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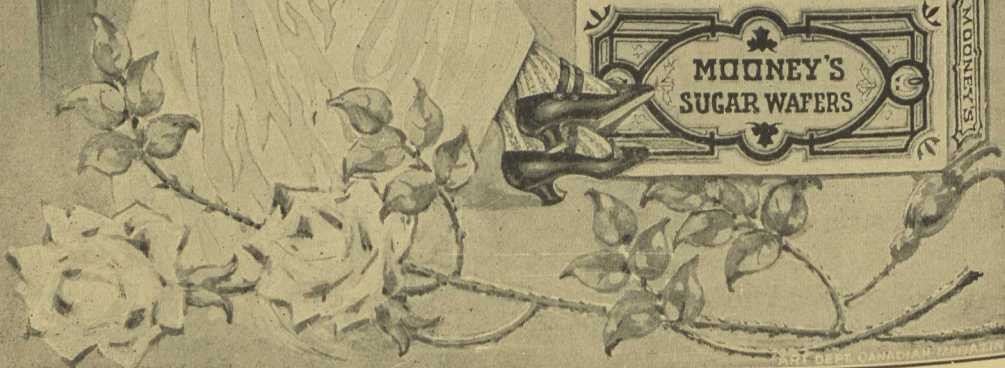
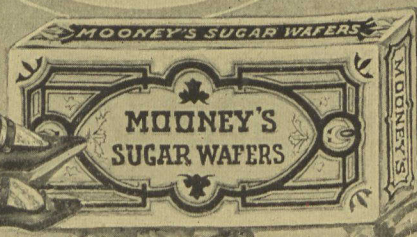
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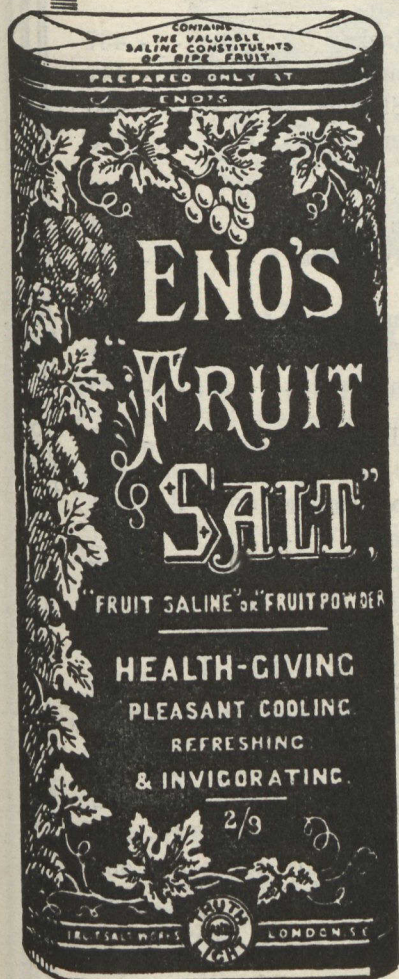


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Vol. XLIII Contents, September, 1914

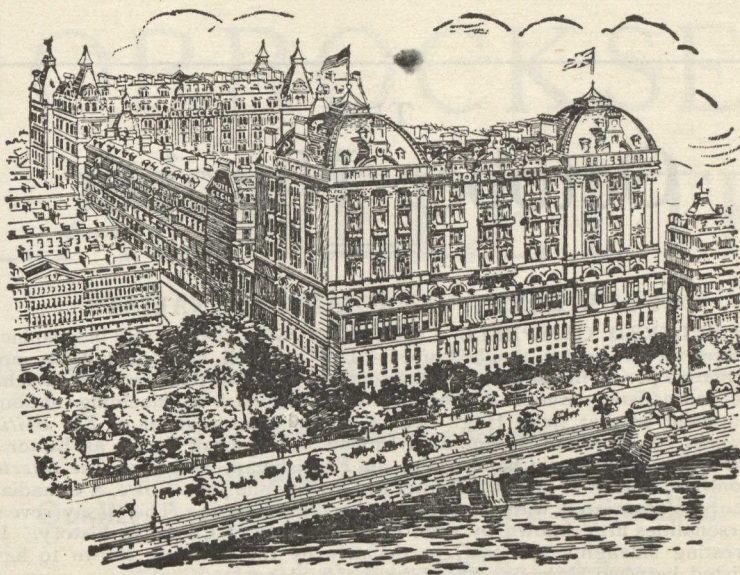
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THE October Number

FOUR EARLY CANADIAN JOURNALISTS

By **WILFRED CAMPBELL, LL.D.** Here is a chapter of biographical history never before touched upon. Dr. Campbell has selected the most formative period in our national development—1837 to 1867—and he sketches the journalistic careers of four men who took part in moulding national sentiment at that time: Hugh Scobie, a Scotsman, founder of *The British Colonist*; J. Sheridan Hogan, an Irishman, successor of Scobie as Editor of *The Colonist*; Brown Chamberlain, an Englishman, Editor of *The Gazette*, Montreal, and later Queen's Printer at Ottawa; and John Lowe, a Canadian, who was associated with Chamberlain on *The Gazette*. This essay reveals personalities little known by even close students of Canadian history. Interesting sidelights are cast, particularly by the intimacy shown to have existed between Hogan and Sir John A. Macdonald.

THE OVERLAND LOYALISTS

By **W. S. WALLACE.** This is another chapter of Canadian history, a result of original research. A good deal is known about those Loyalists who went by ship to England or Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but not so much is known about the colonization efforts of Colonel Allan Maclean, Colonel Guy Johnson, and Sir John Johnson and of those who came on Haldimand's invitation to settle at Isle aux Noix, Sackett's Harbour, Oswego, and Niagara.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH

By **CHARLES STOKES.** The strife between a Canadian and an American settler in the West over the flying of the Stars and Stripes is the basis of quite as amusing a story as "The Calgary Venus," which Mr. Stokes contributed to the August number.

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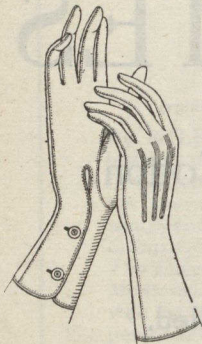
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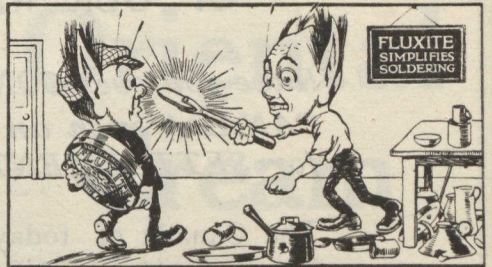
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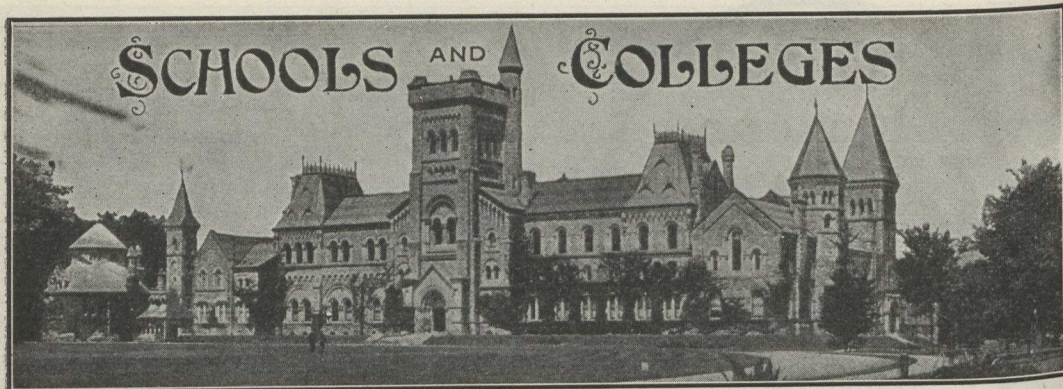
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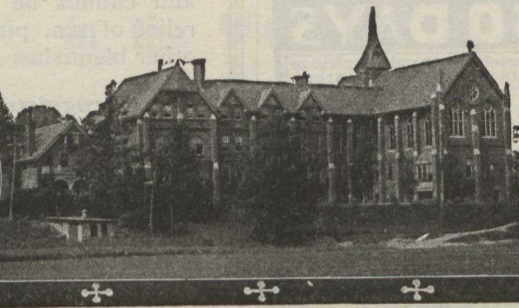
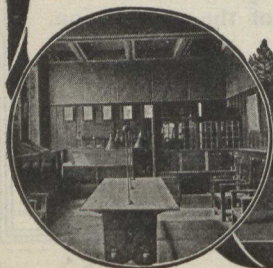
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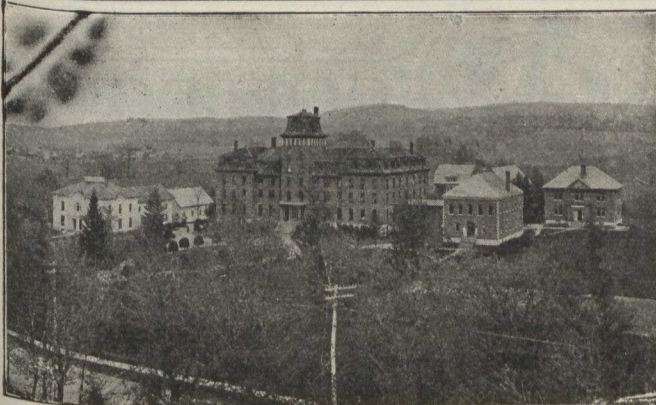
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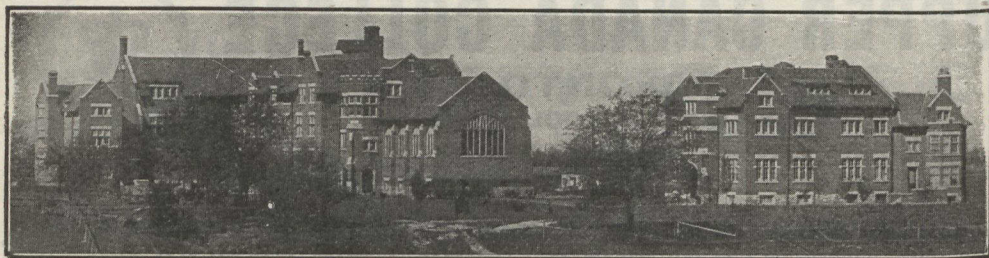


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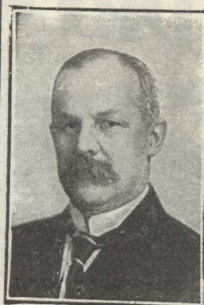
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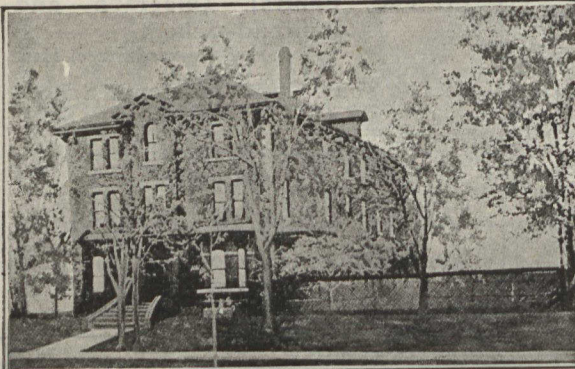
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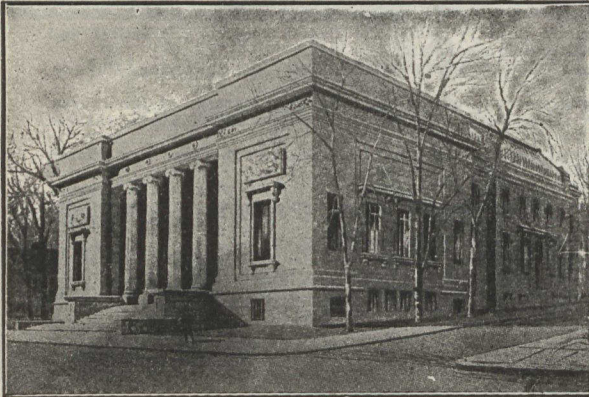
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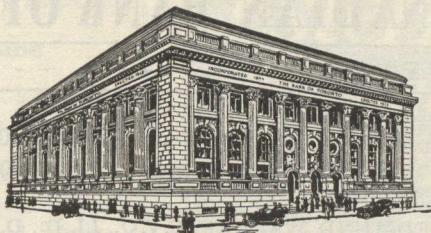
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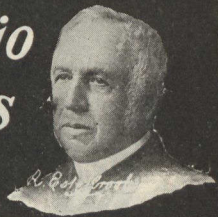
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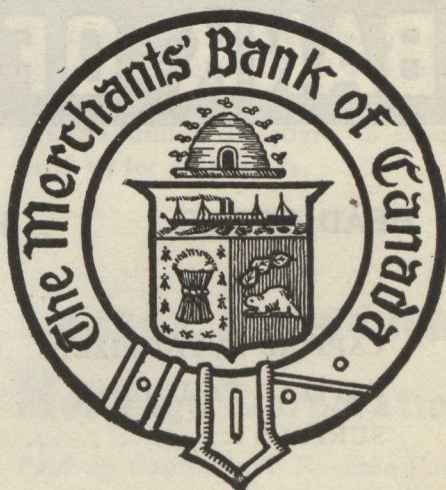


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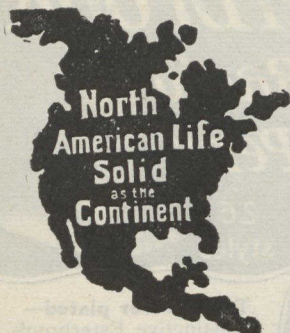
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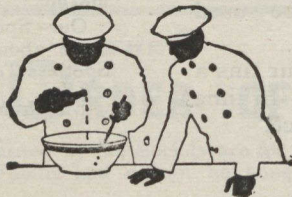
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10

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE RETURN OF THE SHEEP
From the Painting by W. Edwin Atkinson. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIII

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1914

No 5.

THE ORIGINAL PROFESSOR
TEUFELSDRÖCKH

BY IRA A. MACKAY

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

DURING the last half of the eighteenth century there lived in the dismal city of Königsberg in north-east Prussia one of the wisest and strangest men the world has ever known. In Königsberg this man was born, and in Königsberg he lived, worked, and died. Indeed historians tell us that he never even once in his lifetime of eighty years travelled as far as forty miles beyond the city limits. During the greater part of his lifetime he lived continuously in a simple cottage overlooking the old, moss-grown and weatherbeaten roofs of the city. The great cathedral clock of Königsberg stood in full view from his quiet study window and here, it is said, the strange man sat many hours each day gazing upon the face of the great clock and thinking intently upon the great problems of nature and mind, and of time and space. As a result

of these hours of thinking, as we now know, at least one book was written which no scholar would omit from among the ten greatest books which have ever been written. Indeed learned readers are not wanting who are ready to adjudge this book the greatest work of intellectual genius which has ever been produced by any single human mind.

The physical man of this sketch was scarcely more than five feet high and exceedingly feeble of frame. He used to say of himself in rather grim jest that he had apparently reached the minimum of muscular substance. As his years passed over into late-middle and old age he became a mere shadow of a man. His legs were almost as slender as pipe stems, his chest singularly hollow, his left shoulder badly bent and his face thin, drawn, and very pale. His intellectual features, however, were more reassuring, for his

countenance was grave, his forehead large and beautiful, and his eye alert and sparkling until he died. Certainly no one has ever lived who fulfilled more completely the description of the epithet 'All mind and no body,' than this man of Königsberg.

During his life and ever since his death this strange man has been noted for the eccentric, old maidenish regularity and precision of his daily manners and habits of life. Every daily duty, whether large or small, was done with the regularity of machinery. Heine said of him that the cathedral clock of Königsberg did not perform its daily task more dispassionately and punctually than its countryman. Every morning at the call of his servant, whether in summer or winter, he rose promptly at five of the clock. He did not eat any breakfast but, having dressed himself, smoked one full pipe of tobacco and drank two cups of tea. He would have preferred coffee, but found it overheating, and so was content with the milder beverage. Although he was a man of unusually temperate habits, he is said, too, to have been fond of a regular glass of rum.

From seven to ten o'clock in the forenoon the Professor, for such he was, lectured in the neighbouring University of Königsberg to some of the most distinguished students who have ever listened to any teacher. Nominally he was known as the Professor of Philosophy, but besides lecturing regularly on ethics and metaphysics, he also lectured on mathematics, physics, astronomy, natural theology, physical geography, anthropology and fortification. He was indeed "*Ein Professor der Allerlei-Wissenschaft*, or, as we should say in English, a Professor of all things in general." At ten o'clock in the morning, lectures over, he returned to his study, and there in the manner of the true college professor he spent exactly three hours of diligent work preparing his lectures for the following day.

The professor's dinner hour is fifteen minutes after one, and as his dinner is really his only meal in the twenty-four hours, he is resolved to make it something of a feast. He is a college professor, a German college professor, of a type happily not yet wholly extinct in Europe, a really great man and recognized as such. After the custom of great men, therefore, he usually has a few men of travel and learning and one or more counsellors of state to dine with him. The dinner sometimes lasts for two or even three hours, during which time the conversation turns upon many interesting and important subjects. Conscious of his acknowledged intellectual preëminence the Professor frequently indulges in monologue.

Perhaps he is a Swedenborgian. At any rate, he seems strangely moved by many stories of the wonderful powers of the greatest mystic who has ever lived, Swedenborg. He relates to his guests, for example, that story of how Swedenborg at Gothenburg saw the fire which was raging at Stockholm and threatening his own dwelling, and how, after anxiously watching it for several hours, he suddenly composed himself and remarked that the fire had stopped at a certain building. All of which subsequently proved to be exactly true just as Swedenborg had seen it two hundred and fifty miles away. Or, perhaps, he relates that other story of Swedenborg and the Princess. This Princess, as the story is, had heard many reports of the great mystic's spiritual powers, and being a lady of good sense and excellent understanding, she resolved to test him for herself. So she sent for Swedenborg and when he had come to see her she deputed him to deliver a secret message to the soul of one of her late departed and lamented friends. Swedenborg gladly undertook the task, and returning a few days afterwards was ushered into the brilliant presence of the Princess and her royal friends. "Well," said the Princess, in an in-

credulous tone of voice, "have you delivered my message?" Swedenborg stooped down and whispered something in her ear which sent a chill through her marrow bones. What he had reported was true, she said, and could only have been told to him by the dead.

Anon, the conversation turns to more serious and scientific subjects. Perhaps the learned host entertains his distinguished guests by his theory of the origin and development of the material world. According to this theory he claims that the entire material universe existed at the beginning in the form of a single vast nebula or dust-cloud of material particles or atoms not unlike what astronomers know the Milky Way to be at the present time. As these atoms possess the inherent power of attraction and so gradually move towards a common centre of gravity, they necessarily become condensed into solid masses and tend to assume a spinning or rotatory motion both around their own axes and around one another in their respective orbits, and thus in the course of ages, worlds, planets satellites, suns, comets, meteors, and whole solar systems come into being. He also points out that by mere physical laws this process of moving toward a common centre will necessarily in course of time come to assume the opposite direction, and thus all these heavenly bodies, including our own solid earth, will ultimately return to their original nebular condition, only to rise again Phoenix-like from their ashes, and so repeat the process again, time after time, cycle after cycle, until the last syllable of recorded time. Students of speculative physics will at once recognize this theory as the well-known Nebular Hypothesis usually attributed by them to Laplace. As a matter of fact Laplace only wrote a few pages on the Nebular Hypothesis, whereas the philosopher of Königsberg had written a whole treatise on the subject forty years earlier. Students of mod-

ern philosophy will also recognize this theory as substantially the theory of Cosmic Evolution proclaimed in recent years by Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Haeckel. Unlike Laplace and these others, however, the subject of this sketch is in no wise disposed to claim the credit of first proposing this hypothesis to the learned world, for he points out that all the salient outlines of the theory were fully elaborated in the first century A.D. by the Roman poet Lucretius in his great poem *De Rerum Natura* and that Lucretius in turn gathered them from speculations in natural philosophy well-known to the philosophers of Italy and Greece for several centuries before the Christian era.

"And is it not strange," the Professor remarks again, "that according to the first chapter of the book of Genesis the Almighty should have created the light on the first day and the sun, moon and stars on the fourth day of the creative week?" And yet, he contends, that is not wholly incredible on strictly scientific grounds, for light, illumination, visibility is essentially different from the white light of the sun or of the sun's rays on a bright summer day. The opposite of light is not darkness, for the face of darkness itself must be illuminated in order to be seen. The opposite of light is visible nothingness. Blind men do not see darkness; they do not see anything. To the blind man physical objects are like objects behind our backs; for the eye they simply do not exist. If darkness and the white light of physical science were opposites we should only see a white screen in front of our eyes in the day as we see a dark screen in front of our eyes in the night. What then is light, illumination, visibility? Is it an attribute inherent in material objects in space? Or may it not rather be the mind's own inherent power of seeing objects through the eye? May not the material world of earth and moon and sun and stars be essentially like the blind man's world

until sensitive eyes and conscious minds are illuminated to see them?

Or consider, also, he continues, the phenomena of tones and noises, which we hear through the ear as we see lights and colours through the eye. Lights and colours, tone and noises are clearly not material objects. All material objects possess the attributes of weight, resistance, and impenetrability. But lights, colours, tones, and noises do not possess any of these attributes and cannot, therefore, be material. It is true that the physicist speaks of weighing light and sound, but what he really does is only to weigh their physical stimuli or causes, the ether waves and the air waves, which prompt or stimulate the mind to see and hear lights and sounds. The seen, heard things themselves no man can weigh. What then are these seen, heard things? Are they not indeed really passing glimpses of some unseen silent world of spirit the nature and extent of which lies quite beyond our human powers of comprehension? It is strange, indeed, that our simple minds should be so overcome by the prejudice that all real things are material. Time is real. Space is real. The shapes and forms of things are real. The laws and forces of nature are real. Lights, colours, tones, and noises are real. Tastes and odours and warmth and cold are real. Life is real. Consciousness is real. Personal beings are real. And yet none of these realities is in any sense material.

Or, finally, if we wish to follow the subject further, may it not be, the Professor points out, that even the attributes of weight and resistance, which we usually suppose to peculiarly inhere in physical objects are really seen upon closer observation to be nothing more than sensory experiences within our thinking minds? Certainly the only knowledge the human mind has of weight and resistance is through the sensations of pressure and strain which it derives

through the skin, muscles and tendons of its bodily organism. Indeed the very same objects which appear to the eye through the skin, muscles and tendons in the form of pressure and strain may appear to the mind through the eye and the ear in the form of lights, colours and sounds. The purest and deepest lights and colours and the most intense tones and noises may be produced, for example, by a blow on the head or by pressing against the eyeball or the eardrum. It would seem, therefore, that no physical object need be normally present in space before the ear or the eye in order to produce the experience of light and colour or tone of noise in the mind.

But if light, colour, tone, noise weight and resistance, then, be all subjective, it does not appear altogether improbable, no matter how incredible at first, to conclude that the only world of external nature really known to the human mind is in fact only a sensible world, a production of the mind's own subjective creative energies, and that the real world of physical things, *Dingen-an-sich*, is wholly unknown to us. May it not be, indeed, that all the many-tinted and many-toned world of nature, which lies about us with all its infinite variety of form and motion, is but the all enfolding garment of our inner selves, while the prompter, the weaver, the *Anstoss* remains inscrutably concealed, unheard, unseen, untouched, unknown? Or in the words of Teufelsdröckh: "So that this so solid, seeming world, after all, were an air image, our Me the only reality; and Nature with its thousand-fold production and destruction but the reflex of our own inward force. Creation itself lies before us like a glorious rainbow; but the sun that made it lies behind us hidden from us."

It is now thirty minutes after four in the afternoon. The distinguished dinner guests, now sufficiently impressed or confounded, disperse and

the philosopher in his old gray coat and with cane in hand starts for his daily afternoon walk. For thirty, perhaps forty, years, rain or shine, he has paced the same quiet path under an avenue of lime trees in Königsberg, since called after him Philosopher's Walk. The only adventures of his life appear to have happened on these daily walks. On one occasion a homicidal maniac bent upon killing someone and attracted no doubt by the strange, fascinating manner of the man, actually stalked him for three hours, but upon second thought, thinking it a pity to kill a poor, helpless philosopher with so many sins upon his soul, at least desisted and killed a humbler citizen of Königsberg instead. Perhaps it was on these walks, too, that he first met his Blumine, for he also had a Rose-goddess, a Queen of Hearts, a Nonpareil, some say two of them, but whether from diffidence or disappointment, all to no avail, for the strange casket of his heart early sprang to, never to open again. "Perhaps, indeed, there is now no key extant that could open it." "Singular Diogenes! No sooner is the vision past than he affects to regard it as a thing natural of which there is nothing more to be said." "Old business being soon wound up," he henceforth lived, indeed, one of the stillest, strangest, and most stoical old bachelor lives which any man has ever lived.

At six o'clock the Philosopher returns from his walk to his quiet study and there, in the dismal twilight of the Königsberg evening, fixes his gaze once again upon the face of the great clock and thinks over for the thousandth time his wonderful *Weltanschauung* or system of philosophy. The evening is spent in light reading. Or, perhaps, he writes. His manner of thinking in writing, indeed, seems at first altogether unlike the outer man, for excepting in his systematic treatises, he appears quite unmethodical. He has a peculiar habit of writing

his passing reflections upon the backs of grocer's bills, old letters, envelopes and all sorts of shreds and snips of paper, so that his den always presents the appearance of a veritable Sybaldine cave strewn with all kinds of leaves whereon are written profound and sometimes altogether unintelligible sayings.

And now it is ten o'clock at night, and the Philosopher's man servant, his "right arm, spoon, and necessary of life," who has been with him for thirty years, who summoned him from his early morning dreams, and who has watched his every movement and supplied his every want during the day, appears to perform the last rites of the day by putting his master to bed. Quietly the Philosopher lays him down in his little bed with legs and arms nicely adjusted in a prescribed position, the servant snugly tucks him in, the mouth is firmly closed, the eyes' windows slowly fall, and the wise little body allows itself its regular seven hours of quiet and healthy slumber, only to arise again at five in the morning and repeat again, month after month, year after year, for more than half a century the same monotonous round of daily duties. "Strange contrast," says his fellow-countryman Heine, "between the outer life of the man and his world destroying thought. Of a truth, if the citizens of Königsberg had had any inkling of the meaning of that thought, they would have shuddered before him as before an executioner. But the good people saw nothing in him but a Professor of Philosophy, and when he passed at the appointed hour, they gave him friendly greetings—and set their watches."

The servant is Lampe and the man Immanuel Kant, perhaps the greatest philosopher who has ever lived except the two immortals of ancient Greece, Plato and Aristotle. He spells his name Kant, but is careful to point out that the correct spelling is Cant, but inasmuch as the Germans cannot pronounce C correctly

he has been compelled to change it to K: He is of Scottish descent, for his grandfather Cant emigrated from Scotland, a fact of which the little man is characteristically proud, for, as he says himself, it is a great honour to be a fellow countryman of the great Scottish philosopher David Hume, whose subtle and destructive philosophical scepticism he credits with having first aroused him from his "dogmatic slumbers" and with having first prompted him to attempt to construct a system of philosophy of his own.

Kant was born in 1724 and died in 1804. So simple and methodical was his life, that when he died the only materials available for his biography, apart from the general facts of his life and his published works, were to be found in the strange collection of documents in his den to which we have already referred, together with the reminiscences of his students and of a small circle of friends and acquaintances who had observed his strange way of life.

The sketch we have given is by no means a caricature. If our sources be trustworthy, it is true every word. It is, however, necessarily to some extent onesided, for Kant was a very manysided man. Primarily a metaphysician and scientist of keen analytic and constructive intellect, he was also a "humane lover of all things human." Even his extremely punctual habits of living were the outcome of a stern sense of duty. He found them absolutely necessary for the successful performance of his vast plan of life. Both in theory and in practice the ruling maxim of his life was, "do thy duty, do even the duty which lies nearest to thee, even if it be to form the simplest, minutest useful habits of daily living." He also had a keen love for all kinds of customs, manners, real affairs, descriptions of great men and strange books of travel. He had, too, a keen sense of the beautiful, for his writings on the æsthetic judgment are perhaps

even to-day the best single extant treatment of that subject. His life was apparently almost blameless in personal rectitude and honour. He was kind to all and generous to the poor, for while he accumulated a small fortune of four thousand pounds late in life chiefly from the proceeds of his writings, his early and middle years were spent in poverty. He was indeed a man of strangely many parts, many interests, and many sympathies.

Kant's epoch-making work to which we have referred is *Die Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, the Critique of Pure Reason. It is both a large and difficult work; perhaps, indeed, the most difficult single work to understand which has ever been written. It is written largely in the most unattractive and crabbed German prose style. The author actually undertakes the task of translating the great mass of technical terms in scholastic metaphysics, itself usually unintelligible enough, into vernacular German. As one of his critics says, he takes a mass of Latin words ending in *tion* and translates them into so many German words ending in *heit* and *keit* and calls this sort of thing philosophy. Once and again, however, in a few words or sentences Kant breaks out into the most profound and startling rhetoric. Unattractive and difficult, too, as the book is, it nevertheless accomplished the task of teaching the German people to think and speak philosophy. Germany, hitherto a nation decidedly unproductive in philosophy, has ever since remained the recognized home of philosophy. Fichte, Schopenhauer, Schelling, Hegel, Novalis and Richter were his immediate followers and pupils. Schiller is not slow to acknowledge his obligations, and even the great Goethe admits his debt, and justly so, for no one more than he was the child of the German school of Transcendental Idealism inaugurated by the Philosopher of Königsberg, and first outlined by him in *The Critique of Pure Reason*. In fact the

book itself is, to use Carlyle's description of the Volume on Clothes, "an extensive volume of boundless, almost formless content, a very sea of thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth and return not only with seawreck but with true orient; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-eyed acuteness and rugged independent Germanism and Philanthropy which will not assuredly pass current without opposition in high places; but must and will exalt the almost new name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ranks of philosophy in our German Temple of Honour."

Of Kant's philosophy it is impossible to say more than a few words in a single article. Hundreds of learned works have been written upon it. We can only mention a few of his most pregnant sayings in order, if may be, to indicate his main position and his influence upon Carlyle.

"Two things strike me dumb" says Kant, "the starry heavens above my head and the moral law within me." Kant is not a mystic, nor a nature worshipper, much less a materialist. He begins by placing the human personality, the Me that knows, wills and does on at least an equal and co-ordinate plane with the material universe. In any real world which can be known, known and knower, subject and object, Ego and Non-ego, must be at least of equal importance. Magnify the starry heavens as much as you may, you are still paying unconscious reverence to the little mind, the thinking Me, which essays to comprehend its vastness, to mark its courses and to understand some of its mysteries. Marvel at the mystery and the power of the material world as much as you may, you are still but paying tribute to the mind which has the sense to marvel at it and can say: 'Universe, stand thou there, while I stand here, to understand Thee, to test Thee, to prove Thee, to discover of what matter Thou art made and to know the laws which

govern Thy many and mysterious changes.'" Indeed Kant would go even further than this. The slightest observation shows at once, he says, that the moral personality, the willing and doing Me, stands on a higher plane than the physical Universe. The physical Universe merely *is*, whereas the Me proclaims what *ought to be*, and inasmuch as what ought to be is necessarily higher than what merely is, the moral Me is necessarily higher in nature than the physical world. The highest realities are moral realities, the most ultimate reality is the human moral personality; the highest law of being, the law of duty, the law of doing. "Well, said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, 'the true Shekinah is man.'"

Such seems to have been the ruling idea of Kant's life and of his philosophy. In his great work *The Critique of Pure Reason*, however, he goes much further than we have stated. In that work, after first deploring, like Teufelsdröckh, "that all metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive," he boldly ventures the hypothesis which, as we have seen, he had long entertained and discussed with his friends, that the only physical or natural world which we really know is in reality a construction of the thinking Me. Or, in the words of Bishop Berkeley, "The whole choir of heaven and furniture of earth have no subsistence without a thinking mind, there *being is to be known*, their *esse is percipi*." Or, in Kant's own words, "Understanding makes nature"; "*Verstand natur gemacht*." To the untrained reader, no doubt, these words are wholly meaningless. Nevertheless, and that even if we do not agree with Kant's philosophy, there is no denying the fact that these three words are probably more pregnant with wit and wisdom than any other three words which have ever been written. Is it not strange, for example, that each one of us stands in the middle of his own universe?

The universe of each of us surrounds his Me like a sphere and the Me stands alone in the centre like a spider in the middle of the web it has made. Each one of us measures up and down, right and left, north and south, before and after, by referring to the present position of his own person or Me. Each one of us draws about him the great rim of the world, builds above his head the great blue dome of heaven, peoples it with the twinkling stars, and makes the sun, the moon, and all the planets revolve each day about his feet. But, you say, this is not the real world. There is really no horizon, no blue dome of heaven, and the twinkling stars are really earths and suns millions of miles away, and the sun and moon do not really revolve about our feet. Well, there they indubitably are, the only world we see, the real world of artist and poet, and the only real world known to the many millions of the human race except a few students of modern science. And how, Kant would ask, do you know that these things are not real? How do you know that there is no horizon and no dome of heaven? How do you know that the twinkling stars are not the fairy lights you thought they were in your childhood days? How do you know that the sun and moon do not revolve about your feet? You have never been there to find out. Oh, but we know these things, you say, by scientific inference. But do you not see that the real world which you thus suppose by scientific inference to lie behind this world of sensory appearances is really, by your own admission, a suppository construction of your own thinking intellect? Understanding makes nature.

But what about space and time? Surely space is real and objective, and not merely a creation of the thinking Me! What then are space and time? Kant, like *Teufelsdröckh*, recognizes this to be the crucial point in his philosophy and is prepared to grapple with it. Clearly if space be

subjective, then the whole content of space must also be subjective. But, strange as it may appear, we do not really need to go beyond the self-evident axioms of geometry to see that space is subjective. A point is that which has no magnitude. But that which has no magnitude cannot really exist objectively. It can only exist as a concept of the mind. A line is length without breadth. But that which has no breadth cannot exist except as a concept of the mind. A surface is that which has no depth, but that which has no depth cannot exist except as a concept of the mind. But space is only a vast web or network of points, lines, and surfaces. Is it not clear, therefore, that space must be constructed out of purely subjective mental materials?

Or let us look at the problem from another point of view. If distances in space really reach out in all directions from the Me, as we have seen they do, how is it possible for my Me to know them? How can I perceive distance from my own centre of orientation? I certainly cannot see it, for distance is merely a line projected endwise to the eye and occupies but one point in the fund of the eye, and is, therefore, the same no matter how long the distance may be. All I really see is the end of the line and not its length. Neither can I know, as Berkeley supposed, how far an object is from me by walking to it and placing my hand upon it, for all that I experience by walking towards it is a succession of strain and pressure sensations in my body and on my skin, but no mere successions of sensations in time could ever amount to a real distance in space. Clearly, therefore, if distance is objective, I could never really know it at all. Space, therefore, must necessarily be subjective. It is, to use the words of *Teufelsdröckh*, a form of perception, "a model of our human sense," the "warp and woof whereon are written all lights and colours

and forms and motions in thousand-figured harmonious nature." Or space is but a "clothes-screen" whereon all the other sensible clothing of my little Me is hung out in the clear light of him who is the light, the eternal and infinite Me. And what is true of space is clearly true of time. Even common-sense teaches us that past time is dead, the future yet unborn. Their only existence is in the memory and hope of man.

Thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou
seest Him by.

Finally, in order that we may grasp more fully Kant's solution of this problem of the relation between mind and nature, let us look at the problem genetically, and not, as we have been doing, analytically. The new-born infant does not know anything about a world of nature. For it the world of nature does not even so much as exist. It does not recognize its mother's voice, to it the sweetest voice that earth has ever heard. Little by little, however, as it receives sensations through its eyes, ears, skin, muscles, and joints, it builds these together into a space-world of its own, first its mother's face, then its little crib, then its toys and the nursery in which it plays, next the great hall, next again the beautiful world outside, until finally, the little fellow, first a boy and then a man, "sees and fashions for himself a universe with azure starry spaces and long thousands of years." Understanding makes nature.

But how then, you will ask, if each of our understandings makes its own world, do we all make the same or similar worlds? The answer is very simple. Not primarily because all our worlds are the same, but because our understandings are the same and, therefore, work in the same way. And our understandings are the same because they are all fashioned after the pattern of the Infinite Understanding which created them and through

which they live and grow continually. We are all sons of God and like Him. We are spiritually made in His image.

We do not think that we need go further to prove that the Philosophy of Clothes is the Philosophy of German Idealism inaugurated by Immanuel Kant. The Philosophy of Clothes is the philosophy which rests upon Kant's primary assumption that understanding makes nature. It is a philosophy, a *Weltanschauung*, which explains the world by saying that the physical world of nature is a garment of sense which the human personality, the Me, fashions about itself for its spiritual employment, shelter and ornament. If final proof be needed, Carlyle has expressly told us so. In "Prospective," chapter eleven, book one, he writes: "Thus in this one pregnant subject of *clothes* rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done and been; the whole external universe and what it holds is but clothing; and the essence of all science lies in the Philosophy of Clothes."

Neither, we think, need we go further to prove that the real volume on Clothes, *Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken*, is none other than the Critique of Pure Reason, *Die Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. A more perfect and vivid description of both the style and thought of the great critique than that given by Carlyle in the clothes volume could scarcely be imagined. As a matter of fact, the order of ideas in the Sartor Resartus is substantially the order of ideas in the Critique: first Kant's lament touching the unfruitfulness of past metaphysics, then his theory of the personal Me as the ultimately real, then his theory of the subjectivity of space and time, next his elaboration of his central theory that understanding makes nature, next his solution of his world-famous Antinomies, the everlasting Yeas and Nays of human life, and finally the application of his

philosophy to the practical problems of morals and religion. The statement, often so lightly made that Carlyle's knowledge of German philosophy and literature was second-hand and superficial is wholly unwarranted. That Carlyle read and thoroughly mastered Kant's philosophy may be proved by a hundred evidences to the student alike of the sage of Chelsea and the sage of Königsberg. Differences, no doubt, there are between the two great books of these two great masters. The Critique of Pure Reason is a very finely-woven and elaborately-fashioned work of systematic metaphysics; the Sartor Resartus is confessedly a patchwork of vivid, startling colours. It is in very literal truth a Sartor Resartus, a tailor repatched.

But if Kant's philosophy is the original Philosophy of Clothes, and, if the original Volume on Clothes is the Critique of Pure Reason, is Immanuel Kant, the author of the Critique, the original Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, the author of the Volume on Clothes? There are many evidences that he was. Both Kant and Teufelsdröckh wrote epoch-making books which inaugurated a new and strange philosophical movement in the German Fatherland. Both were professors of things in general in German universities. Both were men of small physical stature and bachelor recluses of eccentric manners and of startling opinions. There is a strange disparity in the lives of both between the greatness of their thought and the meagreness of biographical incident in their lives. Both came and went among their little coterie of friends, more like phenomena of nature than like men. Nor are more particular details wanting to prove the likeness. *Weissnichtoo* is remote and winter-dismal Königsberg. The watch-tower on the *Wahngasse*, rivalled in ele-

vation only by the *Schlosskirche* weathercock, is Kant's lonely study with the famous cathedral spire clock of Königsberg in full view from the window where he used to sit and gaze out upon the city in the evening twilight. The "miscellaneous masses of sheets and oftener shreds and snips, written in Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce legible *cursiv-schrift*; and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, contained in the six considerable paper bags, sealed with the six southern Zodiacal signs, beginning at Libra," and which formed the editor's basis for his biographical appreciation of Teufelsdröckh, are the strange miscellaneous collection of documents found in Kant's study after his death. The original contents of the six paper bags may this day be seen in the archives of the Königsberg library. Inexorable old Lampe, ever attentive to his master's every want, is assiduous old Lieschen, Teufelsdröckh's "right arm spoon and necessary of life," with the necessary change in sex. Hofrath Heuschrecke is a typical example of the few socially distinguished and appreciative guests whom Kant delighted to have with him to dinner. There is even a glimpse of suggestion in the name Diogenes, for as the original Diogenes, he of the tub, was the founder of the ancient, so Kant was the founder of the modern, school of ethical rigourism, the ethics of rational duty or of pure reason. I trust, however, that I am not pedant enough to force the comparison. The personality of Teufelsdröckh is a work of fiction, and probably, like every other work of fiction, built about a nucleus of fact. Was the original nucleus Immanuel Kant? For some years I have had the suspicion that he was, and that Carlyle knew it, and I am still inclined to think that there may be something in it.

FOUR ANGLES OF A FUTURIST CITY

BY R. C. READE

MR. RUPERT BROOKE, an eminent young English poet who recently published impressions of a tour in Canada, has found our cities sadly lacking in variety. Toronto, he asserts, can grow only in size. Its species and types are fixed. It can only multiply them indefinitely. It cannot enrich civilization with the creation of anything new. It is as if it suffered from dropsy and were capable of nothing but a diseased inflation.

It is interesting to note that, to the acute æsthetical perceptions of a new psychological school of poetry, Canadian cities appear sterile. Yet this is not a charge against our cities particularly. It is a part of the large and generous diatribe of modern idealists against modern pragmatism and materialism, activism, dynamism, and every other ism of soulless ugliness. The idealist would have us understand that industrial cities are monotonous, that is, that they are, artistically and creatively, dead. They have lost all power to effect that limitless efflorescence of variety, that ceaseless generation of heterogeneity which Herbert Spencer has declared to be the distinguishing characteristic of life and evolution.

It is assuredly fair to assume that the beauty idealism worships is a beauty derived from history and tradition. The past comes to us enriched with all manner of varieties and

contrasts. Therefore it is interesting. If the present affords varieties and contrasts, it should be no less interesting than the past. If our present-day Canadian cities exhibit well-marked differentiations, then our English plaintiff is non-suited; for his charge is that they are monotonous and void of contrasts, mere *ad nauseam* reduplications of a squalid monochrome, Monctons, Hamiltons, Brantons piled upon Toronto and Montreal, like Pelion on Ossa, in a ridiculous attempt to scale an unattainable urban Olympus.

Cities consist roughly of four divisions, residential, manufacturing, business, and slum. They may be contrasted as art to utility and wealth to poverty. To demonstrate these contrasts our best method is to exhibit sketches of four characteristic buildings, the smart residence, the factory, the sky-scraper, and the slum dwelling.

Here is the urban residence. It is fenced from the rampant democracy of the street by an embryonic hedge, as thin as a young lieutenant's moustache. The moustache is as yet timid and infantile, but it gives promise of speedy growth to a formidable *cheveux de frise* of bureaucratic and aristocratic aloofness. It will soon be a genuine English hedge.

As the crow flies and the postman walks, it is scarcely one hundred feet

to the house. By the gravel driveway, it is three hundred. The drive is a serpentine. That is the Canadian edition of the English country-house avenue. A few low spruce shrubs do duty for stately elms.

At the end of the serpent's coil, is a smug, smirking portico with classical pillars. It looks like a fat commissioner clad in a toga. The grave, austere Doric, the calm gracious Ionic, the sprightly *spirituel* Corinthian are all blended into a stiff-posted, residential grimace of welcome.

The sincerity of the welcome is belied by a pointed Gothic doorway barricaded by a huge door strengthened with visible ribs of iron. On either side of this forbidding portcullis are long, thin slits of windows all but closed in a malicious, Mongolian leer.

To the left and right of this Athenian and Mongolian vestibule are long French windows opening, in sublime confidence in perpetual summer, upon some kind of Italian parterre. There is a capacious Japanese wicker-work chair ready to receive the ghost of Cosmo de' Medici if he should wander this way. Around the corner from this terrace of perpetual summer apertures leading to the cellar provide for a generous avalanche of coal.

The second storey is in the Queen Anne style, with a dash of Georgian. At one corner there is a little balcony of Spanish lattice-work, crowned with an Italian cupola, a survival of what has been called the post-bellum, "Reign of Terror" in American domestic architecture.

Half-way up the wall there is a splash of purple and yellow light. It is not a pot of paint spilled by a careless workman. It is a modern stained-glass window darkening a central stairway. It is the "Flight from Egypt" surrounded by a bevy of Cupids. In the centre is inscribed "*Cave Canem.*" You look around for a ferocious mastiff. You see a toy Pomeranian taking the sun in a woollen blanket.

The third storey is partly in the Swiss chalet style, partly an adaptation of early Nuremberg heavy timbering, with interstices of Aztec adobe work. And the whole is coiffured by a Dutch hood with a Louis Quatorze, Mansard roof.

This is not all. There are still a few courses in this banquet of nations. From the four corners of the building there rise into the air, each from its respective corner, a squat Norman tower, a Moorish minaret, a late Gothic steeple and an Italian campanile!

On your way to the rear of this amazing edifice it will be a wonder if you do not stumble over some flying buttress that looks like a German dirigible in ruins. When you reach the rear you will discover a garage, a cinder tennis court, a quoiting pitch, a captive golf ball, and a Tudor garden.

Looking back at the house, your eyes are blinded by flashes of sunshine repercussing from two structures of glass. It is the solarium heliographing the conservatory!

Now, all this is not the opium-nurtured frenzy of some maniacal architect. It is not Bedlam—it is the real estate agent's dream of Paradise. It is merely on *edition de luxe* of a modern urban residence—with the owner's signature.

The thing is not a house, it is *the* house through the ages. It is a bazaar of architecture. It is a brick and mortar film of the whole history of domesticity. It is encyclopedic. It is eclectic culture. It reminds you of Homer, and, in the same breath, of Barnum and Bailey.

One needs to be a Swiss waiter to feel at home in such a cosmopolitan structure. It speaks all languages at once and speaks them badly. It is the Berlitz method by aeroplane. It gives you architectural homesickness. It makes you yearn for *terra firma*, for an interpreter, for some kind of architectural Esperanto.

At the back there is something that

appears intelligible. It is an oblong appendage of brick. It resembles a shoe-box. It is plainly a scullery, an annex to the kitchen. Eureka! One feels at home. This is unmistakable modern architecture.

As long as the urban landscape is adorned with edifices like this, no one can say that our residential districts are monotonous.

In passing to the factory building from this residential oasis of art, you naturally expect revelations of horror. You shrink from setting foot in the flaming Gehenna of utilitarian industry. But expectations are not always realized. Here is a factory building.

It is the modern work of utility à outrance. Utility spells ugliness. It ought to be as ugly as Caliban. On the contrary, it is festooned with ivy like a Christmas-tree. It ought to have an entrance like the entrance to Hades. On the contrary, it follows the latest aesthetic fashion. It has its classical portico.

You catch sight of a Grecian facade at the end of an avenue of flower-beds. You surmise that it is some temple of Flora. You advance towards this horticultural hall. There is a tracery of intricate stone foliage around the doorway. You read an inscription, "*Labor vincit omnia.*" If you have any suspicion, it is that you are in a college. But you reflect that it takes labour to grow flowers, and you press on. As you cross the threshold your ears are deafened by the roar of blast furnaces. The place is a fraud and a delusion. It is not a conservatory. It is a foundry.

Surely, Mr. Brooke does not desire our foundries to be clothed in fine linen, and our tanneries to be scented with frankincense and myrrh. Industrial foppery would be a strange aesthetic gospel. Nothing can be more monotonous than to see our factories aping the graces of our residences.

One fares on, in high hopes of the supreme ugliness. One sees a massive

structure on a hill. Its tall chimneys seem made to belch forth black volcanic smoke. Its frowning walls seem designed to bear the lateral thrust of ponderous machinery. A motor lorry laden with steel rails would be a mere feather on its broad cement driveway. It is a Hercules amongst buildings. Surely this is where iron is made! Surely this is a foundry! No; it is a millionaire's palace.

Still, there are factories that are factories. Here is a building which bears the same relation to other buildings as the monstrous grotesques of Egyptian temples to human features.

A veil of carbonic blackness enshrouds it. It is like a wrinkled palimpsest, or a prehistoric bone which the tooth of time has gnawed in its lusty youthful vigour. Its original substance is almost unfathomable. There is a faint suspicion of layers of brick. It is a wall.

The thing is like a blotting-pad which has absorbed all the ink-spots of the universe. It is like a case of elephantiasis bloated, scabrous, horribly unforgettable. It is seamed and furrowed. It quivers and trembles, as if in the throes of some indescribable agony. One hears behind it a terrific rumbling of machinery. Monstrous forces are tearing and rending at its entrails. One expects momentarily to see it disembowelled by some protruding piston. No wonder the wall trembles!

And its colour! No artist's palette ever held it. It is a conglomerate of the mournful gray of the sea, the charred ashes of burnt timberlands of dull December dusk, and pallid, ghoulisn moonlight. It is a compound of all despair and hopelessness. It is of the very hue of work. It is synthetic gloom. And yet it thrills you. It is a frame which throws into relief the poetic intensity of the eclectic residence. It is a black swan among peacocks. It is plain broad-cloth at a masquerade.

The wall is the *leitmotif* of the whole. The building is, artistically,

all wall, a hundred yards of wall. It crescendoes at times into hazy, wind-bitten cornices; there are filmy arabesques that look like cobwebbed windows; there is a trombone protuberance that resembles a porch projecting over a door—but the rhythm of the whole returns incessantly to the dumb, drab blankness of the wall.

The factory is plain, unadulterated superficies. It is scarcely real. It is not architecture. It is like a masterpiece of stage daubery. It is the drop-curtain of industry. And that, precisely, is its merit. It gives a suggestion of artistic value. It hints at the human drama behind it. It is our New World illusion, our ruined castle on the Rhine, our rustic cottage, our old mill. It glows with the vitality of the commonplace. It is not ugliness. It is beauty in the rough, the raw material of art.

In a city there are all manner of contrasts—in equipages and coiffures, in beards and music. But there is no disparity so great as that between the factory and the skyscraper, except it be that between the skyscraper and the slum.

Here is a skyscraper. It rises from its narrow pedestal like a modern, winged statue of Victory. It is Mount Blanc civilized. It is like a pensive white swan of gleaming terracotta, poised silently in altitudinous grace, dreaming over the rushing stream of city traffic, the inscrutable, enigmatic dream of the most majestic of waterfowl. It is a work of utility, but it is something more. It is Plutus in a reverie. It is modern wealth's interpretation of the ideal. The residence was eclectic art. This is speculative metaphysics.

Those who are familiar with the giraffe-like proportions of the Woolworth building will break out into loud guffaws at Canadian structures. But, when the American shouting and tumult has died away, they remain what they indubitably are—skyscrapers. They are, if not the ultimate, at

least the penultimate syllable of the last word in business architecture. They are not giraffes. They are swans. And a swan, though it has not so lofty an elevation, illustrates the notion of elongation with even greater beauty. Manhattan may look as if it were feeding on mimosa leaves, but Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg are steadily rising, like new Iliums, into swan-like towers.

These shafts of marble and terracotta represent the best constructive skill of a great constructive epoch. They epitomize the *semper aliquid novi* of the modern era. To provide the adamantine caissons of their deep-sunk foundations, gigantic furnaces have roared with oceans of molten iron. To articulate their huge joints and ribs and sinews a new race of industrial workers has come into existence, acrobats as adventuresome as Elizabethan mariners, whose trapeze is a sixty-foot girder; Titanic cobblers, whose awl is a pneumatic hammer, and whose thread a beam of steel; rough-handed, grimy jewellers who out of iron weave a mesh purse that can contain millions of dollars.

To clothe that great steel skeleton with flesh, to furnish it with arteries of elevator transport, with a respiratory system of ventilating shafts, and an immense nervous network of electrical conduits and telephone wires, to give it sight, hearing, and warmth, to make it function with the strictest economy of arrangement, as an immense, palpitating human hive—to do all this, a hundred arts and ten thousand workmen have been called upon. The whole forces of present-day civilization have been put under tithe. The entire world has travelled and brought to birth on a city street a microcosm of itself, a true child of the age, the Twentieth Century in miniature—a sky-scraper!

It is thus Pheidias would have moulded his genius had he read Adam Smith; or Michael Angelo had he studied Darwin. The Parthenon and St. Peter's are merged in this sub-

limation of all architectural creeds, in this stupendous, revolutionary, modern worship of the beauty of utility.

Yet there is another picture to look at. Within a moment's walk, there is another and very different and radically contrasted type of structure, if such a heap of crumbling detritus can be called a structure. It is only a step from the sky-scraper to the slum hovel.

It has once had the dignity of one storey and a garret; but the roof has sagged and the house presents the appearance of a decrepit old man sprawling forward precariously on a worm-eaten crutch. It is like Tennyson's stream that seemed ever to fall and pause. One instinctively waits for the crash. There is something uncanny in this arrested annihilation. The house is ghost-like. It squeaks and gibbers. One feels that the contractor has hung himself in remorse, that the owner has been carried raving to an asylum.

The house is of plaster that in parts has fallen away in horrible running sores through which a few blackened laths show like gangrened bones. It does not resemble a habitation. It looks like a Calcutta leprosy.

On top, there is a gable like a filthy, green, towzled night-cap. And in the walls, one on each side of an irregular, central orifice, two exceptionally large excoriations are in the plaster. These are windows. On the one window a rickety shutter, all its slats gone, dangles loosely at a sharp obtuse angle. Over the lower half of the other window is drawn a mass of rotting sacking, like a sail that has lain in bilge water. It is a curtain. On the window-sill a ghastly, yellowish-green, blossomless geranium shivers in a cracked flower-pot. It is *rus in urbe*. It looks more like a quarantine placard than a piece of vegetation.

Between this cadaverous hovel and the sidewalk is a narrow, six-foot strip of an indescribable material—

to call it earth would be to malign nature. It is rather a quintessence of the Sahara desert and the alkali wastes of Utah. Fragments of livid gin bottles, crushed tomato cans, a crumbling drain-pipe, the remains of an express waggon, cinders, rags are its flora. Its fauna are not visible, but a fetid odour yields proof that they are somewhere near at hand in process of dissolution. This wilderness is what the hovel calls its lawn, its boulevard.

Crossing this, one discovers, inspecting it closely, that the irregular central orifice is a door-way. It has neither quadrangular nor any other geometrical shape. It is like the formless hole leading to some animal's burrow. The door is open, but it is doubtful if it could ever be anything else but open. Its hinges would drop off if moved.

One enters and trips over a noose of oilecloth, its arabesques scuffed into an indistinguishable blurr. It is the hall mat. In the centre is an irregular hole fringed with frowsy wisps of fibre, like dust-laden rushes at the edge of a cess-pool. It is into this that one has narrowly escaped falling. The rest of the hall is bare. The floor bristles with splinters as if it had been systematically raked with a sharp-pronged instrument. A few knots have resisted courageously.

There are two rooms, one on each side of the hall. To describe one is to describe the other. They are twin brothers in hideous wretchedness, the Menæchmi of squalour. In the centre of one is a small rusty stove. One of the legs is missing and has been replaced by a brick. Beside it is a paper sack of charcoal, the sides of which have burst, letting the contents flow over the floor. A heel has ground one lump into a black sugary mass. It suggests asphyxiation and coroners' inquests. Over the battered, tortuous stovepipe hangs a coarse blue flannel shirt. On the wall is a cracked mirror, and underneath it, on a rough unplanned pine shelf, are a

comb with half the teeth missing, a brush split in two like an orange, an old syrup tin with a half-consumed candle stuck in the hole. In one corner is a pallet bed with straw showing through a rent in the ticking. A thick gray blanket lies half in the bed, half in the dust of the floor. In the opposite corner is an old disembowelled horsehair couch. Its springs and wadding trail on the ground. A wooden chair, with one leg in a rope splint, a small table covered with greasy oilcloth, a rush chair with the bottom worn out, this is the rest of the furniture in the room. There is dust everywhere, gritty, noisome, palpable and impalpable, like the effluvium of a lava bed.

On the walls patches of some greasy paper-like substance, alternating with sections of grimy plaster, show that the room has once been papered. A recently-peeled patch, a foot long, flaps noisily in a current of air. The freshly-exposed plaster is still white, a deathly, glacial white, reminiscent of a mortuary slab. Oddly enough, the only trace of decoration in the room is a flounced Christmas bell of red tissue-paper.

At the end of the hall there is a ladder leading to some upper gloom and mystery. One shudders at the thought of what it may contain. It may be that human beings sleep there. The whole place is terrifying. It is not so much the uncleanness as the inhuman absence of all design and purpose. It is a formless chaos. It absolutely negatives all creative will. It shatters all faith in cosmic truths.

The exterior of the hovel was abominable. The interior is desolating and loathsome. But that is nothing. On the steps of a door leading into the hideous litter of the back-yard a little eighteen-months child, its legs in the drippings from a rain-barrel, its face covered with dirt, is greedily eating bread crumbs soaked in a bowl of milk from which a flea-infested slum cat is at the same time feeding.

And this hovel with all its degradation is almost in the shadow of the sky-scraper, the towering witness of evolution and progress!

Cities which contain such contrasts illustrate modern life from zenith to Nadir. They may be sketchy and diagrammatic, but they have all the essentials for a perfect urban contour. They are kaleidoscopic; they are vortices of human variety; they are three dimensional; they are spatially complete. Your London and New York may exist in some psychic fifth dimension, but that is sheer civic occultism. It is more than can reasonably be demanded.

Let us take one last look at the subjects of these impressionistic, slightly futuristic canvases. Do they not make a city glitter like a diamond of many facets? Are they not as many-hued as the rainbow, as polychromatic as the spectrum? If these similes be thought too grandiose, it will at least be admitted that they are as variegated as a patchwork quilt, as heterogeneous as a brindled cow. And that is certainly not monotony.





KING CHARLES I
AS PRINCE OF WALES

From the Painting by Daniel Mytens
in the National Art Gallery of Canada

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE SIOUX WARRIOR'S REVENGE

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE

BY D. J. BENHAM

IT was in the moon of the falling leaves that a young Sioux warrior, while hunting amidst the foothills of eastern Montana, met two pale-faces on the trail. He had never seen them at Fort Smith, Buford, or Benton, and knew them to be strangers on his hunting-grounds. He at once approached them with his hand raised in the salutation of friendship of his people, and greeted them with the single, expressive inquiry, "How?" meaning to ask as to their destination.

They spurned the proffered friendship of the young redskin, either through mistrust of his intentions or through the belief in the old saying that "the only good Indian is a dead one," and in answer to his cordial salutation they opened fire on him. The wanton attempt at murder failed, but the first shot fired crashed into the head of the horse of the young Sioux. His escape from death was almost miraculous; and the murderous declaration of hostility changed him in an instant from a friend to an enemy, with a Sioux vendetta which only blood would satisfy. With a war-whoop of defiance the Indian wheeled and galloped to safety amidst the timber and ravines of the foothills, around which he skirted in his flight, pursued by his two well-mounted assailants. His pony, though fatally wounded, had sufficient vitality to enable him to effect his escape, which he did by out-witting his pursuers,

through woodcraft, stealth, and Indian wiles. He doubled back on his unsuspecting adversaries, who were evidently not accustomed to the tactics of the savage warrior, for they galloped on along the trail, believing their quarry had remained on the beaten track and was trusting his safety to straight-away flight. Thus within a short space of time their relative positions were entirely changed, and the hunters became the hunted, with a wily, determined, ruthless, and thoroughly incensed young savage in relentless pursuit. The quarrel had been of their seeking; revenge remained for him.

Within a few hours the Indian's horse died, but he continued the pursuit on foot. The incident, so far as the white men were concerned, was evidently soon forgotten, as a mere exciting episode; though their initial exertions in the fruitless chase carried them many miles in advance of their unmounted enemy. When they realized he had escaped, they resumed their journey leisurely, camping and cooking their meals as usual and sleeping as if in safety. Meanwhile their ruthless pursuer gradually gained on them; and sustained only by a desire for revenge he never rested nor camped. For three suns he tracked them, and as the third had set he finally overtook and killed them both. Thus with his honour and his vendetta satisfied according to the code of his people, he took their horses and

returned to his tribal tepee, guarding within his breast the gruesome secret of his thrilling adventure and its bloody climax.

That young Indian was Rain-in-the-Face, who was destined to become a power in the councils of his tribe, and one of the greatest chiefs, warriors, and orators his race has produced. The echo of the shot fired in the dastardly attempt upon his life by two swash-buckling gun-men of the frontier, like the gun at Fort Sumpter, was heard around the world. It was the trifling spark which smouldered for many moons and ultimately set the Montana prairies on fire; for this incident was the real beginning of the trouble which culminated in the memorable uprising of Sitting Bull (Ho-Too-Ah-Okh-Hose) the irreconcilable, the inveterate enemy of the white man, the hereditary chief and dominant power among the Unepapa Sioux nation, who swept over the settlements like a scourge in the spring and summer of 1876. It was an outbreak which bathed Montana in blood, and had as its melancholy climax the massacre of General Custer and his entire command, excepting "Curley," the Crow Indian scout, on the banks of the Little Big Horn, on that ill-fated June morning thirty-seven years ago.

The unwritten pages of the history of that carnage, as recorded in the traditions of the redmen, and the memories of the frontier, unfold a story of dramatic interest centering around this unprovoked attack upon Rain-in-the-Face, and its sequel in his arrest on a charge of murdering the two unknown whites, six months afterwards. By a cruel decree of fate this charge was preferred against him by Captain Tom Custer, a brother of the ill-starred general, who had been an unwelcome and uninvited guest at Wauhepai (Sun Dance, or Dance to the Greatest God) of Sitting Bull's band during the ensuing spring. Custer took a solemn oath on his honour as a soldier and a gentleman, to re-

gard everything he saw and heard there as confidential and secret before being allowed to attend this tribal feast, which included the ceremony of "making braves." He violated this oath and betrayed the trust and confidence reposed in him by the Indians. This was an unpardonable offence in the eyes of the Sioux, by whom personal honour was esteemed beyond life itself in such matters.

Regardless of whatever excuses may be offered in defence of the memory of Captain Tom Custer in this connection—his admitted devotion to duty, and to the enforcement of law and justice as he interpreted them—this act was construed by the Indians as one of the grossest treachery of the pale-faces, and fixed the responsibility for subsequent events on him. It was this offence against their code of honour—the perjury of an unwelcome guest—and consequent indignity suffered by a respected member of their band, that aroused the Sioux nation to wreak a terrible revenge on the war-path after summoning to their aid their equally ferocious kinsmen and allies, the Cheyennes.

However, poor Tom Custer, who unquestionably acted as conscience dictated in this unfortunate affair, paid the penalty with his life; for he died the death of a gallant soldier, with his face to the foe, fighting desperately at the Little Big Horn.

This story was told to me many years ago, near the scene of some of the tragic occurrences, by one of the most picturesque characters of the Far West—one who was intimately associated with those turbulent times, and who evidently had given at least passive support and sympathy to the hostiles. He had been a "Big Chief" among his own people, who had been enemies rather than allies of the Sioux for ages before, and who had been forced to depend upon the security of their mountain fastnesses for safety from raids and forays. On more than one occasion he had led the war parties to the country of their

hereditary enemies, the Blackfoots, in what is now Southern Alberta. He it was also who acted as runner, bearing a message of mystery still unsolved from the Nez Percees to the camp of Sitting Bull when the latter retreated into Canada after his defeat by General Miles at the battle of Bear Paw Mountain. Hence he was one peculiarly fitted to speak for the red men.

His views may have been biased, and his story coloured by his racial sympathies; but it was a story full of human interest he told me in the shimmering light of our camp-fire, after long associations and companionship on the trail had melted into confidences his stoical silence about the past. It was a story intended to demonstrate that the hostile Indians had been actuated by a feeling that an injustice had been done to them or to one of their band; and to dispel the popular estimate of their character and actions too often misunderstood and recorded as a dark and unintelligible mass of cruelty and barbarism. My companion vehemently maintained that this great tragedy of the frontier was not merely a raid of blood-thirsty and predatory Indians, whose internecine feuds had been waged relentlessly over those historic plains for centuries; neither was it the ferocious and last desperate resistance of the savage against the occupation of his hunting-grounds by the vanguard of civilization. It was a protest against a wrong—real or fancied—by a nation of warriors who had never brooked an insult, and had never failed to resent an indignity; who knew no code of ethics, no court of appeal, save to mortal combat, to the tomahawk and the scalping-knife.

The great Wauhepai to which reference has been made was held in the spring of 1876. These dances were part of the religion of all the Indians of the Siouan and Algonquin stock on the plains, with the possible exceptions of the Winnebagoes and the Osages. They were not necessarily



The Indian who related the incidents that led to the Custer Massacre.

annual events; but were held whenever the exigencies of the tribe warranted prayer for its success in battle or in the hunting-moon, or in returning thanks for victory, relief from plague or pestilence, or some favour bestowed by Manitou. Usually the ceremony of "brave-making" was observed in connection with the sun dance, as the entire tribe would then be present. On this memorable occa-

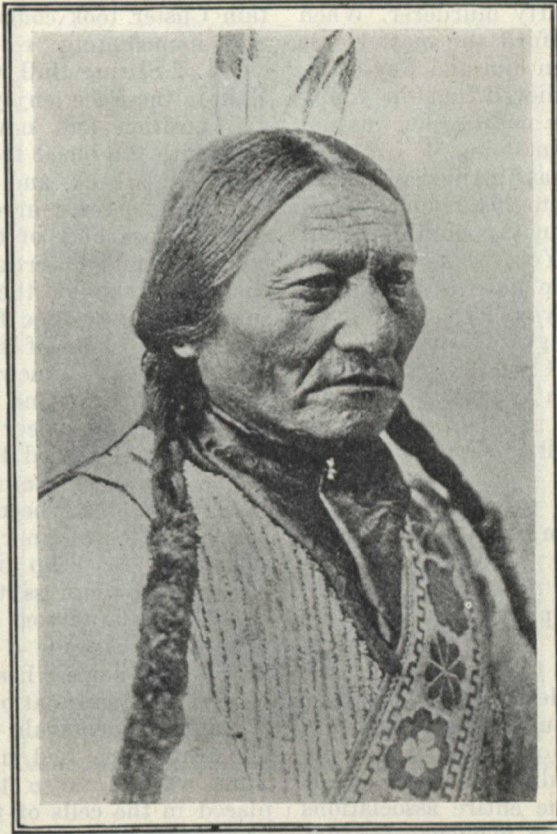
sion the making of braves was a feature of the gathering, with all its cruel, self-inflicted torture of the young warriors, who were frequently suspended for hours by skewers through the muscles of their backs or chests. No one, not a member or an associate of the tribe in whom they had implicit trust and confidence, was allowed to witness this ceremony, or to hear the ambitious young bucks recount their exploits in the hunting camp, their daring deeds of valour, their prowess in war, and their feats of cunning and endurance which would entitle them to distinctive honours and the right to submit to the tortures incidental to being made braves of their nation. The one who was deemed to have excelled all others was selected by the senior councillors of the tribe for a position of trust and honour in the band such as an elective chief, hence there was a perpetual incentive to stir the ambitions of the young men and to arouse their warlike spirits. But with all the rivalry the ceremony aroused, it is not recorded that any Indian ever sought distinction by false testimony. Such testimony in the shadow of the holy offering lodge would have spoiled his medicine forever. It was because of these recitals of deeds of daring and often bloodshed, and the gruesome spectacle of the bleeding braves, that strangers were tabooed.

Among the privileged guests at the dance of the Uncpapas in 1876 was "Charley" Reynolds, one of the greatest scouts of his time, whose life had been spent among the tribe. He was attached to Fort Buford, where Captain Tom Custer was also stationed, along with his brother, the General. Reynolds and Captain Custer are said to have been very intimate personal friends; so that when the former announced that he would attend the sun dance at the camp of Sitting Bull, the Captain begged to be allowed to accompany him, as he wished particularly to see the fear-

some ceremonies about which so much had been said and written. Reynolds, of course, was practically "a squaw man"; every one of the Uncpapas knew and trusted him; and anyone whom he vouched for would be received into the confidence of the tribe; but he objected strenuously to taking Custer, for fear of the very thing that actually did happen. He anticipated that something might be said or done there which Custer, as a commissioned officer of the garrison and a representative of the law on the frontier, should not know and remain silent. What he did not know could not hurt. Custer, however, was so anxious to go that after demurring for a time, Reynolds finally agreed to take him; but not until the Captain had sworn to preserve inviolate the secrets of the Indians; and never to reveal what he saw or heard. Reynolds knew that his own life would be the forfeit exacted for the faithlessness or the perjury of his friend for whom he stood sponsor to the band. No wonder he hesitated!

It so happened that Rain-in-the-Face was a candidate for the distinctive honours of elected chief and of being made a full-fledged warrior. It was a great gathering of the Sioux, and nearly 4,000 painted and fanatical savages were assembled around the offering lodge when the ceremony began. One by one the young bucks arose and told of their exploits since the last dance, just as knights of old were wont to win their spurs. Young Rain-in-the-Face for the first time revealed his bloody secret which he had cherished for this great occasion, and told of his adventure with the two pale-faces the previous fall in the minutest details.

His recital excited the most vigorous applause by the councillors and by the band in general, who hailed him as a hero worthy of his warlike ancestors, and acclaimed him as being worthy of being elected a chief, provided he stood the acid test of the torture of the brave. This was a ter-



SITTING BULL (HO-TOO-AH-OKH-HOSE)

The hereditary chief of the Uncpapa Sioux, the dominant power of his tribe and great "Medicine Man" whose natural ability was equalled only by his ferocity. His indomitable character is well illustrated by his remarks to General Miles at the pow-wow on the Yellowstone, when he said: "Manitou made me an Indian but not an agency Indian," and he proceeded to clinch his argument by adding that he did not wish or intend to balk the will of providence by becoming one. He would fight. He concluded by saying "In-nit-tse-e-Veno" (all white men are liars) and that no pale face who ever lived had loved an Indian, and he personally heartily reciprocated their feelings. It was at this council or pow-wow that Sitting Bull sat throughout with a pistol concealed under his blanket or in a fold of his buffalo robe, having brought it there with the avowed intention of shooting General Miles, just as General Canby had been assassinated three years previously.

rible ordeal for human flesh and blood to withstand; and that the braves sustained it, as they invariably did, is a tribute to the physical perfection of the Indian race before the vices and the liquor of the white men sapped their vitality, weakened and debased them.

Rain-in-the-Face was then stripped to the waist and a skewer was driven through the muscles of his back under the shoulders, according to the custom. To each end of the skewer was attached a long thong of buffalo sinew, and he was then suspended in

the air, where he hung exposed to the burning sun until the elders of the band considered he had passed this final test with honour. The young brave hung there enduring the tortures of the cross without a murmur or a sign of weakness for more than an hour. He was therefore acclaimed a chief of the tribe by democratic procedure, and entitled to sit in the council wigwam, while yet dripping with blood.

Captain Custer was thoroughly aroused by the confession of Rain-in-the-Face, whom he looked upon as a

cold-blooded, crafty murderer. When returning to Buford the matter was discussed between him and Reynolds; but the latter believed that the young Indian had done nothing he was not really justified in doing.

"The Injun was justified in killing them," he said to his friend, "and, of course, we can say nothing about it at the fort. You see now how important it was to have a declaration of secrecy from you."

"I never thought of anything like that," replied Custer. "I do not consider my oath applies to it; and I positively refuse to shield a murderer and carry his guilty secret on my conscience."

It was all in vain that Reynolds argued with him from every standpoint. He knew that a revelation of the killing by the Captain would mean that he personally would be branded by his red-skinned friends as a liar and a traitor to his trust, a mere renegade, worthy only of death. The scout pointed out that such a position of affairs would destroy his usefulness forever, as it would change the entire associations of a life-time in a moment. He also wished to protect his own honour, which, like many a man of his peculiar make-up, was more to him than life.

All the hard pleadings and arguments, however, were in vain. Captain Custer was obdurate, and determined to have the Indian murderer, as he chose to call him, properly punished. Reynolds appealed to General Custer to listen to his counsels in the interests of peace, friendship, and honour, and his own usefulness to the garrison. The general, however, took the view of his brother and deemed that the act of Rain-in-the-Face, instead of branding him as a hero to be worshipped, stamped him as a criminal of a dangerous class. Therefore when Captain Custer requested a detail of soldiers to effect the arrest of Rain-in-the-Face it was promptly placed at his disposal. Cap-

tain Custer took command in person and immediately returned to the camp of Sitting Bull, where he found Rain-in-the-Face enjoying his glorified position and newly-found honours with the blood from the skewers still on his back, and in no physical condition to resist arrest.

The appearance of the soldiers upon such a mission created a furore in the camp, though the feelings were somewhat suppressed for the time being by the show of force. The Indians, however, knew someone had played the traitor and that the person was the young officer before them. His fate was settled then and there.

The arrest of Rain-in-the-Face is said not to have been effected in a very dignified manner, but in a way calculated to heap indignity upon him and to impress the rest of his band with the terrors of the law. He was thrown astride a pony with his back to the horse's head, the position of greatest degradation in which an Indian prisoner could be placed, and his feet were tied under its body. Thus was he taken to Buford and placed in the cells of the fort, where he remained for three months. At the expiration of that time he effected his escape by tunnelling under the wall and fled back to his tribe, actuated by but one burning desire and that was revenge for the indignity heaped upon him by Captain Custer. He found the band already planning vengeance on the whites, and promptly took a leading rôle. The runners were despatched to the Cheyennes, and soon the war dancing was in progress in preparation for the outbreak.

Notwithstanding the hereditary position of Sitting Bull as acknowledged head of the tribe, the great war chief, John Gall, was really the commander-in-chief of the Sioux, and he was the master mind of the uprising. John Gall was a magnificent specimen of manhood, then in his prime, being but thirty-six years of age, weighing more than 200 pounds of brawn and hardened muscle. His



ME CLARK

A typical warrior of the Custer massacre

declaration of war is said to have been first conveyed to a friend of his, a trader whom he wished to save from the extermination of the whites which had been planned by the Sioux. Gall went to him and told him to leave the country forthwith. "There will be trouble," he said emphatically, "for we are going to fight the long-knives."

The trader took the friendly tip and made good his escape, and almost immediately afterwards the Sioux and Cheyennes took the war-path. The rest is a matter of melancholy history. "Charley" Reynolds met the death of a frontiersman. He took the field with his command, knowing that his scalp would decorate some Sioux belt if he were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. He participated in the battle of the

Little Big Horn and died in the thickest of the fray. Tom Custer also was killed there, as previously stated; and it is said on the best of authority that Rain-in-the-Face was the one who actually killed General Custer. It is more than probable, as he roamed the field like a tiger.

Rain-in-the-Face cherished his bitterness against Captain Custer to his dying day. Years afterwards when he was an apparently harmless and genial old man around the reservation, one of the Montana pioneers who knew him well showed him a photo of the ill-advised and over-conscientious officer. The old chief looked at it without showing even interest or moving a muscle, but he turned it face down in front of him, merely saying, "Bad."

Ten years after the slaughter of

Custer's brigade a reunion of a few of those who had participated in the campaign was held on the historic ground along the Little Big Horn. Among those present was Chief Gall, and from his lips was learned for the first time the details of that carnage. It was only after a great deal of persuasion that he was induced to relate the story, but when he did undertake it he told it with dignity and animation in the following language, which may be interesting now:

"We saw the soldiers early in the morning crossing the divide. When Reno and Custer separated we watched them until they came into the valley. Then the cry was raised that the white soldiers were coming, and orders were given for the village to move immediately. Reno swept down on the upper end so swiftly that we were forced to fight there. Sitting Bull and I were in command at the point where Reno first attacked us. Sitting Bull was the Big Medicine Man. The women and children of the village were hastily despatched down the valley to where the Cheyennes were encamped. We Sioux then attacked Reno, and the Cheyennes charged upon Custer, and then all became mixed up. The squaws and children caught horses for the bucks to mount, and then we mounted and charged upon Reno's soldiers. We checked him and finally drove him back into the timber. The soldiers, however, tied their horses to trees there and returned and fought us on foot. We were finally successful, and as soon as Reno was beaten and driven across the river the whole force turned on Custer and fought him until they killed every one of his soldiers.

"Custer did not reach the river, but was met about a half a mile up the ravine, at what is now called Reno Creek. We fought the soldiers and drove them back step by step until all were killed. [One of Reno's officers confirms this, saying, 'It was probably during this interval of quiet

on Reno's part that the Indians massed on Custer and annihilated him.'] We ran out of ammunition, and then used bows and arrows. We fired from behind our horses. The soldiers got shells stuck in their guns [pistols]. We were in couples behind and in front of Custer as he moved up the ridge to take a position, and were just as many as the blades of grass over which he was marching. The first two companies [Keogh's and Calhoun's] got off their horses and fought on foot. They never broke, but were driven back step by step until forced back to the ridge where all were finally killed. They were shot down in the lines where they stood. One company [Keogh's] were all killed in a bunch.

"Our warriors directed a special fire against the troopers who held the horses while the others fought. As soon as a holder of horses was killed, by waving blankets and doing a great deal of shouting the horses were stampeded, which made it impossible for any of the soldiers to escape us. The soldiers fought desperately and hard, and never surrendered. They fought standing. They fought in line along the ridge.

"As fast as the men fell the horses were herded and driven towards the squaws and old men, who gathered them up.

"When Reno attempted to find Custer by throwing out a skirmishing line, Custer and all with him were dead. When the skirmishers reached a point overlooking the field where Custer and his soldiers had been, the warriors were galloping around and over the wounded, dying and dead, shooting bullets and arrows into them.

"When Reno made his attack at the upper end he killed my two squaws and three children, which made my heart bad. I wanted to kill the soldiers. I fought with a tomahawk. The soldiers ran out of bullets early in the fight. The supplies of bullets were in the saddle-pockets

of the horses which had been driven off by our warriors. We then ran up to the soldiers and killed them with our tomahawks. A lot of horses ran away and jumped into the river, but were caught by our squaws.

"Only forty-three of our people were killed in the battle, but a great many wounded ones came across the river and died in the bushes. We had the Ogalallas, Mineconjous, Brule, Teton, Unepapas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Grosventres with us.

"Afterwards when the big dust in the air came down the river [Terry and Gibbons's brigades march] we struck our lodges and moved up a creek towards the Whiterain Mountains. The Big Horn Mountains were covered with snow. We waited there four days and then went over the Wolf Mountains."

It was generally supposed that Custer entered the river, but according to the story of John Gall, such was not the case.

AMOR SEMPITERNUS

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

WHEN first I found thee, Ruth, I thought: "How rare!"
 As one with quiet pleasure may behold
 A wildwood flower her fairy leaves unfold
 Because a herald zephyr lingered there.
 After a new adventure: "She had an air
 Of mirth and mischief"; then—"With how controlled
 And clear a vision she views the stars untold!"
 Last, on a sudden: "God, how she is fair!"

When was the mystery that made thee mine?
 What moment married us—the first surprise?
 The summing of thy linked lovelinesses?
 Or the pang of passionate hope, desire divine? . . .
 Ah, none! We looked each other in the eyes,
 Remembering a chaos of caresses.



WHERE CANADA FAILS US

BY MRS. DONALD SHAW

IN touching upon any points of Canadian life and character in a manner which is not wholly complimentary, I am aware that I am laying myself open to the risk of bringing scathing and indignant denials down upon my devoted head. But I would ask those who read my remarks to do so believing that there is no unkindness or adverse criticism intended. "Lookers-on see most of the game" is an old and tried truism; and sometimes newcomers see things which are hidden from old residents. It is impossible for anyone to live in a country without forming opinions of it, and a country which like the Dominion, is developing with extraordinary rapidity naturally presents phases of life and character entirely different from those one notices in established nations.

It is curious to anyone who has lived for many years in England to discover how tender are the susceptibilities of Canadians and, in fact, I think, any citizens of a new country, towards anything savouring of criticism. We in the "old country" are so accustomed to be criticized that we should feel strange if we did not get it. Everyone who visits us has something to say about us, and generally says it very frankly, as do those who deal with English life and character in their home papers and literature. We, as women, are quite aware that American and French women look upon us as being the worst dressed women in the world—our men-kind have long ago assimilated

the idea that they are regarded as being bumptious, insular, and conceited. But these frankly expressed opinions trouble us not one whit; in fact, they amuse us.

As an instance of this I quote a case which occurred a couple of years ago. A well-known Canadian journalist went over to London and sent back to his papers a series of articles in which he pulled us and our habits to shreds. He laughed at our chilly houses, our heavy meals, our thick tweeds, our tiny trains, our enormous sponges, and our small baths. He was very amusing indeed at our expense, and no one was more amused over the articles, or admitted the truth of what he said more readily than the English people who read his remarks.

I wrote a reply to one of these articles, which I sent to a London paper, in which I made some retaliatory statements regarding national habits on this side of the water, whereupon I think that every Canadian whose eye fell upon my harmless little article promptly seized pen and paper, and wrote infuriated epistles saying that I was talking utter nonsense, and that Canadians were the most "so-and-so and so-and-so people in the world."

Not long ago I received a severe spanking from a gentleman who took umbrage at some very simple remarks I made about the state of education in some of the eastern Provinces of Canada, and he informed me, in print, of course, with some considerable heat, that I did not know what

I was talking about, and "who cared what I said, anyway" and so on. Evidently he cared, but he was too angry to note that point.

The average Canadian when annoyed does not as a rule mince his words, nor cloak his resentment in any polite or veiled sarcasm. The form of argument, especially that which appears in the press on politics or civil matters, usually appears to be carried on the style allotted to the British navy, namely:

Stage 1—Positive assertion.

Stage 2—Flat contradiction.

Stage 3—Personal abuse.

One is forced to conclude that Canadians as a general rule are "touchy," and apt to take offence where none is intended. I fear that some of my remarks may have this effect, but I am always open to conviction and ready to receive proofs that I am in the wrong and to concede points where I am mistaken in my opinions.

One thing that strikes one most forcibly on becoming part of the internal life of the Dominion is the almost entire absence of a sense of introspective humour on the part of those who have become by birth or adoption identified with the country. Probably many people will dispute this statement, but I must confess I have yet to meet Canadian men or women who can see the funny side of their own country, or are alive to their own inconsistencies in many of the traditions which they profess to uphold, and yet which they act in total contradiction to.

Another point which is forcibly borne in upon the newcomer is the absolute deadly earnestness of everything. It is almost a crime to be cheerful or to speak lightly or frivolously about anything appertaining to the life of the country. This trait appears very prominently in newspaper work. The typical English reporter or editor is outwardly the most irresponsible person in the world, and it is only if you happen to catch him at one particular period of the day's

work that you realize that he is working at all. But in Canada the total reverse side of the picture is presented. The "newspaperman," whatever his rank, and whatever his job, and whatever his assignment, is always in deadly earnest. Even if he only has to write a paragraph on the view from the office window he does it with such intensity that it is a crime to speak with the slightest approach to levity upon the subject, and in consequence he is better at statistical than at descriptive writing, and the subtle embroidery and imagery which is characteristic of the best of our English journalism is missing from Canadian newspapers at present. One of the finest descriptions of an international automobile race that I ever read in my life was written by a man who had not moved a step beyond the confines of his room and who interspersed his moving and thrilling sentences with comments on the extreme badness of the dinner he had had and the prospects for his next weekend's golf; nevertheless, his vivid imagination was more than sufficient for him to fill in the gaps of the skeleton telegrams from which he prepared his copy.

In spite of the fact that Canadians do not like to hear themselves criticized, they are not particularly cordial to those of their own country who achieve distinction in arts or letters. I was particularly struck with this when a few months ago a very celebrated Canadian actress put on and played one of the most difficult Shakespearian plays to produce and interpret. The reports of the critics were almost unanimously adverse, and only one of them succeeded in grasping the point which made her production rank amongst the first of its kind. One would naturally think that a people who are warmly in love with their own country would err on the side of over-appreciation of their own products.

This inconsistent trait is very noticeable, too, in those who oppose na-

tional defence, especially naval defence, but as this is a subject on which I shall probably be told I know nothing, perhaps it would be better for me to omit it in detail, and to pass on to that most surprising inconsistency of all in the viewpoint of the average Canadian who cherishes the fond delusion that he or she is British in any one way except that of tradition and sentiment.

Agents go over to the British Isles, and one of the points they lay most stress upon in inviting settlers to bring their capital and energies to Canada is that by doing so they will be merely changing their place of residence, and not going to a strange country or amongst strangers.

"You will be under the same flag," say they. "You will find people speaking the same language, having the same ideals living the same life; people who will receive you as brothers and make you welcome." This bait has been worn pretty well threadbare by now, but many immigrants have arrived in Canada to discover very shortly after they set foot on its soil that so far from being in a home country, they are in truth in a very foreign one, and one to which they have to speedily adapt their speech, manners, dress, and ideals before they can hope to make any headway. As a matter of fact, it is a distinct drawback to be of English birth and education in coming to Canada; that is, at first. The drawbacks are overcome in time, but the shock to the newcomer is apt to be severe, so severe at times as to tend to make him actually averse to the country. Especially does this apply to those English people who are drawn from the upper stratas of society. For the British workingman, after he gets over his first few bumps, there can be no question but that Canada is a paradise on earth.

This transitional period was less trying to me than it is to most people who come out under similar circumstances to what I did. Having lived

for many years in the States, much that is strange to the raw newcomer was familiar enough to me. And moreover, it is plain to me that life could never be lived in this country on the same lines as it is in England. The climate alone precludes it, and in addition to the climate there are the other differences in the dearth of domestic help, the absence of people with fixed incomes and the preponderance of commercial life over that professional and service (army and navy) life which forms the nucleus of upper-class English society. Moreover the American system of living has much to recommend it, and the absence of class differences are a necessary part of the development of a new country. It is not that I find fault with the life, but with the incongruity of Canada in professing to be a British country, when in fact she is a very good copy of the United States, and becoming more so every year. Practically the whole social, political, judicial, commercial, and educational life of Canada is modelled on that of the United States.

One notices this point very forcibly in small ways. For instance, take the difference in the manner in which a woman celebrity from the States is received and the manner in which one from the British Isles is treated. The latter may get a line or two in the local papers, but the former will be interviewed, paragraphed, entertained, and fussed over, and whatever statements she may make or advice she may give to the Canadian women as to how they should buy their meat, manage their houses and bring up their children is received with acclamation.

The fact is, that the United States is essentially a woman's country, and is growing more so every day; and Canada apparently is destined to follow in her lead—that is, if one can judge at all from the trend of the times. Now, although I am an upholder of women's interests, I have no desire whatever to see a country

under the British flag run by women, for the simple reason that at the present time I do not think the average woman is able to think imperially. I think that she has an excellent grasp of municipal management and the detail working of a city, but I do not think that she is fit to handle international matters.

One of the great points of difference between American and English women is that, in spite of the suffrage agitation, the majority of English women still hold fast to the idea that the strongest force in the world is the woman behind the man, and not the woman openly at the head. Personally, I am unable to see that the one sex is in any way whatever superior to the other, and consider that the points which women are making capital out of nowadays regarding the selfish and inherently immoral nature of man are merely faults brought about by education, and which in the natural course of evolution will be rectified. So that perhaps I have less sympathy with the idea of the woman predominant than I ought to have in the opinion of the leaders of the so-called "woman movement." From what I have seen of both sexes in the working world, I think that men are infinitely better fitted for public life than women, but I think that the women's influence in public life is boundless and inestimable.

One notices this craving for publicity very much, however, on coming over here. The Englishwoman, as a general rule, has no craving for official position, though she admittedly has more political influence than perhaps any other woman in the world and is never behindhand in helping out her menkind; as an instance, take the women of Ulster at the present moment. Whether anyone approves or disapproves of the Ulster movement, the fact that the women work shoulder to shoulder with the men is so obvious as to be indisputable. Whereas the tendency of American women is to separate themselves from

the men and work independently. The women's conventions, organizations, and societies are so thick in America and Canada that one has some difficulty in dissociating one from the other, and it is sometimes difficult to find out what they are all founded for, since they appear to be overstepping one another. Most of them are run by women for women alone, while the craving for office is so predominant as to sometimes make it appear necessary for a society to be composed of officers alone in order to get anyone to work in it.

One wonders sometimes whether all the feminine organizations really do much good in the end. So much time is taken up in personalities and trivialities that it seems as though they were merely an excuse for meeting together and that the real object of organizing is often lost. I have been at a meeting where an entire afternoon was squandered in wrangling over infinitesimal points of parliamentary law which had absolutely no bearing whatever on the work that was supposed to be the object of the gathering.

Shall I be considered unkind if I say that I think the vision of the American and Canadian woman is as a general rule very circumscribed and entirely local? There are many intelligent women who admittedly never read any part of a daily paper except that devoted to the women's clubs and interests, and naturally this must tend to narrow their outlook down to their own immediate and local affairs.

One of the greatest lacks in Canadian life, that is, the life of the city, to an English mind, is the entire absence of that society which makes up the best part of life in England. The sexes here are separated—husbands and wives have a different set of friends; parents and children have different interests. The women hold big teas and attend society meetings; the girls and young men have their parties and their friends independ-

ently of their elders—and the fathers—well, I have never yet discovered how they entertain themselves, since one rarely meets them.

Consequently there seems to be no cohesion and no home life as we understand it—one never seems to get beyond the fringe of intimacy; never sees a family together, or is able to form any idea of what their home existence really is. You are seldom admitted into the rooms in which they live, and you seldom meet them unless they are specially robed and prepared for the occasion.

Again, and especially to anyone who has lived many years in London, there is lacking that semi-intellectual atmosphere which has brought about the giving of small dinner-parties where six or eight guests are selected for their society and not for their income, and where conversation is general and one must be up in every topic of the day, whether it be the newest book, the latest play, a revolution in China, or the type of torpedo that the navy will adopt in future. For any and everyone may be touched upon and half a hundred others as well, and if you know nothing about them you will be out of it; yet personalities and localities will never come forward.

Another lack, to my mind, is the absence of children, real children! I suppose it is that the nursery and the school-room are as yet in their infancy which tends to make the children, especially the young Canadian girl, so terribly unchildlike. One positively longs at times for the sight of an English schoolgirl in a shabby serge skirt and a tam-o'-shanter on the back of her head who has frankly no time to bother about fashions and thinks veils and gloves "a horrid bore." All the little girls are so neat, so smart, so clean, and so up-to-date that one really is afraid to approach them, and you have an uncomfortable sensation that Miss Canada, aged eight, is able to tell at a glance that your hat is at least two

years old, and that you bought your shoes at a store noted for cheap sales. Her appraising glance sweeps you from head to foot, and leaves you speechless and wretched, or possessed with a desire to roll her over the nearest bank and see if a crumpled dress and a crushed hat will bring her into some sort of mental condition suitable to her age limits.

A young Englishman, a very nice, clean-minded, healthy boy, that any girl, it seemed to me, might be glad to be seen with, was lamenting to me a few days ago the entire absence of girls here. He was by no means unintelligent, yet he admitted that he could not talk to Canadian girls—he could find nothing in common with them.

"They don't seem to care to go out for an ordinary walk," he said. "Unless you will go down town and buy them candy and ice cream they don't take any interest in you—and, of course, when a fellow isn't getting much and has to live and pay his washing bill he can't keep up with it."

Is it that there is such hard work in keeping up with the girl's demands that there is an increasing lack of children resultant on the marriages of so many young people to-day? If so, there is a flaw somewhere in the upbringing which should be put right or disaster will inevitably result.

Readers, do not think that I am writing with a view to disparaging Canada; I am only setting forth the drawbacks and the discrepancies as they present themselves before me. Some day, if I am allowed space, I will set forward the advantages, and Canada has many, and perhaps it is for her faults, as well as her virtues, just as it is with human beings, that one learns to love her so quickly and to be interested, vitally interested, in her future, so speedily. Even when she treats you badly you cannot fail to realize why she has excuses for her apparent, at times, lack of friendliness and outward hardness.

After all, all great characters and all great nations have flaws; one would not have them without, and it is only the small and insignificant ones that no one bothers to criticize. The mere fact of criticism alone is a tribute to their greatness. People who write books and paint pictures and compose music realize this fact more than do the general public. To invite criticism and to be able to view one's own failings from the point of view of another person is an essential step towards reaching the top rung of the ladder—for it is by criticism that we learn and not by flattery.

THE BREAD LINE

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

THIN, threadbare coats, buttoned across the breast,
Thin, mended shoes, under the sombre skies,
Sharp shoulders hunched to reddened ears, lean hands
Thrust deep in empty pockets, wolfish eyes,
Pale faces, stamped by hunger's seal and sign,
Flayed by a nagging wind, they form the line.

A vision shapes within the spectral mist,
Where the lights blur and while the cold rain drips,
Her weeping children huddled at her skirts,
An infant, fretting with small, moving lips
At her dry bosom: where the street lamps shine,
The spirit of the woman breaks the line.

Splashed by defiling mud from silent wheels,
Shunned by sweet women with averted gaze,
Brushed by the careless shoulders of the crowd,
In sight of churches, where the priest gives praise,
In warm, dim aisles, o'er holy bread and wine,
Lifting white, blessing hands, they form the line.

Along the oozing pavement in the rain,
Defeated, furtive, on their aching feet,
Oh, blind heart of the world! is there not One
Standing beside them in the squalid street?
You pass Him by, compassionate, divine,
When you reject your brothers in the line.

WITH TEARS THEY BURIED YOU TO-DAY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

WITH tears they buried you to-day,
But well I knew no turf could hold
Your gladness long beneath the mould,
Or cramp your laughter in the clay;
I smiled while others wept for you,
Because I knew.

And now you sit with me to-night,
Here in our old, accustomed place;
Tender and mirthful is your face;
Your eyes with starry joy are bright.
Oh, you are merry as a song,
For love is strong!

They think of you as lying there,
Down in the churchyard grim and old;
They think of you as mute and cold,
A wan, white thing that once was fair,
With dim, sealed eyes that never may
Look on the day.

But love cannot be confined so
In clod and darkness; it must rise
And seek its own in radiant guise,
With immortality aglow,
Making of death's triumphant sting
A little thing.

Ay, we shall laugh at those who deem
Our hearts are sundèred! Listen, sweet:
The tripping of the wind's swift feet,
Along the byways of our dream,
And hark the whisper of the rose
Wilding that blows.

Oh, still you love those simple things,
And still you love them more with me;
The grave has won no victory;
It could not clasp your shining wings;
It could not keep you from my side,
Dear and my bride!



IN THE WOOD LOT
From the Painting by Homer Watson. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

IV.—THE LAIR OF THE SPIDERS

BY SAX ROHMER

I.

DR. BRUCE CAIRN stepped into the boat which was to take him ashore, and as it swung away from the side of the lines, he sought to divert his thoughts by a contemplation of the weird scene. Amid the smoky flare of many lights, amid clouds of dust, a line of laden toilers was crawling ant-like from the lighters into the bowels of the big ship, and a second line, unladen, was descending by another gangway. Above, the jewelled velvet of the sky swept in a glorious arc; beyond, the lights of Port Said broke through the black curtain of the night, and the moving ray from the light-house intermittently swept the harbour waters; whilst, amid the indescribable clamour, the grimly picturesque turmoil, so characteristic of the place, the liner took in coal for her run to Rangoon.

Dodging this way and that, rounding the sterns of big ships, and disputing the water-way with lesser craft, the boat made for shore.

The usual delay at the Custom House, the usual soothing of the excited officials in the usual way, and his *arabeeyeh* was jolting Dr. Cairn through the noise and the smell of those rambling streets, a noise and a smell entirely peculiar to this clearing-house of the Near East.

He accepted the room which was offered to him at the hotel, without

troubling to inspect it, and having left instructions that he was to be called in time for the early train to Cairo, he swallowed a whiskey and soda at the buffet, and wearily ascended the stairs. There were tourists in the hotel, English and American, marked by a gaping wonderment and loud with plans of sight-seeing; but Port Said, nay, all Egypt, had nothing of novelty to offer Dr. Cairn. He was there at great inconvenience; a practitioner of his repute may not easily arrange to quit London at a moment's notice. But the business upon which he was come was imperative. For him the charm of the place had not existence, but somewhere in Egypt his son stood in deadly peril, and Dr. Cairn counted the hours that yet divided them. His soul was up in arms against the man whose evil schemes had led to his presence in Port Said, at a time when many sufferers required his ministrations in Half Moon Street. He was haunted by a phantom, a ghoul in human shape; Antony Ferrara, the adopted son of his dear friend, the adopted son, who had murdered his adopter, who, whilst guiltless in the eyes of the law, was blood guilty in the eyes of God!

Dr. Cairn switched on the light and seated himself upon the side of the bed, knitting his brows and staring straight before him, with an expression in his clear gray eyes whose significance he would have denied hot-

ly, had any man charged him with it. He was thinking of Antony Ferrara's record; the victims of this fiendish youth (for Antony Ferrara was barely of age) seemed to stand before him with hands stretched out appealingly.

"You alone," they seemed to cry, "know who and what he is! You alone know of our awful wrongs; you alone can avenge them!"

And yet he had hesitated! It had remained for his own flesh and blood to be threatened ere he had taken decisive action. The viper had lain within his reach, and he had neglected to set his heel upon it. Men and women had suffered and had died of its venom, and he had not crushed it. Then Robert, his son, had felt the poison fang, and Dr. Cairn, who had hesitated to act upon the behalf of all humanity, had leapt to arms. He charged himself with a parent's selfishness, and his conscience would hear no defence.

Dimly the turmoil from the harbour reached him where he sat. He listened dully to the hooting of a siren—that of some vessel coming out of the canal.

His thoughts were evil company, and, with a deep sigh, he rose, crossed the room and threw open the double windows, giving access to the balcony.

Port Saïd, a panorama of twinkling lights, lay beneath him. The beam from the lighthouse swept the town searchingly like the eye of some pagan god lustful for sacrifice. He imagined that he could hear the shouting of the gangs coaling the liner in the harbour; but the night was full of the remote murmuring inseparable from the gateway of the East. The streets below, white under the moon, looked empty and deserted, and the hotel beneath him gave up no sound to tell of the many birds of passage who sheltered within it. A stunning sense of his loneliness came to him; his physical loneliness was symbolic of that which characterized his place in the world. He, alone, had the

knowledge and the power to crush Antony Ferrara. He, alone, could rid the world of the unnatural menace embodied in the person bearing that name.

The town lay beneath his eyes, but now he saw nothing of it; before his mental vision loomed—exclusively—the figure of a slim and strangely handsome young man, having jet black hair, lustreless, a face of uniform ivory hue, long dark eyes wherein lurked lambent fires, and a womanish grace expressed in his whole bearing and emphasized by his long white hands. Upon a finger of the left hand gleamed a strange green stone.

Antony Ferrara! In the eyes of this solitary traveller, who stood looking down upon Port Saïd, that figure filled the entire landscape of Egypt!

With a weary sigh, Dr. Cairn turned and began to undress. Leaving the windows open, he switched off the light, and got into bed. He was very weary, with a weariness rather of the spirit than of the flesh, but it was of that sort which renders sleep all but impossible. Around and about one fixed point his thoughts circled; in vain he endeavoured to forget, for a while, Antony Ferrara and the things connected with him. Sleep was imperative, if he would be in fit condition to cope with the matters which demanded his attention in Cairo.

Yet sleep defied him. Every trifling sound from the harbour and the canal seemed to rise upon the still air to his room. Through a sort of mist created by the mosquito curtains, he could see the open windows, and look out upon the stars. He found himself studying the heavens with sleepless eyes, and idly working out the constellations visible. Then one very bright star attracted the whole of his attention, and, with the dogged persistency of insomnia, he sought to place it, but could not determine to which group it belonged.

So he lay with his eyes upon the star until the other veiled lamps of heaven became invisible, and the

patch of sky no more than a setting for that one white one

In this contemplation he grew restless; his thoughts ceased feverishly to race along that one hateful groove; the bright star seemed to soothe him. As a result of his fixed gazing, it now appeared to have increased in size. This was a common optical delusion, upon which he scercely speculated at all. He recognized the welcome approach of sleep, and deliberately concentrated his mind upon the globe of light.

Yes, a globe of light indeed—for now it had assumed the dimensions of a lesser moon; and it seemed to rest in the space between the open windows. Then he thought that it crept still nearer. The realities—the bed, the mosquito curtain, the room—were fading, and grateful slumber approached and weighed upon his eyes in the form of that dazzling globe. The feeling of contentment was the last impression which he had, ere, with the bright star seemingly suspended just beyond the netting, he slept.

II.

A man mentally over-tired sleeps either dreamlessly, or dreams with a vividness greater than that characterizing the dreams of normal slumber. Dr. Cairn dreamt a vivid dream.

He dreamt that he was awakened by the sound of a gentle rapping. Opening his eyes, he peered through the cloudy netting. He started up, and wrenched back the curtain. The rapping was repeated; and, peering again across the room, he very distinctly perceived a figure upon the balcony by the open window. It was that of a woman who wore the black silk dress and the white *yashmak* of the Moslem and who was bending forward looking into the room.

"Who is there?" he called. "What do you want?"

"Ssh!"

The woman raised her hand to her veiled lips, and looked right and left

as if fearing to disturb the occupants of the adjacent rooms.

Dr. Cairn reached out for his dressing-gown which lay upon the chair beside the bed, threw it over his shoulders, and stepped out upon the floor. He stooped and put on his slippers, never taking his eyes from the figure at the window. The room was flooded with moonlight.

He began to walk towards the balcony, when the mysterious visitor spoke.

"You are Dr. Cairn?"

The words were spoken in the language of dreams; that is to say, that although he understood them perfectly, he knew that they had not been uttered in the English language, nor in any language known to him; yet, as is the way with one who dreams, he had understood.

"I am he," he said. "Who are you?"

"Make no noise, but follow me quickly. Someone is very ill."

There was sincerity in the appeal—spoken in the softest, most silvern tone which he had ever heard. He stood beside the veiled woman, and met the glance of her dark eyes with a consciousness of some magnetic force in the glance, which seemed to set his nerves quivering.

"Why do you come to the window? How do you know—"

The visitor raised her hand again to her lips. It was of a gleaming ivory colour, and the long tapered fingers were laden with singular jewellery—exquisite enamel work, which he knew to be ancient Egyptian, but which did not seem out of place in this dream adventure.

"I was afraid to make any unnecessary disturbance," she replied. "Please do not delay, but come at once."

Dr. Cairn adjusted his dressing-gown, and followed the veiled messenger along the balcony. For a dream city, Port Said appeared remarkably substantial, as it spread out at his feet, its dingy buildings whit-

ened by the moonlight. But his progress was dreamlike; for he seemed to glide past many windows, around the corner of the building, and, without having consciously exerted any physical effort, found his hands grasped by warm jewelled fingers, found himself guided into some darkened room, and then, possessed by that doubting which sometimes comes in dreams, found himself hesitating. The moonlight did not penetrate to the apartment in which he stood, and the darkness about him was impenetrable.

But the clinging fingers did not release their hold, and vaguely aware that he was acting in a manner which might readily be misconstrued, he nevertheless allowed his unseen guide to lead him forward.

Stairs were descended in phantom silence—many stairs. The coolness of the air suggested that they were outside the hotel. But the darkness remained complete. Along what seemed to be a stone-paved passage they advanced mysteriously, and by this time Dr. Cairn was wholly resigned to the strangeness of his dream.

Then, although the place lay in blackest shadow, he saw that they were in the open air, for the starry sky swept above them.

It was a narrow street—at points, the buildings almost met above—wherein he now found himself. In reality, had he been in possession of his usual faculties, awake, he would have asked himself how this veiled woman had gained admittance to the hotel, and why she had secretly led him out from it. But the dreamer's mental lethargy possessed him, and with the blind faith of a child he followed on—until he now began vaguely to consider the personality of his guide.

She seemed to be of no more than average height, but she carried herself with unusual grace, and her progress was marked by a certain hauteur. At the point where a narrow lane crossed that which they were tra-

versing the veiled figure was silhouetted for a moment against the light of the moon, and through the gauze-like fabric he perceived the outlines of a perfect shape. His vague wonderment concerned itself now with the ivory, jewel-laden hands. His condition differed from the normal dream state, in that he was not entirely resigned to the anomalous.

Misty doubts were forming, when his dream guide paused before a heavy door of a typical native house which once had been of some consequence, and which faced the entrance to a mosque, indeed, lay in the shadow of the minaret. It was opened from within, although she gave no perceptible signal, and its darkness, to Dr. Cairn's dull perceptions, seemed to swallow them both up. He had an impression of a trap raised, of stone steps descended; of a new darkness almost palpable.

The gloom of the place affected him as a mental blank, and, when a bright light shone out, it seemed to mark the opening of a second dream phase. From where the light came, he knew not, cared not, but it illuminated a perfectly bare room, with a floor of native mud bricks, a plastered wall, and wood-beamed ceiling. A tall sarcophagus stood upright against the wall before him; its lid leaned close beside it . . . and his black-robed guide, her luminous eyes looking straight over the *yashmak*, stood rigidly upright within it.

She raised the jewelled hands, and with a swift movement discarded robe and *yashmak*, and stood before him in the clinging draperies of an ancient queen, wearing the leopard skin and the *uraeus*, and carrying the flail of royal Egypt!

Her pale face formed a perfect oval; the long almond eyes had an evil beauty which seemed to chill; and the brilliantly red mouth was curved in a smile which must have made any man forget the evil in the eyes. But when we move in a dream world, our emotions become dream-

like, too. She placed a sandalled foot upon the mud floor and stepped out of the sarcophagus, advancing towards Dr. Cairn, a vision of such sinful loveliness as he could never have conceived in his waking moments. In that strange dream language, in a tongue not of East, nor West, she spoke; and her silvern voice had something of the tone of those Egyptian pipes whose dree fills the nights upon the Upper Nile—the seductive music of remote and splendid wickedness.

“You know me, *now?*” she whispered.

And in his dream she seemed to be a familiar figure, at once dreadful and worshipful.

A fitful light played through the darkness, and seemed to dance upon a curtain draped behind the sarcophagus, picking out diamond-points. The dreamer groped in the mental chaos of his mind; and found a clue to the meaning of this. The diamond-points were the eyes of thousands of tarantula spiders with which the curtain was bordered.

The sign of the spider! What did he know of it? Yes! of course; it was the secret mark of Egypt’s witch-queen—of the beautiful woman whose name, after her mysterious death, had been erased from all her monuments. A sweet whisper stole to his ears:

“You will befriend him, befriend my son—for *my* sake.”

And in his dream-state he found himself prepared to forswear all that he held holy—for her sake. She grasped both his hands and her burning eyes looked closely into his.

“Your reward shall be a great one,” she whispered, even more softly.

Came a sudden blank, and Dr. Cairn found himself walking again through the narrow street, led by the veiled woman. His impressions were growing dim; and now she seemed less real than hitherto. The streets were phantom streets, built of sha-

dow stuff, and the stairs which presently he found himself ascending were unsubstantial, and he seemed rather to float upward; until, with the jewelled fingers held fast in his own, he stood in a darkened apartment, and saw before him an open window, knew that he was once more back in the hotel. A dim light dawned in the blackness of the room and the musical voice breathed in his ear:

“Your reward shall be easily earned. I did but test you. Strike—and strike truly!”

The whisper grew sibilant—serpentine. Dr. Cairn felt the hilt of a dagger thrust into his right hand, and in the dimly mysterious light looked down at one who lay in a bed close beside him.

At sight of the face of the sleeper—the perfectly chiselled face, with the long black lashes resting on the ivory cheeks—he forgot all else, forgot the place wherein he stood, forgot his beautiful guide—and only remembered that he held a dagger in his hand, and that Antony Ferrara lay there, sleeping!

“Strike!” came the whisper again.

Dr. Cairn felt a mad exultation boiling up within him. He raised his hand, glanced once more on the face of the sleeper, and nerved himself to plunge the dagger into the heart of this evil thing.

A second more, and the dagger would have been buried to the hilt in the sleeper’s breast—when there ensued a deafening, an appalling explosion. A wild red light illuminated the room, the building seemed to rock. Close upon that frightful sound followed a cry so piercing that it seemed to ice the blood in Dr. Cairn’s veins.

“Stop, sir, stop! My God! what are you doing!”

A swift blow struck the dagger from his hand, and the figure on the bed sprang upright. Swaying dizzily, Dr. Cairn stood there in the darkness, and as the voice of awakened sleepers reached his ears from adjoin-

ing rooms, the electric light was switched on—and across the bed, the bed upon which he had thought Antony Ferrara lay, he saw his son, Robert Cairn!

No one else was in the room. But on the carpet at his feet lay an ancient dagger, the hilt covered with beautiful and intricate gold and enamel work.

III.

Rigid with a mutual horror, these two so strangely met stood staring at each other across the room. Everyone in the hotel, it would appear, had been awakened by the explosion, which, as if by the intervention of God, had stayed the hand of Dr. Cairn—had spared him from a deed impossible to contemplate.

There were sounds of running footsteps everywhere, but the origin of the disturbance at that moment had no interest for these two. Robert was the first to break the silence.

"Merciful God, sir!" he whispered huskily, "how did you come to be here? What is the matter? Are you ill?"

Dr. Cairn extended his hands like one groping in darkness.

"Rob, give me a moment to think, to collect myself. Why am I here? By all that is wonderful, why are you here?"

"I am here to meet you."

"To meet me! I had no idea that you were well enough for the journey, and if you came to meet me, why—"

"That's it, sir! Why did you send me that wireless?"

"I sent no wireless, boy!"

Robert Cairn, with a little colour returning to his pale cheeks, advanced and grasped his father's hand.

"But after I arrived here to meet the boat, sir, I received a wireless from the P. and O. due in the morning, to say that you had changed your mind, and come via Brindisi."

Dr. Cairn glanced at the dagger upon the carpet, repressed a shudder,

and replied in a voice which he struggled to make firm:

"I did not send that wireless!"

"Then you actually came by the boat which arrived last night?—and to think that I was asleep in the same hotel! What an amazing—"

"Amazing indeed, Rob, and the result of a cunning and well-planned scheme." He raised his eyes, looking fixedly at his son, "You understand the scheme; the scheme that could only have germinated in one mind—a scheme to cause me, your father, to—"

His voice failed and again his glance sought the weapon which lay so close to his feet. Partly in order to hide his emotion, he stooped, picked up the dagger, and threw it on the bed.

"For God's sake, sir," groaned Robert, "what were you doing here in my room with—that!"

Dr. Cairn stood straightly upright and replied in an even voice:

"I was here to do murder!"

"Murder!"

"I was under a spell—no need to name its weaver; I thought that a poisonous thing at last lay at my mercy, and by cunning means the primitive evil within me was called to slay that thing. Thank God!—"

He dropped upon his knees, silently bowed his head for a moment, and then stood up, self-possessed again, as his son had always known him. It had been a strange and awful awakening for Robert Cairn—to find his room illuminated by a lurid light, and to find his own father standing over him with a knife! But what had moved him even more deeply than the fear of these things had been the sight of the emotion which had shaken that stern and unemotional man. Now, as he gathered together his scattered wits, he began to perceive that a malignant hand was moving above them; that his father and himself were pawns, which had been moved mysteriously to a dreadful end.

A great disturbance had now arisen in the streets below; streams of people, it seemed, were pouring towards the harbour; but Dr. Cairn pointed to an arm-chair.

"Sit down, Rob," he said. "I will tell my story, and you shall tell yours. By comparing notes, we can arrive at some conclusion. Then we must act. This is a fight to a finish, and I begin to doubt if we are strong enough to win."

He took up the dagger and ran a critical glance over it, from the keen point to the enamelled hilt.

"This is unique," he muttered, whilst his son, spellbound, watched him; "the blade is as keen as if tempered but yesterday; yet it was made full five thousand years ago, as the workmanship of the hilt testifies. Rob, we deal with powers more than human! We have to cope with a force which might have awed the greatest masters which the world has known. It would have called for all the knowledge, and all the power of Apollonius of Tyana to have dealt with—*him!*"

"Antony Ferrara!"

"Undoubtedly, Rob! it was by the agency of Antony Ferrara that the wireless message was sent to you from the P. and O. It was by the agency of Antony Ferrara that I dreamt a dream to-night. In fact, it was no true dream; I was under the influence of—what shall I term it?—hypnotic suggestion. To what extent that malign will was responsible for you and I being placed in rooms communicating by means of a balcony, we probably shall never know; but if this proximity was merely accidental, the enemy did not fail to take advantage of the coincidence. I lay watching the stars before I slept, and one of them seemed to grow larger as I watched." He began to pace about the room in growing excitement. "Rob, I cannot doubt that a mirror, or a crystal, was actually suspended before my eyes by—someone, who had been watching for the opportun-

ity. I yielded myself to the soothing influence, and thus deliberately—deliberately—placed myself in the power of—Antony Ferrara!"

"You think that he is here, in this hotel?"

"I cannot doubt that he is in the neighbourhood. The influence was too strong to have emanated from a mind at a great distance removed. I will tell you exactly what I dreamt."

He dropped into a cane arm-chair. Comparative quiet reigned again in the streets below, but a distant clamour told of some untoward happening at the harbour. Dawn would break ere long, and there was a curious rawness in the atmosphere. Robert Cairn seated himself upon the side of the bed, and watched his father, whilst the latter related those happenings with which we are already acquainted.

"You think, sir," said Robert, at the conclusion of the strange story, "that no part of your experience was real?"

Dr. Cairn held up the unique dagger, glancing at the speaker significantly.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I *do* know that part of it was dreadfully real. My difficulty is to separate the real from the phantasmal."

Silence fell for a moment. Then:

"It is almost certain," said the younger man, frowning thoughtfully, "that you did not actually leave the hotel, but merely passed from your room to mine by way of the balcony."

Dr. Cairn stood up, walked to the open window, and looked out, then turned and faced his son again.

"I believe I can put that matter to the test," he declared. "In my dream, as I turned into the lane where the house was—the house of the mummy—there was a patch covered with deep mud, where at some time during the evening a quantity of water had been spilt. I stepped upon that patch, or dreamt that I did. We can settle the point."

He sat down on the bed beside his

son, and, stooping, pulled off one of his slippers. The night had been full enough of dreadful surprises; but here was yet another which came to them as Dr. Cairn, with the inverted slipper in his hand, sat looking into his son's eyes.

The sole of the slipper was caked with reddish brown mud.

IV.

"We must find that house, find the sarcophagus—for I no longer doubt that it exists—drag it out, and destroy it."

"Should you know it again, sir?"

"Beyond any possibility of doubt. It is the sarcophagus of a queen."

"What queen?"

"A queen whose tomb the late Sir Michael Ferrara and I sought for many months, but failed to find."

"Is this queen well known in Egyptian history?"

Dr. Cairn started at him with an odd expression in his eyes.

"Some histories ignore her existence entirely," he said, and, with an evident desire to change the subject: "I shall return to my room to dress now. Do you dress also. We cannot afford to sleep whilst the situation of that house remains unknown to us."

Robert Cairn nodded, and his father stood up, and went out of the room.

Dawn saw the two of them peering from the balcony upon the streets of Port Said, already dotted with moving figures, for the Egyptian is an early riser.

"Have you any clue," asked the younger man, "to the direction in which this place lies?"

"Absolutely none, for the reason that I do not know where my dreaming left off and reality commenced. Did someone really come to my window and lead me out through another, downstairs and into the street, or did I wander out of my own accord, and merely imagine the existence of the guide? In either event,

I must have been guided in some way to a back entrance; for had I attempted to leave by the front door of the hotel in that trance-like condition, I should certainly have been detained by the *bowwab*. Suppose we commence, then, by inquiring if there is such another entrance?"

The hotel staff was already afoot, and their inquiries led to the discovery of an entrance communicating with the native servants' quarters. This could not be reached from the main hall, but there was a narrow staircase to the left of the lift-shaft by which it might be gained. The two stood looking out across the stone-paved courtyard upon which the door opened.

"Beyond doubt," said Dr. Cairn, "I might have come down that staircase and out by this door without arousing a soul, either by passing through my own room, or through any other on that floor."

They crossed the yard, where members of the kitchen staff were busily polishing various cooking utensils, and opened the gate. Dr. Cairn turned to one of the men nearby.

"Is this gate bolted at night?" he asked, in Arabic.

The man shook his head, and seemed to be much amused by the question, revealing his white teeth as he assured him that it was not.

A narrow lane ran along behind the hotel, communicating with a maze of streets almost exclusively peopled by natives.

"Rob," said Dr. Cairn slowly, "it begins to dawn upon me that this is the way I came."

He stood looking to right and left, and seemed to be undecided. Then: "We will try right," he determined.

They set off along the narrow way. Once clear of the hotel wall, high buildings rose upon either side, so that at no time during the day could the sun have penetrated to the winding lane. Suddenly Robert Cairn stopped.

"Look!" he said, and pointed. "The mosque! you spoke of a mosque near to the house?"

Dr. Cairn nodded; his eyes were gleaming, now that he felt himself to be upon the track of this great evil which had shattered his peace.

They advanced until they stood before the door of the mosque—and there in the shadow of a low archway was just such an ancient, iron-studded door as Dr. Cairn remembered. Latticed windows overhung the street above, but no living creature was in sight.

He very gently pressed upon the door, but as he had anticipated, it was fastened from within. In the gray light, his face seemed strangely haggard as he turned to his son, raising his eyebrows interrogatively.

"It is just possible that I may be mistaken," he said; "so that I scarcely know what to do."

He stood looking about him in some perplexity.

Adjoining the mosque was a ruined house, which clearly had had no occupants for many years. As Robert Cairn's gaze lighted upon its gaping window-frames and doorless porch, he seized his father by the arm.

"We might hide up there," he suggested, "and watch for anyone entering or leaving the place opposite."

"I have little doubt that this was the scene of my experience," replied Dr. Cairn; "therefore, I think we will adopt your plan. Perhaps there is some means of egress at the back. It will be useful if we have to remain on the watch for any considerable time."

They entered the ruined building and, by means of a rickety staircase, gained the floor above. It moved beneath them unsafely, but from the divan which occupied one end of the apartment an uninterrupted view of the door below was obtainable.

"Stay here," said Dr. Cairn, "and watch, whilst I reconnoitre."

He descended the stairs again; to

return in a minute or so and announce that another street could be reached through the back of the house. There and then they settled the plan of campaign. One at a time they would go to the hotel for their meals, so that the door would never be unwatched throughout the day. Dr. Cairn determined to make no inquiries respecting the house, as this might put the enemy upon his guard.

"We are in his own country, Rob," he said. "Here we can trust no one."

Thereupon they commenced their singular and self-imposed task. In turn they went back to the hotel for breakfast, and watched fruitlessly throughout the morning. They lunched in the same way, and throughout the great mid-day heat sat hidden in the ruined building, mounting guard over that iron-studded door. It was a dreary and monotonous day, long to be remembered by both of them, and when the hour of sunset drew near, and their vigil remained unrewarded, they began to doubt the wisdom of their tactics. The street was but little frequented; there was not the slightest chance of their presence being discovered.

It was very quiet, too, so that no one could have approached unheard. At the hotel they had learnt the cause of the explosion during the night; an accident in the engine-room of a German steamer, which had done considerable damage, but caused no bodily injury.

"We may hope to win yet," said Dr. Cairn, in speaking of the incident. "It was the hand of God."

Silence had prevailed between them for a long time, and he was about to propose that his son should go back to dinner, when the rare sound of a footstep below checked the words upon his lips. Both craned their necks to obtain a view of the pedestrian.

An old man stooping beneath the burden of years and resting much of his weight upon a staff, came tottering into sight. The watchers crouched back, breathless with excitement,

as the newcomer paused before the iron-studded door, and from beneath his cloak took out a big key.

Inserting it into the lock, he swung open the door; it creaked upon ancient hinges as it opened inward, revealing a glimpse of a stone floor. As the old man entered, Dr. Cairn grasped his son by the wrist.

"Down!" he whispered. "Now is our chance!"

They ran down the rickety stairs, crossed the narrow street, and Robert Cairn cautiously looked in the open door which had been left ajar.

Black against the dim light of another door at the further end of the large and barn-like apartment, showed the stooping figure. Tap, tap, tap! went the stick; and the old man had disappeared around a corner.

"Where can we hide?" whispered Dr. Cairn. "He is evidently making a tour of inspection."

The sound of footsteps mounting to the upper apartments came to their ears. They looked about them right and left, and presently the younger man detected a large wooden cupboard set in one wall. Opening it, he saw that it contained but one shelf only, near the top.

"When he returns," he said, "we can hide in here until he has gone out."

Dr. Cairn nodded; he was peering about the room intently.

"This is the place I came to, Rob!" he said softly; "but there was a stone stair leading down to some room underneath. We must find it."

The old man could be heard passing from room to room above; then his uneven footsteps sounded on the stair again, and glancing at one another, the two stepped into the cupboard, and pulled the door gently inward. A few moments later, the old caretaker—since such appeared to be his office—passed out, slamming the door behind him. At that, they emerged from their hiding-place and began to examine the apartment care-

fully. It was growing very dark now; indeed, with the door shut, it was difficult to detect the outlines of the room. Suddenly a loud cry broke the perfect stillness, seeming to come from somewhere above. Robert Cairn started violently, grasping his father's arm, but the older man smiled.

"You forget that there is a mosque almost opposite," he said. "That is the mueddin!"

His son laughed shortly.

"My nerves are not yet all that they might be," he explained, and bending low began to examine the pavement.

"There must be a trap-door in the floor," he continued. "Don't you think so?"

His father nodded silently, and upon hands and knees also began to inspect the cracks and crannies between the various stones. In the right-hand corner farthest from the entrance, their quest was rewarded. A stone some three feet square moved slightly when pressure was applied to it, and gave up a sound of hollowness beneath the tread. Dust and litter covered the entire floor, but having cleared the top of this particular stone, a ring was discovered, lying flat in a circular groove cut to receive it. The blade of a penknife served to raise it from its resting-place, and Dr. Cairn, standing astride across the trap, tugged at the ring, and, without great difficulty, raised the stone block from its place.

A square hole was revealed. There were irregular stone steps leading down into the blackness. A piece of candle, stuck in a crude wooden holder, lay upon the topmost. Dr. Cairn, taking a box of matches from his pocket, very quickly lighted the candle, and with it held in his left hand began to descend. His head was not yet below the level of the upper apartment when he paused.

"You have your revolver?" he said.

Robert nodded grimly, and took his revolver from his pocket.

A singular and most disagreeable smell was arising from the trap which they had opened; but ignoring this they descended, and presently stood side by side in a low cellar. Here the odour was almost insupportable; it had in it something menacing, something definitely repellent; and at the foot of the steps they stood hesitating.

Dr. Cairn slowly moved the candle, throwing the light along the floor, where it picked out strips of wood and broken cases, straw packing, and kindred litter—until it impinged upon a brightly-painted slab. Farther he moved it, and higher, and the end of a sarcophagus came into view. He drew a quick, sibilant breath, and, bending forward, directed the light into the interior of the ancient coffin. Then he had need of all his iron nerve to choke down the cry that rose to his lips, and:

“By God! *Look!*” whispered his son.

Swathed in white wrappings, Antony Ferrara lay motionless before them!

The seconds passed one by one, until a whole minute was told, and still the two remained inert, and the cold light shone fully upon that ivory face.

“Is he dead?”

Robert Cairn spoke huskily, grasping his father’s shoulder.

“I think not,” was the equally hoarse reply. “He is in the state of trance mentioned in—certain ancient writings; he is absorbing evil force from the sarcophagus of the Witch-Queen.”*

There was a faint rustling sound in the cellar, which seemed to grow louder and more insistent, but Dr. Cairn apparently did not notice it, for he turned to his son, and albeit the latter could but see him vaguely, he knew that his face was grimly set.

“It seems like butchery,” he said evenly, “but, in the interests of the

world, we must not hesitate. A shot might attract attention. Give me your knife.”

For a moment the other scarcely comprehended the full purport of the words. Mechanically he took out his knife, and opened the big blade. Then:

“Good heavens, sir,” he gasped breathlessly, “it is *too* awful!”

“Awful, I grant you,” replied Dr. Cairn, “but a duty—a duty, boy, and one that we must not shirk. I, alone, among living men, know who and *what* lies there, and my conscience directs me in what I do. His end shall be that which he had planned for you. Give me the knife.”

He took the knife from his son’s hand. With the light directed upon the still, ivory face, he stepped towards the sarcophagus. As he did so something dropped from the roof, narrowly missed falling upon his outstretched hand, and with a soft dull thud dropped upon the mud-brick floor. Impelled by some intuition, he suddenly directed the light to the roof above.

Then with a shrill cry which he was wholly unable to repress, Robert Cairn seized his father’s arm, and began to pull him back towards the stair.

“Quick, sir!” he screamed shrilly, almost hysterically. “My God! my God! *be quick!*”

The appearance of the roof above had puzzled him for an instant as the light touched it, then in the next had filled his very soul with loathing and horror. For directly above them was moving a black patch, a foot or so in extent . . . and it was composed of a dense moving mass of tarantula spiders! A line of the disgusting creatures was mounting the wall and crossing the ceiling, ever swelling the unclean group!

Dr. Cairn did not hesitate to leap

*It seems exceedingly probable that the mummy-case (sarcophagus) with its painted presentment of the living person, was the material basis for the preservation of the Khu (magical powers) of a fully-equipped adept.—Collectanea Hermetica, Vol. VIII.

for the stair—and as he did so, the spiders began to drop. Indeed, they seemed to leap towards the intruders, until the floor all about them and the bottom steps of the stair presented a mass of black, moving insects.

A perfect panic of fear seized upon them. At every step spiders *crunched* beneath their feet. They seemed to come from nowhere, to be conjured up out of the darkness, until the whole cellar, the stairs, the very fetid air about them, became black and nauseous with spiders.

Half-way to the top Dr. Cairn turned, snatched out a revolver, and began firing down into the cellar in the direction of the sarcophagus.

A hairy, clutching thing ran up his arm, and his son, uttering a groan of horror, struck at it and stained the tweed with its poisonous blood.

They staggered to the head of the steps, and there Dr. Cairn turned and hurled the candle at a monstrous spider that suddenly sprang into view. The candle, still attached to its wooden socket, went bounding down steps that now were literally carpeted with insects.

Tarantulas began to run out from the trap, as if pursuing the intruders, and a faint light showed from below. Then came a crackling sound, and a wisp of smoke floated up.

Dr. Cairn threw open the outer door and the two panic-stricken men leapt out into the street, and away from the spider army. White to the lips they stood leaning against the wall.

“Was it really—Ferrara?” whispered Robert.

“I hope so,” was the answer.

Dr. Cairn pointed to the closed door. A fan of smoke was creeping from beneath it.

The fire which ensued destroyed not only the house in which it had broken out, but the two adjoining; and the neighbouring mosque was saved only with the utmost difficulty.

When, in the dawn of the new day, Dr. Cairn looked down into the smoking pit which once had been the home of the spiders, he shook his head and turned to his son.

“If our eyes did not deceive us, Rob,” he said, “a just retribution at last has claimed him!”

Pressing a way through the surrounding crowd of natives, they returned to the hotel. The hall porter stopped them as they entered.

“Excuse me, sir,” he said, “but which is Mr. Robert Cairn?”

Robert Cairn stepped forward.

“A young gentleman left this for you, sir, half an hour ago,” said the man—“a very pale gentleman, with black eyes. He said you’d dropped it.”

Robert Cairn unwrapped the little parcel. It contained a penknife, the ivory handle charred as if it had been in a furnace. It was his own—which he had handed to his father in that awful cellar; at the moment when the first spider had dropped; and a card was enclosed, bearing the pencilled words: “With Antony Ferrara’s Compliments.”

The next story in this series is entitled “The Bats of Meydurn.”



THE NEW BRUNSWICK DIVORCE COURT

BY T. C. L. KETCHUM

THE question of marriage and divorce—more especially divorce—is prominently before the public at the present time. It is presented in varied modes and shapes. The papers are full of it, particularly the United States papers, which are largely circulated in Canada. The Sunday editions reek with it, until one is almost forced to the conclusion that marriage instead of being the life-long companionship, in which the one takes the other “for better or worse until death us do part”, is an experimental incident in the life of a man and woman, to be dissolved at the pleasure of either party to the temporary arrangement. In Canada, thanks to the views of our legislators of earlier days, the marriage tie is not easily severed, but, it can be severed, and it would appear that if the evidence necessary is forthcoming, advantage is freely and frequently taken of it.

The question, we are told, is about to be raised in the Dominion Parliament, by a proposition to alter the law under which divorce is granted in the Provinces, other than the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, where there are divorce courts.

It is quite certain that in these Provinces by the sea, a change whereby the divorce courts would be abolished and the question referred to Parliament for adjudication would not be at all welcomed. Individuals

may have and do have their opinions on this subject, most vital to the welfare of the state. On religious grounds a large section of the people do not believe in divorce at all or, at least, unless on rare grounds sanctioned by the religious body in which they believe. Theological students are divided in their interpretation of the words of the Saviour, when He appears to allow divorce where adultery has been committed. But there is scarcely any ground for the view that for any other cause, at all events, this high sanction can be invoked.

It may not be an altogether uninteresting contribution to the subject, to discuss the law in regard to marriage and divorce in the Province of New Brunswick. In the first place, it will be well to remember that New Brunswick is a Province, originally created by the Loyalists—carved out of the large pre-Loyalist Province of Nova Scotia. The Loyalists brought with them their own views on this most important question, and the law as it is to-day is essentially the same as it was when the first Act on the subject was passed in 1791, as far as the causes for which marriage may be dissolved. It is interesting to note that in the original Act the questions of marriage and of dissolving marriage were both dealt with. At that time the Church of England was by law established. The solemnization of matrimony was primarily

placed in the hands of clergymen of the established church, with important provisos. When there was no such clergyman in any parish or town, justices of the peace of the quorum were authorized to perform the ceremony according to rites prescribed by the Governor-in-Council. Ministers of the Church of Scotland, and Quakers, and clergymen in Holy Orders of the Church of Rome were allowed to celebrate marriages between persons of their respective communions. The question of such a marriage when the principals were of different religious beliefs does not appear to have been specially dealt with, but as penalties are provided for those who celebrate marriages without proper authorization, the inference may be drawn that a marriage of a mixed nature might not have been held void, although performed by officials with limited authority.

It was not long before privileges to clergy of the Church of England were done away with, and ministers of all denominations were authorized to celebrate marriages between any parties competent to enter into the contract. So much for the brief history of the form of marriage in New Brunswick.

The Governor and Council or any five members of the Council together with the Governor were by the early Act constituted a Court of Judicature in matrimonial causes. The Governor could deputize the Chief Justice or one of the judges to act in his place, but for many years to come this tribunal was to be known as the Court of the Governor-in-Council. In 1834 a change was made, when the Executive and Legislative Council became separated, and it was provided that the Lieutenant-Governor and the Executive Council, together with any judge of the Supreme Court, or the Master of the Rolls for the said Province, should form the court, and it was further provided that the judge so named should be the vice-president of the court, and that he, with any

two members of the Executive Council, should be a sufficient court. This, then was the Court for Matrimonial Causes for nearly thirty years. In 1860 the Act was passed under which the "Divorce Court" as at present constituted, was first established. Under this legislation one of the judges of the Supreme Court was to be appointed the judge for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, which jurisdiction is still exercised, the judge of the Divorce Court being also one of the puisne judges of the King's Bench. Some years ago, very little came before the Divorce Court, but the cases are multiplying rapidly, and many causes now come up for consideration.

The grounds upon which divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* may be granted are set forth in exactly the same wording as in the Act of George the Third of 1791.

It will not be amiss to quote them: "The causes for divorce from the bond of matrimony and of dissolving and annulling marriage are and shall be, frigidity or impotence, adultery and consanguinity within the degrees prohibited in and by an Act of Parliament made in the thirty-second year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, intituled an Act for marriages to stand notwithstanding pre-contracts, and no other causes whatsoever." There is also another section derived from the original Act, still unrepealed, under which it is provided that the issue of a marriage dissolved for adultery shall not be bastardized; nor the wife be barred of her dower, or the husband of his tenancy by the courtesy of England unless expressly so adjudged by the decree of divorce.

Allowing that divorce is to be dealt with by a secular tribunal, it is in every way better that the tribunal should be a court of justice, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. For one reason there is the expense. If it be right that a divorce be granted, on a certain statement of facts, it is

not right that the applicant should be prevented of his remedy by reason of the cost to him. The doors of a divorce court should not swing open at the touch of the rich man, and remain closed to the push of the poor man. Surely Lazurus should have equal rights with Dives; France may be looked to as an example in this. A divorce before that estimable body the Senate of Canada, is said to be a most expensive process, even where the case is undefended. In the New Brunswick Divorce Court a decree, where the case is undefended, may be obtained at an entire cost to the applicant of from \$150 to \$200, and probably in some instances for less. In fact, the expense would be about the same as in an undefended Supreme Court case, the fees as laid down being exceedingly moderate. So much for the question of expense. Now as to the tribunal itself. One of the New Brunswick judges is appointed to deal with this subject. He is an official who is trained in the consideration and weighing of evidence, and holds a position in which he has no other motive than to perform his judicial functions creditably, uninfluenced by either party to the action, quite removed from any good or harm either can do him. Surely such a court is better able to deal with the matter of a proposed separation of married people than a legislative body many of whom have no conception of the laws of evidence, and who are not by any means uninfluenced by their party political affiliations. There is the right of appeal from the Divorce Court judge to the Supreme Court *en banc*.

It may be said for New Brunswick that divorce is not popular. This comes from the influence, still felt, of the old Loyalists, who made divorce difficult to obtain on account of the few causes for which it would be granted, and who, in their own example, had little to do with it. In those early days there were practically no divorces, and the result was

that marriage came to be looked upon as a solemn matter, not to be lightly taken in hand and not to be easily broken when once entered upon. So that even to-day divorce is unpopular, and until very recently, at any rate, the divorcee was not welcomed into social circles. But gradually this healthy attitude is less firmly maintained, and opposition to divorce is weakening. It is weakening with what we must all deeply deplore but cannot dispute, the waning of religious influence.

While such a Divorce Court as exists in New Brunswick is unquestionably the best for the purpose, and while upon what are called Scriptural grounds only are divorces granted, there is a new difficulty in the path which in a measure threatens to undo all the good that the strictness of the law has wrought and to accomplish all the evil that it has prevented.

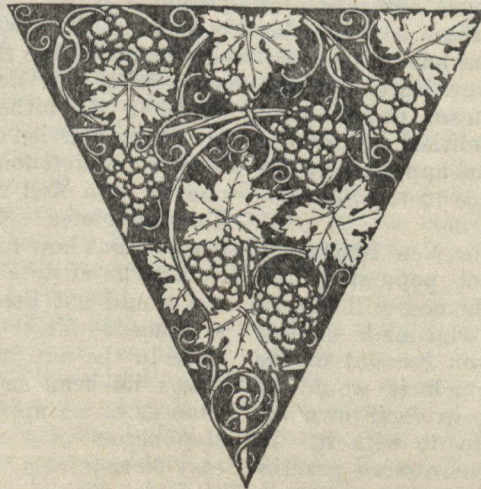
We are next door to Maine, and the people of Maine are the most charming of neighbours, as keen in business as they are hospitable and charitable in private life. But they do not agree with us on the marriage and divorce question. With them you can get a divorce while you wait. Very easy indeed is it to get the bond cut, across the line, and of late our young people who live close to Uncle Sam's boundary have acquired the habit of seeking in Maine the relief they cannot get in New Brunswick. A time comes in the hitherto happy life of the young married couple when things become monotonous, when perhaps one or both find they would prefer different mates. Neither is averse to divorce, but how to get it is the question. The austere court at Fredericton would not listen to the plea for a moment—all the less, if collusion were in the air, for collusion when it shows its head in court damns the chances of an applicant. So easy to step across into Maine! Almost as easy to acquire a "domicile." Domiciles in Maine are peculiarly easy

for parties seeking divorce decrees. The next step is a decree from the Maine court pronouncing the divorce, and then back again to the Province once more open to matrimonial proposals. When the next marriage takes place, it generally has to be "solemnized" in the country where the divorce was granted, for ministers on this side are a bit shy as to the legality of the divorce so easily acquired. However, the newly-wed expects, and is not very often disappointed, to be received into the social brotherhood together with the new mate—revised and improved.

Of course, this is an evasion of the law. How can it be that one can leave one's own country, where the law will not meet the case, to secure relief in a country where easier rules prevail? By and by, and probably not long hence, the Divorce Court of New Brunswick will be called upon to give a decision on these get-free-quick divorces, of which Maine is so prodigal. The question of property rights will presently crop up, and it will be a question of "who's who." Even the shade of bigamy looms up in the not far distance.

This matter has been dealt with briefly and, it is hoped, succinctly. While many columns might be cover-

ed enough has been said for the purposes of information. It will be noted that the Divorce Court was gradually evolved. With the matter in the hands of the Governor-in-Council, as in the earlier days, there was a condition, not altogether unlike that under which the Senate deals with the cases under its jurisdiction. It was not until 1860 that the admirable change was made under which the present court exists. It is certainly also a matter for congratulation that the "causes" remain unchanged, and one hears of no wish that the reasons for divorce be enlarged. Even with the restricted grounds there are many more cases than a decade ago, which cannot be accounted for by an increase in population. Can it be accounted for by the passing of that feeling of delicacy, which would endure great suffering rather than the airing of family dishonour in public? Or, from another viewpoint, are the genuine causes for divorce more prevalent than years ago? Are husbands and wives less faithful than of yore? These are questions for the thinker to solve as the facts present themselves to him. Certainly sexualism, or animalism, is very superabundant, and where and when it abounds divorce courts will be busy.





AUTUMN

From the Painting by Gertrude Des Clayes. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE ANCHOR TO WINDWARD

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

I WAS smoking an after-dinner pipe on the verandah of the one-too-many hotel at Errol, when I was accosted by a gentleman who had arrived the evening before on the stage from Colebrook.

"Is this Mr. Sam Gilkey?" he asked. I pleaded guilty.

"The landlord of this illustrious inn tells me that you are the best guide in this part of the country," said he.

"Well, sir," I replied, "I have frequently noted in Mr. Bragg a passion for the exact truth that amounts almost to a disease."

"You don't talk like a guide," remarked my prospective employer, eyeing me curiously.

"That may be the fault of my education," said I, a little tartly. "Are you afraid it would interfere with my duties?"

"No; I guess I can stand it if you can," he observed, good-naturedly. "I'll tell you what I require," he went on, handing me a cigar. "First, a guide who knows thoroughly the country about here for fifteen or twenty miles; second, a man—same man—who will not make remarks upon my method of fishing; third, a man with grit enough to stand by me in any adventure that Providence may throw in my way."

In reply I stated that I knew like a book the country between the New Hampshire line and the Rangeleys, and as far north as the Canadian border: that any method of fishing he might select would have my approval,

if not the flattery of imitation; and that my fidelity to an employer had yet to be questioned.

"Consider yourself engaged," said he, and we shook hands on it.

Edward Atherton, Boston—so the hotel register read—was a man of about thirty years, of medium height, slender of build, with small, aristocratic-looking hands and feet, dark brown hair and eyes, and a face in which was mirrored a kindly disposition and a light heart; withal an expression of confidence and resolution, a suggestion of the "grit" he had asked for in me. He was unusually well dressed, though without a trace of flashiness.

Atherton informed me that his destination was Brown's Farm, ten miles up the Magalloway. As the log drive was not yet by, the little steamer that plied between Errol Dam and the Magalloway country was not in service. But my canoe was at the dam, and Atherton readily chose that method of locomotion in preference to the tedious drive over Errol hill.

During the trip up the Magalloway, Atherton proved the most delightful sportsman that had ever engaged my services. He was possessed of a fund of capital stories, all humorously and gracefully told. Thus the hours sped quickly by.

The lights of the few houses that comprise the settlement in Magalloway Plantation had been twinkling scarce five minutes when we swung around the last bend in our journey, and I beached the canoe at the foot

of the slope on which stood the hotel. "What! A piano in this wilderness!" cried Atherton.

I explained that there was a very good piano at the hotel. "That is probably Miss Vaughn playing," said I. "I brought her up from Errol yesterday."

"Egad, then, Miss Vaughn shall have an appreciative audience," said he. "Hand me that flask and those cigars in my fishing coat. Chopin, or I'm a sinner," he murmured, stretching himself in the canoe and lighting a cigar. "I swear that Chopin himself could not have desired more poetic surroundings amid which to listen to his lovely creations."

I had never heard of Mr. Chopin and his creations, but I did find a peculiar sympathy between the music Miss Vaughn was making and the soft swish of the river around the bend, the miles of forest stretching away in the ghostly distance, and the giant peak across the narrow vale, whose wooded slopes the rising moon was lighting.

"Miss Vaughn plays well," said Atherton presently, "but there is no soul in her fingers. The only person that ever played that nocturne to my liking was a slip of a girl who, alone in a White Mountain hotel parlour, entertained me unconsciously, as Miss Vaughn is now doing. I saw her but once afterwards, kicking in a comic opéra chorus under the name of Polly Edwards. I'll warrant that the 'tender grace of a day that is dead' has long since vanished from her piano fingers. By the way, who is this Miss Vaughn?"

"Bill Vaughn's girl. She spends her summers here. Lives in Boston, I believe, during the winter."

"Vaughn, I infer, is the big man of the plantation."

"Well, he's big enough," I laughed. "Stands six foot two in his hunting boots. He's a guide and trapper. Makes his headquarters here, but for excellent reasons spends most of his time in the woods."

"Ah!" he remarked casually.

"The game-warden shot his deer dog last summer; he shot the warden."

"Sort of evened the thing up. And the authorities—had they nothing to say concerning the affair?"

"They said all they could. Bill was indicted, but never caught; he's a good shot. And you might as well hunt for a needle in a stack as try to run a man down in the Maine woods. Folks around here always give Bill a tip when the sheriff or any of his deputies are in the neighbourhood. They don't like game-wardens."

"Well, the concert is over, and we may as well hunt supper," remarked Atherton. We shouldered our traps and walked up the stretch to the hotel.

The next morning, at breakfast, Atherton was introduced to Miss Inez Vaughn, a tall, well-shaped, and handsome girl, for whom I had long entertained a warm admiration; a praiseworthy sentiment which she never took the trouble of returning. Atherton was apparently more in her line. Before the forenoon was gone they were the best of friends. She played about everything he asked for—a nocturn in this, a ballad in that, and a lot of other things that were Greek to me. When Miss Vaughn disappeared to dress for dinner—another compliment to my employer, as she was not in the habit of dazzling the natives with her toilettes—Atherton joined me in a smoke on the verandah.

"Samuel," said he, "your Miss Vaughn"—*my* Miss Vaughn—"is a very entertaining young lady, who has thoroughly captivated me by her charms."

As I had not heard him speak ten consecutive words seriously, I accepted his enthusiasm for what it was worth. "Yes," he went on, "she is good looking, she is bright, and decidedly intelligent, and her music alone entitles her to a degree from the

University of Culture. But she is no more a part of these rustic environments than I am, and I regard it as strange that a young woman of her tastes and accomplishments should elect to bury herself for any considerable time in a wilderness that borders on the howling."

I suggested that a natural interest in her father might lead a daughter to pass a few months each year in his neighbourhood, and Atherton let it go at that. "Far be it from me to complain," said he. "Thanks to Miss Vaughn's geographical position, I expect to pass a very pleasant vacation."

"But I understood that you came up here to fish."

"And you also understood," he retorted, "that there was to be no comment on my method of fishing."

"Very good, sir," I smiled. "You are not going out to-day?"

"I am going out driving. You can fish if you want."

After dinner I strung my line and started off to see how the trout were biting. As I left the hotel, Atherton was handing Miss Vaughn into a carriage. After the rebuke I had received, good-natured though it was, I concluded to let Atherton find out for himself that he had a rival for the smiles of Miss Vaughn in Mr. Jack Carruthers, of Boston, whose appearance each summer at the farm usually followed closely upon Miss Vaughn's arrival. I surmised that he would put in an appearance before the week was out, and when I came up from the river at sundown I was not surprised to find him on the hotel verandah, talking with Bill Vaughn.

Vaughn was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, straight as a pine, despite his more than fifty years. His gait was lumbering, but it was the awkwardness of immense strength, which showed in every movement of his huge frame. He was a taciturn man, and although I had summered and wintered with him, as the saying is, I never got very close to him. Since

the game warden episode I had seen very little of him.

Carruthers I never fancied, although I had piloted him on more than one fishing trip, and he had given me no specific cause for dislike. He was a handsome, reckless sort of chap, who greeted folks cordially, and spent money freely, and I was probably the only person in the Plantation who did not express an unreserved liking for him. Possibly the favour with which Miss Vaughn regarded him may have had something to do with my prejudice, but that explanation would not cover my strong liking for Atherton.

The latter drove in about dusk, and Miss Vaughn presented him to her father and Carruthers. The newcomer extended his hand graciously, and then dropped it with the exclamation, "Hello! Haven't we met before?"

"I fancy not. I have no recollection of the pleasure," said Atherton.

"Gad, you'd remember the meeting if you were the chap I took you for," said Carruthers. As he turned away I noticed a peculiar smile on Atherton's face.

"Come up to my room after supper," my employer remarked to me; "I have some work for you."

The "work" proved to be the manufacture of a detail map of "Magalloway Plantation, State of Maine."

I had an old map of the Plantation. This we enlarged to a scale of about one mile to an inch, and at Atherton's suggestion I indicated every brook and its most insignificant tributary within a radius of a dozen miles, together with the ranges of hills, timber land, roads, and trails.

It was well into the morning ere the map was completed, and we breakfasted together. Carruthers and Miss Vaughn had gone away for the day; drove off toward Upton, Landlord White said, in response to Atherton's casual inquiry. "That being the case, Samuel," my employer remarked to me, "we will follow the advice of one Walton, and go a-fishing."

An hour later found us on the Diamond River, at "the Rips," a mile and a half of swift water without a pool. Although I announced that here was the best fishing for a dozen miles about, Atherton left me with the remark, "Fish, then, and be happy," and went up stream.

I followed leisurely, zigzagging in long reaches across the river because of the current. It was too bright for good fishing, but when I reached the head of the Rips I was satisfied with my catch, and here I made a discovery that caused me to reel up my line and go in quest of Atherton. Away up on the Diamond, in a wild gorge through which the river is a roaring, foam-flecked torrent, I found him, perched on a monster boulder, drawing lazily on his pipe and examining the map we had made the night before. "Any luck?" I sang out.

"Not a rise. Guess all the fish are below."

"Perhaps you'd have better success if you took your bait-box," I remarked, passing it over.

"Hello! Did I leave that behind?" he asked, in some surprise. "I hadn't missed it. We'll try the Dead Diamond to-morrow."

But he didn't; for the next morning Carruthers was absent, and Miss Vaughn informed Atherton that he had gone away for several days on business. "Then," remarked my patron, with a dazzling smile, "I suppose we may resume our studies in Chopin."

During the next few days, there being no call for my services, I had nothing to do but wonder what sort of a game Atherton was playing; whether he was simply amusing himself with Miss Vaughn, or whether his "intentions" were serious. If the former, I told myself that I would call him to account the moment he ceased to be my employer. My regard for the young lady was as warm as it was unsuspected.

My worldly experience had not been large. Certainly I never saw a

man make love so rapidly, so dashingly, and irresistibly as Atherton; and I was merely a spectator at long range. There were rambles in the woods and fields in the forenoon, drives in the afternoon, and *tête-à-têtes* in the remotest corner of the verandah when the moon silvered the drifting logs on the Magalloway. When the pair were about the hotel the piano was going nearly all the time, and sometimes Atherton sang in a fine tenor voice, and, it seemed to me, with rare skill, songs that breathed of passion and romance, and which, from the brief but eloquent silence that usually followed them, must have had the desired effect. Coming around the corner of the house one evening, I overheard the following fragment of conversation: "No, Ned, dear; Dad would kill me if he knew I even hinted at it. For all he looks so good-natured, he is the most violent man in the world. There, don't rumple my hair. Mrs. White has the chief failing of her sex in an aggravated form, and if"— At this point I beat an honourable retreat, with the reflection that Carruthers had better stay at home and look after his fences before they were all down.

Atherton spoke no more to me of Miss Vaughn. Once, when I complimented him jokingly upon his skill as a heartbreaker, he answered, with pretended solemnity, "Samuel, I am heaving an anchor to windward," a remark which I gave up attempting to fathom after pondering over it the better part of the day.

On the fourth day Carruthers returned. Somewhat to my surprise, Atherton did not contest with him the possession of Miss Vaughn's society, but resumed his fishing excursions. Yet he fished little or none. Toward sundown I usually found him at the head of the brook, dozing on the bank, or so engrossed with his thoughts that he did not notice my approach. This continued for the rest of the week.

Monday morning I rose very early,

as was my habit, and as I was feeling in unusually good spirits, I took a long stroll up what is known as the Black Brook road, a corduroy affair formerly used for lumbering purposes. On my return I digressed into the woods to follow what looked to be but actually was not a deer track, and when I returned to the road I heard the sound of carriage wheels. A buckboard had passed, and as it disappeared around a twist in the road I was certain that the travellers were Carruthers and Miss Vaughn. I was more certain, if possible, when, on returning to the hotel, I learned that they had driven away shortly before. I mentioned the circumstance to Atherton, and he seemed pleased for no apparent reason.

Carruthers and Miss Vaughn did not return that night. I had an explanation handy, but as it was not asked for, I kept it to myself. On the following morning Atherton observed to me: "I believe that there is only one more brook on our map to fish."

"Yes; Black Brook."

"We'll fish that to-day."

A ten-mile drive brought us to our destination, a dismantled lumber works, deserted these many years. In the shed attached to the cabin we discovered a buckboard; the horse that had drawn it was doubtless in a neighbouring bit of pasturage. Atherton made no comment, nor did I.

After caring for our horse and eating a lunch, we joined our rods and got on the brook. Atherton for once did not hurry away, but fished ahead, never more than a few rods away. He fished carelessly, however, as if his eyes and mind were bent on something besides his rod and line.

To avoid a pool that defied wading boots, we clambered up the right bank and struck the old lumber trail, now so grown over that it was the blindest of paths. We had gone but a few yards when I heard an exclamation from Atherton, and when I came up to him, he was on his knees, examining a mud-hole in the path, caused

by a spring that gushed from a little ledge at the right. On the farther side of the bog was a single bootprint, so deep in the mud, however, that the size of the foot could only be guessed at.

"This would seem to indicate," remarked Atherton, glancing up at me, "that some one had passed this way since the snow went off."

"And this," I added, showing him the disturbed bushes at the left, "would seem to indicate that some other fisherman had taken the trouble to go round."

"Well reasoned, Samuel," he smiled. "Fishermen usually go out of their way to avoid a few inches of mud. Never mind the brook, but follow me."

The exhibition of woodcraft that Atherton now displayed astonished me. Half a dozen times the trail led off onto the mountain, and more than once, after clambering over a giant windfall, my eyes, trained by long experience, would have been bothered for a few minutes to discover the elusive track. But I had only to follow Atherton. He was never at fault.

Suddenly the trail ran off into the brook, and there, apparently, was an end of it. Atherton noted with evident satisfaction vague bootprints on the bit of pebbly beach made by the receding waters. They led straight to the bed of the stream, and vanished in the swift water.

Atherton beat the bushes on the opposite bank, but found not a vestige of a trail. For fifty feet each way the brush was practically impenetrable. He tried the right bank, beyond where the trail had come down, with a like result. Then he lighted his pipe, threaded a worm on his hook, and moved slowly up the brook, casting occasionally, and I noticed that his gaze was exploring every foot of the banks.

A bend in the brook brought us to as lovely a spot as it has ever been my pleasure to look upon. To our right the mountain around which the

stream wound straightened up for a height of two hundred feet, the top of the precipice being surmounted by a mass of jagged, naked rock that hung, grim and threatening, over the gorge. Before us a cataract of wondrous beauty flung itself from a shelf thirty feet overhead, and plunged into a dark and frowning pool. To our left was the forest, rising, tree upon tree, to the brink of the cascade.

Atherton stopped short, with an emphatic, "Well, I'm damned!" I supposed he was impressed with the majesty of Nature's picture, but he had not given it a thought.

"This black pool, which only a giant could wade, is the logical termination of the trail," he murmured. Mindful of my pledge to refrain from comment on his method of fishing, I kept silence.

"Wait for me a few minutes," he requested, swinging his basket from his shoulder. From the basket, in which there was not a fish, he took a pair of field-glasses and a pair of lineman's spurs. He slung the glasses around his neck, fastened the spurs to his heels, and, skirting the pool, began the tedious and perilous ascent of the cliff down which the cataract tumbled. What the deuce did he want the spurs for, I wondered. I soon saw. After reaching the top of the ledge he took a brief rest, and then began to move up the trunk of a lone pine that dominated the gorge. He had been gone nearly half an hour, when the rattling of loose stones told me that Atherton was descending. I watched him silently as he let himself down the cliff and regained my side, and then my curiosity slopped over.

"Mr. Atherton," said I, "if you will raise the embargo on my tongue for a few seconds, it will afford me a large measure of satisfaction to remark that you are the damnedest fisherman I ever knew."

"Certainly, my boy," was the imperturbable response; "and let me say, in return, that you are the

damnedest map-maker I ever employed."

"Ah?" I remarked questioningly, not having an idea what he was driving at.

"Look," said he, taking the map from his pocket and spreading it on a rock. "Here is Black Brook, and here you have indicated this cascade, with the mountain on the right. On the left you have marked 'High plateau. Heavy timber land, owned by Berlin Lumber Company and untouched for fifty years.' From the spot where we stand, to the old lumber works where we struck in on the brook, you have not indicated a single tributary."

"There is none."

"Pardon me; there must be. Near the top of that pine I found a coign of vantage from which an unobstructed view was to be had, and I levelled my field-glasses over the sea of tree-tops that stretches away to the north-east, unbroken, as far as I could see, by a single clearing—the great woods of Maine. But that there is a clearing I have reason to believe. My glasses caught far up the valley—for there is a valley, in spite of your map—a slender column of smoke, almost lost in the haze of the atmosphere."

"And what do you conclude?" I asked, as he paused.

"That where there is a valley in this country there is a brook, and that brook, my study of the country convinces me, must join Black Brook between here and the old lumber works."

"I believe you're right," I burst out suddenly, after racking my brains for several minutes. "I remember my father speaking of a brook that came down from the north and joined Black Brook below the falls. But it has been lost these five years. My acquaintance with Black Brook dates back as far as that, and during that period, in the score of times I have fished through here, I recall no such tributary."

"Nevertheless, I believe there is

one, and that we need not look for it below the spot where the lumber trail ran off into the brook."

We retraced our steps slowly, Atherton keeping up a pretense of fishing. Suddenly he stopped, and held up one hand. "Listen!" he cried.

The brook at this point was broad and comparatively tranquil, and above the gentle swish of the current I heard the gurgle of swifter water.

Atherton pointed a convincing finger at an object on the north bank, which had not attracted his serious attention when he passed up the stream. It was the heap of "dead boughs familiar to fishermen who have toiled up streams by which has rung the woodsman's axe. This particular brush heap was fully a dozen feet high. About midway of it a huge birch bough, which had been half torn from its parent trunk, hung down into the stream. "Wait a minute," smiled Atherton, as I started forward; "I want to make this exposé as dramatic as possible."

He pulled himself up the bank and plunged into the bushes, where I heard him thrashing about. A suspicion of what I was later to know was flitting through my brain.

"Nature has been cleverly improved upon," Atherton reported. "For fully fifty feet into the wood a man could scarcely cut his way past this spot with an axe. And now, Samuel," he cried, drawing aside the birchen bough, "behold the opening of the Lost Brook Trail!"

We peered into the aperture thus made, and saw the outlet of a good-sized brook.

Atherton dropped the bough, threw himself on the bank, and motioned me to a seat at his side. "Sam, my boy," said he, in such a grave voice that I looked up in surprise, "although I have your promise—given, perhaps, as you may have thought it was asked, lightly—to stand by me in any adventure that might present itself, you are at liberty now, if you so desire, to return to the hotel and

leave me to finish the work I have begun. Yonder," pointing to the northeast, "lies danger."

"Mr. Atherton," I replied, after a few moments of thought, "to redeem the pledge I gave you, I only desire your assurance that the enterprise on which you are engaged is an honest one."

"That you may have freely. I do not care to say more until I am assured that I am not off my reckoning. But, if I have correctly sized up the situation, I have desperate men to deal with, and it may be dangerous for you to be found in my company. I do not ask for your active support unless an emergency should require it. What do you say now?"

For answer I extended my hand, which he gripped without other comment.

"Three o'clock," said Atherton, glancing at his watch and rising. "We will leave our rods and baskets here. You have a revolver?" I nodded. "You may need it; and now,"—as he lifted the bough that screened the mouth of the new-found brook,— "leave faint-heartedness behind, all ye who enter here!"

For a few feet we had to almost wallow in the bed of the brook, but as we advanced, the aqueduct of boughs, as Atherton happily characterized it, enlarged sufficiently to afford a comparatively clear passage. So cunningly had nature been utilized that a fisherman blundering into the place would not have given its formation a second thought. On each side small trees had been felled, boughs interlaced, and old logs carelessly piled, so that for fifty yards or more the brook and the valley through which it coursed were effectually concealed, as travel past the outlet was possible only in the bed of Black Brook or along its south bank.

The aqueduct gradually expanded until we found ourselves in the woods, beside as handsome a trout brook as the wilderness holds. As it had been a "close" stream for a number of

years, I promised myself excellent fishing at some future time.

For half a mile or more our only route was the brook, but search for a trail was finally rewarded, and our subsequent progress became as rapid as was consistent with the prudence exercised by Atherton.

"Softly, my boy," he called back to me. "One could hear you coming a mile off."

"I am not an Indian," I replied, and at that moment I made a break that would have disgraced a tenderfoot. I caught my foot on a snag and fell headlong.

Atherton laughed. "You may be able to track a deer," said he, "but you'd never do to run down moonshiners. Slow up here," he added, before I had opportunity to reply. "I'm going ahead." With that he glided away as noiselessly as a snake.

For two hours I tramped over the vilest of trails, clambering over fallen trees that crumbled into dust beneath my weight, and toiling through swamps into which I sank to my knees. In spite of Atherton's caution, I had travelled at a rapid pace, which finally told on me, and I threw myself down beside a spring to rest.

As I resumed my tramp, I came upon a bit of paper fluttering from a raspberry bush. It was a message, and I comprehended its half-dozen words in some perturbation: "*Turn to the right. Lay low.*"

A partial explanation of this message was shortly presented by the forking of the trail. The main track kept along and across the brook, while a second path led up the hill. I should not have detected this path had not a tall bush which screened it been bent down.

The sun was declining, and twilight comes swiftly in the forest. I had not proceeded far when I saw through the brush the dispersion of shadow which betokens a clearing, and towards this I crawled noiselessly on my hands and knees.

The tension on my nerves was in-

creased by the sight of a log shanty on the farther side of the clearing. No smoke issued from the blackened chimney, and the place appeared deserted. There was an entrance midway of the shanty, and on each side a sashless window. In the centre of the clearing the remains of a brush fire smoldered.

As I peered forth upon this scene the bushes to the left were parted, and Bill Vaughn stepped into the open. As he walked slowly toward the entrance to the shanty he glanced in at the window. He started back, wheeled, and bounded noiselessly to a small shed, from which he emerged with a double-barrelled shotgun. He again walked to the window, and I heard his voice, low and stern: "Come out of there!"

As he stepped back and threw the shotgun across his arm, Atherton stood in the doorway. I never witnessed such a magnificent nerve as the latter displayed. There was not a tremour in his voice as, flipping the ash from his cigar, he remarked nonchalantly, "Hello, Vaughn! Why this warlike demonstration?"

An expression of frightful ferocity came into Vaughn's face. "What in hell are you doing here?" he demanded, in a voice husky with passion.

The reply came like a shot. "I was looking for you."

"What!" roared the outlaw, and I heard the hammers of his gun go back. I had drawn and cocked my revolver, and it was pointed toward Vaughn's bulky frame, but my hand shook so that if I had pressed the trigger the result would not likely have been fatal.

"Yes," continued Atherton calmly, elevating his chin and blowing a cloud of smoke skyward; "I thought it might interest you to know that the sheriff and a couple of deputies were on your track."

"He lies!" shouted another voice, and I saw Carruthers, followed by Miss Vaughn, step into the clearing.

"He's a damned spy, Bill," went on Carruthers, walking up to Atherton and staring into his face. "I thought I knew you, and now I'm certain of it. You're the chap who put a ball through me in Bridgeport five years ago."

"Under the circumstances, I am sorry I did not aim better," said Atherton, with an exasperating smile.

"You'll be sorrier before long," sneered the other. "Keep him covered a moment, Bill, and I'll truss him up."

Carruthers went into the shanty, and reappeared with a coil of rope, at one end of which he fashioned a running noose. This he threw around Atherton's shoulders, and dragged him ungently to the pine tree by which I was lying, scarce daring to breathe.

When the trussing operation was completed Carruthers walked away, and I thought it a seasonable time to let my employer know that the pledge I had given him was in good working order. I reached forth a cautious hand and gave the calf of his leg a reassuring squeeze.

"Blücher's battalions!" I heard him murmur, and he called out cheerfully to his captors: "Well, gentlemen, how long am I to be tied up here?"

"You'll find out soon enough," flung back Carruthers. "Polly, put the kettle on"—to Miss Vaughn.

That young woman, from the moment of her appearance on the scene, had remained a silent witness of the dramatic affair, and I had well-nigh forgotten her existence. As she moved toward the shanty, in obedience to Carruthers's careless order, she threw upon Atherton an expressive glance in which I saw the "anchor to windward" which Atherton had cast on the moonlit verandah at Brown's Farm. Help would have been forthcoming from that quarter, I felt assured.

"For God's sake, Sam," whispered Atherton, "cut this rope. These

cursed mosquitoes are eating me alive."

"All right," I replied; "but don't make a move till I get that gun."

"Good boy!" he muttered, comprehending my plan, which was to work my way around the clearing and capture the shotgun that Vaughn had stood against the end of the shanty.

"What's all that?" called out Carruthers sharply, pausing in the act of throwing an armful of brush upon the smoldering fire.

"I was merely remarking," returned Atherton mildly, "that the mosquitoes were devilish thick."

Carruthers chuckled. "You ought to thank your stars that the black fly season has gone by," said he.

I drew my fishing knife, and with infinite caution cut through Atherton's bonds until they hung by a thread; then I dropped on my stomach and crawled away in the brush. The crackling of the fire drowned the slight rustle that accompanied my progress. Vaughn and Carruthers sprawled on the ground beside the fire, smoking and conversing in low tones. "Polly," her skirts tucked up in picturesque fashion, had "put the kettle on," and it was singing merrily over the flames.

I reached the desired point at last, and I was not a moment too soon. Goaded to desperation by the assaults of the mosquitoes, Atherton had raised a hand to brush them from his tortured face, and Carruthers's watchful eye had caught the movement. The latter sprang up and started toward the tree.

I saw Atherton drop his hand behind him, and an instant later his arm straightened. "Stop!" he cried. With an oath Carruthers leaped forward. There was a flash and he went down like a log.

With a bellow of rage Vaughn turned for his gun. But it was in my hands, and pointed at his heart. "Sam Gilkey!" he cried in astonishment, and the reproach in his voice staggered me a bit.

"I don't know as much about this affair as you do, Bill," said I, "but you'll oblige me by throwing up your hands. This gun may go off."

Slowly his hands went up, and came down with a jerk. Atherton had slipped up behind him and pinioned him with the rope that lately bound his own form. "Blow his head off, Sam, if he moves," said Atherton, twisting the cords about the giant's arms and legs.

After Vaughn had been rendered null and void, I walked to where Caruthers lay, face down, and turned him over. "He's dead!" I reported, and turned away horror stricken.

"He will not remark again on my shooting ability," said Atherton coolly. "Keep Vaughn covered, Sam. He's a muscular devil, and that rope is none too strong. And now, Polly Edwards"—taking a fish-line from his pocket and advancing to Miss Vaughn, who, when the shot was fired, had rushed from the shanty and stood transfixed with terror—"your hands, if you please."

"Ned!"

I shall never forget that cry. It pierced my heart like a knife-blade. If Atherton was affected, there was no evidence of it in his quiet rejoinder: "I regret, Polly, that my duty rises superior to my natural sentiments."

"Who are you?" panted the girl, as Atherton wound the line gently about her arms.

"Edward Marlowe, United States secret service, at *your* service," he replied. "Gad! I gave her credit for more nerve," he added quickly, as he

caught the fainting girl in his arms. "Get some water, Sam. I'll look after Vaughn."

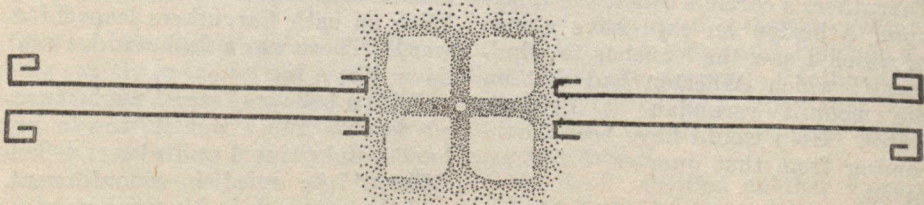
I was dazed and hot all over. I felt a bitter and unreasoning resentment toward Atherton, which was intensified as I watched him laving the unconscious girl's temples, with the tenderness of a lover. Vaughn hardly needed watching. He sat by the fire, his head sunk upon his breast.

Atherton bore Polly—for such it seemed was her name—to a nearby bank of green sward, and, taking off his coat, he rolled it up and placed it beneath her head. "Feel all right, now?" he asked, as she opened her eyes. She turned her head away.

Atherton lit a cigar with a brand from the fire, and turned to me. "Sam, my boy," said he, "that gentleman who is growing cold over yonder was one of the most dangerous counterfeiters that ever operated in the East. Five years ago he was in the green goods business, and I helped to arrest him in Bridgeport. This fellow"—with a gesture toward Vaughn, who never raised his head—"is entitled to more consideration; he was led into it through his daughter, though I imagine the State will want him for that game-warden affair. Polly, here, 'shoved the queer.' In that shanty you will find a complete lay-out for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to nothing."

I had nothing to say. A sob from Polly broke the silence.

"Sam," said Atherton, "see if you can find a lantern or two in that shanty. We shall have a devil of a time getting out of here."



THE WHITE BRICK

BY F. E. CHASE

FIGG Street was one of those thoroughfares, so common in American cities whose houses, all precisely alike, are ranged with military precision as if marshalled in battle array by their speculative builders against the army of wage-earners for whose occupancy they were designed. Organization and discipline were strongly suggested by the uniform ranks of octagon fronts, each capped with its formal mansard roof, and accoutred with its high flight of stone steps, and the effect of this suggestion was promptly confessed by their intimidated tenants, who paid an excessive rent with apprehensive alacrity. There were some in the neighbourhood who, under a not uncommon stress of pecuniary circumstances, might have defied a solitary landlord in single combat, but to challenge the might of the brigaded proprietor whose capital had brought the street into being was beyond their courage. So the monthly tribute exacted by this besieging force of bricks and mortar was promptly yielded, and thus it came about that tenants stayed on Figg Street, and were penetrated with a strong sense of fellowship which quickly engendered a friendly intimacy.

I, like all my neighbours, had moved in when the place was first built, lured by the odour of fresh and damp plaster, which is always so inscrutably attractive to the habitual rent-payer. Rumours of open plumbing and porcelain tubs had robbed the adjacent avenues of their choicest tenants, and in an incredibly short

time after its establishment Figg Street had become fully populated, with the exception of one tenement. Number Seventeen, eight doors below the house I occupied, and upon the same side, was not immediately taken, and remained mysteriously untenanted for almost a year.

This circumstance was strongly resented by a neighbourhood which had testified so strongly by its impetuous conduct to the desirability of the street, the persistent emptiness of this refractory domicile serving as a kind of standing criticism of its hasty judgment. A kind of hauteur seemed to be expressed by its persistent refusal to come into proper relations with the other houses in the block, and by degrees it became distinctly unpopular. Too new to be plausibly accused of being haunted, it was vaguely slandered as possessing defective drainage, and became the subject of other injurious rumours which tended toward making the agent's placards in its lower windows permanent fixtures. And when, after a year's time, it became known that it had at length been let, all its accumulated unpopularity was promptly and unanimously transferred to its occupants as a matter of course.

These were an elderly man and his wife, who apparently had no family and kept no servant. Their few belongings had been moved in before it was even noticed that the place had found a tenant, which was in itself generally regarded as an aggravating circumstance. No one knew the man by name or could find out anything

about him. It was strongly resented that from the beginning he kept the green blinds on both the front and the rear of his premises constantly closed, and when it became evident that he did not intend to put up a door-plate, popular feeling rose almost to indignation. He did not permit himself to be seen very much, only occasionally going forth, while his wife was almost never visible. No one ever seemed to visit the couple, whose only caller was an occasional expressman with a parcel. Attempts on the part of the male inhabitants of Figg Street to draw the man into conversation encountered a baffling resistance in his shy reticence of manner, while the few ladies who sought to penetrate the secret of the house through the cunning device of a neighbourly call were quite unable to get any response to their repeated rings at the doorbell, though they were painfully conscious of being investigated from within through the blinds of the parlour window.

A fever of curiosity prevailed the neighbourhood for a time. Social gatherings, assembled under a thin pretext of whist or music, straightway resolved themselves into deliberate bodies sitting upon the question of Number Seventeen. Certain persons even stooped to the employment of small boys as detectives, but these unworthy emissaries failed as completely as did everybody else to solve the mystery of the house. Finally the fever, having run its course, died out, and Number Seventeen came to be accepted as an objectionable but stubborn fact.

For nearly two months matters remained in this unsatisfactory condition, but at the end of that period the excitement was renewed by a very peculiar circumstance. Twice a day, on my way to business, I was obliged to pass these mysterious premises, which still strongly piqued my curiosity without ever having once gratified it ever so little. My interest in the house was just beginning to flag

a little when one morning as I was going down to the office my always observant eye noticed a slight but startling change. A single white brick had taken the place of one of the common red ones in the sidewalk in front of Number Seventeen. It was precisely the size of an ordinary brick, and had a smooth enamelled surface of glittering white. I was quite sure that it had not been there the evening before when I came up town; so striking and unusual a detail could hardly have escaped my notice. I puzzled over the matter all day and devoted the evening meal to discussing it with my wife, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Going down town in the morning I spoke of it to a neighbour, and at night to two more with whom I rode up town. Three or four people called on us that evening to discuss this new phrase of the mystery, and as they went home we saw several small parties from the neighbourhood walking up and down by this inexplicable object with an elaborate assumption of indifference, evidently engaged in verifying the strange report which had spread rapidly throughout the street.

For a week there was a revival of the original excitement, manifested by much hypocritical sociability. For a week the white brick was always trumps at whist, and was eaten over and over again in the form of Welsh rabbits of parallel indigestibility. Indeed, the formula of invitation during that period might very reasonably have been "The pleasure of your company is requested at a White Brick," had perfect candour obtained.

We were just beginning to get accustomed to the thing when one morning as I was going down town I missed it. I looked hastily up at the door. Yes, it was Number Seventeen without a doubt, but the white brick was gone.

I made a round of calls that evening with my wife and disseminated this startling information. As the

bearers of this important news we enjoyed a quite unusual popularity, and went home in a very pleasant frame of mind. The third morning after, the white brick was again in its former place, the exchange having taken place, as before, some time during the night.

I was very absent-minded over my duties that day, and was more than once sharply reprimanded by my employer for my inattention to the routine of the office. If I had had a brick in my hat, as the slang phrase goes, I could not have been more hopelessly muddled than I was by the white brick which I could not get out of my head. This uncanny happening began to suggest to my mind all kinds of dreadful deeds of which it might be the sign or signal. Was Number Seventeen a den of counterfeiters, thus conclusively but silently indicated to interested persons? Was it a haunt of unspeakable vice, masked by the white purity of this symbol? Were deeds too dreadful to name, or an enterprise too criminal for utterance thus proclaimed? I passed the day in a fever of fruitless speculation and went home but with one clear purpose—to find out when and by whom this baleful message was placed and replaced.

To this end I determined upon an heroic measure. I remembered that the brick had been exposed the first time precisely one week. Now, if there were any uniformity in the purpose which lay behind it, it should again be removed on the following Tuesday night. I accordingly determined to sit up all that night, on this chance, and watch. I passed the interval in a state of great nervous excitement, and upon the appointed evening established myself at my second story front window, which commanded a full view of that part of the sidewalk, with a plentiful supply of cigars, determined to solve the mystery. Sitting there in the darkness I heard the clocks strike eleven, twelve, one, two, three, four, and, I

think, five. I fear I must have dozed for a moment, toward morning, however, for when daybreak surprised me at my vigil the confounded thing was gone.

Nearly two days after this it was replaced, remaining, as before, for a week, at the end of that time it again disappeared. All this period I spent in a miserable state of suspense, reading the criminal items which the enterprise of the daily press provided, and striving by the exercise of all my ingenuity to somehow connect the deeds of their doers with this ominous manifestation; but to no purpose. I had said nothing to anyone about my futile experiment in detective work, but I was gratified to hear it whispered about that several of my neighbours had also sat up all night with a similar purpose and with similar results.

This had gone on for nearly two months when a brilliant idea came to me. Why on earth had it never occurred to me before? Nothing could be simpler or more promising, nothing surer to bring about something significant—something, at least, affording a clue to the mystery of Number Seventeen. That night I went out secretly at two a.m., in a drizzling rain, and, removing the white brick from the sidewalk where it had been placed two days before, set it in a corresponding position in front of my own door, putting in its place an ordinary red brick.

I slept very little the rest of the night, but, rising early, took up my position at the window to await results. In order to miss nothing I sent word to the office that I was home with a sore throat—which was indeed quite true—and ate my breakfast uncomfortably as I sat at the window.

Nothing happened until eleven o'clock, when the elderly tenant of the suspected premises came out of his door and walked down the steps. He had not got half-way down, however, when it became evident that he had discovered his loss. He paused

in apparent consternation and after looking earnestly at the sidewalk for an instant, ran back with unaccustomed sprightliness into the house. Presently his wife came out with him, and together they carefully examined the footway where the brick had been. If ever two people had appeared anxious and alarmed it was this guilty looking twain. All my old suspicions came back to me as I triumphantly beheld the manifest disquietude of the pair, who, after a brief search and a hurried consultation, went quickly back into the house, from which neither emerged again that day. The next morning another white brick had been planted in its usual position in front of Number Seventeen.

The exaggerated alarm which my experiment had caused in my mysterious neighbours made me a little uneasy as to the possible consequences of my act to myself, and, as nothing definite had resulted, I determined to wait a day or two, to remove the borrowed brick, which, being farther up the street than its owner ever had occasion to go, had remained unnoticed by him, though it had begun to cause amused comment among the neighbours. I had planned on a certain evening after dark, but on my return I found my wife in a state of great doubt and anxiety over a large box which the teamster had left at our house just at dusk.

She had noticed him driving down from the upper end of the street, looking inquiringly at the houses on our side. At the sight of our white brick he had pulled up suddenly, and taking from his cart a large box had rung our bell and delivered it to our servant without a word of explanation, and then had driven away. Our maid had received it as a matter of course, and there it lay upon the entry floor, marked emphatically upon its upper surface

THIS SIDE UP.

HANDLE WITH EXTREME CARE.

It was an ordinary rough packing

case, three feet long by two feet wide and a foot deep, and was lettered in the bold script employed by commercial packers. The corners of a tag which had evidently borne an address were still held down by four large tacks, but the greater part of the middle had evidently been torn off in the process of getting the box in at the door and could nowhere be found. There was no doubt at all in my wife's mind, nor in mine, that the case had been intended for our mysterious neighbour, and that the teamster had been led into this blunder in its delivery by our duplicate white brick, which was the first he would encounter in coming down the street from its upper end, and which he had become accustomed, by habit or instruction, to recognise as the sign of his destination. His mistake had, perhaps, placed in my hands the clue to the secret of Number Seventeen.

All my previous doubts and misgivings vanished in the face of this piece of providential good fortune, and sending for a hammer I prepared to have a look at the contents of the box. My wife's tremulous promptings to be careful and her scruples as to the propriety of such an act were evidently mere sops to her conscience, for she was inspired with quite as lively a curiosity as my own. The idea of any physical danger from an infernal machine never entered our heads, so entirely commonplace had been all the circumstances of the delivery of the case. So, adapting the usual loose-handled domestic hammer as well as possible to the unequal task, I finally succeeded in getting the lid off. Upon the folds of brown packing paper which covered its contents lay an envelope, blank and undressed.

From such a wrapper I felt no scruples about taking the note which it enclosed, and accordingly did so; but my wife spared me the shame of violating another person's letter by snatching it from my hand and reading it aloud. It ran as follows:

Mr. James Millican,

Dear Sir—The sample sent is a great improvement over the last one, and would, no doubt, be effective against the enemy. We must take no chances in this struggle, however, and when we show our hand it must be to deal a death blow to them. Therefore carry out the improvement you suggest. Do not worry about the cost—at this stage of the game money is nothing. The loss you speak of might be dangerous if the article fell into the right hands, but that is unlikely. We send the chemicals you ask for. Do not take any unnecessary risks. We must guard above all things against a premature explosion.

Yours truly,
SYLVESTER DAFT.

At the word "explosion" my wife turned pale and sat weakly down on the edge of a chair looking at me with a frightened face. I, however, with a resolute air, but with many internal misgivings, laid hold of the paper which still covered the contents of the box, and prepared to strip it off. As I turned back the first layer the hammer which I had left upon the edge of the case fell to the floor with a crash, which served to show me conclusively the state of my own nerves. I persisted, however, in my unpacking, and presently laid bare the contents. The box was filled, apparently, with a fine white powder and nothing else. It was tasteless and gritty beneath the teeth, and bore every physical sign of harmlessness. I was greatly disappointed at this poor answer to my expectations and discontentedly plunged my hand into the yielding mass. As I did so my fingers encountered a hard object.

Carefully digging away the white powder I presently disclosed the neck of a large bottle, which I pulled carefully forth. The label bore a Latinized name, quite meaningless to me, but below it was a conspicuous legend: "Dangerous. Keep in a cool place." I complied at once by placing the bottle as far as possible from myself, and cautiously continued my search. There were four more bottles, containing different liquids, and several packages of unknown chemicals, including one of common borax, which

I recognized with relief, as one meets a friend in a strange land. The removal of these articles left the case about half full of powder and gave our front parlour, where they stood about, the appearance of a chemical laboratory. My wife or I could make little out of all this, and after having devoted the evening to vague and profitless discussion, we opened the windows of the room in compliance with the demand printed on the first bottle, and carefully locking the door went upstairs to bed.

But not to sleep. We tossed and turned for several hours, starting at every noise from below, until finally I could stand it no longer, and getting up again I dressed and went down stairs. All was quiet in the parlour, where the chemicals still stood intact. I sat down for an instant in an easy chair where I had them in full view, and there, of all places, fell fast asleep before I had any idea of such a thing.

When I awoke it was half-past seven in the morning, and I was stiff with cold that had poured in all night at the open windows, and had another frightful sore throat. I rose with pain and difficulty to shut out the chilling draught, and as I stood at the open window commanding a view up the street toward Number Seventeen, I saw Mr. Millican, as I now know him to be, coming in my direction, which I had never before seen him take. He was walking rapidly, his hands behind him, his eyes looking reflectively down upon the sidewalk.

A wave of apprehension crossed my mind. His route would take him past my house, where he had never, to my knowledge, passed before, and he would certainly see the stolen white brick. What would happen? Would he face me, or would he take alarm and flee? If he did face me, what should I do—resolutely pluck his secret from him in the interests of the public welfare, or consult my own personal safety in as plausible

an explanation as I could well devise. Before I could decide he had reached my door. Without an instant's hesitation or the least appearance of surprise he turned and walked up my steps, taking something from his pocket as he did so. I heard a key rattle for an instant in the lock, which cheaply furnished article readily yielded to the intruder, and in another instant Mr. Millican walked into the room where I stood in frightened perplexity.

He looked first at me in great surprise, and then glancing hurriedly about him, his eyes fell upon the opened box. A look of utter consternation appeared on his face and he sat down in a frightened way upon the edge of the case, playing idly with the white powder with his hand, and looking at me with a baffled air.

Presently he cleared his throat.

"I see you are working on the same track," he said, in a dejected voice. "Well, I knew something was up when my experimental brick was stolen, but I'd no idea you were so near. How did you happen to locate here?"

The harmless dejection of his manner and appearance had already removed the worst of my suspicions, and I had decided to make the best explanation I could, but his opening puzzled me.

"I—I don't understand," I began.

"Then you are not Babelon's man," he cried eagerly, rising as he spoke. "You are not working for Babelon & Company in this matter?"

I hastened to explain that I was

not working for Babelon & Company in any matter, but was in the insurance business; and then, taking advantage of the high good-humour with which this confession seemed to fill him, I made a very frank explanation of the whole matter, to which he listened with great amusement. I returned to him his white brick and the box of chemicals, and during the next two months was privileged to visit him in his laboratory which occupied the cellar of Number Seventeen, where I spent many pleasant evenings over a pipe in his interesting company. At the end of this period I received one morning this circular:

MILlican's ENAMELLED BRICK.

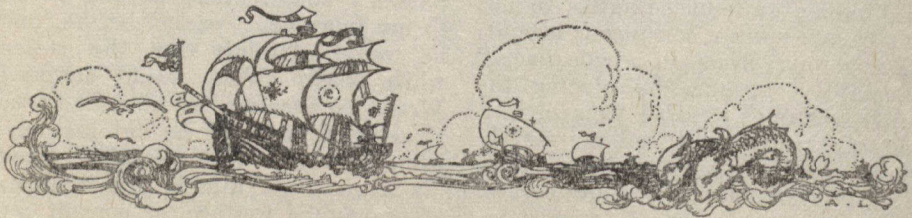
For Pavements, Warehouse Flooring and all Building Purposes Demanding DURABILITY AND CLEANLINESS.

Indestructible by Wear or Fracture, Acid Proof and Hygienically Perfect. The only Flooring that can be Permanently Kept in a State of CHEMICAL PURITY.

Patented June, 1899, by James Millican.

Manufactured by SYLVESTER DAFT & CO., Dealers in Builders' Supplies and Hygienic Appliances.

Mr. Millican's brick had undergone the practical test of actual wear and tear in the sidewalk of Figg Street, to the consternation of its inhabitants, before it was offered to the public, and so was put upon the market in such a state of perfection as to defy all competition. At any rate, Messrs. Babelon & Company never, to my knowledge, advertised the competing article which had forced upon Millican so much secrecy in his experiments.





CHARITY

From the Painting by Frank
Brangwyn in the National
Art Gallery of Canada

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES, PORT CHURCHILL

WHY HEARNE SURRENDERED

BY R. J. FRASER

TWO years ago, at White River, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, there died, at the age of eighty-two, an old French-Cree half-breed who went by the name of Peter Gibeault. Among Peter's possessions were certain papers thought to have been lost years ago, when one of the trading-posts of the Hudson's Bay Company was destroyed by fire. It was the post known as Fort Churchill. As Peter was a servant of the company at that time, it is presumed that the papers formed part of the property rescued by him from the flames, and not knowing their contents, nor realizing their value, which after all, is of a purely historical nature, he neglected to turn them into appreciative hands. One paper, dated the year 1820, was evidently part of a private journal belonging to Josiah

Broadworth. It purposes to give the journalist's conception of the real reasons why Governor Hearne, in 1782, surrendered the almost impregnable stronghold, Fort Prince of Wales, to the French Admiral de la Pérouse. This paper is now in the private archives of a prominent Canadian statesman.

At the mouth of the Churchill River, on Hudson Bay, near the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, stood the once proud Fort Prince of Wales. On the edge of the great Barren Lands, in the very sub-Arctics, who would expect to find such a structure as is now represented by roofless walls, shattered parapets, and rusty implements of war? Glance at a map of Canada and wonder anew. Our point of interest is, to-day, four hundred and fifty miles from the

nearest centre of habitation, containing more than one hundred souls. This vast virgin territory is represented only by a few traders, two outposts of the Northwest Mounted Police, less than half a hundred white trappers, a rare prospector, and the swiftly-diminishing numbers of the aboriginal redmen. In a word, it is four hundred and fifty miles from civilization.

"From civilization?" you ask. "Is there not a kind of settlement at Fort Churchill?"

No, not a kind of settlement—a settlement of a kind. There is a small trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company, replacing the one that was burned during the service of our friend Peter, and an Indian mission. For seven months of every year both these are surrounded by ice and snowdrifts; the other five by swamp, bare granite, and insect pests. These establishments are invisible from the shores of the harbour and from any vessel lying in the anchorage. One can almost be grateful for the absence of woods of any description, which allows the police barracks and the flagstaff to monopolize the skyline.

The trader, the missionary, the soldier, the forerunners of the army of civilization, all are there. But the vanguard is still that four hundred and fifty miles in the rear. For we know that a yard of calico, and a beaver-skin, a surplice, brass buttons, and the Union Jack, do not make up the sum of civilization.

Get away from roll-top desks, paved streets, and a menu card; forget the colour of the mail-carrier's uniform, and the music of an orchestra; put the cities' "smoke down" below the horizon; and get away beyond the end of steel; spend a twelvemonth north of "fifty-eight", and you will join with the other exiles there in calling the state of human existence what the trader and the soldier before you have called it, what the missionary dare not. For civilization,

you would learn, is not made up of the few paltry necessities you have with you, but of all those tempting, desirable things you had to leave behind.

All this is an attempt to give one a picture of the isolation and lonely surroundings of this old guardian of the North, once equal in strength to Louisbourg, scarcely inferior to Quebec. Port Churchill's assets are a good harbour, doubtful promises, and future prospects. All she can offer to-day to the sightseer, the traveller, the tourist, is folk-lore and history—moss-covered, shot-shattered ruins for the curious to peer into, half-buried cannon over which to stub their toes.

In the year 1688, sixteen years after the Hudson's Bay Company received their royal charter, they located a post at Churchill. This charter authorized them to erect fortifications, arm and man them, and defend them and the country against all-comers, for the Crown. To protect this post against their French rivals they built, in 1718, a wooden fort, and gave it the name of Prince of Wales. But the wooden structure did not remain long. The remembrance of the loss by fire, at the hands of the intrepid French-Canadian, D'Iberville, of their more southern establishments aroused the company to the need of more substantial structures to safeguard their interests. Churchill, their best harbour, they designed to be their principal retreat. So, in 1733, the company began the erection of a most formidable object of defence. Military engineers, who had served under Marlborough, designed it; Henry Robinson, the builder, was brought out to superintend the work. After twelve years of labour, accompanied by many trials and vicissitudes, Fort Prince of Wales, one of the strongest on the North American continent, was reared at the mouth of the Churchill. Its granite walls were forty-two feet thick and of such solid masonry that the Frenchmen, after expending all



THE GATEWAY, FORT PRINCE OF WALES, PORT CHURCHILL

the powder found in the magazine, as well as a considerable quantity of their own, with the purpose of making a thorough demolition of the fort, met with but partial success. They were obliged to be content with destroying the interior structures, the parapet, and dismounting the guns. These latter were massive pieces and numbered forty, pointing across the harbour and out to sea.

It was in the summer of 1782, during what is known as the Hudson's Bay Last War, that the French Admiral de la Pérouse hove in sight off Fort Prince of Wales and demanded its surrender. He had only three small vessels in his fleet, all of which had suffered damage in the ice; his crew and soldiers had been reduced by many hardships throughout the long voyage; his stock of provisions was alarmingly low. Altogether the invaders were in no condition to prosecute a long siege. Unfortunately the Englishmen were unaware of this. On the first summons Governor Samuel Hearne snatched up a table-cloth,

and wildly waved it from the walls. Without a single shot being fired on either side, Fort Prince of Wales was surrendered to the enemy.

It has been remarked as greatly strange that the Governor, who, as Samuel Hearne, the Arctic explorer, had shown much resourcefulness and personal bravery, should here have been guilty of such a craven act. In defence of his conduct, he said he had no idea of de la Pérouse's unfitness to prosecute a siege; he underestimated the enemy's strength, and, he could place no reliance on the steadfastness of his own men.

It is in connection with this last condition of affairs that the paper lately resurrected from among the effects of the old half-breed is of such historical value. Without further comment I shall give the substance of the letter.

Several long years of service at Churchill, to which they were bound by contract, with little employment and few recreations to break the monotony of garrison life, had bred

disaffection in the ranks of Hearne's following. In the summer previous to the capture of the fort several turbulent spirits in the ranks raised an insurrection, deserted, and attempted to escape on the company's vessel, then leaving for England. But, failing to accomplish this, they were taken, and for several weeks were confined in irons. Two, at least, of the culprits were far from tamed by the rigorous punishment. When the French vessels were sighted off the harbour, these two saw, through a possible fall of the fortress, a chance of escape from military bondage, and a passage out of the country. But well aware that Fort Prince of Wales was capable of resisting the attack of such a puny squadron as lay before it, the scoundrels dreaded the outcome if Hearne determined to resist. So to treachery they resorted.

From one of the four corner bastions of the fort, in which were arched chambers, used as store-houses and magazines, there led an underground passage, with an outlet among the rocks in the direction of Buttons Bay. The only use that was made of the passage was for the storage of liquor, and at the time, according to tradition, there were in it a considerable number of casks of rum. The traitors planned that when the fort should be attacked they would desert their leader, leave by the passage, and join the enemy. The latter they would inform of this means of access to the heart of the defence. A comrade was taken into their confidence, in the hope that he would join with them, but the plotters were disappointed. The least he would promise was not to betray their plans to the Governor; he was content to remain a passive accomplice in the base act of treachery.

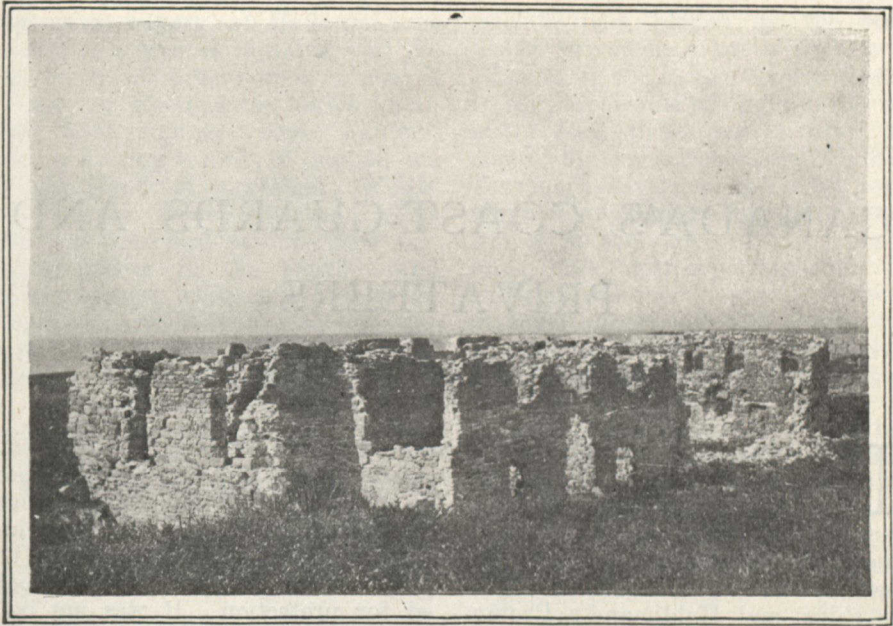
The enemy had landed on the shore, four hundred strong, with cannon and mortars and, dividing into two detachments, practically surrounded the fort. Then, supported by the lieutenants of the frigates *Astree*, *En-*

gageante, and *Sceptre*, Admiral de la Pérouse approached the gate and called on Governor Hearne to surrender.

Up to within a few minutes of this time the English had been busy with preparations for defence. Then the sudden panic of fear, told of by historians, fell upon Hearne. One of the soldiers—'twas he to whom the traitors had entrusted the knowledge of their plans—had rushed up and informed his commander of the treachery in his ranks. With frantic haste, fearful that the enemy might be even now within the fort, Governor Hearne tore the covering off the mess-table, and running out upon the parapet, wildly waved it above his head. Ten minutes later, the victorious de la Pérouse, not having fired a single shot, marched through the gates of Fort Prince of Wales, known to be the most formidable stronghold in the North.

Had Hearne but parleyed for a few minutes and investigated to what extent the plotters had gained their end, all might have been well. The two traitors were not yet half-way through the passage when the Governor learned of their escape, and that way of entrance could easily have been blocked. But the moral effect had been sufficient.

Several years later, on the shores of James Bay, there fell into the hands of the company an Englishman, one of a party of French-Canadian trappers from Quebec. The nature of his offence was shrouded in mystery. His captors put him on board the ship bound for Churchill. A few weeks later the latter sailed into the harbour, past the ruined walls of once proud Fort Prince of Wales, from which the hand of time was already erasing the Frenchman's powder stains. On the granite rocks bordering the harbour a memorable scene was enacted. From the cross-arm of a gibbet, by command of the ship's master, a man, said to have once been a servant of the company who had broken his term of contract,

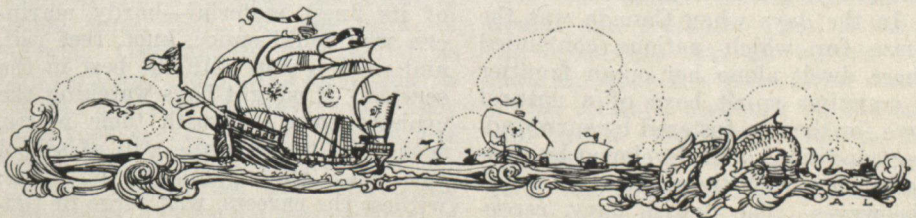


INTERIOR OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES, PORT CHURCHILL

was hanged, charged with the stealing of a goose. Strange tales circulated to the effect that the condemned man's crime had been a greater one, of which sufficient evidence could not be obtained. The crime of theft *was* proved, and the law of that day decreed the death penalty for such.

Had we more than that single page of the journal of Josiah Broadworth we could better test his worth as a chronicler, and so constitute ourselves judges of the merits of his story. But this we have—that the chance traveller visiting Port Churchill to-day

will find on the granite rocks of the harbour shore, half-way between the trading-post and the police barracks, a rude carving. It represents a man suspended by the neck from a gibbet; below is the figure of a goose. Also, from time to time, there is revived for the benefit of the latest arrival, a legend of an underground passage to the old fort, in which are buried some casks of rum. Each raw apprentice clerk, or police recruit, on his first relief from duty, may be found poking about the historic pile in the hope of being the fortunate discoverer.



CANADA'S COAST-GUARDS AND PRIVATEERS

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

THE creation of miniature navies on the lakes, which formed the subject of a previous article,* marked a picturesque and, indeed, unique development of colonial sea power. But Carleton's thirty fighting ships and Haldimand's Provincial marine did not, by any means, represent the sum of Canada's naval aspirations and achievements. On the ocean, as well as on the inland waters, she had her armed ships and war fleets flying the King's flag or carrying the King's commission, equipped and manned by her own people and under her own control.

Like the navies of the lakes, these coast armadas had their limitations. They consisted of ships of a miscellaneous rating, mostly improvised for war purposes; their officers had little or no experience of naval service, and their crews were untrained and undisciplined. And yet, with all these shortcomings, in the stirring sea dramas that had the North Atlantic for a theatre they played an important and not inglorious part.

In the days when Canada was the prize for which nations contended there dwelt along her ocean frontier a maritime spirit born of a natural love for the sea, fostered by surrounding conditions, and developed by close association with the power that ruled the waves. The British navy, repre-

sented by the squadron on the North American station, the training-school of so many illustrious seamen whose names are linked with Canadian history, was the bulwark to which the people of the Acadian peninsula looked for protection. It was not only a present help in time of trouble, but an inspiration and an influence which dominated their social and business life.

Halifax was the centre of a naval activity that gave colour and life to the community, and that was as beneficial to trade as it was profitable to the King's service. There the officers and seamen of the royal squadron found a temporary home and congenial society; money was plentiful, and so were recruits. The "lords of the sea" were heroes, whose adventurous life, free and easy manners, and swaggering mien, inspired a pride and admiration that looked kindly on their faults and, we are told, even aped their vices.

Thus was developed a spirit which supplied the British navy with some of its finest material—hardy mariners, who could splice, knot, reef rail, and work a ship with the best in the service. It caught boys watching the cruisers come in with their prizes, sent them to sea while still of school age, and made admirals of them; witness the careers, writ large in Bri-

*"The Wooden Walls of Canada," in *The Canadian Magazine* for May, 1913.

tish naval history, of Hallowell, one of Nelson's bravest captains, and the one above all others upon whom, it is said, he stamped his heroic qualities; Watt, another "bonny fighter" with a stirring record; Westphal, one of the heroes of Trafalgar; Wallis, of *Shannon* fame; Belcher, whom Marryat described as "the first surveying officer in the world"; and Henry Mowat, whose activities in the Revolutionary War are bitterly recalled by American historians. All these were sons of Nova Scotia, most of them natives of Halifax, and all, with one exception, rose to fly their own broad pennants.

But it was not only in the service of the royal navy that the maritime zeal and patriotism of the Atadian people was fully manifested. Powerful though it was, the North Atlantic squadron was not always available for the defence of the bays, harbours, and rivers of the peninsula. Its field of operations extended from Newfoundland to Bermuda, and there were times when only a few ships could be spared to guard Halifax and the surrounding ports. Hence arose the necessity for a system of local defence, to provide which vessels were hired and manned by the Provincial Government. At one time Nova Scotia had as many as four armed ships in her service. Like the craft that composed the little navies of the New England colonies, with which they co-operated before the Revolution, they were of the class known as guardacostas, and, to quote the words of one of the Governors, were "various in their employ." Sometimes they were utilized for transport purposes; at other times they did the work of scouts. Occasionally they acted as convoys, and more often as auxiliaries of the ships of the navy. But they also took a part in the fighting, and in skirmishes with hostile Indians, French brigantines, and marauding privateers, and gave a good account of themselves.

More real and effective, however,

was the part played by the Nova Scotia privateers. In the fight with France, in the Revolutionary conflict in the Napoleonic struggle in the war of 1812-14, these vessels, fitted out chiefly by the merchants of Halifax, Yarmouth, Liverpool and other ports, manned by local crews, and commissioned in the name of the King to burn, sink, destroy, or capture the ships of the enemy, proved a factor of some importance and a source of no little gain, as well as of much thrilling adventure to those who took part in their operations.

Privateering was, of course, a barbarous form of warfare which a more enlightened and humanitarian age has long since condemned, but in the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth it was a practice not only regarded as legitimate, but generally approved. It can at least be said for the mariners of Nova Scotia that they resorted to privateering only in self-defence or in retaliation for depredations committed by the sea rovers of other countries, and though one suspects that it was not altogether for honour and glory that they fitted out their ships and went forth to fight, conquer, and take possession, neither was it solely for pelf. The spirit of patriotism was behind the movement, and it is to their credit that, while flying the red flag, they never forgot that they also carried the King's commission. Theirs was a form of enterprise full of hazard and adventure, the records of which, unfortunately all too meagre, furnish a picturesque and romantic chapter in Canadian naval history.

It was amid "a furious din of drums and trumpets" and thundering broadsides that the curtain was rung up upon the great naval drama of the Atlantic seaboard by the bold and crafty Virginian, Captain Argall, who, in the 300-ton ship *Treasure*, carrying fourteen guns, swept down upon the defenceless Acadians in 1513, captured their only vessel, *La Saussaye*, and later destroyed Port

Royal. His was the first real display of armed force in Acadian waters, and for two centuries afterwards they continued to resound, almost incessantly, with the echoes of the guns of ships of war engaged in deadly conflict. Thither came the Kirke brothers, bold and masterful seamen, blazing their way to Quebec, and Roquemont and Razilly with the squadrons of the King of France. Latour and Danbury, with their mimic fleets and top cannon furnished an interlude that was in the nature of comic relief, and then followed what has been described as "a sort of chronic warfare of aggression and reprisal, closely akin to piracy" between the armed ships of New England, on the one hand, and the privateers of Acadia on the other, culminating in the final capture of Mount Royal by Nicholson in 1710.

With British rule established at Annapolis, the question of naval defence became one of some importance. For protection, the new colony could always look to the little navies of New England, or, in the last resort, to the sea power of Britain, but with this guarantee the early administrators of Annapolis do not appear to have been altogether satisfied. Seated around the first council board were military officers and gallant sea-dogs who had taken part in the attacks upon Port Royal, and who realized the necessity for strengthening the defences of the settlement. Prominent among them were Jean Paul Mascarene, a clear-eyed and lion-hearted Huguenot, who was to figure prominently later in the history of Nova Scotia; and Captain Southack, a sturdy New Englander who had commanded one of the provincial ships of Massachusetts. Mascarene was the first to recognize the advantages of a system of local naval defence, as he was the first to fit out a privateer; and it was doubtless on his advice that in 1720 Governor Philipps urged the provision of "a ship of war, and two sloops of about fifty tons, which are necessary, and

which may be manned out of the garrisons and serve as guard vessels, as well as tugs and transports to the places which do not admit of the men-of-war."

To this request the Lords of Trade appear to have paid no attention, and it was left to the little colony itself to take the necessary measures for its protection. When the Indian war broke out in 1722, Philipps and his associates armed and manned several vessels for transport purposes, and in addition fitted out two sloops, one of them, the *William Augustus*, commanded by Captain Southack. These took part in the fighting that ensued and caused considerable havoc among the Indians. At the close of hostilities one of the ships was retained in the Government service and stationed at Canso, and a few years later it was replaced by a vessel described by Philipps as "of a less burthen and more fit for the service." He explained to the Lords of Trade that the old guardship required twelve men, while six would be sufficient to man the new sloop, which, we are told, cost £280. It is evident from the letters of the Governor that the primitive Dreadnought was regarded with some pride, but of her services there is no record, and we hear nothing more of Nova Scotia's coast sentinels until the renewal of hostilities between France and Britain in 1744.

News of the declaration of war was conveyed to Annapolis by one of the armed ships of Massachusetts, and the courageous Mascarene, now Governor of the colony, at once set about making preparations for its defence. The only armed vessel he had was a brigantine, but he retained the Massachusetts galley, fitted out two or three smaller craft, and boldly awaited the attack of Duvivier, who appeared with a greatly superior force. For three weeks Mascarene, with his puny squadron, successfully defied the attempts of the enemy to capture the settlement. Finally reinforcements arrived from New England,

and the French squadron, which had also been strengthened, withdrew. "The Tryall between them (his own ships) and the French, if they had stay'd would have been hard," wrote the Governor, "as the enemy had a much superior force, though I am sure their commander could neither in conduct or courage have equall'd ours."

Captain Edward Tyng, a bold and resourceful Rhode Islander, was the man who went to the rescue of Annapolis, and it was he who commanded the naval squadron sent by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts in the following year to support Pepperell in his attack upon Louisbourg. There is no evidence that in the first capture of the citadel of French power—the Dunkirk of America, as it was called—the ships of Nova Scotia played any part, but the operations brought into prominence two doughty warriors whose subsequent careers were closely identified with the service of the Province, and who are entitled to rank among Canadian naval heroes. One was Captain John Rous, commander of the *Shirley*, and Commodore Tyng's right-hand man; the other was Sylvanus Cobb, a captain in Gorham's regiment who, like Kipling's Jolly, was "a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—soldier and sailor, too!"

Both were hardy New Englanders and both had gained a reputation as daring privateersmen before they entered the service of Shirley of Massachusetts. It was Rous who, at Louisbourg, destroyed the last hope of the beleaguered garrison by a strategical move that led to the capture of the French frigate *Vigilant*, which was on her way to the fort with supplies. Though the *Vigilant* carried sixty-four guns, while the *Shirley* had only twenty, the fearless New Englander engaged the French frigate single-handed, kept up a running fight, and decoyed her towards the British squadron under Warren, at whose hands her fate was sealed.

As a reward for this exploit Rous was sent to England with the news of the fall of Louisbourg and, on the recommendation of Warren, who described him as "a very brisk gallant man," was given a command in the royal navy. Returning to the Acadian coast, he was appointed to H.M.S. *Albany*, with instructions to assist in the defence of the colony. Cobb, tired of soldiering, appeared at Annapolis in command of a sloop called the *York*, and thereafter these two gallant seamen were associated in many a hazardous enterprise on behalf of the Province.

When Cornwallis founded Halifax in 1749, it was to them that he turned for advice and assistance. Indeed, one of his first acts was to take Cobb and his sloop into the Provincial service. "I found one Cobb, a settler, who is thoroughly acquainted with every harbour and creek in the bay," he wrote to the Duke of Bedford, and forthwith he assigned to the commander of the *York* the task of keeping open communication with Minas. Then the Governor decided to send him to Chignecto to deal with La Loutre and the Indians, who were causing trouble, but through premature disclosure at Boston the design was not prosecuted.

Meanwhile Rous was adding to his reputation as a fighter in the Bay of Fundy. There he encountered De Vargor, and, after a fight lasting nearly five hours, compelled the Frenchmen to surrender. Later he fell in with another French man-of-war, off Cape Sable, with a similar result. Again, when Boishebert showed a disposition to dispute possession of the St. John River, Rous in the *Albany* and Cobb in the *York* were sent to dispose of his pretensions. The one, cool and calculating, first forced his adversary to strike his colours, and then made terms for abandonment of the post. The other, more impetuous, ran his ship under the guns of the fort, went ashore to demand satisfaction, and was made a

prisoner, being forced to sign a promise that, if released, he would not molest the French brigantine lying in the bay. This promise the mate of the *York* refused to comply with. The bearers of the message were seized and held as hostages; Cobb quickly regained his freedom and though he kept his promise not to take the French brigantine, he carried off six of her crew to Halifax! Evidently the captains of the Provincial service were as disingenuous as bold.

At this period there were only three sloops of war on the Nova Scotian station, while the French had a ship of seventy guns, two of seventy-four, and two frigates. Consequently Governor Cornwallis decided to strengthen the marine force of the Province by the acquisition of two new vessels. These were the *Ulysses*, commanded by Captain Jeremiah Rogers, and the *New Casco*, in charge of Captain John Taggart. In 1753 they took part in quelling disturbances at Lunenburg, and two years later the *Ulysses* was employed with the *Albany* and the *York* on Monckton's expedition to Beauséjour, where Captain Rous, who commanded the force, drove the French from their positions and took possession of the fort. For the most part, however, the new vessels of the Provincial marine were engaged in conveying supplies and reinforcements to the garrisons at Chignecto, Annapolis, and Fort Edward.

With the formal declaration of war between Britain and France in 1756 the defence of Nova Scotia called for more active measures. There were now four armed ships in the service of the Province, the sloop *York* (Captain Cobb), the schooner *Monckton* (Captain Phips), the scow *Halifax* (Captain Taggart), and the sloop *Ulysses* (Captain Rogers), while Halifax was guarded by a small British squadron under Captain Spry. Such a force was altogether inadequate to meet the necessities of the situation. The Atlantic fairly swarmed with the

privateers of the enemy, and British shipping was sorely beset. In the circumstances there was only one thing to do, and Governor Lawrence did it—he obtained permission to issue letters of marque and called for volunteers to fit out vessels, man and fight them.

To the appeal the merchants and mariners of Nova Scotia responded with enthusiasm. Like the seamen of the spacious days of the great Elizabeth, "either for honour, or for expectation of profit, or from that unconscious necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to command one, laid their abilities together, and went out" to conquer and take possession in the name of the King. Halifax alone fitted out no fewer than fifteen privateers, and the other ports of the Province no doubt added to the number. They were sturdy vessels, ranging from 100 to 400 tons, heavily armed—some of them carrying as many as forty-two guns—and well manned, the crews numbering anywhere from eighty to one hundred and sixty. Commissioned under the great seal "to set upon by force of arms and subdue and take the men-of-war ships and other vessels, and also the goods, moneys, merchandise belonging to the French King's subjects and vassals," these private warships, as they were officially designated, flew a red flag with a miniature Union Jack described in the upper corner. Bail bonds were exacted from the owners or captains, and cruises were usually limited to six months.

Of the privateersman of the eighteenth century many curious pictures have been drawn. He has been represented as "a sort of half-horse, half-alligator, with a streak of lightning in his composition—something like a man-of-war's man, but much more like a pirate—generally with a super-

abundance of whisker, as if he held with Samson that his strength was in the quantity of his hair." He has also been depicted as a pietistic daredevil, who mixed religion with ruffianism, at one moment on bended knees in prayer, the next shouting curses and blasphemies. To what extent, if any, the Dicky Sams of Nova Scotia resembled either of these types it is impossible to say, for the records of their adventures have practically all been lost. The only relic preserved in the Archives of the Province consists of a few mouldy pages torn from the log-book of the *Lawrence*, said to have been the first privateer fitted out by the Governor, whose name she bore, and the story they tell leaves much to the imagination.

But except in her career, which seems to have been unexciting enough, the *Lawrence* may be regarded as a type, though small, of the privateer which did duty during the war with France. She was a schooner of 100 tons burthen, and carried fourteen cannons, throwing a four-pound ball, and twenty swivel guns. She had a crew of 100 men, and her commander was Captain Joseph Rous, probably a brother, or at any rate a near relative of the famous John Rous of the *Albany*.

Among other Nova Scotia private ships of war of which one can find trace there were the *Seaflower* (Captain Knox), the *Hertford*, a vessel of 300 tons, with a crew of 170, and commanded by Captain Thomas Lewis; and the *Musketo*, of 120 tons, with eighty men. These were fitted out by the leading merchants of Halifax, of whom the most active were Joshua Manger, Michael Francklen, Malachy Salter, Robert Sanderson, and Thomas Saul. As to the crews, they were probably recruited from the old privateersmen and mariners who had accompanied Cornwallis to Halifax, as well as from the merchant sailors in the port, and the fishermen in the neighbourhood.

While the privateers were scouring the Atlantic, picking up news of the enemy's movements and capturing prizes, events were marching towards a dramatic climax at Louisbourg and Quebec. In the operations at Louisbourg both Rous and Cobb took a part, the former as commander of the H.M.S. *Sutherland*, attached to "Old Dreadnought" Boscawen's squadron, the latter in the *York*, which was used as a scout. It was Cobb who was selected by General Amherst to conduct Wolfe in his little sloop on a reconnaissance of the forts. As they entered the harbour they were met with a perfect hail of shot which threatened every moment to sink the gallant craft. But her daring commander, himself at the helm, held her steadily on her course, while the young brigadier, who was to gain immortal fame soon afterwards, coolly made his observations. The story goes that when the latter suggested they had approached close enough to the forts for his purpose, Cobb made yet another tack, whereupon Wolfe exclaimed: "Well, Cobb! I shall never doubt you will carry me near enough."

After the fall of Louisbourg, Captain Rous, in the *Sutherland*, joined the squadron of Admiral Saunders, and was present at the capture of Quebec. It was in the cabin of his ship, the night before the attack, that Wolfe completed his plans, issued his last orders, and committed the portrait of his fiancée to the care of "Jacky" Jervis. And it would seem that he had his share of the fighting. Gibson, in his journal of the operations, writes: "Captain Rous has had a troublesome time of it. The enemy have a few guns and one mortar eternally annoying him; he's obliged to weigh his anchor and shift his berth every tide, and wherever he goes the guns and mortar duly attend him." A year afterwards he died at Portsmouth, as fine a type of seaman as ever trod a quarterdeck, and a loyal Nova Scotian.

The fight with France having ended, the services of the privateers and Provincial ships were no longer required. But in 1761 there was a recurrence of activity on account of the operations of small privateers, belonging to the Canadians, in the Bay of Chaleurs, and President Belcher found it necessary to fit out two armed vessels, on board which Captain Roderick Mackenzie, with some troops, proceeded to the scene of trouble and took a number of prisoners. In the following year there was another scare when news reached Halifax of the invasion of Newfoundland and the surrender of St. John's. Preparations for defence were hastily made, and these included the equipment of a sloop armed with light guns for the protection of the harbour.

But more stirring events were ahead. Soon were heard the first rumbles of discontent on the part of the New England colonists, and gradually the black cloud of revolution loomed up on the horizon. Canada's share on the military tide in the War of Independence has been fully dealt with by historians. Not so generally known is the part which her ships and sons took in the naval operations of that unfortunate campaign.

If there is anything in a name one might reasonably conclude that it was a Canadian vessel that started the trouble which led to the loss of the thirteen colonies. In 1772 there was stationed in the waters off Rhode Island, as tender to a British warship, a small schooner called the *Gaspé*, commanded by Lieutenant William Duddingstone. She was armed with six three-pounders and carried a crew of twenty-seven men. Along came a Providence packet named the *Hannah*, which, when ordered to heave to, to have her papers examined, continued defiantly on her course. The *Gaspé* at once gave chase, ran aground and was destroyed by a party of incensed Providence people. In American history this incident is describ-

ed as "the salt water Lexington," that is to say, the first fight afloat of the Revolutionary War. The historic "Boston tea-party" followed a year later, and then came the attack on the *Margaretta* at Machias.

When news of the latter affair reached Halifax, two sloops, the *Diligence* and the *Tapanagouche*, were despatched to Machias to punish the offenders. O'Brien, the American leader, sailed with two vessels to meet them; an engagement took place in the Bay of Fundy, and the Halifax sloops were captured. Exasperated by these untoward incidents, Admiral Graves, in command of the North American station, resolved to teach the rebellious colonists a lesson, and the man he selected for the task was a Nova Scotian, Captain Henry Mowat, a brother of "Hurricane Jack" Mowat, who also held a commission in the royal navy.

Captain Mowat performed the disagreeable duty assigned to him with a thoroughness that still rankles in the minds of American historians. Directed to confine his operations to certain towns which had rendered themselves conspicuous by open acts of hostility, he trained his guns upon Falmouth (now Portland), and in a few hours reduced it to ashes.

The effect of this punitive act, intended to overawe the colonists, was, we are told, to drive the Continental Congress into providing a continental navy. Authority was given to fit out armed vessels, and soon these privateers were playing havoc on the coast of Nova Scotia. In the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, it is said, they were so numerous that they interfered with one another.

For the moment Nova Scotia was helpless to resist the marauders. Her defences were in a wretched state, and the few British warships stationed on the coast had more than enough to do to attend to the Continental navy. Besides, they were at a disadvantage in being unable to follow the privateers into shallow waters. Peti-

tions for protection poured into Halifax from various parts of the Province, and eventually Arbuthnot, the Lieutenant-Governor, despairing of adequate help from the Admiralty, decided to arm and equip a number of private vessels. Himself a sailor, Arbuthnot was well fitted to organize a system of naval defence. Indeed it was the opinion of General Massey, expressed in a letter to the British Minister of War, that if he had had command of the naval squadron "these trifling pirates could not appear on the coast without meeting their deserved fate."

Forced then to adopt measures of reprisal, the Government of Nova Scotia purchased several vessels, fitted them out as cruisers, and at the same time invited applications for letters of marque from the merchants of Halifax, Liverpool, and other Provincial ports. The response was such that before the close of the war at least thirty Nova Scotian privateers were in commission, and it has been estimated that in one year alone (1778) they took more than fifty prizes.

The call to arms was sounded by official proclamation, and in the columns of the press, where alluring advertisements appeared setting forth the advantages of a life on the ocean wave, "all gentlemen volunteers, seamen, and able-bodied landsmen who wish to acquire riches and honour" were invited to enlist for service on board the private ships of war, an additional inducement in the shape of immunity from impressment by the ships of the royal navy being offered.

The Government's armed vessels included the *Loyal Nova Scotian*, a schooner of fifty tons, carrying eight guns, and a crew of twenty-eight; the *Buchram*, of sixty tons, with eight guns; the *Insulter*, commanded by one John Sheppard. These, strictly speaking, were not privateers, but coast-guards, being principally employed to convey local merchandise, to carry arms to the militia, and to defend the harbours.

Most of the privateers belonged to Halifax, but Liverpool also supplied a number, and Chester and Yarmouth each contributed a quota. Among the most successful were the *Revenge*, owned by Jones Fawson, of Halifax, whose name is perpetuated in one of that city's streets; the *Enterprise*, of Liverpool, commanded by Captain Joseph Barss, a typical Nova Scotian sea-dog; the *Sir George Collier*, the *St. Mary's Packet*, and *Halifax Bob*, while local history has also preserved the names of the *Arbuthnot*, the *David*, the *Mowat*, the *Lady Hammond*, the *Lively*, and half a dozen others.

Around the coast there were exciting chases, and thrilling combats, in which the Canadian seamen were able to more than hold their own. One of the hottest engagements of the war occurred off the mouth of Halifax harbour, when the American privateer *Viper*, carrying twenty-eight guns and 130 men, was overtaken by the Nova Scotian brig *Resolution*. It was a fight practically to a finish, both vessels being so badly disabled that capture by one or the other was out of the question. The *Resolution* had eight men killed and ten wounded, while her opponent was said to have lost thirty-three killed and wounded.

In those days Halifax must have been an exciting place to live in, with men-of-war and privateers fitting out, prizes coming in, a prison ship on the harbour, and fighting almost at its doors. Benjamin Marston records in his diary that the enemy's privateers actually made captures "in sight of the whole town," with "everybody looking through their glasses." On one occasion, he sets down, "the commodore, the renowned captain of the *Defiance* ordered out some armed boats more than two hours later than they might have been," and he adds, "it is amazing strange that notwithstanding the repeated assaults of this kind, no effectual method is taken to prevent it."

If the somewhat crusty Salemite can be believed, the situation would indeed seem to have been curious. "At the same time that the American privateers are taking vessels within ye lighthouse (Sambro)" he avers, "there are ships of war and light-armed vessels lying as quietly in the harbour as though it was the profoundest peace. There is not even an attempt made to keep the coast clear." But, after all, Marston was a critic of the arm-chair variety, who launched his anathemas from the comfortable seclusion of a tavern kept by one William Sutherland, and when he describes the British naval officers as "the most brainless set of animals existing" one suspects that he wrote not without prejudice.

His wrath was particularly aroused by the failure of an expedition sent from Halifax in 1779 to relieve General McLean at Penobscot. The force consisted of a man-of-war, a frigate, a sloop, and two or three armed vessels belonging to the Province. When almost within reach of Penobscot, the ships were disabled in a violent gale and were obliged to put back to Halifax, whereupon Marston denounced the officers as "stupid, very stupid fellows." Fortunately the situation was relieved and the reputation of the navy redeemed by the brilliant exploit of the Nova Scotian Fighting Harry Mowat, who with three sloops of war held off an American fleet of twenty-one vessels until a squadron under Sir George Collier came to the rescue.

After the Declaration of Independence, Nova Scotia enjoyed an interval of peace, during which the cannon and swivel guns of her ships gave place to casks of rum and bales of merchandise. But the interval was short. In the spring of 1793 Sir John Wentworth, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, received news that France had declared war against Britain, and at once took steps to organize a fleet of privateers.

Captain Joseph Barss, of Liverpool, who had fought so well in the Revolutionary War, was among the first to volunteer, and was given command of the *Lord Spencer*. Joseph Freeman, another hardy sea-dog, sailed away in the *Duke of Kent*, of Halifax, a square-sterned three-master, carrying twenty carriage guns, thirty pieces of smaller ordnance, and a crew of 100 men, while among other vessels fitted out were the *Lord Nelson*, of Shelburne, the *Nymph*, the *C. M. Wentworth*, and the *Rover*, of Liverpool; the *Earl of Dublin*, the *Asia*, the *Jason*, the *General Bowyer*, and the *Eagle*. Altogether there must have been at least twenty privateers and armed ships in the service of the Province during the period extending from 1793 to 1805, and though no record has been kept of their prizes, the fact that most of them remained in commission for more than a decade may be accepted as a proof that they were fairly successful.

For coast defence the Provincial Government had an armed scow, the *Earl of Moira*, commanded first by Captain Crosskill, and later by Captain Fawson, and another vessel purchased by Wentworth at a cost of £1,035. Two or three vessels were also fitted out at St. John's, N.B.

Though all did well, none gained greater distinction than the *Rover*, of Liverpool, a brig which mounted fourteen four-pounders, and carried a crew of fifty-five men and boys. She was commanded by Captain Godfrey, described as "a man of considerably beyond ordinary size, and of an exceedingly quiet demeanour, and modest and retiring disposition"—characteristics removed from those popularly associated with privateering.

Godfrey was not content to remain within easy reach of his own port. With his gallant crew he scoured the Atlantic from end to end, and even ventured as far as the Bay of Biscay in search of prizes. Of what happened on one cruise he left a log which is interesting, not only as a story of

brave seamanship, but as the only detailed account preserved of the operations of the Nova Scotia sea-rovers.

Single-handed he put six of the enemy's sail to flight, captured two of them after a few hours' chase, and was only prevented from taking the others by darkness falling. Later, when cruising near Cape Blanco, he chased a Spanish schooner ashore and destroyed her. Then appeared another schooner, the *San Ritta*, and three gun-boats. "As the enemy drew near we engaged them with muskets and pistols." The Spaniards attempted to board the *Rover*, whereupon Godfrey waited until they were fifteen yards off, swung his ship athwart the schooner's bow, and raked her with a broadside. "I instantly shoved over on the other side and raked both gunboats in the same manner. I then commenced a close action with the schooner which lasted three glasses." Finally, he boarded the *San Ritta*, while the gunboats sheered off, "apparently in a very shattered condition." Though the Spaniards lost fifty-four, the *Rover* had not a man hurt!

It is said that Godfrey, "the good and the brave," whose deeds at least one Nova Scotian poet has sung, declined the offer of a command in the royal navy, preferring to return at the close of the war to the more prosaic life of a trader in lumber and fish. In the gallery of Canadian heroes he might well be accorded a niche as a gallant type of the privateersman who, to borrow the tribute he paid to his own crew, "behaved with that courage and spirit which British seamen always show."

In the War of 1812-14 the patriotism and maritime spirit of the people of the Eastern Provinces was again put to the test, with results that were highly creditable. According to local records, as many as forty privateers were equipped and manned at the ports of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick during the campaign, and more

than 200 prizes taken to Halifax, exclusive of re-captures and of vessels sent to other ports.

The Government of New Brunswick obtained possession of an American privateer which had been captured by one of his Majesty's ships, refitted her and, under the name of the *Brunswick*, sent her to cruise in the Bay of Fundy with H.M.S. *Plumper*. In the matter of privateering, however, they do not appear to have shown the same activity as the authorities of the neighbouring Province. Though applications for letters of marque were made by several merchants of St. John, only one seems to have been entertained, that of the owners of a sloop named the *General Smyth* which, we are told, made a number of captures.

In Nova Scotia the call to arms was much more vigorously sustained. Having received instructions from the British Admiralty to make reprisals against the United States, which had already sent forth a large number of privateers, Sir John Sherbrooke, the Lieutenant-Governor, issued a proclamation calling on his Majesty's subjects in the Province to do their utmost to capture the ships of the enemy and destroy their commerce, "for which purpose His Royal Highness had been pleased to direct letters of marque and commissions of privateers to be granted in the usual manner." Such was the response that within three months of the issue of the proclamation twenty-one American prizes were condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court at Halifax.

Especially marked was the zeal displayed by the merchants of Liverpool. Every available ship in the port seems to have been requisitioned and equipped for service under the red flag and Union Jack, and when the supply ran short vessels that had been taken as prizes were refitted, remanned, and sent forth to fight. Among the latter were the *Liverpool Packet* and the *Sir John Sherbrooke*, both of which particularly distinguished

themselves during the war. The former had originally been employed in the slave trade on the coast of Africa, where she had been taken by a British frigate. Nicknamed the *Black Joke*, she was fitted out under the command of the veteran, Joe Barss, and manned by a crew largely composed of fishermen who, in spite of lack of training or naval discipline, proved themselves splendid fighters. Indeed the *Packet* was more dreaded by the Americans than some of his Majesty's frigates. Repeated attempts were made to capture her, but she was a fast sailor and ably handled, and it was not until her fifth cruise that she was overtaken by the *Tom*, a privateer twice her size, and compelled to surrender, after a hand-to-hand encounter between the respective crews. Soon afterwards the *Packet*, under another name, was re-taken by H.M.S. *Fontane* and restored to her former owners, and the *Tom* was in turn captured.

The *Sir John Sherbrooke* had a shorter though no less brilliant career. Commanded by Captain Joseph Freeman, who, like Barss, had fought in the previous war, she had formerly been an American gun-brig that had fallen into the hands of one of the King's ships. Her most gallant exploit was her encounter with the *Young Teazer*, one of the most destructive of the enemy's privateers.

In June, 1813, the *Young Teazer* appeared off Halifax, flying British colours—a ruse frequently adopted by the American privateers—and stood boldly into the harbour. During the night she put to sea again and when safely beyond the range of the garrison's guns, her commander, Captain Dobson, had the audacity to send into the city a proclamation "declaring all Halifax in a state of blockade." To this piece of bravado he added an impudent challenge to Captain Capel of H.M.S. *La Hague* to fight the *Teazer* "at any time or place" the British commander might select. Captain Capel accepted the

challenge and stood out to sea, whereupon the American privateer made sail to reach the shallow waters of one of the bays in the belief that the man-of-war would not be able to follow. But she reckoned without the *Sir John Sherbrooke*. Regardless of the fighting reputation of the *Young Teazer*, Captain Freeman at once gave chase and by skilful manœuvring drove her into Mahone Bay, where she was blown up by her commander in order to escape capture, a number of her crew being killed.

Tradition asserts that Captain Freeman was a strict disciplinarian who, on board his ship, adopted as far as possible the rules and regulations of his Majesty's service, which may account for the fact that the day before his famous fight with the *Chesapeake*, Captain Broke transferred forty of the crew of the *Sir John Sherbrooke* to the *Shannon*. The *Sherbrooke's* career came to an end in the autumn of 1814, when, after a sharp engagement she was captured by one of the enemy's vessels, twice her size, and burned to the water's edge to prevent her rescue by a British man-of-war.

Such were some of the incidents of the war of 1812-14 which Canadian and United States historians have overlooked, and they show that the privateers of Nova Scotia were a force not to be despised. Other Liverpool vessels that rendered notable service were the *Shannon*, *Wolverine*, and *Retaliation*, the latter commanded by Thomas Freeman, a brother of *Sherbrooke's* captain. Halifax owned at least a dozen privateers, and Yarmouth, Lunenburg, and Annapolis were each represented in the fleet. Indeed none had a better record than the little *Matilda*, of Annapolis, commanded by John Burkett. Though only a schooner of fifty tons, armed with five guns, and carrying fifty of a crew, she is said to have captured no fewer than twelve prizes during a single cruise of three months.

But it was not only in privateering that the mariners of Nova Scotia were called upon to take a part. Their services were also in great demand by the ships of his Majesty's navy which came to Halifax to refit, and nothing could be more illuminative of the spirit that prevailed than the breezy character of the appeals for recruits. "What should sailors do on shore while King, Country, and Fortune point to the ocean?" So ran one of the advertisements that appeared in the local newspapers of the period, and it was typical of many. The spirit of patriotism was not so much invoked, perhaps because it was taken for granted; what seemed to count most were the qualities of the ship that sought recruits, the life of adventure, and the opportunities for enrichment.

"The *Tartanus* is as light as a bottle, sails like a witch, scuds like a mudian, and lays to like a gannet, has one deck to sleep under and another to dine on. Dry hammocks, regular meals, and plenty of grog, the main brace always spliced when it rains or blows hard. A few months' more cruising just to enable her brave crew to make Yankee dollars enough to enable them to marry their sweet-hearts, buy farms, and live snug during the peace that is now close aboard to us."

This was the alluring invitation offered by the captain of the ship which brought the first authentic news to Halifax that the United States proposed to declare war and which in the following two years played havoc with many American merchantmen.

Lieutenant Cooke of H.M.S. *Canso* wished "all tight lads" to serve in his fast-sailing ship "to protect the trade of the British Provinces and pick up a few stragglng American Bordeaux—men," assuring them they would "meet with an honest, hearty

welcome from a sailor's friend." As if these inducements were not sufficient, we find the commander of H.M.S. *Picton* advertising for "a few jolly-spirited fellows to complete her complement for a short cruise who may all fairly expect to dash in coaches on their return, as well as other folk!"

Assuredly those were stirring and eventful days in the old city of Halifax, and it is to be regretted that there is no worthy picture of them such as Captain Marryat might have drawn if he had been less interested in the charms of the ladies who made the town "a paradise of sailors" during his sojourn there in the early part of the war. The coming and going of the King's ships, amid the booming of salutes, the daily procession of distinguished officers and jolly tars, who made the streets and taverns ring with their shouting and singing and bawling, while the heroes of the quarterdeck flirted at balls and receptions given in their honour; the crowds watching with eager expectancy the bringing in of prizes and their subsequent auction; the demonstrations that attended the sailing of the privateers, as, with colours flying and bands playing, they cast off from the quay, circled the harbour, and bore away in search of glory and fortune; the wild rush of press-gangs through the streets, and the stir and movement of troops disembarking on their way to the front, all combined to make up a scene in which there was much of the realism and not a little of the romance of war.

In these days when a new chapter of naval history is in the making the story of how Canada defended her shores in the stirring days of old is worth remembering—the story of the time when part of the debt she owed to the British navy was paid, and well paid, in ships and men and gallant service.

AN IRISH EULOGY

By ETHEL HAMILTON-HUNTER

THERE'S a little old gray cabin
Forninst th' windin' bay,
That I am always thinkin' af,
I see it night an' day—
Th' ghost af a little figure
Stands be th' shady door,
Th' soul af a childish whisper
Answers me as af yore.

“An' won't ye love me, Colleen?” But
She says, says she to me,
“I'd rather mind th' childre’
Nor go away wid ye.

“Och! me father may be harrd wid me,
An' there isn't much to ate,
But everything about th' place
Is just tremendous swate!
I love th' little chickens,
I love th' golden corn,
I love th' mountains an' th' fields
Around where I was born,

“There's no place else in all th' worrld
Where I could happy be,
So you nadn't think I'd lave it,”
She says, says she to me.

Och! sorra take th' cabin!
An' sorra take th' sea!
An' sorra take th' fields an' corn
That kape her heart from me!
Me gold is nothin' surely;
Me house is cold an' bare;
Her little step is on th' floor,
Her face is everywhere.

I canna rest wid thinkin'
Th' way she says, says she,
“I'd rather mind th' childre’
Nor go away wid ye.”

THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

IV.—THE FAKIR'S CAVE

BY MADGE MACBETH

ANIWAR ALI looked contemptuously at the contorted form lying at his feet. The Pig of a Hindu had died desperately; it had required all of Hossein's skill to strangle him without allowing him to scream. But it was done; a link between the police and the Thugs was for the moment broken, and the two men looked at each other over the unfortunate victim's body, satisfied.

"What have we done—we Thugs—what have we come to," complained Hossein, bitterly, "that we must stoop to offer *dullal* (a go-between, doing business with the resident merchants and those coming into the bazaars) Hindus to our goddess, Bhowanee! Had this creature been even a poor merchant, I could have some contentment. But a parasite; an informer! Probably an eater of the flesh because of his intimacy with the cursed Europeans. Bah!" The Mussulman ground his teeth. "I hope that the like is not to be done often!"

Aniwar Ali shook his head.

"Who knows?" he said. "But there is some gain, after all; Gather up the money which Chisholm sahib had just paid the dog in return for information concerning our departure for Chatara, to-night. And then, we are gainers of the amount we were to have paid as commission on the sale of our goods. And look you, Hos-

sien," continued the Thug chief, "is it possible that he can have secreted the seal of Subzee Khan about his vile person, also?"

Hossein looked up in astonishment.

"The seal of Subzee Khan?" he repeated. "The merchant of Hindeer whom we strangled on his way here and whose effects we have just sold through the offices or this wretched *dullal*?" He kicked the body of Mohan Lal with his foot. "Why, Meer Sahib, what can the man here have to do with the seal of Subzee Khan?"

"A great deal," replied the leader grimly. "This man was without doubt in the service of the Feringhis, and we unwittingly fell into the trap they had laid by employing him. It is my opinion, further, that he was told to look for some incriminating piece of evidence—and he found the seal!"

"But if he had it—" began Hossein.

"I did not know he had it until too late to prevent his leaving my presence with it. Nor would that greatly have altered my actions. We could not have strangled him while he was still completing the sale of our goods, and as matters stand I am pleased that he carried the seal and his information to the police—it makes our next move clearer."

"I spit in his beard!" cried Hos-

sein furiously. "But how, now, chief, will not that Chisholm devil trap us here?"

Aniwar Ali laughed.

"Not if I know it, my man! Call together all the Thugs who are in the establishment—I would speak to them. But stay! First secrete this foul body in yonder chest; Ganesha must bury it as soon as opportunity offers. Fear not, Hossein, but that we will slip easily through Chisholm's fingers, this time also!"

To the Thugs who answered his summons, Aniwar Ali apportioned characters and disguises, and directed them to leave the premises with as great haste as possible. They would run no risks; the chief thought it likely that Chisholm would endeavour to make his capture on the road rather than brook an affray in Ganesha's house. He remembered with satisfaction that in Mohan Lal's presence he had spoken positively of leaving for Chatara that same night.

"Disperse yourselves over the city," instructed the Thug, "and assemble an hour before prayer at the deserted hut which has so many times furnished us a shelter. See that you keep well away from the eastern gate, leading to Chatara, or you may meet with some of the Feringhi's men."

To Gopal, however, he gave privately longer and more explicit directions, pointing now and then to a spot upon the mountain-side where grew the tallest bamboo trees. Then, a few minutes later, six men left old Ganesha's establishment—three garbed as fakirs, two as soldiers, and one as a wandering conjuror. Gopal, the master strangler, perfectly at home in his fakir's disguise, made as much haste as possible toward a spot upon the hill where grew the tallest bamboo trees. Hossein and Budrinath, cursing under the degradation of wearing the Hindu mendicant's disguise, squatted under a grove of trees, muttering and making fantastic signs to the edification of the few who passed their way. Aniwar Ali and Ismael,

resplendent in the garb of Sindia's soldiers, walked boldly into the bazaar and seated themselves outside a confectioner's, where they ordered food and drink. When the obsequious waiter had attended to their wants and left them, Ismael, the youngest Thug of the band, asked:

"Why all this secrecy and disguise, Meer Sahib? I thought we were to leave for Chatara to-night."

"It was my intention," answered Aniwar Ali, "but a Thug's plans often change on a moment's notice, lad," and he related the story of Mohan Lal and explained the trap the Feringhi had evidently prepared for them.

"Besides escaping his vigilance," he continued, "I have better game in sight—something which will require stout hearts and naked weapons."

"By Bhowanee, I have both!" cried the youth, with fervour.

"A grim smile passed over the keen features of the older man. "You may have need of them sooner than you expect," he remarked.

Danger to certain natures acts as an incentive, spurring them eagerly to face the unknown. A sense of comradeship sprang up between the two men, who shared this fearless courage, the one tried in the fire of experience, the other about to face a situation new to him. Aniwar Ali recounted stories of the tight corners he had been in during his life of pilage and murder until Ismael's thirst for adventure knew no bounds. An hour passed in this sort of conversation; then they left the shop and repaired quite unconcernedly to their place of rendezvous. There all were assembled, except Gopal.

"I expect the old rascal is dallying with some flower by the wayside; Gopal is one who sips at honey," said Budrinath, laughing lightly to himself.

"Gopal is at liberty to enjoy himself as best pleases his fancy when he has leisure, but no Thug idles when serious work is on hand," said Ani-

war Ali, fixing a keen pair of eyes on the jester. The rebuke put to rest all feeling of merriment, for it was evident that unusual work was before them.

Anxiety grew among the little band as the time of Gopal's absence increased. A mishap to him meant imminent danger to them all.

"Gopal is wary, very wary," mused Aniwari Ali, "and if he had fallen into a trap, that young Feringhi must be clever, indeed! Go you, Hossein, and stand under yonder tree! From there watch, and warn us if anything untoward occurs."

The men looked to their weapons as Hossein passed out of the hut, and a sudden silence fell upon them as they contemplated what the near future might bring. After the lapse of a few minutes, Hossein returned with the gladdening news that Gopal could be seen picking his way carefully down the hill.

"Very good," was the general exclamation, as the old Thug entered their midst.

"There is no time to be lost," he said. "I found the cave, without trouble. In it was one fakir, sturdy and young. At first he warned me not to descend, but I told him I was hungry and weary—a stranger from Hindustan, and I begged for bread and water. After some solicitation, he admitted me into the cave, where we sat conversing for some time. At last I took out an opium pipe and offered him a smoke. As I hoped, he accepted. The pipe was heavily drugged, and he will not wake for several hours."

"He will never wake again," interposed Budrinath.

"But we must go right ahead!" continued Gopal. "We must be in the cave before the gang of thieves return from their evening raid in the bazaar. I will show you the way. Come!"

"Yes," said Aniwari Ali, "let us hasten before the gates are shut."

Singly they passed unchallenged through the western gate, and thus they proceeded until a thick grove of trees hid them from view. Then they skirted up the hillside along the path which led to the summit.

"Do you stay here, Lal Meah," said the leader, in a whisper, "and give the cry of a small tree owl if there is any sign of danger."

Preceded by Gopal, the rest filed up the steep incline toward the mouth of the cave. Pausing outside until reassured by the deep breathing of the drugged fakir, Aniwari Ali motioned Hossein to enter. He stepped inside with a *roomal* in his hand, and reappeared shortly to beckon the others.

"He will not wake again! There is no one else within, so let us get to work—whatever that is to be, Meer Sahib!"

"Trim a lamp, and let Gopal show us where he thinks there is treasure hid," commanded Aniwari Ali.

Tearing a strip of rag from the clothes of the murdered man, and twisting it into a wick which he placed in a small vessel of oil, the old Thug, thus admonished, led the way around the walls.

"These bags contain grain, but what lies behind them?" asked Ismael, and, suiting his actions to the thought, he began moving the sacks away.

"This is surely where the valuables are kept," he said, pointing to a small aperture, large enough to allow a man to crawl through on his hands and knees. "But one man inside could kill each of us as we try to enter."

"Devils or men, I care not for them," cried Aniwari Ali. "We must do our work in haste, and I am going inside!"

Dipping a loose piece of cloth in oil, and tying it to the end of a long sword, he pushed the firebrand before him and crawled through the aperture. He found himself in a cavern lighted from a hole in the roof. Around the sides were stacked sev-

eral earthen jars and bags of all sizes. These looked promising. His attention was especially caught by a small kettle ostensibly filled with bran, but thinking this was a ruse he removed the surface covering to find magnificent jewels underneath! To fill his waistband with them was but the work of a moment, but before he could proceed with his investigations a commotion in the adjoining room called him back. The cry of a small tree owl had been heard.

"Quick! Extinguish the light!" Aniwar Ali crawled back into the larger cave and gave his orders with that precision of purpose which had saved the situation for him in many hot corners. "How many times did the owl hoot?" he asked.

"Three!"

"Good! Then the matter will be easy—there are but three of them. Do you station yourselves at the side of the entrance, Hossein, Ismael, and Gopal, with your *roomals* ready. I and Budrinath, here, will resist their entrance. When we retreat toward the back of the cave, you must rush them from behind and throw your *roomals*. Bhowanee grant they may bring some rich booty wherewith we may reward ourselves."

In the silence which followed voices were heard approaching the mouth of the cave.

"What can have happened, Ram Lal?" exclaimed the foremost. "The light is extinguished. Ram Lal!" he called, "Ram Lal!"

No response was forthcoming; but Aniwar Ali and Budrinath showed themselves. Thinking that they had but two men with whom to deal, the thieves rushed the entrance. After making a show of resistance, the Thugs retreated into the cave where the newcomers were at a great disadvantage, leaving the light to which their eyes had been accustomed. Three dark forms sprang upon them with the agility of panthers; and presently three other forms lay gasping out their lives on the ground.

"Search them for valuables—we must get right away!" said Aniwar Ali, practical as ever, realizing that now, if never before, safety lay in putting a distance between his band and Pultanabad.

Meanwhile Lal Meah kept his solitary vigil at the foot of the hill path. He knew no anxiety, for the Thugs were more than a match for the paltry three who ascended the hill to their certain doom. So he waited further developments, if any should occur, or until a tree owl's hoot from above should summon him to return to the main party.

With his eyes fixed in the direction of the town, he was startled to hear the stealthy treading of feet behind him. Turning and pushing aside some bamboos which formed the place of his concealment, he saw two Europeans, two Eurasians, and ten native police cautiously ascending the hill. The light of the rising moon was full upon them. They were already between the Thug and his associates; to pass them was impossible, and to give the hoot of the owl while they were in such proximity might betray himself. There was nothing to be done but to wait and hope.

His active brain at once set to work. How could Chisholm sahib have got the information which brought him here with such a strong party? Surely that old fool, Ganesha, did not fail to dispose of the body of Mohan Lal? If this had been found, of course, inquiries which followed would have set the Feringhis on the trail! Yes, they must have sent police to search Ganesha's establishment, and the body had been found. Curse the bungling fool!

As soon as he could safely do so, he uttered a series of plaintive wails, sounding like a bird in distress, thus hoping to warn his associates of the seriousness of their danger. He then crept up the hill through the undergrowth at the side of the path, until he found a rough passage along the dry bed of a hill torrent, up which he

hastened. He hoped to be able to reach his own men in time to render such help as was possible in the stern struggle which seemed imminent. But the way was steep and wild, the attacking party had the start of him, and he feared he would be too late.

After a circuitous journey he came to a little clearing, and was surprised to see Hossein and Ismael stooping over a hole in the rock, dragging Gopal through an opening there.

"Bhowanee is good to her devotees!" he exclaimed, with fervour, as he realized that his associates were making good their escape from what would have seemed an impossible position. "Is all well?"

"Yes. We were surprised suddenly, but Aniwari Ali is equal to any occasion. When we heard your plaintive warning repeated so often we knew great danger was upon us. Without going to discover its nature, Aniwari Ali ordered us to enter the inner cave as quickly as possible. The last of us had scarcely crawled through the narrow passage connecting the two caves, when we heard the sound of people cautiously entering the outer chamber. It was good to hear their curses when they found the four corpses!"

"Very quietly, so as not to arouse their suspicion that there was a way of escape, we piled bales underneath this opening and climbed through. Aniwari Ali is guarding the entrance to try any who may try to follow."

By this time Budrinath was safely through the aperture, and there only remained Aniwari Ali in the cave. A bright gleam suddenly flashed from below, and dancing rays of light clearly indicated that fire was flaming underneath. Before the Thugs had time to be anxious as to their leader's safety, however, he appeared cool and smiling at the opening and climbed through into their midst.

"Roll that big stone into the hole, so as to delay their exit as long as possible," he instructed. "We must get away at once."

Aniwari Ali owed his life to his unflinching presence of mind. After killing a man who had discovered the inner recess and tried to force the entrance, he poured oil from his lamp on the clothes of the corpse as it lay blocking the passage. Quickly setting a light to this, he escaped before the bewildered besiegers realized what was happening.

The chief looked to see that every possible precaution had been taken to cover their retreat, as the party began to descend the hill.

"No, not that way," he called. "That leads back to town and perhaps to an ambush. We must get away from that devil of a Chisholm and his surveyors."

So the band of Thugs proceeded up the hill, but found their line of retreat barred by a steep escarpment of rock. Their choice lay between going back to meet death at the hands of Chisholm's superior force or in risking the perils of a dangerous descent.

"If we can but succeed in jumping down to yonder ledge in safety, we can make good our escape." So spoke Ismael in the vigour of his youth. But the prospect was not considered so lightly by some of the older men.

For full twenty-five feet the cliff dropped sheer to a narrow ledge, from which point it jutted out so that with the aid of shoots and small trees, the rest of the descent might be made with comparatively slight risk. But the twenty-five feet had to be overcome first.

"Take care to land on your toes, and bend your knees on alighting, or you may break some bones," was Aniwari Ali's practical advice, as he led the way. Letting himself down and hanging by his hands so as to reach as near the ledge as possible, before making the jump, he let go and landed safely. Gopal feared for his old bones, hesitated and fell, only after being admonished sharply by his chief not to waste precious time. Years had told their tale on the vet-

eran, and a sickening snap proved that he had broken a bone.

As the old man lay groaning on his back, it was evident that he could not get away. If he should fall into Chisholm's hands he might turn King's evidence in order to save himself from torture. There was only one thing to be done.

"Dead men tell no tales," whispered the leader to Hossein, when they had all alighted. "Where is your *roomal*?"

While Aniwar Ali guided the rest of the Thugs down the steep incline, Hossein despatched the crippled man.

"Bhowanee demands this sacrifice at our hands," he muttered as he prepared to join the others. "In what way can he have offended her?"

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"We have missed them again!" exclaimed Chisholm on arriving at the cliff-side some five minutes later. "They cannot have gone beyond this

point, and yet they can scarcely have retreated toward the town."

An exclamation of surprise broke from one of the party.

"See!" cried the man. "There is a white figure lying on that ledge below! It is difficult to make it out clearly in the moonlight, but it looks like a human form."

An improvised rope of belts, turbans and scarfs enabled Chisholm to descend in safety. There lay the corpse of Gopal, still warm. The compound fracture of the left leg and the protruding eyes told an indisputable tale.

"The inhuman devils!" Chisholm cried. "They have murdered one of their fellows rather than help him get away! I started out on this work because it afforded an opportunity to distinguish myself," he added to Morgan, later, "but I continue it because I want to strangle Aniwar Ali myself!"

Next month the last story of this series will relate the success that attended Chisholm in his final adventure against Aniwar Ali.

WHEN JONQUILS BLOW

BY VIRNA SHEARD

WHEN jonquils blow I think of one
 Who sleeps beneath the green;
 And all the light and song of life
 And all the golden sheen
 Turn cold and still before my eyes,
 While pearl-edged boughs of May
 Seen through a sudden mist of tears
 Are rimmed with ashen-gray.



THE PLEASURE FLEET

From the Painting by Archibald Browne
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

GERMANY'S hour of fate has struck. With Austria-Hungary only as an ally she has plunged Europe in an Armageddon of devastation, blood, and tribulation such as the modern world has never witnessed. War has been declared. The tramp of armed men is heard where children were wont to play. Trade is paralysed, international communication interrupted, thousands of tourists who set out in the noontide of peace have been stranded in foreign lands, unable to obtain money on letters of credit or to secure passage on returning liners. In a single night the delicate and complicated machinery of social and business organization has been thrown out of gear over the greater part of the civilized world, followed by acute distress, unemployment, and the practical suspension of business and credit. It is War!

For years men have prophesied of the coming of such a war. The piling up of armaments, the heavy toll paid by the nations as insurance against war, combined with the irreconcilable ambitions of rulers and statesmen have made this world-conflict inevitable. "Jove's star is in the ascendant," whisper some who look to the heavens for signs and portents. Others, with their feet on the earth, ask, "Is the Kaiser mad?" "Is it possible in the twentieth century for one man, or a small body of men who by the accident of birth occupy commanding and responsible positions, to bring such a calamity

upon the nations of the earth?" Germany's hour of destiny has come. It is of her own choosing. German history, the history of Europe, is now being written in blood. As yet the veil of futurity hides from our eyes the final scenes in this awful tragedy, but at the grand inquest of the peoples of the earth responsibility for this appalling crime against civilization will assuredly be fixed and measures taken to prevent its recurrence in our day and generation.

The assassination at Serajevo, Bosnia, of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and hismorganatic consort, was the immediate cause of the war now raging. The ulterior cause were the irreconcilable aims of Austria-Hungary and Servia. Under pretext of the foul murder of Archduke Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg, Austria-Hungary sought to impose terms on Servia which no self-respecting nation would tolerate. Although the murders took place in the Austro-Hungarian Province of Bosnia—annexed in 1908 in violation of the Berlin Treaty—Servia was charged with active complicity in the crime. Servia agreed to every condition imposed by Austria-Hungary in her Note, with one exception. The clause that Servia rejected and which was seized upon by Austria-Hungary as a pretext for war was: "That the Servian Government shall accept the co-operation of the Austro-Hungarian authorities in suppressing propagandist organizations." To permit Austria-Hungary to interfere in her do-

mestic affairs was too much to expect, and that statesmen at Vienna refused to give way shows how eager they were to seize upon any pretext to strike at the little Balkan state, whose political obsession is the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and the rise of a Greater Serbia. From the Vistula to the Adriatic Austria-Hungary called out her reserves, and declared war. It was the elephant and the mouse in conflict.

But war against Serbia on such unequal terms could have but one result—the subjugation of the Slav by his traditional foe and the domination of the Teuton in the Balkans. Russia could not stand by and see those of her own race and religion under the iron heel of the Magyars, and her own influence in the Balkans destroyed. When Austria-Hungary declared war she must have counted the cost. Without the support of Germany she would not have dared to throw down the gauntlet, knowing with certainty that Russia would take up the challenge. On the other hand, Germany would not have precipitated the conflict had not the moment appeared propitious for casting the die. It is absurd to conclude that the Kaiser and his advisers are megalomaniacs who rush blindly into war without taking serious account of the factors in the fight. It is more reasonable to conclude that Germany urged her ally to strike in the hour when Fate seemed to have delivered her enemies into her hands.

In analyzing the situation it is necessary to bear in mind the two aspects of the quarrel which has embroiled nearly every European nation. First, we must remember the traditional feud between Serbia and Austria-Hungary. War between these two nations has been inevitable since the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. At that time Russia was powerless to intervene when the Kaiser, in contravention of the Berlin Treaty, "stood in shining armour" by the

side of his Austrian ally. These two provinces are to Servians what Alsace-Lorraine is to the French. Their forcible absorption by the Hapsburgs destroyed for the moment the dreams of a Greater Serbia. Three years previously Austria-Hungary, to mark her displeasure of the trade treaty concluded between Serbia and Bulgaria, started the "pig war." Serbia was a large exporter of swine, and the method chosen to bring ruin to the Serbs was to declare that swine fever existed and to close the Austro-Hungarian frontier against Serbian exports. Other measures of a harassing and provocative character were adopted by the Dual Monarchy against the small Slav nation, culminating in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. These two provinces are inhabited by Croata-Servians, speaking the same language and of the same race as the Servian-Croatian and Slav subjects of Austria-Hungary and the people of Serbia. The annexation proved a rallying cry of Slav against Teuton. Serbia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina were honeycombed with secret societies against Austro-Hungarian influence. The most powerful of these, the Narodna Obrana, or National Union, embraced the leading men of Serbia. It is this society which Austria-Hungary alleges planned and carried out the assassination of the Archduke and his wife. Austrian police had drawn up a list of the notable Servians included in its membership, and demanded the right to co-operate with Serbia in punishing them. The success of Serbia in the Balkan campaign, her occupation of the disputed Sanjak of Novi, and her demand for access to the Adriatic through Albania increased the tension. Austria-Hungary came to the conclusion that unless she slew Serbia, Serbia would ultimately slay her. The dream of a Greater Serbia—comprising Serbia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and large slices of southern Hungary and Albania—was conting-

ent upon the disruption of the Dual Monarchy after the death of the aged Emperor. The thought that Austria-Hungary was regarded as a dying nation touched the pride of the murdered Archduke, the heir to the throne. He bent all his energies to the building up of Austro-Hungarian forces by sea and land, and to making the Dual Monarchy not only respected but feared. It is tolerably certain that his fatal visit to Bosnia was not calculated to make for peace. The time evidently had arrived for picking a quarrel with Serbia. Religion plays a large part in the politics of the Near East. Although the Serb is as a rule of the Orthodox Church, inroads have been made by the Roman Catholic Church among the Serbs of Croatia and Bosnia. With Russia in the field it becomes a fight not only of Slav against Teuton, but also of the Orthodox Church against the Roman Catholic. These religious and racial quarrels, while looming big in the war between Austria-Hungary on the one side and Serbia and Russia on the other, do not enter into the wider struggle which the action of Germany has so unjustifiably precipitated.

The second aspect of the war, with Germany, France, Russia, and England as the principal figures in the drama, transcends all considerations of race and religion. It were more natural for Great Britain, for instance, to be in alliance with Germany than with France or Russia. Racially and religiously Britain has more in common with Germany than with her other allies. The strong pro-German sentiment that existed in Britain before the war had its rise in this community of interest between the two peoples. But the dream of Bismarck and the Kaiser—the dream of a German Empire, strong not only on land, but also on sea—has conflicted with British ideals. The lust for mastery, so powerful in man, is a dominant factor in the relations of nations one to the other.

Germany saw in Great Britain the principal obstacle to the realization of her plans. The incidence of European alliances increased Germany's fears and growing antagonism. By a fatal coincidence the destinies of Germany and Austria-Hungary seemed to be cast in the same horoscope. Teuton against Slav, German against Briton—the hour of destiny had surely come!

Putting aside the absurd suggestion that the Kaiser is mad and regarding him, as he undoubtedly is, as an able man, a versatile and dominant personality, how can we explain the present position of Germany, in arms, practically, against the world? It is evident to the observer that Germany has been outclassed in diplomacy by Great Britain, which in recent years has woven around the Teuton a fatal web of ententes and alliances. Had the moment arrived when, in the eyes of the Kaiser and his advisers, these hostile alliances seemed at their weakest, as in 1908, and during the Moroccan crisis? We may reasonably assume that at the moment when Austria-Hungary found a pretext for war, Germany discovered serious breaches in the walls of the Triple Entente. As a matter of fact in all three countries grave domestic events lent colour to this conclusion. Russia was in the throes of a national strike; France was divided over the Army Bill; in Great Britain, Sir Edward Carson had succeeded in convincing the press of Germany of the imminence of a civil war that would destroy the army and disrupt the Empire. What more opportune moment for Germany to test her army and navy on which her dreams of a world-wide dictatorship were rested?

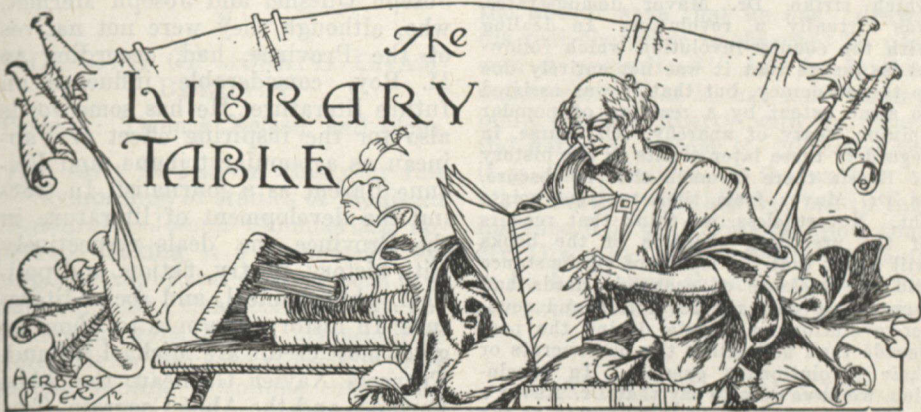
So war was declared—a war which the Kaiser could have prevented and for which the impartial historian will hold him responsible.

Man proposes, but—! On the side of Russia a war of Slav against Teuton has a unifying effect. It stirs the blood and appeals to the latent

patriotism of every Russian. In one night France ceased her wrangling over the Army Bill, supported unitedly the provisions put forward for strengthening the land forces, and turned her face as one man toward Berlin and the lost Provinces. The same miraculous transformation took place in Great Britain. Even Nationalist Ireland rallied to the flag in face of the peril. All party lines have been obliterated. At no time in her history has the British Empire been so strong in the unity and resolve of her scattered sons, and in the means for protecting her honour and heritage of freedom. There was no hesitation when the challenge was thrown down. Britain at once ranged herself on the side of her allies and took her stand on her honourable obligations as a treaty power. The web of ententes and alliances around Germany was intact. German statesmen had miscalculated the effects of war in domestic politics. For Russia, the war consolidated her forces at a time when internal revolution seemed impending. In France, it is a war of revenge which stirs the Gallic blood of her soldiers and citizens. In Great Britain the foundations of Empire have been strengthened, and warring classes and divided creeds have found a common bond of union in the defence of their country and their cherished liberties. While the Triple Entente has stood the strain, the Triple Alliance has proved to be a broken reed. Austria-Hungary is a weak ally, that shrinks from the ordeal which German diplomacy has dictated. She is not desirous of war with Britain, and with great reluct-

ance broke with France. Italy refuses to be dragged into the quarrel. This is the unkindest cut of fate. Germany—with nearly five million Socialists in her midst praying for the downfall of the Imperial autocrat who leads the German armies—battles practically in lonely solitude against terrible odds. Servia and Montenegro are holding the Austrians in check while I write (August 12th) and are forcing the Dual Monarchy to withdraw across the Danube to meet the steady onrush of the invading Russians. While Servia has held Austria-Hungary long enough to enable Russia to complete mobilization, little Belgium, her soil violated by the German treaty-breaker, has covered herself with glory by holding at bay the Germany advance on Liege. This delay was of enormous strategic importance to the allies hurrying to bar the German march to Paris. With the aid of her invincible fleet Britain has landed an army on the French coast and hurried it to Namur to effect a junction with the French and Belgian forces. Over a front of sixty miles the German military machine moves heavily, the forces converging from several points on Paris. Ay, there's the rub! Paris or Berlin? Germany with her face toward Paris will fight with scientific precision and with great dash and bravery. But Germany has not been at war for forty years. The science of war has undergone revolutionary changes since the days of Moltke. Will the machine prevail? And, if the odds are against them, will the German soldiers fight as well with their faces turned toward Berlin?





AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA

BY JAMES MAVOR. London: J. M. Dent and Sons. Two volumes.

IT had been known for some years that Professor Mavor, who is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Toronto, was engaged on some kind of history of Russia. He had made several extensive visits to that country, and had come to know intimately some of its leading public men. He was, for instance, a close personal friend of the late Count Leo Tolstoi, and he visited the Count at his residence on several occasions. He was therefore, apart from his profound knowledge of Russian affairs, obtained by years of exhaustive study of the historical writers of that immense empire, well fitted to undertake so great a task. That the work will be regarded as the one to which all students of Russia must appeal is a foregone conclusion. Its importance lies largely in the fact that it gathers together and digests and arranges in proper sequence the economical development of the king-

dom of the Czar. *The Outlook* (London), reviewing this work, says:

Dr. Mavor deals with his subject in a strictly judicial spirit, displaying no bias, and but rarely intruding opinion; and the result is an almost perfect analysis of the national forces, ethnical, natural, economic, and political, that have made Russia what it was and is. Starting with the humanitarian bias, it is easy to read into the enslavement of a people base intentions that really had not part in it; and Dr. Mavor's inquisition into the causes that led up to the serfdom from which the Russian peasantry has only recently been freed makes clear to us how very little anything but economic necessity—necessity, that is to say, in the light of the scanty knowledge of the time—had to do with the creation of the serf. No doubt the earlier volume is the more valuable, as upon a knowledge of the movements there dealt with any true understanding of more recent events in Russia must be based. The chapter which deals with the military, fiscal, and commercial policy of Peter the Great is deeply interesting, and, despite the total absence of hero-worship, is the finest appreciation of the man and his work that we have met. With regard to Peter's vast projects and amazing achievements, Dr. Mavor points out that they laid no apparent burden upon posterity, for in every instance they were paid for out of revenue. Nevertheless, by charging to the national income, raised by

means of extortionate taxation, works that benefited future generations rather than the generation that paid for them, Peter's policy was really shortsighted, as it impoverished the people to such an extent that the public solvency spelt private ruin. In the second volume, possibly the most striking chapter is that which deals with the general strike of October, 1905, which strike, Dr. Mavor demonstrates, was virtually a revolution. In dealing with the counter-revolution which followed he insists that it was not entirely due to the autocracy, but that it was assisted to some extent by a reaction of popular opinion weary of anarchy. Of course, in regard to these later events in the history of Russia there is much that is obscure, as Dr. Mavor from time to time points out. Nevertheless, we think that readers of the preceding chapters of the books will admit that the march of circumstance and the pressure of economic needs had more to do with the revolution and counter-revolutions in Russia during the past decade than had either the bureaucrats or their revolutionary enemies. In conclusion, we have only to say that Dr. Mavor's work is a very notable contribution to the science of history, and deserves the attention of all educated people.

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FRENCH-CANADIAN LITERATURE.

BY CAMILLE ROY. A reprint from "Canada and Its Provinces," a historical set of twenty-three volumes, by One Hundred Associates. Toronto: The Publishers' Association.

AFTER reading this very excellent review one is more than ever convinced of the slight range and volume of French-Canadian literature. It is a curious fact that the people of Quebec have not produced many books of outstanding merit. The cause may be found in the fact that they are, on the whole, not a reading people, and therefore for any extensive market the authors would have had to send their wares either to France or to the French settlements in Maine, Vermont, or Louisiana. But, notwithstanding these handicaps, Professor Roy is able to show that they have produced a very respectable literature. He has divided his contribut-

tion into two sections: "Literary Origins, 1760-1840," and "Literary Development, 1840-1912." The origins he finds in the records left by such as Champlain, Marie de l'Incarnation, the Jesuits, the early newspapers, and to two French poets, Joseph Quesnel and Joseph Mermet, who, although they were not natives of the Province, had, according to M. Roy, considerable influence on future literature. He has some words also for the inspiring effect of Papineau as a popular tribune and Etienne Parent as a journalist. In tracing the development of literature in the Province, he deals respectively with history, poetry, fiction, and political, philosophical, and social literature. In history the ones to whom he gives most credit are Michael Bibaud, Francois Xavier Garneau, the Abbé Ferland, and the Abbé Casgrain. Two of these historians we find also in the list of poets, the Abbé Casgrain and M. Garneau. Considerable space is given to the work and influence of Octave Cremazie, who, in his bookshop in Quebec city, gathered about him a little coterie of enthusiasts; to Louis Fréchette, William Chapman, Emile Nelligan, and Albert Lozeau. The French-Canadian novelist seems not yet to have arrived, although Professor Roy briefly reviews the work of about a dozen writers who have essayed the rôle. Among them are Pierre Chauveau, Philippe de Gaspé, Antoine Gérin-Lajoie, Georges Boucher, Joseph Marmette, Napoleon Bourassa, Jules Paul Tardival, and Hector Bernier. It is interesting to observe that he makes no mention of the novel entitled "Marie Calumet," by Rodolphe Girard. This novel was published about twelve years ago and was almost immediately banned by the Roman Catholic Archbishop. It is true that it is something of a caricature and holds the clergy up to ridicule; yet nevertheless it is an amusing and sufficiently exact presentation of the simple faith and superstition of the country people of the Pro-

vince. The rest of the review is given over to a consideration of the oratorical and journalistic qualities of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Honourable Thomas Chapais, Henri Bourassa, Omer Héroux, and Mon. Paquet, of Laval University.

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THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

AS early as July of this year this symposium of studies of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain appeared, making it a remarkable example of rapid and efficient book production. Mr. Chamberlain had not been long gone before his admirers were able to purchase at the low price of one shilling a volume containing studies of his career and personality by such well-known writers as Mr. J. A. Spender, editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, who writes on "Mr. Chamberlain as a Radical"; Sir Henry Lucy ("Mr. Chamberlain and Home Rule"); Mr. J. Ramsey MacDonald, chairman of the Labour Party ("Mr. Chamberlain as a Social Reformer"); the Right Honourable Viscount Milner ("Mr. Chamberlain and Imperial Policy"); Hr. Harold Cox, editor of *The Edinburgh Review* ("Mr. Chamberlain and Fiscal Policy"), who gives the free trade Unionists' point of view; and Mr. L. S. Amery, who writes on the same subject, but as a whole-hearted sympathizer. The book forms an interesting collection of studies of a great career and a great personality.

*

THE VICTIM

BY THOMAS DIXON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

OF the writing of historical novels there is no end, particularly of novels based on the American Civil War. The author of this novel has taken fair advantage of that drama-

tic period. One of his recent successful ventures was a story involving the character of Abraham Lincoln, and now he comes out with another, in which he introduces as the chief character one Jefferson Davis. In a few words to the reader at the outset, the author says that he has "drawn his real character unobserved by passion or prejudice." And he further makes claim that he has not "at any point taken a liberty with an essential detail of history." Nevertheless, it is the privilege of the author to take liberties with history, but in this instance it is gratifying to know that Mr. Dixon has been strict to the facts as he has found them in the records and still given us a stirring romance.

*

HISTORY OF CANADIAN WEALTH

BY GUSTAVUS MYERS. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

VOLUME I. of this undertaking is not a history in the ordinary sense. It is an ex-parte statement from the point of view of the militant Socialist. From the first page to the last—and there are 300—it is a recital of crime, in the opinion of the writer. It begins by telling how Cartier in 1541 impressed convicts for maritime service, thus showing how to obtain men for the Newfoundland fisheries. Later the fur trading monopolies ruled the country to their own ends, debauching and demoralizing the Indians. The next chapter is devoted to "The Ecclesiastical and Feudal Lords"—the clergy and orders, and the seigneurs. The former received in grants more than 2,000,000 acres and the latter 7,000,000 acres, much of which in the course of centuries became valuable.

The beginnings of the Hudson's Bay Company inspires the author to still more vituperative oratory. The history of the company he characterizes as one of cheating, robbing, debauchery and murder. However, the

Hudson's Bay Company was not the only offender. A chapter deals with "The Landed and Mercantile Oligarchy." Therein it is stated that the Protestant clergy got 3,000,000 acres, much of it "by irregular methods." But apparently from the British Conquest on the history of Canada was one long chapter of land grabbing and corruption. Two more chapters detailing the deviltries of the Hudson's Bay Company conclude the first half of the volume; the other half tells of the rise, progress and crimes of the railway promoters, their associates and the politicians, including apparently most of the politicians from Confederation to the McGreevy scandal of 1891. The special objects of the author's opprobrium are Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen. The names of all the principal leaders in politics and finance are woven into the narrative, almost invariably in some evil association. A former president of the Bank of Montreal is accused of using \$8,000,000 of the funds of the Bank of Montreal to finance the purchase of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway, which transaction, it is further alleged, was put through by a corrupt bargain with the official receiver of the road. Mr. Myers strains his powers of anathema in describing the bargain made for the construction of the Canadian Pacific.

*

—The Home University Library, every volume of which is specially written for it by a recognized authority of high standing and edited by Professor Gilbert Murray, of Oxford; Mr. Herbert Fisher, Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University; Professor J. Arthur Thomson, of Aberdeen, and Professor W. T. Brewster, of New York, is an excellent departure from the ordinary cheap reprints. These volumes sell for thirty-five cents, and their value may be judged from the following titles and authors: "The Growth of Europe," by G. A. J. Cole; "The Renaissance," by Edith Sichel;

"Between the Old and New Testaments," by R. H. Charles; "Central and South America," by W. R. Shepherd; "Chaucer and His Times," by Grace Hadow; "The Alps," by Arnold Lunn; William Morris, by A. Clutton-Brock; "Evolution," by J. A. Thomson and P. Geddes; "Elizabethan Literature," by J. M. Robertson; "The Church of England," by Canon E. W. Watson. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

—The Wayfarers' Library attracts one at first by the excellent taste of its appearance, and as a reprint at twenty-five cents of the works of the best of recent writers, particularly in the field of light literature, it is a surprising edition. It is far-reaching in scope, extending from the quaint humour of Mark Twain to the historical-adventurousness of Stanley Weyman, smoothly rounded off by volumes of selected essays from the pens of leading essayists, Austin Dobson, G. W. E. Russell, Clement Shorter, G. K. Chesterton, with novels by H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett.

*

—Poetry and Drama, for the June quarter, contains poems by Anna Wickham, Maurice Hewlett, John Gould Fletcher, Francis Macnamara; a study "On Impression," by Ford Madox Hueffer; a drama entitled "Helen," by Edward Storer, together with some fine reviews and chronicles. (London: 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.)

*

—So popular has "The Battle of the Plains" proved to be that it has been found advisable to issue a third edition. The author, Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec, is, it is understood, at work on a third volume for what might now be well called the "Harper Historical Series."

WHAT AND WHY IS THE INTERNAL BATH

BY C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful, and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and

nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poi-

sons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized at a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull-spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing—

Drugs forces Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon consistently clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practiced for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrell, M.D., Room 107, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in *The Canadian Magazine*.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observation make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

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All the seven days of the week, all the 52 weeks of the year, BOVRIL helps to improve the cooking.

Add a spoonfull to your soups and stews, your gravies and "made" dishes. One touch of BOVRIL makes the whole dish better; it enriches the soups strengthens the stew, and deepens the colour of the gravy. Many of your own pet recipes will be all the better for the addition of a little BOVRIL.

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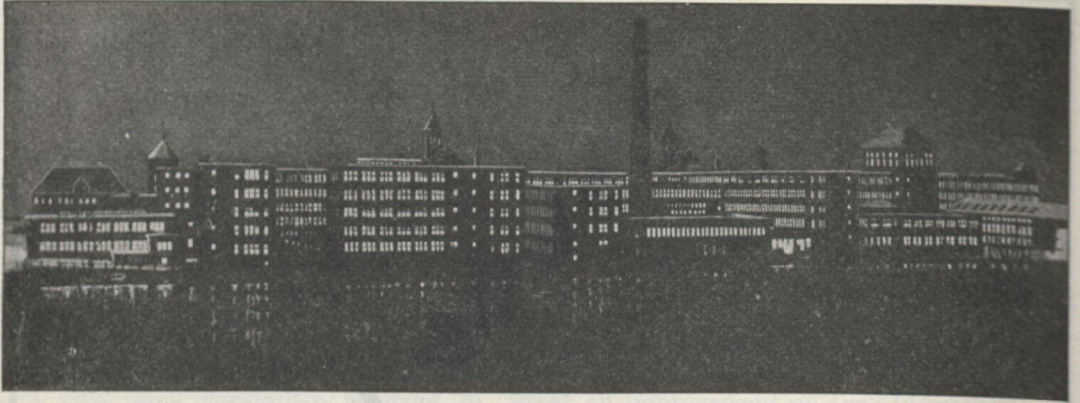
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In capacity it is so great that it manufactures three thousand watch movements a day.

In the delicacy and scientific exactness of its processes, it has been accorded first place the world over.

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From this Waltham factory each year go timepieces which outclass all competitors in the tests at the famous Kew Observatory in England. These trials are the most authoritative in the world. More Waltham Watches receive the Kew Class A certificate (of accuracy) than any other make of watch—a proof accepted by watch experts as conclusive of Waltham's unrivalled resources.

This prestige of Waltham has been won during more than half a century of scientific and commercial conquest. Waltham has revolutionized the world's watch making. It has been the originator of new methods, the inventor of new machinery, a daring and successful pioneer. In Europe watch-making was a *household* industry, subdivided into more than a hundred distinct branches and employing thousands of men, women and children in their homes. At Waltham all these processes were placed under one roof and automatic machines replaced the hands of the workers. The most important result of this change was that the watch parts became *interchangeable*. To the watch purchaser this meant not only the finest watch in the world, but the possibility of quicker, easier and cheaper repair in case his watch met with an accident.

The nucleus of the Waltham Company was formed in 1849 at Roxbury, then a suburb of Boston. In 1850 a small factory was built and the model of the first watch completed. Seeking a more favorable environment, free from dust, the company moved in 1854 to its present location at Waltham, 12 miles from Boston, and this site today remains unequaled for the manufacture of delicate instruments. On the one side is the River Charles, on the other an open park, with abundant foliage, sunlight, and flowers. The atmosphere is pure and dustless.

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Most every grocer sells Grape-Nuts—a food for muscle, brain and nerve.
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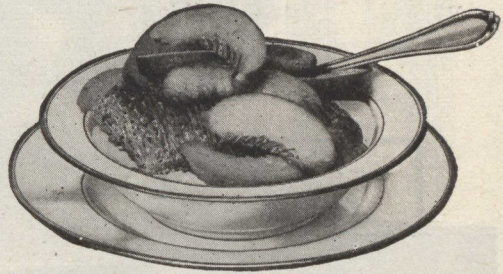
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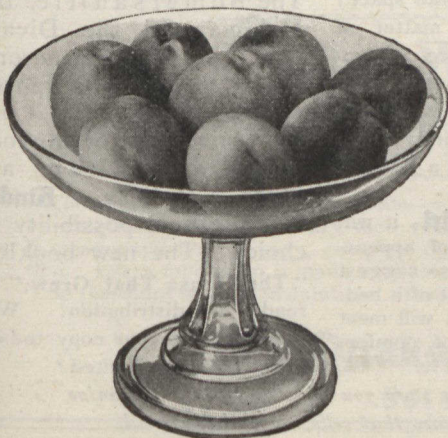
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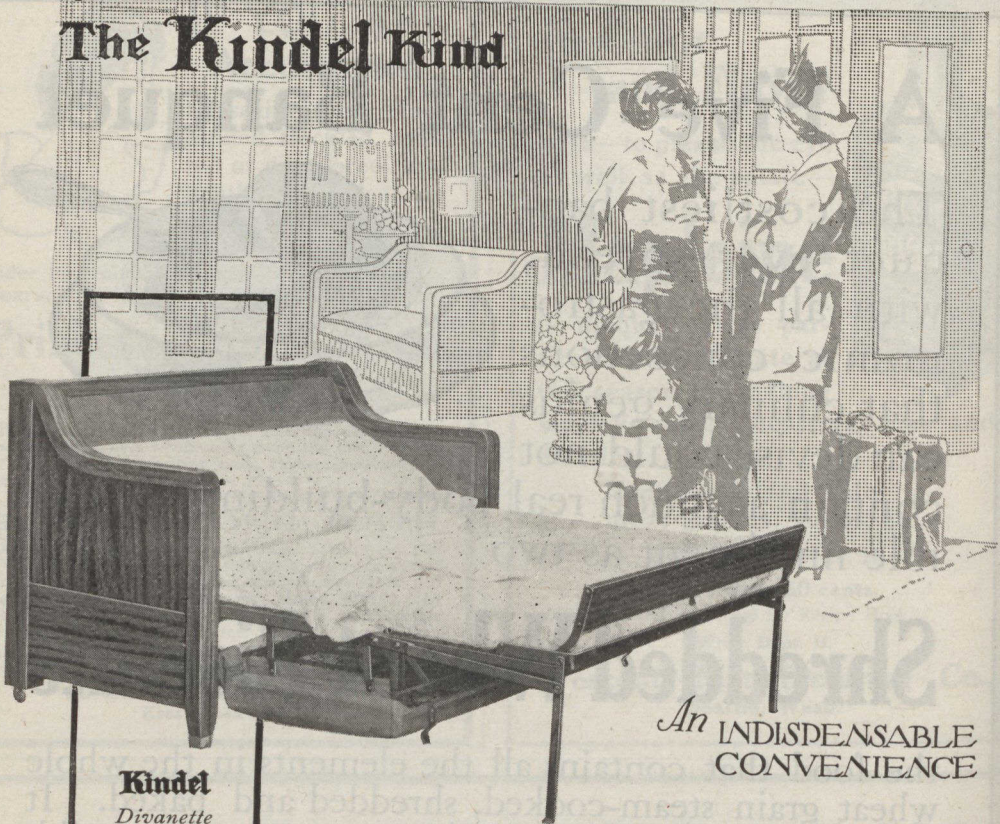
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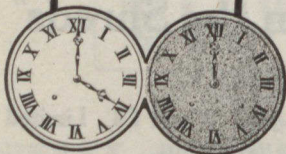
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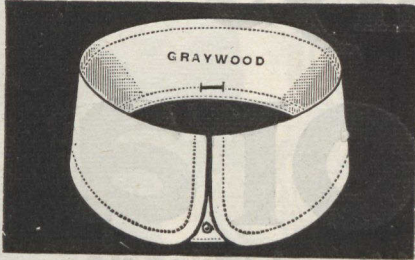
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Range down behind it and twice under the bottom before escaping to chimney. See the McClary dealer. 81



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Preceded by a little Cuticura Ointment rubbed on the scalp skin with end of finger will remove dandruff, allay itching and irritation and promote hair-growing conditions.

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Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, Eng.; R. Townes & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.



Every day, legions of people get rid of their corns with **Blue-jay**. This easy method now removes a million corns a month.

You who suffer with corns do yourselves an injustice. **Blue-jay** will instantly stop the pain. And in 48 hours, without any soreness, the corn comes out completely.

About half the people know this now. When a corn appears they put **Blue-jay** on it. Then they forget it. In a couple of days they lift out the corn and bid it good-bye forever.

You can't do that by paring corns. And you can't with old-time treatments. You may get relief for a little while, but the corns simply stay and grow.

Try this modern, scientific way—the way now employed by physicians and hospitals. Get rid of the corn. It is just as easy, just as painless as the ineffective ways.

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
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As Handy As a Tray and not much heavier. Serve tea wherever you choose. Find the cosiest corner, pull up the Peerless Folding Table and your favorite chair. *There!* The

Peerless Folding Table can be opened or folded up and put away in a moment. Perfectly rigid for all it is so light and handy. Six big men can stand on it without breaking it.

Supplied round or square. Cloth, leatherette or polished tops. Early English, Golden or Fumed Oak. Write for free illustrated catalogue No. 2.

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everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Hyslop Bicycle with coaster brake and all latest improvements.



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DO NOT BUY a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive proposition.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write us a postal, and catalogue and full information will be sent to you **Free Postpaid** by return mail. **Do not wait. Write it now.**

HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited
Dept. G. TORONTO, Canada



The Prophylactic
Tooth Brush

Most of your friends use it and profit by it



"CANADIAN BEAUTY" Electric Iron

Is a HAPPY IRON to all who possess one. The peace and comfort it brings to the user makes it worth many times its cost, which is very moderate.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the "Canadian Beauty" and get in line with its many satisfied users.

It is beautiful in appearance, very strongly built, heats quickly and is economical on current.

Remember also that the heater in the "Canadian Beauty" Iron is **guaranteed for all time.**

Ask your dealer to demonstrate other "Canadian Beauty" articles, such as Electric Toasters and Toaster Stoves, Luminous Radiators, Air Warmers, Percolators, Disc Stoves small and large, Etc.

Look us up at Toronto Exhibition in Industrial Hall and see our display.

**Renfrew Electric Man'f'g Co., Limited,
Renfrew, Ont., Canada**

Oxydonor
TRADE MARK

The
Painless
Drugless

ROAD TO HEALTH

Are you run down? Has disease sapped your vitality? Throw off this worn-out feeling and regain robust health by use of Oxydonor.

THIRTEEN YEARS' USE

✓ *"Having had an Oxydonor in my house for thirteen years, I prize it more highly than ever. It has cured me and my family of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia, Sick Headaches, Bronchitis and Womb Trouble; also cured Colds, Sore Throat, La Grippe, Pneumonia and Fevers. I would not be without Oxydonor in my house for one day."*

Mrs. A. E. Edgecombe, 131 Gore Vale Ave.,
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Dec. 16, 1913.

Thousands of such letters have been received by
Dr. Sanche.

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In less than two years it will be unlawful to buy or to use Poisonous White Phosphorous Matches.

Everybody should henceforth use

Eddy's Non-poisonous
"SESQUI" MATCHES

and thus insure safety in the home.



In making jams and jellies
The least expensive item is the
sugar

YET the sugar is the most important ingredient because if its quality is not right, your confections will ferment, spoil, not be sufficiently sweet or be flavourless.

With St. Lawrence Sugar results are always satisfactory.

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HE DID IT.

Jock McTavish had the misfortune to get arrested and sentenced. He was given a bucket of water, a brush, and a cake of strong soap, and told to wash his cell. Some time later the jailer came through and saw McTavish giving himself a thorough scouring. "Here," he cried, "what are you doing? Didn't I tell you to wash your cell?" "Aye, an' am I no' washin' masel'?" asked the surprised McTavish.

Beasts of Prey!

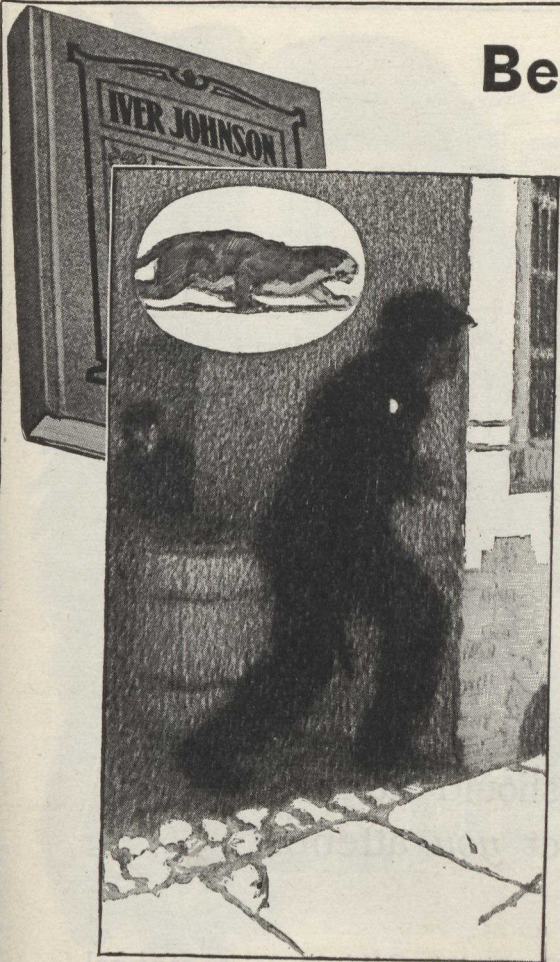
Is a cruel, lurking, murdering beast any less a beast because it is human? If your business takes you into bad or lonely neighborhoods, there is but one way to guard against the possibility of a crushed skull and a broken body—keep your distance and cow others into keeping theirs. You can get authority from proper officials to carry when you need it an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver.

At the crisis the Iver Johnson is instantly ready—nothing to adjust, or forget—it gets off the first shot.

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Send for our 82-page Book which tells all about Revolvers, Iver Johnson "Champion" Shotguns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.



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G. Hepburn Wilson, M.B., acknowledged to be the world's greatest teacher of the modern dance, supervises all Columbia Dance Records.



I am so impressed with Columbia dance recording that I have decided to have you make records for me of the dances I have been using in my own work—*Joan Sawyer.*

DANCE

to the music of the

Columbia Grafonola

and the world dances with you

The combination of Columbia Dance Records played on the Columbia Grafonola means dance music correct in tempo and rhythm, brilliant in tone and with volume sufficient for one couple or a hundred couples. Columbia Dance Records represent the very spirit and essence of the dance—they are all supervised in the making by G. Hepburn Wilson, M.B., the world's greatest authority on modern dancing.

Drop in today at any Columbia dealer's—ask him to play any records you want to hear—ask him to demonstrate the Columbia Graphophone "Eclipse" at \$32.50, here illustrated. And he will gladly send the "Eclipse" or any other model, together with any list of records you choose, to your home on approval—and arrange payments to suit you.

Important Notice: All Columbia Records can be used on your disc talking machine (if any standard make).



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A thin coating of pure, refined

Parowax

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Put up in handy one-pound cartons. Four cakes to a carton, Your grocer keeps Parowax.

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The Shoe you've been hearing about. It has created a new standard of shoe value. Small wonder that women who care for foot-appearance are insisting on it.

MISS CANADA SHOE

Small wonder that our expert shoe makers are working overtime to produce enough of them to satisfy the demand. For they simply COMPEL admiration. The various lasts of the MISS CANADA SHOE reveal the very latest style tendencies, because we keep in close touch with the master shoe designers of the world's shoe centres.



Send Coupon for Vanity Hand Glass

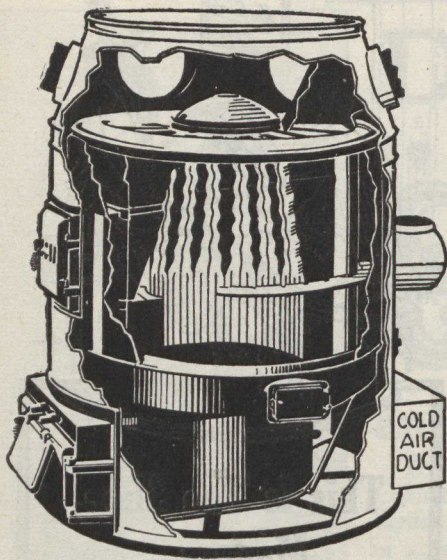
Size 5 inches long, fine bevelled glass, richly chased, silver-finished back, engraved with any initial. Retail price 50c. Sent prepaid for 15c. to cover cost of engraving, postage and packing.



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THE Kelsey Warm Air Generator

is the heater you want—you want the best, IT IS THE BEST. Its corrugated sections with large warming surface—its long indirect fire travel—its positive cap attachment, conveying warmed, mild air to most distant rooms—its small consumption of fuel—its durability, are some of its chief features. Every pound of coal it uses does its work. There is no waste.

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"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "MILTON" on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effected by climate or weather.

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Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

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SUFFER IN HOT WEATHER**

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

**A SPLENDID REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC**

**A Perfume for the
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A leader amongst leaders.
After being in use for

NEARLY A CENTURY

**Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA
WATER**

is just as popular as ever

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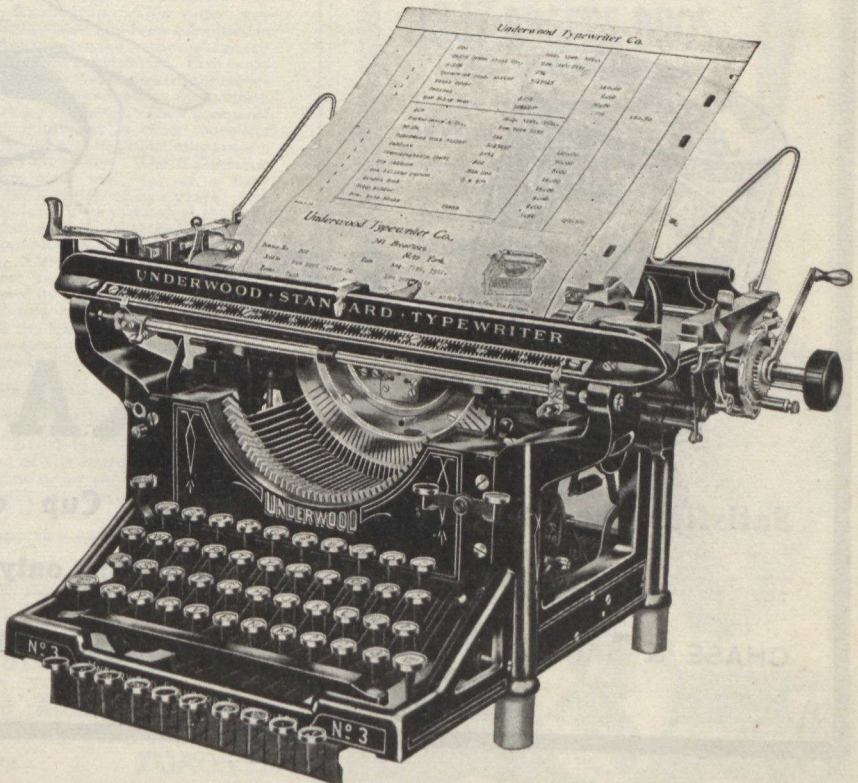
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it refreshes and revives as
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Plain Sauce Chili Sauce Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

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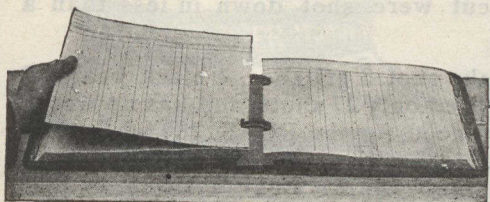
Packed in one and two pound tins only.

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The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder



How the Kalamazoo has "made good"

The Kalamazoo Loose-leaf Binder has "made good" wherever it has been used. In the United States, in England and in Canada there are thousands in daily use. The United States Government has adopted it in practically every department of the service in Washington. The following taken from the "Times Weekly," of January 2nd, 1914, shows what His Majesty's Government thinks of it in England:

His Majesty's Government

by placing the greatest order for loose-leaf Books on record again confirms the supremacy of the Kalamazoo. This order was obtained after the Kalamazoo had been submitted in competition with every other make to the most exacting test that a critical office could devise. Five years ago the Stationery Office first investigated the claims of the Kalamazoo. They examined its mechanism. They tested its working efficiency. They compared its holding capacity with that of other loose-leaf Books. They admired its neat book-like appearance. Then came the test for durability. The Kalamazoo was subjected to the wear and tear of a busy Government office for a period of five years. So admirably did it acquit itself of this ordeal that the Government decided to *officially adopt* the Kalamazoo as the Standard Loose-leaf Book for a great War Office Department. They thereupon ordered 400—a record order for loose-leaf books. The order has just been increased by a further 800 books, making a total of 1,200 now in use. This is the considered judgment of the leading Government in the World. It is the greatest testimony that has ever been paid to any make of loose-leaf book.

From "Times Weekly," London, Eng., Jan. 2, 1914

The "Kalamazoo" Loose-leaf binder is recognized as the best expression of the loose-leaf idea that has yet been offered, and no order should be placed for a loose-leaf system until its merits have been investigated.

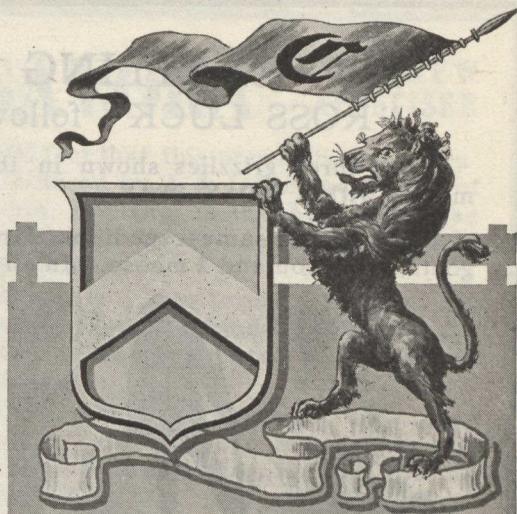
Binders made in any size and to suit any purpose.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR BOOKLET 4, AND
EXAMINE FOR YOURSELF

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited

Loose Leaf and Account-Book Makers

King & Spadina - TORONTO



The Cromwell

Of sturdy simplicity in design, with the strength and weight of each piece in the right place, the Cromwell is a pattern of wonderful superiority. Finished bright, it has the appearance of sterling. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

Most Popular for Gifts

Spoons, Forks, Knives and Serving Pieces of 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver plate make serviceable and highly appreciated gifts.

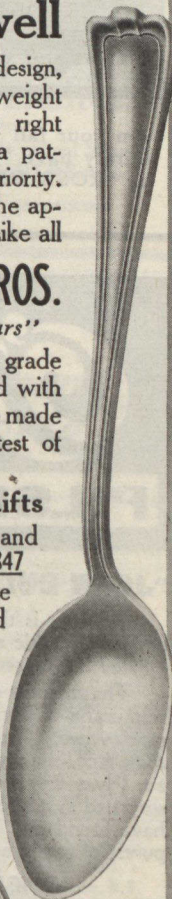
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The World's Largest
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AN EXCITING HUNTING TRIP. "ROSS LUCK" followed Mr. Cluny C. Luke.

The three grizzlies shown in the cut were shot down in less than a minute with a ROSS .280.

During the same expedition, Mr. Luke shot 3 grizzlies, 4 black bears, 2 goats, 2 caribou and 2 moose. In all he fired only 27 shots, and has no words too good for the ROSS .280 whose low trajectory dispenses with all judging of distances. Mr. Luke assures us that he killed a goat at 500, with exactly the same adjustment of sights as at 100 yards.



On your fall hunting trip you too will surely have "ROSS" Luck if you carry a "ROSS RIFLE."

The low trajectory, accuracy and smoothness of action make the ROSS .280 the ideal Sporting Rifle.

Its price is \$55.00,
other models \$12.00 up.

Catalogue free on request.

Ross Rifle Co. - Quebec

O'Keefe's

PILSENER LAGER

"JOHN BULL" RETURNS TO BEER.

"What is the cause of the revival in popularity of Beer and Ale as table beverages?" asks the London "Pall Mall Gazette."

That there is a return of their ancient vogue in the restaurants of London is noted by Charles Pond, restaurant-owner. "Beer has been coming into fashion again for some time," he says, and the tendency is becoming more marked. I was dining in a West End restaurant last night and was surprised to notice how many men were drinking beer. People have found out, I suppose, that beer is one of the best and purest of foods, and realize its value as they have not before.

O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER

is Canada's favorite light beer. Rich in food values, delicious in flavor, mildly stimulating.

If your dealer will not supply you, 'phone us, Main 4202, and we will see that you are supplied at once.

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O'KEEFE BREWERY CO LIMITED TORONTO



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THE fact that this preparation is manufactured by J. & J. Coleman, Ltd., of London, England, is the best guarantee that its ingredients are the purest and finest obtainable.

Savora is a new form of mustard for flavoring fish and all kinds of grilled meats, making them much more palatable and appetizing.

Used with salad dressing, mayonnaise sauce, etc., Savora adds a delicate taste and flavor which can be obtained from no other condiment.

To ensure having the genuine see that the signature J. & J. Coleman is printed in red ink across the label.

MAGOR SON & CO., Limited.

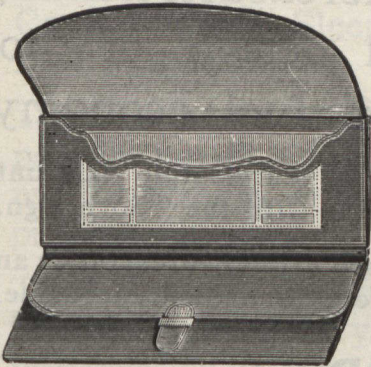
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Mark your linen with

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Names 

Required by schools and colleges.

Any name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz., duty paid. More than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples, order blanks, catalogue of woven names, trimmings, frillings, etc., direct to

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Paper Fasteners, used exclusively
by those who desire the best in
Office, Bank, School and Home.

Made of Brass and nickel-Steel, 3 sizes;
put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100.
Your Stationer, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢.
Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free.

YEARLY SALE 100 MILLION.

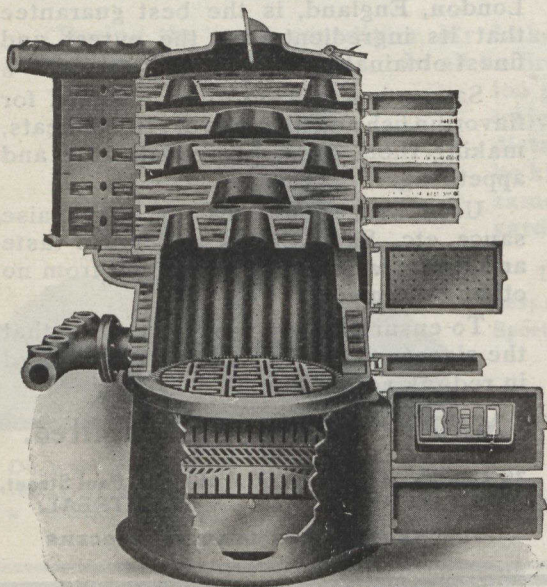
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TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly.
Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Gran-
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The "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boiler is unapproachably efficient



Let us send you the "Sovereign Bulletin," a quick-to-the-point argument that will show you, almost at a glance, why the "Sovereign" is unapproachably efficient.

It has three important and exclusive features of construction that increase its heating capacity over the usual design of hot water boiler and promote fuel economy.

Do not finally arrange for the installation of your heating plant until you understand why you will be better off with the "Sovereign."

Send your name and address on a post-card to our nearest office and write, as well, "Sovereign Bulletin"—from "Canadian Magazine."

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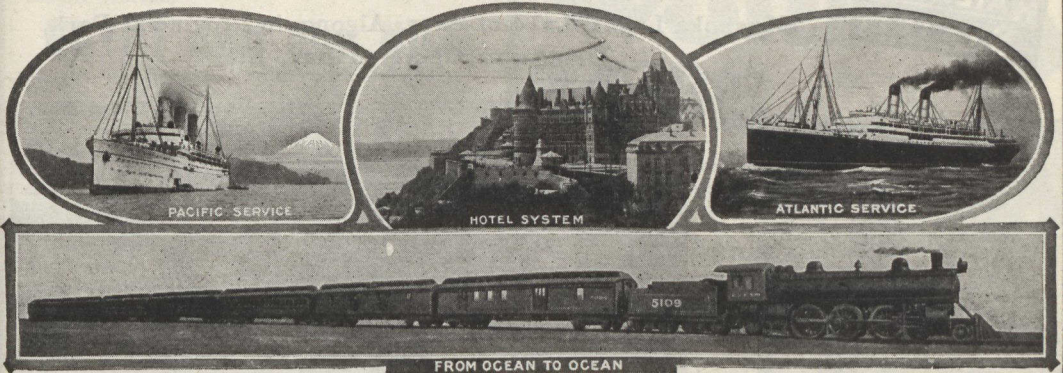
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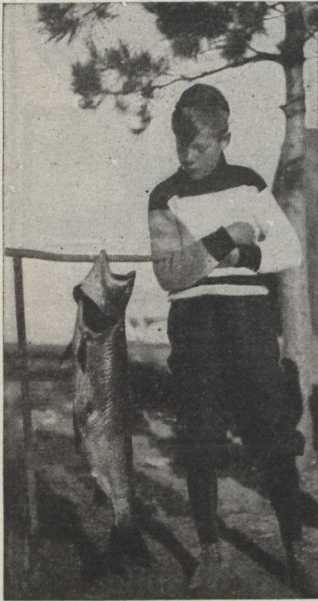
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A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory **HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO**

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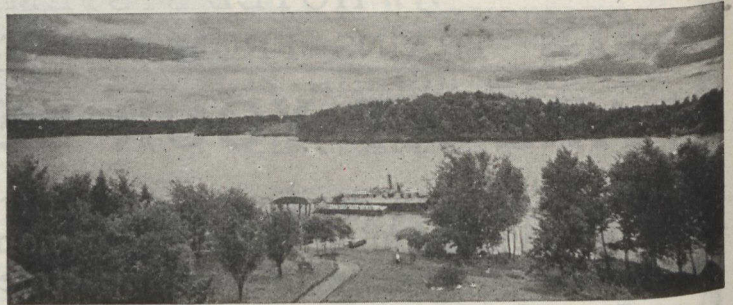
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Finest summer playgrounds in America. The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment and send for free folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out-of-the-ordinary-resorts. All this recreation paradise. easy of access. Address C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto; J. Quinlan, Bona-venture Station, Montreal or any Agent of the Company.

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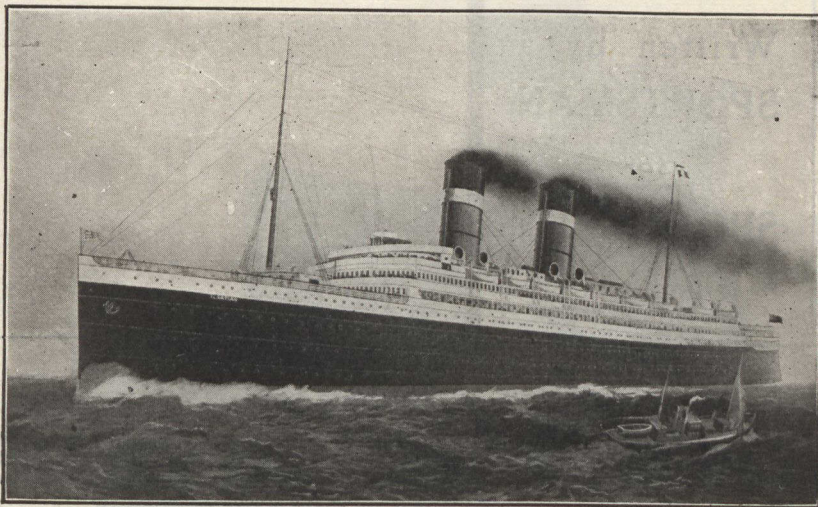
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During a Three Weeks
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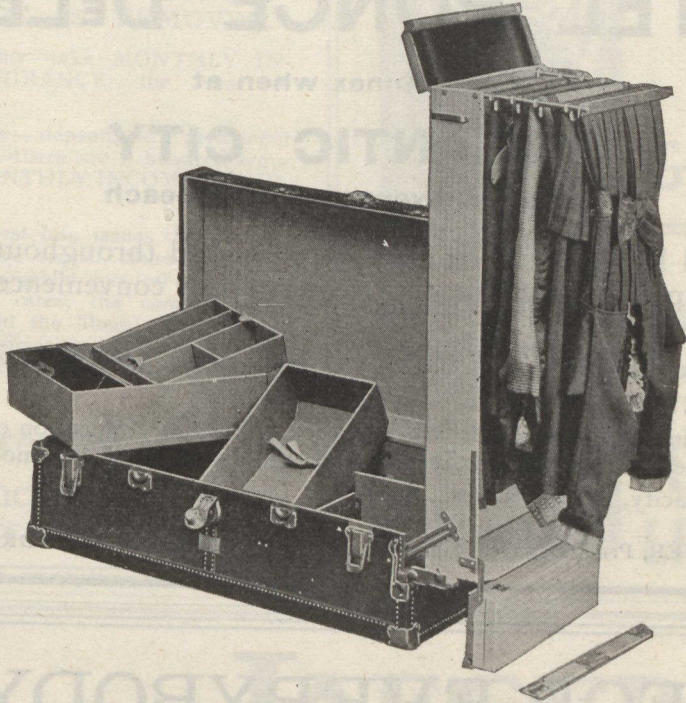
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For workers with hand or brain---for rich and poor, for every kind of people in every kind of life there's delicious refreshment in a bottle of

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THE ATTRACTION OF JAEGER NIGHT WEAR FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

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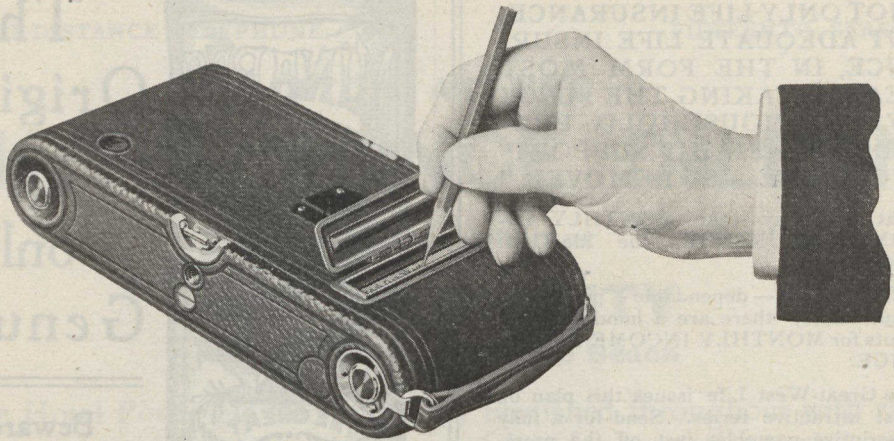
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Touring Car	\$590
Runabout	540
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In the Dominion of Canada Only
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FURTHER we will be able to obtain the maximum efficiency in our factory production, and the minimum cost in our purchasing and sales departments **IF** we can reach an output of 30,000 cars between the above dates.

AND should we reach this production we agree to pay, as the buyer's share, from \$40 to \$60 per car (on or about August 1, 1915) to every retail buyer who purchases a new Ford car between August 1, 1914, and August 1, 1915.

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Now Ready

A Complete Line of 4's and 6's

3 Touring Cars

5 Passenger

3 Roadsters

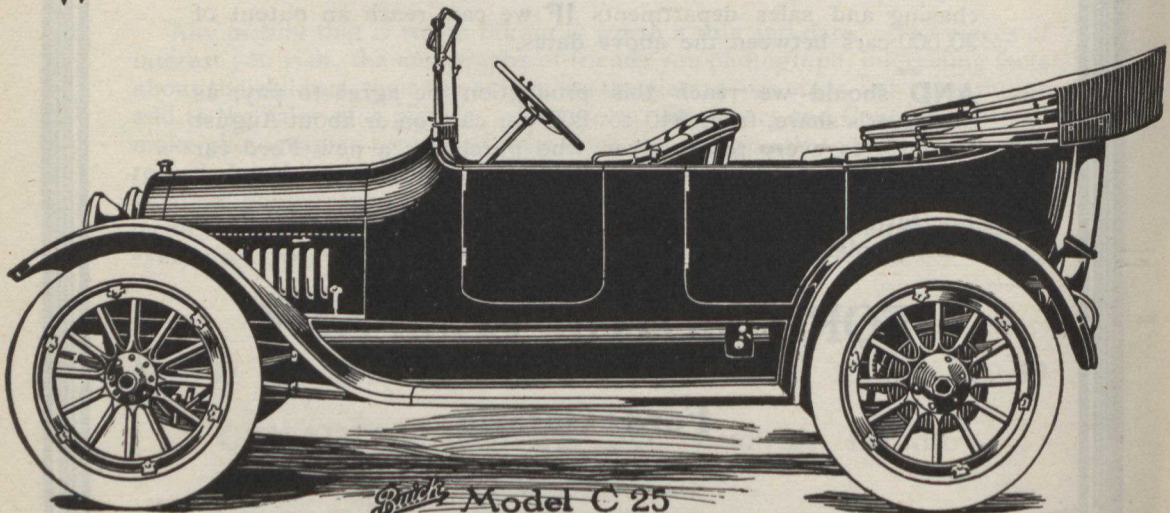
2 and 3 Passenger

Improvements all along the line---and
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The Car illustrated below with its beautiful streamline body. Valve-in-the-head motor, Delco electric lighting and starting systems, Gravity feed vacuum system and all 1915 improvements with McLaughlin Service thrown in for the remarkably low price of

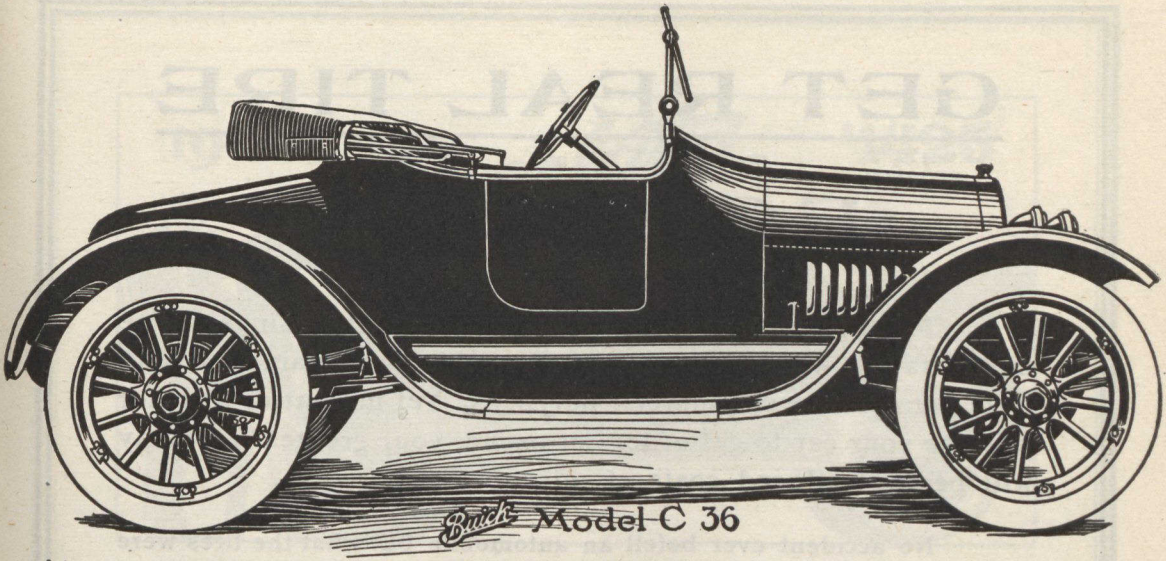
\$1250

12 Branch Houses give real Service to all
McLaughlin Car owners and Agents.



Buick Model C 25

\$1250 Complete, F.O.B. Oshawa



\$1525 Complete F.O.B. Oshawa.

We Offer the Canadian buyer for 1915 the widest selection and greatest values ever presented, some of the new features are improved Delco starting and lighting system, Stewart gravity feed vacuum system, (no more choking of Carburetor no matter how steep the hill), Tungsten valves, non-skid tires on rear. Speedometer, Electric Horns etc. on every machine. Our new 6 cylinder Touring Car is a marvel of Beauty, and Comfort, be sure to examine these machines before buying, it will pay you. Every car guaranteed and backed by a Company with nearly 50 years business experience in Canada, not here to-day and gone to-morrow.

28 H. P. Roadster, \$1150	28 H.P. Touring Car, \$1250
35 H. P. Roadster, 1525	35 H.P. " " 1600
48 H. P. 6 cyl. " 2300	48 H.P. 6 cyl. " " 2250
All F.O.B. Oshawa.	

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Motoring is two things—a pleasure and a business. One might say it was used sixty per cent. for entertainment and forty per cent for commercial purposes. Yet no matter whether you use your car to get orders or ozone, your greatest economy will be the reduced costs of mishaps.

No accident ever befell an automobile but what the tires were forced to play a part in it. And no accident ever was averted but what the tires had a say in that, too.



If you will
drive fast

If you will make
those sudden
stops

If the City will
water asphalt

If rain will make
muddy roads

Why then—the possibility of skidding will always be with you unless you figure on those elements of danger when you buy your tires.

What's really a better slogan than Safety First is Sagacity First—because that seems to apply more to yourself than to the other fellow. If each motorist thinks of himself there will be no other fellow to look after, because there will be no skidding.

“MOST ENVIED TIRE IN ALL AMERICA.”



The Greatest Motor Car Value Ever Offered

Motor 35 horse-power
 New full stream-line body
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 Individual front seats, high backs
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 Wheelbase, 114 inches
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 Left-hand drive
 Beautiful new Brewster green body finish
 Complete equipment

Handsome 1915 catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 4.

Two passenger Roadster \$1390.

Prices f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.

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Your skin is continually being rebuilt

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually being rebuilt. Every day, in washing, you rub off dead skin.

As this *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity—make this new skin just what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.



How to keep your skin active

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Lather freely with Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub in gently until the skin is softened and the pores open. After this, rinse in warm, then in very cold water. Whenever possible, rub your skin for a few minutes with a *lump of ice*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, then closes

them and brings the blood to the surface. You feel the difference the first time you use it—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and start this treatment tonight.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder.

For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 101 T, Perth, Ontario.





Here's Heap Big Smoke Joy

Makes no difference, men, *how* you smoke it—jam it into a jimmy pipe, or roll it into a cigarette after breakfast—P. A. is the one real biteless and stingless tobacco bet and it *keeps* men smoking it once they start.

PRINCE ALBERT

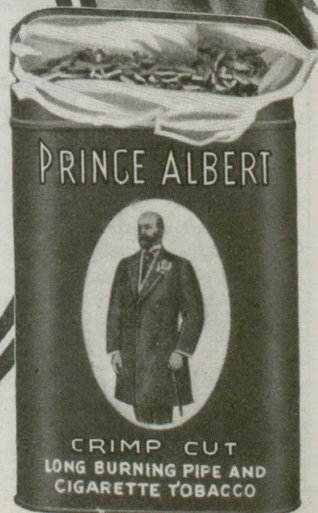
the inter-national joy smoke

has the bite taken out by an exclusive, patented process. It simply *can't* bite. You go and swap the change for a helping and know real tobacco. Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at its factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A., and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers. Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe-smoking tobacco in the United States.

Sold everywhere in the famous tidy red, full 2-oz. tin.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Winston-Salem, N. C.
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You need not be dissatisfied with the color of your clothes. With DIAMOND DYES you can change garments that do not please you to new fresh colored costumes. To use DIAMOND DYES is not difficult. In fact many women find home dyeing to be a fascinating pastime.



Tango Broadcloth dyed Black

Mrs. C. N. Marsden, writes:—

"My broadcloth suit was tango color. It became spotted and I felt that it was practically worthless and would have to be discarded. I thought of sending it to a dye place but one of your advertisements which attracted my attention said it was very easy to dye clothes at home with Diamond Dyes. I felt uncertain about my ability to use Diamond Dyes but I succeeded beautifully and my suit is now black as coal and looks fine."

Miss Josephine Howard, writes:—

"I am an old hand at using Diamond Dyes, having used them for ten years or ever since I was a little girl. My first attempt was on a pair of curtains for my mother's birthday present. They came out perfectly, a rich, deep crimson."

"Today I send you my picture in a skirt which I recently dyed navy blue from a light green. It now matches a chiffon waist and together they make an attractive costume for afternoon wear."



Light Green dyed Navy Blue

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton and Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

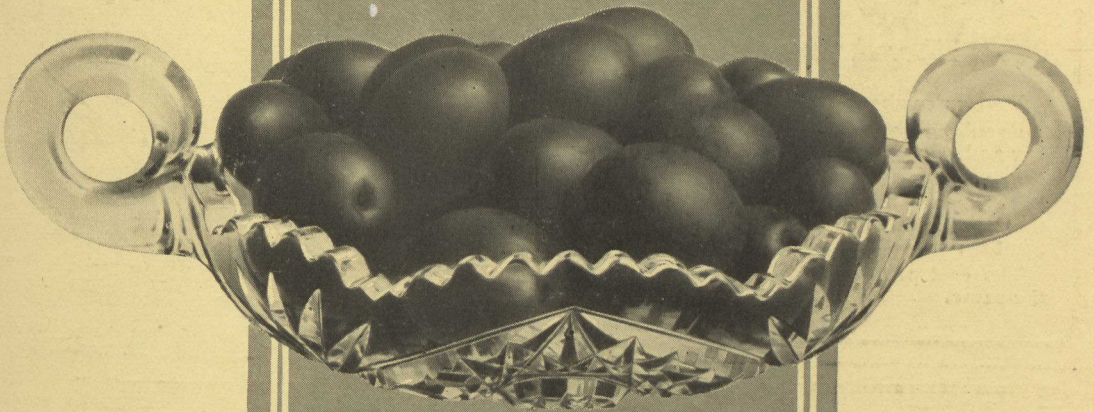
We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool or Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods** to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY fabric.**

DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book-of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

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From the famous
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Always buy Libby's

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The Former Coffee Drinker

wakes in the morning with a clear head and realizes that "coffee bondage" is a thing of the past.

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brings comfort and health—

"There's a Reason"

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum — must be well-boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—doesn't require boiling, but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

The all-the-year-'round drink for health, comfort and satisfaction. Keep it on hand always.

Put up in quarts, pints and splits.

Armour & Company
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It Is So Easy

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Polish Mop

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—Ask your dealer to show it to you, and also the O-Cedar Dusting Mop.

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The delicious flavor of Ribbon Dental Cream makes the regular care of the teeth a treat. Its thorough, anti-septic cleansing checks decay-germs and leaves the mouth wholesome and non-acid.

Send 4c. in stamps for a generous trial tube and our Booklet "The Jungle Pow-Wow"

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