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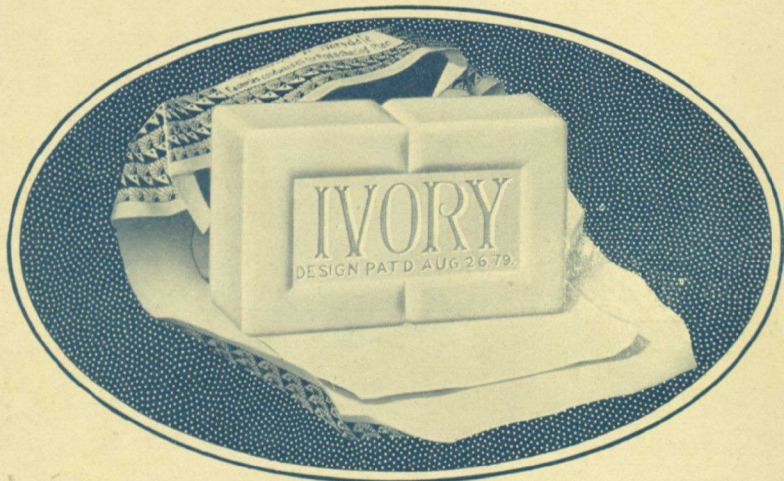
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LIII

Contents, August, 1919

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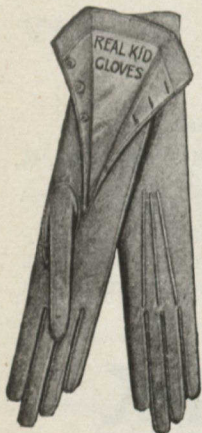
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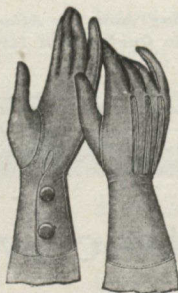
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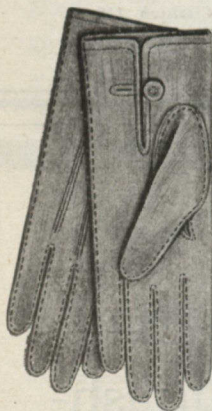
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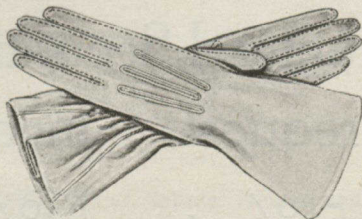
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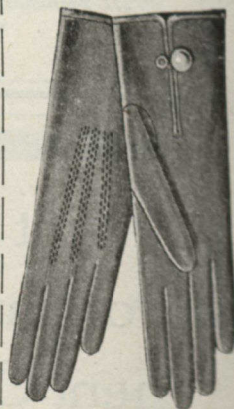
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The September Number

The September Number appears at a time when most persons, whether still at home or on vacation, prefer to read something light and entertaining. Apart from Mrs. Mackay's serial "Mist of Morning" and the anecdotes of Col. Denison in his "Recollections" there will be a number of high-class short stories by Canadian writers and also several unusually interesting literary essays. One of these is "The Critic and the Poet" by Donald G. French. Of course, there will be some heavier articles such as the one by C. Lintern Sibley entitled "Canada and the West Indies," which deals with the prospects for greater trading between these two great western sections of the Empire. Mr. Hassard's series of articles on the Great Orators of Canada is of distinct historical value and should be widely read. The September article will consider the splendid powers, both as statesman and orator, of Joseph Howe, the great Nova Scotian tribune.

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

* * *

THE WRITERS

Mr. A. R. HASSARD is a well-known barrister of Toronto and a keen student of Canadian history. He has written on various literary and historical subjects, and is the author of a thesis, published in book form, treating of the genius and accomplishments of Lord Macaulay.

Mrs. MADGE MACBETH is an Ottawa lady who devotes all her time to literary and histrionic pursuits. She has written many short stories and articles for magazines, is the author of one published novel and has organized a number of amateur theatrical performances.

Mr. LEROY THORNE BOWES, of the Hydrographic Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa, has taken the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science (1912). He has written many articles and stories as a result of his work in the Northland. He comes of stock that did pioneer journalistic work in New Brunswick.

COL. DENISON—see the July number.

Mr. C. W. STOKES is the Assistant Publicity Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway. His lite ary work, especially his short stories, is distinguished by its quiet yet effective humour.

Mrs. MACKAY—see the July number.

Sir JOHN WILLISON—see the July number.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, a Canadian, is Professor of English Literature in the University of Tennessee. He has written much excellent verse and literary essays, and is the editor of one of the most successful anthologies of war poetry yet written. It runs into two volumes. Of the first, which is published, more than thirty thousand copies have been sold.

Mr. AUSTIN MOSHER is a well-known journalist of Montreal. He speaks and writes French well, and knows thoroughly the French-Canadian character, the political history of Quebec, particularly during the last fifty years.

Dr. J. D. LOGAN at present is doing special writing for *The Halifax Herald*. For an account of his career and accomplishments see "Northern Lights" in *The Canadian Magazine* for October, 1918

THE ARTISTS

Mr. R. F. GAGEN for many years has been Secretary of the Ontario Society of Artists, and he is one of the few members still exhibiting who exhibited at the first exhibition of that society, in the early seventies. He is a member also of the Royal Canadian Academy.

ANTON MAUVE was one of the distinguished Dutch painters of the nineteenth century.

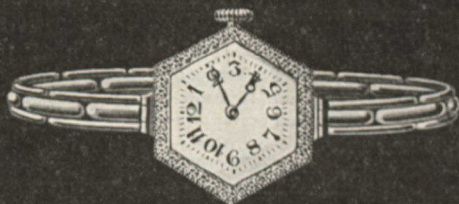
Mr. FRED S. HAINES is a member of the Ontario Society of Artists and organizer of the Society of Canadian Painters and Etchers. He draws animals particularly well, and loves to depict pastoral landscapes. He lives at Thornhill, Ontario.

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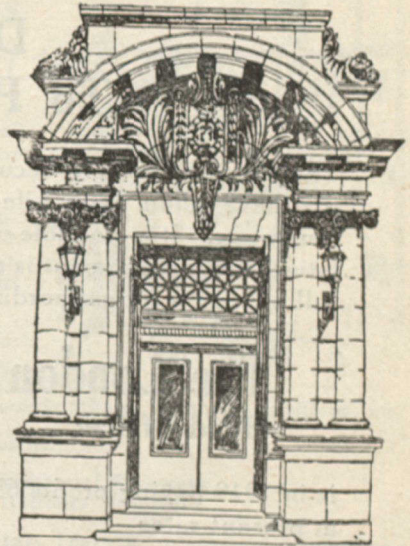
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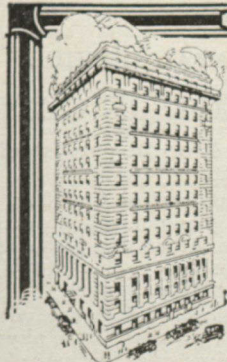
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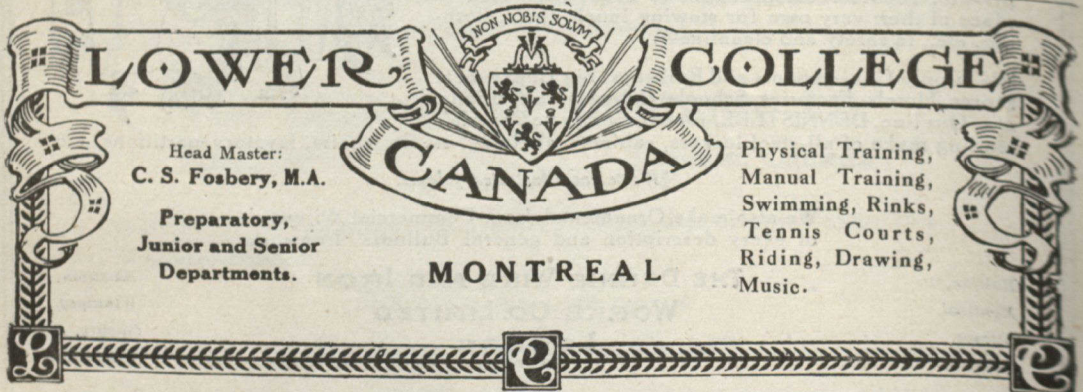
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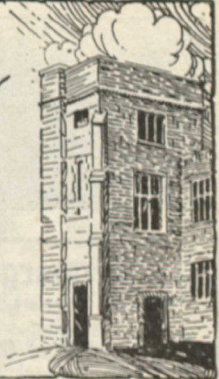
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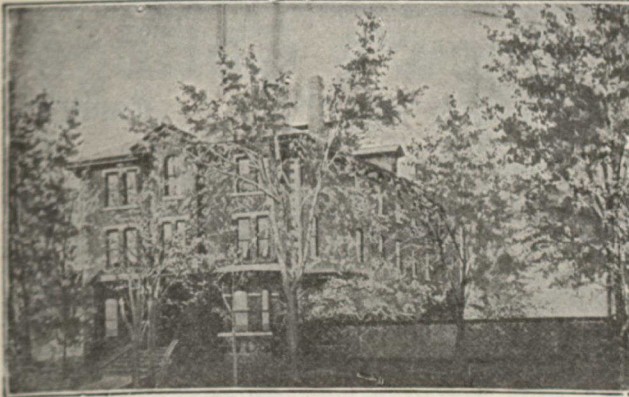
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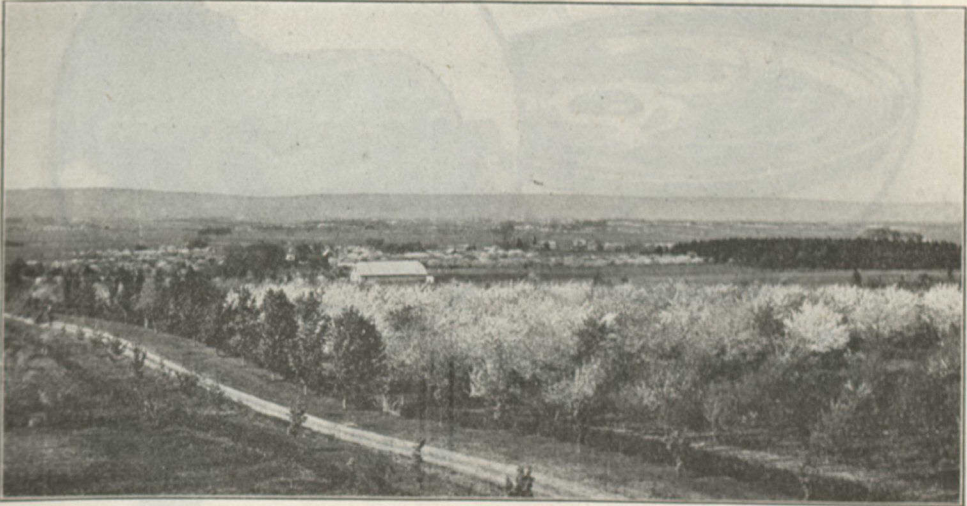


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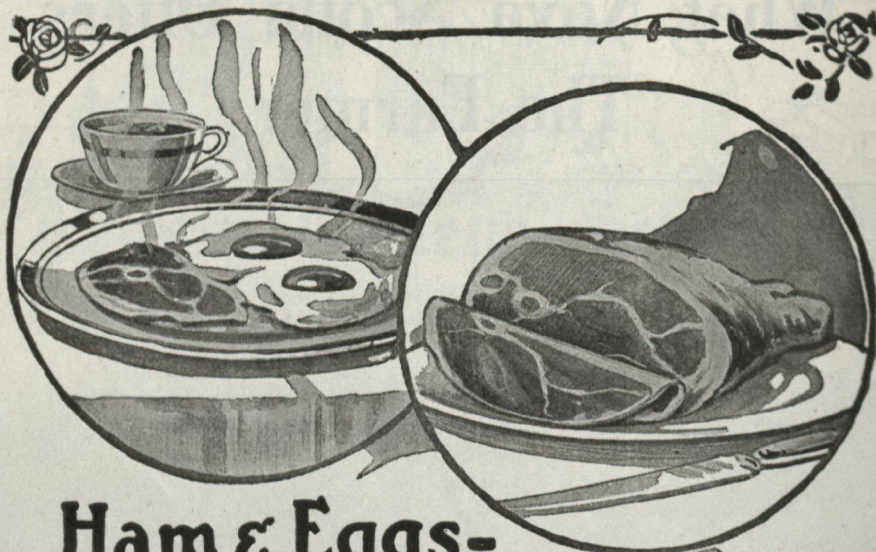
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A GREAT CANADIAN ORATOR

Thomas D'Arcy McGee



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1919

No. 4

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY A. R. HASSARD

I.—D'ARCY MCGEE

IT is fifty years since the meteoric career of the distinguished Irish Canadian orator, statesman and poet, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, came to its sudden and tragic termination.

A cultured and captivating orator, a statesman of high, Chatham-like order, a writer versatile and scholarly, a poet touched with the true fires of divine genius, a politician who loved the sudden ebbs and flows in the great tides of party politics, a man without an enemy save those whom jealousy and bigotry had made, he came to Canada in early manhood, lured thither as countless others had been by the many bright prospects which were gaily beckoning on her shores. He at once won for himself a premier place in the new country's warm heart, and threw himself with an Irishman's ardour into the great struggle for Confederation which was asserting itself to be the true solution of the perplexing political pro-

blems then confronting the Canadian people. During that struggle he achieved a splendid reputation as a statesman, an orator, and a leader of men, and was trusted implicitly by all sections of the different races, creeds, sects and factions that for years had been creating strife and confusion in the land. While yet in the meridian of his glory, and after having tasted during a few short months the sweets of office, fame and power, his life of varied experiences and brilliant achievements came to an untimely close by an assassin's bullet; and the country to which he gave the very flower of his greatest days was cruelly impoverished by his early and his most untimely death.

D'Arcy McGee was born in Ireland on the thirteenth day of April, 1825. His boyhood was spent in that country, amid the suffering and distress which were making in those days one of their periodical visits to the Emerald Isle. He grew into young manhood during the political excitement

of the stirring years when the great O'Connell was at the pinnacle of his fame.

Very early in life McGee displayed a noticeable inclination towards books and learning, and by the time he had reached the age of seventeen years he had acquired an education which was peculiarly marked by its extent and also by its variety. In 1842 he left Ireland for the new world, having suddenly formed the intention of settling permanently in America. After crossing the Atlantic, he made his way to Boston, which even at that time was famed as one of the chief literary centres of the Western Hemisphere. From 1842 to 1845 he made his home in that city. During those years he continued his studies, and while he resided in Boston, books rather than amusements were his especial choice. His literary style was at this time beginning to assume that richly rhetorical and picturesquely poetical form into which it subsequently and superbly developed.

It is peculiarly difficult for an Irishman to banish forever the hopes of being restored to the green shores of his native country. So it was with McGee. In 1845 he returned to Ireland, and so precocious was his genius that, although he had not yet reached his twenty-first year, he received employment in so important a sphere as writing editorials for the great moulder of Irish opinion, the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. At the same time he became identified with the Young Ireland Revolutionary party, which had sprung into existence almost simultaneously with the appearance upon lovely Irish hills and vales of the ghastly spectre of the great and memorable famine. The famine received but little relief from the revolutionists; but revolution drew both life and nourishment from the imminence of starvation.

D'Arcy McGee remained prominently associated with the seditious activities of his fellow conspirators, until the later and ludicrous termination of the righteously ill-fated move-

ment. During these years he was indefatigable in his literary endeavours, and in addition to his other labours, he published two biographical works, which enjoyed a rather extensive circulation. Although the subjects of these biographies were characters so long since departed that they have dwelt chiefly in tradition, still the books, having been written by an Irishman, and evincing perhaps a little asperity towards England, were widely read by the Irish people, who no doubt sympathized to some extent with the treasonable expressions which were contained within them.

In 1848 the youthful conspirators of Dublin arose to the dignity of revolutionists, and led by officers, who had been recently lawyers, editors and clerks, attempted to emancipate Ireland from the control of the English government. That they ever could have hoped to create anything of greater dimensions than a mere local disturbance against a nation which had known the mighty victory of Waterloo seems impossible. Yet the ardent young Irish patriots entered the conflict with the burning zeal of men who already saw the trembling remains of British dominion swiftly crumbling into dust. As was natural, the contest was of exceedingly brief duration, as have been most Irish rebellions. A few hours of an engagement were found sufficient to end it all, except the undying hopes of its always unconquered leaders, and their flight into the welcome retreat of the Irish hills, or the certain refuge of the even safer seas. McGee, who had been active throughout it all, was one of those who were sufficiently fortunate to make his escape from the battlefields of his country's freedom, namely the streets and lanes of Dublin. In a few weeks after the green flag had been triumphantly unfurled by the courageous yet short-sighted conspirators, McGee was in New York, beneath the folds of a flag which was not green, but which nevertheless afforded the young rebel an ample protection against the pen-

alties of treason in Ireland. The not-too-serious story of the Irish rebellion of 1848 has been told a thousand times. Like all history, it teaches many lessons to those who are willing to learn them. To the Irishmen, however, who in that generation hated England, it lived as a calamity. To their biased minds it was merely another of the burning outrages which Fate or England—it mattered little which—had inflicted unjustly upon the weaker and already grievously offended island.

In New York McGee obtained employment as an editorial writer, and for nearly ten years he devoted his rich and varied talents to journalism in its thoroughly respectable phase; and untainted by sedition or treason. Besides writing, he read incessantly, and also spent much of his time in delivering lectures upon a wide range of literary and historical subjects. In those days a lecture meant something; it did not consist merely of a few disconnected comments upon a series of rapidly changing illustrations flashed upon a canvas. It was the vocal presentation of a theme, with which the audience was perhaps unfamiliar, in a manner that would paint pictures in the mind and plant inspiration in the heart. This high tradition of the lecturer's art McGee brilliantly and efficiently maintained.

In 1857 he quit New York, and crossed the border to the Province of Lower Canada, having been induced to migrate thither partly because of an invitation having been sent to him from a number of Irish residents of that Province, and partly because of his own restlessness and love of change and adventure. In Montreal he settled. There he founded a newspaper, "The New Era", and very speedily made it a power in the land. He bore the same relation to it that Prof. Goldwin Smith did in later years to the famous Canadian literary publication *The Week* of Toronto. Each in his own generation was the soul of the journal. Each of those journals perished when its founder's

pen was stilled. McGee also won the political affections of the people of Montreal soon after his arrival among them. The dwellers in that city were not searchers after political spoils, and therefore not particularly eager to lend an ear to those who had power and places to bestow. On the contrary they quickly perceived genius, and sought to honour themselves by honouring it. Within a year of McGee's arrival in Montreal he was selected for supreme distinction, and the faith which "the men of the northern zone" reposed in him then, he retained undiminished to the very last.

In 1858 he was elected to Parliament for the City of Montreal, and held that seat until his death. Early in his parliamentary career he became attracted to the famous statesman Sir John Macdonald, whose keen political ability was already impressing itself deeply upon both Upper and Lower Canada. The attraction was mutual; and no firmer friend had McGee during the remainder of his lifetime than the first Prime Minister of United Canada.

The emigrant from Irish soil became the silver-tongued orator of Confederation. It is easy, in the light of half a century of political prosperity, and the realization of hopes, fearfully entertained and timidly expressed, to declare that confederation was the national salvation of British North America. But it was an heroic proceeding, in 1865, to proclaim that history must be reversed, and a new system of government must be inaugurated in Canada, involving the union of provinces and interests which had long succeeded in maintaining themselves in independence. The task was stupendous. The situation was critical. Yet many a despairing doubter had his anxieties silenced and a splendid faith in the future of Canada grandly kindled in his soul by the countless persuasive and eloquent speeches which the Irish orator delivered in favour of a union in one vast confederation of all the pro-

vinces and territories lying between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and stretching from the southward, where the international boundary scales the mountains and fords the rivers, to the northward, where the midnight sunbeams glorify a world of changeless snow.

Before the Union, he had become a cabinet minister, and after Confederation he held a seat in the first administration formed by Sir John Macdonald. McGee was an inspiration to the great Premier, while his wise statesmanship was helpful to his adopted country. He was looked upon as a coming leader, as a man whose eloquence might be expected to resound throughout the new Dominion possibly even on until the sunset of the nineteenth century. He held several cabinet positions, among them the portfolios of Secretary of State, and of Minister of Agriculture. In both these high positions, particularly in the latter, he felt the great responsibilities which should justly rest upon a man who would mould successfully a large portion of the policy of his country. Cities and towns had not then begun to expand at the expense of the farms, and the problem of providing nourishment for increasing consumers by the efforts of decreasing producers had not commenced to throw its surprising shadow across the depleted acres of the country. At the same time he caught a vision of the future, and the poetic mind which had conceived the thought,

And the rills and rivers sing with pride
the anthems of the free,

must have been stirred with a realization of the vast necessities, as well as the vast capabilities which lay before the future inhabitants of the new Dominion. For the twenty years before the commencement of the Great European War in 1914, the favourite theme of orators was "The Resources of Canada", but in the days when McGee was in his prime the problem which stirred the country was "The

Resources of Canada's Statesmen". This problem he grasped in its fullest significance, and had he lived to assist in its solution, the needless jealousy which for more than a generation has existed between the manufacturers and artisans of the city and the tillers of broad acres in the country might have been obviated.

In office McGee was not the cypher which numbers of cabinet officers have been. Many Ministers of the Crown have acted merely as senior clerks in their departments or as dispensers of political patronage throughout the land. The higher functions of government, the science of ruling a few millions of people, and the art of contributing to making an enlightened population happy, prosperous, virtuous and contented, have altogether escaped them. Of course, with the erudite journalists of to-day, to whom the making and unmaking of administrations and policies is a trifling pastime, government seems almost superfluous. But half a century ago such was not the case. Wise and strong men were needed to carry on the affairs of the country. McGee gave not only weight to the whole administration, but he perfected the work of his department; and, although trained as a newspaper editor, and developed into an orator, by nature a poet and by experience a parliamentarian, he made the activities of the branch of the government over which he presided felt throughout the whole of Canada.

Scarcely, however, had his worth been seen in the counsels of his country than the bullet of the assassin laid him low. On the morning of the seventh of April, 1868, he was returning to his Ottawa dwelling from a late sitting of one of the sessions of the first Parliament of the new Dominion of Canada. A Fenian, named Whelan, tracked the unsuspecting statesman to his very door. The debt which he owed since 1848 to the seditious society of Fenians, whose views he had repudiated, was now about to

be paid. Just as he was about to enter the house, a shot broke the stillness of the night. A bleeding form fell dying to the earth. In a few minutes one of the greatest Irishmen who had ever mingled in the public life of Canada lay dead on the threshold of his dwelling. The stars of the night twinkled silently on in frozen splendour on the mighty tower which had gone crashing to the ground.

Followed by a procession numbering tens of thousands, and by the grief of many thousands more, McGee's remains were laid to rest in a grave just within the gates of the beautiful Roman Catholic cemetery of Montreal. Many of his fellow statesmen gathered around the tomb as the dust of the great man was being committed to the earth. Those statesmen all have passed away. Many of them served their country longer than did he. Many of them, too, are entirely forgotten. But although fifty years have elapsed since the tragedy of his assassination, he still survives in the land of his latest affection. For he is one of those men, whose years may be few, but who do not easily perish from the recollection of mankind.

Such, perhaps in imperfect words, is a faint outline of the brief but brilliant career of D'Arcy McGee. He was wayward, due perhaps in some degree to the fact that he had been cradled during his youth in Irish misfortune, and with that unsteady influence which usually accompanies misfortune, namely, the absence of a well-directed ambition. He was, if not the first, then among the very first, of the great orators of Canada. He had all the virtues and a few of the characteristic faults of his native country, Ireland. Landing in Boston when little more than a boy, his natural gifts of eloquence quickly won him fame. When, in later years, and after he had become a resident of Canada, the Quebec conference met to discuss Confederation, his talents easily fitted him for a seat in

that nation-making body. There were dark hours for Canada before the Union, even as there were fair hours afterwards; but the dark hours grew luminous with splendid hope and the future budded with a brightening promise, as McGee, with matchless eloquence, unfolded before the Canadian people glowing visions of the larger future which lay in store for the British race in North America, and the orator feasted his hearers on a lordly banquet of wit and passion and mirth and wisdom, and a wealth of picturesque oratory, which was both stately and sublime.

McGee was a poet as well as a statesman and an orator. For nearly fifty years his verses have been printed in the public school readers of this country, and have become familiar to millions of Canadians during the past half century. It cannot be said of his poetry as was said of the verses of Macaulay, that it was metrical oratory. Of McGee one might rather say that his speeches, as well as his verses, were poetry. Certainly there is true poetry in all his utterances. Metaphor, simile, rhythm, figures, phrases of Miltonian grandeur, sentences touched with a sweetness such as might have been imparted to them by the stormy genius of Shelley grace many of even his extemporaneous speeches. A volume of poems, which received a wide circulation, and an abundance of oratory, remains as a memorial of his intellectual triumphs among men. The poetry is sweet, majestic, patriotic, displaying a love of nature, and a love of Canada, and is in the highest sense worthy of a place beside the rich treasures of the minds of the deathless Canadian poets, Campbell, Scott, Lampman, Mair and Sangster. Passion deep as ever burst from the lines of Dante or Rossetti throbs in his stanzas:

My eye delighted not to look
On forest old or rapids grand;
The stranger's joy I scarce could brook;
My heart was in my own dear land.

Few Canadians are there who have not thrilled before the lines:

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound
and cold;
Nor seas nor pearl abounded, nor mines of
shining gold;

* * * *

He told them of the frozen scene, until they
thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make
him better cheer.

But it was by virtue of his Irish disposition and his oratory that McGee grew to be loved by Canadians. He had all the qualities of the orator. He was poetic and artistic by temperament. He was widely and deeply read in the literature and the history of the world. His orations abound in literary and historical references. He had a commanding platform appearance. Of the many illustrious figures shown in the famous painting "The Fathers of Confederation" his leonine bearing makes almost the deepest impression upon the observer. Davin, who, during the course of his equally meteoric parliamentary career, inquired much about McGee, and perhaps as a young man may have heard him, pronounced him among the greatest orators of Canada. Sir Joseph Pope, who, for nearly a generation was the Secretary to Sir John Macdonald, and also a man who had been fascinated by the magnetic powers of the brilliant Irishman, gives him an exalted place as an orator. There have been greater debaters in Parliament, but no orator who approaches McGee. His voice was clear and silvery. His language was ornately picturesque. He had the thunder tones of Chatham, the sweet, appealing nature of Fox, the scholarship of Burke, the stately imagery of Grattan. For hours at a time the Canadian House of Commons surrendered itself to the spell which his wizard-like eloquence cast over its entranced members. A half century ago treasury benches, opposition ranks, speaker's dais, galleries and corridors unanimously awarded him the premier position among the orators of the new Dominion. He had been a stranger, who,

after many vicissitudes, came to us from afar; he became imbued with our ideals, and with his passionate and triumphant eloquence enshrined those ideals in the hearts of his newly found countrymen, there to live as long as Canada shall endure.

I am not sure that McGee is not the highest type of citizen. Many people do right by habit. He lifted his hand against England while yet he was a youth, but he turned away from that error as the years passed by, and a larger wisdom dawned upon his mind. He had lived for some time in the United States, where, in those years, the love for England was not strong. But the British bond within him withstood all strains of absence and of treason. With manhood's years he found once more British shores and British feelings. He who turns aside from truth and reverts to it again may be rightly accused of inconstancy, but surely there is merit in following virtue, not because of blind custom, but because of a conviction, based on a bitter experience in following the lights that have proved untrue.

Some years ago, when on a visit to Ottawa, my father pointed out to me the seat in the House of Commons which the martyred Cicero of Confederation occupied, and the desk by which he stood, as he thundered in eloquent tones so often, and never so potently and magnificently as he did in the early morning hours of that fatal day whose glorious sunrise he was destined never to see. Above my head were the darkened timbers, which framed the lofty glass ceiling, through which a subdued light was falling into the historic chamber. As I stood there, and strove to imagine the eloquent voice of the great orator ascending to the reverberating ceiling, and swelling through the spacious chamber, which, in his latest days, was new, I could see in pictured fancy Cartier leaning forward to catch the faintest accents of the high and bell-like voice; Brown, calm and passionless, warmed by the flame which

swept the halls of parliament; Mackenzie, cold and sphinx-like, moved by the burst of passion that was created by the orator; Sir John Macdonald, with smiling countenance, and ready ear, feeling a pride in the great Irish Canadian, who, towering lion-like and audacious by his side, was defending in a whirlwind of oratory the assailed policy of the powerful administration. The building in which these triumphs of oratory occurred was removed from its place on Parliament Hill, by a fire vastly different from that which McGee kindled so often in the hearts of the Canadian people. Upon the ruins of the old, a newer senate house is rising

fair and gleaming in the sunlight. Other orators will tread its marble corridors, and stand majestically within its pillared halls. A new history of oratory will be made within its spacious precincts. Canadians yet unborn will be thrilled by the Quintillian-like oratory of Canadian orators yet unknown. The past will grow dim and fade away. Great men, who once filled mighty places, will become framed in almost invisible places of that past. But in that past there will live as an oratorical inspiration for generations still to come the prince of Irish-Canadian parliamentarians, the orator, statesman and poet—D'Arcy McGee.

The next article in this series will describe the statesmanship and oratorical genius of Joseph Howe.

A TRIOLET

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

AS homing bird, on weary wing,
 Straight to its leafy covert flies,
 My world-worn hand to yours I bring;
 As homing bird on weary wing
 Seeks haven from its wandering
 And finds the rest the world denies;
 As weary bird on folded wing
 Deep in its leafy covert lies!

THE SHAFT OF HATE

BY MADGE MACBETH

AUTHOR OF "KLEATH"

THE day Boyd Holden was elected President of the Grampion Light and Power Company was the bitterest day in Lois Challoner's life.

A less intense person would, of course, have suffered less acutely, but Mrs. Challoner's emotional nature was so highly developed that it provided an excellent channel through which an obsession of envy permeated her whole being.

She had known Boyd Holden for many years; indeed, as she herself expressed it, she had known him entirely too well to marry him.

"The dearest boy in the world," she frequently said, "but nothing more. No subtleties, no surprises, stupidly uncomplicated. He'll never get anywhere; be anything. Marrying him would be to me like proof-reading a book. There would be no zest for the finished story, whose every comma and semi-colon were anticipated. A husband should be like a stirring detective novel—complicated, unexpected, a continually unfolding puzzle."

There was nothing unexpected or complicated about Jim Challoner, but Lois married him and spent his money with a supercilious grace. She acquired a certain influence, a leadership in the town, which only whetted her desire for a broader realm to sway, a realm in which all of her subjects might be as wholly loyal as was Boyd Holden. For she held him in leash so completely that Grampion began to think the little triangle

would present nothing of novelty or interest.

The unexpected occurred with a sudden development of Holden's simple character. He slipped from his leash, became conscious of the existence of little Margie Copp, and married her.

There was nothing in the act to argue that it had been prompted by revenge or even the despair of a jilted lover. It was merely the natural result of following a Will-o'-the-wisp, then finding a real light at one's elbow.

Grampion was openly pleased. Margie, woman-like, was a little frightened and questioned her right to such happiness. Lois was staggered but recovered herself quickly and adopted an attitude of generous patronage toward the bride, very much like that of an older sister who praises the appearance of the younger one dressed in her cast-off clothing.

"Having no use for him, myself, you are welcome, dear girl," she seemed to say.

Margie knew no resentment. In years she was a child, in worldly experience, a baby. She was humbly sincere in her belief that Boyd's loss of Lois had forced him to accept something vastly inferior, and to model herself after the example of the older woman was, in a sense, the highest pitch of her ambitions.

She deferred to Lois in matters great and small, the more intimate the problem, the greater the deference.

"What would you do?" she would ask, searching Mrs. Challoner's face with her big childish eyes. "Of course, I can't be like you, but I can do what you tell me, if you will only have patience, and I am praying all the time, that I won't always be such a helpless, silly little thing."

Her first girl baby was named Lois and one of those most flattered by this attention was Jim Challoner, himself. His feelings toward Holden, never strongly tinged with jealousy, were now dominated by a sort of unctuous paternal pride, and he was not averse to being associated by so intimate a tie as a god-child to the man who was undeniably the coming citizen of Grampion.

For Holden had developed further unexpected intricacies of character during the five years since his marriage, the most amazing of which was a talent for town planning and general municipal management. From a straggling, ugly village, he had fashioned Grampion into a beautiful little town, and judging from its rapidly increased population, there could be no doubt that soon he would push it into the city class.

"Only needs to be the centre of something," said the citizens, "to rival the best of 'em. Who'd ever have thought that we would hit the town mark just because of a few model houses, an abattoir and decent roads? Bet Boyd's got something up his sleeve right this minute, and no matter how wild it sounds, I'm with him."

From moderate popularity, Holden had risen in general esteem to a point where he was placed on a pedestal to which many pairs of eyes were lifted in hero worship. And they did not belong to women or mawkish sentimentalists, either! There was a group of hard-headed business men over whom he cast, quite as easily, the spell of his optimistic personality and it should not detract from the fervour of their admiration to mention that self-interest was not entirely absent from it. Holden had given to Gram-

pion a tone of general prosperity; to several of its citizens, he had given tidy little fortunes through the disposal of municipal contracts, and it was not unnatural that they should look upon him with affection as a means whereby their wealth might be further augmented.

For himself, he had made nothing. The realization of his ability so long unsuspected by himself or any one else, the knowledge that he was almost indispensable to Grampion, repaid him for the work he performed so tirelessly. He wanted to be recognized as an altruist, and so sensitive did he become lest he should be suspected of using the town as a means toward his own aggrandizement, that he refused the legitimate profits accruing from his various transactions, and gloried in being a poor man.

None had benefitted from this Quixotic stand more than Challoner who was anything but thin-skinned, in accepting the business Holden threw in his way. It was Lois who fretted under their increasing load of obligation to Grampion's first citizen, unable to fix a satisfactory reason for his noticeable preference towards her husband.

She would like to have attributed it to motives of sentiment on Holden's part—that type of deathless, renunciatory passion which seeks only the happiness of her who has inspired it. But this reasoning was so obviously far-fetched as to be quite unsatisfactory. So she passed over Love's thin boundary and entered the realm of Hate, dwelling with a sort of morbid fascination upon the possibility that Holden was leading them into a trap, that all of his apparent friendliness was but part of a subtle plan for complete and adequate revenge. That a man should spend years of his life in unremitting toil for the accomplishment of a purpose, however ignoble, of which she was the inspiration, thrilled her. Yet, as an explanation, Lois cast it aside, being sufficiently logical herself, to see that it was quite illogical. The true reason never pre-

sented itself. It never occurred to her that Jim Challoner was a particularly good contractor and an extremely useful man in carrying out Holden's municipal enterprises.

A deep, fierce hatred of the man she had misjudged and flung away, the man who held their prosperity or their ruin in his hands, took possession of her. She hated him for his honesty and his popularity, for the almost servile affection he inspired in her husband; she hated him for his absorbing devotion to Margie, and his open, genial friendliness toward herself.

This hatred spread like an insidious blight over her life for years, poisoning all that was best in her nature, but it reached a pitch of exquisite frenzy, a definite desire to compass Holden's destruction, on the night Jim Challoner came home with his great piece of news.

"What do you think?" he cried excitedly. "Grampion's IT! We've put through a deal amalgamating our little hamlet and four other towns with the Union Light and Power Company, and whom do you suppose they've picked for the President?"

"Holden," answered Lois between her teeth.

"Right the first time! Not only President of Grampion, but first-Vice of the whole concern. Some forward stride for this rural retreat, eh, honey?"

He was too absorbed with his topic to notice that she made no answer.

"And considerable in the matter of laurels for our respected citizen, eh, what? I'm so tickled, I could tie two cats together by the tail!"

"Is there anything in it for us—for you?"

Into Lois's mind there flared a picture of Grampion transformed into a miniature Bar Harbour by an influx of Union Light and Power magnates, bringing with them foreign servants, class prejudices, social distinctions and urban snobbery. In the centre of the picture stood Boyd Holden—and beside him, Margie—an intimate,

an equal of these people. The knowledge that she might have stood in Margie's place, while the rest of Grampion fawned in the background, did not tend to alleviate her bitterness. Indeed the intensity of it turned her dizzy.

"Something in it for me?" echoed her husband, settling his bulging waistcoat a little self-consciously. "Well, I should say! Holden isn't the man to forget his old friends. Wouldn't surprise me at all if I pulled off several thousands, one way or another. . . ."

"Yes, you seem to have a distinct genius for pulling off thousands, Jim," returned his wife, but in a manner which stung rather than flattered.

Challoner took two of his chins between thumb and stubby forefinger and rasped the bristles there. He looked after his wife uneasily.

Every man cherishes a secret vanity; one because of his slim figure at sixty, another because of his amazing memory, still another because of his classical knowledge when he has never set foot inside a university. Jim Calloner's eyes surreptitiously sought a mirror and his huge gelatinous bulk trembled with pleasantly warm vibrations, every time he remembered that Lois had chosen him instead of Holden.

"But certainly, my dear chap," smiled his eyes fatuously, "you are something of a man!"

Now, his vanity wavered, and this caused him acute discomfort. What did he lack that Lois wished him to possess? Assuredly nothing which could not be acquired, for was he not the wealthiest citizen in Grampion?

He went slowly into the house and chose his evening's costume with particular care, deciding after a satisfied contemplation of himself in white flannels, that he would give his wife the finest car money could buy. After which he persuaded himself that his imagination had played him tricks.

He did not know, of course, that at that very moment, Lois was suffering

an ecstasy of hatred. She hated Boyd Holden for not declaring his latent powers long ago more than she hated her husband for not possessing them, more than she hated herself for not sensing them in the younger man. And she hated her husband for not realizing, resenting, the fact that his connection with these Light and Power magnates would be nothing other than hireling to master, that she would never acquire the degree of intimacy with the women already attained by Margie; that at best she would be only "that good-looking woman, wife of the contractor person."

"Boyd commands and Jim obeys; Margie beckons and I attend," she said bitterly. "Oh, it's unfair—unfair! She is such a silly little thing. Why, in heaven's name do they like her?"

But with the cruel clarity of vision which often accompanies deep emotion, she could easily answer the question. She knew that Margie's winsome naïveté, her genuine unaffectedness was a novelty to those blasé natures from the City. The women made her their latest fad, finding her unlike anything they had ever met before. She had a pretty way of patronizing them because they were dependent upon her husband's genius and because they had no children and because they had so much to make them jaded and complaining. And they were delighted with her childish superiority and encouraged it.

But Lois's attempts to rank as an equal they resented, knowing her type too well—the small town woman with social aspirations. Her imitation of them, clever as it was, savoured of insolent mimicry and they banded with one accord to snub that 'contractor woman' whenever occasion presented.

"It is part of Boyd's revenge," Lois told herself. "Under the guise of friendship, he stuffs Jim's pockets full of money but takes away from us for himself the very thing that money can't buy. I wish to God that Jim would stop making money."

Her wish was granted. Jim Chaloner died.

She mourned him with a certain genuine sentimentality, newborn with death. Forgetting that his genial proletarianism had stood like a mountain in the path of her social progress, she remembered him only as a link between her and her ambitions, a link whose loss was irreparable despite the Holdens' effort to replace it.

Their kindness almost suffocated her. She used to wonder, why, under the strength of her enmity, they did not wither in her presence, but they were unaffected, attributing any noticeable strangeness in her manner to the natural result of her bereavement.

The summer raced by in a whirl of gaiety, gossip and civic improvement. The dull, bleak days of autumn came and reminded the City folk that they were tired of the simple life, so they closed their cottages on the Canal front and motored back to town. Grampion saw them depart with a sensation of mingled regret and relief, like that of a hostess after a trying but successful function; then it settled itself to discuss the next important step in the matter of its progress.

This centered around Margie, who had been urged into accepting a number of invitations which would take her into some of the most exclusive City homes. The President's wife, the General Manager's wife, the Treasurer's wife—none of them would listen to a refusal. Nor would Boyd.

"I am paralyzed with fright at the very idea of going," she confided to Lois more than once. "The thought of a supercilious maid unpacking my meagre little belongings, of a solemn, owl-eyed butler bowing me here and there, of the terrible ordeal at strange tables with stranger food and service, why, it actually makes me sick with terror. I simply couldn't face the thing at all, except that it is supposed to benefit Boyd, somehow. Now, if only you had been his wife, I can see how his plans might

have been furthered by your meeting people, but the only effect I am likely to have, will be the wrong kind. I know I shall disgrace him, I am such an ignorant, silly little thing."

She begged to be pitied and Lois complied silently, contemptuously, all the while some piece of mechanism muttered:

"Nonsense, Margie, you always do the proper thing. You must try to enjoy yourself."

On the day of their departure, the Holdens left half of Grampion on the platform of the station. It was as though some warrior of old were setting forth to conquer new worlds. But Lois stayed at home, and to her Margie telephoned a last affectionate message.

"Be good to Boyd, dear, when he comes back. It will be lonely for him without me and the children. And write me often. And if Boyd gets one of those awful colds, please telegraph at once . . . promise . . . I will wish for you all the time . . . your advice . . . Here comes the train . . . good-bye."

But it was Margie who developed a cold, to which was added an alarming cough, induced, Lois well knew, by over-fatigue and an unaccustomed wearing of evening gowns. She was ordered by the medical man then in vogue amongst the people she was visiting to fly south with the restless birds of Gotham. Of course she protested that she would recover immediately in her own home, but Holden and the others over-ruled her objections, so she and the children were bundled off to one of the most fashionable of the southern resorts.

"Isn't it lovely for Margie?" Grampion asked Lois. "Of course no one wants her to be ill, but if she has to be, isn't it nice that she can have the advantage of those delightful surroundings? Fancy her living in a bungalow right next to the President's wife and being the daily companion of all those famous people! Why, she will get to know them better in six weeks, there, than in ten years, here."

And in their simple enthusiasm, they hoped Margie would not recover too quickly.

In spite of her promise, Lois did not see much of Holden. She avoided him. His municipal brilliancies increased, but as a companion and conversationalist, she found him an insufferable bromide. His platitudes and banalities made her long to scream and his incessant references to Margie and her friends fanned her hatred, already glowing brightly, into a searing flame.

"Who ever could have foreseen this wonderful broadening of my dear little girl's horizon?" was his invariable question. "Yesterday, her vision was bounded by Grampion; to-day, the beauties of the tropics unfold before her. What may the morrow bring?"

His fatuous manner suggesting further delights and closer intimacy with the Light and Power people, sickened his listener and drove her to the limit of endurance.

If Margie's horizon had broadened Lois Challoner's had narrowed until her only point of vision lay at one end of a shaft of hate, which was focused upon Boyd Holden. She had built round herself a shell of bitterness so strong that the kindly thoughts and deeds of the neighbours were quite powerless to penetrate it. And unconscious of her isolation she lived for many weeks, coming suddenly to a realization of it through a letter from Margie.

"I wish for you every day," it read. "Although I adore the place and love the dear, kind people who are doing their best to spoil me and make me unfit for human companionship, I am horribly lonely. I feel the bigness of everything in a way impossible to describe; I feel as though I were swimming in space with no anchorage, no firm hand to which I can cling . . . and that frightens me. You know how weak and silly I am. Sometimes an icy hand clutches at my throat and I imagine things about Boyd. But he is all right, is he not?"

"This is the first time I have ever been away from him and then that idea of space bothers me. You, on the other hand, must feel that Gram-pion is a cage. I realize now what that look in your eye must have meant; you must be suffocating in that little place, you who are so big and fearless and strong. . . ."

A cage! That was it! She was imprisoned in a cage of Boyd Holden's making; she was suffocating, and Margie knew it and flung the taunt in her face!

Increasingly fantastic thoughts obsessed her as the consciousness of an invisible prison became more acute. She would frequently pass her hands in space before her endeavouring to contact those unseen fetters; she would deliberately fling her body against the wall hoping to shatter that obstruction which was like a fortification between her and the world. A terrifying silence accompanied this sense of physical detachment; sound became as remote as in a dream. Even the air felt dead and still, and her only relief was found in racing through the country in her huge car. The rush of air against her burning head, the flash of landscape on either side, the illusion of plunging into the great masses of gray cloud ahead, soothed her and sent her home to sleep.

But she had dreams, horrible dreams. One in particular. . . .

She saw herself racing along the familiar roads intent upon some purpose which was unrevealed at the moment; she felt the throb of the engine beneath her, the cold winter wind tearing at her hat, her hair, her clothing. It sucked the breath from her body. She saw the black, bare branches like withered fingers interlaced against a bleak, drab sky, and before her lay half a mile of narrow roadway bordered on either side by the icy waters of the canal.

It was a desolate spot. No living soul disputed her wild and thunderous passage, but a great white sign leapt up out of the dusk and flung

the word DANGER at her as she gathered speed and raced forward.

The road swayed. It rocked and creaked. It was only a temporary structure, hardly more than a trestle, built for Holden and his workmen while the Canal Driveway was undergoing many improvements. The ordinary citizen was forbidden to cross it, and had, as a matter of fact, no reason for doing so, as the summer homes on the far side were now all closed.

But this did not concern Lois. The wind roared in her ears and the air seemed full of laughing, screaming voices. As she had tried to escape from silence, so now she tried to escape from the horrible din, but without success. She bent low over the wheel and peered through the falling dusk at a faint red glow ahead. Then she made out the indefinite bulk of Boyd Holden's flimsy little car, and her purpose became startlingly clear.

The hand on her speedometer jumped to sixty-three; the distance between that flickering red gleam and her own car was suddenly blotted out, as with clenched teeth and every muscle rigid Lois drove hard into it. There was but a slight impact and yet the little car rose bodily in the air, turned over, and hurled itself into the canal. A soft explosion followed, a spurt of escaping steam and settling of tin and steel; and she had passed.

Lois felt no wonderment as to her ability to run; indeed, she was not surprised to find in the glare of a street lamp that her radiator was hardly damaged. She was conscious of but one sensation—freedom! It was as though that slight impact had shattered her imprisoning shell; she exulted in her power to feel, to hear, to breathe. A warm happiness possessed her. Boyd Holden was dead. . . . She awoke.

For a long time she lay quite still, calmly reviewing the dream in all its ghastly vividness of detail. She went even further, constructing a logical sequel, in which Margie was not only dropped by her fashionable friends,

but flung a pauper upon the charity of Grampion.

Neither the dream nor the sequel faded. They obtruded themselves between her and the trifling tasks she set herself as part of the day's routine, they floated, like a mirage, before her as she pounded through the fog of the dreary afternoons and they spread themselves over her walls as she sat in her home feebly trying to think of something else. Gradually, the dream became *less* of a vision and *more* of a purpose. This insidious change moved Lois neither to elation nor apprehension. She had lost the power to feel, to resist. She was merely a weak tool in the clutch of her own Frankenstein.

There were moments of astonishing confusion when she could not determine whether she was asleep or awake, when every distant light seemed to colour with a reddish gleam, when the smooth road beneath her wheels bumped and jarred her, and the frozen fields on either side became the icy waters of the canal. It was then that she would turn in a sort of panic and make for the heart of the town . . . wondering how near she had come to the fulfilment of her destiny.

The afternoon she actually turned her car toward the white sign which flung its warning at her was no different from the rest. A hurricane was blowing and the air was full of laughing, screaming voices. The cold, muddy water of the canal gathered itself in yellow, foam-crested waves and sprang angrily up the bank. Through the heavy dusk, a shower of sleet rattled on the top of the car and bit the grim face of its driver as she bore down upon a faint red light in the diminishing distance.

Fifty yards. . . Forty yards. . . Twenty-five . . . the flimsy roadway curved beneath her like the back of a giant snake. The jolting almost threw her from her seat, but she was not conscious of it. She grasped a lever and saw the hand of the speedometer jump to sixty-three. The car, like a horse stung by the lash, leaped under

her and shot into a dark, indefinite bulk ahead. Simultaneously, this phantom shape rose in the air, hovered an instant just in front of her, then turned on its side and plunged into the icy waters of the canal. There was a soft explosion, a spurt of escaping steam, a settling of tin and steel—and Lois had passed.

She was not surprised to find in the glare of a street lamp that her hood-cover was hardly bent, but the sudden numbness which crept through her body was very unexpected. She lost completely all control of her car, and crashed into the back of her garage, shattering her wind-shield and damaging her radiator beyond repair.

The news was brought to her in the morning.

"They found him in the water, buried under his car," said the messenger brokenly. "God knows what may have happened! Something may have gone wrong with the steering gear, or he may have caught in a rut and turned turtle. No one seems to have seen him; he was always the last to leave."

Lois sat perfectly still, frozen. . . .

"That accursed road was never safe," the man continued, "but he wouldn't spend any money on it—wanted to put all the funds into the Driveway, where they would do Grampion the most good, and now look what's happened! My God, Mrs. Challoner, can you realize it—Boyd Holden was a martyr to his love for this town and for us?"

God knows what may have happened! In a maze of agonized conjecture, Lois echoed and re-echoed the words. How had Boyd Holden met his death? Had she been his murderess?

The thought struck her with horrible poignancy, and yet surely it was impossible. Or was there a possibility that she had actually driven across that stretch of narrow roadway and pushed his car into the canal? Every atom of her being revolted against the idea, but while such revolt argued

in favour of her sanity—which she had begun to doubt—it brought her no relief. And there was no proof to end the harrowing uncertainty. A heavy snow had fallen in the night, obliterating all tracks on the roadway, and the ultimate damage to her car made it impossible to ascertain whether or not she had struck anything before her accident in the garage.

"God knows what may have happened!" she said, and suffered the agony of one who shares the bitterest knowledge with Him.

The sense of physical detachment which had surrounded her like a protective shell was shattered. Gone, too, was the stimulation of her hatred. She found herself hypersensitive. It was as though she were more than naked—skinned and raw to the touch of careless, coarsened hands. She aged unbelievably in a few days and in her masses of black hair there showed broad streaks of white.

"Why, you'd think to look at her, that Lois Challoner loved Boyd Holden, after all," said Grampion, not reluctant to add a tinge of melancholy romance to its grim tragedy. "Let us hope that Margie won't take it quite so hard."

She did not. She did not 'take it' at all. She just sat mute, unheeding, and allowed people to pet her. But instinctively, she turned her big, pathetic eyes to Lois as though trying to read in her face an explanation of the cloud which had fallen over her life.

As might have been expected, Boyd Holden left nothing but a vast muddle of papers and plans for Grampion's greater glorification. The Directors of the Light and Power Company came down and overhauled them ruthlessly, confessing at the end of the examination that they could not make much out of them but that one must not expect system in a genius.

"Our main worry is that we will never replace him," they said. Then they paid a collective call of sympathy on Margie and went away.

Lois constituted herself the Hol-

den's steward and provided for the family lavishly. It was many weeks before Margie emerged from her apathy sufficiently to feel any sense of dependence and her protest fell before the argument which Lois made absolutely unanswerable.

"Why should you hesitate to accept what is really yours?" she demanded. "Boyd made it and gave it to Jim instead of keeping it, as he should, for you and the children. Is that not true?"

She took Margie's passivity as an affirmation and continued,

"There are many others who feel that they are living on money which should be yours. Would you like them to come forward and offer it to you? No? Very well, then, let us go on as we are and say no more about it. For if you don't, I will settle a definite sum on Lois, my own god-child, and that you will not be able to refuse."

She stilled Margie's objections, but the voice of an accusing conscience tortured her without cessation. Never had a slave a more relentless taskmaster. She spent her days in carrying out the generous plans devised during the long watches of the night and whose object was to benefit Margie without her realization of it. She took interest in, and gave thought to nothing else. Just as the desire to see Holden's wife crushed and broken had at one time obsessed Lois Challoner, now domination of a completely opposite character held her in thrall.

As time went on and Margie became more fully alive to the extent of her obligations, she added, unconsciously, to the bitterness in Lois's cup by her demonstrative gratitude.

Slowly she responded to unabated thought and care. Now and again, a wistful little smile would cross her face; she even showed a faint interest in the mauves and grays Lois forced upon her to replace the conventional black.

Then something happened.

A change came over her, as marked as it was subtle. Lois left her one

night playing almost happily with the children. She found her in the morning shrouded in impenetrable tragedy, with a look of horror set deep behind her eyes. "She has found out," thought the other, crushing, with difficulty, the impulse to ease her conscience of its intolerable burden by blurting out a full confession and imploring absolution in place of unmerited gratitude.

For a space the two women sat cowering from each other, dumb, afraid to trust themselves to speak.

But Lois soon became convinced that although Margie shrank from her, avoided her, there was nothing incriminatory in her attitude. On the contrary. She seemed to place Lois on a pedestal higher than ever, to feel her own unworthiness in a way so serious as to be grotesque.

The anniversary of Boyd Holden's death dawned bleak and cold. A prey to bitter memories, Lois paced restlessly about her home, feeling that she could not face Margie and the children. The events of that day a year past recurred to her as vividly as though they had happened yesterday and gave her no peace. She saw herself speeding along the country road, a blur of landscape racing past. She actually felt the throb and quiver of the big car, and there before her lay a stretch of temporary roadway in the centre of which bobbed a small red gleam. She clenched her teeth and rocked across the rough logs; they heaved and fell away beneath her. She could feel the bite of the fierce wind and smell the fog. Her head ached and swam with the noise of laughing demons, but her eye gauged the lessening distance between the two cars accurately. She put her foot on a pedal, the hand of the speedometer jumped to sixty-three; she held her breath. . . .

The door bell rang and Lois choked back a shrill scream. An instant later Margie rushed into her arms.

"Lois, oh, Lois," she sobbed, "I can't bear it! They have just sent me word that a Memorial Service is to

be held at Boyd's grave. . . . They would not do it, if they knew. . . . I never meant to tell you, but I am haunted with the fear that you may find out . . . Lois, I know something about Boyd's death . . ." she broke off, gasping.

Lois Challoner's lips grew dry. A slight moisture broke out upon her forehead and her hands.

"Tell me, Margie, dear," she whispered. "Surely, you can tell me."

"Yes, I can tell you," said the other, presently, "I *must* tell you—after all, it was entirely my fault. I ought not to have gone south—but I am such a silly little thing! Only now, I can't let you be good to me—I don't deserve it—no woman ever had such a friend as you, and I have imposed on your love and goodness, even after I found out. Oh, I am ashamed—ashamed," she cried wildly. "Forgive me, for the sake of the children!"

"Margie," said Lois sternly, "tell me instantly. What is it?"

"I found a letter—half written—from Boyd to me. I can't understand, but I *think* there was some money missing—and he couldn't find it before the Directors came down. For God's sake, don't blame him, Lois! It was my fault, for staying away so long, and being such an expense. . . . But I think he was—er—he was prepared for an accident of some kind—Oh, my boy! My poor boy!"

Lois listened to Margie's incoherent utterances without comprehension until the very end. Then, suddenly, Truth revealed itself to her, not awful and pitiless as Margie saw it, but shining—lighting up the darkness of her despair, infusing her with higher resolves and renewed courage. Boyd Holden had been a suicide. . . .

A prayer rose in her heart; a prayer so deep, so fervent that the words "Thank God" escaped her lips without her realization of it. But when she tried to take Margie's broken little body in her arms, the girl shrank away from her in horror, as from one suddenly gone mad.



A ROCKY COAST

From the Painting by Robert F. Gagen. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

RUPERT'S HOUSE

THE OLDEST BRITISH SETTLEMENT IN CANADA

BY LEROY THORNE BOWES



It was a busy day at Rupert's House. Early in the morning the dogs had voiced their sorrows to the golden East, only to be beaten into silent submission by their Indian masters. Gradually stir after stir was noticed in the wigwams. It was six o'clock, and the little bell on the carpenter's shop summoned the servants to their various duties. Half-hearted, the Indian turns out to his work, for he hates it. He requires breakfast at eight, smoke hour at eleven, noon hour, smoke hour at four, and his day's work and labours end at six o'clock. The squaws do all the menial and household tasks.

But this morning the post life was more active. At the wharf, pulled out of reach of the tide, which was lapping its way up the sandy bank, were six giant bark canoes. Indian packers carrying a load of two to three hundred pounds by the aid of their tump-lines, were strewing the shore with bundles of clothing, sacks of flour and sides of bacon. Soon after the big canoes were placed in the water, and their crews of about twelve stalwart Indians each passed silently around the whole assemblage at the wharf and with a perfunctory and mechanical hand-shake of each person (and the whole settlement was present) they passed down, and stepping into the heavily-laden canoes pushed off from the shore. Without a wave of their paddle, a cheer or a good-bye from the crowd on the shore,

they headed up stream. Before they had disappeared around the bend in the river and the rhythmic music of their short, snappy strokes had died away, the people on shore had dispersed as quietly as they had gathered. Such are the customs of the people.

Before noon another stirring event took place. The coming of the Company's steamer *Inenew* or *Emelia* is always looked on as the chief event of the day. For days when the time of arrival is expected every native with every indescribable make of telescope will watch every cloud and puff of smoke. From the dock or roofs of the Post buildings every spare moment they gaze out into the bay and at the first positive sign they notify the Post manager, who raises the flag in welcome of the visiting officials and the ever welcome mail, which brings its message—and they are rare—from beyond the Line, from loved ones back in civilization.

Every man, woman and child, the sick, the halt and lame and blind flocked to the dock long before the little *Inenew* had reached its anchorage. A feverish excitement filled the air, the crowd was happy, but from their stolid faces you would never suspect it. Even the poor, down-trodden, abused and beaten husky dog joined in the celebration by howls directed heavenwards, battles innumerable or else marauding and looting the wigwams in the absence of their masters.

The afternoon was spent busily unloading the steamer. A miniature



Rupert's House, the "Oldest British Settlement"

railway is built on the dock and switchbacks and small cars on trucks soon relieved the steamer of its load. The work proceeded with system, and while there was no rushing and little shouting, the unloading was carried out expeditiously and well.

Later on in the afternoon a young couple rushed through the village shaking hands with everyone. The dignified tread of "Here comes the bride" was wholly missing, but by the determined and stolid look on the young buck's face and the careless bashful giggle of the young squaw their happiness was not lacking. Soon the bells of the little church summoned all the people to the ceremony. With the air of attending a funeral instead of a wedding, they filed into the little edifice and heard the Indian bestow on the blushing bride all his worldly goods, consisting of a birch canoe, a wigwam and cooking utensils, while in turn she promised to love, honour, obey, chop his wood, carry his water, cook his meals, paddle his canoe, fish his nets, portage part of his worldly goods and other work incident to the life of a loving and dutiful wife.

In the evening the floor of the carpenter shop was cleared and the natives danced until the wee small hours. To describe their dance is impossible, but it is evidently much enjoyed. The violin and a drum composed the orchestra. During the evening a home-brewed beer served as a beverage, and

a feast of half-roasted duck with enough feathers remaining to tickle the palate of the most fastidious taste was enjoyed.

About eight o'clock the sun sank behind the tree-tops, bathing the Post in a golden flood. The trees on the opposite shore stood out distinctly against the blue background, for the country is very flat. In the blue arch of heaven large woolly-shaped cumulus clouds went tumbling from east to west and were mirrored in the river flowing swiftly and silently out with the ebbing tide. The Post behind seemed robed in resplendent colours as the Night god nestled down over the settlement. As the evening passed more indistinctly the Post and the surrounding country faded away. Yes, faded, as it were, from the twentieth century to the seventeenth century. From the dock the buildings of the Company stretched back in the distance stately, ghostlike and indefinable. Along the river bank lights showed dimly from the wigwams, and all was silent save for a snatch of a crooning song, a baby's cry or the hacking cough of some unfortunate consumptive.

Again one could picture the stockade with its bastions and cannon. Was that a canoe in the shadow, floating in towards shore? Did it contain voyageurs under a d'Iberville to wreck and raze? Ah, no—foolish fancy! It was only a log carried down by the current of the river. What a history



Rupert's House, from the Mission Church

that river has, breathing mystery, majesty and mightiness, flowing impellingly on to sea, coming from forest depths of an illimitable and incomparable wilderness of wilderness, from mysterious depths of trees, of silence, of solitude, of roaring foamy rapids, of water-falls and placid reaches! Here the English had established their first settlement in Canada. Around this very spot had been waged bitter struggles for the supremacy of Hudson Bay.

But now the dusk had changed to a brighter light. The northern night is short. Myriads of stars twinkled and a meteor shot across the sky, leaving a trail of fire in its wake. The northern lights in a mysterious beauty dashed and raced across the heavens, mingling their spangles and arches with the scintillant stars. In the woods opposite wolves howled and foxes barked. Along the Post shore husky dogs raised their muzzles and voiced in loud, mournful wails their troubles to the moon, which was gradually pushing its way above the tree-tops. In the clearer light the Post became less spectral, and the shadows faded. With a gentle lapping on the shore the tide began to come in again from the bay. It was a strange combination this battle of swiftly-racing current and flooding tide—and the tide conquered.

With the clearer light as the Post lost its spectral appearance one could see farther afield. Here we were en-

deavouring to locate a harbour for a railway.

Perhaps at some not far distant date the iron-horse would connect Rupert's House with civilization, dredges would win a harbour from the tortuous channel, and stately ships would ride at anchor in the stream, bobbing complacently in the gentle rippling water as the current strove to tear them from their moorings. Mills would rear tall chimneys to the sky and houses would line the banks. Rupert's House the outpost would become a city. From the southern limits of our Dominion the bounds of settlement must extend, for undoubtedly the Northland contains a vast area suitable for settlement and development, a region rich and varied in its resources. Already the eyes of Canada are being directed to its northern storehouse.

The destiny of this earliest British settlement in Canada may best be described in the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, uttered in the House of Commons, April 3rd, 1906:

"It is not enough for us to confine our views to Canada that is now settled. We must look ahead, we must push northward as far as colonization can go. I have great confidence that before many years are past we shall see towns and villages on the shores of Hudson Bay, as we see on the shores of Norway, where people will be prosperously engaged in the lumbering business, the pulp industry, the fishing industry, the mining industry, and others. This is what I hope Canadians will see ere long."



The "Limited" of the Northland

The history of the Hudson's Bay Company is truly a remarkable one. For more than two centuries of its existence it has enjoyed great privileges in the exercise of which it has not only controlled great areas and attained great commercial renown, but after its long career is able on a whole to present an honourable record. Primarily founded for the sole purpose of trading in furs with the Indians, it has not only consolidated its position, overcoming strenuous opposition, but its hardy and adventurous pioneers under its own auspices conducted explorations, flinging back its Posts to the limits of our Canadian hinterland.

In the early days the fur trade, directly or indirectly, furnished occupation to nearly all the inhabitants. The principal business of the Hudson's Bay Company, in common with its French rivals, was to purchase furs in exchange for firearms, clothing, axes and other commodities imported from the European countries. In the West, North and Northwest the Great Company grew in power. Its prosperity depended on its good relations with the Indians, and inheriting the wonderful colonizing power

of the British race it soon created a mutual trust with the natives that gave it great prestige. This congeniality has always been maintained and the Indians were taught to respect the red standard with its "H.B.C." as a coat-of-arms. Until Confederation the history of Canada in the West and North must include the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, for they are interchangeable. But as the Company's interests were largely in consolidating and managing little more than a colony, too lightly are we apt to push those stirring events into the background. The power, respect and trust that the natives bore for the great company undoubtedly paved the way for their harmonious incorporation into the Confederation. While several serious rebellions occurred, there was no open warfare against the Indians and half-breed inhabitants. And now having passed through the colony stage and emerged as a young nation in the galaxy of countries constituting the British Empire, we find the Hudson's Bay Company has still progressed in its work. Shorn of its governing power, it has become in the Canadian West a purely commercial enterprise. But in the



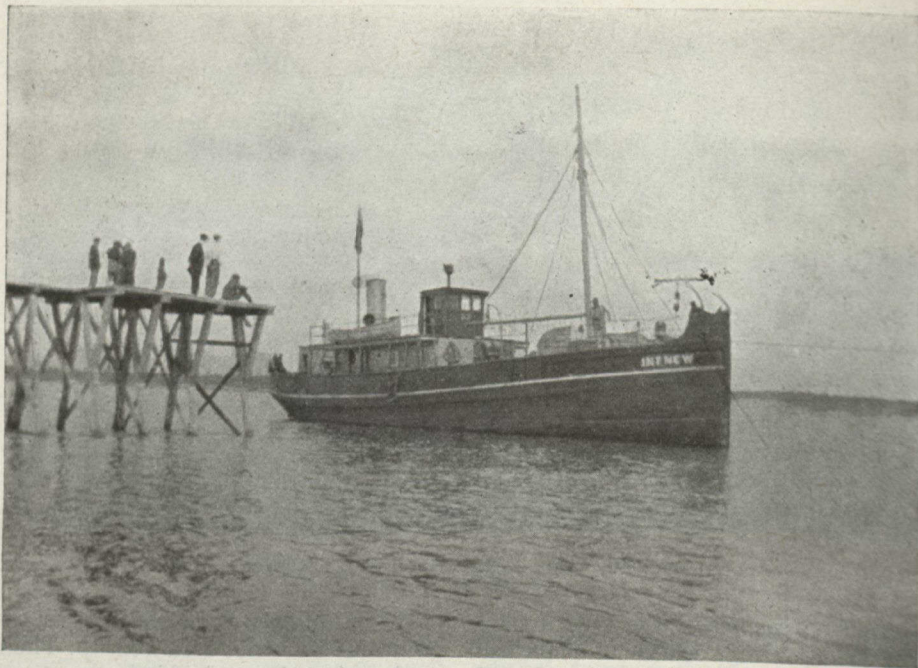
An Indian family temporarily encamped at Rupert's House

northern areas, where the eyes of Canada are turning, where a boundless storehouse of wealth is treasured, and where the national expansion is ever reaching closer, we find the Hudson's Bay Company there trading and teaching in its posts, already forming a nucleus of the villages, towns and cities which will spring up in this northward movement. And when that illimitable wilderness is absorbed into the Dominion of Canada we must not forget the work of the hardy pioneers who, with pluck and fortitude, braving a rigorous climate, hardships innumerable, isolation from friends and civilization, have carved homes from this northland and prepared it for a great future after its absorption in the greater Dominion.

The history of Hudson Bay really started in 1666, when Jean Talon, Intendant of the French settlement at Quebec, rejected the proposals of expansion in the West and explorations in Hudson Bay, as suggested by two adventurous bush-rangers, Medard Chouart Groseilliers and Pierre Radisson. Those two explorers had penetrated far into the Canadian West and from Indian tribes had learned of wonderful advantages Hudson Bay and James Bay possessed for trading.

Unfortunately for France their expeditions were not followed up. Their explorations instead of bringing them honour and encouragement, called down the wrath of a rapacious Intendant, who fined them heavily because they engaged in illicit trading, the expedition not having been authorized by that official. All attempts by the explorers to arouse interest either in Quebec or Paris proved fruitless. To the French King Canada was "a few arpents of snow", and to the officials at Quebec expansion meant more trouble—they already had enough—the building of forts and a large outlay of money.

But Groseilliers and Radisson were not content to allow the northern fur trade to pass unnoticed. Having also by marriage and nature many things in common with the English, they decided to turn their back on France and interest English capital and enterprise in New England. At the instance of Sir George Cataret, a Royal Commissioner of Charles II., who was in the New World settling disputes in New England, the French adventurers were induced to lay their plans before the English King. In spite of flattering overtures from Dutch interests, Groseilliers and Radisson adher-



The "Inenew", a Hudson's Bay Company Steamship, docking at Rupert's House

ed to their original scheme, which was hampered by war and indifference.

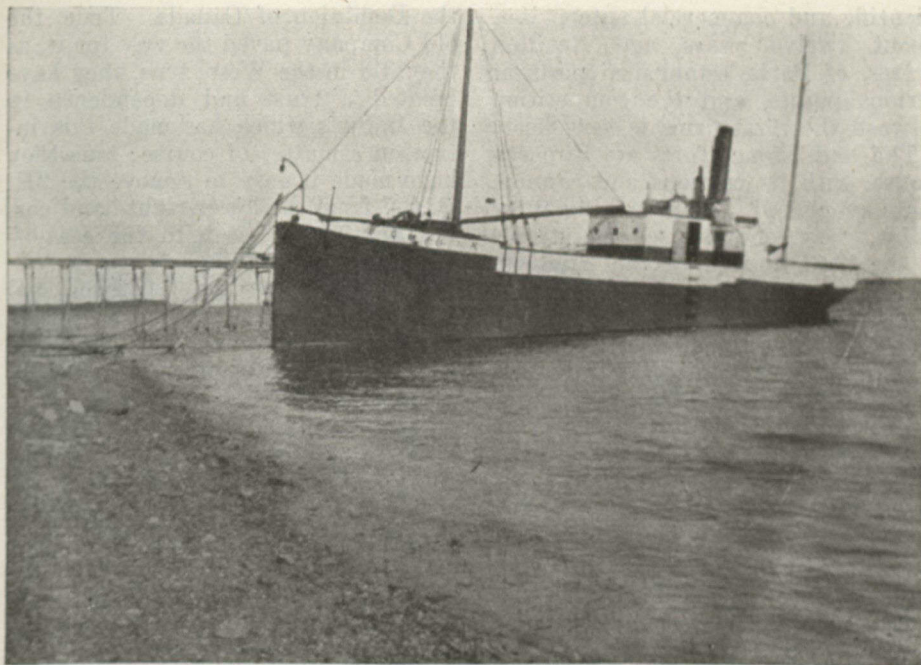
At last in 1668 the King's cousin, the gallant Prince Rupert, became interested in the adventure and enterprise. So in 1668 two little vessels, the *Eaglet* and the *Nonsuch*, the latter a ketch of fifty tons, sailed for the far North. Captain Stainard of the *Eaglet*, crossed the stormy Atlantic, but approaching Hudson Straits the expedition seemed so impossible he sailed back again over the ocean. But the little *Nonsuch*, under the command of Captain Gillam, pushed on. The narrow channels and the mountainous icebergs could not daunt the courage of these adventurous spirits. The uncharted coast, abounding with dangers of shoals and storms, was safely passed. In September, 1668, the *Nonsuch* entered a river at the southeast corner of Hudson Bay.

Here the party landed, parleyed with the Indians, secured permission to occupy a part of the territory and immediately started to erect a stone fort, which was called Fort Charles

in honour of Charles II. The mighty river rushing from the forest depths of an interminable wilderness and emptying into the bay they called Rupert's River, after their illustrious patron. So in 1668, two years before the famous Royal Charter granting to the Hudson's Bay Company—"The Governor and Company of Gentlemen Adventurers of England, trading in Hudson Bay"—the monopoly of the trade and territory of the Hudson Bay region, Fort Charles was founded.

In 1670 Fort Charles was renamed Rupert's House by Charles Bailey, who had been sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company to establish a trading-post at that place.

From the establishment of Fort Charles in 1668 the history of James Bay becomes the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Gradually, in spite of numerous successful and destructive rebuffs from their rivals the French, the Hudson's Bay Company became more firmly established. As time passed and the Company increas-



The "Emelia", a Steamship of Revillon Frères on James Bay

ed in power and were left undisturbed, the posts or forts became substantial establishments.

In the period following the establishment of the fort at Rupert's River warfare was unceasingly waged between the rival companies of French and English origin. Cargoes of supply ships were captured, forts taken and retaken, with massacres and bloodshed, while the unfortunate prisoners-of-war were often turned out in the woods to perish.

In these raids Rupert's House changed hands frequently. In 1685, when war broke out between England and France, Governor Denonville assisted the Northern Company to attack Hudson Bay by an overland expedition which started from Quebec. The raid was directed by Chevalier de Troyes, who was ably assisted by La Chesnaye and the LeMoynes brothers. Of all perhaps Le Moynes d'Iberville was the most courageous and energetic. After razing Moose Fort, the expedition captured and destroyed Rupert's House.

Using Rupert's House as a base, the voyageurs pushed forward and captured Albany, the strongest Hudson's Bay Company fort in James Bay.

After the capture by the French in 1693 Rupert House again fell into the hands of the English when two ships of the navy recaptured the fort. In 1697 the Treaty of Ryswick capitulated the fort—all the other forts in James Bay except Albany were included—to the French. Until the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, all this region was held by the French, only the conditions of that agreement ceding all the French rights in James and Hudson Bay to the English. From that date martial strife has ceased and the Hudson's Bay Company has engaged in trading only, although perhaps more than the Government they have governed this region. In the strenuous winter season the inhabitants of James Bay engage wholly in hunting and trading, while during the rough and pleasant summer season the country has been explored by numerous government and private

scientific and commercial enterprises. About twelve years ago Revillon Frères, of Paris, established posts at various points, and the competition between the rival firms is very keen.

The old stone fort at Rupert's House, with its bastions and cannon, has disappeared. Approaching it by Rupert Bay, one can see the steeple of the little church of the Anglican mission rearing its small but distinctive height against the blue background. Along the shores you see the wreck of several old Hudson Bay ships which were unable to stand the severe ice conditions of the spring break-ups. The shallow and tortuous channel is marked by home-made beacons, which consist of poles with bushy tops of branches. Each Company has its own buoys, not trusting to the integrity of the other, for by misplacing the buoys a wreck might be the inevitable result. The houses of the Hudson's Bay Company stretch back from the trestle wharf. Between the storehouses and Factor's dwelling to the mission are scattered the wigwams of the Indians and the houses of the Company's servants. Farther along the bank is the trading-post of Revillon Frères. Roughly their area is composed of about twenty-five acres. Part of this has been carved from the forest which borders it and part evidently encroaches on the old Hudson's Bay Company's fort, for digging down one can find the ruins of brick houses and what was evidently the walls of an enclosure.

Across the river the banks are tree-fringed and fade away in the distance towards Mount Sherrick, the only real hill to relieve the monotony of the characteristic flatness.

The life at Rupert's House is much changed from the former days when the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company were the governing and controlling power of the Bay district. The ancient and honourable Company still holds the better of the commercial struggle, but a new power has crept in and is gradually absorbing the inhabitants. It is the Government of

the Dominion of Canada. True, the old Company paved the way for it, as they did in the West; true, they have created a trust and dependence in the Indians which has made this intrusion a matter of course; true they have made it easy to remove the "H. B. C." from the lower right-hand corner and replace it with the coat-of-arms of the Dominion.

Revillon Frères are very keen commercial rivals, and bringing as they do more up-to-date methods they have gathered a following of the hunters around them. One improvement in travel must be noted. Besides the large canoes and dog-trains to carry the supplies to the inland posts, the French company have established winter trails and imported nearly twenty splendid horses to travel them. They are thereby enabled to transport larger loads and move them far more expeditiously. It has been found impossible to train the Indians to care for the horses, and consequently a number of French Canadian teamsters are brought from the Province of Quebec and form a part of the personnel of the staff of Revillon Frères.

The Hudson's Bay Company, however, have not been vanquished by the French invasion. Undoubtedly they still control the respect and the trust of the stolid, implacable Indian. The manager of the Post is their magistrate, their counsellor, their governor. To him they come with their troubles, their tooth ache, their sorrow, their joys. He can mingle with them, yet his word is law, just as much as it was back in the eighteenth century. In the winter-time he details them on their long dog-train trips for mail; he sends out help to the sick or hungry hunter whom fortune is not smiling upon; he is the first to receive them on their return. In the spring he greets the returning hunters and he barter for their fur. He details the supplies to the inland posts; he visits the posts under his jurisdiction; he sends out expeditions of explorations; he employs the servants at agri-



Making Hay near James Bay

culture, shipbuilding and canoe-making; in fact, being Chief Factor of Rupert's House is more than a humdrum existence of commercial traffick-ing and adventure. At the present time the Hudson's Bay Company entrust the management of this Post to Mr. Alan Nicholson, and when Rupert's House has passed from the post stage to a town and eventually a city, we will undoubtedly be indebted to him for the splendid service he is doing in one of our hinterland outposts.

The soil at Rupert's House and in the neighbouring country is very fertile. Near the Post there is a fringe of fine timber along the river banks. Farther inland the timber diminishes in size and is replaced by a stunted growth of tamarack. The Revillon Frères, Hudson's Bay Company and the Mission people carry on agriculture, and in the short season splendid results are attained. In July and August hay is brought in from the

marshes and dried for use in the winter-time. At times it reaches an abnormal price, and there is one record where the Hudson's Bay Company in order to feed their starving cattle paid Revillon Frères at the rate of ninety-six dollars a ton. All vegetables are grown—lettuce, radishes, rhubarb, turnips and potatoes. In 1901, for instance, on the 28th of May the Hudson's Bay Company planted twenty bushels of potatoes, which yielded three hundred and sixteen bushels when dug on the 27th of September. That date of planting was unusually early, as the crops are generally not sown until the middle of June. Potatoes have formed the chief crop at Rupert's House, but the soil, which is a light sandy loam, under careful cultivation will yield rich supplies. Cold days are not uncommon in midsummer, but as a rule very hot weather is experienced, the temperature on the average ranging well above ninety degrees.



Gorge Bridge and Park, Victoria, British Columbia

VICTORIA

A BIT OF ENGLAND THAT IS NOT ENGLAND

BY CHARLES W. STOKES

THE trouble with all these western cities is that they will insist on giving you folders—not sending them to you before you go, which seems the logical way to open the subject, but handing them to you after you arrive. It seems a rather defective system of distribution, but the idea is apparently that you should carry them away and store them in your family archives. This being understood, they would give you a bushel of folders if you would let them; you could exhaust their whole edition by appearing deliberately complaisant, and pre-

cipitate an emergency meeting of the Board of Trade to vote the money for printing some more.

As to exactly how far these publicity folders depart from the truth—which is putting it rather crudely, but you know what I mean, especially if you have ever written them, as I have—I would prefer not to say. In fact, for a magazine writer to accept one at all is fatal. He either uses too much of it, and draws down his editor's recrimination of being subsidized, or he uses too little and gets in bad with the local publicity commissioner, who sees his (the publicity commissioner's) time, conversation,



British Columbia's Government Buildings, at Victoria

automobile hire and expense account absolutely wasted.

Another annoying thing about these insidious pamphlets is that they persist in "slogans". Now a slogan can be brilliant, but the average city booster's slogan seldom rises above the level of the price ticket, "Was \$40—Take me Home for \$2.98".

Victoria, British Columbia, is the very deuce for giving out folders. It has more kinds of them and apparently more of each than any other place in existence. They (the folders) and it (Victoria) have one highly-stressed slogan, to wit, "A Little Bit of Old England by the Shores of the Pacific". It does not strike one, in passing, as a very snappy slogan, to judge by the crisp technique of some others, nor as a very apt one, for it should more accurately be "A Little Bit of One Part of Old England by the Shores of the Pacific", or alternatively, "A Little Bit of Japan, China and Hin-

dustan by the *et cetera, et cetera*". But having used it, the Victorian is supposed to have enunciated, and having heard it the visitor is supposed to have comprehended, all Victoria from A to Z.

Victoria, says the most popular folder, is full of retired Englishmen, especially retired military Englishmen. One pictures these English majors—queer how a retired military Englishman is never anything but a major!—with red faces, spats and violent check suits complete, so numerous as to outnumber the remaining population and form a political identity like the Western Liberal-Unionists. One conceives whole streets of retired majors, stepping briskly along for their morning constitutional, with the "tradespeople" running to the shop fronts continually to pull their forelocks in respectful salute. One imagines, as the daily ship from the mainland warps up



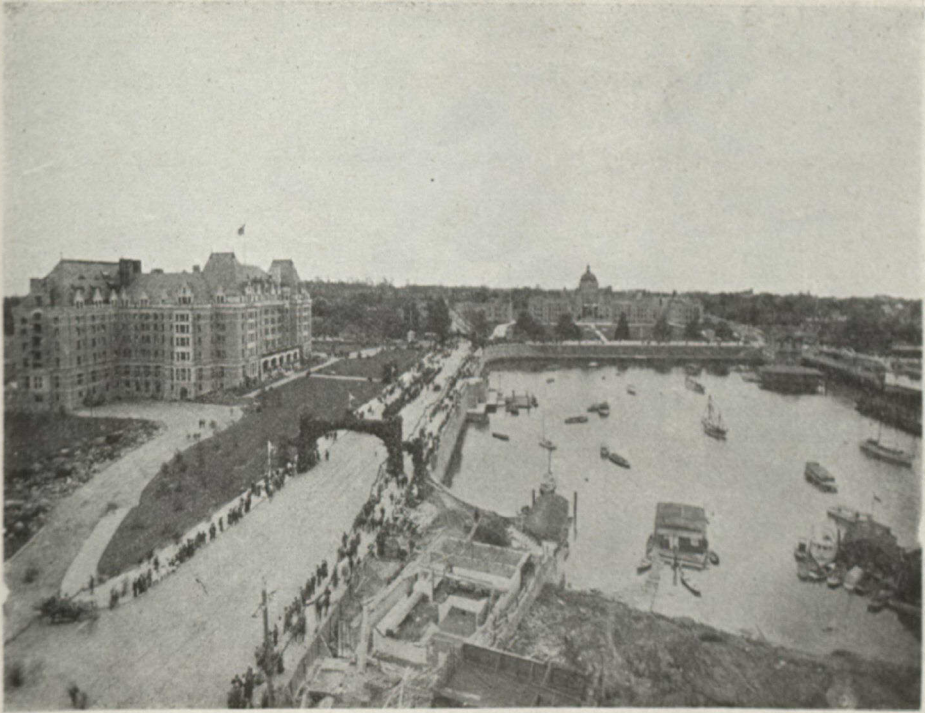
The Inner Harbour at Victoria, British Columbia

alongside, the whole wharf pre-empted by retired majors discussing, say, the state of their livers.

But so far as you and I are concerned, being ordinary visitors lacking the open sesame, we could probably range all day in Victoria without getting a crack at a single major. The hotels are full of tourists and wealthy wheat farmers from Saskatchewan, the streets are full of government officials and Orientals. Where are the retired majors? Perhaps, of course, they are at their clubs, selfishly monopolizing *The London Times*, growling at the man who dares to speak, and tossing off countless whiskies and sodas. (For I trust that the Victoria clubs have a means of circumventing the hated law that would deprive a retired major of his highball). This supposition being feasible, the majors would still be there; they would have to be turned out of their clubs some fine time or other, so that there is still

a chance of beholding one by waiting long enough. As a matter of fact, I trailed a suspect who had all the symbols of a major but who subsequently turned out to be a taxidermist. The only remaining solution is that they are hiding behind the high walls for which Victoria is famous.

If there is one thing which your true Victorian theoretically loathes it is what we lowbrow chaps call a rubber-neck wagon. It represents to him that rush and restlessness which he despises as "American". Little 'vails it to him that these despised tourists ("trippers" he would call them, if he were English) bring to Victoria probably the greatest part of its revenue, or that the high dudgeon into which he retires at their presence only adds to Victoria's unfortunate reputation as a land of Lotos Eaters. But there is a strange inconsistency about him. He abhors the rubber-neck wagon because it



Victoria Harbour, showing on the the left Empress hotel;
farther on, the Parliament Buildings

vulgarizes the atmosphere, but he is grateful to it for its affording him the opportunity of preaching a sermon. Hence the word "theoretically" as already used.

Some of the pioneers of Victoria, homesick for that England that they so faithfully served on the shores of the Pacific, tried in numerous ways to recreate there their beloved motherland. Amongst others, they surrounded their houses with high brick walls, surmounted, doubtless (not having a schoolboy handy to climb them, I could not check this) by broken glass. This charming custom the modern Victorian of independent household endeavours as far as in him lies to perpetuate and imitate, although one notes with regret that there is a recent schism that favours merely shrub hedges. But you can quite understand the procedure. A rubber-neck wagon of vulgarians drives by—people that one really

doesn't know, don't you know. The megaphone artist directs their attention to a typical high wall, apparently not to be looked over, and the passengers all immediately look over. They see, therefore, by dint of effort what they may have been intended to see by effort—the refined, sacrosanct privacies of a retired English gentleman's home. No more effective method could have been conceived (in the latter's opinion) to impress them with the sharpness of class distinctions and the infeasibility of their ever being anything but vulgarians.

Victoria, in fact, crystallizes the supposition that an Englishman's house is his castle. Let it also truthfully and admiringly be added that in Victoria at least it is a castle and not a "lean to", emphasizing thereby that when the average Englishman builds anything, whether it is a house or a system, he builds something well and firmly, and not the fly-by-night



Swans in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.

shack that so vividly envisages the prevalent Canadian custom of grabbing all you can and putting up with any old thing over your head.

Victoria was founded and is still inhabited by people who from the beginning intended to live there, not merely to wring the utmost from it in defiance of posterity and get out before the boom slumped. It is therefore beautified to an extent seen in few Canadian cities, certainly in no western Canadian cities. A softer, balmier England it may be, where the sun always shines (so the folder says), the sky is always clear, and the rain seldom falls, where no smoke stacks belch out a black canopy, where there is no Wigan and no Whitechapel. A kind of sublimated England, with hydrangeas, roses, and cherry trees blossoming in front of lazy bungalows, one who knows the mother England might say. Very akin to southern California, he might add, except that Victoria has its oak trees, its honeysuckles, its ivy-clad walls, its swans, its lichened bridges,

its wonderful lawns, its hedges of box trimmed in fantastic shapes.

To be exact, therefore, one would not call Victoria the England of the Pacific so much as the Torquay of Canada, nor its people typical English as upper-class English of rather unimaginative and feudal calibre. In trying to maintain a complete English tradition, for instance, they have retained some customs more in stubbornness than for utility. Not that afternoon tea is an outworn custom, of course, or that traffic should not run on the left hand side of the street as it does in England; but one fears sometimes that the Victorian who nails from England would be rather amazed and pained were he to find himself in the new, impatient, efficient England that has developed since he left it.

Of individuality Victoria has much. It has this strong English atmosphere. It has a remarkable civic beauty of a sedate kind, a climate that all Canada envies, an idle rich (or at least idle) class larger in proportion to its size



Government House at Victoria.

than any other Canadian city's. It has a wonderful city park, the most refined hotel in America, a soft morning mist that ultimately instils affection, a petite harbour, one very good bathing beach and several poor ones, a seaside golf course, the most glorified real-estate subdivision in Canada, and a tremendous Oriental population. One of the most charming and incongruous sights that I witnessed in Victoria was a sleek-haired, silk-trousered, bareheaded Chinese woman listening rapturously to a street-corner Salvation Army band. As provincial capital, Victoria has the Parliament buildings, which are better architecturally than most of those of Canada and very picturesquely situated; for once, where everybody can see them. It was here that the late Sir Richard McBride, that great overshadowing figure who was once discussed as Canada's possible premier, had his habitat. In local politics Victoria is bitterly jealous of Van-

couver's growing dominance of everything that Victoria thinks it should control itself; and of late its mentality has been a little affected by the influx of retired prairie farmers who became rich upon \$2.24 wheat.

The picture that I would like to leave with you—one that may dissipate the foibles and soften the perverseness of the people of this far-away England, and suggest the steadfast, invincible spirit that they have copied from its great original—is Victoria on Sunday evening. On a particular Sunday evening, as will develop later. You must imagine a little church on a hill, a little church of wood dignified with the name of cathedral, commanding an exquisite panorama of bay, ocean, forest, lawn, moor and beach. For quite a spell before the service, the bell ringer has been amusing himself by playing hymn tunes on the bells—and you could hear the creaking of the old bells for blocks. You must imagine a great

white ensign suspended over the pulpit, and a choir composed apparently of old men and boys—until you hear them sing, when you find it is reinforced by young ladies who, entering privily into the back stalls, have not taken part in the procession up the aisle. You must further imagine a strong, calm voice intoning the beautiful Anglican evening service, stained glass windows, a wheezy old organ, white vestments dimming in the slight dusk, and the flower-scented air wafted in from the soft twilight outside.

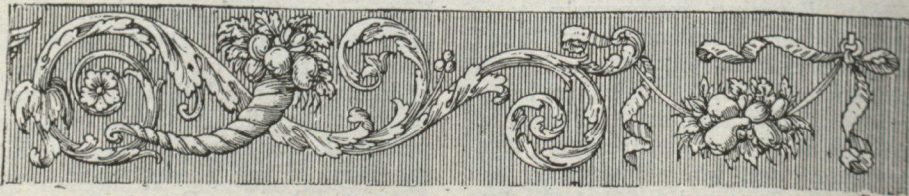
But look around the congregation—and there at last are your majors and your retired Englishmen! They stand stiffly upright, their suits, alas, a little shiny or frayed, for war-profiteering does not exist to any extent in this community. On the contrary, one feels that rather is the pinch of war poverty felt more acutely. When you retire on a military pension, no McAdoo Schedule increases it to meet the high cost of living, and under the stress of war so many of those gilt-edged securities that supported Victoria became rather tarnished at the edges! The fact that the congregation is composed exclusively of women, children and old men, with here and there a uniformed young man with a wound stripe, is due to one fact that is not found in the folders—that out of a population of about 60,000 Victoria contributed in soldiers alone more than 14,000, to say nothing of nurses and war workers.

That is why you can forgive Vic-

toria many things, and why, when just before the benediction they rise to sing the National Anthem, and husky, quavering voices strengthen, stiff backs stiffen further as on parade at the salute—that is why you forget the narrow prejudices, the choleric, somewhat out-of-date grievances. All you see is a church of brave old people “carrying on”, with every vacant place representing a son gone.

But I said that this was a particular Sunday. So it was. It was a day upon which great victories were being celebrated—not yet the Armistice, but almost within hailing distance of the same. I could imagine New York or Toronto, say, that same night. Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, bands, parades, tanks, bells, “drives”, sirens, enthusiasms, pep, zip, “punch”—all that such an event means to the vociferous. But here there was evident another conception, that it was more fitting to retire apart and give thanks in prayer than through a megaphone, that when the shouting and the tumult died there still remained the sacrifice of a humble and a contrite heart. And so the strong, calm voice intoned the prayers for the sick and wounded, “both our own and of the enemy”, and the hymn they sang was that most unwarlike and pathetic “Soldiers of Christ, arise”, and you might have thought they didn’t claim enough credit for themselves in winning the war.

Somehow it seems to me that behind that quiet, bashful spirit there is the strength that really does win wars.





THE POTATO DIGGERS

From the Painting by
Anton Mauve.

In the Art Association Gallery,
Montreal

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

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

CHAPTER II

MYSTERIOUS as had seemed the entrance of David into the Widow Ridley's back garden, the hidden means employed to get there had been a very ordinary pair of stilts. All the boys were wearing stilts at that time, and David's had just been acquired and were a source of much boyish pride.

Nevertheless he did not swagger home upon their high eminence. He knew that he was late for supper and it occurred to him that he might as well be a little later. Perhaps if he were late enough Cousin Mattie would be so concerned about his starving condition that she would forget to remark upon the virtue of promptness at meals. And if Cousin Mattie let it pass, it was likely that his father would do so too, for Angus Greig, though excessively strict in large matters, seldom interfered in those which belonged by right to Miss Mattie's province.

Many things belonged to that province; for Cousin Mattie Greig had kept house for Angus all the years that he had lived in Milhampton and no one knew for how many before that. Little indeed was known of their former history, but it was understood that Miss Mattie, when a girl, had been adopted by the mother of Angus and that the two had grown up as brother and sister. Whatever kindness she might have received from her dead relative Miss Mattie had repaid many times over by an unlimited de-

votion to Angus and the motherless boy. She was all the mother David had known and she had sufficed.

He had never suffered from being "an old maid's child". Miss Mattie was not old. For all her years, which must have been fifty, she had kept the eager heart of a girl. She hadn't meant to. If any one had remonstrated with her she would have agreed that at her age it was most unsuitable. But there it was. She had kept her youth just as she had kept her waist. Perhaps it was because she had kept her waist. These things are subtle. Cousin Mattie's hair was graying, but her eyes were clear and untroubled. Her mouth harboured no fretful lines. She was full of a hope which no to-morrow ever justified—or ever quenched. She laughed easily. For the rest, she was a small woman, upright as a dart, with a face which no one called beautiful but which every one loved.

The only thing about her which to David was not quite perfect was her habit of calling him "Davy dear". He didn't mind the "dear" but he hated the "Davy".

To-night, as he came home, he expected to find her engaged, somewhat reproachfully, upon her second cup of tea. But instead she was standing at the door waiting for him. He quickened his steps.

"You're late to-night, Davy dear," said she. Her voice was anxious rather than condemnatory. "Hurry now, like a good boy. Your father's

home this hour or more and he wants to see you in the sitting-room."

David forgot that he was a pirate. Suddenly and completely he forgot it! Under its generous layer of dirt his face grew slightly pale. He stood upon one foot and kicked the door-step with the other. This was to show his careless bravery in face of adversity. The last time his father had wished to see him in the sitting-room had been upon an occasion which—but why bring up forgotten trifles?

"What's he want me for?" asked David with fine indifference.

"I don't know," said Cousin Mattie; adding with some point, "I thought you might."

"Well, I don't."

"Davy, dear, I hope you haven't been doing anything you shouldn't?"

David's face held all the just indignation of one who never by any chance does what he shouldn't.

Miss Mattie suppressed a smile. "Very well," she said, "only if I were you, I'd hurry."

David hurried. There was a slight delay owing to the necessity of washing (who ever heard of a clean pirate?). But he certainly hurried. This was due to a doubt of his father's patience which was not misplaced. Delay of any sort was abhorrent to Angus Greig. David in his boyish way understood this, and other things about his father, very well.

A stern, unbending man was Greig the carpenter. A silent, proud man, slow to anger but not at all plenteous in mercy. A man for the righteous to trust in and for the wicked to flee from. David knew this. He was proud of his father; but not in any intimate way. It was more as if he were being proud of a fellow townsman or a hero in a book. Other fellows' fathers were easy going, every day persons capable of being called "Dad". David felt that this was pleasant, but that it lacked dignity.

Of his father's feeling for him he was not sure. With ordinary fathers one could tell, but with his one couldn't. There was a reserve. Never,

in all his memories, had David got past that reserve, nor had he ever tried to. From his father he had always had justice and kindness. Miss Mattie had supplied his other needs.

His mother David had never known nor did Angus ever refer to her in any way. Miss Mattie was inclined to be more communicative but even she had little to say.

"But you knew my mother, didn't you?" David would question.

"Yes," Miss Mattie had known his mother—in a way. Not that they had ever been intimate friends.

"Tell me about her."

"She was bonny," said Miss Mattie, who liked a good Scottish word.

David was dissatisfied with this. Of course she was bonny. He wanted to know other things. He wanted to know what she *looked* like. Did she look like him?

"Of course not," said Miss Mattie. "Didn't I just tell you she was bonny? And yet there is a kind of queer something in you that's like her. I notice it whiles. You have a light step, Davy dear, and she had a light step. She had the lightest step of any of us. When she danced we all seemed heavy and slow beside her. I mind seeing her dance once before—"

She checked herself and, being engaged in washing dishes at the time, somehow seemed to forget her sentence in the rattle of the plates. But David leaped upon it.

"Before what?" he demanded.

"Before she was married," finished Miss Mattie slowly.

"Didn't she dance after she was married?"

"I didn't just happen to see her dancing."

"Didn't you live with her?"

"No."

"I think it would have been nice if you had lived with her."

Miss Mattie smiled at that but it did not entice her into prolonging the conversation.

She had the gift of story-telling, this mother-by-proxy. Her romances were the delight of David's childhood

and had been the preparation which had enabled him not to laugh at Rosme and her Joan of Arc. He had breathed the enchanted air of make-believe and knew that, of all things, laughter breaks the spell most surely.

Sometimes the little boy fancied that Miss Mattie's stories were about his mother although she did not say so. It puzzled him, so that sometimes he grew confused between truth and fiction. Then he would say, "Is it truth or story — truth?" Always knowing that he could trust her answer. But more often he let it go by. It was always pleasant enough either way.

Out of it all he gathered a few vivid pictures of his mother which he was always to cherish. He saw her very young and gay — "An only daughter," Miss Mattie said, "who had more dresses in a year than I had in two. One muslin, I mind, had green sprigs in it and she wore a green ribbon in her hair. She looked like a bit of Spring and Angus didn't take his eyes off her all morning. In church it was too. He didn't even hear the text, for I asked him when we came out."

Another picture David liked to think of showed her dancing, all in white, "like a thistle-top in the wind". In a quieter one she was busy in his father's home, making butter, with her sleeves rolled up "to show the dimples in her elbows". He saw her in a sunbonnet playing at tossing hay in the field for she had been a farmer's daughter. But never did he see her with a baby in her arms. He hardly understood the ache in his heart, but he knew he would have loved to see her like that!

The last picture he had was the one which showed her as a bride. And it was very sketchy. "She looked as sweet as a flower and the gladdest thing I ever saw," was all Cousin Mattie would ever say.

"What did my father look like?" asked David.

There was a noticeable pause, and then—"Nobody was looking at your

father," said Miss Mattie. "Now go your ways for I'm busy this morning."

All this time we have been keeping Angus Greig waiting. But David didn't. A splash of water, in such places as it would do most good, the slam of a brush upon his rumpled hair, and the reformed pirate hurried into the sitting-room, outwardly shy and inclined to be sulky, inwardly on fire with curiosity and a little bit afraid.

The carpenter was standing by the window and turned at his entrance. David saw to his astonishment that he did not seem angry at all. There was not even impatience on his face. Instead it was kinder than the boy was accustomed to seeing it. But it bore a look for which he had no words; if he had been older he might have said that Angus looked shaken". It was very apparent that something had happened.

"It's you, David! Come away in. "There's news you must know." His glance fell upon a strip of yellow paper he held in his hand.

David came in, sideways, and sat down gingerly on the very edge of a chair. There was a momentary flash from the eye of Angus.

"Sit properly upon your chair and answer when I speak to you."

"Yes sir," said David stolidly.

Angus sat down by the table and tapped its polished surface with the yellow paper. He seemed uncertain what to do next and to see his father at a loss was so amazing a spectacle that David's eyes grew grave and round. Words came hard to the silent Scottish carpenter. He dropped the paper and picked it up. He ruffled his gray hair with his large hand.

"You see, David lad," he began at last with an effort that was even physically apparent, "there's news that I must tell you. I've a telegram this afternoon. Your father's dead!"

"Yes, sir," said David. He didn't know that he said it. Had his father suddenly gone mad?

He didn't look mad. After making this foolish statement he drew a long breath and seemed unaccountably relieved. His gaze, turned now directly on the boy, grew momentarily kinder.

"I've told you too bluntly," he said, "but I'm a blunt man. Perhaps I should have left it to Mattie. But it seemed like shirking my duty."

He looked keenly at the boy's inexpressive face and went on.

"I'm maybe wrong but sometimes I've thought that you guessed that you and I — that I am not your father." David said nothing. He certainly had not guessed anything of the kind. His mind turned slowly from the contemplation of Angus as a mad father to the idea of him as no father at all. And suddenly, like a kind of miracle, it seemed that, although he hadn't guessed it, he had always *known* it. There was nothing new to him in the fact so briefly stated. And, with its realization, he too was conscious of an odd sense of relief.

"Did you guess it, or didn't you?" asked Angus.

David stammered "I—I d—on't know."

Angus nodded. He seemed to understand.

"Perhaps I should have told you long ago," he said meditatively, "we might have got a bit nearer if I had. The untold truth has been a barrier between us. But I didn't want you to know while—while he lived." He glanced at the telegram in his hand.

David's eyes followed his glance and silence fell. David was frightened of the silence. He was frightened of the sombre look on the carpenter's face. He was frightened most of all, though proud also, at being spoken to in this way, almost as man to man.

"My mother?" He ventured at last tentatively. How terrible it would be if he hadn't a mother either!

Angus roused himself with a great effort.

"Long dead," he said. "She died when you were born. She was to have

been my wife. But she married him. I never married. So," he added slowly, "though you are not my son you are all the son I'll ever have. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said David. He did understand. The words were like a warm hand held out in the darkness.

Now that the essential explanation was out of the way Angus Greig began to speak more easily.

"You may feel like blaming me for keeping you from your real father, my lad," said he, "but you wouldn't if you knew. I must tell you the truth for both our sakes. And the truth is hard." He became more Scottish as he became more articulate. "Your father, David, was no father for a bairn. And he was no husband for a lass. He killed your mother, David—and she was the bonniest thing God ever made!"

The long ingrained reserve was breaking down a little, under stress. Boy though he was, David became conscious of the terrible restraint which alone enabled this man to speak as he tried to speak, simply and quietly, yet no amount of wild declamation could have been so impressive as this.

"He killed her," said Angus.

Then he took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

David said nothing at all.

"I'll tell you the story—if I can. It's your right. Your mother and I were engaged. We were to be married soon. Then he came. She had given me her promise but she gave him her heart. I'm not blaming her. The God that permitted it knows why she loved him. He was younger than me by eight years and he was handsome. I was somewhat old for her — yes, somewhat old. He had the manners of one who holds himself above the common. Perhaps he was above the common in birth. I've naught against birth. But there's bad ones in all classes. And he was bad." Angus the carpenter brought his great fist

down upon the table with a crash. "So bad was he that no animal could abide him, no child would trust him, the fresh flowers faded and died in his rooms. And so did she, my lovely flower! May the devil claw his clatty soul!

At this frightful expression which could surely be nothing less than the most searing oath, David shivered and shrank in his chair. Never in his life had he heard Angus swear!

The level voice went on. "He was a kind of doctor, a scientist, he called himself. He did not heal the sick. He sought for knowledge. He wished to make his name a famous one. Perhaps he also craved knowledge for its own sake. I don't know. He was what is called a vivisectionist. Do you know what that is, David? It's a man who tortures dumb beasts to wrest the secrets of life from their agonies."

Here his ineradicable sense of justice halted him, he added sternly, "I'll not say that it's never justified. I'll not say that something of that sort is not necessary. But not in his ways and not by men like him. His heart was a stone. Terror he loved, and shrinking and cries in the night. I speak of what I know, my lad. There was no crueller devil in hell!

"She didn't know it. We none of us knew it then. And the outside of him was fair enough. He saw her and he craved her and he took her, in the only way he could have taken her, as his wedded wife."

The carpenter sat silent awhile, his fingers twining and untwining. Then—"She went into that house of horror a blooming girl. I saw her, only a few weeks after—and she was already stricken."

He paused again, a long pause this time.

"She hid herself away from us at first. She had no mother and her father was old. But when she got to the end and knew it was the end, she came to me—to me and Mattie.

"You are strong, Angus," she said, "you will keep my child from—that!"

I promised her. She stayed with us until she went away. Her husband made no trouble. He was busy on a new idea, and he was through with her.

"When she was dead, he threatened to take you, David, but—there was a way. He didn't take you. Soon after, Mattie and you and I came here to live."

"Why didn't he take me?" asked David. His wide gray eyes were fixed unwinkingly on Angus's face. His voice was almost a whisper.

"I'll not tell you that, I think."

"I want to know!"

"Well then—I am speaking to you as a man David—I paid him. He wanted money, always. He never had enough for his experiments, and his pleasures. I had some money. He took it and he let you go."

The boy's eyes shut suddenly, his strong, little hands clenched.

"He killed my mother and he sold me?"

Angus turned away. Had he been right after all in telling the boy so much?

"You know it all now, laddy. And he is dead, remember that. His name——"

A small, cold hand stopped the word upon his lips and two eyes cold as steel looked into his.

"I never want to know his name!" said David.

III

The agonies of childhood are poignant things. Perhaps they are the worst agonies of all. A child is so sure that the world was intended to be a happy place; he is so conscious of his birthright of joy, that pain and sorrow come as alien things, torturing, impossible to be borne. A child in trouble looks out upon the sunny day with dull and wondering eyes. In his heart has sprung the insistent question which life propounds but does not answer—"Why?"

A childish sorrow is forever. Since he has no perspective the child cannot see it getting smaller in the dist-

ance. He cannot glimpse a to-morrow where his sorrow may not be. He has not yet learned to say, "This too will pass".

When David came out of the sitting-room that evening he came out to a changed world—a world that had fear in it, a world that held dark mysteries, a world hiding unspeakable things behind a shallow smile. He saw his stilts leaning against the kitchen door. He saw the flush of sunset on the white door step. His cat came and rubbed herself against his legs. Was it possible that he had ever taken pleasure in these things? Roughly he pushed the cat away—and immediately a stab of fear which was like a physical pain turned his brown face pale. Perhaps his father had kicked cats—just like that! Oh how hateful life was, how hateful!

There was a delectable smell in the air; a smell, that is, which David recognized as having once been delectable. Cousin Mattie appeared in the doorway of the summer kitchen. She was smiling and smoothing down her waist.

"Pancakes!" said Miss Mattie, "and just ready this minute. Come along now and have them while they're hot." Then, catching sight of his face, "Why, Davy dear!"

But David in these first moments did not want sympathy. Neither did he want pancakes. He turned and fled: out through the afterglow of the sunset, criss-cross over the empty field on the corner, and down to the river where there were trees and twilight. There was a certain nook there where he could slip away and hide.

All his life after he remembered that night. The strong scent of sun-warmed grass under the dew, the quiet slip-slipping of the darkening water, the sudden note of a sleepy bird, the "plop" of a fat frog into the stream. After what might have been a few moments or a century, he stole home through the cool, velvet blackness of midnight, finding the back door on the catch for him and some milk and buttered scone upon the

table. The sight of these awoke no healthy hunger, he was too sick at heart yet. He stole past them on tip-toe and so up the stairs with infinite precaution lest he waken Cousin Mattie. Then came the safety of his own familiar room under the eaves and the endless, sleepless hours through which he grappled with this strange new world that had trouble in it.

It was all the worse because the fear and horror he felt were of something formless and vague. They were all mixed up with chance words he had heard of the curses of inheritance and texts and sermons he had listened to at times when he was not too sleepy. There was one about "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge". He remembered this particularly because he knew the shuddery, edgy feeling of sour grapes upon one's teeth. He had listened to the sermon on that account and had heard some rather horrible things. David hadn't minded them at the time. He had felt so sure in having Angus for a father.

But now it all came back!

There was another one, too, about "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation". David knew that he was a generation, so his fate seemed fairly clear. God was not likely to consider the fact that he hadn't chosen his father. That was the trouble with God—you could not argue with Him. Neither could you "get round" Him. Neither could you hide. If He had said He would visit the sins of the father's, He would certainly do it—and no back talk!

"If it was a lion or a bear," thought David to himself—"If it was two lions and two bears, or if it was a burglar with a gun I wouldn't be afraid. Oh, if it was only something I could *fight!*"

Many things began to be plain to him as he lay and remembered. There was one day, a long time ago, the day he had tied a tin can to a dog's tail. He wanted to see what a dog did under such trying circumstances.

Fellows had told him that the results were very funny. He, too, had found them funny and he had been laughing heartily when Angus Greig had caught him doing it. Such a thrashing followed as David had never had before. David had always wondered about that thrashing. He had taken it philosophically for little unpleasantnesses of this kind happen to every boy, but he had been puzzled by the length and the strength of it. Angus had been furious, and it had seemed such a little thing to be furious about. Now—oh now, he saw the thing in a white light. He understood. And hiding his head he bit the pillow with his strong, young teeth.

Cousin Mattie, too! He remembered the day he had pulled a wing off a fly to see if a fly can fly with one wing? And, if so, if it would fly lopsided? It had seemed to him a perfectly legitimate investigation, but Cousin Mattie had seen him doing it. He could hear her horrified. "Oh Davy!" yet: She had been absurdly upset. She had said, "Don't you know that you *hurt* the fly?" David, with a swift vision of Cousin Mattie on the war-path with a fly-swatter, had retorted "What's an old fly? You kill hundreds of 'em every day yourself." "I kill them" she had answered grimly, "because they are pests. They have to be killed. But I don't hurt them."

David had laughed at that. It was so like Cousin Mattie to say a girlish thing like that. But now he knew what that look of uneasy wonder in her eyes had meant. *Cousin Mattie had been remembering about his father.*

His brain whirled on. There was that day when Angus had had lumbago or sciatica and old Dr. Temple had been called in. He had patted David on the back and said he was a fine lad and Angus ought to be proud of him. Then he had shaken hands with him and had held his hand a moment, examining it curiously.

"A surgeon's hand," he had remarked, "a very fine hand. Shouldn't

wonder if that hand will do big things one day."

David had felt embarrassed but he thought it very nice of the doctor to say such things. He had stolen a glance at Angus' face hoping to see approval there and he had been much astonished and puzzled by what he did see. He was fury, pure and simple. This, too, was plain reading now. *He had a hand like his father!*

Was it possible that once he had been an ordinary little boy playing pirates with a red-headed little girl and bossing her around and being happy? He lifted his tousled head from his hot pillow with a gasping sigh.

"Davy, dear!—"

Cousin Mattie in white nightgown and kimona was standing in the doorway. In the dim light of the room with her unlined face and her hair down her back she looked so young that David was startled.

"You're not asleep?" asked Cousin Mattie.

David made no answer but she did not wait for any. Instead she came over to the bed and sat down on it. David felt a cool hand on his head.

"I've always told Angus that he has no tact," said Cousin Mattie in an annoyed voice.

This was so like an ordinary everyday remark that David was almost shocked. Cousin Mattie worshipped "tact". She considered that she herself had an uncommon amount of it and that few people had any at all. If they had, living would become a comparatively simple matter. People are sensitive and want of tact is so distressing. If people would only leave things to Miss Mattie she would show them what a little tact would do.

"Angus ought really to have allowed me to tell you," she said, as the fine fingers pressed away the frown on the boy's hot forehead. "Or he ought to have told you long ago, when you were smaller, in a tactful manner. Then there would have been no shock. And you and he would have got along much better. As it is you are feverish.

I have brought you some quinine to take."

This was very much indeed like ordinary life. David found that he was still able to hate quinine. Cousin Mattie went on:

"There is no use in a man pretending to be a father when he isn't. It takes an immense amount of tact and men simply haven't got it. I told Angus that. You and he would have been good friends years ago if he had told you the truth. Don't you feel it yourself?"

She didn't wait to hear whether David felt it or not but pursued her own thoughts.

"It was a strain on Angus—trying to be a father when he wasn't. It made him cross. Angus hates deceit like poison and he knew he was deceiving you. I advised him to take the minister's advice in the matter but he never would. You know, Davy dear, Angus is a very fine man, but hard to advise."

Then, with a sudden change to brisk decision, "Now look here, Davy, I want to know just what it is that you're fretting about. You won't mind telling an old lady like your Cousin Mattie (Mattie always found it a delicious joke to call herself old) and anyway I'm going to sit here till you do."

David felt sure he could never tell but somehow it was a comfort to have her there. He crept a little closer to her, and she, feeling the pressure of his young warm body, understood his need and loved him even as his own mother might have loved. But she knew better than to show it. Presently, very gently, she put her finger on the sore place.

"I expect Angus said a lot of things about your father?" she said. She felt the lad shiver.

"He wasn't a nice man," she continued reflectively. "There are lots of men who aren't nice. He didn't make your mother happy. Lots of men are quite horrid to their wives, so I've heard, although I always think that if a woman has enough tact——"

David had begun to cry convulsively.

Things were a little better after that. Miss Mattie draped a quilt over the kimona, for the early morning air was beginning to blow cool, and then when David had finished crying she talked to him and told him "things". Somehow her very talking of things seemed to make them less dreadful. Little by little, David found that he could talk too. He asked questions. He asked if Angus Greig had loved his mother very much.

"He loved her," said Cousin Mattie, "as every woman prays to be loved and as few ever are. He has never really loved any one else, unless it's you."

"He doesn't love me," said David with miserable certainty.

"Yes he does. You'll begin to feel it more now that you know the truth. It's been the sense of deceit that's kept him stiff with you. But I've seen him looking at you, when he did not know that I saw, and I know. You're all he has in the world. I wouldn't lie to you, my dear. While, indeed, I've envied you. It's not a small thing to be loved by Angus Greig."

David found some comfort in this. Cousin Mattie might be right. Perhaps Angus did love him and if he did there was hope. Angus Greig was not the man to love any one who was utterly bad and wicked. Then, in a burst, the heart of the trouble betrayed itself. Miss Mattie felt a hard little hand grasp hers.

"But," whispered David. "When I grow up. When all the sins are visited! Oh, if I could only fight, I wouldn't be afraid!"

Miss Mattie was shocked. And she was furious with Angus. What inexcusably tactless blunders he must have made to implant this ghastly fear in the mind of the sensitive child? She was an old-fashioned woman and she had never studied child psychology but she knew danger when she saw it. Something must be done to combat this idea at once.

Perhaps the child's guardian angel stooped near and whispered; perhaps it was pure instinct which taught Miss Mattie in this crisis; perhaps it was a simple understanding, the outgrowth of her own eternal youngness which suited her to his need. At any rate her answer was the right one and it came with authority.

"You can fight, Davy. That's exactly what you can do. You can fight things inside as well as out. It may be harder, but brave people don't mind hardness. If there were things in your father that you're afraid may be in you—fight them! Watch for them and turn them out. Be your own man."

"But you can't fight God."

"You're not fighting God. You're fighting evil. God likes fighters. Struggle makes men strong. That's why he let's us have things to fight. Who would ever have heard of St. George if it had not been for the dragon?"

David knew all about St. George and the dragon.

"Besides," she went on thoughtfully, "there's another part to that text about the sins of the fathers. It says that God shows mercy unto the thousandth generation of them that love Him—you mustn't forget your mother, Davy dear. She was sweet and good and pure, and you are her son."

A little of the dull weight on David's heart seemed to gather and roll away. It was true, he had forgotten that part, or else the minister hadn't mentioned it. There was room for a fight then. He wasn't all bad. And if one were a good fighter."

Miss Mattie heard the long-drawn sigh and knew that it meant a slackening of the strain. She judged that he wouldn't mind if she kissed him, once, upon the forehead. Then, if she left him, he might go to sleep.

But still David held her hand.

"Cousin Mattie," he whispered, "do you remember about—about the fly?"

Her puzzled, "What fly?" was balm to the boy.

"The fly I pulled the wing off."

"Did you?" she smiled understandingly. "Would you do it now?"

He shivered.

"Of course you wouldn't! And you wouldn't have done it then if you had thought that it would hurt the fly. I'll tell you this, Davy dear, I've watched you grow from a tiny baby and if I'm any judge at all you're as unlike your father as any child can well be. Don't get morbid and don't waste your strength in fighting windmills. You'll have your own sins to fight but they will not be his sins—your very horror of them proves that."

"But why does it happen to some sons and not to others?"

"Ah, now, that's a question no one can answer."

"But if I had a brother, might it happen to him?"

"It might, I suppose."

Miss Mattie was often sorry afterwards that she had admitted this because in days to come this mythical brother of David's was to lie heavily upon his mind. He became, because of much thinking, almost a real person and one about whose fate David was much exercised. "If my brother should do so-and-so," he would say, "it wouldn't be fair to blame him, would it?" Miss Mattie disliked this. She thought it almost uncanny; but her protests were of no avail. Only with growing years and many new interests did David's scapegoat brother fade into the mists from which he had emerged.

"You must go to sleep now," she added with kindly authority.

But David had not quite finished.

"Do I look like my—like him?" he asked anxiously.

Miss Mattie shook her head.

"No, not much. Sometimes there's a resemblance. I don't know just who you do look like. Your father, whatever his faults, was a very handsome man. You may be better looking when you grow up. At least, I mean, not like him of course," Miss Mattie stammered a little, clearly perceiving an error of tact, "more like

your mother. She was a lovely creature. I'd be proud to have a mother like her. Now you go to sleep and when you wake up in the morning everything will be all right again."

"Why?" asked David timidly.

"Because it always is," said Miss Mattie.

It was her philosophy of life.

IV

Joy does not always come in the morning, but, if it comes at all, it is likely to come then. The vital forces flow back refreshed by sleep; the spirit wakens strengthened by its mysterious travels; the darkness is over and gone, the birds sing; up comes the smiling, yellow sun. Grief must be bitter indeed which finds no touch of solace in a waking world.

David was out of bed with a bound and had one boot partly laced before he remembered how miserable he was. His troubles returned with a sudden sinking of the heart, followed by a bewildered anger that his heart could sink. He stopped lacing his boot and frowned. To feel that leaden weight at his heart while all the summer world was stirring with the joyous pulse of morning was an astonishment and grievance unbelievable. Why are boys born at all if they can't be happy? It's not a fair deal. David doubled up his small, hard fist and shook it in the face of a mismanaged universe.

But though his ordered, care-free world had vanished into chaos over night, things were not quite so bad, not quite so bad and hopeless, as they had been before Cousin Mattie had come to sit upon his bed. Bits of their midnight talk drifted back with reassuring effect. The very fact of their having talked at all was reassuring. It is the hidden, unspoken fear, the formless terror which shakes the heart. Clothe a fear in words and already you have it by the throat.

Rather to his surprise, David found that he was hungry. The thought of hot scones for breakfast left him not unmoved. The possibility of honey

tickled the senses. He laced up the other boot. It hardly needed Miss Mattie's cheery call to hurry him with the remainder of his somewhat sketchy toilet.

In the kitchen another surprise awaited him. Everything was just as it always had been. There was no outward and visible sign of the inward change. His father (he couldn't help thinking of Angus as his father) sat as usual at the head of the table with a plate of bacon before him. As David entered he looked up, greeted him casually, and went on with the serving of the breakfast as if nothing at all had happened to disturb their relations.

In an obscure way the boy began to realize that people do go on like that. He himself was going on. Life does not stop or change because the people who live it are troubled or disturbed. One's troubles are one's own troubles to be kept carefully out of other people's way. One just goes on. It is the compulsion of the race. David was young to be learning this essential lesson, but later on he found that he had learned it well.

Cousin Mattie, a little white and tired looking, had abated in no degree her usual manner. Neither had she accentuated it. She chattered as she always did about the neighborhood affairs, inexhaustibly interested if not always interesting. Just now she was finishing a tale to which her silent audience had paid but scant attention.

"And when the doctor, Dr. Holtby it was, told her she couldn't get better," said Miss Mattie, "she raised herself up in bed and she—won't you have two lumps this morning, Angus?—she said, 'You just see if I can't—Davy dear, 'tuck in your napkin—And she did. Of course she was safe in saying so because her grandmother who had the second sight——'"

"Mattie!"

"Well, Angus, you needn't believe in second sight if you don't want to—Davy, you are getting honey on your cuffs—but I never can see why second

sight may not be right as well as wrong. Anyway her grandmother's was. For no one can deny that she did get better. The doctor was so angry."

Leaving a pleasing vagueness as to whether it had been the grandmother of the recovery which had annoyed the doctor, Miss Mattie hurried out for more hot toast.

David carefully sucked the honey off his cuff. It was not a method of removal approved of by Miss Mattie but it served. Between sucks he stole glances at the big silent man across the table. In some curious way, he seemed to be seeing him for the first time. Boys take fathers for granted, other men they observe. David was observing now and the result of his observations was a definite pang. Dimly, he felt that it would have meant much to be the son of Angus Greig.

He had always admired him. He admired him more than ever now. How fine he was, how strong, how dignified! David had known him to be hard, but never had he known him petty or mean. He was handsome, too, in his rugged way—broad of brow, with bristling eyebrows, large nose and firm, sensitive mouth. But it was in the eyes that the keynote of character lay. They were deep-set and steady, full of shadows and reserves; the eyes of an idealist and a dreamer.

David summed this all up under one comprehensive epithet—"Corking!" He murmured it under his breath. Yes, this hitherto father of his was very much a man.

With a sigh he applied himself to scone, wondering in his boyish way why so altogether beautiful and wise a person as his mother had not preferred this father to—to the other one.

"David, I want you in the workshop?"

A not unusual command in a perfectly usual tone. Yet David jumped and spilled more honey. He made a frantic effort to answer with his normal, brisk carelessness and succeeded

only in swallowing the wrong way with disastrous consequences. But for once no rebuke followed. Angus Greig seemed not to notice. The deep, blue eyes were absent, as if turned inward upon weightier matters.

"Finish your breakfast," added the carpenter kindly, as he left the room.

"Take a sip of water, Davy—quick!" Miss Mattie returning with fresh toast administered a smart slap between the shoulders, "whatever made you choke like that? You haven't got a sore throat, have you?" anxiously.

David examined that organ cautiously. "N—o, I don't think so. But maybe it's kind of scratchy."

"Take some more honey," advised Miss Mattie promptly. It was characteristic of her that in matters of health she never suspected any one of guile.

The extra honey proved efficacious. A good way to eat honey is to suck it slowly and let it taste all the way down. David did this. It took some time. When he had quite finished, he showed symptoms of wanting to feed the cat.

But Miss Mattie had heard the parting injunction of Angus.

"Best not dawdle, Davy," she warned. "The cat can wait till you get back."

David never got over wondering how Cousin Mattie saw through his most plausible pretexts, except in regard to sore throat, toothache and things. He rose from the breakfast-table with a sigh.

The workshop to which he had been summoned was built at the back of the large garden which surrounded the house. It was a pleasant place. It was here that Angus Greig planned and made the beautiful things for which he had more than a local reputation. He always called himself a carpenter, but he was in fact an artist using wood as a medium for the genius which inspired. His carving was both rare and beautiful, highly prized (and priced) by the few discerning ones who eagerly purchased everything he

made. Fame he might have had, had he cared for it. He might have called his workshop a "studio" and his masterpieces "creations". But Angus was too simple and sane to care for flippancy like that. His agents declared that he had no ambition, and, as he never contradicted them, it may have been true. Perhaps the driving force which men call ambition had died in him with the death of her who had been the better part of his life. As it was, he took grave pleasure in his work. His great hands loved the tools they used with such amazing lightness and skill. In the beauty he created he found a certain happiness and healing.

Yet there were some, who having known him as a young man, shook their heads in disappointment and whispered, "A wasted life".

David loved the workshop. It had dusty, sunny windows, littered benches and sharp knives very useful for whittling. That the knives were forbidden lent them a joy peculiarly their own. There was also the clean, keen smell of cut wood, turpentine and polishes. There were glorious piles of curly, wiggly shaving, yellow as the sun, and there was something else. David did not know how to define the something else. But it was there and it charmed him. Had the workshop been a studio it might have been called "atmosphere".

Delectable as the place was, David would have shunned it to-day if he dared. When he came in, the carpenter was busy upon an exquisite panel. He did not look up. David sat down and watched him. He knew better than to interrupt. Angus believed that the young should cultivate patience. But to-day David had not long to wait. Almost at once the carver laid down his tool. Then turning his straight unhurried glance upon the boy he began without preliminaries.

"Your Cousin Mattie tells me that I was too sudden with you yesterday, my lad. No doubt I was. I had a thing to say and I had to say it shortly

and as best I could. It's over. We'll speak no more of it. But there is another thing I've been considering. How would you like to go away to school, David?"

"It's Saturday!" said the boy in surprise.

"I'm not speaking of school here, I am speaking of a boy's school away from Milhampton altogether. It would be a complete change and would give you new interests. What I wish to know is, would you like it?"

David had been taught not to decide quickly. So, although he knew at once what he would say, he waited a moment and, as he waited, the magnitude of the proposition began to dawn upon him. To go away to school, to boarding school, like Jimmy Todd the minister's son? Was it likely any boy would hesitate in the face of such a glory? Yet his Scottish thrift stood appalled.

"It would be a great expense?" he ventured cautiously.

The carpenter permitted himself one of his infrequent smiles.

"That aspect of the case has been considered," he said dryly.

"Then I'd like to go. It would be—corking." It was unfortunate but David couldn't think of any more acceptable word.

Angus let it pass. "You see," he went on, "it's not so much an expense as an investment. You put in your time and your money and you take out—your future. Besides, there is that which justifies the expenditure. You have money of your own, David."

Fiery red flamed in the boy's cheek, his hands clenched themselves.

"No!" he said. It was at once a repudiation and an appeal.

For an instant the carpenter was puzzled. Then, meeting the reproach of the boy's look, his own grew very kind.

"Yes," he said. "It's your own money. It was your grandfather's before you. Honourable money, my lad, the fruit of the earth he tilled. You can be proud of your grandfather. When he died the farm was

sold and the proceeds invested for your use. If your wish is towards schooling there are ample means."

The boy nodded. After his outburst he was too shy to speak.

"That's settled then. I have made inquiry and have decided on a school in Toronto. Dr. Barton is the head of it. It is very well spoken of and the Doctor himself is a man I can trust. He is a good man and a gentleman. The course there will fit you for the university. I rather envy you the university, David. I never had the benefit of it myself. I hope" a trifle more sternly, "that you will appreciate its advantages."

"Yes, sir." David's tone had awe in it.

Angus Greig picked up his tool again. He had said all that was necessary. The interview was over. David was free to go. But he did not go. He sat and swung his legs although he had been told often enough that swinging the legs is a detestable habit.

"You will not be permitted to fidget like that at Dr. Barton's Academy," said Angus mildly.

David stopped fidgeting. He would have stopped anyway because his attention was arrested by something new in the other's manner. What was it? He could hardly say, but surely

there was a slackening somewhere, a note of wider freedom, of better understanding"—whatever it was it was grateful to the boy's overstrained nerves.

He jumped down from his bench and opened his lips to speak. But his Adam's apple wouldn't let him. It popped into his throat in a most annoying way. Yet he could not go until he had said something. There was a matter, a vital matter still unsettled between them.

At last he forced the Adam's apple down.

"I don't know," he stammered, "I—I want to know—what am I going to call you now?"

The thrill in the boyish voice went straight to the heart of Angus Greig as he bent over his panel. It lingered there, sweet and satisfying. Yet he did no more than raise his eyes to the shy, defiant eyes that questioned him. And he answered them as man to man.

"My lad, that is for you to say. But I know well what I'd like you to call me, David."

David knew, too. In that look, a veil was dropped from between them. They both understood.

"Thank you, father," said David.

Then, whistling, he ran away to feed the cat.

(To be continued).



QUEBEC IN OUR FIRST PARLIAMENT

BY AUSTIN MOSHER

IT is safe to say that the members sent from the Province of Quebec to the House of Commons of Canada in the first Parliament of the Confederation were the ablest body of legislators ever sent to Ottawa from French Canada. At that time dual representation was in force, and many of the able men who were sent to the federal Capital from Quebec were likewise sitting in the local Legislature. At that time also Hon. Edward Blake and Hon. Alexander Mackenzie both held, for Ontario, double mandates, sitting at Toronto as well as at Ottawa.

A perusal of the list composing the Quebec deputation shows that every one of the sixty-five sitting in the first Parliament has passed over to the majority. Argenteuil sent Honourable J. J. C. Abbott, whose bitter contests in that constituency are well remembered and who became in due time Senator and Prime Minister of the Dominion. Bonaventure was represented by T. Robitaille, a decidedly courtly gentleman of the old French school, who in later years served a couple of terms at "Spencerwood" as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. Christopher Dunkin went up from Brome. He became Minister of Agriculture and later on Judge of the Superior Court. He is known as the author of the Dunkin Act, a very important temperance measure in Quebec Province.

The first representative from Champlain was Honourable John J. Ross, who in time became a Legislative Councillor and Premier of Quebec just prior to the advent to power of the late Honourable Honoré Mercier.

Chateauguay sent Luther H. Holton, one of the most accomplished parliamentarians in the House of Commons, who had the rules of the House at his finger-tips and whose speeches on commercial and constitutional matters won the hearty encomiums of both parties. He was blamed at the time with concerting with George Brown and Luc Letellier de St. Just for the overthrow of the De Boucherville Government, but this has been positively denied by the leading actors in that historic political drama.

Hon. John Henry pope represented Compton county, and when Christopher Dunkin became judge the former was sworn in as Minister of Agriculture, and was for many years Sir John Macdonald's right-hand man, the accredited representative of English-speaking Quebec and one of the greatest political diplomats ever known in Canadian history. The first member to go to the Capital from Dorchester following Confederation was Hector Louis Langevin, who had been Mayor of Quebec and who subsequently played an all-important rôle as the senior French Canadian colleague of Sir John Macdonald. He was for a time all-powerful with the clergy of this Province, and as Minister of Public Works for many years was con-

sidered a powerful administrator. L. A. Senecal, as a Liberal, was Wilfrid Laurier's predecessor in the representation of Drummond and Arthabaska, but besides rallying to the Chapleau school, he was considered for a time a leading financier, belonged to the Senecal-Dansereau-Chapleau triumvirate and died a Senator of the Dominion.

A very popular man went to Ottawa from Gaspé in the person of Commandant Fortin, who was for years impregnable in his constituency, where he was as universally loved as in the House of Commons. Hon. Antoine Aime Dorion was the representative from the old county of Hochelaga, was defeated in Montreal East by Sir George Cartier, but elected in Napierville and became Mackenzie's first Minister of Justice, leaving Parliament to become Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. A feature of Sir Antoine Aime Dorion's political and judicial career was his magnificent command of both tongues and his ability and honesty met with universal recognition. When a discussion was going on in Conservative circles relative to offering opposition to Alexander Mackenzie's new Ministers, Sir John put his foot down and said: "You must not oppose Dorion".

Huntingdon had the honour of being represented in the first Parliament by Hon. John Rose, who became Finance Minister, leaving the country later on to accept the leadership of a great banking house in the heart of the Empire. Kamouraska had a picturesque figure in that same Parliament in the person of C. A. P. Pelletier, popularly known as Pentillion Pelletier, who was described, when a Senator and Minister of Agriculture under Mackenzie, as the most courtly gentleman in all Canada, by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. He also served a term as "Spencerwood" during the Laurier régime at Ottawa. Honourable Louis Archambault represented L'Assomption in great Confederation Parliament and was held to be a strong personal friend

of Cartier, and during the Riel troubles Senator Trudel alleged that Cartier had told Archambault to always be on his guard in dealing with Sir John Macdonald, as the old chieftain was not to be trusted, although close friends of Sir George at the time gave a strong denial to the accusation. Anyway, Louis Archambault abandoned the party over the Riel issue, and being a member of the Quebec Legislative Council he resigned to make way for his son, Sir Horace Archambault, who passed away not long ago. Laval county sent J. H. Bellrose, who will chiefly be remembered as a partizan of his colleague, Senator Trudel, and the group of Conservative Nationalists who broke away from Sir John and Chapleau and founding *L'Etendard*, they vigorously combatted the old party almost to the end of their days. Hon. J. G. Blanchet was sent up to Ottawa from the old county of Levis and later on was appointed Judge of the Court of Appeals. A very historic figure sat in that House from Lotbinière in the person of Henri Gustave Joly de Lotbinière, who had studied the classics in Paris with Waddington, and when Waddington was first Minister of France Joly was Premier of Quebec, both, however, being of Huegunot descent. Joly de Lotbinière led the Opposition in Quebec before Mercier's time and, after forming part of the Laurier Ministry he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Hon. George Irvine, a most able and strong lawyer, was the federal member for Megantic when the Confederation was consummated, but when dual representation was abolished he ran for the Legislature and was a strong opponent of the Conservative régimes at that time. He was counsel for *L'Electeur* in which appeared an article written by Laurier entitled "The den of forty thieves", and which was aimed at the Conservative leaders in the provincial capital. The trial was a real *cause célèbre* in Montreal and resulted in acquittal.

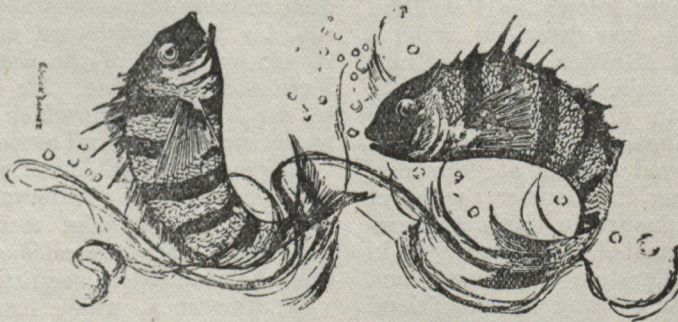
Montmorency, which has been re-

presented by such men as Angers, Tarte, Langelier, Desjardins and other eminent parliamentarians, had as its first representative in the first House following the union, Hon. Joseph E. Cauchon, whose able writings in the Quebec press attracted a great deal of attention, and, in fact, when he left his party to espouse the Liberal cause, Sir Hector Langevin brought down from St. Lin, J. Israel Tarte, then a humble country notary, and the newspaper war which was waged by those two redoubtable journalists was the talk of the then journalistic community. It was considered a mistake when Mackenzie took Cauchon into his Ministry and there was a long sigh of relief when Mr. Cauchon was sent to Manitoba as Lieutenant-Governor, and replaced by the young and brilliant Wilfrid Laurier, who was then the idol of the French Rouges.

Montreal West, Centre and East, were represented respectively by Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Thomas Workman and George Etienne Cartier, the first dying by the ball of an assassin, the second becoming famous by giving in Parliament the opinion of his cook on the sugar duties, and the last but not the least, after being one of the chief builders of the Confederation, died in London of a broken heart caused by the ungrateful treatment, so he affirmed, of his compatriots.

Quebec West sent Thomas McGreevy, who was a prominent figure in Parliament during many years while the county of Quebec elected

Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau was one of the finest littérateurs French Canada ever produced, and being also sitting in a dual capacity he was the second Prime Minister of the Province after the Union. Alonzo Wright was also there from the county of Ottawa, and being one of the best and popular men in the House, he was called by every one "the King of the Gatineau". Mr. F. Bourassa sat for St. John's and possessed the distinction of never being known to make a speech which was considered by many at the time as a very redeeming quality in a public man. Shefford was represented by the eloquent Huntington, the man who first brought the Pacific Scandal charges before Parliament. He was one of the most eloquent men in the House of Commons, although he was indolent in the extreme, and yet the first ten minutes of his speeches on the hustings and in Parliament constituted the finest treat one could listen to. Sherbrooke had also a great man in Parliament in the splendid personality of Sir A. T. Galt, while Stanstead sent Charles Carill Colby, who became a Cabinet Minister some years after. Terrebonne had elected Louis Rodrique Masson, who later on, from 1874 to 1878, was an active opponent of the Mackenzie Ministry, and accepted office when the Liberals retired from office in October, 1878. Felix Geoffrion also sat for Verchères in the first House and he lived to hold office under Alexander Mackenzie. This was certainly a galaxy of men never repeated in any Parliament since Confederation.





THE SHEEP PASTURE

From the Painting by
Fred S. Haines.
Exhibited by the Ontario Society
of Artists

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE POLICE FORCE-PENSION FUND



AS Police Magistrate I have always been a member of the Board of Police Commissioners; and the Board, which consists of the County Court Judge, the mayor, and myself, has had the absolute control of the organization and management of the force. As we have been free of popular control, we have been able to manage without any reference to political feeling, or secret society or other influence of that kind. I very fortunately never had been connected with any secret organization of any sort. I was not a Free Mason or Orangeman, and consequently have had a free hand in working only for the real benefit of the police administration. Being a member of the Canada First party, and indifferent to any political party, changing from one party to the other with the utmost freedom, if the interest of the idea of Canada First led me to one side or the other, I was not influenced by those strong political party prejudices which are often so injurious to the best interests of the country.

Shortly after I came upon the Board I found one very serious difficulty in the way of managing the force to the best advantage. There were several of the under officers who had done excellent work, who had risen to the most important places, who were drawing the highest salaries,

and who had, either through age or illness, become unfit for work, and were unable to attend to their duties properly. In some instances these men were given sick leave, and, being on full pay, were drawing salaries they were unable to earn. There were one or two such cases when I was first appointed. There was no pension fund, and if the men were discharged they might have been sick and penniless in their old age.

We then endeavoured to get up a pension fund, to be maintained by contributions from the men, and a scheme was prepared, and we applied to the Legislature to grant a charter to authorize this being carried out. About half or more of the older men at once agreed to this proposition, but many of the younger men, who thought they would never be ill, or grow old, objected strenuously, and a large deputation waited on the Premier, the late Sir Oliver Mowat, and prevailed upon him to forbid the establishment of the system.

When I heard of this I told the Board there were "other ways of getting over the difficulty, and that as there was a general law, which allowed benevolent organizations to establish benefit funds, that we could act under that law and establish a Benefit Fund Society for all the men who were willing to join it. This was arranged, with great care, and the rates of pensions, and all necessary rules made

out, and the men were asked to join. About two-thirds agreed to it, but about one-third refused.

As soon as we had it fairly started I suggested that we should have all the men in it, but we found that the dissatisfied men still held out. We asked them to send a deputation to discuss the matter with the Board. They came and were evidently influenced by the opinion of the Premier that it would have to be voluntary.

I then addressed them, and said that I understood their point of view, and that we did not want any of the men to join, except of their own free will, that it was quite voluntary, but that the Board had decided that after January 1st, they would only retain in the force those who had voluntarily joined the Benefit Fund, and we advised those not wishing to do this, to send in their resignations to take effect on that date, then some three or four months ahead. Not one man resigned, and when the New Year began, and we were preparing the estimates we raised the pay of all the men and officers, by an amount sufficient to cover the contribution to the Fund, and give them increased pay as well.

This satisfied everybody, and the Pension and Benefit Fund has been ever since the greatest comfort and blessing to the old men, and to the widows of those who have died in the force. Although I am not personally affected by the Pension System I look back to my dogged persistence in this matter with the greatest satisfaction. All about the city now are to be seen old men, formerly members of the force, who have done good service, and are receiving allowances to enable them to be comfortable. I see many of those who fought against the organization of the Benefit Fund now enjoying the benefits, and many of them have told me how much they felt indebted to me for my insistent support of the policy.

The police force of Toronto has a very high reputation all over America for honesty and efficiency. A gentleman from Seattle who travelled to a

number of large cities to inquire into the methods and efficiency of the various police forces, and who wrote an article upon the subject afterwards, put the Toronto force above them all. This was very gratifying to me, for I have been on the Board for forty years, while the other two members have changed frequently.

An important point in connection with the force was, that not many years after I was appointed, Maj. Draper, the Chief of Police, had to resign on account of ill health. I nominated as his successor Lt.-Col. Henry J. Grasett of the Royal Grenadiers, and although the other members of the Board had friends they favoured, the arguments in favour of Col. Grasett were so strong that he was unanimously appointed. This was more than thirty years ago, and we have worked together ever since in perfect accord.

Col. Grasett has been the Treasurer of the Police Benefit Fund ever since his appointment to the command of the force, and has exercised a very careful and able supervision over its management. The proof of this is shown by the fact that when he took charge in 1887, the Benefit Fund's cash assets were \$25,666. To-day they are well over \$800,000 and not one dollar has been lost in all that time; a most remarkable proof of the ability with which the Police Benefit Association, guided by the Chief, have managed their business.

In the appointing of new constables there have been no politics. The candidates are examined carefully by the Chief before they come before the Board. The standard of height is five feet, ten inches, and the men are carefully examined by the Doctor before appointment. The certificates of character are closely inquired into, and then the men are appointed on probation. They are trained under old constables for some months, and if there are any signs of weakness in health, or character, or energy, they are not retained. So that it is a survival of the fittest. We also have

many strict regulations to improve the tone of the force. No rewards are allowed to be given by anyone for the services of the men. Tips are absolutely forbidden. Men have been dismissed for accepting them. Rewards for the apprehension of criminals, if offered by citizens of Toronto, are refused by the police. If rewards are offered from outside, and the police earn them, the money goes to the Benefit Fund.

I always maintain this policy very rigidly, sometimes with difficulty. I will give an illustration of this. In the summer time it is customary for people going on vacation to the seaside or elsewhere to lock up their houses and notify the police and leave their keys at the station. A number of policemen in plain clothes on bicycles visit these houses both night and day. When the citizens come back, sometimes, not knowing our rules, they offer the men five or ten dollars, which is invariably refused. Oftentimes a citizen encloses the money to the Chief, and asks him to give it to the constable. The Chief always returns the money to the sender, explaining that the rules of the force prohibit its acceptance.

We have had cases where after this, the citizen has asked the Board of Commissioners to allow the man to receive it. One persistent man sent twenty-five dollars as a present to the Benefit Fund. At first the other members were inclined to accept this, but I protested vigorously, and pointed out that if that was accepted it would get out among the men, and others would be giving money the same way, and the result might be that the men watching the houses would devote the most of their care to the houses of those who gave money to the Benefit Fund, while others would not have as good attention.

Another illustration I may mention: A prominent business man gave an entertainment at his place of business one night, and the constable on the beat assisted in regulating the carriages. When the people had all

gone the man, before shutting the door, offered the constable a two-dollar bill. The constable refused to take it, and said it was against the rules. The gentleman shoved the bill in the policeman's belt and slipped in and shut the door. The next morning he received a very polite note from the inspector of the division, saying that the constable had handed him the bill, which he returned in accordance with the rules. The gentleman was so struck with the whole story that he told me about it, and also told me that the inspector's letter was framed and hanging in a police station in New York as a curiosity.

I have often heard friends say that they had tried to give constables money, which had been refused, but I have only heard of but one case where the money had been accepted. One young constable thoughtlessly received a tip from someone, and mentioned it to his comrades. They were so indignant at his bringing discredit on the force that they reported him, and he was struck off the roll.

*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NEGRO ELEMENT

There has been a remarkable change in the condition of affairs in Toronto since I was appointed Magistrate. The population in 1877 was under 70,000; it is now nearly 500,000. When first appointed I had only one clerk, who at times had temporary assistance. Now there are four police magistrates and six clerks.

Another remarkable change has been in the great increase of foreign population. There was formerly quite a large negro population in Toronto, now there are very few negroes. Most of them seem to have drifted southward. In 1877 nearly a third of the population was of Irish birth or descent, now the relative proportion is very much smaller.

The negroes, many of whom were escaped or freed slaves, were a source of amusement in the court because of their many peculiarities, and I can recall some amusing incidents relat-

ing to them. Thirty-five years ago the coloured people had a Baptist church on Queen Street, at the corner of Victoria Street, which had a rather large congregation.

One morning, going through my calendar, I came to a charge of assault against one Richard Lewis. When the name was called out, a burly negro, evidently a labourer, came up to the bar to stand his trial. I told him he was charged with having committed an assault upon one William Hopkins, and asked him whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

He replied in a very gruff voice:

"I pleads guilty, yo honah, but it was under succumstances of de very gravest provocation."

I turned to look at the complainant, who had stepped up into the witness box. He was a small, dandified, little negro, very black, wearing a high white collar and large white cuffs, and the whites of his eyes and his teeth seemed to be shining out. His business was that of peddling coffee, pies, and cakes to the clerks in the downtown business places. I administered the oath to him, and asked him to tell me his story.

With a grand air he began:

"Suttenly, yo honah. It was on the evening of Thursday last, at de coloured Baptist Church at de corner of Queen and Victoria Streets in dis city, de prisoner at de bah stepped up to me and said, 'Mr. Hopkins, what do you mean by calling Mrs. Brown by de Christian name of Harriett for?'"

"I told him that when I knew a lady intimately, I was sometimes in de habit of calling her by de Christian name.

"Take dat," said he, and he hit me a number of times."

"Did you strike him back?" I asked.

He drew himself up with an air of great dignity and said:

"Suttenly not, yo honah. Occupy-ing de position dat I do, as a Sunday School teacher in de Central Prison, and going about every day among de bankers and de principal business

men of de place, supplying dem wid hot coffee, do you think it would be right for *me* to enter into a pussonal altercation wid a man of *dat* class," pointing at the defendant with infinite contempt.

"It will be five dollars and costs or thirty days," said I.

*

A LITERARY SOCIETY

A few days after this, on leaving my office, I found outside of my door three negroes, evidently of the labouring class, dressed in their best, and with an air of importance which attracted my attention. One of them said:

"I beg yo pardon, yo worship, but we's a depitiation, and would like to speak to yo honah just for a few minutes."

I saw some promise of humour about it and replied:

"Certainly, come in, gentlemen" and, asking them to take seats, I inquired as to their business. The spokesman began:

"We's a depitiation from de Littery Society of de Coloured Baptist Church on the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, and we want to get yo honah's advice as to dis man Hopkins, who was up here in de Court last week."

I asked what was the trouble.

"Well, yo honah, we have a Littery Society in our Church and Mr. Hopkins is one of de members, and at de meetings he just talk, talk, talk all de time. No one gets any chance to say anything. He was criticized by de chairman and requested to behave moh in conformity wid de succumstances of de case. He just set de chairman and de Society at defiance, and kept right on with his talk, talk, talk. De matter became so obnoxious dat de society called a meeting and expelled him from de society, and paid back to him all de money he had paid in, his entrance fee, his monthly subscriptions, and some donations to de libery fund, and we told him he must not come to de meetings any moah. It did not make a pahrticle of

difference, yo worship. He comes in jus de same, and he goes on talk, talk all de time, and de society don't know what ought to be done, for you know de gentleman is half a lawyer, and we's 'fraid of him, so de society appointed us, as a depitation, to ask yo honah what you would advise us to do under de extraordinary peculiarities of de case."

I asked if they had by-laws and rules, and they brought out a little manuscript book of rules, evidently copied from some other society, and I found that the society had the power, at a meeting called for the purpose, to expel a member for breaking the rules or refusing to obey the directions of the chairman. They had done everything regularly, and had told him about it. I advised them to write out two copies of the resolution expelling him, and also a notice warning him that if he intruded again he would be arrested for trespass, and to serve one copy on him and to have two men make the service so that there could be no question as to his being notified. This they did and had no further trouble.

Before they left, however, with a laudable desire to obtain further information about a learned society of the kind, I asked if they had refunded his payments. They replied:

"Yes, sah, we gib him back his entrance fee, his monthly subscriptions, and his donations to the libery fund."

Then I asked:

"How much did it all come to?"

"Altogether, yo worship, it come to ninety cents."

Still thirsting for knowledge I asked:

"How was it made up?"

The spokesman replied:

"Twenty-five cents was the entrance fee, and he had paid five monthly subscriptions of five cents each, and had given four donations of ten cents each to the libery fund."

It was an amusing exposition of the financial standing of one of the literary societies of Toronto.

HOPKINS IN THE POLICE COURT

In *The Evening Telegram* of the 27th January, 1881, appears the following report of the proceedings in my Court in reference to a charge against this man Hopkins. It is a good illustration of the humorous way in which the Police Court matters were dealt with by some of the newspapers and is quoted as it appeared:

WM. HOPKINS

Wm. H. Hopkins, the well-known coffee and sandwich purveyor, was charged with threatening to shoot Mr. Charles Page, an elderly gentleman, of very dark complexion and thick lips, a characteristic negro.

Hopkins addressed the court as follows:

"Yoah Wership: De circumstances of de case am dese. De 'plainant and dis chile am bofe members of de Oddfellows Lodge, and de 'plainant forgettin dose brudderly feelings which am de stinguishin proofs of de Oddfellows Association, am jealous of dis chile. De 'plainant threatened to butt me, yoah Wership, and for making use of such language he should be exonerated from de Club.

"What did he mean by butting you?" asked the Magistrate.

"What did he mean? Shuah yoah wership knows what a butting match am. Ye see, Sah, dis am de way it's done. De rules and relations of de match forbid de butting in de face or in de stomach, but it must be de two heads meeting, and de man wid de tickest head am de best. Why, Sah, dat African in de box am de hardest butter in de city. He can split a cheese, or bend a piece of iron, and does de Court and de gentleman present tink dat I was going to let him butt me. Well Sah dat man wanted to hab me put out of de lodge, and I would like to know what for a man like dat is to exonerate me from de lodge? Yoah see, yoah Wership, a great many things am said in de lodge what am not fit for de public, but if de witness want all de truf he can hab it.

"Dat man," said the witness, "brought de revolver and threatened to shoot me."

"What do you say to that prisoner?" asked the Magistrate.

"Yoah Wership, dat man swore to walk hand in hand wid all de members of de lodge. He was de fust to perpose de brudderly lub wid de breddren and sistern of de membahs. It was him dat read de oath and de ceremonies, and guv de secrets to de oders. Dat was de man what smiled upon me when I rode de goat, and swore by de bones of de dead dat he would be the fadder

to de widdower, and de mudder to de fatherless. Dat was de man and now yoah Wer-ship, he stole de monies of de lodge. He borrow money and cakes from myself, and never paid me back, and what kind of a man am him to seduce my kracter afore dis court, and de leaders of de land. Such a man should be exonerated from de land."

"But what about that pistol that you threatened to shoot him with?"

"De pistol am it, yoah wer-ship. Wen I heard dat African was gwine to butt me, I tuk de cylinder out ob de shooter and went to de lodge, and how could I shoot dat African wid a shooter widdout a cylinder?"

"But the witness says he is afraid of you."

"Yoah wer-ship, dis am de crisis of ma life. Dat man got between me and my wife. He got up at de caucus meeting to turn me out of de lodge, because I was de smartest man in it. I knew dat man's head was hard and dat he could butt better dan me, so I scared him wid de pistol widout de cylinder. What should be done wid such a coon as dat? I'm stonished at him. I tell you, yoah wer-ship, if dat man's head ever comes in contact wid dis, I'se agoin to pectect my own. Dat man afraid ob me? De man dat goes into de house ob annudder, am not afraid. Dat man hab de heart of de lion, der nerves ob steel, and de head like iron. Dismiss de case, yoah wer-ship."

Instead of dismissing the case, I placed both complainant and defendant under bonds to keep the peace to each other for the space of one year.

To finish my recollections of Hopkins: A short time after this episode, Hopkins had a quarrel with his brother, and in his temper fired a revolver at him, wounding him in the neck. The wounded man was in the hospital for a number of weeks, and then came to give evidence before me about the shooting. The wound was a most peculiar one; it had made a hole in the man's wind pipe through which the air escaped as he breathed with a most peculiar whistling and his evidence was accompanied by this uncanny sound. I never heard of a case like it. Hopkins was sent to the Kingston Penitentiary for some years, and I don't remember seeing him again.

Another remarkable negro who often appeared in court was George Wright, who made his living by sawing and splitting cordwood, then a very important business, employing

a number of men, but now with the disappearance of the woods, and the almost universal use of coal, a lost art.

What distinguished Wright over all the other habitués of the court was that, in my opinion, he was the most accomplished and able cross-examiner I ever knew. He was courteous and skilful in the highest degree. I remember once after a very careful and cunning cross-examination of a witness, he caught him in a distinct contradiction. He made the witness repeat his second statement and, recalling his previous one, he said to the witness:

"Now will you please explain to his worship dar, how you make dem two points harmonize?"

About fifteen years ago I was trying a negro for breaking into a house and stealing a number of articles which were at the moment on the table in front of the witness box. They were identified by the owner. The negro was defended by a barrister who was also an officer in the 48th Highlanders of the Toronto Militia. He made a vigorous defence of his client, but the case was clearly proved, and the negro was convicted. I sentenced him to a term, and Mr. Curry, the Crown Attorney, in the usual way applied for an order of restitution of the stolen articles to the owner. I made the order at once. Then the complainant stated that the negro was wearing his best Sunday trousers, which had also been stolen, and he wanted them back. The prisoner's counsel made some objection that the negro had no others. I said that the prisoner could wear them to the jail, and as soon as he got the prison clothing, the trousers were to be restored to the owner, and then, addressing the lawyer, I said: "When he has served his term, he can join the Kilties." I doubt if the Highland Officer appreciated the joke.

A good many years ago the manufacturers of pianos had succeeded in making pianos of an inferior type at very low prices, and this was followed by a general custom of selling them

to the poorer people on the instalment plan, by which they could be paid for by small monthly payments. This led to large numbers of pianos being purchased by people in quite humble positions. The fact of one of the lower classes having a piano in the house, gave the owner a social distinction among her associates, which could not be overlooked. A scrubbing woman at the City Hall bought one, a charwoman I knew of also had one, and I have no doubt that in their own circle it was a great mark of distinction.

In a small street in a humble section of the city there lived a number of negroes, mostly labourers or railway porters. One of these, more ambitious than the others, by close saving and hard work, had succeeded in buying a piano. The wife, as well as the husband, was anxious for social distinction, and they decided to give an evening party in order to show off the piano. They invited a coloured woman who, I think, gave lessons in music, to come and try the piano. They also invited a few of the more select of their acquaintances to come to the party. The coloured woman (the musician) was evidently of a higher social scale than the other guests. She was an ample personage, well dressed, and with an impressive manner.

The party had scarcely begun when the news of it spread through the street, among the other coloured people who had been formerly on the visiting lists of the hostess; and, finding they had not been invited to meet the distinguished musician, a feeling of deep resentment arose, then indignation, and then they gathered in front of the house and acted in a most disorderly manner. The police heard of it and came and arrested the principal offenders on the charge of disorderly conduct, and they appeared before me the next morning and were fined. It was an interesting and most amusing case, and gave me a great insight into the point of view of that particular stratum of society in Tor-

onto life. I did not grudge the time given to investigating it.

*

THEFT OF LACE, AND FORGERY

One day just as the Court was adjourned and I was leaving the Bench, the sergeant of detectives, Newhall, came in and asked me if I would wait for a minute, to remand a prisoner who had just been placed in the dock. The prisoner was a respectable looking young woman, a housemaid in a gentleman's family. Newhall had the charge prepared and swore to it, charging her with the theft from her mistress of a quantity of lace, and I arraigned the young woman, and asked her whether she pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"I am not guilty," she said very earnestly.

I was impressed at once with the feeling that she was innocent, and in a low voice I cross-questioned Newhall, who was standing close to me. I said:

"Have you got any evidence against that prisoner?"

"Yes," said Newhall. "It is a clear case."

"That is strange," I said, "for I do not think she is guilty," and I asked what the evidence was.

He replied: "I found some of the stolen lace in her trunk, and there is a witness who saw her coming from the room from which the lace was stolen."

"How much lace was stolen?" I asked.

"About one hundred dollars' worth."

"How much was found in her trunk?"

"About ten dollars' worth."

I then asked who saw her coming out of the room, and Newhall said a fellow servant, and he added, "She is here" and indicated to me where she was sitting at the side of the courtroom.

"I looked at the young woman and said, 'I believe that she is the one that stole the lace, for only a tenth part has been found.'" I then asked

him if he knew where her home was, and found that although living at the house where she was employed, she had an aunt living near, whose house was her home. I suggested that it would do no harm if he were to search the aunt's house as soon as possible, to see whether most of the lace was there or not.

The prisoner was remanded till the morning. I issued a search warrant to Newhall, to make the search, and in the morning I heard that the rest of the lace had been found in the aunt's house in the woman's trunk, and that she had been arrested on the charge of theft. She pleaded guilty, and admitted having placed a portion of the lace in her fellow servant's trunk, to create suspicion and relieve herself. She was sentenced, while the first prisoner was discharged. I was glad that I had paid attention to what was only an intuitive feeling, and that I had followed it up by active steps to endeavour to find out the truth.

* * *

I will mention another case where an intuitive feeling that a prisoner was innocent, in spite of strong evidence to the contrary, caused me to take drastic measures to get at the truth, although it is not supposed to be the business of a judge to interfere in the searching out of evidence.

In this case a young man named McEachren employed in a carpet shop on Yonge Street, had embezzled some thirty dollars of his employer's money, and absconded to the United States. Some weeks after he returned to Toronto, and gave himself up, and his friends repaid the money, and as he was only a lad of about seventeen years of age of previously good character, I gave him a short sentence of some seven or ten days.

When this was done the employer asked to lay a fresh charge of forgery, claiming that the prisoner had forged his name to a cheque for \$90.00 the day he left Toronto, and had got it cashed at the bank. I swore the employer to the information, and ar-

raigned the lad and asked him if he pleaded guilty or not guilty. He said "Not guilty" with such an honest air, that I at once doubted his guilt and I was so convinced, that I began making inquiries into the evidence. The cheque was there, and the employer declared positively that the cheque was filled up in the young man's handwriting, but that the signature was a fairly good imitation of his own. I also learned that the banker was able almost positively to identify the prisoner, as the lad who cashed the cheque. I left the Bench, and went into my private room, and sent for detective John Hodgins then on our staff.

I informed him of what had just occurred in the Court, and told him I believed that McEachren was innocent, and asked him to go to the carpet shop as if looking for evidence against the accused, and I suggested to him that he should interview all the employees, and see if there was a young fair-haired lad of the height and general appearance of the prisoner, and if there was, then to endeavour to find out whether he had been flush with money the day after McEachren had run away. Sending him off on this work, I returned to the Bench, and went on trying my cases.

In two or three hours I had finished my court, and was in my room when Detective Hodgins came in. He reported that there was a young lad named Bright, about the same age, height and complexion as the accused working in the shop, and that he had taken his address among the others, and had gone to his boarding-house, and made inquiries. He was told that some weeks before, he had received a letter with some money from an uncle in the country, that he had paid three weeks board which he owed, and three weeks ahead, and had bought himself a new suit of clothes. Hodgins asked the boarding-house keeper if he could look up his books, and fix the date on which the board was paid. It turned out to be just the day after McEachren had gone.

I then concluded that I had discovered the real forger, but still it was difficult to prove, and he might escape. I sent down to the cells and had the young prisoner brought up to my room. He had been remanded till the next day, to come up to be tried on the new charge of forgery. I told him that I did not believe the charge against him, that I thought he was innocent. He repeated his denial of all knowledge of the forgery. I told him who I thought had done it, and he seemed shocked to think, that his writing had been forged by a fellow clerk. I advised him to apply for a warrant for the arrest of Bright as a witness not likely to appear on a subpoena, in order that we might secure him. He agreed to this, and I issued the warrant for the arrest of Bright as a witness and gave it to Hodgins.

The next morning I found Hodgins waiting for me at my office. He told me that he had waited at the door of the boarding-house till Bright arrived in the evening, and, as he was entering, seized him by the collar.

"You are my prisoner in the Queen's name," he said.

The lad wilted and asked the reason.

"Oh," said Hodgins, "about the forgery of that cheque."

"My God! How did I get found out?"

"I know all about it," said Hodgins, and he took him to the station. Before starting he gave him the usual caution, that he was not bound to answer any questions or say anything, but that if he did, it could be used in evidence against him. Then as

they walked along Hodgins said:

"What possessed you to do that?" He then told him that he knew McEachren had run away to the States, that he did not think he would come back, and so he wrote out a cheque imitating his handwriting, and forged the signature of his employer. He then went to the bank and cashed it, endorsing it with a good imitation of McEachren's signature.

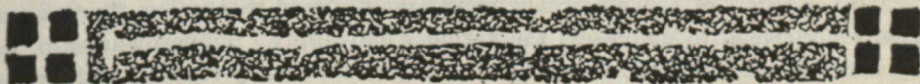
When Hodgins brought him into the Station, Deputy Chief Stuart was there, and Hodgins told him, in the young man's presence, that he had cautioned him and repeated the caution, and told the Deputy that the prisoner admitted that he had committed the forgery. The prisoner corroborated this.

Hodgins then prepared an information charging Bright with having committed the forgery. When McEachren was called to stand his trial, the Crown put in some evidence, and then Bright was called, and soon cleared the prisoner. Bright was then arraigned, and committed for trial.

When the assizes were opened shortly after, Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty was on the Bench, and I went to see him and told him the whole story, of how we had entrapped the young man to save an innocent party, but that he was only a lad, and I hoped he would be as lenient with him as he could. He said he would remember what I said and do the best he could for him. He only sent him to jail for two months.

This was another case, where I took irregular methods to do substantial justice.

(To be continued.)



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

ACCORDING to a headline in *The Mail and Empire*, the "Reign of the Profiteer" has been "Ended by Parliament". This, it seems, has been accomplished by the decision of the Government to create a Commercial Tribunal for regulation of profits and prevention of combinations to maintain prices at extortionate levels to the injury of consumers. Not many Canadian newspapers discuss commercial and industrial problems with greater sanity or fuller knowledge than *The Mail and Empire*, and the headline, therefore, is not quoted to its discredit. But it will not be easy to extinguish the "profiteer", and generally public regulation of business has not produced very satisfactory results.

It is doubtful if the "cost of living" can be greatly affected by any legislation that Parliament can devise or any tribunal that Parliament can create. Two causes which go far to explain dear living are the increasing wages of labour and the higher cost of food products. It is certain that no Government which would undertake to fix prices for what the farmer has to market could live in Canada. Nor is the farmer a "profiteer" because he benefits by war conditions and world scarcity. He is not the beneficiary of any "combination". He has not conspired to plunder consumers. Indeed during the war he made actual sacrifices to maintain and increase production. In Canada, in the United States and in Great Britain prices of food products were fixed in order to guarantee and increase production, and there is no greater mistake than to imagine that the world's need has been relieved.

There are literally millions of starving people in Europe and neither Canada nor the United States can be deaf to the cry of hunger and famine. But in proportion as we respond to this appeal prices on this continent will be maintained. Moreover the experience of Australia has demonstrated that arbitrary regulation of food prices is economically and politically impracticable. Leaders of Labour in Australia have declared that unless the Governments undertook to dispossess the farmers and apply "public ownership" to agriculture production could not be maintained under any regulation designed to lower prices and even Australia cannot be persuaded that any such heroic proposal is practicable or that lower prices would result. There is salvation

only in greater production and clearly that result would not be achieved by lower prices in Canada than prevail in other countries.

II

So in manufacturing, as in agriculture, lower prices must come chiefly through greater production. Labour, too, must justify higher wages by greater efficiency. Those evangelical enthusiasts who suggest that considerations of profit should be eliminated from the conduct of industry have faith without knowledge. Capital can "strike" as effectively as Labour, and unless there is a fair prospect of return can do nothing else. No enterprise can exist unless it is solvent and without profit there cannot be solvency. If taxation of profits leaves no margin for expansion there cannot be expansion. An industry which cannot experiment or expand, which cannot seek new markets or maintain its position in old markets, can neither give higher wages nor employ additional labour.

A scale of taxation which a great industry with a huge output might survive would drive weaker concerns out of business. The milling companies and the packing houses have made profits not so much through high prices as through volume of output. In three years one company paid nearly \$1,000,000,000 in taxation. No amount extorted in taxation would justify illegal methods or extortionate prices but scientific organization for production and distribution gives no decent ground for suspicion and attack.

For deliberate calculated devices to create scarcity and raise prices there can be no toleration. For inflation of capital which secures dividends upon shares that represent neither actual investment nor accumulated losses there should be remedial and punitive legislation. Parliament cannot be expected to show leniency towards deliberate combination to plunder the public. But no Court of Commerce can apply regulations which check production and expansion without injury to labour, loss alike to producers and consumers and decrease of the public revenues. In the main Canadian industry in its treatment of Labour, its methods of manufacture, its system of organization and its prices to the public is decent in spirit and in practice and it would be unfortunate and unjust if a rapid, partial, unscientific inquiry by a parliamentary committee should leave any other impression upon the country.

III

Apparently Sir Lomer Gouin is invincible in the Province of Quebec. Nor is his ascendancy explained by dexterous cultivation of racial feeling or sectarian prejudices. Indeed he is somewhat contemptuous of the common artifices of politicians. He has a great reserve of common sense and the courage and wisdom to administer the affairs of the Province with economy and efficiency. With the blunt candor of Sir James Whitney he combines the cautious quality of Sir Oliver Mowat. Fortunately for the Province he has the confidence of the English-speaking people. His candidates poll as strongly

in the English as in the French-speaking communities and it is not suggested that he has ever been unjust to the Protestant minority.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago there was a common suspicion in the English provinces that Quebec was plunging towards bankruptcy and that sooner or later to avert repudiation its debts would have to be assumed or guaranteed by the Dominion. If there ever was any ground for such apprehension, which is doubtful, the prophets have been thoroughly discredited by events. For the restoration of its finances and the institution of prudent and efficient government the honour belongs chiefly to Mr. Marchand and Sir Lomer Gouin.

It is said that once the late George W. Stephens in a confidential conversation with Mr. Marchand took credit for long and faithful public service and congratulated himself that not a corrupt dollar had ever gone into his pocket. Mr. Marchand, whose modesty was as great as his integrity, answered quietly that he, too, had devoted himself with honest intention and some sacrifice to public affairs and with as scrupulous honesty as Mr. Stephens had displayed, "although", he added, "there never was a day in your life, Stephens, when you needed money, while there never has been a day in my life that I have not needed money". The Marchands are among a nation's choice possessions, but there should be gratitude also for rich men who do not evade public duties.

The general election in Quebec demonstrated that the Conservative or Unionist party is still feeble and disorganized. The leader of the Opposition, however, fought his battle with gallantry and energy. He should remember that for a generation the Liberal party held office in Ontario and possibly in Quebec as in this Province federal questions handicapped the Conservatives. There was, however, no general exploitation of alien issues in the recent contest in the French Province. Sir Lomer Gouin made his appeal upon provincial questions and triumphed through the attraction of his personality and the merits of his legislation and administration.

The other day Senator Foster was chosen as *Batonnier* of the Bar in Quebec. It is said that out of eleven hundred lawyers in the Province nine hundred are French. But although the Senator is English the vote was unanimous. Mr. Foster enjoys a remarkable personal popularity, but even when that is admitted the incident for other reasons is of happy significance. One is not comforted when one thinks of the long quarrel over the appropriation for Catholic huts in Toronto.

The truth is, that alike in Quebec and in Ontario the masses of the people are essentially tolerant, but racial and religious issues are a temptation to public men, and more than once the country has been bedevilled by attempts to pervert the Constitution and extort by political manoeuvring concessions and privileges which are not sanctioned by the compact of union. It is not true, as Quebec has often been led to believe, that Ontario has ever sought to deprive French or Catholic minorities of any constitutional right, while it is true in Ontario, as elsewhere that extreme demands defeat the objects of those

by whom they are preferred. But let the dead past bury its dead and let all of us endeavour to recover the spirit in which the Confederation was established half a century ago.

IV

It was disclosed before a Parliamentary Committee that Mr. T. A. Crerar, who has just resigned the office of Minister of Agriculture, receives a salary of \$15,000 as President of the United Grain Growers' Company. As compared with the salaries which generally prevail in public companies the amount is not excessive. The Grain Growers have discovered, as commercial and financial enterprises discovered long ago, that for organizing and directing capacity there must be generous remuneration. Upon the man the success of most businesses depends and it is sheer economy to give decent value for his services.

No other agrarian organization in any country has achieved such remarkable success as that of Western Canada and unquestionably its operations have been of substantial advantage to Western producers. The secret of its success lies in the character of its leaders and in the fact that they have been wise enough to follow "big business" in payment of officials and methods of organization. Moreover whatever differences may exist between Western Grain Growers and the industrial interests of older Canada nothing could be more unjust or stupid than to impugn the integrity or patriotism of such men as Mr. Crerar, Mr. H. W. Wood, Mr. R. C. Henders, Mr. John Reid and other responsible leaders in the Western agrarian movement. One believes that the differences between Eastern manufacturers and Western farmers are not so wide or so acute as often appears in the ardour of political controversy and the lesson of all Canadian history is that farmers have at least as much practical wisdom and as robust patriotism as any other element of the population.

But Mr. Crerar's salary suggests another consideration which reflects not upon Mr. Crerar but upon the Canadian people. The officials of these Western co-operative organizations actually receive larger salaries than the Prime Minister of Canada and his colleagues in the Cabinet. Yet upon ministers fall public obligations which they cannot evade, which do not fall in equal degree upon private citizens, and which involve continuous outlay and frequent drafts upon their private purses. No minister can give the country his best service if he is beset by financial worry and has to resort to shifts and devices to meet his obligations. No country can afford to have only rich men in Governments. It can as ill afford to have ministers who have "no visible means of support".

The truth is that the annual salary of the Prime Minister should be \$25,000, and those of his colleagues at least \$15,000. So the sessional indemnity should be raised to \$3,500 or \$4,000. It is suggested that to increase the indemnity would fill Parliament with "professional politicians". But the man who adopts politics as a profession is not attracted chiefly by the indemnity but by other considerations, and if he is corrupt his dishonesty is likely to be in proportion to his dependence. Indeed the reasons generally

advanced against the increase of salaries for ministers and greater indemnities for members are seldom the true reasons. The objections arise from ignorance of the burden which public life entails, from sheer indisposition to pay "living wages", and from the temptation of demagogues in the press and on the platform and even in Parliament to draw cheers from the gallery by abuse of "politicians" and enjoy the fleeting popularity which follows cultivation of the economical instincts and latent prejudices of the people.

If we look backward we will not find that those members of legislatures and parliaments who have opposed decent salaries and indemnities were of exceptional virtue or were reconciled with difficulty to the higher emoluments when they had made their little play before the voters. There are those, adhering to the old British notion, who sincerely believe that members of Parliament should not receive payment. There are those, too, who honestly fear the "professional politician". But the first group of objectors, whether they know it not, are still living in the era of privilege while the second group cannot have any clear comprehension of the temptations to doubtful expedients which are inseparable from an inadequate indemnity. After all independence inside and outside Parliament gives the best assurance of honest and faithful discharge of duty.

V

It is doubtful if political leaders can be wisely chosen by popular conventions. In raising the question it is not intended to challenge the judgment of the convention which nominated Mr. Dewar for leader of the Liberal party in the Legislature. Nor is it intended to suggest that the Liberal Convention to be held at Ottawa in August will make an unsatisfactory nomination. It is true, however, that a popular figure may have meagre qualifications for parliamentary leadership. The qualities which are valuable on the platform or in the organization of political forces in the constituencies are not necessarily the qualities that are needed to control and direct a parliamentary body.

Parliament has its own tests and standards. A successful leader must have steadiness and resource, discretion and courage. He must have the confidence of supporters and the respect of opponents. If he is imposed upon a parliamentary party by outside influences and fails to possess any essential qualifications for the office, unity and cohesion cannot be maintained. No one would suggest that a popular convention could wisely nominate the members of a cabinet. Nor can a convention have such knowledge of the qualities necessary in a leader as those who have had actually parliamentary experience. Social, commercial and national organizations have discovered that a nominating committee assures a wiser selection of officers than any system of open and unorganized voting. The parliamentary party is the natural committee to choose a leader since he is the official mouthpiece of the party in Parliament and must command its loyalty and confidence.

It is easy to exaggerate the wisdom of unregulated democracy. Many influences which are comparatively impotent in Parliament affect popular

conventions while the candidate who is most expert and active in the appointment of delegates may give the convention a complexion which does not express the general sentiment of the party. It is true that candidates for the Presidency of the United States are chosen by popular conventions but they are not parliamentary leaders and have functions very different from those which are exercised by a Prime Minister or the leader of Opposition under the British system. There is all to be said for national and Provincial conventions for the consideration and formulation of political programmes but under the British system parliamentary parties can most advantageously select the leaders upon whom strength and cohesion depend. Indeed even in the United States the actual parliamentary leaders are chosen by the Senate and House of Representatives.

VI

This month there will be a national convention of the Liberal party. This recalls one of the remarkable impostures in Canadian history. Twenty-six years ago the impression was created by a curious and voluminous series of press despatches that a national Liberal convention had been held at Ottawa. There were those who insisted that Liberals had gathered from all over Canada, had actually sat in council and actually adopted with all appropriate ceremony and solemnity a platform of principles. One still meets old men who have never got rid of the delusion that they were there. They offer the hotel registers at Ottawa and the newspaper despatches as evidence that they are of sound health and right mind.

This convention, it is alleged, declared for reduction of debt and expenditure. It is said to have resolved to "eliminate the principle of protection from the tariff". The belief that this was done was so common, particularly in the West, that the Laurier Government found it difficult to maintain the National Policy which the forefathers had established. If the Ministers prevailed against this delusion it was because they were adroit, elusive and resolute. It is said that patronage was also marked for destruction and railway subsidies forever abolished. Even more remarkable was the impression widely entertained that the convention had firmly and irrevocably resolved to reform the Senate.

The truth is that the alleged platform of 1893 was a grave trouble to the Liberal leaders during a long period of office. But one still finds people who insist that the convention was held and the platform adopted. The ghosts of its delegates still march solemnly down the corridors of time, carrying banners with ancient devices and whispering "Laurier, Mowat and Victory". If a convention is now held adequate precautions must be taken to prevent such a conspiracy as was planned and executed at the expense of the Liberal fathers.

Seriously the old convention was of signal advantage to the Liberal party. One result was to abate sectional jealousies and differences. The national feeling of Liberals was greatly stimulated. A unity of senti-

ment and interest was produced which was tremendously influential in the general election three years later. The country is safe with any party if its combined wisdom and patriotism can be expressed. Not only the future of the Liberal party but conceivably the future of Canada will be vitally affected by the convention which meets in August. The death of Laurier marks the end of an era in Canadian history, and aside from all other considerations it is wise to examine the ground and build for the future.

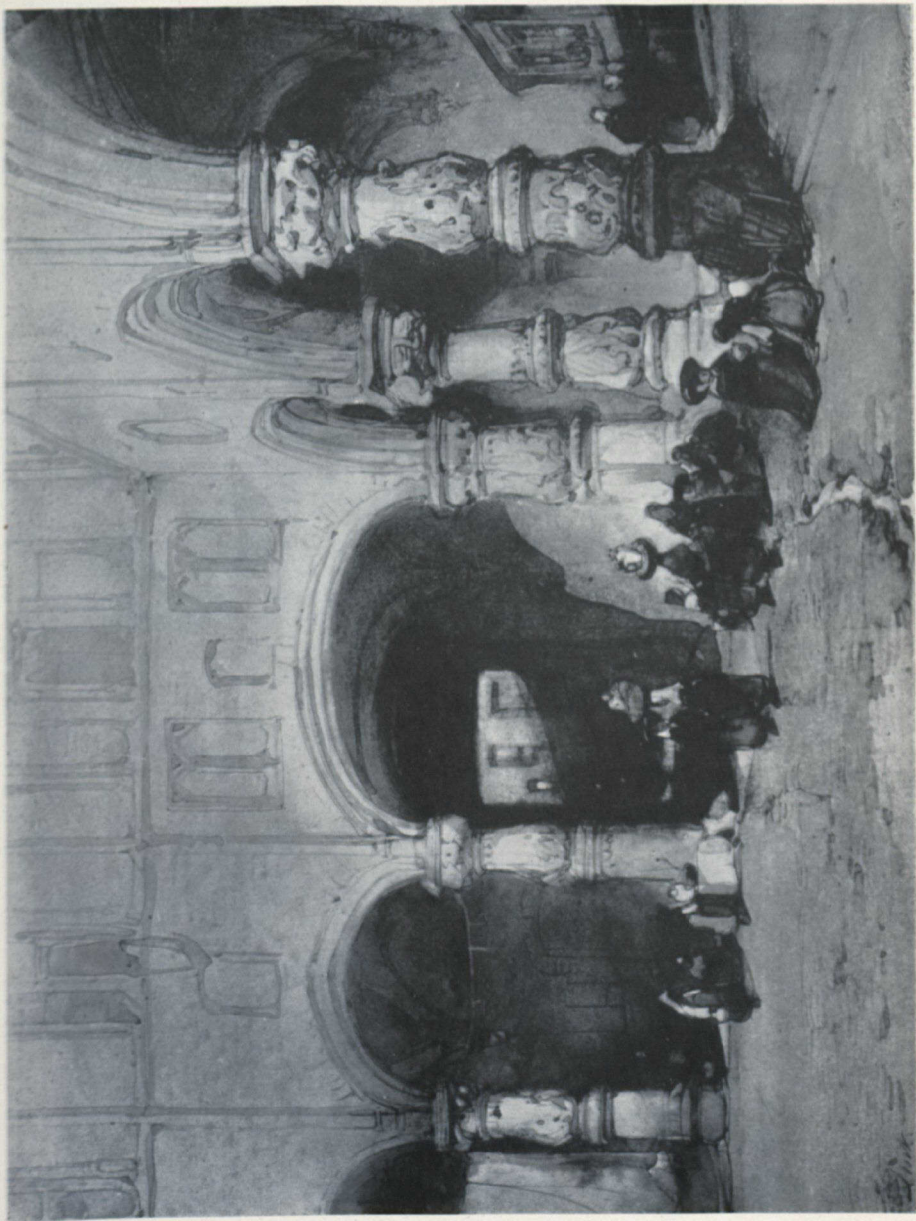
VII

Hon. W. S. Fielding has achieved a position of exceptional authority in Parliament. Throughout a long public career his integrity has never been seriously assailed. He is neither a courtier nor an autocrat. In debate he is always courteous, and he always maintains his personal dignity without effort. He was elected two years ago as a conscriptionist, notwithstanding his long personal allegiance to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But there is no evidence that he gave any specific pledges of co-operation with the Unionists on any other issue. Upon the whole he has perhaps stood with the Opposition rather than with the Government, but in all his speeches there has been a flavour of candour and independence which is not common in the Canadian Parliament.

Mr. Fielding has not deliberately courted the favour of members to right or left of the Speaker or seemed greatly concerned to advance his personal fortunes. He has spoken generally with the moderation and wisdom of "the Elder Statesmen", anxious to guide Parliament to sound decisions but always with a suggestion of fidelity to old opinions and respect for the consistency of his own career. Mr. Fielding has always been an effective debater and probably he has had more of the confidence of the Liberal party for a score of years than any other man in its councils save Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

It is believed that he supported the Western Autonomy Bills of 1905 with reluctance, and the fact does not count in his favour with a certain unrelenting element. He did, however, support the measures as amended and it is certain that in the memorable bye-elections in London and North Oxford no man was so influential as Mr. Fielding in reconciling Liberals to the autonomy legislation. There is also an element in the Liberal party which resents his support of conscription or rather his separation from Laurier. But probably no member of the House of Commons more nearly expresses the average sentiment of the Liberal party or has more of the respect and confidence of his parliamentary associates.

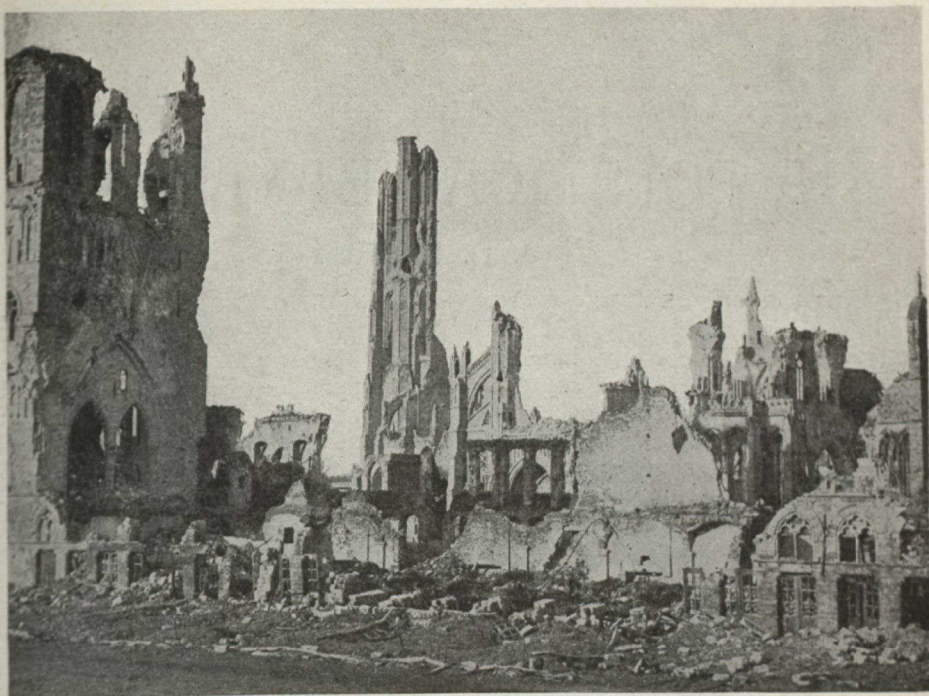




A COURTYARD

From the Painting by Bosboom. In the Art Association Gallery, Montreal

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The Cathedral at Ypres

RUINS

(YPRES, 1917)

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

R UINS of trees whose woeful arms
 Vainly invoke the sombre sky—
 Stripped, twisted boughs and tortured boles,
 Like lost souls—
How green they grew on the little farms!
Ruins of stricken wall and spire,
 Stretched mile on desolate mile along—
 Ghosts of a life of sweet intent,
 Riven and rent
By frantic shell and searching fire.
Ruins of soldiers torn and slain,
 English bodies broken for you:
 Burned in their hearts the battle-cry. . . .
 Forspent they lie,
Clay crumbling slow to clay again.

A POLITICAL BAYARD

BY J. D. LOGAN

AUTHOR OF "DEMOCRACY AND THE NEW DISPENSATION", ETC.

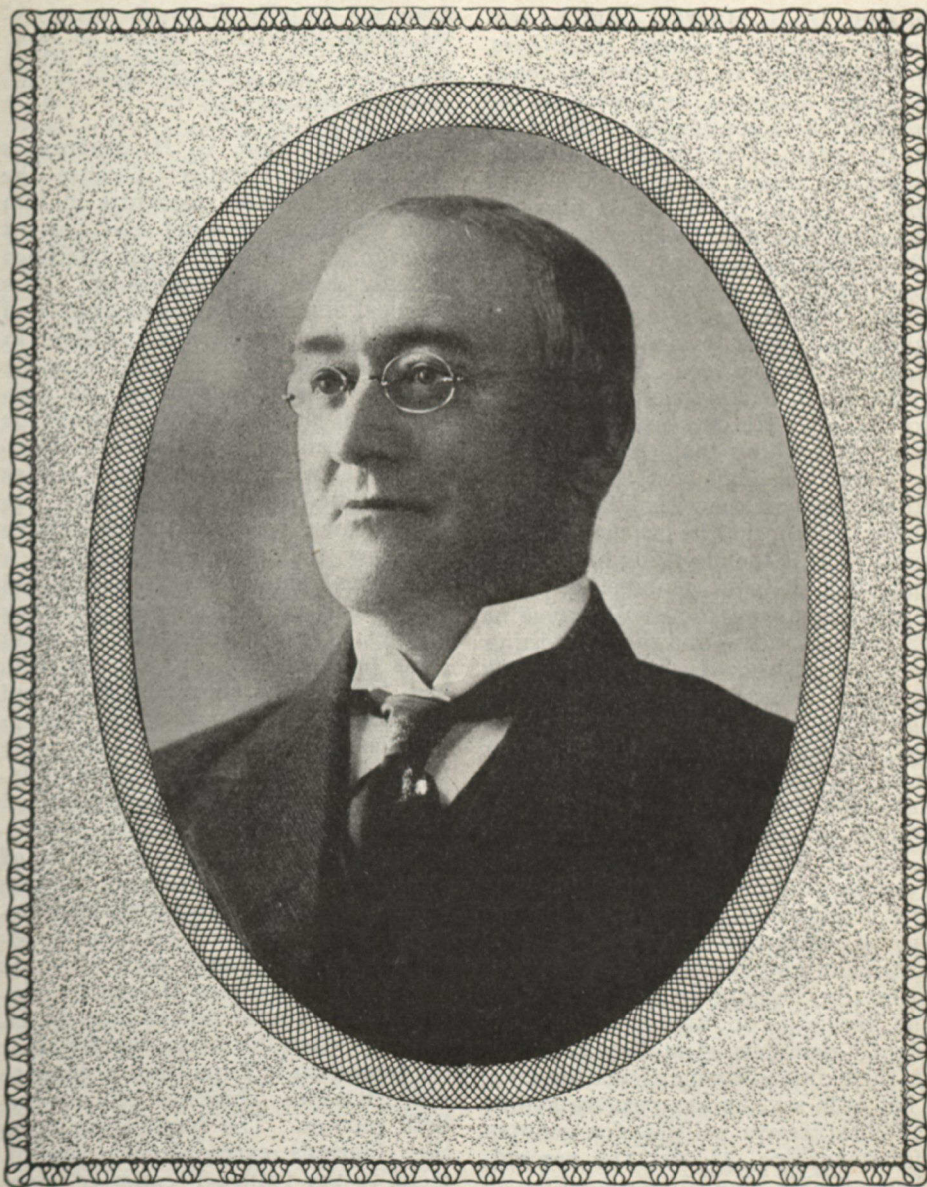


HE immortally immoral Robert Burns, supreme poet of social democracy, has a vicarious glory which he gained by interpolating into his verse the quotable moral maxims of other authors. The others originated the maxims; but Burns gets the credit. For instance, he is the reputed author of that dishonest versicle, "An honest man's the noblest work of God". Burns lived in scurried political times, and he would have been more truthful, original and apt if he had invented the maxim, "An honest politician (or statesman) is the noblest work of God".

Now, the proletariat will object, the latter maxim will, in the abstract, parse correctly, but the copula—"is"—predicates something that does not exist in fact. An honest politician or statesman *would be* the noblest work of God—if such a finite being really existed. This view, however, is a superstition; and possibly it was this superstition, obsessing the mind of Mr. Augustus Bridle, that prevented him from including Hon. George Henry Murray, premier of Nova Scotia, in his "Sons of Canada", a book which, according to the sub-title, comprises "studies of *Characteristic Canadians*"—and Hon. G. H. Murray, being really an honest statesman, was, *de facto*, an *un-characteristic Canadian*. But aside from that singular virtue, real or imputed, the fact that Premier Murray on the 17th day of July, 1919, completed twenty-three years of continuous service as

Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, a distinction which constitutes a record amongst living Prime Ministers, in the British Empire as well as in Canada, that he has been returned to power at five general elections, without a break in continuity of office, and by overwhelming majorities, that during a quarter of a century, less two years, while other governments, provincial and federal, have had their political scandals, the Murray government has remained even untainted by scandal and has proved impregnable against all partisan assaults, and that though he engaged in some of the bitterest and most rancorous political battles in the history of Canadian elections, Premier Murray was acknowledged, even by his enemies, to be a Bayard, a knightly warrior, and when opportunity arose was knightly in generosity, placing opponents in high positions that by all the conventions of political warfare should have gone to Liberal supporters—all these facts, and much more of inner personal qualities, signalize Hon. G. H. Murray as a Canadian who, if not genuinely great, is at least politically unique, and whose character and achievements are much worth sincere orientation and appreciation.

Premier Murray is the kind of man and political leader who is not subject to a quantitative estimate. He is too big in political genius and too acute in political acumen for that kind of estimate. On the other hand, he shows up well under a qualitative estimate. Such estimate, however, must not be objective—must not be a



HON. G. H. MURRAY

who for twenty-three years has been Prime Minister of Nova Scotia.

litany or a dithyramb: for Nova Scotia's First Minister is neither a political saint nor a golden-tongued spell-binder. A qualitative estimate of Premier Murray must be subjective—a short, summary sketch in descriptive psychology.

To-day, as the phrase goes, he is signalized as "the premier Premier". This is a recognition of one of his inevitable functions at Interprovincial conferences of Canadian premiers. Wherever, at Ottawa or elsewhere, these conferences are held, there will

be Hon. G. H. Murray. But he will not be just one amongst the others, with some other in the directing chair. His place always is, as it were, as the *mind* of these conferences—the Head at the head of the table, while the others sit round as members of the body. As the Head he is also the watchful Eye and the Directing Will. There must be harmony, in order that there shall be a converging of different temperaments and parochial minds and ideas towards one big inclusive mind and idea. He sits in his place, calm, looking neither to right nor to left. He does nothing and he may say nothing that on the face of it is startling; but just the same all others present know that he is there and watchful, that he has made up his mind what is the big thing to be done, and that, without trumpet or command, insensibly they will arrive at his point of view—and the right thing be accomplished. In other words, at these conferences, Hon. G. H. Murray *dominates*—and he does so, paradoxically, without trying, but solely by just “sitting in on the job”, which traditionally has been his ever since he became premier of his own province.

Hon. G. H. Murray is “the premier Premier”, not merely because he is the first or oldest, so far as length of service is concerned, among leaders of provincial governments, but also, and primarily, because all the others feel and recognize in him a hidden but silently dominating intellect and will, at their inter-provincial conferences. That is to say, he has positive genius for constructive politics, for genuine statesmanship. It was the recognition of this fine inner quality in him by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that won from him this incisively truthful estimate of the political genius of Premier Murray—a message specially sent to the secretary of the banquet given in honor of Nova Scotia’s Prime Minister, at Halifax, in February 1911:

“The man who is now in charge of the destinies of Nova Scotia does not belong to that Province alone. He is a National

figure and the pride all over the country of the Liberal Party; who, one and all recognize in him a pattern of quiet and patient courage, of wise and broad tolerance and far-seeing statesmanship.”

Precisely! Hon. G. H. Murray is “the premier Premier” because the others instinctively recognize in him their “pattern of quiet and patient courage, of wise and broad tolerance and far-seeing statesmanship”. His political opponents also recognize and acknowledge these same qualities in Premier Murray. If the late Sir Charles Tupper was noted for anything in electioneering it was for vitriolic, rancorous attacks on opponents. Yet when, in 1896, Sir Charles was opposed by George Murray, not yet premier, he made the impressive discovery that he was opposed by a quiet, confident young man who did not belong to the class of berating politicians, with parochial or rural ideas and methods, but by one who had “far-seeing statesmanship” and campaigned for election, not caring whether he was attacked by Sir Charles or not, or even met him in debate or not. Sir Charles recognized that he was opposed not by a politician but by a singular order of mind and will. Accordingly, having been profoundly impressed, he magnanimously expressed his sincere admiration of the young man who was his opponent in Cape Breton by giving a dinner in honour of Hon. G. H. Murray, when the latter, shortly after the campaign in Cape Breton, came to visit Ottawa. This was the cue for both parties. The implication from Sir Charles’s extraordinary compliment to the future Premier of Nova Scotia was: “There is amongst us a Bayard, a true Knight and Warrior in politics. I have seen him. I have met him. He will fight, but he will fight fair—and he will slay us.” Time proved repeatedly the truth of the implication.

If, then, I were asked to signalize in a phrase or two the prime or distinguishing quality of Premier Murray’s political genius, I should reply:

A clear, comprehensive intellectual vision of what is real and constructive in statesmanship, and a quiet but sturdy will to achieve, which, first, begets a restrained self-confidence and self-mastery, and, next, inspires respect for, and confidence in, the man on the part both of friends and opponents. From these elemental mental parts result the other virtues, personal and political, which are notable in Premier Murray. It remains for me, then, to submit the facts from which I make my induction, and to complete the verbal portrait of Hon. G. H. Murray as a man and a statesman.

Using the word political in its broad Aristotelian signification, I observe that early in young manhood—as early as his 25th year—Premier Murray brilliantly disclosed the political sagacity which, along with his quiet self-confidence, courage, energy, and his political honesty, proved to be the pre-eminent intellectual quality that ensured his inevitable rise to leadership and his perennial return to governmental control of the destinies of Nova Scotia during what will be shortly at least a quarter of a century. For as yet there is no taint of scandal connected with the Murray government, and it has two or three years yet to run, in which time, unless he relinquish voluntarily the reins of leadership, Premier Murray will surpass the late Sir Oliver Mowat in length of tenure of office, and thus establish a new record amongst premiers, living or dead, in the British Empire.

Premier Murray's political sagacity—an absolutely honest, not a time-serving, sagacity—was first noted in 1886, when he, a young man of twenty-five, contested for the Nova Scotia Local House. He believed in the future of Nova Scotia, and he regarded the union of Cape Breton with the peninsula, politically, as necessary to that future. Agitation by avaricious mine operators and political "copperheads", who could not by fair means realize their own selfish ends,

had been started to compel Premier Fielding to submit the "repeal" of the union to the people. The leader of the Cape Breton Liberals, himself a "repealer", was the late Newton L. MacKay. Young Murray, as an ardent Liberal, as a supporter of Fielding, and yet as a Cape Bretoner and supporter of MacKay and the Cape Breton Liberals, naturally would be in a dilemma. His vision, his political sagacity, together with his courage and honesty, saved him. He went against the repeal issue. That certainly required courage; but young Murray was far-visioned, even in his 25th year. Fortunately he was becoming admired by the younger Liberals. Meanwhile MacKay suddenly dropped dead. The old leader of the Cape Breton Liberals had passed. A new leader must be found. He was ready to hand—in young Murray. Though defeated in the election, the future premier's star was noted as shining and ascending. He lost an election, but he was already on the way to become the cynosure of the younger Liberals' eyes, and, partly, due to his political sagacity and courage in 1886 the union of Cape Breton Island and the peninsula of Nova Scotia is today intact and closer bound than ever.

Thrice successively, in 1887, 1891 and in 1896, G. H. Murray was defeated in elections for the Federal House. But such defeats meant nothing. Mr. Fielding had called him to the Legislative Council in 1889, where the much older and seemingly wiser heads felt the intellectual dominance of this new Knight in politics; and in 1891 he was reappointed to the Legislative Council, this time as member of the Executive, without portfolio, and the leader—which means the *mind*—of the government. In short, his political genius was clearly and early recognized, and, despite defeat in elections, G. H. Murray was fast becoming the idol of the Liberal party in Nova Scotia. His rise to relative political power, if not greatness, was inevitable. If, however, there were any doubt as to his politi-

cal sagacity or vision, and courage, such doubt was dispelled in 1896 when G. H. Murray opposed, against the wishes of his friend, colleague and chief (Mr. Fielding), that fiery war-horse of political battles, Sir Charles Tupper. Plato was inordinately, though justly proud of his pupil Aristotle, whom Plato called the Mind of the School—the Thinker. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was also very proud of his pupil and colleague in the Liberal Party—George Henry Murray. For Murray was the Mind of the Party in Nova Scotia—the Thinker. It was, then, as the Thinker, that this idol of the younger Liberals, in the campaign of 1896, showed unexampled political vision when he signalized the economic doctrine that the coal industry of Nova Scotia (including Cape Breton) is the basic resource of the province and that, therefore, the right economic way to develop Nova Scotia's coal industry would be by making it the chief agency for establishing and developing other great industries. In other words, establish in Nova Scotia great steel plants, and the coal industry will naturally develop itself—and Nova Scotia will soon take rank as a mighty centre of first-rate coal and steel industries.

Though defeated by Sir Charles, Mr. Murray, on Fielding's resigning to become a member of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's first cabinet, was called to the premiership of Nova Scotia: and from that day to this the policy of the internal development of Nova Scotia's coal and steel industries, and all other industries which are natural to the province, has been the consistent "working" policy of Premier Murray. But he is no economic or politico-economic "Sinn Feiner". He does believe in "Nova Scotia industries for Nova Scotians", but, in his political wisdom or sagacity, he also believes that the best way for Nova Scotia to prove itself an integral and constructive part of the Dominion is to cease promoting the idea of Nova Scotia being the "long wharf to Ontario" and to keep on, as he and his government

began and are still doing, in making Nova Scotia effectuate itself industrially, commercially, socially and intellectually.

Now, the people of Nova Scotia have, as just noted, freely "sized up" George Henry Murray as the one man who in a quarter of a century has had one consistent constructive policy, namely, to serve his own country and its people—with the sanest political acumen and with the sincerest and most honest regard for the intellectual, social, industrial and commercial interests of the province. They know this, and because they know it and absolutely trust Premier Murray, they have, with profound confidence, returned him to power at five general elections, 1887, 1901, 1906, 1911, 1916, and with overwhelming majorities. But such implicit confidence on the part of the people of Nova Scotia, really without partisan bias in any appreciable degree, must have its obvious evidences, its concrete proofs.

Here are, in summary, some of the outstanding proofs. Nothing more specially need be said of Premier Murray's policy for the development of Nova Scotia's coal and steel industries. He has pursued a progressive policy with regard to the fishing and shipbuilding industries in the province, not quite on a par as yet with his mining and steel policy, but still constructive and effective. In technical education he has achieved progress that is a monument to himself. The Agricultural College at Truro and the Technical College at Halifax are, in their kind, excellent institutions. Both colleges are thoroughly democratic, inasmuch as the whole system of instruction in scientific farming and in all branches of engineering are open to the poorest at nominal fees, and the system itself is maintained and paid for by the province. In short, the Nova Scotia system of technical education is "free" education precisely in the same sense that the public school system is "free". Premier Murray has also established by legislation a system of Workmen's

Compensation which, it is confidently asserted, is in advance of similar humanitarian schemes in the other provinces of the Dominion. He has been wise in encouraging immigration. During the war he gave the province distinction by making it the first to undertake systematic Belgian relief; and all the while, and since, he has increased the usefulness of the Technical College in having its equipment and courses adjusted to fitting disabled returned soldiers for independence of the State by technical knowledge which assures them the ability to fill positions in commercial offices, in factories and industrial plants, and on the farm, and wherever special technical knowledge is required. What the people clearly recognize is that Premier Murray has made it the cardinal principle of his policy always to promote the interests of the whole proletariat and to safeguard the rights of the masses from encroachments by special interests or by the classes. To this end, with superb political sagacity and fine courage, he scorned to be partisan in his appointments in cases where the people's cause demanded "the right man in the right place". He did not hesitate to appoint Dr. A. H. MacKay, a Conservative, as Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. He appointed Dr. Melville Cumming, a Conservative, Principal of the Agricultural College and Secretary of Agriculture for the province. Not to be forgotten was his selecting of Maj. W. E. Thompson, (who during the war rose to the rank of Colonel and D.O.C. of Military District No. 6), to restore harmony and reach an amicable settlement amongst the miners in the Springhill strike a decade ago. Col. Thompson, a Conservative, achieved the work for a provincial Liberal premier. Let such instances of progressive democratic policy suffice as proof that Premier Murray has the confidence of the Nova Scotia proletariat because they know, having seen for themselves, that he has always been the people's tribune.

Together with Rev. H. T. Roe, I submit a graphological reading of Premier Murray's handwriting, not as a curiosity, but as a novel revelation of the inner mentality of Nova Scotia's First Minister:

Yours Truly
G. H. Murray

The ensemble shows a free, orderly mind. The running, fluid, mounting style denotes the "forward view" and ready delivery of thought in speech. The long tails of the y's disclose magnanimity: there is nothing small or petty in his thinking. The upward stroke to his t's shows that he is optimistic and progressive, that he does not live by way of revery and reflection on past performances, but that he is always ready to entertain a new idea, to think over the right thing to do. His attention to punctuation denotes caution. The firmness of his down strokes indicates strength of will; the wide spacing denotes clearness of thought, amplexness of mind; and the liaison between the middle initial and the surname signifies constructive, inclusive thought. The short horizontal stroke below the signature is characteristic of one who loves completed work.

Political sagacity, quiet courage, absolute honesty of purpose and methods, justice and magnanimity—these are the outstanding qualities of the political genius of Premier Murray. He is said to be a modest man. He is modest in the sense that he understands what are real spiritual values. He loves the goodwill and sincere regard of the plain people. He would want, I know, no nobler epitaph, when he passes, than this: "He kept faith with his people". Meantime he appears as Canada's political Bayard, a true Knight and Warrior in politics—"sans peur et sans reproche".



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS AND HER WORK

IT would be difficult to find a woman who has led a life of more continuous and varied service to her country than Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, daughter of Rev. Jonathan Shortt, D.D., who was for more than thirty years rector of Port Hope. Emily Ann McCausland Shortt (to give her her maiden name) was educated at private schools in Port Hope and Montreal. In 1871 she married Mr. Willoughby Cummings, a barrister, who died in 1892, and since her marriage has lived in Toronto.

She began to write early in life and is one of Canada's pioneer press women. Her work often appeared above the *nom-de-plume* of "Sama", the Japanese word for "lady". In 1893 she attended the World's Fair in Chicago as special correspondent for *The Manitoba Free Press* and the *Toronto Globe*, and for ten years was a member of the editorial staff of the last-named newspaper. In 1900 she became the editor of a department in *The Canadian Magazine*, called "Woman's Sphere", in which she passes from biographical sketches and notes on the work of women's societies to questions of technical training and protests against giving to girls what she calls "amateurish teaching".

It is told that when as a small child she first began to attend the church

services, she noticed that her father had a habit of addressing his sermons almost entirely to the men of his congregation, and, in her quaint child's fashion, she protested, "Why do you always say, 'Dear brethren', father, and never 'Dear sistren'?"

The incident was characteristic and, in a measure, prophetic, for, all her life, Mrs. Cummings has thought it worth strenuous labour to help women to discover their duties and their powers and to give effect to these discoveries by co-operation in many forms of service. She took a prominent part in the foundation of several associations of Canadian women which have become nation-wide in their activities.

Mrs. Cummings was one of the seven women who met at Ottawa in April, 1886, and founded the "Woman's Auxiliary" to the recently organized Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Church of England in Canada. The new association had at first a severe struggle for existence, but in the thirty-three years since its inception it has become a power throughout the whole Dominion, with considerably more than 2,100 branches in the twenty-five dioceses, and a membership of something like 50,000. It is represented overseas and within the Dominion by fifty missionaries, besides Bible women. It is interesting that in 1886 the feeble, scarcely-organized "Auxiliary" of Toronto Diocese was set upon its feet by the request from a missionary that it



Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

should undertake the support of a woman missionary on the Blackfoot reserve. The thirty members of the branch gallantly undertook the task and that first "pledge" has been honoured ever since.

It was at this time that Mrs. Cummings became corresponding secretary of the Toronto Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, an office which she held for nineteen years, and in 1903 she was appointed editor of the *Letter Leaflet*, which is always packed full of missionary information. Throughout its history the "W. A." has been especially helpful to the Indian missions of the Dominion, and in comparatively early days Mrs. Cummings made a tour to visit the Indian reserves in the West, afterwards writing an account of her trip for *The Church Magazine*, and also a series of articles on "Our Indian Wards" for the *Toronto Empire*.

Another great interest of Mrs. Cummings's strenuous life is bound up

with an association of women, international in its scope, yet so organized that it touches social life and service at innumerable points. On May 22nd, 1893, following the closing of "the wonderful Congress of Women", held at Chicago in connection with the World's Fair, representative women of twenty nations decided to form the International Council of Women, that federation of federations banded together for "the good of the family and the State—to further the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law".

Canada's "National Council", which was organized the same year, has done much work for the benefit of women and children in particular and of society in general. Forming a common meeting-ground for women of different localities, creeds and political opinions, it has been a force making for the firmer union of our Dominion, as the "W. A." has been in knitting together East and West.

For nineteen years, with a break when she was engaged to do educational work for the Government Annuities Scheme, Mrs. Cummings held in this organization also the exacting but most influential post of corresponding secretary. Now she is a vice-president of the National Council and as assistant editor of the Missionary Society of the Anglican Church is devoting the chief part of her time and energies to the furtherance of missionary work.

When on August 20th, 1914, Toronto organized the first of the Women's Patriotic Leagues of the Dominion, Mrs. Cummings took the heavy responsibility of chairmanship. Quite recently she has been elected honorary president of the Toronto Women's Patriotic League.

In 1910 King's College University, in Nova Scotia, conferred upon her the honorary degree of D.C.L. It was the first time that any woman, with the exception of Queen Mary (when Duchess of York) and the Countess of Aberdeen had been so distinguished by a Canadian university.

*

THE LADY OF THE MANOR

WHO," I asked the Person-who-ought-to-know," is the most interesting woman in Fort William?"

"Mabel Hannah," was the unhesitating answer.

"And who," I persisted, "is Mabel Hannah?"

"Why, she is——" and words failed, for the moment, "she is a girl who has entered aggressively into the social life of the city, is President of the Women's Canadian Club, and was recently elected by acclamation to the Board of Education; she is known as 'The Lady of the Manor,' and she is the Spirit of Wayside House."

Wayside House is a settlement, unique of its kind and an institution that is doing more than any other force to introduce the non-English-speaking population of Fort William

to Canadian life and culture. More than that, it is doing a splendid work in introducing to the Anglo-Saxon residents these strangers from foreign lands who will one day be fellow-citizens and who are bringing to us a civilization as full of merits, in many ways, as is our own.

Fort William, situated at the head of the Lakes, has attracted a large foreign population owing to the freight and grain trade. About a third of the people living there are non-English-speaking and these residents live in a low-lying district along the water's edge, known as the Coal Dock Section. In the midst of this neighborhood is Wayside House, a venture which was established in 1913 under the auspices of the Methodist Church and under the personal direction of Mr. J. M. Shaver.

But there is no religion discussed under its roof. Sufficient for its governing board, if its workers live religion regardless of denomination or all religions. Love, too, is taught as dogma. The spirit behind the force of Wayside House is Love, which should be the underlying principle of the basis of the highest citizenship, which in a practical development results in an understanding of mutual obligation whether it is restricted to the home, the club, the city or the Dominion.

Much of the work at Wayside House might be termed ordinary settlement work, including classes in English, sewing, cooking, story-telling, raffia and so on. But two features inaugurated by Miss Hannah and stamped with her illuminating personality are responsible in the main for its unprecedented success. These are the Fireside Clubs and the Big Sister scheme. And just here seems a good place to mention a fact of which Fort William is deservedly proud—during war-time conditions its municipal problems, its harbour problems, were fewer and less difficult to handle than those in any other city where the non-English population is as great. This Utopian



Miss Mabel Hannah,
"The Lady of the Manor"

achievement is credited to the remarkable influence of, and work done by, Wayside House!

Of the Fireside Clubs, Miss Hannah says, "Here, instead of having teachers come from up-town to the settlement, we take the girls in groups of six to the teacher's home. 'Teacher' is a broad term made to fit the finest mothers of the finest homes that are available. At seven o'clock the girls assemble at Wayside House and I take them to the various homes in which they have been invited to spend the evening. I call for them at nine. Each Club Mother develops her work along the line that interests her; some

do house work, others read, still others produce plays, and any of these activities are acceptable to us, for we do not wish the girls to be restricted to one branch of learning or cultivation. We are anxious that they should spend an hour with a lovely family whose atmosphere radiates something that cannot be taught in books. For example, when I called for one group last week, I found two knitting, one operating the Victrola, one playing dominoes with the fifteen-year-old-lad of the home and two were upstairs helping the mother with the baby, who was ill—each getting a definite bit of culture, although they will never

know they got it! That the girls like these Clubs is evidenced by some recent remarks I overheard one Sunday.

"Dear me," said one, "I wish Wednesday (Club night) came after Sunday."

"Believe me," answered another, "I wish Wednesday came after *every* day!"

Of the Big Sister scheme, Miss Hannah says, "It is usually the girl who is delinquent who is given a 'big sister'. But our way is different—we choose our best girls—those who seem to have the biggest possibilities, to show the surest traits of leadership, and for them we find big sisters. After a year or so of this contact, the child's mind is broadened and her viewpoint is changed until she has become astonishingly close to the ideal we planned for her."

Wayside House is open day and night. The children drop in on the way to school, play a couple of records or a game, maybe they sew on a button; at noon they stop for a minute on the way home, and in the afternoon they always run in to talk over school news, or to read. The books are in sectional cases and everyone helps herself just as though she were in her own home. A roll of transparent adhesive tape is always available, and whenever one finds a book torn, she mends it. The girls not only wash the floors and keep the coal scuttles full, but they paint and varnish the place as well!

Nothing is ever locked up. The store room, the cupboards are all open and they help themselves to whatever they wish to play with. Although about one hundred children make use of the House each day, rarely does anything disappear.

Miss Hannah speaks with deepest gratitude of her friends 'the up-town people'. "They are delightful!" she says. "Always ready to help. We have about sixty volunteer workers and no mention of Wayside House

would be complete without reference to their splendid contributions. Whenever there is a children's moving picture, or a good exhibit, or a pretty lawn fête, someone takes a class or two from here. Not very long ago fifty odd of our girls were told the story of "The Blue Bird" and then taken to see the picture. The older ones enjoyed the privilege of seeing Sir Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back", and to show you how they apply their knowledge, one of the children who had been told the story of "Pippa Passes", called my attention to the likeness between "Pippa" and the man in the boarding-house of the "Third Floor Back".

Miss Hannah was born and brought up on a farm near Hamilton. Her ambition to teach was realized and she went first to Newboro, Ontario, then three years later to a small new town in central Alberta. As a hobby she organized, out of school hours, about fifty of her girls into a Camp Fire Club, and for three years, she declares, "we had a most delightful club in which a few rare friendships were formed".

But the routine of teaching grew irksome, though the contacts it afforded fascinated this intense lover of humanity, and when an opportunity (in the form of the late R. B. Chadwick, Provincial Superintendent of the Department of Neglected and Delinquent Children) offered, Miss Hannah gave up teaching and started in on the work of Social Service.

She brazenly asserts that she dealt out school books as souvenirs, then betaking herself to Chicago, she entered the school of sociology, leaving there in 1914 to take charge of Wayside House.

She lives right among her people and is the good friend and neighbour of every foreign-born citizen. She allows them to see what real Canadian friendship is like; she leads them by personal contact and teaches much by encouraging individual expression.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN AMERICA

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

HERE are gathered together comical sketches or burlesques such as this distinguished Canadian author delights to fabricate. Besides the one that gives the title there are "With the Bolsheviks in Berlin", "Afternoon Tea with the Sultan", "Echoes of the War", "The War News as I remember it", and "Other Impossibilities". Many readers will not find these sketches so frankly comical as some of Dr. Leacock's work found elsewhere, but they contain, nevertheless, some excellent humour, many bits of exquisite irony, and observations on life in general that are, to say the least, interesting and penetrating. The argument of "The Hohenzollerns in America" is that the late German imperial family should be compelled to emigrate to America, with no more money or goods or influence than the average steerage passenger on an ocean liner. Dr. Leacock uses the literary device of having an imaginary niece of the Kaiser's write a diary of the voyage and their early experiences in America. It is an almost impossible literary feat, and yet Dr. Leacock has accomplished it with signal success.

*

THE UNDYING FIRE

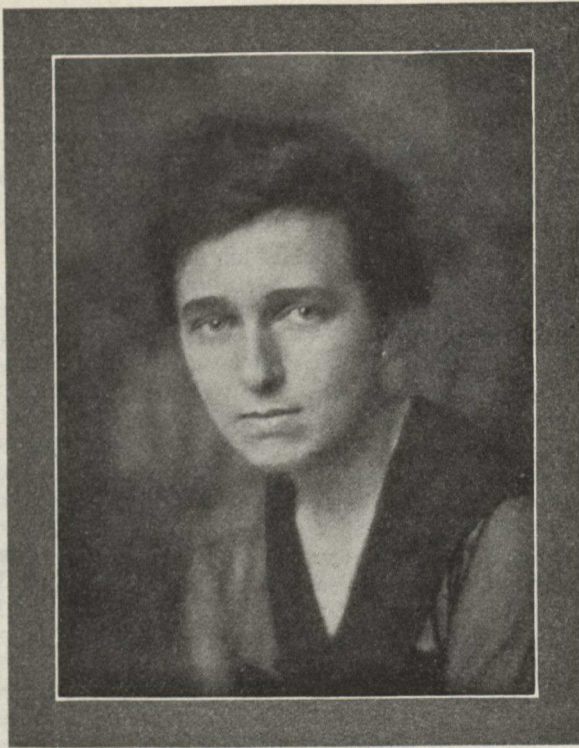
BY H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

READERS of this present popular and amazingly prolific writer have good reason to believe that each

of his novels contains a study of some peculiar phase of life as it is encountered to-day and that he is not merely a story-teller. Certainly anyone who wishes an enthralling romance or mystery should not take up "The Undying Fire", because the book is rather a psychological study, a revelation of the goaded egoticism of the headmaster of a school of boys in England, a school where the Board of Governors leaned towards a "practical" education, while the Head leaned towards the classics and a presentation of the facts and meaning of life. The book sets forth the differing views in the course of long and serious argument between the Head, who is about to undergo a surgical operation and may not recover, and several members of the Board and Faculty. In the midst of the discussion Dr. Barrack comes in. Replying to the question, "Then what must a proper education be?" Dr. Barrack, having been appealed to, says:

"Tell them (the pupils) what the world is, tell them every rule and trick of the game mankind has learnt, and tell them 'Be yourselves'. Be yourselves up to the hilt . . . put everything of yourself into the Process. If the Process wants you it will accept you; if it doesn't you will go under. You can't help it—either way. You may be the bit of marble that is left in the statue, or you may be the bit of marble that is thrown away. You can't help it. Be yourself!"

The whole teaching of the book is that no matter what you may know or not know about life and the universe one thing is sure and that is that there is in or about man some force that



Miss G. Murray Atkin

Author of "Flowers of the Wind" a volume of exquisite poetry.

impels him forward, that gives him the impulse to seek greater achievements, to do greater and nobler things.

*

FLOWERS OF THE WIND

By G. MURRAY ATKIN. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE title of this book at once denotes its charm. To it there is an indefinable fragrance and vagrancy, just as there is between the covers. But the author has not sacrificed everything on the altar of sheer beauty and charm, as many poets do, for she expresses a depth of emotion that has the poignancy sometimes found in the work of Alice Meynell; and she avoids all the trumpery of lighter spirits. There is nothing boisterous or shocking, and the one bal-

lad is notable for its simplicity and refinement. Refinement, indeed, is perhaps the book's greatest charm, for every line is a piece of fine work refined with skill and with a just appreciation of its fitness. The book is made so that it is pleasing even if only to be taken up and looked at. The author is a Canadian, a resident of Montreal. We quote two of the poems:

MEMORIES

It was only a cloud that the wind had
blown

Across the summer sky.
And yet because of a love once known,
Of a fleeting joy that is long since flown,
It looked like an angel's wing on high
Trailing so light on the grey, blue sky.

It was only the perfume of wet pine trees
Moist with the dripping rain,
But it waked in my heart old ecstasies
As it came to me on a northern breeze,
Thrilling anew some forgotten strain,
Some wonder chord of a lost refrain.

O the shimmering webs of a far-off mist
Blown to the open sea.
Why do they bring back a night moon
kissed:
The love we had and the life we missed;
Dusk and the night wind will take from
me
The clouds that drift and tell of thee.

—
FAREWELL

O fare thee well. The day is here at last,
That each must go his way, alone, apart.
Our little tale of love is told and past.

Ah, go. The yesterday that bound my
heart
To yours is gone. Lips will not warm at
will.

We do but journey to another place
To live again. Our dream goes with us
still.

Each bears in memory the other's face.
All this I know—And yet there lies a chill
That will not lift, or rise from off my
soul.

*

SONGS AND CHANTIES

By C. FOX SMITH. London: Elkin
Mathews.

LOVERS of poetry, especially of the
ballad form, know Miss Smith's
work well. For the author of these
four books in one delights in the
ballad, and is the writer almost ex-
clusively of sailors and the sea; that
style of verse suits best her characters
and her stories. There is a fine swing
to all she writes, and it is the style of
writing that appeals to men. This
volume contains within one cover
"Songs in Sail" (1914), "Sailor
Town" (1914), "The Naval Crown"
(1915), and "Fighting Men" (1916).
We quote "Hastings Mill":

As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered
in my going
To smell the smell of piled-up deals and
feel the salt wind blowing,
To hear the cables fret and creak and the
ropes stir and sigh
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone
by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw
a ship there lying,
About her tawny yards the little clouds
of sunset flying;
And half I took her for the ghost of one
I used to know.
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) many years ago.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw
while I stood dreaming,
The flicker of her riding light along the
ripples streaming,
The bollards where we made her fast and
the berth where she did lie,
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) in the days
gone by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I heard
a fellow singing,
Chipping off the deep-sea rust above the
tide a-swinging,
And well I knew the queer old tune and
well the song he sung,
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) when the world
was young.

And past the rowdy Union Wharf, and by
the still tide sleeping,
To a randy dandy deep-sea tune my heart
in time was keeping,
To the thin, far sound of a shadowy watch
a-hauling,
And the voice of one I knew across the
high tide calling,
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) and the late
dusk falling!

*

THE SECRET CITY

By HUGH WALPOLE. Toronto: Mc-
Clelland and Stewart.

THIS, so far, is one of the very best
novels of the war, and yet it is
concerned but very little with the
war. The scene is laid in Petrograd,
where Durward (or "Durdles", as he
is known familiarly by his Russian
friends), an Englishman, who tells
the story in the first person, lived at
the time of the bursting of the latest
revolution. The principal characters
are Durward himself, Markovitch, an
unsuccessful inventor and husband of
Vera, one of the most fascinating wo-
men in recent fiction; Semyonov, an
uncle of Vera; Nina, a sister of Vera,
and another Englishman, Vera's na-
tural lover. But they are all lovers
of Vera, even the sister. For no mat-
ter what the circumstance or what
the occasion, Vera, whether she is
active or passive, is the centre of in-
terest. All eyes turn to her and the
reader's attention is held by her.
Semyonov is an intensely sinister fig-
ure, and one feels all the time that
beneath his mask of friendliness there

is the sting of the adder. The life of Petrograd is revealed in an intimate fashion, and one feels that one has an insight into Russian family life and character, but it is perhaps only an insight, for the author admits and the characters themselves admit that it is impossible for the English ever to understand the Russian. As an absorbing tale this novel is not often surpassed.

*

NATIONAL LITERARY CONTEST

The Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa, with a view to encouraging Canadian national literary expression, announces a literary competition in three classes. The first is open to all persons residing in Canada; the second is confined to veterans, as defined by the Great War Veterans' Association, and the third to pupils of high schools or collegiate institutes in Canada.

The prizes range in value from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars, and are to be given for both prose and verse. Manuscripts should be addressed to Mr. T. A. Browne, director of the Arts and Letters Club, national literary competition, Room 44, Y.M.C.A. Building, Ottawa.

*

BUILDING THE NORTH

By J. B. MACDOUGALL. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

NEW Ontario displays many forms of development other than of the mine and the forest. This fact is amply set forth in Dr. MacDougall's book, which is a splendid review of the opening up and settlement of that splendid tract of country that lies between North Bay and Hudson Bay and runs eastward to the Quebec

border and westward into Manitoba. A graphic account is given of the Cobalt and Porcupine boom days and of the remarkable mining operations that have been carried on in both those camps. Dr. MacDougall points out that while the material things of mining and settlement were being pushed forward, new departures were being made in the field of education, with the result that New Ontario has set the pace, particularly with respect to consolidated schools. The book is profusely illustrated.

*

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

By W. B. YEATS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE time Mr. Yeats was asked what was the meaning of a poem he had written about some trees in bloom. He answered frankly that he did not know what it meant. In this volume of much charming poetry there are some numbers that might tax the average understanding. Here is one of them:

THE COLLAR-BONE OF A HARE

Would I could cast a sail on the water
Where many a king has gone
And many a king's daughter,
And alight at the comely trees and the
lawn,
The playing upon pipes and the dancing,
And learn that the best thing is
To change my lobes while dancing,
And pay but a kiss for a kiss.

I would find by the edge of that water
The collar-bone of a hare,
Worn thin by the lapping of water,
And pierce it through with a gimlet and
stare
At the old bitter world where they marry
in churches,
And laugh over the untroubled water
At all who marry in churches
Through the white, thin bone of a hare.



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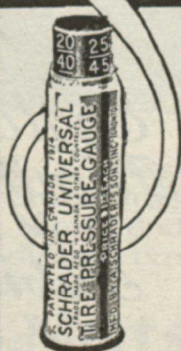


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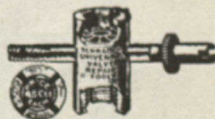
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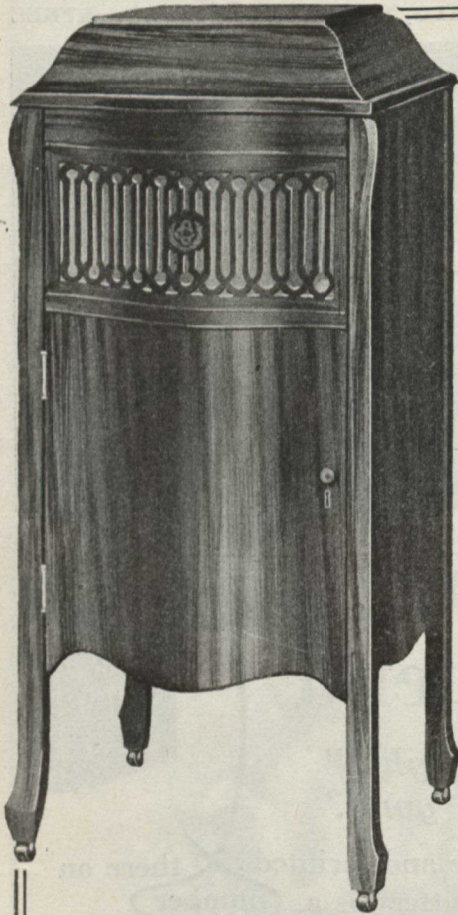
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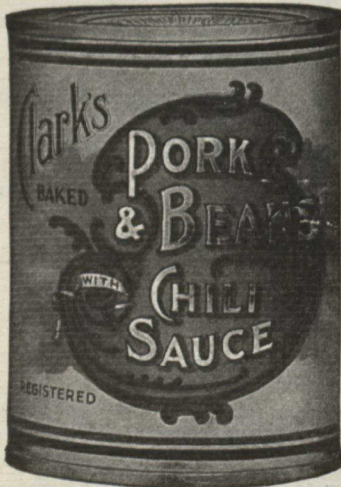
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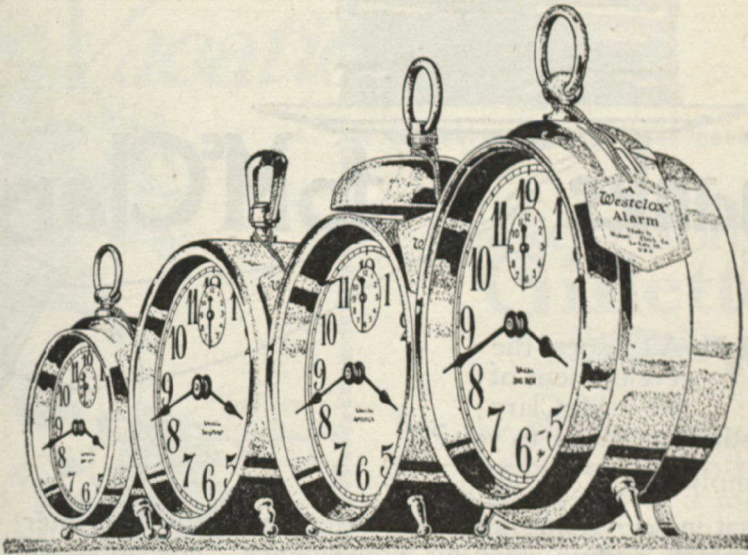
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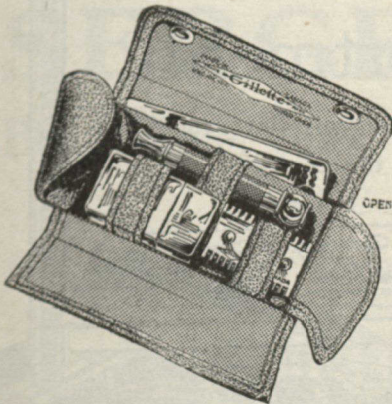
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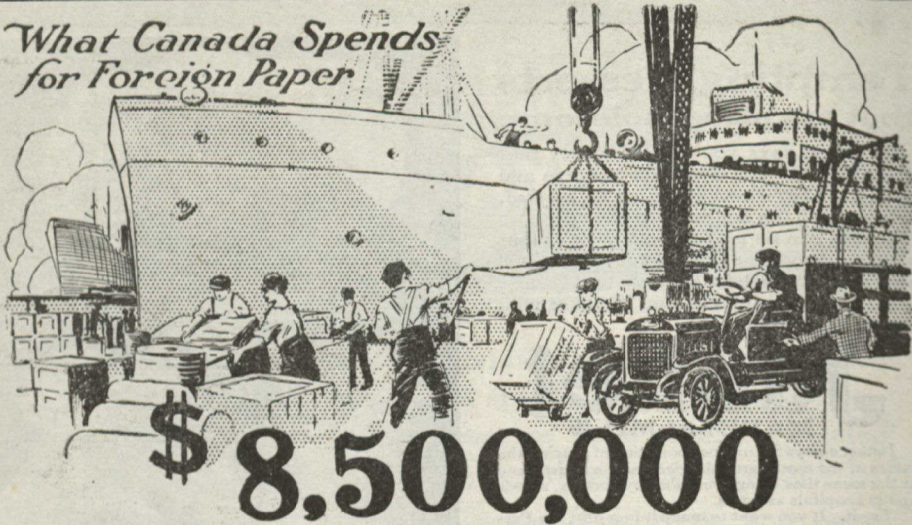
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A little Benson's Corn Starch should be introduced into juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb, cherry, etc., to prevent running over.

Orange Cream Pie (see Recipe below) is not difficult to make and will prove a happy addition to your dessert recipes.

Serve custards, blanc mange, sauces, gravies, cakes and puddings made with Benson's Corn Starch. *Write for booklet.*

PIE CRUST

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour with $\frac{1}{8}$ cup of Benson's Corn Starch, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of Mazola, or butter, $\frac{1}{8}$ cup of cold water, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful salt.

Sift flour, corn starch, and baking powder in a bowl, add shortening, rub fine through flour, add last water and salt. Turn onto board, roll lengthwise till smooth and use as desired.

ORANGE CREAM PIE

Place in saucepan over the fire, 1 tablespoonful Benson's Corn Starch, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of Lily White Corn Syrup. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire; add yolks of two eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ rind of an orange, and juice of one orange and $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon: mix well.

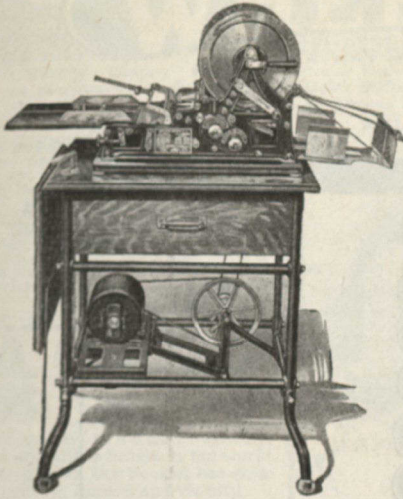
Line greased pie pan with very thin pie crust, brush out with beaten egg, and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour in above mixture and bake in medium oven till crust is light brown.

Beat the whites of the eggs very, very stiff; add one tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Arrange by spoonfuls on top of pie and set in hot oven to brown a nice color.

Serve cold.

The Canada Starch Co., Limited
Montreal





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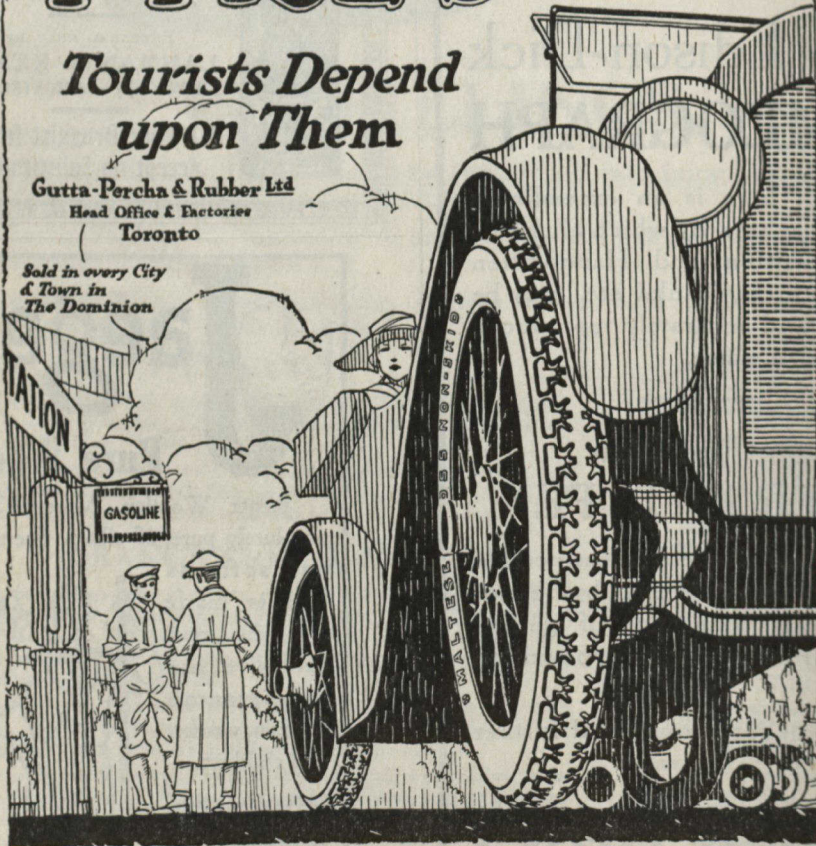
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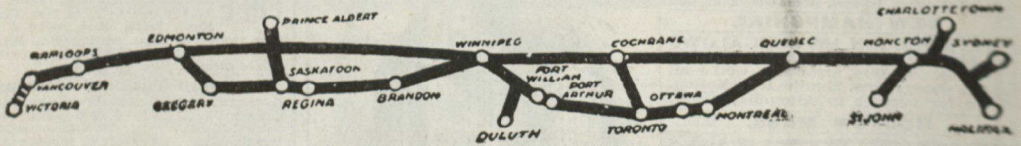
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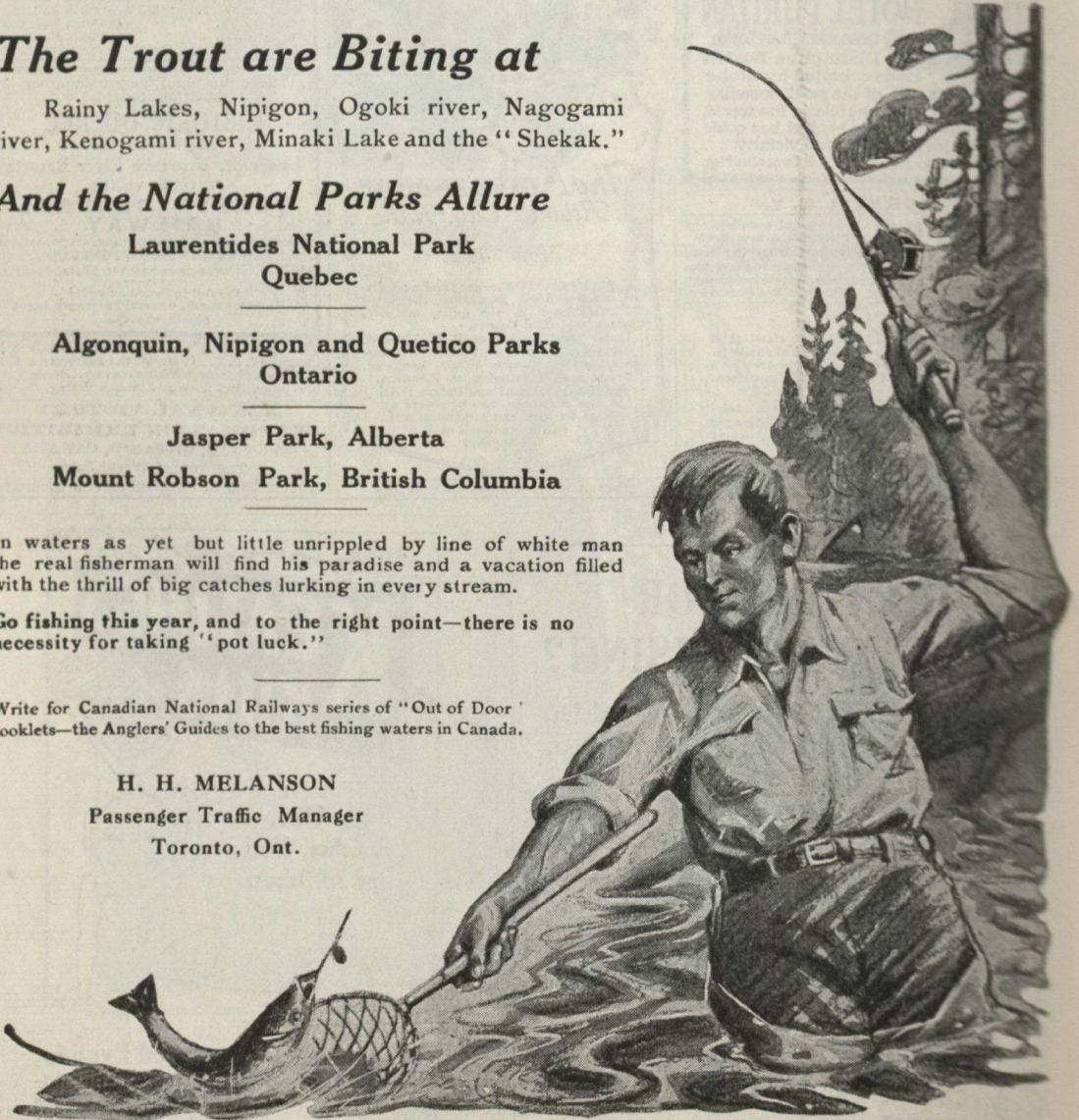
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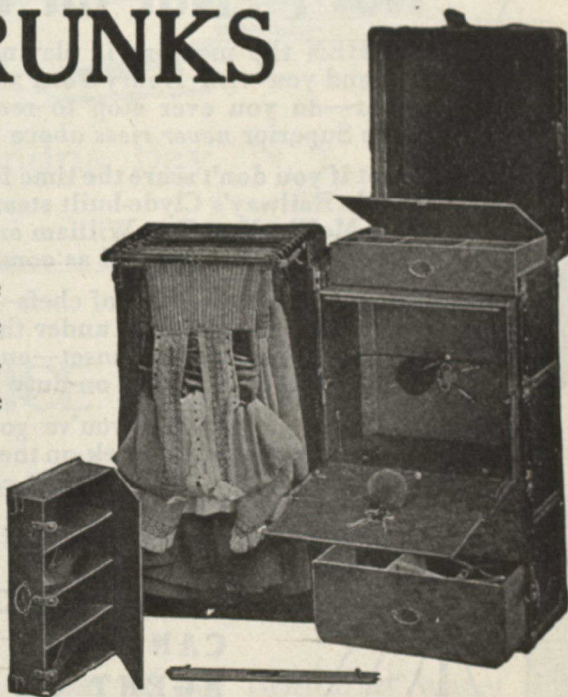
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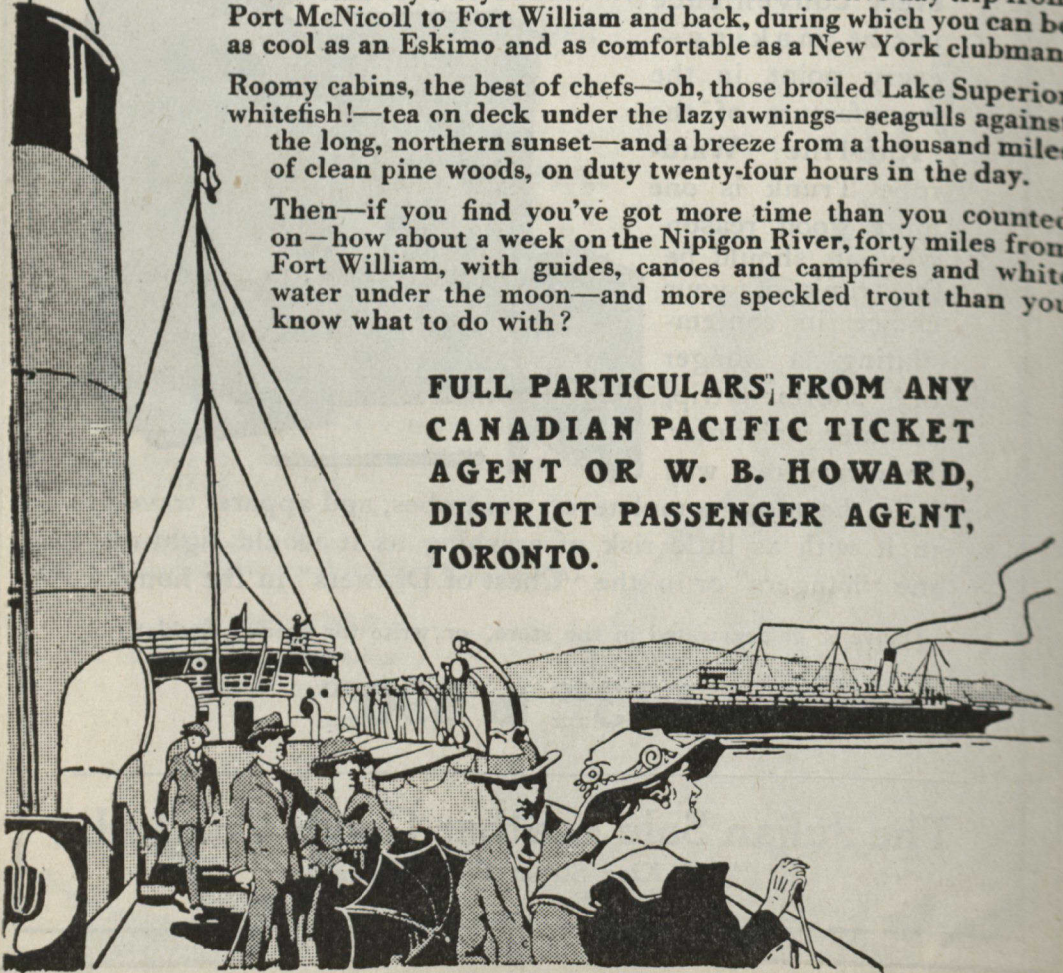
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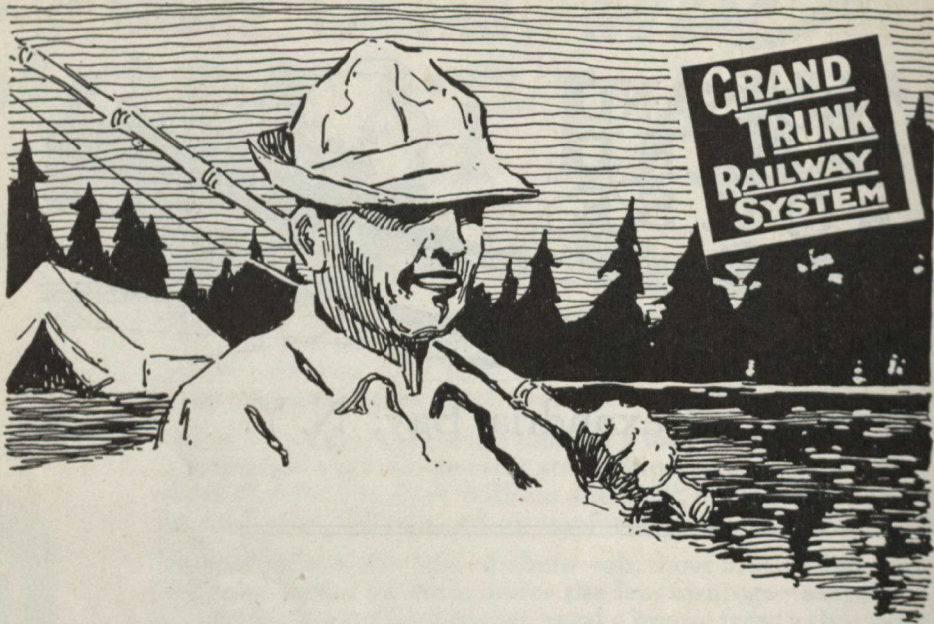
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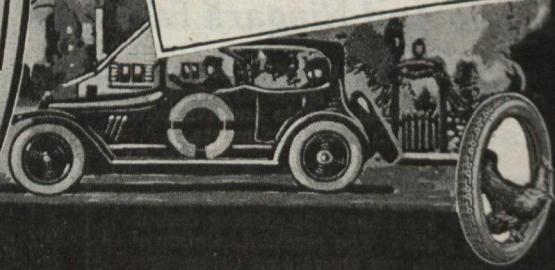
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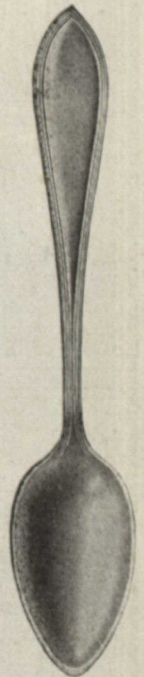
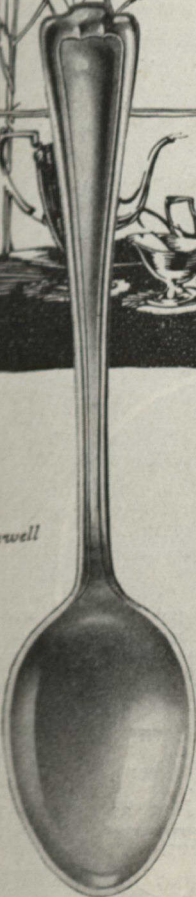
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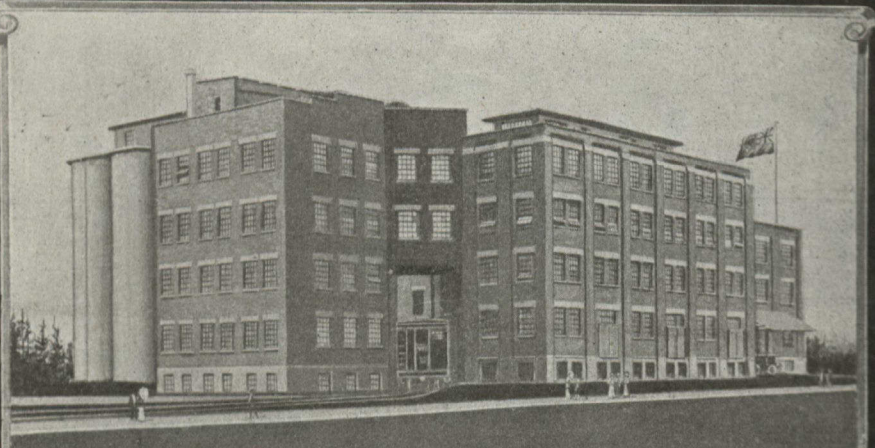


Puritan

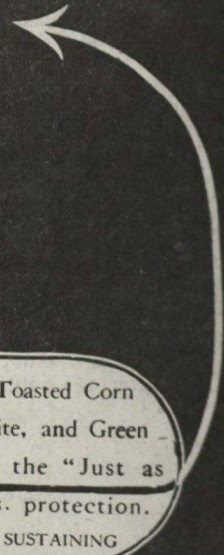
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