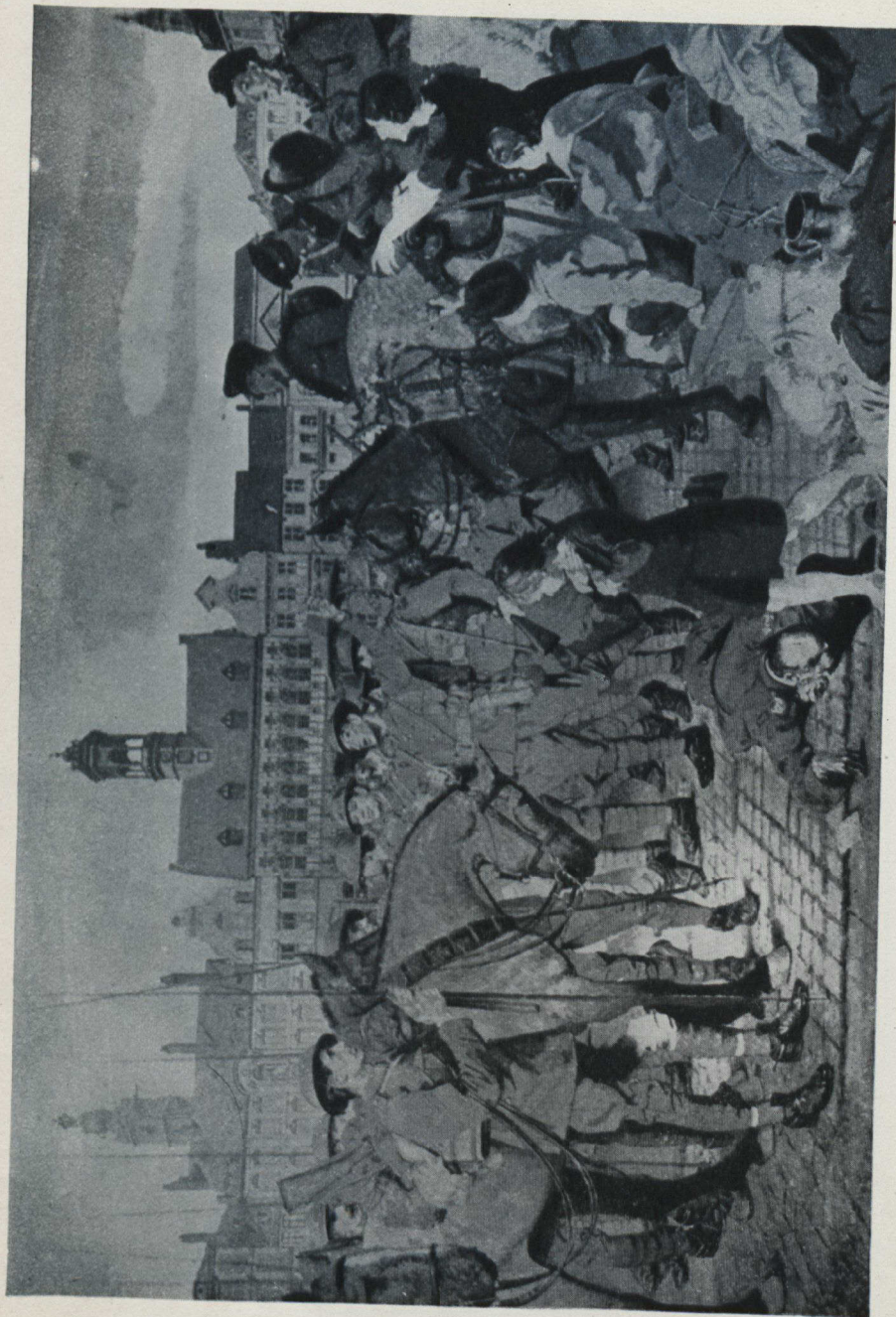


Pages Missing



CANADIANS ENTERING MONS

From the Painting by Inglis Sheldon-Williams in the Canadian War Memorial Records



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LVI.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1921

No. 3

THE GREAT OIL SCRAMBLE

BY CHARLES LUGRIN SHAW

IT is too early to speak in definite terms about the oil production situation in Canada, but it is not too early to make it clear that the future is full of promise. This is a statement that has often been repeated by eminent geologists and practical oil men. Whether the optimism that exists in many quarters is fully warranted time alone will disclose. But this much is certain: With oil at a premium anywhere, with the big powers scouring the world for a share in its production, and with almost unlimited capital eager for investment in any oil proposition that seems reasonable, the next few years will bring about development of Canada's petroleum industry to a degree never before approached, and we shall soon know our status as a producer of industry's most essential auxiliary.

One often hears the question: "Is there any oil in worth-while quantity in Canada?" The answer depends a good deal on whom you happen to ask. Walk down a business street in one of our Western cities and wait

until your eye strikes an oil stock office. You probably won't have to walk very far or wait very long to reach something of this kind. Then walk in and ask the man behind the counter precisely the question that leads this paragraph. He will probably tell you something like this:

"Oil? Well, I should say so. Just look here." And your informant will hand you a sheaf of literature, big-typed and elaborately illustrated, describing the sure-thing proposition offered by the Dying Cow Valley Oil Corporation, Payembig Petroleums, Ltd., or some similar concern, which hasn't struck oil yet, but which is likely to do so almost immediately.

"We got a report from the fields just yesterday," your informant may volunteer. "They tell us that they expect to strike pay oil at 950 feet, and they're 800 now. All we needed was capital at the start, but a lot of people like you came in and helped us out, and soon we'll be paying back dividends that will give you the laugh on everyone. Down the street here Jim Murray, of the Sell & Beatit outfit, told us a while ago that our wells

would turn out to be dusters. Now we're going to show 'em up. We're going to prove that we've the nicest little packet this side of Burkburnett, Texas, and that's saying something."

Perhaps, by quoting this man I am unfair to the many solid oil-boring concerns now operating in the West and in other parts of Canada and which probably have a sound investment offer to place before the public. I do not mean to be unfair; but what I have said will go down as an illustration of the confident sort of talk handed out at a majority of the oil stock offices. Much of the talk may be based on facts. It is obvious that a good deal of it is based on supposition and exaggeration. But do not get the idea that only the oil promoters show optimism as to Canada's oil producing capabilities.

It is a fact that so far Canada's production of petroleum may be regarded as insignificant. According to Dominion Government statistics, Canada's annual oil output up-to-date stops short of 310,000 barrels (90 per cent. from the Ontario fields), as against over 330,000,000 barrels produced by the United States.

The possibilities for oil development in the Dominion of Canada are very much greater than these figures would indicate. Big scale prospecting for oil has been going on in Canada for comparatively few years, and there has been insufficient time to make a comprehensive statement as to what this country of ours is likely to produce. However, there are a few pretty definite phases of the oil situation and I am going to try to present some of them in this article.

First of all, we may be unable to determine just where oil exists, but there are certain factors that guide us in ascertaining what territory is barren of oil, and by investigating according to this theory we arrive at an idea as to what parts of Canada are potential oil fields. If we take a map of Canada, for instance, and very roughly draw a line from the east of

Great Slave Lake, passing through Lake Athabaska, down to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, along the east shore of the lake to its southerly end, thence to and along the north shore of Lake Superior to the Soo, and from that point along the northern shore of Georgian Bay to Parry Sound, and finally due east to the St. Lawrence River and along the northerly bank of that river to its mouth, we shall have divided the Dominion into two vast areas. The country lying north of the line may be classed as generally hopeless for oil prospecting, while that lying westward and southward is regarded, owing to its geological formation, rich in promise for the finding of productive oil fields.

Although there are countless localities in which there are strong indications of the presence of oil, investigations have been carried out principally in several clearly defined regions. Without going too much into detail regarding the geological and technical phases of the proposition, let us review a few of these regions, note what they have done in the past, are doing now and what they are likely to do in the future towards making Canada a world figure in the oil production business.

Let us take Ontario first. The so-called Devonian formations of this province are at present producing the greater part of the output of the Dominion and have been producing since 1857. The Mosa oilfield in Middlesex County has been leading for a long time. The prospect was abandoned as hopeless some years ago, but careful study of the formations, followed by practical drilling, resulted in finding a pool which contributed in 1918 108,988 barrels of the provincial total of 288,760 barrels. There are eleven other fields in the province, and while the output appears to be declining and many of the pools are almost drained to emptiness, there are indications of the presence of an extensive oil reserve which hitherto has been untapped.

There is a narrow basin along the St. Lawrence valley that is likely to yield considerable oil, although the area is not large. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia people have been interested in oil production for more than sixty years, although competition with the adjacent states has been pretty stiff and has discouraged development. In 1900 the New Brunswick Petroleum Company drilled seventy wells in the southeastern part of New Brunswick and obtained a small flow, but more important are believed to be the oil shale deposits in Albert county which may become of immense value when modern methods of distillation render the recovery of shale by-products commercially possible.

It is in the western provinces, however, that Canada seems destined to find her fortune in oil. Not much has been done, comparatively speaking, in the way of oil prospecting in these western provinces, but enough has been done to give us a cheering outlook. Attention in the past has been divided mainly between the possibility of commercial development of the bituminous sands exposed on the Athabaska River, commonly known as "tar sands", and the search for petroleum in the vast stretches of the Mackenzie River basin, north and south of Edmonton, in northern central and southern Alberta, in the Peace River and Great Slave districts, while during the past few years wells have been sunk in the Fraser River valley and the Kootenay country, British Columbia.

Suppose we discuss the Athabaska "tar sands" first. They were discovered by Sir Alexander Mackenzie in 1789 and he called them "bituminous fountains". They appear here and there throughout an area of about 8,000 square miles. Certain of these outcrops will eventually prove of great value, provided that market and transportation conditions are right. The sand is a bed of ordinary sandstone 100 to 200 feet thick, sat-

urated almost through with heavy asphaltic oil. The Athabaska valley has cut its way through this deposit, so that it is exposed in the cliffs and bluffs on both sides of the river for a distance of a hundred or more miles. It is, in fact, the largest natural exposure of oil in the world. Some experts maintain that this sand extends over an area of 15,000 miles. It contains fifteen per cent. of bitumen, and when heated it yields fifteen to twenty-five imperial gallons of oil to the ton. The experts, basing their calculations on the supposition that the average thickness of the deposit is fifty feet and the average yield ten gallons a ton, compute the oil content of this field at 300,000,000,000 barrels of oil. This is an enormous quantity—600 times the world's annual production.

Well, how can we get at this tremendous oil reserve, and what could we do with it? Leaving out of consideration the possibilities of refining, it has been proved that the crude material may be used as an excellent road surface. It has been tried with success in Edmonton. At the present time Canada imports all asphaltic materials used from foreign countries. The Athabaska valley presents to us the largest known deposit of solid asphaltic material in the world. Freight rates will probably determine the ultimate success or failure of this great potential industry.

There is another point regarding this tar sand country. The tar sands evidence the upwelling of some remote period in history of petroleum on an immense scale. The more valuable constituents of the petroleum have long since disappeared, but this probably applies only to the sands close to the surface. Under cover conditions may be vastly different. A railroad now passes through a portion of this region and oil prospecting there is not the excessively costly enterprise that it used to be. Several test wells have been drilled with varying results, and while commercial oil has

not been struck, gas in large quantities has been proved. Wherever the tar sands underly, there is gas in the beds above. The government test well at a place called Pelican struck a great flow of gas which has been escaping into the atmosphere for twenty years. At present this gas is too far from the market to be commercially valuable, and the pressure is low, but the field is probably extensive and the advance of population and industry may render this gas of immense value. Within the past few weeks an Anglo-Canadian syndicate has commenced important exploration in this section and has sought acquisition of gas franchises there.

Farther west, in the Peace River country, considerable development is going on. Several large oil companies are interested here and active drilling has been carried on for quite a period with encouraging results. The oil is tarry and very heavy and occurs in beds believed to be a continuation of tar sands of Athabaska. The Shell Transport Company, British offshoot of the Royal Dutch Shell combine, and capitalized at \$50,000,000, has already spent large sums of money in this section and is prepared to spend more. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, through its subsidiary known as the D'Arcy Exploration Company, has sought important concessions in the Peace River country and its representatives have declared the company is ready to spend millions in exploration work. The region is said to resemble the Taurus plateau in Asia Minor, which is rich in petroleum.

There are signs of oil in the country bordering on Great Slave Lake and farther north in the Mackenzie River basin. Much of the lake shore is low and swampy, so there is not sufficient exposure for the structure to be clearly determined, but oil rises to the surface of the water in several places and there are small pools of thick, dark oil on the land, with occasional cavities in the dolomite-limestone con-

taining light yellow oil. There are many indications of oil in the Mackenzie River region, some of the chief seepages occurring beyond Fort Norman. The shales in this neighbourhood smell very strongly of oil and the structure of the strata is favourable to the accumulation of extensive pools. Test wells are now being bored and very recent reports state that the results are highly satisfactory.

Going south again, we come to the better oil fields of Alberta. In the extreme southwest corner of the province, on the west side of Waterton Lake at a place once called Oil City, we have the oldest oil field in Alberta. About twenty years ago several wells were drilled here and in two of them a very promising amount of oil was found. One well is said to have flowed at the rate of 100 barrels a day, and small tanks were filled with oil. A short time ago the well was cleaned out and many barrels of oil were baled out into a tank. A new well will soon be sunk alongside this old producer.

Authorities believe that the best chances of striking oil in Alberta are in the foothold belt. Some fifty wells have already been drilled in the foothills and it might be considered that this would be an ample test. In the opinion of Dr. T. O. Bosworth, chief geologist of the Imperial Oil Company, this is not so, however, for with few exceptions the wells have been located without proper regard for geological structure and have achieved no useful purpose at all. Most of the wells have been bored in one section, too—the Okotoks fields, a comparatively small area, yielding oil of remarkably high grade in considerable quantity. The annual production in 1918 was about 18,000 barrels. Not far away there is a valuable flow of natural gas. One of the wells gives about 2,000,000 cubic feet a day. The gas is fairly rich in gasoline, which is extracted by an up-to-date plant for the purpose—the first to be operated in Canada.

Saskatchewan has not been overlooked by the oil prospector. Near Fusilier, close to the Alberta line, a well has been sunk to a depth of 3,000 feet. In several other wells nearby small seepages of oil have been encountered.

And then we come to another vast virgin field—British Columbia. According to Dr. D. B. Dowling, of Edmonton, who is in charge of the geological survey in Western Canada, there are so far only a few oil seepages in British Columbia, and he is not particularly optimistic as to the prospects of finding oil in paying quantities in the newer mainland section. Quite the reverse, however, are the opinions of the men engaged in drilling wells in British Columbia. Several independent outfits have established themselves in the lower main and have been encouraged by the geological indications. Reports of the Dominion Government Geological Society show large outcrops of carbonaceous limestones, elsewhere a prolific source of oil, in the Kootenay country, and petroleum has actually been found in the neighbourhood, and verified by Dr. Selwyn as far back as 1891. The oilfields of California are not unlike the prospective fields in Kootenay, and it would lead to a boom there similar to the famous gold rush to that section in the 'sixties, following close upon the heels of the gold excitement in California.

There are many men who have faith in British Columbia as an oil producer. That portion of the province that is drained by the Peace River is at present being explored at the expense of the provincial government with a view to ascertaining the oil possibilities, and a British corporation has applied for concessions there.

Within the last few years oil has become a super-essential to modern industrial activity. This is the age of petroleum. The country that controls the most extensive petroleum reserve will be the master of the world's industry. And so to-day we

witness a gigantic scramble among the leading powers for a conspicuous place in the sun, this time represented by that familiar and all-important commodity of commerce.

As a matter of fact, is there actually a shortage? And what of the future? Last year the United States alone consumed 436,000,000 barrels of oil. Five years from now the annual consumption of that country, it is estimated, will reach 650,000,000 barrels. Why? New uses are constantly being found for petroleum products. Take the situation throughout the world and examine some of the causes. One of the consequences of the war was the dislocation of some of the largest and most productive coalfields of Europe. The mines of the United Kingdom were seriously affected, and in finding substitutes for British coal attention was necessarily first directed towards liquid fuel. Another important factor arising out of the war is the appalling destruction of animate horse power and the high cost of its maintenance due to the rising cost of feed, causing farmers and other pre-war users of horse transportation to avail themselves of internal combustion engines for traction and other purposes. In Canada and the United States the growth of motor traction on farms has been nothing short of phenomenal. The automobile is no longer taken as an indication of wealth on the part of the owner, for almost everyone nowadays seems to possess one, especially in the more prosperous sections. The savings of many families, frugal for years, have been expended during the last two or three years on cars and gasoline. To own a car has become an obsession and a hobby to be indulged in by all classes seemingly, whether the individual can really afford the luxury—sometimes the car is that—or not.

When the Earl of Curzon, speaking before Parliament, declared not long ago that the Allies floated to victory on a wave of oil chose an unusual

way of telling the truth. There is a tremendous transition going on to-day. It represents a movement that steadily carries fuel oil towards greater eminence as a factor in industry. A year ago the prediction that the oil tank would take the place of the coal bin in residences would have been laughed at. Now it is merely a matter of installation and erection of the necessary storage tanks. Many of the great railways are using or are contemplating the use of fuel oil instead of coal. Only the other day it was estimated that the saving by the use of oil as against coal amounted to \$1,500,000 annually in the case of a railway operating in the southern states. Many of the Canadian pulp and paper plants rely on crude oil, and a while ago there was talk of a paper famine on the Pacific coast because the pulp mills out there were threatened with cessation of their fuel oil supply from California. Mexican crude oil displaced about 2,000,000 tons of coal per annum in the New England States. Pittsburg's consumption of fuel oil for the next twelve months is estimated at between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 barrels.

Then we have hardly mentioned at all the tremendous demands on the oil supply of the mercantile marine and the navies of the world. The programme of the United States Shipping Board alone calls for 80,000,000 barrels of fuel oil a year if all the ships are to burn oil, as originally planned. Sailing the seas to-day are probably fifteen hundred oil-driven merchant ships, representing a tonnage of practically 8,000,000. The oil-burning boiler is no longer a novelty and an untried theory. It has passed the experimental stage and is obviously making good. The main incentive to use oil on ships is the high cost of coal, but there are other reasons. Oil bulks considerably less, is cleaner, more convenient and cheaper to handle, gives out a greater percentage of heat and saves labour. All these are important items.

There has been a lot of alarming talk lately about who controls the oil market. Sir E. Mackay Edgar, a Canadian who is now an important figure in Old Country business and financial circles, not long ago wrote an article in which he declared that Britain held in its hands the secure control of the future of the world's oil supply, and that Britishers were "sitting tight on what must soon become the lion's share of a raw material indispensable to every manufacturing country, intimately bound up with maritime power, and unobtainable in sufficient quantities outside the sphere of British influence".

A very pleasing prospect for Britishers, no doubt, but was it based on facts? Whether the Edgar statement started it or not, it is now a matter of recent history that a number of American gentlemen who are inclined to become suddenly agitated and very noisy when they hear reports favourable to Britain got busy a few months ago and commenced that ever-popular but time-worn and usually ineffective practice of "viewing with alarm". A California senator, hearing that Britain was out for a monopoly of the world's petroleum, introduced a bill for "American defence", proposing to protect Americans in the development of petroleum resources outside the United States. The senator told his colleagues that England was said to control 60 per cent. of the oil potentialities of the world, and he pointed out that England was making it her business to see that these potentialities were properly developed and preserved for the Empire. Excitable American newspapers took up the cry and for days the news agencies carried over the country reports about Britain's alleged attempt to become mistress of the oils, as well as of the seas.

So widespread was the propaganda—for it amounted to little less than that—that Sir Auckland Geddes, newly-appointed British ambassador to the United States, saw fit in one

of his first public utterances, after accepting the post, to deny many of the statements broadcasted.

Of course, there is a good deal of cause for alarm in the United States about that country's future oil supply. The United States Geological Survey recently disclosed that foreign countries which use only one half as much oil as the United States have seven times as much oil in the ground. Not counting oils to be obtained from shales and distillation, a process hardly given a trial as yet, the world's supply is estimated at 60,000,000,000 barrels. Of this amount 43,000,000,000 are regarded as "in sight", as demonstrated by drillings with successful results. The rest covers the available oil which it is believed will be found in other regions in which oil seepages, asphalt deposits or other favourable geological conditions point to the presence of oil, although there may be no producing wells existent. The total represents thirteen times the amount of oil already taken from the ground in America, and eight times all the petroleum yet produced in the world. About 7,000,000,000 barrels are believed to be left in the United States and Alaska, and the remaining 53,000,000,000 in other countries. The supply is said to be about evenly distributed between the old world and the new. The returns indicate that countries other than the United States are now using 200,000,000 barrels of oil yearly, but have resources large enough to last 250 years at this rate. The production figures for the United States at the present rate of 400,000,000 barrels a year indicates only an eighteen-year supply—not too hopeful a prospect.

What has disturbed the Americans about Britain and the oil supply is mainly this: Whereas the production in the United States is available to all other nations on equal terms with the United States, the production under the control of Great Britain and located in the rich fields of the Near East is available only to British

nationals. American citizens were excluded from the Bermuda fields in 1884, and the principle then established has been consistently followed as new fields have been developed. Briefly, that is the situation as viewed by Captain Paul Foley, director of operations of the United States Shipping Board. A disinterested point of view would, in the writer's opinion, be that Britain had been simply following a mighty hardheaded and farsighted business policy. It requires only the statement of Sir Eric Geddes to convince the unprejudiced that Britain's policy has not been shrewd and practical, but more than justified by conditions.

Sir Eric referred to statements in certain American papers that Britain had acquired an oil monopoly and now proposed to hold the world to ransom. He pointed out that 70 per cent. of the world's output was from American soil, and 16 per cent. from Mexico, American capital controlling three-fourths of the Mexican yield. In addition, he pointed out, Americans were seeking oil in at least ten other countries. The United States, he asserted, held 82 per cent. of the present world supply under its control. The British Empire total production was about two and a half per cent. of the world's supply, while the Persian oil supply, controlled by British capital, was about two per cent. In time of emergency British interests controlled but five per cent. of the world's output.

This sort of thing hardly suggests a monopoly. Sir Eric denied that Britain sought rights over undeveloped oil and a future monopoly through control of Baku, Batum, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Surveys and acquisition of oil rights had been forbidden by Britain in Mesopotamia and Palestine, he said, until these nations could deal with the matter themselves. British oil rights in Persia, he emphasized, were of the purely commercial kind, dating from 1902, and he wound up with the declaration

that the only section of British territory where foreign interests were excluded from exploitation was the British Isles, where oil was "a geological curiosity and not a commercial proposition".

All factors considered, though, Britain appears to be pretty well fixed in regard to the oil future. Within the past six months negotiations have been completed for all-British control of the famous Royal Dutch Shell group. This is a combination regarded in many quarters as being more powerful and aggressive than ever was the Standard Oil Company even in the palmy day of unrestricted trusts. This is the combination which, in 1914, its directing head, Mr. H. W. A. Deterding, said would dominate the fuel oil supply of the world by 1924.

The British Government already controls the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and it has shown a commendable willingness to co-operate with private capital in extending the Empire's petroleum possessions. Further than that, the British Government intends to see that these possessions are not allowed to slip away into foreign hands. British diplomatic and business sagacity is applying itself to the oil question with a resolution unapproached by any other nation, and is accomplishing results that seem destined to be of tremendous importance and lasting benefit to the Empire.

It is unpleasant to think where the Empire might be to-day had it not been able to draw from the coal deposits of the British Isles in building up and safeguarding its ocean commerce. The British Government, in co-operation with private enterprise, seized the opportunity offered by this coal wealth to dominate the world's marine transportation, and coal has given Britain mastery of the seas. But the age of coal is passing and the age of oil has dawned. The rivalry between the two commodities grows keener steadily. Four years ago

Walter Runciman, then president of the Board of Trade, told the British House of Commons that the future policy of Great Britain would be not only to control the coal of the world, but the supply of oil as well. In saying this he voiced recognition of the basic thought that the British Empire is far too great to risk dependence on any modern power for its supply of such an absolutely vital adjunct to modern industry.

United States government engineers who have kept in close touch with the petroleum situation have estimated that, if the country goes on using oil at the present rate without developing new resources, the last drop of gasoline and the last pound of lubricating grease will have been used within the next thirty-nine years. In thirty-nine years some new form of explosive for internal combustion engines probably will have been found. But the trouble is that consumption will not stand still. This year, for instance, more than 2,000,000 new automobiles are being manufactured and more than 400,000 new trucks and tractors. The railroads want 200,000 new locomotives and they are fitting them to burn oil. Countless thousands of internal combustion engines are being manufactured for pumping and many other purposes, and all of them will require gasoline and other mineral oil products. At this rate of increase in consumption, it is estimated that the present known oil resources will be consumed in a decade, and in the meantime governments may be forced to pass laws prohibiting the use of fuel oil under boilers.

Well, these facts should indicate that the world is on the threshold of an honest-to-goodness oil shortage, unless it is perhaps waist-deep in it already and going down. And what is the old world going to do about it? With the rapid resumption of more or less normal conditions everywhere there can be little doubt that the production of petroleum will speedily in-

crease. Production and export from Mexico are rapidly growing, and South America is likely to start production on a large scale shortly. Other vast territories remain to be explored. Some people think that China may some day yield a wealth of oil. Africa, with the exception of Egypt, has not yet disclosed any oil-fields, although Nigeria and other parts of Western Africa are said to warrant closer investigation. Australia's prospects are still unknown, although wells are being drilled. Europe and northern Asia may have new sources of oil tucked away somewhere, and then, of course, there is Canada.

As to the known oil reserves already extensively developed, there are abundant indications that they are beginning to be played out. To-day the United States controls 66 per cent. of the world's oil supply, but a recent report of the United States Geological Survey predicts that there is not enough oil in the ground to last thirty years, and later reports put the duration of the country's domestic supply at no more than twenty-two years. In sixty years, according to one au-

thority, the United States has run through a legacy which, if properly conserved, should have lasted at least a century and a half. Just when Americans have become accustomed to using twenty times as much oil a head as is used, for instance, in Great Britain; just when invention has indefinitely expanded the need for oil in industry; just when the point had been reached where oil controls money instead of money controlling oil—the United States finds her chief sources of domestic supply beginning to dry up. Already, though few people appreciate the fact, the United States has become an importer of oil. The annual imports from Mexico are in the neighbourhood of 40,000,000 barrels of forty-two gallons each. There have unquestionably been over-statements regarding oil wastage. One of the north Texas fields developed a production of about 3,000,000 gallons a year within twelve months of the drilling of the first well, and it is doubtful whether the wastage in that field has amounted to more than five per cent. But there can be no doubt that slowly the oilfields of the United States are approaching exhaustion.

THE PILGRIMS

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

NOT mine to ease a burden you may bear,
 Not mine to lift a stone from out your way,
 No morning song or noontide heat to share,
 Nor ministry of peace when dies the day!
 I cannot tell if well or ill you fare,
 Or if you keep the path or go astray;
 My wanderer's garb with wistful face I wear,
 And tears are pearlèd on its threads of gray.

But when Night weaveth deep her robe of rest,
 In shadowy folds beneath the excelling glory
 Of all the kindly stars in heaven's dome,
 I kneel and cry to Him whose way is best,
 "O Thou who knowest each human heart's poor story,
 Bless whom I love and lead Thy pilgrims Home!"

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE

BY HON. JUSTICE LONGLEY

IV.

IN 1885 I was in Toronto finishing my law studies, and I had then a supreme desire to meet Mr. Goldwin Smith. It was not until the last of my stay there that I did contrive to meet him at Mr. Howland's office and have an interview on the leading questions of the day. I was extremely charmed with his felicitous manner of discussing all questions. It was not, however, until I got into political life and in office that I really made his acquaintance thoroughly and entirely. I was going to make a tour at that time in 1888. I had met Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Peter Mitchel at Montreal and had a long interview with them in regard to the political affairs of the country, and also more particularly on the subject of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States. From this I passed on to Toronto and by a special invitation from Mr. Goldwin Smith I went to his house, the well known "Grange", and spent three days with him of the most delightful character. It is difficult now that he has passed away to give an accurate description of Mr. Goldwin Smith. He had an uncommon habit of saying what he thought, irrespective of the consequences which it involved, and thereby he deprived himself of the advantage of certain acquaintanceships in Toronto which could have

easily been his if he had exercised more discretion, but I suppose he did not care about that and therefore he made his pen and his tongue convey the thoughts of his mind irrespective of what this or that personage might think of him.

He was extremely devoted to the question of promoting the interests of the English speaking world by a union of Canadians with Americans in all matters which pertained to their material and political interests. He was thoroughly conscientious in this and did it quite as much in the interests of England as in the interests of Canada. He regarded England as a European power. He regarded Canada as part of the new world life, and therefore identified with the great English speaking nation to the south. Whether he was right or wrong about that is of no consequence now. It was his belief, his thorough and genuine belief and he was entitled to have that belief to the utmost. It was in connection with this matter which he particularly desired to see me on this occasion. He was writing a book on Canada and the Canadian Question and wished to have my views in regard to various matters he was then discussing. I am sorry to say I was not able to give him the views which he desired most. I was in favour of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, but I was not prepared and did not think the people of Can-

ada were prepared for the larger step of political union, and the consequence is that my views came far short of what he was expecting. Nevertheless, he made no objection and the time passed at the Grange most agreeably. His wife was exceedingly pleasant, and "Chin", the butler, was wonderfully *au fait* with his duties. Breakfast took place at nine o'clock and dinner at seven and all things surrounding the Grange were orderly and well appointed. In discussion of English politics Mr. Goldwin Smith was extremely vigorous and outspoken in his criticisms. He understood English politics perfectly, but he accompanied his knowledge of them with strange prejudice against many of those who were taking part in the affairs. He maintained a most careful relationship with Lord Rosebery with whom he was corresponding regularly and he was full of the most extraordinary stories about all the great men of Europe, including Napoleon III, in fact one might go for a long time among the men of Canada and not meet one who was so perfectly familiar with all matters of a prominent character. His remarks were often axiomatic and extremely vigorous. He was tall, extremely thin, and produced the impression of a person who had spent his whole life in the midst of matters of importance.

As a literary man, he had scarcely an equal in the English-speaking world. His writings were perfect; the use of the right word was always his and his sentences were balanced with grace and ease such as characterized no other writer of his day. He had wealth, largely through his wife, and was able to spend the latter part of his life in perfect comfort and luxury and engage himself in all matters of a benevolent and useful character.

From this beginning in 1888 I continued visiting his house until the year before his death, always enjoying to the fullest extent the oppor-

tunity presented for obtaining his views on all matters. Mr. Haultain, his secretary, was engaged for a number of years and was always ready for his task, but often, instead of being employed in literary work, Haultain was called upon by the hour to listen to his various anecdotes and observations on matters and men in general.

On this first visit to Mr. Smith he accompanied me to Niagara-on-the-Lake, where there was a meeting of the Chautauqua, and the afternoon was to be devoted to the subject of Canadian Reciprocity. The speakers were Mr. Wiman, myself and last, Mr. Goldwin Smith! It was a very large assembly of persons. The day was extremely fine and considerable interest was taken in the matter.

This was not the first occasion on which I had met Mr. Erastus Wiman. He had been identified for some considerable length of time in the discussion of Unrestricted Reciprocity in Canada, and previous to this I had met him in Quebec, where he had come to lecture during the time the Interprovincial Conference was held there in 1887. At that time a person was perfectly justified in pinning his faith to Mr. Erastus Wiman on account of the power which he wielded in both the United States and in Canada. He was reputed extremely wealthy by being a partner in Dun, Wiman & Co. and his share of the income in that great concern was at least eighty thousand dollars a year. He was a man of great energy and presented any question which he undertook to deal with in a most interesting manner and the whole character of the man was full of generous instincts and the desire to make himself agreeable and useful to every person with whom he came in contact, and his advocacy of reciprocity between the United States and Canada was forcible and able, but he lacked the ability to keep within certain bounds and to recognize certain principles of prejudice and interest which characterized the Canadian people.

He was a Canadian by birth, but was identified with a large business in New York, although he remained always a Canadian and never became a naturalized American. He lived in a beautiful house situated on Staten Island and had the advantage of having several children.

It was arranged beforehand that I should accompany Mr. Wiman to New York. We drove to Niagara Falls by carriage, saw Brock's monument and took dinner at the hotel on the Canadian side and later took the train to New York. It was a beautiful journey and I remember waking up early in the morning as we glided along the Hudson River. It was perfectly calm and the sun shining directly over it from West Point to the Palisades. We went to Washington the next day. We had a most enjoyable time there. Among other things, we took lunch at Mr. R. R. Hitt's, at which were present Speaker Thomas B. Reid, Roswell M. Flower, Senator Burroughs and others and we talked over the whole matter of commercial union with the United States. Mr. Hitt was a man of considerable wealth and his wife was one of the most beautiful women in the city and they lived in a luxurious house and could do all the entertaining necessary. He afterwards became a friend of mine and I not unfrequently visited the house and partook of the various hospitalities which he offered. He himself was an advocate of Unrestricted Reciprocity. We saw Carlisle, the Secretary of the Treasury, Senator Sherman and various other leading persons, and Mr. Sherman took in hand the resolution for the appointment of a Commission, clothed with power to make a Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, with twenty thousand dollars for expenses, and I had the pleasure of hearing the Senator give notice of the resolution the next morning.

I always had the advantage of a few intimate friends in the United States, who have now all passed away. The first may be put down as Con-

gressman Butterworth, whose loving disposition endeared him to all who came in contact with him and who was the chief mover in the question of Reciprocity. Another was Mr. Jonathan A. Lane, who was president of the Mercantile Association of Boston, whose hospitality I enjoyed at two meetings of that body, and frequently visited him at his home, which was unpretentious, but was made agreeable always by the most unbounded hospitality. Another of my friends was Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who died two or three years ago at the age of eighty, but he seemed when I met him up to the very last to be a youngish and vigorous man. He lived at Lincoln, about twenty miles from Boston, in a beautiful spot; large house, large stables, large grounds and was a man of considerable wealth. He was certainly one of the most interesting men that could be met anywhere in the United States. His great grandfather was John Adams, President of the United States, and his grandfather John Quincy Adams, President of the United States. His father, Charles Francis, was Minister to England for seven years and Charles Francis himself was President of the Massachusetts Historical Society for twenty years, and wrote an infinite variety of books on all subjects of interest and importance to the world and his method of presenting questions was always vigorous, powerful and searching. I induced him to be present at the Tercentenary celebration at Annapolis in 1904, and I often had the pleasure of visiting him for one or two days in his house at Lincoln and enjoying his most delightful hospitality. I valued his friendship as highly as could be and his death to me was an extreme blow.

Another of my friends in the United States, the oldest and, perhaps, the best that I had, was A. Shuman of the firm of Shuman & Co. on Washington Street. Mr. Shuman occupied a special position of importance in the city and was identified

with everything which pertained to the welfare of Boston. He was chairman of the Board of Directors of the Boston City Hospital, which was the largest institution of its kind in the State. He had a beautiful residence in Beverley and had raised a number of sons and daughters who reflected credit on any person who knew them. I must have known Mr. Shuman for very nearly forty years and I went to his house almost every year during that time at least once if not twice. I took luncheon with him at various times in the city and was identified with him in all that made life beautiful. In the year 1918 I went on to Boston in July and one of the first things I did was to call at his office and there I discovered for the first time that he had been dead four days. It was a terrible blow to me and one from which I did not recover for some time. It was like all things in this earth which those of us who are old have to feel—the constant severing of interesting ties.

In Great Britain I had fewer friends, but some acquaintances which I formed are worthy of being noted. The first was Miss Marie Corelli. I had been a constant reader of her books previous to 1895, when I was in England first, and I suppose I can place myself as among those who are deeply interested, although many appear to think otherwise, but at all events her books have been read by the hundred thousand, probably as largely read as any published in England. I had written a review of her book "Ardath" in *The Week* of Toronto and it happened that while I was visiting the Rev. Dr. Hill at Hampstead I saw a copy of *The Week* on his table which his son-in-law was interested in and it contained a full account of my remarks on the subject of "Ardath" and they were of an extremely complimentary character. It occurred to me that I would send it to Miss Corelli, who lived in the city at that time, and with it a note. What was my surprise the next

morning when I received a note from her requesting me to call and see her at once, which I did the next morning. I found her at home and saw her alone and discussed various matters with her and saw how clever she was in apprehending the great problems of the world, having to a certain degree prejudices for or against which were rather notable. I regard her as entitled to a certain degree of notice from the literary world at large. She was not popular then and is not popular now, but her books were popular then and they are popular now if she chooses to publish them. They have constituted a fortune for her, and she has gone now to reside at Stratford-on-Avon, and is somewhat broken down in health.

Louise Chandler Moulton lived for a time in London not far from Hyde Park and she used to invite various literary people to meet her at her home on a certain day in the week and on one occasion I happened to have the privilege of an invitation. It was a very delightful affair. I discovered for the first time Sir Louis Morris, one of the notable poets of England. He was not extremely genial in conversation and did not make much impression upon my mind. Mr. Israel Zangwill was there. He had written a book "The Master", the scene of which was laid in Nova Scotia. He had never been in the province, but gave a fairly good description of it, but it was not as perfect as if it had been written by a person who had visited and was familiar with the country. He was a Jew and had acquired considerable fame by his books.

Mrs. Alexander was there, quite fairly advanced in life and having written nearly all her novels by this time. Frances Hodgson Burnett was also there and I had an opportunity of meeting her. She was most interesting. It was not, however, till I saw her later in Bermuda that I formed an estimate of her abilities

as a literary woman. She is now about seventy-one years of age, but has control of her pen and works as hard as ever in the development of her great characters.

I may mention Mr. William Sharpe, a well-known poet who has died since. He has not only visited at my house but I have seen him and his wife frequently in London. I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when he was Secretary of State for the Colonies and had an interview with him. It is only necessary to state that he was the most charming and thorough man of affairs I have ever met among Englishmen. Most Englishmen have thrown round them a certain degree of dignity and restraint on such meetings, but Chamberlain had nothing of the kind and was free to talk upon all subjects that came within our ken. I have the advantage of subsequent correspondence with him which is placed among my chief memorials.

I had one evening at Greys Inn at a bar dinner, which was an affair that took place only once a year and was very much looked forward to as an occasion of interest. I was taken to it by Mr. Howard, and I had the pleasure of meeting a number of the most distinguished men in England, among others, Mr. Herschell, Lord Chancellor, Mr. Webster, afterwards Lord Alveston, Attorney General, the Solicitor General, Cardinal Vaughn, the Roman Catholic Archbishop. Lord Roberts was also there. He was received with a good deal of éclat when coming in. He was a man small in stature with rugged features; he looked like an old man then in 1895, although he did not die until 1915, and last and most important of all appeared Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who was received with very great applause. He moved round and spoke to everybody with the greatest amiability. Probably he exerted himself on this occasion as he did on other occasions to make himself thoroughly well liked by all.

Theodore Roosevelt I met when President of the United States. I happened to be spending a day or so at Washington and expressed a desire to see Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Hitt arranged to take me to him. Those who are familiar with Washington are aware of the fact that special offices have been erected on the west side of the White House and connected with it. We entered the chief room, where people were assembled to see the President for a short time, and only remained a moment before he opened the door and saw the persons. He first met Mr. Hitt and was introduced to me. He immediately opened the door of his private office and told me to walk in, and he directed himself to seeing the dozen or so men, mostly senators and other prominent men, and did not occupy fifteen minutes altogether, and then he came into his private office.

There are differences of opinion in regard to Mr. Roosevelt's standing among the men of the United States and the world. He occupied at that time a position first in the United States because he was President and was bound to command great interest on the part of the citizens of that country. Many there were who believed him to be an able man; some, the greatest man of all, and some as entirely unfit for his position, but the prevailing sentiment at that time was that he was an extremely able and efficient President, and he had the ability to push matters through with resoluteness and determination, in fact one could read the history of the whole line of Presidents of the United States and scarcely an instance could be found in the case of one of them where the business relating to Europe and America had been carried with a determination and resolute will equal to that which Mr. Roosevelt had brought to bear upon all questions. He arranged and settled the strike of miners when all other influence had failed. He had taken possession of Panama in order

to have the control of the land for the canal in a manner almost unsurpassed in the history of transactions of that kind. He had intervened between the Russians and the Japanese when they were endeavouring to negotiate a peace at Portsmouth, N.H., and had brought it about. He had attacked the great industries and had taken the necessary steps towards securing a proper control in all matters relating to the welfare of the hundred of millions of people of whom he was President. These are mentioned among other facts in relation to him which indicate that he was an extremely able and notable President.

My own conception of Mr. Roosevelt was derived by two hours close intimacy and discussion of all questions relating to the well being of the world, and I never met a man who impressed me more fully and completely with his powers of quick perception and fixed resolution. If he erred at all, it was with the freedom with which he talked. A man occupying the tremendous position of President should be extremely careful and guarded in his relation to all matters in which he is particularly concerned, but Mr. Roosevelt discussed matters with the greatest freedom, so much so, that if I had gone out of the White House and repeated what he said to me, it would have caused a sensation, but I suppose he would have ended it, as he did with all such matters by declaring that it was false. He was delightful in his method and manner of expressing things, and entered fully into the sentiments which he expressed, and you could see at all times that he was aiming at securing the best results on all matters which it was possible for him to obtain.

He afterwards ceased to be President and was succeeded by Mr. Taft, who was his own choice. When he came home, after a tour in Africa, he expected, as a amateur of course, that he would be nominated again, but by this time Mr. Taft had been af-

fectured by other people and he refused to give way, and after a desperate struggle in the convention a small majority nominated Taft, and Mr. Roosevelt went out of the convention, organized a separate party and ran without any of the concomitants which usually go with a party nomination, and yet he polled more votes for the Presidency than did Mr. Taft with the entire Republican party supporting him. He is now dead and there are few left in the United States that are not eager to uphold his name and fame, and he will go down to history as one of the most remarkable men who ever occupied the position as President of the United States.

I had also the privilege of an interview of two hours or so with Mr. Taft when he was President of the United States. He was a man of extremely large stature and full of anecdotal charm. My interview was not one which I sought myself nor was it one in which I had any concern. Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish party was visiting Boston and had agreed with his wife and Joseph Devlin, M.P. for Belfast, and his wife to take lunch with Mr. Shuman at Beverly. After lunch, by appointment, Mr. Taft was to see him, and I went along with the procession and took part in the conversation which lasted for an hour or two. Mr. Taft was far more careful in his discussion of things and used no expressions that could be handled to his disadvantage in any place. He told many stories and anecdotes and received Mr. Redmond with the greatest civility. He is now in the prime of life and is a recognized feature in American life.

General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, was one of the most remarkable characters that one is able to meet with in the course of a lifetime. There was no Salvation Army when Mr. Booth commenced preaching, and when he died a few years ago, he had an army numbering millions in various portions of the

globe, all speaking different languages and carrying on a work of social reform and benevolence which can scarcely be surpassed by any religious body in the world. A few facts must be taken into consideration in judging of him. In the first place, he was a man of not great intellectual training and did not belong to the high classes in England, in fact he had formed his Salvation Army and it had grown until it was at least thirty years of age before it obtained the recognition it deserved from the wealthy and influential parties in Great Britain or any part of the world. He was a man it was difficult to understand. He was fated to be head of the Salvation Army when it consisted of a million men, and he ruled it with wisdom and ability which could not be surpassed. There was nothing in the Salvation Army work that he did not engage in, even to the task of going about in the congregation and asking people to consider the question of their soul. He stayed at my house several times during his visits to Halifax and was a most interesting character in every possible respect. His mind was thoroughly religious and he believed in

the Bible and prayer as completely and certainly as it was possible for a person to believe in anything, and this was a great strength to him in carrying out his religious work. He had the utmost faith in man and therefore the triumph of his army in every part of the world was secure. He fostered no false pretences; he indulged in no hopes that were not based upon real conviction; he gave no encouragement to any person to take the step in the direction of the Salvation Army. He did everything from a sound religious spirit. I saw him in the later years of his life shortly before he died, when he was considerably broken in health and had not quite his former powers, but he was still General Booth. I had some idea that the army might suffer from his removal, but his son, Bramwell Booth, is managing it well and splendidly at the present time, but one can never know in regard to these institutions how long they may continue to last, but we may be certain they will continue to last only so long as the men at the head of them will continue to exercise wise and wholesome influence in their doings.





HALIFAX HARBOUR
From the Painting by A. Y. Jackson. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.



“ ‘ Stimulant?’ Dan hollers. ‘ Well, I’ll be cussed ’.”

FIZZICAL CULTURE IN CAMP

BY G. L. REDMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY MOYER



HE laughablest thing I ever see was this here Mushrat Joe on a pair of them there skees, up to the bush one winter.

Joe was the dangdest feller—always gittin’ some new idear that he was goin’ to devote the remainder of his life to, and workin’ away on it like all possessed, till the next idear come along, and then it was off with the old and on with the new, and him workin’ away twice as hard on the new as he had bin on the old.

About the foolishhest idear he ever got was this one he called fizzical culture. It was the fall of ’95, and Joe was cookin’ for the camp. No, come to think of it, it must have bin ’96, because Dan McAulay was boss of the outfit that year. Or else it was ’97. It don’t matter anyway—but I’m most certain it was ’96. Yes, it was ’96. I remember now, it was the year the Baxter boys wasn’t in, on account of the old man goin’ out to the coast for the winter, and that was ’96—I’m dead sure of that. Or else

it was ’98. Blame these dates! They do get mixed up in a feller’s head.

Well, Joe was cookin’, as I said, and a mighty good cook he was, too, and all hands satisfied, till he got this fizzical culture idear.

It started with him givin’ us a lot of syrup and sweet stuff to eat, and nothin’ much to go with it. Every man on the gang had a sour stomach inside of three days.

Dan McAulay had Joe up on the carpet, and wanted to know what in tarnation he was tryin’ to do, rottin’ the men’s insides out with syrup and truck.

Joe said he done it for the men’s own good.

“Syrup,” he says, “is one of the best stimulants there is. Alcohol ain’t in it with syrup for a stimulant.”

“Stimulant?” Dan hollers. “Well, I’ll be cussed! Look here, young feller; I bin hawkin’ logs around for twenty-five years on sow-belly and flap-jack, without needin’ any stimulant to speak of, and I calkilate to go on doin’ the same for several years

more. And that goes for the gang, too. So you just git back to your pots and pans, and give the men the kind of grub they're used to, and anybody that wants stimulants kin ask for it. Stimulant? Huh!"

That should of held Joe, but it didn't. We hadn't no more than got over the effects of the stimulant, when we began to notice a sprinklin' of bran in everythin' we et; bran in the porridge, bran in the puddin', bran in the soup. But the end came when the ijut sent in a bran mash straight for dinner one day.

Dan sent for Joe to come in.

"You blankety blank blank blanket!" he hollers, "What kind of carryin's on is this? What do you think you're feedin'—a bunch of cows? Or did you think somebody ast for a poultice when you sent them slops in?"

"Well," Joe says, "it looked to me like the boys wasn't gittin' enough coarse foods to ensure proper peristalsis. Bran, although containin' very little nutriment in itself, has an important part to play in——"

"Oh, git out of here," Dan hollers, "I ain't goin' to set and listen to no such yawp as that."

It was rough on Joe, but the boss was mad, and you couldn't blame him for it, his stomach bein' all out of kelter and clogged up with bran, the way it was.

That kind of discouraged Joe, in one way, and in another way it only made him harder than ever to put up with.

He had it figgered out that the two main branches of fizzical culture was diet and exercise; so when he seen that Dan wouldn't stand for no more tinkern' with the men's diet, he started naggin' us about neglectin' our exercise. Mind you! neglectin' our exercise, and us puttin' in ten hours a day at heavy bush-whackin'.

"That's all right in a way," Joe says, "but you're only usin' one set of muscles all the time, and over-developin' that set at the expense of the

others. Youse fellers are layn' the foundations for occupational disease.

"Occupational fiddlesticks!" I says. "If there is any muscle in a man's body that don't ache after the first day of hard choppin', it's one that I ain't never heard tell of."

Joe didn't git much sympathy from the men, but that didn't prevent him from expoundin' the advantages of the fizzical culture rejeem whenever he got a chance. And then he was everlastin'ly buyin' contraptions to hang up on the wall to exercise yourself with, and Injun clubs, and dumb bells, and he told the boys they was welcome to make themselves free with the apparatus any time they felt like it.

He never stuck to any one kind of exercise for any length of time. It wasn't his nature. He was always findin' somethin' better.

Just when he had about spent his last cent on apparatus, as he called it, he discovers that the best way of exercisin' is not to use no apparatus at all, but just make the motions with your hands and let on to yourself that you're liftin' a weight. It was supposed to be cheaper than the other way, because you didn't have to buy no apparatus; but it didn't work out that way with Joe. I don't know but what he paid out more money for books tellin' how to get along without apparatus than he did for the apparatus in the first place.

One mornin' we found him twistin' and clawin' around in bed.

"Crazy as a loon!" Dan says, "I thought it'd come to this." And he made a jump and grabbed Joe by the arms.

Joe caved in then, and handed us over a book called "Exercisin' In Bed", wrote by some old galoot that restored his lost manhood by kickin' himself fifteen times with each foot before gittin' up in the mornin'. After that we wasn't surprised at nothin'.

Joe learned to do Fifty Exercises with a Chair, and Simple Exercises



"And then he comes lickity scoot, about sixty miles an hour"

in Your Own Bedroom, includin' special exercises for stimulin' the glands in the front of the neck.

He was a reglar freak. The boys in the other camps got to hear about

it, and some of them come as fur as fifteen miles just to git a look at Joe.

But the queer thing about it was that with all his exercisin' it didn't seem to do him no good. He was

gittin' peakeder and paler every day. At last he says:

"I'm afraid I'm over-exercisin', boys. If I ain't careful I'll be gittin' athlete's heart. I guess I better go easy for a spell."

We encouraged him in the idear, and he cut down his exercisin' a lot, but it didn't seem to give him no relief. He got scared he was goin' into consumption.

"No wonder," Dan says, "sittin' humped over a book all the time, instead of bein' out workin' up an appetite in the fresh air. You can't get healthy by readin' a book about it. You got to git out and do somethin'."

"I believe you're right, Dan," Joe says, solemn as an owl, "I ain't bin gittin' enough of the play spirit into my exercise. I was readin' an article the other day—"

"Fergit that stuff!" Dan says.

Well, it turns out, after Joe has done some more readin', that this here sport called skeein' is probably the best exercise out for rejuvenatin' the human frame and drivin' away the blues, so he sent for a pair of the weapons; and if you ever seen a kid with a new toy, it's him when he un-packs them skees.

The next day was Sunday, and all hands turned out to see Joe launch himself, as you might say, on the skees.

There was a big hill back of the camp, and Joe gits up on top and spends about half an hour gittin' the

contraptions tied on solid, accordin' to printed instructions accompanyin' same, and then down he comes lickity scoot, about sixty miles an hour, and just as he gits to the bottom of the hill and is wavin' his hand to us in a graceful manner, what does them fool skees do but git ketched in some grass and stand up on end and git stuck in the snow solid, leavin' Joe hangin' there by the feet so he can't neither git up or down.

It nearly broke his neck, but we wasn't in no hurry to turn him loose.

We come around and ast if there was anythin' we could do for him, and if he would like us to make sure that the skees was tied on good and solid, and what he would take and repeat the performance, with full details, the followin' Sabbath. We offered him syrup for a stimulant, and bran for a laxative, and remarked that it looked to us like he was neglectin' his exercise.

He laid still for a while in that position, and then started slowly workin' himself up and down with his arms.

"What do you think you're doin'?" Dan says.

"Oh, just exercisin' my triceps," he says; "in case there happens to be any long-eared jackass of a bush-whacker hangin' around here when I git loose."

"The triceps," he says, "is sometimes called the hitting muscle."

He was the dangdest feller.



EDINBURGH SOCIETY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY D. FRASER HARRIS



It may reasonably be doubted whether any other European capital could boast of a Society more brilliant than that which flourished in Edinburgh during the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening ones of the nineteenth.

A surprisingly large number of men distinguished in almost every phase of activity of the human intellect were contemporaries in the capital of Scotland from 1780 to 1820.

We may conveniently speak of "the turn of the century" as indicating those last years of the old and the first of the new. Not only was Sir Walter Scott at the zenith of his astonishing productiveness, but Jeffrey was founding *The Edinburgh Review*, Joseph Black, the discoverer of carbonic acid gas and latent heat, was lecturing on Chemistry at the University, James Hutton was enlarging the concepts of geologists by his speculations on the igneous rocks, the second Monro was writing what was to become classic in Anatomy, Sir John Leslie was performing his experiments on the artificial production of cold which brought him European fame, Dugald Stewart in moral philosophy was not only informing but delighting immense classes, Raeburn was covering his canvases with those magnificent portraits which are a joy for ever; Brougham, Campbell,

Carlyle, Sydney Smith, were all still in Edinburgh, and "Rab"—the immortal—, Miss Ferrier and Lady Nairne were all of the group. There was brilliance whichever way one turned, brilliance in Belles Lettres, in Poetry, in Oratory Forensic and Ecclesiastical, in Physical Science, in Medicine and in Medical Jurisprudence.

When we turn to the scientific section of Edinburgh's brilliant society we encounter names which are amongst the foremost in the history of British discoveries in natural knowledge.

We shall first notice possibly the most distinguished, namely Professor Joseph Black, M.D., the discoverer of carbonic acid gas. The eighteenth century was itself just drawing to a close when Dr. Black closed his eyes on all earthly things, for he died on November 26th, 1799. Black was born of Scottish parents in Bordeaux, but he studied in the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and was finally Professor of Chemistry first at the one and then at the other. Although it is true that Van Helmont of Louvain had referred to what was really carbon dioxide as "gas sylvestre", the very word "gas" having been invented by him, and that the Reverend Stephen Hales had known that certain alkaline salts contained this substance, yet Black was unquestionably the first person to investigate

carbon dioxide by the quantitative methods of modern chemistry. He discovered it in the sense of identifying it, although he did not venture to give it any other name than "fixed air". The classical paper was entitled "Experiments upon Magnesia alba, Quick Lime and some other alkaline substances", and was read in June, 1755, before that Society which not long afterwards became the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The paper was published the following year. But Joseph Black made another momentous contribution to natural knowledge in his Doctrine of the Latency of Heat. Between the years 1759 and 1763 while in the chair of chemistry at Glasgow, Black worked at this subject; and it is now known that it was from Black that James Watt learned those principles concerning the physics of steam which he applied with such success to the invention of the steam-engine. It is not realized as widely as it should be that the gigantic world activities depending on the utilization of the properties of steam are really due to the hard thinking and the careful experiments of a Scottish Doctor of Medicine, Joseph Black, and a Glasgow instrument-maker, James Watt. We are not concerned with what might have been. Watt might have invented the steam-engine had Black never existed, but it is a matter of history that Black taught Watt the theory of heat, and that Watt's application of it has been one of the greatest factors in the economic development of the world.

The next person we meet in this wonderful old Edinburgh society is James Hutton, a name as full of meaning in the history of geology as is that of Black in the history of Chemistry. James Hutton was the originator of the theory of the igneous origin of those rocks which compose by far the greater portion of the earth's crust. His views are not only to be reckoned with by every student of geology,

but are now accepted as representing the truth concerning the mechanism of rock-origins. Although Hutton died in 1797, he was one of the bright band that crossed the century. He read his epoch-making paper before the Royal Society of Edinburgh one evening in 1785. It caused no stir next morning; and perhaps few who heard it knew that they had listened to a discourse which was destined to revolutionize geological conceptions, and to raise a controversy which was not to be set at rest for the next three-quarters of a century.

In 1800 it was declared that Hutton's views were "not only hostile to sacred history but equally hostile to the principles of probability"—and this because Hutton believed that the earth's crust had been laid down more than 6,000 years ago.

James Hutton, the son of an Edinburgh city official, was born in the old town in 1726. After studying at the High School and the University of his native place, he went to Paris and to Leyden where he graduated M.D. By 1768 he had settled down in Edinburgh to prosecute systematically those researches on the great problem he was to make so peculiarly his own. Hutton's style in writing was heavy and almost obscure, while that of his disciple and biographer, Professor John Playfair, was lucid and interesting. In 1802 Playfair published his famous "Illustrations of the Huttonian theory of the Earth" which supplied new arguments in favour of his master's contention. Playfair's is an important name in the science section of Edinburgh society, so important that on his death he was considered worthy of a monument on the Calton Hill. His chair in the University was Mathematics, but he wrote on Natural Philosophy as well as Geology for *The Edinburgh Review*.

Hutton was particularly fortunate in his expositors. Sir James Hall, fourth Baronet of Dunglass in East

Lothian, another of the band of 1799-1800, was perhaps a more important adherent of Hutton than was even Playfair. Hall made experiments upon the actual effects of heat on rocks and minerals, particularly basalt. He studied the behaviour and properties of these substances in the molten state, thus confirming Hutton's conclusions in a remarkable manner. His experiments were reported to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Hall, who was born in 1761 and died in 1832, had at one time studied military science at Brienne where a fellow student of his was the future Emperor Napoleon I. In 1812 Hall was elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and held office until 1820 when he was succeeded by none other than Sir Walter Scott. The well-known traveller, Captain Basil Hall, R.N. was the second son of Sir James of Dunglass.

The physical sciences lead us to Sir John Leslie (1766-1832) Professor of Mathematics in 1805 and of Natural Philosophy in 1819. His name is as well known in the science of Heat as is Hutton's in Geology, for Leslie's researches with the differential thermometer he had invented, and the production of cold by evaporation which he discovered, gave him European fame. Leslie's work on radiant heat, on photometry and on hygrometry is all classical. He was the first to achieve artificial congelation of water by the evaporation of sulphuric acid in a vacuum. In spite of these fundamental researches in the Science of Heat, for which he received the Rumford medal, Leslie was wrong and Wells right on the causes of the formation of dew; and he believed to the last in the objective existence of cold. In early life Leslie travelled both in America and on the continent of Europe. His personal friends included Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations", a treatise which created the science of political economy, Wedgewood the potter, and the

celebrated Thomas Young. Sir John's appointment to the chair of Mathematics was bitterly opposed by the clergy who detected heterodoxy in Leslie's having quoted something of David Hume on cause and effect. But Leslie was not a lucid expositor even of his own views. On the recommendation of Lord Brougham, Leslie was knighted by King William IV in 1832, at the close of which year he died.

Although Sir David Brewster at the turn of the century was only nineteen years old, still it would not be right to exclude him from the scientific section of Edinburgh Society, for at this time he was a student at the University. By 1807 Brewster had contested the chair of Mathematics at the University of St. Andrews; and possibly his being unsuccessful in his candidature led him into a career of greater eminence than if at twenty-six he had settled down for life in a University at that time not distinguished for its devotion to pure science. David Brewster was destined to do for the science of optics what Black had done for chemistry, Hutton for geology and Leslie for heat. He invented certain prisms for light-houses, the refracting stereoscope and the kaleidoscope, besides making many valuable additions to mathematical optics. He coined the phrase, "to be colour blind". He also was knighted in 1832; successively Principal of St. Andrews and of Edinburgh University, Brewster became President of the British Association in 1850.

Hitherto the sciences represented have been the physical and the chemical, but biological science was not to go without its exponent. The second Monro, the worthy occupant of the chair of Anatomy from 1759 to 1808 was more than merely a-descriptive Anatomist. He studied Comparative Anatomy with great success, and was a pioneer investigator into the human nervous system in the nomenclature of which his name is embedded as the

Foramen of Monro—an aperture in the depths of the mammalian brain. Alexander Monro secundus—for his father and his son were both Professors and Alexanders—was an original member of that band of thinkers, the Edinburgh Philosophical, the precursor of the Royal Society. The name of Monro is known wherever Anatomy is studied. As members of Edinburgh Society during our epoch and on the periphery rather than at the centre of the scientific circle may be mentioned the brothers Combe. George and Andrew Combe were both born in Edinburgh and both crossed the century, dying respectively in 1847 and 1858. They were both ardent phrenologists and helped to found the Edinburgh Phrenological Society. At this distance of time we have little idea how much phrenology bulked in the life of Edinburgh and Glasgow during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. Though phrenology was a great delusion and some of its exponents despicable quacks, the brothers Combe were sincere seekers after truth. George, who married a daughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, founded the lectureship in Physiology and Hygiene which survives to this day.

Without definitely instituting a comparison between London and Edinburgh at the turn of the century, it may be admitted that in respect of literature that was to become not only famous but great for all time, Edinburgh was the more important place. For Edinburgh was the birth-place and the work-place of Sir Walter Scott. There are some who would admit to the supreme pinnacle in Parnassus none but Shakespeare, nevertheless in the realm immediately below the highest—still completely lost in the Parnassan clouds—whoever else is there, there is Scott, unparalleled in ancient or modern times as a creator. Scott's characters are as bewilderingly numerous as they are unmistakably individualistic. Was it not in Edinburgh that Scott met Burns that ever

memorable "once"? Memorable, indeed, it was for Scott, the boy of fifteen; and he was not unaware of the interest of that meeting one evening in 1787 at the Sciennes House, old Professor Adam Ferguson's. The place, though greatly altered, is not utterly demolished even now. Edinburgh was the spot selected by chance for this intersection of the orbits of these two literary luminaries; but it has not always been thus—Goethe and Scott, for instance, though they wrote to each other, never met.

Society in Edinburgh at the time of which we are thinking was distinguished not only for its intellectual brilliance but for the sparkle of its wit and the spontaneity of its conviviality. At simple tea-drinkings, the first intellects in Europe were exchanging ideas that were to mould humanity.

We can take an ice to-day at a popular confectioner's in a large upper room in a house in Princes Street which is capable of being thus described by a daughter of one of its former owners: "Well do I remember the drawing-room in Princes Street with its mirrors between the windows and the large round tea-table in the middle of the room—that tea-table which recalled such glorious tea-drinkings when Walter Scott, Dougald Stewart, Playfair, Henry MacKenzie, Sydney Smith and other intimate friends sat around it".

This was the town house in Edinburgh of Alexander Fraser-Tytler, called Lord Woodhouselee after his beautiful estate of that name on the eastern slope of the Pentlands. Alexander Fraser-Tytler, one of the most scholarly judges of his day and Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, is not to be confused with Patrick Fraser-Tytler his son, author of a "History of Scotland" and of a life of the Admirable Crichton.

Scott in his fine ballad of "The Grey Brother" thus alludes to Woodhouselee as haunted:

From that fair dome where suit is paid
 By blast of bugle free,
 To Auchendinny's hazel shade
 And haunted Woodhouselee,
 Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
 And Roslin's rocky glen,
 Dalkeith which all the virtues love
 And classic Hawthornden?

The Fraser-Tytlers were amongst the brightest legal ornaments of Edinburgh Society during its Augustan age.

While it is true that Edinburgh Society at this time was homogeneous in that intellect rather than wealth gave entrance to it, and while it was probably more homogeneous than that of any other capital, it was composed or rather divided up into the following sections: The purely literary, the medical, the scientific, the ecclesiastical, the legal and the artistic. Its society at the turn of the century was much more truly one, more like one large family than it was destined inevitably to become. Thus the literary men—Scott and Jeffrey for instance—met the scientific and musical as often as they did their brethren of the pen. Nay more, were not both Scott and Jeffrey lawyers first and authors afterwards, if one attempts any professional classification? We should not forget that Scott was one of the clerks of the Court of Session until the very end of his life, and Sheriff of Selkirk for a very long period of it; and that Jeffrey was an advocate and then Attorney-General for Scotland until he became a judge or, as it is called in that country, Senator of the Court of Justice. But just as Scott is known on Parnassus not as Walter Scott, W. S. (writer to His Majesty's Signet) but as a poet of great power and vivacity, and as a creator in literature who has attained immortality by universal acclamation, so Francis Jeffrey is not remembered by his legal decisions but as the founder and editor of that merciless critic *The Edinburgh Review*.

Scott the Tory lawyer and writer to *Blackwood* and Jeffrey the Whig

lawyer and writer to the rival *Edinburgh*, could yet meet each other as men of letters in the house of a judge like Lord Woodhouselee, or a philosopher like Adam Ferguson, or a painter like Raeburn, or a man of science like Black or Hutton, or Leslie or Playfair.

Scott's father, Walter Scott senior, himself a lawyer, was one of the players on the violin in the orchestra at the Gentlemen's Concerts in St. Cecilia's Hall in the Niddy Wynd.

Old George Thomson, the very Nestor of those who crossed from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, though what we would call a civil servant, was also one of the most enthusiastic of amateur violinists. A staunch supporter of the St. Cecilia concerts, George Thomson was the man who got Burns to write many new songs and alter many old ones to suit Scottish tunes. It is possible that in these opening years of the twentieth century, we have forgotten the debt we owe to George Thomson for having collected and edited so many Scottish songs, adapted airs to them and laboured away at harmonizing the tunes with the help of the Germans, men of no less renown than Beethoven, Haydn, Hummel, Kozeluch, Pleyel, and Weber. Thomson, the self-appointed honorary secretary to the Scottish muses, wrote again and again to composer and to poet until these unbusiness-like geniuses were brought to complete their tasks and fulfill their promises.

Thomson was born in 1757 and died in 1851 so that his life included the halves of two centuries. His associations with literary men began early, for it was through the influence of the Reverend John Hume, author of "Douglas, a Tragedy" that he obtained his first appointment in Edinburgh; while it was towards the close of Burns's life that Thomson constrained the poet to contribute upwards of a hundred songs to his great "collection of Scottish airs". Of these songs only some, of course,

were original, the others were either revisions or purifications.

Every one is familiar in a general way with the life of Sir Walter Scott, but we may not have realized how he was on the one hand just an ordinary citizen of Edinburgh, address, 39 North Castle Street, and on the other at the time of his death the most celebrated individual in Northern Britain.

This taxpayer of Edinburgh was, in the republic of letters, the equal of Homer or of Shakespeare. Before he died, Scott had made a fortune for the owner of post-horses on the road to Flodden Field; he had been instrumental in bringing thousands upon thousands of persons and thousands upon thousands of pounds into the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland every year; and the stream continues to increase in volume though it is some eighty years since Scott died.

Scott's greatness, his uniqueness, has made us forget him as an ordinary Edinburgh citizen; and his being an ordinary Edinburgh citizen has made us forget that, in the lame Scottish lawyer there walked an artist of supreme technique, a historian and antiquary of profound and detailed learning, a creator of types so life-like that we positively refuse to believe they did not live and move in the flesh. We really believe that Jeanie, Effie, and old Davie Deans *did* live in the King's Park, that the Laird of Dumbiedykes really *did* woo as related, that Sir Arthur Wardour *was* hauled over the cliff as described in the "Antiquary". For most of us, Scott's characters are far more real than the Kings of England; he is, in a word, supreme, unapproachable, classic—and yet he was Mr. Scott of 39 North Castle Street. It is this citizen-aspect that Carlyle forces on us in that paragraph of his really great essay when he says: "Shorn of this falsifying nimbus and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Wal-

ter Scott", and he goes on to deny him the epithet "great". I fancy there are few whose opinion is worth anything who would agree with Carlyle that Scott's fame was a "falsifying nimbus". Whichever way you take Scott he was great, even in his ambition, as Carlyle does not fail to point out. Consider the capacity of this man, this semi-invalid; the sheer physical and mental capacity of the man who, dying at sixty-one, could be the author of half a hundred volumes of poetry, fiction, history, archaeology, biography, criticism—who could do his daily work in Edinburgh from ten till four like any one else, could perform his duties as Sheriff in the country, could entertain innumerable friends and be entertained by as many, could walk, ride, fish, shoot, as though he had no other life than that of the laird to live.

If any man was ever "all things to all men" it was Scott; the friend of Tom Purdy was also the President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; the same man who would sup riotously with Johnny Ballantyne in St. John Street, Canongate, or with the Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers, could also dine with Pitt, with the Prince Regent, the Duchess of Kent and the future Queen Victoria. But more than all this: he is dashed from the heights of prosperity to the very depths of financial distress, acute distress to a man of Scott's sensitive honesty. But he is not dismayed; he takes Mrs. Brown's lodgings in North Saint David Street and begins to write "The Life of Napoleon" and "Woodstock" to pay off the debt—writes with his fingers covered with chilblains and away from his wife in her last illness. His wife dies before he can reach Abbotsford, and when he gets there he sees—not his Charlotte, but "a yellow mask with pinched features". "I will not look on it again; it is not my Charlotte." He comes back to the blankness of that. "I ask, if my Charlotte can actually be

dead. It is not my Charlotte, my thirty years' companion". The creator of a hundred characters is a man; must have been a man to have created them. We cannot put it all better than in Carlyle's words: "And so the curtain falls, and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. When he departed he took a man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it. We shall never forget it, we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell".

In corroboration of Carlyle's remarks we may recall the scene of Scott at the grave of his dog "Camp" thus described by Gibson Lockhart: "Camp died about January, 1809, and was buried in Castle Street immediately opposite the window at which Scott usually sat writing. My wife tells me she remembers the whole family standing in tears about the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf above "Camp" with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him". And we all remember how Scott could not dine out that night owing to "the death of a dear old friend". "A gentleman even to his dogs", as some one had described him, but also a man, a great man, a tender, great man.

After Scott himself, the next most prominent character in Edinburgh Society at the turn of the century was Francis Jeffrey, or Lord Jeffrey, to give him his legal title. As a writer appealing to a much more limited public than Scott, and in no sense an entertaining author in that he published no poetry or works of the imagination, Jeffrey is nevertheless one of the most distinguished figures in the history of British literature.

The man who virtually founded the *Edinburgh Review*, who Byron imagined castigated him in its early pages, who fought a duel with Moore, who was elected Rector of the University of Glasgow, who was a striking personality in both the legal and social spheres in the Scottish capital, we cannot dismiss in a single word. To quote: "Lord Jeffrey was no ordinary personage. His standing was high both as a public man and in the qualities which grace the more private intercourse of social life. There seemed to be a measure of his own sprightly and vivacious temperament communicated to those highly polished and intellectual reunions where he delighted to relax himself sometimes amongst the fashionable and the gay. Wonderful was the ease with which he could mix business with pleasure without neglecting the serious realities of life and diligent attention to professional duties in the Parliament House. During a long summer's day, he could find time in the afternoon to attend consultations and receive clients, write law pleadings, dine out, attend his evening parties, flutter with the lively and the gay, pay homage to beauty till the night was far spent, and then return home to write an article for the *Review* until the morning light found him still awake and working in his study."

The story of the founding of *The Edinburgh Review* is so well known in the annals of Literature that it must not be retold here, but there seems very little doubt that Francis Jeffrey was the pioneer spirit of a pioneer group. As a matter of fact it seems that the Rev. Sydney Smith was the first person definitely to suggest the setting up of a *Review*, which he did at a gathering of Jeffrey's friends at 18 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, one stormy evening in the spring of 1802. The suggestion was carried by acclamation; and Cockburn tells us how the company chuckled when it thought of the storm which

the *Review* would raise, a storm louder than that which shook the "flat" in Buccleuch Place. Lord Cockburn's remarks on the starting of the *Review* explain a good deal connected with that journal so soon to become a stimulating and permanent force in English letters. "There were circumstances that tended so directly towards the production of some such work that it seems now as if its appearance in Edinburgh and about this time might almost have been foreseen. Of these it is sufficient to mention the irrepressible passion for discussion which succeeded the fall of old systems on the French Revolution, the strong feeling of resentment at our own party intolerance, the obviousness that it was only through the press that this intolerance could be abated—the dotage of all the existing journals, and the presence in this place (Edinburgh) of all the able young men in close alliance to whom concealed authorship was an irresistible vent."

Jeffrey's name is so much linked up with the beautiful old house of Craigerook that we must say a word or two about this place so famous in Edinburgh's literary history.

It was in 1815 that Jeffrey began to rent as his summer residence Craigerook Castle on the northern slopes of Corstorphine Hill. Here for thirty years he acted the part of host to all interested in literature in the Scottish capital. Lord Cockburn is quite enthusiastic about the way in which Jeffrey had altered it to suit modern requirements, and yet preserved the most picturesque features of the ancient structure. He writes of "old walls and gorgeous ivy; so old, yet so comfortable, so picturesque and so sensible, with such rich, soft turf". A home of ancient peace, if there ever was one, and not of peace only, but of the active intellectual life of one of the most interesting men in Edinburgh. Jeffrey was "at home" in the restricted mod-

ern sense on Saturday afternoons.

The Craigerook tradition was admirably maintained by Mr. John Hunter, LL.D., clerk to the Court of Session, who occupied the castle in the next generation.

John Hunter, a grandson of the distinguished Latinist, Principal Hunter of St. Andrews University, was the patron of literary men in the forties and fifties as Jeffrey had been in the thirties. One has only to recall that Gerald Massey has a poem entitled "Craigerook", and that Leigh Hunt dedicated his "Godiva" to John Hunter:

"John Hunter friend of Leigh Hunt's verse,
And lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest, naked deed
Was clothed in saintliest beauty."

Leigh Hunt wrote several letters to Mr. Hunter, eight of which are published in Hunt's life (1862). There is at least one, now, in the writer's possession, that has not been published; it thanks John Hunter for material help; and the tenor of the others is of gratitude for similar favours.

From Jeffrey we naturally turn to Brougham, a name well known in the History of England during some fifty years of the nineteenth century. The legal adviser to Queen Caroline, the supporter of Canning, a reformer in politics and education, one who helped to found the University of London, a rector of the University of Glasgow, a Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, Henry Brougham was a Scotsman by maternal descent. He was born in Edinburgh in 1778; and his first twenty-five years were spent in that city. Brougham contributed many articles to the early numbers of the *Review*. He was a man of high spirits; he tells us himself that after the farewell dinner to Horner, he and his friends strolled through the Edinburgh streets in what would otherwise have been the silent watches of the night, pulling knockers off the doors and bell-handles

off their wires. Brougham, Jeffrey and Scott had all been pupils together at the Edinburgh High School under Mr. Luke Fraser; rarely has it been given to any one teacher simultaneously to instruct in the rudiments of Latin or anything else three boys later to become so distinguished as the three just named. But there was a fourth, George Ramsay, later the ninth Earl of Dalhousie, a name familiar to all Canadians. Lord Dalhousie was for a time Commander-in-chief of the Forces in Nova Scotia, and later (1819) of those in the whole of North America. In 1818, as every Nova Scotian knows, he founded the College which bears his name and which has since grown from the smallest beginnings to be the most important seat of learning in the Maritime Provinces. Lord Dalhousie was one of Scott's last visitors at Abbotsford.

It is not a far cry from Scott to Sir Henry Raeburn, the man who preserved for all succeeding generations the features of that great Scotsman and those of many of his countrymen. Raeburn was an Edinburgh man, born there in 1756, died there in 1823, and was in his own sphere one of the brightest of that bright band which crossed into the new century. His portraits at the present time fetch very large sums indeed. As the delineator of the white-wigged, red-faced, claret-drinking judges of the end of the eighteenth century, he is matchless. Raeburn painted two full-length portraits of Sir Walter, the first in 1808 for Constable which is now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch; and a second, a truly noble portrait, which is luckily still at Abbotsford. Raeburn has preserved for us Scott's dear, rugged face, and Jeffrey's and Professor Playfair's, as well as the faces of many others, both men and women, not known outside the walls of old Dunedin. Raeburn was one of those knighted at Hopetoun House when George IV visited Scot-

land in 1822. It is well known that the success of the King's visit was almost wholly due to the careful preparations made by Scott; in the modern phrase, he "stage-managed" the affair with skill and ability.

Another exponent of art who crossed the century was Alexander Nasmyth (1757-1840) the painter of the only existing, authentic portrait of Robert Burns.

Sir David Wilkie's connection with Edinburgh extended to no more than his student days and ended in 1804, having lasted a little more than four years. The future painter of the "Penny Wedding" and of King George IV actually crossed the century in an Edinburgh garret. The Reverend John Thomson of Duddingstone, one of Scott's warm friends, was a landscape painter of no small merit.

Thomas Campbell, six years younger than Scott and five than Jeffrey, was not only a Scotsman but a Highlander. Campbell, whose family belonged to Argyllshire, was born in Glasgow, but he was a member of the close of the century set in Edinburgh where he published "The pleasures of Hope" in 1799. He wrote the poem in Edinburgh within sight of the Pentland Hills; and there is little doubt it was these hills as seen from the south side of the old Town he alluded to in the lines as familiar as any in English verse:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

The antiquaries of Literature know exactly where the poem was written; it was in Alison Square on the second floor of a stair in the north side of the central archway with windows looking partly into the Potter Row and partly into Nicholson Street. It was within sight of where lived Mrs. Macle hose, the Clarinda of the Sylvander correspondence with Burns.

Had Campbell been less indolent, he would have made a still greater name

for himself. Thomas Campbell, however, was by no means undistinguished; the author of "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," "The Soldier's Dream," "The Last Man," and the ever popular "Ye Mariners of England" was the recipient of honours such as the Rectorship of the University of Glasgow and an invitation to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, London.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born the year before Scott, and died in 1835, was always regarded as one of the literati of Edinburgh in her golden age. Those who appreciate the poetry of the Scottish peasantry do not need to have Hogg's poems recommended to them, those who do not know them, have missed more than can easily be expressed. Professor Wilson said that Hogg was the only worthy successor of Burns; and Prof. Veitch, himself, a poet and a borderer, declared that "after Burns, Hogg was the greatest poet that has sprung from the bosom of the common people". However much of a broken reed poor Hogg may have been in the management of his own affairs, he was none such poetically. His "Ode to the Skylark" is as fine as any other to that ode-inspiring bird. "Cam' ye by Athol", and "Come o'er the Stream, Charlie" are as good Jacobite songs as any by Lady Nairne; and "When the kye come hame" is certainly superior to some songs of Burns. Much of "Kilmeny" and all of the "Queen's Wake" is literature, some of it reaching a high degree of poetical excellence.

The border peasantry contributed yet another notable name to the annals of Scottish literature at the close of the century, for John Leyden, while at Edinburgh University, was in the literary "set". Leyden was born in Roxburghshire in 1775, and died in Java at the age of thirty-six. Although licensed to preach by the Church of Scotland in 1800, Leyden never became a minister, for both Medicine

and Literature established their claims upon him. Leyden besides helping Sir Walter with the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border", wrote a few poems which were very highly thought of. Having acquired a surprisingly accurate knowledge of Oriental languages, Leyden was appointed Professor of Hindustani in the Bengal College. On a visit to Java with Lord Minto he died after only a few days' illness. It is of this John Leyden that Sir Walter writes so beautifully in "Marmion", when speaking of the Border scenery,

"Scenes sung by him who sings no more;
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched in his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour,
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

Of course no sketch of Edinburgh Society at the beginning of the nineteenth century would be complete without Carlyle, for though we associate that great Scotsman with London, and very definitely with a house in Chelsea, yet Carlyle had his Edinburgh period. Thomas Carlyle, born in 1795, was not indeed one of the literati at the turn of the century; but he was attending classes at Edinburgh University in 1810, and by 1818 had come from Kirkcaldy to Edinburgh to earn an income somehow. The Carlyles' first home after their marriage was at 21 Comely Bank, on which house there is now a tablet, and in this house they were visited by Jeffrey, de Quincey, Sir David Brewster, Professor Wilson and Sir William Hamilton. From this commonplace little house, Carlyle corresponded with the author of "Faust".

Professor John Wilson (1785-1854), in some ways the most prominent figure in the Blackwood Group, is at the present time probably the least read of any of them. His "Isle of Palms" and even his once so famous "Noctes Ambrosianae" are really well known only to students of literature.

He has been called a Lake Poet, perhaps because he lived some years at Elleray, a place above Windermere, but it was in Edinburgh that he passed the most of his life, and it was in her University that he became Professor of Moral Philosophy. Neither great as a poet nor profound as a philosopher, "Christopher North" was a fine, healthy specimen of a man not more physically magnificent than intellectually versatile. He was a brilliant member of a brilliant society. All those who know their Edinburgh known his statue with the lion-like poise of the head in the East Princes Street Gardens.

The rest of the Blackwood group included David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of the Journal, a busy practitioner of Medicine in Musselburgh, a small town close to Edinburgh, and Miss Susan Ferrier, all her life an inhabitant of the capital. Her admirers place Miss Ferrier's novels among the classics of British fiction: "Marriage," "Destiny", and "The Inheritance" were all written in Edinburgh, the last in 1824 in sunny, pleasantly-situated Morningside House easily recognized to-day by any one taking a little trouble to find it. Susan Ferrier was one of the daughters of an old friend of Scott, James Ferrier, clerk to the court of Session, and she was aunt of the celebrated metaphysician, James Frederick Ferrier. Miss Ferrier with great tact soothed Sir Walter's closing days when his memory had begun to fail; and well might she do so, for it was Scott's kindness of heart that induced Cadel the publisher to pay her the then very large sum of £1700 for the copyright of "Destiny".

The crowd of literary characters still surges up the steep and narrow streets of old Dunedin, but we can note only three more of Scottish birth, Henry MacKenize, John Gibson Lockhart and Lady Nairne. The venerable MacKenzie, tenderest of the non-prolific writers, had still some thirty

years to live when the century turned. Every one knew him, and every one revered him as "The Man of Feeling".

John Gibson Lockhart not indeed exactly notable in 1800 was yet destined within eighteen years of that time to meet Sir Walter, marry his eldest daughter and ultimately write his life.

With the Baroness Nairne we may bring this part of the procession to an end in a bright and beautiful close. A true poet was Caroline Oliphant of Gask: whatever we could do without in Scottish song, it would not be "The Auld House", or "Caller Her-rin'", or "The Hundred Pipers" or "The Land of the Leal". The Baroness Nairne at her best has the humour and pathos of Burns without his coarseness. Not that when she lived in Edinburgh in the winter she posed as the literary titled lady, far from it: light literature was not "the thing" for a person of Lady Nairne's position, so she wrote anonymously as "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan". Of course one had to be "of" something in Scotland to be listened to at all. The secret of her authorship was so well kept that at least one song, the "Land of the Leal", was printed in several editions of Burns as undoubtedly his.

The Reverend Sydney Smith, in charge of an English pupil, Mr. Michael Beach, arrived in Edinburgh in June, 1798. Both pupil and tutor attended classes at the University; and it is no secret that it was the lectures of Dougald Stewart then heard which Smith gave out as his Discourses on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution a few years afterwards. Sydney Smith remained in Edinburgh until 1803; he therefore crossed the century in that bright band. In a certain sense he was very literally the brightest of them all. His wit and epigram have been unsurpassed for a hundred years. Of Jeffrey—a very short man—he said that, intellectually, he was positively indecent, for "he had not enough body to cover his mind". One of his (Smith's) brothers,

a very grave man, had got on well in the world, while Sydney himself did not for a long time attain to any great degree of comfort, so he declared that his brother had risen by his gravity, while he himself had sunk by his levity. Smith, on being asked whether he ought to be addressed as The Most Reverend, the Right Reverend or the Very Reverend, replied that taking everything into consideration he ought to be style "The *rather* Reverend".

The Reverend Archibald Alison, author of the "Essay on the principles of Taste", was for many years of his long life closely associated with the literary set in Edinburgh. It was in 1800 that he came to the city as pastor of the Scottish Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate. He was the father of Sir Archibald Alison Bart: the historian of Europe, and grandfather of the Alison of the Mutiny.

But doubtless those who know something of the History of Scotland are expecting certain members of the National Church to appear in the literary pageant.

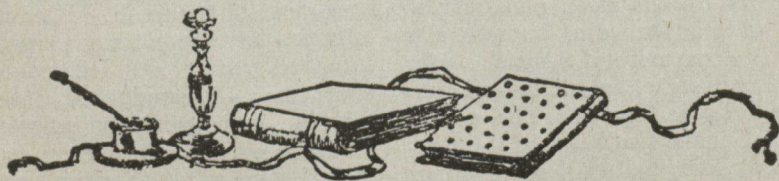
The venerable and Reverend Dr. Hugh Blair was just passing away in 1800. An Edinburgh man, the minister of one of its chief parishes, the Canongate, Professor of "Rhetoric and Belles Lettres" in Edinburgh's University, Hugh Blair cannot be excluded from any representative gathering in the city. He figured, indeed, very prominently in its most select literary parties; he helped to entertain Dr. Johnson, he wrote on the Ossian controversy, and he published his once so widely read "Sermons".

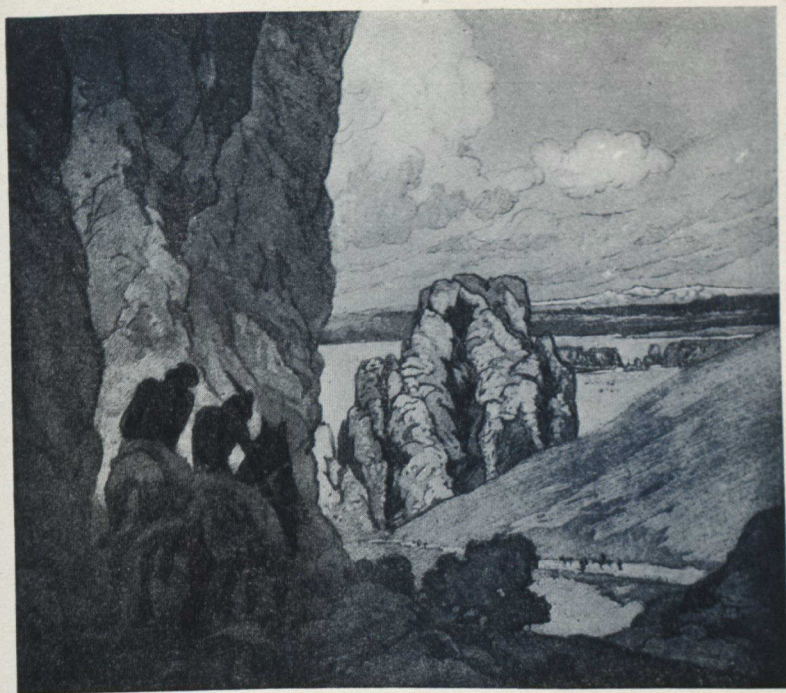
Another bulwark of the National Zion was the Reverend Alexander Carlyle, D.D., minister of Inveresk who did not die until 1805. Known

as "Jupiter Carlyle" on account of his handsome person, the Reverend Doctor Carlyle was a figure in literary circles not only of Edinburgh but of London, also. He was born as far back as 1722, He studied at the Universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Leyden. He had seen the mob hang Captain Porteous in September, 1736. In 1745 he joined a troop of volunteers raised to defend Edinburgh from Prince Charlie's Highlanders; he witnessed the Battle of Prestonpans from the top of the old tower there.

And now, although we have not recognized every member of this great pageant of intellectuals, enough has been said to show how talented were the men and women of Scotland's capital in its Augustan age. It is true that some of us are apt to underestimate, others to overestimate the value and the characteristics of any epoch we may happen to be studying. We underestimate these when we fail to acquire the proper historical sympathy, we overestimate them when we fail to attain to a proper historical perspective. Remembering these things, therefore, and desiring to avoid the Scylla of lack of sympathy as well as the Charybdis of lack of perspective, we may safely assert that the period we have had under review was a particularly bright one. Every domain of the intellect had its explorer, everything that can interest the human mind had its student or its exponent.

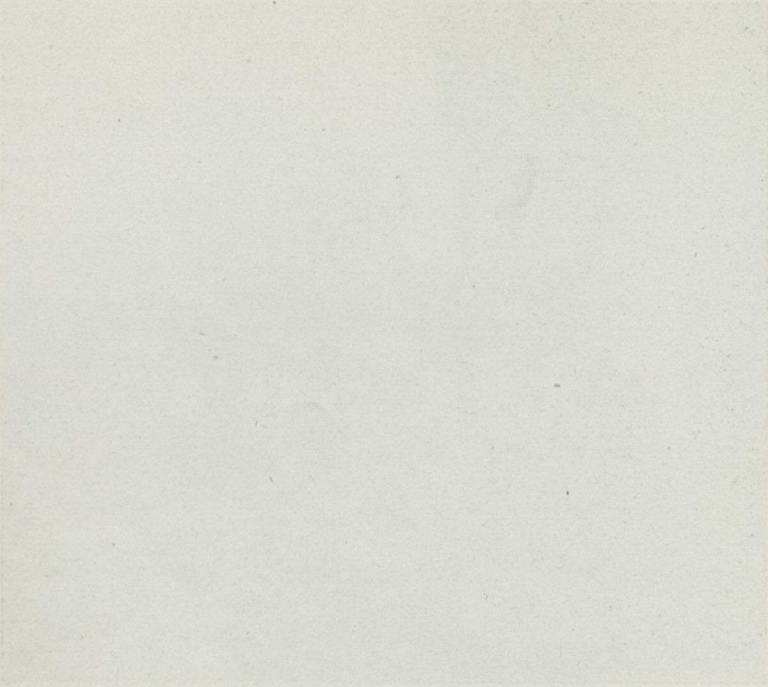
We, who were born in Edinburgh, do not want to wrap ourselves round with the garment of the Pharisee and give thanks that we are, therefore, not as other men; but we do think that we can, without offence, be described as citizens "of no mean city".





THE ACOMA TRAIL

From the Etching by John W. Cotton
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition



GOING EAST

BY CHARLES DORIAN



HE station agent at Komachee sat usually oblivious to unusual episodes. It did not phase his placid soul when Gatling Vevelen breezed into the dingy station and put a few more dents into it, not even when he shot a mosquito off his shiny pate. He even turned his right ear, transparently red, to reveal another of the pests sipping succulently.

"Keep you busy if you got lots of ammunition," observed the station agent, writing out an abstract of way-bills, quite unperturbed.

The mosquito instantly disappeared on the wings of a .44 slug.

"Taint's whut I come to talk about. Stop that infernal scratchin' and listen. I'm fearful nervous."

The agent's writing hand slowed up while he gave a look of inquiry in the direction of Gatling, whose eyes were squinting at him dangerously. Gatling was a little man whose every move seemed to be actuated by an electric current.

"These men wants to reach Noo Yawk," he went on, indicating two business-attired men standing discreetly behind a packing case on which rested a large trunk, "by the quickest route they is."

"*Olympic Limited* don't come in for six hours yet," drawled the agent while he added some figures. "And that's the fastest train we got."

There was a nervous twitch, a flash, a spat, and the station agent was

hopelessly wielding the stub of a penholder which had suddenly parted company with the point.

"Now, pay attention," commanded Gatling. "These is my guests and we're leavin' Komachee for Noo Yawk in an hour."

"Then you'll have to ride a freight," dictated the railroad's representative in Komachee.

"You get a train with good bunks and a nigger here inside an hour, see!" ordered Vevelen.

The agent hitched on the dispatching harness and spoke to the man who gets them all out of trouble:

"Dispatcher? Komachee! Crazy man here with two New Yorkers wants special here inside an hour."

He listened for a moment, then turned to Gatling.

"Says to put up a thousand dollars to guarantee it and he'll have an engine and observation car fully equipped here when you want it."

Vevelen handed over a check for \$80,000 and remarked casually:

"Tell the Big Smoke to have the change ready when we git to the fust live town."

"Huh!" grunted the agent. "Sold your claim, eh?"

"Me and Gammage is princes. Now, don't waste words and git that special."

The special train of one car arrived within the hour and left with rights over everything and a schedule mapped out that would make an imperial potentate dizzy. This was

Vevelen's first trip to New York. He always said he would make it in state if at all. It was an orgy which lasted continuously for four weeks, after which he wired Gammage for money to take him back to Komachee.

"Have a nice trip?" inquired the station agent.

"Time o' my life," snapped Gatling. "Eighty thousand gone in twenty-seven days."

"How'd you manage it?"

"Hell!" spat Gatling, reminiscently. "Easiest thing in life. Never knew before a nigger's palms wuz white. And when you start throwin' a nickel to every beggar on the East Side you gits thin around the wallet. Course I shipped ten thousand to my gal down to Winnipeg where she's goin' to ladies' college."

"She's a fine girl," acknowledged the agent in response to the prideful tone of Vevelen's voice. "Must've took after her mother. Bring any souvenirs?"

Gatling threw away the ghost of his cigarette and grinned. He took from his pocket a pair of large lenses with rims of real tortoise shell. The agent saw them without taking his eyes off his work.

"How d'ye like 'em?" asked Gatling.

"Look sporty," admitted the agent. "Surprised at you putting on style in your business."

"Style, your mother-in-law! Me eyes aint so good as they used to be. Been shootin' at the Milky Way and missin' the high lights. Where's Gammage?"

"Out on his claims, I expect," yawned the agent.

"His?" asked Vevelen with emphasis.

"Yes," replied the agent, "He's staked a string of claims alongside your 'Poilu'."

"Goin' see him right off. S'long."

Vevelen's "gat" accompanied him all through his New York campaign and cost him about eleven thousand

dollars in fines. It was the instrument by which the appellation which became associated with his name was first applied. He disclaimed ever having any other.

Gammage knew he was in town before he saw him and riding in he observed at every shot:

"Another gopher gone!"

Gatling met him soberly.

"Hello, Gat! You're looking spry," greeted Gammage. "Bring any souvenirs?"

While Gatling pulled on his large spectacles Gammage, naturally red of face, laughed until he bloomed like a poppy. Gatling fixed him with a stony stare until Gammage began to look serious.

"Don't they sort o' get yer goat?" asked Gatling.

"They sure do. Put them away or I'll have the willies."

"The guy that owned these tried that stare on me and I just took 'em away from him. What's new?"

"The 'Frisco Development Company have cut me off their salary list for selling the 'Poilu' to that New York crowd, just as I thought they would. But a fellow has to start on his own some time and with your reputation as a prospector I figure we can do some business. There's a little rush in here but I managed to pick up about twenty claims along what looks to me like a continuation of the Poilu vein."

"Nothin' on it" disputed Vevelen. "I been over the whole section. The only showin' wuth anythin' is on that Hun's land."

"I staked it," said Gammage, puffing up. "Got the fat Hun's written kamarad. Now, I figure we get an engineer to look it over and make a favourable report. I can't report on it because the 'Frisco will blackball me from Hell's Gate to Hong Kong. If we get a reputable engineer's report we can sell anywhere. My idea is to let you get the engineer and put through the prelims. Then I'll come

in on the wind-up and we'll split fifty-fifty. If everything else fails we'll salt the sampling."

"You couldn't be straight, Gammage, if you wuz stretched tighter'n the 'E' string on a fiddle. I'm in on this and I figger I'll be as crooked as you 'fore I'm through. Let's ride over to the shack and look through one o' them minin' magazines the engineers advertise in."

At the shack the magazine was found. Vevelen affectedly affixed his new glasses and began to read. He changed his mind and handed the magazine to Gammage while he pocketed the spectacles.

"Here—you open the page o' minin' ingineer's ads. and take the book out and tack it on a stump. I'll shoot out the name I'll pick."

Gammage laughed and did as directed.

Vevelen would have had difficulty reading the name if the print were a foot high, his education having taken the lines of least resistance, talking and listening. It was pure luck that he plugged the advertisement of Clifford Hamelin, Mining Engineer, Nickel City, Ontario.

Vevelen rode rapidly to the station while Gammage went to the hotel to await him.

Gatling used his regular persuasion upon the station agent to get his attention, this time shooting the pencil out of his fingers.

"You'll do some damage yet," reproved the placid agent.

"Send a message and send it fast," ordered Vevelen.

The agent reached for a blank carelessly and asked Vevelen for a pencil. Gatling handed him a stub which he fished out of a deep pocket after some unsportsmanlike angling. Then he dictated:

Clifford Hamelin, M.E.,
Nickel City, Ont.

What you take examine new gold
prospect, Hock Lake Area?

Gatling Vevelen.

The reply awaited him when he called the following morning:

Gat. Vevelen, Komachee.

Five hundred dollars.

Clifford Hamelin.

Gammage was at Vevelen's shoulder when he received it.

"Wire him to come on. We'll see he earns it," he said.

Vevelen awaited Hamelin's advent with spasms of nervousness, while Gammage "worked" on the new-found veins with commendable though misdirected patience. Yellow stains and specks appeared where none existed before and at the end of two days he pronounced it a perfect job. Once he toted a huge bag of fine ore from the 'Poilu' and hid it under his bunk in the shack and waited.

"What would you do with another eighty thousand?" asked Gammage on the morning the mining engineer was expected.

"Go to Ireland in a aero-plane," Gatling replied promptly.

"You'd probably like to see Ruth settled comfortably before you go?" hinted Gammage.

"Hang the comfort—I'd ruther she'd marry honestly."

"I've that hundred thousand salted away," went on Gammage by way of self-aggrandizement.

"Why don't you spend it?" asked Gatling. "Money ain't meant to be salted."

"How'd you expect to stay in Ireland unless you salted some?" asked Gammage, smiling at his counter-stroke. "You need a pile to settle down on—I need it to marry on."

"I'm not for settlin' down," disclaimed Gatling. "Ireland is no place to settle in—it's just the spot to un-settle in. I'm expectin' there'll be lively times there."

"But to come back to Ruth—" suggested Gammage.

"Just leave Ruth out of it," flashed Vevelen. "You ain't married to her yet."

"I've that hundred thousand to say that I will be!" boasted Gammage.

"It's a go," snapped Vevelen.

A buzzing like the concerted hum of all the mosquitoes in the whole northland interrupted this conversation and Gammage, hopping to the doorway, exclaimed:

"Your dream's coming true." And he pointed a chubby finger skyward while he squinted to get a focus of the aeroplane volplaning to the meadow near the 'Poilu.'

"There's a girl in it," observed Gammage.

"Them peepers o' yours 'll see a skirt where natural folks 'd be observin' the scenery. If it's a girl I'll do the interviewin'—you stay behind and watch that baby you brought from the Poilu."

Vevelen was off, leaving Gammage staring abjectly. He took the pony and trotted down the joggy trail until he came within sight of the 'plane. He stopped to have a better look at the man who was tinkering with the engine and the girl who was running in his direction.

"That gal," purred Vevelen, "is just like her dad."

He trudged along carelessly as if aeroplanes were every-day occurrences with him. The girl caught up to him.

"Oh, daddy, I've had the dizziest ride!" she beamed, dragging him from the saddle and choking him affectionately.

"Who's the sport?" asked Gatling, when he could get his breath.

"Why, don't you know? Didn't you get my message?"

"Message?—no! I ain't been to the deepo' since yest'riday noon. When you send it?"

"Why, this morning at five o'clock, just before we started," she explained.

Vevelen grinned.

"Early birds you shore is."

"Wasn't it the greatest luck?" she prattled vivaciously. "I was just

writing you that I was coming up to the camp to spend a few days of my vacation when I spotted this paragraph in the paper which I had intended to read afterward."

She reached into a reticule and took out a clipping and read:

"New Feat for Airman:

"An aeroplane is expected to land in the Government House park at four o'clock to-morrow morning, replenish fuel supply and continue its journey to the new Hock Lake Gold Camp which is beginning to excite attention. This is the first attempt to visit a mining camp by 'plane and the initiative belongs to the Nickel City Corporation in furnishing one for their Exploration Engineer, Mr. Clifford Hamelin."

"So that's Hamelin?" grunted Gatling.

"Yes, daddy. I resolved at once to see him and tell him that I was coming up here and ask him if he'd let me hook on behind. Isn't he handsome?" she finished, clapping her cupped hands in a gesture of awe while her eyes looked heavenward.

"How'n hell I know?" spluttered Gatling. "I ain't seen 'm yet."

"Come on over. He told me it's your claim he's to look at."

"You take 'Rickshaw' back to camp and tell Gammage to ride down to the 'Hotel Goldpan' and order some chuck for the party."

"Oh, we don't need any, daddy. We had a perfectly scrumptious breakfast at Portage La Prairie—in the air, I mean."

Vevelen grunted.

"Well, come on over till I show this bird where the claims lay," he replied.

Hamelin turned from his machine as they approached and met Vevelen cordially.

"Let me congratulate you, Mr. Vevelen, upon having so fearless and charming a girl."

"Them same words was spoken eighteen years ago," said Vevelen, with a smile, "by the doctor that told me she'd arrived."

Hamelin smiled.

"I've heard a great deal about the 'Poilu,'" Hamelin took up, after greetings were over. "I've seen the Herschell assays and they show wonderful values. I suppose you know our people would take an option on all the claims adjoining it if the examination shows promise!"

"Know nothin'. You see I been on a vacation and this rush started in the meanwhiles."

"We'll pay half a million if they're like the 'Poilu.'"

Ruth looked happily at her father.

"Is your property close here?" asked Hamelin.

"You're standin' on one corner of it. This is Gertzberger's property. Here he comes."

A ponderous man appeared at the crest of the hill and he came waddling in their direction. He "buted in" without ceremony, puffing and eyes bulging.

"Vot you vant? Dis is brivate property. You vill haf to bay tamages to leaf dot bird here."

The combined weight of Vevelen, Ruth and Hamelin would not preponderate the heft of this Teuton. Hamelin was about to reply when Vevelen strutted bantam-like in front of him, and said:

"Go down on your knees and beg this gentleman's pardon."

"Vy! Vy! You're dresspassers. I'll stand up for my rights," blustered Gertzberger.

"You'll kneel for them," replied Vevelen, whipping out his gun and wielding it nervously.

The fellow dropped to his knees instantly with a tremendous grunt, and threw up his hands.

"Now," barked Vevelen, "crawl back to your hole, you fat badger."

The man attempted to get up.

"Crawl, I said," ordered Vevelen.

The big hulk started to move like an immense toad.

"Oh, come, Vevelen," put in Hamelin. "No need for that. Let the fellow walk."

"What!" snarled Gatling, turning quickly on Hamelin. "You want to join 'im?"

"Daddy!" cried Ruth, astounded. "You silly old pop. Give me that gun and behave yourself." Thrusting herself between him and Hamelin she calmly relieved him of his weapon, panting with resentment at his temerity.

"Now, hustle—you!" she directed the German.

Hamelin slung a bundle of sample sacks and moils over his shoulder and indicated to Vevelen that he was ready.

"Better ride back to the shack," Vevelen told Ruth. "We're goin' on to the 'Poilu' and you're feet ain't shod for rough ground."

"All right. Good luck!" and she swung into the saddle.

Hamelin raised his hat and walked away, smiling, while Vevelen and his daughter held a conversation in low tones.

"I'll just keep the gat, daddy. If Mr. Gammage is keeping house I'll probably need it to make him step around and put the house in order." She laughed refreshingly and added:

"Does he still think money will get him anything?"

"He ain't changed," said Vevelen. "He hopes you'll marry him. Mebbe it'll be the best thing. You'd hold 'm down and I could dig out again on my own."

"Must owe him money, daddy!" she teased. "How much did he get out of the 'Poilu'?"

"A hundred thousand—and without any sky-flyin' engineer either."

"Why do you need one now?"

"Gammage's idea, Thinks we'll get more if the report is good."

"Doesn't sound like Gammage," doubted Ruth. "He is probably in wrong with the profession and can't sell on his own reports."

While they talked Gammage hove in sight. He approached them jauntily and doffed his cap.

"Hello Ruth! Knew it would be you doing an air stunt. How you like it?"

"Great," she laughed. "Well, I'll ride along to the shack and fix up a lunch for you all and ride out with it."

"Well, what do you think of your mining engineer?" asked Gammage.

"We'll put it all over that bird," replied Vevelen.

"He's a handsome pup. Wonder Ruth isn't all broke up on him."

"Flyin' friendships don't amount to much," philosophized Vevelen.

"Think I'll win, eh?"

"That's up to you, Gammage. You been good friends but marryin' is a different business."

"I'm confident. That bet stands?"

"I never go back on a bet," piped Vevelen.

"Let's help this youth over with his dunnage."

He halloped to Hamelin. "Let's help you with your bags."

"Shake hands with Mr. Gammage—Mr. Hamelin," introduced Vevelen.

After a little light-hearted talk they proceeded to the 'Poulu., after which sampling was commenced.

The two men watched Hamelin interestedly while he hacked out rock across the wide quartz vein that was supposed to be the continuation of the 'Poilu' vein. This was done at regular intervals and a few samples taken from each cut and put in the canvas bags. He found veins exposed in short stretches on various parts of the property but the main vein was unmistakable in its width and, allowing for intervening overburden, appeared continuous.

Ruth came out at noon with a basket of lunch and they all sat down in a shady place to enjoy it. It was of necessity hastily eaten owing to the mosquito menace. Ruth was sparkling with good humour; Gammage smugly comforting himself that some day she would be his wife. Vevelen listened with keen interest to

the tales of adventure in the engineering field, especially since the aeroplane had brought a new element into the game. Hamelin was clear-eyed and vivid. He held even Gammage in spite of himself and once Ruth ignored a quip by Gammage while she studied the curves of Hamelin's mouth.

Ruth left them highly heartened to finish the day's sampling while she would tidy up the "camp". Hamelin would have to stay over night and start his flight at daylight and the hotel was too far away.

At four o'clock Hamelin had completed his sampling and had left the full bags in the 'plane.

"Now, if you gentlemen want to go down to the camp I'll join you in an hour. I wish to make a few notes in connection with these samples and I'd like to do it now while everything is fresh in my mind. They are all carefully numbered and arranged, as you will see."

"All right," agreed Gammage. "See you later."

Vevelen assented with a quick nod and the two started. Gammage chuckled:

"This gives me a chance to get out the bag of salt. There's nothing else for it. Did you notice how carefully he passed over the yellow streaks? He didn't scratch a single spot where I planted the pay."

"Yes," agreed Vevelen. "It looked to me like he skipped the yellow o' purpose. I've seen 'em do the same before. Guess the boy knows his job all right."

"Well, you and the girl keep him entertained this evening while I pour a little pay stuff into them bags. We'll go down now and get that bag out down the trail aways. When supper's over I'll beg off to see Bill Jones at the hotel and do the trick."

Ruth was resting as they entered. The kettle was singing and there was a savoury smell of good cookery.

"How'd you like to take the two

ponies out and bring in Hamelin?" suggested her father. Gammage gave him a black look but grinned when he saw through the strategy.

"Is he hurt?" asked Ruth, with quick concern.

"No—he's just piecein' his notes together and promised to foller us in an hour. I thought it'd be kind o' decent to send the pony for him."

"That's the spirit, daddy! Besides, it'll give me a keener appetite."

When she had gone Vevelen and Gammage hauled out the heavy sack of fine ore and ran their fingers through it, chuckling at every little nugget they fished up. Then Gammage shouldered the burden, took it down the trail a hundred yards and buried it in the bushes.

Meantime Ruth reached the 'plane in time to surprise Hamelin in a very peculiar occupation. He had about forty open bags of samples in front of him into which he was pouring melted paraffin. He was just completing this unusual employment when he heard the approach of Ruth's pony.

He looked in her direction like a boy caught making an undesirable experiment.

"Is what you are doing secret?" she asked. "If it is I'll stay discreetly in the background until you are ready to ride in with me."

"It is secret," he said gravely. "But I'll trust you to keep it. I am sealing the samples in these bags with wax. In each seal of wax is a piece of chip bearing a number. Often when tags are tied on the outside of bags they get lost. Sometimes again bags are opened secretly and extraneous ore dropped in."

"That's a clever idea," commended Ruth. "But do people really tamper with samples that way?"

"They do, unfortunately. It is generally a good indication that they have little faith in the mine as it stands. It is seldom found out until a lot of money is invested. The wax idea works only when the other fel-

low doesn't see it and does his 'salt-ing' hurriedly—usually after dark."

"Surely daddy—" she began.

"Don't misunderstand," he reassured her. "I do not suspect anybody. I do this with all my sampling, now. You'll forget I told you, won't you?"

"I won't forget but I shall respect the confidence," she replied.

"Now, when I jot down a few notes and tie these bags I'll join you."

"Oh, let me tie them," she begged. "It will be such fun."

"All right," he consented. "Just tie them tightly with a reef knot." He showed her how it was done.

When all were tied and placed in the big packsack he threw it into the fuselage and they mounted the ponies.

"Want to fly to Winnipeg in the morning?" he asked.

"I do indeed, if daddy thinks I should."

They walked the ponies very slowly and Vevelen was beginning to display fidgeting impatience. This disappeared during the meal but reappeared again when Gammage had gone out.

"Where's my gat?" he asked sharply.

"I have it safely tucked away, daddy," replied Ruth.

"Gimme it," he demanded.

Ruth took it from her blouse and handed it to him.

"No triffin', Hamelin," he spluttered. "Want fair and square report. Hear me?"

This mad streak upset Hamelin for a moment. He did not reply and Vevelen snapped the gat into action. He pointed it at Hamelin's right foot and fired. There was only the click of the hammer. Another. And another. Then he looked at Ruth and laughed.

Ruth knew her father's methods of trying to intimidate those he would turn.

"Thought it best to take them out," she said coolly.

"Here, load it!" he ordered, handing the weapon to her.

She complied and put the gun back in her blouse. He did not ask for it again.

"I'd like to take your daughter for a trip to Winnipeg to-morrow," Hamelin requested during this diversion. The brazen nerve of it impressed Vevelen, and Ruth spoke up to reinforce the request.

"Let me go, daddy. I'll come back by train. Flying is so exciting."

"Go to it," he said.

And they dispersed for the night to dream of varied flights—flights by air route—flyers in gold—flights of fancy, just as the mood came upon them.

The real flight came off at daylight as planned. When they arrived at Winnipeg Hamelin opened the pack sack and showed the sample bags to Ruth.

"Tampered with," she exclaimed. "Look—the strings are tied in a hard knot."

"I'll open one," he offered. He revealed an ounce of rich ore sprinkled on top of the wax plate.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid the mine is no good. Of course there's a chance. The 'Poilu' samples looked about the same as those I took. Well—good-bye. You've been a good chum."

And Ruth kissed him before he flew away while the crowd cheered.

A few days later Vevelen received a telegram as prearranged advising assay results.

"Average assay two dollars forty cents. Report following."

Vevelen and Gammage were at the depot together when this message was received.

They looked at each other with ominous glares.

"Hell!" blurted Vevelen.

"Who made the assay?" asked Gammage.

"Their own lab," said Vevelen.

"Here, hand us a blank," he yelled at

the agent. That placid gentleman was busy on the 'phone and paid no attention to the order, whereupon a bullet whanged and knocked the ear-piece off the agent's head. The blank sailed through space and landed in Gammage's hand.

"Send this quick," Vevelen rasped, while Gammage wrote to his dictation:

"Don't want report. Wire average assay forty dollars."

They spent the day at the hotel in gloomy silence, trotting over to the depot every hour to see what reply had come. There was nothing until the following morning, then:

"Your astute message understood. Nothing doing. Report in the mail.

Vevelen exploded every chamber into this innocent message as Gammage held it out at arm's length. Then he dictated one:

"Send ore pulp of forty samples taken. Will have run by independent assayer. Also will get Government geologist to look over property."

To this the following reply was received:

"Desire anticipated. Pulp forwarded to Herschell Company who will wire you direct result their assay. If not satisfied they will ship pulp to you. Please mail cheque for five hundred."

While Vevelen and Gammage awaited the Herschell assay Hamelin's report came.

"May I read it?" asked Ruth, who was on nettles over the way her father and Gammage had been deriding Hamelin.

"Yes—read it aloud," agreed her father.

Ruth read patiently through the six long pages which described with undoubted accuracy the location of the property, ownership of the claims, true geological formation, and stated that "while the average assay was \$2.40 a ton, rich pockets would undoubtedly be uncovered by exploration. As a gold mine, however, the

property has little commercial value."

"It looks, daddy, as if we had better look for other fields to conquer."

"Just wait till we get the Herschell assay," said Gammage hopefully. He rode to the station to make inquiries. While he was gone Ruth said to her father:

"Why did you demand the pulp, daddy?"

"Because I happen to know they're richer than the assay shows."

"Who salted the samples?" she asked, with the most natural innocence. He stared and fingered his gat from force of habit. Then his temper turned upon her:

"You've been watchin' and gave the game away, eh?"

"Then there was a game to give away?" she responded collectedly. "Now, listen: whoever did the job did not examine the bags carefully. The strings were tied in reef knots and retied in hard knots after the 'salt' had been sprinkled in."

"But the ore would mix—the assay would be high," he protested.

"Oh, no—the ore sprinkled in fell upon a wax plate that sealed in Mr. Hamelin's samples. He was sealing them the evening I rode out to get him. And I tied the bags myself. All he had to do was shake out the ore, take out the wax and show up the real samples."

Vevelen collapsed.

"What we goin' to do, Ruth?"

"I'll tell you one thing to do, daddy—cut away from Gammage. He's got you into his crooked game and you'll only go from bad to worse. The mine is worthless—let him keep it. I'll pay him what you owe him and grubstake you in new territory. Mr. Hamelin says his people will pay almost any reasonable sum for a *real* mine."

"But, Ruth, Gammage counts on you—thought you'd pull it off with him—"

"Daddy, I wouldn't marry him if he was king of the earth and the only

man alive. Daddy, I—I love Mr. Hamelin, and if he doesn't soon write a proposal I'm going to telegraph one to him."

"Don't do that, Ruth—you'll give that man at the deepo a start!"

Ruth laughed and Vevelen joined with the heartiest cackle she had ever heard from him.

"When anything startles Mr. Polk, daddy, I'm afraid he'll be very ill," said Ruth.

Gammage burst in upon their merriment with a defeated expression and threw down the Herschell telegram. Ruth picked it up and read aloud:

"High assay, point three, low point naught one. Average about two dollars forty ton."

"Gammage!" blurted out Vevelen, while he carelessly loaded his gat. "You owe me a hundred thousand. Write out the cheque now."

"What! Why, Ruth—" he stammered foolishly.

"Hurry up, I'm itchin' for some-
thin' to shoot at."

"Ruth, will you marry me?" Gammage spluttered, flashing a freshly written marriage license. He could not have chosen a less psychological moment.

"No!" shrieked Vevelen. "Write that cheque, you rat."

Gammage sat down and wrote. The air was alive, as if someone had stirred up a cloud of iron filings in front of a magnet. It was too much for Gammage. When he put his signature to the cheque he collapsed in his chair. Vevelen pocketed the paper while Ruth applied the arts of first aid. While she worked there was a sound outside of heavy feet and sonorous puffing. It was Polk.

"Heavens!" gasped Ruth. "The man's ill—he's all excited."

Vevelen met him at the door with extended gat.

"Beat it!" he snapped.

"Ah," breathed Polk resignedly, looking fondly at the gun. "Here's a

message for Miss Ruth—congratulations!”

Vevelen shook the agent's hand and asked him to stay for dinner. Ruth read:

“Honeymoon trip can start from Komachee to-morrow if agreeable. Like to see your dad nine a.m. Hamelin.”

Gammage revived and glowered at the station agent.

“Here, you—” he said faintly. “What time train go east?”

“In one hour,” replied Polk. “I must be gettin' back to give train orders.”

“I'll go with you,” said Gammage. He rose unsteadily to his feet and held out a hand.

“So long, Gat. Sorry things have turned out this way.”

“So long, Gammage. I don't sympathize with you a dang.”

“Good-bye, Ruth,” he said thickly, offering his pudgy hand.

“Good-bye. By the way, Mr. Gammage—what will you take for your claims?”

“Fifty cents,” he smiled weakly.

“I'll give eight thousand,” she offered, and started to write the cheque. He in turn wrote out a transfer and tumbled out a wad of mining licenses which he endorsed—and then fled.

Next morning the upper ether echoed to the whirr of the monster bird and Hamelin came to earth. He found Ruth waiting for him and they embraced for an eternity.

Gatling Vevelen watched them with a happy smile on his lips. Everything was tacitly arranged before

Vevelen had a chance to see the marriage license Hamelin showed him. Gatling put on his shell-rimmed glasses and looked at the instrument over the rims. Ruth laughed delightedly, knowing that he could not read, and chided him for his simple affectation.

“Now for a little surprise,” said Hamelin. “I hope you haven't sold your claims.”

“I own them now,” said Ruth.

“Then, read this,” and he showed her a letter from the Nickel City Corporation to Clifford Hamelin, M.E.

“On your recommendation we have acquired control of the 'Poilu' mine in the Hock Lake District. We have noted with great satisfaction that you have made special sampling of adjoining properties which you surmised would run high in platinum and which has been confirmed by laboratory returns, \$100.00 to the ton. You are therefore empowered to offer \$500,000.00 for this property, comprising the twenty claims.”

Vevelen interrupted:

“How much do them animals cost?” pointing at the 'plane.

“Oh, from three thousand up.”

“Do you know a pilot that'd take me to Ireland?”

“Several of them,” laughed Hamelin.

“Well, I got a hundred thousand to spend on a trip. Tell me where to find the boy.”

“I'll wire him to come out for you and we'll start together,” agreed Hamelin.

And that is how it came about that two aeroplanes were seen in the far-off skies of Northwest Canada, going east.



THE CHANGED ROAD

BY MARY RUSSELL



NAPOLEON REMILARD paused and held his fork in the air. With this fork he had carefully drawn a plan upon one of my best tablecloths. I should have known better than to seat a traveller along the trail, and a bachelor, used at the very best to a common white oil-cloth on his table, down to a meal spread on one of my best linen cloths. But then, how could I make a difference for him? Napoleon was a very old friend of mine, and there was nothing I liked better than to have him come in for a meal as he passed our ranch.

The plan lay marked in deep lines, and he explained each one carefully. "You see, madame, this line is the river, this is one bank, this the other,—the town lies here in the bottom—beeg store here, I build heem, every 'ting you can 'tink of in heem, and I hire a man to run heem; then postoffice, he's here, and blacksmith shop, and a saddler store, and a bakery. Sapre! You should just see them, all on my land too, there is 'tree quarter-section. My own house, he's up here, on the bank among the tree," and he bored a little hole right through the cloth with one prong of the fork. "He's fine house too, though some day I make heem beeger yet."

As he paused for a moment I remarked, "I'm sure it's a fine house, a fine place altogether. You'll be a millionaire pretty soon."

"For sure, my freen', said he, "when the railway comes."

"And it is coming?"

"Of course she's coming, she's only five mile off now. The survey she come right here, no mistake, the posts are there. It is the only way—she creep down this bank," and he pointed with the fork to the bank above his house, "she cross the river here on fine beeg bridge, I work on heem sure; then she creep easily up that bank on the other side. They buy my land for townsite and all, me rich man then."

"But railway companies sometimes changed their minds," said I, just to draw him out.

"Yes, but not this time," he answered excitedly, "this is the only place they can build a beeg bridge for mile, I know; I have not been a Government bridge-builder for nothin'. I choose this place two year ago and take up this land on purpose. And the town is getting beeg, beeger every day, people coming in all the time."

"Has the C.P.R. any land of their own close?" I inquired; "they always choose their own land, if they can, for a townsite."

"None," he replied, "that they could build the bridge on unless they went six mile sout', and then it's not good place, high bank and rough water, no level ground, bad place."

"Well, well," I murmured, "you will certainly be a millionaire, and we will see you with a fine big house, and you will be getting married,—"

"Bon Dieu! non, non. I can't get married. I have try many times. I do my possible and no one will have me. Bagosh, those I want won't have me, and those I don't want the devil wouldn't have!"

And he pricked my tablecloth again and again to avenge himself against womankind, one and all.

"Why, las' winter, when I went back to Keebec, my oldest girl of all—I made sure she would have me. She very good Cat'olic you know, and when I say to her, "Terèse, you will be my wife, I have always want you," she say queek, "I cannot marry except good Cat'olic, you not very good I hear, you not go to confess at all; you not go to Mass for long time; you go one time to Protestant Church; you give no money to the prees'; and I cannot marry except good Cat'olic, I am forbid."

"Who forbids you?" I cried, "and who told you about all this?"

"Why, the prees' here, he forbid me; he had long letter from prees' out Wes' who say you not good Cat'olic."

All my excuse, she was no good, Terèse was hard as rock and I had to come back to the Wes' alone. I geev up now, I tink only of being a beeg rich man."

He threw out his chest, threw down his fork, (for which I was very glad) and hit himself several times on his chest with his fist, laughing jovially, and saying, "Beeg man, beeg man."

He certainly was a "beeg" handsome man, with coal black hair and moustache, and flashing black eyes. He was squarely built, of average height, of great bodily strength and vitality, which was toned down by French politeness. Originally he came from "two days below Keebec", though he had gone to school in Montreal. He came to the West with the C.P.R. On it he had worked as freighter and bridge-builder as far as Calgary. Then he had freighted along the old Calgary and Edmonton trail, and finally set up a stopping-house on that trail. It was there we first met him. My husband and I pulled into his place, tired and hungry and cold, and we found a most cheery welcome, a most comforting warmth and a good supper. Of

course it was very plain fare; a beef stew, and pork and beans; but after a drive of forty miles on top of a load, in a lumber wagon we thought it all very good. When the Calgary and Edmonton Railway was built, and people stopped freighting and travelling along the old trail, Napoleon left his stopping-house, and moved about; being in turn a carpenter, store-keeper, prospector and Government bridge-builder. Finally he had taken up land away east on the Red Deer River, and settled down to wait for a branch line of the railway. He was on his way out of town now with a load, and had called in to rest his horses, and give us the news. Having refreshed both himself and his team, he pulled on, hoping to reach home that night.

Some hours after he had gone we saw a light cutter and team approaching; it looked like a livery rig from town. To our surprise it turned in at our gate, and the driver jumped out and came to the door. My husband answered his knock and I heard the man say,

"Good evening, is Napoleon Remillard here? He left town early this morning, and I know he usually stops here on his way."

"No, my husband answered, "he was here for dinner, but he went on."

"Dear me," said the man, "I must get on quickly then, and catch him." "Won't you have tea?" said my husband hospitably. "Is there a great hurry?" "Yes," said the man, "a great hurry; there is a woman in town wants him, she said I must be sure to get him; she's come all the way from Quebec to see him, she says she's come to marry him!"

"To marry him," we both echoed, in complete bewilderment. Was this Terèse Dubois? Had she thought better about marrying him? Would he be ready now to marry her? As we wondered about it all, the man got into his cutter, and drove off in the direction of the river.

Then next morning! What an excitement! Napoleon turned up at ten o'clock, on his way to town. He was driving his own sleigh while the livery-man drove behind. He was quite incoherent with excitement, there was evidently no doubt that he was ready to *jump* at the chance of getting married. He was dressed just as usual, in old blue overalls, with big German socks, and big rubbers on his feet. His ragged corduroy jacket was tied round the middle with a gaily coloured Hudson Bay scarf and a bright red handkerchief was tied around his neck. In his hand he carried a gunnysack, which apparently held clothes.

"Madame," he ejaculated, "if your permit, I put myself on your tub—I shave myself—I put my bes' clothes on—I make myself prepare for my girl, when I arrive in town I have not the time—she must see me queek."

Well, I asked no questions just then. I made haste and prepared hot water, and got soap and towels all ready in the spare bedroom, where presently he proceeded to "put himself on my tub".

When he emerged he looked a different man. Shaved, brushed, clad in a neat-fitting dark blue suit, with white collar and tie; with clean white handkerchief showing in his pocket; and with shiny leather boots; certainly Terèse would have no occasion to be ashamed of him!

He was in too great a hurry to talk much, but I ventured to inquire,

"Is it Terèse Dubois?"

"Yes," he answered, "she must have got mad with that prees'."

"Why," I said, "the priest must have consented to your marriage."

"Not likely, more like Terèse she change her mind; or else that prees' he say too much one day, and make her mad. Sapre! I will have to go to that prees' in town now and ask heem to marry us. He make trouble, that prees', I not like heem too well. I call heem not my freen'."

"Never mind," said I, "you pay him well, and all will be right."

"Have you a good warm coat?" I asked.

I noticed he was leaving his warm corduroy jacket in the bedroom with his other clothes, and the March morning was cold, though very bright.

"For sure, madame, the weat'er she not fool me. You go on leetle pleasure drive in Alberta any time of year, you take parasol, fan, umbrella, fur coat, overshoe, mitt', and 'tree pair blanket—never forget, then it's nice day.

My husband and I laughed as we followed him out to his sleigh, and saw his ragged old buffalo coat, and a roll of red blankets, both rolled up in a torn old tent. He very seldom pitched the tent now-a-days, but he never by any chance travelled without it.

He donned the fur coat, and put on the fur cap he had held in his hand all the while. We wished him "Good luck", and asked him to come in on his way back with his bride, and have a meal with us.

"Merci, madame" he answered, "merci, Monsier; for sure I will, Bagosh!

"Bon jour, my freen', bon jour."

And he jumped into the sleigh, and away to meet his fate.

For two days we waited patiently for news. At the end of the second day they arrived—Napoleon and his wife! They said they would stay the night with us if we would have them. Of course we were delighted.

It was rather a difficult situation; the poor girl could not understand English, excepting a few words—and we could not speak French, though we could understand a little; so Napoleon had to interpret for us.

She was a tall slight woman, with rather irregular features, and a rather sallow complexion. Her face was brightened by fine dark-brown eyes, and level braids of dark-brown hair crowned the top of her head.

She was stylishly dressed in a pretty green cloth, trimmed with black braid. With this she wore a small velvet hat, very neat.

She seemed very shy and quiet, partly I am sure, because she could not express herself in our language. It was not until the evening meal was over, and the chores done, that we all gathered round the sitting-room stove, and Napoleon gave us his amusing account of his trip to town.

"My freen', he began, "I have the one beeg time, for sure. When I reach town I see Terèse queek. She say to me, "Napoleon, I come for you to marry me, I guess you good Cat'olic enough for me, after all."

"For sure, Terèse', says I, 'if you care for beeg useless fellow like me. I have want you long time, Terèse, I ask you many time, now you make me satisfy; I will go now and talk to that prees'."

"Well that prees' and I had leetle tête-à-tête, and my freen' I tell you this, bagosh, he is the worst thieving old rascal on that place!" I say to heem, "I want to be married to Terèse Dubois, of Keeback."

"Marry,' said he, 'then you must pay well.'

"Yes, I will pay, of course. How much will it be?"

"Well,' he paused, and seemed to consider—"You have not been good Cat'olic, that's five dollaire; you have not been to Mass for one year, that's five dollare; you not go to Confess' for two year, that's ten dollare; you go on Protestant Church once, that's five dollare; you geev me beeg trouble to write about you to Keebeck, that's five dollare; and this woman she marry you against my wish, therefore I charge twenty-five dollare for marry you, altoge'er fifty dollare."

"Sacre! Bon Dieu!" I exclaimed, "I'm not come to buy the woman! nor you either, Bagosh, fifty dollare is too much, it is tremendous for poor man like myself."

"He reply, "Then I marry you not

at all. You must make the amende. Then I receive you again as good Cat'olic."

"I t'ink hard or Terèse, and how she come far to marry me; I t'ink how long I wait for her; I t'ink I see her eyes when she look at me and say, 'Napoleon, I come for you to marry me'; I t'ink hard, 'I'll not disappoint you, for sure'; an' I make the amende."

"I open my leetle pouch, an' I count out fifty dollare in bills, an' lay them on the table. I t'ink hard how many t'ing that buy for the leetle house on the river. Terèse she want many new t'ing for sure—an' I feel all dot inside at that prees', sitting there with his eyes never leaving that money. Bagosh! he knew he had me that time sure, but sapre! he'll never get me in that hole again!"

"Very well,' said I, 'now you have the money on this place, we will come at ten o'clock to-morrow morning to be married.'

"And you bet, the next morning find me on that place in good time, with Terèse; but we had to leave town wit'out many leetle t'ing I had purpose to get for the leetle house, the time Terèse come on it."

He explained to his wife in French what he had been talking about and she nodded her head, and smiled.

It was nearly a year before we got over to see them at the river, though we had seen them at different times. At last we managed to get away from the ranch for a night and pay our long-promised visit. As we drew near to their place, we met wagons and wagons of freight coming along the trail, stores of all kinds, baled hay, and sacks of oats. We knew we were near the railway construction camps, but hardly expected them so far south. Finally my husband hailed one of the teamsters, who was resting his horses at the top of a hill:

"Good day, lovely weather. Lots of people travelling to-day."

The man raised his long whip by

way of salute, and answered: "Yes, and there will be more than this, the railway's coming this way."

"We thought the other way."

"Yes sir, it was; they surveyed that way, and it's a good crossing too, but railway companies never bind themselves to a survey. I guess they won't pay for a townsite there, when they have land of their own six miles south. All this stuff is going there for the construction camp, and we have freighting for months to come. The railway at present has reached a point several miles due west of Napoleon's. The old chap will be very excited about it. Hard luck, too! by Jove! Everybody believed it would go there, and there's quite a good little town. It will have to move to the railways as many another town has done. Why, down South, near a branch line we were working on, a whole town was moved five miles to the railway. The houses they couldn't move bodily were taken to pieces and loaded on wagons. There was a fine Government Creamery for one thing, and it cost exactly a thousand dollars to move it, but they did it. Another town had been built in a valley, and by Jove, the railway was finally built high on the top of the bank on one side, and the whole blamed town had to be shoved up that bank! It's the trials of a new country, the towns have to find where they suit best before they can settle down comfortable-like," and he chuckled to himself and touched up his team. He gave us a wave of his whip as good-bye, and shouted, "So long."

"Poor Napoleon," we both exclaimed, as we drove on. "It is too bad, it will be harder than ever, now he's married."

We hated to arrive at the house with such bad news in our minds, they would be sure to know about it, and would be very despondent.

They did not show it, however, when we arrived. He was his usual cheery, noisy self, and gave us a royal

welcome to his home. We were ushered into the general living-room, kitchen and dining-room in one, where Terèse sat sewing, and rocking a cradle with her foot. She looked rather pale and weary, her baby boy was only about six weeks old. She rose smiling to greet us, then stooped to uncover the face of her sleeping child.

He lay fresh and warm, his dark curly hair in tiny moist curls round his little ears. He stirred as we looked and smiled in his sleep. His mother softly whispered, "Hush! hees good angel has passed over heem!"

I sincerely hope it was so; that many good angels guarded his cradle.

Then Napoleon took my husband to the window, and as they viewed the little town below I heard him say: "Sapre!, my freen', is that not fine place for town? Nice level place, close on the river, but, Bagosh! I'm beginning to have queer feeling on me, I'm not so ver' sure as I was, I hear some leetle word go round about them going sout' after all."

I am sure my husband felt himself in a very awkward position; it was most difficult to tell him. Yet he was sure to hear soon; my husband evidently thought he had better hear bad news from a friend, as he answered slowly:

"Yes, Napoleon, I'm awfully sorry, we met wagons and wagons going south to-day, and I talked to one of the teamsters, and he said it was all stores for the construction camp at the Six-mile Crossing, the line was going there after all."

Napoleon then became wildly excited, and almost shouted, "Sâcre! Bon Dieu! They come the other way, after all. Blame fool I am! Dam' fool Sâcre!"

Terèse, you hear thees news? The railway she's not come on thees place after all. Ah, Sâcre! tear my hair—I excite myself—beeg fool me—dam' fool—sold every time, bagosh!"

He flung his old fur cap away in one corner of the room, his gaily-coloured scarf in another, unbuttoned his corduroy coat and threw it on a chair beside him; then he sank into the chair and put his elbows on the table, and tore his hands wildly through his thick black hair, muttering away to himself, "Fool, fool,—dam' fool."

Poor Terèse rose from her chair, wishing to comfort him, yet not knowing how. "So soree, so soree," she kept saying, over and over.

I was wondering if there was anything I could say, when he drew himself up, and turning round to me, said slowly:

"Madame, you remember one day about a year ago, I go on your house, I draw plan on your table-clot'; I show how she come, sure; I talk beeg; I call myself beeg man; you t'ink me 'beeg fool.'"

"Indeed I did not," I cried quickly. "You have not been a fool, you are richer now than you ever thought you would be then—your wife, Napoleon, and your dear little baby, aren't they more to you?"

"Yes, madame, it is true, the way has changed much since then. I have

not been such a beeg fool, maybe after all. I *am* rich man, beeg man."

He rose from his chair, and walked over to Terèse, bent on one knee and put his arm around her waist. Then he kissed her pale cheek, twice. Then stooping lower still he kissed the sleeping child.

The weariness all went away from Terèse's face; it was illuminated with pride, a tender love, and a faithful devotion. She turned to me with such a bright smile, though I could see the tears shining in her eyes.

"What matter is it if there is not beeg town? We are veree happy," Napoleon answered her himself.

"No, Terèse, it matters not at all. I can always get Government work, building bridges. They have ask me to go way up on the Peace River countree; and maybe we go—by-and-bye; when you are strong again, and this boy is beeg man."

His voice had wakened the child, and he cried. Napoleon lifted him up into his arms, and shook his head at him. The baby gurgled with delight, and buried his little fists in his father's curly, dishevelled hair, while Terèse looked on with a bright, happy smile.





STEADY, THERE!

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

POSTERITY VS. AMES BENNETT

BY FRANK R. ADAMS



BENNETT stood in the moonlight and contemplated with a sigh the door which had closed gently behind him.

On the steps he tortured himself with a recollection of her from whom he had just parted. Lennice Esterdahl was an unequivocal beauty. Charms such as hers would have made a lady's man out of Arthur Schopenhauer. Ames Bennett was more susceptible than the famous misogynist. He had needed no special inducements to be attracted to Lennice. In a general way he liked the sex to which she belonged and in particular he was simply crazy about her as a manifestation of the feminine hypothesis.

He had always known how wonderful she was, but now, with the echo of her refusal to marry him still burning in his ears, her desirability smote him more poignantly. The smooth way she did her hair and coiled it on the tender nape of her neck, the simple, direct gaze out of her clear blue eyes, the slender grace of her and the voice that throbbed like the deep notes of a cello—to think about them was exquisite pain.

If you have never loved anybody like that—well, maybe you are lucky and you certainly have saved yourself hours of misery—but, on the other hand, you have missed an awful lot of something called the phantom of happiness. The ghost of a palm that has rested in yours, the smile you

can almost recall, those are the memories that distinguish poets from plumbers.

"I can never marry you."

How can the English language contain such a hideous phrase? "Hanged by the neck until dead," is a cheerful little epigram by comparison.

Yet she had said it and she was looking at him at the time.

"Why not?" he had asked stupidly, stunned by the abrupt disaster of which, to tell the truth, his honest conceit had not warned him.

"Because you are not a good physical specimen," she had told him with no attempt to beat about the bush.

"Eugenics!" he gasped in horror. "How did he get in here—who left the cage open?"

He was floored. He knew that what she had said was true—he was not a good physical specimen. Ames Bennett was the best sporting editor in the city, but when it came to muscular powers he simply was not there. Without his glasses he could not see ten feet in front of him and he had no chest expansion to speak of. Besides that, he was so angular that it took a very skilful tailor to make him look like anything but a hat rack.

Ames was no beauty, but he had a way with him that so far had carried him blithely through life, skirting the pitfalls of accident, disease and love. If he had not been able to star on the athletic field or win championship honours in the ring, he at least could

write about such things more grippingly than any reporter on his staff, and he knew more records and batting averages than the entertaining author of Spalding's Annual. More than one champion glove artist had been dug up by Ames from obscure entertainments held in dingy lofts with a lookout posted below to swap stories with the poor blind policeman on duty.

But now he had run his little chariot into a post. Suddenly everything else he had ever desired sank into insignificance before this girl who was apparently dismissing him.

"Don't you love me?" he demanded. He found that he was on his feet already preparing to go.

"Why," she hesitated, "I don't know. That has nothing to do with the case. I wouldn't marry you, anyway."

"You always laugh at the things I say."

"Maybe I do, but a woman can't always be laughing at her husband."

"Some of 'em are."

"Don't make it hard for me, Ames, dear," she said, her voice full of sweet trouble. "You know I like you and I always thought we'd be married some day, but I didn't realize then how much I owed to posterity. We have no right to marry. It would be criminal. I have had myself examined and there is very little the matter with me—"

"Hear, hear," he applauded vigorously.

"While you—" she paused speculatively, taking in his entire superstructure critically.

"You needn't mention what's the matter with me," he interrupted. "I tried to enter West Point once and they told me."

"While you," she went on, ignoring the interruption and still looking for a place to begin on, "you are a shining example of what not to do for health and efficiency. You smoke incessantly. Why, I've seen you light one cigarette from another."

"That's economy," he objected

feebly. "The kind of cigarettes I smoke are cheaper than matches."

"It's no use, Ames, to try to make me laugh," she said soberly. "I used to be silly, but now I'm going to be sensible."

"If you're going to be sensible," he mourned, "then I suppose I haven't a chance. I'll admit no sensible girl would want to marry a half portion like me. My only chance was for you to develop emotional insanity. You don't know the address of any nice, half-witted girl, do you?" he continued hopefully.

She escorted him to the door in her old-time fashion, but here, instead of kissing him as sometimes she had done, she offered him her hand. She seemed to feel the pointed omission, for she said, "It isn't hygienic to kiss anyone."

"Good heavens," he murmured in a daze, "think of the chances I have taken in my life. And think also," he continued regretfully, "of the chances I have missed."

Although he tried to cheer himself up and take the edge off the scene with a jesting farewell, nevertheless, there was a real ache in his heart as he rode home in the subway to the bachelor apartment at One Hundred and Tenth Street, which apparently was to be his home for the rest of his days.

For a week he moped around the office, messing up the box scores with a fine disregard for the three major leagues, and making an enemy for life of Kid Kennedy by failing to speak of his famous cross arm jab to the point of the chin of Battling Englander, in his recent mixup with that worthy.

The day after his turndown, his naturally optimistic mind had suggested to him that he build up his defective physique by exercise and to that end he had purchased a pair of Indian clubs which he resolved to employ night and morning before retiring and after rising.

His enthusiasm for exercise was somewhat dampened after he broke

the chandelier in his room and hit himself twice in succession on the rear protuberance of his rather prominent head. He gave up the strenuous life before his landlady put him out for breakage. It was probably just as well, because, without knowing it, he had kept a lighted cigarette between his lips all the time he was swinging the clubs.

At the end of the week he could stand it no longer. The annoying pain in his heart demanded chloroform. He knew that she could not be as desirable as his fancy and memory pictured her. No woman could.

He resolved to prove it to himself. He called her up. "Hello," he said, as she answered the telephone. "Have you a friend by the name of Ames Bennett?"

"Surely," she replied with a thrill of surprised pleasure in her voice; "at least, I hope so."

"Is there any reason why your friends shouldn't call on you occasionally," he demanded, "especially if they can't stand it to stay away?"

"Why, no," she replied doubtfully; "I don't think so."

"Then I'm coming out to-night disguised as a friend. You will know me by a red carnation in my button-hole. I promise not to say a thing that isn't in the etiquette books under the head of 'Sample conversation for a lady and gentleman who have met for the first time'."

After dinner that night, Ames stood in front of the mirror in his room a long time, carefully examining his offending physique. Then he deliberately kicked himself twice and with a sigh sought the street, where he purchased a carnation for his coat lapel.

Lennice belonged to the society page strata of the big city population. By that is not meant that she moved in the newly-rich set, but that the doings of her friends frequently received mention in the newspapers, especially if the items were sent in. At any rate, her financial status was miles above that of a sporting editor.

Her father was popularly supposed to have an underground tunnel connected with the sub-treasury.

There was a butler at Esterdahl's house who let Ames in and ushered him to the living-room, where Lennice was improving the shining moments by reading a ten-pound volume of anatomy.

"Good Lord," Ames muttered to himself, as his eye fell on her graceful profile. "She's prettier than I thought."

At the sight of him she rose and a pleased boyish smile illumined her features.

"As I live," he exclaimed, swallowing his heart, which was pounding in his throat, "if it isn't Miss Jones. No? Am I mistaken? Then it's Miss Esterdahl. I always get you two girls mixed up."

"It's nice to see you again, Ames," she said, just a bit wistfully. "You are dreadfully entertaining, and I've been rather bored without you."

"What do you think of Mr. Grey's new novel?" he asked lightly, indicating the anatomy she had been reading. "I think in some ways he is stronger than Robert W. Chambers, don't you? Sex novels are going out, though, I believe."

The butler announced Mr. Robert Howe.

"Robert Howe?" Ames questioned, while the butler went to usher in the visitor.

"Yes," Lennice admitted. "I think you know him."

"If you mean the chap who was champion shot putter and hammer thrower six or seven years ago, of course I know him. We were in the same class at the University."

"He's the one. He drops in nearly every evening for a little while. Father and Mr. Howe are great friends."

Robert Howe entered. Nature had copied some of the best Greek statuary when she put him together. Just six feet, broad in shoulder, but thin in the flank, with a pink-and-white skin that looked as if it had recently

been scrubbed, Robert Howe could have been an "ad" for anybody's brand of ready-made clothing without being retouched a particle by the artist.

But when nature had done that much for him she quit. Mentally he was still equipped only for horse-shoeing. Still, any man who looked the way he did in a track suit didn't need to be any Socrates.

Not that Robert lacked any confidence in himself. Nothing like that. Everything had been so easy for him that he took it as a matter of course.

"How are you?" he greeted Ames laconically when he discovered there was another caller.

The conversation languished although Lennice strove desperately to keep it alive. The young athlete had a capacity of only one thought an hour even when he was running full speed, and Ames, for his part, couldn't think of anything except sarcastic remarks, most of which he managed to stifle before they reached the open air.

At length Lennice suggested that they take up the rug and dance. "I am teaching Mr. Howe some of the new steps," she explained.

"Oh, yes," acknowledged Ames without interest. Then, apparently without any reference to what had gone before, he added in a moment, "They had a swell troop of performing elephants with the Barnum show this year. Did you see them? They were fine."

The girl got his meaning even if the other man didn't and shot him a reproof with her eyes, which caused him to wilt in burlesque chagrin. "Will you play the piano, Ames?" she asked.

"Sure, Ames, you play the piano," chimed in Howe. "You used to be pretty good at it when you were at college. You will be a lot better than the phonograph."

"I am intensely flattered," the sporting editor contrived to say instead of several other things that crowded to his mind. "Chain me by

one leg to the piano and I will make Wagner sound like a Quaker meeting."

While he played aimlessly selections of ragtime and popular waltzes, Ames had a lot of time to decide what he thought about Robert Howe and his relation with Lennice Esterdahl. The deliberate calmness with which the girl was going about her search for the physically perfect specimen, chilled him to the marrow. It was the most cold-blooded proposition he had ever heard of. Under the modern plan courtship could be done away with in favour of a physical examination and marriage would be more like an operation than a ceremony.

Before this evening Ames had rather liked young Howe, although he had never considered him seriously as amounting to much. They had been friends in the way that athletes and sporting editors are always friends, the athlete looking down on the editor with good-natured tolerance and the editor regarding the athlete as a sort of overgrown child.

But now he discovered that he really hated the other and his fist itched to land on the jaw of the six-footer, although he knew that any power he could exert in a blow could do no more than annoy his rival.

When they were tired of dancing, Ames gloomily excused himself on the plea that he had some writing to do. Lennice escorted him to the door, vaguely troubled at his unhappiness.

"I am sorry you can't stay, Ames," she said. "I thought you and Mr. Howe would be sure to like each other because you are both interested in sports. He says that at the next Olympic games he expects to put the shot fifty-two feet. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Uh-huh!" admitted Ames listlessly. "But what chance would he have against a cannon that can heave one of those things ten miles? Tell me, beautiful creature, will you meet me for lunch to-morrow and let me say something you ought to know?"

"Why—"

"Have no fear. I will promise to sterilize myself every ten minutes while we are together," he hastened to supply bitterly.

"All right, then I will come," she said graciously.

"I will expect you at the Plaza at one-thirty," he said on departing, and then added significantly, "alone."

Ames had no definite idea why he wanted to see her. Probably there wasn't any particular reason; in fact, reason was tugging him the other way and telling him never to see any woman again and if necessary take the veil, or whatever it is a man takes when he becomes a monk.

He felt that this engagement with her on the morrow was going to be the last. It was only a lunch, but it depressed him.

She kept her appointment promptly. He had been there half an hour ahead of time, walking up and down the corridor, smoking cigarettes feverishly.

"You ought not to smoke so much," she reproved as they met. "It will kill you."

He grinned sardonically as he threw away the remnant of his cigarette.

"I gave you an opportunity to reform me," he said, "but now, since you have given me up there isn't a soul in all the world to tell me what I should or shouldn't do. Gee!" he exclaimed with a sigh, "ain't it great to be free?"

They sat in the corner of the restaurant at an intimate little table for two.

"What were you going to tell me?" she demanded promptly, when they were alone, free from the ministrations of the waiter.

"What was I going to tell you?" he repeated vaguely. "Was I going to tell you something?"

"Yes, you spoke about it last night, that's why I came to meet you today."

"If I've got to tell you something I will tell you the only thing I can think of."

"What's that?" she asked, making a clinking sound with a fork and spoon.

"I love you." He looked at her hopefully, as a dog who expected to be fed might, and then continued, speaking hesitatingly. "Oh, I know I shouldn't have said that. I promised I wouldn't, didn't I? But when every street car rattling on the tracks keeps saying it and the robins in the parks and the policeman on the beat and even the Dago peddlers that go yelling through the streets keep shouting, 'I love you,' instead of 'strawberries,' the way they ought to, why I just can't help joining in."

"You must stop, Ames," Lennice reproved, looking around for fear somebody had heard him.

"Stop. Why talk of stopping Niagara Falls?"

"But you must stop," she faltered. "I am engaged to Robert Howe."

A shrieking silence fell between them. He picked up a fork nervously and laid it down again.

"Engaged to Robert Howe?" he said finally and calmly in a voice which he did not recognize as his own. "You can't love him. You couldn't even be friends with the owner of a mind like his. Why, Robert Howe's think tank is stuffed with cornmeal mush."

"You mustn't say such things and I must never see you again." She rose with the luncheon untasted. "I wanted to tell you first about the engagement before you saw it in the papers, but if you are going to be rude I am sorry I was so considerate." She turned to go. "Good-bye. After I am married I know I shall miss you dreadfully."

Ames sat stunned as she went away. "That's a fine way to begin matrimony, 'After I am married I shall miss you dreadfully.' Great Scott! There may be something in this cave man business after all."

She had said nothing about the date of her wedding, but Ames learned it soon enough through the society columns of his newspaper. No time

was wasted. The wedding was planned for a fortnight later, in the church of the Holy Something-or-Other.

Ames spent the next two weeks in a sort of numb condition, doing his work automatically. The fact that her wedding was actually announced was so stunning that his brain refused to react to it; after the ceremony was over it would be so hopeless. Heretofore he had never quite given up the fond delusion that she was not serious when she had turned him down. Seeing the announcement in cold type removed all his doubts. The calamity of calamities was going to happen.

The papers made quite a fuss about the approaching wedding. The fact that it had been eugenically arranged leaked out and the novelty of it attracted a great deal of attention. Robert Howe's position in the world of sport was such that the news of his nuptials was important enough to be mentioned on the pink page. Altogether there was a lot more limelight about the affair than anybody cared for, especially Ames Bennett, who read every reference with a groan.

The so-called funny paragraphers made material out of it and the cartoonists managed to earn a day's pay on the same subject. To escape from his distress Ames sought the theater. At the first musical show he attended he found the comedian getting a hearty laugh from an interpolated line about the scientific marriage. Ames left the theater for a cabaret and found them singing a song about it.

He went to a bar and sterilized himself thoroughly with alcohol. The physician who gave him the morphia later said that as an amateur sterilizer Ames was a pippin and deserved a medal from the International Association of Distillers and Brewers.

The wedding was to be in the evening. When the afternoon of the fatal day rolled around, the managing editor of the newspaper on which

Ames was employed called him into his office.

"I want to talk to you, Bennett," said the "Old Man," so called because he was the youngest managing editor in the city.

"All right," said Ames with gloomy nonchalance. "I don't blame you if you don't like the way I have been doing my work lately. I admit it is rotten."

"I didn't say anything about your work," said the managing editor with some surprise. "What you have done is all right, or if it wasn't I didn't notice it. It's what you haven't done that I want to speak about. I haven't seen a single reference on your page to the Howe-Esterdahl wedding."

Ames groaned.

"Every other paper in town has had some good funny stuff in the sporting sheet about this marriage and the kind of children they will have. Great Scott, man, where is your sense of humour? Robert Howe is one of the foremost athletes in the country and people who read the sporting page are interested in his wedding, especially under such novel circumstances."

The sporting editor rolled a pencil uneasily between his two palms. His soul was writhing under the unintentional torture his superior was inflicting upon him. He dared not trust himself to speak for fear he would betray his emotions.

"I'll tell you what you do," the managing editor went on, wondering if Bennett, who was usually voluble, had lost his powers of speech, "you go over to the wedding to-night at the church and see what happens and then come back to the office and write a funny feature story about it."

"A funny feature story," Ames repeated in horror, exasperated beyond endurance. "Don't you know that this wedding is the biggest disaster since the Titanic? And you ask me to write a funny story about it!"

"Why, what do you mean?" said the other in surprise, gazing with friendly concern at the young man,

who was rapidly enveloping himself in cigarette smoke.

"Don't ask me," Ames returned moodily. "I'll do it. If you want a funny story about how it feels to have your leg cut off, I'll go to the hospital and get the material. It makes me laugh now when I think how funny it is. Ha! ha!" he croaked hoarsely.

Still chuckling mirthlessly, Ames left the office and proceeded to his apartments to dress for the ceremony, which he purposed to attend in the double capacity of guest and newspaper humourist.

The church was crowded to the doors. The ushers had difficulty in keeping the aisles clear. Apparently none of the invitations were unused. Everyone was curious to see this bride and groom of a new régime mated under perfect physical conditions.

Ames managed to effect an entrance, however, by proclaiming his relation with the press. He discovered that he was not alone in his glory. There were a dozen other reporters occupying front seats, as if it were a baseball game or a great legal battle.

They welcomed him with merry jests about the coming performance. They did not know that he was acquainted with the bride.

At last the ordeal began. There seemed to be countless preliminaries. Reams of music had to be played and a great many ordinary looking people had to parade around in new clothes, the men looking miserable and the women proud. The majority of the members of the male sex view the hobbling of one of their number with apprehension. You never can tell who will be next.

The groom came in. No king could have carried himself more proudly. He actually seemed to like it. Ames recollected having seen him strut before a grandstand in the same way, clad only in a track shirt and trousers. Now in evening dress he was a no less commanding figure. The sporting editor admitted bitterly in

his inner consciousness that his rival looked like a perfect mate for the most beautiful girl in the world.

The women in the audience agreed with him. An almost perceptible gasp of admiration fluttered through the air as he walked down the aisle with his best man.

Then slowly, with head raised proudly, came the bride and her father.

Ames's heart sank like a leaden shot. How could he say anything funny about her with his heart telling him she was the most wonderful creature in all the world and he was just about to lose her.

If she would only trip on something or fall or tear her train, maybe he could make something funny out of that. But no. There was no hitch in her progress, no obstacle, nothing seemed to stand between her and her future husband.

The organist was playing softly a quiet, well-bred air, the scent of flowers drifted in on a slight breeze, swaying the silken decorations, which were strung like a canopy from the altar and the balcony to the dome.

Finally Lennice stood side by side before the minister with her physically perfect mate. After interminable seconds he addressed them. If something funny would only happen now! Bennett groped fruitlessly in his brain for a comic idea. There was none.

All at once a single feminine cry pierced the hush which pervaded the church.

There was an uneasy movement in the congregation. People turned to ask their neighbours what had happened.

The minister paused in his droning recital of the marriage service.

"Fire!" the cry which makes your heart stop, raced shrilly to the vaulted ceiling and echoed back again. Scarce less rapidly tongues of flame began flickering around the ends of the silken ribbons which were attached to the altar rail. A loose end of ribbon had been blown by the wind

into an open candle. The fire rapidly communicated itself from ribbon to ribbon. Little darts of flame raced up the narrow strips of cloth to the dome. As each ribbon burned off at the rail it swung, a line of fire, out to the middle of the congregation.

The women huddled back into the pews, terrified beyond action by the tiny flames that were swinging in their faces.

Then all at once a voice was heard addressing them authoritatively.

"There is no danger," said the voice, proceeding from a thin young man who had unceremoniously pushed the minister aside and taken his place on the platform. "If you will file out quietly, the forward aisles first, I will guarantee to get you all out safely."

Sparks were falling from above, but for some reason the crowd listened to this curious young man who so confidently guaranteed safety.

"The organist will play a march," said the young man peremptorily, looking up to the balcony where the keyboard of the organ was concealed.

There was no response from the organ.

"The organist unfortunately had another engagement," said the young man.

All at once the organ burst forth into a clamorous riot of music. The air was "Too Much Mustard", which had probably never heard itself played on a church pipe organ before. It served its purpose though. Everybody laughed and then accompanied by a rapid fire of directions from the young man at the altar, they filed out in fairly orderly fashion, while the lurid flames from the burning decorations made curious lights in the dim heights in the church.

At last everyone was out. The church was empty save for the young man and the organist.

"You can cut that out now," said the young man, addressing the invisible player.

From overhead the sparks were coming down like rain and an un-

pleasant smelling blue smoke swirled through the air as the wind from outside played pranks in the vast audience hall. Hardly noticing these things and certainly forgetful of the place where he was, the young man at the altar thoughtfully inserted a cigarette between his lips and lit it from one of the altar candles.

Down the steps from the tiny balcony where the organ keyboard was concealed came a person in what had previously been a white brocaded satin dress. It was now soiled in several places with cinders, and the remnant of a chiffon veil which had been hastily torn off was draped rakishly about her ears.

In the dim light at the altar the young man perceived the dress before he noticed the features.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know the organist was a girl or I never would have asked you to stay. I have to admit that you've got good nerve." Then as she came closer to the altar the light illumined her features completely. "Well, I'm damned."

"Hello, Ames," she said calmly, looking him over curiously and noting with a quizzical smile the cigarette he was smoking. "You are a brave man, Ames."

"Not very," he returned with a half smile. "You see, I knew this church was fireproof construction and that there wasn't any chance of anything burning except the decorations. For pure bravery you are entitled to the nickel-plated coal scuttle. How did you come to be playing the pipe organ?"

"Why," she returned modestly, "when I saw that the regular organist had run away, I just happened to be nearest, so I went up and did it."

"Gee, you are a wonder," he said, taking in her ragged wedding costume from head to foot. "I don't know any other girl in the world who would have done that."

She returned his look with shining eyes. "And I don't know any other man in the world, Ames, who would

have handled the crowd the way you did. You sure have a way with you."

"Well," he said briskly, wishing to change the subject from the one that was breaking his heart, "let's get out of here and hunt up Mr. Howe and the minister so we can go on with the wedding." He looked at his watch. "I've got to get into the office with a story about this in half an hour if I am going to make the first edition."

The ribbons had burned themselves out and save for a few smouldering strands the fire had practically extinguished itself.

"Never mind about Mr. Howe,"

said Lennice, linking her arm in his. "Here is the minister coming back and he is all we really need. From the way Mr. Howe started he ought to be about half way down town by now, so we won't wait for him to come back. If we hurry we can get through in plenty of time for you to get the story in the first edition."

Without any particular regard for hygiene or scandal, Ames Bennett kissed the eugenic bride full on the lips, right in front of the minister.

"The funny part about it," he explained a little later, "is that I didn't set fire to the church myself."

TO-MORROW

By LEREINE KATHARINE HOFFMAN

A YEAR ago the skies were blue,
 And the air was sweet with songs,
 Yet my love now sleeps where the pansies nod
 And the silence of Death belongs.

And life seemed such an empty thing,
 A song without a theme,
 With that ringing laughter silent and still,
 Its echo only a dream.

But that dream to me grows wondrous bright;
 It beckons on through the years,
 And points like a beacon in the night
 To the end of the road of tears.

Away where Life shall start again,
 To a new and brighter to-morrow;
 Where Peace shall reign in the scheme of things
 And the world shall forget there was sorrow.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

It is remarkable that in the Assembly of Nations at Geneva the delegates from Canada should seem to be the spokesmen for the Republican leaders in the United States Congress rather than for President Wilson and other strict constructionists of the Covenant. Article X, which the Canadian delegates oppose and which seems to have been opposed by Sir Robert Borden at Versailles, involves, according to Sir Robert, "an undertaking by the high contracting parties to preserve the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League", and requires signatories to the Covenant to declare that "all existing territorial delimitations are just and expedient, that they will continue indefinitely to be just and expedient and that the signatories will be responsible therefor".

In full Article X reads: "The members of the league undertake to respect and preserve against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the council (of the league) shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled."

Article XVI., supplementary to Article X., prescribes the penalties that may be imposed upon a member of the league which resorts to war in disregard of its obligations to seek arbitration or conciliation. These include the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition by members of the league of all intercourse between their nationals and those of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaker and those of any other state, whether a member of the League or not.

It was chiefly over Article X that the Republicans in Congress revolted as involving obligations to which the United States could not afford to agree and committing the country to an indefinite and dangerous responsibility for conditions in Europe which could not be permanent and under conceivable circumstances could not be wisely maintained. Much of the literature of the Presidential campaign was devoted to this Article, and there was acute disagreement over its implications. Clearly the Republican position in the contest would have been greatly strengthened if it had been known that Canada was in disagreement with President Wilson and that the Canadian delegates in Geneva would be the leaders in the movement for repeal.

It is curious, too, that the position of Sir Robert Borden was not disclosed in Parliament since the Canadian delegates are now attacking a provision which Canada seems to have accepted. As to that, however, we are not in any different position from other countries which ratified the Covenant and possibly the situation in the American Congress may have induced silence

as to the actual attitude towards this condition of the peace settlement. As it turns out we have a substantial alliance of the Dominion and the United States against a condition which Mr. Wilson sought to impose upon Congress, which Canada has accepted and would repeal, and which becomes ineffective if the Dominion and the Republic refuse or withdraw their support.

II

At last the nations seem to be in the crisis of reconstruction. In Great Britain thousands are out of work and unfortunately there are many soldiers among the unemployed. In the United States conditions are no better and the outlook for the winter is ominous. Nor could we hope that prices would be readjusted in Canada without losses to manufacturers, retailers, and many workers. For the situation governments in various countries have a degree of responsibility. By guaranteeing prices of primary food products speculative advances were encouraged which ultimately affected all commodities. The high prices which the war produced were forced to still higher levels. The British Government for example still has great stores of products which it has been holding in the hope of ultimate profit. It is clear now that it would have been wiser to relinquish control after the armistice and encourage a natural restoration to normal commercial conditions. But the other course was taken and a situation which would have been serious enough in any event has been aggravated.

There is, however, no need for excessive apprehension in Canada. As stocks of merchandise are reduced orders will be placed with manufacturers. It will be impossible to maintain prices at the high level and admittedly upon stocks in store losses will be sustained. But those who profited in a rising market must face losses in a falling market. Lower prices will stimulate buying and according to the best information that can be obtained there has been no such extreme cessation of buying as many reports suggest. When the grain crops are moving more freely the strain on credit will be relieved. As yet there has been no general reduction of wages and to that degree the purchasing power of a large portion of the population is still greater than ever before. There is a manifest reluctance among employers to reduce wages but no one ever believed that the peak of war wages could be absolutely and universally maintained. Moreover there is no doubt that the menace of unemployment increases the efficiency of some classes of labour. A greater production for equal wages is equivalent to an increase in production and a reduction in prices.

Nor was it ever thought that wheat prices could be held at \$2.50 or \$2.80 a bushel. One may hope that grain prices will never fall to pre-war figures, but a drop from the highest quotations was inevitable. Neither war prices nor controlled prices could ever have been thought to represent a normal or permanent condition. Besides, those who suffered so sorely from the era of high prices had the right to look for a measure of relief. It was long in coming and probably the general level of pre-war prices will not be re-established in this generation. For multitudes of people the months since the armistice have been more trying than the period of actual war. The situation was unreal and impossible and there need be no surprise that it could not last.

But there are facts in the situation in Canada which should inspire courage and confidence. Many hundreds of millions of dollars are invested by Canadians in Canadian securities and the interest is distributed within the country. The savings deposits are \$1,271,275,711 as against \$659,806,680 six years ago. The exports for the fiscal year ending March 31st were \$1,239,492,098 as against \$431,580,439 for the year ending March 31st, 1914.

Farm lands have increased in value, and prices for all farm products will remain high in comparison with pre-war prices. New industries have been established and unexpected stores of raw materials discovered. The output of the fisheries has increased and from year to year coal production will expand. The British Government is to repay Canada an amount of \$150,000,000 advanced during the war at the rate of \$5,000,000 a month for six months and \$10,000,000 thereafter until the debt is discharged. We shall have no more direct war appropriations and we are raising a federal revenue equal to expenditures. The total investment in American industrial plants in Canada is estimated at \$1,250,000,000. There will be a volume of immigration as great as we dare permit. When normal conditions are restored many of these will bring capital, and agricultural production will be increased. Adverse exchange will compel freer buying of goods made in Canada and thus Canadian labour and Canadian producers will be benefitted. Exchange discount is now 18 per cent. and conceivably may go to 20 per cent. If we do not curtail imports of goods that we can get at home we increase the cost of fuel, cotton, oil and other products that we must buy abroad. In sheer self-defence, therefore, we must reduce the trade balance against us in our transactions with the United States. The immediate outlook may be disturbing but if we are wise, prudent and courageous and if all classes co-operate as they did during the war we shall soon emerge into a new era of progress and prosperity.

III

At the moment it is fashionable to attack government commissions. One suspects, however, that there is generally a political motive behind such criticism. No doubt governments sometimes appoint commissions in order to avoid an immediate decision upon some vexatious question or to escape responsibility for legislative action. But they very seldom actually escape responsibility since they must either accept or reject the recommendations of the bodies which they create.

There is, however, another view of commissions which deserves consideration. Why should not a government call any group of citizens to assist in the solution of difficult problems. It is often desirable to have a judgment upon some phase of public policy from a Commission so constituted as to be removed from any suspicion of political partisanship or which represents conflicting interests. Labour disputes are settled by arbitration and often the work of a commission is an arbitration upon the issue under consideration. If agreement is effected the government legislates with greater confidence, and the public accepts the legislation with knowledge that it expresses a compromise between conflicting opinions and interests.

Moreover in many cases it would be impossible for ministers to give the time to inquiry and the examination of witnesses which can be given by members of commissions who are appointed for a specific purpose. It is better to have delay than hasty legislation. It is better to have the report of a commission than action with half knowledge of actual facts and conditions. There is an obligation upon every citizen to serve the State when opportunity offers. A government may act more wisely through the information which a commission may provide and the recommendations which it may offer. Whatever may be our political differences we are all concerned to have prudent and practical legislation. Ultimately, for legislation submitted to parliaments, governments must take responsibility before the country. In using Commissions there seems to be nothing inconsistent with the principle of responsible government while there is direct recognition of the obligation which lies upon all citizens in a democratic commonwealth.

IV

As one who advocated purchase of the Ontario Electrical Development Company and the Toronto Electric Light Company before the Hydro-Electric service was established it is possible to rejoice in the final adoption of a policy which should have gone into effect long ago. There never was room for two opinions as to the wise course to pursue. It was desirable if the Province was to distribute electrical energy from Niagara to the municipalities that a complete state monopoly should be established. This was required not only in justice to private investors but to prevent waste of capital in costly competitive services. So in Toronto it was as clearly desirable that the private plant should be acquired by the city rather than that the people should be compelled to support two receiving and distributing systems.

When the first Hydro-Electric by-law was submitted to the ratepayers of Toronto three of the representative and authoritative leaders of organized Labour in Great Britain were consulted as to whether they would advise purchase of the private plant or the installation of a competing public plant. All advised purchase as fair to private capital and as the final guarantee of an economical and complete public system. But naturally enough they were not willing to have their opinions exploited in a contest in Toronto in which they could not properly interfere. Twelve years have elapsed since the first Hydro by-law was adopted in Toronto but there never was any doubt that ultimately a complete civic monopoly would be established. Whatever the causes of delay there will now be only congratulation for Sir Adam Beck, Mayor Church and the Drury Government who have effected a wise agreement by private negotiation and greatly served the public interest without further unnecessary sacrifice of private capital.

The Toronto Street Railway has still to be acquired but fortunately the original contract with the company provides the machinery of purchase and reasonably guarantees the city against any improvident bargain. It is apparent that purchase of the private lighting company, the street railway, the necessary radial connections and the rehabilitation and extension of the Toronto railway system will involve the city in obligations of many millions but if the services are developed and managed with economy and efficiency no serious burden should be laid upon the taxpayers. Whatever may be the results of public operation there are advantages in monopoly and in co-ordination of services so essential to the convenience and comfort of the people. It is doubtful if street car fares in Toronto can be reduced for many years to come but the deficits on the Civic Car lines need not continue, a single fare with transfers can be established for all portions of the city, the customers of the private lighting plant and all its equipment will be transferred to the civic service and very great advantages should be derived from the more direct passenger and freight connections with the surrounding country which should follow upon the unified control over local transportation which now seems to be assured.

V

The Business Men's National Tax Committee of the United States, representing twenty national business organizations, has made an exhaustive study of the problems of taxation and recommends a gross tax on sales as a substitute for the existing system. In the judgment of the Committee a sales tax should supersede or absorb the taxes on excess profits and capital stock and all stamp, excise and other special taxes. It is estimated the yield of one per cent. from such a tax would give an annual total of \$5,000,000,000.

Thus, according to the Committee, it would be possible to increase the special exemption on small incomes from \$1,000 and \$2,000 to \$2,500 and \$5,000 with additional liberal exemptions for children under eighteen and for dependents. So the higher surtaxes on personal incomes could be so reduced as to permit persons of great wealth to retain their capital in taxable securities. It is declared that the higher surtaxes are driving capital from business and public service investments into tax-free bonds. There are now \$14,075,000,000 of non-taxable securities in the United States and it is stated that new issues appear daily.

The Department of Justice at Washington which has investigated the causes of the high cost of living reports that 23.2 per cent. of the selling prices of necessaries is the result of accumulated business taxes. Tables are presented by manufacturers and dealers to show that the pyramided one per cent. tax, where there are five or six turnovers, would seldom exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent. of the final price to the consumer. On sugar the percentage would be 2.74, on bread 2, on pork $2\frac{1}{2}$, on beef $2\frac{1}{2}$, on men's clothing 2.61, on overalls 2.47, on rubber tires, 3.26, and on farming implements from ore and trees to consumer from 3 to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. It is stated that the Government spends annually \$25,000,000 to collect taxes, while the taxpayers have to pay \$100,000,000 annually for expert advice in making tax returns.

Under existing regulations as interpreted at Washington, the Committee declares, business men and manufacturers who inventorized their goods and raw materials at cost have to pay heavy taxes while all profit has disappeared through the break in prices, and immediate legislation is demanded to permit business men to file claims in abatement of heavy taxes on profits which were never realized. The Committee believes that by the gross sales tax all necessary revenue will be secured, the cost of living will be greatly reduced and business men and the Government relieved from "the intolerable burden of the recent complicated and inequitable tax laws". It is further contended that the administration of the gross sales tax is simple, that only the sales book or cash register slips of merchants need to be checked, that there is comparatively little work for the Internal Revenue Department to do and that there is "practically no chance for the taxpayer to evade paying his just dues to the Government".

It is not necessary to accept the report of the National Tax Committee of the United States as a final judgment but there is reason for Boards of Trade and agricultural and industrial organizations in Canada to give close attention to the whole problem of federal taxation. Taxes which are vexatious in incidence and collection produce public unrest and anger. They are more freely evaded than taxes which have the virtue of equity and are carried with the general consent of all classes. It is manifest that if excess profits and like taxes are repealed in the United States they cannot be maintained in this country. Moreover there is nothing but public disadvantage in taxes which encourage extravagance in production, which restrict the supply of capital in seasons of depression, and which create unemployment and raise prices.

It should be possible to convince the public that profits taxes and super-taxes on income have these effects if those who are opposing such taxes are sound in their contentions. The Government must have a great revenue and it is necessary that the taxes should fall upon those who are best able to bear the burden. But the burden is not made lighter for the masses of the people by any system of taxation which produces depression and unemployment. If thorough investigation shows that a gross tax on sales gives adequate revenue and does no injustice to any element of the population it may be possible to

abolish or modify existing imposts to the general advantage. There is need for public education on the whole subject.

VI

Mr. Gompers believes that the result of the Presidential contest justifies the leaders of the American Federation of Labour who have refused to sanction the organization of a political Labour party. He contends that fifty congressmen hostile to Labour have been defeated and from fifty-five to sixty friends of Labour elected of whom about twenty belong to unions. Republican leaders, as was said a month ago, deny that Labour achieved a victory and insist that there will be a predominant majority of members in the new Congress who were opposed by Labour and will not fear the Labour lobby which for the last eight years has been so powerful at Washington. Even Mr. Gompers declares it cannot be said that "the election was satisfactory in every respect". Nor can anyone looking at the situation from this distance feel that Labour has yet secured any undue representation in Congress. It seems clear that the American people have risen against "reds", "outlaws", radicals, socialists, and nationalizers, and possibly the conservative Labour forces have suffered in the revolt.

There is evidence that the movement for the "open shop" has been strengthened. In this movement the National Manufacturers' Association, the National Chamber of Commerce, and the National Industrial Board are deeply engaged, and they are said to have sustained their only serious defeat in Seattle. Between the American Federation of Labour and the more extreme Labour bodies there is acute conflict by which the advocates of the "open shop" probably hope to profit. Declining prices and increasing unemployment also temporarily favour the "open shop" movement. Side by side with the demand for the "open shop" is the determination of employers to adjust wages according to production and thus to get the full advantage of machinery and efficiency while rewarding skill and recognizing output as the only legitimate titles to high wages. This policy is opposed by all the radical Labour groups and by the American Federation and unless Labour itself comes to believe that its natural alliance is with employers instead of with the Labour organizers there would seem to be a season of industrial conflict ahead in the neighbouring country.

A famous European socialist declares that no one can desire to establish a republic since the most conservative and, in his view, the most reactionary countries in the world are the Republic of France and the Republic of America. But it is natural for the people of a republic to resist autocracy either in Labour or in Industry. If the "open shop" develops as a system of autocracy a reaction in favour of Labour is bound to follow. When all is said in no other country are the relations between employers and workers more satisfactory than in Canada and employers deserve at least an equal share of the credit for this happy situation. In the United States and in Great Britain there are signs that the masses of the people are becoming weary of industrial conflict and resolved to visit their displeasure upon selfish employers and arrogant agitators who pursue their quarrels without a thought of the common interest or the hardships and losses which they inflict upon the general community.

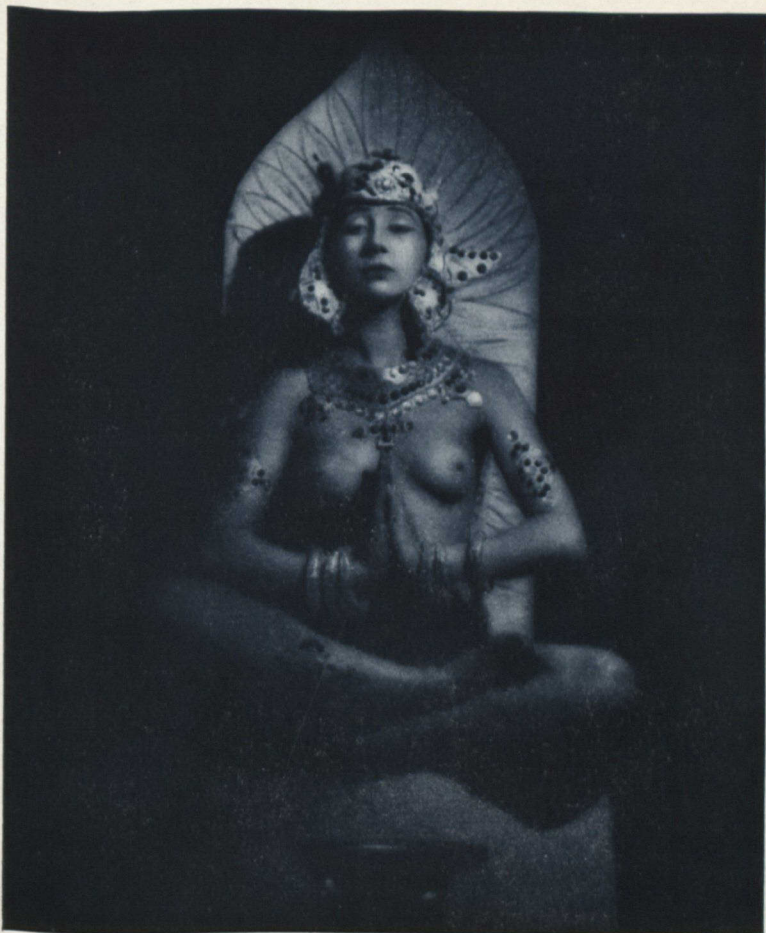
Employers will be wise, however, if in a season of depression they show greater instead of less consideration for Labour. If there is sympathy and understanding between employers and workers the difficult problems arising out of price readjustment will be more easily adjusted. In many American factories workers who have been permitted to understand the actual situation

of the industries in which they are engaged have voluntarily agreed to wage reductions. Consultation has effected what could never have been achieved by coercion. There is no doubt that in Canada many manufacturers have had to submit to cancellation of contracts and that reduced buying by the public has involved many retailers in material losses. But employers generally have been reluctant to reduce wages and no such movement against organized Labour as appears in the United States has developed in Canada. Many people are looking for a greater reduction in prices than is likely to be realized. It is not improbable that in cases there will be a recovery from the lower prices which now obtain. Any immediate reduction in prices to pre-war levels need not be expected. Unless there is normal buying by the public it will be difficult to maintain wages and prevent increasing unemployment. Manufacturers and employers cannot control conditions without the co-operation of other classes and if the margin of profit disappears production ceases or declines and depression and unemployment follow. It is true that lower prices stimulate buying but the public should recognize that a gradual lowering of prices is in the general interest and that in the crisis of reconstruction through which we are passing courage, confidence and co-operation are the only guarantees of safety and stability.

VII

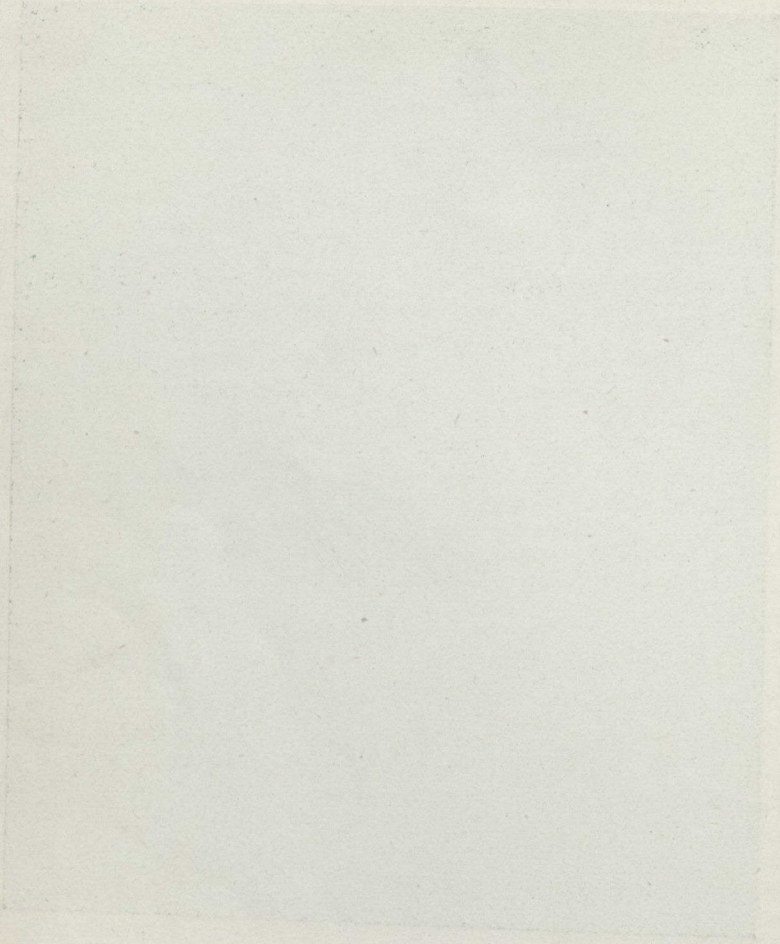
British Columbia has just voted by a majority of 30,000 to end prohibition and establish sale of liquor by Government vendors. In Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the people have declared for "bone dry" prohibition. But in all three Prairie Provinces the total majority to prohibit importation was only 50,000 or 60,000. In Nova Scotia the majority for absolute prohibition was around 50,000. But in Halifax City and County only one-third of the total vote was polled. In Halifax City, which has 22,393 voters, only 7,914 cast their ballots, in Halifax County 4,126 out of 13,878 registered voters went to the polls and in Dartmouth only 1,738 out of 5,750. In the West, too, not one half of the total registered voters appeared at the ballot boxes. In Winnipeg the majority against "bone dry" legislation was 8,000. Other cities also gave adverse majorities. Indeed the vote in the West was so unrepresentative that a movement has been started in Saskatchewan to have liquor sold under government control and it is said that Manitoba may have a second referendum to determine between total prohibition and sale by public vendors.

It is true that liquor legislation can be enforced only where there is the support of a strong public opinion. No law can make multitudes of people regard drinking in moderation as a criminal offence. A law disregarded breeds contempt for all law. Lying and perjury are the inevitable progeny of liquor prosecutions. It is unfortunate that it should be so, but to deny the facts is futile and foolish. There are few people probably who would vote to restore the open bar in Ontario or in any other of the Canadian Provinces, but one doubts if "bone dry" prohibition will be accepted as the last word in liquor legislation on this continent. Too many people vote for prohibition who do not mean to observe the law while a formidable minority will never submit to such legislation. One wonders if the final solution is not local option for communities which desire prohibition and sale by public officers in communities which oppose prohibition. Possibly the masses of the people in time may be reconciled to the "bone dry" system, but at the moment the outlook is not hopeful and certainly since the war ended the public sentiment in favour of absolute prohibition has greatly weakened.



PRAYERS OF BUDDHA

From the Photograph by F. Bauer
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition



THE EVERLASTING SQUARE

BY THEODOCIA PEARCE

SADIE has given me sole authority to write this story, but upon one condition, and therein lies the pity of it. Providing it sells, the remuneration is to be dealt out fifty-fifty.

"But see here now," I remonstrated, "You want me to do all the work and the reward is to be fifty-fifty."

Sadie nodded long and gleefully.

"It isn't fair," I growled, "it's downright blackmail." But Sadie would not relent: she laughed maliciously.

"You *are* the narrow-minded cad," she declared. "Why if it hadn't been for me there never would have been a story."

And so there you are.

The first time I saw Sadie—since that is the proper place to commence a story—at the beginning and so forth—well the first time I saw Sadie, she was standing close by me with a tray thing in her hand and smiling down at me for all she was worth, which is a whole lot.

"Hello," she said, gaily moving a step nearer the little table and setting down her burden." So you've come to at last—eh? My but you're thin," she ended comfortingly.

Sadie asserts that I growled a reply. Now I never growl, so Sadie is decidedly in the wrong. I know I watched her as she moved to the window and pulled up the shade. She had the queerest little walk—more a hop than the sedately step known to the nursing profession. Something about her poise filled me with a desire to laugh. I suppose I tried it, for she instantly came back to the table and the tray.

"What's the joke?" she inquired brightly.

"You."

"Me," she pouted, "A nice way for you to talk."

"Yes," I agreed, "It is a nice way, What are you doing here? What am I doing here? What is that doing here?" with an ambiguous glance at the covered thing upon the table.

"I am here at your service," and she laughed, "and *that*"—with a dramatic little gesture—"that is Sadie all over again, and that is your supper at your service also."

"My supper," I gasped, "Why I haven't had my breakfast yet."

Thereupon she laughed again. I liked to hear her: it was so like the red of her hair, the blue of her eyes and the friendliness of her face, and so unlike the severity of her uniform and the little bare room.

"Guess what you have?"

"Beef steak — onions — potatoes — lemon pie." I began confidently. Sadie shook her head.

"Wrong every time — chicken broth".

"Chicken broth," and Sadie declares I growled again, which I didn't—"I don't want chicken broth. I want—"

"Oh, yes, you do," she answered hastily, "Or I would not have brought it in".

There was a poser for you.

And it was the first time I ever saw the little turn-up nosed Sadie. Presumably she will not appreciate my descriptive application to her person, but it is sincere.

She came in often after that and bit by bit my past was laid before me.

I had done service in France. At this intimation I began to remember pretty well for myself—it had been a mighty hot battle. But always when I remember—Sadie would have me forget.

"How did I come over here anyway?" I asked one day in exasperation.

"You came over here on a stretcher with six bullet wounds and a Croix de Guerre," was the even rejoinder.

So I began to retrospect in silence, thinking to fool my nurse person. But you couldn't fool Sadie. Every time I ventured into the horror of the past, she came along with a fierce sort of determination to pull me out of it. So I gave up in despair and forgot the past entirely in the pleasure of the present with Sadie.

She was so decently, "pally".

"Are all the nurses as nice as you?" I asked her one evening. She promptly leaned over and slapped my hands.

"There take that," she said sternly, "and change your mind about me".

Which was just like Sadie.

She hung pictures upon the walls of the little hospital room of my prison, set a blossoming plant on the table near the window, brought me papers and magazines by the score as I grew better, and told me always about the other nurses and patients of the place.

"Well if there are so many out there," I insinuated, "Why don't you put me out there too. I hate this coop of a place. Why am I here?"

"Because you are," she frowned, "And besides there aren't enough beds out there to go around."

I eved her coolly. "It isn't true."

My tone was so convincing — she coloured.

"Well if I tell you the truth—will you mind your own business henceforth?"

I promised unconditionally.

"Most of the fellows in the wards," she explained, "are almost better. And those who aren't—well they will be sent back to dear old America as soon as they are".

"And what about me?" I butted in, doing my level best to sit upright.

"Well you aren't going back for a time. You belong to the Government. You are to stay here and *write a book*".

"Write a book," I really growled this time, remembering with sudden regret that I had already written two—left behind me along with a fat bank book in America—"Write a book—what in the deuce will I do that for?"

"The War Office."

"Drat the war office," I retorted sharply. "Well, suppose I won't."

"Oh but you will."

I didn't deign to answer her. Inwardly I knew Sadie was wise.

"So we are taking extra good care of you," she called back as she closed the door behind her—or rather as she slammed the door behind her. Instinctively I knew she was mad—mightily mad for having told me the truth about myself. So I was to get better for the sole purpose of writing a book!

I dratted everything in the universe from "A to Z" including "S" for Sadie.

It was a considerable lengthy time ere she returned—almost ten. The gas jet flickered dimly and I wanted almost to a desperation to go to sleep *in the dark*—when Sadie entered.

She sat down disconsolately upon my cot.

"You look all in," I ventured.

"Yes and I am all in," she snapped heartily, "And you'd be all in too if you had had a proposal from a British Major."

"The deuce you have," I cried sitting bolt upright for sure.

"Yes the deuce I have," she reiterated wearily.

"Some of those chaps out there are too fresh," I stormed—"Altogether too fresh. But you needn't—"

"Oh, yes, I need," Sadie interrupted, tapping with her foot upon the wooden floor. Oh, yes, I need. I had to say 'yes' to him just as I did to the others."

"The others!" I gasped.

"Yes two nice Canadian chaps from Montreal".

"So you're engaged to *three* men," I muttered slowly, trying to piece the matter together.

Sadie nodded dejectedly.

"What am I going to do?"

"Do?" I ejaculated, punching at the pillow, "Do—why marry them all I suppose."

"Well I won't," she declared stoutly, "I don't intend to marry ever."

"Better tell them so," I suggested.

Sadie was mute.

"Now see here," I went on, "What are you up to anyway? If you were my sister or my friend—I'd spank you. But seeing that you are my nurse I cannot very well do anything. I've seen a heap of life—comedy—tragedy—everything—but never have I heard of anything so downright idiotic. *And from you.*"

Sadie began to sniff.

"A lot you know about the Brotherhood of Man," she cried.

"Yes," I retorted. "And a lot you know about the Sisterhood of Sense. What did you do it for anyway? And why didn't you tell me before?"

Sadie turned appealing blue eyes toward me and began—

"Why? I don't know why I did it. *I just did.* I am always getting into scrapes myself trying to help other people out. You see I want to be a different sort of a nurse. I try to get hearts well just the same as I do bodies. The two Canadians—Mac and Ted—are really nice chaps—and so young—it just makes you ache to see them. Ted's lost a leg—and Mac—well we aren't very sure about his eyes yet. They are so lonely too and just because they are in such abnormal conditions—they believe because of all the things I do they owe me for their lives. I suppose that is why they ask me to marry them. If I am going to cure their hearts as well as their bodies, I just had to say 'yes' didn't I? When they are better they will forget. But the British Major—he was a surprise. And truly before I knew if I had said 'yes to him too'.

"Does Mac know about Ted and does the British Major know?"

"Mercy no!" Sadie gasped audibly.

"Why not tell them?"

"And spoil it all for the three of them." Sadie's tone was dangerous. "Not much I won't".

There was an awkward pause. I knew Sadie was greatly worried. She had used little discretion to be sure, but all the same I didn't blame those chaps for liking her so jolly well.

"Sadie," I began, watching her surreptitiously—"Don't do it again".

"Don't do what?" she asked and then, "Say do you know you called me Sadie."

"Yes—I know. And I know my name isn't 'You'—it's Arthur Mercer with the accent on the first word."

She laughed—just a little.

"All right Arthur and will you help me out if I need the helping. I don't mind the boys, but the Major—say I am scared."

"Sure I'll help you—count on me," I promised as she rose to straighten my covering for the night.

"Sadie," I asked suddenly, "Haven't I lost a leg?"

"No"—in surprise.

"Will I always see?"

"Why of course."

"Well perhaps I am not a British Major but I want to be treated like one. I'm awfully lonely. I haven't any sisters or aunts or wives. Will you marry me?"

Sadie made a wry face.

"No I won't," she said decisively, "And your a mean man to expect it of me with three others already on my hands."

The days went by and the days went by, but they brought no release for Sadie.

"I've heard enough of the everlasting triangle," I told her one day, "But never before have I heard of the everlasting square."

"Nor me either," she agreed. "It certainly is a nightmare. The British Major actually kissed my hand to-day. He is really the worst to manage. I can make the boys believe that love-making is against the rules, but you can't tell the Major much. And I

'believe he is in earnest," she ended lamely.

"He won't be for long," I comforted her, "just you be sure of that".

For several successive days her demeanour worried me not a little.

She had a wearied air of nonchalance that strove valiantly to assert itself. Sometimes I was desirous of informing headquarters but I knew Sadie would never forgive me. And then it might go hard with her if I did.

Ruminating one afternoon, Sadie burst in upon me—enraptured.

"Oh it's come—it's come," she panted, waving a mysterious white thing before my eyes—"It's come—it's come and she bounced down upon my bed with a thump that all but upset my mental equipoise.

"Sadie be sane," I counselled—"What's come?"

"Why" she gasped, then sobering at the sight of my beruffled countenance—"Why I never told you did I, Arthur? I wanted to make sure it would work before I told anyone. Jessie an' Mae are on the way over from Montreal and here's the letter if you don't believe me."

"Then will you please tell me who in thunder is Jessie an' Mae?"

"Jessie and Mae are two," she corrected picking at the stamp on the envelope. "And they belong to Mac and Ted. I wheedled those two boys just dreadfully until I found out about the girls they left behind them. I was sure they had left something. So when I found out all I wanted to know, I wrote them to come over and take their belongings home. And they're on the way. Glory—hurrah! Once they are here—it's good-bye little nurse for me."

I laughed with her. Sadie's joy was there to be shared, just as her whole vital personality called for a like response to whatever mood of the moment possessed her.

"Well, they can't be here soon enough," I ventured, "I suppose now the British Major is the next on the programme".

"Oh, Arthur," Sadie all but groaned, "he is the very limit. If I tell him now that I am not serious it will make a lot of trouble for all of us—particularly for him, because he seems in such downright earnest".

"The poor critter," I muttered.

"Yes—the poor critter," Sadie echoed; "but I am awfully sorry for him, honest. I've learned my lesson, believe me. Next time I'll let their hearts get smallpox before I promise anything. He'll get over it I know but it's the 'getting' that bothers me. All we can do is to fold our hands and wait for the worst—which is yet to come."

"Well," I said, folding my hands across my chest beatifically, "for me the worst is yet to come. I am getting better".

But Sadie did not understand.

"Yes," she added, "and the book will be forthcoming. To-morrow when you sit up you can commence your outlines."

A whole week of dismal drizzle and rain followed. Sadie came in little to see me, other than to perform her professional duties. Of course I raised a regular rumpus.

"You're a silly," was all the sympathy I got from her, "If you knew just how busy we are and if you could see some of the poor sick fellows out there who need attention far more than you do—you would be ashamed of yourself".

But I wasn't.

"Any more proposals?" I asked one day when she came in for a minute with hot bouillon.

"No," she frowned, "I said there would never be another".

"And the British Major?"

"He's getting better," she smiled—"And I am getting sick. If you believe in prayer—remember me now".

"What is up now?" I queried.

"Well he asked me this morning what sort of a ring I liked best".

"And you——"

"And I told him—a circus ring".

"Sadie," I cautioned, "If you treat your intended with such disrespect as

that, you will lose him first thing you know—an where would you be?"

Sadie sighed. "I'd be in a haven of rest," was her rejoinder.

Poor little wearied loyal Sadie.

"Something will happen soon," I assured her.

And it did.

Sadie came in slowly one morning about ten, her face white—her little mouth firm set and her blue honest eyes were tear-filled. She went straight to the window and looked out across the lawn for a long long time. I watched her silently. To hurry Sadie was to invite disaster—so I waited. Suddenly she wheeled about.

"Arthur, *his* mother is here".

"Who's mother?"

"The Major's."

Her look of dismay hurt me.

"Well suppose she is," I said, "suppose she is. Let her take him away for good and all."

"But he told her."

"What," I ejaculated.

"He told her about me."

"The deuce he did."

She smiled faintly at my ferocity.

"He told her about me," she repeated, "And she met me in the hall right afterwards and kissed me and said how glad she was and how happy she hoped we would be."

"Well," I gasped, "By all that's nery. What did you do?"

"I was so urbane it hurt me. But I have had a good bawl since. And to think I considered myself a good nurse—to begin with."

She crossed the room and sat down dejectedly upon my cot.

"Why don't you explain at headquarters?" I suggested.

"Oh, I couldn't," she cried. "They would bounce me—they wouldn't understand. And everyone at home would hear of it. I'd be disgraced—*forever*."

It came to me then like an inspiration of those authorship days—the idea for Sadie. It flared at white heat into my thoughts.

"Sadie," I said suddenly, "I am going to help you out. Once you asked

me if I would if the time ever came. And I promised. Will you do just as I tell you? Will you trust me?"

She nodded peremptorily.

"Will you trust me so sincerely, you won't ask any questions until I tell you of my plans?"

She nodded again. "I don't care what you do Arthur. I am just sick trying to think out the old thing for myself."

And she was.

"Now," I commanded, "you go back to your work and leave the rest to me. And don't you worry. Plots are in my line of business."

Immediately the door had closed behind her, I began mental calculations as to my plot development. And finally I came to the conclusion that the little stage should be set about four-thirty that very afternoon.

"Where is Miss Ware?" I asked blandly.

Miss Carr a really splendid professional creature came in with my dinner and later helped me to my chair by the window where I sat for two or three hours every afternoon.

Miss Car gave me a questioning smile.

"She is quite worn out, Mr. Mercer, and is off duty for the rest of the day."

I vouchsafed no reply. Inwardly I was elated. To have Sadie safely out of the way—was—well Providential.

It was, however, just about three when I saw the principal of my little drama, strolling across the lawn—and not waiting further time, I whistled softly. And the principal—a prodigious personage with the air of a Major's mother turned abruptly at my call. I knew instantly from Sadie's slight description and my own sumptuous intellect, that I had not made a mistake.

The lady drew near and stood awaiting at my window.

"Madam, you are Major Prescott's mother, I presume."

She smiled graciously. To be a major's mother is no meagre avocation.

"And your son," I began, suddenly

feeling hot, "is engaged to a Miss Ware here."

She looked at me quickly—apprehensively—and smiled the smug smile of the satisfied.

"Why yes," she said defiantly.

"Well," I ventured again, "There is some mistake. Miss Ware is already engaged to me."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, I did say so," I assured her, and quickly reviewing the past, since I first saw Sadie with the tray and the irresistible smile—"And she has been for some time."

A rosy flush suffused her flabby features.

"The young hussy," she gasped, "to trifle with Edgar's feelings like that."

"Yes," and I made a pretty successful attempt at a hissing. "The young hussy. I am sorry for the Major you know. But probably he was in a most abnormal condition when he thought of her—the wounded usually are abnormal. No sane British Major," I cleared my throat manfully, "No sane British Major would ask an unknown American nurse to marry him."

The mother eyed me suspiciously. I was hot and then I was cold.

"Quite right," she spoke presently in tones of indignation, "Quite right. And so the lady is already engaged to you. I shall tell Edgar now."

"Yes, I would and save further trouble," I cautioned. "But the least said to anyone the better. The authorities——"

"Oh," she interposed haughtily. "I would not have it get out indeed. Poor—poor Edgar. I hope you will deal with Miss Ware."

"Indeed I shall," I promised.

With a precarious good-bye, the Major's mother sallied forth across the lawn and I turned back to my room with vague misgivings. Sadie would doubtlessly desire to kill me.

She came in about five in a little frock of gray, and the change from the uniform was decidedly to my liking. She came directly to my side and sat down on the low white rocker.

"It was awfully good of you Arthur," she began, "to do that for me."

Something in me broke loose.

"You bet it was," I teased. "What did the old Dame do?"

Sadie shrugged her shoulders. "Oh she was caustic. She said some scorching and withering things. I let her talk it out and all the time I just felt glad in me that it wasn't any worse. She said she had informed the Major and that he wouldn't see me again. She also insinuated that he had other chances—and better. Somehow it was funny. I wanted to laugh at your lie."

"My lie!"

"Why, yes—she said I was engaged to you."

"Well—aren't you?"

"Not that I ever knew of."

"Well you *are*," I said decisively. "And you have been for several weeks. I thought it wisest not to tell you until the three 'buttinskies' had been done away with. Are you pleased?"

No answer.

"Sadie mine—are you pleased?"

She nodded slowly, sighed, then turned to me with one of her best Sadie smiles.

"Oh, Arthur, I was so afraid it *was* a lie and I didn't want it to be."



THE LIBRARY TABLE

By MAY SINCLAIR. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



HOWEVER one might object to the first episode in Charlotte Redhead's life, as told in this book, on the ground of its being merely an episode and having no direct bearing on the theme of the study, one must acknowledge the author's keen analysis of human frailty and the splendid reserve with which she carries the study forward to its completion. Perhaps many readers enjoy the obviously affected style of writing, but as diction it would be more effective to other readers, more convincing to them, if it were less obvious. Here is a sample of it:

And his smile. His unbelieving smile. He thought she was lying. He always thought people were lying. Women. He thought women always lied about what they wanted.

The first time. In her Bloomsbury room, one evening, and the compact they made then, sitting on the edge of the sofa, like children, holding each other's hands and swearing never to go back on it, never to go back on themselves or on each other. If it ever had to end, a clean-cut. No going back on that either.

The first night, in the big, gloomy bedroom of the hotel in Glasgow. The thick, gray daylight oozing in at the window out of the black street and Gibson lying on his back, beside her, sleeping, the sheet dragged sideways across his great chest. His innocent eyelids.

And the morning after; the happiness. All day the queer, exalted feeling that she was herself, Charlotte Redhead, at last, undecieved and undeceiving.

All this has to do with an affair between Charlotte Redhead, an unusu-

ally interesting character, as Miss Sinclair has depicted her, and Gibson Herbert, her employer; a more or less commonplace individual who drops out of the picture almost the moment the train swishes him away. For Charlotte, having renounced him, goes to work on a farm feeling like this:

Nothing mattered when your body was light and hard and you could feel the ripple and thrill of the muscles in your stride.

She wouldn't have to think of him again. She wouldn't have to think of any other man. She didn't want any more of that again, ever. She could go on and on like this, by herself, without even Gwinnie; not caring a damn.

But she hadn't gone very long before she met another man. This other man and she agreed mutually to establish a platonic intimacy, but the war intervened, and they went to the Front in the same unit as stretcher-bearer and ambulance driver. The man professed to be attracted by the great romance of war, but he proved to be a coward under fire, an absolute moral coward, a cad and unspeakably unmanly. He is one of the most interesting characters arising out of the war; and Charlotte Redhead, feeling the revulsion towards him coming over her, confesses after he is killed, shot in the back, that even in death she cannot escape him so great was his influence on her psychologically. But one of the doctors explains his case to her, places him in his class as a degenerate, and one gathers that in the end she will turn for love to Billy Sutton, who has been turning to her and who, hearing her confession, both as to the degenerate and Gibson Herbert, is ready to forgive.

MISSY

By DANA GATLIN. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THIS is a delightful story, pulsating with all the ardour and romance realized at that glorious age of youth covering, in Missy, from ten to seventeen years, when the portals of childhood closed behind her and she found herself on the threshold of womanhood. Missy is by no means a tomboy, going in for roughneck pranks. What mischief she does get into starts out with the very best intentions. It is her seriousness that makes it so vivaciously funny. For instance, Tess's old horse doggedly drove the girls to a saloon door, and refused to budge, instead of to the houses of the elite where they had intended leaving invitations for their wonderful party with great *empressement*. Nor was that the end of the adventure. Missy is not given wholly to nonsense by any means, for she is a dreamer of lovely dreams, and lives in a world peopled with a glorious pageant chosen from all the Knights of Old, although grown-ups seem to find it so hard to understand such things and thereby miss half the beauty of the world according to her way of thinking. Anyway her literary tendencies led her to the enviable position of society editor of *The Beacon*. Miss Gatlin has woven a very human touch into her story, and the continuously evolving emotions of youth are so beautifully told that the book should be enjoyed by young and old alike.

*

IN THE MOUNTAINS

ANONYMOUS. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THE writer of this unusual confidence, presumably a woman, reveals her thoughts, every-day experiences and aspirations, in diary form, recording from day to day, as she muses in an out-of-the-way chalet in Switzerland, her sensations and her impressions of the persons she meets.

Just why the authorship should be kept secret one does not know, but if it had been sent out as the work of the author of "A Hilltop on the Marne" one quite readily would have believed it. It is written in a very pleasant, though perhaps introspective, style, and there is enough originality of thought and humour to attract the reader of taste and discrimination.

*

THE FOOLISH LOVERS

By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, Canada.

THIS brilliant young Irish writer in his several novels has succeeded in capturing the English reading public, but for sheer entertainment this his latest will be liked more perhaps even than "Changing Winds" or "Mrs. Martin's Man". It displays a keen appreciation of Irish character and Irish goodness, and reveals also the quiet humour of the North. A fair sample of its humour is to be found right at the beginning:

"If you were to say to an Ulster man, 'Who are the proudest people in Ireland?' he would first of all stare at you as if he had difficulty in believing that any intelligent person could ask a question with so obvious an answer, and then he would reply, 'Why, the Ulster people, of course!' And if you were to say to a Ballyards man, 'Who are the proudest people in Ulster?' he would reply . . . if he deigned to reply at all . . . 'A child would know that! The Ballyards people, of course!'"

*

THE CROSS-BEARERS OF THE SAGUENAY

By VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is a valuable contribution to the history of the establishment of Christianity on the northern portion of this continent or, rather, along the chief waterways of Quebec Province, especially the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay. It is a record of the heroic lives of the early Franciscan missionaries, an account of the great

Algonquin nation and of the religions and domestic customs of that mysterious people, with sketches of the lives and daring adventures of the early missionaries of the Montagnais tribes and a description of the wonderful scenery that has made the Saguenay famous the world over.

*

FLAME AND SHADOW

BY SARA TEASDALE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS gifted woman has been acclaimed by more than one critic as America's greatest woman poet: it is safe to say that she is one of the most popular, that she is the most highly esteemed by discriminating readers who have earned the right to pass judgment. Her methods are very simple, and perhaps it is the sheer simplicity and natural music of her poetry that makes it unusually attractive. Read, for instance, "Blue Squills":

How many million Aprils came
Before I ever knew

How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills, how blue!

And many a dancing April.
When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
And the white flame of the tree.

Oh, burn me with your beauty, then,
Oh, hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
Even this glistening hour.

O Shaken flower, O shimmering trees,
O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I through endless sleep,
May bear the scar of you.

*

WINSOME WINNIE

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

IN this series of sketches Dr. Leacock prolongs some of his best notes and gives further evidence of his almost inexhaustible flow of humour. The comical aspect of things and situations that we take seriously every day he depicts with

unerring skill, and there is a constant stream of sarcasm, irony and satire that is irresistible. There are in all eight sketches. The first, "Winsome Winnie", introduces a girl who has reached the age of twenty-one years sitting in conference with her lawyer, who is announcing to her that all the several sums of money left to her by relatives (defunct) has been lost. Winnie, who knows nothing but music and French, does not comprehend what he means when he tells her how the money was lost, not even when he says:

"This final item relates to the sum of fifteen hundred pounds placed in trust for you by your uncle. I lost it on a horse race. That horse," added the Old Lawyer with rising excitement, "ought to have won. He was coming down the stretch like blue—but there, there, my dear, you must forgive me if the recollection of it still stirs me to anger. Suffice it to say the horse fell. I have kept for your inspection the score card of the race, and the betting tickets. You will find everything in order."

"Sir," said Winnifred, as Mr. Bonehead proceeded to fold up his papers, "I am but a poor inadequate girl, a mere child in business, but tell me I pray what is left to me of the money that you have managed?"

"Nothing," said the lawyer. "Everything is gone. And I regret to say Miss Clair that it is my painful duty to convey to you a further disclosure of a distressing nature. It concerns your birth."

"Just Heaven!" cried Winnifred, with a woman's quick intuition. "Does it concern my father?"

"It does, Miss Clair. Your father was not your father."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Winnifred, "My poor mother! How she must have suffered!"

"Your mother was not your mother," said the Old Lawyer, gravely. "Nay, nay, do not question me. There is a dark secret about your birth."

"Alas," said Winnifred, wringing her hands, "I am, then, alone in the world and penniless."

"You are," said Mr. Bonehead, deeply moved. "You are, unfortunately, thrown upon the world. But if you ever find yourself in a position where you need help and advice, do not scruple to come to me. Especially," he added, for advice.

"And meantime let me ask you in what way do you propose to earn your livelihood?"

"I have my needle," said Winnifred.
 "Let me see it," said the lawyer.
 Winnifred showed it to him.
 "I fear," said Mr. Bonehead, shaking his head, "you will not do much with that."
 Then he rang the bell again.
 "Atkinson," he said, "Take Miss Clair out and throw her on the world."

*

THE BECKONING SKYLINE

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS is a volume of poems by one who leaves England and, settling in Canada, gives out in this form his impressions, emotions and reactions. It is a serious expression of feeling. The author is a Toronto journalist. He possesses fine poetical inspiration, and such lines as "Upon the secret, silent looms of spring," stand out with unusual strength and beauty. We quote two poems that appeal to us most:

THE LEAF DANCE

Who comes behind me with so light a step
 And rustling silken skirts?—'Tis but the leaves;
 I thought they were all dead? Did I but mourn
 Over their graves last year! and now they come
 Dancing in sunlight, chasing clouds along,
 Or flying like small birds of russet hue!
 Ev'n so about me dance the days and dreams
 Of Summers dead; and, like these happy leaves,
 The spirits of departed loveliness,
 They come not sadly, though in brown attired
 They dance before me in the wind of thought,
 Now waltzing in a circle, clustering
 Together, and like lovers whispering
 Of things that only leaves and lovers know.

FALLEN LEAVES

Low lies the summer's glory sere and dead—
 These fallen leaves—and ah! they were so green!
 Alas! that we should on such beauty tread,
 That loveliness should have an end so mean!

Long dreary days and nights, with artist care,

Did Nature sit her garment fashioning;
 Then deftly wove her bridal raiment fair!
 Upon the secret, silent looms of Spring.
 And now she casts the wondrous things away,

And all her labour mingles with the earth;
 Forgot the vernal pride of yesterday
 Forward she looks unto another birth.
 So, do I look beyond our winter woe—
 Ah! Love, believe it and it shall be so!

*

THE CANADIAN BOY SCOUTS' ANNUAL

BY R. G. MACBETH. Toronto: The Muson Book Company.

THIS is one of the finest books available for the Canadian boy. It is well considered from a national standpoint, the contents are well written and illustrated by writers and artists of standing, and Mr. MacBeth, the general editor, is well known for his broad outlook, wide experience and patriotic sentiments.

*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—"Jan," by M. Morgan Gibbon. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

—"Dead Men's Money," by J. S. Fletcher. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Luzumiyat," by Ameen Rihani. New York: James T. White and Company.

—"The Armistice" (Verse) and "The Seekers" (an Indian mystery play), by Amy Redpath Roddick. Montreal: John Dougall and Son.

—"Songs of the Trail," by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

—"Captain Macedoine's Daughter," by William McFee. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE REVIVAL

RELIGION, like everything else, had with us its periods of depression, and if occasional revival meetings had not been held it would have been touch and go between the devil and the divine.

*The Devil
and the
Divine*

The devil, as we knew him, was a resourceful being, cunning, artful and, beyond all other things, plausible. And we knew him well. For he passed much of his time in our midst, executing his designs in the most adroit manner and succeeding beyond our worst fears in corrupting an otherwise godfearing people.

He was a very sympathetic devil. As I recall it, many of us went to him without much provocation. For he could be found almost anywhere, and he had many agencies. The tavern was the most attractive. It we regarded as his headquarters. But he had other points of advantage. He could be found at threshings, logging bees, dances, paring bees, picnics, and I have heard it said that he had the audacity to enter the holy precincts of the church. As to that I have no conclusive evidence apart from the fact that old John Noyes became "possessed" one night during Revival because the leader started to sing "Throw Out the Life-line" while John was still praying. Everybody agreed that John had prayed long enough, that he was something of a nuisance, anyway, and that whenever he lost his temper, which he lost oftener than anything else, he became like the Gergesenian swine, a ready looking-place for the devil. But devil or no devil, John withdrew from the meeting, resigned later on from the church, and ever afterwards until he died, the year of the San Jose scale, he lived in quiet retirement, doing his few chores night and morning, and not bothering, as far as we could see, over religion, theology or his soul's salvation.

Salvation, of course, was the grand purpose of the Revival. It was intended also that there should be a great quickening

*Salvation
the Grand
Purpose*

*Never Knew
How Bad
We Were*

of religious fervour, especially amongst the young and that the whole community should be purged of its ungodliness, its worldliness, its deadly indifference to things spiritual.

Indifferent we must have been in normal times, for we never knew how bad we were until the revivalists came along and told us. Then we realized the enormity of our offences and the little chance we had of entering the pearly gates. Some of us who did not profess to have any religion, and others of us who were Presbyterians, attended dances occasionally and indulged in so frivolous and sinful pastimes as playing cards, singing secular songs, going to races, and, most of all, indulging in strong drink. And there were as well the secret sins. On them the revivalists always laid great stress. Sins known only by ourselves and God! That is where the revivalists struck home, where they touched everybody. Secretly we all were more or less covetous, selfish, lustful, deceitful, jealous, avaricious. With these sins in our hearts we dare not meet God face to face. We dare not meet even our fellow men. We had to slink away, with lowered heads, abashed by our own secret vices, smitten by our own consciences. We might lie and cheat and steal and not be revealed. But God knew. We might hoard our treasures and heap up our gold, but it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.

The eye of a needle! What did Jesus mean that day as he spoke these words, standing on the coast of Judea beyond Jordan, after the rich young man had gone away sorrowful, having great possessions? Did he mean, as some held, that it is easier for a camel to go through the Needle's Eye, a small gate in the walls of Jerusalem, which is possible, or did he mean, as others held, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a sewing needle, which is impossible? If he meant a sewing needle, then the rich man had no chance. But we were not content to let it go at that, for in Matthew XIX, 29, it says: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven". We were enjoined by Charlie, the agnostic, and by Mrs. Hammill, an arch critic, to observe that here Jesus plainly indicates that a rich man may enter, though hardly, into the kingdom. If so, then, what else but the Needle's Eye could Jesus mean when he makes the comparison in the next verse? Mrs. Hammill, who awed us by her knowledge of grammar, said that it all depended on the article and on capi-

*The Eye of
A Needle*

talization. If in the original text the article were "the" and not "a", as translated in the unrevised version, the comparison almost certainly was to the Needle's Eye, an aperture through which it was possible for a camel, after having its load removed, to stoop and squeeze through. Plainly, therefore, the inference to be drawn was that the rich man, throwing aside his riches, might squeeze into the kingdom.

*The Rich
Man Might
Squeeze In*

But riches with us was not a besetting sin. The incident, therefore, of the comparison to the camel having passed, conditions of more immediate interest were considered and our secret sins dissected, much to our discomfiture and chagrin. The local parson, we had reason to suspect, might have known or divined our peculiar weaknesses, but it was marvellous how directly a visiting revivalist could diagnose our individual cases and reveal sins that we long had believed to be outlived and forgotten. Not that he ever mentioned names, but everyone knew, for instance, when he emphasized jealousy, that he included all the members of the choir, when he charged pride and haughtiness he meant Lizzie Lavery; jealousy and two-facedness, Mrs. Simpkins; selfishness and vanity, Henry Perkins; inordinate display, Mrs. Ezekiel Brown, who always wore the puffiest sleeves and the largest bustle; secret sins, me. As a matter of fact, whenever it came to secret sins I hadn't a word of defence, and several times I was on the point of going forward.

Going forward was the sinner's avowal before the world of his sinfulness and his penitence. To some backward persons it was a hard ordeal. Others went without a qualm. But in most instances confession was a result of prayer. It was the practice to ask whether anyone present desired special prayers to be presented in his behalf. The request was made standing. And having once stood it was not so hard as it otherwise might have been to confess sin, step out into the aisle and go forward to the penitents' bench.

The bench never would have been crowded had it not been for those few gentle souls who realized most keenly their need of salvation and who, like deadhead applauders in a theatre, always could be relied on to give the movement a start. One of these was old Mrs. Bake. With her went also Miss Smith, the dressmaker, Mrs. Pigeon, who everybody said was on her last legs, and old Mr. Mullett, who never failed to start "Rescue the Perishing" without provocation and who shouted

*"Rescue the
Perishing."*

*The
Experience
Meeting*

"Amen! Amen!" with unexcelled frequency and emotion.

Emotion, it must be confessed, stirred in everyone's breast. And whether one responded or not, none could set aside lightly the fact that the call had come. A great stillness would settle upon the meeting, and we boys at the back would stop throwing conversation lozenges, wondering who would be the first to give his experience.

Experience meetings usually took place near the end of the Revival. They would begin with Mrs. Bake rising and saying with a thin, pithless voice that she thanked the Lord for what he had done for her. Immediately the leader would shout "Hallelujah! who'll be the next?" And just as Mrs. Pigeon would be rising old Mr. Mullett would begin "Rescue the Perishing". The first verse finished, and while the old man would be taking in breath to begin the second, someone would start to pray. With that the old man would fall back on "Amen! Amen!" and there would be some groaning, much singing, with a tincturing of tears.

Tears frequently accompanied the experience. Who could have withheld them the memorable night on which Henry Perkins, wild Charlie Mitchell, and the local Member all gave their experiences. It had seemed enough that so notorious an offender as Charlie had been converted, while to see the Member go forward was the sensation of the year. Charlie and Henry had agreed before the meeting began that they would speak out, and it seems that the Member, perhaps uncertain about his condition, but professing a change of heart, had obtained from the revivalist a certificate of conversion.

Certificates of that kind were not common, and Henry Perkins, at least, did not demand one. He stood up like a man and thanked the Lord for what had been done for him. He had been steeped in sin, but now he was free (Hallelujah!). The commotion that followed as Charlie Mitchell rose to his feet, was enough to drown all but the first bar of "Rescue the Perishing". Joe Ham said afterwards that Charlie was as white as a sheet, and Miss Pringle avowed that he shook like a leaf. It was known that Mary Mullet had warned her father not to be shouting "Amen!" so often, but as soon as Charlie stood up, the old man, having failed in his attempt to start his favourite hymn, shouted "Amen!" and was just opening up to repeat it when Mary nudged him in the ribs, and he settled back in the seat with a thud.

*Mary Nudged
Him in
the Ribs*

"I thank the Lord," Charlie began, and then he seemed to choke and all fill up. But presently he began again.

"I've been a terrible bad sinner in my day, I have," he began. "I've got drunk. I've sworn. I've lied. I've played cards and danced and committed sins not fit to mention. But thank the Lord, I'm saved."

"Amen!" shouted old Mr. Mullet, "hit or miss."

Here was an opportunity for Miss Pringle to start "We'll Cross the River of Jordan". And as soon as the singing died down the Member got up.

"All along," he said, "I was in doubt whether or not I was actually converted. For I had led a worldly life, but, thank the Lord, now I am convinced that I have been converted. Some have said that they could not convert me, but," he said, reaching into his pocket, like every good politician, for the certificate the revivalist had given, "if any person is in doubt about it, I have here the document to prove it."

"Hallelujah!" shouted the revivalist, and in the same breath he started to sing "There is a Fountain".

During the singing Henry Perkins came down the aisle, with his dicky sticking outside his waistcoat, and began to wrestle with Charlie, the agnostic. There were a number present who were known to be seeking salvation, and it had been whispered here and there that Charlie was one of them. Miss Pringle, Lizzie Lavery, old Mr. Mullet and Mrs. Pigeon were moving up and down the aisles asking for any who were not at peace with the Lord, and the revivalist by this time was intermittently singing and praying and shouting encouragement.

I could see Miss Pringle coming perilously near to me. I was sitting a little apart from the other boys, but close enough for them to overhear anything that might be said. I hung my head and waited for the onslaught, because I knew that Miss Pringle, having sung with me in the choir every Sunday for six months, was interested in my future estate. Bending over me, the gentle lady asked timidly yet distinctly enough to be overheard by the other boys,

"Don't you want to be saved?"

For a moment I was unable to answer. If I had answered that I wanted to be saved, then she would have started in to save me. And if I had said that I didn't want to be saved, I might have been struck down dead right then and there and

*"Amen!"
Shouted Old
Mr. Mullett*

*"Don't You
Want to be
Saved?"*

*Didn't Want
to be Saved*

been lost. Therefore I answered in as low a tone as possible and trying to be non-committal, "Mebbe".

Then one of the boys snickered. That was enough for me: I knew right away that I didn't want to be saved, that no power on earth could save me, that I was forever and eternally damned.

"Please, Miss Pringle," I said, "if you don't mind I'd rather not be saved."

And before Miss Pringle had time to reply everyone close at hand was distracted by Henry Perkins. For Henry had stopped beside the agnostic.

"Are you at peace, Charlie?" he asked.

"I am," said Charlie.

"But you haven't been converted."

"No."

"Would you like us to pray for you?"

"I would not."

"Don't you think it's dangerous," Henry asked, "to keep putting it off? You never know," he argued, "what a day nor an hour may bring forth. It's well to be prepared. I may come up to the village to-morrow and find you dead. Too late!"

"Oh, I'll be alive all right, never fear," said Charlie.

"But you never know," said Henry. "You might be dead."

"You come up," said Charlie, "I'll be alive all right. And I'll be asking you some questions about the Bible and religion and maybe, if I see you can follow me, about theology. I'll be asking you who was Cain's wife. And I'll be asking you about Jonah and the whale. And I'll be asking you about others of the miracles. And I'll want you to tell me about Mary and Joseph, about the resurrection and John on Patmos."

Henry looked at Charlie with a puzzled expression, and then he gave again the warning, "You never know what a day nor an hour may bring forth".

"You come up in the morning," Charlie replied. "I'll take a chance on being here. And bring your Bible with you."

"Hallelujah!" shouted the revivalist. "We'll close with the singing of 'Shall we Gather at the River?'"

*Again the
Warning*