

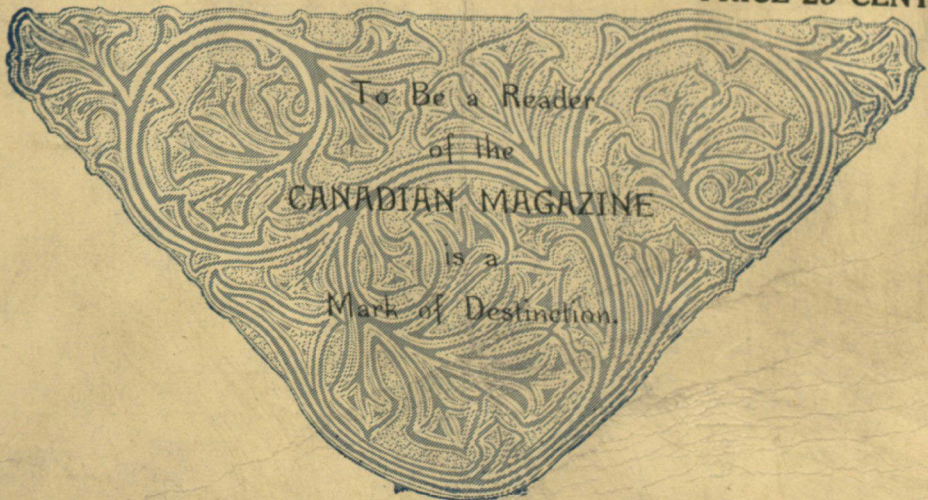
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The Canadian Magazine

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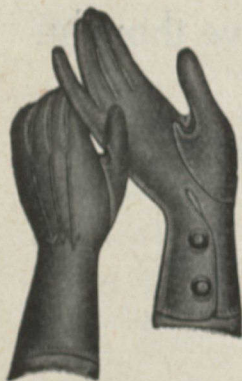
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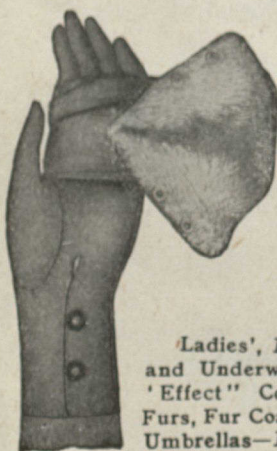
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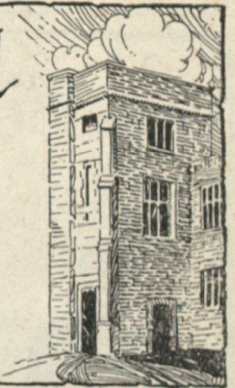
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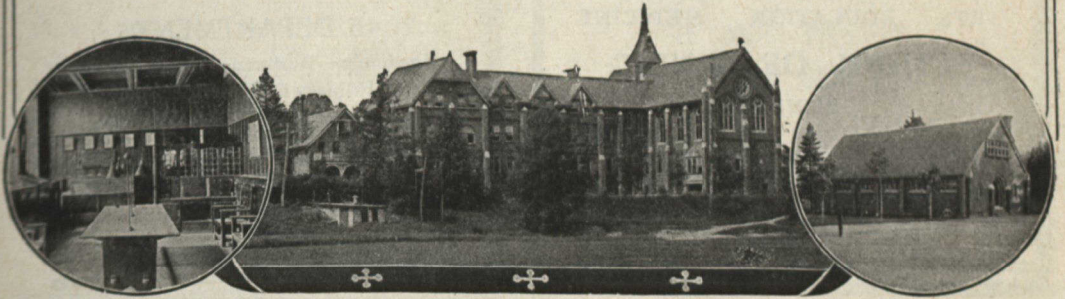
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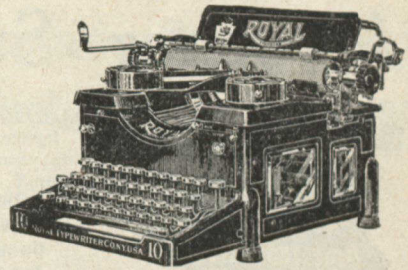
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A SCENE AT BANFF SPRINGS, ALBERTA

From the Painting by
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THE

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ST. EUSTACHE

SOME INCIDENTS OF ITS DEFENCE AND ITS DEFENDERS IN 1837

BY L. STONE

Joe Papineau, my jo, Joe,
When first I saw your face,
I thought you rather spunky,
And a lad of soul and grace;
But now you've turned a scamp, Joe,
And your fame is rather low,
You're nothing but a "Patriot",
Joe Papineau, my jo.

—Parody of the time.



THE parishes to the north of Montreal had been for some time prior to the outbreak of the Rebellion of '37 centres of political agitation and disaffection, the chief leaders being Messrs. Scott and Girouard, who were, or had been, members of the Legislative Assembly, and Father Chartier, Curé of St. Benoit. But Amury Girod, a Swiss adventurer who made a specialty of revolutions, and Dr. Chenier, a medical man of St. Eustache, soon came to the front as the principal leaders in that district, and the latter is the only figure that approaches the heroic among all their commanders.

It was at St. Eustache that the rebels elected to mobilize most of the

forces they were able to draw from the district roughly represented by the present county of Two Mountains, and parts of the counties of Terrebonne and Laval. This they commenced to do on learning of the mobilizations south of the St. Lawrence, so that, within the three weeks which elapsed between the discomfiture of the rebels in the Richelieu district, and their own defeat, they had assembled a considerable force, and were committing depredations that called for speedy punishment, and gathering strength that necessitated early dispersal.

They refused to believe the news of the defeat of rebels at other points and persisted in their depredations. Though provisioning their army by commandeering whatever they required, it is likely that such supplies were speedily consumed, and that they accumulated no great reserve either of food or ammunition. The habitants attacked with good appetite the pork, beef, potatoes and buckwheat pancakes furnished at other people's ex-

pense, but it was afterwards found that many of them had not much stomach for fighting.

Colborne's column, 2,000 strong, including volunteer cavalry and six pieces of artillery, left Montreal on December 13th, and on approaching St. Eustache at noon next day caused the desertion of about 500 of the habitants, about one-third of their force.

An interesting incident, preliminary to the engagement, has been gleaned from the reminiscences of an old rebel. The scouts captured two rebels, Jean Jacques and Jeremie Forget. The latter, seeing that he and his comrades were outnumbered, and not being able to speak English, made a sign, intended for submission, by reversing the butt of his firearm, that being, perhaps, a traditional method of surrender in French Canada. But, in the absence of any word of surrender, the troops, either not perceiving the manœuvre, or not comprehending it, bayoneted him in the side, and he was shot by a loyal habitant, though not killed outright. Father Ducharme, perhaps the assistant priest of the parish, was brought to receive his confession, but the dying man, required to repeat the Lord's Prayer, stopped at the petition, "and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us"; the priest exhorted him to continue, and he replied, "I forgive all my enemies, even the traitorous Canadian who assassinated me, but I will not forgive the English". No exhortation of the priest could move him from this infatuation, and he died peacefully asking that his comrades remember him. The animus displayed by the narrator of this incident suggests that his death was held in as great detestation by his comrades, as the murder of Lieutenant Weir has been by all Loyalists.

The troops quickly assumed positions calculated to hem in the rebels, who were posted mainly in the church, presbytery and manor-house, from whence they commenced the engagement by firing on the advancing mili-

tary. Those in the church were summoned to surrender, and upon their refusal the guns were brought to bear upon all their positions, the cannonade tearing great gaps in the buildings, and the church was eventually set on fire from a rocket apparatus used by the troops, a catastrophe the rebels had no means of averting. It is said that some were so credulous as to believe that the military would not fire on the church, or, if they did so, any of its defenders who were killed would attain sure salvation.

A number of the rebels, among them Chenier, were posted in the belfry, on a sort of loft overlooking the church-yard, and to which perch they are said to have dragged their only gun. From this coign of vantage they kept up a galling fire on the troops without doing much execution, though one youth of nineteen, a namesake of the arch-rebel, afterwards claimed to have disposed of nearly a dozen soldiers. This is quite an impossible story, the casualties among the troops, all told, being only ten. However, as the engagement lasted nearly four hours the resistance of the rebels must have been strenuous.

When Chenier saw that the church would be no longer tenable, he gave the signal to retreat, and with his immediate followers descended to the sacristy, whence they hoped to sally out, but their escape seems to have been cut off by the flames. Here he received a fatal wound and cried to his companions, "I am going to die. Do you go on". Those of the garrison, whose retreat to the belfry had not yet been cut off by the fire, ascended to the loft, and climbing to the spire, jumped thence to the snow-covered church-yard, across which they essayed to escape, under the murderous fire of the troops, delivered from cover outside the church, and from a house they had occupied at the crossing. This cross fire did great execution and changed the course of the rebels' flight.

Meanwhile the flames had spread to the presbytery and manor-house, a

brisk wind spreading the fire, started by the rockets, to these and other buildings. Such of the garrison as could escape the flames streamed out in flight, many taking to the ice, some of whom, provided with skates, easily escaping. The cavalry made hot pursuit and about 118 were rounded up, besides about 100 captured wounded. Only about 100 rebels were killed or perished in the flames, the great majority escaping, owing no doubt to the vast clouds of smoke from the conflagration, the small British force employed and its weakness in cavalry. Colborne had, however, enough to make an example of, and perhaps as many as he could conveniently convey back to Montreal. About sixty dwellings were burned in addition to the other buildings mentioned, some as reprisals by loyal inhabitants, whose own homes had been destroyed by the rebels, and who had returned in the wake of Colborne's men from Montreal. These natural acts of retributive justice were heartily participated in by the volunteer cavalry, who did not stand in as great awe of the regular officers as did their own men.

All the rebel leaders already mentioned seem to have been at St. Eustache during the engagement, except perhaps Father Chartier, and all escaped, temporarily, except Chenier, who was killed.

The inhabitants of St. Eustache, having on that eventful fourteenth of December, 1837, listened with profit to the timely admonitions of their curé, M. Paquin, and his vicar, and abandoned positions they had prepared to maintain, generally refrained from participating in the defence of the village. The actual rebel military commanders, Girod and Chenier, were then obliged to depend on the support of the habitants whom they had assembled from surrounding districts. Among these were many from Bellefeuilles' Mills (now the town of St. Jerome), and from the vicinity of "Le Nord", now known as the popular and beautiful summer resort of Shaw-

bridge, in the Laurentian Hills, then the outlying settlement in that particular direction, and some of whose clearings were only accessible by canoe.

This latter place took its name from one of the routes used by the Indians in gaining access to their northern hunting-grounds, the River Nord, whose dark and forbidding waters the Indian hunters periodically navigated, the surrounding hills oft re-echoing their deeds of valour in war, and prowess in the chase, as their songs kept time to the swift paddles glancing brightly in the rays of the sun.

The English-speaking inhabitants of these and the surrounding districts were far from numerous and, though thoroughly loyal, were too few to do anything towards stemming the rising tide of "sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion".

Indeed, anything in the way of armed participation in the troubles was beyond the power of those living at "Le Nord", at least, their French Canadian neighbours having taken care to deprive them of any weapons they possessed. In the fall of the year they had gone hither and thither, in armed bands of six or eight, among the English-speaking settlers, demanding the surrender of all weapons of whatever sort. In the majority of the cases the arms were surrendered without hesitation or remonstrance, though this was not invariably the case.

In the neighbouring settlement of Paisley some half-dozen approached the farm-house of "old Rafe Stevenson", a fervent Loyalist and militant Orangeman, on a commandeering expedition. Stevenson had been advised of their approach and met them gun in hand in the doorway. They demanded the weapon, and he heatedly challenged them to come and take it from him. Wisely remembering that "discretion is the better part of valour", they declined to accept the challenge and Mr. Stevenson retained his weapon. This loyal citizen's wife was as staunch as himself, being so

whole-hearted as to have earned the local sobriquet of "Old Brit", and we may very well imagine her standing behind her husband prepared to give him every possible support.

At "Le Nord" six or eight of the neighbours of Mrs. Scott, a widow, paid her a visit, led by one Joseph Aubin, of which she was duly warned by her Canadian hired man, who ran in excitedly to tell her that "Papineau's people" were coming. Had she been possessed of any weapons she would have tried to secrete them. During their visit they were perfectly courteous and readily took her word when, in reply to questions whether she had any guns, pistols, swords or other arms of any kind, she told them she had sold her late husband's gun and had nothing such as they were looking for. They made no attempt to search the place and took in good part the counsel and advice Mrs. Scott gave them quite freely as to the foolishness of the course they were pursuing. Such arms as they secured at "Le Nord" were hidden in a barn at Fourches' (*Sic*) Hollow (on the road to Bellefeuilles' Mills), near which lived the three brothers Fourche dit Robert, who were of the disloyal party.

Beyond the commandeering of their weapons and the threatening of a couple of arrests, the Loyalists at "Le Nord" do not seem to have suffered at the hands of their rebel neighbours, yet lived in constant apprehension of persecution and outrage; which was rather increased by improbable rumours that the Irish Roman Catholic settlers of St. Columban had decided to make common cause with the rebels; rumours that were thought of sufficient consequence at the time to cause, it is said, Father Phelan, of Montreal, to publicly threaten the St. Columbans with many pains and penalties eternally if they dared to attempt such a thing.

The loyal French fared worse than their English neighbours, as the disaffected made them especial objects of petty persecution, such as taking

down their fences at night and cutting off the manes and tails of their horses and cattle.

Among those especially obnoxious to them at Bellefeuilles' Mills was M. Montigny, or De Montigny, a merchant, the father of the late recorder of Montreal, who, to avoid a threatened arrest, thought it wiser to leave home and go to Paisley.

The Prevost family was another notably loyal family at Bellefeuilles' Mills, who, like other loyal French, were designated "Chouans", after the Loyalists of La Vendee, by their rebel neighbours.

Another, an English Loyalist, who fled from thence to avoid a threatened arrest, because guilty of the high crime and misdemeanour of belonging to the militia, was William Scott, a merchant, who came to Montreal and did duty with the militia till quiet was restored. His wife remained to manage the business, and have her loyal soul vexed by frequent requisitions from the rebels for oil for their weapons; occasions which she improved by stating her opinion freely as to the iniquity of carrying arms to kill better people than themselves, remarks that were invariably taken in good part and treated as jokes.

Shortly before the action at St. Eastache this lady, while entertaining her relative, Mrs. Scott, of "Le Nord", received a visit from two of the insurgent leaders, Jerome and Lebat Longpré, farmers of the vicinity. Evidently these loyal ladies received them courteously, but not cordially, for an hour later found all four in the positions they had assumed when the Longprés entered, viz., leaning on the backs of tall Canadian chairs *vis-a-vis* on each side of the great flagged fireplace. The interval had been spent in an animated discussion as to the right or wrong of the rebellion, during which, to the credit of all parties, not an uncivil word was spoken till on leaving, the rebels, visibly nettled, misinformed Mrs. Scott that they were coming to confiscate all her cattle on the following morning.

Without doubt many of those who went to St. Eustache were coerced into doing so. The prime movers in the agitation locally were the doctors, lawyers, notaries and other men of some education, imbued with an inordinate love for everything French, and a corresponding hatred of everything British, and who used the influence that position and education exercised on behalf of armed rebellion. They resorted also to drastic measures and took precautions to force the adhesion of all those whom they thought ought to be on their side, and to insure that any man having once put his hand to the plough should not, at the eleventh hour, look backward. These results were obtained largely by the help of press gangs which scoured the country when the time for action arrived.

The church dignitaries came out emphatically against the movement, but some have alleged that the parochial clergy were largely passive. If such was the case those who wished to resist coercion into the rebel ranks were left without encouragement from a quarter from which they might well have expected it. As it was, only those whose wits were sharp enough to incite them to individual action escaped conscription.

In the disaffected district of which St. Eustache was the centre it was not safe to be found at home when the press gang paid one a visit, unless one had been bitten by the mad dog, Rebellion, and was prepared to march away with it. In the parish of St. Martin a French Canadian carpenter was taken by the press gang at his home at Cote St. Elzear and, though he positively refused to bear arms, was made to do duty as a teamster and carried off to St. Eustache, the press gang making vigorous but ineffectual search for his several brothers, even probing thoroughly with their bayonets the hay-stacks and potato heaps, or pits.

Young Farmer Basil Piché, of St. Monique, aware of the methods of the rebels, and recognizing how exceed-

ingly bitter the feeling against him was, buried what arms he possessed, secreted as much of his stock as possible, and betook himself, through the bush and through by-ways (for the roads were heavily patrolled) to Montreal, whence he did not return till he did so in the wake of Colborne's column three weeks later. During his absence the press gang visited his farm and, finding only his wife, searched unsuccessfully for arms and drove off the remainder of his stock to provision the rebel army gathering at St. Eustache, about twelve miles distant. The experiences of himself and family are interesting.

His father was enrolling officer (probably adjutant or major) for the militia in the district, and he himself was captain. Their duties consisted, respectively, in compiling and forwarding annually to the Government an accurate list of the fighting men, and in mustering them (for roll call only), once a year, viz., 4th June, King George Third's birthday. As was natural, the parish of St. Monique, being so much nearer St. Eustache than Le Nord and Bellefeuilles' Mills, the disaffection was more pronounced and the accompanying disturbances more blackguardly. The mutilation of the Loyalists' horses was here carried on in broad daylight by the rebels outside the church during the celebration of the most solemn service of their religion, the unfortunate Loyalists thus becoming objects of derision and the laughing-stock of the majority of the parish. Besides this, patrols of about eighteen men went around intimidating the people, securing arms, driving off cattle and stealing everything they could lay hands on. Forceful enlistment, as elsewhere, was a feature of their visits, and those who objected were promptly taken as prisoners to St. Eustache, and, it is asserted, actually placed in front during the action. Search was invariably made from top to bottom of a house for ammunition, and, in many cases, the interior was wrecked if the owner were not a "patriot"(!). Naturally

many attempted to save property by burying it in boxes, but, owing to the season, the articles were found invariably to be musty or ruined when unearthed.

An expedient adopted by the rebels here to bring out men whom they could not find, and who were evidently in hiding, was to threaten incendiarism, which was done by leaving pieces of burnt wood on their window sills at night, but I cannot say that the extreme was resorted to.

Mr. Piché one night lay sleeping while his wife took her turn at watching, as they were apprehensive that the rebels might destroy the fences or throw the cattle down the wells, when the house was suddenly surrounded, the shutters hammered upon, and finally a charge of slugs fired at the door. Next day some of these slugs were extracted and found to be triangular pieces of iron, which Mr. Piché immediately recognized as parts of the weight of a clock he had repaired for a neighbour. However, he kept his own counsel till he could obtain confirmation of his suspicions.

Shortly after, when out walking with some neighbours, a rabbit was started, which one of them killed with a charge of slugs. Madame Piché took the game home and when dressing it discovered that the slugs were more of the triangular pieces of iron. Mr. Piché did not fail to tax his double-faced neighbour with his duplicity, much to that person's discomfiture.

The unscrupulous commandeering in this parish proved in some instances a boomerang. A detail of miscreants making their rounds visited a certain farmer and found him to have a remarkably fine gun. One rebel remarked its fine quality, saying to his comrades that it was worth at least twelve dollars, and then promptly requisitioned it. After the engagement, the owner went to get his rifle and found that the rebel had been captured and liberated, but that the rifle had naturally been lost, having been broken in twain and thrown into the river. In the absence of the rifle the owner

demanded the price of it, which he declared the other had made in the presence of witnesses, and the upshot of it was that the money was paid and the owner's demand satisfied. It is also asserted that in cases where the rebels were well-to-do, and the seizure or destruction of chattels could be brought home to them, payment, or restitution, was forced from them and to such an extent that in some instances they were ruined.

Madame Piché's confinement took place during her husband's enforced absence at Montreal, at which critical time she found a safe refuge with a poor widowed neighbour whom the patrols did not visit, and where others had also taken refuge. All visiting between neighbours was done at night only, on account of the constant espionage on the movements of the Loyalists.

Madame Piché returning from thence, after her recovery, with a party of neighbours after nightfall came suddenly face to face with a large wolf, and the whole party was as glad to beat as hasty a retreat as the wolf doubtless did. But this is a digression from the subject of evasion of conscription.

One Belair, of "Le Nord", to avoid impressment left his home and hid in the bush several days, with the melancholy result that he lost his reason thereby.

Michevielle, of Bellefeuilles' Mills, an itinerant mender of clocks, sharper witted than some of his neighbours, produced by friction intense inflammation of the left eye, and calmly awaited the advent of the press gang with the damaged optic tied up. Behold him then cordially welcoming them in his kitchen and expressing great desire to accompany them, but—removing the bandage and showing the inflamed eye—to what purpose? He feared he would be of little use, and so vigorously had the mender of clocks done his work that the press gang agreed with him and hastened away in search of a sounder victim.

Mrs. Scott, of "Le Nord", travelling

homeward from Bellefeuilles' Mills the morning after St. Eustache, and dropping in on her neighbour, Madame Labelle, finds Labelle absent and his dame cheerfully rendering pig's lard, as unconcernedly as if last night's sky had not been red with the conflagration at St. Eustache and the fat not sufficiently in the fire elsewhere. The secret of her contentment was explained when it transpired in conversation that the worthy Labelle, instead of being away with the rebels as was suspected, had carefully hid in the bush, fearing a visit from the press gang.

A contrast between those methods of impressment and the manner of enforcing the now operative Military Service Act will not be here amiss. At both these crises it was the same party that resorted to violence. In the former case they endeavoured to snatch a verdict from the god of chance by a vigorous and blackguardly method of impressment that knew no mercy, recognized no rights of exemption, permitted of no appeal, granted no delay, allowed for no liberty of opinion or exigency of affairs, that took into account only in the smallest degree physical disability, and that had behind it no moral or legal right. It was the outcome of mob rule, and was naturally accompanied by the confiscation, or destruction, of the draftee's property. That it was but local was only due to lack of opportunity to extend its operations. When we consider that the excuse now given was the desire of domination in the affairs of the colony, with the unfettered control of the public purse and revenues, and the right of appointment to all political offices, how wholly inexcusable to a well-ordered mind appears the resort to armed rebellion, and the unwarranted and brutal system of impressment adopted to fill their ranks, and terrorize their compatriots, in the hope that they might attain that end. But some minds are cast in such a mould that a resort to violence is the natural argument employed to promote their own

particular brand of liberty, a brand that, like charity, which is said to begin at home, too often ends there also. And when the well-intentioned, but probably too lenient, provisions of the Military Service Act came into force, supported by an overwhelming majority of the nation, the descendants of these "democrats to the hilt" (from whom one would look for a firmer belief in the infallibility of majorities), would have none of it. Here was a measure which many think should have been put into force much sooner than it was, remarkably lenient in its provisions, affording ample opportunity for exemption, interfering as little as possible with economic requirements, and business and family obligations, and affording careful protection for the unfit. If anything was likely to inspire confidence, generally, in the fairness of the framers of the Act it was its proposed administration by the Department of Justice, and the placing the power of exemption in local hands. And it should surely have appealed to these keen contenders for their alleged rights, as necessitous on behalf of the nations enjoying democratic forms of government, not only as a step towards the insuring of the freedom of humanity, but to help in the preservation of the very principles of Christianity itself.

But for months the latent race feeling had been pandered to by anti-conscriptionist orators, and by a large part of the provincial press. Meetings had been held, societies attempted, rioting permitted; no motive was too vile to ascribe to the framers and upholders of the measure. No argument seems to have been too childish to advance against it, and such would have been a matter for laughter but that they were eagerly listened to and applauded. For instance, most of us will recollect that the first selective conscriptionist we have read of was King David, when he sent Uriah to the battle-front that he might steal his wife, but we would hardly look for his counterpart at the present. However, the writer expected, from the

absurdity of the allegations made, that a like motive would be alleged in due time. And the apex of silliness was finally reached by an (probably youthful) "anti" orator when he alleged, as a motive for the enactment of selective conscription, the desire of the dominant race to appropriate the wives of his compatriots sent to the Front. Perhaps in his heated imagination he could picture the Cabinet, especially the Premier, and the "Honourable Bob", surrounded by seraglies of French Canadian beauties whom they had thus been enabled to appropriate. He, at least, paid a doubtful compliment to the women of his race in conceiving them acquiescent, and one which they certainly have not merited. What must we think of the mentality of adults influenced by this and other abominable drivel, used to arouse anti-British feeling?

It was surely history repeating itself in the life of an excitable and suspicious community. From the moment of the outlining of the draft provisions, numerous voices, often hydrophobic, had been raised against it; and if so many lyres, mostly tuned to different keys, did not make for harmony, at least all struck the same defiant notes. Altogether it was a lamentable display of Nerovian minstrelsy while the world burned.

One cannot go about dropping incendiary bombs, and not have some of them eventually fulfil the purpose for which they were launched, and the upshot of the agitation has been mob violence, and the evasion of service to such a degree that the efficiency of the Act has been much impaired.

From a statement issued January 10th, 1918, by the Director of Public Information, it appears that of a total of 117,104 registering throughout the Province, there applied for exemptions no less than 115,707. In many localities these were granted wholesale by the local tribunals, the members of which were, in some cases, only too glad to hinder the Act, for the appointments had certainly not been made for partisan ends. In fact, the

total exemptions numbered 89,575, of which the military authorities appealed a very large number, and the courts have been congested for many months hearing these cases, of which, I believe, there were about 30,000 on the rolls at one time, and as late as April 20th there still remained to be disposed of 22,000. Besides this, there are (at date of writing, according to press reports), 7,000 absentees from service, and classed as deserters, in the district of Montreal alone. And of these appealed draftees and deserters the vast majority are of the race that invoked a five-fold harsher method to secure a mere political reform.

However, we are assured now that voluntary enrollment in Quebec is greatly improved; but it is regrettable that up to March 31st last we had only been able to send overseas 16,000 French Canadians from all Canada, or considerably less than one per cent. of the total French Canadian population of the Dominion. One sane French Canadian paper pertinently asks why the race could contribute 40,000 men to the American Civil War and only 16,000 at this crisis? Certainly nothing could exceed the gallantry of the French Canadians who have gone to the Front. Would that they had been in greater numbers, as they might well have been had they been better taught and better led these hundred and fifty years past.

Notwithstanding the evasions to impressment by the '37 press gangs a goodly company drove through Bellefeuilles' Mills that busy day before the action, and went to form part of the thousand men that made up the rebel force. They travelled in *traineaux* (sleds such as the habitant may be seen driving past the Bank of Montreal in the well-known print of old Montreal), six or eight standing up in every traineau, holding on to the side stakes. Their uniform was, of course, the usual habitant dress, sash, tuque, beef moccasins and great coat of *étouffe* covering the homespun clothes, and the inevitable leather

apron. The dandies sported deerskin aprons and had capuchins to their great coats, the breasts of which, as well as their trouser legs from ankle to knee, were ornamented with brass buttons.

Many were armed, but many were not, expecting to get arms at St. Eustache, an expectation that was in many cases unfulfilled.

Some were excited and enthusiastic; some noisy and bombastic, according as their temperament and the fever in their blood inclined; others quiet and undemonstrative as their better sense dictated. They did not return with as much publicity, but slipped slyly and quietly home in small parties to realize later that they had been the dupes of a few political gamblers.

It is either not true that the more ardent seekers after liberty were so careless of that of their pressed compatriots that they put them in the places of greatest danger in the day of battle, where they were between the devil and the deep sea, but which positions they deserted, or else the disaffection of many on whom the leaders had really depended was not deep enough to impel them to actual armed resistance of authority. Because we read that a considerable number fled without firing a shot, and that, while one road was occupied by an approaching Nemesis, in the shape of the punitive column under Colborne, another was filled with retreating rebels, who left the honour of meeting the troops to those of their comrades who possessed the requisite bravery. Even Girod fled immediately the firing began. Perhaps it would be better to describe that as infatuation which could induce men to disbelieve the well-authenticated news of the defeat, by Colonel Wetherall, of their comrades at St. Charles under "a person named Brown", (as the school histories used to describe him), and could lead them to imagine that there was a chance of establishing in the face of

the power of Britain "the Northwest Republic".

It was either during the defection mentioned above, or at subsequent attempts to escape after the engagement, that the fugitive rebels threw aside, on the ice and elsewhere, their arms, which were gathered up by the troops and eventually put in store at Laprairie. Here they remained about two years, when a petition was presented by the inhabitants of "Le Nord" and vicinity asking for the restoration of their arms.

The reason for this move was that the wolves seemed to know intuitively that the country was denuded of firearms, and grew daily bolder till at last hardly a day passed but that they committed some depredation on the settlers' stock, or were seen or heard in close proximity to the clearings.

The petition setting forth the plight of the settlers was favourably received and permission was given to convey several team loads of arms from Laprairie to the store of William Scott, at Bellefeuilles' Mills. Here they were deposited, and those who could identify any of them as being their property were permitted to take possession of such. These arms were a motley collection in every state of disrepair. Many were without locks, and many, for other reasons, could not be discharged, but the owners were glad to recover them.

The troops did not visit Bellefeuilles' Mills or "Le Nord", but it is recollected that old Madame Viseau precipitated herself, and some precious bandboxes, upon her neighbour, Mrs. Scott, of "Le Nord", demanding protection, firmly convinced that the troops would come and apply the torch as they were even then doing at St. Benoit. But the depredations in the vicinity had not been serious enough to warrant retaliatory measures; the military never occupied "Le Nord", and the Viseau bandboxes were saved.

MATES

BY MORLEY ROBERTS



WYATT remembered that an old chum of his on the China coast had said to him:

"Now and again, or perhaps only once in a man's life, he passes some woman whom he could have been mates with, and they look at each other and know it, and don't speak and regret it—as I do."

Perhaps that was why Thompson never married and always seemed, even when he was in the quietest mood, as if he was expecting someone who never came.

And now, for the third time, Harry Wyatt had seen the only woman who made him remember what his friend had said at Nagasaki. For even when he first passed her at Manila three years ago it seemed to him that he had known her as a child and had not wholly forgotten or been forgotten. Their eyes had met just for a moment, or perhaps a little longer, and he had stopped and wondered who she was and the impulse came on him to run after her and speak. Her image remained with him and his mind ached oddly with the thought of her for many long days after he had gone back to China and taken up the work of the coast that he so hated. And then again he thought he had seen her passing him swiftly in a rickshaw at Colombo and he felt that he found in her the same greeting and regret which swept over him in a flood as she vanished in the crowd of the closing evening by the Oriental Hotel. This time he sought for her

but did not find her. But Jackson, purser of the *Lyceum*, to whom he spoke of her casually, seemed to think she might be a Mrs. Herman, who had that night sailed again for Hongkong.

"It's odd how we all know each other here," mused Jackson, "at Hongkong, Singapore, Bale, Brindisi and Charing Cross we can meet all the world if we only wait long enough."

And then he talked eagerly of the Strand, his street among the world's streets, and Harry Wyatt, who loved none of them any better than he loved the Coast, dreamed of the Sussex Downs he longed to get back to once again. And while the purser talked of London, Harry saw only the old house under three pines, and by it, in the ancient garden, some one not a stranger.

Now he was at last going home, leaving that alien wonderful shore of China, its oily and hidden creeks, its swamps and mighty rivers and its stinking and resounding haunts of full humanity. He stood on the steps of the Club and looked upon Hongkong, thinking he would leave it with unutterable joy. But as he turned into the Club again he saw once more the remembered vision of the strange and friendly eyes he had passed in Manila and Colombo. And he was sure that she remembered, too, and his heart leapt in him, and but for an old bowed man with her he would have spoken. In another moment he might have taken his courage in his hands and gone after her if Jackson,

who was still purser of the old *Lyceemooon*, had not run against him and caught him with both hands. They had not met for months.

"My congratulations, old chap," said Jackson. "I've only just heard you're off. Don't I wish I was coming with you."

And all that Harry could think of was that this strange woman whom fate had thrown across his path was in mourning. Should he go home after all or stay? But even as he said this to himself he knew it was folly. And Jackson chattered cheerfully and was full of a notion that Wyatt should come with him in the *Lyceemooon* and then pick up a boat for England.

"And for two bent pins I'd chuck it and come with you," said Jackson. "I'm full up of Fidler."

All the Coast knew Fidler.

"And what's he full up of?" asked Wyatt.

Jackson shook his head.

"He seems to have braced up a bit and taken a pull on himself for a time."

"And his mate?" asked Wyatt.

Jackson grunted.

"Well, he's pretty bad but keeps the weather side of total insensibility. I think I can guarantee him for a time. Will you come? There are some decent folks with us this trip."

Wyatt did not answer for a moment and then replied in odd haste.

"Yes, yes, I'll come with you," he said as he started across the bay.

"And if Fidler or Simpson gets tanked up and blind and piles us on the Natunas or the Paracels I shall owe it to you. When do you sail?"

"In the morning at ten," said Jackson. "And the next news I shall have of you is that you have become a farmer and are married."

And even as his friend spoke Harry Wyatt's heart ached and England was not all it might have been.

"I'm a fool," he said when Jackson left him, "just a fool."

But he went on board the *Lyceemooon* in the morning and settled

down in his cabin and stayed there till Lamma Island and the solitary peak of Mount Senhouse were far behind them. As he heard the pipe of the south-west monsoon he seemed more like himself again, though regret endured in him and his sky was overcast. But when he came on deck early next morning he saw, standing by the starboard rail and looking westward over the sea, the one woman whom he now thought never to meet. There was something, he knew not what, which was deeply familiar to him in her very figure and her aspect. She bore the signs of the Coast about her in her pallid cheeks, whose want of colour was accentuated by her black hair. It seemed to him that she stared across the continents of Asia and Europe to England lying at anchor in her gray and tumbling seas. And now he was surer still that she was a widow. He wondered what her life had been, and whether his own heart spoke truly that they would be friends. And then at last she turned and saw him and he knew, deep in his mind, that this was so and must be.

There were many who said Harry Wyatt was secretive, reserved and impassive. This aspect of his nature came from his own knowledge that he was impulsive and only too apt to act on his instincts. By self-repression in alien surroundings he had schooled himself to show outwardly what he was not. The Coast had been a hard taskmaster. But now it was behind him and, as in one moment, all his regret had left him, he let himself go and became the man that he desired to be. Now he saw England in his heart without anything to hold him back from her native and passionate loveliness. His mind worked swiftly and freely, and happiness held out its hand to him. This woman's eyes were beautiful and more than beautiful, for she remembered. In a moment he spoke to her.

"We have met before," he said with a smile.

She did not resent his approach which seemed so natural.

"Where?" she asked with an answering look which told him that she knew.

"Once in Manila three years ago," said Wyatt, "and once again I believe in Colombo, and then—yesterday. Tell an exile of few friends that you remember."

"I—I think I do," she said, but he was sure she did.

She moved towards a chair in a sheltered place and he followed her and stood near as she sat down.

"You were thinking of England just now," he said.

"Don't all exiles think of home?" she asked sadly. She leant her chin upon her hands and added—"Yes, I want to get back to England."

"The East has been hard on you," said Wyatt.

"It's hard on us all, isn't it?" she asked. "Except in steamships I've hardly spoken to a white woman these five years."

"What part of England do you come from?" he asked.

"Sussex," she said.

And Wyatt laughed happily.

"That's my country," he said. "I—I knew we should be friends."

It seemed that with her he found a voice for his silent thought; for he was suddenly happy. He told her the story of his years in the East and spoke of his ambition, that others might think so small, to return to his native downs and his father's house, with an ancient windmill near by, which stood under the northern shadow of three old pines. In the depths of his nature, half beneath his conscious mind, he took her there with him and made her mistress of his demsne. As she listened and smiled it seemed that she was a true mate long wished for. His imagination led him on swiftly, for the long oppression of his alien years was lifted from him and the voiceless misery of the lonely past mocked him no more. A grave and pleasant silence came to him and

then once more he spoke suddenly.

"If you go back to England would you like such a place as that?"

He saw a sudden alarm in her and did not understand it, for long suppressed passion grew in him and his instincts pushed him on.

"Would you, would you?" he asked. "I'm not a stranger, you know it! You *must* see it! Will you live there too?"

He saw her hands clutch each other and she said with strange harshness:

"You don't understand! My husband is with me in this ship."

Wyatt sat without speaking for quite a long time. Then he rose and went to the rail and stared at the desolate sea, while she did not move. And he wondered at his haste and utter madness. His instincts had swept him off his feet, and yet—and yet—he knew they had spoken the truth! Suddenly he turned round and went back to her and said—

"I am sorry, forgive me; I didn't know—I didn't know."

Once more he looked at the sea, but his visions were blurred. No longer could he see the house upon the downs, under the pines and by the mill. But a moment ago he had seen it all as he had seen that they two were by nature mates. For whom then was she in mourning? Still standing with his hand upon her chair, he said—

"No, no, I'm not sorry I spoke. Don't believe I'm sorry."

She said nothing. And Wyatt spoke again. He wondered at himself, even as he did so.

"Listen to me a minute. I must speak. Until I met you I never met anyone I could have been mates with! Just tell me one thing."

And she said—

"What thing?"

"Only the truth," said Wyatt. "It's a very little thing to take away with me. I want to know whether you, too, think we might have been mates."

And presently she looked at him and he held out his hand to her and

as she took it he said with reverence—
 “Thank you. If we never see each other again that’s something.”

He ate no lunch that day but went to Jackson’s berth later, and after a little casual talk he said, as he stared through the porthole at the gray sea,
 “What do you know about that lady in mourning?”

“Ah, Mrs. Herman!” said Jackson, who had quite forgotten he had spoken of her to Wyatt years before. “I thought you’d be interested in her. She’s a splendid sort, and not always complaining like the rest of them. She and old Herman, who’s agent for a dozen firms, have been up and down this coast for the last six years.”

“How did she come to marry him?” asked Wyatt.

“How does anyone come to marry anyone else?” asked the purser. “She came out to Java with her brother and his wife and they both died within a week and she was left stranded. And I suppose Herman just came along.”

“What sort is he?” asked Wyatt.

“The sort that ought to have bought a Java woman for a slave,” said Jackson. “And what kind of life is it for a woman to loaf about in hotels in Peking and Hongkong and Sourabaya and all the stinking ports of the East? Of course the only thing she had to live for went out. Her little girl died last year in one of our boats and was buried at sea, just about here. I’m very sorry for her.”

“Ah,” said Wyatt, “then that’s why she’s in mourning!”

And Jackson talked of himself and his desire to get back home. What he wanted to smell was the Strand.

“And here I am,” he growled, “flying up and down in the ‘scented East,’ with a drunken skipper and mate! I shall be glad to get out of the old *Lycemooon* before one of them piles her upon the Paracels. Why is it that when a man drinks he gets into the habit of cutting off corners and running things fine? It wouldn’t surprise me if Simpson made two red lights out of one on the starboard bow and

started to run along between them.”

“I thought you said the skipper had braced up,” said Wyatt. “It didn’t look like it at tiffin to-day.”

“No, it didn’t,” owned Jackson uneasily.

And Wyatt was uneasy too, for all his unhappiness, as he went away. He walked straight into the saloon and there found Mrs. Herman by herself. They looked at each other but did not speak. Then Number One in his long robes brought in the tea. She poured it out for Wyatt in silence. When she did speak it was with strange irrelevant abruptness.

“I hate the whole, long, long, weary coast,” she said.

“And I,” sighed Wyatt, “but I shan’t forget *you* even if we never meet again.”

And she said with curious bitterness—

“I shall try not to remember.”

It was as if she had said—

“What’s the use of remembering?”

And what Wyatt said was, as if speaking to himself—

“One hasn’t the courage to follow one’s instincts.”

And she looked at him strangely, and though she said nothing he knew that what held her to her duty was not instinct.

That night at dinner Captain Fidler, who was often very talkative, said not a word but drank steadily. When the meal was over Jackson came across to Wyatt.

“Did you see the old man to-night, how he soaked? And the mate’s just the same. I don’t believe he could see the holes in a ladder now.”

“Something ought to be done about it,” said Wyatt.

“Well, what can be done?” snorted Jackson. “Every skipper’s a tin joss on wheels aboard his ship. And as for the second mate, who’s a sober little chap, you can see he daren’t open his mouth to either of them.”

“How’s that man we were speaking of this morning?” asked Wyatt. “I mean her—her husband, you know.”

"Oh, he?" said Jackson contemptuously. "He never gets over being seasick."

After dinner Wyatt tried to read for an hour or two, and then, finding he was still unable to sleep, put on a waterproof coat and went up to the hurricane deck, and walked to and fro on the starboard or windward side, right under the bridge. What was the good of going back to England? She would still remain in the East wandering from one place to another. And all the time maybe she would remember and her heart would ache as his did.

"If I had gone last week," thought Wyatt, "I shouldn't have met her here. I wish I had gone!"

And then, above the steady sounds of a steamship and the wind and the sea, he heard a cry for'ard, as the man on the look-out reported something. He moved from the shelter of the for'ard deckhouse, and standing by the starboard rail, saw a faint red light on the bow. He hoped the sober little second mate had charge of the deck. And then, above his head, he heard Simpson's thick and raucous voice. He looked ahead again and still saw the red light. But a squall came up out of the south-west and he lost it. And six bells was struck for'ard. Then he found Jackson at his elbow.

"Dirty night," said the purser. "I wish I was going home with you, Wyatt. Who's on the bridge now?"

"Simpson," said Wyatt, "I heard his voice. I just saw a red light out here."

"Oh, I've seen the whole sea like a chemist's shop," said the purser, "and Simpson running things so close that I've fairly snivered. He holds on and never gives way till he has to."

He went to the starboard rail and looked ahead, just as the steamer on the starboard side blew her whistle as if in alarm. As he and Wyatt stood waiting and wondering, the mate apparently tried to cross the other steamer's bows, and when he found that he could not, instead of starboarding his

helm, so that he might possibly have scraped clear with help from the other vessel, he ported it and swung the *Lyeemoon's* after part right across the other's bows. A collision was inevitable, and Jackson and Wyatt saw it. They ran over to the port side.

"Holy Sailor!" said Jackson. "She's into us! I thought it, I thought it!"

The whistles of both vessels screamed uselessly, while Wyatt stood as if he were a rigid, carved figure. He saw the black bulk of the oncoming steamer, saw her red and green lights gleaming, and her mast-head light shining above them. And as Jackson caught hold of him and pulled him backwards, the other steamer lifted upon the sea and came down on them. She struck the *Lyeemoon* aft of midships and cut her right open ten feet inboard, splintering the plates and decks and all the upper works of the boat deck with a hideous grinding noise, as sparks flew from the shattered iron. Just over Wyatt the green starboard light shone calmly. Above it, on the fo'c'sle of the steamer that had struck them, he heard men shouting. And as the vessel slowly withdrew herself Wyatt seemed to wake out of a paralysed dream. He caught hold of Jackson and said—

"Where's Mrs. Herman's berth?"

Jackson looked at him and nodded without being able to speak. But at last he got his words out and pointed down with his shaking hand.

"Just down here, old chap, just down here, where she hit us!"

And Wyatt ran down into the saloon, thrusting his way past the passengers who were streaming on deck in their night gear. As he went down he felt that the *Lyeemoon* was already listing to port. He turned about to find the starboard alleyway, and even as he did so the lights went out. And Jackson was once more at his side.

"I'll find her if she's to be found," said the purser. "The *Lyeemoon's* going, old son!"

"I'll come with you," said Wyatt hoarsely.

But as he spoke he slipped and went down heavily. As he rose Jackson came back running—alone.

"They must both be dead," said the purser. "That boat cut right into their berth, old man! There isn't anything there, Wyatt; it's all jags and tatters."

Wyatt felt him shake as he laid hold of him.

"And I heard someone groan," said Jackson.

But even then a woman came running in the darkness, and they knew it was she for whom they looked.

"Catch hold of her," shouted Jackson. "And get her on deck, Wyatt!"

He rushed up the companion and disappeared. Wyatt caught Mrs. Herman as she came by him.

"Let me go," she said breathlessly, "I must find my husband."

But at that moment the *Lyeemoon* lurched as heavily as if she were sinking, and Wyatt caught hold of her and lifted her in his arms and cried out—

"You can't go! He's dead, dead!"

And still she cried out that she must help him and slipped away from his grasp. But again he caught hold of her and lifted her up, and for a moment she was rigid in his arms and then as limp as if she, too, were dead. With great difficulty he carried her to the upper deck, and felt the wind and rain upon his cheek. On deck there seemed no order nor anyone capable of procuring it. The darkness was intensified by the white foam of the tumbling seas. Folks cried and ran to and fro aimlessly. Some called for those who did not answer. The Chinese deck-hands and stokers lost their heads and took charge. The little second mate, who had never had any authority, was swept aside. No one saw the captain or heard him; he was asleep. Simpson, the chief mate, now partly sobered, made an attempt to stem the rush of the crew, but he was half crazy. Wyatt saw him pull a six-shooter, heard him bellow, saw the flash as he fired, and then heard

him cry out as he fell stabbed to the heart by a Malay. The men themselves set about getting a boat over the side. As it was being lowered, unequally and unevenly, part of them rushed it, and when it took the water the for'ard tackles came unhooked. The still moving *Lyeemoon* gave a roll and held the boat up by the after-tackle and emptied it. There was a frightful screaming of men who were thrown into the sea. And then Wyatt felt the woman in his arms begin to come to; she moaned.

"Where's the captain?" asked Wyatt of Jackson.

"Dead drunk," said Jackson. "He'll go down with his ship. Have you a life belt? Put one on her."

And he and Wyatt strapped one on her. At that moment it seemed to him that there might be more in life than there ever had been. Once again he thought of the Sussex Downs, the pine trees and the sails of the wind-mill answering quietly to the quiet breeze. And then he heard a scream from the siren of the vessel that had cut them down. He saw her black bulk still stem on to them. Jackson took him by the arm.

"She's our chance," he said, "if they will only lower boats."

"Can't we lower another of ours?" asked Wyatt.

The second mate, with a few of the crew who were left, was trying to lower one, but the *Lyeemoon* was wallowing deeply like a log. She had lost all buoyancy. She heeled over as if she was going and the boat took the water. The next moment the steamer gave another wallow and the deck sloped heavily. Wyatt felt himself slide. He slipped down to the rail with Mrs. Herman clinging to him.

"Get over the side," said Jackson. "We're better out of it!"

And Wyatt took her in his arms and jumped. As he swam he saw a little way from him the boat that had been lowered, with three men in it. Near it there were others swimming. He struggled to reach it with his bur-

den. Once he looked back, and saw the *Lyceemooon* rear her bows and lift her keel for'ard clear of the sea. Jackson was close by him.

"She's going!" said Jackson, "the old hooker's going!"

And out of the heavy scud there showed the faint light of the half moon near the horizon as the *Lyceemooon* took her last plunge and went like a great beast diving.

As Wyatt swam, still holding Mrs. Herman, he saw men in the boat rowing, and he heard, once more, the whistle of the other steamer. And he cried out, hailing the boat. The voice of the second mate answered him. With him was the Chinese steward, another Chinaman and a Malay. At last Wyatt laid hold of the boat's gunwale, and the men in her hauled them all on board. But Mrs. Herman was almost insensible, and Wyatt held her

close in his arms. Now he saw that there were two other women in the boat and one of the male passengers, lying on the bottom boards.

"Is that all of us?" asked Jackson, when he could speak.

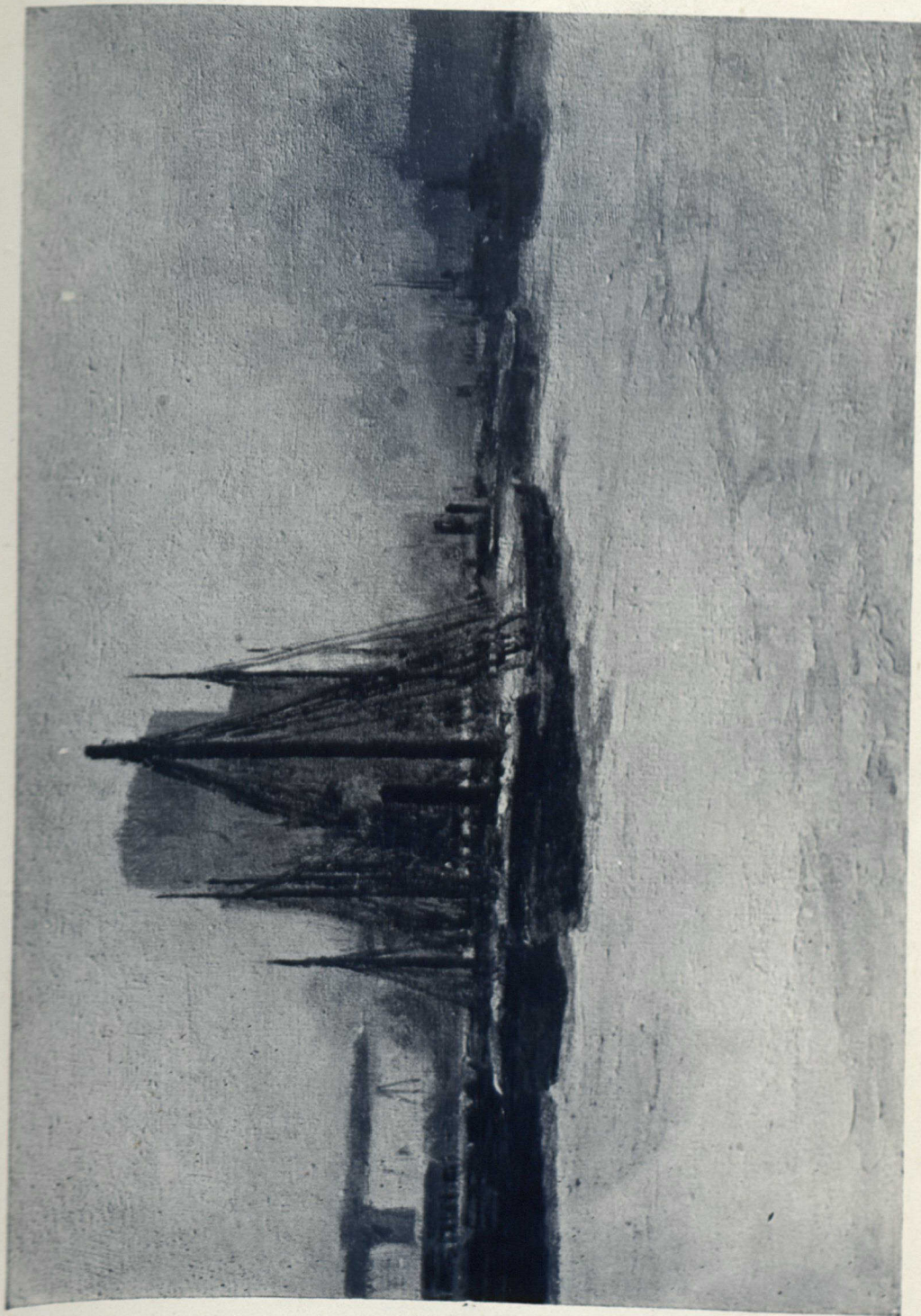
"Yes, all of us," said the second mate.

Wyatt spoke to her to whom all his thoughts went out in a passion of love and pity, and said—

"We are going back to England, back to England!"

But she did not answer, though she clutched him with both hands. A quarter of an hour later they were on board the other steamer, a big tramp, called *The Star of the East*, bound from Singapore to Manila. And that night, before he slept, Harry Wyatt once more had a very clear vision of the little house among the Sussex Downs.





From the Painting by Charles W. Simpson, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada

WINTER QUARTERS

THE INDIANS OF ALERT BAY

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



ALTHOUGH situated directly on the Alaskan coastal highway, with a constant stream of large freight and passenger steamers calling at the cannery pier or dropping anchor in its fine harbour, Alert Bay is a spot haunted by the spirit of the untamed, full of those powerful undercurrents that thrive on the edge of the wilderness. It is altogether mysterious and bizarre.

Part of this spirit is due to the wildness of nature hereabouts, to the high-reaching mountains, to the low-hanging, encircling mists, to the dark woods, and, in the rainy season, to the general atmospheric wetness clinging to the nearer distances; but specifically it is due to other things, things which the natural setting helps to accentuate and for which it forms a splendidly effective stage. Merely to mention Alert Bay is to think of Indians. For this little trading-post, now grown to prime importance as a Pacific coast port-of-call, has filled a high place in coastal Indian life from time immemorial.

Just how long the Indians have had homes or congregated at Alert Bay no one knows, not even they themselves. But as far back as their traditions go this particular spot on the coast has been a gathering-place focusing all the events of tribal life in peace and war.

Time, therefore, has vested Alert

Bay with all the importance of a capital and hallowed it to the red men all up and down the coast. Far within the Arctic Circle, away off on the shores of Queen Charlotte Islands, the aboriginals look to Alert for guidance in many things and in ways that are a mystery to us.

Building on established foundations, Alert Bay is now an Indian reservation, with an "Indian" agent and government school. For upward of a score of years a Church of England, established here with a resident rector, has maintained two boarding-schools—one for Indian boys and the other for Indian girls. But despite all these civilizing influences, there still obtains in the village the mysterious philosophy of life embodied in the community-house without windows, the open wood-fire in the middle of the floor and the hole in the roof for escaping smoke. There still remains the picturesque dugout or *kayak*, totem poles, big and little; tree burials, potlatches, including wild men orgies, and a host of other curious customs that lend colour and weave a motive of weirdness into all the life hereabouts.

A curving beach, a boardwalk above the swishing waves following the bend of the beach forms what might elsewhere be termed "The Avenue of the Totem". These totems, or "family trees," the chief attraction of visitors to Alert Bay are curiosities indeed! British Columbia giant



A Trio of Totems, "Totem Avenue," Alert Bay

trees, "sculptured" by some old red-skin into heraldic insignia of tribe and family, dealing mostly with leviathans that dwarf "our family trees" to nothing by comparison.

Crude? Yes, and no.

The writing is a little "unformed", perhaps, but the *tale* itself, one of the most perfect bits of symbol the world contains.

Whales, bears, giant kingfishers, thunderbirds and fish tell the life-history of the primitive ancestor, sitting astride the giant sulphur-bottom, harpoon in hand, with a pictorial accuracy and vim that far exceeds the ordinary printed page having to do

with early times. It must be remembered, too, that the early Indians did not know how to write in any form but that of carving and colour, so that the men who at different times carved these totems were not only artists of a kind, but *historians*, limning history—valuable Canadian history—upon the heart of the giant British Columbia cedar—to the end that all ages may read what happened in these parts when the world was young.

As family history, in this "peerage" of the race, there are doubtless many errors. Details are probably exaggerated to reveal personal prowess to



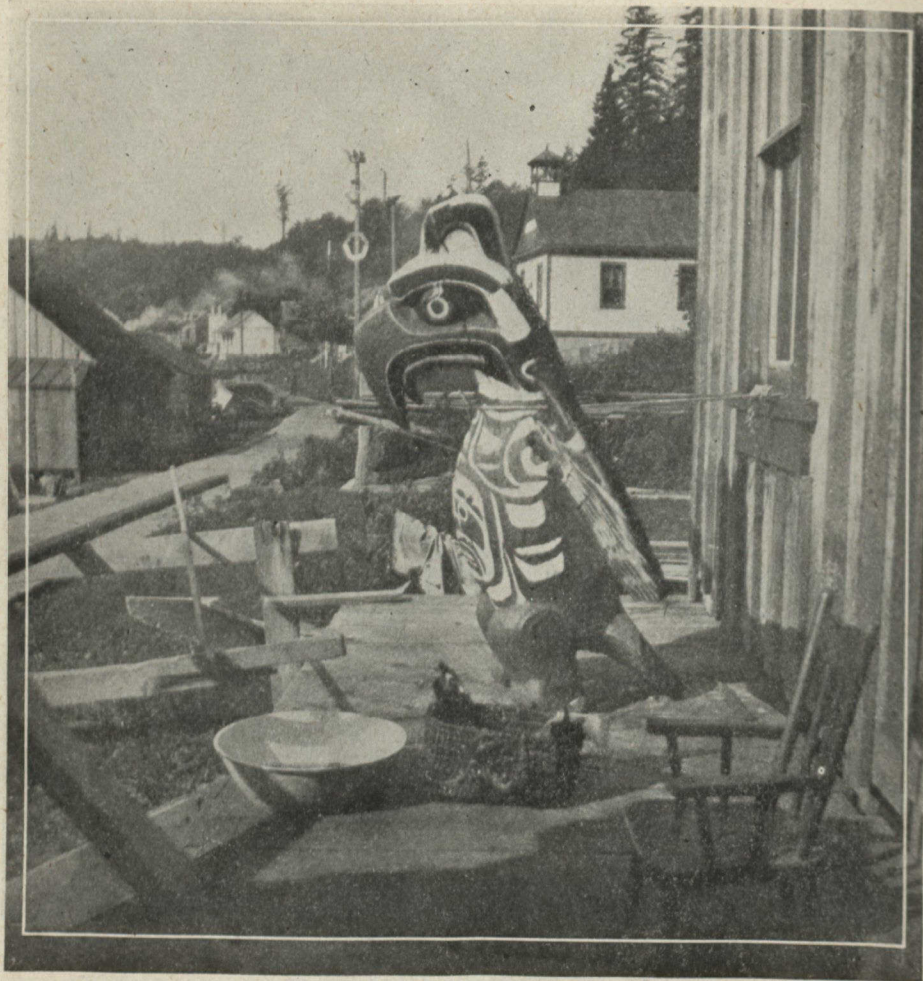
Totem, and Tree "Temple" in Alert Bay.

greater advantage. The teeth of the bear are very large, the whale is a perfect giant and rapid in movement as was no whale before or since, so that the forbear who leapt astride the giant back, from the *kayak*, harpoon in hand, was a veritable master among Indians—a hero of heroes. All of which everyone admits to be legitimate poetic licence in the totem-maker and one wisely calculated to whet the edge of the most callous imagination.

But although the place of the whale is great and the lure of him, even at this distance in time, well-nigh impossible to resist, since through the length and breadth of him a wicked

spirit seems to run looking at you through the mist, out of very spirited eyes fairly dancing with mischief, still it is the "Thunder-bird" who is the reigning spirit of these totems, swaying the imagination of the tribe far more than the whale, or the bear, who is here depicted holding against his great hairy breast the sacred "copper," emblem of "Chieftaincy" to this day.

Even to uninitiated eyes there is a magic weirdness in the very look of the "Thunder-bird". Its beak resembles somewhat the prows of two *kayaks* inverted one above the other. The bow of the lower, forming the under half of the beak, is hinged and allow-



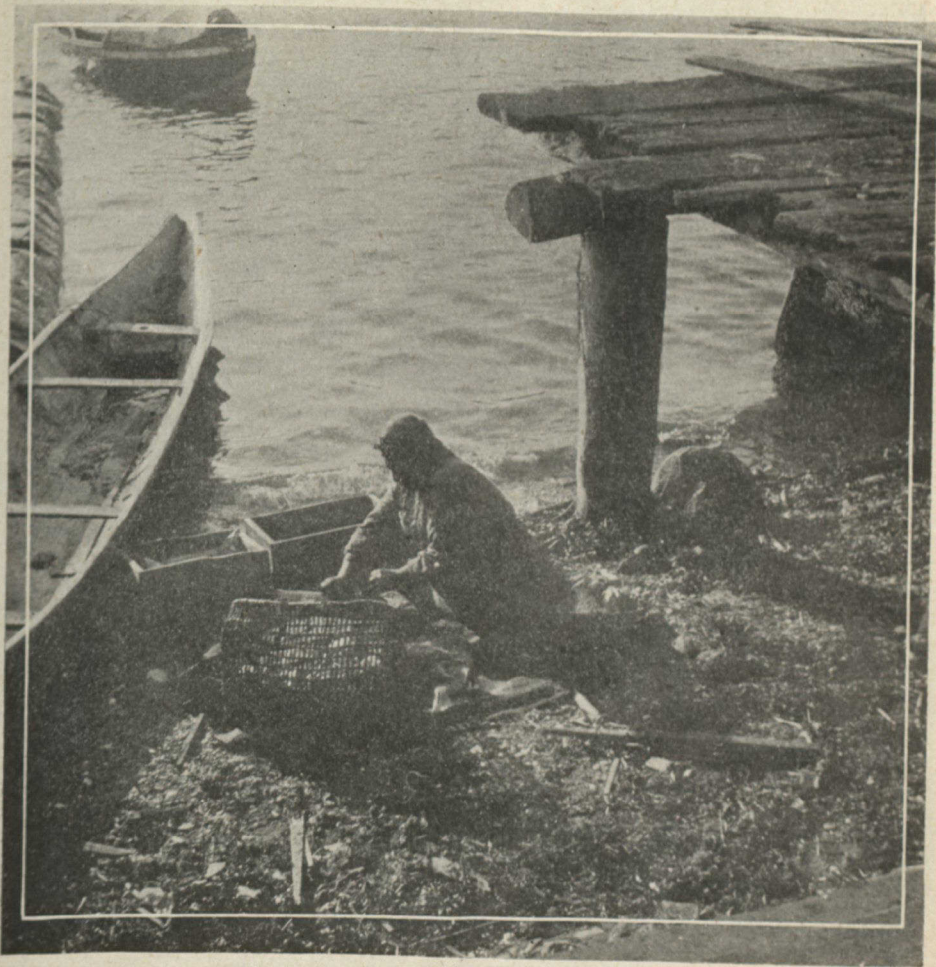
A Household God in Alert Bay

ed to drop open on state occasions. At the time of the potlatch, by dint of much writhing and wriggling, the "braves" make their entrance to the house of entertainment through the "Thunder-bird's" open mouth.

It requires but little imagination to see how this beak might be converted into a diabolical trap. Indeed, there is a story common in Alert Bay that at one time a tribe of enemies were invited to "potlatch" and treacherously slain, a man at a time, as they entered the house through the beak, the arrangement being such that no

Indian on the outside knew what was happening till he received his death wound. The entire number of guests were thus wiped out.

Standing before the bird, mystery shrouding the crude mechanism, you feel that it was designed for some such *coup d'etat* as the one cited. It is so simple and so subtle withal. Every time you see an Indian pass it, stolid and reserved he seems to glance that way with satisfaction. Proud that here among his people should be a device that holds the interest of the *white* man, to the extent of repeated



Indian Woman Dressing Fish

visits, if his stay in the neighbourhood be for long. The times assure us that the treacherous "feast-of-blood" will never be repeated. Yet the potlatch survives and who, even of the Indians, knows if the diabolical spirit of the bird is dead?

It is not altogether the natural scenery that weaves the mystery and charm for the visitor to Alert Bay, but rather those unfathomable things, sometimes, intangible things, which having no articulate voice yet speak with marvellous power to every generation and I suppose *have* so spoken since the dawn of time. One day as we were looking the "Thunder-bird"

in the eye trying to read his secret, a group of little Indian boys toyed nearby with their bows and arrows, and presently another lad came out of a "community house" with "*his* family" coffee-pot, which he set up on a post for a target. Soon the twang of the bow-strings and the tinkle of the falling coffee-pot spoke eloquently of the quality of the youngsters' marksmanship. Over against the sea-edge of the boardwalk a group of men and fat *kloochmans* (squaws) squatted on logs, watching the tableaux and giving a deep, satisfied grunt every time the coffee-pot was shot from its perch.



The Interior of a Community-house at Alert Bay

To the Indian—whose ancestors fought the giant sulphur-bottom, single-handed, on his own ground, and invented the Thunder-bird's wily beak to trap the foe—skill in the use of the bow and arrow even to-day is of far more value than any coffee-pot ever made! At least the Indian mind is not *hindered* by little things! Marksmanship is still the perfection of acquirements to him. All his training hitherto has been along such lines. It is in his blood. But in these days he turns his skill to different ends. He is broad and big in his conception of nationality now, where formerly it was the "tribe" that was the biggest

concept of his days. To-day the Alert Bay Indian almost reverences the privileges of nationality! The British flag means so big a thing to him that when at death he now consents to be buried in the ground instead of being put far up in one of the giant trees in some old box or trunk made too short for his six feet unless doubled up once or twice, he usually has one and sometimes two or three handsome British flags set up over his grave on a pole or an overhanging tree—a rich bit of colour among the dark green pines. What faith in the flag and in its conquering ability to drive away evil spirits! Day and night, year



Indian Women Making Trusses for Salmon

in and year out, above that lone grave in the mists "the flag is still there"—waving above great painted whales, giant kingfishers, yellow moths and other symbols of name and place.

In keeping with this loyal spirit is "the roll of honour" hanging on the little English church door!

An honour roll on which the names of red men and white commingle! Some of the volunteers have already made "the supreme sacrifice" "somewhere in France," and are now taking their long sleep under the poppies in Flanders; and here, as at home, "the flag is still there," with its deeper significance for the red man than

ever before. For with his life's blood he has bought the right to add it, a new theme, to his family totem.

A splendid work is being done among the Alert Bay Indians by both the Government and the Church. The Indian agent here is a hardy Ontario Scotsman, who understands the red man and has won his confidence to a splendid degree. "'Tis true," he himself assured us, "they still live in the community-house. But I'm not sure," he added with characteristic Scotch humour, "but what the hole in the roof gives better ventilation than the window, in the pretty cottage, that's never opened."

The work of the minister and his assistant teachers in the boys' school, and the English women giving their lives to work among the girls, is another fine medium for developing patriotism in the Indians here and to the north. Indian children appear at these schools from "anywhere up Arctic way" and on their arrival are frequently suffering from troublesome diseases, of which they must be cured before anything can be done for them from the teaching point of view.

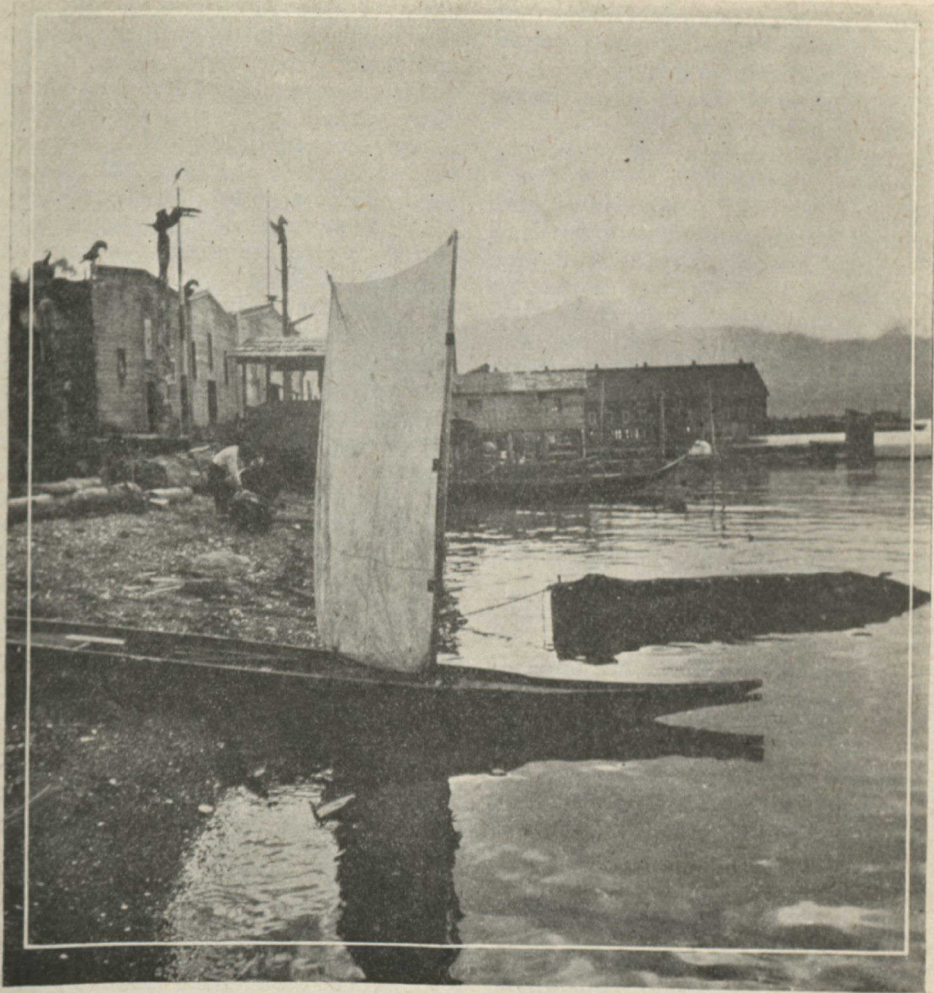
The kindness and skill of the teacher in such cases does much to win the love and respect of whole tribes whom she has never seen and probably never will. On the other hand, the Indians have never seen her, but in their minds these teachers belong to the flag—the big scarlet flag that they love, and that is enough.

The teacher in charge of the Indian Girls' School at Alert is the oldest daughter of an English colonel of the Imperial army, a man who, in his prime, superintended the construction of one or two forts which in their day were rated as "Keys of Empire". She considers her life well spent here and although she and her father are separated by vast distances, they are united in the national service; and I take it the old colonel is as proud of his daughter and her work as of his forts. Here at school the future "chiefs" and "braves" and squaws of tribes-to-be learn to speak "the mother tongue", English, *the* language of the world, with passable fluency. Though often coming from far-distant sections of the Northland they cannot understand or speak each other's dialect—a fact rather surprising to the casual visitor, who is apt to fall into the error of thinking all Indians speak the same language.

Sunday at Alert Bay offers rare opportunities to the visitor. Dropping in to church in the morning, it is indeed a novel service one happens on. All the old familiar prayers and hymns in the strange tongue that

seems to express only k, w and a sounds! After church an incoming steamer with passengers from the North offers a very satisfactory excuse for a stroll along "Totem Avenue", where Indians of all ages sit sunning themselves, or are arriving and departing in family groups in the *kayak* to visit some distant settlement far up the Nimkisk. The young folk in their civilized and rather good, if somewhat bright-coloured "Sunday bests", are all down on the Cannery pier, seeing the crowd come off the boat. The older women, not caring for such "modern proceedings", paddle off alone in *kayaks* to gather driftwood from the opposite shores of the bay; the shore-edge of the tree-cemetery being an excellent "catch" for the "chips" that are the gift of the sea.

But it is the Indian of the weekday, the Indian going about his "business", that spells the most interest after all. A stroll along the boardwalk then reveals sights that have to do with subjects of world-wide interest like food supplies and women at work. For it is the Indian woman (*kloochman*) who does the work, as board-walk scenes so frequently demonstrate. A group of squaws—bending low, heads together—on the grass at the front door of a cottage are trussing up a dozen juicy salmon between home-made frames of clean pine-sticks. A little nearby shack, from every crevice of which an acrid smell proceeds, proclaims the "smoke-house". A proper fire is revealed every time the crude door swings on its creaking hinge to admit another fish to the council of its peers. A little farther along an old squaw sits crouched on a shawl on a float under the wet pier-head, cleaning, opening and splitting salmon from a loaded *kayak*. Every now and then talking to herself, she works away with a will. While you, looking on from above, wish you understood enough of her guttural talk to tell whether she herself was the Izaak Walton of this good catch or whether it was her



Indian Kayak on the Beach, Alert Bay, Drying the Primitive Sail

lord and master, who has walked off and left her all the dirty work of preparing the fish while he squats on the bench, in the little summer house that forms part of the sea wall, and smokes.

Farther along the beach many little smoke-houses sweat and smoke—veritable volcanoes of the trade! For it is part of the life that every cottage and community-house should “smoke” its own winter supply of salmon. In the community-houses the fish is hung to smell and smoke anew over the perpetual flame that

burns on the open hearth in the middle of the floor.

Such an odour of fish as greets the nostrils of a cellar at the door of one of these community-houses! It takes courage to cross that threshold, and if in the middle of your call the chef of one of the many families, reaching aloft to the cross-pole from which the fish hangs, brings down a piece to cook over the altar fire, the smells which went before are as nothing to the vile odours now filling the room and lifting themselves to heaven through the hole in the roof.

In the community-house no one seems to mind, but all squat around in the semi-darkness and smoke, hugging knees and drawing on pipes, gazing in meditative silence at some old fellow stirring a pot of boiling rice perched in the elbow of the burning stump, with a wooden spoon, blackened and polished with age, and of a pattern suggesting the unearthed treasures of Thebes. Over at one side of the room, in a compartment partitioned off by cracker-boxes and blowing curtains, and all open on the side facing the fire, sits an aged woman, claiming to be a hundred years at least, and how much older—who can tell?—weaving pretty little baskets to sell to visitors from the boats. Despite her great age, the old woman has all her faculties and is really an interesting personality, dyeing some of the roots and straw and weaving fancy patterns into her basketry. In the “room” on the opposite side of the cracker-box partition, another woman kneels before a crude loom, on which hangs a half-woven blanket.

From out the gloom of distance the man interested in the rice fetches an armful of sticks and under their influence the fire leaps into a big blaze, revealing more “compartments” in which women work, or sick children lie in bed looking wistfully at the leaping fire. In some “enclosures” no one is at home, but outside on the boardwalk in the dusk of the evening, wending our way homeward to our room in the old Mission-house, we often meet the squaws returning from the woods, large hand-woven baskets of scarlet huckleberries, neatly covered with cool sprigs of evergreen, strapped to their backs by hand-embroidered bands of wampum. Next morning little pats of drying fruit, set breast-high on a clean pine board on a post between the sea and the boardwalk, with a man’s hat and coat hung over them to scare off the crows, of which there are great numbers at Alert Bay, give one an inkling that even the Indian woman has heard the

echo of the “Preserve or Perish” slogan of her more southern sisters and is doing her “bit”.

No one goes to Alert Bay and comes away without paying a visit to “Old Kitty”—a rheumy old soul squatting on the floor of a tiny cabin whose open door adjoins the boardwalk. Kitty loves tobacco! Her heart goes out to anyone bringing a present of the weed. Kitty also confirms one’s faith in the Indian woman’s jam-making ability. Jars, bottles, bowls, old cracked cups and mugs, old spoutless teapots, etc., all overflowing with stewed fruit, stare at you from all directions. Tables and chairs are not popular with the average Indian. Kitty, squatting on the floor, pipe in mouth, has all her possessions scattered around her on the floor. The jam-pots flank the little floor-bed, outline the rude little pillows, are marshalled four-square against the mop-boards, and others more timid or worse cracked than their fellows are propped up behind the little old stove, itself dropping to pieces! Apparently Kitty is a happy old soul, with a great capacity for jam. One is puzzled to know how she gets sugar enough for it all, until learning that Kitty picks up a living by mending socks and stockings—everybody’s in town, from the minister’s down, at five cents a pair.

But Alert Bay food-producing and economy in food do not begin and end with Indians. The white man here takes a big hand along these lines. The salmon cannery collects fish for the home market and for shipment “abroad” from motor-boat and *kayak* alike. The lumber-mill makes fish-boxes for the Canadian Pacific coast and with its “waste” the great mill warms the whole village without distinction of colour, setting free much coal for use in other parts of the country where wood is not to be had.

Wireless, too, does its share from its place on the top of the hill above the totems, to keep open and “safe” the navigation up and down this dangerous coast for ships carrying cop-

per and fish—both war commodities.

For all emergencies there is a good-sized hospital. Here lumberjacks, meeting with an accident in felling or handling the giant trees and timber which in ships is helping to set at nought submarines and give to Canada a mercantile marine, are brought for medical treatment and care.

Alert Bay on account of its situation is a meeting-place for all sorts of interesting people. There is only one hotel and that, picturesquely enough, is the old Mission-house, which with its huge timbered ceilings and tales of early days and Indians would fill a book. Here over the crackling fire roaring in the great chimney-place "trail-beaters" for the woods, mines or fisheries succeed each other in endless procession, yarning of experiences, as they wait for steamer "up" or "down". Canadian history in the making. Yarns that are world-history, too. For men from this "company—from the hinterlands" of British Columbia and Alaska who sat here by the fire often enough in the old days are now "somewhere over there", and these comrades staying behind, with every stroke of the axe and load of shovel are keeping open "the lines of communications".

Truly the currents and cross-currents, as well as undercurrents, of life here are fast finding out, and that is what lends atmosphere to this niche in the coast. If it lacked these mysterious happenings and these out-of-the-ordinary people, it would have no more charm than dozens of other places one could name. Life never is dull here, where action is the keynote and where extremes are always meeting. Alert Bay is an outpost truly Canadian, truly British. Therefore one is not surprised here on stepping into the rectory drawing-room to come upon a bit of our social life at its best. The rector's wife pouring tea for several of the teachers—the doctor who has dropped in from the hospital, a visiting minister and wife from the mainland, the cannery

operator's bride, etc. Over the tea-cups the usual interesting talk, and then one by one a knitter takes her needles in hand and we sit around the fire talking war and victory bonds.

A visit to the Indian agent's attractive home, redolent of cosy comfort, produces an equally good cup of tea and reminiscences of interest connected with the Indians for the past quarter of a century.

At the Mission-house there's the scholarly old Scotsman of the clan MacLean and his wife "Becky", always ready with a story and tea, and making a real home at the old mission for the men who are carving Canada's fortunes out of the northern wilderness. Indeed, you may sip your five o'clock tea in as cosy and homelike drawing-rooms and from as delicate china in Alert Bay as anywhere in Canada; which, considering its remoteness, speaks well for those who are *holding* this "outpost" of the red men with totem pedigrees! The Indians need and deserve a high standard. With their "family" they have an idea of what's what, and who's who. No one stands more on his "dignity" than the Indian! One Sunday afternoon we were received by the present "chief" and his wife. They live in a neat cottage, furnished with chairs, tables and rugs and having family portraits on the walls. At our request the chief donned his handsome "court" coat, covered with symbols of great snakes, bears and eagles wrought in bead. Courteously he explained the significance of each emblem. He also brought out a handsomely carved "speech-pole", taller than himself, and showed with pride the "copper", which is the most important emblem of office. For the "copper" he paid five hundred dollars.

The chief speaks very good English, is a pillar in the church, and enjoys a potlatch. In other words, he is a man of parts.

The potlatch is a "giving-away" feast among the Indians. Wishing to impress the tribes with the importance of himself and family, some

man announces a potlatch. Frequently he spends thousands of dollars on his gift—hundreds of sacks of flour or as many blankets as will reach from one totem to another half a mile away. China and glassware, pots and pans are favourite gifts. A roaring fire in a selected community-house, guests in costume, a wild-man hunt, "braves" dancing and a good wild time, lasting sometimes for several months. A sort of winter carnival. On the most important night the chief, donning his robes, enters, speech-pole in hand, and makes an address to his people. On these occasions he is accompanied by his wife and son, the latter wearing a robe embroidered in design with many pearl buttons, and on his head a heavy crown of yew-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ornamented with sea-lion whiskers.

The potlatch, however barbaric in its dances and roaring fires and flickering lights and shadows, is now within civilized bounds when compared with the traditions of those of the long ago. The Indian is now beginning to see other more profitable ways for investing money. With his wider knowledge comes a moderation of old habits. They do not now "potlatch" every year. The young folk are not enthusiastic, having other ambitions. Their friends and brothers are now "overseas" in that strange, rare, old world of Europe. Who knows what new ideas of life are taking root with every word that trickles to this people of the coast from their "boys" at the front? The Alert Bay Indians have

never seen a train full of returned soldiers coming in, or a ship with men from overseas dock at Halifax, but they have a glimpse now and then of British naval authority in the rattle of a gunboat's chains coming to anchor in the little bay. None know whence these little boats come or whither they go, but while in port the gray hull and shining brass, angled-cannon, hour-bells and bugle calls are tangible proofs to them of that larger fleet which keeps England "Mistress of the Seas" and the Hun navy bottled up in the Baltic.

They know, these "braves" of the "family tree", that the son of their agent, who lived down the "Avenue" and played with their lads as a boy, fought in the navy at Gallipoli. They know that their sons and brothers were at Ypres with the rector's sons, who will never come back.

In these times of stress it is comforting to realize that the Government's confidence in the coastal Indian has not been misplaced. For not only is he doing service abroad, adding fresh glory on the battle-fields of France to the "totems" which are a landmark, not alone to his own people, but to the entire Pacific coast, but at home he is a food-producer, when it comes to salmon, of no mean accomplishments. And salmon, be it known, is a "ration" in the trenches.

The *kloochmans*, too, cheerfully lend a hand at home with the fish. They are equally good knitters and jam-makers, and they have given their sons along with other "mothers of Canada and the Empire".



A BIRTHDAY BALLADE

(TO CHARLIE)

By ALFRED GORDON

"I SHALL never, never grow old!"
Have your way, my lad, have your way!
'Tis only old fogies that hold
We crumble to dust, and decay.
In vain I cry out to you, "Stay!
Remember the years and their rue!
The world was not made for mere play!"—
For I once had the same visions too!

"All I touch shall turn into gold!"
Well, it may, my lad, well it may!
'Tis a tale that's so often been told,
It surely must happen some day!
And, indeed, if you think of it, pray,
Why shouldn't it happen to you?
To such logic 'tis hard to cry nay—
For I once had the same visions too!

"My fame round the world shall be rolled!"
So you say, my lad, so you say!
"Though the sun and the stars shall grow cold,
It shall echo for ever and aye!"
Ah, yes! Though perpetual gray
Has clouded me half my life through,
In vain on such dreams I inveigh—
For I once had the same visions too!

Envoi

Health and wealth and fame, then, undoled,
Be yours, lad, whatever you do!
Ah, what though I crumble to mould—
For I once had the same visions too!

MARRIAGE IN EARLY UPPER CANADA

BY THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL



O those who from duty or curiosity have been led to examine the voluminous correspondence, official and private, of the early days of this Province, it seems almost paradoxical to speak of the scarcity of paper in those days; but notwithstanding the early erection of paper mills, paper was scarce and dear. Good, it undoubtedly was, and with the finish due to handwork and rag material, for the invention of Robert did not make its advent in this Province till well on in the 19th century. This scarcity has been the cause of the preservation of records of great antiquarian and sometimes of historical value. For example, some of the records of the Court of Common Pleas for the Western part of the Province when Detroit was part of Canada, and the Judge lived there, have been preserved because the Clerk of the Court of King's Bench at York (Toronto) in 1828 wanted a book in which to keep the minutes of that Court, and utilized the blank pages of the old Record of the Court of Common Pleas for the District of Hesse.

Another and perhaps even more interesting record was preserved because the Clerk of the Peace at Kingston, in 1813, wanted a book in which to keep the records of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the Midland District, and

he utilized the blank leaves of an old Register no longer of use.

There were only four entries in the register; few as they are, they throw a flood of light on the state of affairs in the first years of the existence of the Province.

David McCrae swears before Richard Cartwright, junior, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the Midland District, May 29th, 1794, that he did publicly intermarry with Erie Smyth at Michilimackinac, October 13th, 1783, and he names, with the dates of their births, his living son William, and three daughters, Sophia, Frances and Amelia. Erie Smyth (signing her name in that way) swears to the same facts before George McBeath, Justice of the Peace at L'Assumption (now Sandwich) June 18th, 1794. Then "Richard Cartwright, junior, of Kingston, Esquire", swears before Thomas Markland, Justice of the Peace, May 30th, 1794, at Kingston, that he did publicly intermarry with Magdalen Secord at Niagara, "on or about" October 19th, 1784, and he names his living children James, Richard and Hanah; and Magdalen Cartwright swears the same at the same time.

At the time these marriages were contracted the French-Canadian law was in force not only at Niagara but at Michilimackinac—the English law in civil matters had been repealed by the Quebec Act in 1774, and by the

same Act the boundaries of the Province had been enlarged so as to take in all of what is now Ontario and the present Michigan. Marriage was in French Canada a matter of canonical law; to be a valid civil marriage there must be a religious marriage; and the decree of the Superior Council of June 12th, 1741, enjoined the cures to observe the canon law strictly in marriage. By the canon law a marriage to be valid required the presence of a priest. The English law was equally strict—at that time and for sometime after the presence of a clergyman of the Church of England (before the Reformation, of a priest) was necessary.

In the new country it was generally impossible to secure the presence of a priest of either communion; but Love laughs at locksmiths and at law.

Young people appealed to the principle of necessity which proverbially knows no law; remembering the fire-side law that the captain of a ship might perform the ceremony of marriage on his ship when on the high seas, they applied to the commanding officers of the military posts, to magistrates, to adjutants and even to surgeons at the posts acting as chaplains to perform the ceremony—and it was performed accordingly. Some of those so married took care on their return to civilization to have the ceremony regularly performed: for example Captain James Mathew Hamilton, whose descendants we yet have among us, was married at Michilimackinac to Louisa Mitchell, daughter of Dr. David Mitchell, Surgeon-General to the Indian Department there, the father performing the ceremony. On their arrival at Niagara they found the Rev. Robert Addison, a clergyman of the Church of England there and were remarried by him. The register (which was Mr. Addison's own but became that of St. Mark's Church) reads, "August 24th, 1792, Captain James Hamilton to Louisa Mitchell his wife. They had been married by some commanding

officer or magistrate and thought it more decent to have the office repeated". The Hamiltons were great favourites with our first Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe and his wife. The English law in civil matters was re-introduced in this Province in 1792 and it is dangerous to attempt to apply the doctrine of necessity to English law.

Richard Cartwright, junior, who had been appointed a member of the Legislative Council, was strongly impressed with the peril attached to these irregular marriages—his own was one of them—and he in the Second Session of the First Parliament in 1793 introduced a bill to validate all such marriages. This passed the Council without difficulty, but in the House of Assembly it was amended so as to authorize the ministers of other communions than the Anglican to perform the marriage ceremony for their own people. This amendment was not accepted—a conference was held by Cartwright, Peter Russell (afterwards Administrator of the Government of Upper Canada) and Commodore Grant (who died at a great age through his exertions in the war of 1812), representing the Council and Macomb, Campbell and Van-Alstine, representing the Assembly. The Commoners withdrew the amendments on the positive assurance that representations would be made to the Home Government in favour of non-Anglicans, and that the matter would be put on a liberal footing at the following Session.

The Act was passed and became law; it provided that all marriages theretofore contracted before any magistrate or commanding officer of a post, or adjutant, or surgeon of a regiment acting as chaplain, or any other person in any public office or employment should be valid. Persons who had contracted such marriages might preserve testimony by making within three years an affidavit in the form given, with the dates of the births of their surviving children, if any, and

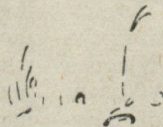
these affidavits the Clerk of the Peace was to enter and record in a register to be kept by him for the purpose.

For the future until there should be at least five "parsons or ministers of the Church of England" in any District—there were then four Districts in Upper Canada—a magistrate might marry after having put up a notice in the most public place of the township or parish and waited until three Sundays had elapsed.

Simcoe did not like the Act. He loved and honoured his church only less (if less) than his King: he desired the establishment of the Church of England and was indignant that it should even be suggested that ministers of another church should have the power to marry. Cartwright, strongly attached to his own church as he was, could not think it wise to give to that Church the same exclusive advantages "in a community composed of every religious denomination where nineteen-twentieths were of persuasions different from the Church of Eng-

land". This was made one of the grounds for Simcoe's outrageous charge that Cartwright was a Republican—at that time in Upper Canada a sin of rather deeper dye than stealing and equivalent to a charge at the present time of being a pro-German and a leader of the I.W.W.

Petitions asking for an Act giving others the same rights as Church of England "parsons or ministers" were treated by Simcoe with lofty scorn; he said that he thought it proper to say that he looked upon the petition as the product of a wicked head and a disloyal heart: and it was not till 1798 when Simcoe had gone home that any measure of relief was given, and then only to the Church of Scotland, Lutherans and Calvinists. The clergy of nearly all churches received the power in 1830, and all in 1857; the Salvationists in 1896; but Methodists and Baptists felt the strong hand of the law before their communions were placed on a par with some others.



REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

V.—THE PRESS AND THE PRESS GALLERY



IN 1886, after prorogation of the Legislature, I was sent to Ottawa. But during the few weeks that I was in the Press Gallery towards the close of the Parliamentary session I wrote only occasional letters to *The Globe*, with a few editorials and editorial paragraphs. The immediate object, as Mr. Cameron explained, was that I should have opportunity to study Parliament in session and to establish with the Liberal leaders at Ottawa such a working relation as I had secured with the leaders of the Liberal party in the Legislature. A year later I entered the Press Gallery as *The Globe's* special Parliamentary correspondent. It was an honour to belong to that Gallery, although I would be sorry to suggest a comparison unfavourable to any other group of journalists which have represented or which now represent the press of Canada in the House of Commons. The traditions of the Press Gallery are singularly honourable and have been worthily maintained. No greater distinction comes to a Canadian journalist than to be chosen to represent an influential newspaper at Ottawa. I look back to my years in the Gallery as the most happy and interesting of my life, as desirable and enviable through association with the Gallery itself as through any intimate rela-

tion with political leaders or any necessary identification with the strategy of parties.

There began an instant friendship with Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, which for more than thirty years has been firmly rooted and deeply cherished. In that friendship there has been not only enduring pleasure, but continuous advantage. No man has greater knowledge of the sources of Canadian history, the constitutional evolution of the Empire, the complex influences which make this a hard country to govern, the underlying forces which in seasons of crisis restore the balance of sanity and authority. Between Dr. Colquhoun and myself in the consideration of public questions there has been as much of conflict as of concord, as much of difference as of agreement, but we could always so temper ferocity with mercy that personal relations were unaffected. I know that this should not be said until Dr. Colquhoun is dead, but I may not be here, and the word of tribute may be neglected.

Mr. R. S. White, once member of the Commons for Cardwell, for many years Collector of Customs at Montreal, and now again writing for *The Montreal Gazette*, was perhaps the most authoritative and distinguished member of the Gallery in the eighties. If he had less natural genius for a public career than his father, Sir

Thomas White, he was as great a journalist. In handling the intricate and mysterious questions of money, exchange and finance he has had no equal among journalists in Canada save Mr. Edward Farrer. He did his work with amazing ease and celerity. The product was always lucid and finished. He spoke with the authority of knowledge and with remarkable freedom from prejudice or partisanship. If he was never uncertain in his political attitude he reasoned with such moderation and discretion that the effect was persuasive and powerful. When Mr. White was a candidate in Cardwell I ventured in *The Globe* not only to extol his personal qualities, but to suggest that he had exceptional qualifications for Parliamentary service. I was made to understand that there were Liberals in Cardwell who were not grateful for my rash candour. The editorial was distributed as a campaign leaflet by the Conservative committee. I had no thought of disloyalty to the Opposition candidate, nor did I suggest that Mr. White should be elected. But I never could think that a political contest was a personal quarrel or that political differences should affect personal relations. It is curious that public men who habitually compliment opponents resent any generous references by friendly newspapers to the candidates or achievements of the party to which they are opposed. In this attitude there is a suggestion that the press is subordinate to the political leaders and may not be gracious without admonition nor generous without rebuke.

I met Mr. White in the lobby while the bells were ringing for the division on Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution which committed the Liberal party in 1888 to unrestricted reciprocity. He intimated that we would know in a few minutes if the ranks of either party would be broken and suggested an exchange of confidences. When I agreed he declared that not a single Conservative would vote with the Opposition. I had to tell him that the

Opposition was less fortunate since Mr. James Livingstone, of South Waterloo, would go with the Government. But what was anticipated did not happen. Mr. Livingstone, who had resisted all persuasion to support Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution, intended also to oppose the Government's amendment. When the amendment was carried, however, the Opposition agreed with surprising alacrity to have the main motion defeated on the same division. Thus Mr. Livingstone had no opportunity to vote on the Cartwright resolution, and failing a personal explanation was registered in its support. While displeased at the manoeuvre by which he had been entrapped, he agreed to keep silence for the time, and I doubt if his true position ever was disclosed. Mr. White understood and I was so confident he would reveal nothing that I never even spoke to him again on the subject.

One of my close friends in the Gallery was Mr. C. H. Cahan, who represented *The Halifax Herald*, was afterwards leader of the Conservative party in Nova Scotia, and finally turned to business with financial results far more satisfactory than accrue from journalism or politics. But he cannot altogether eschew politics, for he was a Unionist candidate in Quebec in the last general election. In the Gallery, too, was Dr. S. D. Scott, whom I first met at Halifax thirty-four years ago. Not less distinguished among Eastern journalists than Honourable J. V. Ellis, he has won equal distinction in British Columbia, where for many years now he has interpreted the East to the West and counseled wisely in social and educational movements. In much of Dr. Scott's writing there is an ironic pungency, which is very searching, a furtive satire not always detected, but which strikes with mortal effect at insincerity or pretension. I know of no writer in Canada who has a keener scent for cant or humbug or who can be so penetrating when he seems to be merely casual and uninterested.

One wonders if the Conservative leaders have understood how influential for a generation has been Dr. Scott's advocacy of the causes for which they contended or how arduous and unselfish has been his devotion to the principles which his judgment and conscience have approved.

One thinks also of Mr. George Ham, happy and companionable, fertile in devices to make life joyous, beloved by ministers, doorkeepers and pages, all alike the prey of a tongue that spared nothing, but never a shaft that would wound or a gibe with the flavour of malice. Was there ever a man with a greater capacity for friendship and fellowship, or one who received of what he gave so freely in fuller measure? Mr. W. B. Scarth represented Winnipeg when the Manitoba Government undertook to charter a railway from the American boundary in defiance of the provision in the original contract with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company which protected the road for twenty years against competition. During the debate on a motion against disallowance of the Provincial legislation Mr. Scarth received numerous despatches from influential citizens of Winnipeg demanding that he oppose disallowance and therefore oppose the Government. All the despatches were submitted to Mr. Ham by the embarrassed member, as faithful a Conservative as was Mr. Ham himself. They had many anxious consultations as to the wise course to pursue. But I wonder if Mr. Scarth ever discovered that these despatches were written in the press room by Mr. Ham himself and delivered by a messenger who was a partner in the conspiracy.

Mr. T. P. Gorman, editor of *The Ottawa Free Press*, and for a time *The Globe's* correspondent at the capital, had not much humour, but he was often caustic and incisive. During the debate on the Fisheries Treaty of 1888 a member who spoke often and at great length on many subjects was trying the Gallery be-

yond endurance when Gorman muttered: "Why doesn't the d—— fool sit down? The treaty doesn't affect him. He is more than three miles wide at the mouth." This recalls the remark of a Hansard reporter when Mr. Blake was making a speech of four or five hours' duration on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The colleague by whom he was relieved at the reporters' table, in order to be certain that the report would be complete and continuous, whispered, "Where is he at?" The answer came with energy and emphasis, "He is on the south branch of the Saskatchewan, running down grade and going like h——".

In those days there was fierce rivalry between the morning newspapers of Toronto. The Gallery correspondents as distinguished from the shorthand writers were Mr. Fred Cook for *The Empire*, Mr. A. F. Wallis for *The Mail*, and Mr. James Maclean for *The World*, while I represented *The Globe*. *The Empire* was the official organ of the Government, and even without the advantage which this relation gave to Mr. Cook, he was a dangerous antagonist. *The Mail* was passing through a period of "splendid isolation," regarded with deep suspicion by the Government and comforted by the furtive affection of the Liberal leaders. I cannot think that Canada has ever had a greater newspaper than was *The Mail* during this period of separation from the Conservative party, nor was there ever a correspondent in the Gallery of greater industry, sounder judgment and wider, truer knowledge of public questions than Arthur Wallis. He had, too, a shrewd, bantering humour, as penetrating as it was disturbing. By a few provocative sentences he could and often did excite a furious controversy in the press room, and then quietly withdraw into himself, as if he had no interest in the contention which he had excited. Curiously enough, his humour was seldom revealed in his correspondence or editorials, nor indeed can I think that

his writing expressed his personality. Moreover, he so loved obscurity that his distinction among Canadian journalists has not, perhaps, been fully recognized. "Jim" Maclean was a brother of Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., a brilliant member of a family which has done at least as much as any other to give originality and virility to Canadian journalism.

Among other influential members of the Gallery was Mr. Molyneux St. John, of *The Montreal Herald*. Unobtrusive, agreeable, and lovable, without aggressive quality in private intercourse, and with the tastes of an English gentleman, he was by no means a political neutral nor a non-combatant in party controversy. He had the full confidence of the Liberal leaders, although it was also necessary to maintain a working relation with Honourable Peter Mitchell, who controlled *The Herald*, never neglected his own quarrels and was not always amenable to leader or caucus. It was a question whether Mr. St. John or myself would become editor of *The Globe* when Mr. John Cameron resigned. If Mr. St. John had been appointed he had the assurance that we would be loyal working comrades. We had, too, Mr. R. L. Richardson, of *The Winnipeg Tribune*, aflame with buoyant spirit and radical conviction, contemptuous of precedent and authority, and burning with the evangelical fervour which has not been exhausted. I think also of Mr. George Johnson, statistical and reminiscent; Mr. J. L. Payne, a perennial contributor to the humour of the Gallery, who had many a "scoop" at my expense when we were reporters in London; Mr. James Johnson of *The Citizen*, Mr. Marc. Sauvelle of *La Presse*, Mr. T. P. Owens, Mr. W. A. Harkins, Mr. A. C. Campbell, Mr. John Lewis, and Mr. Horace Wallis, Mr. Robert McLeod, who has made the Gallery his eternal home, "Mack", who was the friend of us all; Mr. Roden Kingsmill, Mr. John Garvin and Mr. W. J. Healey, all three young, eager and brilliant; Captain Chambers, a sol-

dier, but not yet a colonel or a censor, and Mr. Alexander Pirie, for one session only. Later there came "Pica" Kribs, devoted to "the party", belligerent when his idols were defamed, but so abounding in human kindness that his partisan ferocity had the flavour of comedy. During the "scandal session" of 1891, although I was then editor of *The Globe*, I went down to Ottawa for a few weeks to stimulate the "tumult and the shouting" by a series of special despatches. My first despatch began with the words, "Chaos has come." In *The Empire* Mr. Kribs insisted that this was a personal notice of my arrival at the capital, and "Chaos" I was in his correspondence for some time afterwards. During those weeks Great Britain was convulsed by the baccarat scandal through which the future King Edward had a season of unpleasant notoriety. One night I got a telegram from Mr. Farrer, who was writing *The Globe's* editorials: "I am attacking the Prince of Wales to-morrow. Come home at once or you will not have a friend left." These, perhaps, are trivial recollections, but such incidents relieved the asperities of conflict as they recall associations that were very pleasant, but, alas are very remote.

It is not easy now to realize the handicaps against which an Opposition correspondent had to contend at Ottawa thirty years ago. It was difficult, if not impossible, to secure information from the public departments. All appointments and statements of policy were reserved for the party organs. Very often the correspondents of friendly journals had access to blue books and returns before they were submitted to Parliament. Thus their despatches would be in the telegraph office before less favoured rivals could examine the reports. Once I made a personal appeal to Honourable G. E. Foster for equal treatment. There was much public interest in the negotiations at Washington which resulted in the Fisheries Treaty of 1888,

and I was anxious to have the report in advance of its presentation to Parliament or as soon as it was laid upon the table. I called upon the Minister at his house and pleaded for consideration. My argument, as I remember, was that I represented an important newspaper, that the report was of exceptional public interest, that I had no other desire than to interpret its contents and conclusions fairly and intelligently, that there was no advantage to the Government in a system which discriminated against Liberal correspondents, and that the press, regardless of party, should have equal access to public documents and the public departments. The Minister suggested, with smiling courtesy, that my request was unusual, but that possibly my position was not unreasonable nor my argument unconvincing. I did not get the report before it was laid on the table, nor did I expect that degree of consideration, but I did get a copy shortly after it was presented, and so far as I ever knew I was treated as fairly as the Conservative correspondents. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into office in 1896 I advised against the perpetuation of a system which was essentially petty in spirit and vexatious in practice, which recognized a party interest in public information, and which I believed was of no advantage to the Government and of positive disadvantage to the country. Under the Laurier Government all newspapers were accorded equal treatment, and the example was followed by Sir James Whitney when the Conservative leaders obtained office in Ontario.

In those old days there were practically no social relations between Conservatives and Liberals at the capital. It is said that Sir John Macdonald rarely if ever invited a Liberal to his table. Only at Rideau Hall was there any common social intercourse between Ministerialists and Oppositionists. Mr. Alonzo Wright, "the King of the Gatineau", had a soul which would not be confined within the narrow walls of party, and once

a year he gave a dinner at his house in the country at which unity and concord prevailed and where there was as much eating as men could survive and wines royal in quality but restricted in quantity to the exercise of a gracious and decorous hospitality. Few followed his example. The unbelievers were rejected. To be out of office was to be out of the world, or as far out of the world as the official element could drive the army of the aliens. In this there is no sense of grievance, for I was unknown, a working journalist, as uninterested in the social life of the capital as in the lost tribes of Israel.

Sir Charles Tupper first attacked the walls of partition. He came back from London, where he was High Commissioner for Canada, to assist in the general election of 1887, as he came again to support Sir John Macdonald in his last contest. Sir Charles Tupper's private secretary was Mr. C. C. Chipman, afterwards Hudson's Bay Commissioner at Winnipeg, who, with knowledge of British practice, insisted that statements and documents affecting the Department of Finance should be furnished simultaneously to representatives alike of Liberal and Conservative newspapers. In this he was supported by Sir Charles Tupper, who may indeed have been responsible for the new regulation, since we had many evidences that he was anxious to extend decent consideration to Opposition correspondents. Probably he was affected by his London experiences, and possibly the representations which I made through Mr. Chipman, with whom I had very friendly relations, may have had some effect. It is certain that I took full advantage of the connection which I was able to establish with the Department of Finance, and that in my despatches to *The Globe* such information as I obtained was not distorted or interlarded with partisan comment. It may even be that the Minister of Finance was treated with greater leniency than his colleagues, who kept the door closed against Lib-

eral correspondents. From Sir Charles Tupper I had the only invitation to dinner that I ever received from a Conservative Minister while I was a member of the Press Gallery. The thing was so amazing that I hesitated to accept without authority from the office. I telegraphed to *The Globe* and was assured that acceptance would not be treated as a betrayal of the Opposition.

I had a working relation with a Conservative member through which I was able occasionally to forecast ministerial policy and even to announce impending Cabinet changes in advance of the official organs. We entered into no compact, but he was not neglected. In my despatches he was the subject of many friendly references and often I was censured at Liberal headquarters over my apparent infatuation for this particular member. But if I got, I had to give. Neither of us committed any venal offence, and there was mutual advantage in the understanding. So far as I know the relation never was suspected, nor will there now be any fuller confession. Sir Hibbert Tupper was among the first to follow the example of his father in mellowing social relations between the parties and in reasonable treatment of Opposition newspapers. I have never thought that it was a political advantage to the younger Tupper to be the son of his father. That, I think, was the common judgment of the Press Gallery, and no man of any considerable length of service in Parliament ever imposes upon the Gallery or gets less than justice in the press room. Its estimate of public men is not greatly coloured by partisanship nor affected even by advocacy of unpopular causes. Any man to whom the Gallery yields its final favour has in his bosom the roots of sincerity and integrity and may safely challenge the judgment of posterity. In this the Gallery may not agree, but I have always thought that if there had been no disruption under Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and if Sir Charles Tupper had not succeed-

ed to an estate in Chancery, Sir Hibbert would have been leader of the Conservative party.

Honourable N. Clarke Wallace, too, during my term of service in the Gallery, would not tolerate any ostracism of Liberal correspondents. He was chairman of the committee which investigated trade combinations, and when the report was ready insisted that the Liberal newspapers should have copies as early as their Conservative contemporaries. But Mr. Wallace was essentially fair-minded, resolute and courageous. No man could be more generous in every private relation or more uncompromising in political conflict. A man of fundamental convictions, he hated the meretricious pretension and fawning subservience which distinguish the politician from the statesman. There was more of quality in Mr. Wallace than his opponents recognized, and greater capacity perhaps than the country has ever understood. I had many an angry controversy with Liberal politicians because I held to this estimate of Mr. Wallace against every persuasion and protest. In *The Globe* my regard for Mr. Wallace was often expressed, and at many meetings of the Committee on Discipline I was reproached and condemned. But when Mr. Wallace resigned office and became an ally of the Opposition in the long Parliamentary struggle over the Remedial Bill, designed to re-establish separate schools in Manitoba, the Liberal group discovered virtues in Mr. Wallace which they had not suspected, or at least had not acknowledged. One of my first appearances on a political platform was at a joint meeting where Mr. Wallace was the chief Conservative speaker, and I was saved only by his mercy from abject discomfiture and humiliation.

From the first I had an inveterate distaste for the slander and scandal of politics. No doubt I offended often, but in the offending I was not happy. Nothing is more fatuous than the notion that a newspaper may not correct an error or express regret for mis-

representation or misjudgment. Early in the session of 1887, when I had been only a few days in the Gallery, a severe attack was made on Mr. J. C. Patterson, of Essex, over an alleged transaction, which I need not explain. Mr. Patterson, who was not in the House when he was indicted, next day made a statement which I thought was a complete and conclusive refutation of the charges. When the House rose I sought out Sir Richard Cartwright, explained that in my despatch to *The Globe* I had joined in the attack on Mr. Patterson, that I thought he had been badly treated, and that I desired to say so without reserve or equivocation. Sir Richard suggested that a confession was unnecessary and would be awkward, because if I acquitted Mr. Patterson I would indirectly censure the Liberal members who were responsible for the charges. He admitted, however, that the charges were clearly disproved and at length agreed that I might explain and withdraw any censure that my despatch had expressed. A few days afterwards I had a letter from Mr. Patterson, in which he declared that my action was without precedent in his political experience.

I had more serious trouble over a friendly reference to Honourable Mackenzie Bowell. Shortly after *The Globe* in which this reference appeared was distributed in the buildings I entered the Liberal headquarters, unconscious of offence, but was instantly assailed by a group of Liberal members in language that was neither complimentary nor restrained. In degree as I was humble and apologetic the violence increased. My chief assailant was a Liberal member from Central Ontario, who declared that for years the Liberals of Hastings had fought Mr. Bowell, that he deserved neither consideration nor compassion, that any word said in his praise in *The Globe* was treason to the Liberal party, and that I had come to Ottawa, a stranger, without political experience or knowledge of Mr. Bowell's character, and with feeble amia-

bility or arrogant self-confidence had commended a ruthless enemy in the columns of the chief party organ. When it became apparent that humility would not avail, I grew as violent as my accusers. I think, too, that I revealed a talent in invective for which they were not prepared. Before they had fully recovered from their surprise, or admiration for my picturesque vocabulary, I left the room and did not appear again in "No. 6" until three of the members who had joined in the attack came to me in the lobby with a formal apology. They even admitted that what I had said about Mr. Bowell was true enough, although they could not fully agree that it was desirable to have friendly references in *The Globe* to any member of the Government. The member who had been most severe in reprobation of my evil conduct became one of the best friends I ever had, and thereafter I believe I had the complete confidence and good-will of the Liberal Parliamentary party. Of this regard and good-will I had so many manifestations that those years at Ottawa are the portion of my life that I would be most willing to live over again.

I think of one Sabbath day in which I was engaged from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight preparing for publication the private letters which led to Mr. J. C. Rykert's expulsion from Parliament. I know who gave me the letters and how they were obtained. But I was responsible only for the despatch to *The Globe*, and its preparation was not a pleasant duty. Ever afterwards I refused to handle private letters. More than once I declined to print such letters when they were brought to *The Globe* by disloyal officials or secured by other doubtful methods. More than once I prevented publication of statements that could only hurt private reputations and serve no public object. In the Press Gallery there was a remarkable consideration for men's private faults and follies. Of what all men knew only the Press seemed to be ignorant. Moreover, so much of what was common

gossip at Ottawa was sheer, wanton slander that we were reluctant to believe even when the truth was as manifest as the daylight. Whether it be admitted or not, there is a practice of reticence and a standard of honour among journalists not less lofty than that which prevails in the legal and medical professions. Once from the platform a public man of high reputation and distinction made a savage attack upon the private character of a Conservative leader. All that he said was sent to *The Globe*, and by my order every word was suppressed. The next day the man who had made the attack came to my house to express his gratitude. He said, "I behaved like a common blackguard, and I shall never forget that you saved me from public obloquy, if not from self-contempt".

Once I entered into a conspiracy with a reporter to discover evidence that would prevent publication of a discreditable story affecting a Conservative Minister which very powerful influences had determined should appear in *The Globe*. A doubtful action, perhaps, for the story was true enough, but I am unrepentant. I have related these incidents, because this is a chapter for journalists, because I know that if I could compare my experience with that of other editors and correspondents I would find that they had done likewise, and because I am not certain that the public understands how much of restraint and reticence is commonly practised by the profession to which we belong.

In thirty years there have been revolutionary changes in journalism in Canada. The staffs of the morning newspapers have ceased to be the aristocrats of the profession. The evening newspapers have equal authority and equal circulation. They have as complete news services; they have as much individuality and distinction. But when I was in the Press Gallery *The Montreal Star* alone among afternoon journals compared favourably with the morning newspapers. There is a common notion that party feeling has

been less acute and party hostilities less implacable, but I doubt if this was true either in the press or in Parliament until the Union Government was organized. As it was in Canada so it was in Great Britain. We have, however, passed out of the era of corporate domination in the press and in politics. It may be that the day of deliverance was long in coming, but that it has come is beyond dispute. A generation ago it required courage for a newspaper to attack a great railway or a group of capitalists. Now it requires even greater courage to defend corporate and financial interests even when these are assailed by mercenaries and demagogues who mouth duty and patriotism, but practise personal or political blackmail. The last condition is better than the first, but neither is ideal.

It is often said that the press declines in prestige and authority. There may be loss of prestige with the few, but there is increase of authority with the many. A century ago the newspaper was read chiefly by the educated and governing classes. These in great degree did their own thinking. They had knowledge of the facts of history and the science of government. They could reject misinformation and penetrate fallacious and mischievous reasoning. Now, however, the newspaper enters every household. It thinks for those who do not think for themselves. It reaches the multitude who are not instructed in social, economic or political science, who have meagre knowledge of the experiences of other generations, who have faith in the omnipotence of statutes and the power of governments over natural laws and inevitable human tendencies.

In proportion as we widen the franchise we enlarge the body of uninstructed voters. There are those who seem to think that the child of the twentieth century is born with the inherited wisdom of the ages. The truth is that man still lives only three-score years and ten, and few of us are much wiser than the fathers were a thousand years ago. How many of us be-

lieved that the nations would learn war no more? We scoffed at Armageddon, and stoned the Prophets of Preparation. But human nature was unchanged. Autocrats and despots still lusted for dominion. Blood was still the price of freedom. War came, and all the genius of man was devoted to the science of destruction. The press chiefly inspires a democracy to exertion, endurance and sacrifice for the preservation of its ideals and institutions. Where there is no free press there cannot be a free people. In such a world who can measure the responsibility of the journalist?

It has been said that a constitutional statesman must have the powers of a first-rate man and the creed of a second-rate man. In journalism the creed is the first consideration. Moreover, a single mind must dominate a public journal if it is to speak with the consistency which inspires confidence and gives authority. It is often said that a Delane, a Greeley, a Russell, or a Dana are impossible conceptions for the twentieth century. If so, the press must become devitalized. For a press that is unequal to wise and strong leadership is a menace to the Commonwealth. A fellow journalist once declared that one man must "spit blood" to give vitality and power to a great newspaper. It is a mistake to think that a newspaper's opinions are expressed only in its editorial columns. There is individuality and unity in every public journal. The balance inclines towards good or evil. There cannot be neutrality in motive or effect. The editorial page colours the special despatches. Even if no editorial opinions were expressed, the news columns would advocate a cause or a party, reveal the convictions or betray the prejudices of the responsible editors.

The printer with his "composing stick" has gone the way of the rural shoemaker, the village blacksmith and the household weaver. Many of the old printers survive, but often they are lonely and pathetic figures, mourning for the independence which the type-setting machine has destroyed.

No craftsman had greater mastery over himself than the printer. No one was less at the mercy of employers. No one could tramp more gaily from town to town, from coast to coast, with his tools in his hand and his skill in his fingers. He was like the minstrel who had only his violin and his companion who had only her song. His successor sits at a machine which belongs to the company and feels the dependence which is inseparable from the necessity for capital.

The modern printing press, a miracle of inventive genius, and of amazing productive capacity, costs from \$50,000 to \$60,000. A battery of type-casting machines costs a like amount. The motor has replaced the delivery wagon, increasing the outlay and driving rival newspapers into fiercer competition. Half a century ago there were few great cities in the United States and Canada. Now there are many with a total population of 500,000, and not a few with from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 people within the civic area. As population expands rentals and taxes increase, cost of building, plant, delivery and general organization rises, and the investment necessary to establish, publish and circulate a daily newspaper becomes enormous as compared with the outlay and revenue required under more primitive conditions.

Thirty years ago a metropolitan newspaper could be established with \$100,000 or \$150,000. To-day in a community of 500,000 the publishers are fortunate who achieve success with \$1,000,000. This means that the professional journalist, whatever his genius or industry or self-denial, cannot hope to own a daily journal. It may be that few men are wise enough or good enough to be a law unto themselves. God has made no more offensive creature than the editorial bully. Nevertheless, the editors who have best served their generation have had the complete control of their newspapers which ownership confers, and it is hard to believe that with less absolute authority they would have been

as useful or as powerful. But there is no evidence that the independence of the press has been affected by the necessity for great capital or that there is any greater element of dependence in the relation of the journalist to the newspaper for which he is responsible before the public. Nor is the freedom of the press greatly affected by its relation to advertisers. There are communities in which a material percentage of the gross advertising revenue is provided by a few great commercial houses. But these have no natural monopoly. They succeed chiefly through efficiency in service and volume of business. In many households no newspaper is acceptable which does not carry departmental store advertising. Town and county are alike interested. In the counties readers order by mail, in the towns they purchase direct. This advertising is generally trustworthy and often attractive and pungent. In many publications there is nothing of better quality. The pages of newspapers devoted to store advertising are as interesting as the news pages. Failure to secure this patronage is equivalent to sentence of death to many journals. It is a question if they could not better afford to give free space to such advertising than to be without it. The journal which loses revenue by heroic posturing ceases to exist. It is easy to practise virtue at the expense of other people. In all human relations there is occasional submission to inexorable circumstances, and as long as newspapers depend chiefly upon advertising there may be occasional consideration for the sources of supply. But few of those who censure make as great sacrifices for the public welfare or show equal disregard for private convenience and private interest.

The war has greatly affected newspapers in every belligerent country. It has been necessary to reduce size and increase prices. In many cities the price on the street has been raised from one cent to two cents a copy, and there has been a proportionate increase to mail subscribers. Generally,

so far as can be ascertained, the loss in circulation has not exceeded twenty or twenty-five per cent. It is not desirable, either from the standpoint of the publisher or the public, that circulation should be reduced, but there will be compensation if the dependence of newspapers upon advertisers is relieved. There will be relief also for advertisers from the increasing charges to which they have been subjected. Fewer newspapers may enter some households, but those that are taken will be read more thoroughly. There is no danger that the volume of advertising will decline. As an agent of publicity the newspaper has established its supremacy. For classes of advertising, the magazines, the trade journals and the weekly publications are as valuable as the daily papers. Moreover, newspapers, magazines and periodicals are giving increased returns to advertisers because both the quality and the reliability of copy has improved. Newspapers also begin to recognize that they are not solely responsible for the success of charitable, benevolent and patriotic movements. Even political committees discover that they have no squatters' rights in the advertising columns. The press is bound to assist legitimate social, commercial and political movements, but the whole cost of advocacy cannot fairly be imposed upon publishers. Those who demand free space in a newspaper as an inalienable right do not expect to have offices provided and furnished at the expense of landlords.

These considerations begin to prevail with publishers and to be understood by the public. For the conditions which have existed newspapers have had a degree of responsibility. They have hesitated to confess that they are commercial enterprises, selling news and space as a farmer sells his wheat or a manufacturer his product. They are responsible for the character of the advertising they accept, for the opinions they express, and for the material which they admit into the news columns, but they

have no obligation to private or even to public interests which does not rest in equal degree upon the private citizen. This is not a sordid view of journalism. It does not suggest neglect of duty or sacrifice of character for revenue. It does ignore cant and pretension. It does separate the journalist from the Pharisee. No institution can have a life worth living unless it is solvent. Nothing affects the character of a newspaper more vitally than the shifts and compromises inseparable from an empty treasury. It is fortunate, therefore, that publishers have come to recognize the value of space, that prices to subscribers have been increased, and that even governments, political parties, and social, commercial, municipal, and national organizations realize that they can

best advance their interests by liberal expenditures for advertising. With increase in the variety and volume of advertising, there is less dependence upon any single class of advertisers. There is also a better guarantee of quality and reliability. The final reliance of a newspaper is upon popular suffrage, upon the public opinion which in degree it may create, but which it must express if it is to have large circulation and adequate financial support. There may still be Greeleys and Danas and Delanes and Russells, as there will be many a Jap Miller, who, according to James Whitcomb Riley,

Helt the manner up'ards from a-trailin' in
the dust,
And cut loose on monopolies and cuss'd
and cuss'd and cuss'd.

The next chapter of these Reminiscences will treat of "Blake and Thompson in Parliament".



LIFE, MIND AND MAN'S IMMORTALITY*

BY LAFAYETTE BENTLEY, M.D.



IN its lowest forms animal life consists of a minute microscopical mass of jelly-like consistency called protoplasm, usually in a spherical form, surrounded by a thin wall and called a cell. Within this cell is another body called the nucleus; in this nucleus is contained the protoplasm. These one-celled bodies (unicellular) may be studied in their lowest form in the Amoeba, a unicellular body of animal life.

The Amoeba reproduces itself by subdivisions: first, the protoplasm becomes divided into two parts; then the cell wall is gradually constricted in the centre, taking a somewhat dumb-bell shape; and finally a complete division takes place, which completes the process by which we have two Amoeba. This process continues in the new cells. In all cases, the cell, the living cell that can reproduce its kind, comes from a pre-existing living cell. In the Amoeba the above constitutes the whole cycle of its existence, but in the higher forms of ani-

mal life the conditions are much more complicated, for while practically the same cycle of cell formation occurs, the development of the different parts and organs of the animal are added.

In man, the unicellular ovum (one cell) is about 1-120 of an inch in diameter, and contains a nucleus and a nucleolus or a smaller body within the nucleus. The protoplasm divides rapidly many times within the cell wall, but instead of merely producing other cells, the cells become arranged side by side in such a manner as to form a membrane, and this membrane divides and forms three membranes. These membranes have been named the epiblast, mesoblast, and hypoblast. From these membranes the body is formed, called the foetus. Each membrane forms its respective part of the body, but always from the reproduction of cells from living cells, every cell from a living parent cell; therefore, all life from pre-existing life. But these cells, membranes and organs which they form must have nourishment. This nourishment is sup-

* Without discussing the pros and cons of "Higher Criticism", this article is an attempt to show that man has other being than mere animal life, and that he is immortal.

It will be observed that I have not used the Holy Bible in any of my arguments, because one has only to believe in Holy Writ, so I leave this to each person's conscience and faith. Argument is useless.

My main object is to make my meaning as lucid as possible, hoping to induce others to think on the same subject and perhaps clear away some of the stumbling blocks.

—The Author.

plied by the mother through her blood, which is carried to the remote parts of the developing new being, and so long as this continues the developing foetus is only a part of the mother. Shut off the mother's nourishment, and the foetus dies at once; each individual cell dies, and it can no longer produce its kind.

In due time all the organs of the foetus are fully developed, and birth takes place.

What a change! The first gasp for breath is the breath of life, and the child which a moment before was dependent entirely on its mother for life becomes instantly an independent soul, if you will, with a mind only requiring education, which it could not have before, while a part of the mother. The blood which was taken from the mother, and was the mother's a moment before, now becomes that of a new being. It takes another course; the first breath calls it to the lungs of the new being, where it becomes aerated, taking in air from the atmosphere and giving off carbonic acid gas. There is a change also in its course through the heart. The blood, instead of being conveyed back to the mother, after it passes through the lungs, finds its way to the left side of the heart, from there to the aorta, thence by the smaller arteries to the remote parts of the body. After it has imparted nourishment to the body it is collected by the smaller veins, and again carried to the right heart, and thence once more to the lungs. But this, though interesting, need not concern us further at present.

We have now a distinct individual endowed with life and reason, but which, physically, is no greater than the first minute cell from which it originated. That is to say, this body is only composed of innumerable cells, each of which is no greater than the parent cell. Each cell reproduces its kind, dies, and is cast off without producing any effect on the mind of the individual. The life of these cells is very short, so a constant change is

being made; therefore, we can hardly risk a guess of how soon or late the entire body is, physically, changed. Is this fact the same with the mind? Evidently not. Mentally, the human being is the same identical person as when the first breath of life was inhaled. These cast-off cells, each at one time containing a minute portion of human life, are never missed any more than we see the remains of them after a bath, or as the so-called dandruff, after combing the hair. These particles are combined portions of what is known as pavement epithelium, that is, the superficial portion of the skin, or epidermis. No one would contend that these epidermal cells ever contained any portion of the human mind, still, they each contained at one time a portion of the protoplasm of human life.

Mind—what is it? It is not tangible. We cannot put our finger on any part of our body and say, "Here is my mind." We cannot see it. We are only conscious of it. It is evidently more than mere cellular life.

Under an anaesthetic, life is still there, physical functions are still carried on, the heart beats, the breathing continues, but the mind does not act. So life is not dependent on the mind.

It seems an indisputable fact that man's individuality, mind and soul, are one, and that life is independent of this individuality, that is, the animal life. Also our consciousness of individuality, or self, as we see it, is dependent on life. For, when life leaves the body, mind also leaves it. The body, seemingly, is only a home for the individual. The mind has very little control over life, for most of the muscles that carry on the functions of life are of the involuntary kind. For, as we know, muscles are of two kinds: one, voluntary, under control of the mind; and the other, involuntary, not under the control of the mind. The best example of the latter are the muscles of the heart, which act involuntarily from the beginning to the end of life.

As we have seen, the soul, or mind, leaves the body when life is extinct. The question arises as to when the soul first inhabits the body.

We have already stated that until birth the foetus, or child, is only a part of the mother. It has animal life from the beginning, but can only claim to be a separate being when first life is sustained from external sources. If this be so, the next question arises, from whence does this individuality come? We do not know. Humanity, as we shall show later, is "dead" to this knowledge. Many of the advocates of so-called "higher criticism" see no reason to believe that our mind, soul, individuality, or whatever name may be given to our being, can be transmitted after death to another condition in which our intellectuality may continue to live. Why? Because they have no direct proof. They cannot grasp such a condition of things. There seems to be no natural law to cover the condition. Why do they not dispute the transition of our being at birth? Apparently, all that is seen then is the fact of birth, and this is attributed to natural law. That there is a transition of a new being with this birth is entirely overlooked; that there may be a like transition to another condition at death is not thought of. That our body is merely a home for the mind is a reasonable deduction. Instinct teaches this, for it matters not how dearly beloved a friend may be, one we could caress before death, the moment after death we can only look upon with awe, and even to touch the once loved one can only be done with a feeling of dread. The remains are merely the empty house. The individual has gone. Gone where? It seems absurd to think he is annihilated.

Henry Drummond* in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" has reasoned briefly as follows: "A man who is deaf is dead to hearing, one

who is blind is dead to all that can be seen by one who is not blind. In like manner, the brute creation is dead to many things that man knows." So, carrying the reasoning still further, man is dead to very many things that are simply attributed to natural law.

We cannot grasp infinity. Nothing to us can be without a beginning or an ending. Look at the stars, hundreds of millions of miles away, still to us there must be a starting point, and also an end. Our conception of all this is simply bewildering. The whole universe is a miracle to us. It would be considered a miracle to produce perpetual motion on the surface of the earth. Still the universe is one vast perpetual motion.

In the vegetable kingdom, even with all the proofs at our command, there are many things that we are "dead" to.

Let us take a beech nut and dissect it. Within the shell we find a pair of seed leaves, and, as if supporting these two leaves, is a small stem called the radical, or root. Now, if this, or, rather, another nut be planted in a suitable soil, in due time the shell bursts and two fleshy leaves push upward towards the light, and the radical works downward for the root. This follows what we call natural law. If the seed leaves turned downward and the radical sought the light, we might call it a miracle, or at least a violation of natural law. But as far as the human mind is concerned, it is "dead" in both instances. We do not know why the seed leaves grow up, or why the radical grows down. Now, let us suppose the seed of the sugar maple be planted beside a nut of the butternut. Both grow to large trees, both under the same environment, the same atmosphere, the same earth. The sugar maple can be made to produce from its sap, to many a very palatable sugar, while the other, the butternut, from its sap produces a violent and

* Dr. Drummond quotes from Herbert Spencer's definition of life. The mention of it here is very brief, and only intended as an illustration of the deficiencies of the human mind.

poisonous cathartic. Here, the human mind, as to the cause of this, is again "dead", only that we fall back on the natural law—natural conditions make the difference, and that is all we know about it.

There are still other ways in which the human mind is deficient, is dead, or, at least, partially so. Here we refer to the ability of certain animals to perform acts, which are, at least, wonderful. The homing pigeons: it is well known that these birds are able to return to their home after being carried many miles away, and even after being kept for a considerable time, they return directly and swiftly. Also some breeds of dogs will follow the track of an individual for miles when once put on the scent of the individual. These instances can hardly be in any way due to the natural selection of Darwin.

In still another way the average mind is at least partially dead. Nature sometimes produces a prodigy, or a freak, such as the negro "Blind Tom", who, without being taught in any manner, could, after hearing the most difficult music played on the piano, follow immediately and play the same, mistakes and all, and also, it is said, rectify the mistakes. I believe this being was partially "dead" to every other accomplishment. He was not quite an idiot, but nearly so.

These instances show that the human mind is "dead" in many ways, and the most perfect mind educated to our highest standard has much to learn, and that he needs another existence to perfect him, and other senses, senses which evidently exist, but in this life we have them not.

Life is a mystery; so great a mystery that scientists cannot even give a good definition of what it is. Let one follow the course of development of a human foetus, till its birth, if he can, then say this is the work of chance. He must be dead to all reason. It is not the work of chance, no one can believe that such a being has been created for the purpose of going

through this world half blind, or "dead", only to be annihilated, after a few years of struggling existence,—struggling more through the lack of knowledge than anything else.

It seems that the arguments in the so-called "higher criticism" are mostly on the side of defence. Scientists are simply agnostic. They prove nothing, they are so taken up with their own theories that they do not notice where they strike. And their mistakes are numerous. For two hundred years there was war between two schools as to whether life is pre-existent—"*Omne vivum ex vivo.*" (Harvey).

The Academy of Paris once said in effect that it was absurd to think vessels could be propelled by steam. In time, science will acknowledge many mistakes, as it has done in the past, and among these will be the seeming contradiction of the immortality of man. In the above, we do not mean individual scientists, for there are many scientists of the highest order who do not agree with the critics.

If we have no future life, Providence has been more generous to the brute creation than to man. My beautiful canary! He sings all day, knows no care, has no mental worry, and is happy. He is an old bird and cannot live much longer, but he knows nothing of death. He lives only in the present. Man, knowing his being is only what he can get out of this life, knows too much for his peace of mind. He would have been much better created as the canary. Such would be our state were there no hope of a future existence. Still we know there are many who profess to believe that this life ends our mental existence as well as our animal life, but these believe that animal life and mind are one. It is difficult to understand how they can come to the latter conclusion, if they have studied the subject at all thoroughly.

Matter is indestructible. Every living thing must die, but in death the component parts are not lost.

Let a tree die and fall to the ground.

It finally becomes part of the earth which supported it during life. Or, let it be cut down by the woodman and burned. The result will be the same. The carbon which forms the bulk of the tree combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, forming carbonic acid gas, which is again taken up by vegetation, the moisture is passed off as vapour to the atmosphere from which it came, and the earthly matter, together with the mineral matter, which is mostly potash, remains in the ash. The heat which is latent in the tree is also, after serving its purpose, again stored up in vegetable matter. All this is by natural law, and, as Darwin tells us, there is by natural selection an improvement in each cycle of growth.

The same improvement occurs in the animal creation, but the bodies of animals do not reproduce animals. They only reproduce the chemicals of which they are composed. The individuality takes another course which man has not been allowed to see. But I think we may rest assured that this individuality has not gone backward. The same law of Natural selection applies here.

Does it not seem absurd that man, who has reached the present stage of perfection—which we have shown is a vast stage of imperfection, in knowledge, knowledge which is not possible in our present existence—we say, is it not absurd to say that the whole thing stops with the end of our present life? The knowledge which we have represented as “death”, that is, we are not alive to it, is represented by Drummond in “Natural Law in the Spiritual World” as lack of communion with God, and that once we have that communion we have everlasting life. Besides, in this he means that man must be in complete correspondence with all his environments, which is, of course, impossible in this life. Be

this as it may, we have advanced in knowledge in this life, and we should look for much more in the next.

A few words on the subject of natural selection will suffice. We cannot see that the theory of natural selection is antagonistic to immortality. Still, there are points in theories that might be misunderstood. Darwin quotes from the naturalist Lamarch, and draws attention to the probability that all change in the organic as well as in the inorganic world, being the result of law and not of miraculous interposition, so far as the human mind can fathom the subject, natural law is a miracle, and no miracle is required further than this.

That improvement in animal life is due to natural selection is probably true, but what about matter itself? Whence did life come? And what is life? Natural selection is a subsequent question.

Darwin himself admits that scientists have no good definition of life. And it is self-evident that matter must have been before organic formation. Call it law, natural law, or what you like, and admit the theory of natural selection. Still, it may be, as already stated, so far as human reason can fathom its miraculous interposition.

Whence did matter come? When did it come? Suppose we say it always has been. What does that mean to the human mind? We cannot comprehend such a condition, nor can we understand endless space. Let us hope for the time when we shall no longer be “dead” to it all.

I have already stated I have not used the Bible in my arguments. Still, I shall say that I can hardly believe that so good a book can be wrong. Let us hope again for the time when the mistakes of science shall be cleared away and harmony shall exist between the Bible and science.



BY HELEN M. EDGAR

VI. THE IMPOSING RUINS AT LUXOR, KARNAK, AND THEBES



FEBRUARY 28th.—We left Assouan in the morning and drifted sideways with the current as is a dahabeah's wont when wind fails or is contrary. We only went a mile or so when the Rais landed us in a most uninteresting spot. Our persuasions availed us not with the Rais, but another dahabeah, the *Isis*, following us, inspired him to action, and we started once more on our crablike career.

March 1st.—After a drift of twenty-one miles we anchored again beneath the shadow of Kom Ombos, too late, however, to visit it that night. The C's and ourselves got up at sunrise to see the Temple in its morning glory. A little sleep was well lost for so grand a sight. The twittering birds had taken the place of owls, though one old owl blinked from the top of a massive wall. Sunrise colour had scarcely time to fade before, alas, a dusty wind arose.

The *Dodo* had fluttered her wings before we returned to the landing, leaving the felucca behind to bring us to our breakfast.

The morning promised well, but we had not sailed more than a mile before the wind drove us ashore, a hurricane of sand assailing us. In the midst of the turmoil a crowd of natives appeared, conveyed thither, we decided, on the wings of the wind. Among them was a vendor of chickens, with his blind wife and his two children, a boy of five and a baby girl, both clad in their natal costume. The weather seemed to have no effect on their enjoyment. The parents bargained shrewdly, while their offspring played as happily as any little befrilled folk, digging wells in the sand that would not fill with water. I produced two dolls in up-to-date French bathing dresses and coaxed the boy to come and get his toy first. There was something ecstatic in the grin with which he received it, but the baby girl screamed with terror when the "Sitt" approached her, so her doll was given by proxy. It was very pathetic to see the children take their dolls to their mother, who could only see them with her lean brown fingers.

When the chickens were sold and by the sound we heard had been made to suffer a lingering death, the family



A general view of Luxor

departed, the two-year-old baby staggering across the sand, trying to balance on her head the cover of a biscuit-tin, in imitation of her mother and her basket. The boy was nearly left behind, for the proud papa, flattered by my admiration, did his best to make us a present of the child. We had to get C. to refuse the honour in his best Arabic.

March 6th.—After vexatious winds and much delay, which was relieved by a cornelian hunt, we reached Edfu once more, and did scarcely anything but drift. We waltzed backwards and forwards and round the *Isis*, and finally came to anchor on account of a broken rudder. Knowing Egyptian methods were not rapid, we foresaw a long delay. However, the crew of the *Isis* came to our rescue, and we were mended in unprecedented time and ready to start in the morning.

March 7th.—A fair sailing breeze brought us to Esneh about mid-day.

The Temple is quite near the river, and we explored as much of it as we could, for only the outer court is excavated. The central mass still lies undisturbed and only the lotus capitals push their heads above the sand. In the cornice of the facade of the Hypostyle Hall can be traced the names of Claudius and Vespasian.

After viewing these emperors in the guise of Pharaohs offering gifts to the gods of Esneh, we walked through the bazaar, which was like, yet unlike, so many we have seen with its quaint medley of old and new. The narrow pathway was monopolized quite unblushingly by the shopkeeper, who doubtless feels his wares will attract more notice if the passer-by has to step over them. A little girl sat patiently by her father, a mender of tins, blowing bellows of a shape and fashion contemporaneous with the Temple. The bellows consisted of a bag placed over a small opening in



Colonnade of the Temple of Luxor

the ground which led to a fire glowing to a white heat at every rise and fall of the cotton bag. Sad to say, the ugly enamelware of European commerce jostled into the shade the copper pots and quaint shaped vessels of home manufacture.

We passed through the lock at Esneh without mishap and had a most perfect afternoon of sailing. The river, like a glass, reflected the high cliffs and reproduced at sunset every line and colour of their immensity. Our anchorage at night was about twenty miles from Luxor.

March 8.—We were early astir, and had the joy of seeing a lovely dawn. Long before the sun appeared the moon and Venus hung in the daylight sky, shining with all the brightness of the night. The sun was flooding the world before the moon retired behind a puff of pink cloud, but Venus could still be seen when our cabin was full of sunlight.

We rowed almost all the way to Luxor, reaching there about 1 o'clock. The *Dodo* was difficult to settle, but finally she was induced to remain by a sandy stretch on the Theban side of the river. The most prominent object that faced us across the river was the winter Palace Hotel. Luxor Temple is almost hidden by the booths and cafés that have pushed their shabby forms into every nook and cranny of the outside walls. Cook's steamers, the boats of the Anglo-American Company and dahabeahs crowd the water front, and when we crossed to Luxor in our felucca we could scarcely find a footing. Tourists were swarming up the embankment, and a perfect Bedlam surrounded us. Donkey boys with very smart donkeys hastily christened according to the nationality of the hirer crowded everywhere. It was a Teddy Roosevelt day and about fifty donkeys named after the former President were ridden by



Obelisk of Thotmes and his daughter at Karnak

as many timorous "Cookies" towards Karnak.

Having watched the crowd depart in that direction, we strolled slowly towards the Luxor Temple. Our entrance was rather undignified, for we had lost our bearings in the maze and interests of the bazaar and reached the Temple as it were by its back door. We scrambled down a rubbish heap and were met at the foot of it by a very angry gaffir, who thought we were trying to effect a free entrance. We produced our tickets, which had at once a calming effect. We wandered through the many courts, tracing their history deeply carved in the walls, whose tales of beauty, linked

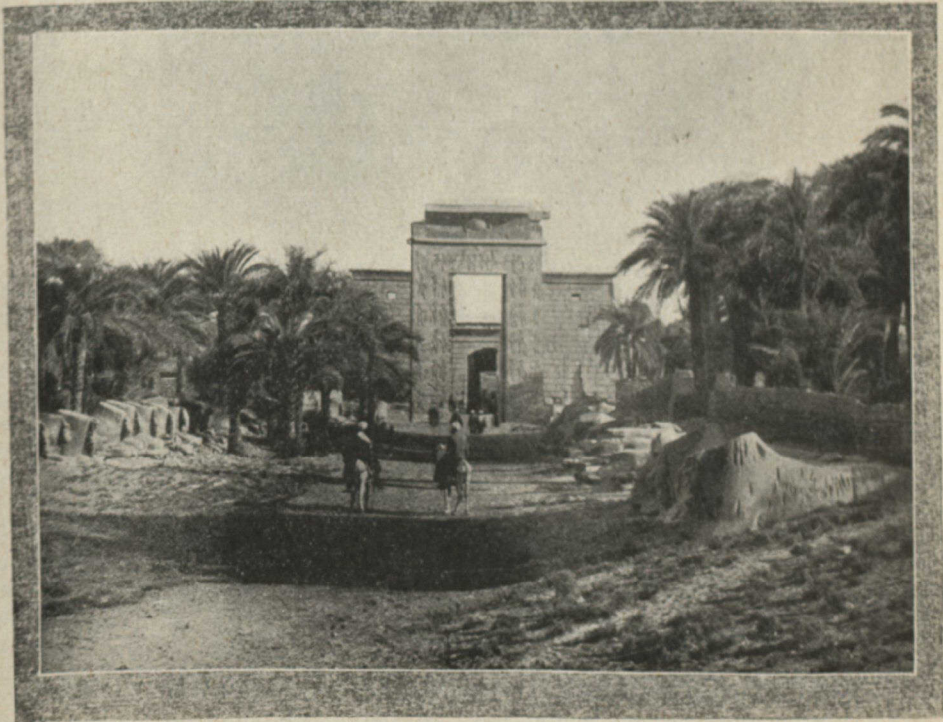
with spite and jealousy, had a lesson that is repeated, alas, in many a lovely Temple on the Nile. The first duty seemingly of each succeeding dynasty was to destroy all traces of the previous one. The Priests of Ammon and the worshippers of the sun were no less gentle with their rival creeds. No Temple vista that we have yet seen is more beautiful than the peristyle Court of Luxor with its columns crowned with lotus bud capitals. Our perspective of time was strangely distorted as we stood before the shrine built by Alexander the Great and heard the gaffir in charge describe it as a modern addition.

As we sat on deck that night mys-

terious feluccas stole up beside the *Dodo* and landed stately passengers, who produced from the folds of their garments "antika" of rare value that they were anxious to dispose of. C's appearance in the bazaar had been noted, and consequently the *Dodo* had become a most popular resort. It was a delight to witness the bargaining—such courtly manners, such quiet voices, such exorbitant demands and such calm acquiescence when a tenth of the original price was suggested.

March 9th.—To-day we attempted to do the tombs of the kings, but donkeys failing us on the Theban side of the river, we crossed to Luxor instead. I was lucky enough to capture Anubis for my ride to Karnak. Mrs. C. selected Alexander the Great. My donkey boy was the envy of all his companions, for he wore as a buttonhole a bunch of curls that had been jolted from the head of some fair tourist in advance of us. We remained a whole

long day among the forest of stately pillars. Karnak strikes one dumb, it is so huge, so overwhelming in its mighty height as well as great extent, a veritable Temple town, with avenues and outlying portions all welded into one vast whole. Through the kindness of M. Legrain, who was in charge of the excavations, we were able to see a wall quite recently uncovered. It was in a small room and had been saved from mutilation by a masked wall that had been built in front of it. Here Queen Hatshepshut, 3,500 years ago, had commemorated the worship of Ammon. This strong-minded queen is here shown in the way she best liked to be depicted, in her man's robes and with her step-son, husband and heir in miniature beside her. The little Thothmes hated his step-mother so vehemently that when in due time he succeeded her, he caused her image and cartouche to be defaced, and even in her own lovely



Avenue of Rams, and the Triumphal Arch of Rameses III, at Karnak



The Colossi of Memnon at Thebes

Temple at Der el Bahri the hacked-out space shows again the vengeance of her heir. I have no historic basis for my assumption that this queen with womanly wile, knowing the fate that awaited her, had covered this one wall and so saved it from destruction. At all events Thothmes in another world must feel extremely irritated that Hatshepshut has had the last word, emerging triumphant in all her glory, while he himself is a mere cypher at her feet.

March 10th.—We set to-day apart for our trip to the tombs of the kings, our choice being made because it was a “non-Cookie” day and we would not be troubled by shrill voices comparing the size of the valley of the tombs of

the kings to something much grander on the other side of the “Pond”. The day was glorious, a perfect sample of Egyptian weather at its best. Alexander the Great and Anubis were to have been transported from Luxor to the Theban side of the river for Mrs. C.’s and my benefit, but somehow the order miscarried and we had to be content with “Asquith” and “Sir Edward Grey”, who fulfilled their duties nobly and cantered us gaily past the great statues of Memnon, who sat with impressive gaze while the tender green of the barley whispered about their feet. If our goal had not been so distant we could have spent many hours in the Ramesseum, where Shelley’s “Osymandyas, King of Kings”,

lies shattered in his colossal length upon the ground. We paid him obeisance and journeying on passed through a tomb village whose dwellings no longer are sacred to their dead owners, but teem with living fellahin who inhabit the carefully planned abodes. It was an impressive moment when we entered at last the valley which leads to the great amphitheatre and trod the road where all that was mortal of many an ancient king has been carried to its rest. The cliffs towered on either side, outlining their sharp edge against a sky of almost intolerable blue. In that great valley even the wind grew still and only a puff of dust from time to time crossed our path to remind us that we were not in an enchanted land. We dismounted at the entrance to the Amphitheatre, which was surely planned by the gods for their earthly representatives.

The tombs of Seti I., Ramesis III.

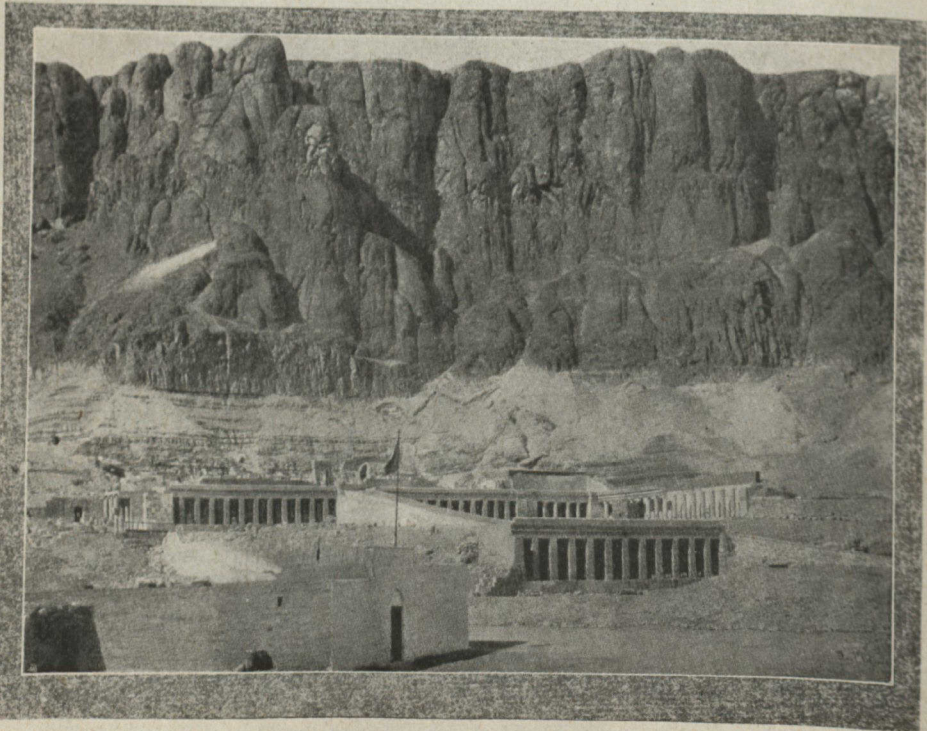
and IX., and Thothmes III. are tenantless. With irony supreme the shrinking owners have been torn from their retreats and now lie exposed to light and the curiosity of many a passerby in the Cairo Museum. Amenhotep II. alone remains in his chosen spot. To visit him we followed a winding downward way, crossing on wooden planks deep caverns that had been built as pitfalls for the unlawful searcher for the dead and his buried treasure. Staircase succeeded staircase, and still we journeyed downward till the heat and closeness of the air made us feel that the weight of all the mighty mountain rested on our heads. The last staircase was steeper than all the others and we were half dazed when we reached the final chamber. The atmospheric oppression was deepened by our consciousness of disturbing so ruthlessly the quiet of the tomb. Torches no longer light the royal presence chamber, but dim electric



The Memnonium of Rameses II. and the entrance to the Queens Tombs at Thebes

bulbs showed us its extent. The walls in clearest outline tell the story of the soul's journey and all its difficulties. The patient waiting figure watching its soul being weighed against the feather of truth seemed pitiful, and we rejoiced when Osiris at length accepts the eager voyager. As yet we had not seen the king. To our right some rigid figures were lying unsheltered by sarcophagus or pall. The braided hair and slender limbs of one mummy conjured up even in its desolation a vision of youth. The other remains seemed but a heap of bones and horrible to look upon. At noon the electric light is turned off, so we had to hasten to offer salutation to Amenhotep. A few paces farther on, and we stood before the entrance to the lower chamber, and as the light flashed out we saw the withered form encased in its sepulchral granite. No living royalty could more disdainfully resent intrusion than this lonely king.

The painted figures on the wall seemed to gather round him to protect his peace. The blackened features were pinched and drawn, and we gladly turned our eyes to the wreath of mimosa blossom that had lain through all the centuries so lightly and tenderly on his breast. Thus we left him, feeling grateful that our audience with his majesty had been a private one. The living world was welcome after this ghostly interview, though the dazzling sun, radiating from stone and sand, drove us for shelter to the entrance passage of an unopened tomb. After lunch we mounted the cliff by a steep path, sending our donkeys by a less precipitous way. The view from the summit was superb. All Egypt lay before us. The monster cliffs that guard the kingly tombs were to our left and on our right Der el Bahri in all her beauty leaned against another mighty barrier. All about us the harvest



The Temple at Der-el-Bahri



Anubis

wheat was ripening in the sunshine and the river wound its way in snake-like curves between the fertile banks. In the far distance the Arabian hills glowed with the warmth and colour they had wrested from the sun. We made a perilous descent to Der el Bahri, picking up ourselves and flints alternately and murmuring the familiar donkey cry, "rig lac, rig lac," in extra slippery places. Der el Bahri is a dream Temple, exquisite in proportion and delicacy of work. The expedition to Punt started from here and we saw the remains of the incense trees presented to Hatshepsut by the King of Punt, whose leafy branches are so delicately traced in the decoration of the walls.* The sun had almost set before we turned our faces homeward, and cool and refreshing was the ride back. So quickly does the dusk turn to night that when we once more passed the Memnon figures their heads were only faintly traced against a starlit sky.

* A replica of this wall is in the Royal Ontario Museum.

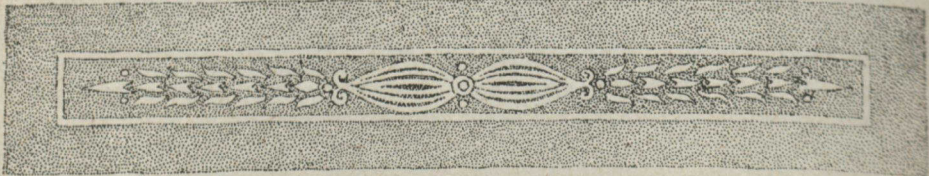
By a stroke of luck the felucca met us after we had floundered through the heavy sand to the river. The *Dodo* had an obstinate look, we thought, as we neared her, so we were not surprised to hear that in our absence the Rais had unshipped the rudder and, like him, could give no definite date as to when repairs would be accomplished. Owing to this mishap we had ample time on March 11th to visit the exquisite little Ptolemaic Temple of Der el Medineh, so very lovely in its proportions and decorations that it seemed a fitting "half-way house" on our journey to the Tombs of the Queens. The queens of Egypt rest with much less pomp and ceremony than the lordly kings. Few of the tombs are decorated, though some of the walls have the appearance of being ready for the brush. In one tomb the entrance on either side had a representation of Maat, the Goddess of Truth, protecting those who entered with her

wings. Amidst all the gods and goddesses and their stern dealings with the wandering soul, a human touch appeared, for one dainty queen, not at all in awe of the spirit world, had had her pet robes and jewels carefully painted. They hung in effigy upon the wall, the little bodices and narrow skirts reminding us of later empire days. We rode home late in the afternoon, the Memnon statues seen in profile acting as our guides. The evening was spent in receiving box after box of flints, C. having apparently discovered a quarry of these desirable treasures in Luxor.

March 11th and 12th.—We had time to visit Medinet Habu and see a double temple group. One was a small but lovely temple of the 18th dynasty. Succeeding dynasties had hacked and defaced the walls of the inner chambers so effectively that little trace of Queen Makere (Hatshepsut), during whose reign the temple was erected, can be found. When Rameses III. built the main temple he took the precaution of having his cartouche so deeply cut that anyone wishing to destroy his identity would have to remove the whole wall. C's arm thrust elbow-deep into the wall gave us some idea of the depth of the carving. The mystery and reverence we had felt at Edfu and Kom Ombos was absent here. On every side we saw slaughter and bloodshed as the sign manual of the

king. Even before the gods this Pharaoh drags his captives and holding them by the hair, smites them with a mighty club. When space forbids a full representation of his victories, a heap of dismembered hands tells the number of the vanquished. Before we had half finished our explorations, signs of a sand storm caused us to hurry *Dodo*-wards. The Rais, with unexpected forethought, had clothed the *Dodo* in a complete canvas cover, and glad we were to creep into shelter from the driving sand that blinded, cut and terrified us with its force and fury. This storm acted as a drop curtain to our Theban explorations. Till the 15th of March we were stormbound in the *Dodo*, living in semi-darkness, with closed windows tightly covered with layers of canvas. Even so, the sand penetrated every quarter. We ate, drank and slept with sand, and absorbed so much grittiness about our persons that never again, we thought, could we feel really clean. C. was the only happy person on board, for, under cover of the storm, natives seemed able to find him, and cases innumerable were slipped under the canvas cover till we began to feel the *Dodo* under weight of flint and sand would settle forever on the Theban shore and add herself and us, encased in sand, to the long list of "things to be visited" by future generations.

To be concluded in the October number.



NORMAN BLOOD

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

WINTERTON sat up in bed, yawned, and took from his manservant the silver tray containing his breakfast and the morning mail. As he proceeded leisurely to shake out the serviette there came a sound of hard knocking from below.

"Boggs, go and see who it is that is making such a deuce of a racket downstairs. That's three times already. My word! They shall have the door beaten in presently."

The man started.

"So sorry, sir," he said, dropping his whisk. "I had quite forgotten that Cantle had stepped round to the garage."

As Boggs glided noiselessly from the room his master swore softly to himself.

"It is Captain Fraser, sir," Boggs said a moment later, putting his head in at the door.

"What? Fraser? Oh! Send him right up, then."

And Winterton sighed with relief.

Presently the door opened again, this time to admit the tall, well-built form of his Canadian friend, Alan Fraser.

"How is this, Winterton—ill?" demanded the visitor, blinking a moment on the threshold as one does who comes in to a semi-dark room from vivid sunlight.

"Ill nothing! What do you irrepressible Canucks expect of a chap? I've only just tubbed and now I am having my chocolate. It is scarcely

nine. Sit down like a good fellow. Breakfasted?"

"Hours ago! I've been walking in the park since seven," replied Fraser, dropping into a chair. "You Londoners make me tired. Think of lying abed and June abroad outside your windows, with all that wonder of roses, bird-songs, dew and—"

He broke off with a shrug of despair at his paucity of suitable terms, and twirled his stick. Winterton, whose thirty years gave him an almost paternal attitude toward this Canadian youth, smiled indulgently.

"I say, though, were you trying to break in the door of Oakham Place with that implement?" he suggested as he slit open an envelope with a grapefruit knife, and nodded toward Fraser's stick.

"Your bell was out of commission."

"I've had all the bells muffled. (Nerves are still on the ragged edge). By-the-bye, I thought you were the charming Gwendolyn's coachman. Do excuse the state of the house, Fraser, As I believe I intimated to you before, it is rather upset. Repairs, papering, etc. You see, with the mater running a V. A. D. in Kent, and Sis nursing in France, I felt I should have it comparatively quiet here."

Fraser looked significantly at the pile of letters on the breakfast-tray.

"Not for long, I should say," he remarked. "They appear to have hunted you out already."

"I shan't be a moment running over these," returned Winterton, with an apologetic nod. "Pardon me."

He smiled as he finished the third letter.

"The Honourable Jane thanks me for my 'darling' wedding gift. 'It was so dear of you, Bert, and I do so love that cunning salad-bowl,' she gurgles. As a matter of fact, I sent a pair of silver candlesticks. However, let it pass unchallenged. I wonder what this lavender missive is. Ah! It is from Dolly. She—um—has only just heard of my return and is 'so glad to hear that I am getting so nicely over the effects of shell-shock', and—um—shall she send anything? No, no, my dimpled flapper! I stand in need of nothing but peace and quiet—two commodities, I fear, you cannot give. And here is a favour from my fourth cousin, Lady Anne Paget, the poetess. She is—um—willing to come and read to me several hours each afternoon. God forbid! What's this? Ah! One of the widow's delightful documents. She at least ought to be capable of something original, but no, she merely observes that it has been dreadfully warm and—er—"

But Winterton did not read aloud the rest. A dull flush mounted to his cheek and he pushed aside tray, letters and all, sprang up with an impatient exclamation, and pulled the bell-rope for Boggs.

Fraser was smiling amusedly.

"The ladies seem to be strong for you," he said with an almost envious glance at the handsomely rugged, thick-set, athletic young Englishman.

"Only since I came into the title, my dear boy. Before poor Algy was killed I was but an also-ran. Now I'm the whole works, as you colonials put it."

"What was *he* like?"

Winterton pointed to a framed photograph on the wall.

"There he is. Patrician from the crown of his head down. He had the Norman blood. I am only Saxon."

Fraser rose and looked at the photograph. One would never have taken the two for brothers, was his immedi-

ate mental decision. The elder one was fair of face, tall, slim and elegant in appearance. That there was a certain vacuous air about him Fraser failed to note.

"Yes, Algy would have been a fit figure for the House of Lords," Winterton continued as he chose a pair of gray silk socks from several sets that Boggs had placed on a chair. "As for me, I am only a common blighter. (Yes, Boggs, I'm ready for the shaving water.) You laughed at me for lying so late, Fraser, but it's partly the result of the mater's well-meant efforts to make a gentleman of me. She deplores my plowman-like figure, my stockiness, my John-Bullish features; above all, my disposition to be up and doing for myself. And, my word! As you see, she has almost worked a miracle with me already. In a very short while I shall be a nut, and no mistake. I *used* to rise promptly at six."

"After the rotten life in those trenches," said the Canadian thoughtfully, "after all you've been through, old man, you oughtn't to reproach yourself. Great Scott! That was some feat of yours—crawling through that barbed wire and rescuing—"

"Shut up!" Winterton cut in with a sensitive flush, and then to change the topic: "I suppose you came round to see me over that matter of the girl—or it is *another* girl? At twenty-one—"

"Twenty-two," Fraser corrected him. "And it's a pretty serious business for me, Winterton. So please cut out the witticisms."

"Merely a wheeze, my boy. Of course, I understand that she is the only girl in the world for you. We were to waylay her or something, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I guess that's the best plan. You must see her and then contrive to introduce us. You know everybody in London, and even if you don't know *her*, you're certain to know someone who does."

"Is this the first?"

"Positively. And the last. It's dead serious, old man."

"It always is—it always is," murmured Winterton, with a whimsical sigh. "And youth is so confoundedly sure of itself."

There was silence for a few moments. Boggs had left the room and Winterton, having shaved, was almost dressed now.

"I've dogged her like a shadow for nearly two weeks," Fraser went on. "I saw her for the first time crossing the park, and since then I've spent hours there. Every morning at a quarter to eight, and every afternoon about six she comes tripping along. She—she's wonderful, I tell you. She—"

"You can describe here at luncheon. I propose that we set out at once for those business appointments and wind up somewhere for lunch. Then, perhaps, a matinee—ah, here's Boggs. Boggs?"

"Yes, sir?"

"If—I mean *when*—when Lady Ashmead calls, tell her to go to—er—"

"Yes, sir."

"That is to say, tell her I've been called suddenly to the War Office. And tell Lady Paget, if she 'phones, the same. Tell Mrs. Delancey Kerr-Grey that I'm lunching with friends at—oh, anywhere—Bayswater, say."

"Yes, sir."

"And if that little bundle of fluff known as Dorothy Cannington motors down here from Maida Vale, you might say that I'm sleeping, and that the doctor's orders are that I am not to be wakened."

"Right, sir."

"Mrs. Ashton-Trevelyan may possibly 'phone. If she does, just disguise your voice and hoax her to the limit. You've done it before, Boggs."

"Yes, sir, I have that, sir," admitted Boggs unblushingly, with a faint smile of recollection.

"As a matter of fact, Fraser and I will lunch at the Savoy. After that, if I should be wanted for anything

important, I shall be found at the Duke of York's Theatre. Come along, Fraser."

One o'clock found the two friends in a secluded corner of the Savoy grill.

"Talk to me of Canada," suggested Winterton at the conclusion of a lengthy rhapsody of Fraser's on the subject nearest his heart.

"Oh—*Canada!*" exclaimed that young patriot, for once about to scorn his birthland, before the lure of old London.

"Wasn't there a girl there?"

"Several."

"But in particular?"

"Well—yes," he admitted at last. "But she was just the chummy sort—fine pal and all that. Of course, *that* wasn't the real thing, like this," he added, blushing.

Winterton noted casually that Fraser was making a very satisfactory meal for all.

"You lucky Canucks!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"How so?"

"You can marry whom you jolly well please! How would you like to be so convention-tied, so wrapped about with tradition, so swaddled in red tape that your natural desires and affections were atrophied? In short, how would you like to belong to a family that pretended to date its ancestry back to the Conquest, and that socially ostracized you if you dared look at a girl who was a mere Saxon, a commoner?"

Winterton spoke heatedly, with more than a trace of bitterness in his tone.

"How do you mean? What's the difference? Isn't a Saxon as good as a Norman? Gee! At home we're all gentlemen, and if anyone suggested that John was better than Jack he'd be laughed at—or else knocked down."

Winterton laughed shortly.

"England is England, and I love her," he said. "But she's a petty autocrat in some respects."

"I gather that you—that there's

been an affair of the heart, which slipped a cog."

Winterton was silent, only his face betraying him.

"What did you pay any attention to the silly blithering for?" demanded Fraser with characteristic bluntness. "If I liked a girl, no one on earth—would stop me—no one *shall!*"

"She broke it off herself. Overheard in some way that the mater and Sis had thrown a couple of fits when they learned of the—well, it can hardly be called an engagement—but it was verging on it. She merely asked me not to see her any more, and though I called and telephoned and wrote—"

"But didn't she care for you?"

"It wouldn't seem so, would it?"

"And this girl, you say, isn't good enough—"

"I didn't say *that*. She's a lady, every inch of her."

"Met her in society—the usual way, I suppose?"

"No. The fact is, our meeting was most unconventional. I was lucky enough to help her in a slight way crossing in front of a tram. She would undoubtedly have been injured had I not pulled her back in time. However, let us speak of something else now. This is ancient history."

"Wait. Are you sure she's the right one? You were twitting me about my assurance—"

"Man, do I know the sun when I feel it on my face? Do I know the difference between a gloomy wet day and one on which the birds sing and all nature is glad? I've motored with Molly and punted with Polly and golfed with Gwen, but not one of them ever stirred me as one look from *her* eyes could."

Fraser leaned across the table impulsively and gripped the Englishman's hand.

"Brothers in affliction! Let us help each other."

"You can't help me, my boy, but I shall try my best to see you through your difficulty."

"Thanks, old man. Say, you've not eaten much, have you?"

"I wasn't very hungry. It is understood, then, that after the matinee we shall haunt that park of yours until your divinity hoves in sight. You don't appear to know a great deal about her."

"I know her first name—heard one of her girl companions address her. It is Florence."

Fraser dwelt on the name fatuously. Winterton looked intently at the young man.

"Fact number one, then," he observed perfunctorily.

"I also know that she is assistant-manageress at a crèche or some such institution in Neville Street. I moon about there occasionally, and I learned this from the gardener. She is evidently doing this sort of work as her contribution to the war schemes."

"Likely. A number of society girls are learning now what their hands—also their pretty heads—were given to them for."

"It is a day crèche for Belgian children evidently, for I have seen the mothers coming for them at six and after, and the gardener fellow said the children were refugees from the war. He said Miss Florence having been educated for some years on the continent could talk their language. Besides, she loved children."

Apparently most of Fraser's information was lost on his companion, who had overturned his cup of coffee and was now engaged in the twin occupations of cursing gently and endeavouring to mop up the liquid with a couple of serviettes.

"I'm a clumsy ass," he said apologetically. "I'm still as nervous as a schoolmiss. That orchestra swinging into a march just now so suddenly—well, it was like the ring of a doorbell or the dropping of some small article. I could stand the popping of a gun with more stoicism. Queer what effects shell-shock has on the system!"

"The hardier the nerves the greater the havoc when once they have—"

"That's it. You may have wondered, perhaps, at the subterfuges I had to resort to to-day, and the summary methods I was obliged to employ in order to head off some of my well-meaning friends, but the fact is, their chatter gets on my nerves, Fraser. Those who don't bore me, worry me, and those who don't worry me drive me almost insane."

"'Music hath charms', you know," comforted the other. "And they say the music this afternoon will be excellent."

"Glad to know it!" declared the Englishman fervently. The colour slowly returned to his pale cheeks.

The sun was drawing to the westward and tinting the highest of the chimney-pots with gold when Winterton and his friend crossed the park and emerged near the head of Neville Street. It was a quarter of six.

Fraser spied a seat just within the gates and the pair sat down. Winterton unfolding an evening paper to while away the time. Twenty minutes passed and then Fraser, after a display of much impatience, rose with a quick exclamation.

"She's coming!" he cried. "Look—not a block away!"

Slowly Winterton turned, and his grave eyes rested for a moment on the solitary, graceful figure of a girl that approached in the distance.

"That's her," said the Canadian hurriedly. "Of course, you may not know her. (I was only joshing when I said you knew all London.) But at any rate we can follow her and find out where she lives—"

"Then you haven't followed her home—as yet?"

"No, because at the other end of the park she always hails a hansom. That means she must live at some little distance. Quick. Do you know who she is?"

Winterton was folding up his paper. He now rose, sent a casual glance once more in the girl's direction and nodded affirmatively.

"Her name is Florence Durham," he said.

Fraser could scarcely restrain his delight.

"What luck! Come along, then."

At this moment down the main driveway an old-fashioned brougham came bowling along, and Winterton, with a sharp exclamation of annoyance, saw and recognized its occupant. With hands that clenched themselves involuntarily at his sides he turned quickly and strode forward to meet Miss Durham. Fraser in the ecstatic condition of mind that was his did not notice how the colour had fled from his friend's face.

Miss Durham was a trifle diffident. She had bowed and smiled fleetingly and Fraser had seen that she was not ill-pleased though rather taken aback. He put it down to a dislike of the Englishman, who certainly did not appear at his best with lowered brows and the bear-like manner that he could display occasionally.

The introduction was effected in the briefest possible manner and, bowing formally, Winterton withdrew, leaving the infatuated Canadian and the fair English girl together.

But the brougham had been brought to a standstill almost opposite them and Winterton was being hailed effusively by the altogether charming widow, Mrs. Delancey Kerr-Grey, so he could do no less than accept her invitation to dinner, and, springing into the vehicle by her side he gave himself up to the inevitable.

Days slipped into weeks and Oakham Place was favoured with no more visits from Captain Fraser.

"That fatuous young cub hasn't a moment to spare for old friends," was Winterton's occasional bitter remark to himself.

He wondered with a vindictiveness of which he was ashamed, why the military authorities didn't curtail this London loitering of Canadians. Fraser, he knew, hadn't crossed the Channel yet. He had been fond of the young captain, but was it thus that

the efficiency of the army was to be promoted?

And then one morning in his mail Winterton received his own orders. On the top of the other letters lay the long official document. He was to sail for France the following day.

"Boggs!" he called, springing out of bed.

"Here, sir."

"Fix me up in proposal attire."

"I beg—"

"Hustle! I've got to do it, you know, or the mater will never forgive me. I leave for the Front again on to-morrow evening's boat from Dover. Look sharp."

"Very good, sir."

And when Winterton in his lieutenant's uniform was ready, Boggs affixed a white carnation to the tunic.

"Or should it be a red one—a red rose?" said the valet doubtfully.

"Go get a sunflower," returned Winterton with the caustic humour in which he sometimes indulged.

Boggs took up the breakfast-tray and started for the door. Suddenly he stopped, and turning, held out two or three unopened letters.

"You have forgotten these, sir."

Winterton, standing by the south window, hastily tore open and scanned the remaining letters. The last one of all was in the bold boyish hand of Alan Fraser, and bore the London postmark. It ran:

Dear Winterton:

I think I understand now about Norman blood. Florence has supplied the details you modestly omitted from your brief account of the manner in which you saved her life by placing yourself between her and the fender of the tram. It was wonderful. Ever since that day you have been her god. Man alive, what wouldn't I give to stand in your Saxon shoes!

I understand, too, how you must have been feeling at the Savoy that day. You are in error over a trifling matter: Florence has quite a strong Norman strain on the distaff side, but in her pride she purposely kept this from you. (What is the distaff side, anyway?).

Thank you, old man, for giving me my chance. But it was all to no purpose. She refused me last night. I am leaving to-

day for Boulogne. Perhaps, old friend, we shall meet across the Channel. In the meantime, my advice to you is: "Go in and win!" And my best wishes to you both. Back in my schooldays I learned something that ran like this:

Howe'er it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.

Sincerely,

Alan Fraser.

Winterton rang the bell for his valet, and the appearance of that functionary imparted a degree of clarity to his mental vision.

"Boggs, I am going out this morning to ask a lady to marry me."

"So I assumed, sir."

"But you assumed the wrong person, Boggs. How very stupid of you!"

"It shall not happen again, sir."

"Remove this poor white flower, Boggs, and fetch me a rose—a red rose. It is the symbol of love. Thanks. That's the ticket. Were you ever in love, Boggs—madly, gloriously in love?"

The valet was startled out of his customary calm. He looked as though Winterton had just accused him of being in jail.

He decided that Mr. Bert had been drinking.

"No, sir," he replied and coughed deprecatingly.

"Then you have missed a large part of life, Boggs."

"Lady Ashmead has just called you up on the 'phone, sir. I said you were out. The Misses Randall, of Randall Lodge, also rang up and invited us down for the week-end—"

"I hear a noise, Boggs, but my heart is singing such a mighty symphony that all other sounds are but as an indistinct blur. I am off now. Tell Cattle I shan't be back for either lunch or dinner. When I do return, Boggs, I think you will see the happiest blighter in London. Don't you envy me?"

Boggs fell to whisking a coat.

"Yes, sir," he said obediently, and sighed—for the passing of their bachelorhood.

UNMASKED

BY J. J. BELL



FROM the library window, which opened doorwise on the spacious garden, Charlie Mariner, a fair and decidedly presentable young man in gray flannels, stepped forth, that fine summer evening, with fear and hope—also a proposal of marriage—in his honest heart. Once in a while Cupid does deign to study the mere convenience of his victims. Charles had, at all events, no tiresome journey to the lady of his choice. Her home was in the adjoining garden, though not so long ago the girl had seemed hopelessly beyond Charlie's reach.

Perhaps there was something of grateful remembrance in the backward glance he took presently at the fine stone house which he had so recently and unexpectedly inherited, along with a worthy income, from his maternal grandfather. As a guest of the old man's, he had formed a friendship with Anna, but he had never forgotten that he was only a struggler in an architect's office. More than once of late he had wondered whether the old man guessed his secret. Well, whether or no, the latter had given his nephew a gift not mentioned in his will—the right and liberty to think of a wife.

A few minutes later Charlie, as he had hoped, caught sight of Anna at the far end of her garden. Her only brother, Harry, a somewhat foolish young fellow, was seldom at home in the evening, while her aunt, who had lived with them since the loss of their parents, ten years ago, usually fell

asleep in the drawing-room after dinner. Alas, to Charlie's dismay, Anna was not alone. At her side, apparently engaged in confidential talk, was a person whom Charlie, apart from feelings of jealousy, had long and instinctively mistrusted. This was Richard Harmer, tall, a trifle swarthy, but well featured: a man about whom no one knew anything save that he was exceedingly smart, moved in good society, and was well enough off to have no occupation.

Charlie's spirits rebounded, however, when Anna rose and came down the garden to meet him. But his satisfaction was momentary. The Anna he knew was a handsome, dark-eyed girl with a proud carriage, and this girl's face was wan, her eyes were dull with something like despair, while her attitude suggested humiliation.

"I'm glad you have come," she said rapidly, nervously, giving him her hand. "I need a friend. Something awful has happened. It—it's about Harry," she went on, without allowing him a word. "I want to tell you about it before we join Mr. Harmer. Let's walk up and down here. Mr. Harmer has been more than kind, but—" She paused.

"You know," Charlie said, gently, "you may command me in anything. I came to-night to—" He broke off, realizing that this was no time to think or speak of self. "What is it, Anna? Has Harry met with an accident?"

"Harry has disappeared—gone away."

"Gone away! But where?"

"How I wish I knew! He has left

the country in terror of the law—the police.”

“Oh, impossible!” And yet as he uttered the word Charlie wondered. Harry’s manner had been strange of late: the boyishness had given place to a certain surliness.

“I can’t believe he has done anything wrong himself, but you know he is not a strong-minded boy, and no judge of people, and he tells me so little about his friends in town. . . . I fear he has got mixed up with some vile creatures—at any rate, he is under suspicion and in danger of arrest.”

“Good Heavens! But I fancy he has been no worse than an innocent fool. What is the trouble?”

“It’s too horrible. There has been a succession of jewel robberies lately—perhaps you have read of them—and in some way he has been connected with them. The robberies took place at country houses, in big hotels, on the railway. The last victim was a Regent Street jeweller, who was induced to bring a lot of necklaces to a West-end hotel—no, I can’t speak of it.”

Charlie was more alarmed than he showed. “Still,” he said after a moment, “it may not be so serious after all. It can be shown that Harry was not in any need of—”

“That is the worst of it, Charlie. Harry had been gambling heavily and was terribly in debt.”

He checked an exclamation of dismay. “When did the news reach you?” he suddenly asked.

“Less than an hour ago. Aunt Margaret does not know yet. Mr. Harmer had the thoughtfulness to wait for me in the garden.”

“So he brought the news. I didn’t know he was a friend of Harry’s—a close friend, at any rate.”

“No; but Harry had gone to him in his distress. It was he who helped the poor boy to get away. He brought a piteous note from Harry, which really told me nothing—it simply said he had done wrong, was going away, and prayed me to forgive, also to re-

frain from trying to find him for the present.”

“Then Mr. Harmer knows where he has gone?”

“No; Mr. Harmer helped him to get away—with money, I suppose—but he refused to hear anything about Harry’s destination—so much safer for Harry, he says.”

“Perhaps; but it’s an appalling cruelty to you!” the lover cried. They wandered into a path among shrubbery; the growing dusk deepened the shade. “Anna,” he said, halting and taking her hands, “you know I love you better than all the world, but I’m not going to trouble you with that now. I’m going to find your brother, wherever he is, and bring him back to you. Harry might commit many a folly, but never, I am positive, a crime. He must have suddenly found himself in contact with the ugly thing and become panic-stricken.”

“Oh, Charlie,” she whispered, “thank you for saying that. He’s only a boy, and ought to have a second chance. But how can you hope to find—”

“When did he leave London?”

“This morning.”

“Then I’ll get to work at once. You will let me know if you hear anything, Anna.”

“Yes, yes; but you have no clue—nothing—”

“I’ve got a good deal of determination—and still more love, dear.” He might have taken her in his arms then, but he was not going to win her on a mere promise. He lifted her hands to his lips and released them. “Good-night,” he said softly. “There’s a train for town in half an hour. Try to keep up your heart.”

“But before you go, had you not better have a talk with Mr. Harmer?” she asked, with a new shyness of manner.

“If necessary, I can find him in town in the morning,” he answered, a trifle stiffly. “Good-bye—in case we don’t meet for a while. And don’t mention to anyone at all what I’m doing, Anna. You’ll promise?”

She bowed her head in acquiescence and to hide the tears, and did not see him depart.

On rejoining Harmer she suggested their going indoors. "One moment, Anna," he returned, using her name for the first time. Her secret conversation with Mariner had annoyed him and caused him to alter his plans; after all those months, in Mariner he had suddenly perceived a rival, perhaps a dangerous one. That must be stopped, he told himself. He had not intended to declare himself yet awhile, yet he could not risk losing this handsome girl—and her not unhandsome fortune.

"It is growing dark," she said, but the note of haughty protest in her voice was modified by the recollection that Mr. Harmer had done so much for her unhappy brother.

"Just one moment, Anna," he repeated softly.

Reluctantly she seated herself, and there was a brief silence.

Then she heard his lowered voice saying—

"Anna, will you be my wife?"

For some time she had dreaded this, and yet it came as a shock—an unpleasant shock.

"Don't answer at once," he went on. "You are too greatly disturbed just now—"

She found voice to say: "Mr. Harmer, I thank you, but even my gratitude for all you have done would not—"

"Please forget that. Will you marry me, Anna?"

"I cannot marry you, Mr. Harmer."

There was another silence, longer than the previous one, and the man broke it.

"I must have you for my wife," he said quietly. "Pray don't go; have a little patience. I have something to tell you. I have to take back something I said a little while ago—about your brother."

"Oh, say it!"

"Then it seemed best that you should remain ignorant of Harry's destination," he said slowly, "and it

may still be best. But I feel I ought to tell you now that I know perfectly well where your brother is going—"

"For heaven's sake, tell me!"

He laid a light hand on hers. "Anna, the moment you marry me, I will tell you."

"Ah!" Suddenly, "You beast!" She snatched away her hand.

He smiled. "And unless you promise now to marry me, at an early date, I shall feel it my duty to tell—the police."

Five minutes later she was alone, faint and broken. She had given her promise to marry Harmer in precisely two months' time. "But," she had added, "I will not so much as speak to you till then."

Nevertheless, Harmer had departed triumphant. Having won so much, he could win everything. "Now to turn over a new leaf and become a virtuous member of society!" he said gaily to himself as he stepped from the garden gate. And so Anna's only hope, and it was a wavering one, lay in Charlie Mariner.

* * * *

As Charlie had remarked, he possessed the powers of love and determination, but he had scarce entered upon his task when he was thanking heaven for the third great power,—money. His abrupt rise to affluence had not spoiled him. Until now he had continued at his daily work in the architect's office; but now he applied for and obtained a holiday of elastic length. He speedily learned that the business was going to be costly in every way, but his heart was in command and he smiled at toil and expense. He made his headquarters at an hotel off the Strand, and presently had a small army of detectives under orders.

And then came the blow—a little note from Anna. She was engaged to Harmer! Just the bare announcement of the fact, after a few words about her brother Harry. The girl had not dared to say more; only the fear of Charlie's hearing the news

from another source had driven her to write the words.

At first Charlie was stunned; it seemed the end of everything. But he came out of his misery to realize two things: she was as dear to him as ever; his reward must be her happiness, not his own. As for the engagement itself, Charlie felt there was something he did not understand; but he could only conclude that he had been misled in the past by a foolish hope, and that Harmer's goodness to Harry had shown Anna where her affections really lay. Not for a moment did he doubt that Harmer was the girl's choice.

So, when he had pulled himself together, he wrote briefly and calmly, wishing her happiness and telling her that his determination to find Harry was keener than ever, though it was too soon to hope for results.

The record of the work of his detectives during the ensuing few weeks would make a big book, but as a narrative it would assuredly prove wearisome to the reader. The sifting of much chaff for next to no grain; vague clues that led to nothing; false scents involving interminable espionage and dreary journeys—the big book would have been merely so many chapters of futilities.

In the fourth week, however, one of the spies returned with information of undeniable importance, and Charlie felt that he was on the right track at last. Within an hour he was in telephonic communication with a great shipping company; immediately thereafter he wrote to Anna: "I am going abroad as secretly as possible. Do not lose heart.—Your friend, C. M."; and the same night he lay down in a steamer berth.

An hour or two after he had sailed, another spy came to the man left in charge.

"Better advise Mr. Mariner that he is being shadowed."

* * * *

It was the evening before the day appointed for Anna's wedding. All

the arrangements had been made by writing, suave and respectful, on Richard Harmer's part, curt on hers.

The hour was late. In the dark she stood at her bedroom window, which looked across to Charlie's house. In her hand was still a telegram received some hours earlier; she had read it a hundred times. It had been despatched from Liverpool.

"Good news in the morning.—C."

But how far away the morning seemed!

Suddenly a narrow beam of light caught her gaze. It came from a curtained window of the house over yonder—the library window, as she knew it to be.

Why, Charlie must have arrived home! And he carried good news for her. Alas, he would never dream of coming to her at such an hour. Yet might not she go to him! In an instant her mind was made up. This suspense—this hunger with food within reach—was not to be endured. No one would see her—she cared not if a hundred eyes were watching. She would slip out quietly, go round to her neighbor's garden, and tap at the library window. She caught up a dark wrap.

* * * *

Charlie had advised his house-keeper of his home-coming, but bidden her not to wait up for him. On letting himself in he went straight to the library, switched on the lights and proceeded to the big safe in the corner—the safe his grandfather had purchased for the security of valuable manuscripts. In a moment it was open; in another closed again. He heaved a long sigh of relief, as he turned the key and tried the handle. He had all but despaired of bringing home his prize!

In a quiet street of New York, a week ago, he had just escaped being sandbagged; twice during the homeward voyage he had found his belongings in his cabin ransacked; during the recent train journey from Liverpool he had become aware that he was

watched. In London he had taken a room at an hotel and had left the building five minutes later, by a side exit.

Well, he had won safe home at last with all he had hoped to gain—a girl's happiness. But he sighed again as he withdrew the key and made to put the bunch in his pocket.

A breath of cool air touched his neck, and he swung round.

From between the divided window curtains a man took a step forward. He was a tall man in shabby tweed clothes and cap; his face was concealed by a piece of black material with eyeholes. Also, he had a revolver, levelled.

"Hand over them keys, guvnor," he said roughly.

Charlie suppressed a groan, not of fear, but of despair. Beaten after all! His work gone for nothing! And Anna would be broken-hearted!

"May I ask what you want with my keys?" he asked quietly at last.

"Come, no humbug! Ye know well enough. Think we're going to let ye hold on to the confession of a coward that was afraid to die? No, sir!"

"Since you know about the confession," said Charlie, in order to gain time, though to what end he could not have told, "I suppose you admit it's truth."

"What does it matter to you? Anyway, the coward's not going to die after all—though I wish the swine had been killed outright in that Yankee joy-ride of his!—and he has changed his mind about the confession. Hurry up, now! Advance three paces and put the keys on that table."

"Come and take them."

"Ye'll force me to shoot, ye fool."

"Shoot away!"

"By God, I'm serious. Listen! I'll count three. One—two—"

"Three" was at the ruffian's lips when the curtains behind him were torn apart, and a gardener's spade, swung by a woman's arms, fell flat, but forcibly, upon his head.

He gasped and fell, dropping the revolver, to his hands and knees, then lurched sidelong and lay huddled.

"Anna!"

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie! What have I done? But I had to save you."

"Thank God, you came in time. He was going to have the proofs of your brother's innocence. Harry was a dupe and an innocent decoy, and they made him a scape-goat. He can come home when he likes. I know where he is. Don't worry. You haven't killed the beggar." Charlie secured the revolver and bent over the stricken one. "He'll come to presently. shouldn't wonder if he's shamming a bit. He must be one of the gang. I've a list of their names—all, I believe, except the head. My informant balked at giving that."

"Charlie," she began—

All at once the ruffian got to his feet and made a bolt for the window—but Charlie had him by the neck.

"Let's see your face, my man," said Charlie. "Don't struggle, or we'll have to hit you harder. Anna, would you mind pulling off his mask? Use the tongs, dear."

Anna, with an expression of repulsion, used her fingers, and with a sharp movement uncovered the ghastly, writhing features of—

Richard Harmer!



A GERMAN ATROCITY

AT the instance of Mr. Félix Wallon, first sub-officer to the Minister of Belgian Colonies, Le Havre, France, *The Canadian Magazine* presents on the page opposite this a reproduction of a photograph procured by Mr. Wallon during his service at the Front in Central Africa.

It is known that one of the first things the Germans did in Africa was to array as many blacks as possible on their side, and those that they could not induce to side with them they treated cruelly and in many instances they imposed the death penalty.

The victims of this barbarous policy were not shot—the common course with soldiers—but were hanged wantonly on trees, and the bodies were allowed to hang there, exposed nude to the world, as the photograph demonstrates, while their fellows who had gone over to the German side sat beneath, with cowering looks, holding their weapons high above their heads.





An orgy of Hanging by Germans in Central Africa



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

“MOTHER” STONER

“THOU shalt not scold. Thou shalt not whip. Thou shalt not say ‘don’t!’ Thou shalt not say ‘must’.

Thou shalt not say ‘I can’t’. Thou shalt not frighten thy child. Thou shalt not tease. Thou shalt not kill self-respect. Thou shalt not refuse to answer questions. Thou shalt not banish fairies from thy home.”

These are the Ten Commandments of Natural Education, whose founder is Doctor Winifred Sackville Stoner, now working valiantly in Montreal in her established schools, and teaching parents that they must educate themselves before they can undertake the education of their children. Mrs. Stoner denies the flattering implication that one who has acquired a sheepskin for proficiency in certain studies, must therefore be educated. She believes, with Professor Dewey, that “education is not preparation life, but life itself”.

This interesting woman who prefers the title of “Mother” to the more high-brow designation of “Doctor”, has lectured all over the world on the subject one might broadly classify as parenthood. She has expended a million dollars out of private funds in an effort to better the education of the child, and her theories are in the estimation of Miss Parker, supervisor

of Kindergartens, ahead of the Montessori system.

In reading even so brief a statement of Mother Stoner’s work and mission, one almost involuntarily succumbs to curiosity as to a specific case upon which her theory has been tried. It is not far to seek. There is no better example of the efficiency of her method than that shown by Winifred, junior, who at the age of fifteen has acquired an international reputation as a linguist and before reaching the age of twelve was the author of four books, one of them written in Latin!

Besides these accomplishments, she is an expert Esperantist and was able to speak and write this language at five years.

Just here, one’s curiosity naturally leaps a pace further. What sort of prodigy is this—a shrivelled, bookish, narrow-chested, be-goggled girl whose physical development has been sacrificed that she might become a pedagogue in her early teens? Far, far from it! Winifred junior, is a flat denial to the argument that intensive training begun at an early age hampers physical growth. This girl, a striking product of Natural Education, is a perfect specimen of health and strength, and it gives me extreme satisfaction to remark that her fine mind and fine body know not the flaw of self-conceit. Especially dear to the



Miss Winifred Sackville Stoner

little children of the Blind schools is Mother Stoner. She has been working very hard in their interests and of them she says:

"Their minds are their Kingdom, and I am trying to make these Kingdoms richer, so that they will not be lonely in the darkness."

Of her theory, broadly, she says:

"My religion is that of Love and Service to one another. I believe that all education should be founded on that truth. Natural Education develops the child's mind, body and character consistently, making the most of its hours of childhood, hours of play and of study. I have devoted all my life to children. They inspire me. I think I worship them and I have promised to spend all my life in their interest."

It is difficult to present any definite rules along Mrs. Stoner's theory for the reader's benefit or consideration. But perhaps some idea of the working basis may be gained from the

following: She advises parents to fill the child's mind with beautiful thoughts during the 'memory period'—from the age of five to twelve—at which latter time, reason begins to develop and will feed upon the thoughts previously planted there. She encourages the nurturing instinct by teaching the children to care for the younger ones, and by *garden-ing!* She has with her theories, turned the driest subjects into interesting pastimes rather than irksome tasks. Mathematics, she teaches by means of games, as indeed many of the school-room bug-bears are taught. Especial stress is laid upon the cultivation of imagination—"mortal's greatest gift"—discipline and self-control.

Mother Stoner also believes in encouraging expression rather than repression. To her the dictum that Silence is Golden, carries no weight. She thinks that children ought to talk more.

The faculty of expression is very happily present in her. She talks and

Dr. Winifred Sackville Stoner,
who specializes in the teaching of children.



Brigadier-General James G. Ross,
The chief paymaster of the
Canadian Expeditionary Forces

writes with rare charm and is the author of some very attractive verse and prose essays. She has composed a number of songs along popular lines.

*

THE CHIEF PAYMASTER

THE Chief Paymaster of the Canadian Expeditionary Force is Brigadier-General James G. Ross, one of the foremost business men of Montreal. For this important post General Ross is particularly well fitted, not only by long experience in finance, but by military training as well. He was at one time a captain in the Victoria Rifles of Montreal, and later became an officer in the Fifth Royal Scots, of the same city. When the war broke out he was on the ocean returning from England, where he had gone in command of the Canadian

Bisley team. On his return he at once threw himself into the work of military organization, and after a year's hard work in Canada spent his convalescence from an operation, again on the ocean, on the way to take up his duties as Chief Paymaster for the C.E.F. There, with the exception of the week-ends passed at the country club to which he and Mrs. Ross moved for the summer months, he too frequently worked seven days a week. But it was a work he loved and for which his whole business life had provided special training. His services were soon acknowledged with the honour of the C.M.G. and promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General. Whatever he has won has been the result of hard work, coupled with distinctive native sagacity, a strict adherence to the rules of the game, whether of sport or business, which has always earned for him the confidence of his partners or competitors.

A quiet sense of humour and the tact that comes from a very tender heart and an unusually attractive personality have led to the Chief Paymaster becoming, in his very modest way, a leader among that group of Montreal gentlemen of business who unite social charm with financial acumen, men who represent all that is best in the older order and who soften by their practices something of the ruthlessness of the competitive system.

By training and tradition somewhat conservative, General Ross's opportunities of seeing the self-abnegation of members of the British aristocracy who think the humblest drudgery honourable, if performed in service of their country, has deepened his respect for all that is best in the older order. But the temper of his mind, like that of most sensible Canadians, is substantially democratic.

Brigadier-General Ross always has taken a keen interest in agriculture. He was graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, and he maintains a beautiful home on a farm close to Montreal.

FIRST ON THE WIRE

LET no one deny that surprises are good for us, even surprises which are not pleasant. They have a similar effect upon us as that experienced by "Snow-white", who having swallowed a morsel of poisoned apple, apparently died, but who came back to life when the sorrowing little dwarfs stumbled, jolted her bier, and caused the apple to pop out of her mouth.

Surprises jolt us, frequently, from a comatose state all too prevalent to-day, into a much-needed activity. Proceeding along our line of argument, therefore, we do not hesitate to assert that Halifax was benefited by its surprise when a large number of its feminine housewives repaired to a certain section of the city, bent upon supplying their homes for the week, and found Mrs. E. M. Murray conducting a stall! Perhaps, after all, there should have been nothing surprising in the fact that a journalist possessing a wide and a facile pen should have been conducting a stall in the Halifax market, for Mrs. Murray has for years made her influence felt in the matter of civic reform. It was she who was instrumental in securing for Halifax pure milk, and those who remember the struggle still sigh with relief that the up-hill campaign is over, leaving in its wake successful results. Economic questions have for many years claimed the larger part of her time, and as a prominent member of the Household League, Mrs. Murray worked with what one might almost describe as a fine desperation, to keep down the cost of living. At her stall she demonstrated that prices on farm produce need not be excessive and that when they are kept within reasonable bounds the price of other foodstuffs will not soar.

Mrs. Murray can lay claim to no mean pretensions as a public speaker, showing a remarkable grasp of the subjects under discussion and reasoning with such clear-sighted rapidity that her conclusions are likely to ap-



Mrs. E. M. Murray

pear to the casual observer more as a result of that feminine attribute known as intuition than the masculine virtue of logic.

When asked why she had not taken law as her life's work, Mrs. Murray admitted modestly that she had devoted considerable time to its study, whereupon those who had been defeated by her in debate felt less injury to their vanity and muttered, "Well, of course! No wonder!"

It is not too much to say that Mrs. Murray is one of the foremost newspaper women in Canada, specializing on editorial matter. Particularly interesting to us at the present is the fact that from her pen leaped the first account of the Halifax disaster, which was flashed across the continent at three o'clock on that grim Friday morning and which appeared in every daily in the Dominion that same day. Like the indomitable farmer in Emerson's hymn, we can imagine her "firing the shot heard round the world".

THE LIBRARY TABLE

IN THE FOURTH YEAR

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



COMPARATIVELY few people have read H. N. Brailsford's "The War of Steel and Gold". Few have cared to follow the subterranean and malodorous investigations of such men as Russell and Dickenson down the winding mazes of old and recent European treaties. Few have possessed the desire or sympathy to understand the weight of the problems of Empire which men like Curzon and Milner and even Northcliffe have borne. So it has come about that our English-speaking public of loyal and fine-spirited citizens is at a loss. It is able to study the world war from the standpoint of its personal impact. To this impact it reacts gloriously. Young men of seventeen just passing into the age when they can enlist, speak with shining eyes of the day when they will "change their address", though they know nothing of the obstinate intricacies of world politics. Middle-aged men give up all they have ever called dear for an "idea", though the "idea" when challenged by the simplest and most immediate questions of trade relations and territorial concessions is lost in a haze of impotent inadequacy. Hence it is that so often the liberal Pacifist, with his bleak negotiations, and the red flag Imperialist, with his blatant militarism, are equally sincere and equally disastrous. The world is in such tragic trouble not so much because it is filled with

knaves and brutes as because people do not know—the world's public has not studied the world's problems.

Now, this book by H. G. Wells is an appeal to the public to do some thinking, some hard thinking, to pay the price, in mental effort, of making the world safe for democracy. Mr. Wells is not setting himself up, as he has seemed to do in some of his books, as the world's schoolmaster. He is rather representing himself as one of the world's pupils with some lessons only half learned which he would like to talk over. In his discussion of a League of Free Nations and what the idea seems to involve, he is clear, suggestive, helpful and humble. The fraction of the world's public that reads this book of his will be made appreciably readier to understand the world's problems. In these days perhaps that is as high a commendation as a book should wish to receive.

*

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WORLD WAR

By BARON VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

EVERY high-school boy knows what a foreign text may suffer in translation. The possibilities of misrepresentation of the author's original thought are infinite. Being aware of this, the wise-headed persons to-day who are interested in foreign affairs and want to get at the truth of things accept all translations warily. A German utterance may be so toned down in translation as to make the German soul appear the most lamblike and

pure of all souls. The same utterance may be so fired up by the shade of meaning given to a single phrase as to make Germany appear the most truculent and brutal nation the world has known.

When one reads this book warily one reads it with much profit. In broad outline it gives a fairly good picture of a great German war brain in action. There are revealed startling similarities with the war brains in all other nations; and some considerable differences. The particular war brain of Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven has a very special devotion to armies and fleets; it takes them for granted in a way disquieting to anyone with Pacifist tendencies and hopes. Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven thinks that the world of men is far from perfect, and that a nation can only erect its will in the world by force. This is a pessimistic and brutal doctrine, and it certainly is not Christian.

Along with its avowed militarism there is in the book much interesting comment of a general observatorial nature. Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven speaks of France and French soldiers in a way that exasperates and amuses and illuminates. He speaks, for instance, "of the devotion and the contempt of death with which whole divisions have hurled themselves forward again and again in dense masses in hopeless attempts to break through". Some Frenchmen would laugh at that. The comment on America might interest America.

*

BUDDY'S BLIGHTY

BY LIEUTENANT JACK TURNER, M.C.
Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THESE is a modest sub-title to this book—"And Other Verses from the Trenches". It would have been wrong to call it poetry, because it is verse, and good verse—something that anybody can understand and enjoy. There are many fine human touches, and the ballads of "Buddy's

Blighty", "Yellow", and "Bill" are much above the average; indeed, each tells a good tale, and that is only one reason why justice cannot be done to them in a brief review. But some idea of the style, which is mostly that of the conventional ballad, may be had from one or two excerpts. "Buddy's Blighty" begins:

Buddy Baldwin, broncho-buster, used to ride the range a heap,
He looked at things in terms of cows, and always held that sheep—

And sheep-men, too—were vermin, that they counted mighty low,
And, compared with cows and cow-men, why, they didn't even show.

(This has no bearing on my tale—I only tell it 'cos

It gives you some idea of the kind of guy Bud was).

Cow-man first, last and all the time—
Bud's Bible was the book

Where breeds and brands were registered,
And Buddy always took

The view that walking is no way of covering the ground,

And riding is the only way to navigate around.

If you want to picture Buddy, bear in mind these little things—

Imagine him as built of wire and highly tempered springs—

With the little, deep-carved wrinkles 'round the corners of his eyes

That are brands of open country and unbounded space and skies—

Six feet high, brown as an Injun—leaner than the law allows,

And his deepest interests poker, brands, range, cayuses and cows.

"Yellow" is one that will be understood by thousands of men who have been at the Front, because—

'Twas in Folkestone that they named him, in a crowded bar one night,

When a fellow called him something that would make a rabbit fight,

An' he took that red-raw fightin' word, that no man ought to stand,

Just a grinnin' kind of foolish—and he never raised a hand.

Well, they found me in a mud-hole with a badly damaged dome,

(One inch lower would have sent me to my happy heavenly home),

An' they found old Yellow lyin' sprawled out on the trenches' rim,

Gripping hard a broken rifle, with a dozen holes in him.

Then they tucked me on a stretcher an' they sent me to the rear

For the Red Cross men to play with—but,
they buried Yellow there.

This is just a simple story of a man who
was my friend,
Who was nearly mad with terror, but who
stuck it to the end,
Any man may sport a medal, if he has a
little luck,
But, my hat is off to Yellow, who was sick,
an' scared—an' stuck.

Born and educated in St. John's, Newfoundland, a civil engineer by profession, the author of these verses went to British Columbia in 1911. On the outbreak of the war, he joined the Canadian Engineers at Vancouver and went to France with the Second Canadian Division. Serving first as brigade signal sergeant with the 6th Canadian Infantry Brigade (known as "the Iron Sixth"), he was soon transferred to the 14th Canadian Machine Gun Company. He was in practically all the actions in which the 6th Brigade took part during his two years' service at the Front, and was twice wounded. He received his commission as lieutenant in 1916. For service at the capture of Vimy Ridge in April, 1917, Lieutenant Turner was awarded the Military Cross.

*

TRACKLESS REGIONS

By G. O. WARREN. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

WELL chosen is the title of this delightful book of poems, which is by no means a book of delight. One reads it as if following the author through regions hitherto untraversed, and the delight comes in the revelation of the soul's longing, the soul's emotions and the high appreciation of beauty and human attachment. One would infer that the author has loved and suffered, for there is evidence of the poignant grief of a sensitive nature. We quote the first poem:

SHADOW

All that I am I give. And yet the self
I was
Before you came, is gone.
You never knew that self which looked
into a grave;
How could you know my night who
are my dawn?

This human light is sweet. Yet my love-
dazzled

Eyes turn back to grief again,
Craving the presence of that soul-enfold-
ing shade

Woven of lonely question, human pain.

Love, were you but grief-wise! Could you
but follow

Me to wander in that night
Which though I fear to tread, yet whose
mysterious dusk

Beckons me, woos me from unshadowed
light.

But I must go alone. Though yearning
still to see

Your radiant heavens burn,
Alone I enter darkness. O, my love!
grieve not

If still my face be veiled when I return.

*

LOVER'S GIFT AND CROSSING

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Can-
ada.

ONE must admit that the poems of this Indian knight demand of their admirers something more than the average appreciation. One might say one likes them and yet not be able to explain why. It is something like a preference for certain forms of music: certainly the appeal is very much to the ear. Even though they may be in prose form, there is a rare lyrical quality, and one must admit the beauty of cadence and rhythm. But as to meaning, well, one might just as readily try to explain the voice of the lark or the perfume of the violet. This volume is in two parts. "Lover's Gift" is one part, and "Crossing" the other. From the former we quote:

You allowed your kingly power to vanish,
Shajahan, but your wish was to make
imperishable a tear-drop of love.

Time has no pity for the human heart, he
laughs at its sad struggle to remember.
You allured him with beauty, made him
captive, and crowned the formless death
with fadeless form.

The secret whispered in the hush of night
to the ear of your love is wrought in
the perpetual silence of stone.

Though empires crumble to dust, and cen-
turies are lost in shadows, the marble
still sighs to the stars, "I remember".
"I remember", but life forgets, for she
has her call to the Endless; and she goes
on her voyage unburdened, leaving her
memories to the forlorn forms of beauty.

And from the latter this stanza:

Thy gift of the earliest flower came to me
this morning, and came the faint tuning
of thy light.
I am a bee that has wallowed in the heart
of thy golden dawn,
My wings are radiant with its pollen.
I have found my place in the feast of
songs in thy April, and I am freed of
my fetters like the morning of its mist
in a mere play.

*

THE HIGH ROMANCE

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS. Toronto: The
Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE might well infer that this book contains much autobiography, the experiences of a newspaperman who went back and forth throughout the United States striving to advance his material condition and at the same time keeping ever before him a spiritual ideal. He had many remarkable adventures and unusual experiences, and the whole, told in effective style, makes up what might be called quite properly a modern romance.

*

NORTHCLIFFE: BRITAIN'S MAN OF POWER

BY W. E. CARSON. Toronto: George
J. McLeod, Limited.

ONE is convinced that there has been in full swing for some time a Northcliffe propaganda, and yet one cannot disclaim the greatness of the man who has become the most marvellous publisher that the world has ever known. The story of his many successes makes fascinating reading, but the author actually tells about one of his big failures. Harmsworth, as he then was merely, had an idea that a paper for women, edited by women, would be a success. This is what he himself said of the venture after he had made it:

"Having for many years fostered a theory that a daily newspaper for women was in urgent request, I started one. This

belief cost me one hundred thousand pounds. I found out that I was beaten, that women did not want a paper of their own. It was simply another instance of failure made by mere man in diagnosing woman's needs. Some people say that a woman never really knows what she wants. It is certain that she knew what he did not want."

The book contains many fascinating episodes and incidents to a great career.

*

THE LITTLE FLAG ON MAIN STREET

BY MCLANBURGH WILSON. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is a sprightliness about these patriotic verses that appeals to many readers, and there is apart from that much merit in their execution. We quote from the one that gives title to the book:

The little flag on Main Street
Is floating all the day,
Its stars are fairly sparkling,
Its stripes are glad and gay.
It stops the passing zephyrs
To tell them as they dance:
"I have a battle brother
Who flies to-day in France!"

*

THE MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND ME

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE is an antidote to the effects of all who emphasize the grimness and horror of the present war. It depicts in the attitude of these two middle-aged "coots" the buoyant spirit and optimism of the average American, and gives one a pleasant impression of the whole-hearted manner in which the people of the United States engaged in the struggle. It has many amusing situations, and is on the whole a very entertaining book.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

DIDN'T KNOW GASTON

A New York clubman tells of a quaint character he met while on a hunting trip in Canada last summer. This man was of French extraction and proud of a friend of his in New York, one Gaston Lespinasse, of whom he talked constantly.

"You live in New York?" he at once asked when the Gothamite appeared.

"I do."

"You know Gaston Lespinasse?"

"No. I don't think I ever heard of him."

The Canadian seemed disappointed as well as nonplussed. Then he began again:

"You live in New York?"

"Yes."

"You do not know Gaston Lespinasse?"

"Never heard of him."

The Canuck grinned incredulously. Then with an air of one convincing another out of his own mouth, he said:

"Gaston is the cook at the hotel."—*Chicago News.*

*

AFTER THE WALTZ

At a dance, after the waltz, the girl's partner, a bespectacled young man, said to her: "Let's go and walk in the garden."

"I don't want to go into the garden," the girl said shyly, "without a chaperon."

"Oh, we don't need a chaperon, I assure you," said the bespectacled young man.

"Then," said the girl, "I don't want to go into the garden."—*London Opinion.*

NO USE FOR HIM

The handsome young minister always stationed himself at the church door after the service in order to greet his parishioners as they filed out.

One Sabbath morning along came a raw Swedish maid, a stranger, so, with his usual cordiality, the minister grasped her hand and said:

"I am very glad to see you here this morning. Will you not tell me your name and address, so that I may call on you soon?"

The maid looked him coldly in the eye and, withdrawing her hand, replied:

"I t'ank you, but I got one steady fella already; he comes twice a week, and I t'ank he no like you to come."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

*

IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL

A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here, this is the latest masterpiece of my composition". They look and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive and unpretentious."—*Exchange.*

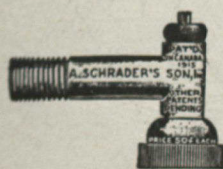
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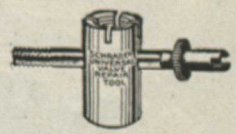
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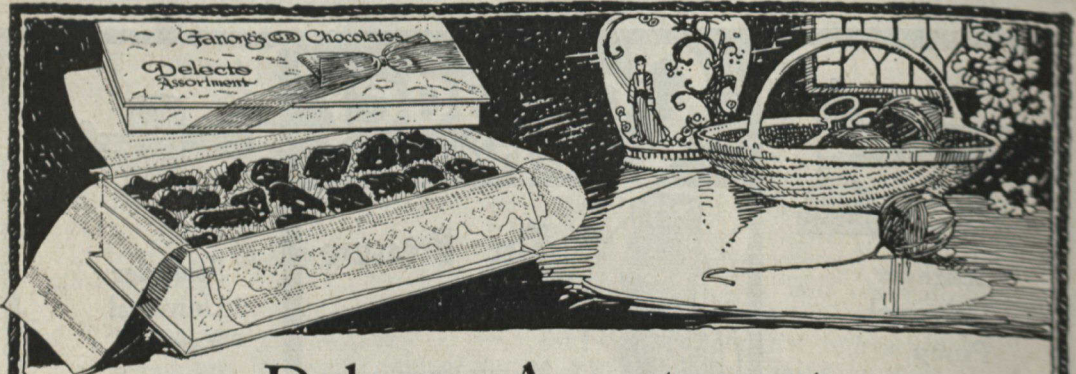
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Rodgers'
TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark
which identifies the best of cutlery

Look for it on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

"It Tastes so Good!"

And it is so wholesome!

It is Nature's First Food—Milk—but transformed into a dainty, delicious dish "fit to set before the King."

Junket

MADE with MILK

Delight the children with it. They will eat it eagerly, even when they refuse plain milk. And it will nourish them and help them grow strong. Make Junket Ice Cream for them.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists everywhere. 10
Tablets for 12c.

Send 3c and your dealer's name, for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12c for full package.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory
Dept. D, Toronto, Ont.

"Neenah" is Junket prepared with sugar, and 4 four flavors. Made in a jiffy. Try a package—10 cents.



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**



It's the best yet!





From the Angle of your Filing Clerk

You probably look on your filing system as a place where so many letters and papers are stored.

But your filing clerk? She isn't fortunate enough to be able to look at it in such an easy, buoyant manner. With her it's a serious part of routine.

She knows that when you ask for a certain paper you want it quickly, without any waste of time.

With her the *proper system* means the difference between a slow, cumbersome, inaccurate way, fraught with many delays—and a speedy, accurate and efficient method of filing.

"Office Specialty" Systems of Filing and Record Keeping are fundamentally right. A proper principle of organization underlies each one of them. Each system is designed for a specific purpose and it achieves that purpose in a way that extensive study has demonstrated to be the best.

"Office Specialty" System Service, Dominion-Wide in its scope, is offered to any business organization without fee or charge.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., LIMITED
Home Office NEWMARKET Canada

Filing Equipment Stores at:

Toronto Montreal Ottawa Halifax Hamilton Winnipeg Regina Edmonton Calgary Vancouver

OFFICE SPECIALTY

FILING SYSTEMS



Ensure Delicious Pastry

YOU know how greatly success in baking depends upon **uniformity**. Wartime needs have caused variations in so many products that there is more reason than ever to insist on articles you can still obtain knowing them to be **always the same**.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Is as reliably efficient and dependable to-day as ever. It is ideal shortening—a scientific combination of choice pork fats in exactly right proportions for all seasons—**perfect** for pastries and fine for frying. Sold in tin pails of convenient sizes—always wholesome and fresh—economical to use. Order a pail from your Grocer or Butcher.

Swift Canadian Co.

Limited

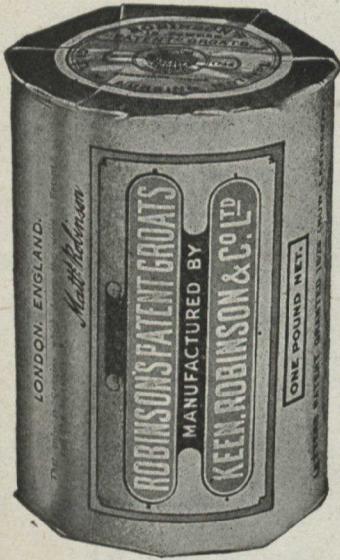
Toronto

Winnipeg

Edmonton

(Canada Food Board License Nos. 18-170, 18-171, 18-172)

Robinson's "Patent" Groats Should Be Used



For Baby when eight or nine months old. Made in the form of a thin gruel combined with three parts milk and one part water it is a perfect food.

If the child had been reared on

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

until it has reached the above age, Groats and milk should be given alternately with "Patent" Barley, as it tends to promote bone and muscle.

For the Invalid and the Aged, in cases of influenza, a bowl of hot gruel taken in bed at night produces a profuse perspiration helping to drive the cold out of the system. Taken by the aged at night it promotes warmth and sleep.

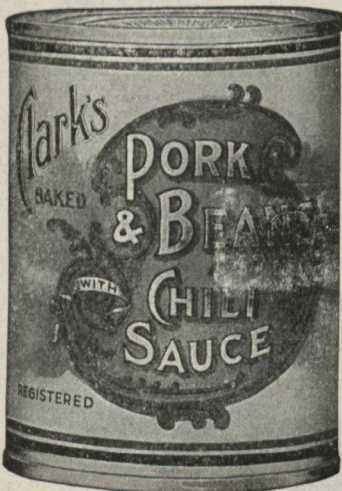
Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

MAGOR, SON & CO., Limited
Sole Agents for Canada

191 St. Paul St. W.,
Montreal

30 Church St.
Toronto

CLARK'S PREPARED FOODS

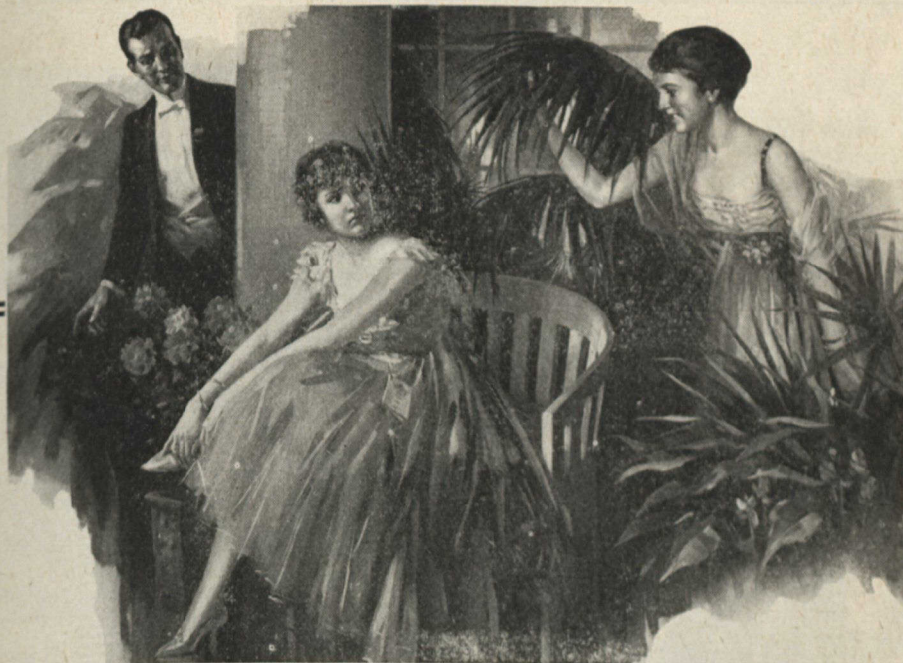


Some of our helps to Food
Conservation

- CLARK'S Pork & Beans
- " Spaghetti with Tomato
Sauce & Cheese
- " Concentrated Soups
- " Peanut Butter
- " Stewed Kidneys
- " Ox & Lunch Tongues
- " Pate de Foie, etc., etc.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Canada Food Board License No. 14-216



Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo? Or for suffer-

ing corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Blue=jay
For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely

Large Package 25c at Druggists

Small package discontinued

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. Chicago, New York, Toronto

(945)

No More Headaches If You Use

“RIGA”

PURGATIVE WATER

A saline laxative which keeps the alimentary canal clean and healthy, prevents constipation, biliousness, and insures health. On sale everywhere. Use it for health's sake.

25 cents the Bottle (except in Far West).

Andrew Pattison, 508 McGreevy Block, Winnipeg. Sole Agent for Western Provinces.

MURAD
THE FINEST
CIGARETTES

S. ANARGYROS
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO

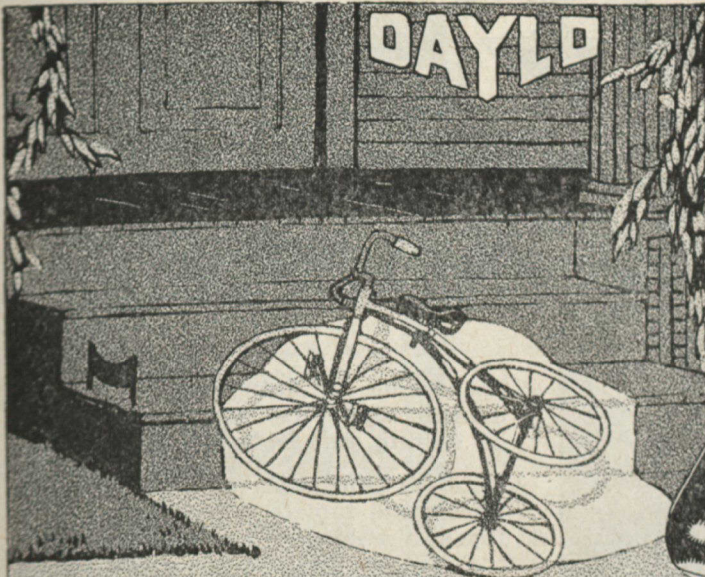
*Everywhere
Why?*

**Finest
Quality**

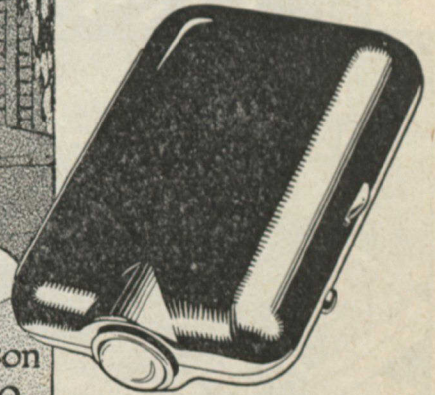
Anargyros

The advertisement features a central illustration of a Murad cigarette pack and a single cigarette. The pack is tilted, showing the brand name 'MURAD' in large, bold letters at the top. Below it, the text 'THE FINEST CIGARETTES' is written in a smaller font. The main illustration on the pack depicts a woman in classical-style clothing sitting on a balcony or terrace, with a sun rising behind her. The name 'S. ANARGYROS' is printed at the bottom of the pack, with 'IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO' in smaller text below it. A single cigarette lies horizontally in front of the pack, with the brand name 'MURAD' and 'S. ANARGYROS' visible on its filter. The background of the illustration consists of horizontal lines of varying thickness, creating a textured effect. At the bottom left, the phrase 'Everywhere Why?' is written in a stylized, cursive font. To the right of this, a rectangular box contains the words 'Finest Quality' in a bold, serif font. In the bottom right corner, the name 'Anargyros' is written in a cursive script.

EVEREADY



*The light
that says:
"There it is!"*



No. 6992

One of our 77 styles of Daylo.

Darkness respects neither your person
nor your dignity. You need a Daylo.
Canadian National Carbon Co Ltd. Toronto.



*From a prominent dentist's letter—name will be
furnished on request.*

"Only a powder has the necessary
abrasive qualities for polishing and
cleansing. You can feel the
harmful deposits being rubbed
from the teeth by

CALOX THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Cleans-Whitens-Preserves

A package sufficient for one week's trial and authori-
tative booklet telling "Why a Powder is better than
a Paste" will be sent free on request.

Tell your friends about CALOX.

The large size contains more than twice as much as the
smaller size.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
Incorporated
91 Fulton St., NEW YORK

"Your 32 Teeth are 32 Reasons"



MADE AT OLD BRANTFORD
MILLS

Barber Ellis, FRENCH ORGANDIE

Stationery

The choice of discriminating women who wish stationery of dignity and refinement.

Obtainable in paperterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Ask your Stationer for it.

36-8-18

SAVE SUGAR
BY USING

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Not only a choice table Syrup—can be used for all Baking

SAVE WHEAT
BY USING

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

Makes dainty Pie Fillings, Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, and can be used in Bread making.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED

MONTREAL

As good as the
Finest Imported
Brands.—None
Better.

This New Ginger Ale of
O'Keefe's is the same
type as the famous im-
ported brands. It is
quite dry—with a most
delightful flavour.

O'Keefe's
SPECIAL PALE DRY
**GINGER
ALE**

is only one of the many
delicious beverages, put up
under the

O. K. BRAND

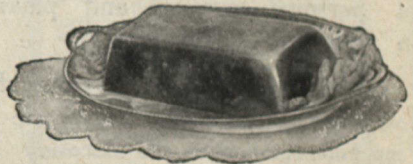


Belfast Style Ginger Ale,
Ginger Beer, Cola, Sarsapa-
rilla, Lemon Sour, Cream
Soda, Lemonade, Orangeade,
Special Soda.

Order a case from
your dealer. 517

O'Keefe's, Toronto

—you'll enjoy
these
delicious
low cost
hot weather
dishes by
Mrs. Knox



Ham, Chicken or Meat Loaf

Take two cups of any left-over stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, well-seasoned, bring to the boiling point and add one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in one-half cup cold water. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef or chicken) well seasoned. Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, onion if desired, or parsley. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from mold and cut in slices for serving.

Just because we live in days that call for strictest food economy is no reason for serving less nutritious or less appetizing meals. Many dishes that are the pride of the most famous chefs can be made right in your own kitchen at very little expense from left-overs of meat, vegetables and fruit with the use of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Mrs. Knox's "Food Economy" book was prepared to help you. It contains many recipes for delightful, inexpensive war-time dishes and it is free. Send for a copy. Mention your dealer's name and address.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., INC.

Dept. A. 180 St. Paul Street W.,
Montreal, Que.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

PRODUCE **FOOD** CONSERVE

But Have Your Relaxation



IT is splendid work that is being done on the farms, in the gardens, and in the homes right now !

It is patriotic work, for the winning of the war rests heavily upon those who are providing and conserving food.

In a sense, it is heroic work, for it so often means the foregoing of personal comfort and pleasure in the face of duty to the country in war time.

But thousands upon thousands of war-time gardeners and farmers are finding compensation in the discovery of a new joy.

Hot and tired from their labours, they thoroughly enjoy what before they took as a matter of course—the almost caressing touch of the Gillette as it slips off the beard and leaves the chin smooth and happy.

If you are doing your share of the world's work in this war, take your share of the relaxation—own a Gillette !

Your Jeweler, Druggist or Hardware Dealer will show you a variety of Gillette sets at five dollars. Select yours to-day.

*P.S.—Be consistent in your Conservation policy
—a Gillette Razor will not only save you money,
but it will save you time and temper.*

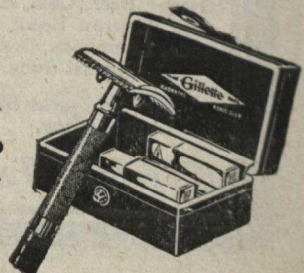
It may seem strange to the man who uses any other razor than the Gillette to class shaving as a PLEASURE. But tillers of the soil, as well as soldiers here and at the Front, are united in their appreciation of what the Gillette has done to lighten the load.

Ask any soldier about shaving, if you want to hear some *real* Gillette enthusiasm.

Gillette Safety Razor Co.

of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory : 65-73 St. Alexander Street,
MONTREAL.





JAEGER

**KNOWN
EVERYWHERE
FOR QUALITY**



Quality is one of the chief essentials in every Jaeger Garment and it is on quality that the reputation of Jaeger Pure Wool has been built throughout the British Empire. One of the leading scientific authorities of textiles in England devotes his entire time and attention to keeping up the Jaeger standard of quality.

For sale at Jaeger Stores throughout the Dominion.

A fully illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application to

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen **CO. LIMITED**
System
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

British "founded 1883" 4-18

Macey
**SECTIONAL
BOOKCASES**

ARE THE BEST

For sale by All Leading Furniture Dealers.

"MACEY STYLE BOOK," full of information, free for the asking.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

WHERE-TO-GO

1907—EVERY MONTH IN 12 MAGAZINES—1918

Atlantic Monthly Century The New Country Life
Field & Stream Harper's Red Book Review of Reviews
Scribner's The Canadian The Spur (twice a month) World's
Work Fifteen Million Readers Monthly Write to these
places and refer to WHERE-TO-GO, 8 Beacon St., Boston,
Mass. Ask us for travel information. Enclose Postage.



Chateau Frontenac in Ancient Quebec

A METROPOLITAN HOTEL in the most distinctive city of the continent. Quebec, birthplace of America, retains most of its quaint mediaeval picturesqueness and old French atmosphere. At the crest of its steep streets, near the Heights of Abraham, stands the Chateau Frontenac, commanding magnificent views over the broad St. Lawrence. The center of a gay social life, its service is nation-known. Operated by the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

which has fifteen other famous hotels across Canada.

Further information on Resort Tour No. 207 gladly given by

**General Tourist Agent
Canadian Pacific Railway
Montreal, Canada**

MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.

**FOR RHEUMATISM
THE PARK**
Mount Clemens, Michigan

SEATTLE WASH.

HOTEL BUTLER large, airy rooms.
Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 25c.
Rooms \$1.00 up, with bath \$2.00 up. Home comforts to the traveler. A. CHESHIRE MITCHELL, Mgr.

Where-to-go for Oct. closes Sept. 1.

WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

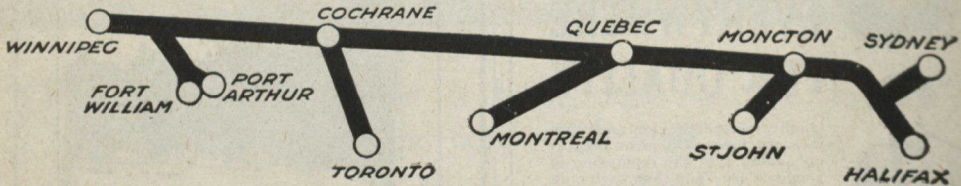
Don't matter if broken. We pay up to \$35.00 per set, also actual value for OLD GOLD, SILVER, PLATINUM AND DENTAL GOLD. We send cash by return mail and hold goods for 15 days for sender's approval of our price. Mail to Mazer's Tooth Specialties

Dept. 133 2307 So. 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Canadian
Government
Railways

NEARING THE MILLION MARK

Canadian
Government
Railways



THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

- Winnipeg - Toronto
- Winnipeg - Quebec
- Montreal - Halifax
- Halifax - Sydney
- Halifax - St. John



H. H. MELANSON, *PASSENGER TRAFFIC MGR.* MONCTON, N.B.

OVER

700,000
SOLDIER LADS
HAVE TRAVELLED THIS
ROUTE WITHOUT MISHAP

ALGONQUIN PARK HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

September the Most Attractive Month

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

1500 lakes, rivers and streams
—crystal clear and teeming
with game fish.

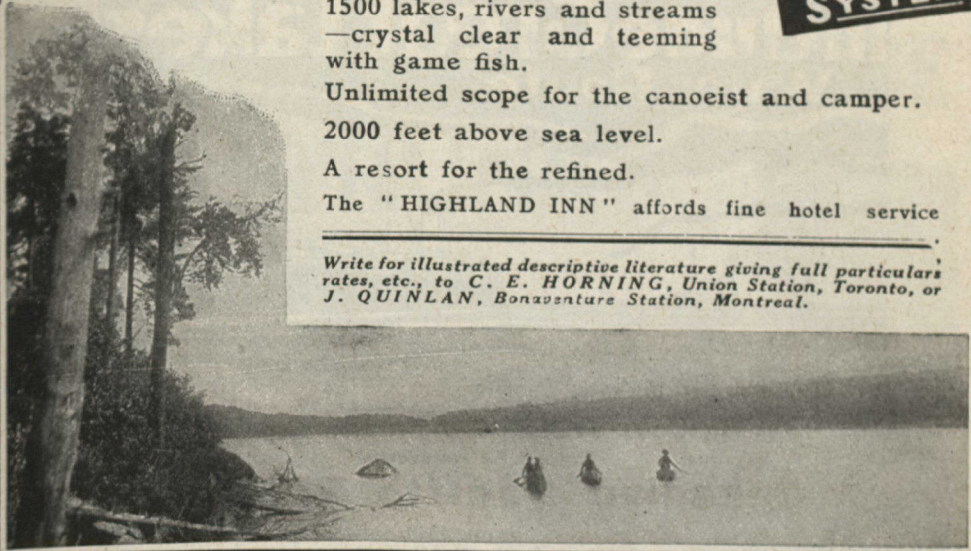
Unlimited scope for the canoeist and camper.

2000 feet above sea level.

A resort for the refined.

The "HIGHLAND INN" affords fine hotel service

Write for illustrated descriptive literature giving full particulars rates, etc., to C. E. HORNING, Union Station, Toronto, or J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.



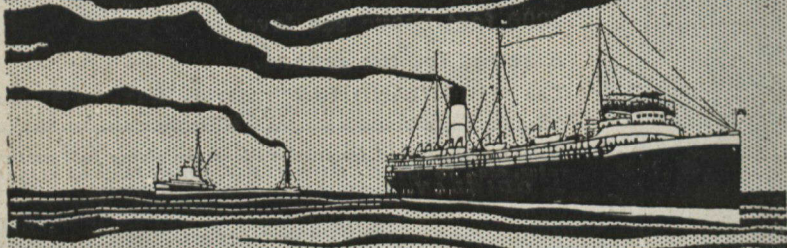
GET AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS' FISHING

YOU'LL ENJOY IT AND FEEL BETTER

HUNDREDS OF GOOD SPOTS FOR GAMY TROUT, BLACK BASS AND MASCALONCE IN ONTARIO OR QUEBEC—IN FACT THE FINEST FISHING IN EVERY PROVINCE; AND FOR REAL MOUNTAIN TROUT, TRY VIRGIN HAUNTS IN THE CANADIAN NORTHERN ROCKIES.

Ask for new book "Where to Fish and Hunt," contains concise description of every worth-while place on the line, also other valuable information—Any C.N.R. Agent, or General Passenger Supt., Montreal, Que. Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

Include Great Lakes Water Route



On Your Trip to the Pacific Coast

Through the marvelous

Canadian Pacific Rockies

Excellent accommodations—cool, restful,
day-and-a-half's diversion on the

Canadian Pacific Railway Great Lakes Steamship Service

From Fort McNicoll, via Toronto, on Georgian Bay
through Lake Huron and Sault Ste. Marie to Fort
William on Lake Superior.

Summer Tour at Special Rates covering Lake Ports and chief
Western Points of Canada and the United States.

Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents, or

**W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent,
TORONTO**



"JULIAN SALE"

The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

'RITE-HITE' WARDROBE TRUNKS

Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the 'Rite-Hite' Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter. In a very real way

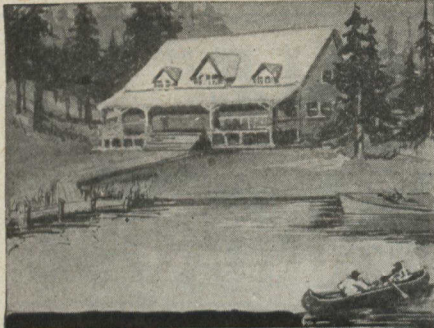


it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the "hangers" or in the "Chest of Drawers" in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)

\$33⁰⁰ to \$90⁰⁰

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.
105 King Street West, Toronto



Highlands of Ontario

Canada

Embrace millions of acres of virgin pine and spruce, broken by thousands of lakes and streams. Is it any wonder that the Highlands of Ontario is the mecca for out-door men and women.

**Algonquin Park
Muskoka Lakes
Georgian Bay
Lake of Bays
Timagami**

are all famous playgrounds. Modern hotels afford city comforts but many prefer to live in tent or log cabin—your choice at reasonable cost. May we help you plan your trip? Write or call for illustrated literature.

J. Quinlan,
Bonaventure
Station,
Montreal, Que.

C. E. Horning,
Union Station
Toronto, Ont.

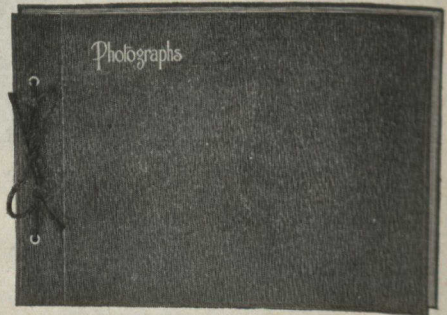
**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**



LEATHER GOODS



**LADIES' HAND BAGS
LADIES' CARD CASES
GENTS' LETTER and
CARD CASES
GENTS' WALLETS
WRITING PORTFOLIOS**



**LOOSE LEAF PHOTO ALBUMS
Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pens
GET THE BEST**

THE Brown Bros. LIMITED

Simcoe and Pearl Streets
TORONTO



Bruce's Regal Flowering Bulbs

FOR FALL PLANTING

Write for our 28-page illustrated catalogue—
 Bulbs
 Seeds
 Plants
 Poultry
 Supplies
 FREE

For Winter Flowering indoors and Spring Flowering outdoors. A House without flowers is not a Home. Prices Postpaid.

	EACH	DOZ.	100
Crocus, in four colors.....	\$.03	\$.25	\$1.65
Freezias.....	.04	.30	2.15
Lilies, Calla White.....	.25	2.50
Lilies, Chinese Sacred.....	.30	3.00
Hyacinths, Roman, four colors	.10	1.10	8.50
Hyacinths, Dutch, four colors	.10	.95	6.50
Narcissus, Single, 6 varieties	.05	.50	3.50
Narcissus, Double, 4 varieties	.05	.50	3.50
Narcissus, Paper White.....	.07	.65	4.25
Scilla Siberica.....	.04	.35	2.65
Snowdrops, Single.....	.04	.30	2.10
Tulips, Single Mixed.....	.05	.40	2.50
Tulips, Double Mixed.....	.05	.45	3.00
Tulips, Parrot.....	.05	.45	3.00
Tulips, Darwin.....	.05	.45	3.00

John A. Bruce & Co. Limited HAMILTON, ONT.
 Established 1850

A Belgian Officer

serving at the front since the second of August, 1914, and whose hobby was stamp collecting, wishes to correspond with any charitably inclined Canadians, who have any postage stamps for which they have no use, to help him build up his collection again as his own was lost in the first mad rush of the Germans into Belgium.

Address all correspondence to

M. WALLON FELIX

1er. S. Officer

Minister des Colonies de Belgique

LE HAVRE - FRANCE

May we send you this guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?

Any reader of the Canadian Magazine may obtain an illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Sent free with our compliments.

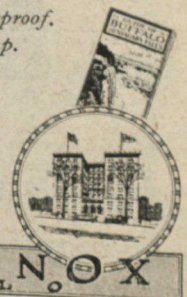
The Hotel Lenox, at North Street and Delaware Ave., Buffalo, has become a favorite stopping place for Canadians visiting Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The pleasant location of the Lenox—quiet, yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts—adds much to the comfort of tourists, as do the unusually good cuisine, complete equipment and excellent service.

European plan. Modern. Fireproof.

All outside rooms. \$2.00 up.

On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free.

C. A. MINER,
 Managing Director
 North St. at Delaware Ave.
 Buffalo, N.Y.



HOTEL LENOX
 B U F F A L O



ARISTOCRATS OF THE MUSIC WORLD

The Cecilian Convertible Upright Piano

The Cecilian All Metal Action
Player Piano

The Cecilian Concertphone

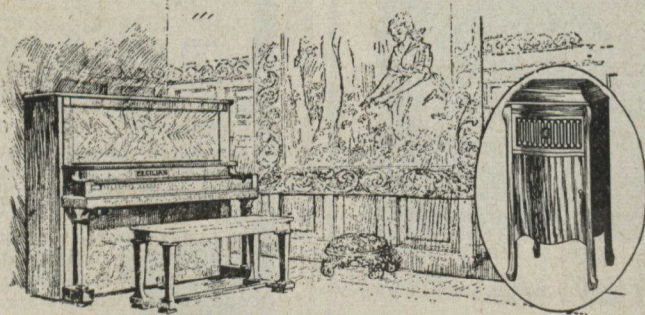
*Each of these masterpieces "Is a
thing of beauty and a joy for ever."*

Write for catalogue to

THE CECILIAN CO., LTD.

Factories—
89-91 Niagara St.
Toronto

247 Yonge st., Toronto.



Established 1883

I WANT YOU TO TRY MY CATARRH REMEDY 15 DAYS ON MY GUARANTEE

There is No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—**FREE**. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

Guarantee is Good 15 Days

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it **FREE**, and I am ready to let you try it for fifteen days on my guarantee. Yes I'll guarantee it, and if you are not satisfied it won't cost you one cent. Write me promptly.

SEND NO MONEY

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and all about your 15-day guarantee." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, **FREE**, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

**SAM KATZ, Room J. A. 1269
142 Mutual St. Toronto, Ont.**

No Dressing-table is complete without a bottle of

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water



This matchless perfume, after a Century of success, still stands today the acknowledged favorite among Toilet Waters.

In the Bath, on the Dressing-table, after Shaving, in fact however used, it is always delightfully refreshing.

PREPARED ONLY BY
LANMAN & KEMP,
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.
Accept no Substitute!



In tins
10c.
25c.
35c.

Death to all Insects

Get the genuine Keating's

Made in England

Sold by all Dealers
5



GENUINE DIAMOND CASH OR CREDIT

Terms 20% down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We trust any honest person.

Write for Catalogue to-day

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade TORONTO, Can

McLAUGHLIN

Light Six

A Car that Fits Your Ideas
of War Time Economy

LIGHTNESS in weight and
good spring suspension
insures maximum mileage
from tires.

The valve-in-head motor
means economy in gasoline.

These features, coupled with
the low initial cost, makes
the McLaughlin Light Six
the best investment.

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¶ Here, then, we have in a nutshell the attitude of Canadian auto owners. Despite their being besieged on every side with higher charges for merchandise in general, these motorists see plainly that, High Cost of Living or Low Cost of Living, they *cannot afford* to forsake Dunlop Quality at a just price merely to try and better Dunlop prices with the *attendant risk* of uncertain quality. ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

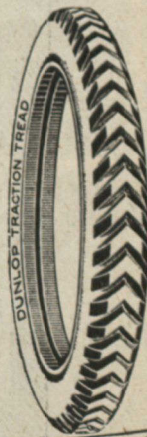
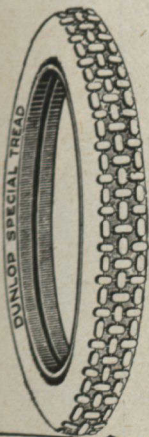
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Branches: Victoria, Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, and Halifax.

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Table Salt

Made in Canada

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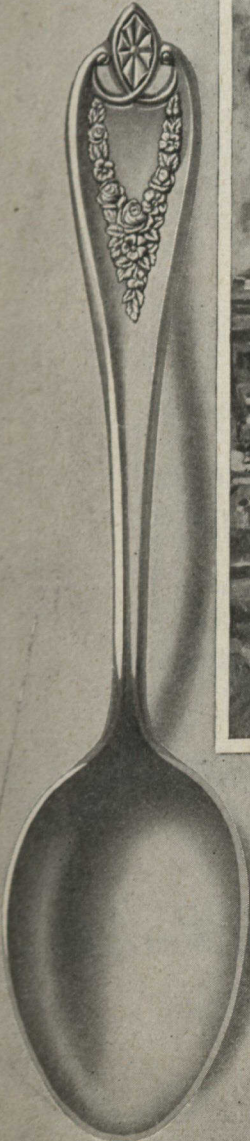
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Calories are units of food value. The number of calories per ounce contained in food proves its value.

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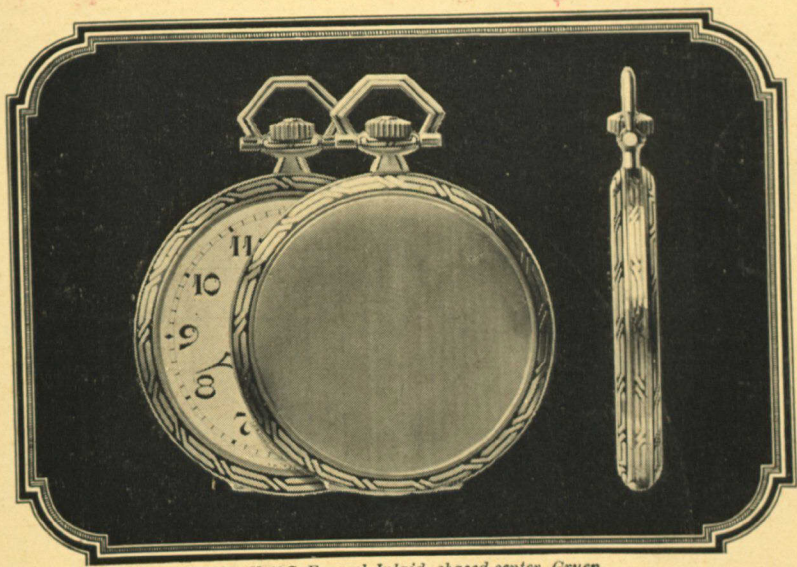
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