

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JULY, 1915

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The First of nine intimate Sketches
By DR. GEORGE BRYCE

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TORONTO - CANADA

The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLV

Contents, July, 1915

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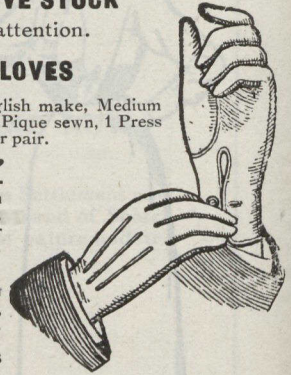
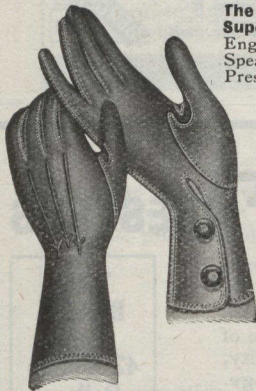
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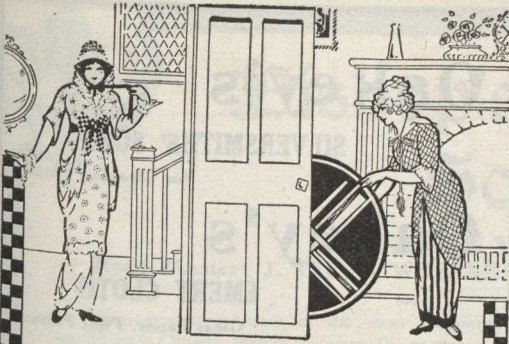
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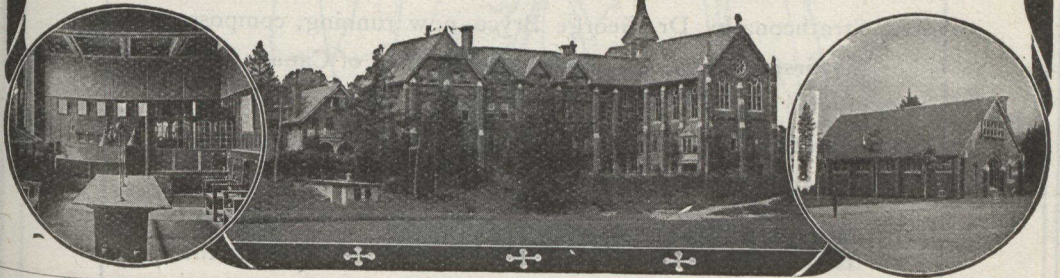
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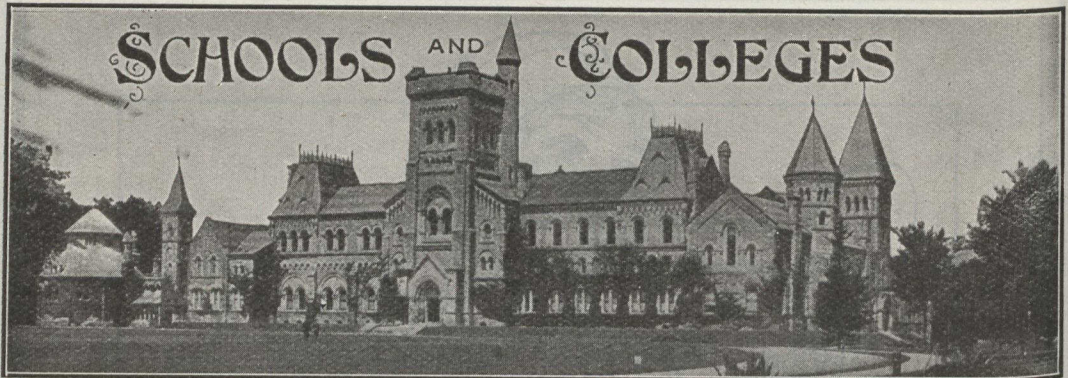
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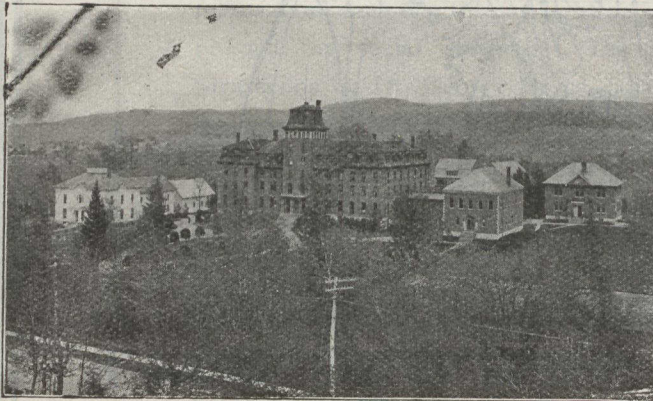
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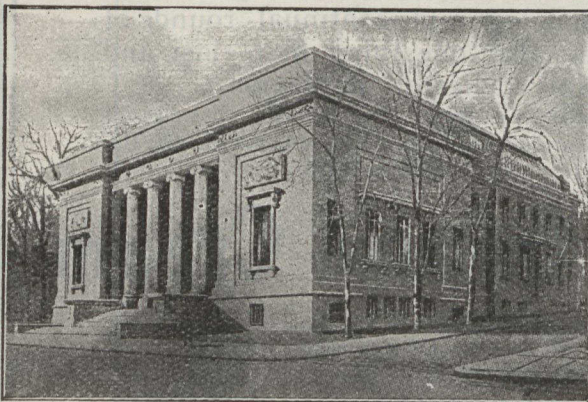
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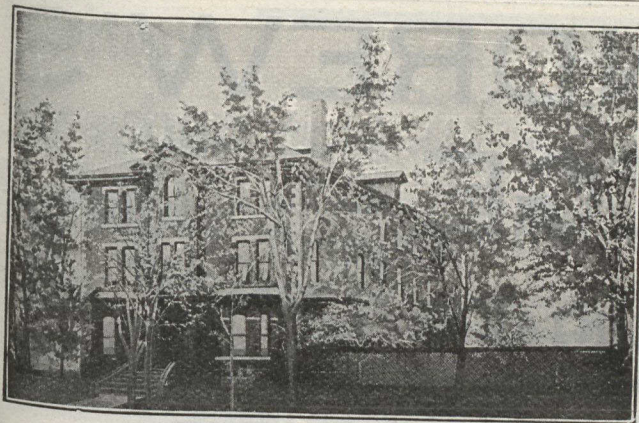
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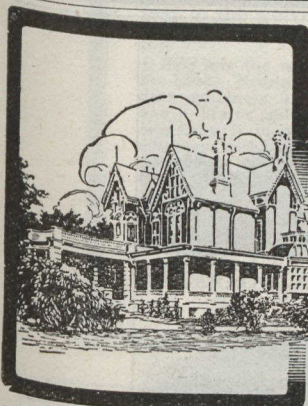
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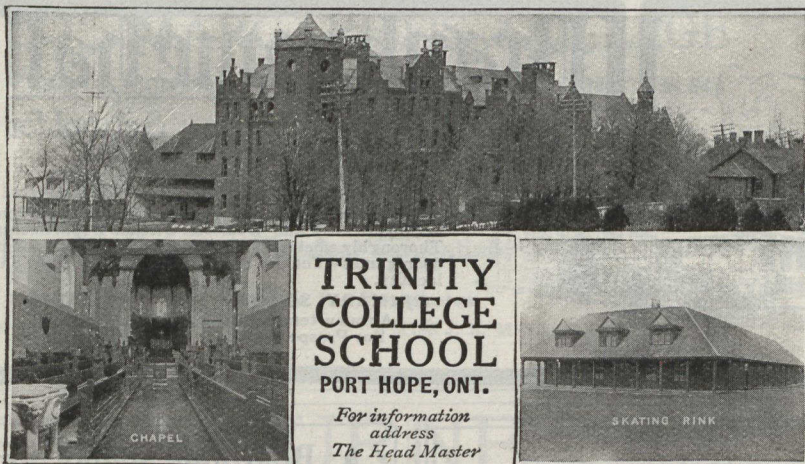
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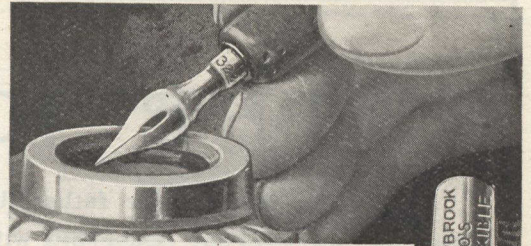
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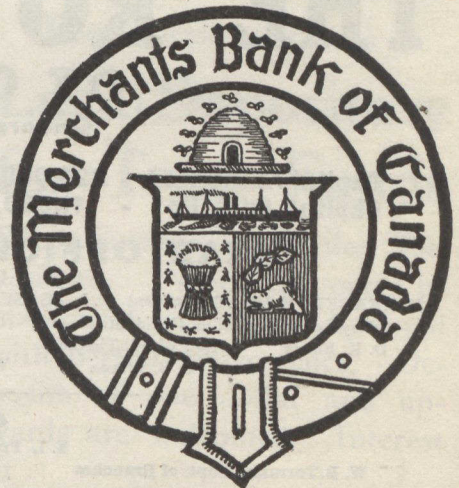
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV

TORONTO, JULY, 1915

No. 3

THE REAL STRATHCONA

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

I.—A PEACEMAKER AT FORT GARRY

AS I remarked to a Winnipeg friend recently, Donald Smith and I were warm and faithful friends for more than forty years. My earliest meeting with him was at the first dinner of the Winnipeg St. Andrew's Society on November 30th, 1871. Winnipeg was a mere hamlet then. The banquet was held in a new wooden building on the southwest corner of what is to-day Main Street and Bannatyne Avenue. The hall, which had been hurriedly finished for the occasion, was quite primitive and bitterly cold it was on that winter night. "Donald A.," as the free and easy West had at once dubbed him, was fifty-one years of age and had spent some thirty years of his Canadian life on the barren and dangerous shores of Labrador. Nearly two years earlier than that night he had first set foot in Western Canada, or, rather, in the Red River Settlement, to face the fierce outbreak of French métis of the prairies of Rupert's Land.

To me, coming to Winnipeg less

than two months before that night, as a young man of twenty-seven, lately from college, commissioned by the chief authority in Canada of the church of my fathers to found a college and organize the first church of my faith in the hamlet of Winnipeg, the St. Andrew's Society meeting was a marked event, being a tribute to the president for the service he had rendered to Canada in quieting the Riel Rebellion.

True, it was in the previous year that the rising had collapsed, but on account of the seething elements—French métis, Hudson's Bay officers and men, Selkirk settlers, English half-breeds, Canadian newcomers, a part of Wolseley's contingent, and a small coterie of Americans who had taken an impertinent interest in the public affairs of the village, the residents were still living "in the midst of alarms."

In October, our small party of incomers had arrived by the newly-established Burbank stage from St. Paul, Minnesota, over the prairies of

North Dakota, and it consisted of the collector of customs, the Indian agent, another Government deputy, and one or two others to take various important positions. On the prairies we had met fierce-looking stragglers of a band of Fenians who had made an attack on the newly-formed Manitoba. Altogether no Trafalgar Square mob could have exceeded in violence or sheer disagreeableness an "emergency meeting" of the denizens of the hamlet of Winnipeg, which at that date, the official census of the time informs us, consisted of a population of 215 souls. Whether it was to be a Schultz meeting or a Bannatyne meeting was determined by a show of hands as to who should be the chairman. Then, after a wrangle, the minority would retire. Even the St. Andrew's Society was regarded as covertly a disloyal and dangerous body by some of the extreme Canadian patriots, and many of the old settlers looked upon the too ardent Canadians merely as a rabble. How antagonistic the rival cliques were may be judged by a slight incident. A week before St. Andrew's Day a benefit concert had been held on behalf of a number of young Canadians who had been inmates of a hospital improvised to meet an epidemic of typhoid fever in the autumn of that year. Being in charge of young Knox Church, I had been asked to be present to assist my fellow-Canadians who had been unfortunate. After accepting the invitation, I had chanced to be in the Bannatyne store (the rendezvous of the "old-timers") when I was accosted by a well-known commercial man, who remarked: "We hear you are to attend the Canadian concert, and we are sorry you are going." "Yes," I replied, "surely sweet charity should induce every one to be present for so necessary an object; but, remember, I'm going to the St. Andrew's dinner as well."

Such was the state of things in early Winnipeg. There existed as many cliques and parties as there

were in old Rome or in the early Florence of the Renaissance. "Donald A." represented the Hudson's Bay Company *entourage*, also to some extent the old settlers, as well as many of the moderate Canadians. My field of influence was chiefly among the Kildonan old settlers, and the lately-arrived Canadians. "Donald A." was a parishioner of mine, and though he was closely related to the old people of the country, he stood out as having been the Canadian Government Commissioner who had undermined the rebellion. I had come to work largely with the Kildonan old settlers, but was, of course, full of Canadian ideals. These were the circumstances which drew the Commissioner and myself together and made us fast friends.

As one looks back through the long vista of these forty years, Donald A. Smith, as we see him seated in Fort Garry, appears to be the embodiment of what is after all the highest state of man—a peacemaker.

What a strange mind-picture must have passed before the President's mind on that November night, as he sat at the head of the table and recalled the December of nearly two years before and all its dangers. Then unknown to the country and it unknown to him, he came to a strange land in uproar, where the prospective Governor, William McDougall, had been refused. He travelled by special conveyance over the unsheltered plains for four hundred and fifty miles from St. Paul to Fort Garry in a continuous zero climate, possibly to be ignored, if not imprisoned. Coming simply with a secretary, it required the nerve of a Garibaldi and the skill of an Ulysses. The more we think of it the more desperate the case seems, and the thought arises that justice has never been done to Donald A. Smith for the immense service he rendered then to Canada.

The Canadian situation was very critical. Undoubtedly the Government, with an element within itself,

secretly sympathizing with the insurgents at Red River, had allowed the rebellion to make decided headway. McDougall had been stopped at the American boundary. Thibault and De Salaberry, sent from Ottawa to conciliate the French, were safely housed at St. Boniface and were cavalierly ignored by Riel and his followers. Riel was plainly hand-in-glove with the disloyal American set in Winnipeg. Annexation with the United States was openly discussed by a local journal, *The New Nation*. Even Governor MacTavish, lying sick in bed, was largely under the influence of rebel sympathizers, as Donald A. Smith told the writer. But the man for the hour was on the way to work for loyal Canadians and patriotic old-timers. That man was Donald A. Smith. With the speed of movement for which he was always noted, the Commissioner from Canada, with his secretary, Hardisty, a relative, shot across the plains of the West with the rapidity with which he had often gone in the dog-train on the icebound coast of Labrador. Riel was outwitted, for before any opposing action could be taken against the Commissioner he made a dash of sixty miles from the boundary, sixty miles down the Red River from Pembina to Fort Garry, and, as a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, immediately on his arrival on December 27th, 1869, took up, as was his right, his quarters at Fort Garry. He found the fort occupied by the French métis, bearing arms to the number of five hundred. The stores, and more especially the wine-cellars of the company, were seized by the métis, giving great delight to the hungry and thirsty followers of the rebel chief.

In the Governor's house, situated within the fort walls and having in front of it two or three innocent four-pounders symbolical of authority, there was in the upper storey William MacTavish, the Governor of the Red River Settlement, very sick at the time and surrounded by the conspira-

tors against Canadian supremacy. In the eastern part of the Governor's residence were to be found Riel, the chieftain, and often with him Lepine, the commander of the insurgent force in the fort. Donald A. took as his right the office portion of Government House, lying to the West, where he could be reached by those who had business with him. The situation was ludicrous had it not been so serious. There seemed to be three kings on the throne, within the limits of Fort Garry—the Hudson's Bay Company Governor, the Canadian Commissioner, and the rebel leader. Whatever qualities Riel lacked, he certainly did not fail in effrontery. He demanded from Commissioner Smith the object of his visit. The Scottish Celt is a born diplomatist, for he can put on the smiling face and keep his counsel to himself. Donald A. thwarted the rising "Emperor of the West" by silence. Becoming bolder, Riel questioned the reality of the Commissioner's powers and demanded from the self-possessed Commissioner his credentials from the Government at Ottawa. Had he been able to secure these papers, no doubt Riel thought he could then set aside the Commissioner, as he had done in the case of Thibault and De Salaberry. The crafty Highlander, however, outwitted the dictator, for he left his Commission in Pembina, in safe hands, on the American side of the line.

Riel now became obsequious. He offered to send messengers to Pembina for the papers. The Commissioner politely declined the offer. Yet to carry out his purpose of meeting the people, he must have his credentials. Now the Hudson's Bay Company influence could be invoked. Half-way up the Red River to the boundary line lived a sturdy old French métis who was a loyalist. This was Francois Dauphinais, a fine old man who afterwards became a Legislative Councillor in Manitoba. This man and his neighbours were "Company men"—devoted to the service

and traditions of the Hudson's Bay Company. Young Hardisty, the Commissioner's secretary, was quietly despatched to the Dauphinais settlement and from there, securing a good bodyguard of loyalist métis, he pushed on to Pembina to obtain the papers wanted. Riel, hearing of this movement, hurried with a band of followers to intercept the messengers and secure the documents in the hands of Hardisty. The loyalists, now on their own ground, took the initiative and made prisoners of Riel and his bodyguard.

The dictator was in a fury. He threatened dire vengeance unless his men were set free by their captors. A stalwart loyal French halfbreed, Pierre Laveiller, put his loaded pistol to Riel's head and threatened his life unless he submitted. The fiery cross was then sent around the settlement, and sixty or seventy of the men of the Dauphinais loyalists assembled and escorted in triumph Hardisty and his men to Fort Garry. The Commissioner thus secured in safety his commission. Riel had met his first set-back. Donald A. had proved himself a man of firmness and resource. The process of undermining the métis leader began by leading men of the settlement being received by the Commissioner in his office directly under the eye of Riel. The bluster of the métis was being met by the cautious dignity of the canny Scot.

Time being gained, the next step was to call a mass meeting of the people of Red River. Word was sent by messenger down the Red River to the parishes of Kildonan, St. Paul's, St. Andrew's, and Mapleton; up the Assiniboine to St. James, St. Charles, Headingly, and the French parishes, with Poplar Point and Portage la Prairie. The French parishes up the Red River and the Seine were summoned, though many of their people were among the insurgents in Fort Garry. There was no building in the settlement to hold all the people, but on January 19th, 1870, one thou-

sand men—about one-tenth of the people of Assiniboia—assembled in the courtyard, to the west of the fort.

Old settlers have described to the writer this meeting and always with greatest enthusiasm. It was of necessity in the open air. The temperature was twenty degrees below zero. The suffering was intense, but the whole multitude held their ground for hours. The Commissioner read his letter of appointment and also a guarantee from the Governor-General of Canada that the Imperial Government would see that "perfect good faith" would be kept with the inhabitants of Red River and the Northwest.

Very unwillingly also Riel was compelled to render up the copy of Vicar Thibault's commission, which was read in French to the crowd which contained a considerable number of the métis. Next followed the proclamation of the Queen's message to the people, which was received with the greatest respect. A demand was made by an English halfbreed named Burke for the release of the body of English prisoners, which included Dr. Schultz. These persons had for some time been held in the fort and were being treated with contempt by the métis. Riel promised that this should be granted, but the pledge was not carried out.

Despite the Arctic weather, the assemblage gathered on a second day and steps were taken to elect representatives—twenty from the English parishes and twenty from the French—who were, after election, to meet together and take steps for the pacification of Red River. Among the prominent figures at this meeting was Bishop Machray. In the Red River Council, of which he was a member, the Bishop had stood out for British rights and never wavered. He commanded universal respect. Great regret was expressed at the time that Bishop Taché was absent in Rome during these trying events. Donald A. Smith had great admiration for Bishop Taché; he used to say that

had he been at home there would have been no rebellion. In the absence of the Bishop of St. Boniface an address was made to the people by Father Richot, of St. Norbert, who, while in many respects a good man, was in full touch with Riel and the other métis leaders.

It seemed now that the millenium had come, but no one could forecast what Riel—who was afterwards declared by a compatriot to be a megalomaniac—would do. However, Donald A. Smith kept his finger on the pulse of the country. A serious danger arose in the election of the convention in 1870 in the case of the delegate from Winnipeg. Undoubtedly the most natural representative would have been Andrew G. B. Bannatyne, the leading merchant of the future city. Great annoyance was felt throughout the Red River settlement at his defeat. No doubt his opponent, though an American who was supported by *The New Nation*, received certain support from the advanced Canadian party. Perhaps this election more than anything else brought anxiety and annoyance to Commissioner Smith. The election over, on the meeting of the representative Council, Donald Smith showed his deep penetration and wisdom in refusing to approve of the Bill of Rights which Riel and his compatriots pressed for, and the majority of the Council, on a vote of twenty-two to seventeen, carried out the Commissioner's wishes.

Riel and his immediate followers were opposed to the Imperial plan of taking over the Hudson's Bay Company lands. This would thwart his annexationist plans. On the vote being taken, Riel rose in his rage and said, "The devil take it, we must win." He stormed like a madman. There must be no British element in the case for him. The dictator's madness did not stop there. That night in his fury he went to Government House to the bedside of the poor, sick Governor MacTavish, and, it was

said, threatened to have him shot at once. In his fit of violence he ordered the arrest of Dr. Cowan, the Master of the Fort; of Mr. Bannatyne, the chief merchant of Winnipeg, and also Charles Nolin, a loyal French delegate opposed to him. The only wonder is that the madman did not order the arrest of Donald A. Smith.

During all this time the Commissioner kept his hand on the throttle of Red River happenings. It now seemed a question, who should win, Smith or Riel? Had it been possible to dispose of Riel all would have been favourable to the Commissioner's policy. On account of the superior intelligence of the English-speaking delegates most of the officers chosen were English, but to the surprise and annoyance of all loyalists, Riel succeeded in carrying the vote of the convention and was chosen president. This was certainly a check to the Commissioner's policy, for, the convention being dissolved, it left the power largely in Riel's hands as president. Riel, now in the saddle, with unbounded conceit, supposed he could be the Napoleon of the West. While he released a few prominent citizens who had been made prisoners, he confiscated the property of Dr. Schultz, the ultra-Canadian, seized the plant of *The Nor' Wester* newspaper, and, it was said, melted the type into bullets. As president he appointed three delegates to Ottawa, one of them being the annexationist Scott, the so-called representative of Winnipeg, but he kept his promise to the convention only in part, by releasing about one-quarter of the prisoners, while he kept the remainder in wretched and humiliating conditions in the fort.

The free-born people of Portage la Prairie now sent a body of armed men to oppose the usurper. The dictator promised to release all the prisoners, but, cajoling the Portage men, he made a new arrest of one of their number—Major Boulton—a former officer in the British army. Riel de-

terminated to execute him as a warning to all of his opponents. The greatest excitement prevailed. Mrs. John Sutherland, whose son was killed at Kildonan, begged on this account that Riel should spare Major Boulton. Others also implored the president for the prisoner's life. Donald A. Smith gave me at length an account of the whole case, and it is my opinion that, while rendering credit to all who besought the Major's life, it was Riel's desire to conciliate Donald A. Smith, who pressed hard for mercy, that led to the prisoner being saved. The steady, personal influence of the Commissioner in Fort Garry, with his Scottish caution, pertinacity, and good temper, seemed to be undermining the president. The dictator felt this. The English-speaking people and a goodly number of the French denounced Riel for a breach of faith toward the prisoners in Fort Garry. He was publicly accused of treachery and arrogance. His followers in the fort, though luxuriously supplied and fed by viands from the Hudson's Bay Company vaults, began to lose confidence and were gradually dropping off and returning to their homes.

The case to the rebel leaders was becoming desperate. Through the quiet pressure of the Commissioner even the French members of Riel's council refused to obey the dictator. And another illustration was to be seen of the proverb "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." Riel determined to follow the invariable course of tyrants—terrorizing those whom he could not convince. He decided to make an example by executing one of his Canadian prisoners. The council and the horror-stricken people implored mercy for the doomed man. The Reverend George Young and others interceded for the young Canadian. Donald A. Smith, living in the fort, put forth determined efforts to induce Riel to spare Scott's life. Every consideration was advanced; the influence of his leading

compatriots in St. Boniface was invoked; the claims of humanity were pressed; the dangers to himself of awakening an angry Canada were fully shown him; but the stand of Riel was immovable. On the 4th of March, 1870, the deed of the madman was accomplished. It was a cold-blooded and revolting scene.

Scott, prepared for death by his brave pastor, met his fate heroically on the east side of Fort Garry, but his country does not know to this day the place of his burial.

Canada was aroused to its very centre, and the fate of the Provisional Government was sealed. Donald A. recited to the writer the terrible strain through which he and the people of the Red River settlement passed. Especially were Bishop Machray and Pastor Black, of Kildonan, overwhelmed with grief at the deed of horror, and Donald A. always believed that nothing but the presence of the absent Bishop Taché could have stopped the execution. The peaceable disposition of the Commissioner was hardened into iron determination. Peace was impossible. Canada was thoroughly aroused. The writer, then a student and member of the Queen's Own Regiment of Toronto, remembers the fierce outbreak of feeling throughout Ontario. All saw that now the stern arm of justice must be wielded and sweet mercy forgotten. The Commissioner, precisely two weeks after the execution, made a hurried departure to Canada. The organization of an expedition of British regulars and Canadian volunteers took place as speedily as possible, but the long journey through the wilds of northwestern Ontario by way of Lake Superior and the fur-trading route from Fort William to Lake of the Woods and then to Fort Garry could not be accomplished for several months. Commissioner Smith, coming through the wilds in a light canoe, met Colonel Wolseley and his force at the mouth of the Winnipeg River on August 20th, 1870. The métis force at Fort

Garry had gradually melted away, and a week after this meeting the Canadian contingent appeared before Fort Garry. As they approached the fort, Riel, with two companions, Lepine, his military leader, and O'Donaghue, his adviser, were seen unattended to emerge from Fort Garry, hurry across the bridge of boats on the Assiniboine River and disappear into some remote hiding-place. The hand of Donald A. had nobly waved the olive branch of peace, but peace was only restored by the mailed hand of force. The Commissioner had his full reward.

The next article of this series is entitled "The Nights at Silver Heights," where Donald Smith dispensed hospitality and sat late into the night, smoking and chatting before the fire.

THE CASUALTY LIST

By MARY LINDA BRADLEY

I READ the list of dead, and there one name
 Flashed out familiar as a book one sees
 In windows, thinking form and title fair,
 Desiring to know the hidden tale.
 I knew him slightly—one "killed in a charge."
 Why, not long since . . . remembering, I mused.

I met him in a rattling street car last,
 Lithe and well-coated, and his shapely head
 Turned to peer at the street names through the glass,
 Pocked here, scarred there, by a thin, sooty rain.
 (How well our faces mask their purple dreams,
 Their lowering hates, their sordid schemes,
 Their lode-loves . . . all the shining selves of men
 Their true and false, or blank, bleak impotence
 Concealed behind a screen of moulded dust!)
 I saw this soldier vividly alive,
 Alert, insouciant; idly marked the mud
 That flecked his boots and smeared across one vamp!
 He sprang to drag aside a damp-swollen door
 For some old soul; he sprang, nor paused to think,
 Nor paused for thanks; resumed his seat and stared
 Abstracted and reserved, now through the pane,
 Now upward at a gaudy metal sign.

This man is dead. And some will weep,
 More say, "Poor chap!" or better, kinder things;
 But the clothes that he wore, the wrinkled glove,
 Those boots—give them away or let them lie;
 The ghost is somehow gone. A piece of lead
 Passed like a thought of blunt despair
 Through the warm brain—and the brain thought no more.

Yet, less than two months since, I saw that man
 Alive, mud on his polished boots . . . Ah, yes!
 I spoke of that. It should not seem so strange.

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

VIII—THE CASE OF BENNETT BURLEY, THE LAKE ERIE "PIRATE"

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

TO those whose memories go back to the days of the American Civil War, the name of Bennett Graham Burley will recall a notable episode connected with that struggle, and one of the greatest legal battles ever fought in a Canadian court. The case was, in some of its features, not unlike that of Alexander McLeod, which formed the subject of the first article of the present series. In both, the central figure was an adventurous Scotsman; both arose from acts of a hostile character, involving the seizure of ships; and both raised questions of international law, upon the adjudication of which hung the issue of peace or war between Great Britain and the United States.

On the morning of 19th September, 1864, the *Philo Parsons*, a steamer of two hundred tons plying between the different ports on Lake Erie, left Detroit on one of her regular trips to Sandusky. Among the passengers, some fifty in number, was a young man whose gentlemanly appearance and affable manners singled him out for attention. He was "dressed like a Canadian," and seemed out for a holiday. Sociable with the men on board, he was most attentive to the ladies. When one of them sat down to play the piano in the cabin, it was he who turned over the music. He chatted with them freely, looked after their comfort on deck, and in various other ways proved himself an agreeable companion. At Sandwich, the

first port of call, he was joined by three friends, who were also "dressed like Canadians," and had the appearance and bearing of gentlemen.

Amherstburg was the next stopping-place, and here some twenty men came on board. They were rough-looking fellows who, it was supposed, had crossed to Canada to escape being drafted into the United States army, and were returning to their homes. With them came a large black trunk, bound with cord, presumably containing their belongings. The four "Canadians" affected no knowledge of or interest in the new arrivals; they continued to be "sociable and pleasant," and the *Philo Parsons* proceeded on her run without the slightest suspicion in the mind of anyone on board of the startling denouement in preparation.

All went merrily until the vessel had reached a point well within American waters. Then suddenly a change came over the peaceful and happy scene on board. Drawing a revolver, the young man, who had been such a favourite with the passengers generally, rushed up to the purser and peremptorily ordered him into his cabin, threatening to shoot him if he refused. One of his companions attended to the mate in a similar manner, while, simultaneously, the men who had boarded the steamer at Amherstburg made a dash for the trunk they had brought with them, armed themselves with revolvers

and hatchets, drove the passengers into their cabins and declared themselves in possession of the ship.

A few hours later, the captured vessel put into Middle Bass Island, where another steamer, the *Island Queen*, was seized. Then, after being enjoined to "keep their mouths shut for twenty-four hours," the ladies were put ashore; the purser, Ashley, who had meanwhile been relieved of his money, was also allowed to land, and the male passengers were placed in the hold of the *Philo Parsons*, which sailed away with the *Island Queen* in tow. Soon afterwards, however, the latter was scuttled, while the *Philo Parsons* was headed towards a point near Sandwich and abandoned, her captors rowing ashore and disappearing.

Such were the circumstances, as subsequently related in court, of an exploit which roused the United States to fury, and caused grave disquietude in Canada. It soon became known that the filibusters were Confederate refugees who had sought asylum in the Province, and who, while resident there, had planned and organized the expedition, presumably with the object of striking a blow against their enemy. Canada's responsibility in the matter was therefore far from negligible. By the Yankee press she was openly charged with flagrant violation of her neutrality and actually threatened with invasion if steps were not promptly taken to bring the offenders to justice. Nor was the Lake Erie affair the only source of irritation and anxiety. While the United States were clamouring for satisfaction in respect to that "act of piracy," fuel was added to the flame of their animosity by the depredations of another band of Confederates, who, using Canada as a base, crossed the frontier and raided and looted the town of St. Albans. Here then was a pretty situation for the Canadian authorities, already beset with difficulties of their own, to tackle.

The machinery of the law was immediately put in motion, and a search instituted for the marauders, but it was not until after the lapse of two months that a "Captain Bell" was arrested at Guelph and identified as the leader of the party who had captured the *Philo Parsons* and the *Island Queen*. Removed to Toronto, he was arraigned on a charge of piracy, which was subsequently modified to one of robbery. On this ground the United States at once demanded his extradition under the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty.

In the course of the preliminary proceedings, it developed that the name of the prisoner was not Bell, but Bennett Graham Burley, while public interest in the case was intensified by the discovery that he was a British subject. Burley was, in fact, a Scotsman who belonged to a type that has been common in his country since the days of the early Stuarts. He had "the national disposition to wandering and to adventure" which, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, "conduced to lead Scots abroad into the military service of countries at war." And, as the great romancist further points out, it was not a characteristic of that class to be too punctilious either in the choice of service or in the observance of its rules. "A cavalier of honour in search of his fortune might, for example, change his service as he would his shirt, fight like the doughty Dugald Dalgetty in one cause after another without regard to the justice of the quarrel, and might plunder . . . with the most unrelenting capacity." Burley was not exactly a Dugald Dalgetty, but his career, and the circumstances of at least one of his exploits seemed to indicate that he was not lacking in some of the qualities which distinguished that versatile soldier of fortune.

Born in Greenock, he had early taken to a life of adventure. After spending some time at sea he had enrolled himself in the British Legion

formed to assist Garibaldi in his campaign of liberation in Italy, but, with the adaptability characteristic of his type, had exchanged the red shirt for the dress of the Papal Guards, fighting, first on the one side and then on the other. On the outbreak of the American Civil War he had turned for fresh excitement to the hazardous work of blockade running, and his daring and resource commending themselves to the Confederate authorities, he had been given a commission in their navy. Of his services as an officer there is no record, save that he took part in certain mine-laying operations in Charleston harbour. Taken prisoner in the summer of 1864, he escaped to Canada, and it was while staying with relatives at Guelph and Woodville that he planned and organized the coup which set three countries in a blaze and earned for him world-wide notoriety.

Never did a "pirate" look the part less. About twenty-eight years of age, he was of average height, and of comparatively slight frame, with "a smooth, almost girlish face," frank and open in its expression. Indeed, his attractive appearance and gentlemanly bearing seem to have impressed those who saw him in court quite as much as they had his fair captives on board the *Philo Parsons*.

While robbery was a sufficient ground for extradition according to the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty, it was generally recognized that behind that charge ranged issues vastly more important. The fact that Burley was a British subject stood out clearly in his favour from a Canadian point of view, and a disposition to give him a square deal was not lessened by the truculent attitude of the United States. At the beginning of the Civil War Canada's sympathies had been largely with the North, in token of which over forty thousand of her sons had crossed the frontier and enrolled themselves under the Union banner. But the Trent affair and other "regrettable incidents"

arising out of the struggle, the marked hostility the United States had displayed towards Great Britain, and repeated threats of invasion had not been without effect upon the public sentiment of the Province, which at this period was for the most part undoubtedly favourable to the cause of the Confederates. As was to be expected in such circumstances, Burley's case served but to accentuate the division of opinion. Confederate sympathizers and Abolitionists in Canada became Burleyites and anti-Burleyites. On the one side the prisoner was lauded as a British hero, who had risked his life in a noble cause; on the other he was denounced as a miserable adventurer, no better than a pirate who had abused the hospitality of the Province and violated her laws. Needless to say, this play of passion and prejudice did not lessen the anxiety of the authorities, nor lighten the task of our judges.

The case passed through several stages, and occupied many days. At the Toronto Police Court the warrant of arrest was found to be defective and the prisoner was discharged. He was immediately re-arrested on a second warrant, for authority to amend which application was made to the Queen's Bench. Chief Justice Draper, and Justices Hagarty and Morrison held that the second warrant was no better than the first, and Burley was again liberated. While leaving the court-room, however, he was for the third time apprehended, and the order this time being in proper form, evidence was taken before Recorder Duggan.

The prisoner was defended by Mr. M. C. Cameron, Q.C., of whom we have had occasion to speak in a previous article. He had already shown his grasp of the principles of international law in his masterly defence of Anderson, the fugitive slave, and he threw himself into the fight for Burley's liberty with no less zeal and ability. The Canadian Government was represented by Mr. R. A. Harri-

son, Q.C., one of the leaders of the Bar in the sixties, who afterwards became Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; while Mr. Stephen Richards, Q.C., a brilliant member of a great legal family, together with the District Attorney of Detroit, appeared on behalf of the United States.

The facts concerning the seizure of the *Philo Parsons*, as set forth in the evidence taken before the Recorder, have already been narrated, and they admitted of little dispute. There was ample proof that it was Burley who had boarded the vessel at Detroit, played the gallant, and led the attacking party. Indeed, except in regard to one or two details, counsel for the defence made no attempt to challenge the credibility of the witnesses who told the story of the capture. His efforts were rather directed to proving that the robbery of the purser was merely incidental to an operation which, in design and character, bore the character of a duly authorized act of war, and was, therefore, beyond the jurisdiction of the court. In support of this plea, Burley submitted an affidavit declaring that he was an officer in the Confederate navy, that in the seizure of the *Philo Parsons* he had acted under the authority of the Confederate Government, and that his object had been, not to plunder or to commit piracy, but to aid in the capture of the Federal war vessel *Michigan*, guarding Johnson's Island, and in the release of Confederate prisoners confined on that island. These statements were, to some extent, borne out by the evidence given by several ex-Confederate officers, who testified that they had known the prisoner to be connected with the service, but something more was required to prove them, and the proofs could only be procured from Richmond. Accordingly, Mr. Cameron pressed for a month's adjournment which, in spite of the protests of the opposing counsel, was granted; and messengers were at once despatched to the Confederate capital for the

necessary information. The mission was a dangerous one, for in order to reach their objective, the messengers had to pass through the Federal lines; but among the Confederate refugees in Toronto were brave men who, out of loyalty to a comrade, and for the sake of the cause he stood for, were prepared to risk their lives.

It was a dramatic moment when on the resumption of the trial, Mr. Cameron was able to announce that his couriers had succeeded in running the gauntlet and had procured what he confidently believed would establish the case he had endeavoured to set up. There was first an authenticated copy of Burley's commission as Acting Master in the Confederate navy. That was important enough, but it was accompanied by something far more impressive. "We were asked to produce proof that the prisoner had acted under authority," said Mr. Cameron, with a note of triumph in his voice; "I have here a document which should set at rest all doubts on that point." The document was a special message signed by the hand of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States!

A more remarkable "production" is probably not to be found in the records of our Canadian courts, and as it has a distinct historical value apart from its bearing on the case, it may be quoted *in extenso*. Dated 24th December, 1864, it ran:

"Whereas it has been made known to me that Bennett G. Burley, an Acting Master in the navy of the Confederate States, is now under arrest in one of the British North American Provinces on an application made by the Government of the United States for the delivery to that Government of the said Bennett G. Burley under the treaty known as the Extradition Treaty, now in force between the United States and Great Britain;

"And whereas it has been represented to me that the said demand for the extradition of the said Bennett G. Burley is based on the charge that the said Burley is a fugitive from justice accused of having committed the crimes and robbery and piracy within the jurisdiction of the United States;

"And whereas it has further been made known to me that the accusations and charges made against the said Bennett G. Burley are based solely on the acts and conduct of the said Burley in an enterprise or expedition made, or attempted, in the month of September last for the capture of the steamer Michigan, an armed vessel of the United States navigating on the lakes on the boundary line between the United States and the said British North American Provinces, and for the release of numerous citizens of the Confederate States held as prisoners of war by the United States at a certain island called Johnson's Island;

"And whereas the said enterprise, or expedition, for the capture of the said armed steamer Michigan, and for the release of the said prisoners on Johnson's Island was a proper and legitimate belligerent operation undertaken during the pending public war between the two Confederacies known respectively as the Confederate States of America and the United States of America, which operation was ordered, directed, and sustained by the authority of the Government of the Confederate States, and confided to its commissioned officers for execution, among which officers is Bennett G. Burley;

"Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do hereby declare, and make known, to all whom it may concern, that the expedition aforesaid, undertaken in the month of September last for the capture of the steamer Michigan, a vessel of war of the United States, and for the release of the prisoners of war, citizens of the Confederate States of America, held captive by the United States of America on Johnson's Island, was a belligerent expedition ordered and undertaken under the authority of the Confederate States of America, against the United States of America, and that the Government of the Confederate States of America assumes the responsibility of answering for the acts and conduct of any of its officers engaged in the said expedition, and especially of the said Bennett G. Burley, an Acting Master in the navy of the Confederate States;

"And I do further make known to all whom it may concern that in the order and instructions given to the officers engaged in the said expedition, they were specially directed and enjoined to 'abstain from violating any of the laws and regulations of the Canadian or British authorities in relating to neutrality,' and that the combination necessary to effect the purpose of the said expedition 'must be made by Confederate soldiers with such assistance as they might draw from the enemy's country.'"

The object and significance of such an avowal could not be mistaken. In the McLeod case the doctrine had been laid down by Great Britain, and accepted by the United States, that once a Government assumed responsibility for the act of an individual, that act became national in its character, and was no longer subject to the jurisdiction of the criminal courts; and as Great Britain had acknowledged the belligerent rights of the Confederate States it seemed to follow that the same principle would apply in the present instance. The result, however, proved altogether different from what had been intended or anticipated. In his anxiety to shield Burley, President Davis had made the mistake of protesting too much. Not content with defending the former's exploit as a legitimate belligerent operation, and accepting responsibility for it, he had gone out of his way to disclaim any intention of violating the neutrality of Canada, declaring that his officers had been strictly warned against doing so. This was giving the case away with a vengeance, for it was obvious that if the prisoner had been "specially directed and enjoined to abstain from violating the laws and regulations of the Canadian authorities," he had flagrantly disobeyed his instructions. And, as counsel for the United States and Canadian Governments were quick to point out, that implied a deviation from duty sufficient to deprive him of the rights of a belligerent. It was in vain that Mr. Cameron strove to offset the effects of the President's slip; the Recorder found that "a flagrant violation of the public law had been committed, and a grave injustice done to Canada," and ordered committal.

The decision was by no means popular. Public demonstrations of protest were held; the Recorder was bitterly attacked by a section of the press in sympathy with the Confederate cause, and the prisoner's counsel was serenaded by bands. It was apparent that the case could not end

here. Accordingly, application was made for a writ of Habeas Corpus, and the "Battle of Burley" entered upon its final and most important stage before a court composed of the Honourable W. H. Draper, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; the Honourable W. B. Richards, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; the Honourable J. Hagarty, Queen's Bench; and the Honourable J. Wilson, of the Court of Common Pleas. Judges renowned alike for their talent, learning, and integrity, they formed a tribunal well fitted to try a case of such moment.

Into the arguments presented before their lordships by Messrs. Cameron, Richards, and Harrison it is unnecessary to enter in detail. They covered a wide field, and displayed a prodigious amount of research. There was involved, not merely the law of the Province, but the international law of the civilized world. The protection of subjects, the inviolability of asylum, the rights of belligerents, the duties of neutrals, and the sovereign powers of governments—these were among the problems that presented themselves for consideration. And back of them all was the graver issue of peace or war. Glancing over the speeches of counsel, one is lost in a maze of references to learned authorities, weighty precedents, and recon-dite doctrines, ancient and modern, revealing complexities of international law undreamed of by the lay mind.

Patiently, courteously, and with a manifest desire to do justice to the case in all its intricate bearings, the judges picked their way through the legal tangle, elucidating a principle here, disposing of an irrelevant point there, but never losing sight of the facts as disclosed in the evidence. Public excitement was intense; Confederation was for the moment forgotten, and diplomatists and statesmen in London, Washington, and Richmond awaited the issue with anxiety. But within the walls of Osgoode Hall, regardless of the

clamour of the crowd, and uninfluenced by considerations of State, Chief Justice Draper and his associates pursued their task with a calm dignity that was in accord with the best traditions of their high office.

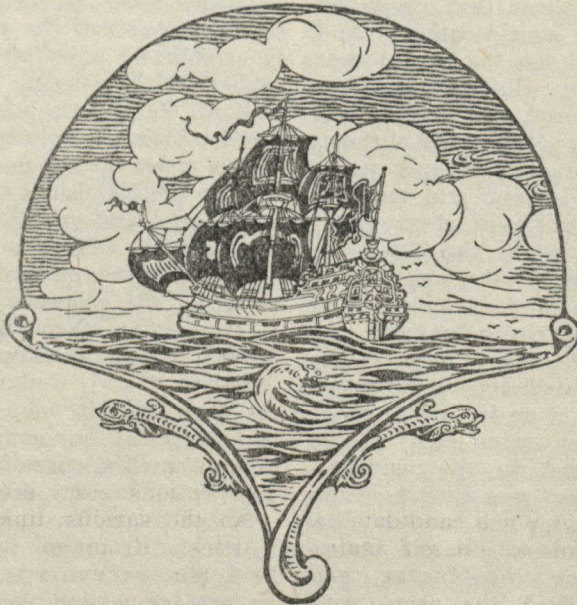
At last, after days of grave suspense, the decisive moment was reached when the court assembled to give judgment. Osgoode Hall, Toronto, was packed with an excited throng, and crowds gathered on the street to hear the verdict. In the silvery tones that in his political days had earned for him the sobriquet of "Sweet William," Chief Justice Draper delivered the leading opinion. Addressing himself to the question of whether the prisoner could claim the exemption accorded to belligerents, he pointed out that President Davis's manifesto, though put forward as a shield, did not extend to what had actually been done; on the contrary it disavowed the very thing of which Burley had been guilty, namely, the violation of neutral territory, and that, in his lordship's view, was sufficient to deprive the expedition of the character of lawful hostility. Taken by themselves, the acts of the prisoner clearly established a *prima facie* case of robbery with violence; therefore, the writ of Habeas Corpus must be refused. The other judges concurred, laying stress on the necessity for observing the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty, and maintaining the laws of neutrality. Mr. Justice J. Wilson was particularly outspoken. He characterized the prisoner's proceedings as "mean in their inception, and ignoble in their development and termination," and declared that they could not permit "our neutral rights to be invaded, our country made the base of warlike operations, or the refuge from flagrant crimes."

Notwithstanding the high respect in which the judges were deservedly held, the decision was received with no greater favour than the Recorder's. Among Confederate sympathizers, who, as has already been stated,

were in the majority, it was bitterly condemned as a base and humiliating surrender to the United States, and an eminent lawyer in the Lower Province even went so far as to characterize it as "a disgrace to the judiciary of Upper Canada." It is certainly remarkable that in the St. Alban's case, in which practically the same questions were at issue, the decision, pronounced only a few weeks later, was directly the reverse. To reconcile the two judgments would be difficult, but in the conflict of judicial opinion there was at any rate safety. The surrender of Burley conciliated the United States; the release of the St. Alban's raiders consoled the Confederates, and, by thus accommodating herself to both, Canada was able to extricate herself from a delicate and dangerous situation. In the meantime there had been an exchange of diplomatic correspondence between Great Britain and the United States in regard to the case, which resulted in a hint to the Canadian authorities

that "more adequate" measures for the protection of their neutrality would be appreciated by her Majesty's Government, a hint that led to the passage of the Alien Act.

As to Bennett Graham Burley, the principal in the case, he was smuggled out of gaol in the dead of night to avoid any attempt at rescue, hustled across the frontier to Detroit, and, strangely enough, later on, he had an active and distinguished career as a war correspondent for *The London Daily Telegraph*, and was the author of several books. He observed the Egyptian war and the various Soudan campaigns, the French annexation of Madagascar, the Ashanti war, the Spanish expedition in Morocco, the first Greco-Turkish war, the Tripolitan war, the Somali war, the South African war, the Russo-Japanese war, the Balkan war, and died in London on June 17th, 1914, just as the greatest war of them all was about to begin. As a journalist, he went by the name "Burleigh."



DIRECT AND INDIRECT BEGGING

BY S. T. WOOD

DIRECT appeals for charity are punished by imprisonment, while indirect solicitation by voluntary charitable workers and by those who obtain percentage on collections for charity organizations is regarded as commendable. The moral is, even for a mendicant who hates entrenched monopolies, to solicit for or from an established institution. The two lines of appeal cannot be distinguished as amateur and professional, neither is it possible to apply the British distinction between jolly beggars who take everything offered and gentle beggars who take money only. The classes naturally divide themselves into direct and indirect, or non-union and organized. A candidate in a recent Toronto municipal election retired in disgust because he was assailed by a multitude of applicants for charity. The indirect greatly predominated, but the direct were by no means lacking. He felt himself a moving target. All the organized begging combinations made him a mark for their special activity. He asserted on retiring that he was neither a national bank nor a charitable organization. Whether he meant that such institutions would be better able than he to meet the demands or better able to dodge the applicants was not made clear.

A man who is not a candidate for an office can protect himself against direct mendicants by turning them over to the police, but against the indirect all are helpless. Hands are forever held out. A candidate is easy

prey for both direct and indirect mendicancy, because he cannot afford to offend anyone.

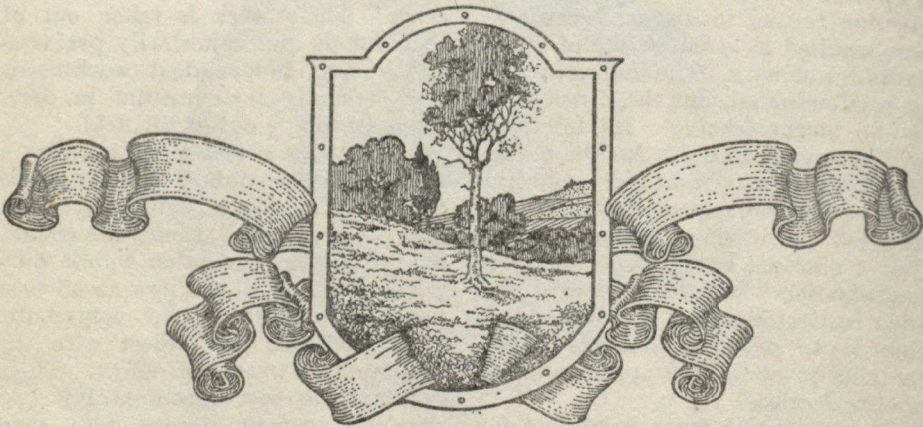
Elected representatives have no hesitation about putting direct mendicants out of business. Their needy condition is a disquieting and accusing proof of governmental failure, and they have no influence that can be used in retaliation. With indirect mendicancy the case is entirely different. It is in the hands of people of influence whom no man with ordinary responsibilities, much less a candidate for electoral support, can afford to offend. It serves also to relieve the elected of duties they do not like or are incapable of performing. They shirk their duty to collect necessary funds by regular systems of taxation. Their work is taken out of their hands and voluntarily performed by such independent workers as were recently instrumental in driving a candidate out of the field.

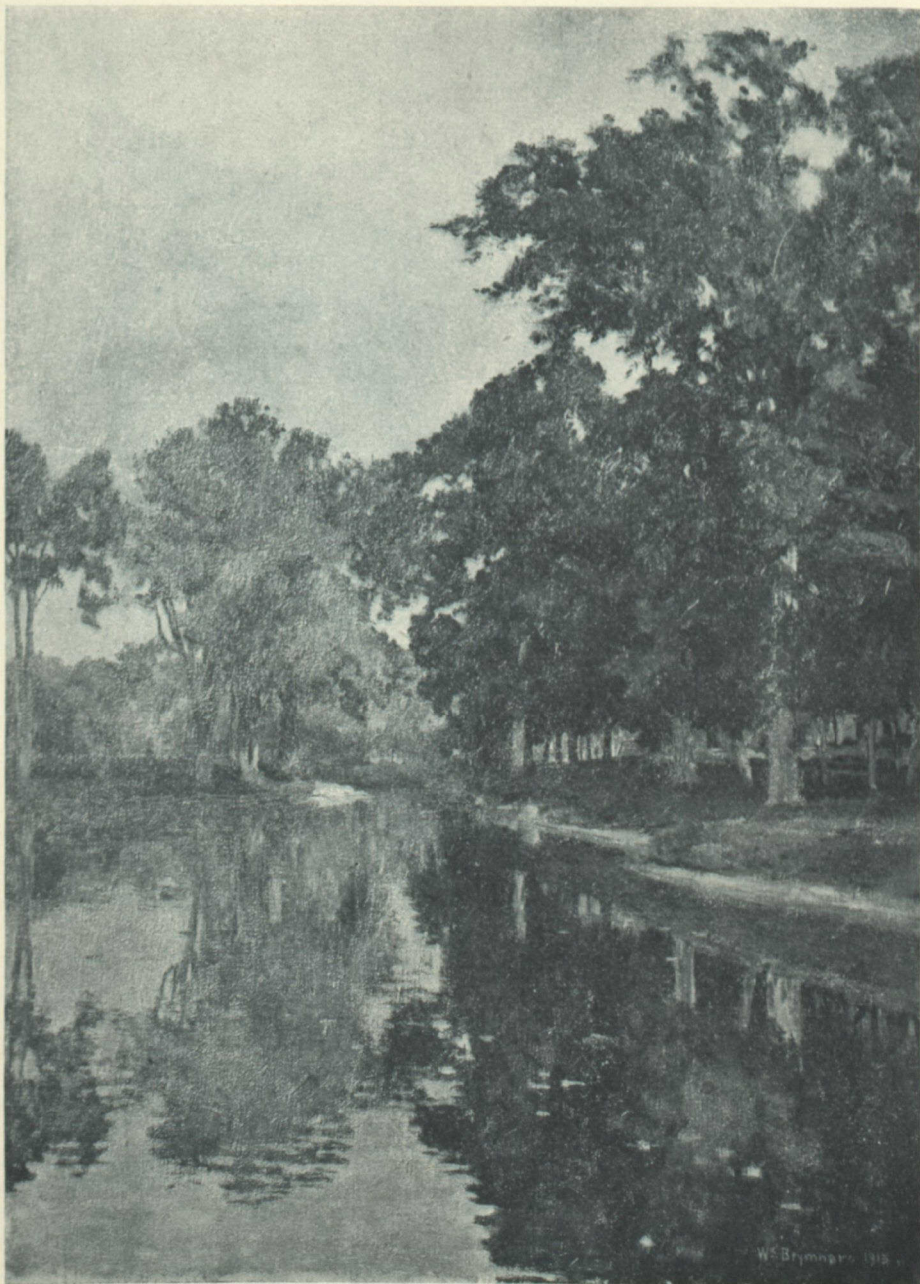
It is a poor recommendation that a system relieves public men of public duties. The tax-collectors are the men to provide all funds for charitable, patriotic, and other public purposes to which all are now asked in a happy-go-lucky way to contribute. Public officials can collect with the minimum of waste and effort. Their notifications cost incomparably less than the various dinners, teas, card parties, dramatic entertainments, sporting tournaments, and other irregular collecting agencies. The tax collector's rule to take from every man according to his ability to pay,

so far as it can be discovered, may not be ideal, but it is far better than the present method of taking from each according to the generosity of his impulses, his patriotism, his vanity, his good nature, his fear of offending or appearing mean, his weakness toward his friends or his general desire to do as others do.

The supplanting of all collecting agencies and indirect mendicancies by the tax collector would have also the incalculable advantage of complete official supervision over distribution. The ratio of costs to results could be discovered at any time. There would be no polite reserve about asking questions. The British Government after investigating some important charities found it necessary to take repressive measures on account of inability to discover where the money was going. Under the supervision of the tax collector such difficulties could not arise. It is charged that our people are so lacking in patriotism that they will not pay direct-

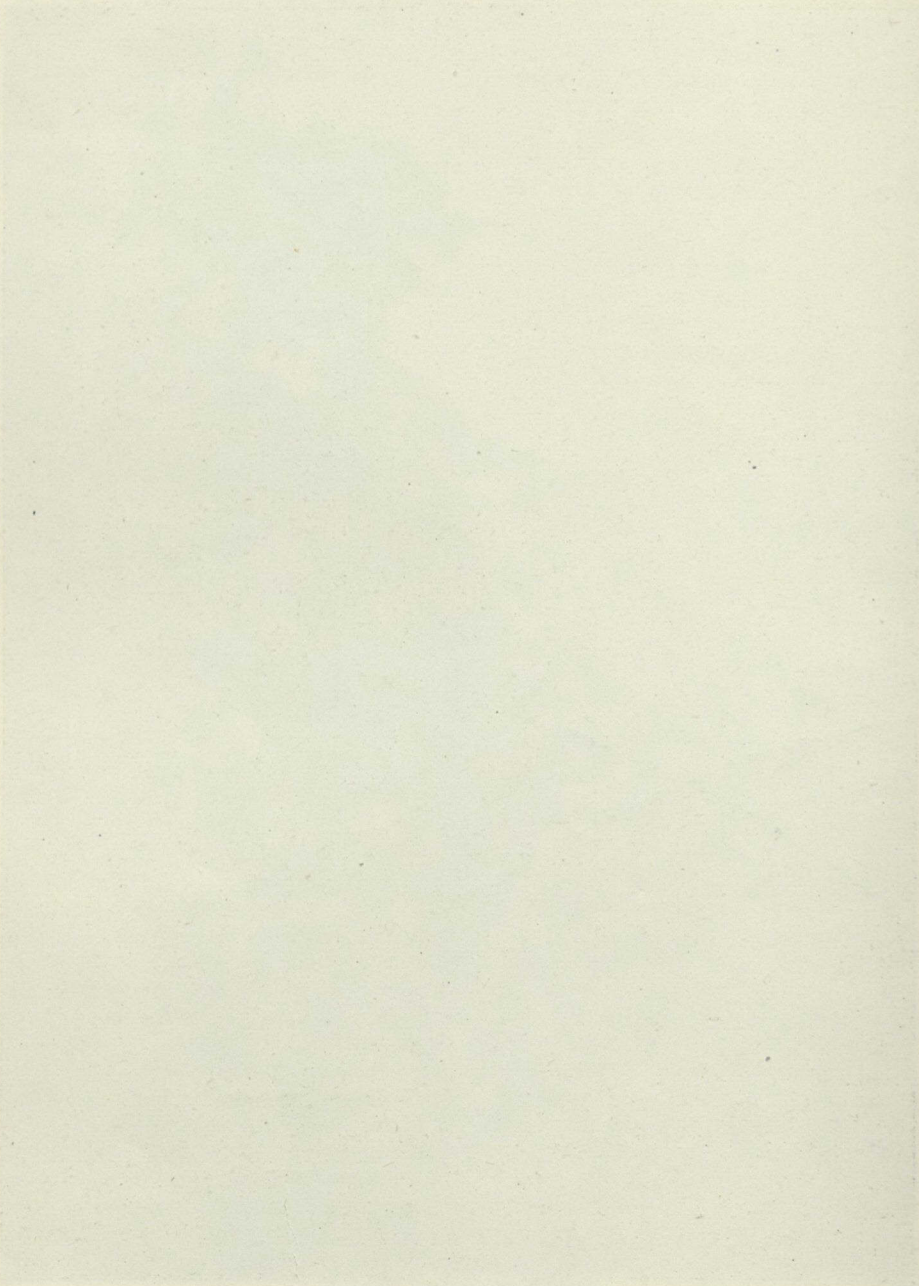
ly for ordinary public services. Even if this were true the condition is not relieved by the substitution of a multitude of collecting agencies for the tax collector. The many funds to which people are asked to contribute are not created by magic. They are gathered by means much more costly in money and effort than the collection of equal amounts in taxation. However laudable and altruistic the efforts of voluntary workers, they are sustaining a system which promotes burdensome waste. It is more costly to contribute a dollar each to a dozen funds than to contribute twelve dollars to one fund. If for the various funds to which people are now contributing with commendable zeal and praiseworthy motive there were substituted one fund, the municipal treasury, collected by the taxation machinery and distributed under public criticism in accordance with a developed public sentiment, it would bring a more satisfactory ratio between cost and results.

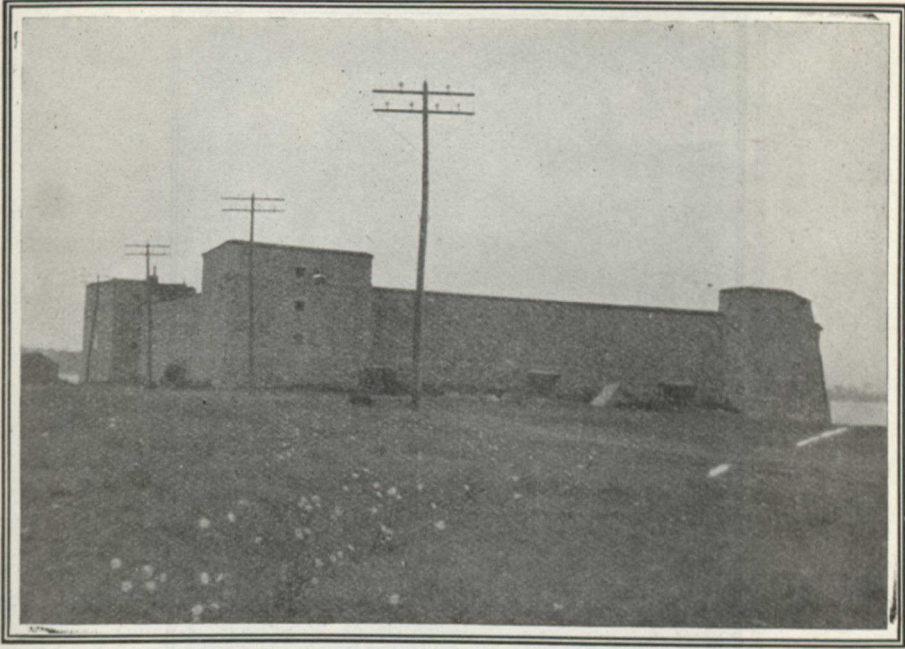




LATE AFTERNOON

From the Painting by William Brymner
Contributed to the Canadian Patriotic Fund





FORT CHAMBLY AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

A TRAIL OF THE OLD REGIME

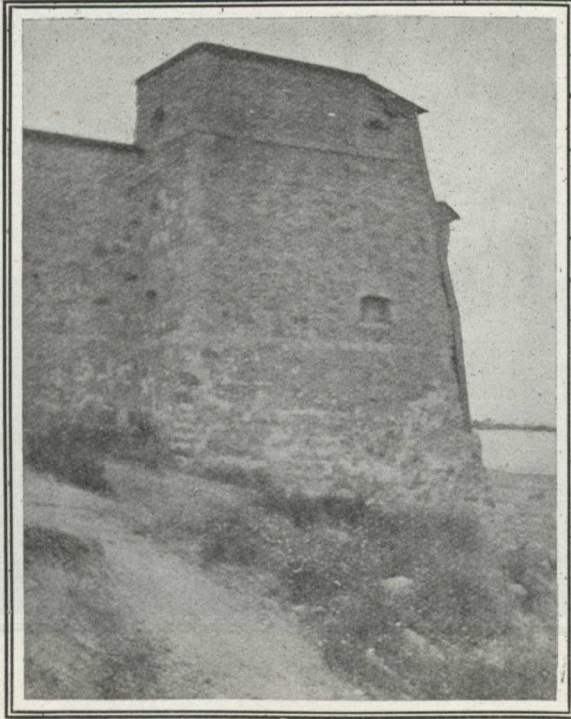
BY M. O. HAMMOND

IT was a significant coincidence that on the day on which I beheld the box-like walls of Fort Chambly, the acme of defiance two centuries ago, the almost invisible but much more powerful walls of Namur succumbed to a short bombardment by modern artillery. Silent, grass-grown, abandoned except for its white-haired curator, who guards alike its secrets and its portals, it stands by the murmuring rapids, an almost forgotten link with the struggle for the mastery of a continent.

Its riverside wall has crumbled, but barbed wire and a rocky glacis are forbidding even to the curious tourist. Approached from the south it had a Prussian air of "Verboten," except for the suggestion of vagabondia supplied by a gypsy camp, tarry-

ing on the broad highway of life. On the west there was a towering wall that must have discouraged the foes of past centuries. Only on the north was there a hint of welcome. Here the massive doorway bore in chiselled letters the great names of early Canada, already recorded on the more enduring scroll of history.

Silent and threatening, the fort stood, only a reminder of the past. One's mind was lost in the Old Régime, and the figures of Champlain, DeTracy, Courcelle, Montcalm, Montgomery, and a host of others trooped past in fancy. This relic surely belonged to them and should be dedicated to their memory. But above the song of the river came the shouts and laughter of children. It was a happy colony of "fresh air" seekers,

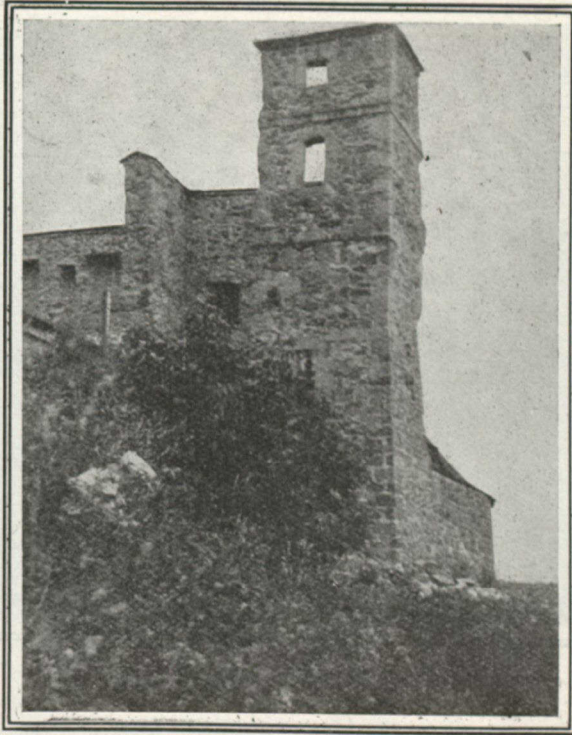


A BASTION AT FORT CHAMBLY

tired mothers and half-nourished youngsters, whom kindly philanthropists had sent from the slums of Montreal. They had rooms in the old officers' quarters, and in daylight the unleashed children had the run of many acres of field and roadside. Their very presence seemed an incongruity in the country of the hardy Frenchmen, the *coureurs-de-bois* and the Indians, who scarcely knew the shelter of a roof.

Up and down the river, whose breezes now refreshed an enervated urban race, for a century and a half moved armies and flotillas in the warfare between the French and Algonquins on the one side and the English and Iroquois on the other. The summer of 1609, when Champlain put on the map the Richelieu River and the lake he named for himself, was a costly period in the Old Régime, for the playful shots of the Frenchmen

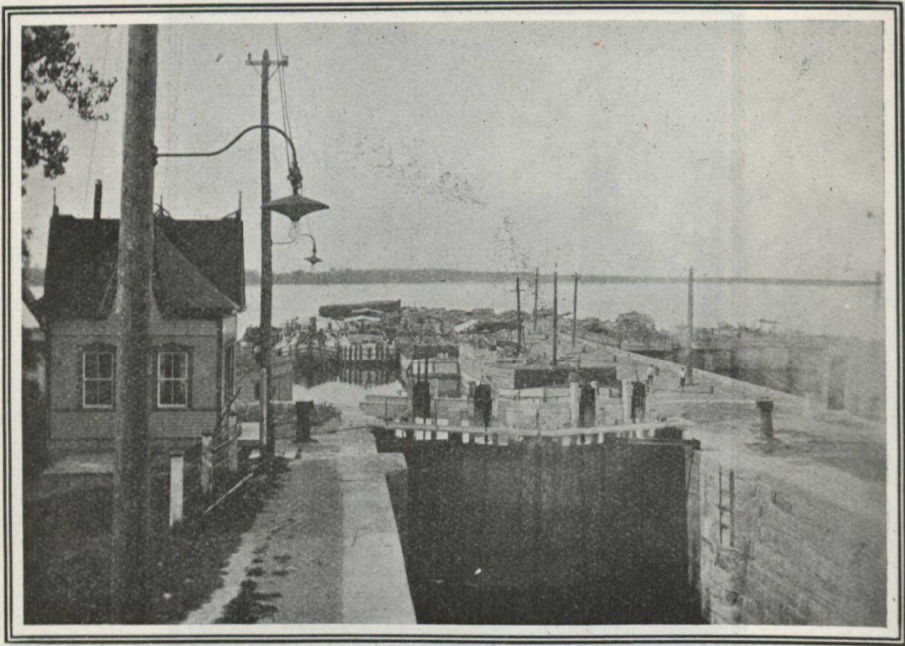
at the unlearned and unarmed Iroquois brought an endless menace and many revenges. When Champlain toiled up the river with twenty-four canoes and his own large skiff, he abandoned the latter at the rapids and portaged the canoes through the thick forest. To-day a canal dating from the expanding forties of last century sidesteps the rapids, and columns of barges lock through, to and from Quebec and Lake Champlain and Albany. Early in the French régime the strategic value of the river was apparent, and Chambly was the scene of one of a string of forts which at different points were to protect the colony from the audacious English and the bloodthirsty Iroquois. The original fort at Chambly, called Fort Ponchartrain, was built in 1665, under De Tracy's order, and a year later Courcelle passed this way with 500 men en route to chastise the Iroquois.



FALLING BASTION, FORT CHAMBLY

The monotonous drab of a Canadian summer landscape did not suggest the stirring past of this old Iroquois trail, but the shadowy outlines of Belœil Mountain seemed a part of its romance. The river on whose banks once lived almost half the people of Canada has become a mere competitor in inland transportation. Railway trains with passengers, be they never so important, shriek by in the night in luxurious content, but on the river the mighty flotillas with governors and commanders have given place to blunt-nosed barges, with a stooping figure at the tiller and an ample matron beside a flapping washing. Belœil has seen the evolution, and it alone is unchanged. It saw Champlain go forth under the sturdy oaks and walnuts overhanging the river when he thrust a stick into the Iroquois hornets' nest. The spacious days of Louis Quatorze and Ver-

sailles, the expanding Colonial régime of Colbert—these had their reflection in the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu. Frontenac ascended the great river to Lake Ontario, LaSalle, Marquette, and Joliet went half way across the continent, LeVerendrye, son of the Governor of Three Rivers, explored the Saskatchewan, and his son discovered the Rocky Mountains. The Old Régime had its glory and its inevitable end for a people whose powers of colonization waned with the passing of the strong centralizing forces. Coureurs-de-bois, those half-savage representatives of French civilization, wandered at will through the wilds, and in 1690 formed one of Frontenac's war parties up the Richelieu for a raid on the Iroquois. To-day we look with a degree of pride on their independence and abandon and admire their colourful life as depicted by the artist.



THE CANAL AT CHAMBLY

In vivid contrast to the skin-clad *coureurs-de-bois*, the men of the Carignan Regiment stood out, for the courtly design and ravishing colour of their uniform. Men who had fought the Turk in Hungary brought an Alice blue of an earlier age to the dusky woods of the Richelieu. If their striking uniforms did not long endure, they have left an undying legacy to the place names of the valley. In Chambly, Berthier, LeValtrie, Boucher, Sorel, Vercheres, Varennes, St. Ours, and Contrecoeur they have perpetuated in musical words the names of some of their officers. The valley, though outwardly differing slightly from the landscape of the border States, is filled with saintly names which call up the past. These officers settling in the Richelieu valley received large grants of land from Louis XIV. and became feudal chiefs in a modified way. Jacques Chambly, chief proprietor along the river, and afterwards Governor of Acadia for Louis XIV., built himself a good

house, and with cattle and sheep supplied by the King was able to live in reasonable comfort. This settlement of retired but still potential soldiers formed a considerable part of Frontenac's defence when Captain John Schuyler made his raid on the valley and on La Prairie, near Montreal, in 1690, as an incident to divert the French from Quebec at the time of the attack by Sir William Phipps. Frontenac hastened to Quebec and there received the bold demand from Phipps's messenger to surrender the city, and gave his famous reply:

"Tell your general the only answer I will give will be from the mouth of my cannon and musketry."

Things were getting too warm for the little old-fashioned fort at Chambly, which had fallen into poor condition. In 1709 a recommendation that it be reconstructed was sent to France for approval. Before an answer was received the impatient colonists took the matter into their own hands and built, in 1711, the

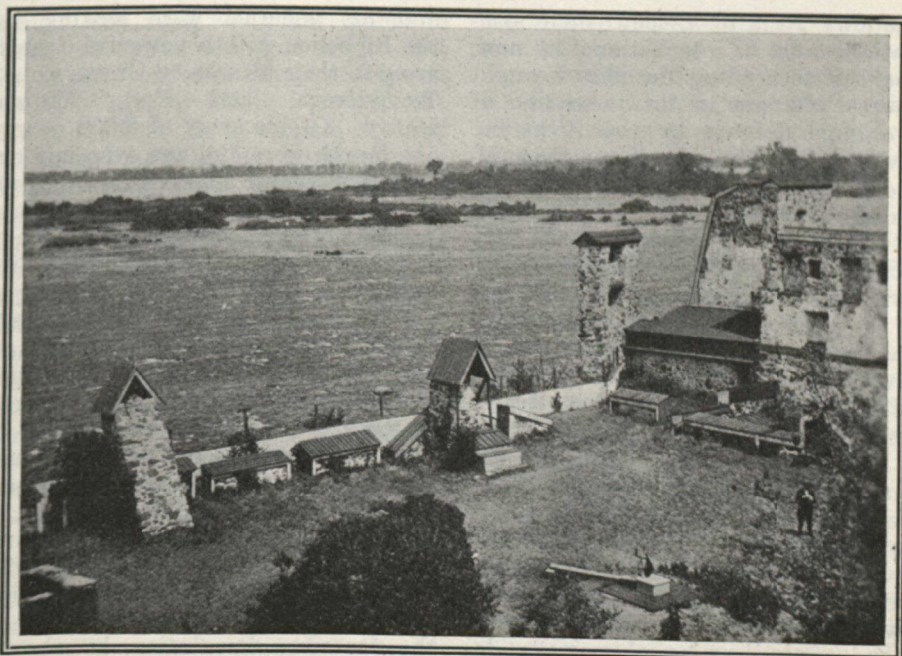


A FIRST OF JULY CELEBRATION WITHIN THE WALLS OF FORT CHAMBLY

structure which remains to-day, from plans prepared by de Levy, the King's engineer at Montreal, and the work was done by both civil and military

labour. The fort is some 200 feet square and its walls are of reddish stone.

If there be any spirits atop the



THE RICHELIEU RIVER AND RAPIDS, FROM THE TOP OF FORT CHAMBLY



MR. J. O. DION
THE KEEPER, FORT CHAMBLY

said, "You shall never have cause to blush for your Montgomery." Not so much from a military standpoint could be said by Major Stopford, the British officer in command of Fort Chambly, with eighty regulars. He might have held out indefinitely against anything but heavy artillery, but when Montgomery, encouraged by the sympathy of many of the habitants, hurled a few nine-pound shots at the walls of Chambly, Stopford surrendered at discretion in thirty-six hours on October 18th, 1775. This was not so bad, but he omitted to throw into the river his stores and war material, without which the Americans could not have persisted in the invasion.

A large force was stationed at Chambly during the War of 1812, numbering in 1814 as high as 6,000 men. The whole vicinity of the fort formed a camp ground, but the defence was scarcely ever threatened by

the invaders, whose limit of approach was Isle aux Noix. If Chambly was not a factor in the war, it was represented by one of its most distinguished sons, the greatest of her seigniors. A monument in the village depicts the heroic form of General Charles de Salaberry, who early saw service in the West Indies and was commander of the British forces at Chateauguay in 1813, where the defeat of the Americans saved Montreal.

The region was in a ferment during the Rebellion of 1837, and British troops took part in a nearby skirmish, but generally speaking the garrison which occupied the fort until its abandonment a few years ago led prosaic and uneventful lives.

More cosmopolitan becomes Chambly in its place in the sun. Here was born, in 1847, Marie Lajeunesse, who was known to the world as Madame Albani, queen of the operatic stage. Joseph Lajeunesse, her father, was

one of the habitants of the rich Chamblay gardens, who drove his little load of vegetables to the Jacques Cartier market in Montreal, and when he died a few years ago, there was much regret at the passing of a cheery personality. Madame Albani, too, early took the Richelieu route and was educated at Plattsburg and Albany. Subdivisions and villas still perpetuate her name in Chamblay.

Radial cars now invade the quiet of Chamblay, but they cannot rob it of its cherished memories. The fort stands as pompous and as useless as its counterpart, Fort Blunder, on

Lake Champlain, just over the border. Its frown is forbidding, but its power is spent. Its curator, Mr. J. O. Dion, whose ancestors came to Canada in 1634, offers an old-fashioned Gallic welcome to the interested visitor. He treasures scraps of uniforms of other days and a chest of old documents which should some day make an imperishable book. But as the August day wore to its close the impelling thought was of the change and decay of men and governments, of the ceaseless vigil of old Beloeil and the song of the river that goes on forever.

THE GIPSIES' ROAD

By JAMES B. DOLLARD

THE gipsies passed by Barnaclare,
 White metal crackling on their backs;
 The girls wore roses in their hair,
 The men bore treasure in their packs.
 Long had they journeyed o'er the plain,
 Tramping afar from Donegal;
 Through sunshine and the golden rain,
 Hearing the lark and linnet call.
 And long before the sun has set
 They shall have reached my land of dreams,
 Where yellow furze out-blossoms yet,
 And violets twinkle by the streams.
 They shall have reached my chosen strand,
 Where never shall my footsteps stray,
 Where wooded heights, and castles grand,
 And opal skies the eyes repay!
 And I shall never see beyond
 Those hills that shimmer in the sun,
 Though my poor heart, with yearning fond,
 Would follow where the gipsies run.
 Tied to my houses, cows, and land,
 I feel the prison-chain and goad—
 Such riches all I'd give to stand
 Soul-free upon the gipsies' road.



A Park warden, a boundary post, and a cut in timber, showing the international boundary line

FIXING THE BORDER LINE

BY W. McD. TAIT

THE first mention of an International Boundary in Canadian or United States history was in the Quebec Act of 1774, by the terms of which the southern boundary of Canada was made to touch the New England States and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Important changes were made after the American revolutionary war when, in the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, an attempt was made to set down more definite boundaries. The line was to follow the St. Croix River to its source, thence to run due north along a line drawn from its source to the highlands dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic from those falling into the St. Lawrence. Beyond the point where this line touched the St.

Lawrence, midstream in Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Superior, and the Lake of the Woods, with the connecting rivers, was to be the division; while from the Lake of the Woods the boundary was to run "on a due west course to the River Mississippi."

When the treaty was concluded it was found that there was no river bearing the name St. Croix, and this, with the discovery that the Mississippi did not rise as far north as had been thought, led to complications that threatened serious results. To decide which of the named rivers should separate Maine and New Brunswick presented some difficulty. The United States argued in favour of Magaguadavic, which would bring the State of Maine within twenty miles of the

St. Lawrence, lengthening immensely the journey for British troops between the Maritime Provinces and Lower Canada, as was exemplified in the War of 1812, and during the Trent Affair in 1861. Great Britain asked that the Schoodic, or Shoodie, River be the boundary, thus giving Canada a valuable strip of many miles extending north and south. Continued and increasing friction made the difficulty especially acute and led to the appointment of a commission to settle the matter. This was in 1798, and a decision was given in favour of Great Britain, but in it Canada claimed that land was sacrificed which justly belonged to her. The eastern branch of the Schoodic was chosen instead of the western, although the latter is the main stream. The line above the Schoodic remained unsettled for many years, and on more than one occasion it nearly caused war.

Professor W. L. Grant made a valuable contribution to the literature of the international boundary when he wrote:

"By the treaty of 1783 the boundary in dispute was to run due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the Highlands, and then 'along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean.' The obvious and natural meaning of this was the watershed dividing the streams flowing into the St. Lawrence from the head waters of the Restigouche and the St. John. Such was the meaning ascribed to similar words in the days before the American Revolution when the whole country had been British. Such had been the boundary given on all maps drawn between 1763, when Great Britain took over Canada from France, and 1783, when American Independence was recognized. Such had been the boundary drawn on all maps made during the nine months in which the treaty had been discussed in the British Parliament. Indeed, during that discussion one of the chief criticisms of the treaty was that it brought the American boundary so far to the north. The American claim was really irrefutable, and the Americans felt it to be so. In 1827 they had agreed to arbitration, and the matter had been referred to the

King of the Netherlands. It was an unhappy choice, for his Majesty was notoriously under the thumb of Great Britain. While he was studying the question, one-half of his kingdom broke away and set up as the independent State of Belgium, which left him only half a seat to sit on, and made him still more unwilling to offend his powerful neighbour. In 1831 he took refuge in the wisdom of King Solomon, and suggested a division of the territory, a suggestion which the United States rejected, with natural indignation, but with very doubtful international courtesy.

"Yet though in law the American case was unanswerable, in equity Great Britain had something to say. The American claim left her with her maritime colonies almost separated from Lower Canada, a result not contemplated by the treaty-makers of 1783. Those gentlemen had used a map drawn by a British cartographer named Mitchell. Unfortunately Mitchell, trusting for his southern latitudes to British surveyors, and for those along the St. Lawrence to the French, had been led astray, and on his map the watershed of the St. Lawrence was wrongly marked. Rectification of the error would give the United States more than had been intended, just as rectification of the 45th parallel of latitude would give Rouse's Point to Great Britain."

Another British argument was that by running the due north line, it came not to "highlands," but to a marshy plateau, and the word "highlands" obviously meant a "divide." But Great Britain could plead on her side an opinion given in 1802 by Mr. Madison, then American Secretary of State, and afterwards twice President, in which he said that the "highlands" had no definite existence, and that a new line must be substituted. Thus the American claim had against it the verdict of one of her most revered statesmen.

Finally, a compromise was brought about in 1842, Lord Ashburton representing Great Britain, and Mr. Daniel Webster the United States, when the terms of what is known as the Ashburton Treaty were drawn up. Lord Ashburton consented to ignore the "highlands" referred to in the Treaty of Versailles, and agreed to a boundary line running north from the east branch of the Schoodic to the



Boundary Post No. 278 is on the peak of Goat Mountain, which is shown on the left. The altitude is about 7,000 feet. All material had to be carried by men from the shore of Waterton Lake, which is shown, looking southwards.

St. John, and thence along the bed of the latter stream. The point of the north angle of the State of Maine, an area covering some 5,000 square miles (1,000 square miles more than the King of the Netherlands had awarded, but which the United States refused to accept) was given to Britain. While the Maritime Provinces and Lower Canada were brought considerably closer together, when the Intercolonial Railway was built to connect Montreal and St. John, the direct line was forced to build across the corner of Maine. The United States got the disputed Island of St. George in Lake Superior, and the free navigation of the St. John River. A strip of land a mile wide and extending one hundred miles along the 45th parallel of latitude was also given to the United States.

The settlement arranged by Lord Ashburton has been regarded by Canadians as unfair; on the other hand, the same charge has been made by Americans against Webster. The treaty was signed on August 9th,

1842. It passed the United States Senate, though Maine attacked Webster for "the shame and injury" of it. In England, though the measure passed the House, Lord Palmerston denounced it as "the Ashburton Capitulation." Recent historical research seems to prove that the arrangement was eminently fair to both sides, and it is thus recognized to-day in both countries. As Lord Ashburton wrote to Webster, it was seen that "the treaty was a wise and good measure, and good and wise because it was fair."

The uncertainty of the source of the Mississippi River west of the Lake of the Woods called for a conference, which was held in London in 1818 and known as the London Convention of 1818.

The Treaty of Versailles had said that the boundary from the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods should run "on a due west course to the River Mississippi." When a survey was made it was found that the River Mississippi took its rise about

one hundred miles south of a line drawn "due west," and the matter to be decided in 1818 was whether to retain "due west" or "to the River Mississippi." At the Lake of the Woods a second wedge of American territory had been thrust into Canada's side, and the valuable country lying within the angle of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, "which Canadian explorers had discovered and Canadian traders had opened up," had been surrendered without protest. The people of the Dominion were anxious, therefore, that the terms of the treaty should make the boundary run from the Lake of the Woods "to the River Mississippi," but Lord Bathurst, British Secretary of State, and Richard Rush, American Ambassador at London, decided that the meaning had been "due west." The 49th parallel was agreed upon as the line as far as the Rocky Mountains, and for the time being the country beyond the mountains was to be "free and open to both nations." The boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the continental divide is, to-day, that agreed upon by Bathurst and Rush, and the iron posts set at intervals to indicate the line of demarcation have stamped upon them, "Convention of 1818."

With the trend of migration toward the Pacific coast "free and open to both nations," it threatened to make serious trouble west of the backbone of the continent. When the coast Province of Western Canada began to plan its being, a delimitation of the Canadian-American boundary became imperative. The Canadian claim was that the Dominion extended toward the south along the Columbia River to its mouth, taking in nearly all of what is now the State of Washington. The people of the United States began to claim all the Pacific coast up to the southern boundary of Alaska, about the parallel of fifty-four degrees forty minutes. So intent were they in their purpose of securing this territory that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, J. K.

Plok, was swept into power by the slogan "Fifty-four, forty, or fight." Fortunately it proved to be neither "Fifty-four, forty" nor "fight," for in 1846 the Oregon Treaty continued the boundary line along the 49th parallel to the channel separating Vancouver Island from the mainland and following the channel southwesterly to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1871 a Joint High Commission of British and United States delegates met at Washington for the settlement of disputed matters between Canada and the United States. The Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of the newly-formed Dominion of Canada, was present in his country's behalf. The boundary line on the Pacific coast and the ownership of the Island of San Juan were problems dealt with. Both nations had for several years occupied this island jointly, but a transfer to one or the other seemed necessary. The question was referred to the German Emperor, who a year later gave his award in favour of the United States. In the same year (1872) an Interstate Boundary Commission was appointed by the United States and Canada to define the line of demarcation between the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods and the summit of the Rockies.

The Treaty of Washington was the first of the international treaties requiring ratification by the Canadian Parliament before coming into force. The signing of it decided for all time Canada's southern boundary.

But 1872 did not see the settlement of all Canada's boundaries, for in northern British Columbia there was still a tract of land in dispute. Russia once owned Alaska, and in 1825 a treaty was made to settle disputes between British and Russian fur traders on the Pacific coast. In this treaty Russia was confirmed in the possession of a strip reaching down as far south as fifty-four degrees, forty minutes.

In 1867, the year of Confederation,

the United States bought Alaska from Russia, securing all the rights of that nation as laid down in the treaty of 1825. According to this treaty, the boundary was to run as follows:

“Commencing from the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, the line shall ascend to the north along Portland Channel as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the fifty-sixth degree of north latitude; from this point the line shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast.”

The meaning of the treaty was not quite clear, as there were several ranges of mountains running “parallel to the coast.” The course of Portland Channel was in doubt and the settlement of this involved the possession of several islands. Gold was discovered in Yukon Territory in 1895. This region was inaccessible except through the strip given to Russia in 1825, and this now belonged to the United States. The discovery of gold also beyond the disputed territory made the Alaska boundary an all-important question which both nations were anxious to have settled. After considerable negotiation the matter was submitted to the arbitration of three American and three British jurists. Sir Allen Aylesworth and Sir Louis Jette were the two Canadians on this board. The decision was substantially in favour of the American claim. A good deal of feeling was aroused in Canada through the action of Lord Alverstone, the only English member of the board, in agreeing to relinquish two small islands—Sitklan and Kannaghunnutt—without the knowledge of his Canadian confrères. It is thought by many who are not familiar with the facts that but for the action of this English peer Canada would have owned the whole of the “Panhandle.” His decision, however, merely settled the ownership of these islands, and confirmed the location of Portland Channel.

The strategic importance of the



This type of post marks the international boundary line all the way from the Milk River to the Pacific

“Panhandle” to Canada may be seen in a quotation from an address by the Honourable Frank O. Smith, in the United States House of Representatives:

“If you will look at a map showing Alaska in its relation to Canada, you will notice that Alaska consists of two parts, the main body and the Panhandle, the latter comprising the islands of the Alexander Archipelago and a strip of coast on the mainland running southeastward as far as the parallel of 54 degrees, 40 minutes, a mere fringe, 536 miles long, eight to thirty-five miles wide, shutting off Yukon Territory, the northern half of British

Columbia, and the entire Mackenzie Basin from free access to the Pacific. How large do you think is the inhabitable Canadian country thus deprived of its natural seaboard? It measures some 600,000 square miles, three times as much as Germany, ten times as much as England and Wales together. It has the same climate as Europe in the same latitude. In Europe, north of the parallel of 54 degrees 40 minutes, on an area corresponding to the country behind this Panhandle, you find a slice of Ireland, a slice of England, all Scotland, all Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, all Finland, a slice of Germany, and the richest part of Russia; great cities like St. Petersburg, with 1,700,000 inhabitants; Glasgow, with 900,000; Copenhagen, with 500,000. An equal area in Europe in the same latitude contains 25,000,000 inhabitants.

"This innocently imprisoned Canadian country has immense resources in timber, agricultural, and mineral lands. The wealth of all countries is mainly concentrated in their ports—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore—but it is derived from the commerce of the country behind them. The wealth of this Canadian country will necessarily be concentrated in its ports—on American territory. The entire Pacific slope of this country is drenched with rain and possesses tremendous water power. The factories to be driven by that power will necessarily be on tide water in American territory, but the reservoirs furnishing the power will be on Canadian ground. The 25,000,000 captive Canadians who will eventually live behind this Panhandle will constantly be forced to contribute to the enrichment of half a dozen American cities, while these cities will not contribute a cent toward Canadian taxes. What a constant and growing source of vexation and irritation! . . . The only gentlemanly course, the only manly course, open to us is to say to the Canadians: 'We will let you have this Panhandle. What will you give us for it?'"

Coming as it did just at the time of the United States and Canada were celebrating one hundred years of peace, this proposal of the Senator is taken by many to indicate a step in the direction of universal peace. It has been suggested that British Honduras might be exchanged for the "Panhandle." Whatever is given away, it is to be hoped the odds will not be as great as a certain Western editor would have us believe were offered in a mythical "swap" of a

strip along the international boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific, some twenty-five miles wide for the State of Maine. An exchange for the "Panhandle" is a matter for more serious consideration.

Four years after the Treaty of Ghent, when the question of the boundary was agreed upon, an International Convention determined the line between the two countries. Soon after a Joint Commission was sent to mark the boundary, but their work was not finished till 1826, and even then they had only completed their task as far westward as the Lake of the Woods. The portion of the boundary between the summit of the Rockies and the Pacific coast was accomplished during the years 1858 to 1862. The transfer of the Northwest Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion of Canada made necessary the appointment of a Commission in 1872. The British and Canadian Commissioners made their start from Pembina, Dakota, in the autumn of 1872. In the party there were eighteen officers, forty-four non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, and twenty-six employees. The work went steadily on during 1873, and by July, 1874, the Commissioners had reached Milk River, on the Alberta-Montana line; from there they pushed past the Sweet Grass Hills and came in sight of the Rockies. It was the 27th day of August, 1874, that the Commissioners came to the last post of the boundary at the summit of the Rockies. Their work completed, the party turned their faces once more to the east, and after a journey of 860 miles, in forty-three days, arrived at Dufferin, Manitoba.

The United States Commissioners had to travel through the country in which Sitting Bull and his hostile Sioux were robbing, scalping, and killing. The party was under the escort of Major Reno, with three troops of the Seventh United States Cavalry (probably 300 men). The first wo-

man ever to travel the imaginary line was old "Aunt Kate," a negro servant since the days of slavery, in the Reno household, who accompanied Major Reno and occupied an ambulance drawn by four mules.

The American party had not completed their part of the work as early as the British-Canadian party, and it was November of 1874 before they broke camp in the Sweet Grass Hills for their return journey. "Kootenai" Brown, recently retired superintendent of Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta, was post sutler to the party while they were at work and became their guide for the journey home. Mr. Brown relates an interesting incident of the march back to Fort Totten, Dakota. There would probably be 500 men all told in the American party and 1,000 horses. When a day's journey from Fort Totten a terrible blizzard began, and the temperature dropped far below zero.

"We had just started," tells Kootenai, "on our last day's march, when Major Reno said to me: 'For gracious sake, is there no wood in this infernal country?' I knew the country and said, 'Yes, there is wood three miles off the road.' 'Well,' said Reno, 'if you can find it, let us head in that direction,'

"It was snowing heavily and blowing fiercely and we could not see far ahead. Reno had detailed two sergeants to go with me and a trooper, who was to return and direct the party if we found the wood. We got it, and made two large fires, one for the cavalry officers and commissioners, and a very large one of logs eighteen feet long for the troopers and helpers. They were as delighted as children and a big red-headed Irishman yelled out, 'Three cheers for the guide that brought us to the foine foires.' We camped there that night and made Fort Totten next day. Many of those fellows in Reno's command perished in the Custer massacre two years later."

The initial work of marking the

boundary was astronomical in nature. This was followed by the placing of mounds of rock and earth at intervals. In the mounds, at stated distances, plates of iron were set, around the rim of which there was stamped "U. S. and British Commission." The mounds also had a wooden post that could be seen for a considerable distance. It was then agreed to place permanent posts from the summit of the Rockies westward to the Pacific, and this work was done between the years 1903 and 1907.

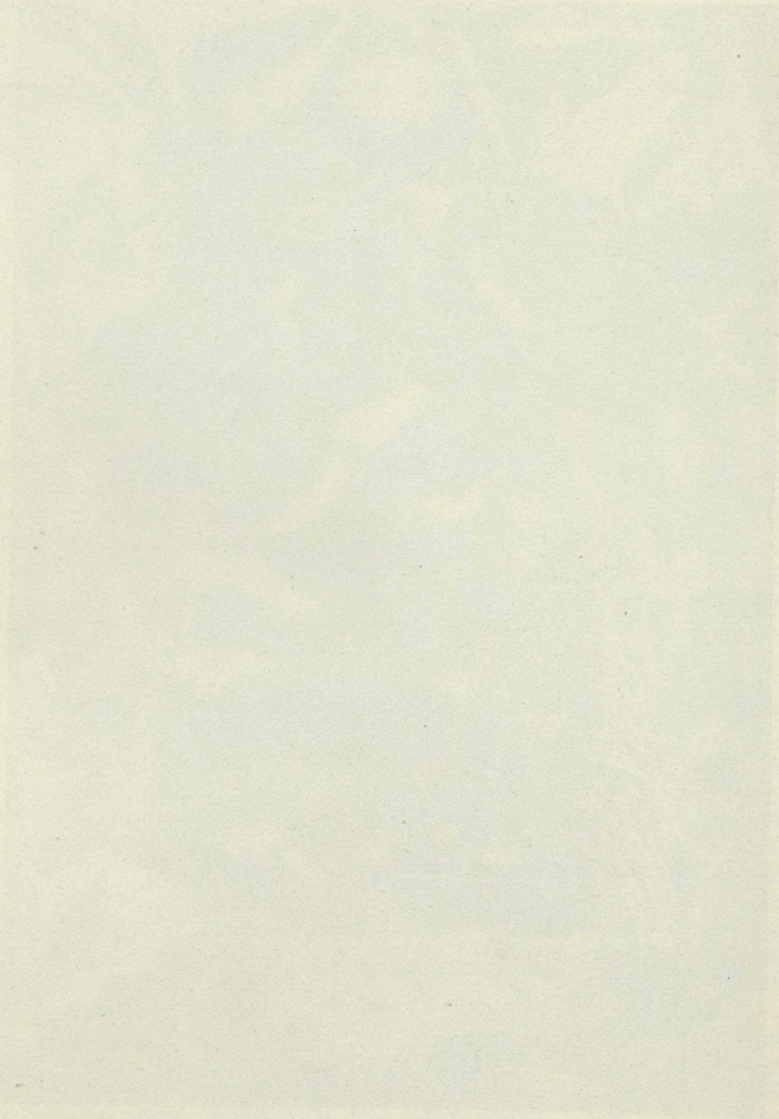
In 1908 another treaty was signed by the United States and Canada which provided for the permanent marking of the prairie portion of the boundary, or that lying between the Lake of the Woods and the Continental Divide. These monuments were set in the years 1909 to 1913, the work being under the direction of the engineer for the International Boundary Commission. The posts are set at intervals of a quarter to two miles and are intervisible. On the prairie from the Lake of the Woods to Milk River, in the foothills, they are of cast iron and made in one piece. For the thousand miles of mountains from Milk River to the Pacific Ocean, aluminum bronze is the material of manufacture, and they are built in sections to facilitate transportation. In many cases these sections had to be carried to the tops of mountains, and there put together and erected.

Each of the three sections of the boundary post weighs sixty-five pounds. They stand one on top of the other in a foundation of cement and are held together by a rod screwed into a thread in the top section and fastened in the cement at the bottom. For the foundation, it was necessary in many cases to blast out a hole in the solid granite of the mountains. In any case, a skeleton frame had to be constructed. Into this frame was put a mixture of 150 pounds of cement, 300 pounds of sand, 450 pounds of rock, and twenty gallons or 225 pounds of water. This,



MARIE DE MEDICIS AS MINERVA

Here the celebrated French beauty of the seventeenth century is representing the Goddess of the Arts. The reproduction is from an engraving made in 1708 by Masse after the painting by Rubens, which is now in the Louvre, at Paris. The engraving is from a portfolio of twenty original proofs of engravings by renowned French engravers after the series of paintings by the great Flemish master. Marie de Medicis gave the commission for the paintings in 1620, and almost a hundred years later the French King authorized the publication of the engravings. The one here reproduced is from the original portfolio in the possession of M^{lle} Charlotte Lenard.



THE GRAND CLIMAX

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

HERR WEIDENHAMMER was a somewhat obsolete conductor of orchestra when he came to this country and made a double forte attack on a job in the police force of Toronto. In the music-halls of Europe he was known as the man who sometimes let go a legato passage a beat too soon, in order to get his feet planted for the accumulation of a grand climax with full orchestra. He had thrilled his thousands from music-hall to beer-garden, thence to a café, and after that out of a job; for he had worn out a whole series of orchestras, and, according to the critics, had not advanced the cause of musical culture whatsoever. Which, of course, was a serious mistake. Herr Weidenhammer had established himself as a master builder of climaxes, who wept tears of undisguised joy when Richard Strauss converted the modern orchestra into a cyclone doing its best to carry away a cataract.

But there was no place left in Europe for Weidenhammer, who, because he supposed that Canada was a vast vacancy of culture, yearning for musical climaxes, sailed away from Hamburg; at first merrily pausing at Montreal, which he found far too French, thence going on to Toronto. Was he needed? Yes, if he would join the union and be examined on the difference between B and a bovine's foot by a man who was a bricklayer in summer and in winter blew a horn in the orchestra.

Weidenhammer disdained such examination. He would himself build

up a new world orchestra. But he did not. There was no room in this country for the kind of ensemble Weidenhammer wanted to create; he was too temperamental to play fiddle in the orchestra that is; teaching would be an uphill job without joining some conservatory—which had no room for him on its staff. For if Herr was such a powerful personality at the baton, why had he left Europe without a contract? He was probably a master of fakes. Freeze him out. A man with so compulsory a physique, why should he not get a pick and shovel and work for the corporation?

This again was uncongenial to Weidenhammer. Besides which he had no desire for dallying with dagoes whose music he had always more or less despised.

Happened at that time there was some exodus of police to the west, where chiefs are paid better salaries than constables down east. Herr was a powerful man, and capable of great action. Woe betide the rough-neck who should get into his clutches! He was examined at No. 1 and found to be a person of irreproachable athletics. In his knocking about Europe he had learned English. And when Weidenhammer was toggged out in blue coat, billy and helmet he was the grandest specimen of overpowering manhood in the whole stalwart seven hundred.

Arresting people for one thing or another was not, however, second nature to the master of climaxes. He found himself in a strange world.

When the street was crammed with people and vehicles it seemed to him like some bang-up great orchestra which somehow he felt that he was supposed to conduct. When the regular crowd pitter-pattered along to the groan of trolleys and the clack of lorries and the shuddering of motor-cars, it was a nice legato passage in Wagner which he yearned to feel piling itself up into one of those grand climaxes.

Weidenhammer always felt himself in the seventh heaven at the noonday jam and the five o'clock fever of getting home. Then his pulse beat high and his temperature went up three degrees, and at such times he felt able to leap on a wagon and with his billy for a baton bring the whole slam-bang to a sudden stop with a long birdseye marked over it.

Of course he never did it. But he got so absorbed in the dynamic possibilities of traffic and people that he was found somewhat negligent of the casual drunk and the man who braces other people for the price of a meal. So he was several times reprimanded by the sergeant, and told that unless he could put the soft pedal on some of his music and act more like a common constable he might be in danger of losing his job.

No doubt about it, however, Herr P. C. Weidenhammer was a great man in the understanding of traffic. A busy street corner to him was the next best thing to a full orchestra with curtain up and the chorus all on the stage. He had no appetite for side streets or back alleys. He was tried out in the suburbs, but he got pale and thin and had to be switched back down town. And once at a big fire Weidenhammer was so superbly useful in handling the crowd that his stock went up several points and he was in great danger of promotion.

At last P. C. Weidenhammer came to his own when he was picked to take charge of a crosstracks, down-town corner, where several times a day traffic piled up into a jamboree of

climaxes unportrayed even in the scores of Richard Strauss. He was togged in a new, neat uniform, with not a trace of bag at the knees, and given a pair of gloves as white as he had ever worn in Leipsic or Munich.

Then it was that the virtuosity of Herr Weidenhammer became once more self-evident. He stood at the junction of the devil-strips massed up like a great monument in a stormy sea. No headlong haste of motormen and chauffeurs and cabbies and cyclo-manias ever could perturb that master of rallentandos. When his dexter white glove went up it sent a backward thrill into a whole block of traffic. When his sinister executed a swan-neck curve culminating in a just-so, pianissimo tiddlewink of the index finger, any motorman or chauffeur that failed to come on at the appointed demi-semi-quaver got a glare from the headlights of Herr Weidenhammer that made the cold creeps go all over him.

The new travel-conductor at the big busy corner was soon the talk of the whole system. All he needed was a small dais and a desk and he could have transformed that street corner into a cosmopolitan orchestra. Like Safonoff he never needed a baton; but if he had, the billy at his belt was ready to grab. It became a new kind of pleasure for drivers to get past the common, semaphoric cops at the up-town corners and to get into the zone of magic dominated by Herr Weidenhammer. Motormen took the kinks out of their backs and conductors stood at attention. Passengers craned out of the windows for a last glimpse of a grand *cantabile-legato* curve of the music-master policeman as the trolley went thumping in strict tempo, four-four time. Horses curvetted and pranced to his signals as though he were a ringmaster. Ladies leaned languorously from their limousines to smile at the superb enchantment. And it was a chronic marvel what might happen to this sublime symphony of traffic if sud-

denly a hook and ladder came reeling up street—which, of course, never happened.

Was Weidenhammer unconscious of his magic? Nay, verily. Never had he been more smitten of his dynamics. Never in the music halls of Europe had the eyes of the world been so turned upon him. Never had he known what it was to be on the divine edge of creating, not merely performing or interpreting music. No more rough-necks to arrest; no suburbanites to badger about hosing the lawns after hours; no children to corral; no bad smells to locate; no stray cats to take care of and no dogs without tags to chase down the street. Here he stood day by day feeling like a modern reincarnation of the great god Thor, knowing that he was the most marvellous traffic conductor in the known world and that one slip from him might plunge a hundred people into a dilemma.

And that lasted him for a few days, while he wheedled himself into fancying that the first violins were always at the lower left hand corner, the seconds at the right, the 'cellos in front, the wood-winds just left and behind, the double basses over on the northwest edge and the brass northeast in front of the battery. It took some creative imagination to do this. But after the first spasm of novelty was over and thousands of people began to regard Herr Weidenhammer as a fixed institution, he found it necessary to indulge himself in visions like this or he would have some time forgotten himself and chucked all the etiquette of the cross roads for one grand climax according to his own way of conducting a score.

Besides it was extremely hot at that corner. The sun glared down between the skyraking walls, the breezes sneaked away round the block, and Herr Weidenhammer spent hours on the corner when he clammed up in his clothes and trickles of sweat clogged under the trap of his helmet, and there was no intermission for a fine

draught of Rhine wine or a cigarette in the green room.

It was all very well to be admired by ladies and feared by motormen and pointed out to tourists as one of the sights of the city. It was for a time very gratifying to hear the megaphone talker on the tally-ho shout aloud as the four white horses caught the glint of his white gloves and danced into the ring.

“Right in the centre you see the only traffic policeman in the world that used to be a conductor of grand opera.”

But as day followed day Herr Weidenhammer discovered that, barring a fire hippodrome or a circus parade, one day was diabolically like unto another at that busy corner. He invented new and fantastic variations on the signals, some of them as puzzling to the drivers as the beat of Creator would have been to a village choir. He did his best to amuse the newsboys with his ad. lib. antics; to indulge in off-hand caprices with taxi-drivers and to scare the fear of the unknown into some big-headed drayman who steered his Norman Percherons within three feet of that august personage, Herr Weidenhammer. He tried to imagine that he was having a better time than the sauntering cop that kept the crowd moving on the sidewalk. He bowed with professional gravity to the mail-drivers and almost lifted his helmet to the feminine occupants of a lovely limousine. Whenever a mother made the desperate plunge across the zone of traffic with her baby in her arms, Herr talked to her in broken English; and once presumed to halt the whole blessed bedlam for a minute, so that not a horse nor a trolley nor a motor crossed that corner while he cracked a joke with a scared baby infant. With all his expertness Weidenhammer, the burly maestro with the billy at his belt, became gradually a very blasé personage. Now and then it gave him some joy to reflect that he was the vortex of all this traffic just

as a conductor controls the dynamics of an orchestra. He knew that whenever he chose to observe a rest in the music, even long enough to abuse an incorrigible lorryman for making a false curve in the orbit of that uniform, he was making a variation in the tempo of travel big enough to be felt six blocks every direction. And he sometimes amused himself speculating what might happen to that city if suddenly he were to be seized of a cataleptic fit and just stood there for a centrepiece statue, as fine a bit of design as a sculptor ever moulded.

Weidenhammer's legs ached. He said it was the terrible restraint. His back sagged. Never had he been so hemmed in and cooped up. His thirst was sometimes diabolical. Never could he break away to a saloon. There was not even time to mop the sweat from under his helmet. The wonder was that he was able to go through his daily manoeuvres with such exquisite grace. But as he said to himself, it never would do to become careless. He was now known to thousands of people as the incomparable Weidenhammer. He was conscious of this. He was celebrated as never he had been in the concert halls and opera houses of Europe. But day by day he was trembling on the verge of hysteria; all because, according to his way of thinking, he was compelled to conduct the street-corner opera always somehow *piano*, *legato* and *pianissimo*; never a *crescendo*, or an *accelerando* on the shrieking strings, or a divine blurt from the brass or a cataclysm from the battery. Such a deal level of performance for a man of temperament; it was disgusting.

The day was to come when the master of climaxes would make a real grand opera of that street corner. He felt it coming. He told nobody. Never in his life had he conducted the same score twice in exactly the same way. Herr Weidenhammer had never been bound by traditions. He made his own as he went along.

Of course that would be awkward for a street corner. Because it was both awkward and incredible, Weidenhammer yearned to do it. Music was seizing him again; music that he had kept locked up for weeks and weeks, till he thought he would resign from the force to write some terrific grand opera, pile Strauss on Berlioz and go to heaven happy.

A man cannot keep on making a reality into a farce without being in danger of turning the farce into a reality. Weidenhammer was a realist. And he knew the scores of ten grand operas by heart. Whenever he heard a regimental band play he took unto himself feelings of disgust. He wished he could have corraled all the bands of Toronto into one Berliozian bungle and gone at them with his billy to produce an ensemble. And never when in uniform at the street corner did he so much feel that way as when some dream of a femininity glanced at him from a limousine.

Music he had always felt to be the greatest power in the world. This law was nothing to it. All very well day by day merely to be keeping a trolley from ramming a motorear amidships. But that was not power. If he could stop all the trolleys and half the motor-cars for half an hour he might be doing something worth while. But of course that would be abnormal. And a policeman must always be normal.

Meanwhile he would go crazy. The heat was bad. His white gloves made his hands itch and his uniform clung to him disgracefully. His movements became more and more grandiloquent. Confound these drivers; but he would inject some snap into them. Sometimes he flung his two white gloves aloft in superb simulation of Nikisch. The effect was astounding. Not a driver knew what to do; unless it was to steer up one of the buildings. Then when he had got them nervous he let them bump across. And in this way every little while the master of climaxes held traffic up half a block,

or a block or more, according to his humour. Why not?

Reprimand had no effect upon him. Weidenhammer was weary of being goggled at as a freak. He disdained to be considered of less importance in one city than even the general manager of a street railway. He was no longer merely a musical policeman. His time was coming. Other men made people marvel by doing things for which they never could be arrested. Most of the millionaires whose limousines went past that corner had kicked over the traces some time. People admired them. Why should they not know that Herr Weidenhammer also was a man of genius who dared do things not set down in his code?

And the chance came when some band came poofing along, blurting and blaring most scandalously—to his notion—at a fantasia of operatic march airs, arranged by some delirious bandmaster. It was atrocious. Herr Weidenhammer caught the melody of one more than a block up street. It produced on him a strange, magical effect. At once he lost sight of trolleys, motors and drays and hurrying mob. It was the rush hour when he should have superbly had all his wits about him. So he had; but not just for chaperoning rigs. No, Weidenhammer was lost to his uniform and his job; back again in the concert halls of Europe; intent upon a grand climax that must come somewhere in one of those pieces.

But it was not coming. No, the bandmaster had missed it. And the band kept marching along, coming up to the corner, when the music master held back all the trolleys and illegally hustled past all the motors so as to get them out of the band's way.

The band must come by. He would have that band under his billy. They should catch the glint of his white gloves.

On they came; they crossed the corner—when every man got a thrill from the music master and began to

blow his serene head off in the effort to get the climax Herr Weidenhammer wanted.

The big drum and the cymbals banged across. Now even the motor-cars waited; in four directions long shuddering strings of them alongside the lines of yellow trolleys. Passengers leaned out of the cars. They said some spell had come over the music master. And there had. Block after block a hundred trolleys were halted while the music master conducted an imaginary orchestra in some opera or other, clean from the middle to the end or wherever he chose to take it.

And he was doing it superbly. Now and then he made a tremendous lunge at the first violins. But when the motorman on the east side of the street going north chugged on his power, the music master executed a half wheel and made a jab at the seconds; which started a trolley northward; and that never would do or there would be a collision with Herr Weidenhammer in the midst of it. So he impatiently waved them both back again and two motormen said he was a something or other, and what the mischief did he mean?

But why should they know? Weidenhammer no longer meant anything so far as observing the law was concerned. He was coming to an operatic climax. He intended the whole city to know it. He knew that he had the key to the whole situation. By now there was a mile of cars in all directions and miles of motor-cars alongside. Millionaires and fine ladies, impatient business men and shopping women, delivery drivers and pedestrians, block upon block, mile upon mile, out and out away from the ships and the banks and the warehouses, out among the houses and back among the factories and on out towards the suburbs where car after car dawdled into its line of waiting and thousands wanted to know if the power was off?

The power was not off. It was on. Skyscrapers vomiting their hundreds

to catch the home-bound traffic felt the elevators stop, because the people glutted the corridors. Department stores shuffling out their thousands of customers and clerks were jammed up in the aisles below stairs, and the stairs were blocked and the streets were soon a ramming, jamming mass of people such as could have been seen at nothing but a great fire.

Not a policeman could force his way through to find out what was the matter. Not a car or a rig could move homewards until Herr Weidenhammer chose to let it; and he had not yet come to the crest of his grand climax.

The band was long ago out of sight and sound. He seemed not to care. In imagination he was hearing the blare and shriek and thunder of a cataclysmic orchestra, such as no man ever directed, building up a climax such as never was heard in the world before.

And it was coming. Only those leaning from the cars nearest the centre of blockade and those lining up on the roofs for a mile this way and that, realized that for several minutes which seemed to be hours the superb master of climaxes at the busy corner was stopping the works of a whole city while he lost himself in a frenzy of inaudible music.

Thousands upon thousands of people felt it; hundreds of thousands of all sorts, conditions and sizes and all ranks in life; such an audience as

never in the height of his climacteric career had Weidenhammer ever known to listen while he conducted. He knew all about it. And the climax was coming. Maybe he could not stop the train down on the Esplanade or the ships in the bay. In fact he was not now conscious of stopping anything. What an overpowering ensemble of brass, strings, wood-winds and battery he was piling up, bar upon bar, *accelerando* and double *fortissimo* and *crescendo* and *molto*, this that and the other—till presently the two white gloves shot up together and came down again; and it seemed as though the walls were coming along with them.

Then somehow or other when he had thus held up an entire city, such as never had been done in the world before by the power of music, the master of climaxes knew that he had finished the opus. He let both arms drop and stood blankly gazing about.

Through the cracks of the crowd police were wriggling and shouting; till soon there broke into the vacant arena where Weidenhammer stood enough bluecoats to carry him bodily off the scene.

Then slowly the mass of a great congestion began to wriggle itself loose at that corner. Trolleys bumped across and motorcars shuddered past. In half an hour the deadlock was over—and Weidenhammer had once more lost his job; for the next day he was a dead man.



A THREEFOLD CORD

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE

EVENING had closed in with a gusty, yellow sunset. The shadow of Big Turkey Track lay black upon the squire's office; the little shoestring valley was in darkness, though the side of Little Turkey Track, beyond, showed splashes of gold upon its green.

I heard the shuffle and tramp of many feet, the hum of lowered voices, and then somebody said to the squire: "Man found dead up thar, Little Turkey Track way, an' Walt Turrentine was a standin' over 'im—he killed 'im. We've got 'em both, Square."

The light departed from the side of Little Turkey Track as though a candle had been blown out in heaven. I rose and went toward the porch, with its roof of balsam boughs and supports of peeled logs. At its edge stood a party of mountain men, lank, thin-jawed fellows, with a slouching grace about their movements, because they were all muscle and real alertness. They carried a motionless form, and somebody had thrown a coat over the dead man's face. I picked out Turrentine at a glance, because he was the most unconcerned-looking man in the group.

"Does he deny it?" asked the squire, in his plaintive, gentle voice—the squire is the mildest-mannered man that ever was a holy terror to evil-doers, and a six-foot bundle of fearlessness.

Turrentine shook his head. He glanced up the mountain path toward Little Turkey Track. In the last of the light which lingered there I could

see, far up, a woman's form climbing slowly down toward the settlement. The wind whipped her blue skirts about her; it jerked at the scarlet shawl over her head as she struggled forward.

For some reason the sight moved me strongly. Its effect upon the prisoner was instantaneous. He looked once more—a stolen glance this time—the woman was passing over the spot where they said the body had been found; "I wish't you lock me up," he said suddenly. "Ye needn't look no furdur fer th'—th' man 'at done it. Lock me up, Square."

The squire's office is an institution in the Turkey Tracks; a long, low, log building—just a string of rooms, some of which may be used for purposes of detention till a malefactor can be sent to Garyville. The dead man was carried into one of these rooms and laid with decent care upon a long table. His murderer was lodged in another. And then came the dash of rain which our windy, yellow sunset had promised us. Rain in the mountains is scarcely what dwellers of valley and plain understand by the word. The moisture comes down with such suddenness that it does not wait to formulate itself into drops, but descends with the souse of an overturned bucket.

I sat by the wide hearth where a fire of balsam cones crackled cheerily, and chatted with the squire. We were old friends, and I found even his silence often more informing than another man's conversation. It was in

the wildest burst of the mountain rainstorm that somebody came beating on our door, and crying, "Square, Square! Lemme in! Hit's Phœbra Himes."

The squire rose and opened his door. The woman came in, flung the shawl off her black hair and looked about her defiantly. "I came down here to give myse'f up," she began in a low voice, and with a little shock I recognized the scarlet shawl and the dull blue skirt of her frock. It was the woman I had seen coming down the path from Little Turkey Track.

The squire regarded her with his benevolent gaze. "We've got the feller 'at killed 'im, Phœb," he announced. "Hit's a man you'll be proud to see behind the bars—Walt Turrentine."

A quiver went over the woman's form; she gulped down a rising sob; I guessed that the statement carried no new information to her. "I tell you, I done it!" she protested. "I don't care which nor whether 'bout Walt Turrentine. He ort to be hung—I reckon he will be hung some day. But 'twas me killed that there peddler."

The squire laughed softly and shook his head. "So you knowed he was a peddler—well, I doubted that ye knowed that much about it," he commented, and his soft blue eyes fell to gazing upon the fire, as though he had forgotten the woman's presence.

She stood for a long time irresolute, the squire and I sitting before the fire, she back in the shadows, her big, black eyes going from one to the other. Finally she crept forward and put a hand on the squire's shoulder. "Have ye got—have ye got 'im—?" A nod toward the door supplied the conclusion of her sentence.

"Oh, yes, the cawpse is in that thar room—ye might go in an' look at it."

She flinched. "Walt," she began again, "have ye got 'im locked up?"

The squire nodded.

"Well, then, you'll lock me up, an' turn him a-loose," she urged.

To my intense surprise the squire complied with a portion of her request, leading her to a room opposite those in which the murdered man and his murderer were disposed. When he came back, I asked, "You don't for a moment suppose—"

"I ain't in the s'posin' business," the squire replied quietly. "These here mounting people—my own people, you understand, sir—has a mighty brief way when they're maddened. Looks likely 'at Walt killed this here stranger; but if Phœb wants to be locked up, why I ain't a-goin' ag'in her. Ye see hit's this-a-way: Phœbra Himes, she's Walt Turrentine's wife." This is mountain fashion, in which the woman is mainly mentioned by her maiden name. "Well, Walt, he quit her, about three months ago. Old man Himes, he's a 'stiller, an' he's a hard man to live with. He ain't got nair a chick ner a child but Phœbra; an' some say he run Walt off, an' some say Phœb quarrelled with Walt, an' some say that Walt got tired of her an' quit her. The Lord He knows—an' I don't pretend to. The boys 'at brought the cawpse an' Walt in told me that this here feller—an' I shouldn't never 'a' thought he was a peddler 'thout Phœb had said so, fer he hadn't nairy pack—they said the peddler stopped at old man Himes's last night. Looks like Walt had come back to try to make it up with Phœbra, an' found this feller there, an' got sorter jealous like, an' had some little interruption with him, an' killed 'im. That's what I think; but I'm a-waitin' fer the sheriff from Garyville—he'll be here by mornin'."

There were no sounds from the room where the murdered man lay, nor from those where his self-accused murderers were detained; but the storm outside increased in fury. "Looks like hit might keep the sheriff back, ef hit sets in to rain this-a-way," the squire ruminated. "Hain't no human goin' out in sech a storm 'thout he p'intedly has to"

As if to disprove his words, again

came the sounds of beating palms upon our door. This time a man's voice was raised from without. "Square," it roared and rumbled in a most profound bass, "Square, hit's Gaffin Himes! I got somethin' to tell ye—somethin' mighty important."

Again the squire opened the door. And this time there strode in a tall, black-bearded, fierce old mountaineer, who looked upon me with Phœbra Himes's very eyes. He was gemmed all over with rain-drops, and the great cloud of black beard which streamed across his chest was strung with mist jewels. He shook himself like a dog, and came up to the fire with that free stride which would have marked him out well anywhere. "Well, Square," he began, "I come to give myse'f up. That there feller that stopped at my house last night was a leetle too fresh fer me." He stole a look at the squire and myself as though to see how we took this statement.

"Bud Roper," he began again, "passed my place an' told me that you'd found the body. I reckon it'll save trouble ef I jest give myse'f up."

The whole thing had begun to look to me like a ghastly farce, a strange, grim extravaganza; but the squire chuckled genially and looked the tall old Ishmael over with a gentleness which was scarcely ironical. "Well, now," he commented, "that was mighty accommodatin' of ye, Himes. Did Bud mention whar we found the body?"

The old man stared uneasily. "He didn't have to tell me," he returned sullenly.

The squire chuckled again. "I was jest a wonderin' whether you could 'a' told me," he said. But without further comment he took a candle and showed our latest acquisition to the room beyond that in which his daughter was detained.

"I jest got five rooms in this here shack," the squire reflected, as he came back to me and the fire. "Ef any more fellers—er gals—'at killed

this here peddler comes down out o' the sky on us to-night, we'll p'intedly have to keep 'em in here, an' that'll interfere with our comfort."

It seemed, however, that the supply of the peddler's self-confessed murderers was exhausted. The rain lull-ed, came on again with greater fury, and died out finally down the valley. In my bunk under the eaves I lay long listening to it beating on the shingles. I wondered exceedingly what would be the outcome when the sheriff of Garyville arrived next morning; and so did the question vex sleep from my eyes that it was dawn and the sheriff's voice which finally roused me. The sheriff was indignant. "Now Square, now Square," he protested, "this here is jest one o' your pesky jokes. I can't take three folks back an' put 'em in jail for the murder o' one man."

"Oh, yes, you can—yes, you can," the squire reassured him. "Mebby they all got together an' killed the feller."

"That's a lie!" a woman's excited voice broke in. "I killed that there peddler my own self. He was too fresh an' sassy with me—an' I killed him fer it. You turn pap an' Walt a-loose an' take me—sheriff—that's what you do!"

So spoke the mountain beauty, used to being obeyed, and to seeing things go her way.

"What did ye kill him with, Phœb?" asked the squire softly.

I was up, dressed, and in the court of justice by this time, where I could see as well as hear. The woman's terrified glance went from her husband to her father. "I killed him with—I killed him with—whatever he was killed with—that's what!"

In spite of the gravity of the occasion, there was a general snicker, particularly from the men gathered about the windows listening.

"U-m-m," grunted the sheriff from Garyville, and he leaned toward the squire for a whispered conference, which resulted in a man being sent

into the room in which I knew the body of the murdered man lay.

"Don't you believe her, sheriff. Don't you put any faith in what that fool gal says," old Gaffin protested. "Hit was me done the killin'—and' good reason an' provocation I had. She jest wants—" His glance travelled to Turrentine, and I saw that he believed now, as the rest of us did, that his daughter was trying to shield her husband. Last night he had been plainly fearful of her guilt; his avoidance of any mention of her name, when he must have known the squire had her in custody, showed that; to-day he looked at Turrentine, like a man at bay.

"Hit's wuss to have too many prisoners, than too few," fretted the sheriff from Garyville.

Just at this moment the emissary sent to investigate the manner of the murdered man's death returned.

He stood looking at us all with the humorous expression of a man who knows the answer to a riddle which you are attempting to guess. "Well, Jate?" questioned the sheriff.

"I can't tell ye nothin' 'bout the cawpse—ner how he was killed, at all," Jate drawled amiably. "The cawpse—he's gone."

"Gone!" shouted the sheriff, leaping to his feet. "Here, you boys. Jate, Alf Dubbs, Sam Bean, Wess Pamplin—I app'int you depities. Light out, an' hustle fer the fellers 'at moved that cawpse!"

There was a stir through the room, but Jate stirred not at all. "I seen the feller that taken him away," he began slowly.

"Where?" yelled the sheriff. "Why'n't ye stop 'im?" and "Where?" echoed all his deputies.

"Well, I never stopped him, 'cause I 'lowed he had the best right to move hit. He wuz the cawpse hisse'f, a-goin' down the road thar, 'bout two minutes ago. Yes, sir, that there cawpse hit walked off on hits two feet. I know the feller; he's fit-tified, an' 'subjec' to these here spells.

He'll lay like he was dead, sometimes, fer mor'n a week. He'd a short one this here time."

A murdered man who walked away on his two feet was an unpleasant innovation to the sheriff from Garyville. He let it be known that this was so. He spoke fluently and at some length. "I don't believe a word on it!" he finally snapped. "I say, cawpses a-runnin' away in they own feet! Here you Jate, take this feller—Turrentine—back, an' lock him up—he's a-goin' to Garyville with me to answer fer this." Then to Phœbra and her father, "You two kin go. You've told lies enough, an' made trouble enough fer one while."

Jate's jaw dropped; he saw that a man might be, at times, too facetious in his manner of conveying information to a court of justice. Gaffin Himes rose like a thunder cloud. "I ain't a-takin' no sass frum—" he began in his deep bass. But Phœbra's terrified eyes were upon Walt Turrentine, where Jate and another were hurrying him back into the room from which he had been taken, her nervous fingers clutched on her father's arm. "Come along, dad," she pleaded, "don't you mad the sheriff none." It was plain that, as the custodian of her husband, she desired to put the sheriff in a good humour.

I had often been the squire's guest for weeks at a time when trout-fishing was good in Lost Creek; I knew the peculiarities of "the shack," as he called it. I was sitting on the porch edge when Phœbra Himes's black eyes encountered mine. I protest that I had no intention of sending her the message which she received from my glance; yet she came as though I had called her. "Which-a-way?" she inquired confidently. She was dragging old Gaffin in her wake.

"Around at the back," I whispered, and added, somewhat to my surprise, "I'll keep watch for you."

A moment after, I rose and sauntered to the porch end. Thence I stole to a big gum tree whence I could

command a view of the sheriff from Garyville, who was still arguing, and of Phœbra Himes and her father, standing by a chink at the back of the room in which Walt Turrentine was lodged. I had pushed the chinking out from between that pair of logs myself, to secure better ventilation. The girl's face was raised, and pale with feeling. "He ain't got no right to take ye away, Walt. The Lord only knows what they'll do with ye down to Garyville!" This was the mountaineer's terror and horror of the valley and the settlement.

"What made you come down an' say you killed the feller, Phœb?" I heard Turrentine's voice inquire huskily from within.

"Oh, Walt," cried the woman, "I thought you'd killed 'im, an' I'd done ye so mean, when ye come back—a-lettin' on like I liked him—him! by side o' you, Walt—I couldn't do no less than to try an' he'p ye out."

Turrentine, within, laughed. "I reckon yer pap didn't have no sich reason," he commented.

Phœbra turned to her father; it was plain to the onlooker how she tyrannized over that wild old fellow. "What on airth did ye come down here fer, pappy?" Phœbra inquired with asperity. "Ef you hadn't 'a' mixed in it, the sheriff wouldn't 'a' been half so mad."

"Laws a' mighty, Phœb, you got so 'rageous at the feller when he tried to court ye, that I 'lowed ye must 'a' follered 'im an' laywayed 'im," Gaffin answered meekly. "Ye know ye threatened him ye would—after Walt had went off mad. Hain't ye comin' back with us, Walt?" he inquired.

Again I heard Turrentine laugh. Himes beckoned to me. "Square, he kep' some o' the boys in this same room, 'bout a year ago," the old moonshiner explained, as I strolled up. "Ef you'd give me a lift with this here pole—we two—no Phœb, jest two's enough—that there log—"

Gaffin fondly believed that he was whispering, but the thunder of that voice could not get below a mutter, as we put a sapling under, pried at a log near the chimney, and saw it roll quietly out.

Turrentine followed it. We could still hear the sheriff arguing with the squire; but now he was getting his party in shape to return to Garyville. As Turrentine stepped out, Phœbra had turned away. Now she sent those black eyes questing over her shoulder. "I'm sorry, Walt," she breathed.

"Sorry I got out?" inquired Walt, with a sheepish, side-long look at us. "How is it with you, Pap Himes?"

The old man pushed the thick, black locks off his forehead, "Lord, Walt, I allus tried to git Phœb what she wanted," he confessed genially. "Ef you're what she wants, then you're what I want—an' we better be steppin', 'fore the sheriff ketches up to us."

"Well, what does Phœb want?" inquired Phœbra's husband.

"I 'low ye got yer answer to that last night," old Gaffin said. "Here, you an' Phœb start on together—I'll foller."

The early sun, looking over the high shoulder of Little Turkey Track, sent long beams down the side, gilding once more the patches of foliage, as its sinking rays had gilded them the night before. And where then I had watched with strange agitation Phœbra Himes climbing down alone, I now gazed after the reunited family breasting the steep mountain path together.

Suddenly Jate's voice struck on my ear; I turned my head toward the arguing groups in front of the squire's office. "Thar! Thar he goes, sheriff!" And I saw the sheriff from Garyville look with ludicrous discomfiture to where "the cawpse" was ambling blithely down the valley toward Hepzibah.

THE POETS AND THE WAR

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN TIME'S DESPITE"

WHEN Alexander the Great was on the point of setting out on his expedition against the Persians he received many signs from the divine powers. Among the rest the statue of Orpheus was in a profuse sweat for several days. The people were rather disturbed at this, regarding it as an ill omen; but one of the soothsayers, who must have been a humourist as well as a prophet, assured them that the sign was a good one. It signified that Alexander would perform actions so worthy to be celebrated that they would cost the poets and musicians much labour and sweat.

The strange thing is not that the war has produced such a deluge of poetry, but that it has not produced more and better verse. Our finest poets, who seemed to be waiting for some great event to stir them anew, have failed in most instances to produce anything better or even as good as their former work. This is to be accounted for in various ways. Poets are the most sensitive of mortals, and in a sudden emotional upheaval they too often mistake fever for inspiration. A man in a fever is never at his best in anything; he is likely to be delirious and extravagant, and he is always unrestrained. William Watson, for instance, is repeatedly vexing his admirers by publishing a wild and badly written poem, which is merely an excited publicist's rhyming letter to the newspapers.

The poet does not deal with economic, social, or political problems, as such. He deals with them as palpable expressions of more or less deep-seated emotions, moral and spiritual passions. The first impulse of Great Britain when war was declared arose from a natural instinct of self-defence. Kipling, with his Imperial vision, sounded the alarm:

The Hun is at the gate!

There was no time to argue how the Hun got there; he *was* there. The man with the theory must stop his argument, the propagandist must stop preaching and get out of the way, or get out his gun and meet the Hun—

Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

Who is this Hun? He speaks for himself in the "Chant of Hate Against England," which is the most passionate utterance of modern times. It has the inestimable and un-German quality of straightforwardness and sincerity:

French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot.

We love but one, we hate but one,
We have one foe and one alone—ENG-
LAND.

The strongest reply to this is the poem of Henry Chappell, of Bath, England, which begins:

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the
Day,
And now the Day has come!
You spied for the Day, and lied for the
Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen;
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly
mine—
Not all the waters of all the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

This, while it is inspired by righteous indignation, is not poetry.

From the fiendish hate of the German war-whoop it is a relief to turn to the rural reverie of Masefield. Many critics regard this poem as the best of all the poems inspired by the war. It is a remarkably restrained piece of work for the man who wrote "The Everlasting Mercy." One would have supposed that Masefield would have flung a thunderbolt at the menacing Hun. Instead he takes a stroll into the country and sitting upon a Berkshire stile he contemplates the approach of desolating war upon the sacred haunts of ancient toil and peace. The poem is written in the metre of Gray's *Elegy*, and has the same pensive quality; but it has more of the style of Thomson than that of Gray. The first four lines strike the key-note of the poem:

How still the quiet cornfield is to-night;
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;
Among the stooks a partridge covey
calls.

The rest of this stanza and the second follow:

The windows glitter on the distant hill;
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in
the fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still;
The forlorn pine woods droop above the
wold.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,
The friendly horses taken from the
stalls,
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,
The cracks unplastered in the leaking
walls;
Yet heard the news and went discouraged
home,

And brooded by the fire with heavy
mind,
With such dumb-loving of the Berkshire
loam
As breaks the dumb hearts of the Eng-
lish kind.

There is no feeling of war in the foregoing, nor indeed is there in the whole poem, except for a very artistic suggestion in the last stanza:

All the unspoken worship of those lives
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls
Glimmers upon these fields where evening
drives
Beauty, like breath, so gently darkness
falls,
Darkness that makes the meadows holier
still,
The elm-trees sadden in the hedge, a
sign
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted
hill,
The rising planets deepen in the sky,
And silence broods like spirit on the brae,
A glimmering moon begins, the moon-
light runs
Over the grasses of the ancient way,
Ruttet this morning by the passing
guns.

William Watson's sonnet "To the Troubler of the World" must rank among the best of that poet's work. In none of his other war poems has Watson risen to the same height of conception and execution. The difference between Watson's and Kipling's treatment of the same emergency is striking. Kipling deals with the impersonal "Hun"; Watson deals with an individual—Kaiser William. The strength and weakness of William Watson are revealed in this. He must have a personal target for his investive. Some of his finest sonnets were written on "Abdul the Damned" during the outburst of indignation against the Turks over their atrocities in Armenia. "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue" was directed at the head of a lady distinguished in London social life. It was quite natural, therefore, for Watson to break out into this fine war sonnet to the leader of the Huns. Here are a few lines:

We do not with God's name make wanton
play;
We are not on such easy terms with
Heaven.

And not by earth shall he be soon for-
given
Who lit the fire accurst that flames to-
day.

Watson's output of war poetry has
been so great that the cynics have
tried to curb his Pegasus with ridi-
cule. A man named Hay wrote to
The Saturday Review asking the edi-
tor to raise his voice to stop William
Watson. The poet took the complaint
good-humouredly and replied with a
pun at the expense of his detractor:

Peace be to all who rail! But wherefore
thus
Squander your breath away?
You cannot stop the mouth of Pegasus
With hay.

There is, nevertheless, a good deal
to be said for Mr. Hay's criticism.
A poet should not be too eager to
rush into print every jingle that
comes into his head. Alfred Noyes
is the most insistent among the super-
minor poets of to-day. He has cap-
tured the dull ear of a heedless gen-
eration by his insistent piping. Noyes
may be regarded as a good exponent
of poetry. At the same time he should
take heed to the advice which Byron
gave to Southey:

O Southey, Southey, cease thy varied song,
A bard can sing too often and too long.

The best war poem of Noyes that
I have yet seen is "The Searchlight."
It is not great poetry, but it is better
than the rhetorical verses entitled
"The United Front," in which he re-
peats one of those tricks of phrase
and metre which spoil some of his
best work, such as:

Her 'scutecheons rent from sky to outraged
sky,
From sea to sea, from height to war-worn
height!

"The Searchlights" symbolizes the
shore lights searching the North Sea
for the prowling Hun:

And "Search in thine own soul," they
cry,
For there, too, lurks thine enemy.

Newboldt's "Drake's Drum" was
written three hundred years after the
event which inspired it; and it will
possibly take the same length of time
to evolve another Newbolt who can
make such haunting music out of the
present clash of blood and steel in
the North Sea. No contemporary
poet wrote anything great about the
Armada. The recent verses by New-
bolt are among the best of the war
poems. The following lines are from
"Sacramentum Supremum":

Draw near, my friends, and let your
thoughts be high;
Great hearts are glad when it is time
to give;
Life is no life to him that dares not die,
And death no death to him that dares
to live.

Harold Begbie writes for the peo-
ple; his appeal is direct; he has no
subtlety of thought or expression. He
lashes out at the foe with measured
strokes. He will rally a street mob
and make it march to a swinging song
which they can all understand. He
taunts the laggards with:

What will you lack, sonny, what will you
lack
When the girls line up in the street,
Shouting their love to lads come back
From the foe they rushed to beat?

He will go into the stock exchange
and chant a rough colloquial ditty
about "The Man Who Keeps His
Head." Begbie is the most natural
of all the poets of the war; he does
not seem to care whether his stuff is
poetical or not. He is not restrained,
but he keeps his head—such as it is.
Here is a snatch of his free, march-
ing music:

Not by the valour of Belgium, nor the
lightning sabre of France;
Not by the thunder of Britain's fleet, or
the Bear's unchecked advance.

Richard le Gallienne was ever a lan-
gorous poet, whose work seldom show-
ed any virile or warlike qualities. He

has resided in the United States for some years and has, presumably, become an American subject. He has broken his neutrality in several of his recent poems; but he was always neutral, even as a poet. There is no doubt, however, as to his British sympathies in "The Silk Hat Soldier," which is one of the lighter poems of the war:

I saw him in a picture, and I felt I'd like
to cry—
He stood in line,
The man "for mine,"
A tall silk-hatted "guy":
Right on the call,
Silk hat and all,
He'd hurried to the cry—
For he loves England well enough for
England to die.

I've seen King Harry's helmet in the
Abbey hanging high,
The one he wore
At Agincourt;
But braver to my eye
That city toff,
Too keen to doff
His stove-pipe—bless him—why?
For he loves England well enough for
England to die.

Le Gallienne was himself one of those "silk-hatted guys" in Liverpool and London in the old days, and the tears were doubtless moved by memory as well as admiration.

That war can turn optimists into pessimists is a trite observation; yet one of the strange facts of the present war is that many pessimists have been transformed into the most rampant optimists. Thomas Hardy, of all modern writers, has descended into the lowest depths of philosophical despair. The man who wrote "Jude," "Tess," and "The Dynasts," one would suppose, was incapable of seeing the present struggle from any other than the point of view of gloomy determinism. Had war intercepted the obscure wanderings of Jude, that novel might have had a happier ending. Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers" may be fatalistic, but it breathes a healthy and joyous fatalism which thrills us with hope and

faith in the ultimate rightness of things:

March we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Laurence Binyon and Stephen Phillips are related in family and they are also related in literary aspiration. They both have attempted Shakespearean plays and Miltonic epics, and Phillips has attained to some fame as a dramatist. The inspiration of these two poets was then derived from literature; they have seen something of real life since those days. Phillips's war poems are negligible, but those of Binyon show a new vision of things. I regard his "For the Fallen" as the best of all the war poems. Here are the last four stanzas:

They shall not grow old, as we that are
left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years
condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the
morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing com-
rades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of
home;
They have no lot in our labour of the
day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes
profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from
sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land
they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;
As the stars that shall be bright when we
are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly
plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time
of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

But whether the quality of the present war verse is good or bad, there is not a doubt that it is in quantity the greatest that has ever been inspired by one occasion. It has not been confined to England, for in Canada the inspiration has reached al-

most everybody who has ever written a rhyme, and that, of course, means everybody. But out of the great mass that has been published one is able to select a few stanzas that are worth repeating. "The Sacrifice," by Alfred Gordon, reveals a manner of looking at war that is not common to the poets:

The bread and wine are turned to flesh
and blood,
The scent of incense steals upon the air,
And, bowed in silence by the altar there,
The hungry eyes of men cry out for food.
High, steadfast souls that once with love
had stood
Forget vain hope in ways of fruitless
prayer,
And age-sought Truth's lure-hazed lovers
stare
With listless gaze upon the holy rood.

Christ's Kingdom falls, by Mammon over-
thrown;
Above the town men's souls go up in
smoke;
Their flesh and blood are frozen into stone;
Their rude limbs bowed by such an iron
yoke
That even this dull people will not groan,
But rise and break their rulers at one
stroke.

Mr. J. Edgar Middleton gives us "Off Heligoland," which, even if it does contain a savour of Newbolt, is at least a poetical impression of the British naval victory near the spot that gives title to the poem:

Ghostly ships in a ghostly sea,
Here's to Drake in the Spanish main,
Hark to the turbines, running free,
Oil-cups full and the orders plain.
Plunging into the misty night,
Surging into the rolling brine,
Never a word, and never a light—
This for England, that love of mine!

There's a gleam on the starboard bow.
Here's to the Fighting Temeraire!
Quartermaster, be ready now,
Two points over, and keep here there.
Ghostly ships—let the foemen grieve,
Yon's the Admiral, tight and trim,
And one more—with an empty sleeve,
Standing a little aft of him!

War poetry is only a very small phase of literature, and most of it is essentially transient. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" thrilled every

British heart when it was written, and was possibly regarded as an imperishable piece of verse at the time; but no one thinks so now. The effect of this war upon the poetry of this or succeeding generations must not be looked for in war ballads or Homeric epics only. This war which is now in the foreground of our life and thought, and which colours everything we do or say, will recede into the background. It will become history, and will enter into the region of fable and fiction. Its lessons and experience will illuminate or darken our religious or philosophical outlook, and by an alchemic process will emerge into a new literature.

Watson may still sing about the Kaiser, and Noyes may tune his lyre to the propaganda for universal peace; but the poet that must arise, the coming great poet, may be yet unborn. He may be playing on the school-grounds of Toronto, London, Paris, Brussels, or Berlin. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Burns, and that galaxy of brilliant stars which flamed in the forehead of the dawn of the nineteenth century, ending in Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold, were all youths at the time of the French Revolution.

That continental upheaval, and the wars which followed it, were the travail at the birth of many mighty intellects. Germany has produced poets, musicians, and philosophers, and for all these she is worthy of respect; but to her shame and her undoing she has given birth to a Kaiser William. Not until this arch-Moloch is repudiated will the German people and German literature emerge from the sulphurous atmosphere of hate in which they are now morally blinded, choked, and stupified. Some young German will shake off this stupour and emerge into the open fields and skies of truth and beauty, and the people will follow him to freedom. The world's next greatest poet may rise in Germany or Belgium.



THE MELTING SNOW

From the Painting by
F. W. Hutchison
Contributed to the Canadian
Patriotic Fund

WHERE BRITAIN LEADS

BY ROBERT LINDSAY

THE formation in Great Britain of a Coalition Government under circumstances not yet fully explained was attended by heart-searchings regarding the actual progress of the war and the efficiency of British military organization, and gave rise in some quarters to vague apprehensions regarding the outcome of the European conflict, which after nine months of incessant warfare makes more insistent demands upon the patriotism and resources of the British people.

All who understand the British character will not be unduly alarmed by the apparent failure of the nation to wake up to the realities until nine months had elapsed. It was thus that the nation "muddled through" to victory in the last South African war. Nor will the serious-minded be disposed to give ear to the rantings of the political partizan who ascribes this apparent slackness to the fact that the Liberals were in power in the United Kingdom. Other partizans will remind him that a Conservative Government took three years to carry the Boer war to a successful issue and that a special Commission at that time sat and reported upon the scandalous inefficiency of the public services. In this great war, however, the vapid utterances of narrow-gauge politicians count for little when read by the flash of a bursting shell in the advanced trenches "somewhere in France." To many it will come as a welcome interlude that for a brief period at least the nation emerges

from the turmoil of party strife to claim the allegiance of all, and to remind the partizan that it is the country that counts, that party government in its highest conception is but a means to an end, that the politician is a citizen who sacrifices all for the common weal. Making due allowance for the grumbling habit so characteristic of the Britisher, it may not be out of place at the present stage of the war to take a bird's-eye view of the situation and to ascertain as far as possible the actual achievements of British arms as the curtain rises on another act in the great drama at the close of an arduous winter campaign.

Although war stole upon Europe like a thief in the night, finding no nation prepared save Germany, the situation at the end of nine months, while not free from grave anxiety regarding the terrible price in blood and treasure that has yet to be paid, already reveals the sharply-defined outlines of the ultimate success that will crown the efforts of the Allied armies. Temporary reverses, isolated disasters, and serious checks may come to remind us of the catastrophe that would overwhelm the civilized world were the genius of the Prussian for organization to give him the opportunity he seeks for putting into practice the crude materialistic doctrines of the Bernhardi school of German Imperialism. Of the final triumph of British arms and British ideals there can be no reasonable doubt if we review the achievements

of the British Empire since war was declared. Whether the results so far be judged from the military, political, or moral standpoint, the gain to Britain has enhanced considerably her power and prestige. A cursory glance at the actual accomplishments of the British nation will help to dissipate the gloomy forebodings which recent political changes in the United Kingdom caused in the minds of many who were alarmed by the speeches and warnings of British Ministers in their efforts to organize more efficiently for war purposes the resources of the Empire. Daniel Webster once conjured up a picture of the morning drum-beat of the British soldier greeting the dawn and reverberating with advancing hours around the world. The war has not interrupted this daily greeting to the sun that never sets on the British dominions.

In the conflict between Britain and Germany the supreme consideration is sea supremacy. There can be no to-morrow for German ambition that leaves the British navy the unchallenged mistress of the seas. German expansion, German Imperialism, German world-policy, as the Kaiser was quick to observe, depend upon the existence of a fleet that is able to protect the flag wherever challenged. With the entry of Britain into the war, the star of German Imperialism sank below the horizon. Beyond a few commerce-destroying cruisers that did considerable damage to merchant shipping and property, Germany has confined her activity at sea to piratical operations, by her submarine fleet and fast cruisers, that have shocked humanity and alienated the sympathy of neutral nations. Raids upon defenceless coast towns, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and other vessels, contrary to the recognized rules of civilized warfare—these are the only evidences of the existence of Germany as a naval power. A well-known authority on naval subjects, Mr. Archibald Hurd, in a recent

article, summarized the strategical achievements of the British navy. Not a single German battle squadron has put to sea since the war commenced; not a single German merchant ship is able to sail for a foreign port; no German transport carries troops to any of the seats of war; the entire sea-borne trade of Austria-Hungary and Germany, valued approximately at \$5,000,000,000, has been swept off the seas, together with over six million tons of shipping. With an area five times that of Germany, the colonial possessions of the Fatherland, on which about \$300,000,000 was expended, have practically ceased to exist. All this without a single engagement between the capital ships of the respective fleets. The German fleet is forced to remain inactive in home ports, is unable to blockade any coast or to land an invading force in any of the enemy countries, and cannot convoy shipments of food, munitions, or reservists by sea from any neutral country. When we come to examine the positive achievements of the British navy, our confidence in the ability of Britain to bring the war to a successful conclusion is immeasurably strengthened. Thousands of British and colonial troops, as well as French troops, have been convoyed from distant parts of the world, and during the nine months of continuous movements of troops by sea not a single British transport has been lost. No invading force has occupied British soil. At every point where German claims to world-dominion could be tested the British navy has buried Prussian ambitions fathoms deep in the wake of her sleepless leviathans. British supremacy at sea gives the Allies ready access to the markets of the world for all needful supplies. The challenge of German Imperialism to the British race has been followed by the paralysis of Germany, complete and overwhelming, outside the ring of Krupp guns and German bayonets that mark the disputed frontiers of Prussian militarism in

Europe. With her navy supreme Britain follows with calm composure the final acts in the great drama staged on the plains of Flanders and France.

But, signal as have been the triumphs of Britain on sea, including the effective blockade of the enemy's coast, and the consequent tremendous pressure upon Germany's economic resources—British achievements in this war are not confined to the navy. In his most truculent mood the Prussian militarist was wont to admit the superiority of the British navy—with a mental reservation as to the future. But in respect to military organization the German army was by all nations regarded as the most efficient fighting machine in the world. There were no illusions on this question in London, Paris, or Petrograd. With the army Bismarck founded the Empire. With it Kaiser Wilhelm hoped to march over the prostrate bodies of Belgium and France and wait on the coast for a propitious day for the descent on England. When he thought of Britain at all as a possible factor in the struggle on the Continent, he reflected with a smile that her "contemptible little army" was too puny to mar his Imperial plans.

The achievements in the early days of French's "contemptible little army" of 160,000 men of all ranks maintained the proud traditions of the Junior Service. The retreat from Mons, virtually to the banks of the Seine, was the first phase of the campaign in which British arms played a part. The gigantic flood-tide of German invasion had swept past Liege to Namur, and with irresistible pressure forced the Allied armies back to the outer defences of Paris. By a miracle, almost, French's army extricated itself from its perilous position at Mons, rendered untenable by the retreat of the French at Charleroi twenty-four hours earlier, and of which the British commander remained in ignorance until the Germans attacked in overwhelming force. In the retreat from Mons the British sol-

dier acquired a wholesome contempt for the German infantryman. The German army in its highest point of efficiency is Krupp. Preponderance of artillery fire is the keynote of German military success. In the use of the rifle and bayonet the British Tommy is the superior of the German. Even in that awful retreat from Mons, when whole battalions were decimated, the British soldier gained a moral ascendancy over the enemy which he has never since lost. At the battle of the Marne, September 6th, 1914, when Paris was saved and the German tide went out on the ebb as far as the Aisne never to return, the British army, which a few days previously had fallen back from Mons, was now driving the enemy before it. The moral influence established in Belgium and France in those early days by the presence of British troops was incalculable. The fact that Britain had landed an army was a guarantee that the British people were prepared to share with their Allies all the sacrifices and responsibilities involved in a fight to the bitter end with Germany.

And not Britain only. From the remotest shores of Empire men sprang to arms at the call of the Motherland. It were a crime against these volunteers, a blunder not readily forgiven, if the final victory fall short of the complete destruction of the Prussian engines of war. The self-governing nations are making sacrifices willingly with one object in view—such a complete and overwhelming defeat of the enemy that for generations to come the German people will be deterred from again drawing the sword to challenge the peace of Europe.

There is no finer achievement in military history than the raising and equipping of Kitchener's Army, numbering about two million men. In a country where conscription is unknown and where the military instinct is but feebly developed, the organization and equipment of an army of two million men inside nine months

is a performance which has astonished the world and caused deep chagrin to the Kaiser and his staff. Kitchener's new army is equivalent in numbers to the estimated total losses of the Germans down to the middle of April. While raising and training this immense force Britain has maintained her military strength in India and the Crown Colonies, driven the Turk out of Egypt and invaded Mesopotamia, protected the Admiralty oil fields in Persia, guarded her colonial possessions while annexing those of the enemy, and landed an immense army of about two hundred thousand men on the Gallipoli Peninsula for the combined sea and land advance on Constantinople. All this without conscription and without any appreciable disturbance of her routine life. There is less unemployment in the United Kingdom than in former years and war prices for commodities do not exceed those paid in Canada in normal times. Trade and commerce go on as usual. All through the winter a British army numbering about two to three hundred thousand men held its place in the Allied trenches against powerful odds, breaking the enemy against its invincible wall of steel, or charging the Teuton lines with the bayonet. Now that the winter campaign is over the British are ready to take the field in what we trust is the last phase of the campaign. With sublime confidence in their ability to fight Germany to a finish the British nation has reached a point in the task of military organization where its great reserves are still practically intact, while Germany, in the opinion of close observers, has long since reached her maximum striking power and is now on the wane. The burden laid on Britain when war broke out recalls the great task that lay before the North in the American Civil War.

If to these achievements we add the minor campaigns carried on in South Africa and elsewhere, the loyal sacrifices spontaneously rendered by the

self-governing Dominions and by the Indian Empire, we are justified in cherishing the belief that an Empire which makes such sacrifices for liberty has within it the germs of continuity and success.

Another event for which Britain deserves credit is the conduct of Italy in refusing to sanction the war policy of her quondam allies of the Triple Alliance. The friendship between Italy and Britain is traditional and reflects the unity of spirit that animated the two countries throughout the struggle for Italian independence.

In no field of activity has Britain gained more conspicuous success than in that of finance. The confidence inspired by the stability of her banking system under such a catastrophic panic as that which immediately preceded and followed the outbreak of war has been world-wide in its effects. Not only is Britain able to finance her own war expenses without any serious drain upon the earning powers of her people, but she is also banker to her Allies. As Mr. Lloyd George reminded the British House of Commons a couple of months ago, the nation that can put down the last million pounds is going to win. Money will tell in the final stages of the campaign. The normal condition of British banking, the ability which has been displayed in financing the war and restoring confidence in commercial circles will be recalled, at the close of the war, as one of the chief factors making for military success. The organization of labour, the temporary nationalization of railways, shipping, manufactures, and all implements of production will enable Britain to meet all military requirements with the least possible delay and with the highest standard of efficiency.

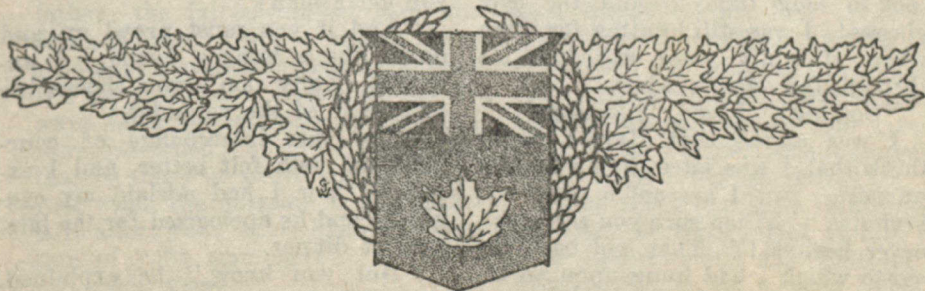
In the moral domain Britain has won her most notable, if bloodless, victories over the enemy. From the outset it was evident that the war was, above all else, a conflict of ideals. This is not the place to enter into a

discussion of the opposing viewpoints of the two nations on questions that involve a consideration of the moral issues raised by Nietzsche and applied to German military necessities by General von Bernhardi. Hundreds of books and pamphlets bear eloquent testimony to the absorbing interest with which the discussion of these questions has been followed, and the civilized world understands by now that fundamental moral differences form a gulf deep and impassable between the two great Empires, Britain and Germany.

For a time the issues were obscured by a diplomatic controversy as to which side was responsible for commencing the war. An interval elapsed before the public gripped the essential fact that the causes that led to the war were all-important. Then came the revelation of Bernhardi with his gospel of brute force, illustrated in the tragedies that were daily enacted in Belgium and France. There was no longer room for doubt. The neutral nations, especially the United States of America, threw the weight of their moral influence into the scale with "French's contemptible little army," and what doubts still lingered went down with the *Lusitania* amid the cries of the murdered victims of Prussian militarism. Britain's place among the nations of the earth has been more sharply defined by this war. She represents for struggling nations the antithesis of Prussian bureaucratic ideas. In so far as she

lives up to this great tradition, in the growth of liberty within her frontiers, in respect for national ideals, and in the development of democratic principles throughout her institutions—in short, the farther she gets from the Prussian standpoint in the evolution of Empire, the greater the victory for her arms in a war which, more than anything else, is a war of democracy against autocracy, of government based upon the popular will against the Bismarckian theory of absolutism—a war involving everything that distinguishes British liberty from Prussian tyranny.

The German Empire stands alone among the great powers of Europe as a remarkable example of a highly educated and cultured people possessing little political power and willingly surrendering its government and destiny into the hands of an absolute Monarch. The German Empire was welded together in a single generation by a policy of blood and iron. The British Empire is the slow growth of centuries, the expression of the cumulative wisdom and experience of generations of men marching with their faces toward the dawn, reflecting in their day and generation that unerring instinct for individual and national liberty that characterizes the British race and which invests its military undertakings in Europe with the force and character of a nation that stands on guard at the door of its sanctuary defending the priceless heritage of a thousand years.



THE GREEN GATE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS," ETC.

I HAVE always held that when a man in my profession begins to balk at the disagreeable, he had better give up medicine and devote himself to agriculture. One might, I suppose, succeed as a farmer without being disagreeable to anyone, save, perhaps, the hired man. At any rate, one might manage to rub along without being compelled to dash the dearest hopes of one's best friends. But science knows no friendship and respects no claims but her own. Her votaries, if they would be true to her, must harden their hearts daily. Above all men, must they speak the truth and show no favour.

In the matter of speaking the truth to Harold I had been hardening my heart all day. I intended to tell him now, very soon, as soon as I could manage to persuade my collar button to stick. But the collar button took a lot of persuading, and when at last it was firmly settled I found that my hair needed a second brushing and that I had mislaid my eye-glasses. It took a long time to find the eye-glasses! I was still hunting for them when Harold's voice called to me through the open window.

"Coming!" I said, "Coming!"

I was afraid that Harold might think that I was later than usual on purpose. But I am not a man who hesitates. "When sure you are right, never hesitate!" That had been the motto which I had hung upon an invisible nail in my brain long ago, and

to a steady following of it I owed much of my success. Prompt action had become a habit. I seldom hesitated—I was not hesitating now. I was looking for my eye-glasses.

Harold's useless pacing of the verandah began to make me nervous, although as a specialist in nervous disorders I am not supposed to have any nerves. He had been walking up and down beneath my window for a long half-hour and the monotonous sound put me irresistibly in mind of a game we used to play at school. But I must take my courage in both hands and go down to meet him. Strangely enough, I found my eye-glasses just at this moment, and all reason for further lingering was gone. A draught from somewhere near caught the door as I went out and slammed it loudly. Harold's steady pacing stopped.

"Is that you, Mark? Come out on the verandah."

"If it takes you that long to dress," he added as I found him, "why don't you get a man?"

"And if you must prowl up and down like a hungry hyena," I answered, "why don't you choose the other side of the verandah?"

After this interchange of courtesies we both felt better, and I explained how I had mislaid my eye-glasses and he apologized for the lateness of dinner.

"But you know," he explained, "we thought we would wait, in the

chance of father turning up. I rather expect him to-night. There is a train at seven.

"To-night?" I could not keep the consternation out of my voice.

"Yes. The week is up to-night. Had you forgotten? Dad does not strike you as a man who would delay, does he?"

"No—but a day or two . . ."

He shook his head.

"No. He will come to-night. The week is up. Besides, why should he wait longer? Why should you wish it? You are not usually a procrastinating man. As for me, I'm not sorry to end it anyway. I want to feel like a man again. This spy's life goes against the grain. It makes me hate myself."

"You think the part we have been playing a dishonourable one?"

"Damned dishonourable! Forgive me, old man, I can't help it. It makes it all the worse that I can't associate the idea of dishonour or even of unfairness with either father or you. You know what father is to me? And yet this week I have been ashamed to think of him."

His tone was so wretched that whatever anger I might have felt quickly evaporated.

"You are foolish," I said briefly. "It seems to me that your viewpoint is becoming morbid. Do you call the physician who anxiously examines a patient, watching day by day for the development of dreaded symptoms, a spy? Let us cut all feeling out of this tangle and see how it looks. That is, if you wish to listen to reason?"

"First of all, then, there is your father; the fairest-minded man, the finest gentleman that I know. He is absolutely devoted to your happiness. His work, however absorbing, has always taken second place where you were concerned. Would a father like that be likely to prove unfair or unjust when the question is one which is to affect your whole life—the question of your marriage?"

"I told you—"

"You told me that for the past week you have been ashamed to think of him. And for what? Because he is trying to make sure of your happiness! One day you come to him and tell him that you wish to marry a young girl, charming in herself, but with antecedents whom your father, as a scientist, views with something very like horror. What does he do? Forbid the marriage? Render it impossible by refusing you the necessary start in life? Threaten you with the loss of what you value more than money, his love? Nothing of the kind. He merely asks you for a week during which he may satisfy himself that the young lady is free from any visible taint of her undesirable ancestry. Even in this, he is generosity itself, for in taking my opinion he knows that if it were to be biased the bias would be in your favour."

"He knows very well that your professional opinion will not be biased," said Harold, "and so do I."

We walked the length of the verandah without speaking.

"You professional folk think that no layman's opinion is worth a bag of beans," began Harold at last, "but it may be, for all that! I have always thought that too much is made of ancestry. Alix herself is a proof of it. Granting that her mother and her grandmother were at least psychics—"

"Mediums," I amended.

"Mediums, if you like. Alix is not a medium, never has been; never will be. Of course, I can partially understand my father. He has hated such things all his life. Has been actively hostile, in fact. And the news of his son marrying into a mediumistic family might raise a smile amongst his colleagues. But I really thought he was too broad-minded to feel a little thing like that."

"You think it a little thing? Well, you may be right. But at any rate your father would not consider his own feelings in his decision. You are

unfair. Love is having a strange effect upon you, old man! You are acting like a sulky child."

"I know. I see it myself. But you all seem to be making such a fuss over nothing. To me everything seems nothing in comparison with Alix. Another strange effect of love, I suppose?" He smiled whimsically, and then, straightening up, he looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Well—what is your professional opinion going to be?"

Alas, with all my hardening of heart, it was not hard enough! I—hesitated.

"When your father comes—" I began.

"It means more to me than to my father."

"Yes. But his judgment—"

"In this matter my father takes your judgment, Mack," his tone changed and he laid his hand affectionately upon my shoulder, "you are not going to make me wait any longer, are you?"

"No—no. But I wish to God you had asked me your question yesterday, Harold! I could have answered you then glibly enough. Now—it's harder."

As my agitation increased, he became cool.

"Yesterday? Then something has happened since yesterday? I thought so. It must have been this morning. Your manner at lunch was different. You were worried, distrait. You appeared even nervous, although a specialist in your line is not supposed to possess nerves."

The trace of contempt in his voice braced me.

"He ought not to give way to them, at any rate! But you are right. My affection for you has had a deleterious effect. You are right also in your other conclusion. Something did happen this morning. Something so strange that it was strange even to me who am used to strange things."

"Yes?" Harold's tone was sharp with suspense. With a nervous ges-

ture he pushed two chairs closer together and seated himself with a certain dogged resolution. "Sit here, will you? And now, let's have it!"

I took the other chair more slowly. "I need scarcely tell you," I said, "that I have no feeling in this case such as has troubled you. I am here in my professional capacity, a pathological specialist. As such I have been observing your fiancee. I do not call it spying—although you may call it so if you choose. Until this morning I had discovered nothing which could cause me the slightest professional anxiety. I have found Miss Alix lovely and charming. She is not a robust woman, but she is thoroughly healthy. Indeed, she tells me that she knows practically nothing of pain. She has never had a serious illness in her life—"

"Yes," broke in Harold eagerly, "and you know she has simply no nerves. I have known her to be quite calm when many another girl would have had a fit of hysterics. That is why it seems so utterly absurd to connect her in any way with that class of nervous, highly-strung, excitable people whom we call psychics."

"Who told you that psychics are nervous and highly-strung and excitable?"

"Well, everyone knows that they are."

"Then everyone knows wrong. People of that temperament often cultivate such a popular misconception. Many a little, useless bit of hysterical humanity tries to excuse her lack of ordinary self-control upon the ground of 'psychic temperament.' But the real psychic temperament is quite different. It is essentially calm, contemplative, abstracted, dreamy, hard to arouse—"

Harold pushed back his chair with a violent scraping. "Oh, go on! Make out a case to fit!"

"The case is already made. It is you who are fitting it. Doubtless you have noticed in Miss Alix, without knowing it, many evidences of the

psychic temperament. You have noticed how often she will sit with her hands in her lap and gaze far away. If you have ever asked her of what she has been thinking she has probably told you that she did not know. As a matter of fact, she had not been thinking consciously, at all."

"Well?"

"Well—it is only another step along that same line and we have—trance."

"I'll not believe you!"

"It is a big step, I grant you. In nine cases out of ten the subject never takes it. I am glad to admit that fact. The odds are heavily against it, especially if the health be normal. This is so true that I did not even intend to mention the possibility to your father. All my other observations led me to believe that the slight inheritance which Miss Alix had received from her mediumistic family might be safely neglected. I had entirely justified my position to myself. Nine out of ten is such a large percentage—"

"Then it is all right? Why did you frighten me—"

"My dear fellow! Since yesterday I have found out that Miss Alix is—the tenth case."

I had expected an outburst, but none came. Harold was absolutely silent. His face looked very white against the dusk. In the quiet we could hear a woman singing, and, far away, the whistle of a train.

"That will be your father's train," I remarked in as casual a tone as I could manage.

"Yes. Dad will be here in ten minutes. The motor is a flyer and Dad drives fast. But ten minutes will be enough for you to tell me—what you must."

To my surprise, the defiance, the smouldering anger, had died out of his voice. He spoke in his ordinary tone. A warm impulse of admiration stirred me for he was meeting this crisis as I like to see a man meet trouble.

"I can tell you in a few words," I said. "This morning Miss Alix had promised me a walk after breakfast. When I asked for her, one of the maids directed me to the rose garden. I found her there sitting on the little green bench, the one which faces the south wall. You know it?"

"It is a favourite seat of hers."

"She was there this morning, leaning back, her hands clasped in her lap, as she so often sits. Her wide, vague gaze was fixed upon the old red wall where the crimson Rambler is. She looked the very spirit of the garden and for a moment I hesitated to spoil the picture. But I wanted my walk—and there was something in the absolute quiet of her pose that made me suddenly uneasy. However, I did not speak, but sat down beside her, waiting until she should turn to me. You know her slow, graceful movements and her way of half-turning with that subtle smile of hers—"

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"Well, this time she did not turn. She paid absolutely no attention to me. I spoke to her—some commonplace reminder of our promised walk. She did not answer. Then, laughingly, as one might try to arouse a child, I placed my hand over her clasped ones. Immediately I was conscious of a shock! Her hands were deathly cold—and not only cold, but *dead*. That mysterious something which animates our clay, yet which belongs to it so little, was missing from those hands. I could not be mistaken. I know the *absence* of that something so well. My fingers closed upon the hands of Alix as they might close upon a stone. I scarcely needed to look into her fixed yet sightless eyes to learn all that I needed to know. But, to make absolutely sure—I tried all the usual tests. She was undoubtedly in a state of trance."

I paused for a moment, but Harold, whose white face was now shaded by his hand, made no response. I went on in a more practical tone:

"The state in which I found Miss

Alix is common enough amongst those peculiarly constituted people whom we call mediums. I have seen it again and again. But now comes the surprising part of the story; the part which has made this morning's experience the strangest of the many strange happenings in my life. (I shall not attempt to explain it save upon the general lines of that wireless telegraphy of the mind which we call telepathy). Seeing the state in which your fiancée was, I sat quietly beside her waiting until she should awaken, for, as you know, it is never safe to rudely arouse a trance-sleeper. In order that I might detect the earliest signs of returning consciousness, I placed one hand upon her waist and the other upon her head near the temple, and, without definitely intending it, my gaze followed hers and became focussed upon the same place—the old red wall where the crimson Rambler is. We may have been sitting like this for fifteen minutes when, without any shock of surprise or strangeness, I noticed that the crimson Rambler was no longer climbing up the wall. The wall, in the spot where it had been, was quite bare, and set into it, in the most natural manner possible, was a small green gate with an arched top. While I gazed, mildly interested, the green gate swung back and a young girl came through the opening. She closed the gate silently and, as she turned, I saw that it was Alix. I did not notice anything strange in this, and as she came up the walk toward me, I arose to greet her. As I did so, I removed my hands from contact with the real Alix beside me—instantly the illusion (or whatever you like to call it) passed! I turned to find Alix awake and looking at me inquiringly."

Harold sprang to his feet excitedly.

"And you, a man of sense, are going to offer that bally rot as evidence—" he exclaimed. "Why, man, you were dreaming. And Alix, too,

had merely fallen asleep in the sunshine!"

"You think that? Well, ask Alix. Or rather, listen to me, for I can tell you the facts as she told them to me. You remember that the girl herself knows nothing of her dead mother's abnormality. The aunt who brought her up hated it, I gather, almost as much as your father. So Alix has no past history to teach her what any peculiar experience may mean. I asked her if she had been asleep. She said, 'No,' and then blushed and added, 'Well, perhaps I was! At least I have been taking one of my dream-journeys.'"

"Tell me about the dream-journey?" I asked.

"She told me, quite simply. She had come into the garden, she said, for some roses, and had seated herself upon the bench to wait for me. She was admiring the crimson Rambler on the south wall. Then the rose-bush seemed to fade away and she noticed what she had never seen before, a dear little green gate in the wall. It was as real as the roses had been and she opened it to see what was on the other side. When she passed through she found herself in a delightful park—a park which she had never seen. She did not wander very far, however, for she thought she heard my voice telling her to come back. So she had come back through the green gate—to find me waiting."

"But how," I asked her, "did you know that your experience was a dream-journey and not a reality?"

She laughed frankly. "I did not know it," she said. "I thought it was quite real until I sat down upon the bench again and saw you standing there. Then I looked for the green gate to point it out to you—and there is no green gate there—as you can see for yourself!"

I tried to laugh with her, but I fear it was not a success, for she looked a little startled.

"And have you ever had this

dream-journey experience before?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes," she said, "quite often. Not the same dream, but the same sense of wonder upon awakening to find that my experience had not been real. For you know," she added, "all the things which I see and do are quite, quite real. It is not like dreaming at all." I asked her why she had never spoken of her dreams, but she seemed puzzled and said, "Are they so very strange, then?"

"And you think—?" Harold's voice was very low.

"I think, old man, that you will have to face the truth. Your little Alix is a genuine psychic."

He stood up, then, and squared his broad shoulders.

"Very well! It would seem," with a little wry smile, "that the worst has happened. It will be a hard blow for poor old Dad. As for you, Mack, I know I have been infernally rude, but a fellow in suspense is hardly responsible. I beg your pardon. I know that you have only done your duty as a man is bound to do!" He laughed a little at the old school quotation and offered me his hand.

I took it wonderingly. It was as firm as a rock.

"But, Harold boy, are you sure you understand? Your father—"

"I know." His face quivered. "Dad has always been the only one that mattered. But we've got to face the facts. The time has come when there is some one who matters—more!"

"You mean—you will risk this marriage?"

"My dear chap, for Alix I would risk—hell!"

True love is a great smoother of roads—our immortal William to the contrary notwithstanding. When a man is willing to risk hell for a woman the chances are in his favour. In the course of true love obstacles do not exist, the true lover is more

effectual than an army with banners. In the case of Harold and Alix love did her golden best. Even the clear-sighted professor became happily blinded by the glamour and began to wonder why he had opposed a match so eminently blest. I myself was present at the wedding, and when my glance and the professor's met we smiled perseveringly. Perhaps we were both afraid to cease smiling lest the skeleton in the closet might rattle its bones.

But the skeleton's time had not yet come. So silent was he that Harold openly scoffed at him and, I think, began to look upon me in the light of a solemn old croaker who had been needlessly alarmed by a trifle.

"Alix hardly ever dreams now!" he told me, triumphantly, some months after the wedding. I looked up with a quick twinge of fear. It seemed already that the skeleton was stirring!

"What!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that she still allows herself to dream at all? Did you not give her my warning? as you promised!"

"Er—yes—I warned her. I told her you thought she had better not give in to it. And, of course, she doesn't. But once in a while she has these odd little experiences—quite charming some of them are. She tells me about them afterwards. Of course, we say nothing to father. His attitude is as incomprehensible as ever. I never could understand how a broad-minded man like him can refuse to recognize certain possibilities. 'There are more things in heaven and earth—'"

"Spare me! Spare me that particular quotation, please! Can't you see that it is because your father does admit certain possibilities, does believe that there are 'more things in heaven and earth' that he is so anxious? May not these things bring evil as well as good? What if your father's knowledge leads him to suspect that the good is problematical,

the evil sure? At least that is what I believe. If I wished I could terrify you with tales of poor unfortunates who have been burned at this same fire. Ignorant meddlers, who believed themselves gods, have come to me for help—help which often I have been unable to give. Let me tell you, Harold, that your wife is playing with edged tools.”

“I simply can't see it, Mack!”

“No. You are wilfully blind. But I will warn you this once more. If Alix persists in giving way to these trance-states she is in grave danger. No one believes more firmly than I that there may be another world, close to, interpenetrating perhaps, our normal realities. But that other world is not for us. We enter it at our peril. As you love your wife, I caution you not to let her stray within its borders.”

He left me with a troubled face; but a depressing sense of failure told me that he was far from being as seriously impressed as I had hoped. I had made him uncomfortable, but I had not made him afraid.

After this we did not meet for more than a year. My work claimed me more and more and he was happy with Alix in their pretty country home. When I saw him again it was with the shadow of life heavy upon him; for within that year, he had been a father, and now he was a father who had lost his son. The child, a beautiful boy, had lived but three months. Harold could not speak of him. He was the type of man who worships children and his great loss left him dumb. It was the professor who told me details of the sad little drama, adding that Harold had sobered suddenly and that Alix could not be aroused from an enveloping despair. Then, at the end of our interview, the skeleton came forth boldly and rattled his bones.

“I am afraid for her now, as I have never been before!” he told me. “I need not tell you how such a state of depression superinduces that in

which we have reason to fear. You have influence with Harold. If you could do anything—warn her through him, I should be grateful.”

“I will do what I can,” I told him, and it was with this promise weighing rather heavily upon me that I found myself once more a guest in the house of my friend.

There was no need for spying this time. The truth was plain for all to see. I had not been an hour in that atmosphere before I shared the Professor's fears. I spoke to Harold at once and he heard me more patiently than before, but when I had finished he shook his head.

“You do not understand, old man!” he said. “These harmless psychic experiences are all that she has now. Since the boy died they are her only comfort. How can I forbid her to find peace where she can?”

My anxiety inclined me to be rather brutal. “And if she had taken to drinking absinthe to forget her grief would you allow her to find peace that way?” I asked. “Or would you try to save her for her own sake as well as yours? Great heavens, man, rouse yourself! Don't you recognize the danger—”

“Hush! Here she is.”

As he spoke Alix came in. Prepared as I was, I was shocked at the change in her. I had seen her last a lovely, graceful girl, dreamy-eyed, sweet-lipped, full of the pulsing tide of life. I saw her now, a grief-stricken woman, languid, unsmiling, with all the strength and glory of her youth burned out. She came forward, hesitatingly, offering me a lifeless hand. Her once firm lips were trembling, her serene eyes were now restless and vague. She had a curious look of one who is always listening. What did she hear?

As I talked to her, the impression strengthened. She seemed to catch scarcely half of my remarks, and often answered at random. One might have thought her partially deaf—save for that listening look! With her

husband it was the same, and if one of us addressed her suddenly she would turn with a start as if our speech had interrupted some other and more engrossing conversation.

There was little that I could do, but I did what I could. Disregarding Harold, I spoke to Alix herself. She would not listen, but perhaps the suggestion of blame worked upon her conscience, for one morning toward the end of my stay she came to me of her own accord. I was sitting in the rose garden—although the roses were now a thing of the past. There were dead leaves upon the paths and only the bare bones of the crimson rambler clung to the old red wall. Alix came and sat down beside me.

"Do you remember the little green gate, Doctor?" she said. "I have often found my way through it since. Do you know, I have discovered an odd coincidence; there really was a gate there years and years ago—long and long before the Professor bought this place. There is a story about it. It entered into a park, just like it does in my dream. The park, the story says, belonged to a very evil man and he made love to a young girl who lived in this very house. She eloped with him, through that gate! He was to marry her, but he never did. She never came home."

"A sad little story, Alix."

"Yes. But true, I'm sure. I have often seen her wandering in the park, always alone. I have never spoken to her. She seems too sad to talk."

"Alix," I said. "If you will not listen to me, will you not listen to Harold?"

"No. For he will not ask me to. You are wrong. You are all wrong. That is what I want to explain to you before you go. Should not I be the best judge? It is because I want you to stop worrying Harold about me that I am going to tell you something, something wonderful! You know that I thought I could not live when my baby died. I love Harold, but I must be one of those women

who love children better than husbands. And my baby was so beautiful—" She broke off and sat gazing before her in the old way with her clasped hands in her lap.

"Go on," I urged her gently.

"For all my despair, I never could believe that he was really gone. It did not seem possible. I was always expecting to find him somewhere, perhaps in one of my dream-journeys. But I never did. Then, just as I was almost wild with the pain of disappointment, relief came. I heard my baby's voice."

"What!"

"I heard him call me. It was quite plain. He called, 'Mother.'"

There was silence after this. Alix had said all that she had come to say, and the pathetic horror of the thing had left me speechless. No doubt, now, that the Professor's worst fears were justified! The poor mother had taken another step along the forbidden road—the road whose end I knew too well. She had become clairaudient as well as clairvoyant. If she lost her self-control now, if she left herself at the mercy of these calling voices, it was only another step to insanity. Already it was possibly too late to appeal to common sense. However, I could but try.

"My dear," I said at last, and very gravely, "have you ever stopped to think that a three-months-old baby could not say 'Mother?'"

She started. Fear leaped into her wide eyes. But I went on:

"I do not wonder at all that you feel that your little boy is not lost to you. He is probably nearer than you dream. For a time at least, I have always liked to fancy, the dead are not remote from the living who love them. As time goes on, the distance (if we can speak of distance as belonging to that other world) may widen. Who would wish to hold a freed soul close to earth? Progression is probably the great law there as here. And if that be so, might it not naturally happen that in a spirit-

ual world the least spiritual would linger longest near the earth and perhaps be the most eager to seize a chance to get into touch with the old earth-life? I believe that there are many such unhappy beings, earth-bound by the baseness of their nature, who are ever on the alert to seize such abnormal opportunities as you—forgive me, my dear—are offering them! Most physicians would tell you that the voice you hear is no voice, but rather a delusion born of jangled nerves. I used to think that way, but of late years I have come to recognize other possibilities. Not for one moment do I think that the voice you heard was the voice of your child. He was a baby here, he is a baby there. One does not grow up suddenly because one dies. But I do believe that you may hear a voice calling you. A lying voice, a haunting voice, a voice which even now is draining your life away. I have seen such cases before. Do you not hear the voice at any time and under any circumstances? Is it not becoming more and more persistent? Does it not rouse you from sleep, prevent you from fixing your thoughts upon any occupation, interrupt the most important conversation?"

"Yes." Alix was very white. "It does all that. But do you think I grudge sleep or ease, or—anything—if I can hear my baby's voice?"

"Ah—if it is your baby's voice!"

"Could I be mistaken? When every nerve has ached for it so long?"

"For that very reason, if for no other! It is so easy to believe what we wish to believe. I know of an old couple who lost their only son, a sailor, whom they adored. They began to get messages from him on the planchette. They were very religious people and they looked upon the messages as a special favour of God. Then they began to hear the son's voice. They were in ecstasy—a miracle had been vouchsafed for their comforting! But before long the messages delivered by the beloved

voice changed. From being sweet, hopeful, pious, they became vulgar, shocking, blasphemous! The poor old creatures were forced to listen to words and thoughts so vile that their clean souls sickened. Yet it was the same voice! Imagine their state if you can! They had no peace left in life, no hope in death. There was no room in the universe for anything save that wicked voice. They are both dead now—they died in an asylum for the insane."

"What a horrible story! But—they were really insane, weren't they?"

"No more insane than you are when you hear the voice that speaks to you!"

I had aroused her now! She sprang up with flashing eyes, and for the moment she was the girl Alix again.

"How dare you!"

"I would dare more than your anger for Harold's sake—and yours."

"And I have listened to you because you are Harold's friend. But you have surely exceeded the limit of forbearance. I shall not see you again while you remain in this house."

Her brief excitement scarcely sustained her to the end of her speech. The quickly-kindled fire burned out, and even as she turned from me the unnatural lassitude had settled down again.

I returned to town by the next train. I could do no more. The end of Harold's brief romance seemed inevitable—would have been inevitable, I believe, had Alix hated me as much as she thought she did. But, fortunately, trust had been sown before fear and liking before anger. Deep down in her consciousness Alix knew that I was her friend and that I loved Harold. Knowledge like that is hard to uproot. A little temper will not do it! So it happened that when the Great Fear came to her she turned to me for help.

One day in the middle of December I found her waiting for me in my

office. She looked white, breathless, hunted! Yet with it all she attempted to appear as usual. A chair beside her was littered with little parcels—the ostensible reasons for her presence in town.

My assistant, who was a discerning man, was talking cheerfully about the pleasant trouble of buying Christmas presents, but upon my entrance he departed with remarkable alacrity.

“My dear Alix!”

She looked at me—a look of long questioning. What she expected to see in my face I do not know, but I know what she saw there. And apparently it was enough, for with a little gasping sigh of relief she let all her hardheld self-restraint drop from her and leaning her head upon my desk found the relief of tears.

I let her have her cry out. Hysteria was a small thing beside what I might have to face later.

“And now tell me all about it, Alix.”

She lifted her head.

“I will,” she said. “But there is no need, is there? You knew it all long ago. It has all happened as you said. I didn’t believe you. I could not. But it has all happened. Am I insane, do you think? I think I must be. I know I will be soon. But there is something left yet—the sense to realize the danger. I know you will save me if you can, doctor. But—can you?”

I did not dare to let the shadow of doubt creep into my face. Instead, I answered promptly:

“Your being here is proof enough of that. How far has the trouble gone?”

She shuddered. It was only by a great effort that she controlled herself at all—yet it was something that she could make the effort.

“The worst came last night. Last night the voices (there are many of them now) woke me and told me to murder Harold! Murder my husband—” she began to laugh—

“Stop that!” I commanded. She

forced herself to obey, and after a moment’s pause went on with her story. There is no need to detail it here. It was similar to so many others. At first the voices had comforted, soothed, promised; then other voices had come, all good voices, soothing, comforting, promising. But she had little rest. Her sleep was broken. She could concentrate on nothing. She shrank from all company—even Harold, since he so often interrupted the voices. Then, gradually, came a change. The voices jeered a little, suggested morbid thoughts, laughed at sacred things! She had been frightened and had tried to shut them out, without avail. As her fear became greater, the power of the voices waxed. They haunted, tormented, shamed her! God knows what that pure-souled, sensitive woman suffered—utterly helpless in their evil power!

She was slowly dying from the torture of it all—when the last, crowning fear was added, the suggestion of murder!

“If you cannot help me (and I want you to be quite honest with me) I shall kill myself,” she said when she had finished. “Otherwise some day I shall go quite mad. The voices will command and I shall obey.”

Never in my life have I felt so helpless! I knew only too well that her only chance lay within herself—a chance indeed, but how fearfully small!

“I can teach you,” I said slowly, “how to save yourself. It will be a long fight and a hard one. But I believe you can win out.”

“Tell me,” she said briefly. “You will find me a good fighter.”

Even then I doubted. I was afraid. But she was plucky and—there was certainly a chance.

We did not waste a day. Harold, only partially realizing, took her away, and I went with them. We travelled incessantly. We were busily occupied all day and as tired out at night as we could possibly contrive.

Alix knew that she was working for her very life. She studied German, she studied Spanish. She bought a camera and taught herself photography. She devoted herself, body and soul, to any fad or fancy whose mastering demanded the keen attention of the moment. She read. She forced herself to read, and to understand what she read. I have seen her whole face blanched and wet with the effort to read attentively a single page. It was years, she told me, since she had cared to read a book, however fascinating, and of late she had been utterly unable to do it. The habit of concentration seemed utterly broken.

But the power was not quite lost—and that was the key-note of the cure, concentration, and again concentration. Alix must win back her own stolen thoughts, must become once more mistress of her own mind. The voices might call, but they must not be listened to. No blank moment must be left for the insidious trance to seize upon. If she was awakened from sleep, there was always something ready, some occupation, some work upon which she must concentrate. She was in the position of one who with all her strength tries to shut-to an open door! Against what powers she struggled who shall say? But slowly, slowly, the door began to yield! Sometimes it sprang wide open again. But Alix never despaired. She was clear grit. And she grew stronger with each effort. The forces of her being rallied and pushed with her against that open door. "For Harold's sake, for my dead child's sake!" she would whisper—and the door began to close!

Prayer, I think, was a powerful factor in the closing of that unlawfully opened door. Alix had a wonderful faith. When the outside pressure became too great, fresh strength came from somewhere, and little by little a vantage was gained and kept. But it was slow. Oh, it was slow!

I stayed with her until to stay longer was impossible. But I left her with hope in my heart. I felt sure, now, that she would win out. I scorned myself for ever having doubted, but who could have guessed the reserve power in that one frail woman.

She never wrote to me any news of the battle. To speak of it, to think of it, might be to give the Outside a vantage—and she dared not risk a millionth of an inch. Then one day, months after my return, she wired me one word, "Come."

I went to her as fast as train could carry me. It meant, I knew, that the final fight was on. How the trains crawled, how every moment dragged. I could not eat, sleep fled from me—and after all, I came too late. Alix had fought her Waterloo and had won! I found her, worn out in body but supremely happy. The voices were silenced, the door was shut!

Harold, more like the old Harold than he had been for long, took me by the hand with a grip that hurt. Although he had never realized just how the powers of darkness had fought for his wife's pure soul, he knew that she had been delivered from some great danger, and he knew that I knew it. Yet with the intense reserve of the true-born Briton, we put it all in our handclasp and left it out of our talk.

We stood looking down at Alix as she lay on her couch in the sunshine.

"She says she is all better," said Harold, a little doubtful, "and yet, she is too weak to walk alone. I want the opinion of her Majesty's physician."

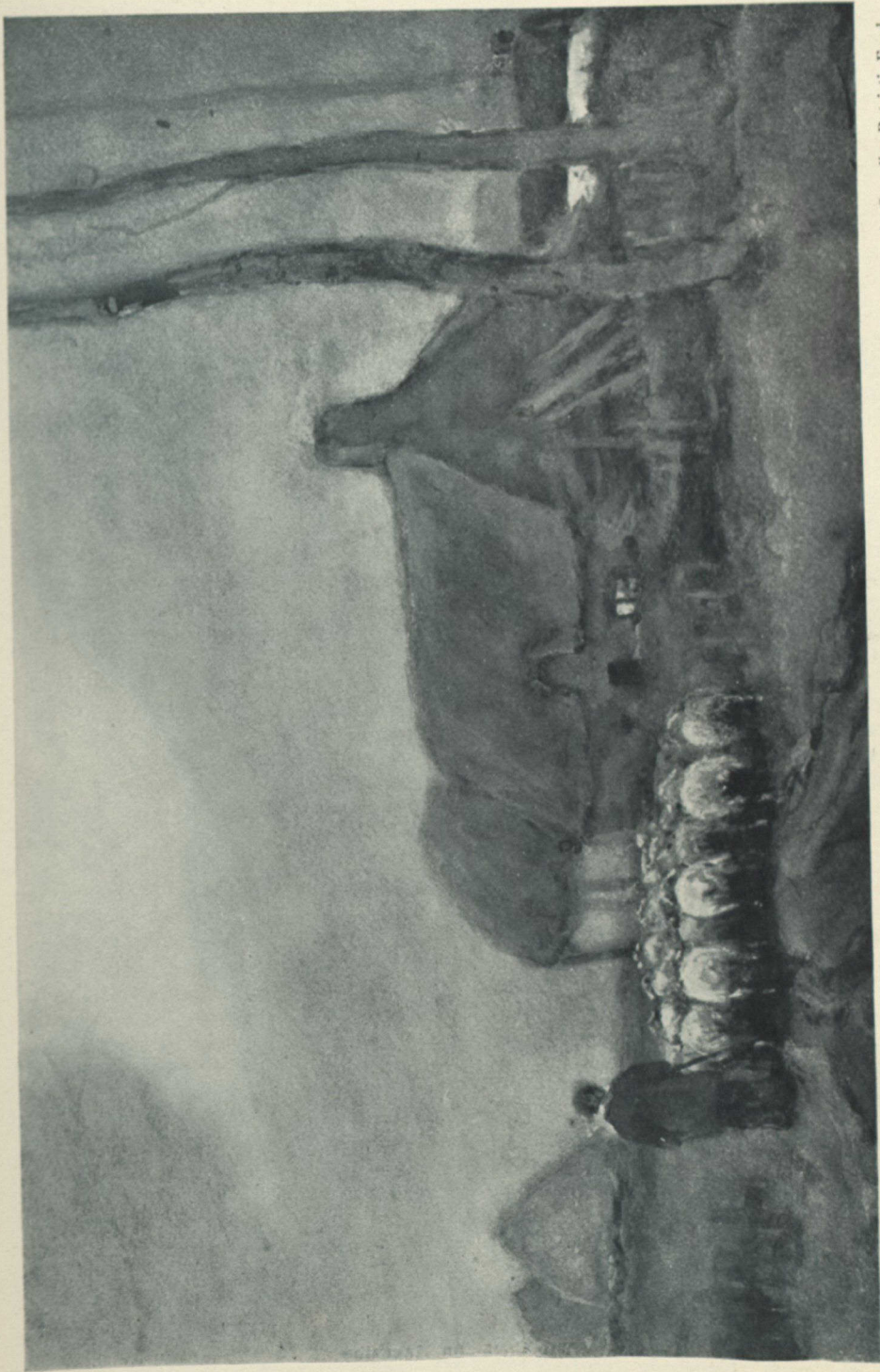
Alix smiled up at us both.

"It is all right," she said, "the doctor understands,

For things like this, you know, must be
After a famous victory!

and, doctor, I want to go home!"

Never was glorious victory celebrated in plainer phrase.



From the Painting by W. E. Atkinson

MISTY DAY IN NORMANDY

Contributed to the Canadian Patriotic Fund

THE REVELATION

BY FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

MISS MIRIAM LAURIE was a British "subject" by nationality; Scotch by descent; a teacher by profession, duly qualified by certificate of the Department of Education of the Province of Ontario. She taught in the St. Hilda's Collegiate Institute of Toronto; her field was algebra and plane geometry. In the Methodist college affiliated with the University she had followed, industriously and conscientiously, the so-called "Honour" course; she had won several medals in the four years leading to her graduation.

In college she had been noted for her keen, quick mind, her gift of repartee, her ability to grasp abstract facts and make them comprehensible to others. She had always won for her own college the intercollegiate women's debates.

She had chosen the Methodist college because she was the daughter of a Methodist minister, early deceased; also, because from time immemorial, the Lauries, sons and daughters, had always gained their education in the theology or arts, or both, within the hallowed precincts of Victoria.

Miss Miriam Laurie had prepared herself to be a teacher from principle. One of the debates which she had won for Victoria in her fourth year turned up the following vital question: Affirmative, "*Resolved; that every woman should be compelled to earn a living wage.*"

Miss Laurie had entered upon this debate with every fibre tingling. Of

the truth of the proposition involved, she had not the slightest doubt. She was, indeed, in her views of woman's rights, fully twenty years in advance of her time.

At that debate she had done herself more than justice. The Vice-President of the University, a learned and sententious clerical gentleman, had declared with something almost like enthusiasm to his fellow judges, that she had spoken like Hypatia. One of the judges, a still young dull and very melancholy instructor in English, named Smyth, who had had only the vaguest and haziest ideas as to who Hypatia was, and whose sympathies were on the other side, had concurred gloomily in this view; the third, or "buffer" judge, was an imbecile and nonentity who found it expedient to follow the prevailing opinion. Neither Smyth nor the nonentity, however, were in their hearts convinced that Miss Laurie's impassioned rhetoric was sound.

At that time Miss Laurie was a tall, slim young girl whose skirts did not yet reach below her ankles. She was in gait and figure, lithe and graceful. Her face might still be called pretty; her complexion, however, was already faded, and her eyes looked tired. She read and studied night and day.

Her classmates, one by one, got married and settled down, had babies, launched boldly out upon the stream of life, bore its burdens, cares, and responsibilities. Miss Laurie, who had begun to teach immediately upon graduation, despised them in her

heart. *She* had studied sociology, history, anthropology; *she* knew the economic situation woman occupied, if they did not. What was woman but man's chattel slave, his parasite, his inferior female animal? And man—what was he but a hulking male brute, whose law was Might not Right, a bestial gross creature, at bottom, beneath education's purely superficial veneer, fond of meat and drink and other material pleasures; devoid of all fine susceptibilities, all power of divination, all intuition operating through organs more subtle than the brain?

Perhaps it was because she held these views that Miss Laurie never married. The men with whom she came in contact as a student could never get in touch with her sufficiently to show her their good side. Her tired eye could be keen and bright; her wit was mordant, and her readiness proverbial. She could embarrass, anger, and offend the majority of males in the space of three minutes, or less. She was like the seventeenth century seigneur on whom old La Bruyère turned the scalpel knife of his relentless criticism: "*Mil n'etail pas encore assisté qu'il ent desobligé toute la compagnie.*"

So Miss Laurie taught on from year to year, in one school and another. She had taught first in Alberta, among the Norwegians and Ruthenians; then in Winnipeg. Finally she had utilized her Ontario certificate and come East in answer to a "call."

Year in, year out, Miss Laurie taught algebra and plane geometry in St. Hilda's Collegiate. The girls in her various classes admired her knowledge and efficiency as much as they feared her sharp and mordant tongue. No one loved her. Other teachers received gifts of fruit and flowers, invitations, little flattering attentions, Miss Laurie never. She noticed the omissions and cared nothing for the feeling, or lack of it, they indicated.

She was strong-minded; her life was guided by reason, not by sentiment. She was teaching to impart knowledge; this object attained, her relation to her pupils ceased.

Miss Laurie never attended the school dances or receptions. Wholly independent, she cared nothing for any unfavourable comment her persistent absence might cause among the School Powers that Be. She did not go, first, because as the daughter of a Methodist minister, she was traditionally opposed to dancing; secondly, by acquired education, combined with her own power of abstract thought, she could not approve the principles underlying the rythmical movement of two persons of the opposite sex gyrating solemnly in public, their bodies interclasped, and the case of two maidens dancing together, if less reprehensible, seemed to her even less excusable from the point of view of common sense.

Common sense! Ah, *that* was Miss Laurie's *fort*, her revelled bastion, her barbican, her moat and *port levis*, defending her citadel of View-of-Life. This quality she showed in every detail of her daily existence, in her choice of lodgings, in her diet, in her habiliments, in her methods of teaching, in her habits of thought, in her relations with all those with whom she came in contact. In matters of art and emotion her keen, clear, analytic, unimaginative judgment would have done credit to Max Nordau, whose unconscious disciple and adherent she was. Painting and sculpture? A foolish, pagan, futile waste of time and effort. How could any sane and normal human being deliberately choose such a pursuit for a vocation? Studies in the nude? Oh, unspeakable horror! Poetry? All it expressed could be much better expressed in prose. If at all admissible it should be didactic and edifying in tendency, like the ancient gnomie poetry; like Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia"; or some of Wordsworth's or Matthew Arnold's philosophical poems. The

blessed damozel? Ridiculous, utterly ridiculous! The product of a brain diseased. First of all, it was absurd and contrary to reason to assume that heaven *had* a golden bar—or even any bar at all—secondly, why did the creature have seven stars in her hair? And how can one *hear* tears? Such poetry—and most all poetry was in the same case—was fit for the inhabitants of an insane asylum, not for mature and thoughtful minds, guided by reason's pure and steadfast glow.

Reason? Reason is doubly reason. Such as the years went on, could be formulated in general the trend of Miss Laurie's system of Weltanschauung (a term like all philosophical German terms, which by its very vagueness means so many things); just as in algebra the truth of the process $x+x=2x$ is axiomatic and beyond dispute.

So the four seasons of the year came and the four seasons went, and year succeeded year, regularly and monotonously. So, too, in the same ratio Miss Laurie's faded complexion grew still more faded, and her tired eyes still more tired, and her face more drawn, and the lines on her forehead and at the corners of her mouth more deeply graven and more pronounced.

So, too, did Miss Laurie grow more and more isolated like an intellectual oyster that had retired on principle within its shell. Her own family was decimated and scattered; her whilom friends and class mates also died, moved away, scattered; her friendships, never firmly solidified, disintegrated; once or twice she had gone to visit some deluded classmate who had entered blindly the state of chattel servitude which she (Miss Laurie) had on principle avoided. But she had always offended and displeased the male brute, who, as it were, held the lash in leash; and she had never been invited to come again.

On her fortieth birthday, as on other birthdays, Miss Laurie deposited in the downtown branch of the

National Bank five hundred dollars. This, for twenty years, had been her way of celebrating the anniversary of her birth. It was, if not an emotional, a rational method of celebrating an event over which the average human being has no control. All through the year she saved; she drew yearly a salary of \$900; of this, she used for all the expenses of her life, her severe, sensible clothing, her frugal, hygienic diet, her plain lodging, only a full four hundred; the rest in monthly payments, she carefully put aside in a japanned valuable box which had been hers since college days.

She experienced a calm and wholly rational satisfaction as she pushed through the great bank's revolving door that day. Her account, to date, totalled an even ten thousand dollars. Her old age was provided for; that much beside the austere joy of rational living, her life had brought her.

It was a dull, damp day, that anniversary of her fortieth year. It had snowed two days before; the next day warmer, had melted the snow to an oozing slush; this day, her birthday, was damp and warm; *le temps*, as the expressive French locution puts it, was *a la pluie*.

It was not, however, raining as yet. Miss Laurie, therefore, reflecting that she had not had her daily hour in the open air, decided to walk home.

Slowly and meditatively, using her tightly-rolled umbrella as a stick, Miss Laurie wended her homeward way, down busy King Street to busier Yonge Street, teeming with street cars, vehicles, shops, and human beings, then sharp to the right up Yonge toward College, on which academic thoroughfare was her abode.

She was more absent-minded, more plunged in abstract thought that day than usual. This habit of intense inner meditation had been growing on her of late. She was thinking to-day of a new explanation of the origin of life outlined by a great scientist in

The Philosophical Journal, which she read regularly every month at the city library. With knitted brows, hardly seeing the faces of the coming stream of human folk who jostled her as they pleased—her seared and yellow face stern and austere, her tired eyes gazing straight before her, she weighed and analyzed the argument which the scientist aforesaid had adduced to bolster up his strange and new hypothesis.

Suddenly, she herself did not know why, she stopped short on the slushy sidewalk, her mind still absorbed by the many complex aspects which the specific problem presented. People jostled her from side to side; mechanically she started to go on; why had she stopped, anyway?

Then she became aware of a rippling flood of melody that was pouring out from the open door of a piano store. Perhaps it was an automatic piano player; who knows? Miss Laurie did not know, so how should I? But what she did know, *nolens volens*, was that the melody that gushed forth like a golden river of harmonic sound, was very, very beautiful. And also, she knew why involuntarily, all unconsciously, despite the deep preoccupation of her rational faculties, she had so suddenly and so abruptly stopped in the very middle of the crowded, slushy sidewalk.

Her first feeling was one of vexation. Music she had always classed with the other emotional arts—a superfluous, artificial, actually harmful stimulus of the subliminal and irrational consciousness. It was her proudest boast that as a pure matter of principle, she had since her girlhood never attended a concert. The street organs and hurdy-gurdies were agony to her, and of the higher kind of music, from analytic reasons, she wanted none at all.

Why, then, had she stopped at this open door, who had not her reason triumphed, even though occupied with profound thought over its slave, and inferior, the subliminal soul, the nerv-

ous system of the spinal column? Mechanically a phrase of Guthrie, the celebrated Scotch divine, came to her mind: "The expulsive power of a new idea." Ah! *that* was it! This new theory of origins had expelled for the moment, her lifelong view of music as an emotional art—reason, for the time being, had been ousted from its throne.

And while thus, half mechanically, she settled the whys and wherefores along rational and scientific lines, the rippling of melody flowed on like a purling brook; a golden song of wordless joy, then flowed like a vast and gleaming river to the mighty sea; and in the sea there were strange depths and mysteries—sirens of vague and mystic beauty called, and beckoned snowy arms; hopes like drowned souls, floated pale and wan in the green waters; yearning rose up like Venus from the glittering foam and sank with silent, measureless sorrow underneath the waves.

And somehow—how, she could no longer explain, or seek to explain, the weeping, singing voice took Miss Laurie with it, and swept her miles and miles away, to another land, to another sphere, above the whirling earth, in paradise, in heaven. And there sang the golden harp of Israel and there chimed angelic choirs, borne on a shimmering iridescent path of harmony, now low as a fairy breath, now thunderous with a sweet and resonant tide which broke in white sheafs of rhythmic spray upon the eternal shores.

Miss Laurie drew closer and closer to the store until her forehead rested against the glass. Silently with her tired eyes half closed she stood there spellbound, wrapped in a strange and dreamy rapture—a thing that has no bond with reason—which she had had never known before.

What were they playing in there? It fascinated and enthralled her; she could not go away. It was a mere concatenation of rhythmic sound; and yet it had a voice. It spoke. It la-

mented. It told of its joys and sorrows, plaintively, simply, as a child weeps and laughs upon its mother's breast. And then it was no longer a child; it was a tortured soul; it was a sobbing creature of no age or sex, that wept out all its heart. And what a heart! All life was there. Love and hate, laughter and sobs and tears. And tenderness. Always recurrent tenderness. Love unspeakable. . . . Sorrow. . . . Regret.

Miss Laurie's eyes were full of tears. And when Beethoven, the great master of the human soul, ceased speaking, Miss Laurie still gazed in at the window. And she saw two coloured pictures, advertised for sale at a cheap price. One represented a young and beautiful woman, dressed, half reclining, half sitting on an embroidered canopy, her fair, rich, flower-like face turned upward. And bending over her from behind this canopy, leaned low a young and handsome man, in evening clothes, and his mouth was on her mouth, in a long and passionate kiss; and ecstasy was on the face of both. And underneath were few and simple words: "*It is blessed to give.*"

And the other picture was the picture of a little naked child upon its mother's naked breast—and she all

pale and wan in her white bed, gazed down at the little world of mingled flesh and soul which, in solemn mystery, had been born *her* flesh and *her* soul; and over them both bent a man, with the selfsame look.

Miss Laurie moved away at last. Her face was bent and her eyes, downcast, were wet with scalding tears. At the first corner she turned off down a quiet street and went home a different way.

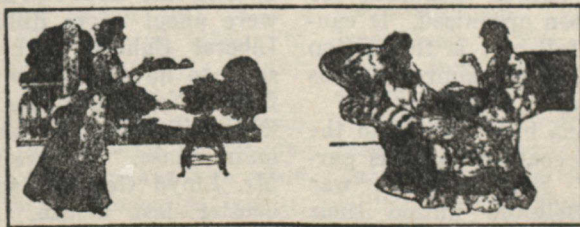
And now the rain fell, in a fine, white drizzle, and she did not even put up her umbrella.

Miss Laurie was sobbing, and strange words came to her lips as she walked slowly home, her head bent low, in the cold drizzle, which turned into a fine and slanting rain.

"Oh, dear kind God! It's true. It's true. It's blessed to give. To give love. To give life. And I've never given anything. I've lived in vain. And now it's too late. I'm an old woman. My youth has gone. It will never come again."

Over and over again the agonized words forced themselves out upon her quivering lips—as she passed on. The woman who had lived the life of reason—through the cold mist and rain.

"Oh, dear kind God! It's true! It's true! It is blessed to give."



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

BRITAIN is entering upon the second phase of the Great War. The formation of a Coalition Government, combined with the national organization of labour for the manufacture of munitions of war, definitely points to a supreme effort in which the word failure has no place. It was only natural that this sudden political transformation should excite some adverse comments, and raise doubts in some minds as to the success of a Government composed of such hopelessly irreconcilable elements. But there is no room for minor differences of opinion or for party platforms when the foundations of the deep are breaking up and the existence of the Empire hangs on the issue of war. It is not a time for discussing the merits or demerits of political opponents. They, too, have a place in the life of their country and an interest in the maintenance of the Empire. On the whole, the Coalition Cabinet is admirably fitted for the special purposes for which it has been organized. It cannot, dare not fail. It is the nation in Council in the most supreme crisis of its existence.

Conjecture has been rife as to the necessity for a coalition at this particular stage. Early in the war France and Belgium united their political forces and sank all minor considerations in preparation for the life and death struggle forced upon them by Germany. In a peculiar sense the Government of the day represents the nation in all international

relations, and there seemed no particular reason for suspending party government because Britain happened to be at war. There have been few coalitions in the history of the British Parliament. The most notable were those of Fox and North in 1782, of the Whigs and Peelites in 1852-1853, and of the Liberals and Conservatives who opposed Mr. Gladstone's home rule proposals, and who constituted the Unionist Party which first assumed office in Lord Salisbury's third Administration in 1895, and still retains its distinctive title. The reasons that induced Mr. Asquith to form a Coalition Ministry were not those of Lord Salisbury. There was no political deadlock such as the Home Rule agitation caused in 1895. A substantial majority stood behind Mr. Asquith in Parliament, and with commendable patriotism the Opposition gave him loyal support in all his military undertakings. Why was a Coalition sprung upon the country at this late hour? Various rumours were afloat as to differences in the Liberal Cabinet, but these do not seem to have had any foundation in fact. Nor need we look to the Churchill-Fisher estrangement as the main cause. A careful perusal of Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Manchester last month, following his temporary transfer from the Exchequer to the office of Minister for Munitions, suggests between the lines the real reason for the reorganization of the Government on a broad national basis:

"To what extent and in what direction the moral duty of each citizen to give his best to the State should be converted into a legal duty," he observed, "was a question not of principle, but of necessity, to be decided from time to time as an emergency arose during the period of the war." And proceeding directly to the subject in hand, Mr. Lloyd George continued:

"I say to those who wish to dismiss conscription for the time being as a means of levying armies for fighting abroad, that they ought not thereby to assume that compulsion is unnecessary in enabling us to mobilize the industrial strength of the country. We were the worst organized nation in the world for this war, which showed that we had nothing to do with precipitating it. It is a war of munitions, and the Government has decided that compulsory powers are essential to utilize the resources of the country to the best advantage.

"The employers are now subject to complete State control for industrial purposes, and if we are to make the best of our resources for the shortening of the war the principles must extend to the whole field of industrial organization, whether it be capital or labour. There must be one reservation—that State control of labour must be for the benefit of the State and not for the purpose of increasing the profits of any individual or private organization; it must increase the mobility of labour and have a greater subordination of labour to the direction and control of the State."

Few will quarrel with the British Government for arriving at this decision. Some objection has been made to what is termed conscript labour, but a Government that has taken over the transport systems of the country and commandeered factories for use as national arsenals cannot be accused of humiliating labour by imposing conditions from which employ-

ers are exempt. It is clear, however, that the Liberal Government had arrived at a parting of the ways and that the responsibility for a more sweeping organization of the national forces could not be shouldered by one party alone. The Coalition Government, if it means anything, indicates that Mr. Asquith had definitely made up his mind that circumstances might arise when compulsory service for the army as well as for labour would be necessary. With that contingency before him, the Prime Minister regretfully declined to ask his party to accept the full responsibility for such a course, and considered it imprudent to delay coalition until the actual necessity arose. For the present we have the assurance of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George that compulsory military service is not required and that what is wanted immediately is munitions, not men. *Punch* hits off the situation in a clever cartoon in which the Prime Minister is assured: "You can get all the willing service you need, sir, if you'll only organize it. Tell each man of us what is wanted of him, and he'll do it."

Meantime the slow progress of the war is disappointing to those who had buoyed themselves up with the belief that Germany would collapse after six months of fighting. There are no indications of an immediate German collapse. While final victory for the Allies is bound to come, the policy of attrition to which the Allies seem committed necessitates sacrifices on a large scale. The enemy must be driven back to his own soil before the end comes and this will entail a tremendous expenditure in blood and treasure. A writer in *The Round Table* estimates that another two million German casualties will be the price paid by the enemy for occupying Belgian and French territory, and that in order to drive the Teuton armies across the frontier again, the Allies must sacrifice an equal number of troops. The burden of filling the

gaps will fall mainly upon Britain and the self-governing Dominions. In these circumstances, Mr. Asquith was justified in putting an end to the criticisms that had arisen over the conduct of the war by the Admiralty and War Office. Lord Fisher's resignation, owing to differences with Mr. Churchill, and the failure of the War Office to meet Sir John French's insistent demands for high explosive shells, called for some changes, and a Coalition offered the readiest and most practical solution of these and other difficulties that confronted those responsible for carrying on the war.

An insidious newspaper campaign against Churchill, Kitchener and Haldane was not the least of the embarrassing incidents that determined Mr. Asquith to place the Government on an unassailable basis. The decision came suddenly and few of the Liberal Party knew of the impending change until Mr. Asquith announced in the House that he had arranged all the details with the Opposition. The strongest Liberal Government since 1868 had ceased to exist. The *Observer* relates how the breach between Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill came over the Dardanelles question:

"Two views were possible. Lord Fisher disbelieved in the employment of ships alone against forts. Correspondents have since been allowed to explain that the sailors on the spot thought the job might be done and was well worth tackling. Again, it must be remembered that the issue never was a purely naval question and could not be decided on grounds of naval technique. Our judgment is that Lord Fisher was by no means overborne by Mr. Churchill's personal opinion only. Still, if Lord Fisher had then put his foot down he could undoubtedly have stopped the whole thing. It was his duty either to have resigned then or to accept the full and collective responsibility of the whole Board and to sustain that responsibility to the end. The real trouble between the two was tempera-

mental, the perpetual stress between two dominating minds, neither of whom, however they might seem to acquiesce, could easily yield his interior opinion."

The only peculiar feature about the personnel of the Coalition Government is the absence of any Irish Nationalist representative. Those who know Ireland and understand the political situation there will appreciate the reasons that led Mr. John Redmond to decline Mr. Asquith's offer of a seat in the Cabinet. The home rule question is not yet finally settled and until an Irish Parliament is definitely established the Irish leader is bound to maintain an independent attitude while continuing to furnish the Government a loyal support from the Opposition benches. The day will come when the Irish representatives in the British House of Commons will be free to sit on the Government benches, but that day is not yet. Another surprise was the inclusion of Sir Edward Carson. But it must be remembered that between Mr. Asquith and the Ulster Unionist leader the closest personal friendship exists, which political differences have failed to weaken. Both have had successful careers at the Bar and both have had to hew their way to success without the adventitious aids of aristocratic birth. Mr. Gladstone discovered two men for whom he predicted success in Parliamentary life, Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. How far his predictions were fulfilled is seen to-day in the strong confidence which both these statesmen have inspired throughout the present crisis. In Sir Edward Carson's case the road was more difficult. As a rising barrister at the Irish Bar there was little chance for promotion with so many seniors filling office or aspiring to office. But it happened to be the day of young men when Mr. Balfour at an early age undertook the most dangerous and difficult post in the Salisbury Government of the day, that of Chief Secretary, or virtual ruler

of Ireland. Those were exciting days, when the land movement was challenging at every point the coercive laws which the Government fatuously hoped would kill land reform. The courts throughout Ireland were like fortified defences when land cases came up for trial, police and soldiers in large numbers standing to arms to assert laws which long since have been wiped off the statute book as unjust and indefensible. Mr. Balfour as the chief executive authority was responsible for running the Land League to earth in every county, but the movement could not be crushed. Looking round for fearless men as Crown prosecutors—men who could face the redoubtable "Tim" Healy without fear, or walk unscared through a hostile mob—the name of Mr. Edward Carson was brought under his notice.

From that moment Carson had his feet on the political ladder, and his own natural ability did the rest. In the Asquith Cabinet he may appeal to his followers as a bigger man than he did as a hypothetical rebel or as the friend of the Kaiser. It is strange how the Ulster Unionist movement always had a sort of fascination for the Emperor William. In his Imperial yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, there hangs a picture of an Ulster Orange procession, a present from Sir Edward Carson's predecessor in the leadership of the Ulster Unionists, the late Colonel Saunderson, M.P., who was a constant visitor to Berlin and Potsdam as the guest of the German Emperor. With what chagrin Kaiser Wilhelm must now contemplate the spectacle of twenty thousand Ulster Volunteers at the front, trained in the use of arms by practising with old German rifles that have now given place to more efficient weapons. He may reflect that he is not the only one who has failed to understand the Irish question.

Another addition to the Asquith Government who was early marked

out for a successful public career is Lord Curzon. Next to the Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour, he is, perhaps, the finest intellect on the Government bench. He is still young as politicians go, for he was born in 1859. As President of the Oxford Union he first came into the public eye and has remained there since. Lord Salisbury, who showed fine judgment in the selection of men, gave Lord Curzon his first appointment when still a commoner, afterwards sending him to India and raising him to the peerage. As Viceroy he had to give way to the strong man Kitchener, with whom he had serious differences, and resigned office. He has a pompous, exclusive manner that repels, and he is never likely, on this account, to be the leader of a great party.

The war is producing one striking result noted recently by the Principal of the University of Toronto. We are living in a new world of nations that are being born again. We talk now of new Russia, new France, and so on. Canada has risen to the full stature of nationhood. She has extended her boundaries into Europe. The outlook of her people is no longer Canadian or American merely. They have caught the vision splendid of the new world that has opened up, in which nations no more than individuals may live unto themselves. The war has given birth to a new world in which the keenest intellects are engaged in solving the problem of how to make the nation efficient for war purposes. Must all this stop when the sword is sheathed? Are there no Louvains and Termondes in peace times where the Prussian spirit broods over the homes and workshops? Are we nearing the day when those responsible for the government of a country will be as mindful of the efficiency of the average citizen in days of peace as they are when war calls for the best of the breed?

The Library Table

A LITERARY COINCIDENCE

BOOKS appear sometimes at strangely appropriate moments. It was surely one of the oddest chances that Mr. John Masefield's play "Philip the King" should have come out last autumn a short time after England had been plunged into the great war. If the book did not bear the evidences of long and careful workmanship one would never doubt that its inspiration came from the present crisis, so appropriate are its situations and speeches. Every page has lines which exactly fit events which but yesterday were flaring in newspaper headlines.

The play deals with the defeat of the Armada, and its single act takes place in a little dark cell in Philip of Spain's palace. He and his daughter are awaiting news of the Spanish ships—"the greatest fleet that men ever sent seaward." In these days of suspense and waiting and false reports we have learned to echo the words of the Princess to Philip:

And yet what tales, what rumours we have heard,
How my heart sickens for the want of news.

Canadians know by now what pain underlies such simple words. Philip tries to soothe his daughter's fears; he is buoyed up by the fanatic conviction that in subduing the English he is striking a blow for God. He believes that

What we have done with our might
Cannot be hateful to God.

Utterances lately ascribed to the Kaiser are not unlike this. A little later Philip describes to the Princess the "seventeen years of subtleties and crimes" which had been painfully spent in planning and perfecting the fleet.

But it is done. I have resolved those years,
Those men, those crimes, those great attempts, those tears,
Sorrows and terrors of a twisted earth,
Into this fleet, this death, this dragon's birth.

The ambition of mighty armaments in the Spain of 1588 is not very different from that in the Germany of 1915.

Towards the close of the play Philip learns that his navy is beneath the waves, and the messenger tells of the running fight which scattered the great Armada. Almost every speech forces us to remember the grim naval struggle of the last few months. Do not these words recall the unhappy *Blucher* and her wretched crew?

Now the North Sea is haunted for all time
By miserable souls whose dying words
Cursed the too proud adventure as a crime.

And is it not becoming daily more clear that King Philip's confession will have to be repeated by William II. of Germany?

Perhaps I underjudged the English fleet.
The messenger sums up his tale of disaster in words of searching pathos:

And now the fleet is sunken in the sea,
And all the seamen, all the might of Spain,
Are dead, O King, and out of misery,
Never to drag at frozen ropes again—

Never to know defeat, nor feel the pain
Of watching dear companions sink and die,
Death's everlasting armistice to the brain
Gives their poor grief's quietus; let them
lie.

These lines come home to us in a more piercing way than they could have done a year ago. The same is true of many other passages in the play. When the messenger cries:

Each village throughout Spain has lost a
man;
The widows in the seaports fill the streets.

we remember the unsparing toll of war which has made eight hundred widows in Chatham alone.

It is remarkable that the defeat of the Armada should have had to wait so long for a worthy poet; but it is even more remarkable that he should come forward now when England is once more at grips with a mighty enemy.

R. K. GORDON.

*

A LOVER'S TALE

By MAURICE HEWLETT. London:
Ward, Lock and Company.

THERE is about much of Maurice Hewlett's work a rich, pungent, mediæval quality and always a fine stream of romance. This is noticeable particularly in "The Forest Lovers" and "Richard Yea and Nay," while in "The Spanish Jade" there certainly is all that one could desire in the way of romance. In his latest work he returns to the field in which he has specialized, to the type of story of which "Richard Yea and Nay" is a brilliant example. We read "A Lover's Tale" with a good deal of the same pleasure we found in reading its prototype, but on us at least the impression of chivalry, knighthood and ardent love is not so pronounced. There is in the hero, however, a curious admixture of tenderness and cruelty, faithfulness and failure, and in the heroine an equally odd blending of coarseness and gentleness, steadfastness

and looseness. These two at the outset are lovers in a primitive, romantic, almost unreasoning fashion. But the youth, whose lands lie almost adjoining the maid's father's, in time pays open court to his sweetheart, and although his own wish is to take the girl in his arms and carry her away as his own without the permission of any man, he is persuaded to ask her father for her hand in formal marriage. At first the father demurs, but at length, by the promise of an exchange of many cattle, consent is given. A day is set, but before it arrives word comes that the girl's brother is about to return from the seas. The wedding is postponed in order that the brother may be present for the ceremonies, but the lover cannot see why a brother's return should be of more concern than his happiness. He therefore retires in what we call the "sulks," but on the day first set for the wedding he appears in all the glory of his festive apparel. The maid had not expected him, and she bids him come at the reappointed time. He rides away, and when the second time arrives there is a disappointed bride at the altar. The lover fails to appear, and nobody has seen him for days. Then a new suitor comes, a great fighter, and the girl in time yields to her father's wishes. Hearing of this, the first lover starts in pursuit of his rival and bride, and it is the outcome of the clash between this great fighter and the mad lover that the greatest interest of the story centres.

*

THE PRETENDER

By ROBERT W. SERVICE. New York:
Dodd, Mead and Company.

SOME readers believe that this novel is in part at least autobiographical. And there is ground for that belief, because it is a story, written in the first person, of a writer who has made a fortune as a "first-seller" and who goes to Paris, there

to find that although he is a popular author he takes no rank in the world of letters abroad. He therefore sets to work to produce something that will take its place as literature. We know that Mr. Service has been a popular author, that he has made a fortune, that he has been living at Paris. But we do not know that he has ever come to the conclusion that his work is, after all, unliterary. If he has not, then he ought to. The present book, although better than "The Trail of '98," is rather too egotistical to be impressive.

*

SONGS OF ANGUS

By VIOLET JACOB. London: John Murray.

IT is quite true, as Mr. John Buchan says in his introduction to this volume, that "there are few poets to-day who write in the Scots vernacular, and the modesty of the supply is perhaps determined by the slenderness of the demand, for pure Scots is a tongue which in the changes of the age is not widely understood, even in Scotland. The various accents remain, but the old words tend to be forgotten. We may be in sight of the time when that noble speech shall be degraded to a northern dialect of English." Mrs. Jacob, apart from the intrinsic merit of her verse as such, gives in this volume a fine presentation of unvulgarized Scots. It is a book that should be read by all who love rich accents and have an interest in expressive words that are falling into disuse. We quote as well for its humour as far a sample of Mrs. Jacob's fancy:

THE BEADLE O' DRUMLEE

Them that's as highly placed as me
Wha am the beadle o' Drumlee,
Should na be prood, nor yet owre free.

Me an' the meenister, ye ken,
Are no the same as a' thae men
We hae for neebours o' the glen.

The Lord gie'd him some lairnin' sma',
And me guid sense abune them a',
And them nae wuts to ken wha's wha.

Ye'd think, to hear the lees they tell,
The Sawbeth day could mind itsel'
Withoot a hand to rug the bell,

Ye'd think the Reverend Patrick Broun
Could ca' the Bible up an' doon
An' loup his lane in till his goon.

Whiles, gin he didna get frae me
The wiselike word I weel can gie,
Whaur was the puir bit callant be?

The elders, Ross an' Weellum Aird,
An' fowk like Alexander Caird,
That think they're cocks o' ilka yaird,

Fegs aye! they'd na be sweir to rule
A lad sae newly frae the schule
Gin my uld bonnet crooned a fule!

But oh! Jehovah's unco' kind!
Whaur wad this doited pairish find
A man wi' sic a powerfu' mind?

Sae, let the parish sleep at nicht,
Blind wi' the elders' shinin' licht,
Nor ken who's hand keeps a' things richt.

It's what they canna understan'
That brains hae ruled since time began,
An' that the beadle is the man!

*

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

By ETHEL M. DELL. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is the kind of novel that is immensely popular with readers who enjoy a novel, not for the number of shocks or improper chapters it contains, but for its depiction of lofty sentiment, endearing friendships, and true love, with a tingeing of melodrama in the form of a murder or two and some mild romance. Olga Ratcliffe, a country doctor's daughter, has a dear friend, Violet Campion, and a grim lover in her father's temporary assistant, Dr. Maxwell Wyndham. Violet Campion inherits her mother's insanity, and after an attack, dreading possible confinement in an asylum, induces Olga to give her poison. She dies. Olga has brain fever and forgets the incident. Later she learns that there was something mysterious in Olga's

death, and at last, owing to Wyndham's inability to explain, she believes that he administered poison to his patient. In the end she regains her memory, and apparently the lovers, married at last, live happily ever after. There are many exciting incidents and several sub-plots, but that is the main theme. The giving of the poison is treated rather naïvely as a social rather than a police court problem.

*

CONTRARY MARY.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS story possesses elements of distinct popularity. Mary Ballard, who after all is not so contrary as some of her relatives suppose, acts on the idea that in our time women should be able to maintain themselves independently of men. And, what is more, she puts the idea to a test. The test helps to set aside the urgent solicitations of Porter Bigelow, a wealthy suitor, and involves the renting of a room to Roger Poole, a man who, sick at heart, had lost faith in himself as well as in God. She is an interesting character and well portrayed, admirable in her devotion to her married sister, Constance; her watchful, breeding care of the weak brother, Barry; and her tender affection for her deaf aunt, Isabelle. She succeeds in putting new ambition into Roger—with the usual romantic result. Mary, having tried the life of a "working woman," is glad to become a good man's inspiration and a loving wife.

*

A FAR COUNTRY

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

AGAIN the letter C figures initially and perhaps significantly in this the latest novel by a writer who is at least one of the most popular of

American authors. All who are interested in such things will ponder over the fact that Mr. Churchill has used the letter C prominently in all his books. There are from his pen "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "Coniston," "The Inside of the Cup," and now "A Far Country." It may be merely a fancy or superstition of the author's, but quite apart from that speculation, it is a singular fact that in "A Far Country," and also in "The Turmoil," the latest novel by Booth Tarkington, the theme is based on the determination of a father to crush a son's literary ambitions. The Churchill novel is thrown upon a much larger canvas than Tarkington's and it involves as well problems in socialism and democracy. It is autobiographical in form, a form indeed that the author has used heretofore with telling effect, particularly in "Richard Carvel." The chief character is Hugh Paret, and the account of his career, as set down by himself, is in accord with what we imagine is the career of many successful American business men of the last quarter of a century. The background reveals elements warring over laws affecting trusts, over politics and finance, and convinces one that the happiness and contentment of the "Far Country," which Paret started out to attain, are to be found away from the life and atmosphere of those who seek wealth and the power that wealth brings with it. A strong love story gives warmth to an otherwise drab tale.

*

—"Thoughts on Business," a work that is regarded as a classic of its kind, has been republished in one volume. (Chicago: Forbes and Company).

*

—"The King's Highway," a patriotic song by Henry Newbolt, with music by Francis Newbolt, is being published at threepence. (London: The Poetry Bookshop).



HARMONIOUS NEUTRALITY

A correspondent sends us this story, evidently from an ironical Swiss paper. A few soldiers belonging to part of a Swiss regiment in garrison at Basel went to a certain café for refreshments. One of them sat down alone at a table. Later a civilian, a German, joined him and the two began to talk war politics.

"Would you shoot on the Germans if they invaded Switzerland?" asked the German.

"Oh, no, never!" exclaimed the soldier.

"Waiter, a pint of beer and a beef-steak with potatoes for this brave man," ordered the civilian.

"And your pals sitting at the next table—would they also not shoot the Germans if they tried to invade this country?"

And addressing again the soldier, he asked: "Is this generally the view held in the Swiss army in regard to a possible German invasion? Are all the Swiss soldiers so Germanophil?"

"I don't know," replied the soldier.

"But why would you not shoot the Germans?"

"Because we belong to the band."
—*Manchester Guardian*.

AN UNLOVED OFFICIAL

Actual extract from a sailor's letter to his wife:

"Dear Jane,—I am sending you a postal order for 10s., which I hope you will get—but you may not—as this letter has to pass the Censor."
—*Punch*.

*

VERY PARTICULAR

A man once presented himself at the office of Tichnor and Fields with a bundle of manuscripts in his hand. He was met by Mr. Fields. "Good morning, sir," he said. "Is this Mr. Fields?" "Yes, I am Mr. Fields." "Mr. James T. Fields?" "Yes, that's my name." "I mean a member of the firm of Tichnor and Fields." "Yes, I am he." "Oh," with a look of disappointment, "then I'd like to see Mr. Tichnor."
—*Exchange*.

*

POUR LA MERITE

Aunt Ethel: "Well, Beatrice, were you very brave at the dentist's?"

Beatrice: "Yes, auntie, I was."

Aunt Ethel: "Then, there's the half-crown I promised you. And now tell me what he did to you."

Beatrice: "He pulled out two of Willie's teeth!"
—*Punch*.

"I REMEMBER"

I remember, I remember
 The cost, when I was born,
 Of shoes and ships and sealing wax
 And cabbages and corn.
 A dozen eggs cost eighteen cents,
 A pound of pork a dime;
 And now I often meditate
 Upon that happier time.

I remember, I remember
 The rent we used to pay;
 We had a house of fourteen rooms—
 A dollar ten a day.
 Our cook got three a week and board,
 And coal was four a ton,
 And apples were a cent apiece
 In Eighteen Eighty-one.

I remember, I remember
 My mother used to wear
 The loveliest of cotton hose
 At twenty cents a pair.
 In silken hose my Julia goes—
 A pair costs three-fifteen;
 My father used a penny pen;
 I type a fine machine.

I remember, I remember
 What famous poems cost;
 How Milton got ten dollars for
 His great "Paradise Lost";
 Twelve dollars bought Gray's
 "Elegy";
 Oh, I'm so glad to be alive
 In a day when I can sell a thing
 Like this for twenty-five.
 —F. P. Adams in *Collier's Weekly*.

*

A DEAR DOG

Fred Kelly was negotiating with a street dealer for an Airedale pup,
 "How much?" asked Kelly.
 "Three dollars."
 "Well, I'll be along this afternoon again and I may buy him."
 "Better take him now. H'll probably be five dollars by then."
 "Why this raise?"
 "Oh," said the dealer, "probably I'll become attached to him by that time."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

LIGHT AND DARK

The Optimist: "That boy will be President some day."
 The Pessimist: "That boy will be Vice-President some day."—*Puck*.

*

NURSIE KNEW

Former President Taft tells this one on himself:

"There is a lad of my acquaintance in New Haven," said Mr. Taft, "who used to bite his nails. 'See here,' said his nurse to him one day, 'if you keep biting your nails like that, do you know what will happen to you?'"

"'No,' said the youngster. 'What?'"

"'You'll swell up like a balloon and burst.'"

"The boy believed his nurse. He stopped biting his nails at once. About a month after the discontinuance of his habit he encountered me at luncheon. He surveyed me with stern disapproval. Then he walked over and said to me accusingly:

"'You bite your nails!'"—*Everybody's*.

*

GOT HIS

A writer of plays was reading a new work before a company of the French Society of Comedy, and presently was disturbed by the sight of one of the members, M. Got, fast asleep. The author stopped and reproved the sleeper. He was reading his play to the committee in order to obtain their opinion. How could a man who was asleep give an opinion?

M. Got rubbed his eyes and remarked, "Sleep is an opinion." There was no appeal from this verdict.—*Christian Register*.

*

CONCERNED

Old Lady (to nephew on leave from the front): "Good-bye, my dear boy, and try and find time to send a post-card to let me know you are safely back in the trenches!"—*Punch*.

SAFE TO TRY

A friend of Nat Goodwin's was staying with the actor at his home in California, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia. One day he was taking a walk along the beach with his host.

"I have derived relief from drinking a glass of salt-water from the tide," said the invalid solemnly. "Do you think I might take a second?"

Goodwin reflected deeply. "Well," he replied, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."—*Osteopathic Magazine*.

*

KEPT IN HOT WATER

The only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath in connection with it—was given to the stranger from Kansas. The next morning the clerk was approached by the guest when the latter was ready to check out.

"Well, did you have a good night's rest?" the clerk asked.

"No, I didn't," replied the Kansan. "The room was all right, and the bed was pretty good, but I could not sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only door to it was through my room."

*

HISTORICAL

Miss Smith, the teacher, was hearing the history class. The pupils seemed unusually dull.

"Now," she said, "Mary followed Edward VI., didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied a little girl.

"And now, who followed Mary?" asked the teacher hopefully. All was silent for a moment, then Elsie raised her hand.

"Yes, Elsie?" queried the teacher. "Who followed Mary?"

"Her little lamb, teacher," said Elsie triumphantly. — *Harper's Monthly*.

Voice of Captain (through tube): "There's a submarine about, Mac. Can you whack her up any more?"

Chief Engineer: "Ay, Ah'll get another two knots if I ha'e to burn whusky!"—*Punch*.

*

CRUEL SPITE

Village Haberdasher: "Yew take it from me, sir, folk in our village be very spiteful agin the Germans. Why, Oi reckon Oi've sold fifty 'andkerchers wi' Kitchener's face on 'em!"—*Punch*.

*

BILLY SNUDAY'S REVISED VERSION

Here is the Old Testament of David and Goliath as translated by Billy Sunday into modern slang for the benefit of the New Jersey legislators:

David was the youngest son. He had to wear his brothers' hand-me-downs. His father told him one day to go and say to his brothers, who were fighting in the trenches with Saul's army: "Your mother's getting nervous about you. You haven't 'phoned her in a long time."

When David got to the battlefield he saw Goliath. "Who's that big lobster?" he asked. His brothers said: "Why, he's the main cheese of the Philistines." David said: "Are you guys going to let that stiff pull a bluff like that? Are you going to let him get away with it? I'm going to it!"

King Saul fixed David up with some armour, but it was four sizes too big, and David threw it away. He got his sling and some smooth stones out of the creek.

When Goliath saw David he gave him the ha-ha. "Look who's here!" he said. He kidded David.

"Is that so?" yelled David. And he whirled his sling and soaked Goliath on the coco between the lamps. The giant went to the mat and took the count. David took Goliath's sword and chopped off the giant's head.

And the gang beat it.

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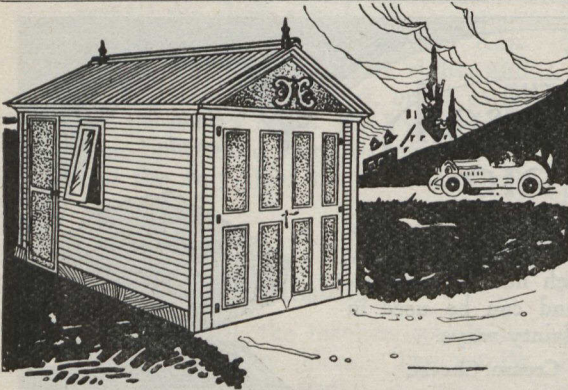
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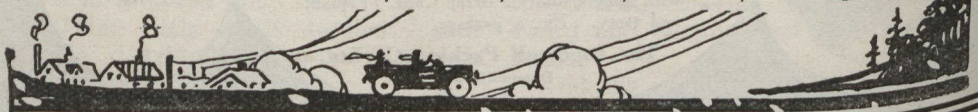
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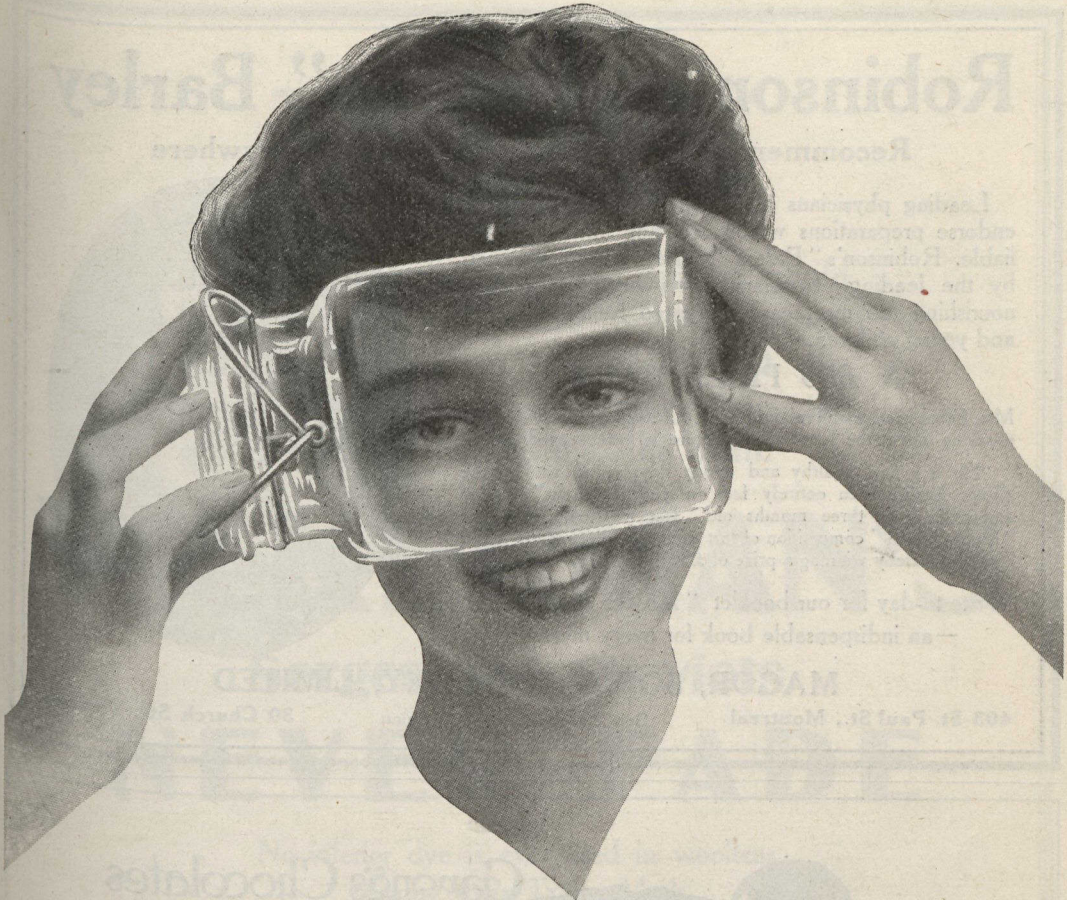
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No inferior dye is ever used in woollens
bearing their Trade Mark

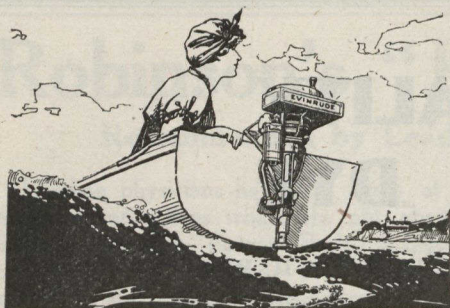


This is of particular interest to-day when the shortage of good dye stuffs is very acute and the cost correspondingly high.

**THE GUARANTEE REMAINS THE SAME
BECAUSE THE QUALITY IS THE SAME**

NISBET & AULD, Limited, TORONTO

Wholesale Selling Agents for Canada.

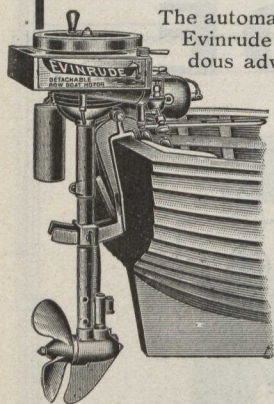


The First Successful Detachable Rowboat and Canoe Motor was the Evinrude.

Before you buy a detachable Motor it will pay you to investigate the exclusive features, unique advantages and superior quality of the 1915 model.

THE EVINRUDE Detachable Motor

IS SAFE, SIMPLE, SERVICEABLE



The automatic reverse (an exclusive Evinrude feature) is of tremendous advantage in maneuvering for a landing, or passing other craft.

This wonderful little motor can be attached to any rowboat or canoe in a minute. It develops a speed of from two to eight miles per hour. Is perfect in design, dependable, and so simple a child can operate it. Some of its many advantages are—

**Automatic Reverse
Maxim Silencer
Built-in Magneto
Weedless Propeller
It's Light, but Powerful.**

Shall we mail our handsome catalogue and send you the name of our

Nearest Canadian Agent?

**Melchior, Armstrong & Dessau
116 S BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY**



THERE is no more reason for serving poor coffee than for making omelets of stale eggs.

Simply use reasonable care in making, and start with

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

158



What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year :

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state :

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used at all, should not be used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."



TANGLEFOOT

"The Sanitary Fly Destroyer"
Non-Poisonous

Catches the Germ with the Fly

Made in Canada by

THE O. & W. THUM CO.

Dept. 275

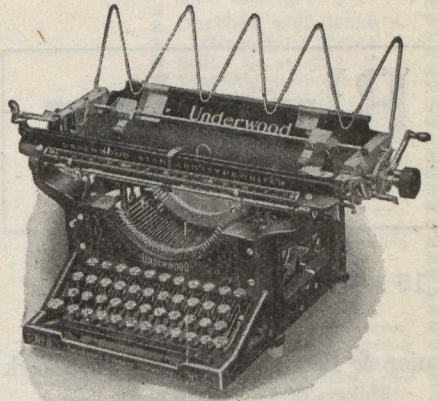
Walkerville, Ont.

American Address : Grand Rapids, Mich.

THERE are thirty models of the UNDERWOOD for every purpose of recording, accounting, or statistical work.

Concerning one of these special purpose UNDERWOODS a manufacturer says :

"The condensed Billing Typewriter which you installed for us has saved its cost every three months. We consider it the best investment we ever made."



United Typewriter Company, Limited
Underwood Building
135 Victoria Street, Toronto

Old Ways Merely Quieted The Corn The New Way Ends It

Some folks still cling to liquids, to inefficient plasters, or to merely paring corns.

They wrong themselves.

Their own friends keep free from corns by using **Blue-jay** plasters.

They apply one in a jiffy, then forget the corn. In 48 hours, without pain or soreness, the entire corn comes out.

A famous chemist found this way which makes corns out-of-date. One can't prevent them easily, but to keep them is folly.

Millions of people know that.

Blue=jay Plasters

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

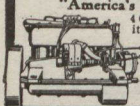
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

KERMATH Marine Engines

"America's Standard 4 Cycle Marine Motor"

4 Cycle, 4 Cylinder, 12 to 20 H. P. Highest quality. Silent operation. No vibration. Controls like the finest Motor Car engine. Extremely economical on fuel. Used as standard equipment by over 60 per cent. of the world's leading boat builders. Catalog on request, \$1.50 to \$3.00 depending on equipment.

KERMATH MFG. CO. Dept. 42 Detroit, Mich.




There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as
Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,
Hamilton.**

"MADE IN CANADA"



"This Drink Will Suit You for the Hot Weather."

You will be delighted with

COSGRAVES

Half-and-Half

It is the choicest brew from the finest hops and malt.

Your dealer will ship your order wherever you wish.

Telephone him to-day.

For over half a century the Cosgrave label has meant the best in malt and hop beverages.



The ONLY Chill-Proof Beer.



Summer Ices

Cooling creams and ices "stand better" and are smoother if made with

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

(It's Granulated)

It is the secret of home-made frozen dainties—this Grape Juice Sherbet will prove it.

Grape Juice Sherbet

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 5 minutes. Make a syrup by boiling 1 cup sugar and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water ten minutes, and add soaked gelatine. Cool slightly and add 1 pint grape juice, 4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice; then freeze. Serve in glasses and garnish with candied violets or fruit, if desired.

Send for **FREE** Recipe Book

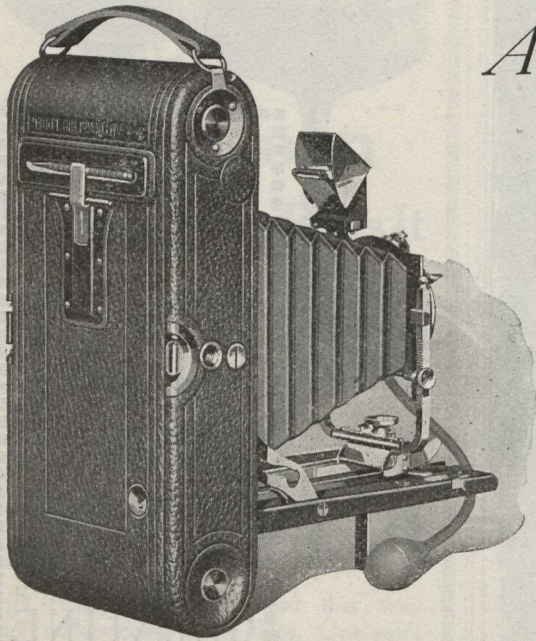
It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, Pudding and Candy Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample (enough to make this grape sherbet) for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHAS. B. KNOX CO.

499 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N.Y.

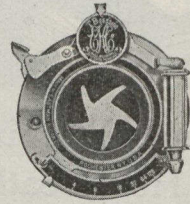
Packed in Montreal, P.Q. and Johnstown, N.Y.





*Anastigmatic
and
Autographic*

\$27.⁵⁰₌₌



The New 3^A KODAK

Has the autographic feature whereby you can date and title your films *at the time of exposure*, is fitted with the new Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7* lens—a lens that leaves nothing to be desired in definition (sharpness) and flatness of field and has more speed than even the best of the Rapid Rectilinear lenses.

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No. 3a Autographic Kodak, pictures $3\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, Kodak Anastigmat lens <i>f.7.7</i> .	\$27.50
Do., with Rapid Rectilinear lens	22.50

Catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, TORONTO

"My baby was so sick that both she and I were almost dead—my mother prevailed on me to use your—

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

She had raised her children on it. My baby is now doing well, sleeps as sound as anyone, is cutting her teeth and she and I are both comfortable.

MRS. LUELLA KELLIHER,
Woodland, California.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For Children Teething

SOLD EVERYWHERE

A Perfume for the Most Refined Taste

A leader amongst leaders.
After being in use for
NEARLY A CENTURY

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!



EDDY'S MATCHES are and have been for more than sixty years, leaders and standards of Canadian trade and all thinking Canadians will continue to always insist upon having

none but

EDDY'S MATCHES



KELSEY

ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES
HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

SAVE 30% OF YOUR
COAL BILL

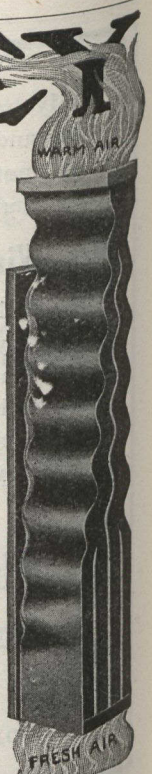
By using the Kelsey warm air heating system. Write us for proof of this statement. The peculiar construction of the Kelsey with the Zig Zag heat tubes or long corrugated sections effects this saving in the coal.

Less Coal But More Heat

The Kelsey pays for itself in the first few years by this saving, besides ensuring a well ventilated house.

For further information write

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited
Brockville, Ont.



The Purest & Best Beer
"Made in Canada"

O'Keefe's
Pilsener
Lager



The Light Beer in the Light Bottle

Glaxo,

Saved the life of this little one.



In writing us her mother says :

"When she was born she weighed eight pounds. From the first it was necessary to find a suitable food for her, and I experienced the greatest difficulty in getting anything she could digest. The first four months of her life were the most distressing I ever knew, for she wasted away till she only weighed five pounds. She was so delicate at this time that I could not handle her without supporting her on a pillow.

"We had all given up hopes of saving her life when the Doctor ordered me to get Glaxo for her. The Doctor told me all about Glaxo—of its purity—its freedom from starch and the ease with which it is digested, and considered that the baby's only hope lay in Glaxo.

"Results proved the doctor's words to be true. From the day I started to use Glaxo she began to grow healthy, strong and happy. She is now two years and two months old and it would be impossible to find a more healthy or bonnier baby."

**British
Made**

Glaxo,

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Made**

"BUILDS BONNIE BABIES"

SEND NOW FOR THIS FREE BOOK

GLAXO, 418 Dominion Bank Building, Toronto.
Please send me your FREE 72 page Baby Book

Mrs.

Address.....

610

**The "BROWN"
LOOSE LEAF LEDGER,
Binder-Sheets, Specialties**



THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST
Lays solid and flat on the desk,
Perfect flat opening,
Holds sheets securely.

Manufactured by
BROWN BROS. LIMITED
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**A 20 Pay Life Result
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**\$5000. 20 Pay Life. Age 30
Issued 1895. Premium \$150.30**

**CASH VALUE AT END
OF TWENTY YEARS:**

RESERVE.....	\$ 2405
PROFITS.....	1920
TOTAL.....	\$ 4325

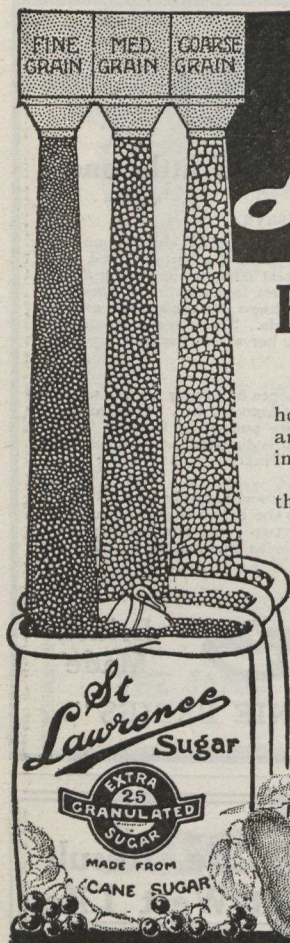
Policyholder has paid in twenty years \$ 3006

He receives back all his premiums, has had \$5000 Life Insurance for twenty years free, and receives in addition \$ 1319

And there are other valuable options.

Look into these exceedingly attractive plans.

**THE
Great-West Life Assurance Co.
HEAD OFFICE:—WINNIPEG**



St. Lawrence Sugar

HOME JAM-MAKERS THIS HINT MAY SAVE YOUR JAM.

It is not everyone who knows that no matter how fresh the berries are, how thoroughly the jam is cooked, nor how clean the jars are, preserves are absolutely sure to spoil if the sugar used contains organic matter—impurities—and many sugars do.

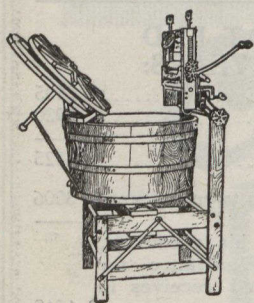
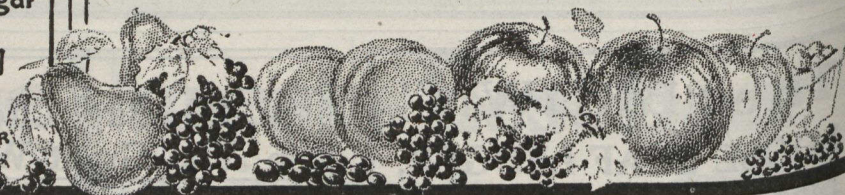
As chemical tests are unpractical—home jam-makers might profit by the experience of others and insist on being supplied with St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar which has always, and for many years given satisfaction. *It tests over 99.99% pure and is refined exclusively from cane sugar.*

IT'S WORTH THE WHILE OF THOSE MAKING JAMS OR JELLIES TO INSIST ON ST. LAWRENCE EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR.

Buying in the Refinery sealed packages, avoids mistakes and assures cleanliness and correct weights. Sold in 2 lb. and 5 lb. cartons and bags of 10, 20, 25 and 100 lbs. and in 3 sizes of grain: fine, medium and coarse. Any good dealer can fill your order.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED

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It is not a question of "Do you wash clothes?" but "How do you do your Washing? On the same old-fashioned back-breaking, rub board? The results never can warrant the hard slavery this entails when the

CONNOR BALL BEARING WASHER

will do the Washing in less than half the time, in the most modern and least fatiguing way, and without any wear and tear on the clothes.

Why not let us send you our booklet on this machine. We can supply a machine anywhere in Canada. Write to-day to—

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OTTAWA, ONT.

"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"

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SMOKE

FOREST AND STREAM



TOBACCO



CANADA

Put Your Hand To The Plow!

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

Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watchword of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

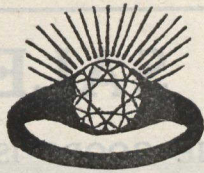
W. D. SCOTT, Esq., Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

or

**J. OBED SMITH, Esq., Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,
-13 Charing Cross, London, .W., England.**

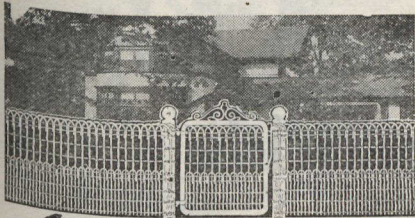
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PEERLESS Lawn Fencing

ORNAMENTAL fencing serves a double purpose. It not only enhances the beauty of your premises, but also protects it and your children and property as well. It keeps out marauding animals and trespassers. It protects your lawns and flowers and always gives your home grounds that orderly, pleasing appearance.

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Shows many beautiful designs of fencing suitable for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. Agencies almost everywhere. Active agents wanted in unassigned territory.

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Bran-Bred Cheer

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Pettijohn's is a bran dainty. These luscious flakes of soft wheat hide 25% of bran. It means better breakfasts as well as better days.

One week will convince you. It will show you a way to make the bran habit delightful. Try it.

Pettijohn's

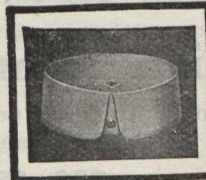
Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

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GUARANTEE FOR THE QUALITY

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Could any article that one might present make a more sensible—more useful—better appreciated and a more lasting remembrance of the "happiest of days" than one of these perfectly appointed wardrobe trunks.

A most appropriate gift for Bride or Groom.

Rite-hite Wardrobe Trunks

the most completely appointed and fitted trunk on the market to-day—great capacity—very compact and made for service. The prices are

\$30, \$38.50, \$45, \$60, \$75, \$80.

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with a garment capacity nearly double that of any other trunk of the same size. Equally suitable for land or sea travel. The prices are

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Feel the thrill in matching your skill with the cunning of bass, trout, pickerel or giant "lunge."

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Kawartha Lakes**

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Good fishing in almost virgin waters, good living at camp, hotel or boarding house, and Out-of-Doors to put red blood in your veins.

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WRITE TODAY FOR THESE BOOKS
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Enjoy a real recreation and rest for tired nerves in the picturesque lakes, streams and wooded isles of Muskoka Lakes District.

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TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

CALIFORNIA - 1915

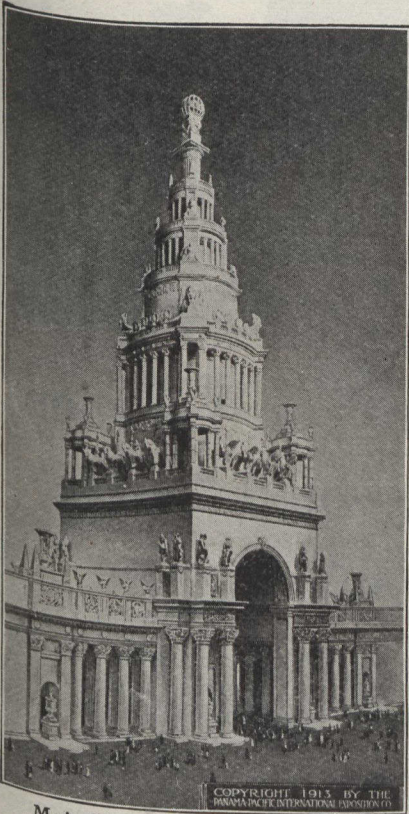
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SAN FRANCISCO

Feb. 20th to Dec. 4th, 1915

SAN DIEGO

Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1915



Main Tower or Tower of Jewels

Travel to California via the **Grand Trunk Pacific**. The same fares in most cases (and an additional charge on low excursion fares to cover the cost of meals and berths on Pacific Coast Steamships) apply on this magnificent new scenic route as on the more direct routes from Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and all eastern points. **The New Transcontinental** is as great in magnitude and interest as the Panama Canal. You see the Canadian Rockies at their best and the wonderful Fraser and Skeena Rivers of British Columbia besides enjoying a two days trip through the "Norway of America" on the G.T.P. Coast Steamships—the surest, finest and fastest in that service. A short side trip can be made from Prince Rupert to Alaska, which time and expense might not permit from a southern port. No other transportation company can offer the choice of routes or the attractions that the Grand Trunk System has arranged for 1915 to California and the Pacific Coast.

Lowest Fares

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Electric Lighted Trains

Unexcelled Dining Car Service

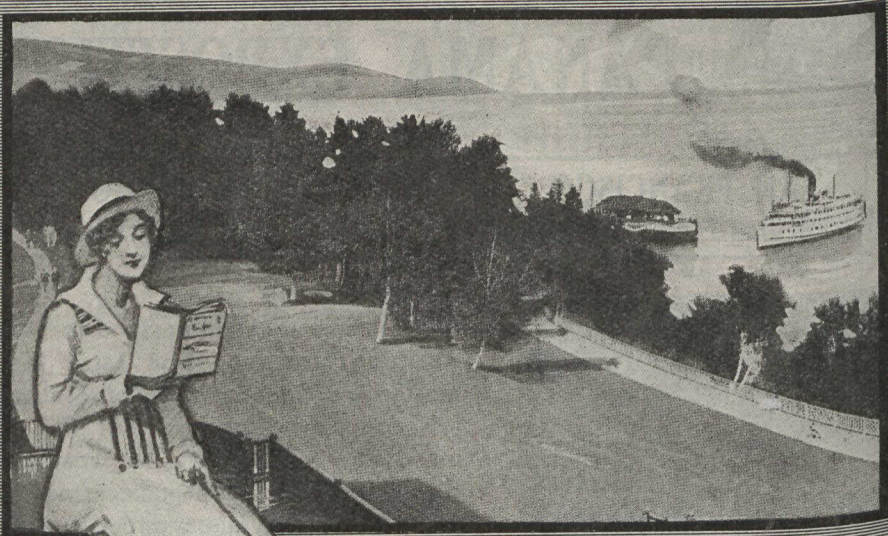
Fine Service

For rates, full particulars and advertising matter, apply to any agent of the Company or to W. E. Duperow, Union Station, Winnipeg; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

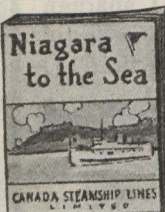
G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

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Here's a Vacation
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The most wonderful vacation yet—a thousand mile voyage on the Great Lakes, and an outing in the north country. The historical resorts of Northern Michigan await you with all the enchantments of primeval nature—shady majestic woods, delightful boating, fishing, golfing, camping, sight-seeing. First-class hotel accommodations and boarding houses at reasonable rates.

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A set of artistic poster stamps sent on receipt of five cents. "D. & C. Talisman" Send one dollar cash or money order, for D. & C. Good Luck golden frog men's scarf pin or women's brooch set with Mexican rubies and emeralds.

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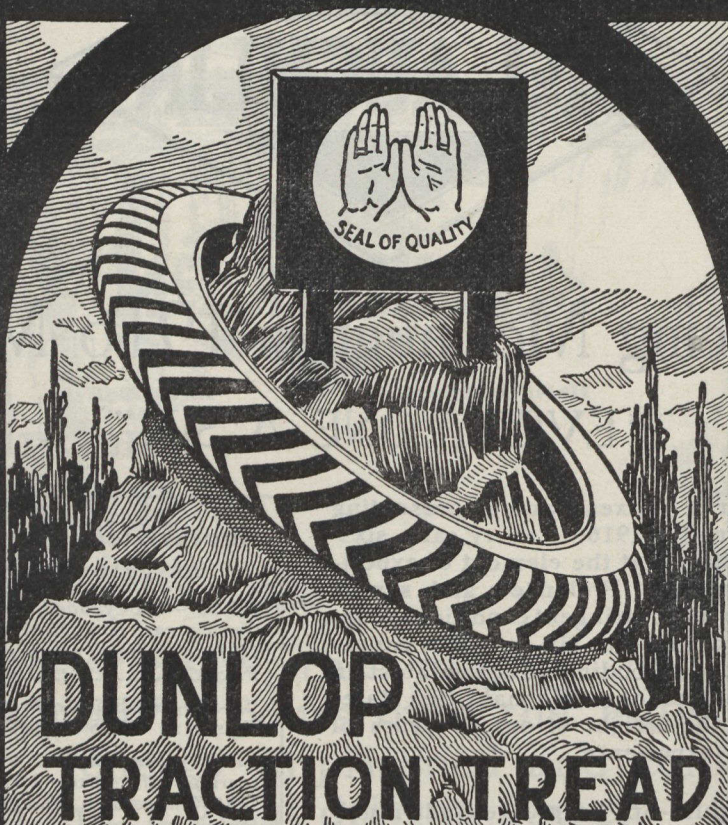
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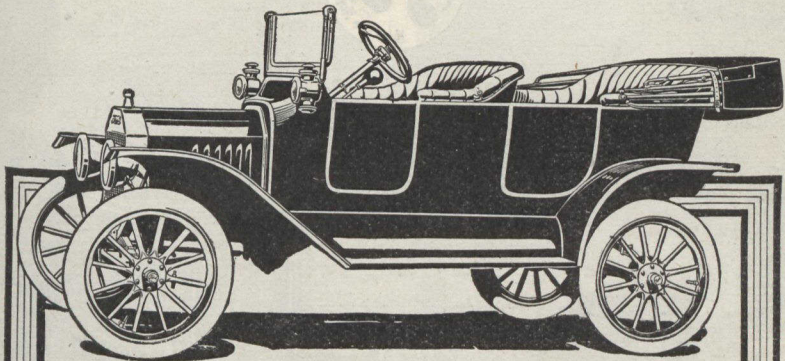
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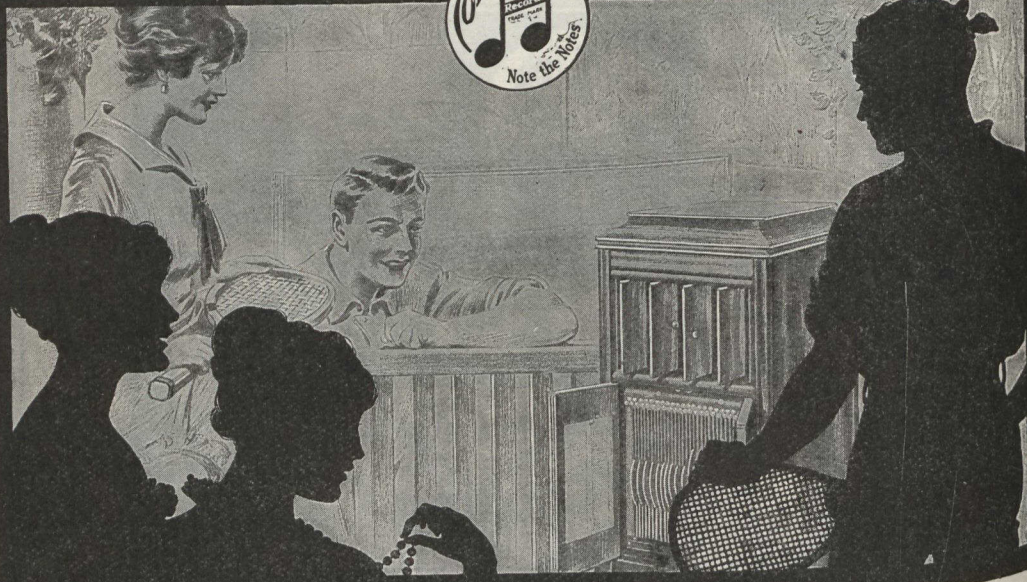
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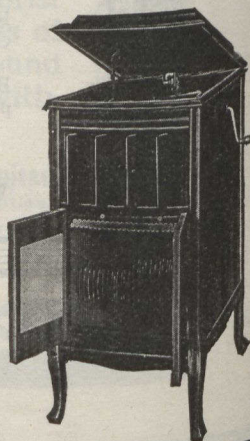
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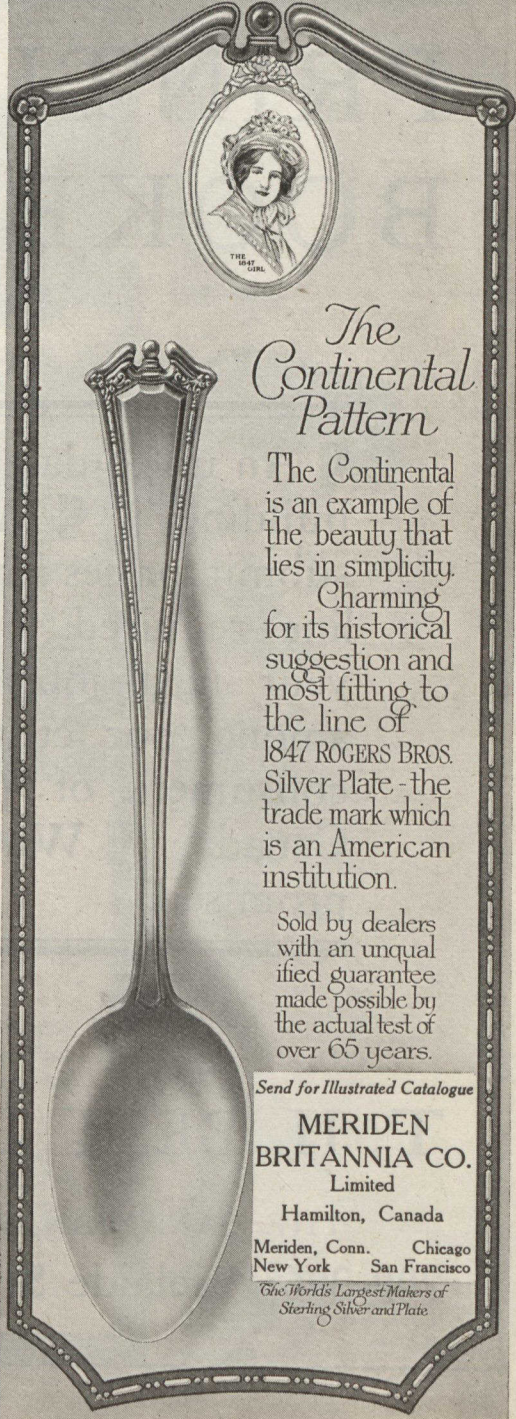
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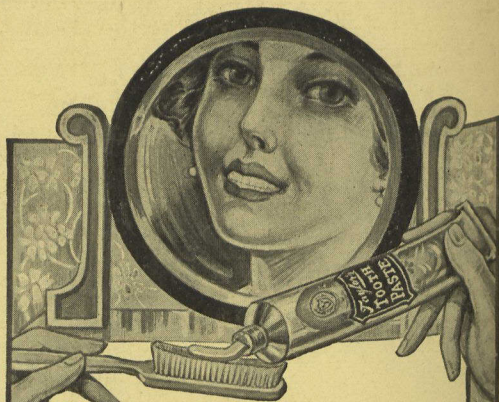
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