Western Clock Co.—*makers of Westclox*
Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Ironclad—Sleep-Master—Bingo
La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.



A *Westclox* Alarm

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Algonquin Park
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An incomparable Summer Vacation Spot midst wild and delightful scenery.

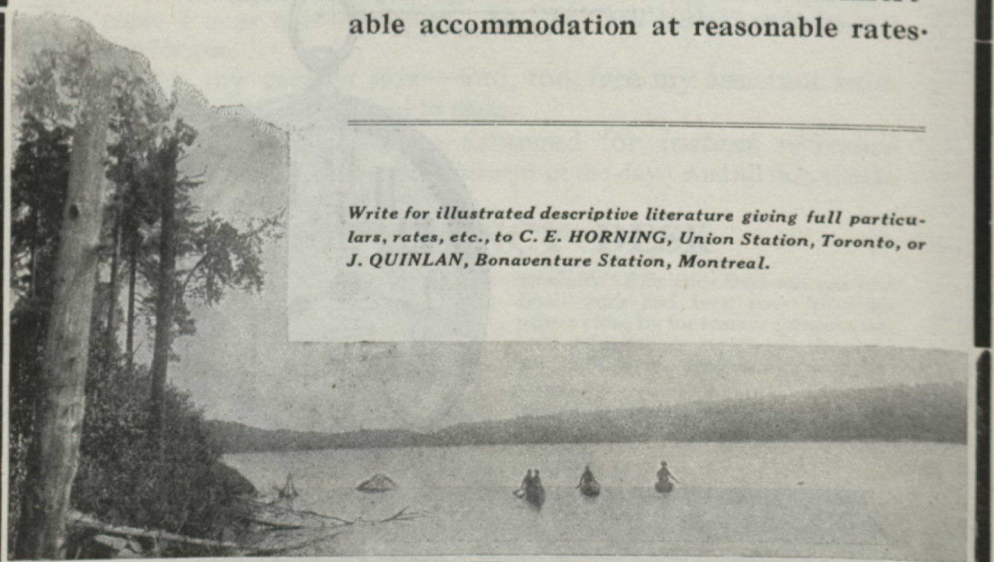
1500 lakes, rivers and streams—crystal clear and teeming with game fish.

Unlimited scope for the canoeist and camper.

2000 feet above sea level.

A resort for the refined.

The "HIGHLAND INN" affords fine hotel service; Camps "NOMINIGAN" and "MINNESING" offer novel and comfortable accommodation at reasonable rates.



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(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)

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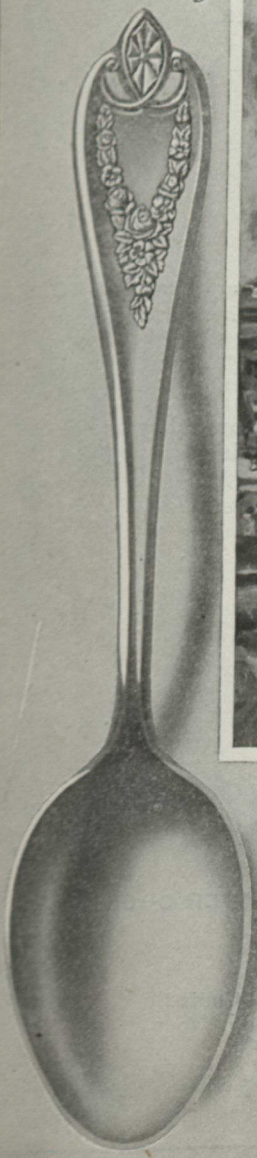

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