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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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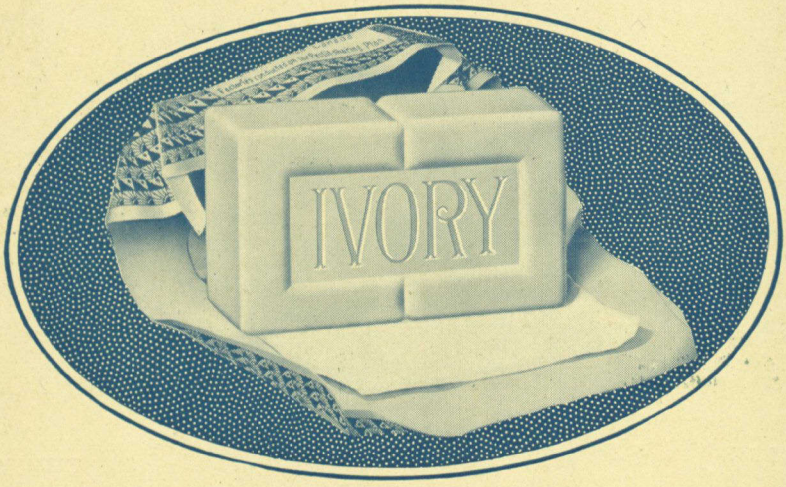

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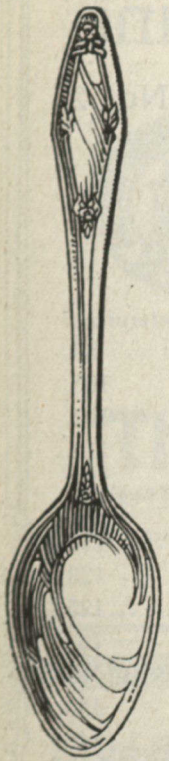

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LV Toronto June, 1920 No. 2

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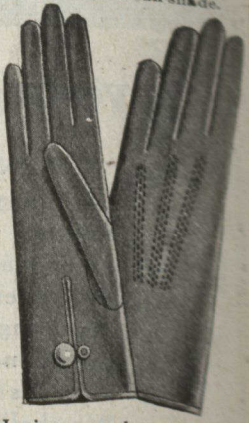

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"WHO'S WHO" in The CANADIAN MAGAZINE
THIS MONTH

—THE WRITERS—

—J. W. EATON is a Professor of the University of Saskatchewan. During the war he was attached to the Intelligence Branch, Canadian Corps, and in 1918-19 was attached to the Headquarters Staff of the Military Governor of Cologne.

—BILLEE GLYNN was at one time engaged in newspaper work in Toronto. Afterwards he fared westward and settled for a time in California. He is a well-known magazine writer.

—WILLIAM A. WILSON, of Toronto, is a veteran railroad man who has been a witness of most of what he recalls in his article.

—ADAM HAROLD BROWN is a young writer of Toronto, who is steadily winning a reputation for his excellent short stories. He is a brother of Arthur William Brown, a well-known illustrator of New York.

—MAY WYNNE is a popular Old Country writer, author of "For Love and Navarre".

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS has been for twenty-five years an outstanding Canadian writer, the author of several volumes of excellent poetry and fiction, and a notable writer of animal stories.

—PAUL A. W. WALLACE, of the University of Alberta, used to write for this magazine before he went overseas.

—ARTHUR L. PHELPS will be remembered by his excellent poem on Bobcaygeon, which appeared in the December number.

—THE ARTISTS—

—MISS CLAIRE FAUTEUX is a young imaginative artist, of Montreal, and, as her name indicates, a French-Canadian.

—F. H. LOVERHOFF is a Toronto artist who exhibits at most of the important local exhibitions.

—AUGUSTIN RIBOT was a nineteenth century French artist.

—ROBERT GAGEN is Secretary of the Ontario Society of Artists and for almost half a century has exhibited at the exhibitions of that society and also of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, of which he is a member, since it was organized forty years ago.

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, JUNE, 1920 No. 2

GERMANY AFTER THE WAR

BY J. W. EATON

AFTER the failure of her gigantic offensive in 1918 the German nation almost succumbed; very little more and she would never have held together as an Empire. That she has done so is due in large measure to the forbearance of the Allies in granting the armistice at a time when all that lay between her and the swiftly-moving, smoothly-working war machine of the Allies was a thin screen of heroic machine-gunners, whose bravery and self-sacrifice saved their whole army from a tremendous débâcle, beside which the surrender at Sedan would have seemed a small affair. A few short weeks and all their northern wing, its lines of communication threatened already by the thrust to the north-east from Cambrai, would have been compelled to lay down its arms, to which course the quickly-running flame of Bolshevism already inclined them.

Germany's fight was over and lost, the fight for which she had been training through so many years of patient endeavour; endeavour, of whose ultimate aim the great mass of the nation was never fully conscious. Now Germany stands before the world, weak indeed, but with the fever of war gone from her eyes. For many years she must travel the hard road of atonement before she again enters the family of nations. The brand of Cain is on her brow. Her heaviest punishment is in what the name "German" means to all honest men; a punishment more bitter than any indemnities, however huge, more galling to her spirit than any army of occupation.

To those of us who knew Germany and its people before the war, the outbreak of the war was, possibly, not a matter for surprise. But that a people, whom we found so hospitable and kind, should, when in arms, have committed so many foul crimes, that certainly was a matter of astonishment. And when, at long last, we were moving forward into Germany, we asked ourselves whether we should find this people, whom we had known in previous days, changed? I have tried to set down as carefully as I can a few

impressions gathered in the British occupied territory, where I was attached to the Military Governor's staff during December, 1918, and January, 1919.

From what we saw of that part of France, which has been occupied by the Germans during the war and from our experiences in Cologne there emerge two clear and definite impressions. First, that the German in arms is a very different creature from the German in civilian life. The German General Staff had drawn up a very definite programme by which to impose themselves upon the world. In that programme the terrorizing of the civilian populations of many countries and of invaded territories held an important place. Most of the acts of frightfulness were performed under higher orders, with a definite aim in view, and in the German soldier, they had an obedient and well disciplined tool. Had the German staff estimated more justly the effect of their frightfulness on men of independent temper and strong purpose, had they judged more accurately the psychologies of the peoples arrayed against them, the programme of frightfulness would never have been carried out, for it would have been recognized as being useless.

Secondly, in excuse for the war, which educated Germans now acknowledge to have been a war of aggression, the Germans only offer the very childish excuse: "We were deceived". Deceived, they mean, by the high civilian and military authorities. That they were led into the war under the delusion that their own existence was threatened, and that the path to illimitable glory and prestige was also the only path to self-preservation. And in very artless and naïve fashion, they assume that since they, the German people, were deceived as much as we, the Allies, therefore we ought to forgive and forget; a view, which casts reflection on either their sanity or their honesty.

Our stay after the armistice in the part of France which, during the war, had been behind the German lines, was too short and our moves too frequent for us to get to know the French civilian population intimately, and, consequently, we missed hearing a good many interesting things concerning the German occupation. Just before the Armistice, during the advance, we halted for a few days at a place called Attiches, south of Lille. The parish priest, a tall, fine-looking man and splendid company, a typical *méridionale*, dined with us one night and among other things told us the following interesting piece of information. It appears that during the battle of Loos in 1915, the headquarters of the German Army holding the Vimy-Loos-La Bassée front was at Attiches, and so apprehensive were the Germans during the first days of the battle of Loos, that the Headquarters was packed up, automobiles and lorries waiting in the street, all ready to move back at ten minute's notice, should the British effect a break-through. After the first day or so, however, this state of "Stand-to" was dropped. They realized that we had missed our chance. This confirms what was thought in 1915 by some of our experts, that Loos might very easily have been a tremendous success for the Allies, had they thrown in more divisions with greater speed.

The country into which we advanced November, 1918, had been entirely denuded by the Germans of all live stock. In all the broad fields not a single living thing was to be seen. For months before the Armistice the Germans had been driving cattle back into Germany, for the most part by road. Even during the war German cattle-dealers used to arrive in the occupied territory, mark down a certain number of cattle on each farm, and have them sent to Germany. Even the poultry were taken. The French people told us that during the war the Germans had

insisted on their delivering up each week a number of eggs, fixed according to the number of their poultry, at the Kommandatur. If the right number was not forthcoming, a stiff fine had to be paid. At certain seasons the inhabitants had to collect a certain weight of nettle-stalks and bring them in. The Germans had a habit of coming unexpectedly into a kitchen just before meal-time, inspecting what was being cooked on the range, and if the fare was good, commandeering it for their own use and fining the people for living too well. The search after concealed arms was, of course, extremely thorough. An old Frenchman, a splendid old veteran of the war of 1870-71, told me a good deal about the petty bullying by the Germans in his village, by the Prussians in particular. There was a Prussian N.C.O. of a particularly obnoxious type in the small village where he lived. And, as the old man consistently refused to greet any of the Germans, when he saw them, the Prussian N.C.O. used every opportunity of making the old man's life a misery. On one occasion he headed a house-to-house search for concealed arms. The old man's rifle—he was too much of a soldier to want to give it up to his old enemies—was hidden in a small cellar beneath the kitchen floor. The N.C.O. came into the cottage and began searching. He came on the trap-door above the cellar and descended the steps, the old man following him with an axe in his hand. Had the Prussian found the rifle death would have come to him very quickly. But he did not find the place where it was concealed, and probably never knew how near he was to death. The old man told the story in most dramatic fashion.

Although, for the most part, the French population maintained a cool and dignified attitude towards the Germans, no country can be occupied for four long years without cases of fraternization and treachery occurring. The courts now sitting in France will, no doubt, find some cases, where French people did actually help the Germans and informed on their own people. Some French women did marry Germans and went back to Germany with them when the German forces retreated, for their own people would have nothing to do with them. But many of these women, it is only fair to state, were women whose private life was not above reproach. The suspicions of the French against some of their own people were often ill-founded and based on rumour and prejudice. Monsieur M—— of Les Brébis, on the British side of the line, near Lens, one of the wealthiest colliery proprietors in France, very courageously—and, no doubt, for the sake of example to the people, who were keeping the mines going—stayed in his chateau, within four miles of the Front line from August, 1914, right up to the end of the war. The chateau, the White Chateau, as it was called, a brigade headquarters, was very little shelled by the Germans during the first three years of the war. Whenever a shell did fall in the chateau grounds, Monsieur M——'s gardeners quickly filled in the shell-hole and removed the débris, and the grounds looked as peaceful and beautiful, as if they had been on the coast of Normandy, instead of within a couple of miles of ruined Vermelles. But the villagers of Les Brébis, who had no love for the hard old capitalist, as they called Monsieur M——, said that there was a lot of German capital in M——'s mines, and that M—— himself was in league with the "Boche" and that was why the chateau escaped destruction. If those villagers had still been in Les Brébis, as Monsieur M—— was, after the Germans broke through our "ancient and honourable Allies", the Portuguese, in April, 1918, and had they been able to see what was left of the chateau a month later, they would have had reason to "doubt furiously" either the

accuracy of the German gunners' aim or the closeness of Monsieur M——'s connection with the enemy.

After the Armistice I was quartered for a time at Cysoing, in a quiet old-world monastery, where the preaching lay-brothers lived contentedly together. They were an extremely interesting lot of men and many a chat I had with them in the old monastery kitchen or in the garden with its great stone walls, on which the peaches and plums grew every year in profusion. Brother Anselm, the devoted genius of the monastery garden, a man whose appearance reminded me of one of the monks in that fine picture "A good Joke", asked me one day whether we could let him have a cart-load of straw from the stables for his garden. If we could, he said, they still had a few bottles of a "bon petit vin" hidden in the garden, which the Boche had not laid his hands on, and they would be pleased to let us have some. So Brother Anselm got his straw and we drank the health of the brothers in the "bon petit vin". It was by no means an uncommon experience after the Armistice to see the inhabitants of a village digging in their gardens for things, which they had buried there four long years before. I remember seeing an old woman digging in a church-yard for the sacred vessels, which had been hidden there. It was very touching to see the tender and reverent way in which she took up those vessels, hidden away so long from the brutal eyes, which could see in them nothing more than so much metal to be melted down.

The curtain, which fell between Germany and the Allies on the outbreak of the war, hid the German nation very effectively from our sight. The German newspapers, which came through neutral countries, revealed but little either of the temper and mind of the civilian population in Germany or of the widespread Bolshevism in the German army, which, beginning in 1917 after Vimy, ultimately forced Hindenburg and Ludendorff to throw in their hand. The continual declarations in English newspapers, such as *The Daily Mail*, that Germany was at her last gasp, were merely propaganda, based on very slender and insufficient indications in letters from German soldiers in the field to their friends at home. There were similar articles in the German newspapers of 1917 as to the awful condition of things in England as the result of German submarine activity. Consequently, those of us, to whose lot it fell to enter Germany in December, 1918, were entering on a "terra nova et incognita". The journey by car through France and Belgium to Spa, near the German frontier, was particularly interesting. We were following up the trail of a great retreating army and the enormous amount of material, guns, ammunition, ambulance cars, automobiles, that lay scattered along the main roads, bore evidence to the hastiness of their flight. In all the villages and towns there were plenty of flags of the Allied nations. It was extraordinary to see how numerous they were. We were told that many of these flags had been bought in the months preceding the Armistice and hidden until the Germans had gone. From the telegraph wires along the roads were dangling effigies, dressed in Germans uniforms, with remarks attached more conspicuous for their point than their elegance. The enthusiasm of the inhabitants was tremendous. They seemed to do nothing all day but watch for a British car to go through and they would cheer like mad when one did pass. On the way to Spa we stayed for one night in a French chateau, which had been the Headquarters of a wing of the German Flying Corps. It was a beautiful building, and had evidently been before the war the home of people of money and taste. The grand salon was an exquisitely proportioned room, but had been left by the Ger-

mans in an indescribable and unmentionable state of filth and destruction. The tapestries, curtains, pictures and carpets were slashed and torn and the grand piano, a beautiful instrument, had evidently been broken up by a hand-grenade exploded inside it. These were the least of their excesses. This wanton and malicious spirit of destruction, a spirit of blind, drunken, stupid hatred — for such acts affected nothing of military importance—one found all along the trail of the retreating Germans. The roads through to Spa were at that time in a terrible condition, soft and very badly cut-up by the passage of the enemy's heavy tractor guns and howitzers. The road up the Meuse valley was just a river of mud, and I doubt whether, even at Passchendaele, where our Despatch Riders did such wonderful service, they ever had a more difficult job than keeping up communication between General Headquarters at Montreuil and Advanced G.H.G. at Spa. We were stopped at one time by engine-trouble, and a Canadian Despatch Rider, who came along from the direction of Spa, stopped and helped us. He told us that he had taken a run that morning over the German frontier. He had on his machine a signboard from a German barber's shop, which he had insisted on taking as a trophy. We advised him to keep quiet about it, at any rate for a few days, for we were not to enter Germany until December 13th. In all the villages and towns behind the German lines, at every turn, you were continually met by notices saying "Unterstand 10 Mann", (Shelter for ten men), evidence of the effect of our long-distance bombing raids in the last eighteen months of the war. The line of the valley of the Meuse seemed a series of enormously strong natural positions and only the small initial opposition could have enabled the Germans to get across it so quickly. One could not help thinking that if, at the beginning, instead of trying to rush infantry up to meet the enemy, a few field companies of engineers had been employed on destructive work on railways, roads and bridges, such work as the Germans so ably carried out in 1918, the enemy would never have got through so far on their rush towards Paris and the coast. The delay would have been too great, their lines of communication too precarious.

Spa we found to be a particularly pretty place, lying in a hollow, surrounded by beautifully wooded hills. It has many fine hotels and pensions and during the greater part of the war was used by the Germans as a convalescent station for their wounded, particularly, I understand, for "gassed" cases, as the air there is very good for the lungs. In the period before the Armistice it had been used as General Headquarters. When we arrived in Spa there were still hundreds of Germans there, officers and men, who were working on the Armistice Commission. It seemed very strange indeed to be moving about the same streets as our late enemies. No salutes were exchanged when we met, except when the Germans took the initiative. In the pension, where I was quartered, the Germans were certainly not popular, and my landlady's outpourings concerning her recent and unwelcome lodgers were long and bitter. They must have been a great change after the wealthy and innocent people she used to take in—in more senses than one—before the war.

The instructions regarding our work in the occupied territory were vague. We were given to understand that the forces of the Allies were to make a demonstration of force on the Rhine and bring home to the German mind the fact that their armies had been completely beaten. But the hopeful aspirations of some of the younger soldiers of being able to playfully shake the "iron heel" over a cowed and submissive civilian population were roughly nipped in the bud

by Sir Charles Ferguson (who was to represent British General Headquarters as Military Governor of Cologne) when he said that, in spite of German behaviour in France and Belgium, we were not to imitate them in any way, but were to behave with restraint and forbearance.

To me one of the most interesting aspects of our short stay in Spa was the opportunity of meeting so many of the Intelligence Corps from all parts of the British Front. Some of them we knew, others we had heard of. Certainly it was a very cosmopolitan crowd, made up of men of very varied upbringings and experiences.

We started from Spa for Cologne on the morning of December 13th, the day on which the occupation was to begin, by a special train placed at our disposal by the German Government. The first incident of any interest happened in the station of Düren, half an hour's run distant from Cologne. Some of our people were to stay in Düren. They themselves got out of the train all right, but before their luggage could be taken off the train the stationmaster gave the signal for the train to start. She did so pursued by a mob of angry and distressed soldiers. A colonel of the postal corps in our compartment put his head and most of his body out of the window, for he was really angry, and forgetting that he was now in a foreign land, ordered the station master in English to put the —— train back. To which the latter replied by a weak smile and a bow but took no steps to stop the train, possibly thinking that the colonel was very pleased with the speed with which he had got the train started. As the colonel was in possession of the window we could not help matters. Some bright person then pulled the emergency cord and put on the brakes—to the immense horror of the German officials, who had never seen one of these cords used before—and then we got the train run back, by which time the Postal Corps Colonel was in a state bordering on apoplexy. The stationmaster told us that we had done five hundred marks' worth of damage by pulling the emergency cord, to which we replied that, when he found time, he ought to run and have a peep at some of the French railway stations, where his friends had been playing about for the last four years!

It was raining hard when we landed in Cologne and we went at once to the hotels, where we were to be billeted. The manager of our hotel evidently wished to do things on a peace basis and was assigning rooms of his own choosing to us, but it ended by our roaming very freely over the whole hotel and taking the rooms we preferred, a novel and pleasing experience in a hotel for most of us. After a very indifferent meal—all of our rations had not arrived and the German food in the hotel was poor—we took a stroll across the Domplatz, the square in front of the great Cathedral and down the main street of Cologne, the Hohestrasse. It was very crowded—it was what the Germans call the "Bummelstund", between five and seven o'clock in the evening, the hour for taking a stroll in the town—and our progress was very slow owing to the curiosity of the people of Cologne at seeing British uniforms for the first time. Their attitude was not unfriendly but we had almost to push our way through the crowd. In fact, but for the help of a German policeman, we would have had much more difficulty in getting through. But in this as in other matters, the Schutzmann did his best to help. The first sight of the city of Cologne was amazing to us. We had expected to find a city not, it is true, like the broken towns of France, but showing, at any rate, some of the effects of the war. At first sight everything seemed as in pre-war days; the shops brilliantly lighted, great displays in the windows, a well-dressed

and numerous crowd. But if you looked into the window you saw everywhere the sign "Ersatz" (substitute) and the articles displayed looked very shoddy. The crowd was different too. No longer did you find the old Teutonic aggressive stare. At the beginning of the occupation they were uneasy and doubtful as to the attitude of our military forces. Many of them—particularly the demobilized men—knew of the dull brutality and childish bullying that characterized German rule in France and Belgium. Their demeanour was now characterized by excessive obsequiousness and also an eagerness to oblige. That first evening one of our party, seeing some cameras in a store window, wanted to buy one. We all trooped in, to the evident consternation of the man behind the counter. He attempted to greet us in fairly bad English, which was not helped by his nervousness. We selected a camera, which by the way had a very good lens and would have sold at twice or three times the price in London, and we could see from the man's air of surprise when he took the money that he never expected that he would be paid for it, least of all in cash. But it was not very long before the shopkeepers of Cologne saw that the occupation meant a very good thing for them and not long before the prices began to take that familiar, buoyant lift. The sellers of souvenirs, especially of Eau de Cologne, did a tremendous business with our forces.

I do not think that, in the unhappy event of Germany having won the war and occupying British countries, that our civilian population would have observed the same obsequious demeanour towards their conquerors, and I feel certain that there would have been a great deal more trouble between civilians and military during such an occupation. But the Germans are a well-drilled race and there is no doubt that the German General Staff had left very explicit instructions concerning the behaviour of the civilian population towards our forces. During my stay in Cologne I saw a good deal of a certain Monsieur T—, who, in times of peace had been a teacher of modern languages in Cologne and Düsseldorf. He was a Belgian and inspired by a very bitter hatred of everything German. We were talking one day about the obsequious demeanour of the Germans, when he made a remark, which was to me a very illuminating one, and possibly a very just one: "You know the Germans are not a proud race. They have no real pride. They merely have vanity. So long as they can play the big man before the eyes of the world, so long as things go well with them, they have every appearance of being a proud people. But once prick the bubble and only a hurt vanity is left and their attitude towards those stronger than themselves is characterized by a servility, which people of other nations would find unmanly and undignified." In the Officers' Club in Cologne the waiters and band were German, and this band, some of them, no doubt, demobilized men, actually used to play such tunes as "God Save the King" and "Britannia Rules the Waves" to our officers.

Although German Headquarters still existed and functioned during the period before the signing of the treaty, having its location in Cassel, and although it was necessary for our General Headquarters to keep a watch on its activities, its authority among the rank and file was, to a very large extent, gone. And nowhere was this more strikingly shown than in the matter of demobilization. We have all heard of the wonderful German system of mobilization; how, on the outbreak of war, each German soldier quietly takes the train to his depot, walks to his own particular cupboard and pulls out a fighting kit complete to the identification disc. Their system of demobilization had been just as wonderful, but in November, 1918, the system had crumpled up; Bolshe-

vism had eaten away the foundations of the old military machine, and as the soldiers came pouring back across the Rhine, instead of following the old routine of demobilization, they simply dropped out as they came near their homes, deserted in fact. It was not difficult to pick out from the crowd those men who had been in the army recently. In the country districts you very often saw men in uniform, but as they were not wearing a military cap, they were not, technically speaking, in uniform. It was with these demobilized men, as a rule, that any trouble occurred, when it did occur. On one occasion I was walking with K—, a South African, up the Hohestrasse in Cologne. It was a bright Sunday morning and the street was thronged with German civilians. Occasionally one of our staff cars (one of the Vauxhall cars, which did such splendid service in France) would come bursting along the street and then the dense crowd would cleave to either side like water before a motor-boat, and then close up again. Suddenly K— stopped and turned round, looking evidently at a man, who had just passed close to us. K— seemed very angry, and when I asked him what was the matter, said that the man just gone by had bumped into him intentionally. However, we went on up the street and parted at the Gurzenichstrasse. I met him a couple of hours later and he told me that a few minutes after we had left each other, a great big fellow, in civilian clothes, but evidently an ex-soldier by the cut of him, as he passed K— crooked his elbow and jostled him. K— is the last man in the world to pick out for jostling. He was brought up in the rude school of the South African mining country and is a very powerfully built fellow. Furthermore he was still on edge and brooding on his last little jostle. K— leaped like a tiger upon the man, caught his elbow with the crook of his stick, swung him right round, and after a few of the most powerful German adjectives that he knew, asked him what he meant. The German said that he did not mean anything. K— signed to one of our military police, who was patrolling the streets, and told him to take the German in charge and conduct him to the Headquarters of the Provost Marshal at the Dom Hotel. By this time a tremendous crowd had gathered. The German's truculence had gone and he was begging K—'s pardon. He was so nervous going up the Hohestrasse, followed by hundreds of people, that he kept his hat in his hand right up to the hotel. K— followed and charged him with insolence to a British officer. He was tried by a military summary court and met with a pretty stiff punishment. From what K— told me I imagine that this particular German did expect to be shot, for his fright was no ordinary one. He was almost crying in the Dom Hotel. Evidently he knew how his own people would have treated a Frenchman or a Belgian who had acted in similar fashion towards a German officer.

Several of the waiters in the cafés and restaurants we soon spotted as ex-army men. There was one of them, with whom we used to talk about the Lens front. He had been there with the 18th German Division. He told us a lot of interesting things with regard to their posts and the subterranean passages in Lens, which explained many things that had long been mysteries to us. I was in a barber's shop in Cologne one day, a quiet little shop, where very few soldiers went. There was a German civilian there, a tall, well-set-up, military, domineering sort of man. The barber treated him with a good deal of deference and as he went out said: "Good-day, General." It appeared that he was General von B—, who had been Governor of the town of Namur for upwards of two years. The famous Archbishop von Hartmann, of Cologne, I met on one occasion with reference to permission for the use of

his house telephone. I felt a mad desire, while talking to him, to ask him what he meant by asking for a truce on the very day that the Germans shelled Paris and killed so many people in a church there? But I did not ask him, and have regretted it since. I do not suppose that there will ever be another chance of asking an Archbishop such a question.

It was thought at one time during the war that Germany was "squealing" at the stringency of our blockade and was playing the "starvation of women and children" in order to obtain more favourable conditions. That may have been so to some extent. But the starved, hollow faces of the little children of Cologne gave a very complete answer to those who doubted the efficiency of our blockade. It was a terrible stranglehold we held on the very throat of a nation of seventy millions. You can feel very little of the glory of war when you see the poor, pale face of a little child. One of our doctors told me that it would be many years before the German race could recover from the effects of our blockade, possibly not for a generation or more. Sugar and fats, elements of food very necessary to all, and particularly so to young children, were lacking through those long years of the blockade, and many of the German children will suffer from those years of scarcity till their dying day. It is not a pleasant aspect of the war. But we could not, justifiably, have neglected the most powerful weapon in our armoury.

My chief, Captain P—, had studied in Bonn University before the war, and we called on one of his old professors one day, a man who looked more than seventy. We were talking of the food conditions in Germany during the war, and Professor P— showed us a photograph of himself in 1914. It was that of a stout, well-preserved man of about sixty. When we saw him he was thin to emaciation and he told us that he had lost between fifty and sixty pounds. P— told me that he had a tremendous shock when he saw him. It was the middle classes who suffered most. The rich were able to hoard up food and the working classes got a special ration, if they were on Government work, as most of them were. In Bonn the inequalities between the rich and the middle classes were especially striking and the spread of Bolshevism and of the spirit of revolution was due in no small measure to the unlimited hoarding that was allowed to be practised by the more wealthy.

The day before we left Spa Colonel A—, of the First Army, had gone on ahead to Cologne and had commandeered many of the finest hotels for headquarters offices, among them the Dom Hotel and the Hotel Monopol. The advanced General Headquarters offices were in the Hotel Monopol, quite close to the Domplatz or Cathedral Square, and the people of Cologne enjoyed the very unusual spectacle of our soldiers taking their meals behind the plate-glass windows of the front room of their finest hotel. The position was not well chosen for Headquarters, for the street cars ran quite close to the hotel doors, and this interfered to some extent with the effect produced by the really smart guard posted at the entrance to the hotel. The sentries were taken from the Brigade of Guards, who were billeted in Cologne, and their smartness and fine soldierly bearing were objects of very obvious interest to the people of Cologne. All day and every day there was a crowd watching them salute the officers, who went in and out of the hotel. I remember on one occasion that just as an officer was coming out from the hotel a street-car was nearing the hotel door, where two tall Coldstreamers were on guard. With that wonderful far-away look in his eye the guardsman nearest the street-car, without batting an eyelash, went through the usual motions of saluting a Field Officer, and brought his bay-

onet neatly through the front window of the street-car, to the great horror of the driver and passengers and the delight of the small boys in the neighbourhood. On Sunday mornings at the changing of the guard there was always an enormous crowd of people in front of the Monopol, and German policemen, mounted on horses, had to clear a way for the traffic. There is no doubt that the smartness of our sentries made a very strong impression on the Kölner, for most of them had been under the fond delusion that Germany alone had really smart and well-turned-out soldiers. The sentries at Second Army Headquarters, at the Kronprinz Hotel on the Domplatz, were taken from the 21st Division, and their general smartness was very little behind that of the Guards. I was told that our sentries at Canadian Corps Headquarters were picked out weeks beore we entered Germany and put through all the parade instruction with splendid results.

Every morning one of the battalions at the Brigade of Guards would go on a route march through the streets of Cologne, and it was a sight well calculated to impress the Germans, this passage of a Guards battalion with its colours flying. Behind the battalion walked a special squad in charge of a sergeant-major. Any civilians who failed to salute the colours by taking off their hats were at once pounced upon by the sergeant-major and his myrmidons and made to walk behind the battalion to the end of the march, when they were tried by a summary court and fined. On the first morning there were nearly as many civilians marching as men in the battalion, but the numbers were quickly diminished.

It may, perhaps, seem rather trivial to dwell on such things as these, but had our Higher Command staged several others things, with the same eye to effect, our occupation would have been more successful from a military point of view. There was, at the beginning of our occupation, a lack of grip and decision, due to a complete ignorance of the German character. No army of occupation in the world's history ever had a more malleable and docile people to deal with. But the unhappy German was lost without any orders to follow and looked in vain for real restrictions, which would be enforced. It reminded one very forcibly of a man, knowing nothing of horses, insisting on treating a cabless cab-horse as a dangerous "outlaw," when all he really wants is a cab to pull and shafts to lean up against, just wants to know "where 'e's at!"

Although we had been assigned rooms for our offices in the Dom Hotel there was no office furniture and equipment, and this we had to procure for ourselves by the very simple method of commandeering. You went into a store, selected the things you wanted and gave a receipt for them. This receipt was sent in by the store to the municipality and the value of the goods commandeered was added to the amount of taxes to be raised from the town. There was considerable confusion in this matter of commandeering at the beginning, and the system was, no doubt, abused by some. I heard of one or two messes commandeering grand pianos from stores. After a week or so a central commandeering office was established and the system worked smoothly enough.

During the first days of the occupation orders were issued that all male civilians were to salute officers in British uniform by taking off their hats to them when they met them on the street. Such an order, difficult to enforce in Bonn, was an absurdity in a large city like Cologne. In Bonn, I believe, it was enforced for two or three days, but was dropped owing to exhaustion on the part of some of our officers through having to return salutes. It was never enforced in Cologne. A further order was issued that no civilian was to go out on the streets after nine o'clock in the evening unless provided with a pass from

the British military authorities. On the first night on which this order was to come into effect, crowds were gaily circulating in all the main thoroughfares, and, on asking the military police why they did not take action, they said that they could speak no word of German except "Pasz" (which is pronounced, more or less, as in English) and that when asked for the pass they showed them any old kind of a document. We dropped on one or two gatherings in the street, choosing the largest and the gayest. Several of them had the cheek to show a tram-ticket as a pass. In a very short time we had twenty or thirty names and addresses and we told them to come before the Military Court next morning. The next day the Provost Marshal called for volunteers from the Intelligence Corps and each of us got a district assigned together with a few military police to help us. It was not long before the people of Cologne recognized that the military authorities were in earnest about the matter and our services were no longer required in this direction, particularly as we had coached some of the police in one or two necessary words of German. On the second night of this work, as we were going down a dark street in a low part of the city, I heard one of the police behind me evidently having a row with someone. I went back and found that a fellow-countryman of my own from the West of Canada had come into collision with the sergeant of police, who wanted to arrest him. Mac—, who was a real old-timer and a one-time cow-puncher in Alberta, had evidently been gazing on the juice of a red. red grape that knew not Saskatchewan and its numerous drug-stores. The passionate love he bore the military police when sober had turned in his drunkenness to a bitter hatred, and he was dancing round threatening to clean the —— policeman up. I made the peace between them, but thought it better, in view of Mac—'s alert condition, to take him along with us until we could drop him in a safe place. Mac— nearly made trouble on one or two occasions. He took a very strong and rapid dislike to one or two of the "squareheads" (as he called them) whom we stopped; he was tremendously interested in hearing me question them in German and cocked his old head on one side as if he understood it all. If they answered more than a couple of words, Mac— would think they were getting fresh and I would feel a tug at my elbow and hear Mac's vinous whisper: "Shall I clean him up, Sir?"

It is not generally known, but there can be no harm in stating now, that British troops were in Cologne a couple of days before the official commencement of the occupation. British advanced General Headquarters, then at Spa, received an urgent message from the Mayor of Cologne two days before the commencement of the occupation, stating that rioting had broken out in the town, that property was being destroyed, and begging that troops be sent to maintain order. A brigade of British infantry was despatched and order was restored. The rioting that went on in many other towns in Germany was in very marked contrast to the quietness and order in the occupied territory, and the people of the unoccupied parts openly envied the good fortune of their brothers on the Rhine. This was more particularly true of the moneyed class, the "Grossindustriellen", and yet this class, more than any other, had been responsible for the beginning and carrying on of the war. A somewhat peculiar situation, Allied forces on the Rhine protecting the class which was very largely responsible for the war. The house where I was billeted, or rather, billeted myself, had been broken into a few days before we arrived in Cologne and five hundred bottles of wine had been stolen. These particular Bolshevists evidently knew good wine when they saw it, for all

they left was a few bottles of "vin ordinaire", while all the sealed wine had been taken. The owner of a small jeweller's store in the Brückenstrasse told us that three days before our arrival there had been a big scrap in front of his store between rioters and the police and four dead and two wounded had been lying out in the street until they were removed the next day. There is no doubt that the arrival of our troops saved the city from a pretty bad time. "What a wonderful city to sack" might well have been said of Cologne. But there was very little looting done by our troops. I do not suppose that there was ever a more peaceful occupation of a hostile country.

The ordinary life of Cologne seemed to go on during the occupation with very little change. Cologne is really one of the finest cities in Europe, with a broad boulevard called the Ring, lined with trees, running for about six miles round the city. The rule that all civilians, unless provided with a pass, were to be off the streets by 9 o'clock, did, of course, do away with public night-life. But up to that hour the cafés, restaurants and theatres were in full swing and were well patronized by civilians and our troops. One or two affairs between civilians and our men did occur, and, for a time, the plan was tried of not allowing our troops to use a café between particular hours. But this, I believe, was discarded later. There was a well-known *café-chantant* on the Hohestrasse, which always attracted a lot of Allied military and a great many of the wealthier German civilians. It was a café long before the war. During the first two or three days of the occupation one of the songs contained sly hits against the Allies, veiled in Kölner slang, and evidently much enjoyed by the German part of the audience. The director of the concert was not a little surprised when he was ordered to cut that song out of the programme and to put that particular artist off for the rest of the week. There were no more allusions to the Allies, veiled or unveiled. They must have thought that the British were too stupid to understand any German slang.

The danger in so large an industrial centre as Cologne was that the Bolshevik element would try to sow dissension and dissatisfaction among the forces of the Allies. There was a certain amount of propaganda among our troops, but a very thorough contra-espionage system stopped that. The experience in similar work in France during the war was useful. Fraternization, particularly between German girls and our men—if one can call it fraternization—was more difficult to prevent, and is explained to a large extent by the fact that our men had just finished a very hard year's fighting and were glad to be in feminine society. The attitude of the German women and girls, whose husbands, brothers or lovers had, a short month or more before, been facing the Allies in the field as bitter enemies, is more difficult to understand. Certainly, had the position been reversed, one could not conceive of our womenfolk behaving in so complaisant a manner towards German conquerors.

The opera in Cologne was particularly well patronized by the forces of occupation. I saw but very few of our people in other theatres, where many excellent plays were produced by very good companies. One of these latter theatres always insisted on our occupying a box free of charge whenever we went there. It was always a trying ordeal there, however, for two or three of us had to bear the brunt of the concentrated gaze of hundreds of German civilians. And for real hard, unblushing staring, the German can hold his own in any company. The opera house in Cologne is an extremely fine theatre, very much resembling the Frankfort opera house. The very best operas were given there and the artists were all first-class.

Several hundreds of seats were regularly reserved for members of the Allied forces. Unfortunately one's enjoyment of the music was rather spoilt by the boorish behaviour of our own officers and men, behaviour which was in very striking contrast to that of the German civilians, who certainly do enjoy good music and know how to listen to it quietly. It was no uncommon thing during the overture or first act of an opera to be disturbed by some officer coming in late, generally attached to a huge and noisy pair of spurs. He would, very probably, keep time to the music with these same spurs, or with his boot in the small of your back, or with his riding-crop and spurs he could contrive a very pretty little tattoo to while away the time. When tired of this diversion he would ask his neighbour if he had seen "Joy Bells" in town—"topping show"—and then meander on about liking music better if it had a tune to it, but at any rate his people at home would be awfully pleased that he had gone to see "Lohengrin". Yes, with a huge grin, he was glad they had come after all and where were they going to feed afterwards, old thing! On one occasion a beery old major came in half-way through the opera, and, having got his feet comfortably distributed among several of his neighbours, proceeded to light a cigar. We persuaded him to put it out, having convinced him that even at the opera in England smoking was not allowed. He did not stay very long with us; just waited till the middle of a solo, and stepped out as obtrusively and noisily as he could. I used to go to the opera very often with a certain Lieutenant O—, a Scotsman, who had spent fifteen years studying pianoforte in Germany, part of the time on the staff of Kiel Conservatory of Music. O— is really a very fine artist himself, a pre-war friend of Backhaus, in Stuttgart, and a tremendous lover of good music. It was agony to him to have the music spoilt by these people. On one occasion a chatty and be-spurred cavalry officer was cavorting round behind us with his friends, when O— turned around in a most savage manner and waded into the cavalry officer in his best Scots; told him he had no d—d right to come to the opera if he couldn't — well behave himself. "You've no d—d soul for music, you poor thing, that's what is wrong with you," concluded O—. They were quiet after that and we could listen to the music; but when the lights went up we found that the cavalry hero with no soul for music was a colonel. The remainder of O—'s military career looked very sketchy to me, very sketchy indeed, and I felt like shaking hands and saying good-bye to O—, who was only a simple lieutenant. However, the colonel said nothing and O— walked off with the honours of war. On one occasion we arrived late for the overture and were content to wait until the door was opened. Not so a young and fussy brigadier-general, who arrived later and asked the door-keeper what the devil he meant by keeping *him* out just because the blank music was going on, and ordering the latter to open the door. A quiet old major-general, who was standing by, however, soon made the B.G. see that he was really making rather a fool of himself, to the joy of us humbler members, who had never seen a brigadier-general roughly handled before.

During the first two months of the occupation a very pretty little business was inaugurated by some Germans in Cologne and Düsseldorf. It was no less than the selling of British automobile tires to people in the unoccupied territory. Rubber was, of course, almost impossible to get in Germany, so these particular Germans thought that the simplest way would be to take the British military tires from the stores when the British were not looking and transport them across the perimeter of the Cologne bridgehead. I believe that they got quite a

few away before the traffic was finally stopped.

Although there was no love lost between the Germans and the British, there was not the same bitter feeling between them as between the Germans and the French. In the territory occupied by the French there was no fraternization. It simply did not exist and no restrictions in this respect were either issued or needed. The French carried in their hearts too keen a memory of their own broken towns and waste country to be able to look with tolerance on such a foe as the Germans, however completely conquered. A British staff officer, whose duties entailed a good deal of liaison with the French Grand Quartier Général on the Rhine, said to me on one occasion that when the British got the German down they were satisfied to touch his shoulders to the mat and keep them there, but the French wanted to nail his ears to the ground as well. And to understand this savage bitterness of feeling you must have seen the great waste places in France where the battles of the Great War were fought.

The French attitude towards the Germans was cold, calm, unrelenting, but just. And as one generally hates a person whom one has wronged, so the Germans hated the French with a fierce, contemptuous hatred. You had only to see German civilians looking at a French officer to understand this. And this feeling was made much more bitter by the unrelenting severity with which the French punished any wrong done during the war by the Germans. The French have a very long and accurate memory where the Germans are concerned. It goes back to the year 1870. One instance in particular came under my notice. It proved to me that all the things that the Germans did in 1914 and 1915 were put down in black and white by the French, and added up and settled in 1918. Nothing and nobody escaped. The net was made very fine. One of the most irksome restrictions imposed by the Allies was that there should be no traffic between the occupied territory and the unoccupied portions of Germany, except in very special cases, when an extraordinary pass would be granted. Big employers were hard hit by this restriction.

The entry of our troops into Cologne and the passage across the Rhine were, in spite of the atrocious weather, very impressive sights. The splendid and well-kept equipment of our men, the sleek well-fed horses, the shining buckles and harness, and the great guns and powerful armoured cars put up a very brave show, one that very deeply impressed a population which had just seen its own forces pass backward over the Rhine bridges, little more than a rabble by the time they reached Cologne. All male civilians who approached within a certain distance of the saluting point had to take off their hats, and if they omitted to do so, were frankly and vigorously reminded of the fact. The Canadian Corps had a squad specially detailed to enforce this order, and many a smart piece of masculine headgear met its Waterloo on the Bonn boulevards. The Canadian forces in Bonn were just as comfortable as, if not more so, the Imperial troops in Cologne. Bonn is one of the most exclusive towns in Germany, the home of the students' corps and clubs. It was there that several of the ex-Kaiser's sons were educated. Many of the Canadian messes were billeted in these splendid corps houses, and the drinking cups and fine plate formerly used by the students were used by the Canadians. The orders issued by the Canadian Corps were more strictly enforced than were those of the Imperial people in Cologne. One or two clashes between the military and civilians did actually occur in Bonn, but there was no disturbance of any great consequence. On one occasion two Canadian officers were travelling on the very fine electric railway from Bonn

to Cologne. The car was full. Two German ladies got in, and as there was no room, had to stand. No one stirred. The two Canadian officers then got up and offered the ladies their seats, which they accepted. This, to the tremendous surprise of the Germans, who had never yet seen an officer standing when there were civilians sitting. This situation, however, did not last very long. One of the Canadians, convinced that he and his friend would be darned fools to stand while two Germans were sitting near them, signed to one of them to get up, which sign the German disregarded. The Canadian then tweaked the German's ear severely and held it until he got up and gave up his place. The second Canadian followed suit with the other German. After this had been repeated on a few street cars there was quite a rush by the men to give up their seat to any lady who got in. We had our own little revolutions in the occupied territory.

It has been said that there was a certain amount of unpleasantness during our occupation between Canadians and the Imperial authorities in Cologne. The truth of the matter is that Canadian troops found in their own Provost Marshal in Bonn a strong man to deal with, and it was quite a popular thing to take the electric from Bonn and raise merry Hades in Cologne. Hence the beginning of the trouble, and the reason why for some time, Cologne was put out of bounds to Canadian troops.

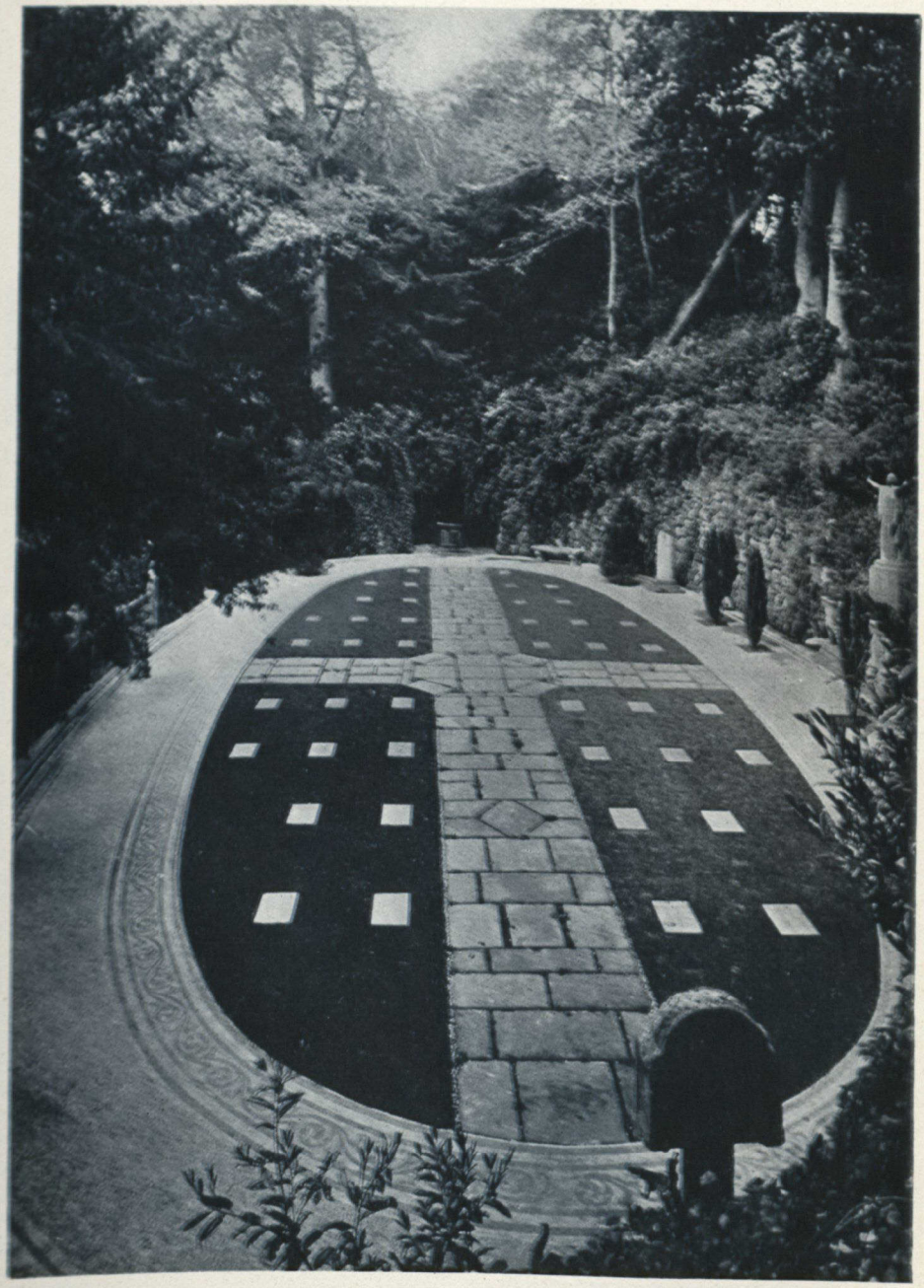
My work in Cologne had chiefly to do with controlling the use of telephone and telegraph lines. Of the hundred or so trunk lines, which connected Cologne with other big centres in Germany, only twenty were allowed to remain in use. The rest were cut at the perimeter of the Bridgehead with the exception of a few spare lines. On the lines allowed no private conversation was permitted, except in very special cases, and in no case was the conversation to exceed three minutes in duration. These regulations were enforced very strictly and faithfully by the German operators, acting under our orders. On each of the trunk lines and occasionally on a local line we had our German-speaking, listening-in personnel working. They reported on anything suspicious intercepted. We had very few cases of transgression of orders and the German officials at the Central Telephone and Telegraph Exchange were most eager to help in every way. There was one instrument in the Central Telephone Exhange, an "amplifier" I think we called it, through which connections between Reval on the Imperial front and German General Headquarters at Spa in Belgium, had regularly taken place during the war, a distance of many hundreds of miles.

The German population had a very wholesome respect for our air-service. In spite of the wonderful air-craft system at Cologne and the intense conical barrages, our air-men got through several times and bombed the town. Some Germans told me that incendiary bombs had been dropped in Cologne and many casualties caused. In the Dom Hotel I got a souvenir in the shape of a card printed in German: "In case of air attacks, lights to be immediately extinguished."

One amusing incident happened in connection with our control of the exchanges. Lieutenant X——, a signal officer, was attached to me as technical adviser. He advised me one morning to take a run down to Bonn with him. I followed his advice and we had a very good time visiting our Canadian friends there. We had driven down by automobile but came back by electric. Before we got into the electric X—— had already begun to exchange very bright-eyed glances with a pretty German girl, who was also going in the direction of Cologne. This little game, at which both were expert, continued until the lady left the car on the outskirts of the city. X—— was charmed,

talked of her aristocratic look, said that she must be one of the leaders of Cologne society and that all these German girls found the appearance of the Allies very natty and smart, and so on until I told him to dry up. A few days later L was ordered to make a raid on the railway telegraph exchange. I took X—— with me. When we got into the operating room of the exchange, where there were about 100 people working, I spotted X's fair lady of the street car sitting at one of the machines, (possibly sending a wire to a few of her subordinates in Cologne society). When she saw us she started chattering away to the girls around her, as hard as she could. X— had not seen her at all. I got the tapes I wanted and then asked X— to go to the machine where this girl was sitting and take down the Morse that was coming through just then. The tape stopped coming through and then X— turned idly to look at the operator. He carried it off very well but his North Polar Hindenburg-like expression was rather spoilt by a sudden ruddy colour over his face. We did not hear so much about leaders of Cologne society after that incident.

It was very remarkable to see how many of the Germans in Cologne had command of the English language. It is no exaggeration to say that, in nearly every store, at least one of the employees could speak English and they lost no time in airing their knowledge. It was no rare occurrence to see little German children in the street cars studying their English grammar and one prominent book-seller told me that they were completely sold out of German-English dictionaries and English grammars, and that the majority of them had been bought by Germans. I rather doubt whether we would have adopted this attitude towards the language of our conquerors. And yet it is a sensible attitude. Had we paid more attention to the German language before the war, the Germans would have had fewer surprises for us. They would never have come so near to victory as they did at times in 1914 and 1918—far more nearly than most people expect. It is difficult to understand the attitude of those people who say that the German language should be "taboo" that its teaching should be abolished. Why? Because we have beaten them! Surely not. Surely, now more than at any other time, it is important for us to know the German language in order to watch her more effectively than we did before the war in order to compete with her in the markets of the world, in order to get the results of her scientific investigation, to profit ourselves by the progress she is making in research in science and in the organization of industry. Surely we are not going to cut off our nose to spite our face; we are not going to allow Germany, through her knowledge of our language, to enjoy with us the results of our industry, while we ourselves get no benefits from the result Germany has achieved. Let us do what Germany did before the war with such great advantage to herself—take ideas from her and use them for ourselves. The language of over a hundred million living people cannot be made a dead language, nor, if there is any truth or meaning in the League of Nations, would we wish it.



CEMETERY ON THE ASTOR ESTATE, AT TAPLOW, BUCKS, ENG.

Where the remains of a number of Canadian Soldiers are buried.

THE EQUATION

BY BILLEE GLYNN

THE history of Robert Hatter was much the same as that of many others. He had been born in the country; ambition carried him to the city; he had gone into business and had become engrossed in it. At the age of ten he sold Sunday papers on the streets of his native town. The mothers of lazy boys pointed him out as an example. And such pointing was all the more potent in that the father of this exemplar was in fairly prosperous circumstances, having a small business that kept his family nicely.

When but fifteen Robert Hatter could boast of a bank account. At that age, indeed, he was too shrewd to waste a peanut on an elephant. He had learned the value of money, and his parents were satisfied with him. They admitted to themselves that neither of them had possessed the hoarding instinct sufficiently. They had not even taught it to their son, though they approved it in him and the energy which went with it. Undoubtedly it had been inspired by another person. While he was but a little fellow, a plutocrat and politician, noted in the community for his success, had patted the boy cordially on the head and thus advised him: "Always get something for everything you do. You have only one life to live, and don't forget that success is money."

Robert Hatter never did forget. When at twenty-four he set out to conquer the city it was with that idea in mind, and repeating that axiom: "I have only one life to live, and I have no time to be a fool."

The gold-gathering lures of the metropolis consequently enticed him little. In three years, after serving a necessary clerkship, he started in a produce commission business for himself. This was the beginning of the great engrossment. He worked from gray morning until midnight. But toward the end of his twenty-eighth year he took the time and the trouble to get married.

She had two thousand dollars, this young lady, of intensely respectable people, and she had a plain, wistful face that constantly did its best to smile. This faded out with the years somewhat, but it appealed to Robert Hatter then. He remembered always the first day he saw her when she came smiling toward him through a field of dead autumn grass. Later she had thrilled him by admitting how much she admired his type of man.

Fifteen years after he married her she died. Robert Hatter was worth a quarter of a million dollars by this time. She had proved a very good wife. It was a great loss, but the interest in new investments helped him over it. Though the look on the face of the dead, the ashen futility which death drew out from this attempt at gratitude and self-compensation, haunted him. Their only child, a boy of thirteen, he sent away to boarding school. He chose a select place where he knew that only the proper code would be taught. This boy was in general physical appearance like his mother. He had his father's chin, however, which was long and square-

set. And he had something, too, of his father's vitality.

Every six months the father visited him at the school. And he never failed to impress upon him as they walked in the fields where the wild birds sang and the flowers gave up their perfume that money was the great power and the great success in the world, and that one must have a great deal of it.

He was in the habit of thinking of this son as a multimillionaire, a power in the world of finance, and the vision pleased him mightly. The ambition belonged to himself as well, however, else how could he have worked so hard. Around that phrase: "I have only one life to live," he had built his gray matter. He had now several businesses on his hands which took up almost his entire time. A maiden sister had been installed as his housekeeper, and she gave him that sort of animal loyalty and constant country sympathy which pertained to such kinship and the provincial admiration for money power.

With increasing years he found her invaluable as a companion. In one instance he prevented her possible marriage, and she submitted easily to his wishes when he explained that the man was not quite satisfactory, and that there would be many better chances. He advised her to find more friends of her own sex and age. Sometimes of a night he took her to the theatre. He preferred comic opera and broad humour, and laughed good-naturedly. Certainly people might have taken him for a philanthropist. His sister always had the feeling of protecting him from other designing women. She disliked the idea of his marrying again. Since he did not seem to care about women, he gave her little reason for uneasiness in the matter. If she manufactured it—that was for her own entertainment.

Things kept on apace for fourteen more breathless years, with Robert Hatter still hastening through his pleasures and his meals. Even in what he called relaxation haste had become a habit with him. He had now accumulated half a million dollars. His son graduated from the university, and he put him in business up North in which he had invested seventy-five thousand dollars. All his life he had seen really little of the boy, scarcely knew him, indeed. The advice he gave him entering business life was firm, forcible and to the point, and he seemed to take it to heart. He sent a trusted clerk with him to help him conduct the business, but was rather proud when in six months his son wrote that he no longer needed this man, but felt entirely capable of running things himself. At his end, Robert Hatter was as busy as ever. He had come to look upon every hour as an entity representing so much material advantage to him. His health, however, was no longer what it had once been.

A year and a half of initiation in business, and Robert Hatter, Jr., married. Oddly enough, the woman had quietly divorced him before his father had a chance to see her. Shortly after the business in the North went unexpectedly bankrupt, and Robert Hatter, Jr., came home. He blamed it on the woman, bad advice, and inevitable conditions, and the father believed him. For pleading his own case thus, he reflected, and somehow poignantly, the saddened aspect of his mother, though sadness had little part in his general character. Besides, the matter was somewhat swept away when Robert Hatter suffered a slight apoplectic stroke. One arm and one shoulder were disabled. He kept the boy at home, teaching him the handling of his different interests. In a few months' time he, himself, had resumed as far as was possible all of his former activities. Then it became necessary for him to go to the far East to establish an export trade in a certain commodity and look over some mining prospects in China. The trip might restore his health, he thought.

He stayed away a year, spending the last six months of it in the interior. Coming back to Shanghai he

found his mail waiting him, and it foreshadowed trouble at home. Accidentally, he encountered Jensen, the trusted clerk, whom he had sent North with his son, and whom the latter had let go. Unpleasant misgivings impelled him to ply this man with questions. The account which Jensen gave made it certain that it was fast living, gambling, dissolute companions and downright refusal to take advice on the part of the young manager which had caused the bankruptcy.

Robert Hatter reached home with a saddened heart and an angry mind. He was met by his chief lieutenant, who told him another story. Robert Hatter, Jr., had been impossible to control or advise. He had drawn large sums out of the business and thrown it to the winds. Five months past he had married a girl after an hour's acquaintance in a café, and in six weeks she ran away with another man, taking with her several thousand dollars' worth of jewels which young Hatter had bought for her. He was given a divorce, but there was no chance to prosecute. Then an actress with whom the young man had evidently been associated a long time, and who probably regretted the loss of the jewels, brought a breach of promise suit against him for thirty thousand dollars, and won it handily by virtue of a honeyed correspondence she had had the wisdom to preserve.

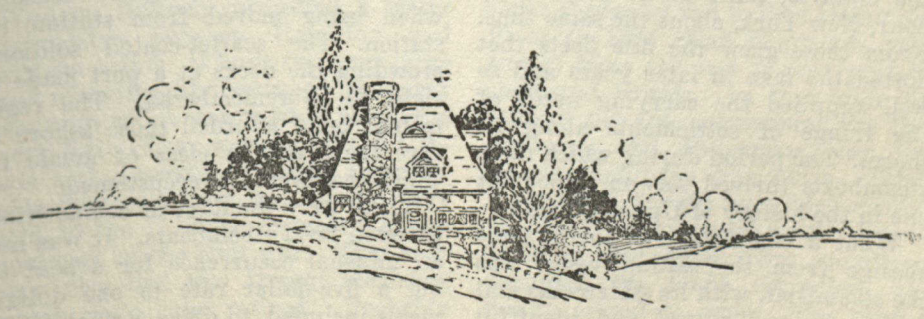
These unimaginable proceedings, so utterly at variance with the tenets of his own life and all that he expected in his offspring, Robert Hatter heard with feelings hard to describe. His very blood went sick, his lungs seemed to forget to breathe. The flood of his years came upon him in an instant.

In a terrible rage, he sent for his son. "You have cost me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said. "You are thirty-two years old. What do you mean by this wasteful, libertine life?"

For the first time they stood unmasked and facing each other in their elementals. The long, square-set chin of the boy had drawn out and down with the stubbornness of his elder. And he proved that he had inherited something else besides. Unconscious that he was using the other's phrase, he replied with a fierce flame in the words:

"I am your only heir, and I have only one life to live. I represent the repression of both my mother and yourself."

This reply, so hard, so familiar, and turned to such a meaning seemed to stun Robert Hatter. He sank back into his chair, his mouth twisted awry, regarding his son. At this moment another stroke came upon him, and without the power of speech his face retained that strange expression for the few months which elapsed before his death.



LAKE ONTARIO

A SIXTY-YEAR RETROSPECT OF ITS NAVIGATION

BY WILLIAM A. WILSON

UNTIL 1860 water carriage had been the chief factor in the commerce of Canada. The opening and closing of navigation every year were very important events and frequently formed the time definitions in contracts.

Navigation on Lake Ontario has undergone many changes since its early records. The canoe, the batteau, and to a great extent the sailing vessel have disappeared, each in its turn having served its purpose. The coming of the steamers in the early days of the nineteenth century marked the commencement of the greatest development of old Upper Canada, and the demand for increased transportation facilities had not been great up to that time. The traffic and the facilities for moving it appear to have increased in a like ratio. The first steamer appeared on Lake Ontario in 1817. It was the *Frontenac,* built at Finkle's Point, near Kingston. The next was the *Ontario,* built at Sackett's Harbour, New York, about the same time. From these grew the fine fleets that dotted the lake in later years and so well supplied the carrying needs of the fringe of settlements along its shores. The period during which these steamboats thrived was an important one in the history of Upper Canada.

What a complete and comfortable change from the sailing vessel was the steamboat, with its staterooms and cabins, its well-served and plentiful meals, its regularity of journey and the opportunities afforded for social intercourse and formation of friendships that lasted through life.

Many incidents occurred during the journeys made in these moving hostelries the recital of which enlivened the winter reunions of the travellers—of a storm off Presqu' Isle or Long Point, with the smashing of crockery and other inseparable features or the breaking-up of a nocturnal party by the familiar shout of the deck hands "out below", as barrowful after barrowful of cordwood was dumped into the firehold at some wharf in the early hours. The trip through the Canadian channel below Kingston, the quick turn at "Fiddler's Elbow" and the unrivalled scenery throughout lingered long in the traveller's memory. What a gathering there was of residents at each port of call to see some friends depart or greet others who were passing through!

There were many regiments of Imperial troops in Canada sixty years ago whose transfer was effected by boat during the navigable season, when being moved from station to station. The scarlet-coated soldiers crowding the decks at a port made a sight to be remembered. The regimental band afforded those ashore a rare treat with a class of music to which they were not accustomed.

These were the days of competition between rival steamboats. It was not an unusual occurrence for a boat to cut a five-dollar rate to one dollar, meals included, to drive a rival off its route. Probably the reduction did not last long.

It would appear that the steamboat service had been in operation for some years before a corporate organization was formed. The first appears to have been the Upper Canada Line, afterwards changed to the Canadian Steam Navigation Company and finally merged into the Richelieu Company, but always known as the Royal Mail Line.

Sixty years ago the "Mail Line" was one of the great institutions of Canada. The boats were well built, well managed safe and comfortable. The masters of them were very important personages and deservedly popular. Passengers would wait for days for a favourite boat or captain. The names *Magnet, Passport, Kingston, Champion, New Era, Banshee* and *City of Toronto* (No. 2) and of Captains Dick, Richardson, Kelly, Swales, Howard, Bowen, Harbottle, Fairgrieves and others were household words. A very popular steamer was the *Bowmanville,* under Capt. Charles Perry, which traded between Toronto and Montreal, with passengers and freight.

These were the chief carriers of men and goods in those bygone days, the alternative to the cramped bone-shaking stage-coach. One can readily appreciate the place these boats and their masters held in the social and commercial lives of those who knew them. The traditions attached to them outlived them and begat a sentiment that still exists.

In the middle fifties the Great Western Railway projected a water connection between Hamilton and eastern points. It built two very large and magnificently equipped passenger steamers which were said to have been very fast. They were called the *Canada* and *America.* Proving unprofitable they were soon laid up and were sold to the U. S. Government at the outbreak of the civil war. That railway also had two freight steamers, which were soon retired. Probably the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto eastward was the determining factor in the abandonment by the Great Western of its lake service.

It would be hard to name all the steam vessels—side-wheelers, propellers, and "pollywogs"—that operated as cargo carriers on the lake in '59. The *Huron, Whitby, Oshawa, Brantford, Indian, Colonist, Ranger* and *George Moffat* were familiar names. They loaded their cargoes not only at Hamilton and Toronto but at Flamboro', Port Nelson, Oakville, Port Credit and other small ports which were then on the map. Nearly all these boats had good passenger accommodation.

There was also a very large trade carried on by sailing vessels (chiefly grain) to Kingston. The cargoes were there transferred to barges for Montreal. There was as well an extensive trade in round and square timber by both raft and vessel to Montreal and Quebec.

The development of the Western States in the late fifties furnished a large traffic for lake carriers, a large portion of which moved to Oswego, Ogdensburg and Montreal. While the chief part of this passed through the Welland Canal, a large portion was handled by the Welland Railway. This road ran from Port Colborne to Port Dalhousie and was well equipped with grain elevators at each terminus. It had an agency in Milwaukee and probably one in Chicago, through which cargoes were secured. These were handled by vessel to Port Colborne, thence by rail to Port Dalhousie. Prior to 1864 these shipments were moved from the last named port by chartered vessels. In that year the railway put into commission the *Perseverance* and *Enterprise,* two fine steamers built for the service. While the rates of freight were high enough to afford a margin of profit, a good business was done. But conditions changed, the trade dwindled, and finally ceased to exist. The road is now a section of the Grand Trunk System.

Perhaps one might look with advantage to the places on the Canadian shore of the lake some sixty years ago. Hamilton then was a fast growing city and very ambitious. Its lake trade was comparatively large. Like all other ports its local traffic was largely increased by that of the country to the back of it. The outward shipments consisted of forest and farm products in their raw state and of pot and pearl ashes. The inward shipments were almost entirely of merchandise, imported from Great Britain or the United States.

Toronto was the chief city on the lake, with a very busy waterfront. The traffic of the country tributary to the Northern Railway added to a large local trade kept the many wharves from the Don to Bathurst Street busy. Although the Grand Trunk Railway had been completed between Toronto and Montreal it had not yet become a serious factor in the competition with water.

The trade of the Great Western, then several years in operation, may be guaged by a statement of traffic received on a day in October, 1859: 300 barrels flour, thirty tons lard, twenty head of cattle, 133 head of sheep, twenty bags of potatoes, and about thirteen tons of merchandise. Less than a hundred tons all told.

Whitby, Oshawa, Darlington (Bowmanville), Bond Head were ports of call then, each with a good trade. Port Hope and Cobourg were quite important factors in the lake traffic. Trenton, Belleville, Picton and other Bay of Quinte ports were quite active and had a boat of their own (the *St. Helen*) in the Montreal service.

Kingston then was very active and important. It had a large trade of its own, not only to the west but to the north along the Rideau Canal, which was at that time an important artery of commerce. More vessel property was owned and controlled in Kingston than in any other place west of Montreal.

Prescott was really the foot of lake navigation and a place of considerable importance when the Bytown and Prescott Railway was in its initial stage. The large boats from the west transferred their passengers there or at Ogdensburg to the lighter draft boats for the run to Montreal. Prescott shared in the prosperity of Ogdensburg.

Probably travel by water was greater in the late '50s than at any other period. Then there was a great movement of wealthy Southerners northward during the warm weather. These tourists filled the hotels at Niagara Falls on both sides of the river, and the Stephenson and Welland at St. Catharines. Tiring of these, they went east by lake and river, bestowing their patronage liberally.

As Canada has not a monopoly of Lake Ontario and the Upper St. Lawrence, it is necessary to consider the change on the American shore.

Sixty years ago the marine interests of the United States were as great as those of Canada on these waters.

Then the American Express Line operated two large and fast passenger steamers called the *New York* and the *Northerner*. They were magnificently fitted and furnished and were styled "floating palaces". One left Ogdensburg each morning near noon, arriving in Toronto early the next morning, and leaving shortly afterwards for Lewiston. She returned to Toronto in time to leave again at 5 p. m. for Cape Vincent and Ogdensburg. The *Welland* and another Canadian boat ran in connection with them between Ogdensburg and Montreal.

The Ontario & St. Lawrence Steamboat Company operated four freight and passenger boats. They were well equipped and larger than any Canadian boats other than the *Canada* and *America*.

They gave a daily service, calling at all south shore ports and Toronto. They were named the *Cataract, Bay State, Niagara,* and *Ontario*. Both of these lines ceased to exist shortly af-

ter the outbreak of the civil war and most of the boats were taken by the Government for transport purposes.

There was another important line that linked Ogdensburg with Chicago and other Lake Michigan ports. It was the Northern Transportation Line. It consisted of a fleet of propellers of Welland Canal size, good carriers and comfortable passenger boats. They afforded an almost daily service, calling at intermediate ports. These boats were very profitable for many years, but their business finally shrank and the line ceased to exist in the early seventies.

As the Reciprocity Treaty was in effect in 1859, a large trans-lake trade was handled from Toronto and other Canadian points to the south shore ports, chiefly Oswego and Ogdensburg, for furtherance to points beyond. This trade continued until the abrogation of the treaty in 1866. After that it gradually lessened and finally became a mere echo of what it once was.

From the foregoing it would appear that the American traffic on Lake Ontario reached its maximum about 1859 or '60. It is quite reasonable to suppose that the chief cause of the decline may be found in the increased trade of Buffalo, in grain and its products, to eastern points.

The shrinkage on the Canadian side was materially less than on the American side. This was partly due to the fostering care of the Dominion Government, which aids the lake carrier to compete with the railways by furnishing free canalage, harbourage and lighthouse service. And yet what a change has occurred. Compare the north shore ports of sixty years ago with what they are to-day and one cannot but notice the dwindled importance of some and the practical disappearance of others.

Port Hope, Belleville, Picton, and Kingston are but little changed, each having a diminished water trade. Cobourg, with its car ferry, is perhaps an exception. Whitby, Oshawa, and Bowmanville have grown but not towards the lake front, and no one hears of Port Darlington or Bond Head.

The coasting trade of the past shifted to the rails, and the coasting vessel vanished. The trade of the interior that once swelled that of the lake ports now moves direct to its destination by the regular land route in vastly increased volume.

Although Toronto has outgrown any other city on Lake Ontario, its growth has been away from the water front. As a rule a large plant must make provision for its future extension, and also consider the housing of its workers, within easy distance of their work. And so they move inland.

Toronto is twelve times greater now than it was in 1859, and yet aside from its ferry service to Niagara, Port Dalhousie and Hamilton its water-borne traffic is now less than it was then. Nor has that ferry service increased in anything of a like ratio to the growth of the city. Although the lake, harbour and weather conditions are unchanged, the season of service has been shortened, creating the impression that it is now more of a boon for pleasure-seekers than a necessity to the commercial interests of the districts affected.

Mr. Barlow Cumberland in his work "A Century of Sail and Steam on the Niagara River", says:

> "In 1851 the Chief Justice Robinson is recorded as having run on the Niagara River route during eleven months of the year, the remaining portion (while she was refitting) was filled by the second City of Toronto.
>
> "In 1854 the Peerless made two trips daily for ten months, the Chief Justice Robinson taking the balance of the service. . . .
>
> "The winter service to the Niagara River for 1855 was commenced by the Chief Justice Robinson on the 1st January, the steamer crossing the lake on twenty-two days in that month. February was interrupted by ice but the full service between the shores was performed on twenty-three days in March."

The Royal Mail Line and the fleet of freight steamers running to east-

ern ports during that period, started early and stopped late each season. The *Kingston* started the service for the Mail Line on the 25th of April, 1859, and the same boat closed it on the 16th November. The *Bowmanville* arrived in Toronto on the 9th of December that year, and winter set in a few days later.

The scenes on the river at Prescott sixty years ago showed every evidence of vigorous life. Frequently during the day some steamer would stop or pass on. Perhaps the *William 4th*, the *America, Traveller, Gildersleeve* or *Highlander* with tow of barges, from Kingston to Dickenson's Landing, or maybe the *Hercules* with a timber raft for Windmill Point to be broken into cribs for passage on the river below.

In the evening the scene was enlivened with the vari-coloured lights of the different steamers sailing from the *'Burg* filled with freight and passengers; and of Canadian craft and ferry boats. It was a very fine and busy sight.

Recently the writer was looking from the same viewpoint and what a change! The daily boat from Toronto had come and returned, its connection for the east had gone, and naught was left but a solitary ferry boat to raise a ripple on the surface of the river. However Prescott and Ogdensburg are still very much alive and are very pretty places. The people of Ogdensburg (and Oswego) don't appear to worry about the opening or closing of navigation. What they have lost in one way they have gained in another. They seem to appreciate the changed conditions and are evidently not anxious to waste their money and energy in trying to pump water up hill.

The great industrial development of Ontario (the Upper Canada of sixty years ago) has been co-incident with the railway extension to interior territory. Brantford, Galt, Guelph and Stratford without water connection have outgrown any places on Lake Ontario, except Hamilton and Toronto. Peterboro and Lindsay were once tributary to Port Hope and Cobourg; they are not now.

Conditions have gradually changed, not merely in cost of transportation or time movement, but in the nature of the traffic carried. The raw products are no longer the chief portion, although they are now moved in increasing quantities to mills and factories by rail for fabrication, a water movement being impracticable.

The great increase in the Ontario traffic now carried by the railways is the result of industrial development. The traffic now consists largely of agricultural implements, machinery, vehicles, etc. Packing house products, canned goods, dairy products and other concentrated foods, the output of our woollen, cotton and knitting mills and other like commodities too numerous to mention. Mining is fast becoming a very important industry and the transportation of its supplies and products is purely a rail matter.

The growth of the trade in these articles has been in connection with movement by rail. The trade will continue to grow and the shipments will continue to move by rail. The factories and plants producing them are chiefly located on railway sidings laid on their own premises where their shipments are loaded or unloaded by their own men in the manner best suited to the needs of the goods. A large portion of these articles require protection from heat or cold, rendering necessary the use of refrigerator or frost-proof cars.

Again it is necessary, whether the shipments be from the factory, farm or forest, that they be afforded a service that will be operative for fifty-two weeks every year regardless of atmospheric conditions.

A careful consideration of these facts will show that it is not practicable to transfer any material portion of the traffic of Old Ontario from rail to water. Therefore if the traffic of Lake Ontario is to be revived the sup-

ply must come from some other source.

An idea is held by some that the enlargement of the Welland Canal will increase the traffic on Lake Ontario. This idea is based more on the hope or expectation of the diversion of an existing traffic than the creation of a new one. They also rely on the certainty of the large vessels which monopolize the carrying trade between the head of Lake Superior and the ports on Lake Erie, using this new canal. There is excellent authority for the statement that they will not. It is claimed that the length and great weight of these vessels would make the passage through narrow channels too dangerous. Another objection is that the lengthened trip would cause serious delay. And again there would be the difficulty of securing return cargo. However, let it be granted that the boats will use the canal. Then the question is, Can the existing traffic be diverted? Perhaps it would be interesting to consider the situation at Buffalo.

In 1859 Buffalo received ex. lake 2,500,000 bushels of grain; in 1869, 4,500,000; in 1879, 79,000,000; in 1915, 258,500,000. Since 1915 war conditions have lessened the lake traffic and made the records uninteresting, except that they showed the Erie canal to have carried less in 1917 than in any year since 1836. The grain went east by rail.

From this it will be seen that the additional growth of Buffalo's trade not only included that which had once gone via Oswego and Ogdensburg, but, to a large extent, the increased output of the Great West that was movable by water.

The great advantage that Buffalo has, as a point of distribution, is not the Erie canal, which carries comparatively a small proportion of the eastbound traffic, but its railroad system, which spreads out like a fan, reaching practially all points in the Eastern and Middle States, by direct routes without break of bulk.

A large quantity of iron ore is handled at Buffalo for furnaces located there and at points beyond that are tributary to it. This traffic is not divertable.

Really the only article of Buffalo's trade that might be divertable is its grain, which may be divided into two classes, viz. domestic and export.

While it is possible that that portion of the United States domestic trade destined to Northern New England might be handled at Ogdensburg, it is an undoubted fact that the greater bulk of it can be handled to better advantage at Buffalo than at any other distributing point reachable by water.

The volume of export grain varies each season according to the crop surplus i.e. the quantity in excess of domestic requirements. The inland carriers earn very little on its movement. The ocean carriers in the trans-Atlantic trade need it for ballast and under normal conditions get rather meagre fare for it. Yet it has to be moved.

This last item is that on which the hope of the diversion is based. The proposition is to substitute Montreal or Quebec for an Atlantic port. It must be borne in mind that many large cargoes of grain moving out of western ports are made up of small lots for convenience of distribution at the port of discharge. Some may be for export via Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or Boston. Perhaps some may be for domestic use in Pennsylvania, New York or New England. Such a distribution can be made at Buffalo but not at a St. Lawrence port. Therefore, such a cargo is not divertable. It might be also that the owner or owners of the cargoes would wish to hold the grain in transit owing to adverse market conditions. No other port affords the advantages that Buffalo does to enable the shipper to take prompt advantage of improved conditions through any of the Atlantic ports named. Therefore, grain in store

in Buffalo is more desirable than perhaps in any other place, esepcially if it be American.

Grain shipments from Western Canadian points by water from Thunder Bay ports may or may not increase. It is hardly practicable to move a greater quantity than at present of each year's crop, before the close of navigation. It might be that a glut would be caused at eastern holding points if the quantity were increased which might have an ill effect on prices. Again it is not unlikely that government ownership of two lines north of Lake Superior may cause a very large movement of grain during the winter months, leaving but little for the boats to carry in the spring. However, be the quantity for water shipment what it may, it is not unlikely that the shipments will move via the Georgian Bay and the rail portage to the St. Lawrence so as best to serve the interest the public has in the welfare of that rail route.

Therefore, is it not reasonable to predict that no matter how much may be spent on a canal from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, the result will be the same? The inevitable cannot be averted. The water of Lake Ontario will not be churned by the wheel of the upper lake leviathan but will flow on to the St. Lawrence to be harnessed there for the development of electric energy thus doing more good to Canada in a week than it has done in any season for many years past.

PREJUDICE

By CLAUDE E. LEWIS

A young man stood before a door and knocked,
And from the hollow silence of the place
A dusty voice that told a pallid face
Returned, "Who knows not that this door is locked
To such entreaty, else the crowd had flocked
To desecrate our altars and disgrace
Our name? But only those can we embrace
Who bide our call, else would our world be shocked".

The young man answered with a calm conceit:
"Your world is fair, but foreign, bide ye there
Among the relics of a treasured past.
My blood is red, and I shall build my seat
Before the starlight and the bracing air;
The world shall come and seek me there at last".

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE ROW ON LOMBARD STREET

ABOUT thirty-five years ago we had the cases connected with a row on Lombard Street tried before me. I had the sworn evidence given in the several charges, so that I am able to give a detailed account of the whole affair. At that time there were two brothers living on Lombard Street about a hundred yards apart, named Jerry and Jack Sheehan, typical Irishmen of the lower class. Jerry and his wife had no family. Jack Sheehan had married a widow named Cronin, who had a son Billy Cronin, who at this time was about twenty-two years of age. Jack Sheehan had a daughter about ten years of age by his wife, who was Billy Cronin's mother, and the four lived together.

One day at the races Jerry Sheehan and Billy Cronin had some words, and there was a little temporary bad feeling between them. Two or three days after, Billy Cronin having a little stimulant on board, thought it would be his duty to call on Jerry just to talk it over, and about 9.30 p.m. went into Jerry's house, and as soon as Mrs. Sheehan, who was alone, saw him, she said:

"Now Billy what brought you here? Now like a good boy go home. If Jerry comes in there will be trouble."

"I will not," said Billy. "I am going to ask Jerry what he meant by what he said at the races."

Mrs. Sheehan anxious to get rid of him said,

"Now Billy if you will be a good boy and go home, I'll treat you."

"Oh well," said Billy quite mollified, "you know Mrs. Sheehan you and me have always been good frinds, and I do not know anyone that I am more willing to take a drink with than yoursilf Mrs. Sheehan."

So she got out the whiskey, and gave him a drink and he went off. Shortly after Jerry Sheehan came in, went through the front room into the kitchen behind, and sat down by the stove to have a smoke before going to bed. In a few minutes Billy Cronin came back. I did not discover the reason, but it was either to get another drink, or because he had been taunted outside by some of his chums, that he was afraid of Jerry. As soon as Jerry saw him he jumped up and said,

"Get out of my house Billy Cronin!"

"I won't," said Billy. "What made you spake to me the way you did at the races?"

"If ye don't git out at once I'll put ye out."

Billy answered, "If ye think you can pit me out this is a good time to try."

Then the fight began. They struggled for some time, the furniture was tumbled about, and with much difficulty Jerry forced Billy into the

front room, and over to the door. The noise of the struggle was heard on the street, and a crowd gathered in front of the house. A constable saw the crowd and walked up to see what was the matter. He arrived there just as Jerry had overmastered Billy, and had opened the door, intending to throw him out.

Billy noticed the constable and said,

"Jerry, there's a cop; I don't want to be arrested."

Jerry stopped, looked out, saw the constable and said,

"I'll not be the manes of putting any man in the hands of the police, and he pulled Billy in and shut the door.

The position then was peculiar. They were both out of breath, the furniture was all tumbled about, and Billy was still in Jerry's house. They stood looking at each other for some minutes and then Jerry said,

"Now Billy you will go out the back door."

"No I won't."

"If you do not go out the back door I'll put you out."

Billy said, "If you think you can do it, put me out, just try."

Then the struggle began again, and with great efforts Jerry got him back through the front room and kitchen to the back door. He got the back door open and flung Billy out, sending him sprawling on the ground in the back yard. Then Jerry called out to him.

"Billy, if you jump over the fince, and go round by the lane you will miss him." He then bolted the door, and began to rearrange the furniture.

While all this was going on, the rumour spread down the street, and Billy Cronin's mother heard that Jerry Sheehan was murdering her son Billy. She ran down and burst into Jerry's front door, crying out "Who's murthering my son Billy?" Jerry had just returned to the front room as she came in. "Get out of this," he shouted, and shoved the door against her, which threw her to the pavement, where she straightened herself out, and was temporarily "kilt intirely". She was picked up by the neighbours and carried to her house, and put on her bed, and they ran for the whiskey bottle, and gave her a potion which cured her with marvellous rapidity.

At this time Jack Sheehan, her husband, was over at Dan Dwan's spending the evening talking politics, with a few of the elite of the street. His little girl had seen her mother carried into her house, and she ran over to Dan Dwan's, and rushed in and up to her father who was quietly smoking, calling out,

"Oh, Da, Da! Ma's killed."

Jack says, "Your Ma's killed, who was it killed her?"

"It was Uncle Jerry killed her."

"Humph, I must see about that," said Jack, and shaking the ashes out of his pipe, he put it into his pocket, and went over to his wife to find her recovered, under the peculiar system of first aid to the wounded that prevailed in Lombard Street.

The story of Jerry Sheehan having "kilt" Mrs. Jack spread from end to end of the short street, and a considerable crowd gathered in front of Jerry's, thinking that something should be done to express the sentiments of the Lombard Street people, and their strong disapproval of Jerry's conduct. Lombard Street in those days was macadamized, and very soon the crowd began throwing stones through the windows. Jerry being inside would have been in a bad way, but for one fact, and that was that his wife had a taste for flowers, and she had two little shelves along her two front windows, and on each shelf a row of little flower pots about four inches high with little plants sticking up in each. As the stones flew in Jerry kept up a fusilade with the flower pots as long as they lasted, and by the time they gave out, a posse of police hurried up, dispersed the crowd and arrested a number of

them. Every window in the front of the house was broken.

The next morning I had about a dozen of these prisoners to try for various offences. Disorderly conduct, assault, throwing missiles on the street, etc. It took me nearly a week to try them, but I did not grudge the time for I went into it with great formality, inquiring into every minute detail in order to get a complete story of the most typical Irish row I ever had to deal with.

*

Miscellaneous Incidents

One of our detectives gives me the following two incidents:

Some years ago a shop was burglarized in the city. Two detectives were sent down to investigate and on the way back met a coloured man who kept a little shop. He told them that a couple of tough looking customers had been in his place, just a short time before, trying to sell some things which he felt sure they had stolen. He did not buy from them but arranged for them to call back in two or three hours. "Now," said he, "if you will just keep away from around my place I will see that you have them safe in the cage before noon."

He told the officers that these men were in the habit of shooting crap in a certain lane with a number of others, and asked them to arrange to have two men at each end of it at a certain time, the two nearest to where the game was going on were to walk out where they could be seen. There would be a scramble for the other end. Two of the men would have white marks on the backs of their coats. "Grab the fellows with the marks on, and the job that was done last night will be cleared up."

Shortly afterwards the two men came, as they thought, to dispose of their booty. The darkey had been watching and saw them coming. He rubbed some chalk on the palms of his hands and was ready for action. His offer was so ridiculously low, that they turned in disgust to go away and just as they did a big black hand came down on each of their shoulders, with the remark, "Well, boys, it's the best I can do for you." The suggestions were carried out to the letter. The two men were caught with the goods on them. When taken to police headquarters their coats were carefully brushed while the search was in progress.

I do not think that they ever understood how they happened to be caught out of a gang of twenty, when they were the only two that had stolen property in their possession. They thought perhaps, that luck was just against them.

*

In September, 1913, a shrewd looking gentleman who called himself Robert Vincent and gave his address as the Prince George Hotel, got in touch with a lumber dealer of Toronto named Daniel Madden and placed before him a very tempting proposition to make some easy money by purchasing a block of stock in the Wheloc Reinforced Cork Boat Company, which he had been fortunate enough to get hold of through a sick farmer he had met, who had no idea of its value. Said stock could be purchased for about $5.00 a share, and he knew a broker in Philadelphia who was buying all he could get hold of for $8.50 a share.

Madden got somewhat suspicious and consulted the Police Department, with the result that two men were instructed to follow up the matter and keep in touch with developments. The result was that Vincent and the sick farmer were caught in the act of trying to sell Madden $20,000 worth of stock in a concern that never existed. Both men were locked up on charges of vagrancy, and subsequently a charge of attempting to obtain money by false pretences was laid. At the time of their arrest they had more than $4,000 in their possession, which they would

have cheerfully parted from in exchange for their freedom if the police had been purchasable. Investigation proved them to be confidence men of international reputation. Vincent's correct name was Charles Gondorf. The sick farmer who gave his name as John Fair, turned out to be Samuel Gerne for whom the police of the United States had been searching for more than two years, on a charge of getting $40,000 by a game similar to that which they were trying to carry out here. Gondorf had been arrested in New York City on this same charge, and was out on $25,000 bond when arrested here.

These men during their criminal career had got hundreds of thousands of dollars, had been arrested several times, but through influence of crooked politicians, bribery, etc., they never had been convicted or spent more than a few hours in jail while the machine was put in motion. The methods which had kept them out of jail in the United States helped to keep them in jail in Canada; for although represented by a Toronto lawyer from Welland, who was also a Member of Parliament, a lawyer from New York City, and also one from Chicago, not to speak of a New York politician, and a gentleman from a prominent bonding company, who were prepared to put up twenty thousand dollars bail for their appearance, they spent six weeks over the "Don" on remand or awaiting trial. At last they were brought before a High Court Judge, and were allowed out on five thousand dollars bail. Gerne was rearrested and taken back to New York for trial. Gondorf got out of the country as soon as he could get a train to take him. Neither of them turned up for trial and the bond was handed over to the Government. Through their unceremonious treatment in the Toronto Police Court, they must have lost their prestige in their own country, for shortly after their return to New York Gondorf was sent to Sing Sing for five to ten years, and Gerne from one to three years.

In carrying out their bogus stock swindling transactions they had one of their gang conducting a bogus brokerage office in the "Driscoll" Building in Philadelphia, while another member of the outfit was supervising a "phoney" boat factory at Linden, N.J., where the unsinkable cork boat was supposed to be made. With the exception of the New Jersey mosquito Swamps, the nearest water was twenty miles away. In selling the stock the intended victim was always requested to call up by 'phone the Philadelphia broker, and find out what he was paying for it, or the manager of the Linden factory for information regarding the number of boats they were turning out. The information was always satisfactory.

*

One day I was trying a prisoner for stealing a watch from a man's pocket. The evidence was very clear; the watch was traced to the thief and recovered. The counsel for the defence cross-questioned the complainant with great vehemence, and asked him if he had not mislaid or lost his watch. The witness denied this, and said it had been picked from his pocket. The counsel vehemently argued that this was impossible without it being noticed. The Crown Attorney, Mr. Corley, was sitting close alongside of the counsel, who was intently engaged in the cross-examination, and he very deftly slipped the counsel's watch out of his pocket without his knowledge, and took it around to the Chief Inspector in charge of the Court and asked him to hand it up to me on the Bench. I laid it on my calendar till the counsel had concluded his tirade upon the witness, and looking at the clock on the wall of the Court I took out my watch and asked if the clock was right. The counsel looked for his watch and said,

"Someone has taken my watch. I had it a few minutes ago."

I said, "perhaps this is your watch, it was handed to me by the Inspector just now, when you were insisting that no one could take a watch from a man without his noticing it. See if this is your watch.

He knew then that Mr. Corley had picked his pocket. He took the joke very good naturedly, although he was sometimes chaffed about it.

❊

The following report appeared in *The Toronto News* March 3rd, 1913:

Sent a Lawyer to say he was dead!

Magistrate Denison called upon to arbitrate the McGrath difficulties.

The comedy in the Police Court this morning was supplied by the well-known headliners Mr. and Mrs. Mike McGrath. Mrs. McGrath said that Mike had refused to pay her the $3.00 per week that the Court had ordered.

"I gave her $5.00 a couple of days ago," said Mike.

"Go on, you villain, you never did," said his wife.

"She stole $300 off me, your Honour," accused Mike.

"Oh! you low, low thing! I never did. How did you make your money anyway? By selling 'booze'?" continued his better half.

"I didn't sell booze. It was you that wanted to sell it, and I stopped you," defended Mike.

"Gaze on him, your Honour," continued Mrs. Mike, striking a dramatic pose. "The grandfather of twenty-five. Isn't he a nice-looking bum? He sent a lawyer here to report that he was dead."

"Well, he isn't is he?" commented Magistrate Denison.

Mike Pays Up

"No, I'm not, your Honour," verified Mike, "and I never sent a lawyer to say I was."

"Well, will you pay her the $3.00?" asked the Magistrate.

"Yes, I will. It's worth it to get rid of her. I've been keeping her whole family for years," said Mike, as he handed over the cash.

The case was then adjourned until called on.

❊

An elderly Scotch woman was arrested one day for stealing some articles in a department shop, and came up in court the next morning for trial. The Police Court Matron, the late Mrs. Whiddon, was looking after her, and the woman was in great distress, asking her what she ought to do. Mrs. Whiddon said she might get a lawyer if she could pay for one. The woman told her that her husband had $200.00 in the bank which they had saved up, and she asked her to see her husband about getting a lawyer. Mrs. Whiddon found the husband waiting for the court to open, and she advised him to secure a lawyer for his wife.

"I canna dae that," he replied, "I canna afford it."

"Your wife told me you had over $200 in the bank."

"Ou aye, I ken that, but that was saved up for an emairgency."

❊

A man was up before me once for stealing a sovereign from a neighbour. There was a strong case of suspicion but the man insisted the sovereign which was found in his possession was a keepsake which had been given to his wife at their wedding. The wife was called to corroborate this, and she swore that the sovereign had been in their possession since her marriage. I asked in what year they were married, and when she told me, I said, "Then this cannot be the same one for it was not coined for several years after".

I convicted the thief and gave the sovereign back to the owner.

❊

I have often received peculiar letters. The following is from a poor woman whose son was up for some small theft:

Toronto, Oct. 12th,

Colinel Denison

Ser

Mrs. Goaldstone is appealing to you for leanisy for my son that as erred and strayed like a lost sheep, wich he is truly sorry. He is a kind good boy to me, never toches drink I am a widdow and geting old it is a sad blow to me I am a respectable woman and worked nearly 20 years for the late Mrs. . . . and assist in the pantry meny times when you was at her diner partyes. I lost a kind good friend to me, as you are a parent be lenient to your humble servant.

A man stole a good suit of clothes from another man's house, and left his own old suit in place of it. He escaped and was not arrested for some months, and was then brought before me for the theft. After hearing the evidence, which was strong against him, I asked him if he had anything to say. He claimed that the complainant had stolen his suit first. I asked him if he had another suit of clothes. He said, "No."

I said, "Then you must have been naked when you stole the complainant's," and I promptly sentenced him.

❊

A little old-fashioned woman unaccustomed to the ways of Court was in the witness-box giving evidence evidently for the first time.

As she was telling her story to the Crown Attorney, I suddenly asked her a question. She was a little affrighted by this unexpected attention, and making an old style curtesy she replied with some awe, "Yes, Oh, Lord".

I have been called "Your Worship," "Your Honour," "Your Reverence" and "Your Majesty", but seldom has anyone shown such respect for the Court as this old body did.

❊

A Horse Theft Case

On one occasion some years ago I had a most peculiar case, in connection with the straying of a young horse belonging to a widow which escaped from its pasture, and found its way to a farm some miles away, where it joined the farmer's horses. The farmer thought he recognized it, as the property of a neighbour who lived not many miles away. He allowed it to pasture with his own horses, until the neighbour would come for it, or until he met him to tell him about it. Through carelessness the matter lapsed for some weeks and when he told his friend that his horse was with his horses, the friend denied knowing anything about it, and said his horse was at home. The horses were very much alike.

The farmer after further delay and further efforts to discover the owner, sold the horse to a man, for fifteen dollars, who not long after sold it to a pedlar for forty-five dollars. The pedlar used it in his business for a considerable time. One day the railway man at a railway crossing on Bloor Street, saw the pedlar driving the horse, and was satisfied that it was the widow's horse that had been stolen or had strayed away months before. He told the widow of it, and she asked him to tell the pedlar if he saw him again, to call and see her as she had some things she wanted to sell.

When the pedlar came to her place she recognized the horse at once as the one she thought had been stolen from her field. The pedlar was charged before me with stealing the horse. He said in defence that he had bought the horse from a man he knew (some time before) and that he could procure him. When this man was brought before me, he admitted that he had sold the horse but said he had bought it from a farmer named Moffatt for fifteen dollars. Moffatt was summoned to appear in Court, and told of the horse having strayed into his place, and that not being able to find the owner, he had sold it for fifteen dollars.

After hearing all the evidence I said, "This horse belongs to the widow and always has," and I told Moffatt to pay back the fifteen dollars to the man to whom he had sold the horse. I told the purchaser to pay back the forty-five dollars to the pedlar from whom he had received it, and said: "The horse will go to the owner." This was settled in a few minutes, and I think on equitable principles and without costs.

WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by
F. H. Loveroff.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

A COMMON GARDEN IDYLL

BY ADAM HAROLD BROWN

ON a certain Spring afternoon, Mr. Bowermeek—a small man with an aesthetic temperament without the taste — strode through the side passageway of his semi-detached residence, and before crossing his own hearthstone, peeked over the fence. This observer was a man of parts; in other words, believing himself closely associated with the "tenth" Muse, he was fairly effervescent with what he called lyrical rhyme. In fact, poetical aphorisms flowed from his mouth like road-oil on a dusty pavement. Had you met him on the street and mentioned Lord Byron, Messrs. Longfellow and Browning, or any of those chaps, he would have beamed his approval. Further, if you had a mild eye, he would spout a few original lines and complain that nowadays the sordid barons of the press couldn't appreciate the real stuff. Yes, in the making of verse he was simply versatile.

The Bowermeeks' immediate neighbours were a family of the historic name of Smith. Though having moved in only a week before, the heads of the respective houses had but a passing acquaintance. At present this Smith person, hands on hip, was stolidly surveying his earth-plots. After digging them up in a decidedly business-like way and cutting trenches without the slighest imagination, he had sown seeds in a perfectly conventional manner.

When Mr. Bowermeek looked over the fence his eye became exceedingly critical.

"Hi, Smith!" he called with scornful dignity, "what's that you're making?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Smith, turning with a start. "Oh, it's you is it? Well, according to the Standard Dictionary, it's a garden."

Mr. Bowermeek hardly restrained his mirth. "'It is a garden,'" he upspoke. "A garden? Heavens, what a joke!" was his impromptu effort. "But what," he wanted to know, "what are you going to do with it?"

"Nothing much," was the cool reply; "only helping to feed the world. That's all. I tell you, Bowermeek, we're not going to be starved by those durned Bolshevikies"

The other stared. "Goodness, gracious! You surely don't think there's any chance of starving?"

"Perhaps not; but look at the way food prices ha' gone up—still goin' up—and ain't coming down. Remember how it was a few years ago?"

"But, my dear sir, that was in wartime. Now all is changed. Why, *The Planet* says—"

"You're too optimistic, Bowermeek. I'm no political guy, but I know that for a long time after peace we'll need all the food we can raise. That's why I'm growing vegetables."

"But why vegetables only?" the critic argued. "Why not flowers too? Nature's beautiful florescence blooms—"

"I'm a practical man," Smith returned, "not a poetry nut like you. This is built to grow things, not make rhymes."

"Then, Smith," Mr. Bowermeek called over his shoulder as he entered

his own back door, "put in your application for the Gardeners' Union. Pretty good that," he chuckled to himself, eyeing the silent range. "It takes me to make these witty retorts."

"Is that you?" called the wife of his bosom from the dining-room.

"Yes, my dear," replied the mild voice in question. "It's me! The general news is pretty good to-night. I got a copy of *The Evening Planet*—"

Mrs. Bowermeek, entering the kitchen, glanced out of the window.

"Mr. Smith's been working there since five o'clock," she hinted.

Her husband peered over her shoulder, scorning the Smith domain.

"That fellow says he's going to feed the world, Amazonia. And he calls that mixture a garden! That!"

"Well, it looks like a garden to me."

"Bah! No science there! No theory! No—. Now if I was to start a garden—"

"Yes, that's what I've often thought," cut in his wife. "Why don't you?"

"Eh, what?" cried Mr. Bowermeek, turning quickly. "Me, Oh, er, why, you see—"

"I see a man who loafs around from half-past five to eight."

"Hang it all, Amazonia, I will start a garden and show you all what I can do!"

"Do you really mean it?" she asked doubtfully.

"Such is my manifest intention," with dignity.

"Then we won't need to buy any vegetables this summer," replied Mrs. Bowermeek.

"Don't be mercenary, my love. I mean to grow flowers as well. Nature's—"

"You can't eat flowers," was the retort. "They may be beautiful, but they soon fade."

"'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,'" quoted the poety with relish.

"Well, all right; so long as you don't grow any free verse."

But Mr. Bowermeek was slightly nettled. "Now hear me, Amazonia," he cried, striking a favourite street car attitude, highly favoured by the late Mark Antony, "by the sweet-tongued Keats, by the flute-throated Tennyson, I shall make such a garden and raise such flowers and vegetables fit to, ahem, to set before a king."

And with this mild plagiarism from Mother Goose, he beat a safe and speedy retreat upstairs to peruse the thrilling columns of *The Planet*.

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Bowermeek as she lit the gas stove. "I'm sure he'll get tangled up in something." Then, requesting her daughter Carolina to set the table, she proceeded to fry the evening potatoes.

But soon after six another question arose. "I don't know what's keeping your father, Carrie," that damsel was informed. "Supper's all ready, and I've rattled a plate at the stairs, but he doesn't hear. 'Tisn't like him."

"I'll go up and tell him," said Carolina, laying aside the romantic novel she was reading. She reappeared in a few minutes, followed by her captured parent.

"I never heard you, my dear," he advised his wife. "I became so engrossed in *The Planet's* news—"

"Think our baseball team 'ull win the pennant this year, Pop?" inquired Master Alfred Bowermeek, aged ten, whom the tactless neighbours referred to as a "limb".

"I guess so, Alfred," abstractedly. "But," he addressed his better half, "I discovered that *The Planet* is devoting a page to 'Amateur Gardening,' like they do other years. This time it's conducted by a remarkably intelligent man; he has the nom-de-plume of 'Uncle Bill Farmer'. Newspapers, I believe, sometimes use fictitious names."

"Is that so?" murmured Mrs. Bowermeek, who was always suspicious of the public press.

"Yes; but this 'Uncle Bill' has a high intelligence. He says that gardening, digging and hoeing is a very healthy exercise for boys between eight and sixteen."

"Aw gee!" wailed Master Alfred, who had visions of a ruined summer.

"What's he know about it anyway? Making us work all day! He must be crazy!"

"Don't be disrespectful, sir!" chided his father.

"Aw, this crazy farmer fellow's got no more sense 'n a cat!"

"Silence, sir," Mr. Bowermeek, justly incensed, caught his son a fillip on the ear. It was only slight, and for a moment Master Bowermeek was undecided whether to yell or to be surprised. But his mother decided for him.

"How dare you, Mr. Bowermeek?" she cried, patting her angel's ear. "What a thing—to fly into a temper and strike your innocent child! I'm ashamed of you, Mr. B.!"

"I never meant to hurt him," protested the defendant. "Let me explain, Amazonia."

It took the rest of the meal to soothe the ruffled lady of the house.

The next afternoon, Mr. Bowermeek made a careful reconnaissance at the back door.

"So you're back, eh?" was his wife's greetng.

"Yes, my dear," he replied quickly; "hope you're feeling well. Are—"

"What's that you've got there?" she interrupted, pointing to a parcel he carried tucked under one arm; "more books, I suppose."

"Why, oh, er, yes, my love, these are a couple of books," he admitted. "But," he hastened to add, "I picked them up cheap."

"Anything you want is always cheap," Mrs. Bowermeek spoke with cold emphasis. "I don't suppose you know where they are giving away a few dresses or bonnets, do you?"

"Now, my dear," begged the little man. "Just wait a moment. Think what these books mean to us! Think what we're going to save! Think—"

"I'm tired," was the weary retort, "of always doing your thinking. What are those books?"

"They're on amateur gardening," he replied with inward relief. "Thought I might as well have a little advice on the subject. This one is called 'Helpful Hints for Home Gardening,' by the celebrated Professor Grubbe. It certainly looks good. Hum-mm. This other one by the learned Dr. Josephus Bush is entitled 'The Gardener's Friend, or How to Plant a Ten Acre Lot.' Fine! Then this paper is *The Evening Planet*. Pleasure as well as profit. Eh! What's this? Why, bless my soul!" This affectionate appellation was called forth by the startling appearance of Master Alfred Bowermeek, who shot in the back door, his hands and face streaked with congealed clay, while portions clung to his youthful anatomy.

"What d'you mean coming in like—?" began his father.

"Me an' Percy White's been havin' a fine time," answered the ingenuous youth, "digging a trench in the back yard. The earth's soft an' mushy, an' we got down about two feet." Breaking off, he stared at his parents.

"What's this!" The little man was hotly aroused. "Digging in the back yard? Listen to me, Alfred. I am going to make a garden in—"

"Go and scrape that mud off, young man," commanded Mrs. Bowermeek sternly. "Don't you dare come tracking up my clean kitchen."

"But attend to me, Alfred. I intend to plant flowers and vegetables in the yard, so in future you are not to dig there."

"But, Pop, it's the only place I have to play in."

"Not another word, Alfred, not another word," reproved the elder Bowermeek, "play somewhere else. Dig in Willie Smith's yard. I intend to use ours."

"Huh!" remarked Master Alfred. He slid toward the dining-room door, but under the menace of his mother's finger slouched stoopwards to remove the alluvial deposits.

"Dear me," thought Mr. Bowermeek, standing helplessly in the middle of the floor; "It's very annoying. Fancy if he had dug it up after

I had planted the seeds! That reminds me: I'll need some seeds. I suppose I'd better dig it up a bit. Loosen the earth, eh? Don't seem to care about doing it, but I'd best get it over. I'll go over the books after dinner."

With the air of a martyr, he searched for and found the family spade, and like a well-fed alderman planting a memorial tree, he began to dig. He could hear Smith pottering around in his garden.

"Poor creature," reflected Mr. Bowermeek, imagining a luxurious vegetation; "how envious he will be of me!"

After the dinner things were cleared away, and Master Alfred had unwillingly begun to study his lessons, Mr. Bowermeek picked up "The Gardener's Friend". He read the first three pages with a tranquil smile; at page five his face assumed a worried look; at the ninth page a frown darkened his Shakespearian brow, and at the tenth he closed the book.

"Ahem, my dear Amazonia," he said in answer to her facial query, "this is rather heavy reading. I think I am quite competent to go ahead myself. I'll see what *The Planet* has to say." Then for some time the only sounds were the weary sighs from the young student.

"Ah, this is the stuff," Mr. Bowermeek chuckled. "Here's a clever 'Amateur Gardening' page. This 'Uncle Bill Farmer' knows what he's talking about. Just listen to this—does my reading interrupt you, Alfred?"

"Sure not, Pop," replied the amiable student, delighted at any interruption. "Are you going to read the jokes?"

"Ahem!" began Mr. Bowermeek, too ocupied to notice his son's remark. "'There are stated to be many ways to successfully raise a crop of sweet corn,'" he read, "'but the one given below is found extremely satisfactory. First, after plowing and watering the field, carefully rake the ground. Then dig circular abrasions in the earth 8 inches apart and 4 deep, in which secrete the seeds.' That's well put!" approved the would-be gardener. "He says, 'if a cyclone, a cloutburst, or a drought does not assail the newly planted field, there is every reason to expect a bountiful crop.' There's a lot more about other vegetables as well as flowers. I'll make a list of the seeds I want, and I'll buy *The Planet* every night."

"But you don't want to raise corn," said Mrs. Bowermeek dryly. "Do you?"

"Of course not," he gave such a foolish question the scorn it deserved. "This only illustrates the ingrained cleverness of the man."

After which retort courteous, Mr. Bowermeek found a last year's seed catalogue and soon was lost in a maze of cosmos, fuchsias, gloxinias, azalia indica, refer to page so-and-so, etc. He did not gain much satisfaction from it. When the conventional good-nights had been bandied back and forth, falling asleep (as was usual), he dreamed of flowers, vegetables, gardens, back yards, and cornstalks tall as the tallest bank building; he dreamed of himself fondly embracing the talented farm-editor of *The Planet*, or being crowned with laurel, he couldn't remember exactly which it was.

Next day he bought the seeds. Before dinner he planted sweet peas, cauliflowers, nasturtiums, begonias and artichokes. Barely waiting until dessert was decently finished, he rushed out again, the red light of action gleaming in his eye, and succeeded in "secreting" a bed of radishes, a row of string beans, some scarlet dahlias, and six tomato plants. Then, straightening himself, he beamed on his handiwork.

At that moment his neighbour stuck his head over the fence.

"I bet the profiteers would be mad," he said rather facetiously, "if they knew what you're at. You've certainly got a great conglomeration, Bowermeek. I stick to carrots, beets and beans. Is that a tulip bulb you're going to put in?"

Mr. Bowermeek snorted. "Don't try to be funny, Smith. What's wrong with this tulip?"

"Oh, nothin'. Only it otta be planted in the Fall. But you're doing the patriotic thing, Bowermeek, even if—." The insufferable creature disappeared.

How dare he patronize a higher intellect? How dare he criticize? Though it might be best to keep the tulip till the autumn. But such excruciating taste! Carrots, beets and beans! Ugh!

It was growing dark, and Mr. Bowermeek felt very stiff—he had been working for nearly half an hour. So he retired to receive his wife's antarctic stare and the advice of "Uncle Bill Farmer".

The week following he watched anxiously for floral signs, and their non-arrival puckered his brow with worry. Do not think this versatile gentleman had never attempted a garden before. He had; in fact several times. But other years a few weeks after the seeds had been planted, he wandered on another tack, and if the flowers did appear, his mind soared above them.

One hot evening in June, wandering to the front door to have a look at the weather, he found Carolina entertaining a young man.

"Ahem!" insinuated Mr. Bowermeek.

"Is that you, father?" asked his daughter languidly. "This is Mr. Fustle. He's a reporter on one of the big papers."

"Delighted to meet you, my dear young friend," chortled the genial host. "You're a reporter, eh? It must be very interesting work. On what paper are your talents engaged, if I may inquire?"

Mr. Fustle looked bored, but played up nobly. He was a medium-sized youth, with a complexion slightly relieved by freckles, and curly hair. He considered himself a natty dresser, which was amply proved by his gorgeous red tie and glittering tan boots, topped by the cutest hose. All these things counted, and he was admiringly dubbed by his confrères "a hot sport".

"I'm on the staff of *The Evening Planet*," the youth replied, hoping the old chap would soon go in.

"'*The Planet*!'-" gasped Mr. Bowermeek. "Why I read it every night. It's a very fine paper."

"Yep," replied Mr. Fustle, "it's pretty good."

"What branch—er—position do you occupy on the staff?"

"Oh," was the modest reply, "I generally go over the editorials before they're printed; put in the pep, you know. Course I write a good many things myself, but I mostly fix up the other fellows' stuff." He thought of dubbing himself managing editor, but decided he'd gone the limit.

Mr. Bowermeek's mouth falling ajar, he stared at his informant with wide eyes.

"There is one column in your paper in which I am much interested," he began earnestly. "It is the page on—er—gardening, conducted by a person called —er—'Uncle Bill Farmer.' Do you know——?"

"It's pretty good stuff," cut in Mr. Fustle. "You like it?"

"It's excellent. Er—ah, is he a farmer?"

"Well not exactly a farmer," answered Mr. Fustle, with a silent grin, "but there are lots of chaps that know more about farming than the farmers themselves."

"Quite true," agreed his delighted hearer.

"Isn't the moon lovely, rising above those flaky clouds, Charlie?" remarked the ignored Carolina, shooting a pained glance at her tactless parent, which was lost in the dark.

"Eh? Oh sure!" responded the mainstay of *The Planet*, then perceiving more was expected, he added with unction, "It certainly is!" Wish the old boy would fade away and have a snooze, he thought. Just then an idea flashed through his fertile mind. "Have a cigarette," and he gallantly offered his box.

"Eh, what?" cried Mr. Bowermeek, with a pleased smile. "Why, er, Charlie, don't care if I do." He extracted one, and after a covert study lighted it with an "eight day" match. "I don't know how long it is since I smoked one of these things," he remarked, giving a backward glance through the open door. "Ahem, it's very nice, but if you young people will excuse me, I'll take a look at my garden."

In the privacy of his own back yard, he minutely inspected the white circular object. "It is funny," he ruminated, "that men prefer to smoke pipes." And then this particular cigarette, in the heyday of its youth and glory, was ignominiously thrust into the ash can.

At breakfast the next morning Miss Bowermeek inquired what her father thought of Mr. Fustle.

"Why,—er—my dear," was the reply, "I thought him a very estimable young man. Yes, indeed. His tan boots reminded me of your mother's tomato catsup."

"He does dress stylish," agreed Carolina. "Those socks must have cost quite a bit. But, father, I want to tell you——"

"Young people are awful extravagant nowadays," put in Mrs. Bowermeek. "Now when I was a girl——" This gem of youthful reminiscence was lost, for Master Alfred, swallowing a piece of toast the wrong way, had to be thumped on the back.

For three successive nights Mr. Bowermeek kept away from the front stoop. But on the fourth he could resist no longer. He passed through the house and stood framed in the un-Gothic doorway, prefacing himself by a gentle cough.

The reportorial one was informing Carolina that he feared the entire *Planet* would fail, bust, and utterly smash up if its saving genius, one Mr. Charles K. Fustle, again went away. At the slight "ahem" he looked up, and the conversation dropped. Carolina remarked it was a beautiful night, the polite youth responded "sure," and Mr. Bowermeek cleared his throat.

"Speaking of newspapers," he began with splendid irrelevance, "I suppose in your work you find it necessary to read a good deal of the old masters, eh?"

"The what?" Mr. Fustle ejaculated. "D'you mean the fellows that write the sport page or prohibition news?"

"I refer to the old writers and poets, such as Keats, Byron, and Longfellow."

"Oh them!" answered the authority as if he and the aforementioned persons lived in the same flat. "Sure, I know their stuff. Byron does some good work, but that crazy loon Keats makes me sick."

"Wh-w-what!" gasped Mr. Bowermeek, nearly losing his temper, and falling back against the door. "Keats! Don't be disrespectful to those great men who have gone! Oh dear, I must go to my garden!"

He staggered through the house in a dazed way. "He doesn't like Keats! The upstart!" muttered Mr. Bowermeek, "worming himself into my favour only to bite the hand that would willingly talk with him. Oh wretched boy, I have been misled! Oh ungrateful young man! taking up my porch and stealing my innocent child's heart! What!" he cried, beset by a terrible thought, "can the villain mean to——I can hardly believe it! But I noticed he grew red when I spoke to him, and Carolina seemed embarrassed. Why was that? Supposing he has induced her to fly! Oh dear! What should I do? It is my duty as a parent to protect my child. I will go and unmask the soft-spoken deceiver who doesn't like Keats!"

Through the darkened house he peered. Then changing his mind, he cautiously went around the side way. He peeked round the brick corner. Horrors! The porch was empty!

Stepping out he caught sight of Carolina and Mr. Fustle disappear-

ing up the street. Mr. Bowermeek staggered back against the door jam.

"Too late!" he gasped. "They're gone! Oh, I am thankful Amazonia is not here; it would break her heart."

It was growing dark and Mr. Bowermeek was glad, for it hid his grief. A red automobile cavorted past, scattering a perfume of attar-de-gasoline; to the distracted gentleman it seemed as if the tail-light winked unkindly. He had a wild idea of ringing in a fire alarm, but he got a grip on himself in time. The leering man in the moon had witnessed the entire scene, yet he offered no satisfaction.

"I will follow at once," he thought. "I must overtake them."

Poetry and romance would have the irate parent pursue the eloping couple in a post chaise or on a sorrel cob; Mr. Bowermeek thought of this hazily as he tried to assume a dignified tread when passing the obnoxious Smith house.

At the corner he paused irresolute. "I think they turned up this way," he murmured. He was now on a semi-business street, where the glaring store windows sneered at his misery and the careless promenaders gave no heed to the hatless little man.

"What shall I do when I catch him?" he pondered. "Will I choke him? Or would it be better to treat him with contempt? No; I think I will simply shoot him and get it over."

A lighted window threw an irregular yellow splash on the pavement. The coloured jar on each side, and the row of patent-medicine bottles bespoke the drug-store even before you heard the buzz of the soda-water fountain. Mr. Bowermeek looked in. Then he straightened himself with an electric jerk. For, seated calmly at the counter, oblivious of the furore they had created, were Carolina and young Mr. Fustle. They were both imbibing very pink coloured ice cream soda. He was doing the talking — a great deal of it — and she punctuated her rapt attention with sodafied giggles.

Mr. Bowermeek looked, saw, and turned away. His revulsion of feeling was terrible; that is to say, he slunk home like a man who had been buncoed out of fifty dollars.

Summer, as the poet would remark, was fleeting like a passing dream. Mr. Bowermeek thought of this dimly, standing disconsolate in the middle of his dejected garden.

The sweet peas had risen to a height of four feet, eight inches, and then drooped; some of the other flowers did appear, but they were not what they should have been. However the nasturtiums flourished right merrily, thereby gladdening his heart.

But the vegetables,—ah, there's the rub! Denizens of the garden stratum showed a particular liking for the carrots; the radishes were surreptitiously devoured by Master Alfred and his confederates, who in turn blamed it on the family cat; while the least said about the cauliflowers and artichokes, the better. And the tomato plants, pride of Mr. Bowermeek's heart, hung out four unhappy-coloured pieces of fruit, which in the course of a single night, withered and shrunk to nothing more than woe-begone pulps.

One morning at breakfast Mrs. Bowermeek fixing her vis-à-vis with an icy eye, remarked that she thought a man who didn't know how to run a garden shouldn't try. To which her husband replied that he knew very well how to run one.

"It doesn't look like it," the lady retorted. "Now there's Mr. Smith's—"

"You know, Amazonia," he tried to ignore the hateful name, "you know I have been grossly misled; this—er—'Uncle Bill Farmer' is a fraud and an impostor!"

"Father," said Carolina, "you have no right to speak of him in that way."

"Of who?" demanded the head of the house of Bowermeek.

"Why, don't you know? Charlie Fustle writes *The Planet's* gardening page. I wanted to tell you, but you always looked so worried and—— queer. That night you talked about Keats he was telling me about his adventures over in France. Of course he wasn't in any big battle—but he's a hero just the same. Don't you think so, father?" Carolina blushed quite prettily. But for a moment the silence was intense. Then:

"I always knew," Mr. Bowermeek rose nobly to the occasion, "I was always convinced he was an extremely fine young man."

But viewing his disconsolate earth plots that evening, can you wonder his mind was rather confused? The garden was a failure, that was certain. The expert advice had merely been camouflage after all. His airy dreams of the moment had tumbled like a house of cards. Moreover, Mrs. Bowermeek remained autocrat of his baronial keep, and the little man was no philosopher.

But he was an optimist, which suffices for a great deal.

* * *

THE TIARA

BY MAY WYNNE

HE business," said Mr. Rawlden, "is confidential."

There was an ensuing pause during which the two men took each other's measure.

John Gesdell nodded. "Of course," he replied cautiously, "we have a great deal of confidential business to do for our clients."

Rawlden raised his brows as he glanced round this inner sanctum belonging to the famous jewellers. He had heard, it is true, of society ladies pawning or selling family heirlooms and having their counterparts made in paste wherewith to deceive their husbands. Yes, he had heard and remarked as much to the keen-eyed business man who had every appearance of a gentleman.

Young Gesdell smiled. "One does not talk of such things," he remarked, "in fact, one does not talk of business at all."

His client's face brightened. "Good," he said in quite naïve satisfaction, "that is what I like to hear. Again I repeat my business is confidential, may I rely on your discretion?"

"Certainly."

Rawlden slipped his hand into his breast pocket, took out a small leather case, deliberately opened it and brought out a folded paper which he passed across to the jeweller. The latter spread it out upon the table and studied the pencilled sketch critically.

"Diamonds?" he queried, looking at the paper from several angles.

"And emeralds," said Rawlden, drawing a deep breath, "that is the sketch of a tiara which has been in my step-mother's family for generations. She is the last living representative, she had hoped to leave it to my step-sister, who if she married was to take my mother's maiden name. My sister, however, eloped when she was seventeen and went abroad, where she died. The tiara has for many years been in my possession. In March it was stolen from me; I did everything in my power to discover the thief, but the detectives have been at fault. Still, I hope, I am convinced, it will eventually be discovered. In the meantime a niece has unexpectedly put in an appearance. She is my late step-sister's only child, orphaned. My mother has received her. It will soon, I know, be a question of producing the tiara to give to Cynthia. If it had not been for her arrival I feel sure my mother would never have asked to see the jewels again, for her resentment against my sister was acute. The girl changes everything, and I dread the consequences should my mother ask for the tiara and I fail to produce it. My mother has a disease of the heart, and the shock, the anger occasioned by such a loss, might be fatal. You will now understand why I want this work done at once, so that if the original jewels should not have been traced before my step-mother asks for them I can satisfy her with the paste representation until the jewels are safe once more in my keeping."

John Gesdell was pondering over the sketch as his client spoke. It was certainly an elaborate explanation to give a mere jeweller, but Gesdell was used to all sorts of eccentricities in his clients' manner of giving orders.

"The work shall be put in hand at once, sir," he said, "though I can give no date for its completion. There is a great deal of fine handling needed here which I shall have to do myself. But you can rely upon my getting it done as soon as possible.

Rawlden nodded and rose.

"If you could give an approximate date," he said carelessly, "I would call for it."

Gesdell hesitated.

"I am afraid that is impossible," he replied, "it is most uncertain. Kindly leave me your address and I will drop you a line when the tiara is finished."

He had an intuitive knowledge that the other hesitated, and again a vague suspicion, born first half an hour before, flashed across his mind. He looked keenly at this client, and the latter, flushing duskily, drew out a card and laid it on the table. Gesdell glanced at it—the address Bartram Bawlden had given was that of a business firm.

When Rawlden had gone after urgent repetitions about wanting the tiara at once, Gesdell sat down and drew the pencilled sketch close again. It was well done with neat markings where emeralds and diamonds were to be placed, yet Gesdell did not seem satisfied. He frowned as he studied, comparing the sketch with some other illustrations.

"Queer," he murmured, "that setting is and yet is not conventional. I dare swear that design, irregular as it is, was not the formation of a tiara which has been handed down from one generation to another. There's something wrong—somewhere."

In his way Gesdell was a connoisseur in jewels and their setting. Jeweller by trade he was gentleman by birth and a rich man into the bargain, yet, being on the right side of thirty and a bachelor, he preferred sticking to trade where many men in his position would have gone into society which ever opens its doors to the golden key.

He laid down the drawing at last, and took up the business card. As he did so he started, half closing his eyes as a man who suddenly recollects what has escaped his memory.

"Rawlden and Quandy," he murmured. "Of course! And this stepmother of his must be the old Mrs. Naughton I have heard Bessie mention, she lives at Chitley's Court, not a mile from Bessie's house. H'm. I wonder now if Bessie could have me down for a week-end."

He took up the telephone receiver with the promptness of one who acts on quick resolve, and two hours later was seated on the train on his way to Harleton in Herts., scarcely aware himself why he was going.

Mrs. Emsden was delighted to see the brother who had been her closest chum since childhood.

"You dear," she said, hugging him, "but why have you come after yarning so much about the press of business? Are you going in for nervous breakdown?"

Gesdell laughed.

"I look like it, don't I?" he retorted, "but the fact is I am interested in someone in your neighbourhood. Will you for once let me ask questions whilst you refrain like the heroic soul you are from asking me any in return?"

Bessie Emsden grimaced.

"You are a privileged person," she said, "I promise—though I don't like doing so a bit."

So Gesdell asked his questions, and after half an hour's brisk conversation was in possession of certain facts.

Old Mrs. Naughton lived at the Court; she was something of an invalid and had a step-son whom Bessie disliked much, and described to her brother's complete satisfaction. Last week—no! this week as ever was, a grand-daughter had arrived; very pretty, very colonial, very unconventional, very young.

"Of course, the old cats of the neighbourhood are talking," added Bessie, "they must gossip or they'd bust, and they are horrified at this Cynthia Crysingten going to town in the milk cart, riding the donkey bare-backed through the village, etc. I like the girl. She came to apologize because her dog 'rooted' the garden."

"Good," said Gesdell, "let it rootle again and invite her in every time. Chum with her, old girl, if you want to please me, perhaps you could even ask her in to tea to-morrow?"

Bessie said she could—and she did. What is more, the fair Cynthia came, saw—and I was going to say conquered, only I'm not so sure that she was not conquered herself!

She was a very pretty girl, in the vivid, blue-eyed type, with masses of untidy brown hair and a gorgeous complexion.

She and Gesdell were hand and glove at once, fraternizing over a pet dog which had caught its foot in a trap. Gesdell helped to bind up a bleeding paw and incidentally noted the courage of this girl, her simplicity, her tender heart, and her friendly bearing. He longed to ask questions about her uncle, but refrained. The case was so curious, his suspicions so unfounded, but when he left on Tuesday morning he had a request to make his sister.

"Chum with old Mrs. Naughton's grand-daughter," he urged. "I have a —er—business reason for the request which I can't explain at present."

Bessie Emsden laughed as she patted her brother on the shoulder. "I've never heard it called business before," was her absurd reply, "but of course I'll chum with Cynthia, who is a dear— and she helps on a certain theory of mine about love at first sight."

John Gesdell returned to town and business. He set to work the same day on the tiara. It was fine work as he had said to Rawlden, and he found it most interesting because the pattern was perfectly irregular. He knew exactly, being a connoisseur in antiques, how those jewels ought to have been set, and he became more and more convinced that the original pointing of that tiara was not in the least like the design.

"I would give a good deal to see that original," the young man mused. "Great Scott! it must have been worth a fortune;—curious that the stealing of such an important piece of jewellery did not get advertised in the papers."

But altogether the business was a "blind alley", though all the time Gesdell was asking himself the obvious question—had Rawlden still got the original tiara, and meant to palm off the counterfeit on his niece? Yet if so, how did the design come to be bungled? For Gesdell was sure the Naughton heirloom had never been pointed like the paste representation.

He went down to Harleton more than once — after learning from Bessie that Bartram Rawlden was away from home—whilst Bessie, being feminine and therefore matchmaking, saw to it that Cynthia was always invited to meet him.

She was charming, that girl, Gesdell would have told you that a man could not have been ordinary flesh and blood who failed to fall in love with her. He was "head over ears" an hour after his first introduction, and suffered the usual agonizing pangs of doubt and fear owing to Cynthia's unresponsiveness. She treated him with a gay and quite unconventional camaraderie where he wanted blushes, shy glances, and timid overtures to meet his own. Cynthia's laugh was as joyous as a lark, her glances frank. Her handshake the grip of a boy. She was in fact as different from the ordinary young woman, who eyes every eligible young man as a possible mate, as could be.

"I'm bubbling with excitement," she told Gesdell one Sunday. "Grannie is going to give me a wonderful present on my birthday, and I am to wear it at the Rampton Hunt Ball.

Guess what it is. I'll not give you more than two guesses."

"An emerald and diamond tiara," said Gesdell promptly, watching the pretty face opposite in keen scrutiny. Cynthia opened her eyes very wide.

"How did you know?" she cried, "I haven't even told Bessie yet."

Gesdell's smile was enigmatical.

"So I am right," he replied.

"You knew—it couldn't have been a guess. Yes, it is an emerald and diamond tiara. The 'Naughton' tiara, Grannie calls it, she told me all about it last night,"—and the young girl's face grew wistful. "Do you know?" she added, in a burst of confidence, "about my mother — and Grannie thinking that there never would be anyone to wear the Naughton Tiara again?"

"Yes," said Gesdell, "I know. But tell me, how does it come to be the 'Naughton' tiara?"

"Grannie told me that too," nodded Cynthia. "She married an Alan Rawlden, but he took her maiden name. That is always the way. When I," she blushed furiously, "if I," she supplemented, then broke off in that hopeless embarrassment which takes bashful eighteen unawares at times when alluding to a subject we may suppose to be very near her heart!

Mrs. Emsden happened to come in at the moment, and Cynthia greeted her with effusion. "Mr. Gesdell and I have been talking secrets," she said, giving Gesdell his cue, "and I have news for you too. I am going to the Rampton Hunt Ball on the 30th. I do hope you are going to be there. Uncle Bartram is taking me—and if you go you will see my secret, for I shall be wearing it!"

Mrs. Emsden was delighted, though entirely on the wrong tack. She supposed the "secret" would confess itself in a bran new engagement ring, and so looked mighty wise and smiling, so that Cynthia flushed up again and prepared to beat a hasty retreat.

"Of course, dear, I shall go to the ball," cried Bessie, following her little friend, "to take care of John, as naturally he will be going, and I shall certainly have a new dress for the occasion."

She was well snubbed by John himself afterwards for daring to take him so publicly for granted; but Bessie had the best of the argument when he had to admit it was his intention to be present at the ball.

It did not surprise Gesdell to receive a call early next week from Bartram Rawlden. He had been expecting this visit and in fact working toward this end. So far he had succeeded in keeping from his client the fact that he had been down to Harleton, and he trusted to a proverbial luck that Rawlden — having been away from home since his young niece's coming — would not have heard his name mentioned, or in any way connect him with Cynthia's friends. And he was right.

Cynthia had talked to her grandmother freely about Bessie Emsden, but had only most casually mentioned her new friend's brother, and the latter's name had not come to Rawlden's ears at all.

So far so good, and Gesdell knew at once that he was safe when Rawlden asked if the tiara were finished.

"My niece is to receive it next week," he said, "though after all there need not have been all this trouble about the matter. The private detective who has charge of the case tells me he hopes to place the tiara in my hands in a month's time. So all is well that ends well. I do not mind expense as my mother's heart is so weak. The shock of hearing her treasured jewels had been stolen would certainly have killed her."

"What is the reading of the riddle?" thought Gesdell after Rawlden had gone, taking the paste tiara with him; but puzzle as he might the conundrum remained inexplicable. Of one thing, however, he was certain—that paste tiara, triumph of jeweller's art as it was, was no faithful reproduction of the original. And John Gesdell did not trust Bartram Rawlden.

The night of the Rampton Hunt Ball arrived in due time, bringing Gesdell once more to his sister's house. He found her not only in raptures over her own new gown of amber-coloured charmeuse, but with her own conviction that her cherished "match" was actually to be announced that very night.

Brothers so seldom marry the girls their sisters plan for them that when such arrangements do come off there is an added kudos about them.

Gesdell did not quite fill the role of anxious lover, though the anxiety was there all right, and found outlet in the grumpiest of humours which did not improve by Bessie telling him she knew "exactly how he felt".

Exactly how he felt indeed! Why! he did not know himself. The Hunt Ball was a brilliant function brilliantly represented. There was an unusual sprinkling of men in pink, and the ladies had been careful in the shading of their dresses to tone with their partners' bright attire.

Bessie Emsden was soon dancing away as gaily as a girl of eighteen, but Gesdell hung back, standing apart from the butterfly group of girls and youths. He was watching for his "belle of the evening," picturing her just such a vision as Tennyson's Maud with a "little head sunning over with curls," and all the joyous youth of her personality. He loved her. Yes, he knew that well enough as he stood there, where, in spite of his trade-rank, he had a right to stand with the gentry of the country, as an equal.

"Not come!" exclaimed Bessie, coming up to him presently, her pretty face incredulous. "What can have happened? Cynthia is the first débutante I ever heard of being so late for her coming out ball, and she was so keen."

"Well, she's not come anyhow," snapped Gesdell sourly. "And I very much doubt if she means to do so. I suppose she thinks it a joke to sell a fellow a pup like this,"—and he went off to the smoking lounge because he did not choose to wait for Bessie's sympathy.

But Bessie Emsden had discretion, and knew better than to show pity to a disappointed swain.

Neither Cynthia nor her uncle appeared at the ball, and their defection was much criticized by those who felt interest in the "new" granddaughter who had so mysteriously appeared to gladden the heart of old Mrs. Naughton.

Cynthia had already won friends and admirers for herself in the neighbourhood, as well as critics and disparagers who sneered at her unconventional ways and colonial hoydenishness.

John Gesdell overheard many of the criticisms passed and champed over the unfriendly ones in wrath. Altogether the Rampton Hunt Ball was a hopeless failure as far as he was concerned, and he was thoroughly disagreeable during the drive home.

Of course, Bessie was disappointed too — dreadfully disappointed, she declared, but she had so obviously enjoyed herself in spite of certain blighted hopes that John would make no confidante of her.

"I really expect old Mrs. Naughton is ill," said Mrs. Emsden, more cheerfully, "the doctors say she may go off any minute with that heart of hers, and I suppose Cynthia's appearance on the scene and the very fact of her début into society have been a strain. I must go round to-morrow morning to inquire."

"I shouldn't bother to do anything of the kind," retorted John, "ten to one you will not be wanted. Probably Miss Cynthia never intended to come to the ball at all."

He wanted Bessie to be shocked, to argue, to reproach him for a remark he did not believe in himself, but she did nothing of the kind, merely asking him to pull up the car window as it was chilly.

Gesdell returned to town by the early train next morning, feeling as cheap as a man can do after being up all night not enjoying himself. Prob-

ably he made himself unusually disagreeable at business, and was bored stiff with life by the luncheon hour when, as he was in the act of putting on his hat, a telegram was brought to him.

It was from Bessie and ran as follows:

"Come at once. Cynthia in trouble."

"Just like Bessie," thought the ungrateful brother, "saves sixpense, and gives me the fiend's own journey down to Harleton."

But he lost no time in starting.

Bessie met him in the hall and caught both his hands.

"My dear boy," she cried, "I had to wire because this needs someone to use their brains. Cynthia is in despair. It is all about the wretched tiara."

"Go on," Gesdell, "go on."

There was no object in saying he had half expected this.

"Cynthia came down to me soon after breakfast," said Bessie, "I believe she had come to see you. She was half crazy with grief. Would you like her to tell you it all as she told it to me? She is in the library?"

John did not reply, he just walked off to the library—and there was Cynthia.

She was crying, poor little girl, but she gulped down her tears at sight of Gesdell, who came forward and took her two hands.

There was something wonderfully comforting in the way he took those hands and held them—fast.

"Little girl," he said simply, "I can help you and I'm going to help you. Tell me the whole tale, that is all I ask."

She looked up at him, at first just a beautiful child, in sorrow and distress, then with that deeper expression dawning in her eyes that he was so glad to see.

"I told you," she replied without hesitation, "about the Naughton tiara. Grannie gave it to me on my birthday three weeks ago. Uncle Bartram brought it down. I never was so pleased about anything, it was just lovely. Grannie talked of it being an heirloom, and of more value in the eyes of any Naughton than any money. I could hardly believe it was mine. I—well, if you were a girl like me you would understand—"

"The tiara was put away in a special safe, and Uncle Bartram gave me a key."

"Don't look at it too often," he said jokingly, "remember I am in town and not here to look after you—and it."

"He said it so oddly that I was cross, for I never did like him, and I daresay I was rude, for Grannie was vexed—so vexed that I almost took a dislike to my beautiful tiara which I thought she valued more than me. So I never looked at it—till last night, when I got it out after I was dressed for the ball, and Henjer, my maid, fastened it on. Grannie was up in her boudoir, and I went straight up to her. Uncle Bartram was there pacing up and down, and Grannie lay back in her big chair looking oh! so white.

"Come here, Cynthia," she said in a new sort of voice, and when I knelt at her feet, thinking she would say something nice she put up her glasses and stared at the tiara. I heard her give a queer little gasp, and I got frightened and asked her what was the matter.

"Take off the tiara," she said, and when I did so Uncle Bartram came over and they both looked at it in silence.

Then Uncle Bartram said hoarsely:

"That is not the Naughton tiara. It is not the tiara I gave Cynthia three weeks ago; the pointings are absolutely different. It is nothing but a clumsy, paste make-believe. The story I heard in town must be true."

"I didn't understand, I was looking at Grannie, who looked as if turned to gray stone.

"Grannie," I cried, "what does it mean? Of course this is the same tiara—my beautiful tiara."

But Grannie had dropped the jewels.

"A thief's daughter," she said, in an awful voice, "and a thief. I might have known. The Naughton tiara has been sold, lost—destroyed. I shall never see it again. And I trusted you."

Cynthia covered her face with her hands.

"It was terrible," she moaned, "terrible to hear her speak like that, and then she just swayed forward and I would have caught her, but Uncle Bartram pushed me aside, crying out, 'You have killed her, you wicked girl. Go away at once,'—and I went, I was so frightened. I came here. I—oh, Mr. Gesdell, do tell me what it means?"

Gesdell's face was so grim that no wonder her cry ran piteously, but the next second the look in his eyes reassured her.

"It means," he said, "that your uncle has not proved to be a sufficiently clever criminal. Will you come up to the Court with me and hear the explanation?"

They looked at each other, reading the secret which lay between them yet unspoken.

Then—"Yes," said Cynthia, "I will come with you."

Quite naturally Gesdell drew her to him, and kissed her—he knew he could not have been mistaken just now, and there could have been no words spoken in such a crisis.

Mrs. Naughton was not dead. Terrible as the sudden strain had been, certain as anyone might have supposed that it would kill her—it had not done so! She had rallied, and the hastily-summoned doctor had been astounded on his second visit to find how far she had recovered.

There is no doubt at all that her step-son was even more astounded than the doctor at this phenomenon. What the full extent of his feelings must have been will be understood presently.

As chance—or fate—had it, Gesdell was able to stop the doctor's car in the drive; when he rejoined Cynthia he was smiling.

"It's all right," he said, "Marley is no fool. He will be back directly in case he is needed."

Then they went on together.

It was Cynthia who, with her ready disregard to convention, opened the garden door, and let herself and her companion in to the house.

"This way," she whispered, "we need not go through the hall, but straight up to Grannie's room by the back-stairs."

Stealthily they stole upstairs. On the landing they met Mrs. Naughton's maid, who was all for stopping their entry into her mistress's room.

"Mr. Rawlden is in there, Miss Cynthia," the woman protested. "I—"

"No one need know you met us," retorted Cynthia, who was showing a splendid though white-faced pluck. She opened the door as she spoke.

When Rawlden saw Gesdell he cursed furiously—but he was too late. Cynthia was by the bedside where Mrs. Naughton lay propped up by pillows.

"Grannie, dear," she cried, "I have brought John Gesdell to explain about the tiara. Will you listen?"

The sick woman looked from one to the other. It must have been her step-son's face that convinced her.

"Go on," she whispered.

It was Gesdell who replied by drawing out the sketch of the tiara he had copied in paste. This he laid before Mrs. Naughton and told his tale.

It was all transparently clear now. Rawlden had never lost the Naughton tiara, but when he heard he would be called on to give it up he had a faulty copy made in paste. On Cynthia's birthday he had given her in his step-mother's presence the original heirloom; but, having a second key to the safe, had the same night taken out the original and substituted the paste tiara, relying on Mrs. Naughton instantly recognizing the defective design. Then, on the night of the ball, he had come down early and told

his step-mother that he had heard tales of his niece's gambling habits, and the influence of some ne'er-do-well colonial with whom she was in love. He had ended with the hint of how he had also heard of a startling rumour about jewels sold for a great sum to save this lover from ruin, and hardly had he finished his tale when Cynthia in the pasta tiara had appeared.

All this story in detail was not of course pieced out during that short dramatic scene in old Mrs. Naughton's room. But Gesdell's statement, the drawing, his receipted account, together with Rawlden's wordless fury were proof enough. The climax, however, was reached outside the invalid's room where Cynthia remained with her grand-mother, whilst Rawlden followed Gesdell only to learn that the police summoned by the doctor were in the house, and a search for the real tiara was in progress.

As Gesdell had said, Rawlden was not sufficiently clever to play the rogue. He had trusted too much to chance, and belief that John Gesdell of Gesdell and Co., would never hear of the private scandal of an old family heirloom.

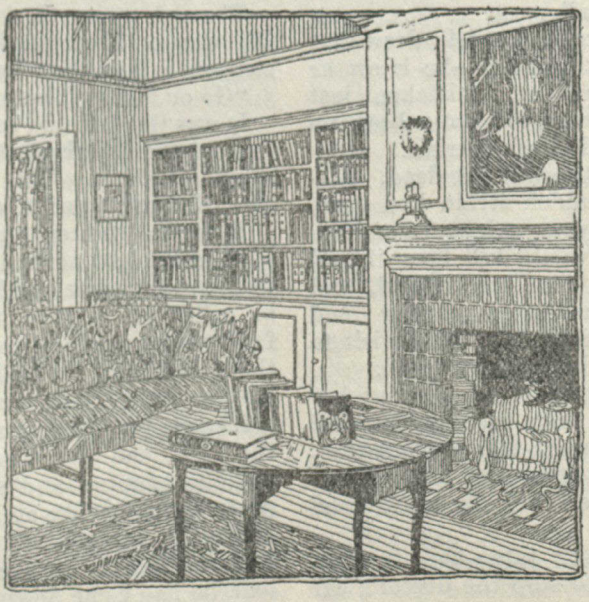
The long arm of coincidence had been against Bartram Rawlden, or maybe a higher power had intervened to right the wrong. At any rate the culprit made his exodus from home that night in fear of imprisonment, nor was he heard of for many months afterwards. Mrs. Naughton with the marvellous rallying power of many heart cases recovered from the second shock of joyful reaction quite easily, and all that remains is to ring down the curtain on Gesdell's reward. All true lovers know already what that was, but equally so they want to hear what is not intended for their ears.

It was after all the excitement was over, when the famous tiara had been found, Rawlden missing, and Mrs. Naughton asleep, that Gesdell came into the library where Cynthia was awaiting him.

She turned from the hearth as he entered, and smiled upon him.

"Before I thank you, sir," she said, "I want to know why you kissed me just now?"

Gesdell's answer was entirely satisfactory.



THE LEISURE HOUR

From the Painting by Augustin Theodule Ribot

In the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE LORD OF THE GLASS HOUSE

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IN the sheltered Caribbean cove the water was warm as milk, green and clear as liquid beryl, and shot through with shimmering sun. Under that stimulating yet mitigated radiance the bottom of the cove was astir with strange life, grotesque in form, but brilliant as jewels or flowers. Long, shining weeds, red, yellow, amber, purple and olive, waved sinuously among the weed-like sea-anemones which outshone them in coloured sheen. Fantastic pink and orange crabs sidled awkwardly but nimbly this way and that. Tiny sea-horses, yet more fantastic, slipped shyly from one weed-covert to another, aware of a possible peril in every gay but menacing bloom. And just above this eccentric life of the shoal sea-floor small fishes of curious form shot hither and thither, live darting gleams of gold and azure and amethyst. Now and again a long black shadow would sail slowly over the scene of freakish life—the shadow of a passing albacore or barracouta. Instantly the shining fish would hide themselves among the shining shells, and every movement, save that of the unconsciously waving weeds, would be stilled. But the sinister shadow would go by, and straight-away the sea-floor would be alive again, busy with its affairs of pursuit and flight.

The floor of the cove was uneven, by reason of the small shell-covered rocks and stones being strewn over it at haphazard. From under the slightly overhanging base of one of these stones sprouted what seemed a cluster of yellowish gray, pink-mottled weed-stems, which sprawled out inertly upon the mottled bottom. Over the edge of the stone came swimming slowly one of the gold-and-azure fish, its jewelled, impassive eyes on the watch for some small prey. Up from the bottom, swift as a whip-lash, darted one of those inert-looking weed-stems, and fastened about the fish.

Fiercely the shining one struggled, lashing with tail and fins till the water swirled to a boil over the shell-covered rock, and the sea-anemones all about shut their gorgeous, greedy flower-cups in a panic. But the struggle was a vain one. Slowly, inexorably, that mottled tentacle curled downward with its prey—and a portion of the under side of the rock became alive! Two ink-black eyes appeared, bulging, oval, implacable; and between them opened a great, hooked beak, like a giant parrot's. There was no separate head behind this gaping beak, but eyes and beak merely marked the blunt end of a mottled, oblong, sac-like body.

As the victim was drawn down to the waiting beak, among the bases of the tentacles, all the tentacles awoke to dreadful life, writhing in aimless excitement although there was no work for them to do. In a

few seconds the fish was torn asunder and engulfed — those inky eyes the while unwinking and unmoved. A darker, livid hue passed fleetingly over the pallid body of the octopus. Then it slipped back under the shelter of the rock. And the writhing tentacles composed themselves once more to stillness upon the bottom, awaiting the next careless passer-by. Again they seemed inert trailers of weed, not worth the notice of fish or crab. And soon the anemones nearby reopened their treacherous blooms.

Whether because there was something in the gold-and-azure fish that disturbed his inward content, or because his place of ambush had somehow grown distasteful to his soft-unarmoured body, the octopus presently bestirred himself and crawled forth into the open, walking awkwardly on the incurled tips of his tentacles. It looked about as comfortable a method of progression as for a baby to creep on the backs of its hands. The traveler himself did not seem to find it altogether satisfactory, for all at once he sprang upward nimbly, clear of the bottom, and gathered his eight tentacles into a compact parallel bunch extending straight out past his eyes. In this attitude he was no longer clumsy, but trim and swift-looking. Beneath the bases of the tentacles, on the under side of the body, a sort of valve opened spasmodically and took in a huge gulp of water which was at once ejected with great force through a tube among the tentacles. Driven by the strange propulsion of this pulsing stream the elongated shape shot swiftly on its way — but travelling backward instead of forward. He made his way straight to another rock weedier and more overhanging than the first. Here he stopped, settled downward, and let his tentacles sprawl wide, preparatory to backing into his new quarters.

This was the moment when he was least ready for attack or defence; and just at this moment a foraging barracouta, big-jawed and hungry, shot down upon him through the lucent green, mistaking him, perhaps, for an overgrown but unretaliating squid. The assailant aimed at the big, succulent-looking body, but missed his aim, and caught instead one of the tentacles which had reared themselves instantly to ward off the attack. Before he realized what was happening, another tentacle had curled about his head, clamping his jaws firmly together so that he could not open them to release his hold while yet others had wrapped themselves about his body.

The barracouta was a small one; and such a situation as this had never come within range of his experience. In utter panic he lashed out with his powerful tail, and darted forward, carrying the octopus with him. But the weight upon his head, the crushing encumbrance about his body, were too much for him, and bore him slowly downward. Suddenly two tentacles, which had been trailing for an anchorage, got grip upon the bottom —and the frantic flight of the big fish came to a stop abruptly. He lashed, plunged, whirled in a circle—but all to no purpose. His struggles grew weaker. He was drawn down, inexorably, till he lay quivering on the sand. Then the great beak of the octopus made an end of the matter; and the prey was dragged back to the lair beneath the rock.

A long time after this a shadow bigger and blacker than that of any albacore—bigger than that of any shark or saw-fish—drifted over the cove. There was a splash, and a heavy piece of chained iron slipped down, spreading the swift stillness of terror for yards about. The shadow ceased drifting, for the boat had come to anchor. Then, in a very few minutes, because the creatures of the sea seem unable to fear what does not move, the life of the sea-floor again bestirred itself, and small, misshapen forms that did not love the sunlight convened in the shadow of the boat.

Presently, from over the side of the boat descended a dark tube, with a bright tip that seemed like a kind of eye. The tube moved very slowly this way and that, as if to let the eye scan every hiding place on the many-coloured bottom. As it swept over the rock that sheltered the octopus it came to a stop. Then it was softly withdrawn.

A few moments later a large and tempting fish appeared at the surface of the water, and began slowly sinking straight downward in a most curious fashion. The still eyes of the octopus took note at once. They had never seen a fish behave that way before; but it plainly was a fish. A quiver of eagerness passed through the sprawling tentacles; for their owner was already hungry again. But the prize was still too far away, and the tentacles did not move. The curious fish, however, seemed determined to come no nearer. And at last the waiting tentacles came stealthily to life. Almost imperceptibly they drew themselves forward, writhing over the bottom almost as casually as weeds adrift in a light current. And behind them those two great inky, impassive eyes—and then the fat, mottled, sac-like—body—emerged furtively from under the rock. The bottom here was covered with a close brown weed; and at once the body of the octopus and the tentacles, began to change to the same hue. When the change was complete, the gliding monster was almost invisible. He was now directly beneath that incomprehensible fish; but the fish had gently risen, so that it was still a little out of reach.

For a few second the octopus crouched, staring upward with motionless orbs, and gathering himself together. Then he sprang straight up, like a leaping spider. He fixed two tentacles upon the tantalizing prey then the other tentacles straightened out, and with a sharp jet of water from his propulsion tube he essayed to dart back.

To his amazement the prey refused to come. In some mysterious way it managed to hold itself—or was held—just where it was. Amazement gave way to rage. The monster wrapped his prize in three more tentacles, and then plunged his beak into it savagely. The next instant he was jerked to the surface of the water. A blaze of sun blinded him; strong meshes enclosed him, binding and entangling his tentacles.

In such an appalling crisis most creatures of sea and land would have been utterly demoralized by terror. Not so the octopus. Maintaining undaunted the clutch of one tentacle upon his prize, he turned the others, along with the effectual menace of his great beak, to the business of battle. The meshes fettered him in a way that drove him frantic with rage, but two of his tentacles managed to find their way through, and writhed madly this way and that in search of some tangible antagonist on which to fasten themselves. While they were yet groping vainly for a grip, he felt himself lifted into the strangling air, and crowded—net, prey, and all—into a dark and narrow receptacle full of water. Though he was suffocating in the unnatural medium, and though his great unshrinking, eyes could see but vaguely outside their native element, he was all fight. One tentacle clutched the rim of the metal vessel; and one fixed its deadly suckers upon the bare black arm of a half-seen adversary who was trying to crowd him down into the dark prison. There was a strident yell. A sharp, authoritative voice exlaimed—"Look out! Don't hurt him! *I'll* make him let go!" But the next instant the frightened darky had whipped out a knife and sliced off a good foot of the clutching tentacle. As the injured stump shrank back upon its fellows like a spade-cut worm, the other tentacle was deftly twisted loose from its hold on the rim, and the captive felt himself forced down into the narrow prison. A cover was clap-

ped on, and he found himself in darkness, with his prey still gripped securely. Upset and raging though he was, there was nothing to be done about it, so he fell to feasting indignantly upon the prize.

Left to himself, the furious prisoner by and by disentangled himself from the meshes of the net, and composed himself as well as he could in his straightened quarters. Then for days and days thereafter there was nothing but tossing and tumbling, blind feeding, and uncomprehended distress, till at last his prison was turned upside down and he was dropped unceremoniously into a great tank of glass and enamel that glowed with soft light. Bewildered though he was he took in his surroundings in an instant and darted to the shelter of an overhanging rock on the tank floor. Having backed his defenceless body under that shield he flattened his tentacles anxiously among the stones and weeds in the tank bottom, and impassively stared about.

It was certainly an improvement on the black hole from which he had just escaped. Light came down through the clear water, but a cold white light, little like the green gold glimmer that illumined the slow tide in his Caribbean home. The floor about him was not wholly unfamiliar. The stones, the sand, the coloured weeds, the shells—they were like, yet unlike, those from which he had been snatched away. But on three sides there were white, opaque walls, so near that he could have touched them by stretching out a tentacle. Only on the fourth side was there space—but a space of gloom and inexplicable, moving confusion, from which he shrank. In this direction the floor of sand and stones and weeds ended with a mysterious abruptness; and the vague openness beyond filled him with uneasiness. Pale-coloured shapes, with eyes, would drift up, sometimes in crowds, and stare in at him fixedly. It daunted him as nothing else had ever done, this drift of peering faces. It was long before he could teach himself to ignore them. When food came to him—small fish and crabs, descending suddenly from the top of the water—at such times the faces would throng tumultuously in that open space, and for a long time the many peering eyes would so disconcert him as almost to spoil his appetite. But at last he grew accustomed even to the faces and the eyes, and disregarded them as if they were so much passing seaweed, borne by the tide. His investigating tentacles had shown him that between him and the space of confusion there was an incomprehensibe barrier fixed, which he could see through but not pass through; and that if he could not get out, neither could the faces get in to trouble him.

Thus well fed and undisturbed, the octopus grew fairly content in his glass house, and never guessed the stormy life of the great city sleepless beyond his walls. For all he knew, his comfortable prison might have been on the shore of one of his own Bahaman Keys. He was undisputed lord of his domain, narrow though it was; and the homage he received from the visitors who came to pay him court was untiring.

His lordship had been long unthreatened, when one day, had he not been too indifferent to notice them, he might have seen that the faces in the outer gloom were unusually numerous, the eyes unusually intent. Suddenly there was the accustomed splash in the water above him. That splash had come to mean to him just food—unresisting victims; and his tentacles were alert to seize whatever should come within reach.

This time the splash was unusually heavy, and he was surprised to see a massive, roundish creature, with a little, pointed tail sticking out behind, a small, snake-like head stretched out in front, and two little flippers outspread on each side. With these four flippers the stranger came swimming

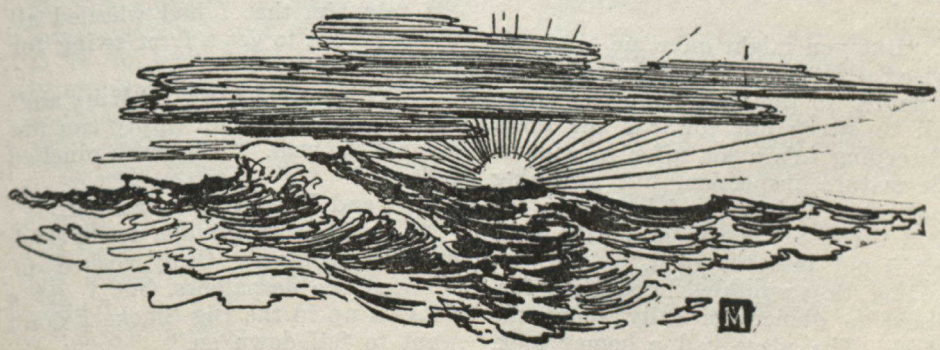
calmly towards him. He had never seen anything at all like this daring stranger; but without the slightest hesitation he whipped up two writhing tentacles and seized him. The faces beyond the glass surged with excitement. When the turtle felt that uncompromising clutch his tail, head and flippers vanished as if they had never been, and his upper and lower shells closed tight together till he seemed nothing more than a lifeless box of horn. Absolutely unresisting he was drawn down to the impassive eyes and gaping beak of his captor. The tentacles writhed all over him, stealthily but eagerly investigating. Then the great parrot-beak laid hold on the shell, expecting to crush it. Making no impression, however, it slid tentatively all over the exasperating prize, seeking a weak point.

This went on for several minutes, while the watching faces outside the glass gazed in tense expectancy. Then at last the patience of the octopus became exhausted. He renewed his efforts and then grapsed the unyielding shell, tumbling it over and over, biting at it madly, wrenching it insanely with all his tentacles. And the faces beyond the glass surged thrillingly.

Shut up within his safe armour, the turtle all at once grew tired of being tumbled about, and his wise discretion forsook him. He did not mind being shut up; but he objected to being knocked about. Some prudence he had, to be sure, but not enough to control his short temper. Out shot his narrow, vicious-looking head, with its dull eyes and punishing jaws, and fastened with the grip of a bull dog upon the nearest tentacle close to its base.

The rage of the octopus swelled to a frenzy; and in his contortions the locked fighters bumped heavily against the glass, making the faces shrink back. The small stones were scattered about and the fine silt rose in a cloud that obscured the battle.

Had the turtle had cunning to match his courage, the lordship of the glass house might have changed holders in that fight. Had he fixed his unbreakable grip in the head of his foe, just above the beak, he would have conquered in the end. But as it was, he had now a vulnerable point; and at last the octopus found it. His beak closed upon the exposed half of the turtle's head, and slowly, inexorably, shore it clean off just behind the eyes. The stump shrank instantly back into the shell; and the shell became again the unresisting plaything of the tentacles, which presently, as if realizing that it had no more power to retaliate, flung it aside. In a few minutes the silt settled. Then the eager watchers saw the lord of the tank crouching motionless before his lair, his ink-like eyes impassive and implacable as ever, while the turtle lay bottom side up against the glass, no more to be taken account of than a stone.



THE JANE IN THE CASE

BY PAUL A. W. WALLACE

BETWEEN the two of them, little Red Halloran and Coaly Barnes, my job was pretty well minced up, that Saturday morning at Shorncliffe Camp. Not that I grumbled. One of the first things a soldier learns is to be cheerful when interrupted in fatigue duties, and, in this matter, Canadians are as quick in the uptake as any.

First of all, little Red Halloran stuck his apple cheeks in the doorway and, anchoring himself to a post, fixed his eyes on my broom while I went through the motions of sweeping.

"C'n I help you clean up?" he asked.

"There's no police round," I said. "You might risk it. But I don't see that it's up to you to get dirty over our job."

Cleaning the garage, of course, is the despatch riders' fatigue, and Red Halloran was not one of us. He was a "push-bike" orderly. In that job, you have clean hands but no glory, for you never travel far outside the camp.

"But you might offer me some advice," I went on. "I'm just figuring whether it wouldn't be better after all to sweep out towards the door. Sweeping in's a lot safer in case of premature inspection, but sweeping out saves a shovel and bucket in the end because you can shoot the stuff right out into the road."

Red, thus appealed to, stepped forward to glance critically about the shed. The place had a homey look, just as it was, for despatch riders. A camouflage of oil and carbide hid the floor. Old engine wreckage, empty petrol tins, tools, oilskins, and a forage cap (the loss of which had embittered Luke Sharpe's speech for three days past) made a bone-yard" behind the stove. A tin of muddy grease, two gunny sacks, some cotton waste, and a pool of coal oil lay under the table, with old dead lamps and soundless horns and leaky pumps in a clutter above.

"Sweep in," decided Red, "and hide the dirt under the gunny sacks." For ten minutes, he had nothing more to say, but he used plenty of "elbow grease," going at the job like a recruit and nearly spoiling it. By getting the work done too soon, he would run us the risk of being drawn into the worse fatigue of scrubbing the barrack-room across the way. It was Coaly Barnes who turned up to remove that risk.

An oath came crackling through the door with Coaly on the heels of it.

"Holy jumped-up Jerusalem!' 'exploded Coaly. "Where's my bus?"

I told him that I had wheeled all the buses out to get a freer swing for the broom.

"Nix!" snorted Coaly. "Mine ain't there." He kicked an empty can flat against the wall. "Someone's pinched it."

Red and I eased up to attend.

"I gotta go to London ten o'clock on that machine," Coaly rushed on. "It aint the despatches, but I got a date on up in the Big Smoke I don't want to fall down on."

"You got a date on?" repeated Red Halloran, letting a handful of sweepings go back to the floor.

"With the Jane," nodded Coaly.

"See her often?" pursued Red.

"Every turn I get at the London run," said Coaly. "Say, I wonder if one of the fellows took the bus out round Brigades. Where's the Corp? I'll chase him up an' see."

Little Red Halloran took to the table and swung his legs.

"So Coaly's got a Jane up in the Smoke," he said, punching the bag of an old horn to make it gasp. "Pretty jake for him, with the London run so often. You fellows take it in turn, eh?"

I nodded and waited, leaning on the broom, for Red to go on.

"I guess I'm a kind of a queer guy myself," he said, unscrewing the stem of a horn and blowing into the reed to test it. "I'm no great cheese in society. Square pushin' aint my line. Still," the horn squawked and he dropped it to screw up the stem again, "at the same time, I aint denyin' I got a girl friend myself."

The confession was cut short by Coaly Barnes spluttering in again.

"Son of a sea cook!" he shouted. "Pinchin' a fellow's bike! I wont half pound him into chain grease when I catch him!"

"Surely no one stole it," I put in.

Coaly kicked a splinter off the door. "It aint likely the old crock sprouted wings an' went off to try 'em out by jumpin' over the cliff," he retorted. "If it aint here—an' it aint, an' if no D. R.'s took it—an' they aint, then some outsider's got it. Well, if a D. R. 'ud took it, I'd a-said he *boned* it, but if an outsider takes a thing he don't bone it, he *pinches* it. Aint that right, Red?"

To save friction, Red mumbled "I guess so."

"But he pinched a white-washed elephant," Coaly went on. "I made her a dud before I put her in, last night."

"How?" I asked.

"Bit of wire in the breaker box to short the . . . mag," replied Coaly. Aint many guys wise to that. I bet the machine's layin' about here somewheres in the bushes where the gink chucked it when he got played out pushin' it with his hands. Give us a hand to look for't, will you, just a few minutes?"

Red and I, under Coaly's orders, scoured the camp, but we found no trace of Coaly's bus. We were called in to learn that the search was off.

"Guess I better quit mournin' an' hit up the Corp for another," said Coaly. "But it does make a fellow sore. They can call this war off, for all I give a damn."

Red and I went back to the shed and took up our positions, he on the table, I leaning on the broom.

"You've fixed that one already," I said as he fingered the mended horn. He unscrewed a fresh one.

"I was goin' to tell you about this here Jane," he said with the reed at his lips. "I aint seen her for months." The reed punctuated with a shriek. "Myrtle's a queer name, aint it? I met her in London." He ran the last two sentences together as though to skate over the thin ice quickly and get to something solid. "At Piccadilly Circus," he went on. "I saved her from bein' run over by a bus by yankin' her off her feet. She was sore at me till she caught on how close she was to cashin' in. After that she was different. She writes every week. What would you do about it?"

"If she's the right sort of girl—" I ventured.

"Oh, she's a classy kid, all right," Red assured me. "None of this 'Hello Canadian' stuff on the Strand. She don't always remind you she's a chicken at all. Likes outdoors an' games an' all. A kind of a chum. You get me?"

"Then I'd answer the letters," I advised.

"I do," he said, and covered his confusion with a fearful blast from the horn.

At the doorway, squealing brakes told of Luke Sharpe's return from "Eighty-thirty Brigades."

"Hello, Coaly!" we heard Luke exclaim. "How the blazes did you get here?"

"I got here by standin' in the same dashed place I've stood for half an hour, fixin' a borrowed bike," said Coaly.

"I thought you was down in Seabrooke," Luke persisted.

"Can't I be somewhere's else?" growled Coaly.

"Yes, but nacherly, when I see your bike standin' down there, I expect you're somewhere near," explained Luke. "How did I know you'd lent it out?"

"My bike!" exclaimed Coaly. "Standin' alone! I didn't lend it. Hey!" he summoned me. "What did I tell you? The gink who pinched it couldn't make it go by kickin', so I guess he got the bright idea to start it by coastin' down Seabrooke Hill. That stunt didn't fizz, so he left the bus at the bottom under the archway an' beat it. Jake-a-loo, boys! I'm off to fetch her home."

"I'm glad he found it," said little Red Halloran from his perch on the table. I was busy with some discoveries behind the stove. There was a tow rope to wind, a hoop of hay wire to hang on its nail, and a quantity of coal to hide in the tool box lest the inspecting officer should inquire how we managed to provision ourselves so greatly in excess of the authorized issue.

All at once Red slid from the table and placed a hand inside the breast of his tunic. I recognized that symptom.

"Did I show you the kid's picture?" he asked, knowing perfectly well that he hadn't.

I examined the postcard photograph (representing an ox-eyed Athene done into Cockney) longer than the photographer's skill merited. The fact is that I was at a loss to fit my tongue with the right words. I have noticed my barrack room friends, trapped this way, wriggle out with the standard comment: "Some Jane!" But that does not satisfy the owner of the print. If you want to get in right, you must notice more than the sex of the girl.

After some figuring, I made a lucky shot. I said: "Some eyes!"

"You bet, eh?" said Red, jumping at the bait. "The biggest I ever see! I been around the world a bit between Winnipeg an' Toronto, but I never see the beat of her anywhere at all. Look at her neck. Aint it a peach? An' her shoulder! Say, believe *me*— By gosh, you know—Just as round— There aint a wrinkle in it or a bone!"

Then the thing that had been on his mind all morning popped out. "But of course it wouldn't do to marry an English girl," he said, and paused, hoping to be contradicted.

I didn't fail him. "I don't see why not," I said, "if she's willing to go back with you."

"Oh, she's willin' enough," he declared, "if she don't change her mind once she's out there. She don't know nothin' at all about the country. She thought the North Pole was in Canada till I told her it wasn't, it was in Russia."

"English people usually like Canada after they've been out a little while," I put in.

"She believes in the King," he countered to conceal his delight at my encouragement, "an' she calls me a 'C'nidyan.' Them things makes all the difference, don't they? Yep, it's some neck," he added inconsequently with a quick glance at the photo as it went into his pocket.

For the third time, Coaly Barnes, who seemed bent on throwing all the contrast he could into my morning with Red Halloran, blustered in at the door.

"Hey, one of you guys, take my boat round an' fill her up, will you?" he commanded. "She's runnin' jake. Oh, I fooled the gink that tried to elope with her, didn't I, eh? She's

got enough oil. Just give her gas. I'll go an' get my despatches."

As I stepped over to his old C-37 and dropped it off the stand to take a running start, my eye caught the flutter of a rag on the brake rod. I looked more carefully and put the machine back on the stand again. From a wounded motorcycle leaning against the wall, I thieved repairs for Coaly's brake.

When Coaly came out of the office with a bagful of despatches balanced against a bigger bagful of "square pushin' duds" on his shoulders, I was ready for him.

"You owe me sixpence for saving your life," I said.

"Profiteerin'," he grinned.

"Look at this," said I, and I showed him bits of the old brake.

Coaly gave a short laugh. "I like to take a chance," he said, "because it's sport. But I like to know when I'm takin' it. Lucky I was ridin' uphill. If I'd been goin' down, that cotton wouldn't of held two seconds. I guess the horse thief that swiped the bus had a spill an' bust the brake an' tried to fix it with his handkerchief. Maybe there's a name on it." He stretched it out, corner by corner. There was a name.

Coaly turned on little Red Halloran. "Were you in on this deal?"

For answer, Red sullenly reached for the hankerchief and pocketed it.

"I like every kind of guy but a sneak," said Coaly.

The blood shot to Red Holloran's face, but he said nothing.

Coaly stood glaring at him. "I've a good notion to send you to hospital," he said, "It might learn you to quit doin' things behind a fellow's back. But you're too much of a kid to hit. Grow up as quick as you can, eh?"

Red flared back: "Chase yourself. What's the holler about? I did bone your rotten bus, if that's what's bitin' you. I aint goin' to stick to no push-bike for duration, no fear I aint. I'll bone your bus again an' keep on bonin' it till I can be a despatch rider. Who's goin' to stop me? Aw, shut up, you Shorncliffe hero, you're not the only——"

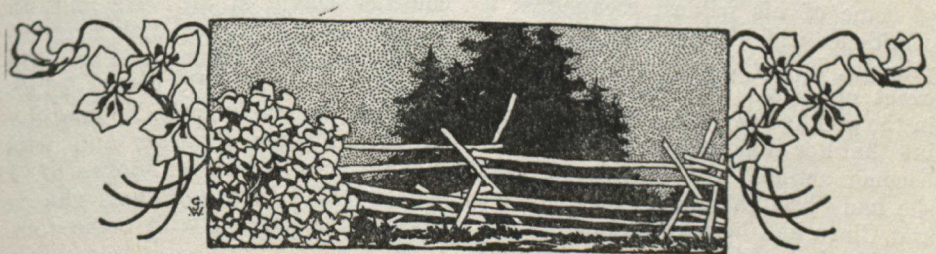
Coaly cleared for action.

Red hurled what we thought would be his last defiance till after sick leave. "You needn't think you're the only guy that's got a Jane to ride up to in London," he shouted.

The effect on Coaly surprised us. His arms dropped and his face spread into a grin.

"You with a Jane!" he said. "Why in Christopher didn't you say so before, kid?" He jerked his thumb toward C-37. "The old crock's yours whenever I aint ridin' it. Only use daylight."

Five minutes later, while I was sandpapering the handle of the broom for a better grip, I heard Coaly outside the garage let out two words: "Some Jane!"



MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XX

AFTER his Christmas holiday David settled down to work with a stubborn determination which argued well for results. Rosme found it difficult to settle down at all. The difference in their states may be explained by remembering that Rosme lived in expectation while David had ceased to expect anything. Rosme expected that David would call. David knew that he wouldn't.

Clara had returned to town and was boarding with Carrie Brown. She looked thinner and wore at times a strained expression which David attributed to grief for her mother. It made his manner kinder than ever, so kind that often she bit her red lips to keep from slapping him. David's courtesy bored her indescribably. And she was very much worried about Willard.

Willard, she knew, was gambling recklessly. It amused him to tell her of some of his wildest escapades; a confidence which Clara took as a compliment, but which was, in fact, the exact opposite. His failing interest in the girl had revived a little on hearing that her engagement to David had become actual. He considered that she had "brought it off" very neatly, and Clara had been right in thinking that her independence of him pricked his pride. But at the best it was a pin-prick only, and the strained look grew in Clara's eyes as a mocking one grew in his. She had not even the pursuit of David to occupy her now, the slim ring with the flashing diamond (chosen by herself) had written a very satisfactory, if dull *finis* to that.

David had very soon told John Baird of his engagement. He made the announcement without comment one night after a few days of specially brilliant work. John had met it with a silence grimly non-committal. "I told you so," was one of the few unpleasant remarks to which he was not addicted.

"You'll not be thinking of marriage for a long time yet?" he asked sourly.

David said that nothing had been decided.

For an instant the keen, old eyes peered into the young, troubled ones.

"Don't hurry it!" said John Baird, turning away.

During the three months which had intervened since that wonderful night in the snow-delayed train, Rosme had reached the point of refusing to consider David at all. He had not thought fit to continue their acquaintance. Very well! Rosme held her shining head very proudly erect. If she was hurt, no one knew it. No one, that is, save Madam Rameses and what Madam knew was never spoken of. If she longed to ask questions she repressed the longing with noble fortitude.

Rosme decided that she herself would never marry. It was much better to be independent. A success-

ful business woman is a happy person and Rosme intended to be very successful. Things were booming at the office and the Lot Bothers, noticing an indefinable change in her manner, raised her salary in a panic. It is pleasant to have one's salary raised. Rosme assured herself almost every day that she was very happy.

On this particular morning Rosme got down to work early and, as David in his eagerness was early too, they almost ran into each other at the office door. The unexpectedness of the meeting gave her no chance for any feeling of self-consciousness and she was able to say "How do you do?" in the flat and automatic manner, common to people who greet mere acquaintances. So perfectly did she do it, that David was conscious of a shock. Hitherto, whenever they had met, Rosme had been her frank and friendly self, now, that self might never have existed for all the evidence she gave of it.

"I am a little ahead of time this morning," said she, unlocking the door. "I am afraid neither Mr. Lot nor Mr. Joseph Lot are down yet. Which of the firm did you wish to see?"

"I—why, I don't know, I'm sure."

Patting a few wandering tendrils into place, with what she hoped was a businesslike touch, she proceeded to uncover her typewriter, and in doing so became politely aware that David was still standing.

"Oh, do sit down!" she urged hospitably. "One or other of the firm is certain to be in directly."

David felt himself descend into an immense depression. But his nervousness vanished. One can't be nervous with a girl who is hardly aware of one's existence.

"I didn't come to see the firm," he announced briefly.

"No?" Pure surprise this, nothing more.

"I came," blundered David, "to see if I could find Herr Stumpf."

It was Rosme's heart that sank now —he hadn't come to see her, after all! But David noticed nothing in her face save half-amused interest.

"Herr Stumpf is to meet you here?"

"I had better explain," stiffly. "I have a letter for him, rather important, and I find that I have not his address. I remembered that you spoke of him. I thought that perhaps you might know it."

"Why, of course. I'll get it for you in a moment."

With the most obliging, but unflattering haste Rosme crossed the room to a small cabinet and began leafing over a card-index.

"That's strange!" said Rosme's voice musingly. She had gone through all the cards with the ease of long practice. "Herr Stumpf's address doesn't seem to be here at all." She rummaged rapidly through a drawer of loose visiting cards and picked up one. "Here is his card, but there is no address on that either. It looks," she said smiling, "as if our friend had no human habitation whatever. He probably disappears at night. I shouldn't be surprised."

And as she hesitated, Mr. Joseph Lot came in. Mr. Lot, being presented, was pleased to meet Mr. Greig. Was there anything he could do for him? Something in the specialty line? No?

David intimated that his desire was to get a letter to Herr Stumpf.

Mr. Lot was gracious. He would be delighted to serve his friend Stumpf in any way.

With a sigh David produced the letter. His business was concluded. There was no shadow of an excuse for remaining longer. In his bitter disappointment he cast on Rosme a glance which unwittingly told her more than an hour of conversation would have done. It told her so much that her heart, already a traitor anyway, relented.

"If you are coming back this way at noon," she suggested casually, "you

might drop in to make sure that Mr. Stumpf has called."

"Or if you were to telephone to his hotel"—began Mr. Lot.

"Oh—I never telephone!" stammered David. "That is, I am coming right past the door, it will be much simpler to look in. Thank you so very much." He retired in good order, blushing furiously.

As, in the morning, David had met Rosme just going into the office, so at noon he met her just coming out.

"It's all right," she said "Herr Stumpf has your letter. And he didn't like it all."

"Didn't he? What did he say?"

"It was the things he didn't say that mattered. He looked so particularly bland and smiling that I knew he must be swearing frantically inside."

They walked on together—why not, since they both happened to be going in the same direction?

"Only we'll have to have it right here," she said, "for it's half-past twelve already."

"Here," was a cosy little place around a corner and up some stairs, an inn, well and favourably known to people in a hurry. The room they entered was almost full and from a certain atmosphere of chatter and perfume David was very much afraid that most of its occupants were women. He felt very shy.

"Don't you like it here?" she asked. "Don't you think it's more comfy than the bigger lunch-rooms?"

"Yes, very much so. I mean, I think it must be—when one gets the habit. But tell me now, on your honour, is there another man in the room? I'm afraid to look."

Rosme laughed. "Poor thing! But cheer up. There are no less than four of your own sex to support you—able-bodied creatures too. And over there by the archway is a special friend of yours, Murray Willard. He doesn't look at all frightened."

"Willard here? Oh, then, I'm safe enough. In an emergency one could always count on old Willard. But I didn't know that you knew him?"

"I don't know him, exactly. But I have met him and I often see him about with Herr Stumpf."

"I didn't know that Herr Stumpf knew him either."

"Oh, Herr Stumpf knows lots of young men. They are a specialty of his. Is your friend an inventor by any chance?"

"He has a nice fancy in the arrangement of ties."

"Then Herr Stumpf must be interested in neckwear. For he evidently finds Mr. Willard useful."

"But I can see no reason——"

"You wouldn't. Herr Stumpf's reasons are not visible to the naked eye."

David smiled. "You make him out a kind of ogre making meals of youth. Fee, fi, fo, fum! Like that.

"Just like that, exactly."

"Then if he tries to make a mouthful of Willard, I can see him suffering from indigestion. Murray knows his way about."

"Even then he would be no match for an ogre," persisted Rosme. "And that would be too bad, for Mr. Willard is so very good-looking. Don't you think so? His companion is handsome, too. And she is looking at you."

"Is she? It makes me wish I had eyes in the back of my head."

"Be patient! You'll see her presently for they will pass us going out. Or perhaps a description will do—for you know her, I think. She is tall and dark, quite striking. She wears a large black lace hat."

At the mention of the hat David looked up with sudden intentness.

"I saw her speak to you once—at the station," pursued Rosme with a mischievous gurgle. "Now, who is she?—give you three guesses."

"One is enough. The lady you describe must be Miss Sims."

"They're coming now," she murmured.

David half rose expecting that Clara might stop to speak to him. But Willard seemed in a hurry and the two passed out with only a smile and gesture of greeting.

"They make a handsome couple," said Rosme. "Is she engaged to him?" The carelessness with which she added the query was almost too perfect.

There was a slight, a very slight pause and then, "No, she is engaged to me," said David.

"To you? How ripping! And how stupid of me not to guess. But somehow I had the idea that your fiancée's name was Millar?"

This was well done of Rosme. Her gaze was limpid and her voice warmly sincere.

"You know about it then?" asked David heavily.

"Why of course!" It was a gallant fib. Rosme, after a second of sickening shock, had rallied her forces and run up her flag. If she were hit no one would guess it—he least of all.

David, looking at her gloomily, saw nothing save the pleasant excitement of a girl who hears some interesting news about another. Se had known of his engagement all the time and had not cared enough to remember his fiancée's name!

Aren't you going to drink your coffee?" asked Rosme with the admonitory kindness of one who makes all allowances for a man in love.

David raised his cup absently.

"Careful! It may be hot."

"No such luck!" He set down the cup still untasted. "But — you needn't go yet, need you?"

"As a poor slave of industry, I'm afraid I must. It is five minutes to one."

They made their way out of the now crowded lunch-room into the sunny, blowy street where spring kept holiday. But something had changed it while they had been away. They were no longer a part of the happy carnival. They stood outside its magic, looking on.

"Are you wondering if I got the news from Milhampton?" asked Rosme teasingly (brave little hypocrite). "I didn't. I don't think it has reached there yet. Very wise of you! When I marry I don't intend to let my dear home town know anything about it for ages."

"Why?" the question was mechanical.

"You've lived there——you ought to know!"

David walked back as far as the office. Once he ventured to ask if he might buy her some violets. But she shook her head.

"I have some already, you see," she said, allowing her hand to stray caressingly to the flowers in her belt.

She did not add that she had bought them herself.

XXI

Rosme had made no mistake about the effect of David's letter upon Herr Stumpf. It annoyed him exceedingly. He had anticipated no trouble with young Greig and the brief though courteous refusal was correspondingly provoking. Beneath his breath Herr Stumpf indulged in words of great vigour and many letters. He almost forgot his customary smile until he looked and saw Miss Selwyn's eyes upon him.

"He iss a frient of yours, this Mr. David Greig—so?" he asked, beaming upon her in his benevolent and fatherly manner.

"Yes," said Rosme briefly.

"These young men," he said, "they are so voolish! It iss sad to see von make the gread mistake. But whad can von do?"

"Nothing," said Rosme.

Herr Stumpf shrugged with kindly despair and turned away.

"Oh, Herr Stumpf!" called Rosme remembering. "So many people inquire for you here. It might be a convenience if you were to leave your address."

The smile became positively beatific.

"My address? I am charmt, my dear young lady. Id iss unfortunate that at presend I haf—vat you say—no name, no number! Nodins but a hotel. For one so unsettled id iss most gonvenient. At the King Edward vill find me always. You are most kind."

Herr Stumpf's car was waiting at the door. He drove carefully and without undue haste to a handsome house upon a certain avenue. Both house and avenue were well-known in the city and the name of the owner of the house was not German whatever his appearance might be. Herr Stumpf did not enter at the front door but was admitted modestly through a door at the side which led, by a small hall, directly into the private library of the owner of the house. Here he was met by that gentleman himself, a tall, handsome man of middle age and military bearing. At present he sat before a desk carefully bare of papers.

His profile being sharply outlined against the window showed rather too plainly the flatness of the back head and the thickness of the neck which were the only unprepossessing things about him.

The two men, so different in appearance and apparently so different in station, met on occasions like this as friends and equals.

"Well, Stumpf?"

Herr Stumpf selected a cigar and lowered himself to the easiest chair.

"It is not well," he grunted discontentedly.

"You didn't get it?"

Stumpf proffered David's letter without comment.

"What happened?" asked the other briefly.

"I don't know yet."

Herr Stumpf, having no further use for his careful English spoke quickly and in German: "What I want to know is—the real importance of the matter?"

The other tapped the desk impatiently.

"I thought you knew that! It is of the first importance. If the engine does what you say is claimed for it, it is exactly what we want for Wedderdorf's new plane. We've got to have it.

"As the day!" Stumpf's smile was perilously like a sneer. "I think we can take it for granted that what he claims for it is true. Besides young Willard, from whom I got the tip in the first place, has heard the two of them ,old John Baird and this Greig, talking it over and he says Baird has pronounced it good. You know what that means."

"Well—this engine is the matter at the moment. This Willard is a friend of Greig; how about working through him?"

"I intend that, if we decide to take up the matter in earnest. I have Willard pretty well where I want him. I have been most obliging in regard to his unfortunate losses and a considerable amount of his paper is in my pocket at this moment. Being a gambler myself I have much sympathy for his inherent weakness for a stiff game."

The other nodded, yet frowned. "That is very well," he said, "but the hold is not strong enough for any serious matter. A debt of honour?—Ach, it is not enough!"

"It is a great deal to these young men. They have foolish notions. But there is more." He took from his pocket-book a slip of paper and held it for the other man to see.

"Forged?"

Stumpf nodded. "His uncle's name, you see? Very well done, too. I have kept this for some little time. He thinks it cashed and all danger over. His uncle, it appears, is criminally careless about money matters. He is quite in the habit of writing his nephew cheques, and forgetting about them. The young man thinks he is quite secure. But he was very nervous for awhile and has never repeated his—experiment."

"Good! You have something tangible to go on. Ask him to procure for us the Greig engine. Offer him a commission in the usual way. No more may be necessary. Do not let him get the idea at first that we are overly anxious. If that method fails, we can try others."

"You are right. In the meantime there is work to do. I got to get the young man's engine."

He heaved himself out of the chair but before he reached the door the other stopped him for a final word.

"Listen!" he said, "you understand of course that in any case and whatever happens, we, you and I and our associates, must not be implicated. We have much work to do here yet. Endeavour to use this Willard without arousing his suspicions but if before the affair is ended he does suspect—if by the high bribe you have to offer or in any other way he becomes informed of any of our purposes—well, at present I look to you to see that this does not happen! We must be left to work undisturbed."

"I quite understand." Herr Stumpf's smile for once had vanished. He looked very thoughtful. "I shall be careful," he added as he opened the door.

It was noon by this time and Herr Stumpf was hungry. He took his little car out to lunch and spent the afternoon busily about his various occupations. At eight o'clock he dined with a lady friend and later on in the evening, he presented himself, happy and smiling, at a certain house in a quiet street, where one is admitted freely, if one is known!

Here he was pained to find his young friend, Murray Willard, playing poker.

"I thought id vas your indendion to take a vacation from this so delideful game," he said tapping him fraternally upon the shoulder.

"Oh, go to—Oh, it's you Stumpf!"

"Of all the rotten luck!" said Murray throwing down his cards. "Stumpf, I'm cleaned out! Even as it is I don't believe I'll be able to manage all that's coming to you to-night."

"Do not let that disdurb you, my dear Willard. I do not worry mineself. A debt of honour mit you—bah! I say no more!"

"It's quite all right, of course," said Murray, flushing hotly.

The two left the table and proceeded to refresh themselves.

"I haf a ledder from your young frient, Greig, to-day," said Herr Stumpf. "He iss not wise, that young man! He refuses my so eggcellent offer."

"Does he?" Willard's tone was indifferent.

"I am surbrised," declared Herr Stumpf with more emphasis, "surbrised and disabbointed."

"Why?" listlessly. "I thought it was mostly for his sake that you were going to handle the thing at all. You said so."

"That is true, in a measure. Id iss an admirable obbortunity for your frient. But also nod a bad thing for me. I vill be frank. I will hide nodding. The firm I rebresent vill be most glad to obtain your frient's engnie."

"Oh—I see."

"If you can of assisdance be," Herr Stumpf saw that the time for plain speaking had come, "my firm will not object, I am sure, to paying you the usual gomission."

"The usual commission?"

"On a dransaction like this there is a gomission to the go-between, always. Id iss a pisness obbortunity I offer you."

Willard fingered his glass, thoughtfully.

"I know something about the values of these things," he said. "Tell me roughly what it is that you offer Greig."

With business-like clearness Herr Stumpf explained the offer.

"It sounds fair enough," agreed Willard.

"It is fair, my frient. Id iss a little more than fair. Id iss bedder than he could bossibly get elsewhere. He himself will admid it."

"What is the commission?"

Herr Stumpf extracted with some trouble a bulky pocket book from his waistcoat pocket. From it he produced certain bits of paper.

"These," he said quietly.

Willard went a trifle pale. Herr Stumpf had been so very decent of late that Murray had almost forgotten how many of these bits of paper he held.

"I thought," he said, "that your firm paid the commission, not you."

"That iss so. They will pay me. I will return your I.O.U's. We shall both benefid."

"I see."

Murray thought indeed that he did see. Herr Stumpf was working for his own hand after all. He wanted, naturally enough, to have those promises to pay redeemed. He knew that the giver of them had no money. Therefore he thoughtfully put in that person's way an opportunity of earning some. It seemed quite honest and above board.

"I don't blame you for wishing to secure yourself," went on Willard coldly. "I shall be glad to pay you in this way if possible. I will do my best to make Greig see the good points of your proposition."

"That is right! And do not think me endirely selfish, my young frient. I know, too vell, how these debts of honour drouble the sensitive mind! And now that you half your way to freedom so blain before you, vat do you say to another hand? The night is yed young and the luck may change!"

(To be continued.)

PRAIRIE ROSES

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

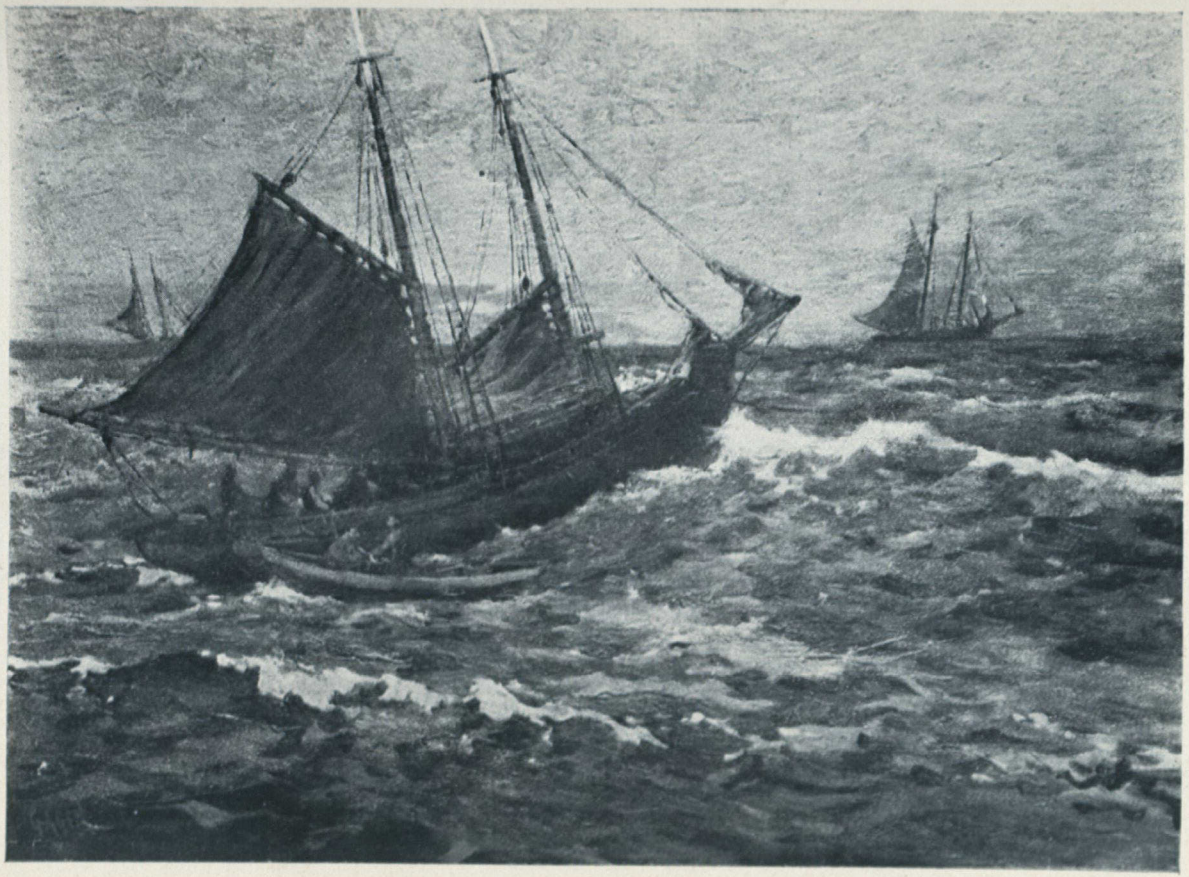
NAME me your hot house beauty
Fairer than these;
These have harked to the far-travelled wind,
And to journey-men bees.

Songs of the winsome heaven,
Wide and so blue;
They have caught from the music sweetness,
And they tender it you.

When the bird leans on the spray
And sings so clear,
My prairie rose will listen to that,
And will say, "Did you hear?"

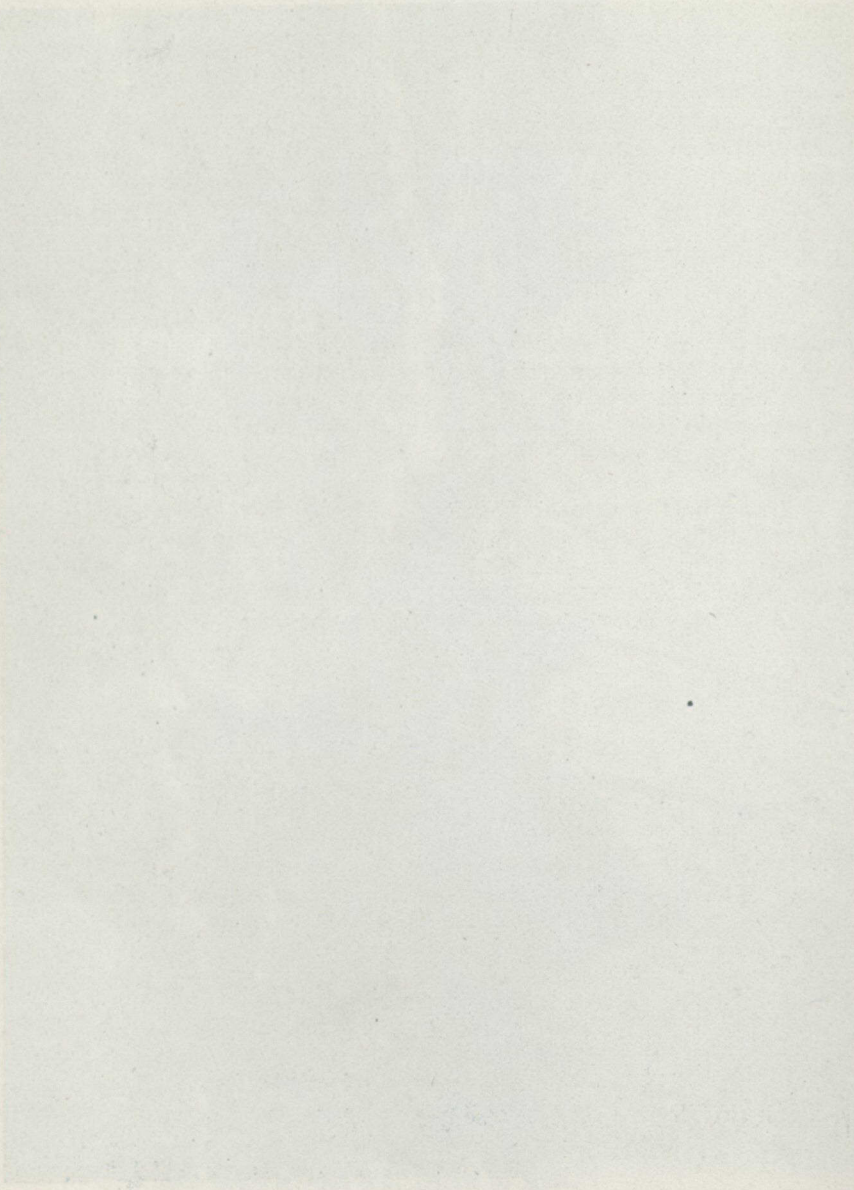
When comes a morning of June
In hush and light,
'Mid the poplar green my roses nod,
Each with her dewdrops bright:

Each woven of sunset hues,
Each one so frail—
What is sweeter than prairie roses
By my June prairie trail?



MARINE

From the Painting by
Robert Gagen.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

A Canadian who enjoys a reputation for intelligence declared the other day that nothing could induce him to read a story if the scene was laid in Canada and that when he found mention of Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg in a book he threw it aside. This was not because he had contempt for these cities or for Canada but because he thought there was no romance in Canadian history and no material for fiction in the life of the people. This is not an uncommon attitude among Canadians towards books as well as towards magazines "made in Canada". Moreover although many of us gird at Americans and profess contempt for American habits and ideals we actually like our boots, clothes, newspapers and magazines to be made in an American fashion. The fashion may be good enough, for gibing at the United States is a feeble and inane exercise. There are so many things in the United States which command regard and respect that it is unnecessary to look for the things which inspire contempt.

Nothing is good merely because it is "made in Canada", but we should take care that we do not condemn our own things for no other reason than that they have the genuine flavour and spirit of the country. We can afford to be "affectionately disposed" towards our own publications and our own writers, but no book can live except upon its merits. Nor can writers produce for a market which does not give a reasonable return. "Ralph Connor" finds fiction profitable not because he writes in Canada but because he produces stories which have a world market. Few books which sell in Canada only are worth writing for any return they give to the author. He must write for love of his subject or love of his country. If he is to live by his pen he must go to the United States or Great Britain or produce books which will have a sale in those countries . And practically only fiction written in Canada can have any considerable sale outside its borders.

The blunt truth is that it is difficult if not impossible for anyone to live by his pen alone in Canada unless he draws a regular salary from a newspaper or some other publication or has other certain sources of income. This is why we have less historical and biographical writing than we should have and why so many Canadian writers leave the country or turn from purely Canadian subjects. American authors produce for a market of more than one hundred million people and Canadian writers for nine million people of whom one third are French speaking and do not buy English books and newspapers as freely as those that are printed in their own language. Moreover the population of Canada covers such vast distances that it is difficult for any publication to secure a national circulation. This is why news services have been subsidized and why postal rates are fixed below the cost of carriage. Canadian publications are "protected" just as many manufacturers are "protected", for national reasons. The chief consideration behind this policy is not the interests of publishers but the general national interest and wise, sympathetic, far-looking recognition of the almost overwhelming strength of American competition. Under all the conditions the newspapers, periodicals and magazines of Canada are of high quality, and it is not their fault if the returns for historical

economic and purely literary workmen are not such as to encourage devotion to general literature.

Furthermore, if one may state the fact without any suggestion of grievance, there is less recognition for writers in Canada than in many other countries. In the United States many of the chief ambassadorial positions seem to be reserved for those who have achieved distinction in literature. From Franklin, on to Lowell and down to Thomas Nelson Page the tradition is continuous, honourable and distinguished. In Canada, however, all appointments of distinction go to politicians, active or otherwise, and such recognition as writers obtain is confined to inferior places in the Civil Service or to petty appointments which carry more of humiliation than of honour. As John Wesley once said: "They who love you for your political service love you less than their dinner and they who hate you hate you worse than the devil."

One knows that this may be misunderstood but it is well at times that the truth should be spoken even at the risk of misunderstanding. Political inbreeding is one of the evils of public life in Canada and is more acute than in any other country of which one has knowledge. There is a complete repudiation of the British and American tradition in the attitude towards writers of distinction. Nothing really seems to be recognized except devotion to party, while generally such recognition as writers receive in this connection is not worth having. If, as we are told so often and with such ardour and urgency, we have become a nation, it is desirable that the Canadian people should show a more active sympathy for national publications, and we could even afford to disturb the impression that devotion to partisan politics is the only service for which there can be decent recognition in this country. All of which is said by one who has published his "Reminiscences" and neither seeks nor expects any preference from governments.

II

Wherever there is "daylight saving" throughout Canada it is an inconvenience and a nuisance. It cannot be otherwise, unless like time is adopted by the railways, and is general over the country, and indeed over North America. Those communities which would not conform to the regulation when it was in general effect punished themselves and subjected visitors from elsewhere to confusion and annoyance. Those communities which now insist upon "daylight saving" commit the same offence. There is no doubt that most of the towns and cities would like the additional hour of daylight. But it is true that the system is more adapted to an industrial than to an agricultural country. It was for an industrial country that it was originally devised. No one stopped to consider whether or not it was of general application. The statute books of all countries are littered with laws that never should have been adopted. Of all states democracies are the greatest imitators, and, unfortunately, they are reluctant to repeal laws which never should have been enacted. Thus disrespect for all law develops, and courts and parliaments lose authority. Many of us would like to have "daylight saving" re-established, but possibly if we had thought of the agricultural rather than the industrial population, the system never would have gone into effect in this country.

III

It is possible to water a "merger" until it becomes an agency of public plunder. On the other hand, there are advantages in huge combinations of capital if excessive stock issues are avoided, and the assets represent actual value. Nor are all issues of common stock at less than par necessarily

evil or objectionable. There are many enterprises in which the element of risk is so great that capital can be secured only if success means exceptional returns. Who would have bought common stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway at par when the road was projected? So, other great ventures which have become the bulwarks of nations, had no attraction for capital in the pioneer stages. How many projects first denounced as conspiracies to put millions into the pockets of plundering promoters have done little more than empty the pockets of the original investors. But there are dropsical "melons", and when great projects are afoot, press and parliament can afford to be vigilant.

There is a change in the public attitude towards industrial and financial combinations. It is certain that such a concern as the United States Steel Corporation can give higher wages to labour and yet manufacture more cheaply than small competing industries. This labour begins to discover, and the knowledge may have far-reaching effects in the future. *The Union* of Indianapolis, which describes itself as the oldest Labour newspaper in the United States, said a few weeks ago: "Capital vitalizes us—that is most important. Left to our own resources we would have as bad working conditions to-day as our ancestors had when modern industry was a-borning. Left to itself, capital would have a multiplicity of petty masters, and no capacity to serve labour. Labour to-day commands a great price in that service that has to do with manual skill or brawn; it takes a larger share of its ultimate value than ever before; it works under beneficent conditions generally. It has broadly the goodwill of the employer, who is much concerned about the health and social and economic welfare of the employees, because he has a fine concept of human rights."

The fact that the huge concern can pay higher wages and give lower prices to the public, owing to possession of greater capital, ability to buy raw materials in greater quantities, and therefore at lower figures, and through greater specialization and standardization in production and by virtue of better storage and shipping facilities, affects the position of smaller rivals. They have to meet the wage standards which the very strong company establishes, and they cannot sell at higher prices. Indeed, the example of the great plant forces all wages upward. For all wages tend to rise to the level which obtains in the more powerful industries. We have seen in the United States and Canada that advances in railway wages affected wages in the whole round of industries, in agriculture, in the shops and in all other pursuits. Unquestionably one reason why organized labour so generally favours nationalization of railways is that wages can be forced upward more readily when governments can be attacked and demands re-enforced by political considerations. And the leaders of labour know that advances in a single calling or industry sooner or later affect all wage earners. So, great industrial companies begin to fix wages for labour and conditions for living, and it is conceivable that a close and sympathetic relation between such concerns and organized labour may develop.

Possibly these huge companies often yield very generous returns to shareholders, but there is little evidence that they increase prices to the public and much evidence that they often reduce prices. This is demonstrated by the experience alike of the United States and Great Britain. In Germany the deliberate object of such consolidations was to capture foreign markets and perhaps there was less concern for domestic purchasers. Ordinarily, however, the industry with the capital necessary to establish strong export connections can sell cheaper in home markets than rivals with less adequate resources and no export markets. Whatever opinions may be entertained regarding prices of agricultural implements in Canada it is certain that the industry has profited

greatly by its export connections and just as certain that Canadian manufacturers do not sell at lower prices in foreign countries. But that story persists and probably will persist as long as we have a tariff controversy in Canada. Moreover, without a tariff debate what Canadian could be happy? But however we may divide over tariff, there is a growing opinion in the United States and in Canada that "big business" with reasonable capitalization and under responsible control is "good business", assuring high wages to workers, fair prices to consumers, and a certain return upon capital. Better combination than destruction of industries. Waste of capital is as profligate as waste of labour. For all such waste the public pays eventually and no tribunal, political, judicial or moral, can decree otherwise.

IV

Brigadier-General McLean is in trouble over a reference to the wives of soldiers who were in domestic service before marriage. It is clear that he did not mean to give offence, but the statement was unhappy and unfortunate. There is no conceivable reason why women who were in domestic employ should be singled out in any connection from other women. There is no more honourable avocation, and it is unfortunate that the dignity of such service is not too fully recognized. As between women who work in the home and those who work outside there is surely no ground for invidious distinction. This, no doubt, General McLean would freely admit, but unhappily his reference could easily be misunderstood, and he should not have been thinking of what any soldier's wife did before she was married. For a statement which was not intended to give offence he will be pursued for some time and probably by thousands of people his real character, generous and lovable, will be misinterpreted.

How many public men have suffered from injudicious utterances! Unless a man has great discretion and balance he is likely to blunder into doubtful statements when he is on his feet. The word once said cannot be recalled. It is not always possible to put the blame on the reporters. When I became editor of *The Globe* I had a warning from Hon. Edward Blake that it was possible to do more mischief with a single sentence than could be repaired in a whole Saturday edition. Once a reporter of *The Globe* interviewed a railway president who hesitated as to the wisdom of a particular statement he desired to make. Finally he decided to take the risk, but explained that he would have to hold the reporter responsible if it should seem necessary later to repudiate the statement.

Sir Richard Cartwright had much trouble over a reference to Sir John Macdonald and Sir David Macpherson which was interpreted as an attack upon all Scottish electors. Speaking at Aylmer in 1878 he said: "Sir John Macdonald and Senator Macpherson are both distinguished members of ancient and honourable Highland clans. Doubtless their predatory instincts are hereditary. You know, gentlemen, what Sir Walter Scott said long ago:

> Show me the Highland Chief who holds
> That plundering Lowland flocks or folds,
> Is aught but retribution due:
> Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.

Or against Senator Macpherson or Sir John Macdonald. I wish to be just, and I believe that the present is a very curious instance of the truth of the saying that instinct is stronger than reason. The ancestors of these gentlemen, in times gone by, stole many a head of black cattle, and if they got caught they were sometimes hanged for it. Their descendants milk the Northern Rail-

way cow on the sly, and get presented with a testimonial." Cartwright was just as unfortunate in his characterization of the Atlantic Provinces as "the shreds and patches of Confederation". So Liberal statesmen lived to regret the confident prophecy that the revenue from the mountain sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway would never provide axle grease for the locomotives. British Columbia was slow to forgive Hon. Edward Blake's description of that Province as "a sea of mountains". Never has there been a more tumultuous political meeting in Toronto than that at Massey Hall when Hon. S. H. Blake described the members of the Protestant Protective Association as "bastard Protestants". During the fierce attack on the "Ross Bible" a school trustee of Toronto accommodated the Liberal party with the pious statement that he would have "the whole d—— Bible or nothing". Hon. Thomas White was never allowed to forget the admission of *The Gazette*, of Montreal, which was under his editorial control, that it was sometimes necessary to bow to "political exigencies". For years the Liberal press and party exploited *The Toronto Mail's* warning that if protection was inimical to British connection "so much the worse for British connection".

Sir Charles Tupper's alleged confidential confession that he had "no confidence in the breed" was put to service in many political contests, although conclusive evidence that he had made the statement never was produced. The threat to "haul down the flag" as a protest against federation of the British North American Provinces was an enduring handicap in Parliament for Hon. A. G. Jones of Halifax. The Liberal press devoted columns of black type to *The Mail's* description of the delegates to a provincial Liberal Convention at Toronto in 1883 as a "somewhat dull-witted mob of semi-civilized partisans, needing some old clothes, a few spelling books, a ration of cut plug and the promise of a bath". One thinks of the derisive placard carried by United States Republicans many years ago, "Skules and collidges is the great enemie of the Democratic party".

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's declaration that if he had been a halfbreed on the banks of the Saskatchewan he would have taken up his musket against the Government was used against himself and the Liberal party for many years, but he never apologized or repented. Indeed, he was curiously indifferent to personal attacks and rarely committed indiscretions in Parliament or on the platform. This was not an "indiscretion", but a statement made with deliberation and definite purpose. When he first came to speak in Toronto at the old Horticultural Pavilion in 1886 he walked up from the Union Station to the Rossin House, and only smiled when one of a group of men on the street corner called out in a tone of anxious concern that he had neglected to bring his musket. Probably Laurier would have lamented, as did the Duke of Marlborough, if he had ever "condescended to make an explanation". There seems to be no record of any utterance by Sir John Macdonald which hurt his friends or helped his foes. The phrases for which he was most bitterly attacked were those that he was least anxious to modify or recall. His "indiscretions" were a part of his political capital.

Nothing was ever said in a political contest in Canada so fatal to the party in whose interest it was spoken as Rev. Dr. Burchard's characterization of the Democrats of the United States as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion". There seems to be no doubt that the luckless phrase defeated Blaine and made Cleveland President. In Col. Henry Watterson's Reminiscences there is a reference to the New York banquet, which has been called Belshazzar's feast, where Burchard used the fatal sentence. "I did not hear the words, 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion' Mr. Blaine told me, 'else as you must know I would have fittingly disposed of them'. I said, 'Mr. Blaine, you

may as well give it up. The doom of Webster, Clay and Douglas is upon you. If you are nominated again, with an assured election, you will die before the day of election. If you survive the day and are elected you'll die before the 4th of March.' He smiled grimly and replied, 'It really looks that way' ". The tongue, we have high authority for believing, is an unruly member, and after all it is surprising that in the fervour and passion of political controversy so few fatal indiscretions are committed. But this comforting evidence of human wisdom will not help General McLean at the moment.

V

One can easily understand why Mr. Drury hesitates to sanction any increase of sessional indemnity for members of the Legislature. He knows that the Government would be attacked for conniving at a "raid on the Treasury" and fears that all the professed concern of farmers and Labour for "retrenchment and reform" would be treated as insincere and hypocritical. I frankly confess, however, that I am in complete sympathy with the movement in the Legislature and in the House of Commons for higher indemnities. The people have no right to demand unnecessary sacrifices from public servants. Labour members and farmers alike will discover that a seat in Parliament involves serious neglect of private business and a drain upon their pockets far greater than they could have expected. It is useless to argue that they should live cheaply, for there are continuous expenditures which they cannot avoid. If they are to spend months at Ottawa, as even in Toronto, a thousand dollars soon disappears. There are skinflints who can save money on the present indemnities, but they are not numerous and generally they are the least desirable element in legislatures and parliament.

One remembers all that is said of the danger of turning parliament over to "professional politicians" but the fact is that "professionals" will be just as numerous under a lower as under a higher indemnity. It is never the indemnity which brings Parliaments into disrepute but quite other causes and very often the attitude of constituencies towards public life and public service. No one would suggest that low salaries would give dignity and efficiency to a private business and it is a curious notion in a democracy that men who are elected to do the public business should be content with inadequate remuneration. Ministerial salaries at Ottawa reflect nothing but discredit upon the Canadian people. The Prime Minister should receive at least $25,000 and other ministers not less than $20,000. To refuse decent remuneration means that only men of ample private incomes can hold office at Ottawa with comfort and dignity. There must be some decent relation between the salaries of ministers of the Crown and those that are paid to the heads of private business enterprises, if government is to be efficient, and the political leaders of the country are to enjoy public respect and public confidence.

What is true of ministers is just as true of judges now so underpaid that the leaders of the bar hesitate to accept judicial positions. The analogy between judges and ministers of the Crown is not complete, however, for judges hold a life tenure of office, while the minister, by a change of Government, may be thrown upon his own resources to discover that all his professional and business connections have been destroyed and that to make a living for himself and his family is a difficult and often a desperate problem. Democracies are not generous. They demand absolute and undivided devotion to the public interest. They care little or nothing if their servants are broken in the process. And democracy in Canada is as niggardly and ungrateful as in any other country.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV

Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ANTON CHEKHOV is notable, apart from the peculiar quality of his writing, for being the first Russian to gain a reputation for short fiction by using newspapers rather than magazines. His letters reveal the fact that he had a great following, and in some of them he complains about the attentions that are bestowed on him. The history of his life, which is given as an introduction, is exceedingly interesting, showing how the son of a vassal educated himself, even to taking a university course, how he contrived to travel widely, going abroad to China, India and Southern Europe, and earning at the same time an increasing reputation as a writer. He wrote what one might properly regard as important letters to friends and members of his family. We shall quote part of one that is purely personal, written when Chekhov was in the fifth class of the Taganrog High School, to Mihail Chekhov, a cousin:

. . . . . If I send letters to my mother, care of you, please give them to her when you are alone with her. There are things in life which one can confide in one person only, whom one trusts. It is because of this that I write to my mother without the knowledge of the others, for whom my secrets are quite uninteresting, or, rather, unnecessary . . . My second request is of more importance. Please go on comforting my mother, who is both physically and morally broken. She has found in you not merely a nephew but a great deal more and better than a nephew. My mother's character is such that the moral support of others is a great help to her. It is a silly request, isn't it? But you will understand, especially as I have said "moral," i.e., spiritual support. There is no one in this wicked world dearer to us than our mother, and so you will greatly oblige your humble servant by comforting his worn-out and weary mother.

*

STORM IN A TEACUP

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A MODERN industry, the making of paper, forms the background of this entertaining comedy of the middle-class in England—in Devonshire, to be more precise. A young wife picks a quarrel with her husband whom she finds commonplace and engages in a fantastic elopement with her husband's fellow-craftsman, Jordan Kellock. Both men had long long loved this same woman, but Ned Dingle, perhaps because of his youth or his sunny, easy-going disposition, wins her for his bride. Kellock accepts the situation philosophically, remaining a friend to both husband and wife—until he sees that the girl is not happy, and then he feels that it is time for him to interfere. He and the girl consider the situation and conclude that it would be better if she should go and live with him. She goes, but they do not live together as man and wife, because Kellock's conscience would not permit it until they should become properly married. That happy condition, however, is impossible without a divorce, a thing not easily obtained in England. So they

just go on in that way, both men working in the mills and the mills serving as an interesting background and affording opportunities for some excellent drama. The scene where Jordan Kellock loses his "stroke" in one of the delicate processes of paper making is unusually strong. After that the trend of events, especially for the girl, is back to her husband, who is constrained to welcome her because he believes that she has not broken her marriage vows in one important particular. Here is the author's statement:

"And elsewhere Dingle pondered the problem. Curiously enough, only a point, which had seemed unimportant to anyone else, held his mind. Kellock had thought Medora was changed, and such is human inconsistency, that whereas Ned had told himself for six months he was well rid of a bad woman, now the thought that he might receive back into his house a reformed character annoyed him. If he wanted anybody, it was the old Medora—not the plague, who left him for Kellock, but the laughter-loving, illusive help-mate he had married. He did not desire a humble and repentant creature, ready to lick his boots. He was very doubtful if he really wanted anybody. Once the mistress of any man, he would never have thought of her again except to curse her, but she never had been that. She had doubtless shared Jordan's exalted ideals. That was to her credit, and showed she honoured her first bushand and the stock she sprang from.

*

YOUTH RIDING

By Mary Carolyn Davies. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE of the best known of American women poets is the author of this charming volume. The style is highly musical, and in spots one comes into intimate touch with life. We select one of the simpler poems:

THE DANCING DRESS

My little dancing dress is sad,
It is so long since we have been
Very close of kin.

Together once we used to bow;
We are only strangers now.
In very lonesome folds it lies;
I look at it with casual eyes.

Once at my slightest touch it stirred;
It quivered at my body's word:
And it and I were only one.

We were a shadow and its sun;
We were a nest and its weetless bird;
We were wine in its glass.

We were wind and grass;
I was a bud and it the bough.
—these things are all over now.

It is long since we have been
Very close of kin—!

*

WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE

By George H. Locke. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE chief Librarian of the Public Library, Toronto, here gives not only the history of Canada under French occupation, but as well a picture of the life of the people and a description of the country as it appeared then from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes. The chapter headings are as follows: "Cartier and the St. Lawrence", "Champlain and the Great Lakes", "Joliet, Marquette and the River of a Hundred Thousand Streams", "La Salle and the Greater New France", "Radisson and the Great Northwest", "Montcalm and the Fall of New France", "Pontiac and the Last Hope of Indian Supremacy", "The Gray Gowns and the Black", "The Iroquois and the Hurons", "The Coureur-des-Bois and the Voyageur", "The Seigneur and the Habitant", "Stories Which Illustrate References in this Book", "Poems which Illustrate References in this Book".

*

STARVED ROCK

By Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

IN this book the very opposite is found to the simplicity and sardonic frankness of "Spoon River Anthology". To all who like freakish poetry we commend it. Most of the pieces are too long for complete re-

production; we select the last two stanzas of the title poem:

STARVED ROCK

This is the land where every generation
Lets down its buckets for the water of Life.
We are the children and the epigone
Of the Illini, the vanished nation.
And this starved scarp of stone
Is now the emblem of our tribulation,
The inverted cup of our insatiable thirst,
The Illini by fate accursed,
This land lost to the Pottawatomies,
They lost the land to us,
Who baffled and idolatrous,
And thirsting, spurred by hope
Kneel upon aching knees,
And with our eager hands draw up the bucketless rope.

* * *

This is the tragic, the symbolic face,
Le Rocher or Starved Rock,
Round which the eternal turtles drink and swim
And serpents green and strange,
As race comes after race,
War after war,
This is the sphinx whose Memnon lips spell dirges
To Empire's wayward star,
And over the race's restless urges,
Whose lips unlock
Life's secret which is vanishment and change.

The author of this book is weak in punctuation, a very important factor in poetry, and he spells Saviour without the u—S-A-V-I-O-R.

*

THE HEART OF CHERRY McBAIN

By Douglas Durkin. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

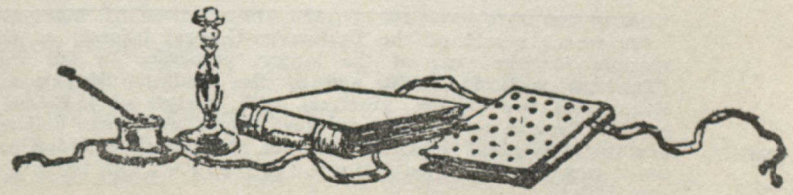
TAKE a railway construction camp in Western Canada, Keith McBain, the contractor; Cherry, his motherless daughter; King Howden, settler and carrier of His Majesty's mails; Bill McCartney, foreman of the construction camp, and the men of the camp, and you have the setting and personnel of this attractive new Canadian love story. It is a novel written by a Canadian, with the scene laid in Canada, the publishers Canadians, and the printing and binding all done in Canada. It contains many strong situations, especially whenever Bill McCartney, the bully, and King Howden appear together, and several pleasing love scenes almost whenever King and Cherry appear together. Cherry, being motherless, and accepting the responsibility of looking after her father, who through drink has lost his nerve if not his fortune and is rapidly becoming a tool of the scheming McCartney, repeatedly finds herself in a very embarrassing position. But her innate goodness, great strength of character and the timely intervention of King Howden bring the story to a satisfactory conclusion.

*

A LITTLE BOY LOST

By W. H. Hudson. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS delightful fairy tale is here presented in an American edition, with beautiful line drawings by A. D. McCormick. The writer, whose charm of style has long been recognized, especially ni England, confesses in a letter addressed to his American publisher, that a long time ago, in looking through his collection of children's books, he conceived the idea of writing a book that might have suited his peculiar taste in childhood, as he recalled it, "the impossible story to be founded on my own childish impressions and adventures". This book is the result.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE POST-OFFICE*

The Importance of the Post-office

THE place and importance of the post-office, except in large cities, diminishes year by year. Several causes appear. The newspaper undoubtedly was the first, but it never was so great a factor as it has been since the establishing of rural routes. Nor was the telegraph. The telegraph, indeed, never got close to the isolated village or the farm, but now the telephone, the greatest factor of all, has revolutionized the social life of the country districts and robbed the general store and the post-office of their erstwhile importance as centres of gossip and disseminators of news.

The post-office of forty years ago as it is recalled by at least one person had many characteristics that were common to most of the post-offices attached to general stores throughout rural Ontario. It had, for one thing, an imposing false front that extended up above the second story, a type of architecture that still obtains in equally ludicrous proportions in many new towns throughout the West. A verandah stood up as high as the second story, with a platform and railing on top, and on to it my aunt oftentimes used to step from the upper rooms when she saw a little lad toddling across the street to get a bull's eye or stick of taffy.

"What are you after now?" she would say, as she leaned over the railing and smiled down at the youngster with as sweet a smile as anyone could wish to see. And then some wonderfully tall man who happened to be sitting whittling on the platform below, or perhaps it might have been my uncle from the store, would life him up to my aunt, who would

Up on the Verandah

*A recent report of the Postmaster-General informs us that the receipts for the year of the largest post-office in the Dominion (Toronto) were $4,137,678, and of the smallest (McLaggan, New Brunswick) two dollars. Montreal, with receipts of $2,353,045, came next to Toronto, and Glengarry, Nova Scotia, with three dollars, came next to McLaggan. Horseshoe Canyon, Alberta, tied with Glengarry, but it was closed. Closed also was Turenne, P.Q., with receipts of only one dollar.

carry him inside and show him the goldfish and regale him with jelly cake and dandelion wine. Pity all little boys who haven't any aunt living above the post-office, above the store, just across the way! *Jelly Cake and Wine*

The old mail-carrier used to drive up the hill about three-thirty in the afternoon of every lawful day. From the verandah it was a great sight to see him coming, his old gray nag tugging patiently against the incline and the dust gray wheels of the buggy following, round after round. But it was a greater sight to look down on him as he stopped in front and waited for someone to lift the mail-bag from the box at the back. For he was so old and so fat and so sottish that it must have been impossible for him to move from his seat except when he rolled out at the end of the journey in some remote part of the universe away back beyond the Boundary. He himself was always referring to the Boundary, for by it he timed and measured and weighed everything, and it was to it, and perhaps even a short distance into the strange realm beyond, that this same little boy hoped some day he might adventure.

Perhaps elsewhere, apart from fiction, there have been young mail-carriers, with young horses and new buggies, but all that I have ever known have been old, and everything about them has been old. They have been wooden-legged or palsied or slightly touched above the ears. All but one. Him I recall because he had a French name, wore long hair, was Père Goriot come to life again, and mostly because he came into the village late one night, oh, very late, so late that all little boys should have been in bed and fast asleep. I coaxed to be led out to see him, for he stood in the middle of the road, a lantern upraised in his hand, a spot of light in all the circumambient darkness. Something had happened, I know not what, but as we drew closer I could see the anxious look on the faces of the few villagers who had waited for the mail. What attracted me most of all was the lantern, for it was much larger and different from the newer kind that my father used when called out on dark nights to attend the sick. It was very different from the electric flashlight in use to-day! The old mail-carrier held it up and opened one of its four windows. Then I got a glimpse within and saw fluttering there what must have been the flame from a stout tallow candle.

"I'll have to go back and look for it," he said, and he pinched the light with long, gnarled fingers.

I never knew what it was he went back to look for, and I never saw him again. Perhaps it was his youth. Perhaps it *Perhaps it was his Youth*

Away beyond the Boundary

was the young wife whom my father told me he had brought there to languish and die. He had come from the land of Jacques Cartier, my father told me, and I knew he meant a country that was far away, even away beyond the Boundary.

Old Bill had a wooden leg, and I am not sure, as wood was cheap then, that he had not also a wooden head. He had at least a phenomenal capacity for conversation, and peculiar as it may seem to most persons, he loved to talk about himself. The things that he had seen and done seemed never to weary his otherwise lymphatic mind, and if he had a passenger going out to take the train the time would fly and he wouldn't notice its going. And most of all he loved to tell about what he had been. First of all, he hadn't always been a mail-carrier. Why, bless you, he had been before the mast for fifteen years, going round the Horn, back and forth twenty times, and flaunting it in almost every port between Plymouth and Singapore. He had been a chemist in the Old Country for twenty years, had taught school in Torbay for ten years, had been a grave-digger, when out of luck, for five years, digging the grave that received the last mortal remains of the Duke of Wellington; had been a Methodist parson for twelve years, a jockey for nine years, an actor for eighteen years, playing mostly the roles of heavy villain and low comedian. He had kept a tavern in this country for five and twenty years, and never would have quit had the rheumatism not struck him so hard that he couldn't raise his arms as high as the bar. In all his many vicissitudes he must have served at least 114 years.

"You must be a pretty old man," someone would remark.

"I am," he would reply. "I'm just neat sixty." He had been just neat sixty for five years that we could count.

"But how did you lose your leg, Bill?"

This question always caused an embarrassing silence.

"How did it happen, Bill?"

After much baiting Bill would heave a deep sigh and answer almost inaudibly: "I never knew."

"It was in the Crimeer," he would proceed if permitted to do so, "and we wuz all fightin' like 'ell, when somethin' seemed to bust and blow up, and blow down and both right and left to once. . . . When they picked me up I wuz minus one leg and most o' my faculties. But I come to in about a fortnight. After that I quit the army and became a solicitor. It wan't no good, there bein' too many solicitin' after the war. And that's 'ow I come to come to Canady. Leastways, it wuz one o' the reasons."

Minus most of his Faculties

Nobody ever quite Knew

Nobody ever quite knew the other reasons, mostly because Bill himself couldn't compose them to his own satisfaction. He was most likely to impart secrets when tight with liquor, a condition that was not uncommon to the man or to the day. But perhaps there was some condonement. Carrying Her Majesty's mails was not at best a very enlivening occupation, and for that reason, if not for one more human and personal, we might sympathize with the man who while waiting for the train to arrive preferred convivial company round the big box stove in the tavern to the chance acquaintance of the station platform. But whatever the reason, Bill oftentimes was visibly in his cups, and on one memorable occasion he fell asleep and permitted the horse to run the buggy into the ditch, break away from the shafts and leave the mail-carrier low and wet, mired by the roadside.

In course of time, as was natural, Bill awoke, and as he did so a man coming along on foot overheard him talking to himself.

"Be I Bill Bailey or bain't I?" he said. "If I be Bill Bailey, I've lost a horse; if I bain't, I've found a buggy."

On another and similar occasion Bill fell asleep but never woke again. They found him, lifeless, at the end of his journey—back near the Boundary.

Bill was succeeded by old Jim Hay, who was quite as old as Bill, much more helpless and amazingly less garrulous. Indeed, Jim Hay never was known to say anything. He just sat in the buggy, sticking out over the edge of the seat like a sack of wool and breathing and wheezing like a horse with the heaves. He never touched the mail-bag, but waited until someone eager for his letters would carry it into the post-office and then put it in its place again.

I loved to look down from the verandah above and watch old Jim jolt forward and then rebound when at length the buggy stopped abruptly in front of the store. I used to wonder who put the brass padlock on the mail-bag and what was the meaning of the Queen's insignia. But I never knew, for nobody ever told me, that the post-office was an institution of Her Most Gracious Majesty, whose birthday we celebrated by going fishing every twenty-fourth of May. But one way or another I came to know about the people who passed beneath the verandah, all loyal subjects of the Queen, even if unappreciative of her graciousness.

There was big Jim Hill

There was big Jim Hill, who always was expecting a letter from a brother who had gone over to Michigan; and little

And Little Billy Smith

Billy Smith, who couldn't read anything he ever did get. But even if he couldn't read he liked to look at the writing and the little picture of the Queen's head stuck on the outside. Even if he couldn't read, he liked to hear about Joe Bake's fine field of wheat, Norden's fat cattle, and the latest additions to the population. It seemed to be incredible, and yet everybody knew it to be true, that Joe would consume a big basin of thick sour milk, without stopping for breath, every chance he got, and if it hadn't been for the mail-carrier he would have been the fattest man in all those parts. Norden was noted for his Holsteins, and indeed only for these estimable cattle our community would have received but scant notice outside itself.

Norden long had been regarded as an impeccable bachelor, and when at length he astonished the people by taking time from exporting cattle to import a wife the attention of the whole neighbourhood was turned from stock-raising to housekeeping. But shortly thereafter Norden fell ill of a fever. So ill indeed did he become that he supplied a new and sole topic of conversation. Some persons said that he must have contracted the disease when he was away getting married, and others blamed it on the swamp at the back of his farm. One or two ventured the opinion that it was a result of washing in water from a stagnant cistern. At any rate he came out of it with impaired hearing but a thankful heart.

Joke Bake, too much occupied with sour cream and the contents of a well-stored pantry, had heard of the marriage but not of the fever. And when the two met at the post-office, one Saturday night when there was a good audience present, Joe attempted in his own way to congratulate the groom.

"Well, Norden," he began, "I hear you've gone and got married."

"I *was* pretty bad," Norden replied, "but, thank God, I'm better now."

From the verandah one afternoon we saw the mail-carrier approach, stop as abruptly as usual, jolt forward, rebound into the seat and then settle down like meal in a sack. Presently my uncle came out to get the mail-bag, but it was not there.

"Jim," he said, "where's the mail-bag?"

Jim looked straight in front for the space of fifteen seconds, then he reached for the whip. He turned the horse's head back towards the north, and, letting the whip descend, started off again, the old horse on the gallop, careering pellmell down the hill. The buggy rocked from one side to the other like

The Old Horse on the Gallop

Old Jim's Last Ride

a boat in the trough, and old Jim rocked with it. We saw him dash past the carpenter's, past the blacksmith's, past the cobbler's, past the mill, past the township hall, between the poplars, over the bridge with a booming sound, across the full stretch of the valley, and up the confronting hill. We saw him strike the long five-mile course that loomed ahead at the top, all the while striking the horse with the bitter end of his bitter lash. Not one word had he uttered, for Jim was a man of silence, as silent as a Trappist, and yet he knew how to make the unfortunate beast suffer for the failure of his own memory.

We saw him, still swaying from side to side, grow smaller and smaller as the road dwindled to a point at the horizon, and there at last he disappeared from our vision, absorbed by the enveloping landscape.

But at that same point, half an hour later, he reappeared, a speck coming out from the mist. He came as he had gone, swaying and lurching, staring straight ahead, but uttering never a word. His rage was too great for mere verbiage. Thus, having no outlet, it settled back within himself, and should be a warning to us all not to let the molehills of our every day grow into mountains. For it was Jim's last journey. Like old Bill, he was found, an inert mass, somewhere back near the Boundary. And the forgotten mail-bag lay at his feet.

They talked about old Jim for a while, but soon he became, as we all must become, a neglected memory. His place was taken by another old man who was afflicted with the dance of St. Vitus, and who indulged in a veritable passion for being late. I have sometimes thought that the people used to like it better when he came late: it gave them a reason for sitting around the store and talking about old times. Yankee Tom dearly loved to tell about the time he killed a wildcat with a frozen turnip back in Gormaly's bush. And Long Archie always waited with pardonable impatience to tell about the time he drove the sorel mare from Tuckersmith home with rain falling in torrents a few feet behind him all the way but never catching him.

The Threshing at Mike O'Hara's

"Speakin' of wildcats," Angus McAlpin would begin, "makes me think of the time the bear broke up the threshing at Mike O'Hara's. Mike's son Pat, who went out to Manitoba, could get more work out of a set of horses than any other man in Americky. He swung as pretty a lash as you ever saw and could whistle like a si-reen. Well, one day they were threshing at the old man's place, and, as it began to look like rain, 'long about noon time the old man was gettin' anxious. The

Someone Sighted a Bear

dinner bell rang, Pat stopped whistling, the horses stopped, the machine stopped, and the men stopped.

"They had just got sot down at dinner when someone sighted a bear hiking for the bush across the back lot. Everybody jumped up and two or three of the men started after the bear, headed by Pat carrying an old musket. Mike didn't say nothin'. He just sat down on a block of wood outside and began to whittle. It looked more than ever like rain, and someone said casual like that there wasn't much chance of gettin' done that day, which made Mike whittle all the faster. They couldn't get started up again, with four men off, so they just had to stand there and wait. In a little while Mrs. O'Hara came to the door.

" 'What's the matter?' she asked, lookin' at Mike.

" 'Nothin'.'

" 'Then why ain't yez threshin'?'

" 'Pat, the divil, and Bill, the divil, and Martin, the divil, and Jerry, the divil, is takin' a holiday.'

" 'Where hev they gone to?'

" 'All gone to hell with the bear.' "

It didn't take much to remind the blacksmith of the time he shod Charlie Mason's blood stallion, away back in the days when they made horseshoes by hand and fashioned nails on the anvil.

"It must have been twenty—let me see. . . ." he would begin: "It was the year Betsy Jordan died."

"The year of the black frost," someone would remark.

"It's twenty years ago if it's a day," the blacksmith would insist, beginning all over again.

"Do you remember Charlie's two-wheeled cart with the spring seat?" another would ask, breaking in.

Any Mail for me?

But before anyone could answer some unappreciative listener, some restless mortal who had no recollection of the late sixties, would interrupt with the inevitable question, Any mail for me?

Ah! Wonderful Dish

Mild—yet with enough of the tangy flavor to make it so delicious, *INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE* is unexcelled for table use.

Spread it on biscuits and serve it for lunch. Spread a thin layer of it over a dish of spaghetti and tomatoes and put it in the oven to bake. Serve it hot for the evening meal—it is so nourishing. It is a wonderful dish.

THERE IS SOMETHING about this Cheese which makes you want to eat and eat until the last little bit is gone—and then you look for more.

Get a package today at your grocers

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The Sauce of the Epicure and the Gentleman

THERE is refinement and prestige in serving Lea & Perrins' Sauce, entirely lacking when this first and original "Worcestershire" is replaced by second-grade sauces and spurious imitations. No dinner is complete without LEA & PERRINS'—*THE BEST.*

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The Original Worcestershire Sauce

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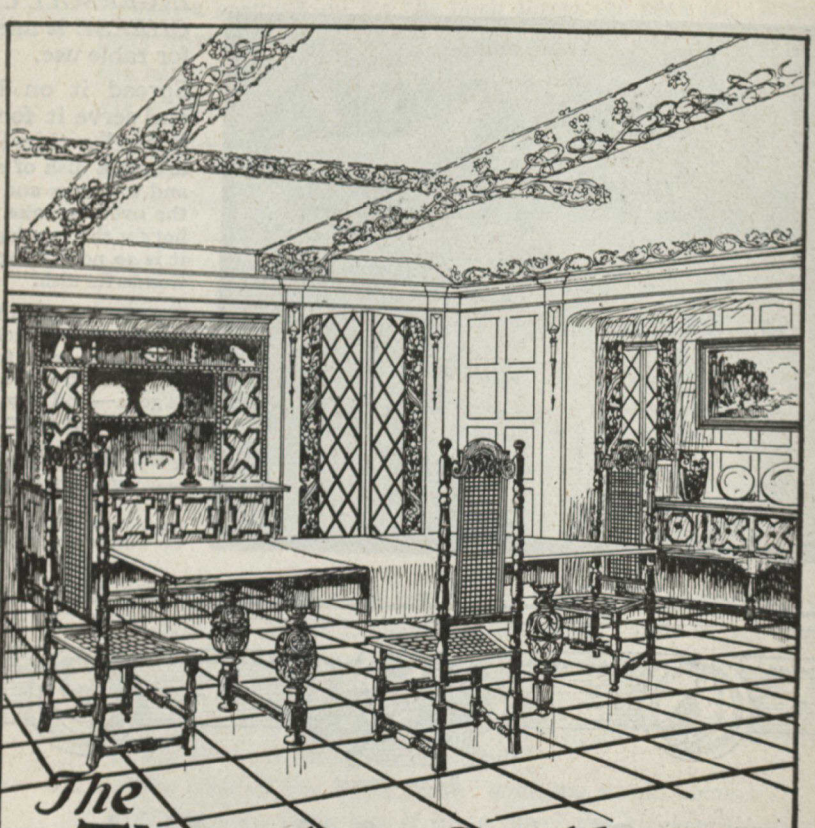

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Thornton-Smith Co

29 King St. w, Toronto.

Panelled Oak Dining Room with Modelled Plaster Ceiling, showing Jacobean Furniture, Refectory Extension Table and Tile Floor in Large Squares. Designed and Manufactured in our own Workshops.

Interior Decorators & Furnishers.

Getting Husky, Son— Grape-Nuts Agrees!

This delicious wheat and malted barley food provides, in easily digestible form, essential elements Nature requires for growth, health and strength.

"There's a Reason" for

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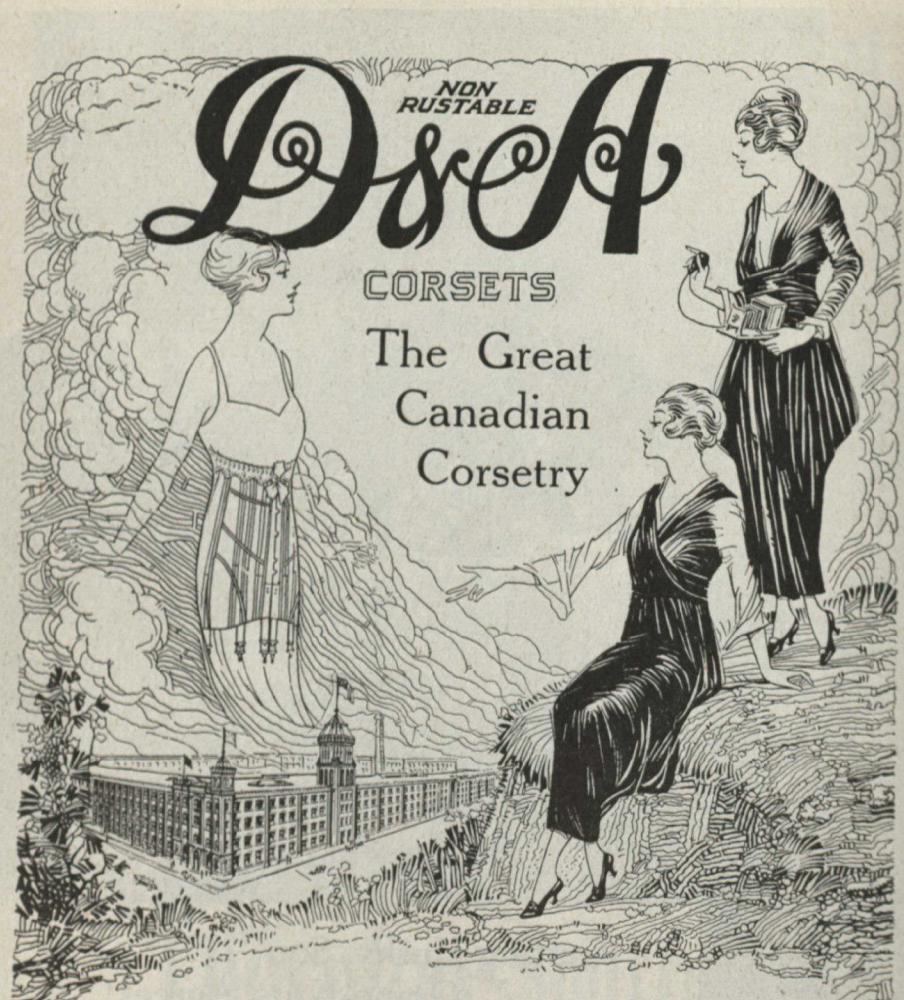
At Grocers Everywhere



Where "D & A", "La DIVA" or "GODDESS" corsets are made

A vast quadrangle flooded with light on four sides, filled with the pure air which sweeps over Quebec from the Laurentians and from the Gulf, is fitted with the very best and most perfect machinery. Here expert designers, in touch with the Fashion Centres of the world direct 1,500 skilled needlewomen, etc., and this organization is the secret of the superior value of the corsets produced by the Dominion Corset Company.

This Corsetry guarantees any corset it produces.

It is a purely Canadian organization, uses Canadian capital, and employs Canadians in every department.

The largest concern of its kind in the British Empire.

DOMINION CORSET CO., Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Sydney, New South Wales, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Children Forget

All Other Dishes When They Get This

You never tasted cereals that compare with Puffed Grains. Other grain foods lose their charm when children once know these.

Why not then serve them morning, noon and night. And in a dozen ways?

Both are whole grains with whole-grain nutrition.

Both are steam-exploded. Every food cell is blasted by Prof. Anderson's process. So every atom feeds. No other process so fits these grains for food.

Too Good, Some Mothers Say

Some mothers say that Puffed Grains are too good. Children eat too many, displacing other foods.

But Puffed Wheat in milk is the greatest food that children ever get. All the 16 food elements are there, and fitted to digest. Whatever food Puffed Wheat displaces, the child is better for it. Few people ever get enough of the minerals in whole wheat.

In the morning serve with cream and sugar. At night in bowls of milk. For variety's sake serve both Puffed Grains. But the greatest is Puffed Wheat.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Both Steam-Exploded—to 8 Times Normal Size

After School

Crisp a Puffed Grain and lightly douse with butter. Let children eat like peanuts or popcorn. Nothing you can serve to hungry children is so good for them.

Use Like Nuts

Use Puffed Rice like nut-meats in home candy making, or as garnish on ice cream. The flimsy grains taste like toasted nut-meats puffed.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada **Saskatoon, Canada**

3399

Brush teeth

As dentists urge—as millions now are doing

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Leading dentists all over America are urging the adoption of a film-removing tooth paste.

Millions of people have already proved it. In every circle nowadays you see white, glistening teeth. Ask about them and the owners will say, probably, that Pepsodent has done it.

By fighting film

Those results come from fighting film — that viscous film which ever forms on teeth. Most lack of luster is now traced to that, also most other tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So much of it stays and hardens, until you have it taken off in the dentist's chair.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing for lack of a film combatant.

The way is found

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to fight film. Five years of clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

For home use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, made to meet every dental requirement. And to make it known quickly in every home, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

A convincing test

The Pepsodent results are evident and quick. A ten-day test will leave no doubt about them. And a book will tell the reason.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

A new discovery makes this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be constantly applied, and forced into every hiding place of film.

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

Look at your teeth now, then look in ten days. Let your own teeth decide between the old ways and the new. This is important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

CANADA

Pepsodent

REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

Ten-Day Tube Free 384

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 563, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

Keeps the Whole Family in Good *Natural* Health

At all Druggists

Prepared by
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HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LIMITED
10 McCaul St., TORONTO
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12 Cents
Supplies a Day's Nutrition

A boy needs 2,000 calories of nutrition daily. In Quaker Oats those 2,000 calories cost 12 cents.

The oat supplies nutrition in well-balanced form. It is rich in nearly every essential. It abounds in needed minerals.

It is vim-food, food for growth. For ages it has been regarded as the greatest food that grows.

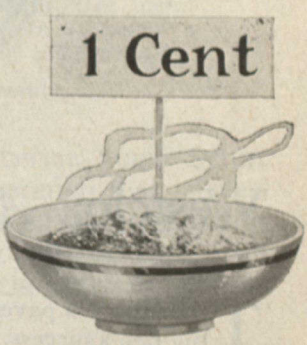
Other foods up to $1.50

The calory is the energy measure of food value, by which all foods are rated.

Note what 2,000 calories cost in other prime foods at this writing.

Cost of 2,000 Calories	
In Quaker Oats . . .	13c
In Average Meats . .	90c
In Average Fish . .	$1
In Hen's Eggs . . .	$1.20
In Vegetables .	22c to $1.50

Thus meat, eggs and fish will average some nine times Quaker Oats. And many foods cost twenty times as much.



One Cent a Dish
Serves Quaker Oats.

Not the Sole Diet

This does not mean that Quaker Oats should be the only diet.

But the oat dish is important, as every mother knows. It starts the day with almost a complete food.

It will save 80 per cent on your breakfasts, compared with many foods. And that saving will cut down your average food cost.

The Quaker Oats breakfast was never so important as today.

Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavory Flakes

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

It makes the oat dish doubly inviting, and you get it for the asking, without extra price.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3403

Westclox *America* – *trim, alert, honest*

THE *America* paved the way for Big Ben's success. Thirty-four years ago it was the only Westclox alarm. It entered the field as the unknown product of an unknown maker and pushed to the front on sheer merit.

Bringing out other Westclox did not dim its success. America still tops the sales record.

Trim, alert, honest, this clock laid down a policy which has stood the test of time—quality. All other Westclox follow its example of good timekeeping.

Naturally, we're proud of *America*. But we are even more proud of the construction principle that America pioneered, which today stands back of Westclox success: the needle-fine pivots of polished steel that reduce friction. *Westclox*, on the dial and tag of an alarm clock, means faithful timekeeping.

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

HARMLESS, PURELY VEGETABLE, INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S STOMACH AND BOWEL REGULATOR, FORMULA ON EVERY LABEL
GUARANTEED NON-NARCOTIC—NON-ALCOHOLIC

Make Baby Coo and Crow

The secret of health in infancy is keeping the stomach functioning naturally and bowels open by using the safe, guaranteed preparation

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

This open published formula appears on every bottle.

Senna—a prompt, efficient vegetable cathartic.

Rhubarb—a rejuvenator of digestive action.

Sodium Citrate—an effective regulator of the bowels—used frequently with other ingredients by learned doctors in treating colic and diarrhoea.

Sodium Bicarbonate—highly valuable in treating severe gastric indigestion in children.

Oil of Anise, Fennel, Caraway, Coriander, Glycerine, Sugar Syrup, all of which help to make this the very best preparation that medical skill can devise to quickly and safely relieve constipation, flatulency, wind colic, diarrhoea and other disorders. Yet it costs no more than ordinary baby laxatives. Give it to baby and watch the smiles that follow.

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MONARCH · KNIT JERSEYS

WHETHER of cotton or wool, every garment is tested for endurance and long wear. Buttoned shoulders or slip-overs as you may prefer, in the popular shades of Navy, Maroon, Grey and Heather. Correct sizes, ensuring a snug, yet comfortable fit. Moderate prices. Your dealer has an ample stock of the newest styles.

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Manufacturers of Monarch Knit Sweaters for Men, Women and Children, and Monarch-Knit Hosiery for Men and Women; also Monarch Hand Knitting Yarns

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Bathing Suits

MONARCH-KNIT Bathing Suits, in refined and novel color combinations, are probably as stylish a garment for practical use as could be desired. Made of particularly fine cottons and worsteds, they have a reputation for long service as well as good looks.

Not the least of their attractions is a special cuff on the bloomers. This neat, useful device acts as a garter, holding the leg of the bloomers in place so that it cannot work up. In all sizes, of course, for Men, Women and Children, and moderately priced.

Your dealer has them.

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Also manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats for Men, Women and Children, and Monarch-Knit Hosiery for Men and Women.

Eddy's Milk Pail

On the farm, Eddy's pails are a great convenience. Easy to clean because there are no seams or crevices. They will not dent or fall apart, and will stand a lot of hard usage.

Eddy's Butter Tub

The storekeeper knows that this is the most sanitary way to pack butter. Much superior to wood, which often imparts odors. Owing to their toughness and durability, they can be used many times over. They are light for shipping, too.

Eddy's Household Pail

Housewives without number will testify to the superiority of Eddy's pails, etc. They are light and easy to handle and they never leak or come apart. Moderate in price and most satisfactory in every way.

Popular with Everybody

EDDY'S Twin Beaver Washboard is also made of Indurated Fibreware. It is double-sided with natural crimp on each side. Very convenient. No metal to tear clothes and hands.

EDDY'S one piece tubs, pails, etc., meet with favor everywhere, because they lighten labor and last practically for ever.

They are made of wood pulp—moulded into shape—pressed by machinery, dipped in solution, and baked for days, till they emerge from the ovens hard as flint, and with a glazed surface that is impervious to all liquids, taints and odors.

They cannot leak—splinter—or fall apart. Hard and durable as steel. Lighter than wood. Once you try one, you'll never go back to the old style.

Washtubs
Washboards
Milk Pails
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EDDY'S FIBREWARE
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THE E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL, Canada
Makers of the Famous Eddy Matches

So They Called the Expert In

Fred Brock of Baxter and Company was a good Office Manager. That was an acknowledged fact, both among his business associates and the boys at the club. People discussed his organizing ability and the capable staff with which he had surrounded himself.

ONE thing troubled Fred, though: his filing system and certain details of office routine. In the rush of two years of unprecedented business he'd no time to reorganize his system. As a result it had become unwieldy; papers were becoming increasingly difficult to find; complaint reports were coming in with greater frequency from the "Chief" and other department executives, so Miss Thompson, the filing clerk reported.

That was just a year ago—before Fred Brock called to his aid the System Service Expert of "Office Specialty". His business day is much pleasanter for him now—since the "Office Specialty" System Expert analyzed his existing systems and submitted a plan that would not only remedy the immediate trouble, but make ample provision for natural expansion for some time to come.

This is the type of expert service that "Office Specialty" is rendering to its thousands of clients to-day—a concrete service backed by the resources of a centralized System Department whose cumulative experience in solving filing and record-keeping problems in many different kinds of business is offered to you in your individual problem without fee or charge, or without reservations of any kind.

SYSTEM SERVICE

"Office Specialty" System Service Experts are men who merit the name *expert*. They are trained, practical men. They will gladly make your office routine, record-keeping, or filing problems their own. Their value to themselves, and to us, depends upon the value of their service to you. Put your office routine or record-keeping problem up to our nearest Service Store.

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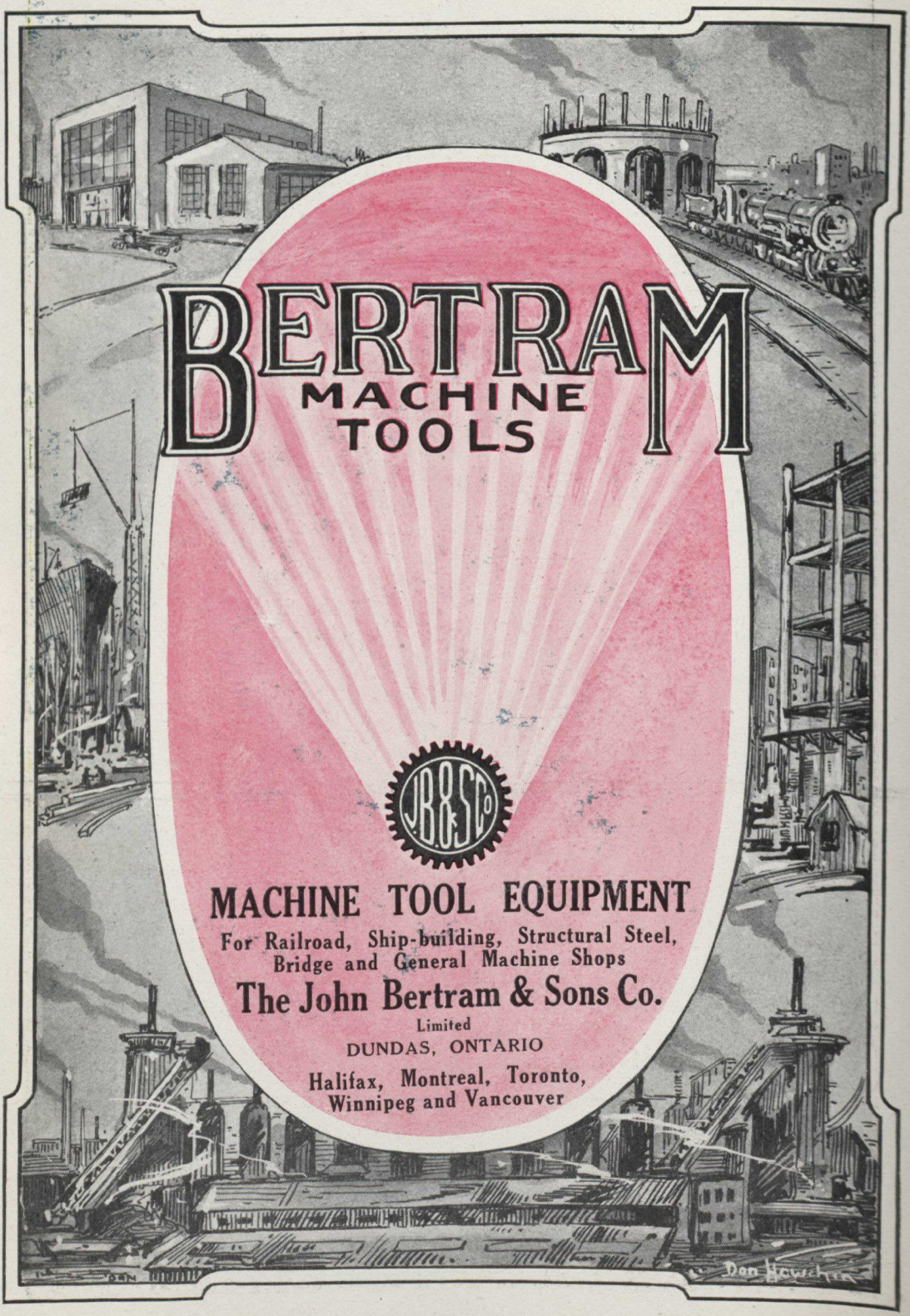
962


NATURAL SHAPE
CORK TIPPED
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
ORIGINAL
A shilling and three pence
in London.
Thirty cents here.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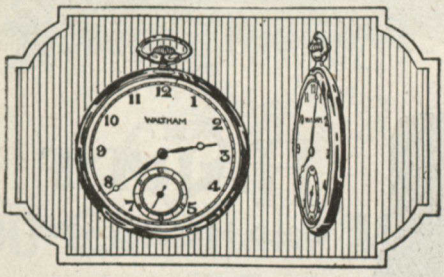

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Thin, without sacrifice of accuracy. At all good jewelers. Priced from $225.00 upwards. Other Waltham models from $25.00 upwards.

Let your watch reflect your character

IT is the quality of your possessions rather than their quantity which gives the true index to your character.

No more than you would consent to wear shabby ill-fitting clothes, should you carry a watch of obscure make and unreliable performance.

When you carry a Waltham you have the satisfaction of knowing that you possess a high-grade watch that commands respect everywhere.

For more than sixty-five years the name "Waltham" has received universal acceptance as the World's highest standard of watch quality

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

Every Waltham Watch embodies exclusive improvements in watch construction which have been developed at Waltham during this long period.

Remember this also: an inferior watch is always a liability, while a Waltham is always an asset.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED

MONTREAL

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada

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

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GOLD MEDAL SHOES

Let us forget prejudice

Why cripple Canadian enterprise further with the prejudice that certain things are better if they come from abroad? Let us recognize that in many lines Canada can equal or excel others.

For instance it is no exaggeration to tell you that no shoe made anywhere on this North American continent, no matter what its price, surpasses the Hartt Gold Medal Shoe.

When you need shoes, try on a pair of Hartt Gold Medal Shoes and see for yourself.

If you don't know where to buy Hartt Shoes, write us direct.

THE HARTT BOOT & SHOE CO.
LIMITED
FREDERICTON, N.B.

22,000 Canadian Men and Women ask you to buy "Made-in-Canada" Shoes

22,000 Canadians are engaged exclusively in the manufacture of Boots and Shoes.

The industry provides them with over $20,000,000 a year to spend within the Dominion.

They buy food and clothing; pay rent and taxes—they help swell the total of Canadian trade.

ALLIED with these 22,000 men and women are many thousands of other workers who contribute to the making of Boots and Shoes. These include textile operatives; wire, nail and metal workers; machine manufacturers; box and carton makers; coal miners and dealers; railway men and shippers; printers; packers and battalions of clerks.

All these, and more, participate in the 50 million dollars which is the yearly value of the Canadian-Made Shoes.

EVERY pair of Canadian-made Shoes you buy actually puts money in the pay envelope of this vast army of men and women.
Every pair of imported Shoes you buy reduces Canada's capital stock and puts money in the pockets of foreigners who contribute nothing to our national growth.

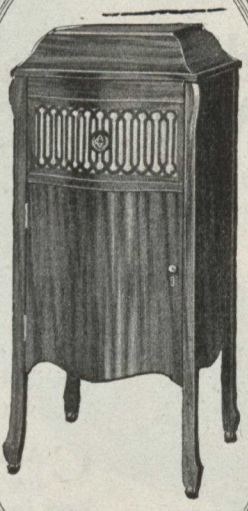
CANADIAN-made Shoes, grade for grade, are the equal of the best in the world.
The most scientific processes of manufacture are employed.
Canadian workmen are as conscientious and skilled as those of any other country.

SITUATED as we are between the Old World and the New, every authoritative idea of shape and style and fashion is immediately seized and developed.

The price of Canadian-made Shoes is based entirely on actual production costs. It represents 100% of value.

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

SHOE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA



CECILIAN

TRADE MARK

THE CECILIAN CONCERTPHONE

"THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

The Spirit of Music is Truthfully Conveyed through The Cecilian Concertphone; it creates true tonal beauty and adds rare quality to all records—This coupled with Artistic and Beautifully finished Cabinet places The Concertphone in a class supreme.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE CECILIAN CO., LTD.
247 Yonge St. - Toronto

The last corn

When you end your corn with Blue-jay, it will be the last corn you let grow.

You will know how to stop the pain. And how to quickly and completely end all corns.

There are millions who use Blue-jay now, and they never let a corn remain.

The new-day way

Blue-jay is the new-day way, the scientific method.

It was perfected in a laboratory world-famed for its surgical dressings.

It is supplanting the many treatments which are harsh and inefficient.

It has made paring as ridiculous as it is unsafe, for paring doesn't end corns.

Do this tonight:

Apply to a corn a Blue-jay plaster or the liquid Blue-jay—whichever you prefer.

Mark how the pain stops. Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.

© B & B 1920

What that corn does all corns will do. Some 20 million corns a year are ended in this way.

Don't suffer corns. Don't have your feet disfigured. They can be ended almost as easily as a dirt-spot on your face. They are just as inexcusable.

Don't forget this. It means too much to you.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay.

B&B Blue-jay

Plaster or Liquid

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Horlick's Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly ⅓ century

Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.

The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water.

Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.

Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for Horlick's **And Get The Original**

2019

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FOR PRUE COTTONS

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

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY
LIMITED

Montreal - Toronto
Winnipeg

11

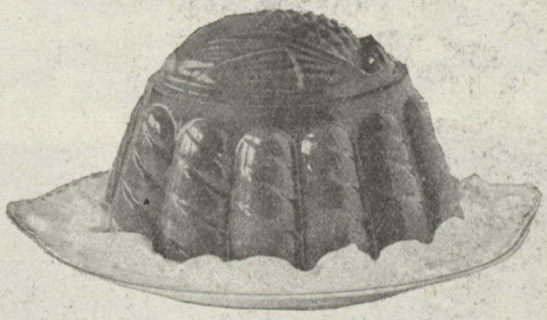
Mrs. Knox's Page

Nourishing Desserts

A GROWN-UP'S as well as a child's dessert should be more than just something sweet to top off the meal; it should be a wholesome and nourishing dish which rounds out and perfects the luncheon or dinner.

For instance, a good nourishing dessert which I have found to be a general favorite with all the family is Chococate Blanc Mange. It is a favorite with the housewife, too, because it does not have to be cooked over the fire, and it is so easily and quickly made.

A woman recently wrote me that this is now her husband's favorite dessert because it is so smooth and creamy and is always just right. He was very fond of Chocolate Blanc Mange, but every time she made it of corn starch, he complained that it was lumpy and not smooth. A friend told her about my recipe; she tried it and it was a revelation to her. Now her husband praises it and complains because she does not serve it oftener—especially when they have company.



CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 pint of milk
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoonful of salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla
1 square chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls of cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Scald milk and add sugar, grated chocolate or cocoa and salt. When well blended, add the soaked gelatine and flavoring; pour into a wet mold or individual custard cups, and chill. Serve with milk, cream or custard sauce.

Not only does Knox Sparkling Gelatine make many delicious desserts which require practically no cooking at all—but being unflavored, it will blend with meats, fish, cheese, vegetables and fruits to make many different kinds of meat and fish loaves, cheese, vegetable and fruit salads—each adding an appetizing, luxurious touch to the meal—although in reality they are most inexpensive.

Besides being a pure, super-refined gelatine, Knox Gelatine is a favorite with housekeepers because of its economy. One package of Knox Gelatine goes four times as far as the ready-prepared packages and serves four times as many people. Flavored packages serve only six people and do for only one meal, while one package of Knox will make twenty-four individual helpings and serves a family of six with a tempting dessert or salad for four different meals. That is why experts call Knox the "4-to-1" gelatine—because it goes four times as far as the flavored packages, besides having four times as many uses.

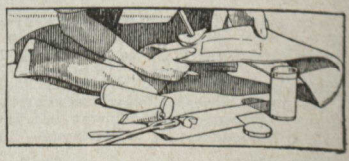
Special Home Service

If you are interested in other "Nourishing Desserts" and salads, write for my recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and Food Economy", enclosing a 2c stamp and giving your grocer's name.

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

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

Repairing a tube with the Goodyear Tube Repair Kit



Tube repaired and ready for talcing

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

Get All the Tire Mileage You Buy!

THE average motorist is only getting about 60% to 80% of the mileage which is built into his tires at the factory.

This is the basic reason behind the Goodyear Service Station policy and Goodyear Tire-Savers.

Many tires are ruined by poor tubes and lack of tube care.

Buy good tubes and give them the best of care.

Clean the rust from rims when you change a tire.

Be sure the inside of the casing is clean before you insert the tube.

Learn to use a sprinkle of Goodyear French Talc to prevent chafing and friction.

Keep your valves clean and air-tight and the air pressure up.

Carry spare tubes in Goodyear Tube bags to prevent injury by loose tools and from chafing.

Let your Goodyear Service Station Dealer show you the advantages of Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes and how to use the Goodyear Tube Repair Kit.

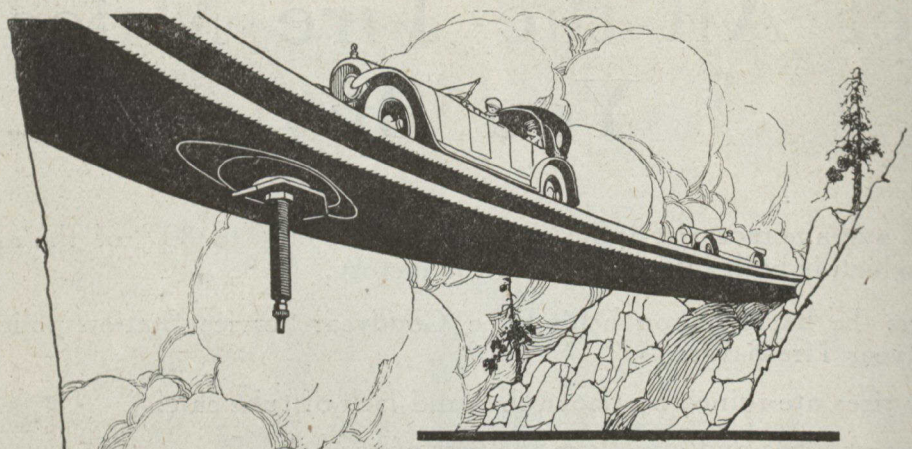
He is glad to do this, and many other things that save tires, to increase your mileage. He knows that long mileage tires bring customers to him.

He is taught by Goodyear that low-cost-per-mile has built for Goodyears the largest sale of any tire in the world.

To supplement his work, we will gladly send you, free, our Tire Conservation Course. Write us at Toronto, for this course.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA



A BRIDGE
That Never Fails

THE best bridge to carry you smoothly over tire troubles—that abyss which yawns for every motorist—is a "Gutta Percha" Inner Tube. Rough usage and constant service have little effect on "Gutta Percha" Inner Tubes.

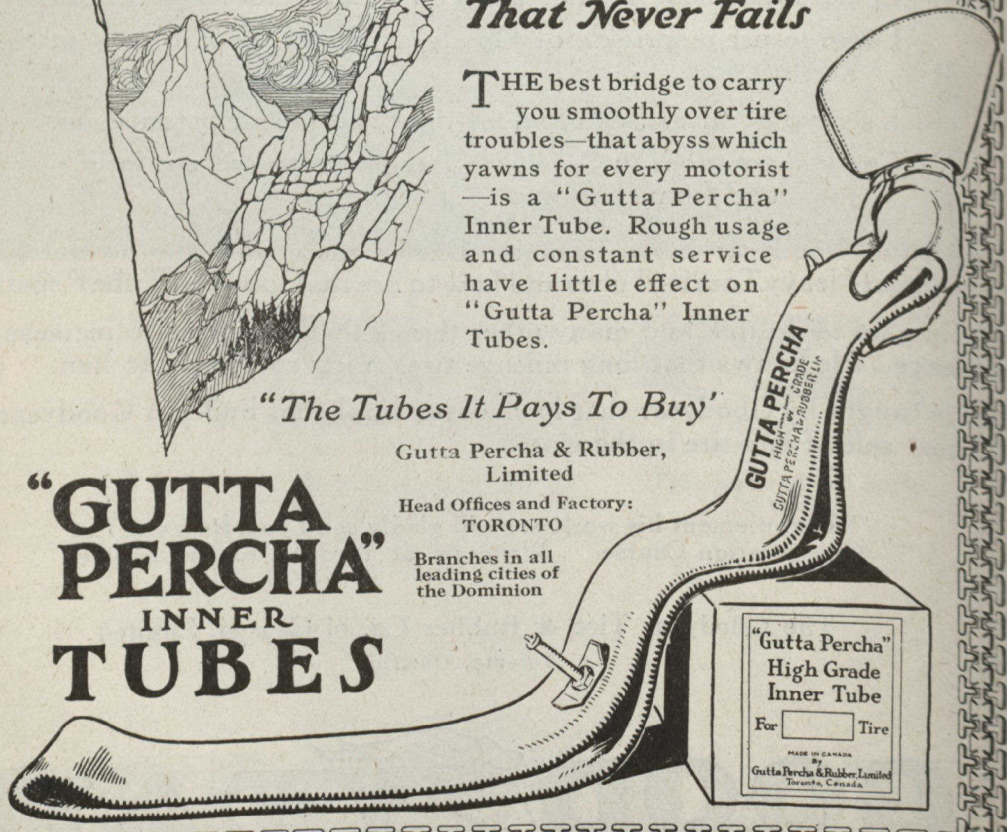
"The Tubes It Pays To Buy"

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

Head Offices and Factory: TORONTO

Branches in all leading cities of the Dominion

"GUTTA PERCHA" INNER TUBES



The "tight-squeeze"—an hourly occurrence on every crossing and on every crowded street, with cars of fifty different makes—more or less under the driver's control

How Can the Motorist Save Himself from the "Other Fellow"

NEW YORK CITY recorded over three thousand motor car collisions last year in Manhattan Island alone.

Effective traffic regulation depends on each *individual driver* having his car under *positive control.*

If every driver could be as *sure* of his car as the Packard owner, there would be less congestion, and only the *careless* driver would get into "accidents."

THE Packard people believe that first-class transportation must deliver Safety, Ability, Comfort, Economy, and Enduring Value to the highest degree.

Choose from the best sources of the commercial parts makers—and your assembled car still will not show these features to the Packard degree.

You will get them only by starting with *unified engineering* in the Packard manner.

Controlling parts by specifications and tests—through casting, forging, machining, heat-treating, finishing and inspection.

Paying 12 cents a pound for your steel, instead of taking a chance with steel at 6 cents.

You will be led straight to the Twin-Six Engine, with its sure and flexible power, and a greater range of ability in high gear than any other engine in the world.

To gears heat-treated through and through—not merely case-hardened.

To clutch, brakes, universal and bearings that give you the safety of positive control—Packard designed for the Packard car.

IT makes little difference whether the other fellow is to blame, or merely subject to the whims and weaknesses of his car.

The Packard owner has all the chances of the road discounted, because he is sure of what his Packard will do.

He is riding in first-class safety and first-class comfort. It costs him less *all around than riding* second class!

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

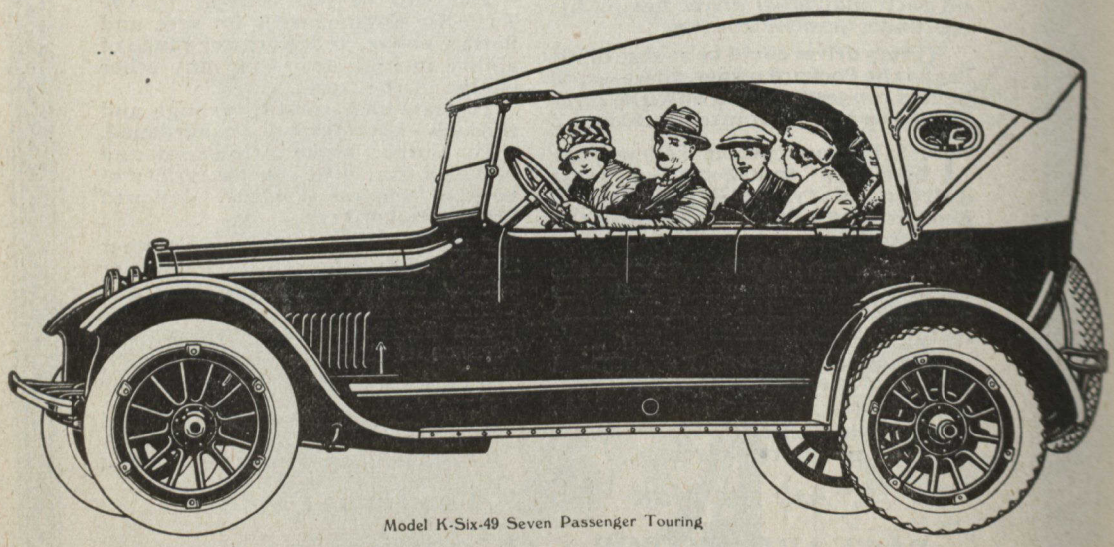
PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

ENDURANCE

THE long tour over Canadian highways under varying climatic conditions demands a car made to withstand the severest tests.

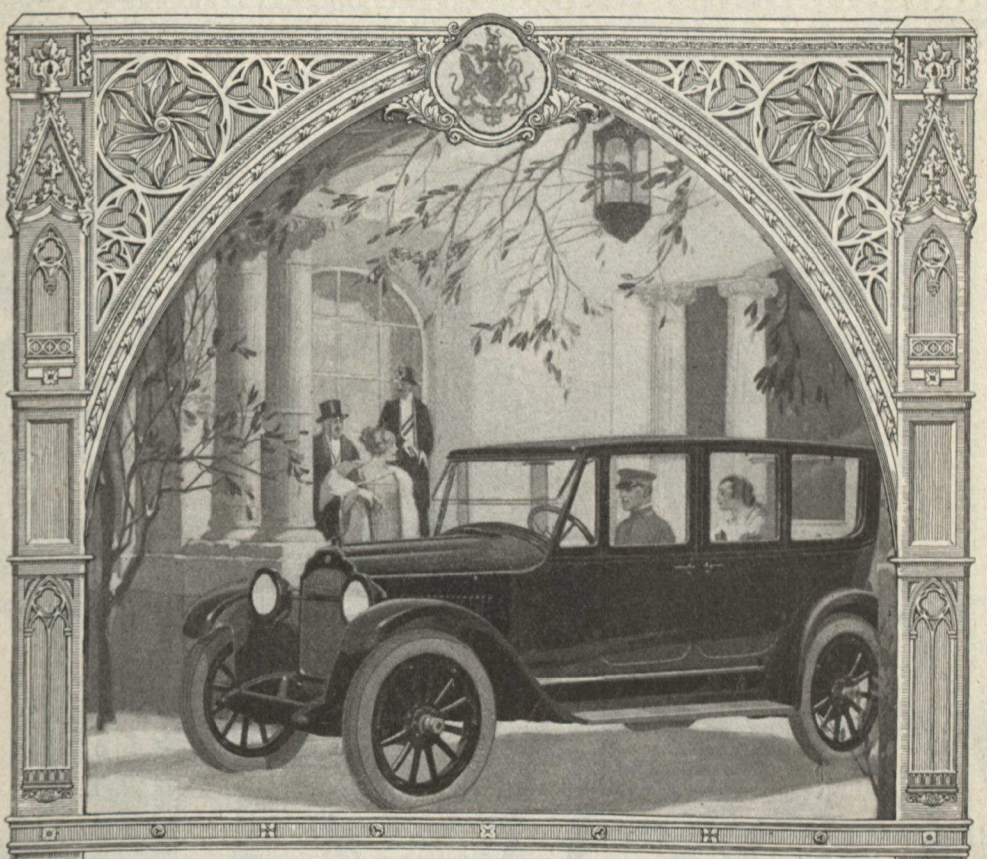
The endurance of the McLaughlin Master-Six has won nation-wide approval. Its many good qualities have won for the McLaughlin the appropriate title—
"CANADA'S STANDARD CAR."

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED
OSHAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA
BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES *DEALERS EVERYWHERE*



Model K-Six-49 Seven Passenger Touring

McLAUGHLIN MASTER SIX



WILLYS-KNIGHT

THE owner of a Willys-Knight always knows what to expect from his sleeve-valve motor. Instead of deteriorating it *improves with use.* Its *only* change is a change for the *better.*

Dependable, quiet, smooth power is always at the owner's command. So perfect is its performance and so free from troubles, that he is almost unconscious that there is a mighty motor under the hood.

Owners of Willys-Knight cars naturally place a high valuation upon the fine coach work and luxurious appointments—but more on the extraordinary advantage of owning cars that run *better* the *longer* they are driven.

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED

Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters

Head Office and Factories, Toronto, Canada

Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and Regina

THE MASTER PRODUCT FOR EVERY CAR

Selected by Present Car Owners—*because they know the value from actual testing-out.*
Selected by Prospective Car Owners—*because they have heard of the value from the actual testimony of Present Motor Car Owners.*

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Indulge your fancy when you choose Penmans. If style, fabric and shade please you the name Penmans is your certain assurance of value, wearing qualities—and shapliness.

Penmans

HOSIERY

ALSO UNDERWEAR AND SWEATER COATS

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THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

FLATO

SCENE:
THE LAST COACH ON A SUBURBAN TRAIN HEADING FOR A HOT DAY IN THE CITY.

The gentleman seated just made the back platform by a flying leap. The gentleman standing did the same.

The gentleman seated is decidedly warm and a bit annoyed at the cool, smiling and "superior" visage of his standing friend.

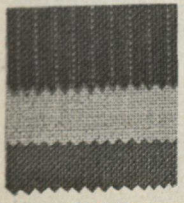
What the Smiling Chap's Thinking Goes Something Like This—

Why will they suffer? Certainly a heavy suit in Summer is a handicap to the day's work, and means another notch of discomfort for every jump of the mercury. Didn't they ever hear of

PALM BEACH SUITS

the coolest, smartest, sanest raiment for a Summer Day?

When you see the TRADE-MARKED LABEL sewn in the Suit you'll know it's the genuine.



GENUINE PALM BEACH SUITS are shown in many patterns—in dark colors as well as light AT ALL GOOD CLOTHIERS.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
Goodall Worsted Company, Sanford, Me.
A. Rohaut, Selling Agent, 229 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Palm Beach
REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
THE GENUINE CLOTH
M'FD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

Trademark registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Canada.

There is only One Genuine Palm Beach Cloth. The trademarked label in the coat is your safeguard.

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

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

Ganong's GB Chocolates

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

Originated by

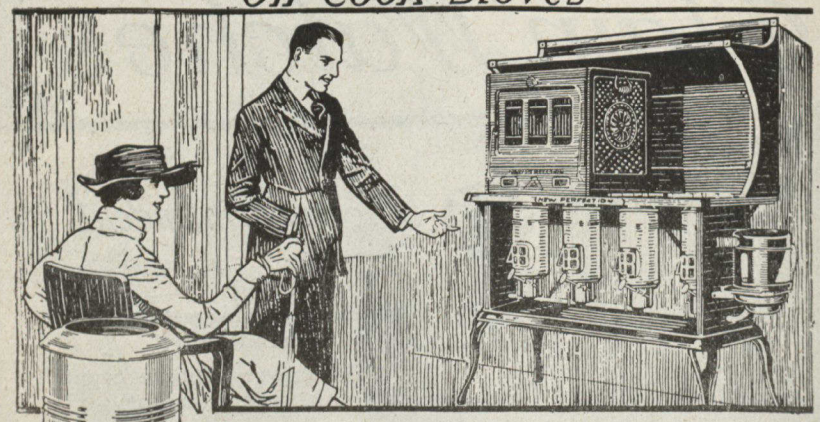
GANONG BROS. LIMITED
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Makers for 50 Years of Fine Chocolates.

12

NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves



The Long Blue Chimney which supplies the clean, white-tipped cooking flame.

Here's The Reason

—the Long Blue Chimney which supplies cheap, instant, speedy, clean cooking heat whenever needed. It has won for the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove the appreciation of hundreds of thousands of housewives.

With the Long Blue New Perfection Chimney, every drop of fuel goes into cooking heat—not into overheating the kitchen. The flame is applied directly under the utensils. There is no smoke or odors and pots and pans are not blackened. High, medium or low, the flame is always visible. It can be adjusted to give the heat desired and stays set.

A New Perfection Oil Cook Stove and a New Perfection Oven and Warming Cabinet form the best combination for year round cooking. *The New Perfection gives you more satisfaction in the kitchen and more time out of it.*

Sold by good dealers everywhere. Ask for demonstration of the Long Blue Chimney or write for New Perfection Booklet.

Made in Canada

THE PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY
LIMITED

HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY

SARNIA - - ONTARIO

Rheumatism Left Him As If By Magic!

Had Suffered Over 50 Years!

Now 83 Years, Yet A Big Surprise to Friends

Regains Strength Goes out Fishing, Back to Business, Laughs at "URIC ACID"

How the "Inner Mysteries" Reveals Startling Facts Overlooked By Doctors and Scientists For Centuries

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this Magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 565 E. Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt at all and costs only a few cents

Magic! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!

Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.

The Joy Of A Perfect Skin

Know the joy and happiness that comes to one thru possessing a skin of purity and beauty. The soft, distinguished appearance it renders brings out your natural beauty to its fullest. In use over 70 years.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Send 15c for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Montreal

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to **Sun, Dust** and **Wind** quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy.** No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For **Book of the Eye** free write **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.** h-13

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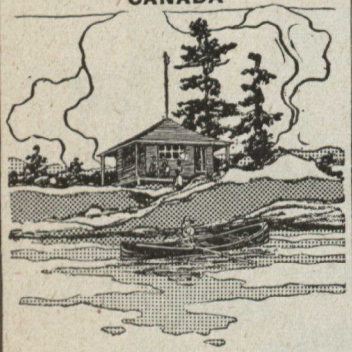
CANADA



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If interested, write

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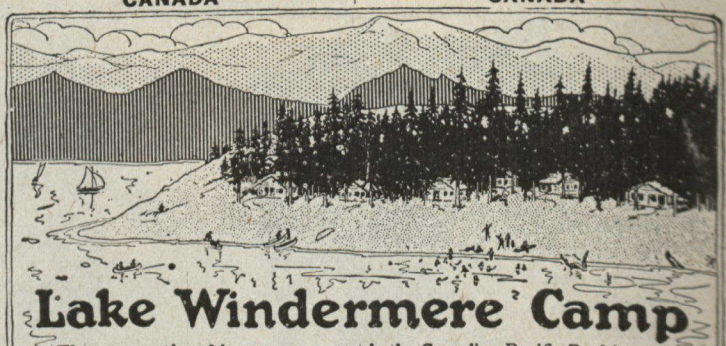
WINDERMERE HOUSE

Windermere Muskoka Canada

Modern improvements. Best of everything. Enchanting steamer trips through silver lakes bestudded with hundreds of wooded island gems. All water sports. Hay fever unknown.

GOLF Lawn Bowling. Tennis on concrete. Dancing. Write for illus. literature.

CANADA CANADA



Lake Windermere Camp

The new rustic cabin summer resort in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, on the sandy beaches of Lake Windermere, the loveliest warm water mountain lake in British Columbia.

See Beautiful Banff and Lovely Lake Louise enroute

Rail tickets to Lake Windermere from points in Eastern and Central Canada allow stopovers at both these places. Then enjoy bathing, boating, riding on mountain ponies to great canyons and glaciers, golf, automobiling, fishing and big game hunting in season. Camp opens July 1st. Everything new. Community hall for dancing and social recreation. American plan rates $4.50 per day with 50c reduction for those who stay a week or more. Children under 11 half-price.

Apply to Invermere Hotel Co., Lake Windermere, British Columbia, or any passenger office of the **Canadian Pacific Railway.**

"Highlands of Ontario"

Hay fever unknown. One thousand to two thousand feet above the sea. Modern hotels in Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Kawartha Lakes and Timagami. Fishing, boating, bathing, golf, etc. Write for free illustrated literature.

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A. B. Chown, Desk "A"
1270 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Bigwin Inn

JUST completed. Accommodates 600. On a 1200 acre wooded island in the Lake of Bays, "Highlands of Ontario." Unexcelled boating, bathing, fishing, dancing, golf. Hay fever unknown. 145 miles north of Toronto. Write for free literature.

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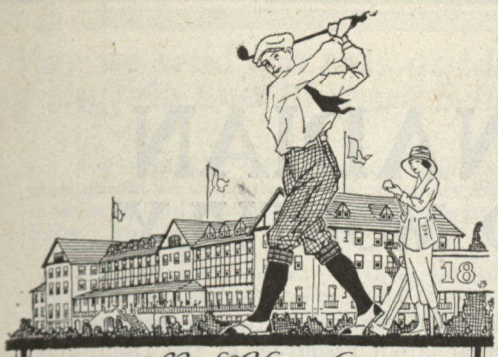

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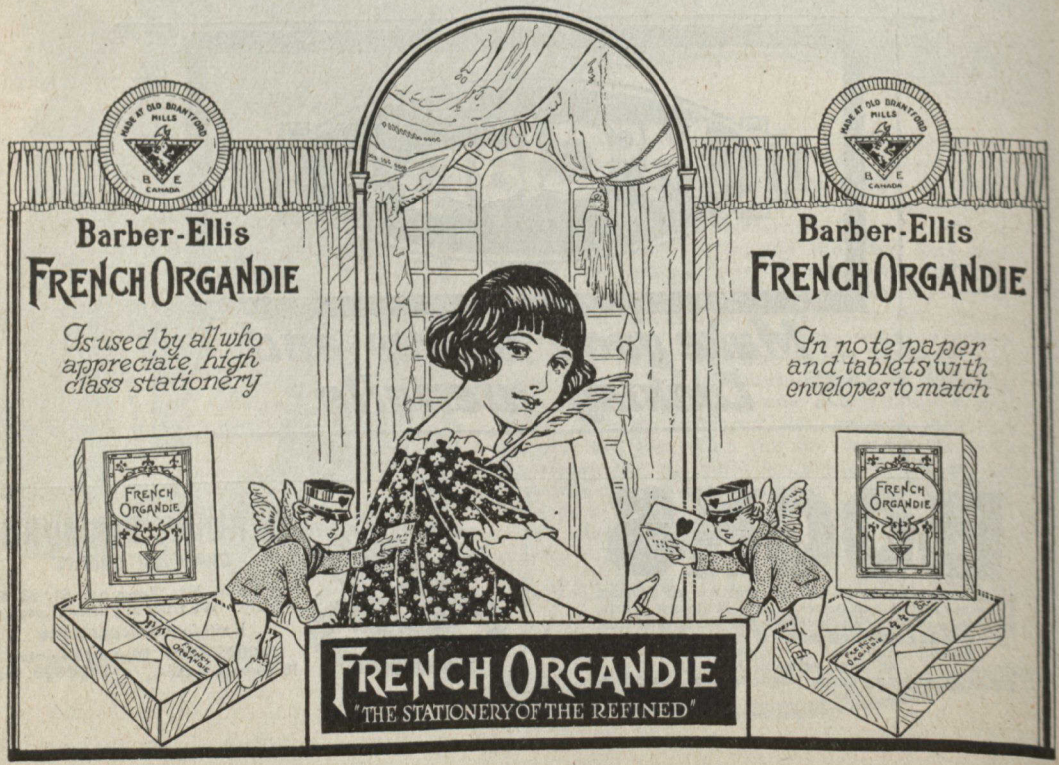

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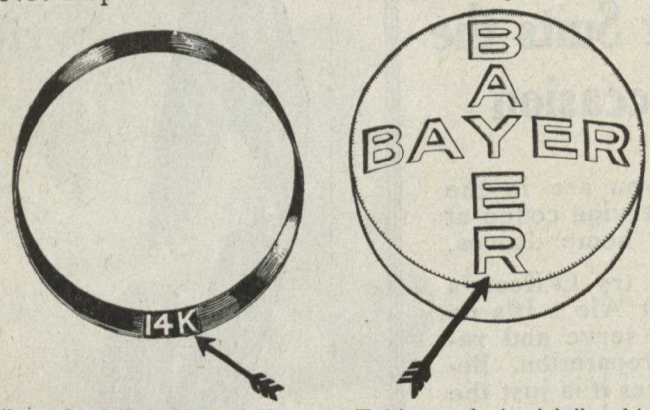

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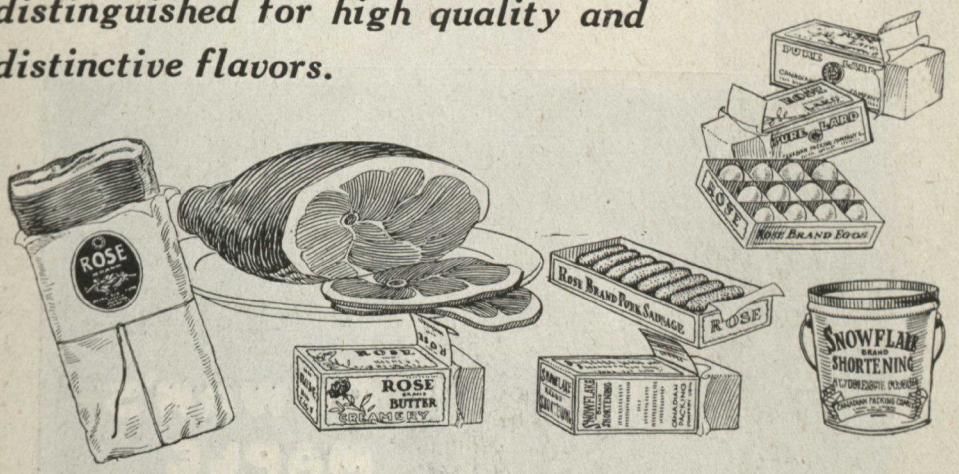

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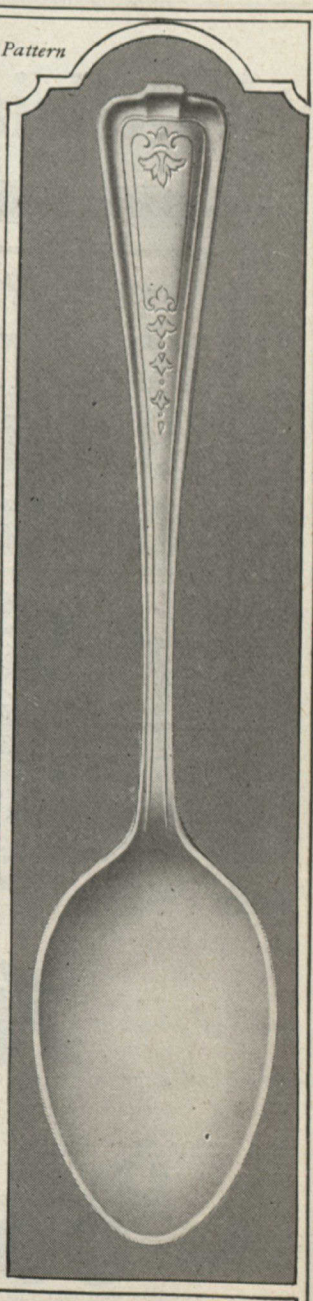

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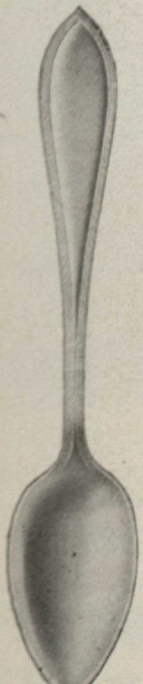

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