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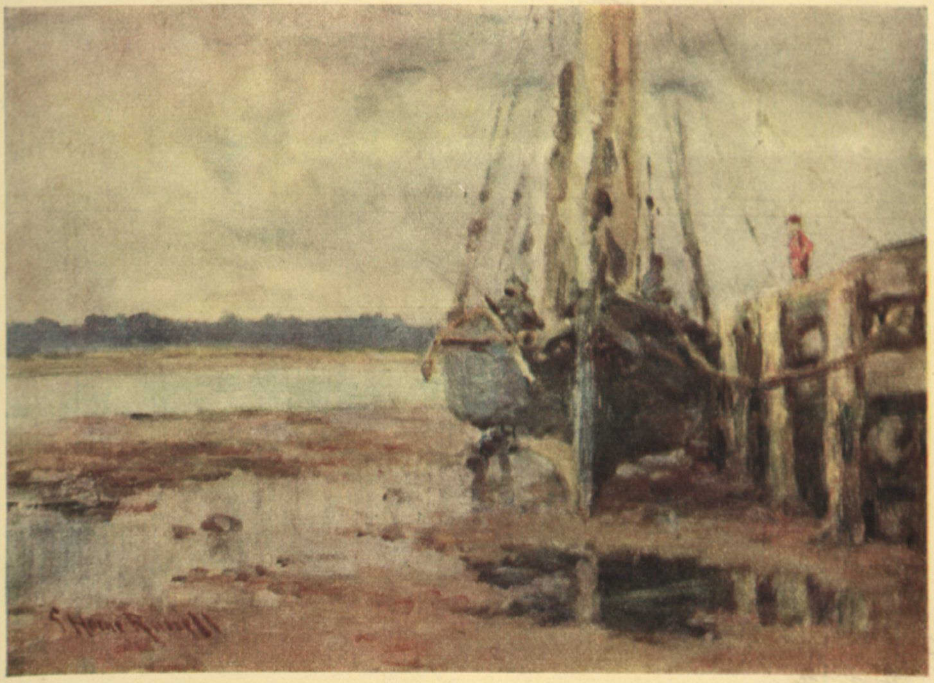

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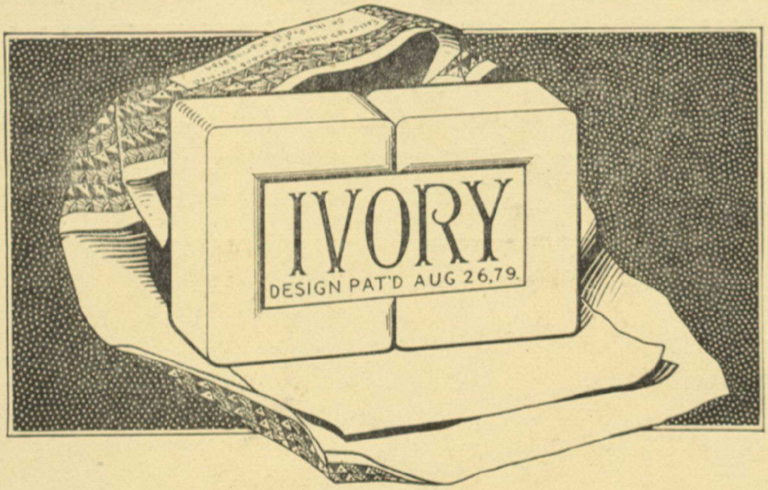

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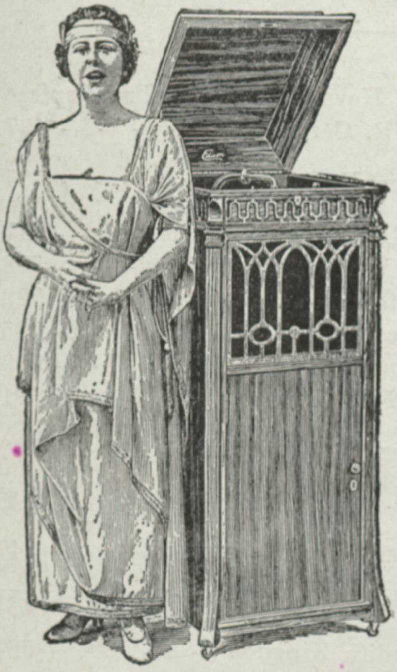

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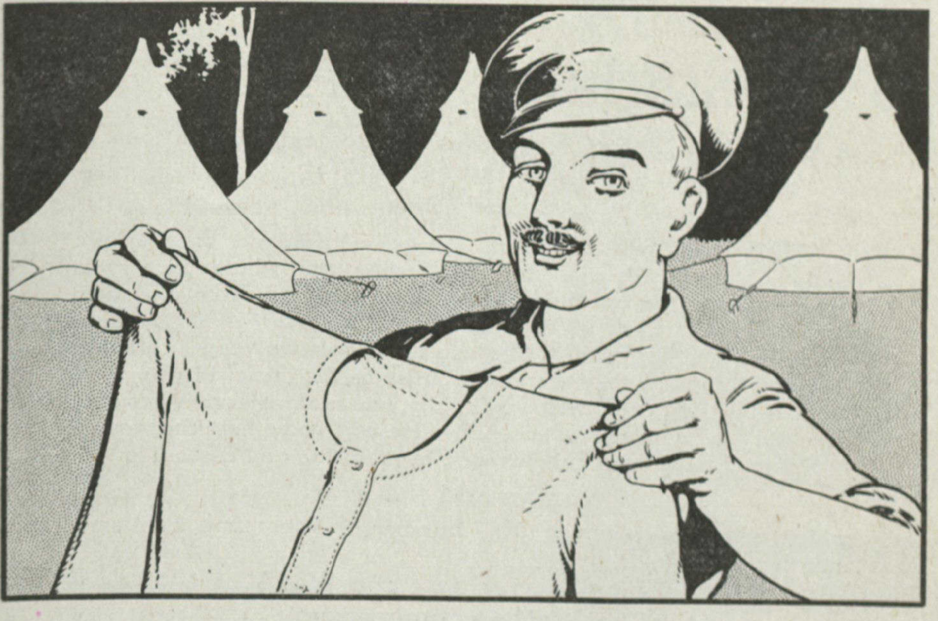

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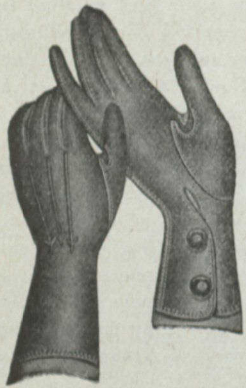

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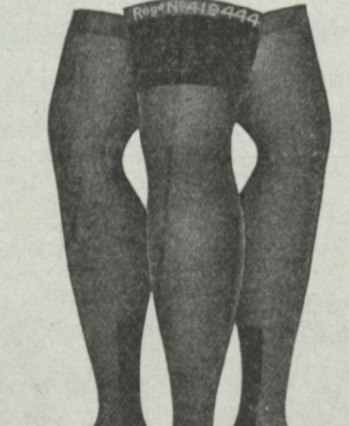

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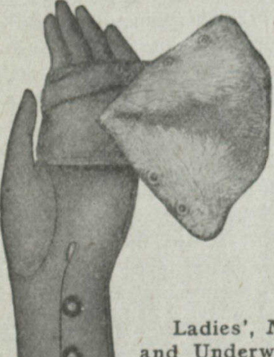

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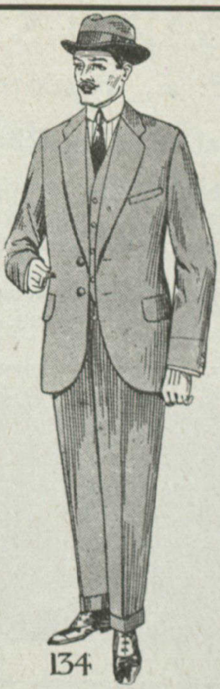

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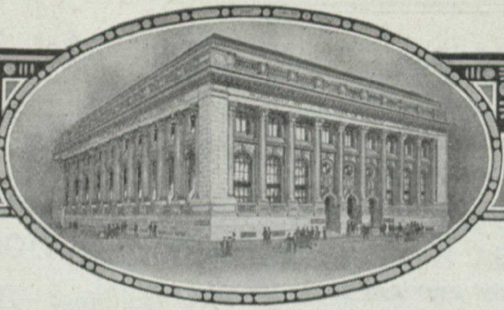

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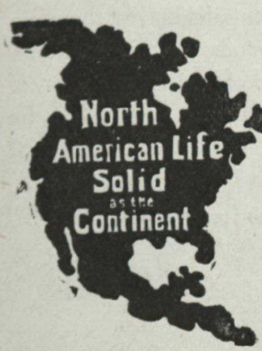

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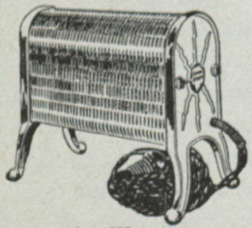

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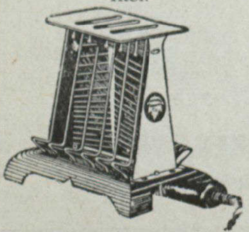

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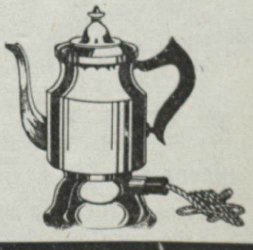
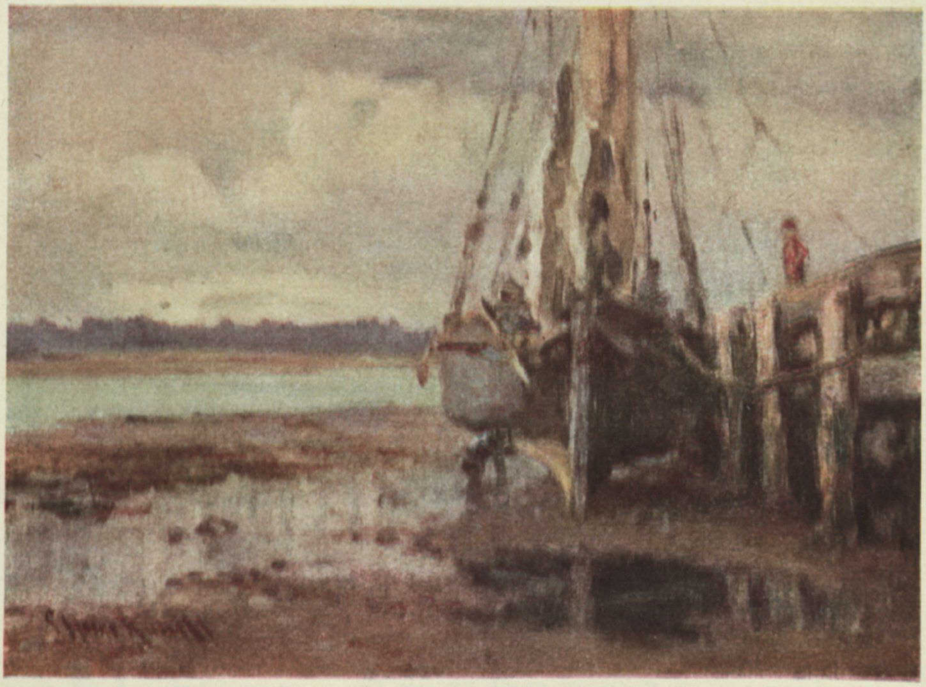




From the Painting by G. Horne Russell

LOW TIDE IN NEW BRUNSWICK

When Bliss Carman wrote "Low Tide on Grand Pré" doubtless he had in mind some such a scene as this. But Grand Pré is in Nova Scotia, while this scene is in New Brunswick. There a vessel standing high and dry is one of the common sights when the tide is out.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVIII TORONTO, APRIL, 1917 No. 6

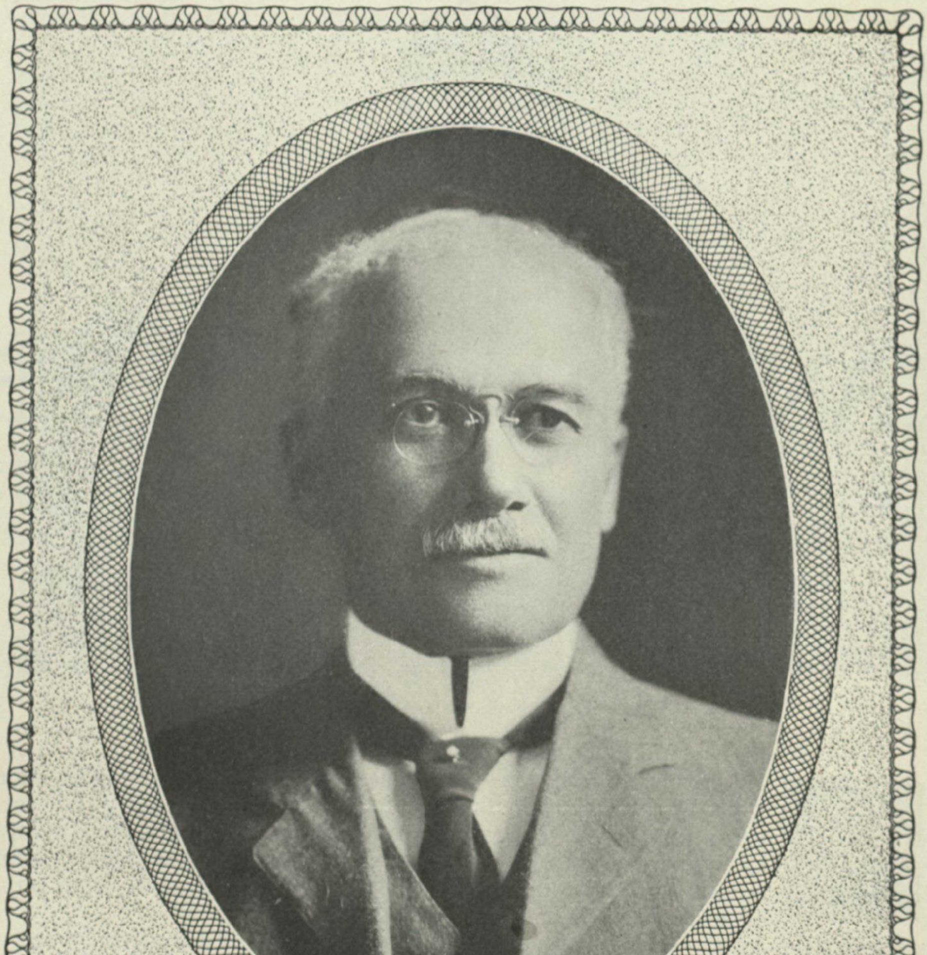
OUR ALL-CANADIAN PEER

By A. R. Carman

CANADIAN opinion—probably because of its persistent penetration by American opinion—is still somewhat inclined to regard the conferring of titles by royalty as a practice peculiar to feudal Europe and more or less exotic on this continent. This feeling is passing away as the rise of Canada in importance in the British family leads to an increase in Canadian titles. The more of us there are, and the more we share in the man's task of defending our common Empire, naturally the more does that central organ of Empire we call the Crown direct toward us an approving and discerning attention. If we are to judge this system fairly and decide whether it be a good or bad thing to incorporate in our community, we must take pains to know the quality of public service which it stimulates and rewards. For, in these days of constitutional government, a title is no chance fancy of a monarch, but a public honour, awarded for public service. And one of its principal values to us as a people is that it must tend to incite similar services by other public-spirited men.

I should like—if I had the space—to write a whole paper on this phase of the question. A community which does not include public honours among its rewards for public services, is deliberately throwing away, not only one of the most effective inducements to public service, but the inducement by far the freest from sordid motive. A great difference between public life on this continent and in Britain is that in Britain men can be got to perform public services on honour and for honour which too often they will only perform here for pay.

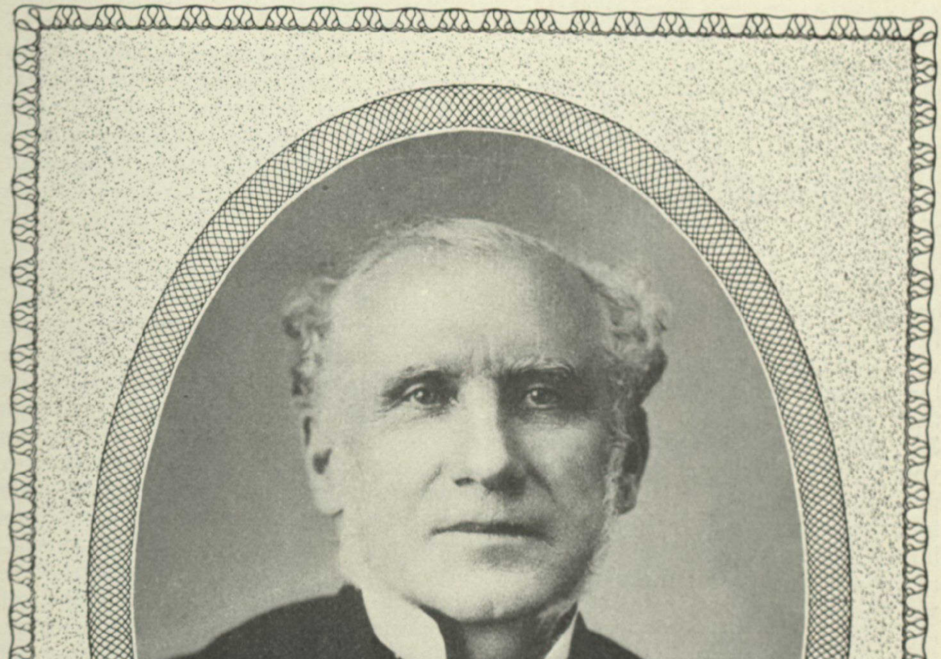
The belated New Year's list contained for Canada a new example of this system of conferring honours from a central fountain of honour—an all-Canadian Peer was created. It is the



SIR HUGH GRAHAM

Publisher of the "The Montreal Star"; raised to the Peerage, 1917

first case in which a Canadian born, Canadian resident citizen has received this distinguishing recognition. So we have here a step forward in the application of this system to Canada. Was it justified? On what grounds was this honour conferred? These are questions which are surely worth inquiring into in connection with a new development of the policy of treating Canada as a fully incorporated part of the British Empire. Curiously enough, it synchronized with the summoning of the first "Imperial Parlia-



ROBERT WALKER GRAHAM

Father of Baron Graham, to the influence of whose sterling qualities, initiative and guidance his son attributes any success he may have made in life.

ment", with Sir Robert Borden as our representative.

The first thing that appeals naturally to us is that Baron Graham—the recipient of this novel honour—is one of us. Whatever else he is, he is "made in Canada". He was born in the Eastern Townships, in the country village of Athelstan, Huntingdon county. He was not born with "a silver spoon in his mouth" or with any unusual advantages. He had a father of sternly upright character and high ideals, and a devoted and wise mother.

But they had nothing to give him save good birth and a hearty "God speed" when he set out as a lad of fifteen to make his way in Montreal. His schooling had been got at the Huntingdon Academy, an institution which is duplicated in the boyhood memories of most of us. He had the usual barefoot country boy's joys and sorrows—he began life with nothing but a keen brain, a dauntless will and a passion for work.

His uncle, Edmund Henry Parsons, the greatest leader writer of his day, then published a paper in Montreal, *The Evening Telegraph*, and the young Hugh Graham went in as office-boy. He rose quickly, however, to be manager, and then—three years later—joined the staff of *The Montreal Gazette*. One of the photographs we publish reveals him at this age—clear-eyed, confident, yet with that modesty which has never left him. In the *Gazette* office they called him "young shoulders and old head". There he met young Lanigan, the brilliant writer, with whom during the following year he started *The Montreal Star*. Lanigan was the "pen", but Hugh Graham was the rest. He was the capitalist of the new enterprise, with all of a hundred dollars in the treasury. Not yet of age, he was confronted in a narrow English-speaking field with three well-established rival newspapers. It was a situation which would have daunted most men of thirty; but it has always been one of Hugh Graham's mottoes that the only way to get ahead is to take risks—wisely.

It was not long before Lanigan departed, and the future Peer went on alone. Deeply in debt, he was constantly harassed with law-suits, duns, and even much more serious refusals of further credit. The story of these early struggles has already been told in this magazine by the well-infromed pen of my late friend, Dr. George Murray, who knew Sir Hugh well; so that I cannot dwell upon them. But when a newspaper genius forces success out of a condition of affairs in which he must carry the coppers from one day's street sales to his paper merchant before he can get white paper for the next day's edition, we have surely an example of native Canadian determination and prowess which would add lustre to any honours conferred in any way.

This story of the making of *The Montreal Star* is one which has probably more interest for members of the profession, like myself, than for the general public. In our view, it is the great achievement of Hugh Graham's life. He has done many other things more spectacular for the moment than this daily fronting of difficulties—this daily solving of imperative problems which (like that of the sphinx) threatened "death" if the solution were wrong—that make up the grind of conducting a daily journal to success. He had, of course, the advantage of an almost uncanny gift of divination as to what news his public most desired. He knew by instinct what kind of a paper to publish if he only could overcome the material handicaps that weigh down a young man—a lad—with neither capital nor backing. He had courage—grit—that invincible spirit of a good soldier who will on. Without these he must have failed. But those who have stood at his elbow, day in and day out, through the long battle, have most winning tales to tell of his resource in the face of sudden crisis, of his immediate perception of an opportunity, of his strategic skill in conducting this long and wearying campaign—the campaign in which we are all engaged, of trying to make a success of our job. It is a typical Canadian story. It is Canadian because of its unfriended beginnings—because of its entire lack of powerful patronage which does so much to win success in an older civilization—because it is the work of an individual, owing everything to his upbringing and to his own keen brain and stout heart.

His Lordship has a great reputa-

BARONESS GRAHAM AND THE HONOURABLE ALICE GRAHAM

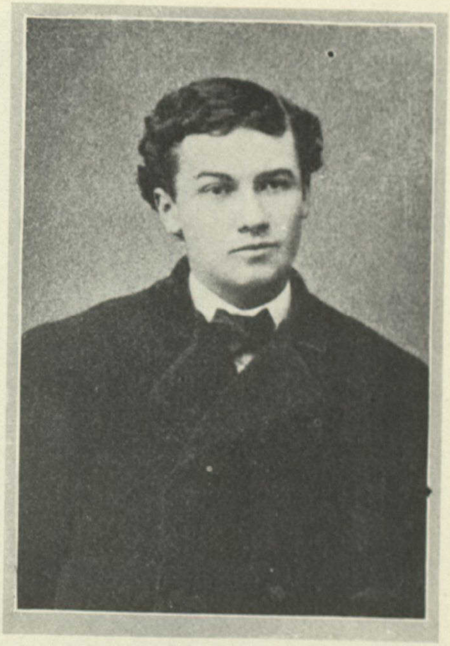
tion, among those who know him, for his approachableness—his democratic attitude toward the world. This, too, is Canadian. He has never thought to ape an Old World frigidity or aloofness. His Barony does not hamper him at all when he wants to see a "rough proof" in his news-room, or to run in on some man at his office or home. He is the rapid-thinking, rapid-acting Canadian business man, absolutely without "side". I mention this because I want to add that he has no sloppy notion of falsely flattering democracy to its own hurt by pretending—as so many do—that a majority vote always knows more than a board of experts. There are some demagogues who talk as if they would take a plebiscite of their street as to whether they needed an operation for appendicitis; but, when they are stricken themselves, they promptly call in a specialist. Hugh Graham always knew that the specialist should be called in at once. When it comes to doing things, he has always believed in an intelligent and courageous autocracy.

Away back in 1885, when he would have laughed at the idea that he would ever be a Peer of the Realm, Montreal was in the killing grip of a great smallpox epidemic. Hundreds were dying. There was hardly a street free from the terrifying infection. The rest of Canada had isolated the city and shut out its wholesale trade. Ruin stared our rising metropolis in the face. The city council was paralyzed with fear. A widespread anti-vaccination propaganda had been poisoning public opinion for years; and the stricken people would allow neither the isolation of their sick nor the innoculation of their well. Hugh Graham took the bull by the horns. He organized a deputation of leading citizens to invade the City Hall and demand that six of their number be added to the Board of Health—a body which had large powers of control and action. Then the "new blood" on the board went full steam ahead. Immediately what looked like an insurmountable difficulty arose. There was no place in which to isolate the rapidly-increasing cases. The Exhibition Buildings were the only structures at all adequate, and the managers of the Exhibition threatened to sue the board for fabulous damages if they dared to touch them. Even the new board was staggered. But to Hugh Graham they delegated their powers. Then he procured an order for calling out the militia; got the good old Victoria Rifles under arms, and marched at their head up to the Exhibition Grounds. The gates were banged, barred and bolted against him. He himself climbed over them, ignoring all threats of legal action, and opened them to the troops, who marched in. In twenty-four hours a great army of nurses was installed, and smallpox patients were being brought, under police control, to the new and spacious "hospital" in a continuous procession. A sample of Mr. Graham's personal courage—a quality which manly men ever admire—was displayed on this occasion when he repeatedly accompanied the officers into pest-infected homes and patiently talked the families into willingly allowing the removal of their sick. The plague was soon checked and Montreal saved. A great sigh of relief had gone up from the citizens when he took forcible possession, with all the attendant risks, of all the Exhibition grounds and buildings for isolation purposes; and, later, thousands of the citizens of that day in recognition of the master stroke testified to him their deep sense of gratitude. It was reckless work, but the plague was devastating the city, and it needed just such reckless courage to grapple with it.

It is always an exasperation for those of us who know him to speak of his charities. The very small part of them that can be related are by no means the bulk of them, and are not even the best or most appealing. Sick children are a specialty with him. Of this there are several public monuments, such as the Children's Memorial Hospital on the slopes of Mount Royal, a beautiful home for the beneficiaries of the Fresh Air Fund on the Richelieu River (a fund he himself started in the days of his battle with poverty and hard conditions), and his more recent fund for the relief of the brutally ill-used children of Belgium. I have seen tears fill his eyes in reading accounts of the German cruelties to children in the war zone. There is nothing assumed in his passionate pity for a stricken child. In fact, there is precious little assumed in his conduct in any way. He is singularly free from "pose". And he hates cant as he hates the devil. It is equally true that he hates a toadying spirit. Some people who have only one conception of the possible attitude of a man who believes in the system of Imperial titles, toward these titles and high rank generally, would be amazed at the instructions I constantly get from his Lordship for the editorial treatment of titled personages. He seldom fails to say, "Don't be fulsome. Don't leave the impression that we are toadying. Be Canadian".

Which brings me to the discussion of his Imperial services. These, of course, are what have particularly attracted attention in London. From his early youth, Mr. Graham has always been an Imperialist, as his father was before him. But that does not mean that he has been a "centralizer". On the contrary, he has always been a *Canadian* Imperialist. Imperialism on his lips means principally "permanent British connection"—as the only possible safeguard against annexation. He is for that first, last and all the time; but he is just as strongly of the opinion that Canada should have a great deal to say about running the Empire. He is as critical of "Downing Street" as any Liberal of the old school. His great god is efficiency; and he thinks that that quality is more apt to be found in the New World than in the Old.

His first Imperial service was performed when, as a lad not yet of age and struggling against heavy odds to get his paper started, he put aside a tempting offer to lend it to the advocacy of annexation. Soon after that he became convinced that our industrial independence of the great and growing American manufacturing world was an absolutely necessary basis for our safe political independence in this country: and he began to advocate a policy of protection for our industries long before Sir John Macdonald took it up. His advocacy in the *Star* prepared the ground very largely for the campaign which in 1878 carried Sir John back into office on this platform. The correspondence which he had with Sir John shows what that stout imperialistic statesman and still stouter Canadian thought of his services. I do not desire to reopen recent political discussions in this article, but I may be allowed to add that it has been this motive—a desire to keep Canada truly independent and British—which has led him to oppose every effort to break down this fence along the American border. He has frequently said that he would rather lose every penny he has in the world than see Canada absorbed by the American Union—and he is by no means certain that the danger of this is entirely gone yet.



HUGH GRAHAM

When he started "The Montreal Star"

Thinking of Canada as British—not "an adjunct" of the British Empire, but an integral part of it—he logically has long believed that Canada should stand as ready to fight for the Empire as does Middlesex or Midlothian. So when the Boer War came and it looked as if Canada would do nothing, his chagrin was deep. Then we got the news that a New Zealand

"ELMWOOD." The country residence of Baron Graham at Cartierville. The Viaduct over the Ravine.

regiment was on the way. Sir Hugh immediately seized the opportunity, repeated this cable to every mayor and militia officer of importance in the Dominion, and asked them to say whether they thought Canada, too, should help. They were practically unanimous that she should. Sir Hugh published these stirring despatches in the *Star*, and mailed copies to every public man concerned. The immediate result was the decision of the then Canadian Government to send a contingent. Sir Hugh at once supported this by insuring every man who enlisted in the first contingent, up to a total of one million dollars, thus encouraging recruiting. As usual, he was out for results: and, as usual, he wanted Canada to take a first place. He subsequently raised a Children's Patriotic Fund for the families of these men.

His services in connection with the present war have been constant, well-directed, and so valuable that they constitute probably one of the chief reasons for his elevation to the Peerage. For years before the war opened, Sir Hugh was thoroughly convinced that it was inevitable. He had travelled much in Germany, and he was fully persuaded that "Germany would strike when Germany's hour had struck". He was in Britain when Lord Roberts made the telling and prophetic speech from which the above phrase is quoted; and, so perfectly did it express his own opinion, that he cabled it in full at his own expense to the *Star*, and had it repeated to every other Canadian paper that would take it. He wanted all Canada to hear the clear and ominous note of warning.

Naturally in his character of Canadian Imperialist, he also wanted Canada to prepare to help meet the men-

"ELMWOOD," AT CARTIERVILLE. The country residence of Baron Graham.

ace. In Britain they were preparing by augmenting the navy. No one thought of the army in those days. So Sir Hugh became convinced that Canada must assist in strengthening the navy. Always out for results and always contemptuous of empty phrases, he wanted to put Canada's contribution in the form which would mean the greatest fighting value—even if it were easier to talk of "autonomy" and "home industry" in connection with some other scheme. He unfolded his plan to Lord Strathcona, who was so convinced of its worth that he personally accompanied Sir Hugh to the Admiralty to lay it before the highest naval authorities in the world.

This was the very plan which was advocated by the *Star* for years, subsequently adopted by the Canadian Government and warmly supported by an Admiralty memorandum. Under it, Canada would probably have been represented at the battle of Jutland by at least three Dreadnoughts.

During the war his Lordship's services have been limited only by opportunity. His papers have always been active participants in every campaign for recruits or for subscriptions and loans for war purposes. As to other war services, I here enter a field on which I cannot turn the light—yet. Perhaps, in some future day, the whole story of Lord Graham's services to the British cause may be told—perhaps not. But it is sufficient for the moment to say that war-time peerages are not conferred for merely looking amiable. Thinking of these unknown services reminds me that I have forgotten to mention his Indian Famine Fund—an early Imperial service which taught our people (to the tune of more than a hundred thousand

Canadian subscribers) that they carried some responsibilities toward India. But I do not pretend to make a complete list of either his patriotic achievements, his more public charities or his campaigns for the public weal. This is not a catalogue, but a character study.

The key-note to his character is a passion for achievement. He always puts his whole soul into accomplishing what he sets out to do. I have been struck in my own personal relations with him with his remarkable gift of concentration. We often say in the office that he is "a one-idea man"—that is, when he is doing one thing he entirely forgets that there is anything else to do. But he gets the one thing done if it costs twenty-four hours a day. In the office and out of it, his courtesy is unfailing. I have never known a man to complain of him on that score. He is no flatterer. He is a keen critic, but he is always courteous.

His family life is almost his only relaxation from work. A member of many clubs in Canada and Britain, he spends little time in them. The Baroness is in close sympathy with him in all his works of charity and kindness. She shares with him his extreme solicitude for the suffering of little children, and joins in his labours to alleviate it. Much of his tenderest love is lavished on his only daughter, the Honourable Alice. As a united family, they holiday whenever the chance offers—sometimes a motor tour in Europe, sometimes a flight from the winter to Florida, but oftenest in passing an ideal summer in their lovely home at Cartierville. It is his Lordship's boast that they have there all the games that can be played in the open air, and that he can hold his own—and more—at any of them. Golf is, perhaps, his favourite; and more of his visitors leave his private course vanquished than victors. Taken from all sides, he is a fine flower of our typical Canadian culture. He has brought the ancient title of "Baron" home to us, and domesticated it. He has made it more human, and, shall I say, Canadian? The name under which he will assume his title rests, of course, with the authorities in England; but his own preference is Baron Graham of Athelstan. For, whatever they may make him in London, he will always be a Canadian. He has no notion that the Empire is a top, pivoting perilously on Westminster, but rather a broad-based Temple of Liberty, with one of its stoutest foundations resting on the soil of Canada.

AN ADVENTURE IN YOUTH

By Mary E. Lowrey

Illustrations by Berthe Des Clayes

IN this warm month of July it is good to be back again at Westhaven. I had been thinking about it all winter—not as it really must have been, with the snow packed to the edges of the hotel verandah and stretched across the ice to the black trees on the other side, but as I have always seen it; a tiny, red-roofed settlement on the edge of a little lake that looks like nothing so much as a big, blue saucer with a charming serrated etching of inverted pines at its rim.

That is Westhaven. From my bedroom window—the bedroom I have occupied for ten years—I can look out across the water to the pine-trees beyond. At home my window commands a view of a row of little gabled houses, all so exactly alike that it is, I believe, a daily occurrence for the owner of any one of them to find one or another of his neighbours withdrawing confusedly from his front vestibule. I think it must be that view from my winter window that makes me long for Westhaven as soon as the weather begins to warm towards spring. Westhaven is monotonous, too. But it is a very gracious monotony.

This year there are more guests than usual—a great number of pretty young girls and little children. But there is a tragic dearth of young men, tragic, alas! in a very real sense. For most of them are in France now—the boys I remember who came here summer after summer to swim and flirt and sail; and even the ones who used to play pirate in the old flat bottomed dinghy, and to shoot marbles, on rainy days, down the long hotel corridors.

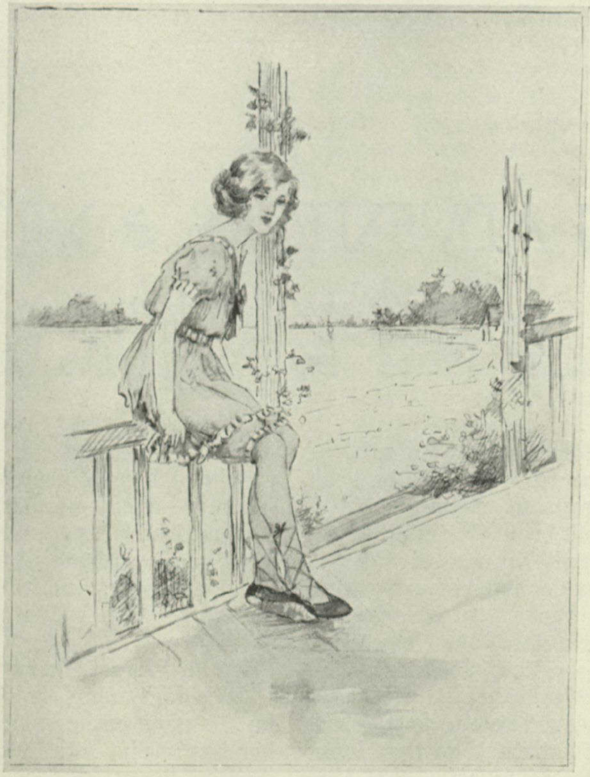
To-day I met Jerry .

Her real name is Geraldine Ross, but in most of her moods, Jerry suits her best. She is tall and vigorous and young; beautiful, too, I think, with the sort of beauty one feels sure must be the gift of ancestry and not of accident. She can swim and sail like a boy, and she handles a canoe with the dexterity of a French habitant.

"It's curious, isn't it, Miss Armitage?" an elderly spinster like myself said to me as we sat on the verandah watching Jerry executing a remarkable series of "jack-knifes" at the end of the pier. "We were taught that all a woman's destiny lay in being a good wife and mother; and the modern girl seems to believe that her destiny lies entirely in being a good sport."

I smiled without replying. For my part, I love this gay young generation, that takes such good care of its muscles, and lets its manners take care of themselves.

I do not mean that its manners are not excellent. They are. And their very excellence lies in the fact that they are allowed to take care of them-



Drawing by Berthe Des Clayes

"Jerry paused on the Verandah to talk to us"

selves in their engaging self-unconsciousness.

Jerry came up from the pier and paused on the verandah to talk to us. She sat on the railing with the water dripping from her short skirt and bright hair, looking like a classic water-nymph in an extremely modern bathing suit. She has offered to teach me to "do jack-knifes."

Jerry and I have become very good friends.

She takes me out every morning in her canoe. Ordinarily, I have a deep-rooted distrust for that tricky craft; but in her competent hands I feel quite safe, and become so absorbed in watching the rhythmic swing of her paddle that I sometimes find myself forgetting to clutch tightly to the sides.

"I like you, Miss Armitage," she said to me this morning. "You're an awfully good sport."

I felt extraordinarily pleased. For now, though I have failed my destiny as a good wife and mother, I have been promoted to the sisterhood of the rising generation.

This morning we had a new guest. A very tall young man clambered out of the little motor boat which the hotel despatches to meet its guests, and came up the pebbly path to the verandah. I had a fleeting impression of rather exceptional good looks just as he disappeared through the doorway.

The impression was confirmed at dinner time. The new guest has pleasant gray eyes and an excellent profile. He is a little shy, I think. For though we are very informal and cordial with strangers at Westhaven, he had very little to say to anyone. And after dinner he disappeared immediately in the direction of the boathouse.

Jerry and I were standing on the verandah as he went by.

"Now, why isn't he in khaki?" demanded Jerry, following him with a frowning glance. She has a younger brother in Flanders, and her patriotism runs very strong.

"He probably has an excellent reason," I said. "A widowed mother—or a weak back—"

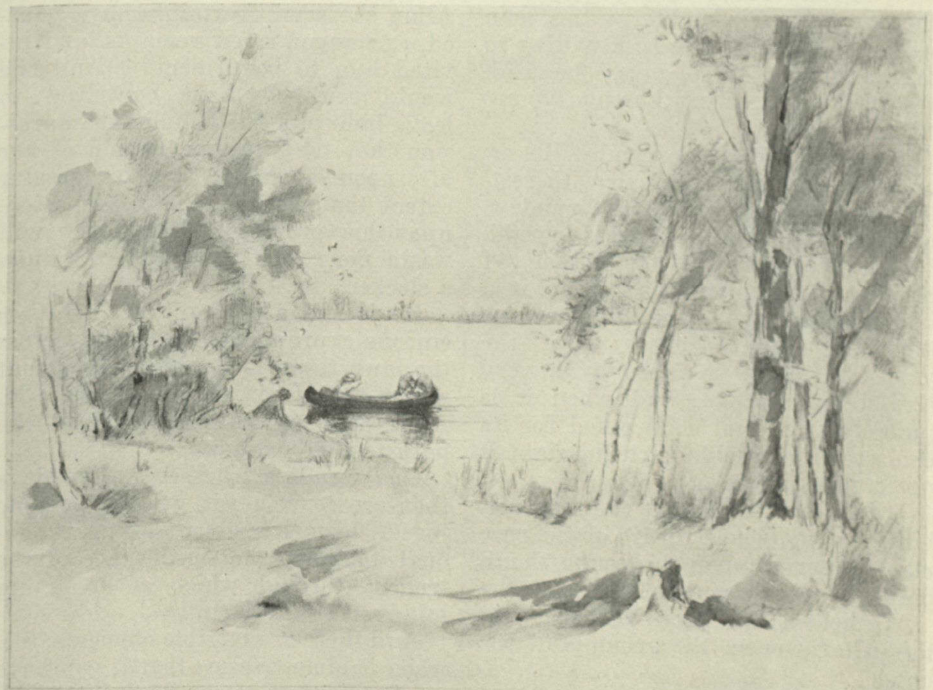
He may have a widowed mother," she answered, eyeing his large form disapprovingly. "But he hasn't any weak back."

Plainly the new guest may expect small favor from Jerry.

Her acquaintance among the militia, I have observed, is extremely wide. Almost every week-end, a soldier on his last leave comes up to say good-bye to her. Under her competent guidance I am rapidly learning to distinguish between the various ranks. At first I recognized rank only by its leather leggings, and when it abandoned its leggings, I was altogether lost.

This morning we had an unusually full breakfast table. There were Dr. and Mrs. Edwards, and their large family (they have five little girls, ranging in age from rompers to middy blouses) one of Jerry's soldiers, who, a laggard in love, had overslept and lost his place at her table, the new guest, whose name is Allan, Miss Wilson, the other elderly spinster, and myself.

We talked about the war, of course. Dr. Edwards, who expects to go overseas with a medical unit in September, will talk of nothing else. This morning he could not be restrained from outlining the Western front on the table cloth with the handle of his spoon. He illustrated the great



Drawing by Berthe Des Clayes

"She takes me out every morning in her canoe"

Somme drive with his knife and fork, and conducted a spirited infantry attack with the salt and pepper.

Mrs. Edwards took occasion to congratulate Jerry's soldier on the fact that he was in the service of his country.

"Oh, well, life's pretty uncertain anywhere," he responded, cheerfully attacking a large slice of toast.

"It is, isn't it?" said Dr. Edwards, diverted for the moment. "Almost every human being takes a chance one way or another. Some people live on the sides of volcanoes, and some don't pay any attention to the warning of their livers. And I don't suppose," he added, making the neat professional application, "that it's any more dangerous to cling to the side of potential calamity than to have a potential calamity cling to the side of you."

He returned to the subject immediately, however.

"I haven't much of an opinion of the man, especially the young man without a family, who isn't willing to take a chance these days," he said, resting his gaze absently upon young Allan.

The boy did not respond. He sat crumbling a piece of bread with restless fingers, his eyes on the window, and the water and pine trees beyond. I could not bear to look at him. I believe firmly that conscription is a democratic measure, and I can see no defense for the slacker. But the youth of to-day is faced by a very terrible alternative; and when it is publicly tried and condemned for its choice of the ignoble part, the sight is not a pleasant one.

It is sad to think that the responsibility for the whole future of the race must be thrust upon the young shoulders of a single generation.

We held a Red Cross garden party this afternoon on the grounds of the hotel.

Jerry sold ice cream. She came down about two o'clock wearing a fresh summer gown and a green wide-leafed hat that cast a pleasant shade across her eyes. And she looked so altogether delightful that it scarcely seemed possible she should be unaware of it. She wasn't.

Young Allan and I were talking on the front steps, and he was just about to leave for one of his solitary canoe trips. He spends very little time about the hotel. Almost every morning, immediately after breakfast, he takes his canoe and disappears; and sometimes we do not see him again until breakfast time the following morning.

He paused a moment when he saw Jerry, and then went up the steps towards her, with a crisp new bill in his hand.

"It's for the Red Cross," he said, as he handed it to her.

Jerry took it without enthusiasm.

"Thank you very much," she said, and thrust it negligently into the wide pocket of her skirt.

Had it been anyone else than young Allan she would certainly have paused, exchanged a few remarks, and invited him to be present. And she would somehow have contrived to leave him with the delightful impression that the sweet perfection of her afternoon depended, to a far greater extent than he might have suspected, upon his presence. But Jerry will waste none of these courtesies upon a slacker.

He looked after her with a rather curious expression as she went across the lawn towards the big striped tent where the ice cream was being sold. And then he went slowly down the path to the boat-house.

One wonders whether in the days that are to come, it will be possible for a historian to arise great enough to grasp the significance of the tragedy through which we are living to-day.

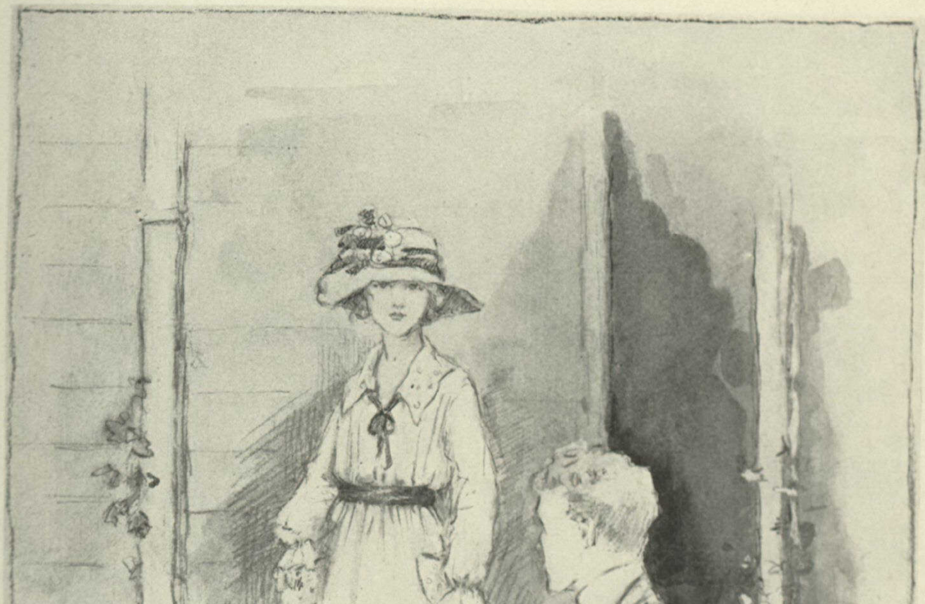
And there are terrible moments, too, when it almost seems that it can have no significance, after all; that our unhappy old world has somehow been wrenched away from the hand of its

Maker, and is passing, unguided and uncontrolled, through a meaningless agony of blood and tears.

Few of us, I think, waver for long from the creed which is, after all, the only one we dare to hold—God in His Heaven, and good—somehow—the final goal of ill. Only the good seems very obscure and far away, and the ill, enveloping and very dark, and our spiritual sight grows at times a little strained and tired.

Perhaps the great historian, seeing the situation steadily and seeing it whole, will be able to show that profit and loss are not so sadly disproportioned as we believe them to be now. And even we, looking back across the unreal horror of the last two years, may at least thank God for what they have revealed to us of the gallant spirit of youth.

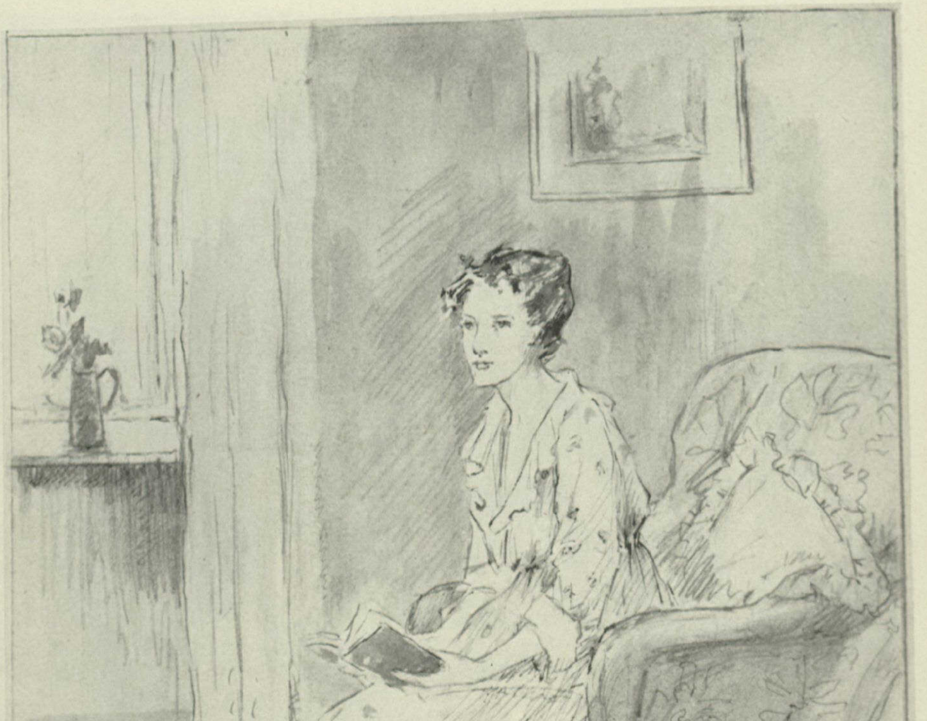
To-day the casualty list was headed by the name of a boy I remember in Westhaven ten years ago. He was killed while leading his men into action in an engagement in Flanders. And side by side with the picture that rose to my mind of the gallant officer, Lieut. William Carter, charging at the head of his men into the face of destruction, came the memory of Willie Carter, a mild little boy, nicknamed Bunny for reasons all too apparent, who never used to like to go into the dark alone.



Drawing by Berthe Des Clayes

"He paused a moment when he saw Jerry—"

Jerry, it seemed, had known him



Drawing by Berthe Des Clayes

"And I came up to my room and got into my old purple kimona and put my wet hair into its wire curlers" too. Looking very white, she came out to the verandah where I was talking to young Allan.

"Bunny Carter has been killed," she said to me. "He was a friend of my brother Jim's. They were in the same company."

She stood looking away from us so that we would not see the tears in her eyes. But she could not keep them out of her voice.

"It wasn't fair for Bunny to have to go to war," she said. "He wasn't very strong. And he was so young—only eighteen when he enlisted!"

And then she faced about unexpectedly and regarded young Allan with scornful eyes.

"Why don't *you* go?" she demanded.

I saw him open his lips to say something, and close them again in a stubborn angry line. And after a moment he replied rather sullenly.

"I'll go when my turn comes."

"You slacker!" said Jerry, and went haughtily down the steps, and along the pebbly path to the shore.

I remonstrated with Jerry this morning when we were out in the canoe, but she remained obdurate.

"If he's a slacker he deserved it; and if he isn't, of course he would have denied it," she declared with the beautifully simple logic of youth.

"Not necessarily," I said, remembering the look that had crossed his face when she challenged him so unexpectedly. And I added as gently as possible, "Even so, I can't help feeling that your methods as a recruiting agent are perhaps—insufficiently diplomatic. Even a slacker has feelings."

Jerry fell back on the syllogistic form of argument.

"A slacker is a worm," she said. "And a worm can't feel. I don't see how it's possible for a slacker to have any feelings."

I had no reply for this. So we sat silent for awhile, drifting about the quiet lake with the little waves slapping against the sides of the canoe.

"Miss Armitage," said Jerry presently. "Do you remember the line from the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," about "sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat"? That's what is happening to-day, isn't it? There are some, like poor Bunny Carter, whom no one ever suspected of heroism; and they go away and are killed. And there are others whom one would naturally expect to be—more the soldier type. And they stay at home and let the Bunny Carters do their fighting and dying for them."

"You mean young Allan," I asked.

"Yes—young Allan," answered Jerry thoughtfully, taking up her paddle again. "I suppose if I hadn't known the sort of person he really is I might have liked him—quite well."

I have been trying to analyze the friendship between Jerry and myself. It is a little unusual, I think. We of the older generation are separated, by a long line of years, from the experiences of youth; and youth accepts us pleasantly for what we are, and regards with secret skepticism the platitudes that argue, rather pathetically, that age is simply an attitude of mind. It respects us deeply and pities us a little, convinced of our wisdom and our tendency to rheumatism.

With Jerry it is quite different. It is possible that she may refer to me, in my absence, as "an old dear." But when she is with me she meets me frankly and simply on the basis of one and twenty. And before I realize it, the decorum of years slips away from me, and I find myself boldly scraping acquaintance again with youth.

She has asked me to go into town to the movies with her to-night.

An incredible thing has happened!

We went to the movies, Jerry and I. We paddled into town in the late dusk, and arrived there just as the lights began to glimmer down into the water.

The first play was nearly over when we entered the crowded little theatre, and we sat in a seat near the back and watched the performance of the "greatest emotional actress in America". The great emotional actress had very definite ideas about deportment, and she slapped the face of the floor-walker (the floor-walker is the villain *par excellence* of the movies, I have observed) because he remarked, with an odious leer.

"Some chicken! how about a little lunch?"

("Now, if he had only said, 'How about a little lunch—some chicken?'" said Jerry regretfully. "He wouldn't have been nearly so likely to get his face slapped.)

And we saw her entrapped at last, and watched her effect a rather ingenious escape through a dumb waiter. And after that our interest flagged a little, and we sat and talked about something else until hero and heroine faded rapturously off the screen.

But the next picture caught and held my attention from the first. It was a war picture, taken in France—very old and streaked, and belonging, I imagine, to the earlier period of the great struggle. And it showed long, patient lines of soldiers passing over a dusty country road. The silent tragedy of it caught suddenly at my throat, and the desolated landscape and the gray figures on the gray road, blurred to a mist on the screen before me. And the words of a sad little poem I had read somewhere came back to my mind:

> Oh, living pictures of the dead,
> Oh, songs without a sound—

Jerry said the pictures were probably faked.

"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre," she remarked knowingly.

But they were not faked. For the next picture showed the late Earl Kitchener reviewing the Canadian troops. And at the end of the line nearest the camera, standing at salute before the greatest soldier of them all, was young Allan!

Jerry made a little exclamation.

"Oh-h, it *can't* be!" she gasped.

But it was. The picture was very clear and close, and young Allan's excellent profile is not to be mistaken.

We were both a good deal startled, I think. It was almost uncanny—as though a familiar acquaintance had suddenly been presented to us in the spirit. Jerry did not utter another word until we were getting into the canoe to go home. Then she said tragically.

"And I called him a slacker!"

"He's home on leave, I suppose," I said.

"I can never look him in the face again," declared Jerry passionately; and after a moment.

"If you could see him first, Miss Armitage, and explain how I didn't understand—and how terribly sorry I am—"

I said I would, rather reluctantly. I am quite sure that she could do it a great deal more effectively herself. And we went the rest of the way home almost in silence.

I overslept this morning, and woke to the vague consciousness of a task to be performed. And then I remembered my promise to Jerry.

I should have been quite content to lie there much longer, with the yellow sunlight across my bed, and a fragrant little breeze kicking at my curtains, and a bright windowful of blue sky to look at. But I knew that if I did I should probably miss young Allan, who is seldom to be found around the hotel after nine o'clock. Life, as the industrious moralist has pointed out (in pink embroidery, on the pillow-shams of a former generation) is not Beauty but Duty.

I came down just in time to waylay him in the lower hall. And I told him about our discovery of the night before.

He looked a good deal surprised; I could not tell whether or not he was pleased. And I told him how sorry we were—especially Jerry.

"But why didn't you tell us yourself?" I asked.

He did not reply for a moment. And then he said with extraordinary abruptness.

"Did you ever go to Hell, and then come back?"

I gasped, I think. It was, perhaps, an odd question to put to a mild little elderly person who had never gone to anything more questionable than the movies in her life.

"No, I don't think I ever did," I replied.

"Well, I have," said young Allan," and I didn't want to talk about it."

It was dramatic, perhaps. But it was terribly pathetic as well. And just for a moment I caught a glimpse into the troubled depths of the boy's mind. And I knew that the things he had seen and heard were still so real and close that he could not bring himself to think about them—the sights and sounds of death, and the hideous futile desolation of which we understand so little.

"I thought I'd like to get away by myself for awhile," he said, "I haven't any folks, you see."

I did not know what to say. I could only murmur that we were terribly sorry—especially Jerry.

"Miss Ross really didn't give me a chance to tell her," he said. "Everyone took it for granted from the first that I was a slacker. I didn't think it worth while to make explanations."

It was what I had suspected—a bit of stubborn pride carried over from his not very remote boyhood. I tried to set things clear.

"Jerry is very loyal," I said. "She has a younger brother in the trenches. We all feel it unfair that the burden of the war should rest only on the willing, like yourself."

"Of course I understand that that was how you felt about it, Miss Armitage," he said politely. "It wasn't necessary to explain."

The awful haughtiness of youth! I was reminded of that absurd poem of Lewis Carroll's:

> I said it loud, I said it clear,
>   I went and shouted in his ear,
> But he was very stiff and proud,
>   He said, "You needn't shout so loud!"

"Then I shall tell Jerry you forgive her," I said.

"Why certainly. There was nothing to forgive," he answered and started toward the door. There he hesitated a moment.

"I—she—," he began, and then turned away. "Oh, there's no use now," he said, and disappeared. And a few minutes later I saw his canoe moving slowly across the lake.

I told Jerry about the interview.

"I don't blame him," she said soberly. And she added after a moment. "But what do you suppose he meant by that Ibsenesque farewell?"

I am sitting in my room in an unlovely purple kimona, a hot brick at my feet, and my hair in wire curlers —the crowning offence of *déshabillé*. And the rain is beating sadly.

And less than an hour ago—

It must have been almost eight o'clock when Jerry, who had been wandering restlessly about the verandah, came up to me as I sat knitting, and suggested going into town for the mail.

"And the morning paper," she added persuasively, seeing me hesitate.

(When Jerry wants me to go into town she always suggests the morning paper; for when one is a little withdrawn from the world the daily newspaper assumes an undreamed of value. Sometimes at home, I do little more than glance at the headlines. But in Westhaven I read everything in it—even that least inspiring of departments, the Woman's Page, and the curious lyric outbursts that have taken the place of department store advertising.)

So I consented, and she went down and brought her canoe around to the pier. And we set out just as it began to grow dusk.

It was quite dark by the time we emerged from the little land-locked harbor of Westhaven. Outside, in the open lake a chilly breeze was blowing, and the water was beginning to move and murmur restlessly. And in spite of my confidence in Jerry I felt a little shiver of fear.

We arrived in town safely however. It was too late to linger there long, and we secured the mail and the paper and hurried back to the dock.

The wind had risen alarmingly. Standing there, with that murmuring blackness before me, and the waves beating up against the dock at my feet, I felt a dreadful sinking sense of terror. There are moments when I find the business of being a good sport a little trying to my years. If there had been any other way of getting back to Westhaven to-night, I should certainly have insisted upon taking it.

The situation did not appear to trouble Jerry. She was humming softly as she lit the lantern and steadied the canoe while I got in. And she was still humming as she swung the bow about and headed toward the open lake.

I do not know how long it was before I discovered that something was wrong. I remember noticing that Jerry had stopped humming, and wondering why we were so long in making the little Westhaven harbour; and wishing, with a rising sense of fear that the terrifying sound of wind and water would begin to die away.

And then, quite suddenly, I knew that we were lost. And I knew that Jerry, paddling silently at the end of the canoe was matching her strength against the strength of the wind and the mounting water about us.

We did not seem to be going forward. We seemed to be hanging there, between heaven and earth, in an awful rocking blackness—blackness that stretched away on every side, and held no sound but that dreadful sound of wind and water.

It rained too—great drenching gusts that swept along with the increasing wind.

It was young Allan that rescued us; three miles outside the entrance to Westhaven. He had been out patrolling the lake in the little hotel launch for an hour, and he came riding toward us in answer to our frantic calls, the searchlight in the front of his boat cutting a narrow lane of brightness through the dark. And somehow we scrambled aboard.

"I heard someone say you had gone into town," he said. "I had just got in and I knew it was pretty rough out here. So I thought it might be a good idea to borrow the launch and scout around a little."

"If you hadn't," said Jerry shakily. "I'm afraid we might never have got back at all. You—you have probably saved our lives."

There was a little awkward pause. The customary line of conduct in a case of this kind, I suppose, is to seize the hand of one's rescuer and pour out broken words of gratitude. But our rescuer sat with his large unresponsive back toward us, and his hands resting firmly on the steering wheel. So I murmured, "Thank you very much," which was the only thing that occurred to me, and nothing more was said until we ran into our own little lake and the lights from the boathouse trembled faintly through the rain. Then Jerry ventured resolutely.

"I want you to know that we realize what you have done for us. I know you must feel—unfriendly toward me—"

Young Allan faced about with a half reluctant grin.

"Not exactly unfriendly," he said. "In fact I believe I've been hanging around Westhaven most of the summer simply on your account."

I left them standing under the dim light in the hotel hallway, talking in low mysterious voices, in that sudden absorbing intimacy that is possible only to youth. And I came up to my room, and got into my old purple kimona, and put my wet hair into its wire curlers.

There is a curious deadening of the

spirit that can no more be reasoned away than can damp and dreary weather.

To-morrow morning the sun will be shining over the bright wet world, and a nipping breeze from the great lakes to the north will be blowing down through all the little islands. But to-night—

To-night the rain is beating sadly against my window and I have an old bleak feeling that life and the beautiful things of youth have somehow passed me by.

For Jerry came in half an hour later to say good-night. She wore a scarlet silk kimona, and her hair hung over her shoulders in tow amazing yellow braids. She sat on the bed with her feet tucked under her, and regarded me with wide dreaming gray eyes.

"He has to leave on Thursday," she said, "but we—he says we will at least have to-morrow together."

She got up suddenly, thrust her muscular young arms round my neck and hugged me vigorously.

"Good-night," she said—"you old dear!"

THE SISTERS

By RALF SHELDON-WILLIAMS

WHAT of the day, O Picardy?
Cry us how goes the day;
I have sent my children from sanctuary
To keep the tryst of the blood for me,
My fee of kinship pay.
Do the lilies, our mother's lilies pale,
Hold high their heads to the gloom and gale?
Are they yet unstained in their beauty frail?
Sister, how goes the day?

Rest tranquil, sister Normandie;
The day goes well for France.
Your sons are one with the sons of me,
Pledged in blood and devoirie
To my deliverance.
But the lilies, our mother's lilies pale,
Flaunt gules of pride on their argent mail,
Yet never in gracious beauty fail,
For the day goes well for France.

Do you ride alone, dear Picardy?
Strike alone and lonely stand?
Nay, fear not, sister Normandie;
Our cousin of England rides with me,
Rides at my bridle hand.
And my lilies pale and his roses gay
Kindle the northern marches gray,
Where a wounded Lion holds the way
Hard by the North Sea strand.

THE SKIRMISHER

By C. W. Jackaberry

GIROUX half raised himself from his crouching position behind the rock and reached for his canteen. To his disgust, it was empty, and with a muttered curse he tossed it from him. Then resignedly he settled in the sand and peered cautiously from his hiding place. As he did so, a puff of smoke broke from a bush far out on the veldt and a bullet droned wickedly by his ear.

"Got my range all right," he muttered to himself, dodging quickly back.

From time to time he took a long shot at that bush but it was risky work and brought a fusillade of bullets around his ears, without silencing in the least the sharp-shooter who so diligently fired upon him. At last he gave it up and mopped his perspiring brow shakily. It was insufferably hot! Not a breath of air stirred, and the sun glared down pitilessly! He glanced to the left and saw stretching far out on the plain the long line of khaki-clad figures, recumbent like himself behind bushes, rocks, or heaps of sand—taking every available vestige of cover. The sharp crack of their rifles now and then came to his ears, but the firing was desultory; and showed that they, too, were biding their time; waiting for night to fall before crossing that fire-swept zone to the attack of the distant kopje.

Giroux was the last man on the right wing of the advance party, and consequently he was isolated from his comrades. The nearest soldier was beyond speaking distance, and he dared not leave his protecting rock to get any closer to him. Conversation being out of the question, he bethought himself of a smoke, but was even denied that privilege, for the good briar pipe that he carried was found broken to bits in his pocket.

He smiled ruefully at the discovery, then cursed his fate. Skirmishing was hell, anyway! He wished he had stayed at home! He licked his lips, then fell to coughing—a dry, racking cough that shook his whole frame and left him weak and helpless. Why had he come? That was the question. Oh, yes, it was on account of Dora. He had a picture of her somewhere in his uniform. With trembling fingers he finally found it in his left pocket, just over his heart.

"Sentimental ass!" he growled to himself as he brought it out.

But at sight of the girl's beautiful features a change came over him. His pale, worn face lit up, and a hectic flush appeared in each cheek! The fire of his love burned brightly in his dull, sunken eyes, and for a moment he looked almost healthy. Then the reaction set in, and another spasm of pain contracted his chest. When this was over he fell to talking to himself.

"I cheated old Saw-Bones, anyway," he said with a short laugh. "He told me I had only two months to live and here it is three to a day, since I left home. He nearly guessed it, though, for I won't last much longer. I just hope that fellow in the bush gets me before this cough does. I'd hate to go that way!"

Then musingly: "I wonder if she will care, when she hears about it. I don't think so, but anyhow, it doesn't matter."

He closed his eyes wearily, in spite of the fact that all his watchfulness was needed. Already the fever was mounting in his veins, and every pulse quickened perceptibly. He remembered her very words to him, when he had asked her to become his wife. The scene was as vivid as if it had occurred yesterday, instead of months ago.

"Bob," she had said, "I like you very much, almost as well as any man I know, but I do not love you. So, it would not be fair to have you go through life with a girl who did not return your affection. I respect and admire you greatly, but we can never be more than friends. Besides—

And then a confused look had stolen over her fair face, and instantly he had guessed the truth.

"There is someone else!" he had said huskily, and as she nodded her head and whispered "yes" his heart sank within him. From that time on, his soul grew gray and lifeless.

Then had come the knowledge that he was consumptive. A mere wreck of a man, with but two months to live! The dread disease had been slowly creeping upon him for a year back, and he had never known it! Now that it had to be, though, he was almost glad that a way presented itself to rid him of a life grown so distasteful. His bare existence palled upon him and he lived and moved as one in a dream. To cough himself to death was not an easy way to leave this mortal shell, but since the die was cast, let it be. He was content.

It was in this state of mind that he had read of the hastily mustered contingent leaving for the Transvaal, and instantly his mind was made up. How he ever passed the tests, he never knew, but men were needed desperately and when the transport sailed he was aboard, bound for the front, eager and expectant.

And now he was here, lying in the sand, waiting—waiting for night to come before he and his comrades could make a dash for the hilltop. And meanwhile they were to fire steadily at those invisible Boers out on the plain.

"There was someone else," Dora had said. Yes, and Giroux knew who that was. Still, Lieutenant Randall was a fine fellow, he was forced to admit, and worthy of any girl's love. He was fighting out here at the front, somewhere, like himself, but in what regiment he knew not. Ever since his arrival, somehow, the conviction forced itself upon him that one of them would return to claim the girl's heart. What if that one were himself? His pulses leaped madly at the thought, but no, it could not be! Even if no Boer bullet ended his career, there was still that cough. And, besides, they could never be more than friends. So, what was the use.

His reverie was here disturbed by a sound that broke upon his ears from the rear of the firing line. Turning, he gazed back over the sparsely wooded plain, and perceived a horseman approaching at a furious gallop. He had evidently lost control of his mount, for the frightened beast had the bit between his teeth, and with widely-distended nostrils, and foam-flecked lips was dashing madly forward towards the long line of soldiers. On, on he came, covering the ground at a furious pace, while his rider tugged vainly at the reins. The man's head was flung back, and Giroux could see that his face was white as death. And small wonder, for he was dashing to his doom, and in a moment would be out in front in the very face of the enemy's fire.

He shrank back suddenly as the flying hoofs passed close beside him, throwing the sand and pebbles in his very face. Then he hid his eyes, not caring to witness the end of the unfortunate man, for surely he could not last long at the hands of those deadly marksmen. A breathless moment, and then he was startled by a thud! He raised his head, only to see a crumpled up figure lying not fifty feet away and exposed to every wandering bullet, while the horse dashed madly over the plain, seemingly unscathed. He watched the inert mass, for any signs of life, and had just given up hope, when his ears were assailed by a slight groan that burst from the man's lips. He stirred slightly and appeared to be regaining consciousness. Perhaps he was not hit at all. If this were true, it would be a pity for him to become a target for alien lead.

Giroux thought quickly then, for a wild idea entered his head. And as he thought it over, it gradually became more feasible. He had coughed more than usual during the last hour, and a strange numbing sensation was stealing over him. He had never felt this way before. What was it? He grew chilly, too, in spite of the fact that the sun was blazing brightly overhead. Then the sweat stood out upon his brow, as he realized the dread truth. The doctor's words were about to be fulfilled, and his sojourn on earth was drawing to a close. He became almost frantic at the thought. Oh! what a death! No, no, he did not want to die, at least not this way. His strength was quickly leaving him. He must hurry if he would carry out his plan.

A moment he paused, however, and gazed once more on the fair face in the picture. Grimly he smiled, then left the shelter of the friendly rock and crept inch by inch towards the huddled-up figure in the sand. A feeling of gratitude swept over him, as he realized that he was about to do one good deed before shuffling off. That is, if his strength were spared him. He prayed that this might be so. Surely he would be allowed to do this thing. Steadily he drew nearer, and presently reached out and touched the man with his hand. A groan was the only response. Another foot nearer, and Giroux gazed on his face.

Then he stopped aghast, stunned by what he saw there, for the features before him were those of the one man whom he least cared to meet; the man who had taken from him all that he held dear!

"Randall! You here?" burst from his lips in anguish.

A gust of emotion shook his whole frame and caused him to cough anew. Limply he lay, face down, panting weakly and gripping the earth with his bare hands.

And while he lay, the rifles cracked continually, and the leaden missiles hummed like angry hornets above his head. Occasionally a bullet struck a rock and ricochetted off at a tangent, in a long mournful whine. His old enemy behind the bush was again taking a hand in the game, for puffs of smoke broke regularly from his place of concealment, and the lead spat dully into the sand around the two figures.

Half stupefied by his discovery, he had almost forgotten his position, when he was brought back to the present by a movement on the part of Randall. Once more he lifted his eyes to his rival's face, and as he looked a terrible temptation seized upon him! Why not go back and leave the injured man to his fate? No one would ever know! Randall would be placed on the list of the killed in action, and he would not be blamed. A long time he wrestled with himself, while his shoulders heaved with the powerful struggle that was going on within. Now and then a sob broke from his lips, wrung from the very depths of his soul. In the end, though, his better nature won, and he resolved to save the man, at all costs. The Boer riflemen were getting their range, and more often than before the ground was torn about them with the flying missiles, giving warning that no time must be lost. He waited for a lull in the firing; then, gathering all his strength, he leaped to his feet and lifted the inert form in his arms. Staggering under the burden, he made his tortuous way towards that haven of refuge—the rock.

His breath came pantingly, and great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. But he rejoiced to find that the man he carried was not wounded as yet—merely stunned by the fall from his horse. Yard by yard he covered the ground, mechanically putting one foot before the other and repeating to himself in a whisper: "I must save him, for her sake. I must save him."

Once his knees gave way altogether, and he half fell, but his iron will came to his aid and spurred him on to further efforts. That short distance seemed like miles to him. Would he ever get there? Already the grave yawned before him, and his mission not yet accomplished.

Ha! the rock was coming nearer, now. He would soon be there. But what made it shift about so? It floated before his eyes like a phantom thing. Ah! he had it. He was dizzy. That was it. Just a few more steps now, and they would be safe—just a few more. But could he make it? He just had to, that was all. He gritted his teeth and lurched forward. And as he fell he pushed the unconscious man before him into safety.

Then a sharp, stabbing pain seared his very heart, and his tunic became crimson. Raising himself on one elbow, he gazed with fast-dimming eyes towards the distant bush whence had come his death and said weakly:

"Thanks — old chap—we—beat—this cough—anyway."

TENDENCIES IN MODERN POETRY

By Arthur L Phelps

AT a time of too easy tribute to militarism and military stub moustaches and of too hilarious an invocation of the God of Force as a means of making war on war it may be somewhat difficult to gain an interest for those refined and delicate essences of music, of poetry, of things spiritual which after all constitute the world. Yet before the outbreak of war the interest in poetry at least was general and increasing, and the hope may be entertained that that interest is still continuing. Of recent date a real poetic renaissance has occurred. The aggressively practical mind of the twentieth century might suggest that this means the world is falling again into dotage, is becoming inane and feeble, but the movement may not be so interpreted. The awakened interest in poetry signifies the re-stirring of the mood of spiritual and artistical endeavour. Humanity is again becoming blessed with the seeing eye for the earth and with the understanding heart for the universe of mystery.

Poetry may seem to some to be removed, esoteric, even inane and ineffective. But it is not that. It has stimulated and guaranteed more action (if we wish so to justify it) in the world than is commonly set down to its credit. Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain" has kindled more dreams, accomplished more national good purpose than many a labour of ponderous statecraft. Browning's "O, to be in England" has inspired more of that tender and wistful sentiment which is the refinement and the soul of patriotism than many a slow-wrought institution or broadened precedent.

The poetic mood is the mood in which a nation writes its dreams and inscribes its character in the true letters of fire which a world may read.

So much for poetry. Our thought must be limited now to a discussion of modern poetry. We must guard the use of the word modern. With certain folk, and not without basis in reason, it has come to stand for a pseudo progress which is as cheap as it is ubiquitous, for a repudiation of all that possesses the atmosphere of sanctity or the breath of tradition about it. But there is a true modernity, the modernity which is neither easily contented with the past nor shriekingly disgusted at it. The modernity of the poetry which is the rightful and natural development of our to-day is of their sort. It acknowledges the past and looks to the future. It labours at that task which true progress always finds for its own, the task of making significant advance without breaking a traditional line of continuity. We possess a poetry of to-day despite the fact that by implication our universities teach us that everything stopped with the close of the Victorian era. In the poetic realm work is being done that properly demands the tribute due to careful craftsmanship and deliberate artistic endeavour. When we come to a discussion of the trend of this work, to a delineation of its features as it faces the future or the past we enter upon, wide and suggestive interests. With reference to the immediate purpose of this article I am going to cite two men, John Masefield and William Butler Yeats, as embodying two most obvious tendencies of to-day, the one a tendency which at least purports to be toward something new and distinctive and the other a tendency which is toward no new thing at all, but is only a wistful looking over the shoulder to things too long and too sadly forgotten. I refer to realism and symbolism.

Realism is represented in the poetic literature of to-day in the work of many men. It has been called upon to cover a multitude of sins. In certain of its most erotic phases it has been calculated apparently in this direction to exploit and glorify the inclinations of the unregenerate human heart (so saith the moralist) rather than its hardly cherished aspirations. In other words, a certain wing of the realism movement of today has *seemed* perverting and lowering. Its moral tone has been bad, we say. Masefield has been contemned by some as paying too much tribute. As one has said, he has not been content with calling a spade a spade. He has called it a "damn dirty shovel". Yet, in the realism movement of modern poetry there may be discovered a very fine sincerity and a passion for something which is indeed reality. As a man said about Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy", it sees through, it knows the beginning and the end. When realism can give us that and can show us the end as beautiful—beautiful in moving tragedy it may be, but beautiful, then it is powerful. The work of Wilfred Gibson, wringing the soul out of iron, out of the clanging machinery and grinding mechanical progress of to-day, is work performed in the attempt at a noble task. The songs of Patrick Magill describing scenes of poverty and degradation have a passion in them which is utter sincerity flaming at white heat. And somehow such sincerity and such passion does in truth see the end from the beginning and gives us something which is indeed very real, snatched glorious from the crucible of life's heat and process. Masefield's "Widow in the Bye Street", "Dauber", "The Daffodil Fields", though Yeats called them "artistic failures", are creations of this sort, full of their unashamed desire to make us to see life as it is, with the hope perhaps, less obvious but just as intensely present, that, so seeing, we may love it as it may be. We must not dismiss the realism movement of modern poetry too casually. For all its materialism and circumstantial degradation there is a soul in it.

And now with reference to the second tendency which has been mentioned, a word or two. It is difficult to deal with symbolism at length. To do that there would be necessary a familiarity with the developments in foreign literature which we get only after meagre fashion through translations. The possible significance of symbolism therefore can only be hinted at as it may be present in the poetic reading that comes to our hand in this our generation.

Realism, I say, is a tendency of today which purports to look forward. Symbolism is a tendency which without apology looks backward. It would fill again our poetic pages with apparently abstract figures and pictures, demanding of us the loving toil of leisure hours by the open fire and the preparation of the stored mind of understanding, and then yielding up as reward those precious moods of delicate and passionate ecstacy which hold the secret of the world. Our tendency to-day is to repudiate this sort of thing, to be impatient of its obscurity. Yeats realizes this. He speaks of "The slow lying of men's hearts which men call the progress of the world". He would lead us back to the time when we will delight to ponder the poet's word as precious because of its hidden meaning, when one of our best joys will be to repeat over and over the lingering cadence of a poet's song in order to woo forth its unobtrusive beauty. We do not take kindly to the poet who asks us to do this thing. He subjugates us. He is the sceptered one. We are the slow of heart. He imposes upon us the task of making rich our mind and we resent alike the implication and the labour. He says: "Take my symbol. It contains many deep beauties." Your eyes are blind, the poet says, and your understanding is darkened.

Yeats stands to-day as our most persevering apostle of things mystic and symbolic. He is not the perseverence of the loud propogandist nor of the uncouth prophet. "One imagines as one pleases when the eyes are closed," he says, and then he dreams for us his dream of the returning day of the love of poetic beauty and asks us if we will share the dream.

He talks of the fairies who

"... dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air."

He sings of all a rose upon the rood of time may mean. He is the familiar friend of dark goblins in dim mossy caves and of the folk of fairy-land. Inanity and superstition, child chatter and simplicity all of this, you say? Not at all, says the mystic and symbolist. The fairy folk in the moonlit ring, the goblins in the cave by the eternal sea are but symbols themselves of that realm our dim and wistful intuitions of which make us call moonlight wonderful, star shine a mystery, and the rising of the sun unending miracle. Let us love the symbols, for they would lead us into fairy-land which, with its cloudy glories, is our home.

HERBERT
McR. 12.

THE SPIRIT of THE NAVY

By "Taffrail"

AUTHOR OF "CARRY ON", "STAND BY", "PINCHER MARTIN. O.D.", ETC.

We were just in from forty-eight hours at sea in a strong south-westerly gale and a heavy sea; two days and nights which, to a person with an unseasoned interior, must have been absolute purgatory. It had been wet, fearfully and damnably wet, in addition to which we had plunged, pranced, bucked, and curvetted, as only a destroyer can.

I can almost feel the dizzy motion now. I can hear the thudding of the seas as they expended their energy in delivering a series of trip-hammer blows under the bows, and the crashing of them as they broke on board and raced madly aft along the low deck in masses six feet deep. I can remember the sickening sensation in the pit of one's stomach as the bows poised themselves on the back of a huge comber, then to descend with a horrible downward swoop into the next hollow to bury the forecastle in a wall of whitey-gray water which came surging aft in a solid avalanche and nearly knocked us flat as it erupted against the charthouse underneath the bridge. I can feel the vibration as the plunging ship quivered and trembled to the impact of those mighty thrusts, and can almost hear the mournful whistling of the wind and the perpetual swish and patter of the driving spray.

There was not a dry spot in the ship. The water percolated slowly through the neck of one's oilskins, down the small of one's back, and into one's sea-boots, while a seasick, green-faced quartermaster, shaking the spray out of his eyes like a dog, contorted himself painfully to the heavy rolling as he hung on to his tiny steering wheel and did his level best to keep the ship's head within a point of her proper course. I remember, not without amusement, the sight of a tousle-headed officers' steward staggering aft along the reeling deck with the ward-room lunch, and the wild burst of hilarity which greeted his downfall. He had misjudged the seas, and half way on his dangerous journey to the stern had been overtaken by a regular snorter of a sea, to be drenched through to the skin. It was only by sheer good luck that he was not swept overboard, for the ward-room lunch—I doubt if anyone really wanted it—together with a certain amount of wardroom crockery and half a silver-plated entrée dish, went the way of many other good meals on that particular day—to the fishes.

But on our arrival in harbour the bad time we had had at sea was speedily forgotten, for when the mail and the newspapers came on board, our hearts had been gladdened by the news of the latest big push in Flanders. The men were all full of it, and a Leading Seaman, thinking of what he had read, was gazing abstractedly towards the harbour entrance, through which a hospital ship, full of wounded from France, was slowly gliding to her moorings.

Sunset had come and gone, and the graceful hull of the incoming vessel, rocking uneasily to the swell and blazing with lights, showed as a dull, neutral-tinted silhouette against the grayish-blue of the wind-flecked sky beyond. Aloft she carried the usual white streaming lights, and at her bridge ends the red and green port and starboard bow lights. Below these a row of electric bulbs on the promenade deck showed in a tier of sparkling topaz, while the green band round her side was aglow in a belt of dazzling emerald, with, in its centre, a brilliant, blood-red cross glittering like some enormous ruby pendant. Green, yellow, and crimson . . . emerald, topaz and ruby against the subdued sapphire and amethyst of sky and sea.

"I reckon some o' these poor blokes in that packet could spin us a yarn or two," remarked the Leading Seaman, cramming the tobacco down in his pipe bowl with a grimy forefinger. "Them blokes 'as bin seein' things."

He was not a man who generally gave vent to his feelings, but he spoke with reverence, for, if the truth be known, the sight of the hospital ship with her freight of suffering humanity awoke a chord of memory he was trying hard to forget. Two of his brothers lay somewhere in nameless graves, in the blood-soaked fields of Flanders; brothers whom he had loved, and who, with him, had been the sole support of an ailing widowed mother. He was the only breadwinner left.

"It's a bit 'ard to think o' the numbers of 'em wot's lost the number of their messes," he went on. "For every one of 'em in that ship there's 'undreds more wot won't come 'ome no more. But s'welp me, though," he added admiringly, "them Tommies is full o' guts!"

"I reckon they gotter be to stick wot they does. Us blokes doesn't know wot it's like out there," chimed in another man, waving a hand vaguely towards the eastern horizon. "It's fair 'ell, and no mistake."

They themselves had not been called upon to endure the awful intensity of trench fighting, and constant shell and rifle fire, the bombing, and the ghastly bayonet charges. They had not made attacks upon opposing trenches across "no man's land," swept by hostile rifles and machine guns, torn and riven by shrapnel and high explosive shells, covered with wire entanglements, and dotted with the pathetic remains of men, friend and foe alike, who had perished in previous assaults, and whose numbers were constantly being added to. But yet, with their knowledge of modern weapons, aided by a certain amount of imagination and the meagre accounts they read in the newspapers, they could realize something of the unspeakable horror of modern land fighting, and since they did not stop to think of the work of the Navy from the point of view of the war as a whole, the part they were playing in the titanic struggle seemed from the purely personal point of view rather unsatisfactory in comparison. Their soldier brothers were always fighting, while to them, though they were for ever at sea looking for him, the sight of a Hun was a rarity.

It never occurred to either of these two particular men, nor their shipmates, that, from the point of view of the ordinary layman, their own existence for the past twenty-seven months would have seemed very nearly as bad as that of the soldiers in the trenches. But there was no great contrast between their life in peace and in war, for the old ocean still has the same fogs and squalls, the same gales and calm, and the same periods of fine and bad weather, as it has had for countless generations. The advent of hostilities only meant more time spent at sea in slightly more rigorous conditions. less shore leave, a few extra dangers in the shape of mines, and prowling submarines, and a very occasional naval engagement, excitements which on the rare occasions when they came were a positive relief to the tedium and monotony of their life.

But they had experienced something of the horror of war. Their ship had been in action, and they had heard the whistle and detonation of the high explosive shell as they drove home to kill and mutilate their shipmates with flying fragments, and then it was that, in the open, they rather envied the soldiers the doubtful shelter of their trenches and dug-outs. They had witnessed great ships blown up and sunk by hostile gunfire, and had seen the pitiful little band of survivors from a fine ship's company of nearly a thousand souls; a thousand men blasted to instant death at a range which to our grandfathers would have been unthinkable.

They had chased marauding enemy submarines, and had seen the white tracks of torpedoes passing under the bottom of their own ship. They had played noughts and crosses with death in minefields, and off and on had been at sea in all weathers ever since August, 1914. If the truth must be told, however, they dreaded bad weather and its consequent discomfort, motion, and wetness, far and away worse than the prospect of bumping a German mine or going into action.

But in their opinion the life since they were so used to it, seemed very humdrum and monotonous at times, and all their hardships and perils were as nothing compared with those of the soldiers "out there".

The British bluejacket is always a wonderful person when it comes to making light of difficulties, ignoring danger, and making the best of a bad job should disaster unhappily occur. He has a wonderful knock for adapting himself to circumstances, and embarks upon the game of war with the same zest and love of excitement as when, in the palmy days of peace, he plays football against some other ship, rows in a racing boat's crew in a regatta, or takes his wife and children to a gory drama at a picture palace.

*

A destroyer which fought in the Battle of Jutland was sunk during the desperate night attacks on the retreating enemy. Many of her ship's company had been killed and wounded, and when the vessel foundered the boats were found to be splintered and useless, so the survivors, putting their faith in life-belts and pieces of floating wreckage, had to fling themselves overboard and trust to luck. The water, in spite of the fact of its being summer, was bitterly cold, and though all around them they could see the wild glare of searchlights, the flashing of guns, and the rushing shapes of passing ships, they had no means of attracting attention. The chances seemed fully a thousand to one against their ever being rescued at all, and as the hours wore on several of the more badly wounded dropped off and were drowned. But the survivors never lost heart, and it was as well they did not, for when dawn came six hours after their ship had disappeared, a British light-cruiser was seen bearing down upon them.

Among the men rescued was a young stoker, who was dragged on board the rescuing boat numb and almost perished with the cold. They assisted him to the ship's sick-bay, removed his sodden garments, rubbed him with hot flannels, and then made obvious preparations for putting him to bed.

"'Ere!" he wanted to know. "Wot's up now?"

"Don't worry, my man," said the Staff Surgeon. "We'll soon have you between the blankets, give you a nice hot breakfast, and then you'll go off to sleep and be all right."

"But I'm all right now, sir," protested the victim, his teeth still chattering.

"Yes, yes, I quite understand. But you really must obey orders, you know."

"I don't mind a bit o' somethin' to eat, sir," grumbled the stoker, "but I don't want no bed. I'm all right, sir."

"You must do what you're told," said the doctor sternly.

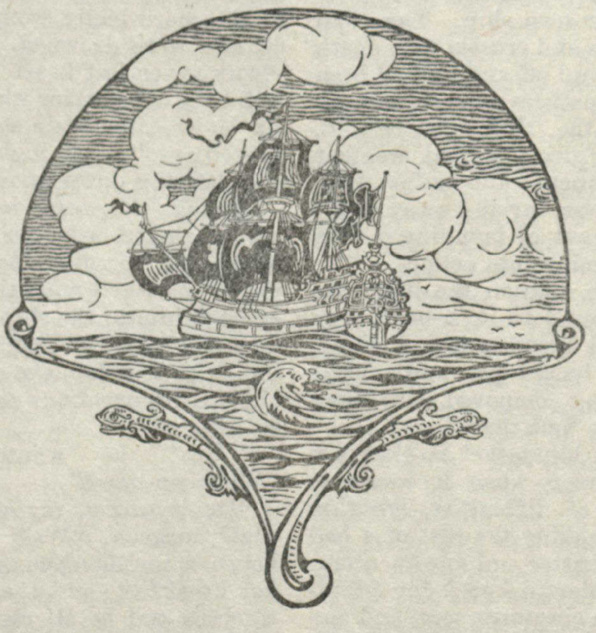
"But if we're to 'ave another dust up with the Germans, sir, I don't want to be in bed for it. I didn't 'ave such a bad night considerin'."

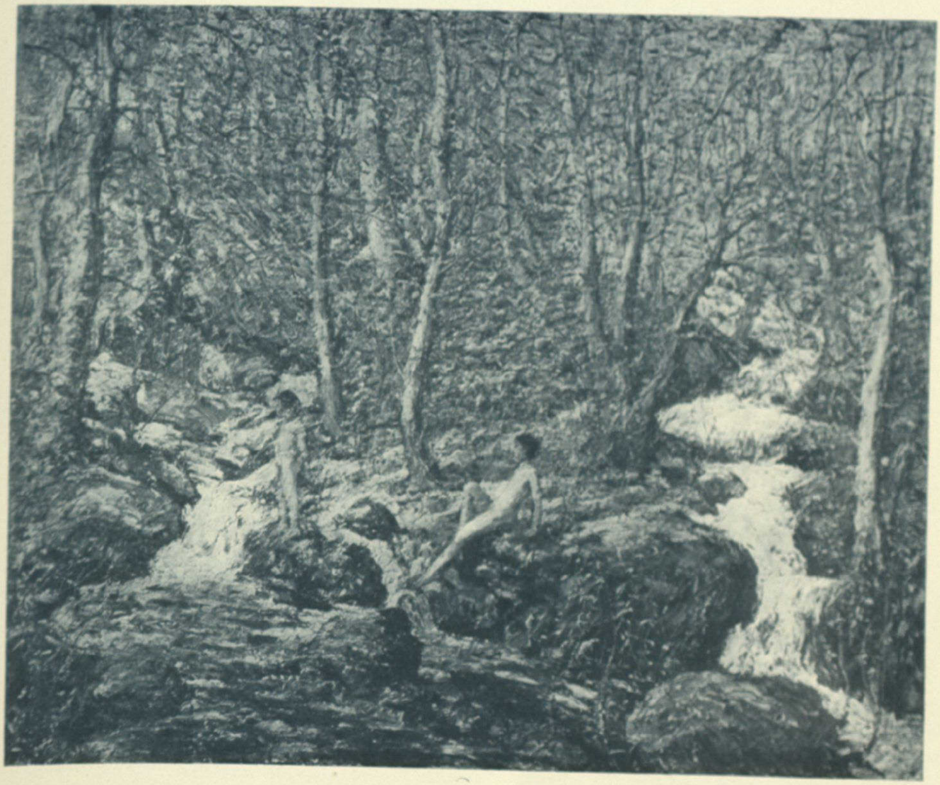
Then he wondered why the P.M.O. and sick-berth steward laughed as they rubbed the skin off his chest. But this sort of spirit does not only exist amongst the regular men-of-war's men. It is also present with the thousands of men belonging to our mercantile marine and fishing fleets, who are now serving their country under the White Ensign.

A certain number of our armed patrol vessels, steam trawlers and drifters, were once sent on a rather hazardous undertaking, in the course of which two of them had the bad luck to be sunk by hostile destroyers and their crews either killed or made prisoners. A rumour subsequently got about to the effect that the surviving vessels were unwilling to repeat the performance lest the same fate should befall them, and full of righteous indignation at the undeserved libel a large deputation from the vessels concerned waited upon the senior naval officer.

"It has come to our notice, sir," said the spokesman, "that someone has been saying that we're frightened to go to sea after what happened the other day. Me and my mates have come to tell you it's a lie, sir, and that we'll go to Heligoland or any other perishing place you like to send us."

And they meant it, too.



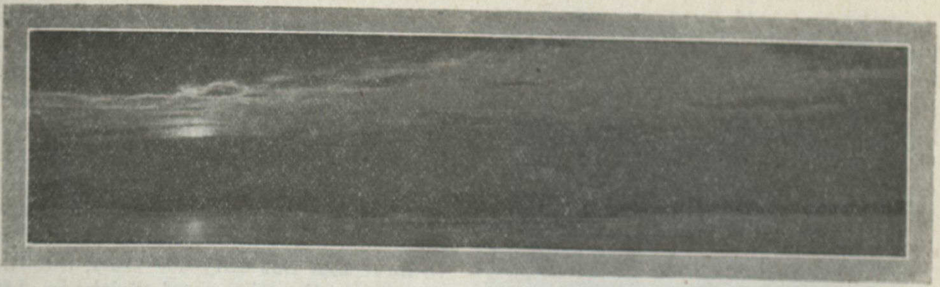


THE BROOK

From the Painting by
Ernest Lawson

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

The Canadian Magazine



THE LAKE-of-the-WOODS

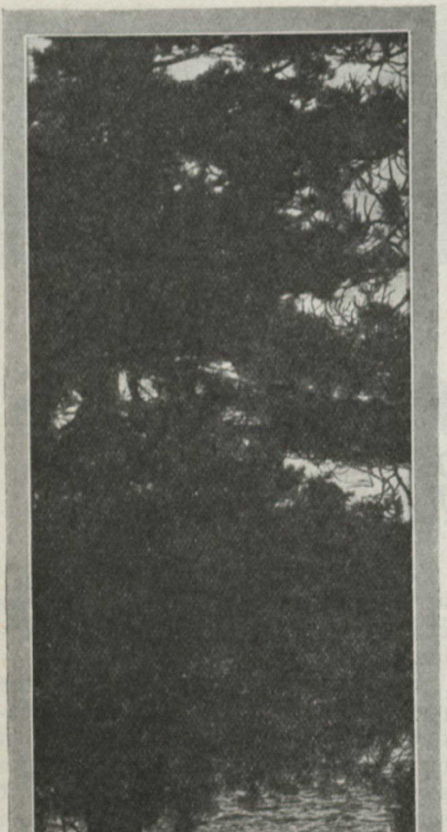
By J. F. B. Livesay

THE Lake of the Woods is at once the most charming and least known of Canadian resorts. It forms a watery triangle between the State of Minnesota on the one hand and the Provinces of Ontario and Manitoba on the other. It is possible to go from Kenora or Keewatin northwards down Winnipeg River into Lake Manitoba, and so by Nelson River to Hudson Bay; to follow the arteries of the lake west into Manitoba; or east along the international boundary into the Rainy Lake district, and thence two hundred miles, by an historic trail of river, minor lake and portage, to the shores of Lake Superior.

So much for physical features. But the charm of the lake, the essence of its scenery, is that its innumerable avenues radiate alike to the wilderness. Summer after summer you may set out on its waters, and, armed with chart and compass, deliberately steer your bark into the unknown. Its main waters, linked by navigable channels, cover several thousand square miles, but behind these lie countless little chains of lakes, concealed save for the Indian, the hunter and the prospector, and often quite unmapped. These are accessible by canoe, but their doors are shut to the scurrying motor-launch.

Some twenty years ago when the present writer first visited these waters, their privacies and hidden mysteries were undesecrated by the scent of gasoline. Absurd though it sound now, he and another just such a green youth from England, pulled about the lake in an open row-boat—most arduous and mechanical of water transit—chipping the rock here and there for the ore samples that were to provide the foundation of their fortunes; callow youths passing through an inevitable stage of their novitiate in Canada. Bred to the brown-sailed smacks of an English fishing village, and to pull a strong oar in rough seas, the canoe, its frailty and instability (to the uninitiated), seemed a perilous and an awkward craft. So, baling and rowing by turns through a lake storm, they came near losing their lives, and did indeed lose their way, abandon the leaking boat, and trudge two days without food and but little hope through the wilderness till at last, and quite by chance, they struck a railway-tie camp.

Thus the cocksure British youth,



"Tall pines and glimmering waters"

with nothing to learn and all to teach. But it is an adaptable breed and in years to come those two might be found numbered among the adventurers into the wild, skilled in paddle and plentiful of resource. The man who goes into the wild under a guide, good fisherman or fine shot though he be, is not a woodsman. Before he graduates of that craft—unless to the manner born—he must have known what it is to have lost not only the trail, but his sense of direction and faith in his compass; to beat around in narrowing circles, despair catching at his heart; to count his diminishing supply of matches; at last to stumble blindly on, and on; a creature lost to reason, incapable of taking stock of his position, driven to mad and madder gyrations. That blind unreasoning terror, when even the rays of God's sunlight fall from an impossible quarter of the horizon, leaves its mark in after days. His fears indeed have gone—he can steer his way over ridge and through heavy underbrush with the best of them—but some indefinable sense of the personality of the woods—now kindly, then malicious—has entered into him, and claimed him for its own. Many men of the plain cherish the secret hope that when their end comes it shall be amid the shadows of tall trees.

Not indeed does one run much risk of losing one's way in Lake of the Woods, thanks to the admirable large scale maps of the Ontario Government. But, as this little article is essentially a plea for the canoe, consider the effect on the youthful temperament of its supersession by the gasoline launch. These youths of the summer lake-front are as sturdy and sunburnt as ever—they have freely given of their vigour to the distant fields—but they are mere mechanics, skilled dabblers among intricate machinery, connoisseurs of speed, though with a becoming recklessness in "driving her" through dirty weather. Niceties of navigation are not for them, when it is the indicator of the gas tank instead of the sinews of their stout arms that must repair mistakes of direction and the misreading of maps. As for the scenery—by a tortuous course we approach our goal—for the scenery, they know every prominent landmark for fifty miles, but they flit by at such a pace that it has lost for them its significance, brings no message to their brave worldly young souls.

Time was when very early one June morning two or three of them would slip silently out in a trimly laden canoe—not less than eighteen-foot and fifteen inches deep, lying low and snug in tempestuous waters, safest of craft. There, piled close, are their tent, blankets, cooking utensils and supplies: flour, bacon, beans, hardtack, potatoes, onions, dried fruit, tea, sugar, salt, tobacco, a good troll-line or two and a couple of light axes.

Already the sun is thrusting above the horizon, but mist obscures the vision and the air is chill. Not a ripple nor a sound save the scarce audible dip of the paddles. The brooding silence of night still envelops dark pools and sombre woods. The youth steering dimly identifies headlands and distant isles from the map propped before him. There is a hushed sense of expectancy. Then presently a breeze ruffles the water, the mist lifts, and the sun in his strength sets the lake dancing to his rays, sparkles on the lichen of the hoar old rock and illuminates the depths of the bush. A loon takes alarm, abandons his morning fishing, and flies over them up into the wind, uttering his weird and mocking cry.

"Graceful birches in their sunlit glades"

The younger generation is abandoning the canoe as sole and definite means of locomotion. It has become a plaything around the garish summer cottages, weighted down each year with a vivid coat of paint, but too light and shallow for serious work in open water. It is but a travesty of the sound and serviceable cedar "Peterboro". carefully scraped, patched and varnished year after year. A few old boys of a fading generation still cling to the canoe, but for practical purposes it is relegated to the prospector, the timber cruiser and the settler. This is the age of gasoline.

Yet even nowadays on Lake of the Woods it is extraordinarily simple to slip out in a canoe past the castellated villas of the eccentric rich, and out of the ken of the chug-chug of the motor-boat fry or the soft purring of brass-and-mahogany "speeders". It is all a matter of keeping off the buoyed routes and stealing through narrow channels. A canoe can navigate shoals, careless of hidden rocks, picking its dainty way across the danger zone, or can venture boldly into open water, where a tug puffing heavily along towing "bags" of logs to the mill is an object of legitimate interest. That and the fish-boats are part and parcel of the lake, and the only link with civilization we are likely to encounter in our sequestered journeyings, save perhaps the birch-bark of an Indian and his squaw.

We camp, then, the first night, a dozen miles out, just beyond the fringe of familiar things, out of sight of the ugly mouths of boat-houses. This first stage is always a short one. Indeed, let us confess at once, that on these excursions of middle-age we seldom make of any day a grand stage —forty-mile paddles between dawn and dark are no longer for us. We like to travel in comfort, with a big and roomy canoe and an abundance of everything, and so plot out a trip free of hard portages; we prefer the open water to creeks and tiny lakes, muskeg and cedar swamp, the happy hunting-ground of the "flies". For the same reason we camp on open exposed points, facing the wind. It is no trick to make up even on the bare rock a luxurious bed of fir branches.

We camp early this day, for we have debouched with all our impedimenta from the train on to the dock, and the trim of the canoe will not be right until we have broken up the packages and distributed the load shipshape. Once that is settled, it is followed the rest of the way, every item finding its place in its appointed niche.

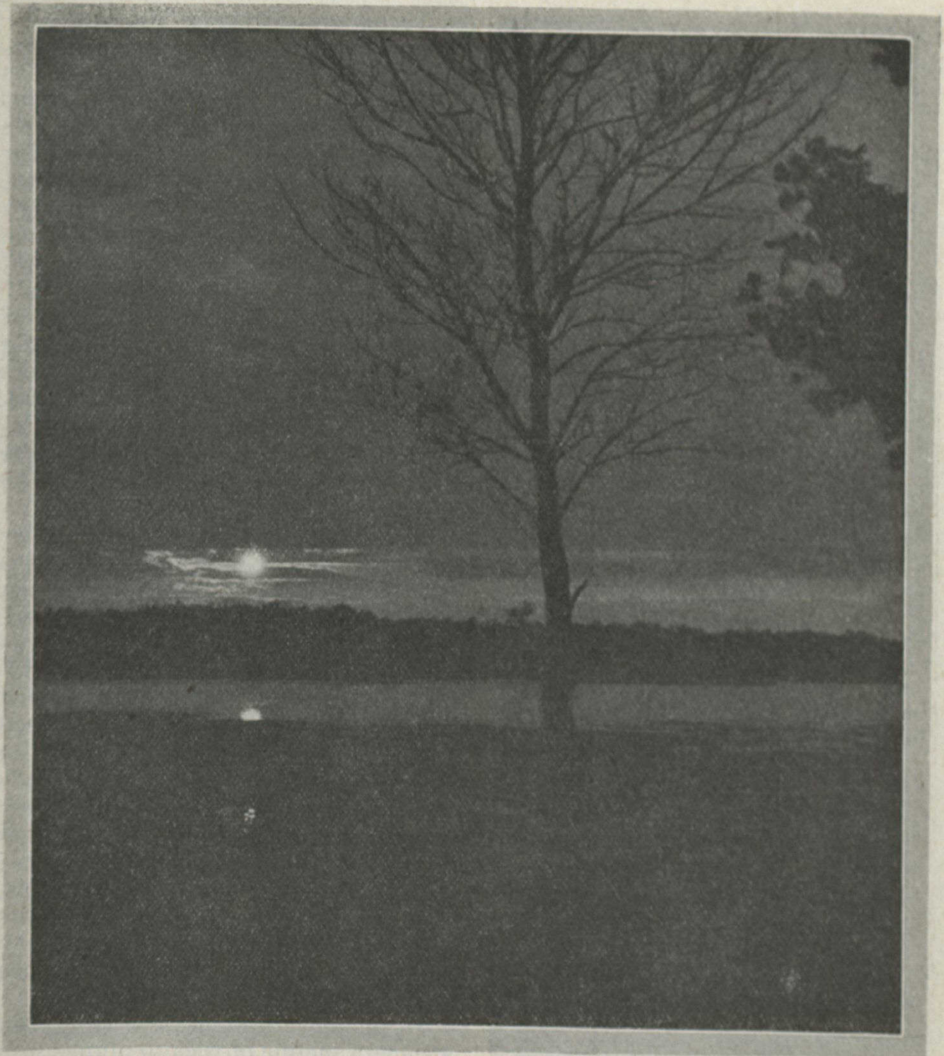
Two is better company than three on these trips—three in the canoe encourage inconsequent chatter; but two, assuming, of course, a common sympathy of appreciation, can paddle miles with hardly a word, save occasional references to the route, or comment on an interesting "bit". They must be of an inventive turn, and firm of nerve for ticklish corners —the sudden twist of a rapid; or the quick onslaught of the southwest gale, that through the long years has bent the tops of the great pine trees all to the same quarter.

A well-assorted couple divide up naturally the common stock of labour. Thus the skipper selects the camping spot, pitches the tent—seven feet by nine, with a three-foot wall—and houses the perishable goods. By this time the crew has lit the fire, made the tea in an open pot, and in the frying-pan is simmering whatever delectable has been voted after anxious debate of the last half hour's paddle.

There is a long evening ahead, when nature flings on her palette the iridescent hues of the setting sun—opal and apple green, turquoise blue and crimson, orange and rose, splashed on to a golden background. Swiftly he is sinking into a bank of cloud, to burst out again in suffused glory before striking fire from the horizon: here a flat line of open water, studded with silhouettes of islands.

The skipper swings the canoe this way and that; he is "arranging" his picture, and perhaps will select for foreground a point jutting out into the west; or, if there is great luminosity and little wind, the stretch of water itself may promise sufficient light and shade, sharp enough contrast for the "picture". Best results under these conditions call for rapid exposure and open lens. A slow exposure flattens the life in the water and blurs the light values of the evening sky.

The picture taken, and the sun down, we turn back to camp. The

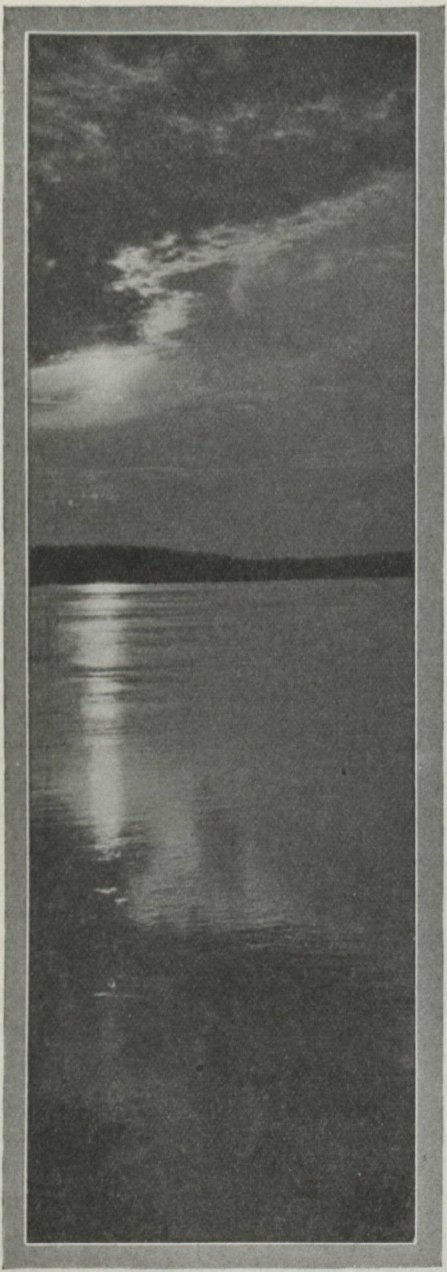


"Night encompasses us"

colours fade to a coral gray; stars shine out; night encompasses us.

All day long one scarce has seen a living thing, except the feathered tribe, or perhaps a porcupine sunning himself aloft by the water's edge. Later in the season we may come on a black bear swimming leisurely over to a favourite blueberry patch. But in these summer months, with the underbrush a leafy curtain, it is seldom one comes across the big game with which the bush abounds. Indeed, the distinguishing note of the woods is their silence, so that a breeze in the tree-tops, or the fall of a fir-cone, is quite audible.

But at night it is a different affair. The shy denizens have waked to life. Over the tent itself there is the swift patter of a squirrel; jack rabbits chase each other across the glades, the white tufts of their tails flashing in and out among the shadows; all the trees are a-murmuring; a night-hawk emits his plaintive conventional note; there is



A Lake of the Woods Horizon

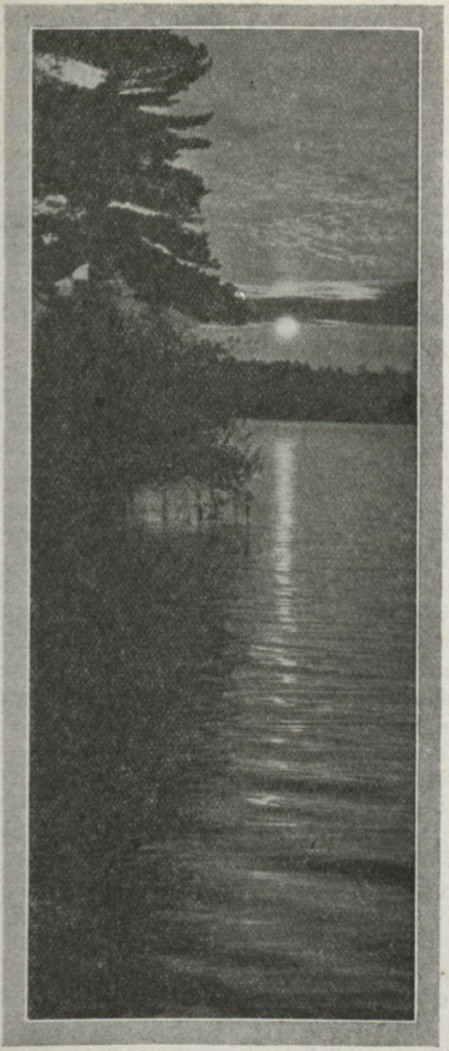
the soft lapping of water on rock, and the gurgle as it floods through some unexpected fissure; one hears a crashing of branches, maybe a moose making his way to a nearby lily-bed.

These are all accustomed and explained sounds. But there are others, mysterious little noises, vibrations as it were of another world, sounds that as one lies but half awake on one's scented couch take one back to fairy legends of childhood—high, clear, sweet calls, ringing, tinkling through the woods: "as may seeme to have bene whistled of Pans oaten pipe", in the phrasing of old Hakluyt.

Once there is a ruder sound, as of some small beast scraping and delving back of the tent. "Lie still," whispers the crew, putting out a warning hand. "I believe it is a skunk." But, terrible as this little beast can be, the woodsman knows that unmolested he is harmless enough.

On occasion a midnight storm, after certain warning mutterings, swoops down on this peaceful scene, and then indeed the skipper's work is tested. The stiffened canvas strains on the tent-pegs, and the guys hum like fiddle-strings; if one gives, all is buried in a common ruin, or, if the ground be not well drained, there will be no sleep that night. But when all stands firm and taut, let winds shriek as they will, rain pelt down, or lightning dazzle and thunder split the ear—warm and dry are bed and blankets, unflickering burns the candle in its socket of birch-bark, and we may make sport of the fireworks of the heavens.

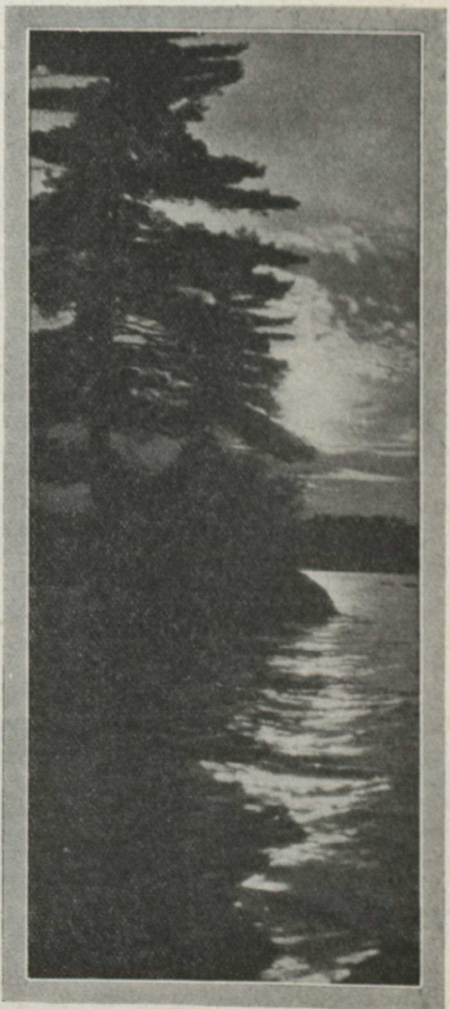
In the morning there is a run down a smooth incline of rock to plunge into fifty feet of water, tingling cold. The skipper packs the blankets into their waterproof bags, takes down and rolls up the tent, and then turns to breakfast. A cunning cook is our crew. The tiniest of fires suffices for his glowing embers, and he chooses a sheltered spot by the water's edge, setting two flat stones a few inches apart and between them his bundle of dry twigs. With nothing more than a couple of tin pots and a frying-pan, our crew will serve a meal done to the turn, perhaps an onion omelette, baked potatoes, toast and tea.



"Swiftly the sun is sinking into a bank of cloud"

Then the washing up of dishes while the skipper loads the canoe, and we are off again for another long day. Luncheon is cut down to absolute essentials—tea, of course, and perhaps sardines, bread and butter, cheese and jam—and these go into the canoe with the dishes last of all. A good hour's halt in the heat of the day, with another dip, and then an early camp is the rule. That is a fair weather programme, and means a day's paddle of fifteen to twenty-five miles, as it may be a contrary or a favouring wind.

But, especially in June, showers and wet days must be counted on. If the morning opens wet it will clear up by noon, but often a fine forenoon ends in a downpour. We have no false pride then, and should a suitable camping-place present itself we make for it and soon are snug under canvas. Occasionally we are caught a long paddle from camping-ground, and then, though our dunnage is dry enough, it is a melancholy business until a blazing fire is going in front



"Amid the shadows of tall trees'

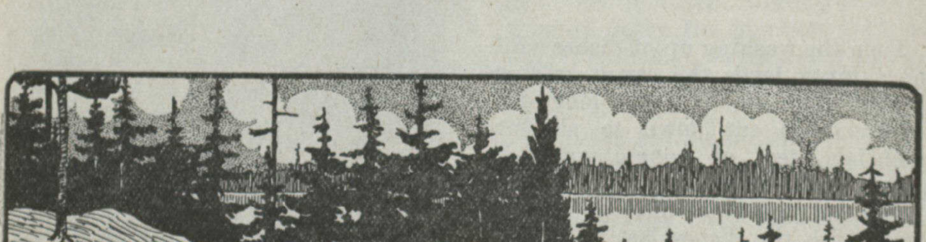
of the tent, steaming out our clothes.

For wet days one provides a book—a good double-barrelled novel like Tolstoy's "War and Peace"—but it is not until we are on the train again that we really dip into it. There is too much to do in the bush. It must be a soaker indeed to confine one to the tent for long; the fresh-scented dripping woods have a new charm, with the squelching of the greedy moss underfoot and branches passing wet fingers across one's face. Over the lake, there is more "atmosphere" than usual, and though here the camera fails to record it, there is a "picture"—so intent are we on pictorial representation—gray squalls driving over a murky sky to set the rain-drops dancing on the leaden water.

Frankly, the crew is not interested in these fine shades; he squats after the fashion of his immemorial forebears in the door of the tent assiduously stitching at trifles—he who for fifty weeks never has a needle in his hand. Or, if the day be very drear, there is piquet or cribbage, with a score-board improvised by aid of a hot skewer.

But one eye is cocked to the weather, and we are off at the first sign of lifting. The sun shines bravely forth; all nature sparkles; the air is heady and fresh as new cider; soon we are slipping again into the unknown. For the compelling charm of these little excursions lies just in that rare fact that each day we break in on new scenery, each night ground our prow upon a foreign strand, and, as we swing our paddles hour by hour, have ever before us the mystery that lies just exactly round the next point but one. In our little way, we, too, are explorers; seekers. No dangers beset us—indeed, it is a humdrum affair enough—but nothing can rob us of the joy of making our way by map and compass where we have never been before, nor are likely ever to come again.

One has done this sort of thing with rifle and with rod, or with pick and miner's drill, but there is a new zest in this pursuit of the wild armed only with a camera. And it is a zest that we can renew in the long winter months as we lovingly turn over our pictures, and recall the little trivial exciting circumstances that surround each one, and make up for us their story. After all, for others, they can be nothing more than halting representations of nature in her fastness—of tall pines and glimmering waters, of bold rock and shadowed horizons, of the graceful birches in their sunlit glades—but for us they have another value. Each marks a milestone of our journey and tells us of days under open skies and nights under the cool vault of heaven—days redolent of the odours of the bush; nights spent in deeper communings of the spirit whence one returns refreshed to the battles of this old workaday world.



THE FIRST MILLER ON THE HUMBER

BY HERBERT MACDONALD

"HE WAS A VERY FIRM LOYALIST"—EVIDENCE IN LOYALIST CLAIMS, 1787

AS the city of Toronto becomes larger and more populous, with hundreds of swift motor cars passing through her streets, and great railways linking her commerce with that of other cities, there is perhaps a tendency to forget those men of a past generation who by their work and sacrifice made possible the magnificent developments of to-day. The career of the earliest miller on the Humber river, as sketched in the following article, is probably typical of the lives of many of those Loyalist pioneers who settled in the wilds of Canada after the close of the American War of Independence in 1783.

Many readers will have pleasant memories of the Humber river valley, situated so conveniently near the western boundary of Toronto. The slow, winding river, with wooded hills on either side, is an ideal resort for canoeists, and the whole valley, with its shady groves and grassy slopes, provides a most welcome refuge from the heat and noise of the great city.

At a distance of about a mile and a half from the lake, the stream becomes too shallow and too rapid even for a canoe, but those who proceed thus far up the river are always well content to pause and rest, for their interest is aroused by the ruins of the "Old Mill", which, with its shattered and storm-broken walls, adds a delightful touch of romance to the scene.

This building, of which the stone walls now alone remain, is about eighty years old, having been erected by William Gamble in 1837 as a substitute for a wooden mill built about 1833 by Thomas Fisher. However, for forty years previous to 1833, there had been a mill upon the same site.

Investigation of old records brings to light the fact that the first mill on the Humber was built as the result of a suggestion by Governor Simcoe. In a letter written by him in 1792, in reference to his plans regarding the town of York, these sentences occur:

> "I have lately examined the harbour, and found it to be without comparison the most proper situation for an arsenal, in every extent of the word, that can be met with in this Province. . . . At the bottom of the harbour there is a situation admirably adapted for an arsenal and dock-yards, and there flows into the harbour a river, the banks of which are covered with timber. Upon this river I propose to construct a mill, principally for the benefit of the settlement, but which,

> I have no doubt, will, at the cheapest rate, supply every material that may be wanted for his Majesty's service in the various ports of Lake Ontario."

The mill was in operation as early as 1793 and was on the site now occupied by the "Old Mill".

In 1794 was published a report of the income received from the "King's Mill on the Humber". In those days the miller leased the property from the government, paying as rental a percentage of the amounts received for flour and lumber, there being both grist and saw-mill on the property. In the year mentioned, the Crown received £77 from the mill.

There is an old letter preserved in the Archives Department at Ottawa, addressed to the Honourable John McGill, and endorsed "9th November, 1797, from Mr. John Willson, proffering to purchase the government mill, if same is to be disposed of".

After stating that the mills are much out of repair, and that such has been the case ever since his occupation, Mr. Willson continues:

> "Although my obligation in lease obliges me to keep them in the same repair I received them in, but finding that with much more expense there might be improvements made, so that they might make more speedy performance, I therefore wish to observe to your honour, that if it would be the wish of Government to dispose of them on reasonable terms, it would be my wish to purchase them."

No doubt there was in those days very little "speedy performance," as compared with the work of modern mills, yet it is a fact that, in 1794, there was cut at this mill all the lumber used in the construction of the first legislative buildings of Upper Canada. These early parliament buildings were situated at the south end of what is now "Parliament Street" Toronto. They were burned by the Americans in 1813. The timber for the Old Fort at York, built in 1793, under the direction of General John Graves Simcoe, was also cut at the King's Mill on the Humber.

In the Archives Department at Ottawa, and also in the Public Reference Library in Toronto, there are some tattered copies of newspapers of long ago. In one of these, *The Upper Canada Gazette* or *American Ovade*, printed at York, November 24th, 1798, there is an advertisement regarding the Humber Mill. Side by side with the advertisement, there is quoted a letter dated "Hamburgh, August 21st, 1798," referring to "a very bloody engagement which is said to have happened between Admiral Nelson and Bonaparte, near Alexandria".

The letter and the old advertisement prove that John Willson was the lessee of the mill for sometime previous to 1798, and in fact all the evidence indicates that he was the first miller to take charge of the King's Mill. It is interesting to picture to ourselves this miller of long ago. Probably on some evening late in November, 1798, he sat by his fireside and read, in this same *Upper Canada Gazette*, the news of the Napoleonic wars, quoted from letters which had been mailed in Europe more than three months before.

John Willson's offer to buy the mill was not accepted. In 1799 he left the mill, and moved to Yonge Street, where he and his sons settled on land which had been granted to them as United Empire Loyalists. The miller himself received grants of land totalling 1,200 acres. Of this, 200 acres was on the Humber, just north of the mill, but on the opposite side of the river. This property was bought by the Howlands about 1849.

The government reports regarding Loyalist grants reveal a great deal which is of interest regarding this first miller on the Humber. In the list of Loyalists at the Ontario Parliament buildings, his name appears, with the note that he "came in, in 1793, with three sons". In the report of the Ontario Bureau of Archives for 1904, there is a synopsis of evidence submitted by him in 1787, to the commissioners appointed to inquire into

THE LAST OLD MILL ON THE HUMBER

the claims of Loyalists. From the evidence, the following facts appear. The claimant was a native of America, and previous to the revolution, lived in Piscataway township, Middlesex county, New Jersey, on a farm which he had inherited from his father. The claimant produced the will, and also five deeds, (one of them dated 1728), proving his father's title to the land.

so that he must have kept these documents carefully all through the seven years of the war. He states that "when the Troubles broke out," he "joined the British Lines at Woodbridge, when the Army came from the White Plains," and that he fought on the British side "all the war". His property was confiscated and sold "by the rebels". A very human touch is added to the evidence, when the claimant states in regard to some valuable cattle which were on his property, that he "heard that one Dunn, a rebel, took them".

A witness is called, and gives evidence before the commission that he "knew the claimant; came off with him to the lines in December, 1776, to Woodbridge, and joined the British troops there. "The witness testifies that the claimant was a "a very firm Loyalist; knew the claimant's father and two elder brothers. The father had portioned them out with other lands. The homestead was intended for the claimant. There was a good dwelling house, and a large orchard".

It is interesting to find confirmation of this evidence in the Archives Department of the State of New Jersey, in which there are still preserved some of the newspapers of revolutionary days. In *The New Jersey Gazette* of February 24th, 1779, the curious reader may see the following quaint announcement:

> "Whereas inquisition has been found, and final judgment entered, against the following fugitives and offenders, who have either joined the army of the King of Great Britain, or otherwise offended against the form of their allegiance to this State, viz.:
>
> "David Ogden, Joseph Thorn, Elisha Lawrence, Richard Merrill, John Willson, Thos. Crowell, John Ryckman, John Ford, Benjamin Dunn, ...
>
> "Notice is hereby given that the lands, tenements, hereditaments and all estates real, belonging to the above named fugitives and offenders, and situate lying and being in Woodbridge, Amboy and Piscataway, in the county of Middlesex, will be exposed for sale on public vendue, to begin on Monday, the 22nd of March next, at the house of John Conger, inn-keeper, at Bonemtown, at ten o'clock of the said day, and continue by adjournments from day to day, until the whole be sold. There are some elegant buildings, and many agreeable situations. The land in general is excellent good. Attendance will be given and deeds made to the purchasers, agreeable to act of Assembly.
>
> Wm. Manning,
> Ebenezer Ford,
> Commissioners.
>
> Feb. 12th, 1779.

Returning to the evidence in the Canadian Archives, we find that when peace was declared, in 1783, John Willson and his family including a baby grandson, came to St. John, N.B., in the "May Fleet". This was the fleet which brought the first party of Loyalists to Canada. They were brought to their destination in twenty transport ships, under convoy of British frigates. The date of the arrival of this fleet, the 18th of May, has since been observed as the anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists.

John Willson remained in New Brunswick for ten years, and while there was a justice of the peace, and registrar of deeds and wills for Northumberland county. However, all the land grants which he received were in what is now Ontario, and probably it was for this reason that, in the spring of 1793, he came to Upper Canada.

In the diary of Lady Simcoe, the Humber Mill is referred to, in the following entry, which is interesting in view of the fact that the miller and his family were Loyalists.

> Tuesday, August 6th, 1793.
>
> Having been wet through these last two days, I declined to go with the Governor to see the mill on St. John's Creek. The Governor brought me some very good cakes. The miller's wife is from the United States, where the women excel in making cakes and bread.

In very old maps, the Humber River is named St. John's Creek. It was no doubt in the State of New Jersey that the miller's wife had learned to "excel in making cakes and bread".

A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE HUMBER

From statistics of 1797, it appears that the miller was in that year an assessor, and responsible for the collection of part of the taxes of the district. One enlightening entry shows that, there being a bounty on wolves, "a wolf's scalp" was accepted in part payment of a farmer's taxes.

An old document shows that in 1810, the miller made a plunge in real estate by buying for £100, five and a half acres at what is now the southeast corner of Bay and Queen Streets, in the very heart of Toronto's business district. It was all sold at a profit, within a year or two, part being bought by Jesse Ketchum, who gave his portion to Knox Church. To-day the five and a half acres is worth millions. It must be remembered that the purchase for £100 was made five years before Waterloo, when the population of York was 600, and that of the township no greater.

The miller and his eldest son (of the same name,) had fought on the British side all through the American War of Independence, and it is easy to imagine what their feelings were, when, in 1812, Canada was invaded by the Americans—those "rebels" who had deprived them of their New Jersey home in 1776. The father (who was only twenty-two years older than the son,) lived to the age of ninety, and in the year 1812, although seventy-three years of age, he was still a hardy and active man, experienced as a soldier and pioneer. The reader will perhaps find it almost incredible that this man was on active service, as captain of a company of infantry, during the War of 1812-13, yet the old militia lists, and documents in the Dominion Archives, afford proof that such is the case.

The story of the capture of York by the Americans in 1813 is well known. The volunteers strove to defend the town, but after a fight which lasted more than eight hours, and in which there were more than two hundred casualties among the Americans alone, the militia were forced to surrender. The minimum estimate of the attacking force was 1,600, while the defenders were made up of but 600 men. General Sheaffe retired with the British regulars, marching towards Kingston, and leaving the militia to make the best terms they could. In the official list of officers taken prisoner at the capture of York the name "Captain John Willson" appears. The identity of the Captain with the old miller of the Humber is proved by reference to an old land petition now in the Dominion Archives which reads as follows:

> To his Excellency Sir Peregrin Maitland, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, Major-General commanding his Majesty's forces therein, etc., etc., etc.
>
> In Council,
>
> The petition of John Willson, the Elder, Esq., of Markham,
>
> Humbly sheweth:
>
> That your petitioner, an American loyalist, and in the royal service during the American Rebellion, was among the first settlers of this Province, wherein he has ever since remained, and was again on service, as captain commanding a company of the 1st Regiment of York Militia during the late war, and was on duty till the capture of York.
>
> Your petitioner has received from Colonel Allan, who commanded the militia at York whilst your petitioner was an duty, the accompanying certificate of his services, but as your petitioner did not command a flank company, he is informed by the Adjutant-General of Militia he cannot obtain his (the Adjutant-General's) certificate for land. Your petitioner, however, prays leave to lay his case before your Excellency, humbly praying your Excellency's consideration of the premises.
>
> And your petitioner shall ever pray,
>
> John Willson.

The possibility of this petition being from the son is excluded by the phrase "the elder". Moreover, comparison with the signatures of the two men, on an old deed of Humber land, has placed it beyond doubt that the signature on this petition is that of the man who was born in 1739, and who signed the document when he was eighty years of age. The certificate from Colonel Allan, accompanying the petition, reads as follows:

> I certify that Capt. John Willson, of the 1st Regt., York Militia, was on duty in the garrison of York during the winter of 1812, and the spring of 1813, under my command, as well as subsequently. He at all times did his duty faithfully and punctually, and with great zeal.
>
> W. Allan, Colonel,
> Late Major Commanding Militia
> and Garrison of York.
>
> York, 15th June, 1820.

In the same official list occur the names of "Capt. John Arnold", the old miller's nephew, and "Lieut. John Willson", who was the eldest of his three sons. This son was twenty-two years of age at the close of the revolutionary war in 1783. Reference to the Upper Canada Land Petitions shows that he "joined the British Army in 1776, and was employed in the quartermaster's department". This would be when he was a boy of fifteen. Later he "served as a volunteer guide, and in many hazardous enterprizes in the Jerseys, where your petitioner received several bad wounds". He "came to this country with his father together with settlers to the number of sixty souls, 1793". (On the back of this old petition is a brief note signed by Peter Russell, stating that a grant of 600 acres was given).

We have here the unique case of two men, father and son, who fought for Britain not only in the American War of Independence, but also in the War of 1812. The case of the elder man, the old miller of the Humber, is especially interesting. Surely a man of seventy-three years might very gracefully have stood aside from the hardships of war. He was indeed "a very firm Loyalist," and a man of great courage, to march forth with his men, and join battle with his old enemies during the War of 1812.

Work at the Old Mill was no doubt interrupted during the war, but was probably resumed soon afterwards. Apart from this interruption the mill site must have been a busy place for nearly sixty years. Mr. Ross Robertson states, in reference to the mill of

Mr. Gamble's time, that "a roaring trade was done there till 1851, and it was not till 1858 that the mills were finally closed". Confirming the statement that this place was the scene of much business activity for many years, we have the fact that frequently old coins have been found on the property, bearing dates from the last decade of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth.

Strange to say, the gravestones of the old miller and his wife, who were born so long ago in New Jersey, are still standing, both near Yonge Street, not far from the city of Toronto.

On a farm which is now the property of Dr. Andrew Gordon, situated on Yonge Street, and on the townline between York and Markham townships, there is a slab of stone, weatherbeaten, but still erect and firm, which bears the following inscription:

In Mind
Rebecca Willson,
wife of
John Willson, Esq.,
Departed June 6th,
1804,
Aged 61 years.

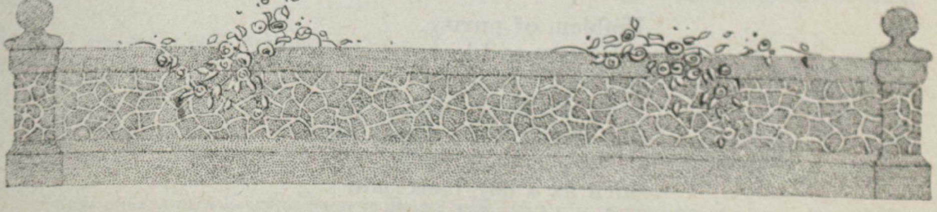
The farm was originally a Loyalist grant to one of the sons, who lived on it for thirty years. In the light of all the facts given, what a story of heroism and sacrifice does this stone suggest, to anyone blessed with an historical imagination.

The hardy old pioneer survived his wife by a full quarter of a century. His gravestone stands in a cemetery farther north on Yonge Street, where he is buried beside his second wife. The records show that the service was conducted by Bishop Strachan. The inscription reads:

John Willson, Esq.,
Died, July 8th, 1829,
Aged,
90 years and 14 days.

If the miller of the Humber could return to-day, to visit the scenes of his first labours in Upper Canada, what would be his impressions, in this age of express-trains, steamships, telephones and wireless telegraphy, with all the attendant restlessness and excitement? What would he think of this great world-war, with its strange and terrible weapons? What words of praise would he have for the thousands of Canadians, including not a few of his own descendants, who "joined the British Lines when the Troubles broke out"? The reader is invited to visit the beautiful valley of the Humber, some summer afternoon, to sit in the shade of trees, and muse on these interesting questions. He will see numerous automobiles rushing along the road past the Old Mill, and if he look toward the western sky, he may perchance see aeroplanes, so high in the air as to be mere specks against the blue. But the beauty of the valley is the same as it was more than a century ago, and the shallow stream near the mill, flowing along its bed of ancient shale, seems to say:

"I chatter, chatter as I go
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."



THE BLUEBIRD

By CHARLES BARLTROP

FLEET wings, an azure coat,
Bosom of wine;
Blithe bird, what April-note
Music is thine?
Shyly from fence to tree
Faring along,
Dropping your silvery
Morsels of song.

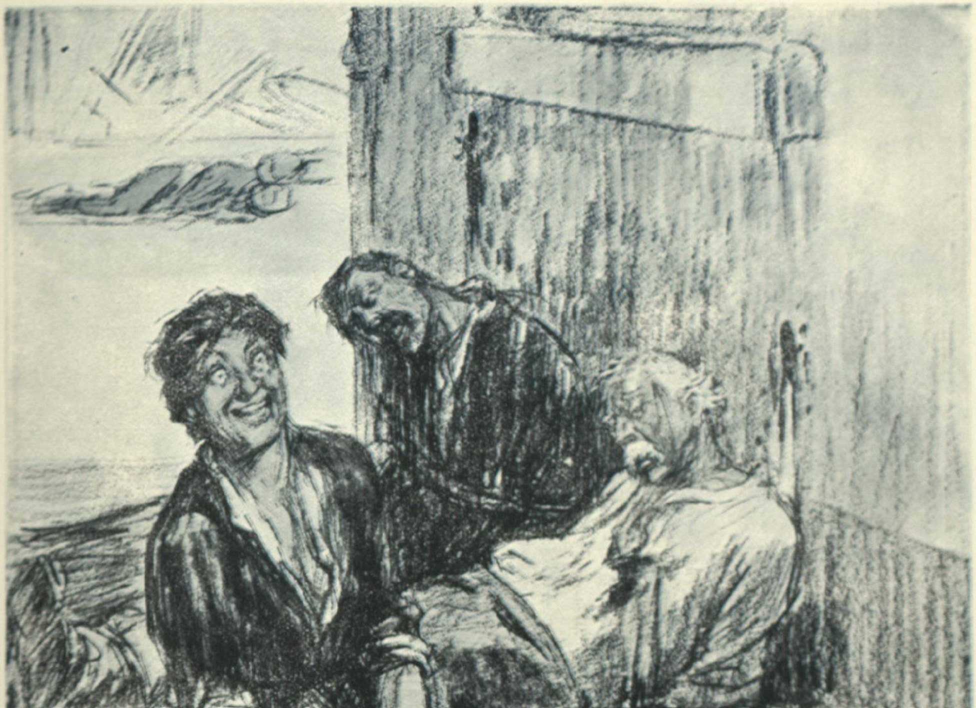
Calling thee dryad would
Be a caprice,
Seeing that dryads could
Never leave Greece.
Dryads were myths at best;
But we approve
Thee as the winsomest
Bird of the grove.

"Puritan, puritan!"
Gentle your hymn,
Over a nest in the
Apple-tree limb.
Honeycomb cells may be
Sweet to the bee,
Sweeter thy melody,
Bluebird, to me.

Beauty ærial
Glosses thy vanes;
Sweetness ethereal
Gladdens thy strains;
Wingèd evangelist,
Bringing good news,
On thee the angels kissed
Exquisite hues.

Stealing by cove or lea,
Seemingly coy,
Freighting our sympathy
With some new joy;
Whether by fountain cool,
Upland or dell,
Life is more beautiful
Under thy spell.

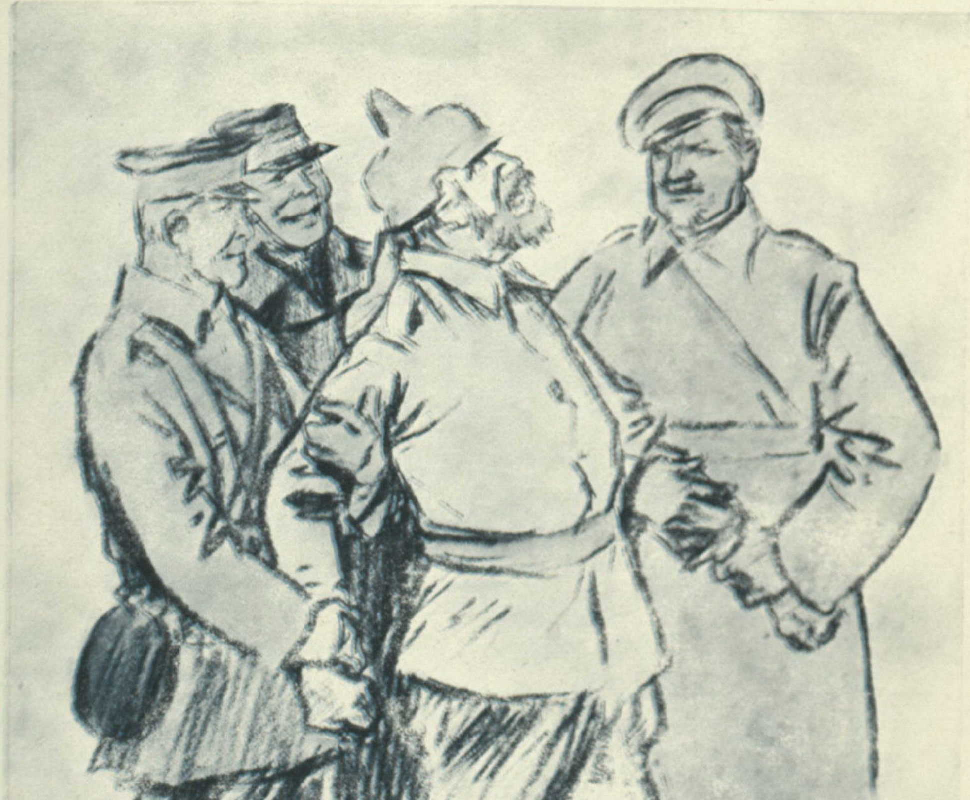
Emblem of purity,
Beauty and love,
Oft as I follow thee
Far in the grove;
Joy in my heart steals, hid
Deeper than worls,
Such as a boy feels 'mid
Sunshine and birds.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE "REAL THING"

"How often in the midst of a charge in peace I have caught the yearning cry of a comrade, 'donnerwetter'! If only it were the real thing."—*The Crown Prince*


Louis Raemaekers

From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

GERMANY'S PEACE PROPOSALS

Germany: "If you will let me keep what I have I will let you go"

THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By F. McKelvey Bell

CHAPTER X.

REGGY might have been a success as mess secretary if it hadn't been for the Camembert cheese. No one could have remained popular long under such a handicap. He had discovered it in some outlandish shop in Paris-Plage. The shopkeeper had been ostracized and the health authorities called in.

Someone has said that cheese improves with age. I do not propose to indulge in futile argument with connoisseurs, but Reggy's cheese had passed maturity and died an unnatural death. When he produced its green moss-covered remains upon the table the officers were forthwith divided into two factions—those who liked cheese and those who did not; and the latter class stated their objections with an emphasis and strength which rivalled the Camembert.

Corporal Granger had charge of the mess. He was a quiet, gentlemanly little chap who said little, thought much, and smoked when he had a chance. He opened the box before dinner, took a whiff which distorted his face, and silently passed the box to his assistants.

Wilson and René—a French Canadian lad—wrinkled their noses in unison over it; then Wilson drawled:

"Smells—like a—disease—we uster have—in the ward upstairs."

But René's atavistic sense approved the cheese. "Dat's *bon fromage,*" he declaimed emphatically. "Cheese ain't good until it smells like dat."

"Then folks to home eats a lot what's bad fer them—don't they?" Wilson retorted with mild satire; "an' them so healthy, too!"

René disdained controversy, and with unruffled dignity continued laying the table. During the first few months of our labours he had been orderly to no less a person than the senior major—hence his feeling of superiority. But he and the second-in-command hadn't always agreed; the senior major had a *penchant* for collecting excess baggage, and it behooved his unfortunate batman to pack, unpack and handle his ever-increasing number of boxes and bags. By the time we reached Boulogne these had become a great burden. René looked ruefully down upon it before he started to lift it, piece by piece, into the lorrie.

"Ba gosh!" he exclaimed in perspiring remonstrance, "I hope de war don' last too long—er it'll take one whole train to move de major's baggage!"

René was impressionable and had all the romantic instinct of the true Frenchman. As I watched him decorating the table with flowers (we were to have company that night, and it was to be an event of unusual importance to us) my recollection carried me back to a bleak October night on Salisbury Plain. It was scarcely nine p.m., but I had turned in and lay wrapped in my sleeping-bag, reading by the light of a candle propped on a cocoa tin. René had just returned from "three days' leave", having travelled over fifty miles to see a little girl whose face had haunted him for weeks. He was flushed with excitement and had to unburden his heart to someone. He stepped into my tent for a moment, the rain running off his cap and coat in little rivulets.

"I'm afraid you're in love, René," I teased, after he had given me a glowing account of his trip.

"I tink dat's right," he exclaimed with sparkling eyes, "Why, dat's de purtiest gal what I ever see. Dose arms of hers! Gee, dere ain't lilies so white like dat, an' de roses of her cheeks!—every time I meet her, I see her like more kinds of flowers!"

"But you'll see another bud next week, René," I interjected, "and forget all about this dainty little flower."

"Me forget? *Non!*" he exclaimed with conviction—and then a wistful look crept into his big brown eyes. He sat upon the edge of Reggy's cot opposite and reminiscently smoothed the hair off his brow before he continued:

"Sometime wen you're up de Gatineau at home, an' de lumbermen free de logs in de reever, you see dem float so peaceful down de stream. De water is run so slow an' quiet you don' see no movement dere; but bimeby de reever go lil' faster, de ripples wash de banks, de logs move swifter an' more swift until dey come above de falls—dey fall, crash, boom! One gets stuck, annuder, an' annuder; dey jam—dey pile up higher an' more high—more hun-reds of logs come down, an' jam, an' jam. De water can't pass—it overflow de bank an' spread out in a great lake over de fields."

René had risen in the excitement of his description. The candle-light shone faintly upon his broad shoulders and handsome inspired face. His right arm was extended in harmony with the vehemence of his description. He continued more softly:

"Dat reever is me; de falls is my lil' gal at de turnin' point of my life, an' de great lake is my love which has burst over de fields of my fancy an' freshes all de dry places. I can't tell you how I love dat gal—sometimes I tink—maybe—I marry her some day."

At this juncture the senior major had thrust his head inside the tent.

"René," he called sternly, "get back to your work! Wash my rubber boots and keep an eye on the tent 'til I return."

And poor René, thus rudely brought to earth, crept silently away.

At seven-thirty p.m., the shrill call of the bugle sounded "officers' mess".

The officers' wives get pudding and pies,
The soldiers' wives get skilly . . .

It is the one call which every officer, senior or junior, knows by heart, and answers promptly.

A mess dinner is a parade, and is conducted with all the pomp and dignity peculiar to a Chinese wedding. Woe betide the untrained "sub" who dares seat himself before the commanding officer has taken his place at the centre of the table!

For the first time since our arrival in France, we were to be honoured with the presence of several ladies, and the whole mess was in a state of excitement compatible with the seriousness of such an occasion. It was so long since any of us had dined under the charming, but restraining, influence of the fair sex that, as Reggy afterwards remarked, he was in a condition bordering on nervous prostration lest he forget to eat the ice-cream with his fork, or, worse still, "butter" his bread with *pate de fois gras.*

Reggy had other worries on his mind as well. He had been taken aside early and solemnly warned that if he, his heirs, executors or assigns, dared to bring forth upon the table so much as a smell of his ill-favoured cheese, he would be led out upon the sand dunes at early dawn and shot. This precaution having been duly taken, he was permitted to retire to the pantry with Fraser and Corporal Granger and amuse himself making thirty Bronx cocktails for our express delectation. Promptly, as the last note of the bugle died away, the colonel and matron ushered our fair guests into the mess-room.

Had our long separation from the beautiful women of Canada whetted our sense of appreciation? Or was it some dim recollection of an almost-forgotten social world which stimulated our imagination? Certainly no more exquisite representatives of the, to us, long-lost tribe of lovely women ever graced a mess-room in France!

After the customary introductions had taken place, the twenty-five officers who now comprised our mess, distributed themselves in various awkward positions about the chairs of the five ladies (all the rest of our chairs were at the table) each trying vainly to give himself that appearance of graceful ease which indicates that the entertainment of *grandes dames* is our chief sport in Canada.

What a dreadful encumbrance one's hands are on such an occasion! A military uniform does not take kindly to having its wearer's hands thrust deeply into his breeches pockets, and, as everyone knows, this is the only way to feel at ease when addressing a lady in her evening gown—if you fold your hands unostentatiously behind your back, it hampers your powers of repartee.

Lady Danby, who conducted a Red Cross hospital in a nearby town, appreciated our embarrassment, and did her best to make us feel at home.

"What a delightful mess-room!" she exclaimed, as her tall lithesome figure sank into an arm-chair. "It must be so restful and refreshing after those dreadful operations."

"Captain Reggy finds it very restful indeed," Burnham volunteered mischievously, "he spends a great deal of his time here—mixing drinks."

"Ah! And he does them so very well, too!" exclaimed Madame Cuillard, with a flash of her beautiful dark eyes toward the hero of the moment, and, lifting her glass to him in gracious compliment, continued: "He is a man after my own heart."

"Madam, you flatter me," Reggy murmured with a low bow, "and yet I fear I am not the first who has been 'after' such a kindly heart?"

"Nor you shall not be the last, I hope," the little widow returned with a rippling laugh. "Still, weak heart never won—ah, *non*—I am forgetting my English—let it pass. A heart is so easy to be lost in France—you must be careful."

Fraser's Gibsonian figure towered above the others as he and Father Bonsécour and the senior major stood chatting with two Canadian guests. The girls made a pretty contrast, petite, dainty and vivacious; the one with blue-black hair and large soft brown eyes, the other fair as an angel with hair of finely-spun gold and eyes as blue as the sea over the dunes.

"May I take your glasses?" Fraser asked.

"Thank you, by all means," said the little brunette smilingly. "There's nothing I regret more than an empty glass or a flower that is dead."

"The former leaves little to hope, and the latter hopes little to leaf," asserted the senior major sententiously, animated by the beauty of our guests.

"What a dreadful pun, Major Baldwin!" cried the pretty blonde.

"Thank heaven," laughed the major, "we don't always get our deserts! We incorrigibles may still, for a moment

> Take the cash and let the credit go,
> Nor heed the rumble of the distant drum!

But the colonel interrupted these delightful inanities by offering his arm to Lady Danby and showing her to the seat of honour on his right. The other ladies were distributed as impartially as was possible amongst the remaining twenty-four of us. We stood for a moment with bowed heads while our chaplain repeated that concise but effective military grace—

> For what we are about to receive, thank God!—

and then we took our seats.

The dinner was progressing splendidly. Wilson hadn't spilled the soup, René hadn't tripped over the rug, course after course had proceeded under Granger's worried eye with daintiness and despatch. The *sole meunière* was done to a turn, the roast pheasant and asparagus had been voted superb, and the ice-cold salad a refreshing interlude. Even the plum pudding, with its flaming sauce, had been transported without accident to the guests, when Reggy beckoned with a motion of the head to Granger, and whispered something in his ear.

Granger was the best lad in the world when he wasn't disturbed, but if he became excited anything might happen. The order was transmitted to René, and in a moment the murder was out. Whether through misunderstanding, or René's secret pride in its possession, Reggy's cheese had been excavated, and before it was possible to interfere, its carcase was upon the table!

The scent of hyacinth and lilies-of-the-valley faded on the instant; the delicate charm of *poudre de riz* was obliterated and all the delicious odours of the meal were at once submerged in one wonderful, pungent, all-embracing emanation.

The colonel turned first red, then pale. He cast an appealing glance at Reggy—it was too late. The rest of us glared surreptitiously and silently at the culprit. An inspiration seized him. Unobserved he signalled the mess president, who rose to his feet on the instant.

"Mr. Vice, the King!" he commanded.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the King!" came the formal but inspiring reply.

The cheese was forgotten. We were upon our feet, and lifting our glasses we drank to our noble monarch. Cigars and cigarettes were passed round, and we waited patiently until the colonel lighted his cigar, for no one smokes at mess until the O. C. has set the example or given his permission. The offending element had been quickly but quietly removed from the table, and once more peace and happiness prevailed.

But Reggy's fate as mess secretary was sealed.

CHAPTER XI.

The first line of a certain popular song emphasizes a bold and truthful platitude, namely, "The world's growing older each day". The incontrovertible fact is plumped unexpectedly before us, and blocks our only exit down the passage of argument. If it had read, "The world's growing *smaller* each day", we might have run to our text-book of Elementary Physics, and, placing a stubby but argumentative forefinger on the Law of the Indestructibility of Matter, have proved it a falsehood of the Nth degree. But, of course, this must all have happened before the war. Everyone knows now—every Tommy can tell you—that the world is really and truly smaller; for if not, how is it he meets Bill or Jake or Harry on the streets of Poperinghe or Dickibusch? He knows instinctively that the world is shrinking, and Halifax and Vancouver may be found any time jumbled together in a little Belgian village on the wrong side of the Atlantic.

I hadn't seen Jack Wellcombe for twenty-five years—we had been school chums together—and his name had almost faded from the pages of my mind; so that on entering the hospital the morning after Reggy's last dinner, I received a slight shock as I lifted a new chart from the table and saw this name staring up at me:

"Captain J. Wellcombe, Royal Army Medical Corps."

Had the world really become so small? Could a quarter-century be bridged in an instant? I seemed to see the little old stone schoolhouse once again; its low-ceilinged room, the big box-stove, the well-hacked seats and the rows of little boys and girls bowed over their greasy slates. The scent of mid-day lunches stowed away floated back to me in memory's dream, and the haw-tree brushed its leaves against the window-pane. I saw Jack as he was then, with frank blue eyes and waving golden hair—courteous, genial and big-hearted, beloved by all; and I wondered as I stood there if by any chance this might be he.

The nursing sister awoke me from this reverie.

"He arrived in the early morning," she volunteered, "but as he was not seriously hurt I didn't call you, but dressed the wound myself."

It was with a feeling of nervous tension and expectancy that I followed her down the hall to his room and entered. Alas, the world is full of disappointments. It was not Jack. This dignified man with the touch of gray about the temples. Still, the resemblance grew stronger—the kindly blue eyes, the same winsome smile.

We passed the customary greetings and chatted common-places for a few moments, and all the time his face wore an expression of puzzled inquiry, as if he, too, were trying to recall some faint memory from the past. At last I blurted out:

"Are you by any chance related to Jack Wellcombe, of K—?"

"A very close relation," he returned laughingly. "I am his dearest friend, in fact, himself. And you—you are Mac—dear old Mac!" he cried stretching out both hands to me in his impetuous, warm-hearted way. I could have hugged him, I was so glad to see him!

"What a queer game is life!" he exclaimed a moment later. "For years you and I have been shaken about, with many a jolt, in the dice-box of the world, and now, like two Jacks, we are once more tossed together upon the table."

The nurse had unwound his bandages while we were talking.

"I hope it doesn't hurt too much," I asked him as I examined his wound, preparatory to dressing it.

"It's a mere scratch," he returned lightly; "a piece of shrapnel through the flesh of the thigh, but the surgeon at the field ambulance thought I should came back to hospital for a week or two. Things are rather noisy around Ypres."

"But what possessed you to join the R.A.M.C.?" I inquired, "you should be with the Canadians."

He laughed.

"Oh, you chaps were too long in coming over. I'd have lost three whole months of the war. I was in England when it broke out, and came over with the First Expeditionary Force."

"You were in the retreat from Mons then!" I exclaimed in envious admiration.

"Every foot of it," he replied. "That *was* a fight, you may well believe. But the Huns didn't have it all their own way. I saw a strange scrap one day between a French and a German battalion. The Huns sprang suddenly out of an ambush and were upon the French with the bayonet before you could catch your breath. Taken by surprise, the *poilus* ran for all they were worth for about a quarter-mile—and they are some sprinters, too. The Huns followed, shouting like demons. Suddenly the French stopped (they must have been running to get their second wind), wheeled about, and with fixed bayonets charged back like a streak of forked lightning through the Germans. You never saw such a surprised and rattled bunch of Huns since you were born. If it hadn't been so awful, I could have shrieked with laughter. But the French weren't satisfied with going through them once; they turned about and came back at them again, like a regiment of cavalry. The Huns seemed stupefied with amazement and terror; they fought like men in a daze, and very few ever got back to tell the story of the "cowardly French who ran away"!

"We, too, have underestimated the French, I'm afraid," I said. "We are just beginning to realize their possibilities as a fighting force, and the Germans aren't yet awake to their strength and determination."

"They fought well at the battle of the Marne," Jack remarked. "It makes me smile still as I picture a fat little French officer with drawn sword—God only knows what he intended doing with it—who stood behind a hay-stack waving to his men to come on. He was absolutely fearless. Again and again he charged up that steep hill with the men, and when they couldn't make it, back he would come to hide behind his hay-stack and wait until he could induce them to try it again. About the fifth attack they succeeded and went on over the hill."

I questioned him about the battle of Ypres. (This, of course, was the first battle of Ypres—not that in which the Canadians distinguished themselves.)

"It was fast work at 'Wipers'," he said, "with shells falling into the town like a thousand roaring devils. They dropped one into the signallers' billet. It tore a hole in the side of the building large enough to march an elephant through, and killed every mother's son of them. A 'Jack Johnson' came through the roof of our hospital and dropped into the ward—exit ward! There wasn't a bed left standing. Luckily we had removed most of the patients into the cellar, but those who were left are still there, buried in the ruins."

"The usual German respect for the Red Cross!" I commented bitterly.

"The flag makes a good mark for their artillery," he returned with a smile, "they always look for us."

"You've had many narrow squeaks, I presume?" I asked him.

He laughed merrily.

"So narrow that if I had had a big stomach it might have been whittled down to sylph-like proportions. I was standing one day close to a dug-out, talking to two brother officers. The 'whizz-bangs' and 'coal-boxes' were sizzling over from time to time, but not especially close. An old friend of mine (Jack always had an 'old friend' everywhere!) stuck his head out of the dug-out and shouted up to me:

"'Drop in and have a drink, Jack—the water's fine!'"

"I told him I was never thirsty in the mornings. He looked surprised, but called back again:

"'If you'll do me the honour to descend, I'll make you a fine long John Collins!'"

"'Well, well,' I said, 'as you're so kind and such a persistent beggar, I'll humour you.' The other two officers said they wouldn't go in, and so I climbed down into his dug-out and sat down."

"Just as I did so a big shell came—bang!—right where I had been standing. We sprang to our feet and looked out. The poor chaps I had just left had been literally blown to pieces."

He lay pensively silent for a moment or two, and there was a suspicious glint of moisture in his eye as he turned his face toward the wall. Then he turned on his side once more and, smiling brightly up at me, murmured:

"It's been a great lesson to me!"

"In what way?" I queried.

"Never to refuse a drink!"

It will take more than a world's war to depress Jack. His cork-like spirit will always make him pop up serenely to the surface of the whirlpool of life.

"You know the Guild Hall at 'Wipers'?" he exclaimed a moment later.

"No, I haven't been to the actual firing line yet," I returned. "The only time we realize there is a war back here is when the trains of wounded come in; or, on a stormy night, when the wind blows fiercely from the trenches, and the boom of the great guns is driven here intermittently with the gusts."

"As soon as I can stand upon this peg of mine, you and the Colonel and I will motor up and see it all," he declared with assurance.

"Agreed!" I cried. "You may now feel confident of a speedy recovery. But tell me more about 'Wipers."'

He raised himself on one elbow, and commenced reminiscently:

"Our dear old colonel was billeted in the tenement row which used to be in the square of Ypres, close to the Guild Hall. We had been shelled out of place after place, but for several days lately Fritzie had left us in peace. It was too good to last long. One night they started chucking big shells into the cathedral and what was left of the square. I counted fifty-seven falling over and around the colonel's billet. I began to suspect the place. Taken as an exhibition of fireworks, it was a success, but as a health resort it had defects."

"It was about eleven o'clock, and some of the houses in the row had already been hit. Ye gods! Vesuvius in its worst days was like a Chinese lantern to this. For a second, in a lull, you would hear the whine of a big shell; then, crash! It would go into a building and shell and house would go up together in one frightful smash-up.

"I went over to wake the old boy, as he showed no symptoms of having been disturbed. It was useless to rap—there was such an infernal racket with shells bursting, roofs toppling in and walls falling out. I stumbled up the dark stairs to his room. He was sound asleep—think of it! I spoke to him, but he didn't wake; so I shook him gently by the shoulder, and he opened his eyes."

"'Hello, Wellcombe!' he growled, in his rough but genial way. 'What the devil brings you prowling around at this time of night?'"

"I told him that I thought the billet was becoming a trifle unsafe, as some of the other houses in the row had already been hit."

"'Is that all you came to tell me?' he asked, with indifference."

"I said it seemed sufficient to me, and told him we had no wish to lose him."

"'Well, well,' he came back at me, but not unkindly, 'and you woke me out of a sound sleep to tell me this! Go and get me a glass of water and then run along like a good fellow and go to bed.'"

"And after the old chap had his drink, he thanked me, turned over in bed, and I believe was sound asleep again before I got out of the house, while a continual hell of fire and shells tore the internals out of the town about him! When I went back in the morning, there was only one house left standing in that row—the colonel's. The others were a crumpled mass of bricks and mortar!"

I chatted with him as long as I could, and then, telling him I would drop in later in the day, continued my rounds on the wards.

As we entered one of the smaller rooms, I noticed a bright-eyed, red-cheeked Scottish lad, not more than seventeen years of age, seated upon his cot. He was chatting animatedly with several others, but sprang to attention as we approached. The nurse unwound the bandages and showed me his wound; a bayonet cut across the palm. We had already heard from his comrades that this slip of a boy, with the smiling eyes and ringing laugh, was one of the finest bayonet fighters in his battalion, and had to his credit a string of German scalps that would make a Pawnee Chief green with envy. His wound was the result of grasping his opponent's bayonet during one of these fights.

The nurse looked up at the boyish face—the big blue eyes and laughing mouth—and he did seem such a child!

"How *can* you?" she cried involuntarily: how *can* a little lad like you bear to kill men with a bayonet?"

His lips parted over his even white teeth in a broader smile than ever, but he flushed deeply as he exclaimed: "Oh, ma'm, when yer in a charge an' ye see them steekin' yer best chums—ye go fair mad; everything turns red before ye, an' ye could kill the whole bleedin' lot!"

"Bravo!" cried the little nurse enthusiastically, clapping her hands. She had been carried away, as I admit I too was, by the sincerity and vehemence of this little lad. May he live long and grow to be a great man, as he deserves!

After dressing his hand and the wounds of the others, we passed on into the next room where a poor fellow, shot through the hip, lay suffering in heroic silence.

It required three of us to do his dressing, because, on account of the peculiar position of the wound, he had to be turned upon his side each time, and with a fractured hip this was a process of great difficulty. This wonderful war has produced its many heroes, but when the great Recorder above opens his book at doomsday, he will find the name of William Hoare written large on the pages of valour.

Throughout the painful dressing, Nursing Sister Dolly stood at his head, and placing her strong little arms about his great shoulders would tell him to lift himself by her; and Hoare would gratefully lock his hands behind her neck and help to raise himself. What he suffered, God only knows! He made no sign of complaint, but gritted his teeth together like a vise and never spoke until the operation was over. Beads of sweat stood upon his brow, and his face was pale, but no groan had escaped.

"Have a little brandy, Hoare," Sister Dolly coaxed; "it'll do you good—you look so white." Tears of sympathy stood in her eyes, but Hoare smiled bravely up at her and said simply:

"Thank you—it would be welcome."

"You are a splendid soldier, Hoare," I remarked, as Sister Dolly hurried away for the stimulant.

"I'm not really a soldier, sir. I've only been a few months in the ranks," he answered, "I'm a 'bus driver in London."

"I thought to myself: "A 'bus driver in London—but a hero of heroes in France!"

He raised his head as Sister Dolly held the glass gently to his lips. "You are very kind," he murmured gratefully. "I'm a deal of trouble to you."

The little sister smiled sadly and shook her head, then without a word dashed from the room.

"I'd have burst out crying—if I'd stayed another minute," she exclaimed impetuously when I met her a moment later in the hall. "I'm a fool, I know—I'm too chicken-hearted to be a nurse."

"You're a real woman," I ejaculated in genuine admiration, "the world is the better because you were born!"

We then visited the large ward. There were forty patients in it, most of them looking as jolly as if hospital life were one of the most amusing experiences in the world. Some were reading, some playing cribbage, some of those with minor wounds were helping about the ward, and all were smoking.

But one, who had just arrived, looked dangerously ill. We approached his bed, his greenish pallor was alarming. I felt for his pulse—it had disappeared. We gave him a hypodermic at once to stimulate him, but we knew all too well he was far beyond human aid. He smiled slightly as I spoke to him. His mind was clear, with that preternatural clearness which heralds death. I sat down beside his bed—it was screened off from the others—and took his hand.

"Have you any friends to whom you wish to send a message?" I asked him gently.

"Why, doctor," he inquired, with a keenness of perception that was embarrassing, and looking up at me with a glance of slight surprise, "Do you think I am going to die?"

"You are very ill indeed," I replied hesitatingly, "and I think it would be well, if there is someone in whom you are specially interested, that you should write at once."

He smiled faintly again as he looked me in the eye and answered: "There is only one person in the world who concerns me deeply—my mother;" he turned his head away an instant, "I have already written her. How long do you think I have to live?"

Even when one can answer, this is always the most awkward question in the world. No one ever gets accustomed to pronouncing a death sentence. I shook my head sadly and replied: "I cannot tell you positively—but I fear you have only a few hours more."

"Well, well," he said somewhat indifferently, and then his voice became more interested. He turned back and asked suddenly: "By the way, will you grant me a favour?"

I assured him I would do anything in my power; but I was totally unprepared for his request. He spoke eagerly:

"Then, may I have a bowl of rice pudding?"

His *sang froid* startled me beyond speech. Death to him was a matter of small moment—but hunger was serious. We got him his pudding. He ate it with relish and two hours later, with a cigarette between his lips, his brave eyes closed forever.

There was a bustle in the hospital that afternoon. We had orders to send two hundred patients to England. The boys were in a state of happy excitement; those who could walk hurrying down to the pack stores and returning with all sorts of wrinkled tunics and breeches, and with old boots and caps. Sometimes an Irishman secured a kilt, and a "kiltie", much to his annoyance, was obliged to wear breeches. For when men from hospital were returning to England, although all their clothes were sterilized, no special effort was made in those days to return them their own. New clothes were issued at home. Those patients who were unable to get up were dressed in bed, their heads were encased in woollen toques, big thick bed socks were drawn over their feet to keep them warm, and they were rolled in blankets and placed in the hall on stretchers ready to depart.

The nurses had slaved for hours. Every patient had been carefully bathed, his hands and face were spotlessly clean, his wounds were freshly dressed and he was wrapped up so snugly that the loving eye of a mother could have found no fault.

The ambulances were at the door once more—but on a different mission this time—and the boys all smiles and chatter, were carried out upon their stretchers or clambered gleefully down the stairs. Nurses, officers and men were at the door saying good-bye to their patients. Murmured words of thanks or gratitude on the one hand, and warmest well wishes on the other were exchanged, and at last, with much waving of caps and handkerchiefs, the convoy of ambulances started for the steamer at Boulogne, carrying the happy, care-free loads of boys another stage toward home, or, in Tommy's own vernacular—toward 'Blighty'.

OF COURSE, BOBBY

By Judith Kingdon

MARY ANN stood at the door of the little log house in the clearing. She was rapt in the wonder of the evening, where the black spruce and balsams, the feathery tops of the white woods and birches were outlined against the glowing western sky. A breath of sweetness came from the small new leaves on the shoots around the big balm of gilead stumps. A white-throat sang from a nearby brush heap.

Mary Ann clasped her hands behind her head and drew a deep breath.

"I feel," she said aloud, "as if it all belonged to me, and I to it. I am a part of the bush. I want to go out into it, and walk and walk and walk, till I come to somewhere—I don't know where. Just some place that seems to be waiting for me."

John Reed came in from his chopping.

"What're you mooning here for, Mary Ann? Ain't you got my supper ready yet?"

"It's all ready, dad, but steeping the tea, and the kettle's boiling."

They had pancakes and balls made from salt cod-fish. When it came to the apple-sauce, John Reed gave a sharp exclamation and drew a tack out of his mouth.

"You're house-keepin' seems to be improvin', Mary Ann. Tacks in the apple-sauce! Suppose there's any more in here?"

Mary Ann explained that she had upset a box of tacks in the dried apples, and that she had thought she picked them all out.

"I guess you'd better see if one of these young bachelors up here don't want to let you experiment on him. I'm gettin' tired o' this sort o' thing. My digestion's a little too delicate to eat tacks.

"Seems to me if you'd pay more attention to what you're doin', and put in less time tryin' to write po'try and bein' so blamed artistic,"—he flung the 'artistic' at her—"we'd get on a lot better here."

"Say, I've been in most of the places around here, an' I'll bet you're the poorest house-keeper in the township. An' that's sayin' a lot, *believe me*. Why, there ain't a bachelor around here but what's tidier than you are."

Unfortunately Mary Ann here glanced guiltily towards the clock. He noticed a piece of paper showing slightly from underneath it. Drawing it out, he unfolded it.

"Po'try. I knew it. Then he read aloud:

Last night to me the white-throat sang,
Across the dusk his clear voice rang,
His words were sweet, his notes were true,
For, dearest maid, he sang to you.

"Ha!" he laughed. "Why didn't you say: 'For dearest Bob, he sang of you?'"

"That isn't true," she cried. "I can't bear Bob. I don't want anyone."

"That's a pity," said he, rather-softly, as if he did not really wish to hurt her, "for in a month or so I'm going to marry Mrs. Jamieson. I'm afraid you and she won't hit it off very well."

"Oh, dad!" There was pain in the exclamation.

"It's really a very sensible thing to do," he said, "when her lot lies 'longside o' mine. An' that young boy o' hers can do a lot o' work around a place, too. She's all right, too. She'll suit me right down to the ground."

In the days that followed, Mary Ann felt too dismal to write any more poetry.

She worked at the little house, making it look bright and trim for its new mistress.

In August, one day, John Reed and Mrs. Jamieson borrowed a speeder from the man who kept a store where the Government road crossed the Transcontinental Railway, and went into Cochrane to be married.

Mary Ann was to have plenty of bread baked, ample preparations made for supper, and then go to pay a visit to the Johnsons, who lived south of the track—and incidentally to smile upon Bob Johnson.

The bread was baked, and all that was possible for her to do was done well before noon.

She stood in the doorway, leaning against the casing. Exquisite odours came to her from the slash where spruce and balsam lay steeping in the sun. Across the clearing the green darkness of the bush was inviting. The whole outdoors seemed to be calling to her.

"I dislike Mrs. Jamieson," she said aloud, "and I particularly dislike Bob Johnson. My father doesn't seem to want me. I'm going out into the bush—somewhere. I belong to the bush, and the bush will take care of its own."

She ate some bread and cheese, then carefully hid the packsack in which she had already placed a few clothes, and left the house.

She was dressed in a short, stout skirt, a white blouse, knee boots, and a broad brimmed hat, trimmed only with a fly net. She was at once attractive and business-like.

She crossed the clearing and entered the bush, going northward. It was an easy bush in which to get lost, but she had the sun for guide, and far away ahead some voice seemed to be calling her onward.

After a time she came to a skidding trail, which she followed till she came to the Buskegon. The water was very low, and she was able to cross dry-footed on the stones.

After another hour's walk she reached the burnt country. The green bush gave place to tall, gaunt, gray trunks, through which the wind whistled shrilly. The ground was hilly and covered with an undergrowth of young white-woods. The walking was difficult on account of the number of windfalls, so many of the old dead trees having blown over, pulling their stumps with them.

Here, too, were thousands of raspberry bushes, covered with fat, red berries. Mary Ann picked and ate them till she could eat no more.

She was just starting on when she came to an old trail, running north-eastward—the old Hudson's Bay tote trail—so she followed it. The going was very good, though there were a few windfalls here, too, but it seemed to have been cleared out within the year. After a mile she entered the green bush again, still following the trail.

Towards sundown she came to a log cabin which had been used as a rest on the trail. It was in great disrepair, but was still a much better place in which to spend the night than the bush.

Far down at her feet ran a clay-coloured river which she recognized to be the Frederickhouse by its muddy water.

After making herself a bed of balsam boughs, she had for her supper a drink out of a little cold pool in the moss. She pulled her fly net down over her face and went to sleep with the mosquitoes buzzing about her. She was hungry but happy, feeling she was going somewhere, definitely somewhere; and there was no Mrs. Jamieson anywhere near.

The morning came clear and cool. The sun had risen, though its rays could scarcely penetrate the bush as yet.

Down the old tote trail a man came whistling softly. He wore a small slouch hat, a soft tan shirt, and khaki-coloured canvas overalls tucked into long-legged shoe-packs. He stopped at the old shack and looked in.

Mary Ann was wakened by a sharp exclamation. She sat up, pulling up her fly veil, and found herself looking into a very astonished pair of brown eyes.

"Bob Johnson!" Mary Ann stared at him in open-eyed amazement, and Bob returned her stare.

"Just how did you get here, and *where* are you going?" he questioned her, then added, "I thought you were going down to our place."

"I dislike my new stepmother, and I didn't want to go down to your place. And, since you must know, I've run away."

"Run away! But where are you going?"

"I haven't any idea," she explained patiently; "I'm just going."

Bob stood in the doorway, gazing down at the river with a thoughtful frown.

"Just why would you rather take a chance on getting lost in the bush than come to us?"

"I didn't want to be where you were," she said calmly.

Bob's expression grew more thoughtful. Then her heart smote her, for he looked so nice and he had always been so kind to her.

"But why are *you* here, and where are *you* going?" she asked.

"Why, I have a lot just up here, you now, and—I'm here for the same reason you are. I was removing myself from your sphere of influence!" He smiled at her genially. "But it does rather look as if we were predestined, doesn't it?"

"You were running away from me!" Mary Ann gasped. She couldn't conceive such a thing. Why, everyone knew Bob adored her. Yet here he was.

Bob audaciously replied with a grin. Strangely enough, he seemed to be growing steadily more attractive.

"You'd better come with me and have some breakfast," he invited her hospitably.

"I am hungry," she somewhat unwillingly agreed.

His shack was not far distant, but back far enough from the river to avoid the road allowance.

"It won't be much of a breakfast," he apologized, "but still it's better than nothing."

There was dry bread, corn syrup and clear tea with sugar, and it did taste good after no supper the night before.

When her breakfast was finished, Mary Ann politely offered to wash the few dishes, and Bob agreeably consented. After that she sat down in the doorway and Bob came and sat beside her.

"See here, Mary Ann, are you going to follow this trail to New Post?"

"I suppose so." There was a distinct note of doubt in her voice.

"It's something like seventy miles. Rather long walk—eh?"

"Ye—es," she agreed.

"I'm the last settler north. You won't find any more breakfasts along the trail. What are you going to live on?"

Then he asked persuasively, "Won't you come back home, Mary Ann?"

"No, I won't," she exclaimed passionately. "Nobody wants me."

"You know that isn't true, dear. I have always wanted you—I think ever since the world began."

He spoke softly.

"But you said you ran away from me."

There were tears in her eyes.

"So I did run away from you. But not for the reason you think. I felt *you* didn't want *me,* and I just couldn't stay in the same house with you.

"Dear heart," he put his hand over hers. "I do love you so. Won't you marry me?"

He breathed hard and she felt the tight, nervous clasp of his fingers.

"You *must* marry me. Why, you've come all this way straight to me. Don't you see? It's fate!"

"What would you do if you found tacks in the apple-sauce?"

"I haven't any idea," he said, a glimmer of amusement in his eyes.

"Sometimes I write poetry. Maybe you wouldn't like one who does that sort of foolishness."

"You'll probably get over it as you grow older," he smiled outright.

"I suppose the folks will think we've eloped. And so we have. See," he urged, "we'll go in my canoe up the Frederickhouse till we come to the concession road to Cochrane, and we'll walk in and get married there."

Suddenly he put his arms round her, and held her tight to him.

"Sweetheart," he coaxed, "will you?"

She looked into his eyes with a wonderful smile.

"Why, of course, Bobby, dear."

HERBERT PIZER/12

INSTINCT & INFLUX

By J. M. Martin

AMONG the more important subjects which are pressing for a hearing, and a more rational comprehension, is the difference between men and animals; and the particular problem needing solution at the present time, when the very latest and most important discoveries of science and the mastery over the secret forces of nature have been utilized chiefly for the wholesale slaughtering of men by each other, is, where does the responsibility lie for this wholesale slaughter? Shall we say man has an instinct for killing his fellowman, and for using the most cruel methods he can devise, things not provided for him by natural birth, like teeth and claws are for the animals, but poisonous and suffocating gases, liquid fire and explosive gases of many kinds; and at the same time obliterating and annulling all rules of fair play, of honourable conduct, of warning, and of equal opportunity; rules which themselves must have come from somewhere, and two opposites could not both have been instinctive with man any more than with any other animal.

For man as to his corporeal part is animal in his need of food, of sleep, of protection from the cold of winter, of the prolification of his species. He is also gregarious and more intimate in his collaboration, not only in labour for some common purpose, but in the diffusion of knowledge and ideas than any other animal; for he can put his ideas on record outside of himself, into books for the use of posterity; by which means knowledge can increase with the race, and the later generations can profit immensely by the discoveries of the former, which is not, and never has been, the case with any other animal.

In a paper on instinct, printed in the July number of this magazine, and written by Professor H. L. Stewart, these distinctions are ignored, and the statement is made that "Man has all the instincts of the animal world; possibly he has some instincts of his own as well," but an investigation shows that this conclusion has been arrived at by confusing instinct with habit, with heredity, with adaptation to environment, and the development of construction into use. None of these is instinct, but the last mentioned is what all instinct exists for.

The reason of the confusion is the want of knowledge of discrete degrees of life, such as are found in the human, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms, of the multitudinous earths of the universe; and it is still more intensified by ignorance of the fact that man's body, as the animal part of him, lives and is operated and sustained by the same general influx from the world of cause, as the three kingdoms of nature which are below man; which influx of life differs only according to the form of the receptacle into which it inflows, but gives no individual of any species the same freedom to diverge from the order and sphere of its kind, that man has; as, for instance, no fœtus of one kind of herbivorous animal ever develops into another, as a horse into a bull, or an elephant into a rhinoceros, while although the human fœtus always develops into the body and limbs of a man, the man who dwells in it, when he comes into his adult form, can develop himself into a benefactor of his species, or adopt the monstrous belief that he is destined by his Maker to be the ruler of his whole race; and may kill many thousands of his fellows endeavouring to prove it.

Instinct in animals cannot vary to this extent, for the animal soul is not individual as with man, but communal; so the animal has not introspection and reflection as to his own individuality, and so cannot form any such purpose; but each animal and vegetable exists solely to fulfil some definite purpose of use to man, under the normal circumstances that existed when man was created from one of the then existing animal forms by the addition of a human mind; which is a spiritual form that only appears in this world as the inhabitant of a human body for the sake of its growth and preparation of its real life, which is induced through the rationality and freedom that no animal possesses.

Instinct into animals has usually four preliminary methods of subserving the end in view of its existence, namely, by inspiring knowledge of food and where to find it, of shelter from the elements, hibernation, etc., of danger, and of prolification.

Man has not one of these except as he learns it from other men, and all originally from experience, since they lost their instinct, which was by the same love of self and domination over others that is devastating Europe today. For an instance, take food; no man can tell his own food by sight, smell, or taste; give a man an unknown berry or fruit or a strange fungus, he dare not eat it without asking others whether it is wholesome or poisonous, while any wild animal in its native condition eats or rejects at once without hesitation; and as food alone makes life possible to both men and animals, the absolute ignorance of man on this subject is conclusive as to his want of instinct, and it can be shown that the other three forms of animal instinct are with him matters of instruction and experience, the latter being the dearer school to learn in, while a young mother with her first child is, without instruction, from others, the most helpless animal on earth.

In the paper alluded to sneezing is spoken of as if it were instinctive, but it is not; it is a part of the construction of the nervous system to react, and it is not any form of knowledge as instinct is. Hunger, thirst, digestion and elimination of waste matters are all part of the construction and operation of the machine we call the body; they are only brought to our notice by the necessity of supply and demand, but we do not control them or manage the working of the viscera in any way. All this is done, as above stated, by a general influx which sustains all animal life so long as food is provided for the body, until the end in view of its existence is accomplished, when it returns to its elements and becomes dust of the earth.

As to the other movements spoken of in the paper, as simple, like moving the arms; reflex, like throwing out the hands when one stumbles; or automatic, such as those that become habitual from practice, like moving the legs and feet when on a long walk, requiring no active thought and reflection for each step; they are not instinctive in the real sense, but become habitual; and because the attention given is as it were latent or quiescent, it is said that habit is second nature. Respecting the purposed movement spoken of as the fourth class, this is the direct opposite of instinctive, for it is the will in action by means of the rationality. A young horse, shying at a moving sheet of paper blown towards the horse by the wind, does not come, we are told, under any of these actions. But it is an excellent example of instinct, for it is without any reason, and means escape from an unknown danger; for the white flying thing is to the horse alive, and he wants to get away from it at once.

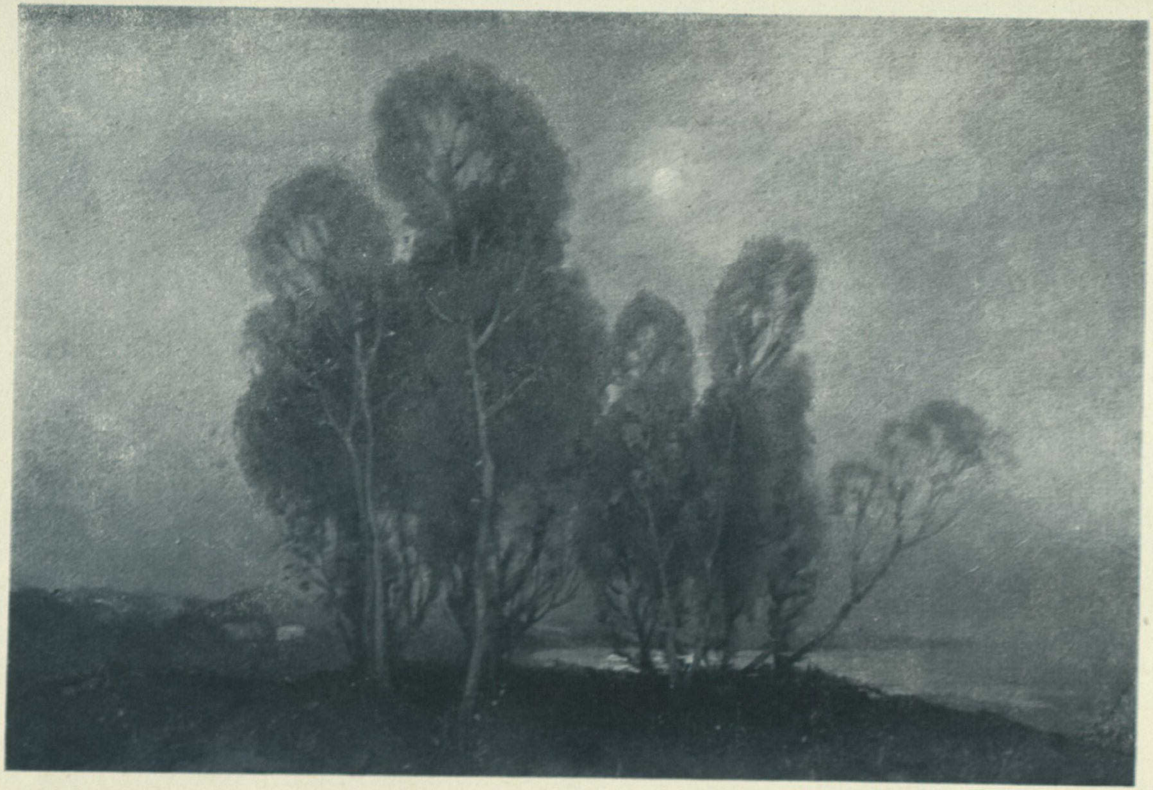
Because a kitten objects to the presence of an unknown dog, we are asked by the professor to believe that pugnacity is one of the primary instincts; whereas, just as with the horse, danger is scented, and being a predatory, and therefore armed, animal, it prepares for war if escape is impossible.

But pugnacity with man is not an instinct, it is either legitimate defence, or, if unprovoked, is the infernal desire to dominate others that used to be called glorious war, although the professor tries to say a good word for it as leading to emulation in sport and business.

Even acquisitiveness, or the impulse toward money-making, is brought forward as an instinct in man, whereas under its proper name of greed or covetousness it is our old antagonist, the love of self above the neighbour; and whether a man wants to acquire more than he can rightly use by seizing the kingly power as his by Divine right, or the land his neighbour lives on, or his neighbour himself to be his chattel and slave, it is not instinct, but hereditary tendency, that we are put here in the world to fight against and overcome, and not to make excuses for as something that we cannot help.

In fact, the resemblance between man and animal is external only and is contingent on the fact that both have bodies to sustain, to protect and to propagate; while internally, or as to the mind, there is no similarity but opposition of state and of motive; for the instinct which moves animals is simply impulse or desire to act, consciously indeed, but without any rational idea of the end to be attained or any foresight of the result of failure. That which in man is will, acting in freedom according to his rationality, the two together constituting his genius and disposition, in animals is cupidity, or a blind impulse and desire to act towards the end or use for which they were created.

Influx, of course, sustains both men and animals, but man has the freedom to divert it to his own purposes, and animals must perforce fulfil their destined end, and neither improve nor deteriorate from age to age, except as the external conditions around them change; as an example of this, the fossilized crocodile of fifty thousand years ago is identical with the crocodile of to-day where his conditions of crocodile life remain the same. Man, therefore, is the only created form of life that has the power given to disturb the order of creation, and he has done so, the history of the race being a succession of upheavals of human ambition to conquer and possess the world, each culminating in a downfall and followed by a new beginning. That they have only increased in severity, savagery and devastation, the present culmination of that evil lust of power over others proves, and the permission for such a catastrophe can only be reconciled with belief in the eternal goodness of the Creator of man, by acknowledging that the costly lesson was needed, and the only way to bring mankind to see the evil of the unchecked will of a man, or a race of men, inflated with the idea of innate or instinctive superiority over their fellows is to teach them that co-operation is better than competition, and that only by combining for the sake of the common good can the destruction of the civilized world be averted in future.



A SYMPHONY

From the Painting by
Archibald Browne

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

THE PSYCHOLOGY of KHAKI

By J. D. Logan

A NEW PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES

THE very hackneyed dictum that the clothes do not make the man, needs revision. When a man, sincerely actuated by patriotic motives, dons, for the first time, the King's uniform in khaki, he experiences certain radical changes in intellect, heart, moral imagination, and will. So radical are these changes that they are really spiritual metamorphoses, and, taken all in all, constitute a unique somersault of the newly enlisted soldier's total inner being. Moreover, so pervasive are they that they affect his most fixed attitudes to God, man and nature, his most stubborn habits of thought. For him the face of reality assumes an altogether new aspect and spiritual meaning; and, since self-expression and the ideal enhancement of life are the end and the justification of human existence, the relations of himself to God and society are conceived by him in a more positive, universal, and constructive way than formerly, and the will in him to live significantly is first re-inforced and then re-adjusted to his new conceptions of the meaning of the universe and of his place and work in the scheme of things. In short, the raw recruit, whether he has been hitherto a labourer, an artisan, a business man, or a member of one of the learned professions, the moment he dons the King's khaki he makes a moral "right-about face"—becomes an altogether *new man*.

So unique metamorphoses of a man's perspectives, affections, moral and religious imagination, volitional attitudes and reactions, constituting, as they do, a psychological phenomenon by itself, form material for a novel, interesting, and instructive essay in popular philosophy. It is not, however, possible to bring the matter under the regimen and precise methods of experimental psychology. Accordingly, I shall confine the matter to the field of introspective psychology, and base my analyses, and my orientation of the subject, on my own personal experiences as I observed them reflectively after enlisting in the King's service and donning the King's khaki as a Private in the 85th Overseas Battalion, C. E. F., Nova Scotia Highlanders. I have not, however, based my analyses solely on them, but have interrogated other newly enlisted soldiers as to their experiences on donning the King's khaki, and find that my own are typical, though, in a special case, not quite universal. That is to say, on becoming a uniformed recruit to the cause of right, justice, liberty, and peace in the world, the man of conventional education or culture, of ordinary socialized ideals and class attitudes to the respectable satisfactions of life, would experience the same changes in mind, heart, imagination, and will as I myself had. But it would depend on the nature of his cosmology, metaphysics, or theology what modifications, if any, would occur in his philosophical habits of thought and in his religious beliefs and attitudes.

The most typical and universal of the inner changes one experiences on donning the King's khaki is the perception of the natural inclusiveness of each and every nation in the "family of nations", and a corresponding increase in one's sense of *world citizenship.* This is altogether different from a reasoned or philosophical belief in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man—the unity of human kind. It is a felt or intuitive perception, not a deduction. It is an original perception or feeling that rises out of the deepest wells of consciousness, and the introspective psychologist readily remarks certain well-defined stages in its development. It begins rather negatively; that is to say, with, as it were, a shedding of one's traditional prejudices or attitudes—racial, territorial, political, and religious—towards the homelands and the peoples which compose the units of the British Empire. Suddenly the intense subjective feeling of heterogeneity of place, time, racial genius, and achievement in civilization, by some occult psychological alchemy, is transmuted into a humanizing objective feeling of homogeneity. That rather Spencerian way of formulating the change may be familiarly oriented. In Canada, or in English-speaking Canada, the basis of whose population and civilization is essentially Scots-Irish, or Anglo-Keltic, rather than Anglo-Saxon, there has always been, until the current war, a racial prejudice against Englishmen from, and in, the United Kingdom. A Scotsman, lowlander or highlander, or an Irishman arriving in Canada, would be welcomed and made to feel at home, whereas an Englishman, Lancashire and Yorkshire men excepted, would be merely tolerated. Moreover, if a Scotsman were nicknamed an "Oatmealer" or an Irishman nicknamed a "Harp" or a "Dogan", the sobriquet would be meant as an appreciation of racial affinity; but when an Englishman were nicknamed a "Sparrow" or a "Broncho", the sobriquet would be meant to be a term of derision and racial dislike. For this unfortunate state of antipathy visiting or resident Englishmen were most at fault, Canadians, intensely conscious of their democratic civilization and autonomous government, deeply resenting the English air of superiority and ownership, best expressed in the Cockney vulgarism "Canay-dians, Gawd blime me, we owns 'em". But both sides were at fault. However, with the Empire at stake by the current war and with the donning of the King's khaki by all branches of the sons of the Empire, that old antipathy has suddenly changed to one of mutual respect and sympathy. What has happened in Canada, and, I suppose, also in the other Overseas Dominions, has taken place in the United Kingdom. The attitude of antipathy on the part of Protestant Irishmen to Catholic Irishmen, and of Irishmen to Englishmen has given away to a feeling of respect and solidarity. In the Empire now there is no distinctly unique, detached, and superior person as an Englishman, Welshman, Scotsman, Irishman, Canadian, Australian, New Zealander, or South African. The spirit of all the peoples of the component parts of the Empire is one and identical: that spirit is definitively and wholly British. What was racial, insular, colonial, provincial, sectional has, under the transmuting influence of the King's khaki, become Imperial.

In the next stage, the sense of citizenship in the Empire evolves into the sense of world-citizenship. When a man dons the King's khaki, inevitably he must interrogate his conscience for answers to these two questions: Who am I? and Why am

I in khaki? He discovers that as he is an individual member of a particular family and a citizen of a particular nation, so his nation belongs to the great family of nations, each striving to work on their own destiny *with the least hindrance to the others' achievement of their ideals.* Now, the civilized nations of the world have a comity of ideals. They all want freedom, justice, righteousness, and peace in order to realize the best that is in them according to their ethnic or national genius. If any one nation could possess all ethnic virtues, then it is at least conceivable that one nation would have the spiritual right to be warder of all the other nations, and to bring them into conformity with the culture and civilization created by its own all-inclusive genius and energy. But that attitude, on the part of any particular nation, which in truth is the attitude of Germany, is contrary to nature. Nations are as individual and as limited in individual virtues as are particular persons. It takes all kinds of people—nations as well as persons—to make a world in which there is a rounded unity of excellences in a variety of virtues. But that rounded, inclusive total of virtues, thoroughly diverse and yet thoroughly unified, is the ideal of moral organization in the world.

As soon, then, as a man dons the King's khaki he realizes vividly, or at least more vividly than before, that he is not merely a Canadian, or an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a Belgian, and so on, but, is this, then also and as much, a member of the family of nations, and that, as he has the natural and inviolable right to realize his own individual personality according to his own genius and sphere, provided he respects the rights of other persons, so particular nations have the right to have their individuality respected and to be allowed to achieve their destinies according to their genius and institutions. In short, the recruit in khaki finds himself broadening, internationalizing, the Golden Rule. He would do to other individuals or persons what he would wish them to do to him, and he would take his part in seeing that every individual did not suffer injustice from others. So now, once he has assumed the King's uniform, he would fight to see that every nation is treated by every other nation as he wants his own treated, and he would fight to prevent injustice being done one nation by any other. Imperial patriotism has developed into world-patriotism. He realizes, with an absolute intensity of conviction, that the Canadians who fell with the British at Ypres and Langemarck, for instance, did not sacrifice themselves solely for the integrity and honour of Canada and the Empire; they died that all men might be free, and that justice and peace might reign in the world. The men who fell in defence of Verdun, did not sacrifice themselves solely for the integrity and honour of France; they died that the honour and brotherhood of mankind might be conserved. The man who sincerely and patriotically dons the King's khaki thus becomes an altogether new man—a spiritually bigger and better man, the devoted servant and protector of humanity. He feels this profoundly, and gladly goes forth to fight, and, if so be, gladly to die, more, if possible, for humanity than for his homeland and his kith and kin.

By suggestion, I should, at this juncture, naturally turn to disclose the newly enlisted soldier's change of attitude to death. It happens, however, to be better suited to my plan to treat it under metaphysics. In the meantime I observe that another radical change that occurs in a man's inner being when he dons the khaki is an extraordinary increase in his sense of honour, responsibility and loyalty. It should be remembered that the army is one of the two human organizations that are constituted and managed with the rigorous precision of a machine. Notwithstanding that its units form a hierarchy of ranks, governed by rigid military discipline and etiquette, the army is thoroughly democratic. That is to say, each man in khaki, from private to highest officer, feels deeply that he is, in his way and degree, an indispensable factor in the human machine called the army, and each and all feel mutual respect and loyalty, first and pre-eminently to the army, and then to one another. There would be nothing specially noteworthy in this fact, were it not that the new recruit in khaki is suddenly transferred from a realm of more or less completely democratic freedom to a realm of forms and discipline about which he at first understands nothing and, let this be noted, which is totally opposed to his past training. In ordinary society a civilian may commit peccadillos of all sorts, and not feel any sense of significant disloyalty to what is truly honourable and right. In the society called the army, a civilian on becoming a soldier immediately realizes that the slightest deviation from discipline and honourable conduct seriously affects all his equals and superiors. He therefore resolves that he will do nothing to discredit the battalion or regiment to which he belongs in the army. His uppermost solicitude is to be loyal to the *morale* and traditions of his battalion or regiment. For he realizes, more than do other men, that a soldier must above all else be a soldier and soldierly in every phase of his conduct, and thus show to the world that the army evokes in right-minded men the highest expression of genuine manhood. Again, the donning of the King's khaki makes of the civilian an altogether new man.

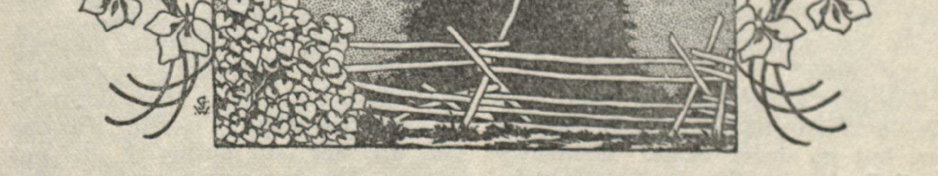
So far I have oriented some of the chief psychological changes that a man, on donning the King's khaki, experiences—the increase in his sense of world-citizenship and relations to humanity, his enlarged perception of the meaning of patriotism and duty, and his development of deep-rooted and inviolable loyalty to that special organization of which he is an integral part. I turn to consider a change of attitude which is unique, but which is largely a modification of a special metaphysic, namely, the change of attitude, on the part of the recruit in khaki, towards death. The sincere patriot knows that the moment he has enlisted and has donned the King's uniform, he is, at least in possibility, self-elected unto death—that he will become a living sacrifice for the salvation of humanity. How he faces that ordinarily dread possibility, whether with nonchalance, stoicism, or gladness, will depend on temperament or on his cosmology, metaphysics, or theology. Temperamental attitudes, nonchalant or stoic, towards death, on the part of a soldier, need not be further remarked. The fact is that men do not fear death, or stoically meet it without regret, because that attitude is born in them. On the other hand, a soldier, if he is a man of fine culture and has his attitudes to God, man, and nature—or to life—influenced by his philosophy, may have his metaphysics considerably modified, and his attitude to life and death changed and nobly sublimated. To show this, I can best do so by analyzing how I myself had my own metaphysics modified and my imaginative and volitional attitudes to life and death re-adjusted significantly and strenuously.

In metaphysics, I am an Aristotelian, somewhat modernized by the idealism of Bradley in England and of Royce in America. That is to say, I believe that my own individual self and life are, as the total spiritual universe may require or demand, a relatively significant, or an insignificant part and function of Reality, of the Absolute Life. From the point of view of eternity—*sub specie aeternitatis*—or, to put it concretely, in a million-million years, it does not make a real bit of difference whether I, or any other human individual, live strenuously, or vegetate, or stagnate, or merely fill space and time. It happens that I do actually live strenuously; but I do so from temperament and instinct.

Now, such was my metaphysics and such was my inborn will to live. I went on living, in obedience to temperament and instinct, as if all I thought and wrote were believed by me really to be absolutely significant for all time and eternity, whereas, in my inmost soul, I held that myself and my work had no genuine place and function in the life of the total spiritual universe, but were only temporarily, humanly, and mundanely significant. I did contribute my "bit" to the general happiness—pain and agony as well—of society and the mundane world; but as for myself and work having any value in the life of the Absolute—in my moments of philosophical reflection I argued that they had none.

On the whole, then, up to the time of my donning the King's khaki, I lived a life of conventional interests and of pleasure in the respectable satisfactions of existence. But when I enlisted, I discovered that I had, as the revivalists say, experienced a change of heart. Hitherto I had regarded, as many other scientists and metaphysicians have also regarded, death as no more significant than any other cosmological process. Out of the womb of the universe I came into mundane being, I should live inevitably in my own way, and then die, like any other animate creature, brute, vegetable, or human—and at length pass into utter oblivion. I did not fear death; it was inevitable, an incident of existence. But the moment I stood forth enlisted and garbed in the King's khaki, I became avid of life and I feared death. I wanted to live to fight for the liberties and humanities of the world, and there also at the same time obsessed my consciousness a fear of death. But it was the dread that I might pass before I had a chance to do my "bit" for the great cause on the battlefields of Europe. It would be genuine-tragic for myself to pass away here at home, in peace, inactive and untried in a noble cause, when, with life and vital strength vouchsafed, I have the prospect of at last doing something really significant for the good of humanity, for the salvation of the world, and for the great life of the total spiritual universe. But though I thus fear death, I will gladly die—if I can make the immortal sacrifice on the battlefield.

And so has the current war modified my own metaphysics. Universalizing my own experience and change in conception and attitude, I put the sum and substance of the philosophy of khaki into this formula: One, after all, *can*, if one wills it, be significant in the life of eternal reality. Though the world have war and other malign evils in it, one can see to it that, in Satan's despite, human existence and civilization shall be spiritual.



In a French Chateau

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS

"THE key of yonder cabinet!"

This command, uttered not only in a tone of military authority but of unconcealed insolence, was far from cowering the old French butler, rather house-steward. Straight and composed he stood, a striking comparison to his gaoler, a puffy, red-faced, red-eyed, middle-aged Bavarian, pistol in hand, ready to pull the trigger at a sign from his Hauptmann. Like his underling, this young man, a Von of the Von-est, indeed something above a mere aristocrat, had evidently been drinking heavily, but without the copious meals that had stupefied the other. Tall, sharp-featured, and scion of a small princely house, excited to fever pitch by the fortune of the day, a magnificent old chateau to pillage, he repeated his order.

"Fellow, do you hear me? The key of yonder cabinet!"

"Monsieur," slowly replied the white-haired house-steward, without the slightest trace of emotion, with indeed a quiet scorn that must have humiliated anyone but a Prussian to the dust. "What you ask I cannot give. Every object contained therein is an heirloom especially committed to my trust."

The princeling's glaring eyes made the Bavarian put his hand to his trigger, but no order came. Evidently the fall of a murdered man might be awkward—and certainly awkward for the work in hand, delicate women's garments lay about, rich laces and finest white silks—a bleeding corpse would spoil these.

With an affronting oath came the order:

"Hack away at the blasted thing. Split it from top to bottom!"

The piece of furniture thus condemned was a very rare and beautiful sixteenth century ebony cabinet inlaid with silver, precious stones and even jewels, itself worth several hundred thousand francs, its contents—wherever such a cabinet is found—sure to be worth double and treble more.

Hack away they did, the minions of their prince and captain, and evidently with keenest gusto, muttering coarse objurgations as the subtly intricate lock resisted their efforts.

At last the panels flew open, displaying four shelves, each containing priceless objects, below these being six small drawers with silver handles and without locks.

"Gott in Himmel! we're in luck's way to-day and no mistake!" cried the captain to his second self, a typical martinet and of feature and physique so similar as to suggest cousinship. "The coffers, boys, the coffers and rope, plenty of rope."

It was indeed a miniature museum that here met blood-shot eyes gloating over spoil, but only to these depredators so much money's worth. For one and all, art and antiquity did not count. The two upper shelves were filled with gems of porcelain and faïence. Here stood a pink vase of that short-lived and never regained soft porcelain called Pompadour rose —an art lost after attaining its acme —there a cup with handle of no less beautiful hard porcelain, its creamy surface showing delicate flowers and arabesques; farther on, a circular dish of Chantilly ware, harmonious and delicate colours applied to the rich glaze. Lille, Moustiers, Nevers, Rouen, each great manufactory of French art-pottery was represented. But the place of honour was naturally accorded to Oiron, commonly called Henri Deux ware. In the centre of the second shelf stood a salt-cellar which for richness and elegance rivalled the finest goldsmiths' work, whilst brilliant yellows, green and blue were picked out with gold.

"Breakables to the rubbish heap!" yelled his Highness. "Then straight away to the packing!"

Dashed to the floor were the vase of Pompadour rose, the exquisitely flowered cup, the Chantilly plate and the rest, the shattering of the centre-piece, that priceless Henri Deux salt-cellar evoking uproarious guffaws from the two officers. Five minutes later a collection worth millions of francs was reduced to fragments.

Next, and now with great care, the leader and his companion sharply watching clumsy fingers, the two lower shelves were cleared. One by one each heirloom was set aside for the coffer.

A scimitar encased in purple velvet beaded with emeralds, gift of an Oriental potentate to a French King of Jerusalem; richly sculptured pieces of gold and silver from the atelier of the great Cellini, the crozier, in gold and gemmed, of an Archbishop who had crowned a King of France, a mediæval missal with the possessor's monogram in pearls, an ivory statuette of Anne of Brittany with golden crown, girdle and keys—these, with finely engraved gold and silver salvers, ewers and cups, each possessing historic value, so far made up the loot.

"Now for the little drawers! Stand aside, all of you!" cried his Highness, evidently guessing the contents, and fearing lest some tiny object here might be pocketed by his followers.

At this stage a skilled physiognomist would have detected a certain change in the old butler's face. Hitherto drops of sweat on his bald head had revealed silent agony—agony perhaps harder to bear than any physical torture his foes could have devised.

Calm, speechless, upright, he remained, beside him the keeper, ready to blow his brains out at a signal, a mere nod from the burglar-in-chief. But what was passing through the faithful servitor's mind now?

Instead of painfully concealed rage, loathing and despair, his face suddenly brightened. His eyes followed those white, claw-like hands with a triumphant expression, that also reined in, and not to be read by others. The first little drawer containing rare gold coins only was emptied into a leather pounch affixed to the captain's belt, the second, in which were four miniatures costily framed, his fellow officer carefully placed in a small packing-case intended for the lesser-sized booty; when he opened the third and uttered an exclamation of surprise the old butler's eyes positively glittered.

"Teufel! An old leather binding turned into a casket! Who knows? May be, Pandora's box!"

True enough, this especial drawer held what at first looked like an elaborately bound antique volume, but the tiny silver lock had not escaped rapacious eyes. Nor did something else. It was the outside of a small octavo book, the dark brown leather ornamented in gold, shining as if of yesterday's inlaying, and on either side an emblazoned Episcopal Ex-libris; this was an oval, above an Archbishop's mitre, being a scroll with the following legend:

Ex-Bilioth—Sancti-Victoris. Paris.

On the back, of which the gold decorations were much tarnished, remained the ancient label, *Vic des Saints,* and underneath, the word *Octobre*.

"The key, and no palavar, old baldhead—or"

"Monsieur, I repeat, I surrender nothing entrusted to me by my master, the Count," replied the old man in the same firm but respectful voice. And was it chance or volition? A slight jerk and the old-fashioned *breloques,* in other words, seal, ring, ornamental eye-glass and other trinkets suspended to his watch-chain showed a small silver key. No need for force. Without a word, without the movement of a muscle, the house-steward allowed repulsive hands to seize his own heavy gold watch, birthday gift after forty years' service, and to him as precious appendages. Too old to have benefited by the Educational Acts of the Third Republic, Benoit did not understand that allusion to Pandora's box, but when it was opened, and the captain uttered a cry of admiring wonder, he bit his lips and his fingers twitched. This time every nerve thrilled. Evidently the old man suffered no torture now, only keenest excitement of other kind.

The pseudo casket still retained its primitive lining, wall-paper of crudest arabesques in equally crude yellows, reds and blues, design and colours matching each other, and contrasting with the solid beauty of the binding. In the centre padded with wadding and encircled by a gold necklet and a pair of slender bracelets lay a small heart-shaped velvet locket or box framed with pearls and containing a ring.

For a moment the respendence of that ring silenced the marauders. Alike leaders and their men gazed in speechless wonder. It was not the elaborate Saracenic bezel that attracted attention, but the inset, an emerald of marvellous size and beauty—such an emerald as is only seen in the regalia of museums.

"Prime gift for a sweetheart, eh, royal cousin?" whispered the captain to his kinsman, adding—for none so suspicious as the guilty—"And, by Heaven! the sooner out of sight the better!"

With that he pocketed the locket, then in the same shrieking nasal tone, called out to his underlings:

"Stand back, all of you, till you are wanted, but be ready with cotton-wool and cording!"

Down on their knees went the titled house-breakers and one might have supposed them to be packers by trade from their wariness and dexterity. Realizing, rather guessing, the money value of each object—for its beauty he cared not a jot—the captain took good care that none should slip through his hands.

But strangely enough the old butler no longer looked heart-broken. As one by one his beloved master's heirlooms were packed for immediate transport to Germany, a look that could only be called ecstatic lighted up his face —a look if noticed at all by these dull Teutons, by them considered due to escape from the Bavarian's pistol.

And when less than an hour later the invaders had departed with their booty and the ransacked, worse still, defiled chateau became quiet as the grave, new life seemed to invigorate the septuagenarian. The weight of years fell off, the long-drawn-out agony of the last few hours left no trace behind. As he summoned the scared, irresponsible serving folk from the hiding-places to which he had consigned them, alone of the weeping muster he wore a smile.

The emerald ring in that princely pocket more than consoled him for the havoc and desolation on every side.

Two months later an ancient Schloss of Southern Germany was *en fête*. The heir of what until 1870-1, had been an independent princedom was expected home for a brief rest, also for the ceremony of betrothal. The hero of the noble exploits just recorded was to-day lieutenant-colonel, and on his breast he proudly wore the

Iron Cross. Fittingly therefore waved a Prussian flag with that of his own house from the ancestral chateau, and in his honour all the villagers kept holiday.

A very unpoetic old building was that Schloss towering above vast stretches of sky-blue flax, Indian corn and tobacco, the flatness broken by orchards. Square and gaunt it rose abruptly from a wooded hill, its enormous height enhanced by a low roof, having a small pointed turret at each corner, and by its bare gray walls, only a narrow window visible here and there. But the great loftiness and thickness of the walls, the battered escutcheons engraved over the portico bespoke mediæval grandeur. The Schloss indeed had once been a castle, the portal replaced a portcullis, and fruit trees and verdure filled a feudal moat. Modernization, however, was the order of the day in the front of the building. Here was a small but well-kept terraced garden, stone steps leading from one space to the other, below a little fountain trickling pleasantly on the lawn. And around and above, apple and pear trees hemmed in the precincts. Three persons were to-day enjoying the warm sunshine and surprise upon surprise on the upper terrace.

The first was a benevolent, homely-looking woman advanced in years, and whose speech, demeanour and air of authority proclaimed the aunt, chaperone, or guardian. By her side, over an open deal case knelt a typical Teutonic beauty, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, and the personification of sturdy healthfulness.

"Ach mien Gott, Prince, said the duenna wiping away a contented tear. "How good to have you here! As I always say, nothing cheers us women so much as to see a pair of trousers about the place!"

"Well, Countess, I can only say that the rustle of a frock is equally cheering to us poor fellows. But, my little Ottilie, what is her opinion?"

His little Ottilie was at that moment taking out treasures from the case—now a collar of finest Valenciennes lace, now a sable muff, now a large black lace shawl from famous Chantilly looms. "The very thing for you, Auntie, dear!" she exclaimed, and jumping up, carefully adjusted it to the elder lady's shoulders.

"And the very thing I wanted," said the old woman. *"Lieber Gott!* How many years is it since I bought my old black lace shawl? Nigh on forty, I do believe. I remember the purchase so well, for I always had a first peep at our late Queen's left-offs. My maid knew the good woman who hawked them round, only to especial customers, of course. She used to carry the lot in a basket on her hand, and no one was supposed to know what it contained. And with my old lace shawl I bought the very stomacher of Italian guipure I have on at this moment. My! Ottiliechen, your trousseau won't cost you much now. Did one ever see such silk stockings and such shifts—trimmed with Honiton, and of lawn so fine that you can almost see through it!"

Whilst the worthy matron chatted on, complacently smoking a cigarette from an embossed silver case, an item of his recent loot, the wearer of the iron cross watched his bride-elect. From time to time he answered an ecstatic burst of thanks by a pressure of her hand, receiving in return just a touch of full rosy lips. Never had the untravelled young Highness seen such a display of French lingerie, tissues and trinkets, Lyons silk petticoats, hand-painted fans, gold-stoppered scent bottles, dainty reticules, all these had been thought of by her chivalrous lover.

"How good of you, cousin," she said, rising as an old man-of-all-work in shabby livery appeared with a tea-tray. "But what did you keep for yourself?"

A look, not of shame, rather of momentary embarrassment, passed over the young man's countenance, as all three followed the tea-tray.

At the farther end of the terraced garden a steep ascent led to a large wooden pavilion, reached by a spiral staircase, the lower part of which was open, thus being adapted for use in summer. The upper was walled and plastered, so that it could be enjoyed on cool autumn days.

"Ah! the heavenly view, how glad I am to behold it once more—"

"You may well say that, Fritzchen! What frights we have endured on your account!"

All three gazed for a few minutes on the vast prospect, beyond the thickly massed foliage of the Schloss, a sunlit river threading orchards and cornfields, far, very far away, just discernible in clear weather the spires and hoary old fortress of the little capital, outlined against the horizon.

"I will now answer your question, my little cousin," began the lieutenant-colonel, as they sat down to tea and the old man-servant had left them. "You must know Gnädige Frau," he added, turning to the Countess, "the bulk of confiscated property, the prize-money of war, goes to the State, we who carry out orders are only supposed to retain a keepsake, some trifling memento of our achievements. For you, my aunt, I retained this vinaigrette in embossed silver. I remembered your headaches. For my darling fiancée, this amethyst bracelet, and for myself a ring—a man's ring," he added with the look of compunction he had shown just before. Was it because on second thoughts he had coveted the crowning treasure of the casket?

"Dear little Fritz, I must embrace you. A French vinaigrette, and my poor head aches oftener than ever!"

Rapturously she sniffed the invigorating perfume again and again. As rapturously Ottilie clasped the giver's hand, then fastened the slender string of gold and amethysts round her more than plump arm.

"And now let us see your ring," said the elder lady.

"When Kurt has cleared away the tea-things you shall be obeyed," said the officer, as he took a third cigarette from a chased silver case, another item of the great loot. "Ah! those accursed Frenchmen know what good tobacco is like. All the better luck for us that they always provide themselves with the very best of everything."

The edge of the ladies' exuberance over their treasure-trove was now somewhat taken off, and they followed his long, acquisitive, claw-like fingers with eager eyes.

But here imagination had been unequal to the calls upon it. When their hero produced his impearled box with the triumphant slowness of a necromancer about to show off his last and greatest coup, both aunt and niece were dumbfounded. With held breath and dilated eyes they gazed upon the flashing emerald, for awhile, unable to utter a word.

"Got in Himmel, Fritzehen!" at last broke out the old Gräfin. "Sell it to a Rothschild, boy. You would get the wherewithal to make the Schloss worthy of your ancestors!"

"Nay, my aunt, let the Schloss be. Better to keep a jewel of which perhaps there is not the like in all Germany—"

"All the more reason for getting rid of it, Fritz, and the sooner the better. Jealousy lurks in high places, as you know. Anyhow, no one must ever learn how you came by such a thing—a small fortune in itself."

"There is something in what you say, my dear aunt. We will think about it. Up to the present moment I have been discretion itself, not once either by night or by day has this precious little case been out of my waistcoat pocket. I have never indeed as yet tried it on."

"Well, as we are all safe from observation here, do so now," Ottilie said dying with curiosity to know whether or not this superb ring would fit him, and if not, whether she could not by blandishments secure it for herself.

"Yes, let us see how it looks on

your finger, prince," added the Gräfin, and both ladies moved nearer the little jewel case.

But vainly the young man's muscular, sinewy, white fingers could raise the lid. Again and again he essayed, again and again he searched for the sign of a spring.

Then he took out the kind of eyeglass that pawnbrokers use when valuing jewellery, and which his Highness had found invaluable in more than one raid.

"No, curse the thing! Ring and box seem all of a piece, but we'll baffle the contrivers anyhow—"

"You will never smash the glass, why you might injure the stone," put in the girl.

"Of what mortal use is it here? But don't be afraid, darling, I'm not so inexpert in these matters as you suppose."

So saying he brought out a pair of minute glass-cutters' tools, and cut dexterously without injuring either pearled frame or glass. No accomplished housebreaker could have done the job more neatly.

"My! How grand it will make you look!" cried the younger Gräfin. "I only wish it had been small enough for me," she added as she watched her lover place it on the little finger of his left hand.

"I am not so sure about that, it is a tight fit—"

As he spoke he pressed down the ring, a second later falling back with a piercing shriek. He had touched a secret spring, with sharp incision setting free the dark, metallic poison concealed in the bezel and which now trickled down his fingers. Far and near resounded that frenzied cry, but before even serving-folks could reach the pavilion the deadly venom had done its work. Their young master, a quarter of an hour before full of life, self exaltation and greedy ambition, now hideous to behold, had paid his price to the gods. Could the most pitiful resent Pandora's gift?

*

"Enchanted to meet you, my dear de Bretteville, and as like everyone else, a soldier for the nounce. Welcome to my quarters. Here we are, and by ourselves."

Thus saying General Malmaison ushered the other through the wide doors of his official quarters in the Rue de Bellechasse, Paris, and led the way to a small sitting-room.

Both men were past middle-age, and of distinguished though contrasted appearance, the civilian and country gentleman was tall, powerfully built, and bronzed, but it was easy to divine rather by the chase than by campaigns in Senegal or Tonquin. Below average height, with a fine intellectual forehead, its lines bearing evidence of deep concentrated thought, and commanding presence, General Malmaison looked what he was, one of the foremost engineers of the French army. Each wore the red knot of the Legion of Honour on his breast.

"On my word, you look more cheerful than I should have expected under the circumstances," said the general, as soon as they had seated themselves in easy-chairs and lighted cigarettes. "Was the ransack and pillage of your paternal home as ruinous as report said?"

The other uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Ransack, pillage! What are these compared to defilement and downright bestiality? There are no other names for the pet jobs of these ruffians. Listen, my friend, as we all know, drink makes a beast of any man, the Germans have invented the word, superman, I will improve upon it, the German drunkard becomes a super-beast. It will cost me a round million to have my pig-stye of a house scoured, white-washed, renovated, in fine, rendered habitable. As to the millions upon millions of valuables carried away and valuables destroyed because they could not be packed up, for reparation I wait patiently—but not in vain."

"Pardie, no! And your patience

will probably not be so long on the strain as folks think—or pretend to think."

Here their eyes met, exchanging a look, mutally understood, but too terrible to be put into words, a look that almost took away the human in both countenances. Then the general added:

"Now, tell me more. Your ladies I learned were safe, and as far as I have been able to gather, none of your serving folks suffered in life or limb?"

"Trust my discreet butler, old Benôit, to look after those confided to him! I had only time to bundle off my wife and daughter, or rather to get them bundled off to England, for I had, of course, joined my old regiment. Benôit just managed to bury title-deeds and bonds deep down under a dried-up well, when, lo! the wolves were on the gold."

He broke forth with a laugh.

"No time was there, alas! for imitating the example of my wife's grandfather, a rich proprietor in the Côte d'or. In '71, when the Boches were at Dijon, this wise old gentleman had all his *vin ordinaire,* some hundred bottles, sealed with yellow wax, the rare old Burgundies, almost worth their weight in gold, being recorked as of no account! And the dull Teutons, never having tasted claret in their lives, got finely drunk upon wine worth a few sous the bottle. But to proceed, Benôit was solemnly charged to allow no resistance—the womenfolk had all, of course, been sent away—he was not to yield up a single key, but not to resist, even if the villains stripped him in the search. And so the brave old fellow, seventy gone, mind you, stolidly sat out the devastation with pinioned hands, and a pistol held to his ear. What enraged him most was the sight of his mistress' and his young lady's lawn chemises and silk stockings carried off, to be worn forsooth, by frowzy German housewives and their daughters, who even of the better class are brought up to kill the ducks and chickens before preparing them for the family dinner!"

"You are surely exaggerating, my friend."

"Truth! I can swear to it, for my sister, who was educated at Weimar, learned it from a school-fellow, daughter of a Von! Well, figure to yourself, my poor old man, and the agonies he endured—his own gold watch wrenched from his fob, my family relics, miniatures, keepsakes, and curios that he knew I valued beyond anything in my possession gone! However, he had his reward. The sight of his face yesterday was worth—I was going to say—restitution of the entire lot. Could only a Rembrandt have caught his expression as I read him this."

Taking out a well-worn Swiss newspaper, and spreading it on his knees, de Bretteville slowly read the following paragraph:

> "We have just learned from a private source that the officer of high, some say of royal, rank, commanding the much-talked-of raid of the de Bretteville chateau in the Seine and the Marne, some months since, has just died of virulent poison in his paternal castle in Southern Germany. The young man had carried off a poisoned ring, and trying it on, died in fearful convulsions."

"Now, general," said his friend, as he folded the slip and replaced it in his pocket-book, "do not, for a moment, suppose that the ring in question was a trap. Here is its history:

"My ancestors, as you know, belonged to the Robe, in other words, to the Law. My genealogical tree goes back much further even than the celebrated poisoning epidemic of 1675, when dozens of poor deluded wretches, not a few I've no doubt, innocent enough, suffered the tortures of their leader, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, which, as wrote another marquise, 'she endured so prettily!' In truth, alike the guilty and the innocent suffered bodily much more than their victims. At this period one of my ancestors occupied the first magistracy in the kingdom, he was indeed no less a personage than the Procureur du Roi. Well, a certain court beauty, the daughter and heiress of a great house, had been drawn from reasons of jealousy into the criminal net. Grave suspicions got wind concerning her, and but for her position, wealth, personal charms, and my forerunner's efforts on her behalf, she would most certainly have shared the fate of the marquise's accomplices. Anyhow she was acquitted after a short trial, and immediately afterwards it was announced that she was about to enter a cloistered convent and take the veil."

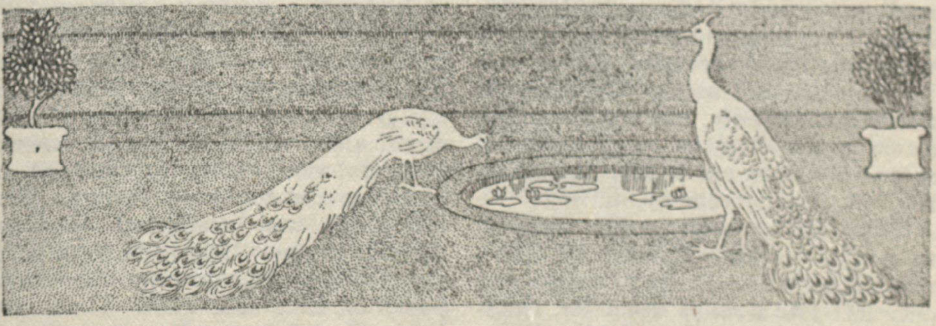
"You are surely romancing?"

"When we have settled the Boches, and you come to see me at home, I will get out the records of the trial and you shall peruse them. But to conclude. On the eve of her reception into a Carmelite nunnery she begged the Procureur du Roi to grant her an interview, which, of course, he did. Falling on her nees, and pouring out thanks for his services, she declared her innocence of any attempt upon life.

"'But,' she said, taking from her bosom a small oval locket set round with pearls, in the midst of which lay a magnificent emerald ring, 'take this souvenir, never, I am sure, in your case, to prove an engine of evil. The bezel contains deadly poison, but both ring and jewel box are safe so long as you keep this tiny key. Never entrust it except to one who is as your second self.'

"Thrusting her gift into his hands she hastened away, and two days later was published an account of her initiation, the shearing of her beautiful hair and the rest, the pious world being thereby greatly edified. My good great-great-great uncle, who was a lover of a curio—as well as of a pretty face—kept the horrible trinket—you know the rest."

"It is a great pity that a few more such curios were not lying about in châteaux this time last year," said the general drily, "and that this especial one did not fall into the proper hands—you know whose. It would have saved us a good deal of powder and shot."



SERVANTS OF BYGONE DAYS

By M. Forsyth Grant

SERVANTS of old times were only engaged after careful reference, and when they came, came to stay when they found themselves in a good place with a kind mistress. Three capable servants could be kept on the present-day wage of one—oftentimes incapable, and in few houses were there less than two, with always a nurse if there were young children. At *Sleepy Hollow* I can remember six servants coming into morning prayers when I was a tiny child, and the establishment was that of an ordinary gentleman's house. The accommodation then would be scorned now, when sitting-rooms and bath-rooms are demanded.

Chin and his wife are amongst the earliest servants I can remember, for I recall playing under the big kitchen table when the servants' dinner was in progress, and seeing Chin cut his finger rather badly, and watching him immediately clap on a spoonful of salt to the open cut to stop the bleeding. A drastic remedy, indeed!

Chin left us to go to *The Grange,* to service in Mr. William Boulton's (my father's first cousin) family; and only left *The Grange* when Mr. Goldwin Smith died. He and his wife, a large handsome woman, lived there in the pretty little lodge still to be seen near the big gates, and brought up a family of eight children. Mrs. Chin died some years ago, and Chin spends his time now divided amongst his sons and daughters, who are all doing well. He was present at a family wedding a short time ago, with snow-white beard, and hair which he always brushed up from his forehead. He was a perfect type of the well-trained manservant, his manner of opening the door, waiting at table and general deportment marking him as of one who has served in gentlemen's houses, and knowledge of his duties seldom seen now here. His silver and dining-room table were things to rejoice at. In later years Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave some delightful "evenings", and refreshments were handed round on great silver trays in the beautiful old drawing-rooms, and to see Chin, in most correct of dress, with his subordinates, bearing the massive trays with their contents, to each guest, something to remember.

Parkes was a manservant as well known as the town clock. After leaving his place, whether at my grandfather's at Beverley House, or some one of the old family homes, I am not sure which, he went out as a waiter, and for many years no dinner party was considered complete without Parkes! I have heard a lady say, "I simply cannot have the dinner party on that date unless I can get Parkes," and he used to be engaged months beforehand for Christmas and New Year's festivities. Parkes was a slight, thin man, with light hair and small whiskers, very light and active in his movements, and an absolutely perfect knowledge of wines, service, etc. He was married and had a large family, thirteen children, I think. He latterly got a position in Osgoode Hall and was known to all old residents.

Jewel was another manservant for years in the service of my aunt, Mrs. James Strachan. He had been a page at the Toronto Club in its old quarters in York Street, and I recall his active figure, and rubicund face, with bright black eyes and hair, and, of course, the small whiskers thought correct there; no moustache ever being seen on a properly turned-out butler. Having been at the Club, he, of course, knew all the gentlemen, officers, etc., and when any of them called at "The Cottage", Jewel was always delighted, and I have heard my aunt say that when any visitor came, such as Colonel Newdigate (afterwards the well-loved Governor of Bermuda), who was an intimate friend, and found my uncle and aunt out, Jewel would at once invite him to "Come in, and perhaps you will stay and dine, sir!" knowing the welcome ready for him, and the perfection of table, etc. He was an excellent valet, too. He was a small man in size, but his wife was head and shoulders taller; he afterwards kept a restaurant well patronized for many years before he retired.

Burns, manservant at the Bishop's Palace, was a curious old Irishman, well-known to all visitors there; he was devoted to Bishop Strachan and most solicitous for his comfort, and an excellent butler as well. Mr. Arthur Grasett told me lately he remembered Burns so well, and when he and some of the younger generation were sent to make a formal call on the Bishop, the old gentleman would say, "Burns, show the young gentlemen where the white raspberry bushes are," and, rather against his will, Burns, in his livery, with striped waistcoat, would pilot the "young gentlemen" to where they had a great feast of fruit in the large old-fashioned garden. Burns was to be seen often with a big Newfoundland dog sedately pacing alongside, carrying a basket in his strong jaws. Ansell was another old butler who, I suppose, succeeded Chin at *Sleepy Hollow*, the only thing I remember distinctly about him being that he occasionally got on sprees, and one day when under the influence of liquor he did a terrible thing, in revenge, I suppose, for a scolding. In those days it was the ordinary custom for a gentleman to have a wine-cellar in or out of the house for casks of wine put there to mellow, and my father had some specially good wine (probably had gone "round the Cape") stored in a small cellar under the hillside at the south of the house. Some of the huge green watering-cans then always used for flowers had just been painted. Ansell, in his anger, had seized on these, filled them to the brim from the casks, and I can see him now staggering along the lawn with a great green can in each hand, doubtless to empty them in the ground before returning for fresh spoil! Ansell was servant for years at *The Hall*, the fine residence of the late Sir Casimer Gzowski, afterwards becoming General factotum for the offices in the old Romaine Buildings of Macpherson and Gzowski. Later on we had a faithful couple at *Sleepy Hollow*, John and Mary Wright. He was coachman for the two big bay horses my father kept then; and Mary was our devoted nurse; she loved us children as if we were her own, and then, with many tears, she and her husband went off to a little cottage on the Bathurst Street Common, which we often visited to be regaled with cakes, she named her progeny after us in regular rotation, probably thinking she could pay us no higher compliment. Mary had a loose tooth which hung over her lip, which fascinated me, and was very fond of gay dresses, flounces, bonnets with gay feathers, etc., and used a faint perfume which I always connected with her. Some home-made decoction doubtless. Arthur, my grandfather's coachman at Beverley

House, I can remember perfectly as a typical one—big in girth, large, fresh-coloured face, light brown curly hair and whiskers; he was there when my father was a young man, probably as a groom, and I remember my father telling us that for a whole winter he kept a pet horse of his own in the big stables, entirely with Arthur's connivance unknown to Sir John! How they managed it one can hardly say, but he never took any part in the house details, leaving all to my grandmother's management; and though her books were a marvel of neatness and small writing, no doubt the stable arrangements were left to Arthur!

Hannah was another old servant living at Beverley House for nearly forty years, and to the end of her days working and sewing amongst us all to the third generation. She always looked exactly the same to me, as she had always worn a "front" of jet black hair, brought down in two smooth bands over her ears, and a cap composed of black lace fitting snugly to her head; she had snappy dark eyes, and a light neat figure. She could cook anything, and her calves foot jelly was a marvel of excellence; also her sponge cake. She always spoke of my father as "Mr. John." Her temper was always very bad!

Fletcher was a very wonderful old servant of my aunt's, who looked after her gowns, etc., and waited on her faithfully as long as she could, ending her days at a delightful "Home," where she looked it over all other inmates, and never forgot the anniversaries of births and deaths in the Bishop's or my father's families.

I shall never forget the terror with which we regarded (as small children) a nurse called Harriet; a perfect seamstress and needle-woman, lady's maid, and nurse. She kept all us youngsters in abject terror of her evil tempers which she only showed to us; dressing herself up in other clothes with a mask, to frighten us, and taking us to visit her friends whom we were sternly forbidden to mention. She finally brought things to a stormy conclusion when we were in Quebec one winter, for the Session, and was summarily dismissed, to our immense relief! No doubt children are sufferers from harsh nurses unknown to parents; and like the man who, meeting Dr. Arnold years after he had left Rugby, felt his knees weakening as if again the schoolboy. I remember years after, when well in my teens, suddenly seeing Harriet in College Avenue, and for a moment the same indescribable terror came over me, sending me scurrying past her, until a flash of present-day circumstances came over me! I recall a very charming and most hospitable home in one of the tall old-fashioned houses in King Street, west of John Street, nearly opposite to where the Arlington Hotel is now, in which Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow lived. They were New York people. She being a Miss Bloodgood (aunt of Mr. Hildreth Bloodgood who has judged at the horse show here) and a beautiful woman of the blonde type, always perfectly gowned, by French dressmakers, and most kind to all young people, and delighting to welcome her friends to her invariably well-served table. Mr. Ludlow was an unusually handsome man, generally wearing a black velvet coat indoors, most becoming to his fine complexion and white hair and moustache. The servants there were really a whole family: Robinson, the butler, and general factotum; his wife, an excellent cook, and the daughter, Ada, who was house-maid.

Robinson's one fault was of being too fond of the bottle, and he was most comical when he had enough to be a trifle unsteady and absent-minded. I remember one night when there were the usual eight or ten at the table, wondering what on earth was the matter with the man; he kept opening and shutting the door of a small sideboard and peering in as though in search of something he had forgotten, doing his duties in an aimless sort of way, quite unlike his usual eminently correct self, and finally reaching the climax when he carried in a large silver platter with the joint or what-not (Mr. Ludlow always carved himself and beautifully, too), put it down with both hands before his master with great ceremony, and then there remained with his hands on the table spread out, quite unable to raise himself from his stooping attitude! I am afraid we forgot our manners and were convulsed for the moment. Robinson was indeed most penitent afterwards, but he always chose the most awkward day possible for his fête!

Lamont, butler at the Honourable J. Hillyard Cameron's fine residence, "The Meadows," was an excellent servant of the old school, and I often have a chat with him at the Hospital for Incurables, where he has been for years, and always cheery and bright, living old times over again in the men's sitting-room. To come down to later days, George Hillier was for many years in service at Government House, under the first Lieutenant-Governor there, the Honourable William Howland, but left as messenger in the office, for a position in Osgoode Hall, where a short time ago he was presented with a long-government-service medal. Lymer, who is so well known, is still at Government House as head steward, beginning his service with the Honourable O. A. Macdonald, and continuing with succeeding governors. His faithfulness to duty and keen interest in everything pertaining to it has made him one of the most valued servants of the government.

Foreign servants we have not known much of here. Mrs. George Allan had a French maid when I was a child, Elise by name, who was thin, and active, dark eyes, and curls hanging about her face, and it was most amusing to hear her rapid gabble in French with anyone who could talk to her. Like Miss Sandfield Macdonald, for instance, when the shrugs, uplifted hands, exclamations made up much of the voluble talk, most fascinating to watch. She was an excellent maid and was skilled in the making of pomatums, then always used for the hair, and of a gummy stuff called bandoline to smooth the edge of the hair on the forehead. Also to pat and hold in place the "beau curls" arranged on the face just in front of the ear, precisely as one sees them now on the extremely fashionable women. The carriages in bygone days were—in the main—well known. My aunt has told me of the yellow carriage of The Grange, but I only knew the ordinary close brougham and open landau, with the enormously fat and rubicund face of the devoted old coachman. The carriage of Colonel (afterwards Sir Casimir Gzowski) was known by its pretty basket work on the blue sides, and the coachman who was there for as long as I can remember always made me think of a Russian in a picture, I suppose, from his enormous moustaches, which swept down each side of his chin, long, bushy, and thick, to his collar.

Mr., afterwards Sir David, Macpherson had a great variety of carriages, from the hooded buggy in which he was driven to his office, to the comfortable rockaway and big landau.

Mrs. Nordheimer always looked charming in her beautifully appointed carriages, with her servants in light liveries; and certainly nothing can approach the carriage for a becoming background for a well gowned woman, so different to the automobiles which have no distinctive elegance whatever. My father had a beautiful pony phæton bought from the late Lord Bury (afterwards the Earl of Albemarle), who married Miss MacNab, daughter of the late Sir Allan MacNab, of Dundurn, Hamilton, originally made for the Khedive of Egypt, in London; it had pretty, long, graceful lines, and a seat for the coachman behind, who drove from there, and it was for many years at "Eastwood", the property of Mr. T. C. Patteson.

My uncle, Christopher Robinson, had the funniest sleigh, of which he was fond in his bachelor days—a low one, black and red, in which he drove one fine horse himself, but the groom stood behind on a small sort of padded iron bench, and one scarcely unredstood how George, his groom for many years, could clutch on swinging round the corners.

In old military days the officers had splendid turnouts of sleighs in winter, and wagonettes chiefly in summer, with, of course, perfectly appointed servants. Lord Dufferin's and Lord Minto's carriages were smart to a degree, and the servants wore powder. I remember when my mother went up to Hamilton to do the honours for an invalid aunt on the occasion of the first visit of Lord and Lady Dufferin to Ontario, and they stayed at "Rock Castle", as the residence of Honourable Donald MacInnes was called. I recall a footman in the Governor-General's entourage, one of the handsom est men possible, at least six feet five inches tall, and imposing indeed in gorgeous livery and powder.

To come down to later days, who does not recall Mr. Hendrie's fine English coach-and-four, which he brought down for some years from Hamilton to the Ontario Jockey Club races, driving his horses, with Mrs. Hendrie on the box, and a bevy of brightly-gowned ladies behind. Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Otter, Mr. George Beardmore, Colonel Stimson, all drove four-in-hands, and the scene was a pretty one in front of the Queen's Hotel, where all gathered on the May mornings—all gone now, and replaced by the evil-smelling, hideous automobiles, with their still more hideous noise. One cannot but regret the replacing so entirely of the handsome by the ugly.

I think now the arrangements for households must have been very different when I was a youngster; supplies were laid in for daily distribution by the mistress, and the consultation between the authorities was more deliberate. In many houses the quantities of tea, sugar, butter, etc., was regulated according to the number in the servants' hall or kitchen, on a certain scale, and one day's menu was arranged for the next. Wine was greatly used in cooking for flavouring, jellies, sauces, stews, pasties, etc., each dish having its own flavour, and if one looks at any of the standard cookery books, such as Mrs. Beeton, Soyer, etc., the large quantities of wine, brandy, butter, and cream strike terror into the present housekeeper of ordinary means. I have seen in one of the big houses in which I passed much time as a child, at a certain hour in the morning, the lady's maid appear and proceed to loop up her mistress's skirt all round so as to clear the floor, then a large silk apron was put on, a key basket was taken, and thus equipped, she descended to the basement-kitchen, where the cook had everything arranged for inspection; details were gone into for luncheon, dinner, breakfast for next day, and, of course, afternoon and nursery teas. Sunday suppers were always known or high teas. At Chestnut Park we had delicious finnan haddie cooked in richest milk or cream, and potatoes baked in their skins for supper.

The late Senator Plumb, of Niagara, afterwards Speaker in the House of Commons, was a great connoisseur of the table, and in his charming home at Niagara the dining-room was always perfect in all appointments. He very much disliked flavouring being put in the soup in the kitchen, and I shall never forget seeing Mrs. Plumb, in her lovely evening gown, at the head of the beautifully decorated table (every dish of fruit having its own colour in the flowers of the varied balsam) flavouring the soup in the big silver tureen herself, and the maid, (they had old, and devoted servants) brought a small salver on which bottles of sauces, salt, pepper, lemon, etc., from each of which Mrs. Plumb added the desired quantity, stirred it, tasted a spoonful in a hot plate, approved, and, presto! the effect was perfect, both in taste and method, for the whole thing was done with such grace, with no interruption to her conversation with the guest next to her, it made a never-forgotten impression on the very young girl watching with envious eyes, such grace, such finish. Mrs. Plumb was one of the most delightful hostesses, in a lovely home, and a universal favourite. Mr. Plumb also could be a quite unusually agreeable host; he had a wonderful memory, and could repeat any number of poems, with fire and zest, and I shall never forget his reading aloud of "Alice in Wonderland", then new to me, and the fascination of that wonderful story, so read. An old diary of one of my aunts from Niagara, when a girl on a visit there, speaks of the informal hospitality; always three or four of an extra number coming in to dinner, and if there was any doubt about the food, the master of the house, Honourable William Cayley, who was living there then, would call out, "All right, let's have bacon and eggs!" of which, presumably, there must have been an unlimited quantity always to hand.

Mrs. Shortley was a well-known cook at Beverley House, living there as long as I can remember, and, with no kitchen maid, turning out wonderful luncheons and dinners; for I so well recollect Mrs. Strachan asking her long years after she had retired from service, and becoming the first professional cook known in Toronto, about the number of dinner parties given when my grandfather was Chief Justice, and her answer, "Oh, we had *large* dinners only about once a month, small ones every ten days!" and my grandmother's rule was—one bottle of champagne to three persons; one servant to four, and, of course, other wines, such as port, sherry, and Maderia always. "Times has very much changed," as Mr. Weller says. But I recall a remark made by an old gentleman in Ottawa once, who had known all mine and my husband's people (Forsyths, of Quebec and Montreal), when he was speaking of some of the gentlemen of the old families.

"There are no such gentlemen now in Canada. How could there be when one knows of the lives they led, the friends they had, the food they ate, and the wine they drank? They don't exist now!" There was truth in what he said, doubtless, but what about "Abolish the bar!"

THE PATH OF HENRY

By W. Gordon

AS children we spent a long, pleasant summer on a farm. The "hired man", a great strong creature, was, as described locally, "not all there", or in the softer Scots phrase, "hardly wise". His lack of wisdom was apparent enough in his giving man's work for boy's wages, and he was used and scorned by the farmer, himself a man of no passing wit. But in other ways I think we undervalued Henry's wisdom; I have come to look on it as the kind of wisdom which, skilfully directed, leads to success.

Henry's *forte* was the art or, rather, the habit of being agreeable. We would be curiously inspecting the farm machinery; city-bred, we were profoundly ignorant, and of Henry, ever pottering about at his "chores" and chewing idly at a straw, we sought the needed knowledge.

"What is this, Henry?"

"Dunno'm," drawled into three syllables.

"Is it a plough, Henry?"

"Yaas'm."

It mattered not at all if the next day we asked whether the same machine were a thresher or a reaper or a binder; Henry's memory was tactfully elastic. Cross-questioning could set no snares for him; he was always ready, cheerfully complaisant. Childishly superior, we thought this constant agreeing a mark of unique stupidity; now I am coming to regard it as a sign of successful diplomacy, and to look on Henry as a representative man.

For consider how ubiquitous it is, this habit or art of imbecile agreement. The whole purpose of the salesman is to agree, his whole art is to seem to express an independent opinion, if the customer is weak enough to ask it, while in reality his words are merely an echo.

"Which of these hats looks best on me?"

"Well, really, sir, it is hard to say. Some gentlemen prefer the Panama and others like the stiff straw, but they both suit the shape of your head."

"Perhaps this Panama has better lines."

"Yes, indeed, sir, now I look at it, it certainly does look the best on you of the lot."

Even the course of German conversation books hardly runs as smooth.

This excessive compliance is natural enough in trade; the subservient smile and the servile rubbing of hands are to be bought and sold along with hats and neckties. But it has crept through the professions as well. I know of a prosperous doctor, of high reputation and fees. When he folds his successful hands across his ample waistcoat and pronounces his professional opinion, the conversation, stripped of technical terms and diplomatic elusiveness, might be rendered, so to speak, in terms of Henry.

"What is the trouble, doctor?"

"Dunno'm."

"Is it nerves, do you think, doctor?"

"Yaas'm."

"Would a complete rest be the best thing for it, doctor?"

"Yaas'm."

Over the field of politics the spirit of Henry smiles stolidly. Toward his opponents the candidate may be the stern antagonist, the scathing and pitiless critic, the hurler of gibes and the warrior with words. But to his would-be constituents he must be complaisant, compliant. The only circumstance that disturbs his calm and turns him from the casual and urbane agreement of Henry to the anxious and perspiring hedging of the heckled victim is the difficulty of agreeing at once with all the vote-owners, not in private chat but in public meeting. Yet the spirit of Henry is dominant, and even the politician's rage and fury against his opponents is guided largely by the rage and fury, expressed or latent, of his hearers.

Considering the fact—often quoted but of curiously little force—that no two individuals are altogether the same, originality is strikingly scarce. Occasionally a person affects a pose in dress, in attitude, in manner of living or even of thinking, which is spoken of—heralded widely, it may be—as original. But how much originality is really there? At most, as a rule, this "original" person is adopting an attitude not hitherto unknown, the attitude, rather, of a small minority, small enough to make the great homogeneous majority gape with wonder. Is this true originality? Or does originality lie in shouting loud enough to be heard, even if the shouter has nothing to say?

True originality and independence, among those who think and those who act, and the few who do both, is seldom greeted by the world, and less seldom appreciated. The world, indeed, has an intense suspicion of originality. "Fascinating to listen to, at times," will be its highest praise of an original thinker and brilliant speaker (without brilliancy of speech the thinker will go practically unnoticed) "but impossible as a steady diet." For the world cannot face the mental indigestion of original thinking. It demands compliance, not argument; it wants to be agreed with, not to be forced to take new points of view or to find reason for the old. And when the few great ones have been insistently original it has brushed them aside and browsed comfortably on the agreeable commonplace.

Is it worth while to be original, to be independent, even to the little extent of average endowment? Surely success lies along the path of Henry.

PIONEER CANADIAN WOMEN

By Emily P. Weaver

IV.—MADAME ALBANI: PRIMA DONNA

AS the first of Canadian musical geniuses to win a great international reputation, Madame Albani certainly deserves the honourable title of pioneer. She deserves it also because her pride in her native land (despite the foreign-sounding name she adopted) made it easier for other Canadians to convince the world that some good thing, even in art, might come out of our rugged young country. And to speak of her own art only, other Canadian women have followed in her footsteps, charming both old-world and new-world audiences with their music. Amongst these may be mentioned another singer, Madame Donalda, and the violinists Nora Clench and Kathleen Parlow.

Madame Albani's great success was not achieved without long and strenuous toil, yet from the beginning her friends were numerous, and almost from the first her path was strewn with roses. In fact, her story, as she tells it in her "Forty Years of Song", reads like a fairy tale, with its background of amazed and admiring crowds, its frequent excursions into the palaces of kings and queens, and its sunny, simple-hearted heroine, blessed with a gift for gladdening hearts, wherever she came.

Emma Lajeunesse, to give Madame Albani the name of her childhood, was born "at Chambly, near Montreal, on November 1, 1852, in the midst of ice and snow", but in a lovely country on the borders of Lake Champlain, "within sound of the roaring rapids of the River Richelieu and in sight of the old historical fort".

She was born into a musical household. Her father was "a skilled player on the organ, the violin, the harp and the piano". Her mother was also musical and began to give music lessons to her eldest little daughter when the future prima donna was only four years old. The child was a most promising pupil, and about a year later her father undertook to train her to play, to sing and to read music. It was a strenuous course and the child was allowed little time for amusement. She "never had a doll". She and some very youthful aunts, who lived near her home, used to divert themselves, however, with dressing up and acting, and boating or snow-shoeing according to the season.

Before she was eight little Emma lost her mother. She and a younger sister were then taken by their father to be cared for and educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, near Montreal, where he taught music.

The little musician, though already beginning to play and sing for small audiences, was so happy in the convent that she resolved to become a nun. The Mother-Superior advised her to go out into the world for two years before taking this step, to see what she could do. "God has given you your beautiful voice," she said, "and I think it is clearly your duty to use it." Madame Albani does not mention that after she had fairly entered on her life work she had any further thought of returning to the still life of the veiled sisters.

When she was about fourteen her family moved to Albany, in New York State, where she was appointed first soprano at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph, and afterwards, owing to the sudden resignation of the organist, had also to teach the choir and play the organ. Her voice attracted much attention, and friends advised her to go to study in Europe. They did more, indeed, for they aided her to raise the necessary funds for this great adventure by organizing two concerts. In addition, a purse was given to her at the church where she had sung, and friends and acquaintances made her presents.

She went first to Paris, armed with an introduction from the nuns of her old convent, to a society woman of that city, Madame de Lafitte, and this lady befriended her in every possible way. The "Canadian songstress" had, however, hardly begun her studies under a famous tenor, Duprez, when she was struck down by a severe attack of typhoid. This seemed an inauspicious beginning, but she soon recovered her health and after six months in Paris went to Milan, to study under Signor Lamperti, a great master, who demanded hard work from his pupils.

Before long Emma Lajeunesse found herself obliged to take an engagement, so as to refill her empty purse. Accordingly she agreed to sing at Messina, in Bellini's "La Somnambula", assuming then for the first time the name of Albani. It was suggested by her elocution master, who thought her real name unsuitable for the stage, and as he had never heard of her connection with Albany and her great indebtedness to friends there, the coincidence appeared to the young débutante to be full of happy augury. And she was not disappointed. At her début at Messina her emotional audience went wild, and from that time, whenever she sang in Sicily or Italy, "flowers, presents and poetry" were showered upon her.

The young Canadian delighted in the climate and the art of Italy, gaining from the latter many ideas which helped her in her own art.

It is interesting that it was during a season in Malta, in these early days, that Albani began to sing "Home, Sweet Home", a song which she made peculiarly her own. A whole chapter might be written on incidents in her career connected with this song. She sang it all round the world, sometimes in strange places. She sang it to Zulu miners in the compound of the diamond mines at Kimberley. She sang it in London at a concert for the benefit of the Home for Incurables, and it so touched a lady in the audience that she sent the Home a cheque for a thousand pounds. She sang it the first of the many times that she made music for Queen Victoria. She sang it to her own people, when she went back in the height of her fame, to Montreal. She sang it, when on an Indian tour, by special request, to Lord Kitchener, whom, by the way, she "found most interesting and agreeable". That first time at Malta, indeed, it was also by special request, for in a music-hall scene in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia", the English soldiers and sailors present clamoured for "Home, Sweet Home", and "these veritable exiles from home were so touched that," says Albani, "I was obliged to sing it every night, and often to encore it". When she left Malta the men-of-war's boats lined up on either side of the harbour as a guard of honour through which her steamer must pass.

She was now on her way to England to try her fortune in "the most considerable city in the world", and, though used to pretty compliments from her Italian audiences, she needed all her courage for the ordeal before her. On her arrival in London she found it too late to obtain an engagement for the passing season, but was engaged by Mr. Frederick Gye, manager of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, for the five succeeding summer seasons. (Some time later, in 1878, Mademoiselle Albani married Ernest Gye, son of the man who had introduced her to the British public.) Again she made her début in "La Somnambula", and again her success was great and immediate.

Later in the same year, 1872, she was engaged for the Norwich Musical Festival. Thus began her long connection with the great English festivals, which, she thinks, go far "to contradict the assertion that the English, as a nation, are unmusical". In her opinion, oratorio music "is understood nowhere else as it is in England".

She soon gained a "reputation for her interpretation of sacred music", probably because her ideals of such music was singularly high. In addition to the qualities of voice and temperament which make the greatest singers, "for the oratorio singer one more grace is needed—a living faith in the immortal messages to which her voice must lend its wings".

Emma Albani was always a very painstaking singer, and whenever possible used to go over a work which was new to her with its composer. She began to do this shortly before fulfilling her first London engagement. She was preparing to sing in the opera, "Mignon", and went from Italy to Paris to study it with its composer, Ambroise Thomas. To M. Thomas she felt that she owed a proper understanding of "the great importance of clear enunciation" of the words, for till then, she confesses, the words "had been a secondary consideration".

Madame Albani, who appears to have taken a simple, unaffected pleasure in the honours showered upon her, whether they were bestowed by royal hands or were the expression of popular delight in her great gift, calls one chapter of her book, "Singing Before Italy". This is devoted chiefly to an account of a visit to Russia, in the winter of 1873-4, when she began her extensive acquaintance with reigning sovereigns and their royal kindred, by presentation to the Czar Alexander II. While she was in Russia, the Duke of Edinburgh was married to the Czar's only daughter, and Albani was amongst the artists "commanded to sing during the Imperial banquet, which took place after the ceremony. . . . Several 'toasts' were proposed, and before each a great flourish of trumpets was sounded. This was done without any regard to what was going on in the gallery, or who was singing", and "one or two of the solos were sadly marred by the singing". Fortunately the Canadian songstress escaped this discomfiture and was extremely interested in the magnificance of the scene in the great White Hall of the palace. The ladies were clad in the old national costume, richly embroidered and resplendent with jewels.

The remainder of the chapter tells of the beginning of what she might fairly claim to be her friendship with Queen Victoria, whom she greatly admired. It was a friendship that lasted as long as the queen's life, and it was Albani whom King Edward asked to sing, over the great queen's coffin, in the dimly-lighted chapel at Windsor. "It was," she says, "a terribly hard task, but the memory of the dear queen and of all her goodness to me gave me courage," and she sang "Come unto Him", and "I Know That my Redeemer Liveth".

MADAME ALBANI

She sang many times on great national occasions, such as the reception of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in the Guild Hall during the coronation ceremonies, and the opening of the Franco-British Exposition in London in 1908. Twenty-two years earlier she—a Canadian—was chosen, with singular felicity, to sing at the opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, the ode, written for the occasion by Lord Tennyson, and set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

"The ceremony took place in the Royal Albert Hall," says Madame Albani, "and it was a most striking thing and one never to be forgotten to see our late Empress-Queen surrounded by nine thousand or ten thousand people, belonging to every race and every religion on the face of the earth, and yet who were all her subjects." The thought of the greatness of the occasion and the knowledge that she had "to sing all alone before such a large and important gathering", almost overwhelmed the great prima donna, but when the moment came her voice rang out, sweet and clear as ever, in words that mean far more to us today than when they were written, in that long ago time of peace and ease:

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
''Sons, be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!
Britains, hold your own!''

THE LIBRARY TABLE

MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS

By Amy Lowell. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a book of stories. For that reason I have excluded all purely lyrical poems. But the word "stories" has been stretched to its fullest application. It includes both narrative poems, properly so called; tales divided into scenes; and a few pieces of less obvious story-telling import in which one might say that the *dramatis personae* are air, clouds, trees, houses, streets, and such like things. It has long been a favourite idea of mine that the rhythms of *vers libre* have not been sufficiently plumbed, that there is in them a power of variation which has never yet been brought to the light of experiment. I think it was the piano pieces of Debussy, with their strange likeness to short *vers libre* poems, which first showed me the close kinship of music and poetry, and there flashed into my mind the idea of using the movement of poetry in somewhat the same way that the musician uses the movement of music.

"It was quite evident that this could never be done in the strict pattern of a metrical form, but the flowing, fluctuating rhythm of *vers libre* seemed to open the door to such an experiment. First, however, I considered the same method as applied to the more pronounced movements of natural objects. If the reader will turn to the poem "A Rosebury Garden", he will find in the first two sections an attempt to give the circular movement of a hoop bowling along the ground, "the up and down, eliptical curve of a flying shuttlecock."

The foregoing is Miss Lowell's own introduction to her own book and her explanation of one of her experiments. The book is full of experiments, successful and beautiful experiments, and is indeed one of the most interesting books of verse published in America in recent years. And no one can presume to know present-day American literature without knowing Miss Lowell's important contributions to it. In order that the reader may test her theory as applied to the hoop and its movements we here quote from the poem the particular passages mentioned:

Round and round rolls my hoop,
Scarcely touching the ground,
With a swoop
And a bound,
Round and round.
With a bumpety, crunching, scattering sound,
Down the garden it flies,
In our eyes
The sun lies.
See it spin
Out and in
Through the paths it goes whirling,
About the beds curling.
Sway now to the loop,
Faster, faster my hoop.
Round you come,
Up you come,
Quick and straight as before.
Run, run, my hoop, run,
Away from the sun.

THE SECRET TRAILS

By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

AS with the several volumes of a similar character that have preceded it, this book treats of animals and the wilds of wood and stream. The situations are new, as well as most of the beasts and birds who take part in the dramas here told with fertile imagination and literary skill. Some of the creatures that figure in these tales are the wild boar, the dog, the bull moose, and the aigrette. The "dog" story is up to date, for the setting is a scene of the present war in Belgium, where a dog became a hero by saving a bridge from destruction by the enemy. There are some good illustrations by several artists and one or two that are not good.

⁂

THE GRAND ADVENTURE

By the Reverend Robert Law, D.D. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild, and Stewart.

A PUBLIC spirited student of the times said the other day: "I wish the preachers would keep quiet till they have something to say." It is a proper and permissible comment on much of our present-day pulpit effort. Yet it needs to be remembered that the same sort of criticism has its application for lawyers, editors, politicians, educators and all public men whose thought goes before the people. We have few men in Canada in any department of life whom we can call with one accord unquestionably great. This is also the case in other countries. There are but one or two great men at any given time among any people. It is unfair then to select a single profession and imply with reference to it a special mediocrity and inadequacy.

Professor Law's recent volume of sermons published under the title "The Grand Adventure" is not one we should have asked him to refrain from publishing. He has something to say in the seventeen sermons, and he has a style in which to say it. There is a gratifying integrity about his manner of thought and speech and a certain high solemnity which makes for dignity and reserve while it retains warm power. Often, though, there is a curtain of words and of those semi-theological phrases which mark the modern compromise between the old theology and the new psychology hung between the hearer and the preacher's thought. Some of the sermons leave one with a kind of puzzled emotion, but without clear ideas. That is a fault in sermons.

⁂

PLATO AND CHRISTIANITY

By William Temple. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MR. TEMPLE is one of that group of seven younger Anglican Divines who in their book "Foundations" set out to grapple with the problem of relating orthodox theology to modern life. Mr. Temple has written a great deal and his writing has done something toward making the Revelation of God a defined thing in the modern mind. This recent little volume of his called "Plato and Christianity" consists of three lectures delivered at Oxford in 1915 and later in London at the invitation of the Workers' Educational Association. It is a test of a man's power to compass and compress when he sets out to deal in 102 small pages with the relation of the great Greek to the Christian religion. Mr. Temple's volume exhibits, especially in the first two lectures, the strain of his task. The development is often sketchy and the treatment seldom other than bald though the style is simple and clear. It is the last lecture that the ordinary reader with slight philosophical bent will likely find most gratifying reading. Mr. Temple shows very clearly what he thinks Plato attained and where he fell short of the Christian attainment. That Plato aimed at Justice and that Christianity knew the secret of a higher thing, love, is really the contention. The analysis of the "Republic" is a bit of vivid work. Some modern psychologists would doubt if Christianity gained as much as Mr. Temple seems to suggest it did from Platonism. It is possible that Paul's saying that "our citizenship is in Heaven" and the dream of St. Augustine of the Eternal City of God, which is pure Platonism, has excused a deal of laxity in interpreting the necessity of applied Christianity here and now. The little book will put a bit of grace on any thinker's shelves.

⁂

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

By Rupert Brooke. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

A YEAR or two before he came to untimely death while serving in the Gallipoli campaign, this beautiful young English poet visited the United States and Canada during the course of a journey around the world. The book containing his record of his experiences was regarded as worthy of an introduction by Henry James. The introduction is in itself an interesting bit of reading and is one of the last literary efforts of the distinguished novelist. Brooke visited Montreal and Toronto. He had a "vague, general impression that Montreal consists of banks and churches. The people of this city spend much of their time in laying up their riches in this world or the next. Indeed, the British part of Montreal is dominated by the Scotch race; there is a Scotch spirit sensible in the whole place—in the rather narrow, rather gloomy streets, the solid, square, gray, aggressively prosperous buildings, the general grayness of the city, the air of dour prosperity. Even the Canadian habit of loading the streets with heavy telephone wire, supported by frequent black poles, seemed to increase the atmospheric resemblance to Glasgow". Ottawa came as a relief after Montreal. Of Toronto he says, almost deploringly, "It is all right. The only depressing thing is that it will always be what it is, only larger, and that no Canadian city can ever be anything better or different. If they are good they may become Toronto".

⁂

PILOT AND OTHER STORIES

By Harry Plunket Greene. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE is a book of good, wholesome, pleasantly adventuresome stories for boys and girls. "Pilot," the story that gives the general title, is the best of the six. It is a dog story. For Pilot is a Labrador retriever, and, as the author affirms, this dog, had he been a man and not been only a dog, would have been a great explorer or a brigand or a distinguished naturalist. He would have discovered the North Pole, unearthed a new race of dwarfs in New Guinea, or robbed the bank of England. But being only a dog, he merely slipped out by the back door to do a little legitimate poaching, to evade the gamekeepers and to have some real adventure in the real world about him. The other stories treat of fairies, of boys and girls and of that sport dear to the hearts of all boys and some girls—fishing.

⁂

GETTING TOGETHER

By Ian Hay. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

A VERY readable little book is this latest by the author of "The First Hundred Thousand". Its purpose is to reveal the actual attitude of the average American and the average Briton towards each other on questions of international importance. It is the result of the author's observations and experiences during his recent lecturing tour on this side of the Atlantic. In general he finds that there is at bottom a good deal of sympathy between Great Britain and the United States, that such phrases as "Too proud to fight" are merely political and used for political purposes. He seemed to have discovered, however, that America is by comparison more pro-Ally than pro-British, which probably is true. "The fact is," he writes, "the American is on the side of right and justice in this War and earnestly desires to see the Allied cause prevail; but he has a subconscious aversion to seeing the slow-witted, self-satisfied John Bull collect yet another scalp. One infers that the book is intended for American readers. There is, however, a final plea directed to both: "We have," he writes, "certain common ideals which rest upon no sentimental foundation, but upon the bed-rock of truth and justice. We both believe in God, in personal liberty; in a law which shall be inflexibly just to rich and poor alike. We both hate tyranny and oppression and intrigue; and we both love things which are clean and wholesome and of good report. Let us take one common stand upon these".

⁂

FRUIT-GATHERING

By Rabindranath Tagore. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

LIKE some others of Tagore's writings this series of unrhyming poems is altogether symbolical, with the symbols not always discernible to the occidental mind. It should be read as one reads the Psalms of David or the Song of Solomon, for the beautiful figures of speech. Here is an example:

I feel that all the stars shine in me.
The world breaks into my life like a flood,
The flowers blossom in my body.
All the youthfulness of land and water smokes like an insense in my heart; and the breath of all things plays on my thoughts as on a flute.

THE HOPE OF THE GREAT COMMUNITY

By Josiah Royce. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE late Professor of Natural Religion and Civil Polity at Harvard University wrote this volume of essays during the last year of his life. The essays consider various aspects and incidents of the current war—the attitude of Americans, the destruction of the *Lusitania*, the possibility of international insurance, and the "hope of the great community". Dr. Royce says that it is as impossible for any reasonable man to be in his heart and mind neutral as it was for the good cherubs in Heaven to remain neutral when they first looked out from their rosy glowing clouds and saw the angels fall. He sets it down as the duty of Americans to be and to remain the outspoken moral opponents of the present German policy and of the German state so long as it holds its present policy and carries on its present war. The whole book, indeed, is an indictment of the German policy, the moral aspects of which are severely censured. Besides the essays on the war, there are some interesting autobiographical notes.

⁂

POEMS

By Gustaf Froding. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

FROM the Swedish these poems have been translated, with an introduction, by Charles Wharton Stork. As the average reader has only the translations to go by, it is well here to give the Mr. Stork's opinion of the poet:

"'In the long array of distinguished Swedish poets the most striking and probably the greatest figure is that of Gustaf Froding. He is, at least, the most powerful, the most popular and the most finely imaginative. In his pictures of peasant life he reminds one most of Burns, but his ironic humour is more like that of Heine. The visionary gift appears in poems of almost Shelleyan ideal beauty, and his power of dramatic narrative has a virility which makes the work of Kipling seem journalistic.'' We quote ''Matrimonial Queries'':

We'll have a harrow and we'll have a plough,
We'll have a horse that can pull them, I vow.
''Yes, and a garden for cabbages, too.''
Right, Erik!
Right, Maya!
That's what we'll do.
We'll have a pig that can eat up the swill,
Chickens and ducks we will have, so we will.
''Coffee and sugar and meat for our stew.''
Right, Erick!
Right, Maya!
That's what we'll do.
We'll drive a cow to our field, when we're wed.
''We'll have down pillows to lay on our bed,
Glasses and dishes of china so blue.''
Right, Erik!
Right, Maya!
That's what we'll do.
But, Maya, these things will be hard to procure,
You are so lazy, and I am so poor.
The Parish feeds me, and roots nourish you.
Well, Erik!
Well, Maya!
What shall we do?

⁂

PEBBLES ON THE SHORE

By Alpha of the Plough. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE author of this book, which is one of the latest additions to the Wayfarer's Library, has preferred in this instance to write under a pen-name in order to say what pleases him. Some guesses have been made at his real name. One of them is that it is the name of the author of "Prophets, Priests, and Kings". In any case, the book consists of brief essays on anything and everything. We quote one in full:

ON CATS AND DOGS

A friend of mine calling to see me the other day and observing my faithful Airedale—''Quilp'' by name—whose tail was in a state of violent emotion at the prospect of a walk, remarked that when the new taxes came in I should have to pay a guinea for the privilege of keeping that dog. I said I hoped that Mr. McKenna would do nothing so foolish. In fact, I said, I am sure he will do nothing so foolish. I know him well, and I have always found him a sensible man. Let him, said I, tax us all fairly according to our incomes, but why should he interfere with the way in which we spend the money that he leaves us? Why should he deny the friendship of that most friendly animal the dog to a poor man and make it the exclusive possession of the well-to-do?

The emotion of Quilp's tail kept pace with the fervour of my remarks. He knew that he was the subject of the conversation, and his large brown eyes gleamed with intelligence, and his expressive eyebrows were eloquent of self-pity and appeal. He was satisfied that whatever the issue I was on his side, and at half a hint he would have given my friend a taste of the rough side of his tongue. But he is a well mannered brute and knows how to restrain his feelings in company.

What would be the result of your high tax? I continued with passion. It would be a blow at the democracy of dogs. It would reduce the whole of dogdom to a pampered class of degenerates. Is there anything more odious than the spectacle of a fat woman in furs nursing a lap dog in furs, too? It is as degrading to the noble family of dogs as a footman in gold buttons and gold braid is to the human family. But it is just these degenerates whom a high tax would protect. Honest fellows like Quilp here (more triumphant tail flourishes), dogs that love you like a brother, that will run for you, carry for you, bark for you, whose candour is so transparent and whose faithfulness has been the theme of countless poets—dogs like these would be taxed out of existence.

Now, cats, I continued—(at the thrilling word Quilp became tense with excitement)—cats are another affair. Personally I don't care two pence if Mr. McKenna taxes them a guinea a whisker. There is only one moment in the life of a cat that is tolerable, and that is when it is not a cat but a kitten. Who was the Frenchman who said that women ought to be born at seventeen and die at thirty? Cats ought to die when they cease to be kittnes and become cats.

Cats, said my friend coldly, are the spiritual superiors of dogs. The dog is a flunkey, a serf, an underling, a creature that is eternally watching its master. Look at Quilp this moment. What a spectacle of servility. You don't see cats making themselves the slaves of men. They like to be stroked, but they have no affection for the hand that strokes them. They are not parasites, but independent souls, going their own way, living their own lives, indifferent to applause, calling no man master. That is why the French consider them so superior to dogs.

I do not care what the French think, I said with warmth.

But they are our Allies, said my friend severely. The Germans, on the other hand, prefer dogs. I hope you are now a pro-German.

On the cat-and-dog issue I am, and I don't care who knows it, I said recklessly. And I hate these attempts to drag in prejudice. Moreover, I would beg you to observe that it was a great Frenchman, none other than Pascal, who paid the highest of all tributes to the dog. "The more I see of men," he said, "the better I like dogs." I challenge you to produce from any French source such an encomium on the cat.

No, I continued, the dog is a generous, warm-hearted, chivalrous fellow, who will play with you, mourn for you, or die for you. Why, literature is full of his heroism. Who has climbed Helvellyn without being haunted by that shepherd's dog that inspired Scott and Byron? Or the Pass of St. Bernard without remembering the faithful hounds of the great monastery? But the cat is a secret and alien creature, selfish and mysterious, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. See her purring on the hearth-rug in front of the fire, and she seems the picture of innocence and guileless content. All a blind, my dear fellow, all a blind. Wait till night comes. Then where is demure Mistress Puss? Is she at home keeping vigil with the good dog Tray? No, the house may be in blazes or ransacked by burglars for all she cares. She is out on the tiles and in back gardens pursuing her unholy ritual—that strange ritual that seems to be so Oriental, so sinister, so full of devilish purpose. I can understand the old association of witchcraft with cats. The sight of cats almost makes me believe in witchcraft, in spite of myself. I can believe anything about a cat. She is heartless and mercenary. Her name has become the synonym of everything that is mean, spiteful, and vicious. "An old cat," is the unkindest thing you can say about a woman.

But the dog wears his heart on his sleeve. His life is as open as the day. He has his indecorums, but he has no secrets. You may see the worst of him at a glance, but the best of him is inexhaustible. A cat is as remote from your life as a lizard, but a dog is as intimate as your own thoughts or your own shadow, and his loyalty is one of the consolations of a disloyal world. You remember that remark of Charles Reade's: "He was only a man, but he was as faithful as a dog." It was the highest tribute he could pay to his hero—that he was as faithful as a dog. And think of his services—see him drawing his cart in Belgium, rounding up the sheep into the fold on the Yorkshire fells, tending the cattle by the highway, warning off the night prowler from the lonely homestead, always alert, always obedient, always the friend of man, be he never so friendless— Shall we go for a walk?

At the joyous word Quilp leapt on me with a frenzied demonstration. "Good dog," I said. "If Mr. McKenna puts a guinea tax on you I'll never say a good word for him again."

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"Say, doctor! Hoo's beez-ness wi' ye the noo?"

"Oh, feyr, feyr!"

"Ah s'pose ye've a deal o' prescribin' tae dae fer coolds an' sair throats?"

"Ay!"

"An' what dae ye gin'rally gie fer a sair throat?"

"Naethin'," replied the canny old doctor. "I dinna want a sair throat." —*Chicago News.*

⁂

A RIDDLE

The latest riddle: "What goods are still being made in Germany and finished in England?" Zeppelins.—*Goderich Signal.*

⁂

HARD ON THE LIONS

The Reverend Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

"No, sir. Why was it?"

"Because the most of him was backbone and the rest was grit."—*Tit-Bits.*

HOME-MADE ARTICLE

The river Clyde has been brought up to its present navigable condition by means of dredging, and the Glasgow people are very proud of it. One day a party of American sightseers turned up their noses at the Clyde.

"Call this a river?" they said. "Why, it's a ditch in comparison with our Mississippi, or St. Lawrence, or Delaware."

"Awell, mon," said a Scotch bystander, "you've got Providence to thank for your rivers, but we made this oursels."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

⁂

HUMOUR OF THE HOUR

Pat and Mike were discussing the war. "Well, now," says Pat, "I'll set you a question. Do you know what," says he, "there'll be no horticulture or agriculture if the German nation is beaten."

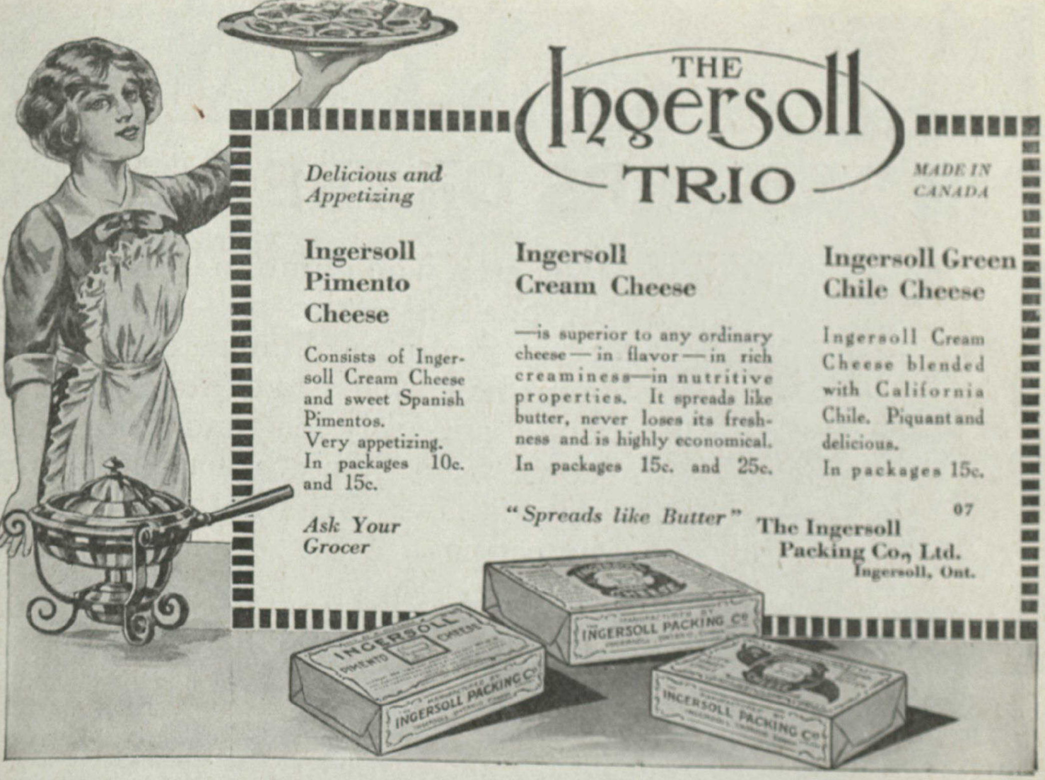
"Fhy is that?" says Mike.

"Arrah, begorra, says Pat, "because there'll be no germin-a-tion!"—*Farm and Home.*

⁂

SUCH EXTRAVAGANCE

A man who had consulted a doctor about a deranged digestion was ordered to give up drinking spirits. "But, doctor," he protested, "I can't—I get so thirsty." "Then," replied the doctor, "whenever you feel thirsty, eat an apple instead of drinking whiskey." The patient paid his fee and departed. Later he was talking it over with a friend. "All nonsense, I call it," he complained. "Fancy eating thirty apples a day!"



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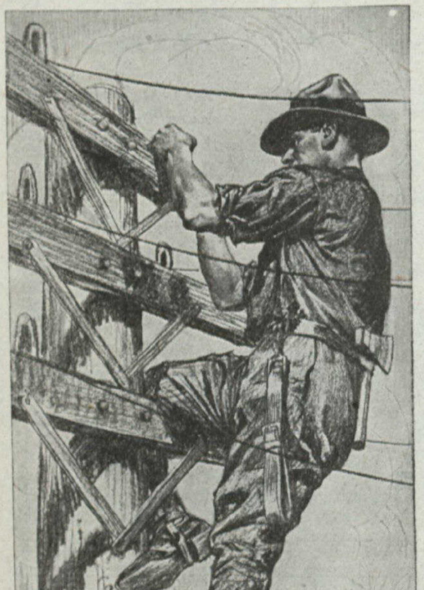

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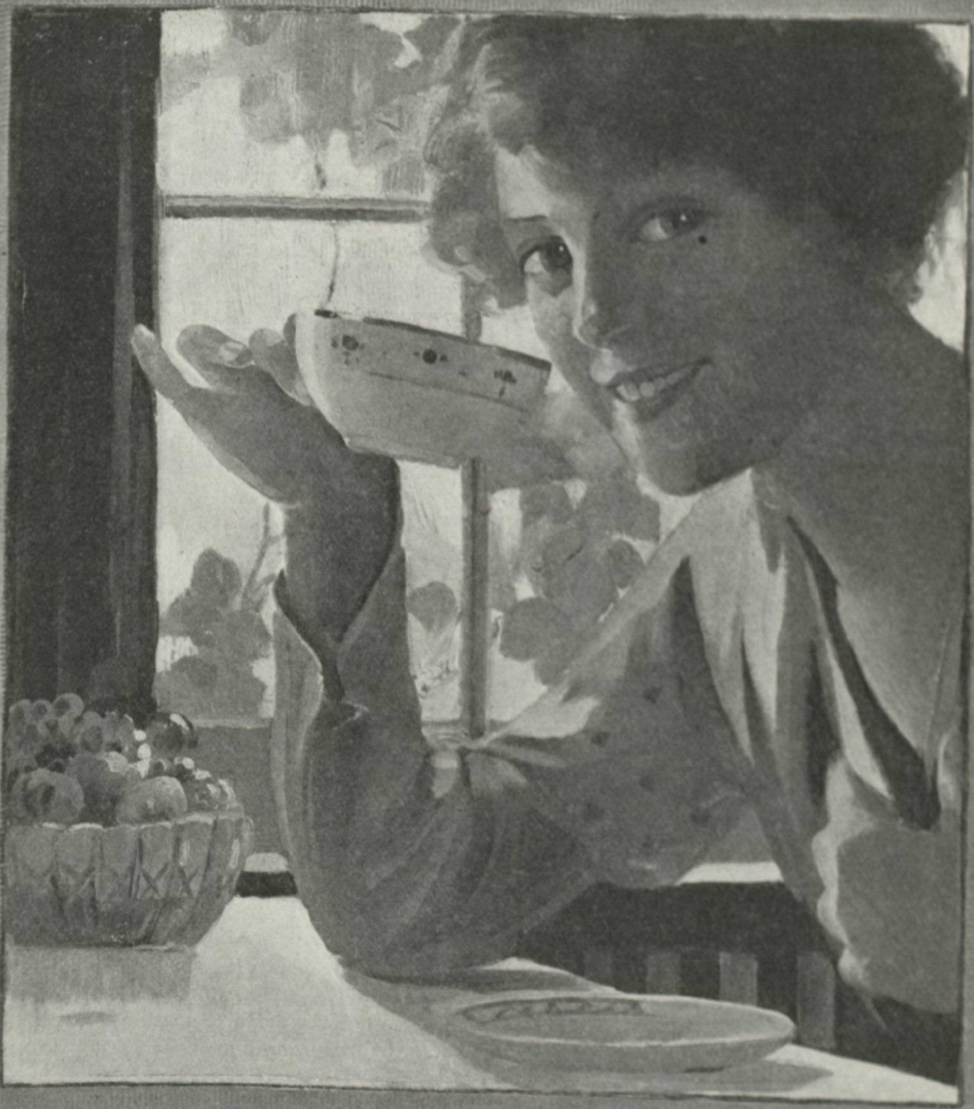

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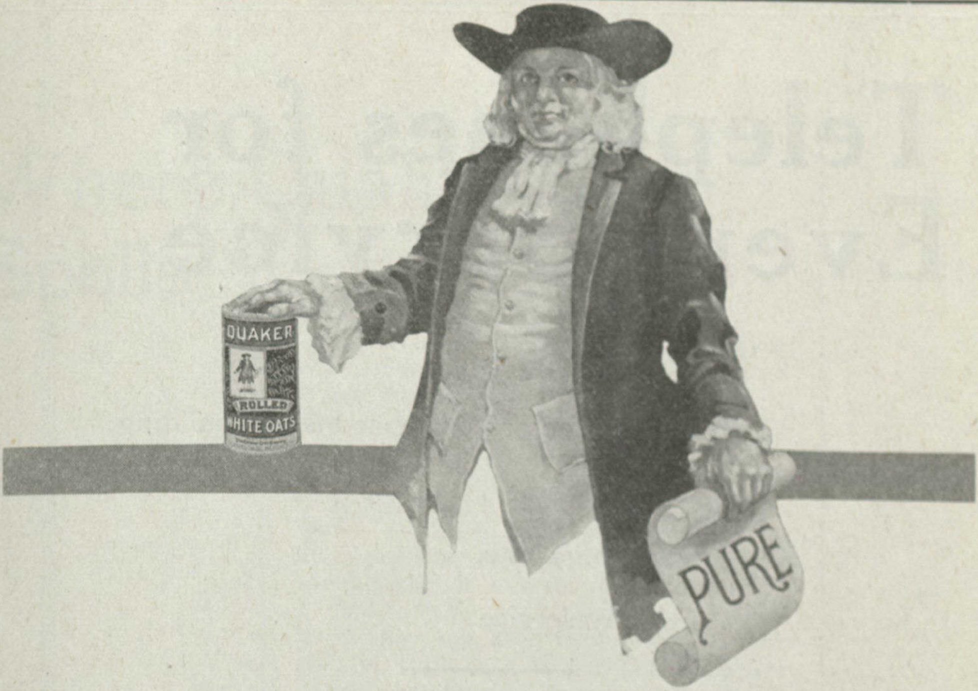

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They were taken home and the woman of the house being of an economical turn of mind put them in the wash tub, gave them a thorough scouring with soap and water, sent them back to the Tailor, who after pressing them could hardly credit the fact that it was the same pair which he had recently condemned. They looked as if they had been made from a fresh web of cloth and the Tailor's tapeline proved conclusively that in spite of the severe drenching they had not shrunk one iota.
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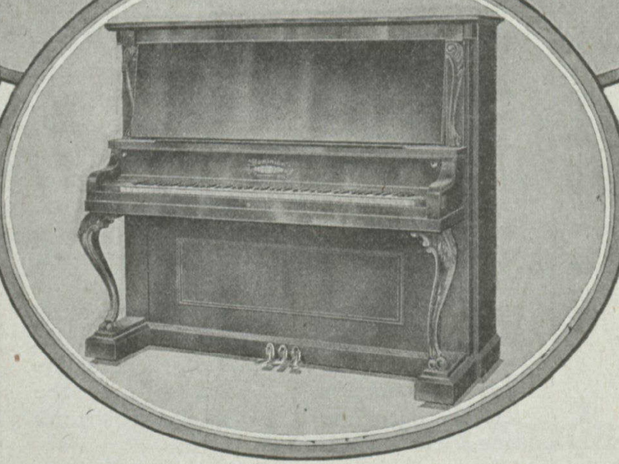

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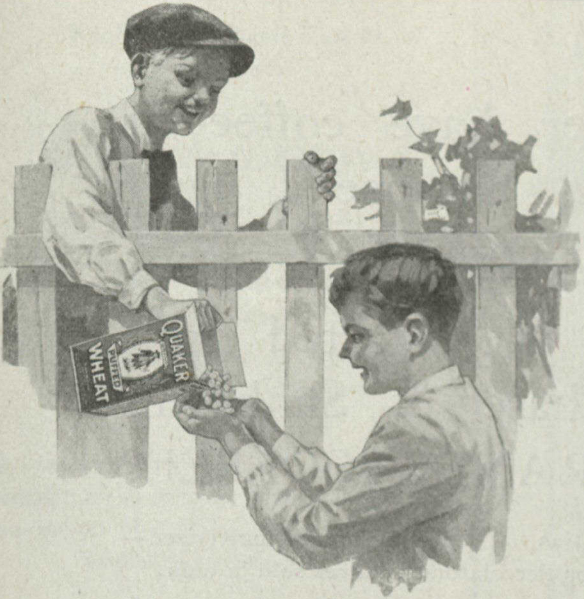

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In homes that serve Puffed Wheat and Rice, boys carry the grains at play.

Sometimes they are simply salted — sometimes doused with melted butter. And these bubble-like grains, toasted, flavory, crisp and flaky, form real food confections.

Those Boys Say This:

Boys with Puffed Grains always treat other boys. And they say something like this:

"Why, we have Puffed Grains every day at our house. I get a dish every morning.

"I get them sometimes for supper, in a bowl of milk. Sister uses them in candy making. And I get them like this after school.

"Sometimes it is Puffed Wheat, sometimes Puffed Rice. But one is as good as another."

Children who get Puffed Grains talk about them. And children who don't, envy the rest.

For these are the foods that taste like nuts. That are airy and thin and flimsy. And that seem like confections served by the dishful.

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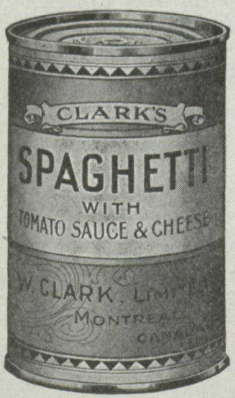
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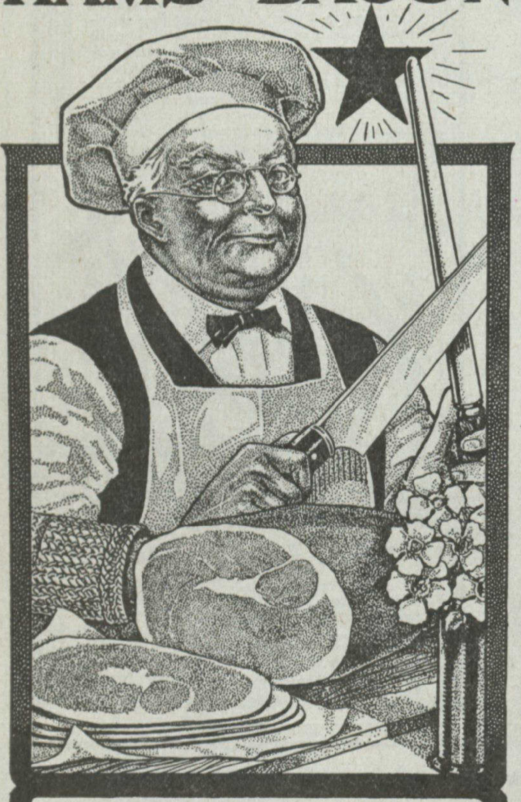

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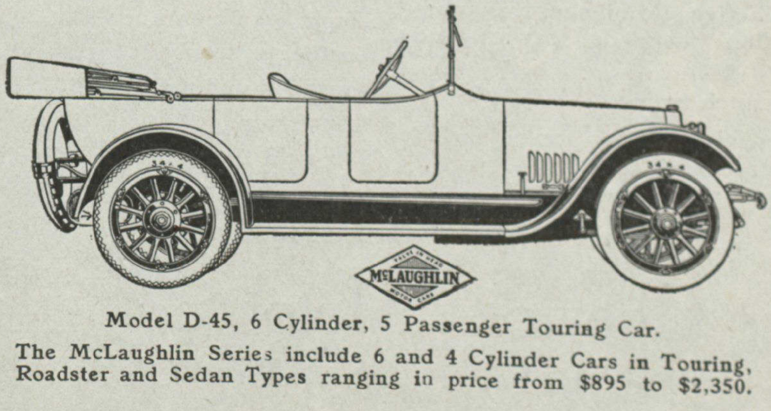

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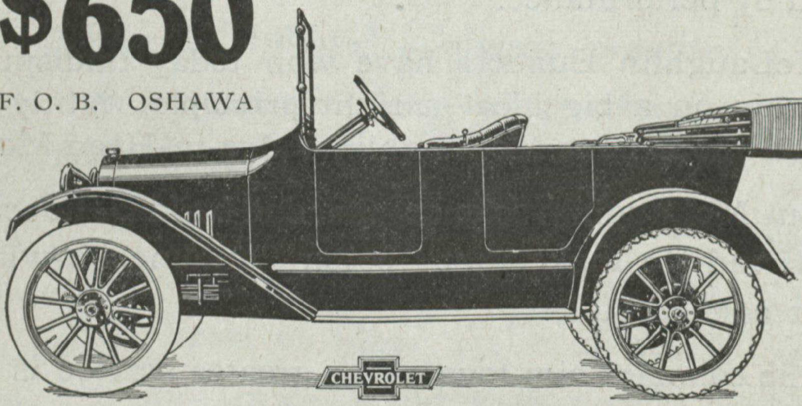

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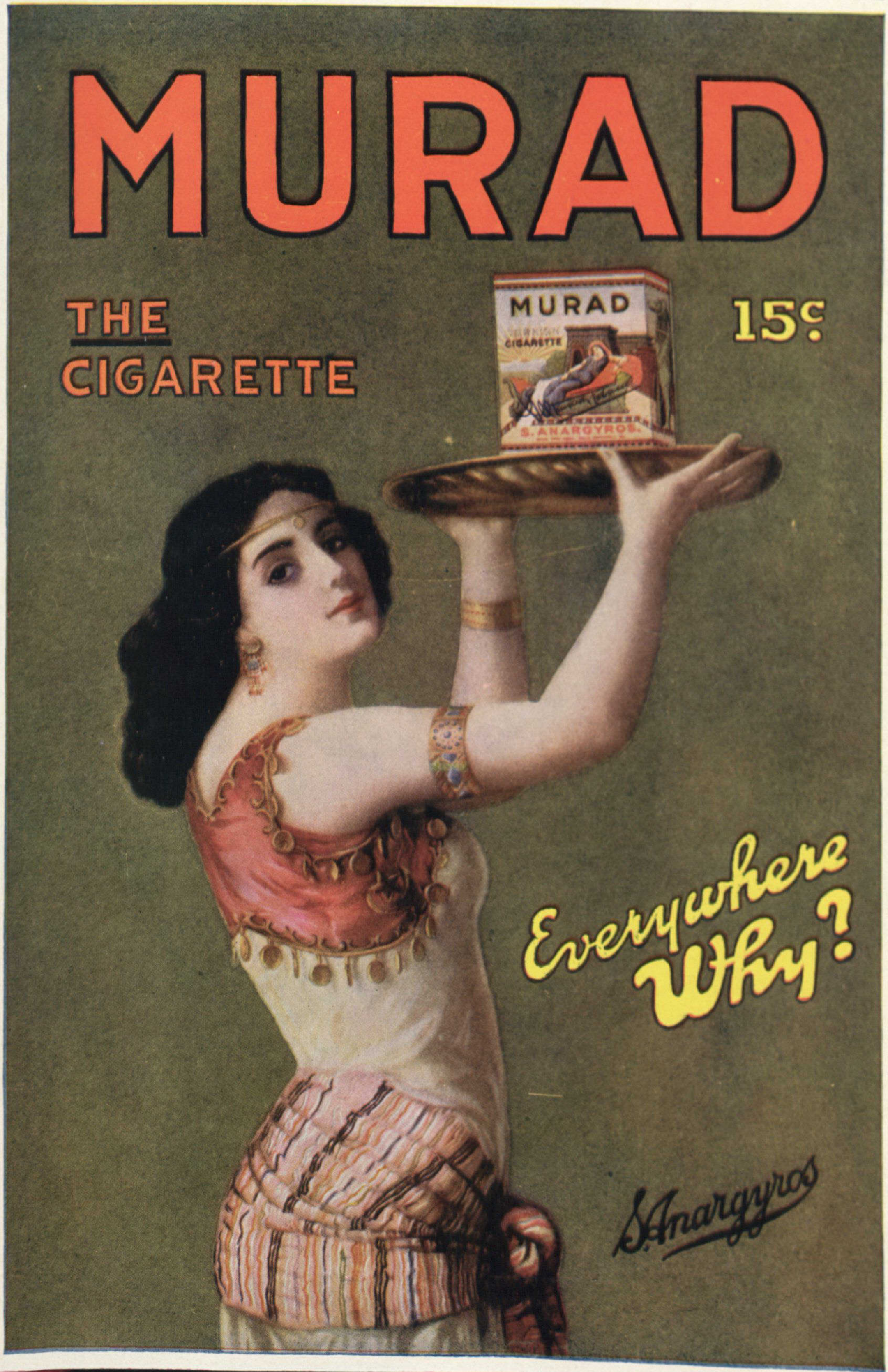
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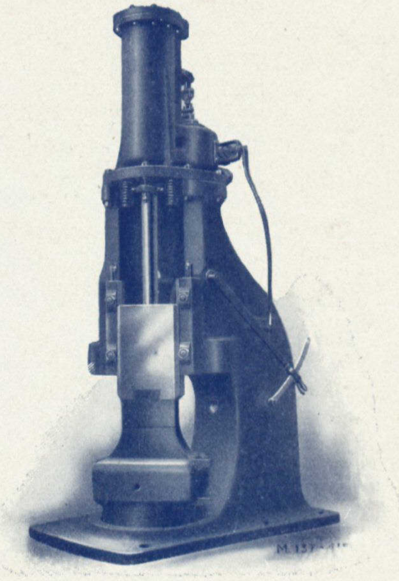

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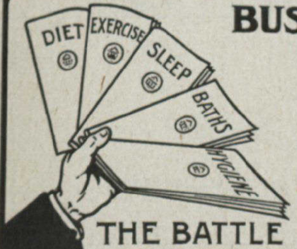

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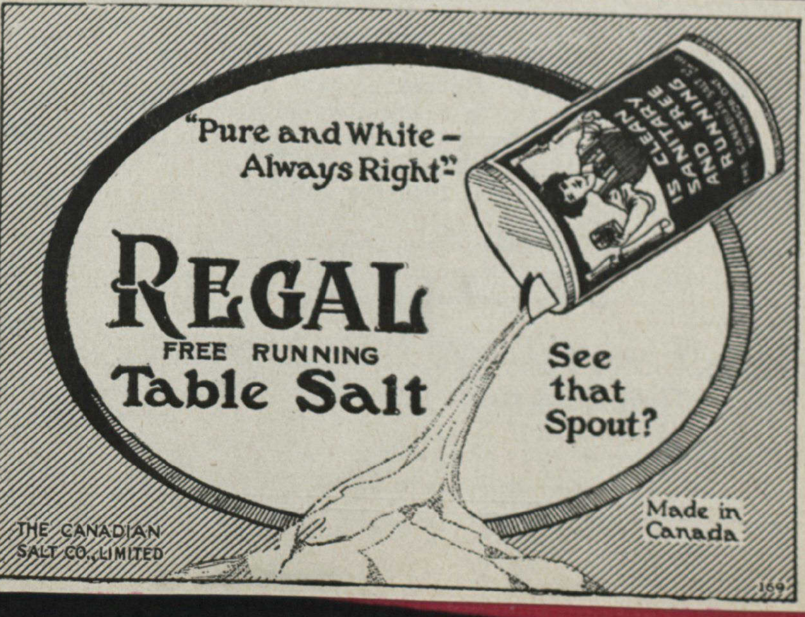

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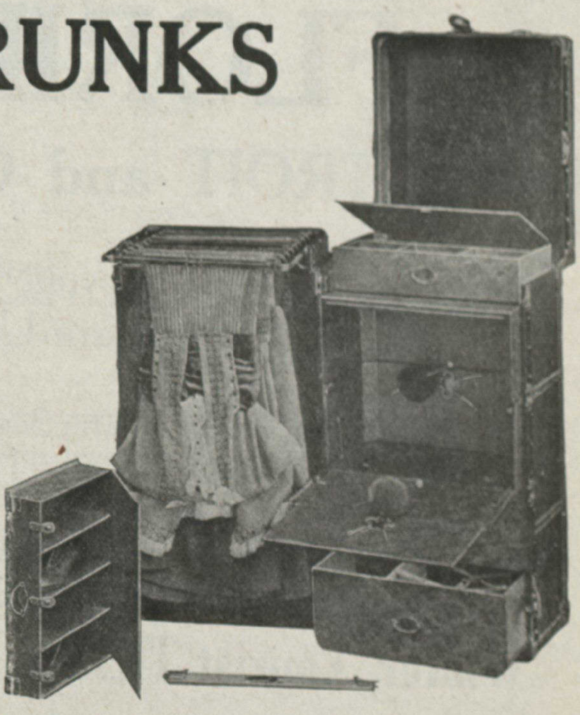

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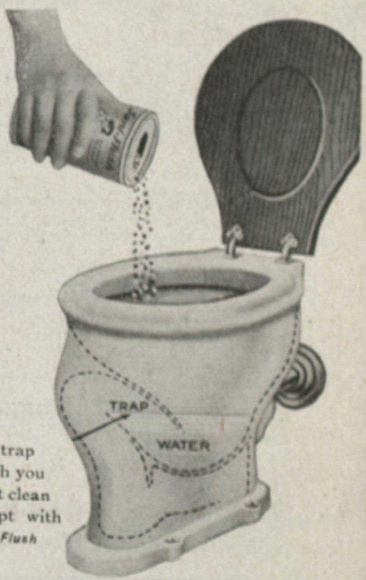

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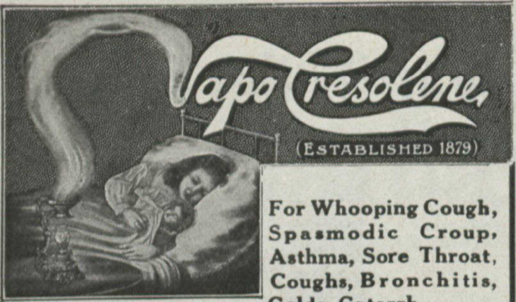
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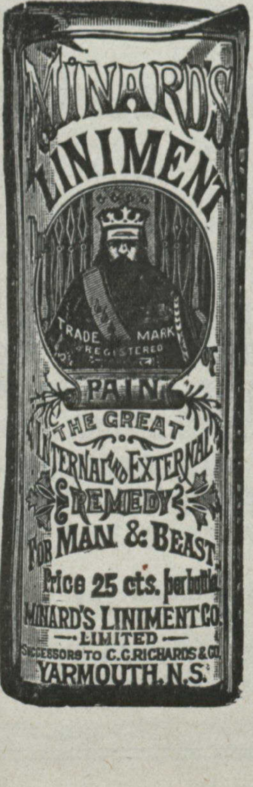
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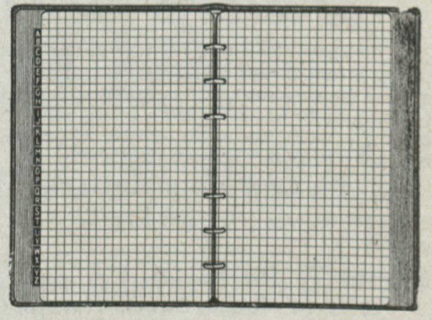

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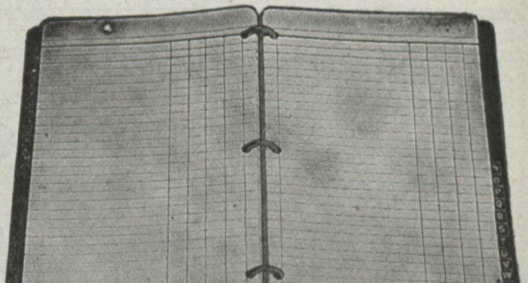

Price Books.—Bound in Limp Cowhide, made in ½ inch and 1 inch Rings, all sizes and rulings.

Large Ring Books, Post Binders, Ledgers, and a large range of Ruled and Printed Forms

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Canadian Agents:

THE **BROWN BROS.** LIMITED

TORONTO

Keep up the Food Supply and Help Make Victory Sure

> *"I AM assured that my people will respond to every call necessary to the success of our cause—with the same indomnitable ardour and devotion that have filled me with pride and gratitude since the war began."*
>
> HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE

OUR soldiers must be fed; the people at home must be fed. And—in spite of Germany's murderous campaign to cut off the Allies Food supply by sinking every ship on the High Seas—an ample and unfailing flow of food to England and France must be maintained.

This is National Service—
Not to the Farmer only—
But to YOU—to everybody—
This appeal is directed.

WE must unite as a Nation to SERVE—to SAVE and to PRODUCE. Men, women and children; the young, the middle aged and the old—all can help in the Nation's Army of Production.

EVERY pound of FOOD raised helps reduce the cost of living and adds to the Food Supply for Overseas.

For information on any subject relating to the Farm or Garden, write:
INFORMATION BUREAU
Department or Agriculture
OTTAWA

PLANT a garden—small or large. Utilize your own backyard. Cultivate the vacant lots. Make them all yield food.

WOMEN of towns can find no better or more important outlet for their energies than in cultivating a vegetable garden.

Be patriotic in act as well as in thought.

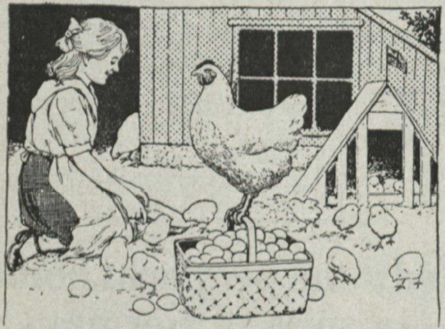
Use every means available—
Overlook nothing.

DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
OTTAWA, CANADA

HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister.

☛ *To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario.*

Keep hens this year



EGG and poultry prices, the like of which have seldom or never been experienced, certainly make it worth anyone's while to start keeping hens. By doing so you have fresh eggs at the most trifling cost. At the same time you have the splendid satisfaction of knowing that you are doing something towards helping Britain, Canada and the Allies achieve victory this year.

Increased production of food helps not only to lower the high cost of living, but it helps to increase the urgently needed surplus of Canada's food for export. It saves money otherwise spent for eggs and poultry at high prices, and saves the labor of others whose effort is needed for more vital war work.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture will give every possible assistance by affording information about poultry keeping. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens (address below).

"A vegetable garden for every home"

Nothing should be overlooked in this vital year of the war. The Department earnestly invites everyone to help increase production by growing vegetables. Even the smallest plot of ground when properly cultivated, produces a surprising amount of vegetables. Experience is not essential.

On request the Department of Agriculture will send valuable literature, free of charge, giving complete directions for preparing the soil, planting, cultivation, etc A plan of a vegetable garden, indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden, will be sent free to any address.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Parliament Buildings **Toronto**

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Hardy Irish Hybrid Tea Rose Bushes, Gov't choice, 5 best kinds, $2.50.
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Hardy Climbing Rose Bushes, including Ramblers, etc., all kinds, each 35c, 50c.
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Gold Medal Gladioli Mixture, finest flowers, no two alike, 10 for 85c, 100 $6.00.
Superb General Gladioli Mixture, popular assortment, 10 bulbs 50c, 100 $3.50.
Fine Mixed Gladioli Bulbs, best for the money, 10 bulbs 25c, 100 $1.75.
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Gorgeous Double Paeony Roots, newest and best, all shades, each 25c, 40c.
Auratum Lily Bulbs, hardy, golden banded, crimson, white, each 20c, 10 for $1.75.
Clematis Vines, hardy, large flowering sorts, any color, each 50c and 75c.
Boston Ivy Vines, cling to any wall, each 30c and 50c.
Hardy Hydrangea Grandiflora Shrubs, grandest of all, each 30c, 10 for $2.00.
Spirea Van Houttei Shrubs, make gorgeous hedge, each 25c, 10 for $2.00, 100 for $18.50.
Herbert Red Raspberry Bushes, unexcelled for size, flavor and yield, 3 for 40c, 100 for $7.50.
Famous Golden Bantam Sweet Table Seed Corn, Pkg. 10c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. $1.90.
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Rennie's Stringless Wax Butter Beans, superb, 4 oz. 15c, lb. 50c, 5 lbs. $2.40.

"Pakro" Seedtape. "You plant it by the yard."
2 pkts. for 25c. Ask for descriptive list.

Rennie's Seed Annual Free to All. Delivery Free in Canada.

Order through your LOCAL DEALER or direct from

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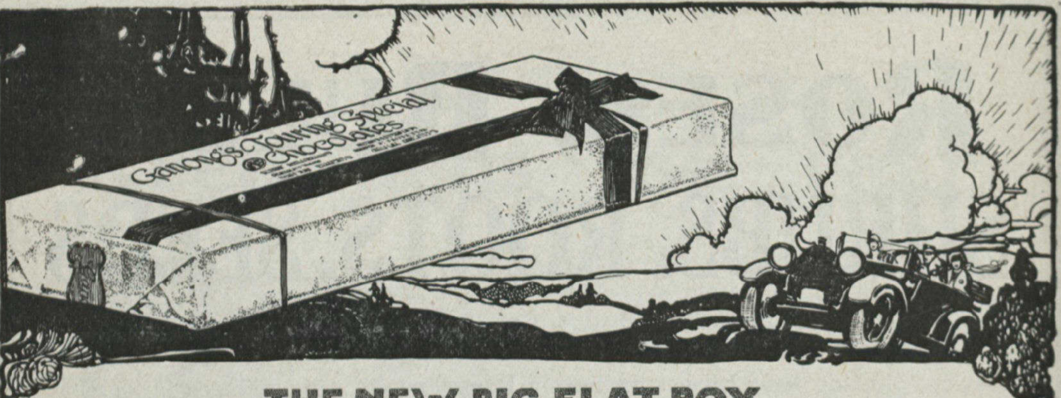
Also at MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



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Ganong's Touring Special

An Assortment of Chocolate Covered—Brazil Nuts, Burnt Almonds, Nougatines, Milk Chocolates, Almontinos and Maple Walnuts.

Ganong's GB Chocolates

YOU would find it a decided convenience to centralize your purchases of office supplies—and perhaps an economy as well. Every requirement is here at your disposal — typewriters, desks and furniture, stationery (blank books, ledgers, etc.), printing. lithographing. embossing.

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We have a 250 page catalog of general office supplies and accessories. A copy will be sent you upon request. It is a cyclopedia of office needs.

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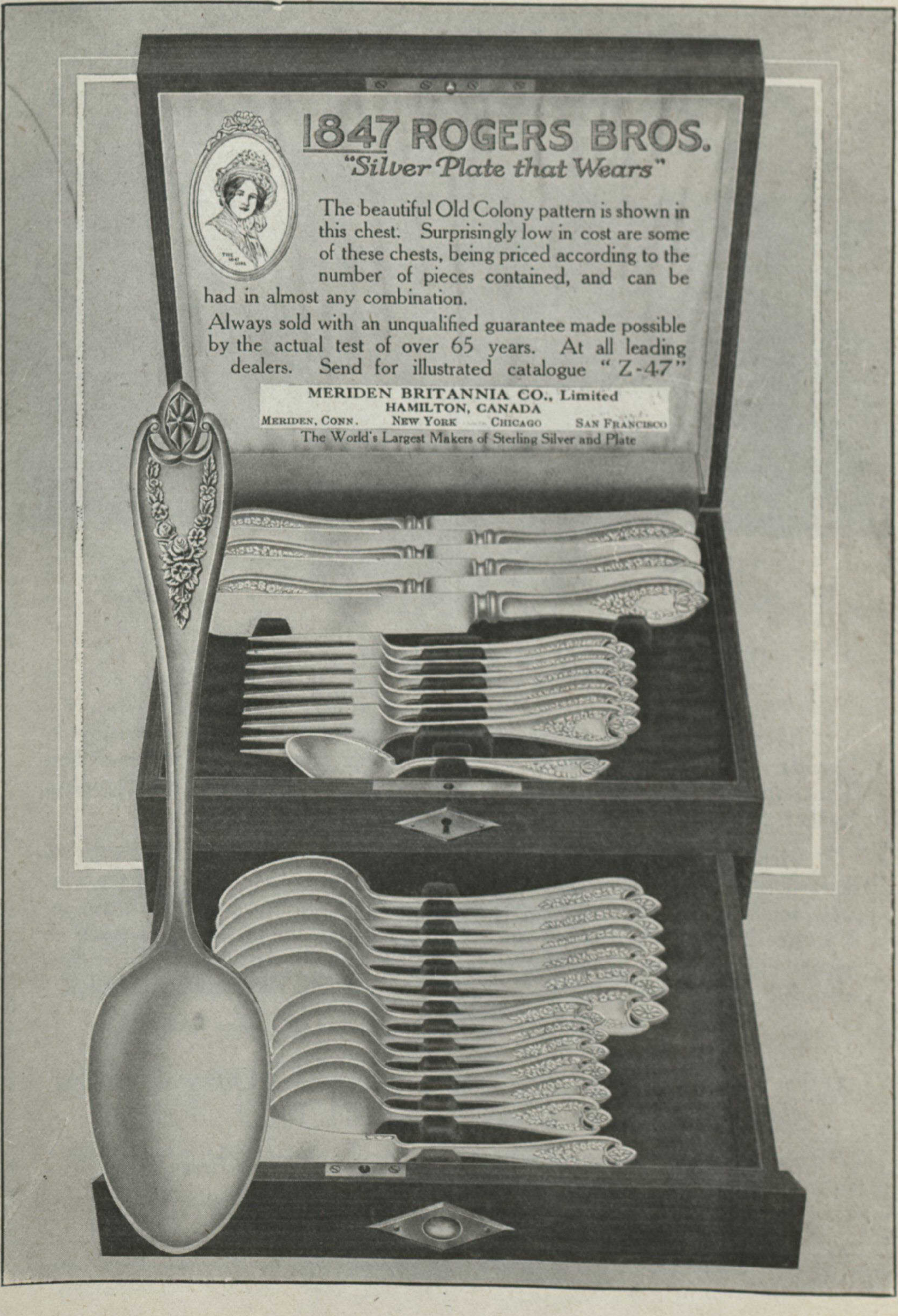

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

The beautiful Old Colony pattern is shown in this chest. Surprisingly low in cost are some of these chests, being priced according to the number of pieces contained, and can be had in almost any combination.

Always sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years. At all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-47"

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The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

CANADA

Put Your Hand To The Plow!

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

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

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

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

or

J. OBED SMITH, Esq., Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,
11-13 Charing Cross, London, S.W., England.

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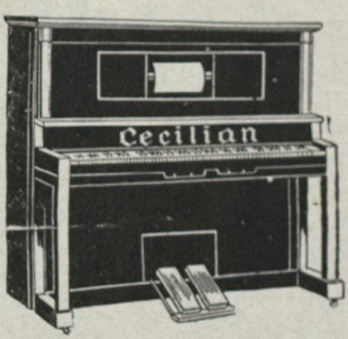

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Durability

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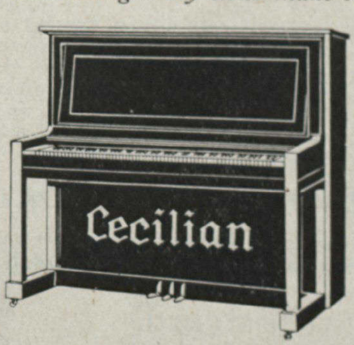
This ensemble can only be found in the **Cecilian All-Metal Action Player Piano,** which is manufactured not only in Canada but all over the civilized world.

One of the faculty of Applied Science in Toronto University recently paid the Cecilian Player-Piano the highest tribute in his power by purchasing one for his own use *after exhaustively examining every other make on the market.*

Cecilian Upright Pianos are Convertible



That is, may have the player action installed at any time in the future, as the necessary space and supports are supplied

Write for Catalogue and full information to

THE CECILIAN CO. LIMITED

Terms arranged if desired

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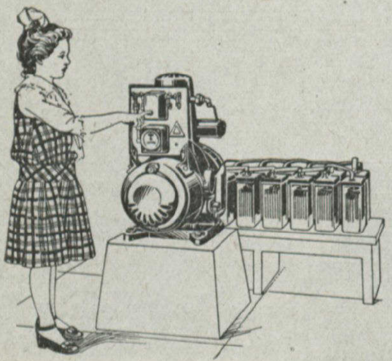
ESTABLISHED 1883

DELCO-LIGHT

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERY FARM



It's EASY to Have Electricity

All in one simple, compact, dependable unit, consisting of gasoline engine, electric motor and generator, switchboard, set of storage batteries—a complete electric light and power plant in itself.

This Wonderful Delco-Light equipment will make every nook and corner of your farm as light as day. Makes your home bright and cheerful as any in the city. At the turn of a switch stable and barns too can be flooded with light—chores take but half the time.

A child can attend this trouble-proof, safe lighting plant. Engine starts itself on pressing of a lever. Stops automatically when batteries are fully charged.

This clean, clear, safe, economical light makes those old-fashioned dirty, smelly, oil-lamps completely out-of-date. Costs on an average less than five cents a day—does away with cleaning, fillling and danger of explosions.

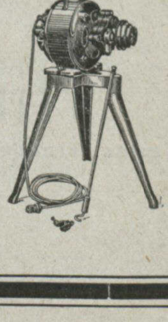
Runs Your Present Machines

The Delco-Light plant supplies current for all the lights you need. So reliable and efficient is it that it will serve current for power also. Use the Delco-Light Power-stand. It is portable—runs from the nearest light socket. Easily drives your churn, separator, milkers, feed-chopper, water-pump, washing machine and other small machines. Saves at least $127.40 each year, figuring labor as low as 10 cents an hour. Delco-Light lightens your work as well as lighting your home; means a healthier, happier life for all. The Delco-Light plant costs $390 for No. 208 and $465 for No. 216.

DOMESTIC ENGINEERING CO., DAYTON, OHIO

Delco-Light has been developed by the same engineers who have made Delco Lighting, starting and ignition systems for automobiles the standard of the world.

Send a Postcard



You will want to know full details about this wonderful isolated electric plant. Free literature describing Delco-Light—how it works—how it earns its way—how it lightens the farm home will be gladly mailed from any one of our Canadian offices. Write to-day—it is worth while.

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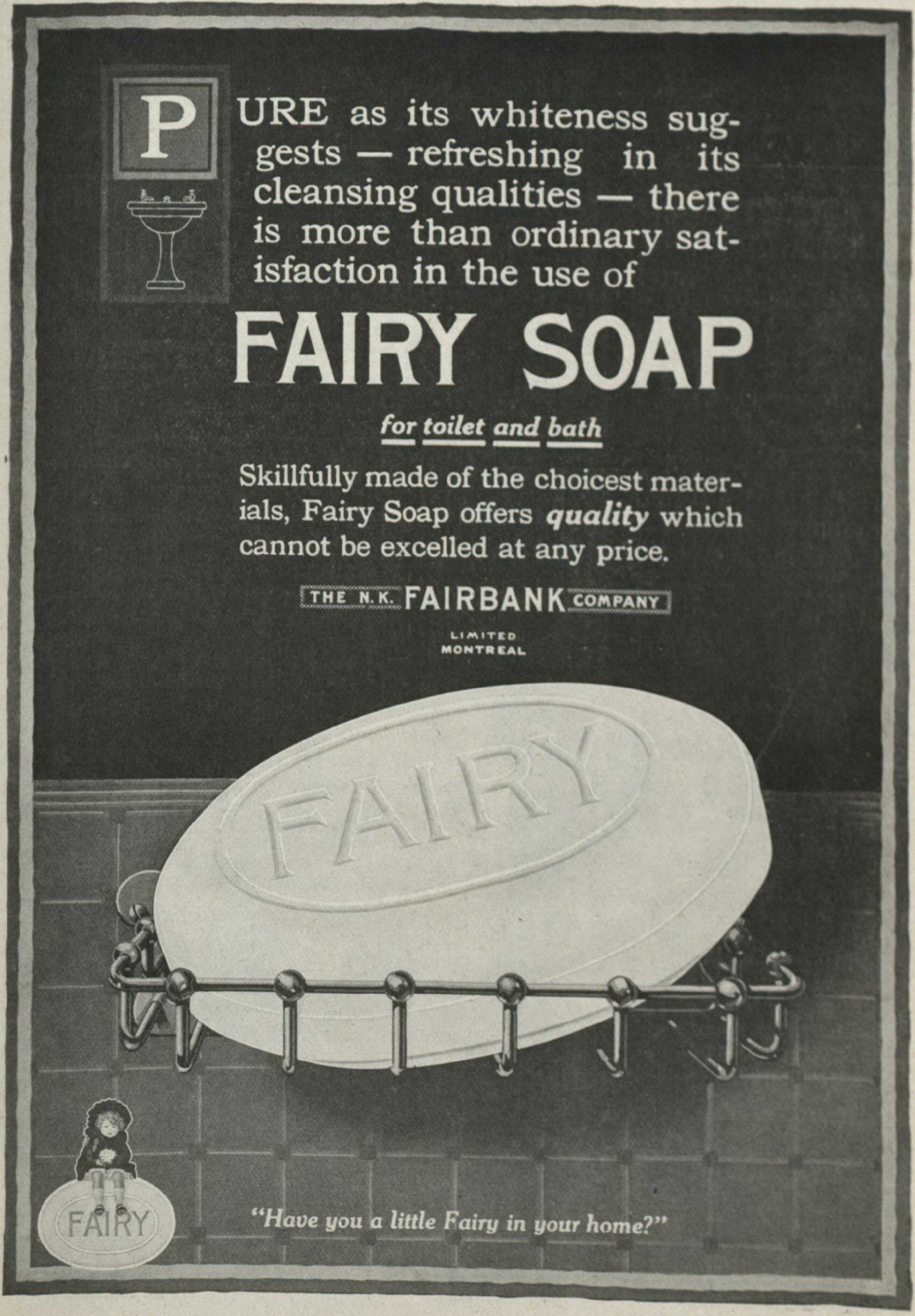

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Skillfully made of the choicest materials, Fairy Soap offers ***quality*** which cannot be excelled at any price.

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"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

"Satisfying and Sustaining"

Is the verdict of the Canadian people with respect to

KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES

By our secret process all the nutritious elements of the corn are retained and rendered delightfully pleasing to the appetite. No other food known as "Kellogg's" is made by us. Insist on the red, white and green package in which the genuine original Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes are packed and refuse all substitutes of the "Just as good" variety.

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THE BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Limited
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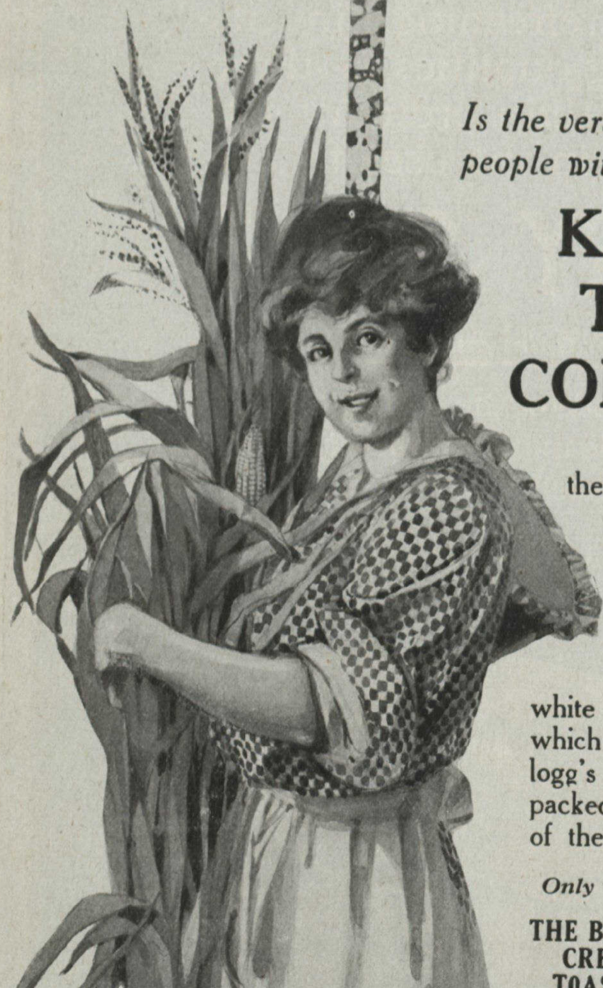
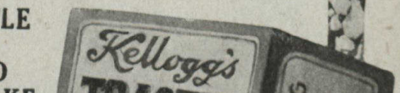

The sweetheart of the corn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TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
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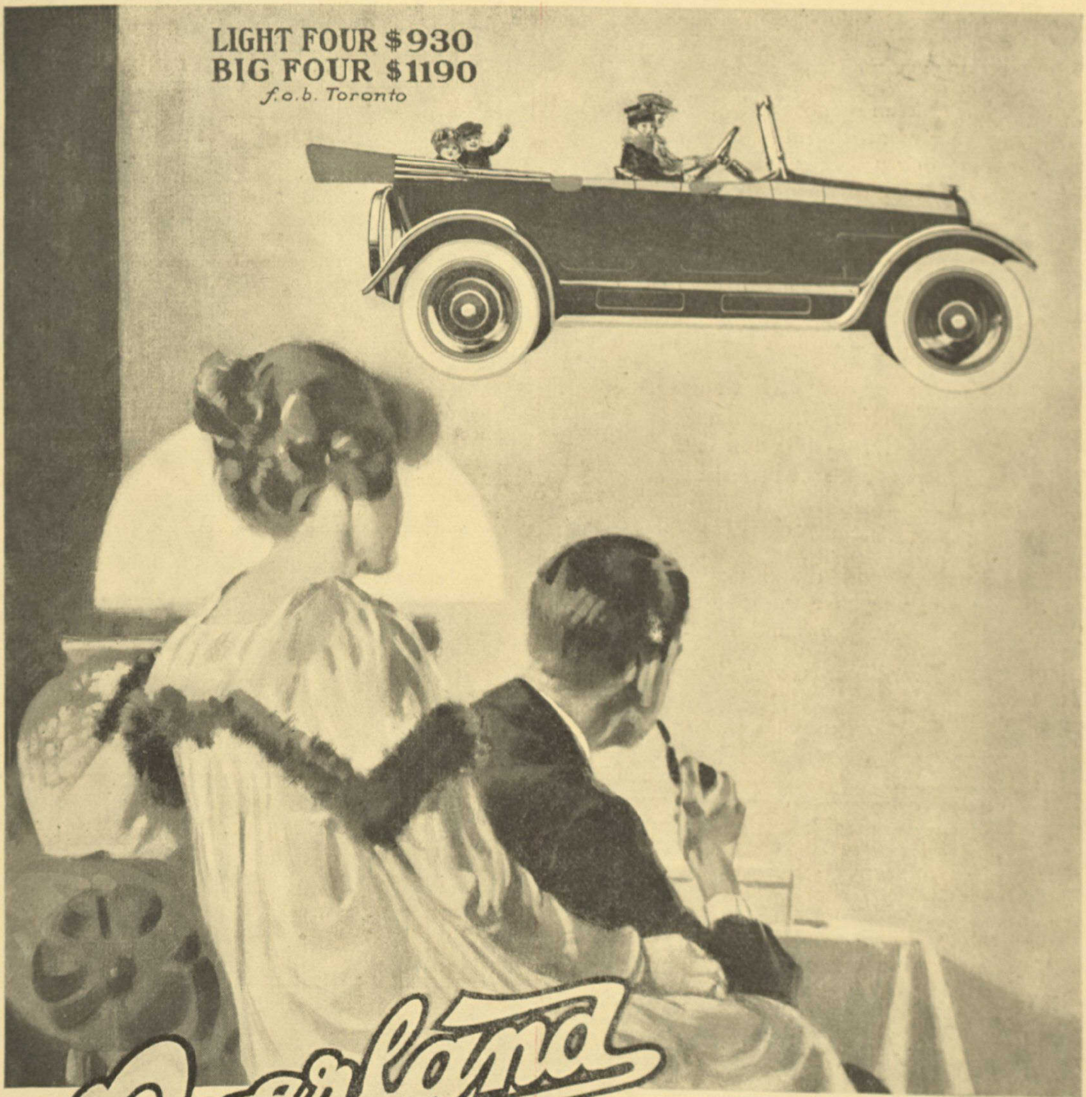
MADE IN CANADA
CORN FLAKE CO
LONDON CANADA
READY WITHOUT COOKING
TOASTED CORN FLAKES



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TRADE MARK REG.

—two minds with but a single thought

This year we apply the economies of vast production for the first time to a *complete* line of automobiles—an end toward which we have been working for eight years.

There is now an Overland or a Willys-Knight for every class of buyer.

One of them is the car of your dream under the evening lamp.

See these cars now. Get a car yourself this spring.

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Touring . .	$930
Roadster . .	$910
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Touring . .	$1190
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Touring . .	$1380
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Four Touring	$1800
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Eight Touring	$2730

A Life Problem

Hurry, keen concentration, hard, nervous work, do no harm—*or do great injury. It all depends on FOOD* and one's general condition.

If you find yourself growing weak, or that stomach trouble is setting in, *it's a sure sign* you are using up *more energy than the food replaces*.

How correct it?

Change your diet! Quit coffee.
Breakfast on Fruit,
A dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream,
with perhaps a soft-boiled Egg,
Toast, and
A cup of Postum.

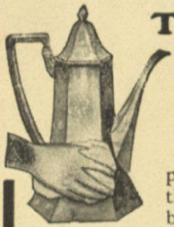
There you are, nourished and happy until noontime, and sure you have the food that rebuilds the waste in body, nerves and brain.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

Tarnished Silverware-

There's the Rub



It is so beautiful when clean and brilliant, but what a difference when tarnished.

There is no practical way to prevent tarnish—to remove it there are many ways, good—bad, and indifferent. One way—(the best), proven by 50 years' experience is Electro Silicon. This great polishing powder does not injure the finest surface. Its fame is universal. Beware of the kind that takes off the silver with the tarnish—they work easy but—

You can now purchase Electro Silicon in *cream form* as well as powder. The *cream form*, which is wonderfully popular, comes in large glass jars, 25c. Powder form—full size box, 15c. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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Magic Brilliant
The Electro Silicon Co.
New York
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Your children's health is of the first importance. Start them right by clothing them with Jaeger Garments. We stock Jaeger Underwear and Night Wear, Dressing Gowns, Knitted Suits, Golfers' Coat Sweaters, Jerseys, Raglan Camel Hair Fleece Coats, Gloves, Stockings, etc.

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"Incorporated in England in 1883 with British capital for the British Empire."

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thousands of them throughout the world make daily use of the genuine

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

(The Original, Century-old)

Florida Water

Widely regarded as an indispensable aid to beauty and comfort. Its sprightly fragrance is acceptable to the most discriminating taste, and its delightful, refreshing effect best attained when it is added to the bath. : : : : :

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