

133.



JUNE
1909

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. 33

No. 2



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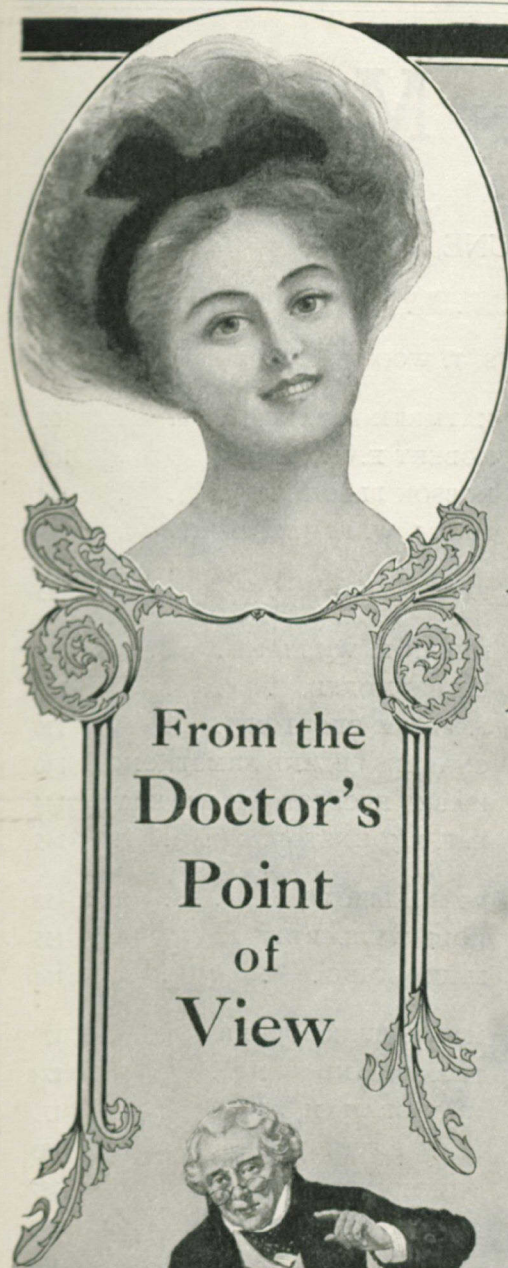
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIII.

No. 2

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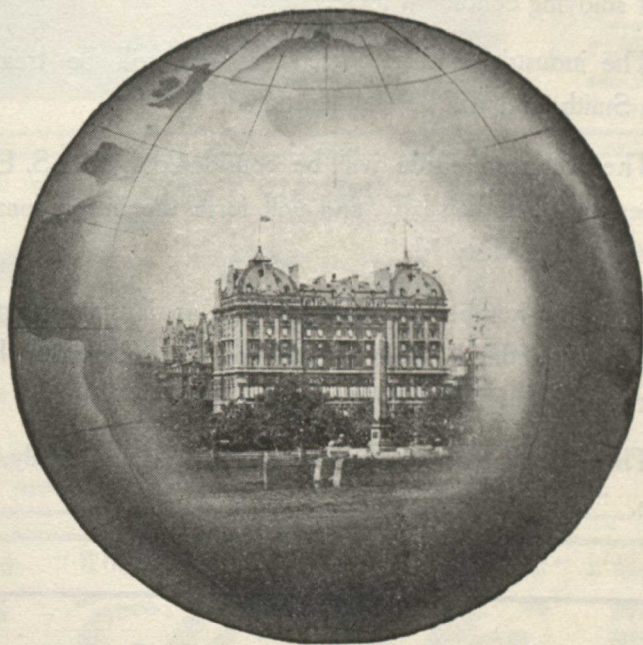
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The industrial and resourceful aspects will be treated by Edwin Smith, and will be well illustrated.

The picturesque side will be considered by Ian S. Esmond, an observant Canadian lady, and will form the impressions of an outing in "The Misty Isle."

The July number will contain also an illustrated article on Balnagown, Scotland, which stands on the Cromarty Firth, a rendezvous for the Main Fleet.

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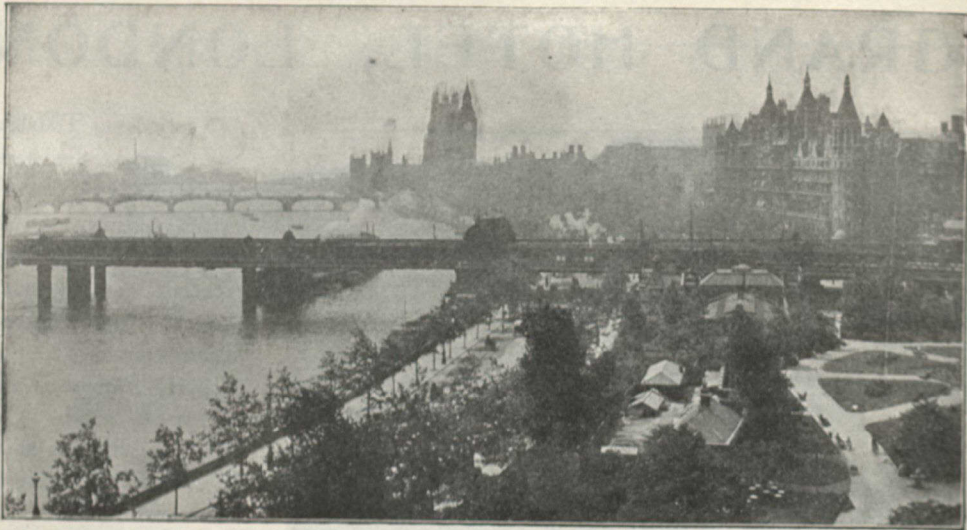
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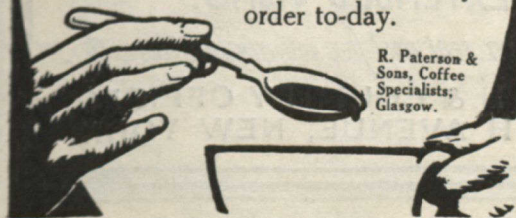
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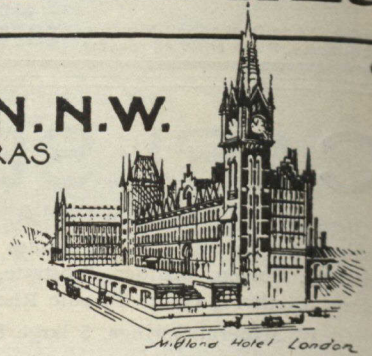
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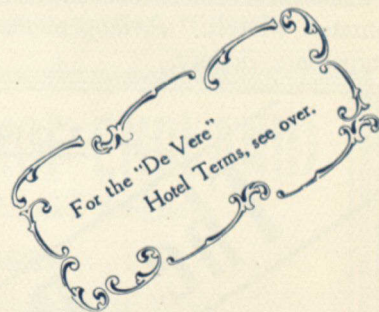
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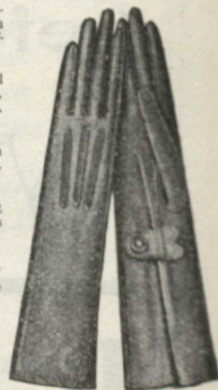
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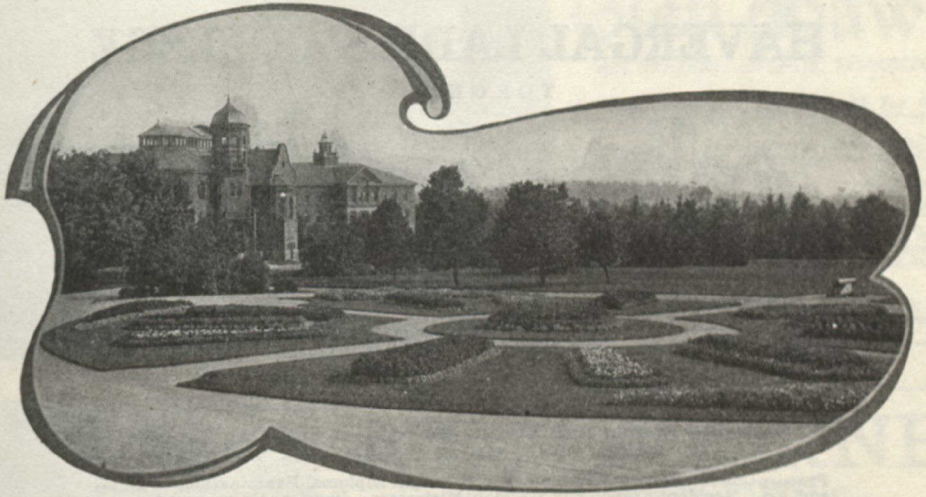
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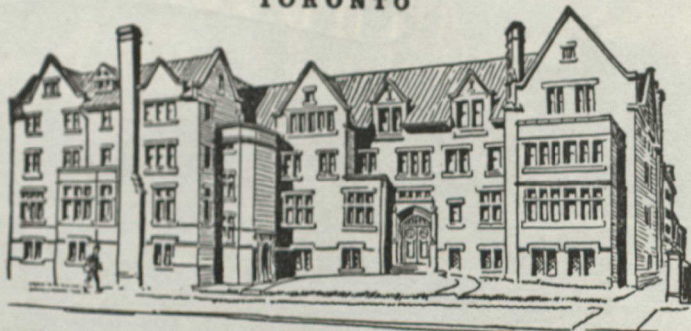
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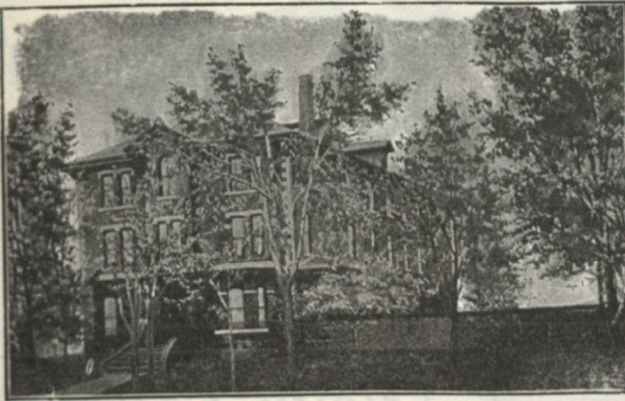
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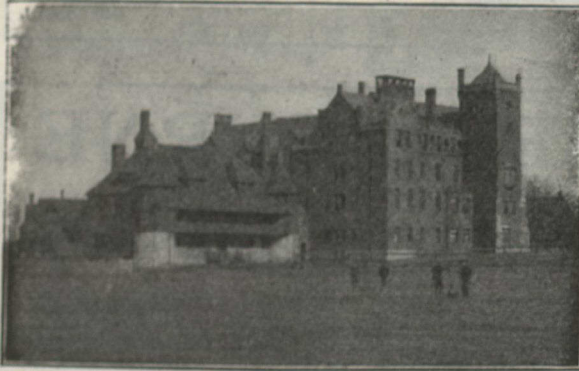


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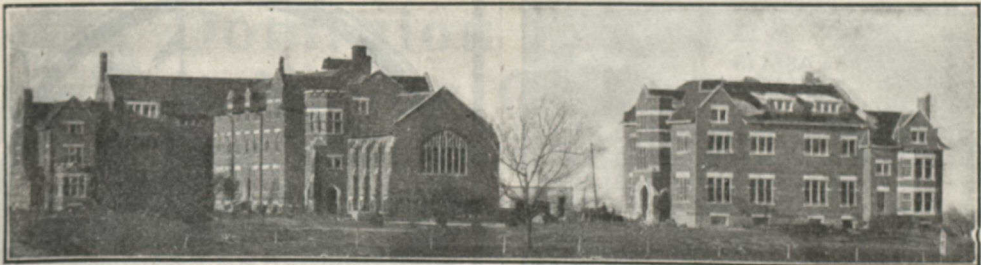
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31st December, 1908

LIABILITIES		ASSETS	
Deposits	\$3,998,838.10	Mortgages on Real Estate	\$23,209,639.79
Debentures—Sterling	9,619,037.07	Advances on Bonds and Stocks	952,486.36
Debentures—Currency	3,107,777.77	Municipal Debentures, Bonds and other Securities	620,359.20
Debenture Stock	427,538.35	Office Premises (Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina and Saint John, N. B.)	398,371.19
Sundry Accounts	11,469.56	Cash on hand and in Banks	1,284,446.87
Capital Stock	6,000,000.00		
Reserve Fund	3,000,000.00		
Dividends Unclaimed	63.90		
Dividend Payable 2nd January 1909	210,000.00		
Unappropriated Profits	90,578.66		
	\$26,465,303.41		\$26,465,303.41

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ASSETS
\$ 8,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,150,000

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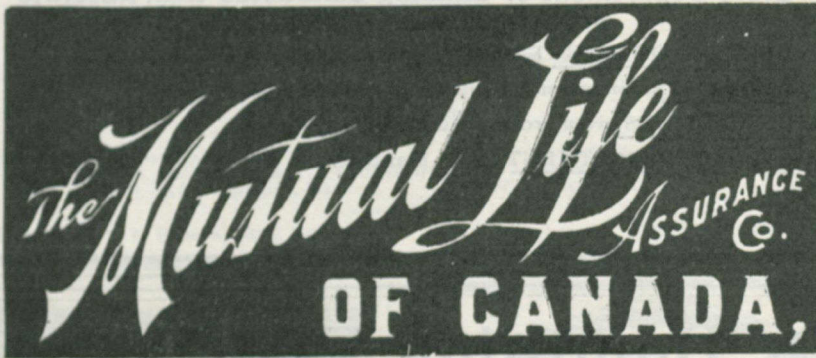


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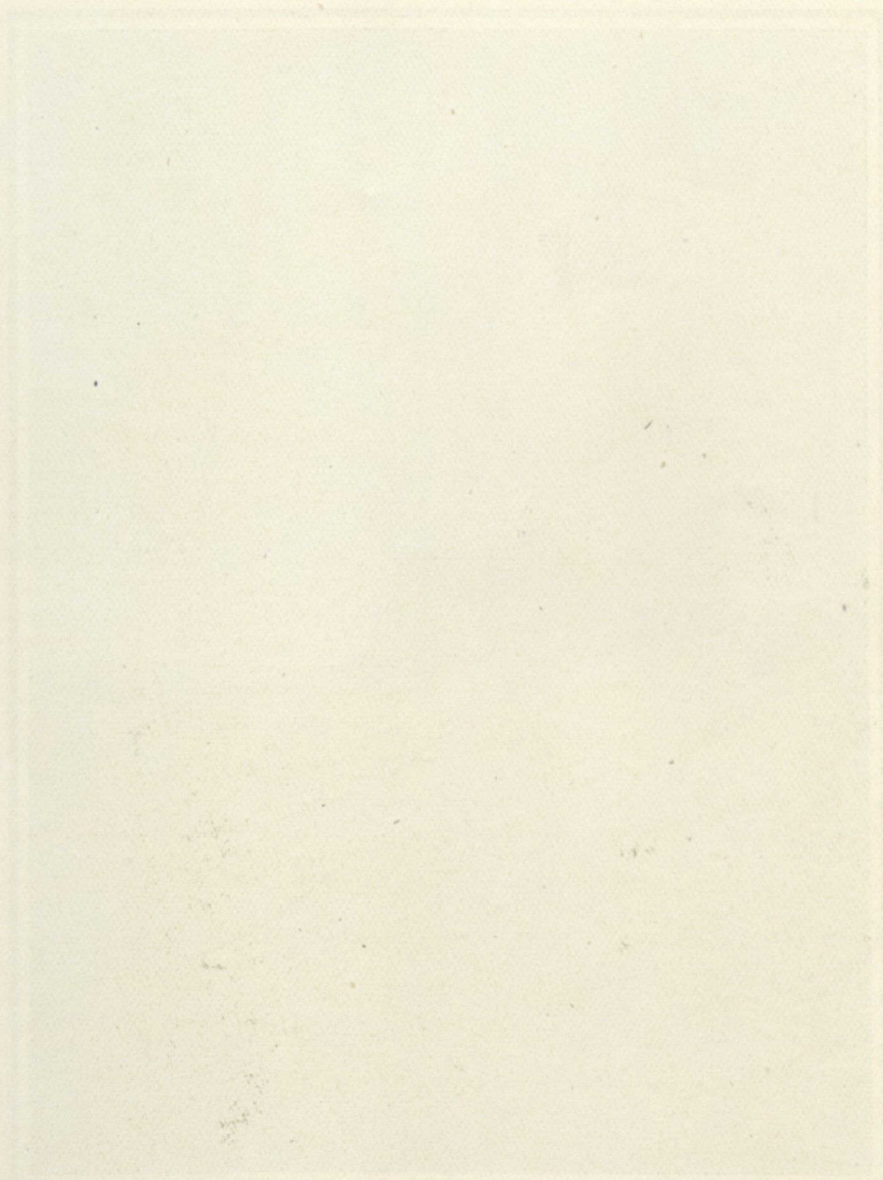
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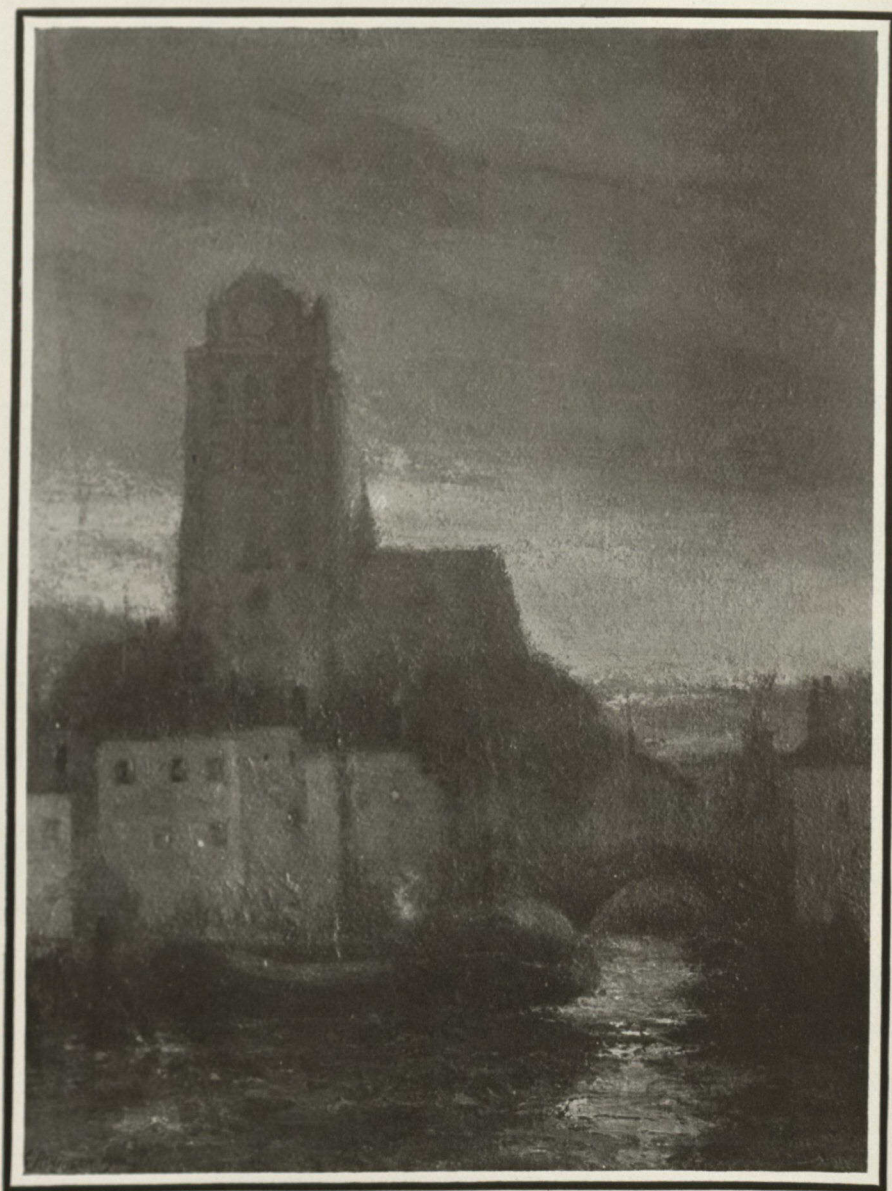


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THE GROOTE KERKE, DART, HOLLAND

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII

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No. 2

A FRAGMENT FROM A TRAGEDY

BY S. T. WOOD

AS wide as the world is the range of the flowers of genius. Some bloom only in the arctic frosts of adversity, while others need the continuous tropical warmth of comfort and abundance. Some demand the free neglect of the shady woods or open prairies, with the erratic smiles and frowns of changing scenes and seasons, while others need the hot-house nurturing of affectionate understanding and appreciation. Though many seeds fall in uncongenial environment and die, a few find the soil and climate that is their own, and enrich the world with a response, transmitting the renewed heritage to succeeding generations. No matter how favorably adjusted the surrounding circumstances may be to the creation of a work of genius, no one can escape the price of achievement. It is often a terrible penalty, of which the enriched world knows nothing. Relentless nature may exact the sacrifice of peace, comfort, home, friends, health, love, even life itself. And the achiever goes down to his grave mistakenly pitied, stupidly condemned or complacently pilloried as a warning, that the unappreciative world may inherit immortal literature or priceless art.

Coleridge sacrificed all that men reverence and hold dear in life, and suffered years of unimaginable torment that the world might inherit "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel", and the charm of philosophy, beauty and spiritual insight in "Sybylline Leaves". A mind capable of illuminating the world, driven to childish devices in eluding the vigilance of friends, may provoke thoughtless condemnation and even pity. But when the awful tragedy is seen in its true light as the price of achievement, narrower views are lost in a great admiration. Creative power in literature is strangely elusive. Some are able to call it up at will. Some may be possessed by it regularly every day, or at strange and unreasonable hours. The pipe, the glass, the phial, and the hypodermic syringe play a part occasionally, as does the thought of a kindred soul or understanding mind, in stimulating the creative mood. And sometimes achievement demands an abandoned devotion to drugs or stimulants, that sacrifices life to art and the man to his work. These fragments accidentally preserved from the tragedy of Coleridge's life reveal the stage in which dignity and manly courage are gone, eaten away by the nerve-



THE POET COLERIDGE, AT ABOUT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE

destroying drug which alone could give the temporary quiet essential to spiritual insight and the mysterious germination of poetic thought.

There has always been some uncertainty and speculation among Coleridge's biographers as to how far Gillman the Chemist, the faithful and conscientious friend, with whom he went to reside in 1816, was able to enforce the moderate restraints he thought best suited to the poet's condition. Coleridge was then thirty-four years of age and the spirit of literary creation was departing. There were rumours that another chemist, in Tottenham Court Road, had been successfully appealed to for a surreptitious supply of drugs. These rumours have received various acceptances and denials, and Hall Caine, in his life of Coleridge, says that the onus of proof is on those who doubt Gillman's claim to success. The resurrection of the relics, the letters, that are the *raison d'être* of this article, puts

all speculation at rest. They were preserved in pitying reverence by Miss Dunn, daughter of the Chemist of Tottenham Court Road. Miss Dunn became the wife of Rev. William Henry Norris, a clergyman stationed near Toronto, Canada, and the notes which reveal the surreptitious purchase of drugs are preserved in the family of one of his daughters by a former marriage. Revealing the tortures of a mind consumed by the fire of genius may seem like profaning the sacred chambers. That the fire was fed by the fatal narcotic makes the scenes in the passing struggle all the more sacred. But Coleridge is not an ordinary man whose secrets we must respect, but a bright star on which we may freely

gaze according to our mood, with wonder, admiration or indifference. The glances we are allowed at one of the mysterious sources of his brilliancy and poetic insight but serve to make the light he sheds on the world all the more dazzling and incomprehensible.

Only two of the notes are dated and they are separated by an interval of almost eight years. The earlier is apparently on a page torn from a notebook, and although the hand is firm the writing has been slightly blotted by haste in folding.

Dear Sir,— 21st Sept., 1824.

It has mortified me that in consequence of the prolonged stay of a friend at Paris I have been obliged to disappoint you and must still defer it for a few days. I do not doubt, however, that by or before this day week I shall be able to settle it, independent of my friend's return, tho' certain circumstances render me reluctant to make use of other resources, which I can indeed at any moment command but not so easily keep sacred to my own knowledge.

S. T. C.

21 Sep. 1874

Dear Sir,
It has mortified me
that, in consequence of the prolonged
stay of a Friend at Paris
I have been obliged to disappoint
you, and must still defer it for
a few days. I do not doubt,
however, that by or before
this day week I shall be
able to settle it, independent
of my friend's return. The
certain circumstances render me
reluctant to make use of other
resources, which I can indeed
at any moment command but
not so easily keep secret to any
one knowl. S. T. C. -

A LETTER FROM COLERIDGE TO A CREDITOR

Another, somewhat firm in touch, is dated with the day and hour, showing intimate relationship. It is on part of a sheet of note paper and a small part of the water-mark shows probably a flower. The script characters " & M " are distinct.

Wednesday Noon.

Dear Sir,—

I am setting off for town, which I was prevented from doing yesterday by a Cold and the Weather. I leave this note in case I should return too late to call at your house this evening.

S. T. C.

The following is in a finer but firm hand on paper which seems to have

been roughly squared by tearing. There is a pathetic touch in the final request.

I have this morning received a long desired letter which enables me to state this day week for the settlement. It would remove an unpleasant weight from my mind, if I could with propriety explain to you, why with a hundred pound of my own in the house I yet could not, without imprudent exposures, settle a £25 account.

Destroy this instantly.

The following direct request is written on part of a sheet of note paper torn off squarely and folded into a small compass. The ink is carelessly

Dear Sir

If it be in
your possession, could you
send me $\frac{1}{2}$ oz of the
Liquor Morphic, or in lieu of
that half a Scruple of the
Acetate Morphic -
S. J. C.

A REQUEST FROM CGLERIDGE FOR A STIMULANT

Wednesday Noon

Dear Sir I am setting off for home,
which I was prevented from doing
yesterday by a cold and the weather
I leave this note in case I should
return too late to call at your place
this evening. S. J. C.

A NOTE TO THE CHEMIST

I have this morning received a long desired Letter which enables me to state this day week as for the settlement. It would remove an unpleasant weight from my mind, if I could with propriety explain to you why with a hundred pound ~~to~~ my ~~own~~ own in the house I yet could not, without imprudent exposures, settle a 25£. Account. — Destroy this envelope

ANOTHER LETTER FROM COLERIDGE TO A CREDITOR

smeared by the folding, and the hand is decidedly weak.

Dear Sir,—

If it be in your possession, could you favour me with an oz. of the Liquid Morphii, equal in strength to Laudanum or in lieu of this half a scruple of the Acetate Morphii.

S. T. C.

The most deliberate letter gives some glimpse of the poet's sensitive mind, as well as the manifold causes of his distress. It is written on both sides of a half sheet of note paper. The part of the water-mark showing is the name "Pine &" in large capitals with "18" of the date. It was folded and sealed with wax in such a way that the margin was torn when it was opened. This bears in pencil mark, evidently by the lady who preserved it, the date, "March 10th", but the year is omitted.

Dear Sir,—

I do not doubt that within a few days my settlement with my publishers will enable me to settle with you. In the meantime be so good as to accept the enclosed, in addition to the account, as fairly your dues. The Day I left Highgate for Ramsgate a letter arrived, contained a draft for the sum, £26; but it was accompanied with a request in relation to a late unfortunate Public Mea-

sure, and Controversy or Feud in this District, which (had the compliance been less repugnant to my own private and disinterested conviction) I could not but resent as compromising my independence. Meantime, for motives of great literary and not trifling pecuniary magnitude, I was under the necessity of changing at a heavy present loss, the whole of the work I was engaged on, and of re-writing the whole. I mention these circumstances to you in confidence in justice to myself. For be assured, that few things have given me so much pain as this Delay has done. A few months' hard work will enable me hereafter to be beforehand with you rather than behind.

With true respect,

Your obliged,

S. T. C.

P.S.—I entreat you, be careful not to have any note delivered to me unless I am alone and passing your door.

The later dated note, the only one signed in full by the poet, was written less than three years before his death. Many phases of the dark picture are crowded in, and the shaking hand and smeared ink reveal as much as the words. This note was folded and sealed with red wax, but the seal was broken without injuring the paper.

Dear Sir,—

You will oblige me by filling the accompanying bottle with Tinct. Op. I am

at present confined to the house by an attack of Rheumatism, but on my very first excursion I will call on you and settle this with what other favours I have yet to account for. Believe me with "many happy New Years" to you, with regard and esteem.

Your obliged
S. T. Coleridge.

6 Jan'y, 1832.

(See page 105)

The mystery of genius must ever be measured by, or subjected to, conventional standards, for common humanity can have no other. The solitary school-boy absorbed in poetry and metaphysics was flogged for infidelity. Nothing could be more typical of the whole life of this man who paid nature's price, and of the world's acceptance of him and of his work. At twenty-one he enlists. What could

be more incongruous than the man of metaphysical insight standing at attention? He is discharged in a few months. The dream of human brotherhood, that child of a deluded faith in man, is indulged. He marries at twenty-three, and a biographer, with laconic deduction that may be tragic or humorous according to the mood, says this was the end of his socialistic projects. At twenty-five he sleeps under the "anodyne compound" and dreams the vision of "Kubla Khan", awakening with a strange remembrance not only of the vision but of the poetic lines that have given it life. But in the soil in which his genius bloomed and flourished his body, his will, his common human nature must die. He took up the burden and we have "Kubla Khan," a work of which Charles Lamb, his understanding friend, wrote:

It irradiates and brings heaven and Elysian bowers into my parlour while he sings or plays it.

At thirty he is tortured with rheumatics and gout. The strangely elusive creative faculty is deadened by physical ailments. There is new life in the "Kendall black drop" and in this form the nerve-wasting morphine becomes a deadly necessity. The creative insight and imagination that could be awakened by the spirit of youth when the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" was written, required, in later years, the stimulant of the humanly fatal drug. It is impossible to believe that this was a weak sacrifice of health, strength, will, nervous force and self-respect, for the sake of some passing and un-



COLERIDGE COTTAGE AT NETHER STOWEY

My dear Sir

You will oblige

me by filling the accompanying
bottle with Tincture. I am
at present confined to the House
by an attack of Rheumatism, but on
my very first recovery I will call
on you & settle this matter.
Other favours I have yet to
acknowledge. - Believe me,
with many happy regards
to you, with regard and esteem
Yours obliged,

S. T. Coleridge

Jan 7 1832.

THIS NOTE DISPLAYS THE HUMAN SIDE OF GENIUS

natural sensations of pleasure. Those endowments which ordinary and normal man values so highly were sacrificed, not to pleasure, but to the creative power that has given the world enduring literary treasures. Charles Lamb was of the few who understood. The strangeness of his own genius may have given a clue to the artificial strangeness of Coleridge's recreative mood. It could not have been to a weakling seeking pleasurable sensations that Lamb wrote:

In my brief acquaintance with you in London your conversation won me to a better cause and rescued me from the polluting spirit of the world. I might have been a worthless character without you . . . this is no cant.

Biographers have attempted to estimate the balance of rights and duties in Coleridge's relations with his wife and family—as if any profane eye could discern the myriad influences of so sacred a relationship. On his return to England after two years of fruitless struggle abroad, he avoided

his people and went to live with Wordsworth. His condition, worse than homeless, prompted Dykes Campbell to write of "a sense of broken promises—promises to friends, and promises to himself, and above all sense of a will paralysed, dead perhaps, killed by his own hands".

In this there is forgetfulness of Coleridge's struggle to redeem a broader promise to the world to give full measure for talents entrusted to him by nature. The world cannot say how far the fulfilment of this promise necessitated the breaking of many others.

Gillman's influence fortunately disappointed the prophecy of Charles Lamb's sad joke in spelling his name with a "K". Coleridge was again able to work, to achieve and to give forth the light of his subtle imagination. Then came the delightful evenings with Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Mary Lamb, Moore, Rogers, Hazlitt and DeQuincey.

In the intellectual light of an understanding circle his genius kindled into flame and his wonderful conversational powers found scope. We need not join in the general regret at the loss of these inspired monologues. They are not lost. They were the Promethean fire that animated a beloved and receptive few, inspiring a creative, literary impulse which has given the century its place in the world's mental development. No one could hear unmoved, and the world owes to his inspiration both the sympathetic, spiritual mysticism and the antagonistic materialism of the creative minds he won or repelled. Critics have freely condemned this unconventional and seemingly purposeless life. But fortunately for the world the man with a message will reach understanding ears, irrespective of its praise or blame.

This is not a contribution to the endless controversy over the duty of men of genius to conform to the conventions necessary to the stability of ordinary humanity under civilised con-

ditions. Whatever position the world may take, men of genius will continue to be laws unto themselves, and to pay the price of achievement for the reluctant world's enrichment, while the world will continue to criticise according to the laws of which its vision is able to take cognisance.

Great physical vigour prolonged Coleridge's life to nearly three-score years. The period of decline from which the fragments are rescued were years of physical and nervous suffering, of humiliation, of struggle with poverty and debt, of senselessly vindictive criticism, of painfully ungenial work and of the consciousness of creative power which he could not use.

This outwardly sad picture is relieved only by the quickening association of a few sympathetic minds. At forty-eight he writes:

From circumstances, the main portion of my harvest is still on the ground, ripe indeed and only waiting, a few for the sickle but a large part for the sheaving, and carting, and housing; but from all this I must turn away, must let them rot as they lie and be as tho' they had never been, for I must go and gather blackberries and earth nuts, or pick mushrooms and gild oak-apples for the palate and fancy of chance customers.

That is not the letter of a man seeking weak indulgence, but of a man seeking power to work. The strength to realise elusive possibilities may cost even the supreme human sacrifice and the reward may be the opportunity for new sacrifices and new achievements. Coleridge suffered the penalty but does not seem to have gained the full reward.

It is a mistake to regard as wasted a life that has accomplished so much. It is also a mistake, though a noble and praiseworthy one, to pity deeply, when, through all the distress and anguish, there must have been the secret consciousness of power, of greatness, of success. His pain was not that he suffered at the hands of a criticising few who should have welcomed the manifestations of each re-

newed activity, but that this literary circle was unworthy, and consequently unappreciative of the spiritual insight and exaltation which were striving for utterance. The great soul cries out in its loneliness—not because it is misunderstood but because the world cannot understand. Genius is forever disappointed, for its reach so far exceeds its grasp. There may be a sense of disappointment with self, perhaps keenly felt and suffered, but there is always the sustaining inner vision which tells that the disappointment is with the great brotherhood of humanity. And Coleridge must have felt in the bitterness of the attacks which his works seemed to provoke, that the failure was not his but his critics'. Spiritual exaltation strug-

gling for audience amid the sordid restraints of commercial journalism is a pathetic picture over which we may forbear to dwell. But if we have tears let them be shed, not for Coleridge, but for the purblind critics who were moved only to a jealous antagonism, and lived in the midst of treasures they never discovered.

"His great and dear spirit haunts me", wrote Charles Lamb on hearing of Coleridge's death. "I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning and reference to him."

In the intellectual life of that prolific time others were equally indebted with Lamb, but none other was so clearly conscious of the source of his light.

RESPONSE

By

KATHERINE HALE

Have you known pipers in magic mood
 Take a slim branch all winter-worn and bare
 And breathe on it, till notes that were not there
 Seemed to steal out through the enchanted wood?

Have you seen Spring in luring, roseate guise
 Gaze on some meadow desolate and worn
 Until, like softest footsteps of the morn,
 Pink buds responded to those questing eyes?

Then you have felt the stirring in my heart
 O Gazer on a life bereft and cold:—
 God yield to you the promise you unfold
 And let me go, awakened, yet apart.

THE INTERRUPTED TOAST

BY ROBERT E. KNOWLES,

Author of "St. Cuthbert's," "The Web of Time," Etc.

"WE'LL really have to take in some of the Scotchmen," I insisted, looking rather despairingly at the other two; "nobody ever heard of a St. Patrick's supper with only three people—the thing's absurd."

My remarks were directed to Terence O'Flynn and Jimmie Ryan. They, with myself, constituted the entire Irish population of our Scottish town. It seems, I know, like an oversight on the part of Providence that any one community should have so little of the salt of the earth—but so it was. Terence was the town solicitor, this plum having fallen into his capacious Hibernian mouth while several Scotchmen fought savagely for it among themselves. Terence got it, and litigation became straightway the order of the hour. Jimmie, strangely enough, was also an official of the municipality. His particular duty was to keep the Main Street bridge looking decent. A shovel and a broom were Jimmie's instruments of office, both of which were now leaning against the little wardrobe in which Mr. O'Flynn kept his gown and other garments less professional. Jimmie had dropped in on his homeward way.

"There doesn't seem to be anny sinse in askin' Scotchmen to an Irish banquet," said Mr. O'Flynn, concluding with a violent but accurate bombardment of the cuspidor in a distant corner. Terence was a sure-enough lawyer—but, so far as the English language was concerned, he was still a layman.

"But how the mischief can we have a banquet wid jist three men—that'd

be nothin' but an ordinary spree. An' ivery mother's son av thim an Irishman into the bargain—shure they'd slaughter one another," said Jimmie dolefully.

Terence paid little heed to this. "I wouldn't moind one or two of the haythens," he went on musingly, "as far's mysilf's concerned—but I believe it's *ultra vires*; I'm almost sartin it is."

Jimmie gave a violent start. "Hivens, Terry," he broke out, "what's that ye're sayin'—it's what?"

Mr. O'Flynn looked at him calmly. "It's *ultra vires*, Jimmie," he repeated solemnly; "I can show it to ye in the book," laying his hand on a volume of poetical quotations that lay on the table.

Jimmie reached down and pulled one leg of his overalls out from the keeping of his high boots, not knowing what he did. His clay pipe rolled mechanically in his mouth—the latter beginning to open—till it was turned upside down.

"What might that mean, Terry? It sounds loike the mischief—some-thin' about Ulster, is it, Terry?" a little Vesuvius falling from his pipe on to the table.

"Not exactly," responded Terry; "it means it ain't dacent."

"Oh," said Jimmie, much relieved. "It sounded like some wan was goin' to lose their job," which was Jimmie's ultimate conception of disaster.

"Cut this out, O'Flynn," I interrupted; "let's stop fooling and attend to the banquet. The fact is, we'll

have to ask some of those Scotchmen—and the question is, which ones shall be invited.”

“They’ll drink us dry,” remonstrated Terence; “an Irishman hasn’t any show wid those fellows along that line.”

“There won’t be any drink,” I broke in, a little sharply, “for—”

“More pertikkler when it’s free,” exclaimed Jimmie with a kind of wail. “They’re divilish careful, when they have to pay for it; but whin they get it for nothin’ they—they jist swim in it,” and Jimmie smacked his lips in a kind of proxy of delight.

“We’ll invite none but total abstainers,” I interrupted.

“There isn’t anny,” retorted Jimmie promptly, “none that’s fit to ask, annyway. Archie Carrick’s one o’ thim kind—but it’s in his wife’s name; an’ she won’t let him out afther sundown. That’s how she keeps him true and stidfast. An’ Tony McArthur’s a sthricht abstainer—but whin he does take a little, he gets wild. He’s apt to slam the bottle on the floore,” Jimmie added, awe and pain mingling in his voice. “An’ thim’s the only two rale timperance men in the bunch,” as he cast on me a glance that indicated the security of his position.

But I was far from vanquished and only then did the real fight begin. I contended stoutly for the abolition of all liquids except the most innocuous brands. The evil and the peril of any other course were duly pointed out by me. The Scotchmen must be invited, I urged—or a few of them, at least—but why risk the pleasure of the evening and the souls of the Scotchmen by the presence of “the cratur” at the banquet? What a noble example, I pointed out to Terence and James, if all liquors were banished from our table, would thus be afforded the wondering Gentiles who were to be our guests.

But my colleagues were obdurate and immovable. Terence declared, almost with tears, that he was not

thinking of himself but of the honour of ould Ireland; and Jimmie made no secret of his emotion as he told me how he had promised an expiring grandmother in far-off Tipperary that he would always observe St. Patrick’s Day after the fashion of his fathers.

So I yielded, sorrowfully. But I had not finally surrendered. A few days later Mr. O’Flynn and I were walking across Main Street bridge. Jimmie, with his usual industry, was plying his profession with both broom and shovel. Then and there I stopped and made my last request. Unless this were granted, I explained, I would have to retire from the celebration. All I asked was this, that I be permitted to provide the drinkables myself.

Terence consented readily enough; but Jimmie was more cautious.

“Will ye promise it’ll be Irish?” he demanded.

I promised. “Straight from Belfast,” I volunteered, as additional security.

“An’ it’ll be good stuff,” pursued Jimmie—“none o’ that r——” employing a familiar term that implies internal decay.

“The very best,” I answered, and so the bargain was consummated.

*

St. Patrick’s Day in the morning, which fell this particular year on a Saturday, was bright and beautiful. Jimmie and Terence and I were early abroad, each resplendent in a sprig of real shamrock. Jimmie scorned all toil this day, providing as his substitute on the bridge, and at his own expense, a Scotchman straight from Glasgow. At frequent intervals Jimmie would appear upon the scene and thunder his orders at the toiling Sandy, especially masterful when sundry Scotchmen were near by to mark the servitude of their race.

All things were in readiness for the festivities of the evening. The duty allotted to me, as afore described, had been faithfully discharged. And in the

doing of it I had had great delight. Always a stout advocate of temperance—any man who drinks whisky, that doesn't have to, is a fool—I had provided the liquid supplies with a profound assurance that I was a benefactor of mankind. I had purchased, paying liberally therefor, a generous supply of empty bottles, each one bearing the lurid label: "Good Old Irish Whisky." These I had filled, in accordance with my promise to James and Terence, with good stuff straight from Belfast. Right to the cork I filled them—with the best Belfast Ginger Ale.

The Scotchmen were early at our little banquetting hall. No ticket was demanded, no admission fee—nothing but to walk in. They came early and eager, one or two showing signs of preliminary fasting, thus to partake more worthily of the waiting hospitality. Their number was rather greater than we had expected. With a nimbleness unwonted to their race, an additional few had qualified for the occasion. Clarence McKinnon as much as invited himself, pointing out that he had carried an Irish blackthorn for over forty years. Ronald Robertson was more delicate, merely intimating that his grandfather had, when a little boy, sold shamrocks on the streets of Glasgow. Charlie Neil told Mr. O'Flynn, in confidence, that their family name had been O'Neil a few centuries before; while Archie McGlashan plaintively called my attention to the fact that he had kept an Irish setter till its bright career was closed by an unequal conflict with a passing train.

We admitted them all; and a very happy company it was that gathered about that Irish board. Out of respect to our guests, and as a tribute to their prehistoric appetite, porridge was one of the first items on the bill of fare. But they silently scorned it—all but one Scotchman, who had evidently vowed to begin at the beginning and continue to the end. He devoured it without a word, though his

face showed that he considered he was doing us a favour.

After the main meal was concluded, it was comical to observe how the Scotchmen kept their anxious eyes turned upon the waiters as they came in from time to time. There were various preliminaries, of course, before the musical clink announced that their pain was about to end. Gravely, as befitted the occasion, the glasses were set upon the table; then followed the large bottles, all bearing the lurid label to which I have referred already.

Never have I seen such a transformation! One and all rose to the occasion, a smile wreathing each Scottish face as they prepared themselves for the real business of the evening. This was especially true of Watty Ferguson, one of Scotia's most loyal sons. Watty wore upon his bosom a generous sprig of heather, an heirloom in the Ferguson family, now proudly flaunted in the very face of the modest shamrock that reposed on every Hibernian breast.

"This is gaein' to be a graun' nicht afore it's through," Watty murmured as the waiter made a welcome deposit at his elbow. "Thae Irish buddies ken hoo to be hospitable, mind ye, though they dinna' get the name o't."

He glanced a little impatiently towards the Irish brethren, waiting for them to inaugurate the festivities which, in Watty's estimation, were now about to have their real beginning. His glance was not quite normal, his face a little flushed; it was all too obvious that Watty, suspicious of Irish taste, had taken the precaution to lay a good Scotch foundation—inside of himself, that is—before risking the hospitality of the evening. Indeed, so liberal and fluent had Watty's internal preparations been that he was now able to do little more than read, with a kind of contemptuous delight, the flaming label that set forth the merit of Irish distillery.

Watty's impatience was submitted to no lengthened test. For after the National Anthem had been sung—and

it did seem to me that our guests hurried through it with unseemly haste—Mr. O'Flynn proposed the first toast of the evening. I fancy very few of the Scotchmen knew what it was. They were intent only upon paying due and copious honour to it. Had it been to the health of Sennacherib, or the prosperity of the pig-iron industry in Patagonia, or the repose of the soul of Joe Smith the Mormon, it would have been all the same to them.

But with the first mouthful of the beverage I had provided, a great and solemn hush fell upon the company. The merriment faded from their eyes; the laughter died upon their lips. Terence O'Flynn and Jimmie Ryan cast swift and sympathetic glances toward each other, both pairs of eyes turning then on me, more, it would seem, in sorrow than in anger. Jimmie, hoping against hope, took yet another furtive mouthful; his worst fears now confirmed, he silently emitted the counterfeit, pretending that he was stooping over to recover his napkin from the floor. Mr. O'Flynn, as befitted his superior station, merely pushed his glass away from him, still turning a reproachful eye upon myself.

A moment later Jimmie had left his seat, and a hoarse voice was whispering in my ear: "It was ye that put that pizen in the bottles—if this was Tipperary, ye'd be hanged." Then he passed solemnly out of the door—gone for repairs. In about five minutes he returned, convalescent, and at peace with all the world.

But the Scottish grief and disappointment knew no abating. For them no second spring! Clarence McKinnon and Ronald Robertson, seated side by side, exchanged pathetic glances, like men who had tasted of the fatal hemlock.

"It's ginger ale," I heard Ronny exclaim in a ghastly kind of whisper, as if his mouth were full of ashes.

"It's some kind o' thae airedated waters," returned Clarence.

"Ony way, it's swill," Ronald responded sadly, the tones of both suggesting vitriolic acid, or something worse. Charlie Neil (alias O'Neil, lang syne) took up his glass and smelled it incredulously, while poor Archie McGlashan simply turned his round and round in a dumb despairing sort of way.

Not so Watty, however. Whether it was the previous precautions he had taken—of laying a native-brewed foundation—that stood him in good stead, or whether the ascending flavour from within lent its superior tang to the descending material from without, or whether a stimulated imagination atoned for all deficiencies, I cannot say. But, from whatever cause, Watty was delighted. Again and again he quaffed, more and more thrilled by each returning draught. My Old Irish pleased him well, and was evidently fulfilling the duty Watty expected it to perform.

The programme at length drew near its close. Yet dark disappointment still sat upon the assembled faces—all but Jimmie Ryan's and Watty Ferguson's.

Suddenly Watty swayed to his feet, his face aglow with exuberant emotion. "I'll gi'e ye a toast," he cried, unpinning the heather from his coat and waving it fervidly aloft. "St. Patrick was a Scotchman, onyway—so I'll gi'e ye a toast to Robbie Burns. Robbie Burns, an' a' wha honour him!" he repeated with growling unction. "Man, Bobbie'd hae likit fine tae be wi' us the nicht. There's nae Scotch, an' there's nae Irish," he went on, emotion mingling with his voice, "when Scotch an' Irish drinks oot o' the same little broon jug—an' I believe in treatin' the puir Irish like ye wad ony ither buddie. They're human, like oor-sel's—an' we canna a' be Scotch. We've whippit the Irish ower an' ower again—an' ye never cast it up against us. That's the forgivin' speerit o' the——"

"We mopped up the floore wid ye,"

Jimmie broke in, unable to stand it longer.

"An' the Scotch hae the intelligence o' the world," Watty went calmly on; "the Irish learned their A, B, C's frae us. When it comes till brains, ye canna haud the candle till us."

"Ye've haven't brains enough to make your head ache," Jimmie roared; "ye've can't tell Ould Irish from ginger ale."

"But on that graun' pint we staun' taegither," pursued Watty, adroitly switching to Jimmie's savoury theme; "we staun' agin the world. If a' men was Scotch — or Irish — or baith, there'd be none o' this haverin' aboot Scott Acts, an' local option, an' sic like. They're graun' folk, the Irish," cried Watty, smiling benignantly on Terence and James. "Ye've fed us — an' ye never lookit oor way when we were pourin' — an' we got it a' for naethin'. This wad hae cost us a quarter, ony ither place," Watty declared, looking around on the dismantled table. "Ye canna tell the shamrock frae the heather," he went on in poetic vein, "an' if I was the King, I'd hae St. Andra's an' St. Patrick's come on the same day, an' — an' then there'd be nae fear o' Home Rule for Ireland."

"What's that ye're sayin'?" Jimmie broke in significantly; "there wouldn't be anny what?"

"There wadna be ony Home Rule," Watty responded pluckily; "that is, nane forbye the kind we a' believe in. I tak' my staun' for Home Rule, nae doot — but I'm meanin' in ilka man's ain hoose. Let a man rule his ain hoose — that's Home Rule for ye. I'll wear the breeks while I wear onythin'," Watty predicted proudly, his bosom swelling, the conscious heather held aloft. "A man's nae man ava that canna rule aneath his ain roof-tree. An' that's my toast," he suddenly digressed, forgetful of the ploughman bard: "I ask ye a' to fill yir glasses till they're rinnin' over, an' drink to the Home Rule o' Scotch-

men ower a' the world — ilka Scot the king o' his ain castle, and the de'il tak thae suffragents that's tryin' tae wear the breeks. Fill yir glasses wi' this guid Auld Irish, an' we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet for the guid Auld Scotch, the Home Rulers o' the universe," with which high appeal Watty put forth his hand to discharge the duty he had just enjoined.

When, lo! the door of our humble banquetting hall slowly began to open, and our inquiring eyes confronted a forelock of red hair. This was followed by a head covered with many kindred tresses, each one of which, in its aggressive pose, might have done duty as a forelock. Beneath the ruddy tresses was a matronly face, strongly Scottish in its cast, from the eyes whereof there gleamed a light that bespoke a long-attested leadership.

She stood a moment, the door open behind her, her eyes fixed on the orator of the hour. Watty was pale as death. But, suddenly recovering, he did his best.

"Come in Betsy," he said in the most conciliatory of tones, "come awa in an' tak a seat. There's a wheen o' stuff left yet — an' there'll no' be ony objection till a bonny wumman joinin' wi' us, will there, sir?" appealing plaintively to me.

Jimmie grinned; Watty's adjective was too much for him.

"It's my wife," Watty added in a lower tone; "it's her, as sure as death — but she's a harmless buddy," he reassured us all, motioning the while to Betsy to come forward to the table.

But Betsy was not to be so disposed of.

"Ye'll come hame this meenit," she said, straightening up and scorning Watty's proffered hospitality. "Wha's a' these drouthy buddies ye ha'e wi' ye?" searching the assembled company with a glance.

"They're — they're freens o' mine," Watty ventured timidly.

"They're naethin' o' the sort," she retorted sharply, the auburn forelock

nodding with her emphasis; "an' ye ken that fine—they're some sort o' a society, I'm thinkin'—wha are they, I tell ye?" she repeated, advancing a little nearer.

"We're a—a kind o' a releigious body," Watty began desperately; "that's why we meet on a Saturday nicht, ye ken. We're—we're the Sons o' Scotland," he said triumphantly, drawing himself to his full length and taking a deep breath, holding it as far inward as he could, for his wife sniffed a little as she came nearer. "We're the Sons o' Scotland," he repeated proudly, "an' I'm the Chaplain, ye ken; I was juist gaein' tae gi'e them that bit frae Burns, aboot the Cotter haein' worship wi' his family—a little like corsel's, ye ken."

His wife came closer to him. "Yir breath's like the Sons of Scotland," she said scornfully, "but I ken fine wha's yir company. I ken them frae that bit weed on their jackets. They're the ungodly Irish. An' ye'r gaein' hame wi' me."

"I'll no' gang," said Watty stoutly, making one final desperate stand as he glanced around at the deeply interested company.

"Watty Ferguson!" was all his wife said as she gazed into the blue eyes of her spouse. Then after a long pause: "I heard yir bit screed, Watty, aboot wha rules the hoose—an' the boots is tae black, an' the coal stove's gane oot, an' the water's tae be brocht again the Sabbath. An' ye'll gang wi' me, Watty Ferguson."

The struggle in Watty's conjugal bosom was brief and sharp. Something of the storm within showed on his mobile face. Then, very slowly, he reached under the table and produced the flaming Tam o' Shanter, donned a few brief hours before in proud defiance of all things Irish. Solemnly he bowed to me as he stood with his bonnet in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he began with splendid dignity, "ye'll ha'e to excuse me noo. I'm no' leavin' for ony — ony — authority, forbye my ain mind and

will. But it's drawin' near the Sabbath day, ye ken; an' I was aye brocht up to respeck the Sabbath. Watty Ferguson's nae the man to be caught carousin', when it's maist the Sabbath day, wi' a company o' Irishmen that'll no' be found i' the kirk the morn. It's a matter o' conscience wi' me—an' I'm gaein'. Wumman," as he turned sternly to his wife, "ye'll gang hame wi' me. D'ye hear, Betsy? I order ye, as yir husband, to gang hame wi' me this meenit; it's by yir ain fireside ye ought tae be, solemnisin' yir mind for the sanctities o' the Sabbath, in place o' makin' a laughin' stock o' yirsel' afore a gatherin' o' ungodly Irish that's been tastin' mair nor's guid for them. Come wi' me this meenit, wumman, when I tell ye," as Watty solemnly adjusted his Tam o' Shanter, bowed profoundly to the company, and started majestically for the door.

There was a pause for a minute or two after Watty and Betsy had passed out into the night. Terence and James looked uneasily at me, waiting till I should break the silence. But, to tell the truth, I was quite at sea as to what should follow next. The way, however, was speedily opened up. Clarence McKinnon slowly raised his six feet four into the air and addressed me thus:

"Mr. Chairman, I'm sure we a' feel we've had a graun' time the night I'm dootin' if ony gatherin' o' Irishmen ever had sic a nicht since St. Patrick and John Knox used to wet their whistles when they met thegither. An' I dinna think," Clarence formally concluded, "I dinna think oor proceedin's cud hae a mair fittin' close than for us a' tae rise an' sing Auld Lang Syne afore we part. I'll lift the tune mysel'," as he extended a spacious palm to Mr. O'Flynn beside him.

We all joined hands—Terence and James and I of necessity were mute—and the surviving Scotchmen sang their great anthem with the unctious that befits their race.

MORALITY AND THE MODERN STAGE

BY ROBSON BLACK

THE periodical outburst against immoral presentations upon the New York stage has of late been centreing upon itself a degree of public and private attention. No matter what the transient force or inconsequent birth of this latest crusade of newspaper and pulpit, it is yet sufficiently demonstrative and sincere to merit present discussion. In the course of a sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, Archbishop Farley is quoted as having said: "The stage is worse to-day than it was in the days of paganism. We see to-day men and women, old men and old women, bringing the young to these orgies of obscenity. They go to the theatres in shamelessness and they bring with them youngsters who cannot escape corruption."

No denial of this printed attack came from his Grace, and on the following day, Monday, Charles Burnham, of the Managers' Association, boldly said that he believed the Archbishop was right and that if he (Mr. Burnham) had his way, five productions then in New York theatres would be closed forthwith.

"All this talk," he absorbed, "about the stage teaching sermons or moral lessons is all bosh. Its mission is purely one of entertainment. You can't blame the managers for indecent plays. You must blame the public, for the public wouldn't make this sort

of production pay unless the stuff was what it wanted."

That began the battle royal. The clergyman lunged; the manager parried; the newspaper sat astride the fence or violently belaboured the producer on behalf of the ever dear "public." It has been worthy of attention that through all the fume, the public, whose moral welfare was the sole cause of strife, seemed interested only in a good-humoured way, wondering which of the contestants would get the worst of it. These periodic Doneybrook episodes with the morality of the stage as the chip on the shoulder, must not be taken with morbid concern. They have occurred before and will again, like the outbreaks in our zeal for national political purity.

Newspapers from coast to coast have taken a hand in the quarrel, mainly demanding that the theatre be "purged," and suggesting in some cases the employment of a censor. Others have found their opportunity for demagogic tirades on the greed of theatrical producers, while one or two, seeing in the situation only the puny figure labelled "the public," have flung plentiful brickbats at its head. Now, in all this blaming, the only peg for three-quarters of the deductions has been a surface impression gained from a shallow cognisance of our time and condition. Few have thought to dig even five years back,

to trace tendencies and find that the strange series of vicious portrayals of social evils by the New York stage is no matter for surprise. We have reaped our promised whirlwind.

Let us look for a moment at the exact condition of the metropolitan theatres and learn the cause of these verbal fisticuffs. In the thirty or more playhouses in New York City which boast of being "first-class" five plays have gained for themselves either a reputation for stark indecency or ill-concealed deviltry that to the mass of theatre-goers must necessarily prove a poisonous draught. This quintette of immoral plays has played to more immediate profit than any other five of the last ten years, which would indicate that there is a large enough following to make them temporary successes. In a published declaration of Mr. Burnham, following his interview, these plays were indicated as "indecent": "The Easiest Way," "Salome," "The Girl from Rector's," "The Queen of the *Moulin Rouge*," and "The Blue Mouse." Back came the managers and authors of the pieces singled out, using two defence arguments, either that their plays and operas were perfectly proper or that their existence was justified by the "public demand," not seeming to see that this latter argument is the one which an apothecary might use when caught vending cocaine to a drug victim.

Charles Frohman then came forward. "I do not believe in a play censor," he said; "I believe existing statutes should regulate the tone of plays just as they regulate street traffic, the character of books, pictures and public morals."

And Lee Shubert added: "The stage can get along without indecent plays. I believe the public is the best censor, and it is up to the public to aid the managers in their effort to wipe out such performances as may seem objectionable."

"I could name a number of plays, the really successful ones," said Dan-

iel Frohman, "that contain the quality to uplift. The success of lewd plays is distinctly ephemeral. They have a run for three weeks, and then their vogue is at an end. The public should act as censor of the stage. If they did not find a play worthy of their presence, nothing would more affect the future of these gutter creations than the public's remaining away."

And from Eugene Walter, the author of "The Easiest Way," came this: "I believe that the theatre can and will become an engine of tremendous educational value."

A few of the opinions of the New York clergy are particularly interesting. Rev. Charles F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, said: "I don't go to the theatre, but I am not opposed to it. I am afraid of becoming too interested, and I am too busy to give the time. I have been in a theatre only once since I came to America and I consider the play I saw a beautiful one and in no way injurious to the morals of old or young."

The Rev. Ralph Jervis Walker, rector of St. Simeon's Protestant Episcopal Church, said: "You cannot make people moral by legislation, and in this country a censor would not meet the demand of the time. To-day the Church has no objection to allowing its children to see proper, elevating plays which, like good books, may have a beneficial influence. But the presence of offensive entertainments in the city leads properly to protests of the most vigorous kind."

What has come of it all?

Mr. Erlanger, the head of the booking syndicate, which controls ninety per cent. of the theatres of Canada and the United States, promised in an interview not to send any of the condemned plays "on the road," which would restrict their poison to the one stream which passes through New York City. Two days later the manager of "The Queen of the *Moulin Rouge*" announced that he had arranged with a powerful partner of Mr.

Erlanger's for booking rights over an important section of territory, including Toronto, Canada. And there we are. "The *Moulin Rouge*" looked like a "good thing" to the enterprising manager, and, so long as the law keeps its hands off, this leprous creature of a foreign brain can crawl its disagreeable length before any theatreful of wives and daughters in the land. Conceive the pretty picture of a press-agent advising as a tonic "The Girl From Rector's," the Paul Potter edition of a French piece, expurgated, cut down, expunged, pruned and again re-baked before the American manager would consider it; even at that, its first production in a New Jersey city brought from the editor of a sane newspaper an editorial lashing in which one of his mildest similes was "a sewer turned loose across a stage."

Plays of this sort have perhaps never been presented with such daring boldness as to-day in New York. Take "Salome" as an example. One year ago it was withdrawn quickly by the express order of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's backers, who were apparently too ashamed to let it go on, but to-day it is revived by the same manager with the same backers, and is an excellent magnet for the box-office. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," bizarre, mocking, with the inflaming logic of theatre tricks, gave Arnold Daly the experience of twenty nightmares when he first touched his fingers to it. The public anathematised his boldness by book and bell, but—twelve months after that, in this same year of the Lord, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" comes back smiling, as innocent as a school miss at commencement. Once its drabbed name was unmentionable in polite company; to-day, hidden among its darker fellows, it shines milk-white by comparison. And that is just the way many a theatrical rogue becomes a feasted but unrepentant prodigal.

It is necessary to go back, somewhat, to show how the modern play of "purpose," the "problem," or

whatsoever you are pleased to call that long line of solvings or aberrations flying the flag of modern drama came into being. The primary purpose of all theatres in all ages is a reflection of the circumstances, manners, and sentiments either identified peculiarly with that period or recognisable easily by its people. With this in mind, it is profitable to know how the play of exterior development, natural to writers in olden times, when externalism played admirably into their hands, has been edged into obscurity by the modern attempt to solve a thousand questions, moral and psychological. Our playwright of 1909 has been forced to it, because his forerunner of the *Renaissance*, for instance, controlled dramatic treasures denied to men in the present century. As an instance, the advent of skepticism has robbed religion of much of its traditional awe and majesty. Less turbulent political conditions have taken from the theatre conspirator his old mantle of interest. There could be no rehabilitated *Cassius* to-day, because there is no Rome with its unrest, its brooding spirit of war, its violent and revengeful hates, its loves tried by bitter sacrifice. True, there is hate and love and jealousy to-day, but their externals have been altered past all recognising.

Of late, dramatic writers, no doubt inspired by the French School, have endeavoured to meet the public's craving for entertainment by what one might call the "introspective" play, which fills the same relation to the temper of the present day as Sophocles' "Antigone" to the appetites of the Greeks for legend. Instinctively, therefore, an American author might look for a theme in one of the most harassing evils of his nation—divorce. In that there are a hundred possible problems which lend themselves to dramatic handling: Should the faithless wife be forgiven? Is revenge for domestic wrong ever justifiable? And so forth.

Ten years ago these questions which

have found their way to the public forum were discussed in whispers by people morbidly anxious for something to gossip about. But now they are blazoned from the newspaper headlines, chattered by foolish mothers before listening children, circulated in household literature, and, indeed, have become the common property of discriminating wise men and impetuous, ill-governed fools. What surprise, therefore, if the drama of the time, likewise grown bold, unscrupulous because irresponsible, pictures the common table-talk of the nation and asks us all to listen and to look well. Its boldness is only the boldness of the newspaper; its stripping off of delicacy is but the stripping that has crept into colloquial conversation; its offensiveness is no viler in the nostrils than would come from a close examination of more than one corner of modern human society. However, in spite of the few dramas reflecting this sort of aspect to an extent that becomes keenly offensive to the normal mind, the play of "purpose" and the plays of "problem" recently put together in America have been, in the main, pieces of ineffectual nonsense, starting with a dull and foolish hypothesis and closing with it still undeveloped.

Though it may be for a moment stepping from the direct path of our discussion, there is yet an indirect interest in a glance at some recent dramas purporting to be "purposeful." Richard Harding Davis, in announcing his late deceased output, "Vera the Medium," told the world that he sought to expose the evil of spiritualism. But, indeed, it only exasperated the audience, broke down Miss Eleanor Robson's patience, and made a horrible mess for audience and actors alike.

"The Vampire" began in New York with a good idea, that of absorption of others' gray matter by a peculiarly formed giant, but crashed dismally.

"The Test," a most inane treatment of an impossible situation, rose in the

East and went down in the West.

"Man and His Mate," a mixture of fatalism and yellow melodrama, sang its own requiem, though but a few months old. Of the successful teaching dramas, "The Great Divide" mildly advanced the humanising power of love; "The Servant in the House," the brotherhood of man; "Jack Straw," the viciousness of snobbery; "The World and His Wife," the tragedy of idle gossip.

Some weeks ago Mr. Charles Frohman remarked that in judging of the morality of plays he would learn first whether they represented fine drama, with an unfortunate side of life as merely incidental, or placed the grossness of the gutter first and their dramatic art secondary. The first named he would justify on account of its fine drama; and would condemn the second because of its illicit theme. A very sane basis of judgment, but a veritable pitfall for the unskilled helter-skelter masses of the public.

When playwrights with their facile pens begin to toy with the problem of sex, and find that it is a delicious morsel with the public when treated daringly, scarcely any barrier except a policeman's warrant can prevent a public carnival of grossness. Such, the clerical critics of New York would have us believe is shown by "The Easiest Way," which lifts a young girl out of degradation, then throws her headlong into it, because Mr. Eugene Walter chose to clothe vice with pearls and fine linen. "Salome," on the other hand, is but a familiar story taken from a widely read source, but to the majority who see it in its gorgeous grand opera raiment, there is less art in its telling than gloom and sensuality. With the irresponsible "Girl from Rector's" and "The Queen of the *Moulin Rouge*," their frivolous atmosphere of unreality almost dispenses with part of their danger, even though they preach the unbridled doctrine of wine, woman and indifferent song. These two latter, with "The Blue Mouse," an adapted German

farce, are to the stage what unclean books are to the careless vendor or gross pictures to the dealer in art goods.

In a theatrical sense, there are but two publics, those who "go" and those who stay at home; and regarding this latter class the statement of a prominent idealist and student of the theatre is interesting: "Three quarters of the people qualified to appreciate fine drama never enter a playhouse."

In the writer's opinion the reform will not come from the present theatre followers. *They* are not calling out for revolution; they are quite resigned to the shadow of their Bastille. To-day we have not well-defined classes of theatre-goers. Instead, the old time representatives of various schools and levels of dramatic taste have become a polyglot mass of "show-goers," seekers after the treasure they are sure never to find.

Ask the average "intellectual" Canadian, the very man whom one might expect to be a pillar of art reform, what his ideal of relaxation or entertainment is. "When I tax my brain all day, sir," he answers, "I want a change at night. Give me a brisk musical show, with lots of fun in it." With such men (and women equally), representative of the great class of regular "show-goers," there is but a meagre desire for stage reform other than that performances be kept "respectable"—a term of very great latitude. Our Divine institution of The Drama is treated with the same serious regard that a lad bestows on his rocking-horse — to be kicked about when the temper pleases or petted when the liver is active. We give all consideration of our drama over to the tender brains of commercial managers to bring up in their own mercenary school, and then belabour it when it shows a trace of viciousness.

Painting has secured from us a definite veneration; music is hallowed through instinct and training; sculpture is worshipped blindly; but the

drama, the most widespread, most popular and therefore most potent of all our Arts—we laugh at its whims, and leave its wickedness to the professional clergy. It is clearly a denial of duty, a duty as profoundly ours as any in the calendar of religious dogma.

The point I desire to make is this: The theatre as it is to-day can be reformed not so much by those who attend as those who stay away. This is no paradox. I mean that non-theatre-goers, who are the stage's severest critics, are responsible if the object of their wrath shows no sign of regeneration.

Deeply ignorant as are the majority of persons of the history of the drama and its ideal purpose in a community, it is unreasonable that so many should scoff at an institution which will work for tremendous good or desperate evil. And how very often we find these non-theatre-goers possessed of a desire for entertainment and the intelligence to appreciate the best in drama, leaving the building of the Temple to the least competent in the community, while they stand aside, and storm and revile out of all countenance.

The "uplift of the stage" requires more than well-intended platitudes of pulpits, editors, or managers. Under its present commercial control it is amenable primarily to money. It may not be a highly ethical suggestion, but experience will prove it true that only a wisely-applied crowbar of dollars can do much elevating to the American stage.

Dollars are its master, always absolute, sometimes tyrannical. Every dollar put aside by a family for the atrical amusement is a ballot of immense power. Collectively they are capable of sending every unclean or incompetent drama into eternal limbo. These ballots for the election of good or evil on the stage are in your hands, and mine, dozens of them used in a year's time with all the responsibility for good keeping that attached to those servants in the parable of the talents.

AN EDUCATIONIST IN MUSIC

BY MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON

"SERANUS"

WHILE in its infancy as a nation Canada's leading citizens were chiefly conspicuous in commercial and utilitarian directions, there was even in the colonial age, from which we may be said to have successfully emerged, warm recognition always of the first educationists, those intellectual and resolute men who grappled valiantly with the difficulties of a new country and laid the foundations of the great schools and universities which have made Canada justly famous. The names of Strachan, Ryerson, Dawson, and of many others less brilliantly endowed will readily occur to all familiar with our history.

As long ago as the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, some features of the public school system of Ontario were represented in the Canadian section and attracted most favourable comment. In fact, if statistics were given, it would probably surprise a great many people to note the proportion in any standard work of reference (such as H. J. Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women of the Time") of professors and "educationists" to business men, bankers and capitalists, especially taking into consideration the total population. These first educationists were always more or less connected with such subjects as mathematics or political economy, with history or the physical sciences; they were good Latinists but did not rightly appreciate Ruskin. Art of any kind was not quite in their line of vision. Knowledge came, but the æsthetic faculty lingered; therefore,

in the early records of Canada and even up to twenty-five or thirty years ago there is not one name which is prominently associated with the advanced development of music, painting, or sculpture.

About that time there appears to have been a considerable awakening in these artistic departments of knowledge throughout the Dominion, and when Dr. Edward Fisher came to this country from Boston, Mass., it may be that he arrived at what we sometimes term the psychological moment, although the phrase had hardly appeared then. A native of New England and the son of Dr. Chesselden Fisher, a practising physician, he was born at Jamaica, Vermont, January 11, 1848, and very soon manifested unusual taste and aptitude for music. Private tuition in Hyde Park, Vermont, was followed by studies in Worcester, Mass., and later in Boston, where he attended the Conservatory of Music and became a pupil of Eugene Thayer, the leading organist of that city; of J. B. Sharband in piano, and of Julius Eichberg in harmony and counter-point. After holding prominent appointments as organist in Boston, he proceeded to Germany, where, in Berlin, he studied the piano under the celebrated Loeschorn, teacher and composer, and the organ and theory under August Haupt. Upon returning to America in 1875, Dr. Fisher became Musical Director of the Ottawa Ladies' College and in other ways left his mark upon the musical life of the Canadian capital,

and in 1879 proceeded to Toronto, where he has fortunately elected to remain, and where his influence and personality have become so widely known.

Dr. Fisher's first and only church appointment in this city, which he held for twenty years, was that of organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, King Street. Another branch of activity was the founding and directing of the Toronto Choral Society, an organisation which was, for twelve years, conspicuous among choral bodies and gave many important and difficult works, including a number of the standard oratorios. As a teacher, an organist and a conductor, Dr. Fisher amply proved his very great abilities and made many friends in all capacities; but, perhaps unconsciously at first, there was developing in his mind the conviction that his chief energies would, sooner or later, be preferably expended on the scheme of establishing a conservatory of music in Canada, which should be to Canadians what the schools of Europe have long been to natives of Germany, France, Italy and the British Isles.

Probably this idea first occurred to Dr. Fisher in Germany, the scene of his future labours being the United States and not Canada; and, had he not come to Canada, he would have been equally distinguished and influential in his native land. However, fortunately for us, he did come to Canada, or rather to Toronto, and at an opportune time promulgated his scheme for the founding of the Toronto Conservatory of Music based on sound business principles and possessing the confidence of the public as well as the enthusiastic following of music lovers.

In 1887 the Conservatory was opened with two hundred students. To-day, in 1909, it has a roll of upwards of seventeen hundred, with graduates scattered all over the world. These pupils are about to unite in forming a much-needed Alumni Association. Between 1887 and 1909 are twenty-two

years of constant upward endeavour on the part of the director and founder, the board of officers, the Faculty and the pupils themselves, who are naturally bound by ties of gratitude and esteem to their musical *alma mater*.

Space will not permit here of a detailed description of the Conservatory itself, nor is it necessary to dwell on the advantages of the curriculum or the very high standard of its examinations as the business of this paper is rather with the career and personality of its founder, but it may be broadly stated that in exterior features such as site, architectural fitness and equipment and in the eminence of its faculty, the Toronto Conservatory of Music is recognised as ranking with the great music schools of the world.

Returning to the subject of Dr. Fisher's church and choral work, it soon became evident that the success of the Conservatory, so much more rapid than he had foreseen, would be a heavy tax upon his time, and therefore he retired, first of all from the conductorship of the Choral Society and later from the organ of St. Andrew's. By thus devoting all his time and energies to the work within the Conservatory, he became what may be termed a specialist in his line, and it is a case of the end crowning the work.

In 1897, the present premises were acquired, but in 1899, only two years later, it was found necessary to make further extensions to the original building, and again in 1902 and 1907, various large additions were built, including many new studios for the faculty, which has grown with the progress of the institution.

On May 7, 1908, a banquet was given to Dr. Fisher by his brother musicians, at which general reference was made to his wonderful gifts as teacher and musical director, the title of the "Mendelssohn of Canada," in allusion to the founding by Mendelssohn of the well-known Leipzig School of Music, being applied to the



DR. EDWARD FISHER

guest of the evening, in the course of a happy speech by Dr. Humfrey Anger.

If one were asked to mention in straight, clear, categorical terms, the secret of his splendid success, the answer might take the form of affirming that in addition to his musical and business capacities Dr. Fisher, very early in his career, by the strength and uprightness of his character, made

himself and his calling very genuinely respected. It need be no reproach to a man of artistic bent that he is also a man of business, and in a combination of these qualities in Dr. Edward Fisher may be found the secret of his success. Therefore, not only has he conferred benefit on this Province and on this city by establishing the Conservatory, which will be a lasting monument to his name, but he has

rendered a service to the cause of music and of all æsthetic enterprises, by proving certain possibilities and by discounting financial failure by his sound judgment and foresight. He has probably made it easier for many who have followed in his steps, and the great musical awakening all over Canada during the last decade may not inappropriately be traced to the effect on the community of such solid and legitimate prosperity as has attended the growth of the Conservatory.

Dr. Fisher married, just before coming to Canada, Florence, daughter of Silas Durgan, an esteemed resident of Boston. Mrs. Fisher, herself a good musician, has been the keenly-interested companion of her talented husband during their residence in Toronto, where her delightful presence and appreciation of all things artistic have made her many friends. Dr. Fisher is a member of the Lambton Golf Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and his fine social qualities are recognised not only by the outside world but among his colleagues in the Conservatory, who presented him two years ago with a handsome gold chain and amethyst seal on the occasion of his birthday.

The degree (*honoris causa*) granted him from Trinity University some years ago is only one of the many outward tokens which assure Dr. Fisher that he is held in the greatest esteem by his adopted country. He is regarded outside his professional calling as a well-informed and widely read, courteous and amiable gentleman, capable of interesting himself in all modern ideas, and whose adaptability and readiness make him at all times a delightful companion. The number of first-class pianists and teachers trained personally by him is very large, and graduates of the Conservatory are to be found in all parts of the Dominion, in the United States, and Great Britain. Among the musical enterprises associated with his name is the organisation known at present as the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which originated in the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra.

Every year witnesses some new and important feature in the development of this great school of music, the result of a lifetime devoted to serious, far-reaching and honourable aims. As Canadians, we may perhaps be permitted to reflect that the good seed sown was sown on good ground and has brought forth an hundred fold.



THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC



NEAR LYNTON



IN TINTERN



LYNMOUTH

MINIATURES OF MERRIE ENGLAND

BY FRANK YEIGH

Illustrations from photographs by W. E. H. Carter

ENGLAND is a miniature land, as well as a land of miniatures.

In every county, and in every corner of every county, the wayfarer is rewarded with glimpses of scenic pictures of rarest beauty and most perfect setting: nature-gems, miniatures in proportion, exquisite in their framework of rock, of foliage, of mystical moorlands, of bold fronted cliffs ever feeling the savagery of the sea.

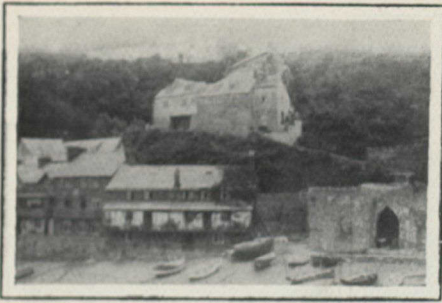
And the miniatures are of many types and kinds, discoverable in all sorts of unsuspected places—such an odd little hole-in-the-wall as Clovelly, or such a curious little harbour-mouth town as Lynton, or such a poem in architecture as Tintern, even in its decay, or such erratic, delightful narrow streets as hundreds of hamlets can show.

Here the eye may rest upon a six-century-old house, rich in its feudal traditions; there upon one of the stately homes of England. Here a castle wall peeps o'er the tree tops;

there a modest little cottage almost effaces itself behind a barricade of rose bushes. Castle and cottage are alike encased in the democratic ivy, just as the road and river-sides are banked with green and bright with flower colour.

In the June days of springtime, or the warmer and yet rarely too hot summer days, England will win the heart of any visitor with a heart, with an open eye for its beauties, with open ears for its music of birds, and Devon streams, and Cornish sea surf.

At such a time it is more than easy to fall in love with the merrie England of the open air and the countryside—to fall in love with her flowers, her flocks, her one-street hamlets, her solemn little parish churches, her wayside inns, her soft-carpeted swards and far-sweeping moors—with England herself, "the little body with a mighty heart," "—this little world; This precious stone set in the silver sea."



THE BASE OF CLOVELLY



CLOVELLY FROM ABOVE



IN TINTERN



A STREET IN EXETER

Let us ramble at random, in this land of delight, in search of miniatures—and pleasure. The riches are embarrassing, as one feels in searching for a masterpiece in the National Gallery. As every wall has its masterpiece, so every bit of England has its scenery-picture, its gem-like miniature, its nature magnet. If we coach through Devon and Cornwall, and then make a series of circles through the South of England, the programme will be replete with surprises, supplying moreover a rich store of memories for the after thinking-over days.

“One of the loveliest villages in England.” So our reliable Baedeker describes Lynmouth, huddled in between the bold cliffs where the two little Lyn streams unite before they lose their individuality in the Irish Channel. Quaint little Lynmouth, with its feet in the sea; picturesque little Lynton perched high and dry four hundred feet above its neighbour. Viewed from the summit of the Ragged Jack rock, a charming picture is unfolded of mingled crag and forest and water scenery. Valley doors invite exploration, of the land of Lorna Doone, of the Valley of Rocks, of the Tor Steps and the White Stones, of many another world of wild nature.

If Lynmouth is one of the loveliest villages in England, Clovelly is its queerest corner, and this in a land full of queer corners. It, too, is a town of one street, and that so steep that no horse or cart can use its course; foot-walkers perforce have to negotiate the series of steps, in themselves so precipitous that if one ever started to roll down hill in Clovelly, one could roll only in one direction—to and into the ocean. It is a village on a staircase, a hamlet overhanging the sea. The roof of one little house evens up with the ground floor of its neighbour, and each rose-encased cottage looks proudly down upon its fellow or sits humbly at the feet of its companion on the higher level.

At every landing of the street entrancing glimpses are had of the blue

waters stretching away to the green shores of Ireland and, in between, the white sails of the fishing fleet and the long snaky lines of smoke from the funnels of passing steamers.

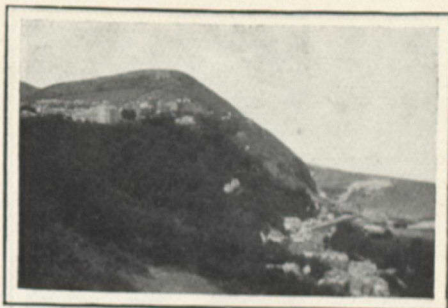
At the foot of Clovelly's hillside thoroughfare is a stout sea wall that encloses a tiny harbour, and harbours, even miniature ones, are oftentimes needed along this Devon coast, when the Channel waters are in a storm rage. But the tide is out; and the sea is quiescent and the herring boats are stranded helplessly in the mud. Stranded for a few brief hours too are the fisherfolk, hardy old sons of Neptune, bronzed with the air and winds of many a decade of exposure.

Friendly and communicative they are, between smoke puffs. They will point out Crazy Kate's cottage — a lassie who lost her lover at sea and who thereby lost her reason. And a group of net-menders may sing you the song of "The Three Fishers" who sailed long ago into the West from Clovelly; of the three wives watching through the storm from the lighthouse tower, of the three dead bodies lying on the wet sands as the tide hurried away after casting up its burden, of the three women

"—weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to
the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moan-
ing."

Yet another house is pointed out—the inn at the foot of the cliff street. "The folks do only dare drink at one inn—the one at t' bottom o' the hill. Them as lives three away has to keep sober or they'll tumble down an' break their crowns!" So spoke a garrulous old loiterer sunning himself on the sea wall.

It takes a mighty heart-wrench to leave Clovelly, even though the scene by the sea is soon exchanged for enchanting vistas of Devon lanes and Devon streams and Devon woods along



LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH

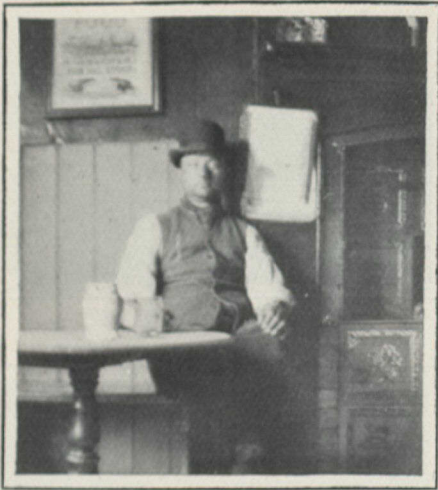


EPSOM DOWN ON RACE DAYS



NEAR SALISBURY


 COURT-YARD OF GOLDEN LION INN,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON



THE TAP-ROOM OF AN ENGLISH INN

their hedges and banks. It is a fair land in this western main of Merrie England, with miniatures on every hand. The quaint gabled houses, ancient in appearance and even in structure, speak of centuries as our frame homes of Canada tell of a brief span of years. The roses embellish their window frames and porches, the ivy tangles itself around eaves and casements, and the rich weather-colours are engrained in walls and roofs. By rare good luck the door of such a home swings open with all the wideness of English hospitality and a glimpse is had of the cosy interior, with the cheery steam of the tea kettle singing its song over the fireplace and the happy purr of the family tabby, stretched out in its warm window seat, and adding its own note of deep content.

A similar degree of comfort is still to be enjoyed in the typical wayside inn of rural England, even though their prices have materially gone up of recent years. There is something welcome about the very courtyard of these modest hostelries—such as the Golden Lion Inn, and who would object to paying a few extra pence for the yellow zoological monster ever swinging on the old signboard?

Inside, a stolid Hodge is seated on the hard bench of the tap-room, sipping his ale as Englishmen have done since hops were discovered. A dull-witted chap he appears, not given to a wide range of conversation or agitated about the Concert of Europe or the battle of the trusts in America, yet this same peasant helps to make up the England that is the mother of many nations and the guardian of many peoples.

But the tap-room is not an attractive apartment at best. The hungry guest will prefer the dining-room, with its generous-sized sideboard bearing the burden of a huge roast of good old English beef (perchance a section of a Canadian cow?) or he will welcome the inviting softness of the big four-poster bed and the accompanying comforts of ample towelling and hot water.

Thus refreshed to the tip of his toes, the thread of the journey is taken up the next morning with every body and mind ache gone, every muscle and nerve rested, and every faculty



A SIDE STREET IN CLOVELLY



IN WARWICKSHIRE

alert for what the coming milestones may reveal.

And revelations a-many there will be: of old towns with old streets, bounded by old houses, with old folks sitting on their doorsteps, with old village crosses rising sedately from market or green, with the old stone church in the centre of the parish, and with centuries of buried folks hugging its foundation stones as if in remembrance of the life-days when they worshipped within its walls.

Such streets you will discover in Exeter, in Amesbury, in Plymouth, in Tintern. Ah, there's a name to conjure with: Tintern-by-the-Wye, Tintern of the ruined abbey, Tintern of the tiny tea-houses down by the river bank. Tintern of the old mill, of the richly carpeted valley bed, of the tree-clothed hill slopes. "God's hand touched but lightly when He made our England," wrote Mrs. Browning in one of the finest lines ever penned in the English tongue, and the light touch of the Creator is evidenced in the vale of Tintern.

If there is romance in stones and poetry in architecture, then the remnants of Tintern Abbey supply them both. Great-brained builders those twelfth-century Cistercian monks must have been; men of artistic vision to conceive such window traceries and towers and pillar decorations and capitols. There, in the heart of a green meadow, by a seaward rushing river, lies one of the most romantic ruins in England, amid scenery of surpassing



OLD HOUSE IN LINCOLN



HOUSE 600 YEARS OLD



IN AMESBURY



IN WARWICKSHIRE

loveliness and amid a nature quiet that rests the wayfarer through many an after day of stress and strain.

If Clovelly tugs at the heart-strings, so does Tintern, so do most of these beauty spots of the dear old island. But the miniature-seeker must ever continue his search, in which he becomes something in the nature of an expert. If he happens upon Epsom Downs on a big race-day, it will be not so much a miniature he will find, but a large canvassed picture of humans in the mass, two-legged creations watching four-legged ones race neck and neck for the goal the while all England stops business long enough to bet on the result. But it is when the last contest is over, when the shouting and tumult die away, when the turf-lovers have returned to town, leaving the downs to the silences that can only live where men are not, that the man-on-a-quiet-journey is satisfied.

It is the mood that first hurried him from the sound of London, which is so well likened to the roaring loom of Time—the mood that carries him without aid of compass or chart to a bit of country like Salisbury Plains, where he has all out-of-doors to himself, save for a passing labourer, urging his horse to carry its load of wood, or a passing cyclist, hurrying from somewhere to somewhere else, as if Scotland Yard were upon him, save for the Druidical stones, and they are as voiceless as the Sphinx. They tell no tales of white-robed priests chanting mysterious

theologies by weird torchlight around the grim granite pillars, they gossip not about the dead days and a dead religion, but the thirteen surviving stones of a once perfect circle form a fascinating miniature set in the centre of a vast plain that slopes away to the sky-line, away to the tall spire of Salisbury Cathedral, representing another and a more vital religious cult that shows no signs of submergence.

The road that leads from the Plain to the Town will also bring you—if you mind your map—to the Shakespeare country, to Charlecote, the mansion where, if the olden police court records be correct, Master Shakespeare was brought up before Sir Thomas Lucy for deer-stealing and with whom the young delinquent got even by pillorying him as the worthy *Justice Shallow*.

Once within the bounds of Shakespeare-land, the summer-day saunterer will run the risk of a lengthened detention, for miniatures demand his admiration at every cross-road, by every country stile, within the Shottery cottage and under the limes of the parish church where Stratford's great son rests, beside the quiet-moving waters of the Avon.

And unless time is an elastic term, and there is no such things as fixed sailing days or home-calling duties, he—the traveller—will still be held by the spell of the Shakespeare Kingdom, by the magic and magnetism of Merrie England itself—the land of miniatures in nature and in art and life.



BRADSHAW'S ENGAGEMENTS

BY HELEN E. WILLIAMS

CLARK BRADSHAW, president of year '03, was striding about through the cool semi-dusk, collecting from their various repositories such implements as he would need for his morrow's campaign in the garden. He had just straightened himself from setting an armful of little pots of seedlings on the grass beside them when he saw, first, one, then, another figure in white slip through the hole in the hedge, and saunter down the path towards him. He stooped and sent a hand rummaging under the steps after a whetstone, and was busily engaged sharpening a scythe when they, following the windings of the path, for a heavy dew was freshening the grass, called out as they came up:

"Hullo, Clark!"

"How do you do, Mr. W. Clark Bradshaw, A.A., B.A., B.C.L.?"

Then Clark shifted the whetstone to his left hand just long enough to snatch his cap from his head, with the Bradshaw smile and manner.

"Hullo, girls. Awfully good of you to come over. Notice that variegated pæony? Isn't it a peach? Now that is my notion of——"

The girls, who had unceremoniously pushed aside the tools, and seated themselves gingerly on the steps, eyed him with such evident reproach that he stopped to laugh a little.

"I suppose you have been reading the papers."

"We have," said Corinne, emphatically, "and what's the use of coming out so magnificently—oh, you needn't

shake your head, you did, you know you did—and being Class Poet, and winning the gold medal, and—and all, if you come out here and grub the minute you get home, and make out what you've done to be nothing at all? I think it's maddening!"

Alice took up the tale of his delinquencies.

"And we had *such* a nice reception ready for you at the station, and the band struck up 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and you jumped off the other side and actually ran away! You!"

The subject of this denunciation had the grace to blush.

"So you didn't appreciate my variation 'See the Conquering Hero Runs'? Sorry. But as to getting into any speechifying scrape, and looking a blooming ass, while some Johnnie works off the mute-inglorious-Milton-about-to-shake-off-the-shackles-of-oblivion act—not for mine, thank you."

He stalked over to the garden-house, and came back with a box of sturdy dahlias knocking against his shoulder.

"Aren't they daisies?" he exulted. "Think I'll put them in that bit of spare ground next the daffodil border. George, but it's living again to get out to the country! To-morrow I shall make a day of it."

The girls, who had been regarding the plants with small favour, at this exchanged alarmed glances. Corinne got up and went over beside him.

"This is a *Jean Charmant*," he explained, fondly turning it round as he

exhibited it, "a magnificent 'decorative' type, a giant in size, silvery-pink deepening to rosy pink on the edges. And this is a *Gloriosa*, vivid carmine-scarlet, bright and striking, large flowers, and so on. And *this* is a *Souvenir de Gustave Douzon*, and will have flowers reaching ten inches across—not too bad, eh? Colour intense orange-red, with rich crimson shadings, a profuse bloomer, has created a sensation; in short, in the dahlia world—what's that?"

"I was only saying," observed Corinne, hastily, "that we know how hard you must have been working, so we thought we would break the strain by giving——"

"Not a tennis party!"

"Now, Clark, why not?"

"Why should you?"

"Well, if *you* don't see, Clark Bradshaw——"

He came and swung himself up on the verandah, and regarded his two fair visitors with good-natured exasperation.

"All pure rot!" he vociferated. "If it happened that I in the least wanted any demonstration. And every time I come home you girls seize the opportunity to get up a shine at which I am supposed to masquerade as chief entertainer. Now if you are honestly getting this up from a laudatory desire to please an old playmate, take my advice and—don't."

"With everything all ready?" demanded Corinne.

"H'm. You have mowed the lawn, then?"

"Well, no, not the lawn. You see we thought— I mean, you have always before——"

"Court marked? Net up? Ice cream churned? Schedule made out? People asked?"

"Now, Clark, how absurd you are!" How *could* the court be marked when the lawn isn't mowed? And we did think of the schedule, but decided it would be better to talk it over with you first. And, as to the invitations, I wouldn't have minded doing that

part myself, but remembered how social you are, and——"

"Hated to deprive me of the bliss of making a house to house visitation, eh? Well, this is all very thoughtful and nice, except that it's going to use up all the Saturday I've planned to give to rustivating. See?"

But she didn't see. How anyone could prefer pottering around among stupid flowers to the delights of a tennis party was a wonder not to be encompassed by the feminine mind.

"Have it without me, why don't you?" suggested Clark, amicably. "That's the idea. You will have the satisfied feeling of having done it for me, even if I have the callousness, the poor taste, not to show up, while I can grub to my heart's delight. Well?"

Corinne received this in a silence which her host did not seem to perceive was disapproving.

"Just as you like, of course," she said at last, preparing to beat a dignified retreat, "but I must say, Clark, I think—or perhaps I'd better not say. Good-night."

"Now I've ruffled her feathers, I suppose. Think she'll throw it up?"

Alice, who had lingered behind, shook her head.

"We just can't, because—now don't smile—it was mostly for you, but you know Corinne always likes to kill two birds with one stone. Well, she has asked a friend she met at Mount Desert out for the week-end, and this was to be the star entertainment—minus the star, it seems."

Clark shot a rapid glance at his companion, and appeared to recall something, for his manner changed indefinitely.

"Of course, I am always glad to see you girls, who have been like sisters to me; but, to be flagrantly truthful, I am not exactly in the fitting frame of mind to be what people about here call 'entertaining' to a stranger—not as things are now."

"Clark! she hasn't broken the engagement?"

"Oh, didn't I write you?" Elaborately careless was the tone. "We called that off some time ago. It wasn't her fault. We mutually agreed to disagree, don't you know? No hard feelings on either side, as the saying is."

"And it was your third — beside those two sort of summery ones at York."

She sighed.

Clark said nothing, but stood idly pulling a spicy sweet-mary through his fingers, back and forth. Twilight had darkened to night. A star here and there turned a brightening eye upon the garden and adjoining meadows, where dancing fire-flies held high carnival. Across the lake came the lilt of a song too distant to convey more than a sweet, melancholy passion, which blended it with the drowsy chirping of birds and other night sounds. The boy drew a deep breath, and when he presently spoke his voice was very low.

"There would only have been one, Alice," he said, slowly, "if you had not been—obdurate."

The girlish profile in the shadow of the post turned ever so slightly away, seeing which Clark threw himself headlong into speech.

"But have you heard of the new light on the horizon?—the scintillating, the beauteous, the heart-enthraling Miss— Why, you aren't going so soon?"

She made a little gesture of assent, and he walked along the path at her side.

"Well, there was I all ready to launch upon engagement number four, when the lady proves coy and betakes herself to some country retreat, and I am left inconsolable. And now you see why I was so chary about accepting Corinne's invitation."

"Is she a nice girl, Clark?"

"Why, as to that, there is a difference of opinion. The mother is not smitten with her charms; but, then, there is only one girl that she does consider worthy of her young

hopeful. Optimistic mother!"

"What is her name, Clark?"

"Her name is, her name—Smith, Yvonne Lydia Smith. Believe she spells it with a 'y.' Good combination, don't you think? Not the sort of girl, exactly, I used to think I should marry. But my motto these days has simmered down to, 'if you can't get what you want, take what you can get.' Don't you admire it?"

"Good-night," said Alice, abruptly.

*

The next morning Clark went foraging in the attic, with the result that when he came plunging down the stairs half an hour later his mother gasped:

"Why, my son! W-where——"

"Oh, up there. Pretty fit, eh? Guess I'm equipped to wage war pretty successfully upon obnoxious herbs, eh, mother?"

"Don't you look a little, little—unusual. That hat——"

"Oh, don't you like the hat? Now, to my untutored mind that is the most fetching feature of the whole get-up."

He drew off the huge, broad-brimmed, high-peaked affair, fantastically decked with red and white streamers, and stood absently untwisting the faded strands, a smile half hovering about his lips.

"Relic of my first calithumpian parade, theatre night," he explained, "when we marched in all the haughty glory, and might, and—nerviness, of which only a freshman is capable."

Out in the sunshine he set mechanically to work, at the long-anticipated task of preparing ground into which to transplant his beloved dahlias. But somehow the bubble of his pleasure was pricked, the fate of many a larger, finer bubble since Alice had ceased to smile upon him. The worst of it was that she did not look happy herself—or was it the worst? Could it after all be converted into the best? He was turning over ways and means to bring this about, in a mind not unskilled in such tactics

when the tick-tick-tick of a lawn mower being pushed out backwards came to him from the other side of the hedge. An expansive smile spread over his handsome face.

"They can't mow that lawn!"

Throwing himself back on the grass he pushed aside strips of the hedge till the light from the other side glimmered through, and he made out Corinne pushing vigorously from behind, while Alice, clutching a string with both hands, strove to assist from the front, with results evidently unsatisfactory, for they stopped and communed together.

"And that lawn has not been cut this season, and that mower is, to say the least, not in its first youth! Great is the faith of the Ephesians!"

After following the halting progress another minute, the watcher rose uneasily and sought the barn.

He greeted his neighbours with a wave of his scythe, and a "guess I'd better tackle this for you."

"Oh, you needn't mind," retorted Corinne, distantly. "We may be a little slow, but in time——"

However, as Clark had already begun, and as the old mower came to another choked halt, which defied all their efforts, she capitulated.

"We wouldn't bother, since you don't care about it," she confessed breathlessly, "but I suppose we must do something for this girl — Yvonne Smythe, did I tell you?—who's coming."

Clark sent one astonished glance at Alice, while Corinne went on to explain the chain of accidents by which a casual and, she hinted, not over-welcome summer acquaintance would soon be their guest. But she was not allowed to proceed far before the thought wrinkle smoothed itself from Clark's forehead, and he interrupted her rapturously.

"But this is capital, *capital!*" he cried. "Corinne, you are a genius!" And as she stared, he seized the handle of the scythe and set to work. "We must make this shine the real

thing. I'll see to the lawn and marking the court, and other little things like that, so as to leave you girls free for anything else you may have on hand, and if you think of anything more you have only to say the word and — Yvonne Smythe, Yvonne Smythe! Well! well!"

And he did not seem to hear Corinne's searching questions as to whether he had met Miss Smythe before, and Alice had to explain matters, as she and her sister returned to the house. The rest of the morning and the early part of the afternoon he displayed such bubbling spirits that Corinne, arranging centre pieces on the little tables under the trees, confided to Alice that she believed Clark Bradshaw was in love this time.

"It looks like it," Alice agreed.

But she stiffened perceptibly as the afternoon wore on. He had eyes for no one but Miss Smythe. If by chance his regard did wander in her own direction, by their far-away expression she knew he did not see her, though once she thought she detected a wicked look in them, which puzzled her. Not that he ignored her. Quite the reverse. But he made it so apparent that it was a duty, which he conscientiously imposed upon himself, that she took no pleasure in it. He would tear himself away, and come over beside her and fasten his eyes resolutely on her face, as if nothing should prevent him from paying all due attention to his old friend. He would ask her what she had been doing with herself since Easter, and whether she had forgotten how they used to do so-and-so. Then in his turn he would give a brief rehash of his doings, dwelling humorously on the events of convocation, and making a good deal out of certain breaks he had made. But, invariably, just as he was getting to the point, and Alice had almost forgotten the fair Yvonne, the flow of his narration would slacken, he would falter, repeat a sentence, apologise penitently, and conclude most lamely, as likely as not

without the point, and she would hear one of the girls behind whisper: "Did you ever see anyone so completely 'gone' as Clark Bradshaw? Delicacious!" Glancing round at him, she would perceive that he was gazing dreamily across the lawn. How different when he approached the paragon! No effort there. No need to simulate devotion. And, yet, how could he, Clark, the boy she had played with when her hair swung in pig-tails, care for this affected fashion plate?

She gave up the puzzle of it as too deep for her, and devoted herself so sweetly to her guests' comfort that she failed to see that her old friend seemed strangely willing to let his *vis-a-vis* bear the brunt of the conversation. But when one of the girls on departing suggested that they should go *en masse* to her house for a game of bridge and a "hop," she excused herself on the plea of domestic duties.

She was thinking how strange it seemed to have Clark go off without her, without a word, and with another girl. Before, whoever had had to stay behind, he had taken good care it was not she. Probably the time would come when his face would not lighten when she came into a room nor his lively persiflage cease when she left it. Queer, how the thought stung her! The afternoon had brought it home to her as his three engagements, despite his voluminous correspondence, had failed to do. Oh, well! She looked around on the cluttered tables, the melted remains of ice-cream and sherbet in the saucers, the bits of cake, the racquets and balls flung carelessly on the grass, when Clark in one of his characteristic speeches invited the combatants to refreshments. What was that under the tree? Someone had left a handkerchief. She left her half-filled tray, and picking up the dainty, lacy trifle searched for the name. A quick, familiar tread on the gravel walk! It was *hers*—and he was coming back

for it. She had never let him wait on her, in the past. They had almost quarrelled about it. And now— She turned a smiling face towards him.

"What have you left?" she inquired in her most sisterly tone.

He crossed the intervening strip of grass before replying, "you."

She went on piling saucers and plates on her tray.

"But I said I wasn't coming."

"Yes, I know."

"So run along and enjoy yourself."

But what he did was to lift the tray out of her hands.

"You might keep me company with that dollish thing," he suggested.

After a glance at his face she complied, and between them they cleared away all traces of recent festivity.

"Now, if you're going at dishes—" He put on the aggrieved air of a little boy who wants to be petted.

"I'm not, I'm not."

"Very well."

"Poor Clark! I wish you wouldn't take it so hard. She——"

Alice broke off upon seeing him suddenly redden, as the key to her suspicious readiness in allowing him to stay flashed across him.

"I believe you think that— But I've only given one girl the chance to refuse me."

"You were so sure of the others?" she asked tentatively.

He looked at her thoughtfully, as if weighing something in his mind, then swept aside her remark contemptuously.

"Others? There have been no others — since the beginning — until the end. Only you, Alice. Always, always you."

"But you said—you wrote—"

"Rather creditable fabrications, weren't they? Well, I worked hard enough to give them the 'vital touch.' I wasn't squeamish about the truth. But—I never saw such a girl! Haven't you a spark of jealousy in you, Alice?"

"I did almost hate that Myrtle," Alice whispered, as if confessing some

heinous crime. "She was so inconsiderate, so exacting, she kept you waiting on her so, and the way she broke off the engagement was abominable!"

Clark laughed delightedly.

"She was a ripper, wasn't she? Oh, I put some deep thought into the make-up of Myrtle!"

"But Yvonne Smythe? She at least was no fabrication."

"Met her at a tournament last week—again to-day. When you struck me for a name I thought hers would answer the purpose as well as another, though I hadn't counted on the damsel putting in an appearance to expose my nefarious ways. Still, she's not a bad sort—at least, the chap she's engaged to seems to think she is all right."

They fell into silence for a little, watching the purpling hills but a moment since sharply defined against the daffodil sky. The girl, curled up among the cushions in the easy chair, her fair head thrown back against the bend of a softly rounded arm, seemed the embodiment of all that was best in the romance of the ideal summer night.

"Well, Alice?"

All the tender, eloquent, untranslatable passion which on such a richly-dowered evening becomes almost a tangible presence, caressed the two words and filled them with a world of meaning. A confession, a yearning, a prayer, which hardly dared to be a hope—what did they leave unsaid of a man's love and longing, of a woman's power to awaken again and, if she but would, to satisfy it?

Clark waited expectantly, but the chirp of crickets alone broke the silence. Suddenly all his optimism forsook him. It seemed the most audacious thing he had ever heard of to expect a girl like Alice to care for him. How had he ever conceived such a thing within the range of possibility, how had he had the presumption to think, in his rather grand way, that it

was only a matter of time before he would have his way in this, as in other things! The irrevocableness of the silent answer, so palpably intended to wound as little as might be, brought home as nothing else, the realisation of what it shrank from conveying through the bald medium of speech.

But life without Alice—life without Alice to live up to. He was not given overmuch to thinking about religion, but in the background of his mind he had always felt it would be well with him with Alice by his side. Without her—he stared out over the garden, and shivered a little. The very garden had changed. Where was now the enchantment of a moment ago? A cold, bright, artificial light flooding an average country place. What had there been in that to evoke such visions? Was it that he had seen Alice in everything? Without Alice would the visions "fade into the light of common day"?

"Well, Clark?"

Mechanically he turned round on the step where he was sitting.

Of course, it's not much of a hand," pursued the mocking, deprecating voice, "still, as you happened to ask for it you might at least pretend—"

Dully he lifted his eyes from the fluttering hand to—oh, *such* a face! and eyes shining with *such* a light! With a cry he sprang up and caught her in his arms.

*

"Well, Clark Bradshaw," said Corinne, later, when the great news had been divulged, "I hope this is your last engagement."

"It certainly is my first," he laughed.

Whereupon Alice revealed the astral properties of Myrtle and Florence and the York beauties. The fair Yvonne, whose presence alone saved her from footing the list, was properly shocked.

"Whatever would Frederick think! I must tell *that* to Frederick. You know Frederick believes—"

"What I want to know," interrupted Corinne (who had heard Frederick's theories all the way home, and had formed the private opinion that "Frederick" must be "a precious one"), "what I want to know is *how* Clark, here, *did it*, what he *said*. He has had practice enough in making fine speeches. Now, Alice, haven't I always been a good sister, haven't I acted the mother's part?"

"Alice, if you tell!" cried Clark, in mock consternation.

"Alice will now have one stock reply: 'just as Clark says.' Oh, me, what it is to be engaged! I foresee months a-plenty in store with every sentence prefaced, 'as I told Clark,' 'as Alice said to me.'"

Alice smiled in the serene manner of one too far removed by happiness

to be disturbed by any amount of chaff.

"There was no need to say much," she observed, quietly; "we understood."

"That's right, Alice, don't you let them jolly you."

"It's only the very stupid people," he explained to Corinne, "who have to 'say' things, only the Myrtle-Florence aggregation. *We* soar above such trite amenities."

"And this is he that was Clark Bradshaw!" chanted Corinne. "This is he who—"

But Clark, snatching Alice like a brand from the burning, fled through the hole in the hedge into the Bradshaw's garden, where the voice of the Philistine was drowned in the pipings of that great god Pan.

AN ACADIAN SPRING

By INGLIS MORSE

Across some mirrored lake
As evening falls,
I hear the night birds give
Their vesper calls.

The tinkling bells of kine
Float down the vale
And lose their melody
Along the trail.

Forth from the old mill-race
There comes the roar
Of waters falling as
They fell of yore;

While far in yonder gorge
A restless stream
Makes music to the night
Wind's gentle dream.

Across the marshland drifts
A silvery screen
Of fog; the late moon casts
Her mystic sheen.

Upon Tawopskik's hill;
The odorous Spring
And cool, dark Earth now move
The heart to sing,

As out of memory
Faint echoes rise
And quaint Acadian days
In dim disguise.

WIT IN EMERGENCIES

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON

IT is sad that one cannot always say the right thing at the right time. Even if a man is ready of speech, his readiness usually deserts him in a sudden danger or emergency, and he thinks of the crisp repartee, or the soft answer "that turneth away wrath," just a moment too late. But there are many brilliant exceptions, where words promptly fitted to the conjuncture have saved the situation.

Prior to the decisive battle of Salamis the Greek commanders had voted to retire before the preponderating fleet of Xerxes, but were persuaded by Themistocles to alter their decision. It required not only his arguments but also his prompt rejoinders to prevail over their caution and thereby decide the supremacy among the continents in favour of Europe. When during the debate Themistocles had started to his feet, Adeimantus, the Corinthian commander, said: "In the festival competitions those who rise before the signal are scourged." "True," rejoined Themistocles, "but those who lag behind win no crowns."

At another stage in the angry discussion Eurybiades raised his wand as if to strike. "Strike," cried Themistocles, "but hear me."

The defenders of Thermopylæ were warned that the Persian host was so vast that their arrows would hide the sun. "So much the better," cried the Spartan Dienekes; "we shall fight in the shade." This undaunted retort must have stiffened the resolution of the immortal three hundred.

In the religious wars preceding the

Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the ferocious Baron des Adrets, says the historian Henry White, "would sometimes amuse himself by making his prisoners leap from the top of a tower or from a high window on to the pikes of his soldiers stationed below." On one occasion—it was at Montbrison, in 1562—a prisoner hesitated, upon which Des Adrets reproached him with cowardice. The other retorted: "I dare you to do it in ten times!" The boldness of the utterance provoked the grim baron to a smile, and the life of the prisoner was spared.

During the late South African war a Canadian contingent had acquired too good a reputation as successful foragers. The battalion was paraded by order of the general (Sir Ian Hamilton, if I remember correctly), who was solemnly warning the men that the wholesale expropriation of chickens must cease, when one of the birds in question ran along the line. An Irish-Canadian soldier, carried away by his foraging instinct and oblivious to his surroundings, started from the ranks in pursuit. A thunderous "Halt!" from the general recalled his wandering wits. He pounced upon the chicken, wrung its neck in apparent anger and dashed it to the ground. "Take that!" he cried; "that'll larn you to stop runnin' when the general calls 'Halt!'" The general smiled, the battalion roared, and the delinquent was saved by his ready Irish wit.

For this quality the Irish have been famous ever since the days of Finn

McConnal. This famous giant could stand with his right foot on one mountain and his left foot on another. But a still bigger Scotch giant one day walked across the sea to fight him for the championship. Fion's wife happened to see the Scotch Colossus coming and hurried her husband to bed, bidding him keep his eyes and mouth shut.

"Where's Finn?" roared the strange giant, through the bedroom window, at the altitude of an ordinary mountain.

"Whisht!" said Mrs. McConnal, shaking a warning finger; "don't wake the baby!" The Scotchman hastened homewards, jumping several mountains at a time, for he had no desire to meet the father of such a babe. If he did not win the championship of the heavy-weights, he beat the record for long distances. He had probably reached his Highland fastnesses before it dawned upon his slow Scotch brain that the Irish-woman had been "pulling his leg."

Equally well known and perhaps equally mythical is the story of the American at Rome who was always vaunting the superiority of his country. To try whether any circumstances or surroundings, however, depressing, could damp his national conceit, some companions made him drunk and carried him down into the Catacombs. They placed by him a dim light, just enough to suggest the darkness; and they hid themselves close by. After a while he awakened and was perplexed. The silence was intense and he saw indistinctly some human bones.

"I must be dead," he muttered. "And this must be the resurrection!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet. "The first man up!" he cried exultingly. "Another record for the United States!"

This story was first told in other words some decades ago, in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*, and *se non è vero è ben trovato*:

In the reign of George III. the

quick ingenuity of one of the royal chaplains is said to have temporarily saved a threatened perquisite of theirs. A daily dinner provided for them in one of the palaces was on the point of being discontinued as an unwarranted extravagance, when the King one day surprised his chaplains by unexpectedly appearing at their dinner. The usual form of grace was "God save the King and bless our dinner." This the chaplain who said grace, to the great amusement of his monarch, changed into "God bless the King and *save* our dinner!" It proved to be "a saving grace."

A somewhat distinguished general, whom we shall call Blank, in his youth won a sum of money at Simla from a young hussar officer who suspected him of unfair play and declared his intention of exposing him. Next day the hussar confronted Blank in the club card-room before an expectant audience.

"Blank," said the hussar, "what would you do if you found there was a man in the card-room who did not play honestly?"

"Does he win or lose?" asked Blank.

"Naturally," replied the hussar, "he wins."

"Then I should back him!" answered Blank promptly.

A roar of laughter greeted this unexpected sally, and Blank escaped exposure. It is hard to slaughter a man you are laughing with. Blank's answer, it is true, was not original with him, but it was repeated with remarkable alertness and effect.

Several witty rejoinders are credited to Bishop Wilberforce, nicknamed "Soapy Sam." He was once caught in a shower while walking to church. An inmate of the same country house (was it Lord Shaftesbury?) overtook him in a shut carriage and cried out of the window,

"How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk!"

The bishop promptly completed the

quotation in an equally loud voice:

"Nor sits in sinners' seats nor stands
Where men profanely talk!"

Everybody has heard Disraeli's famous retort to an impertinent sneer at his Jewish origin. Less dignified but equally effective was Baron Rothschild's snub to an ill-bred hater of Israelites, which is told in "Piccadilly and Pall Mall," but which I quote from memory. Rothschild had asked a man who had lately been there what sort of place Tahiti was.

"Oh, splendid!" was the reply, "lots of pretty women, and not a pig or a Jew in the place."

"What an opening for you and me!" said Rothschild.

On another occasion the Jewish baron, by his over-familiarity drew upon himself a snub that was equally prompt and galling. Meeting Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, Rothschild said, "Good morning, Paul." Good morning, *M. le Baron*," returned the prince; "sorry I can't use *your* Christian name."

Persons who assume airs because of their position or wealth are sometimes, though too seldom, effectively called down by humble individuals. A poor but educated friend of mine was once rebuked by a purse-proud millionaire for calling the plutocrat by his surname on a somewhat slight acquaintance. "I see you are under a misapprehension," replied my friend, mortified but alert; "I called you Smith not, as you call your coachman Brown, with any sense of superiority. I meant the informality as an admission of our equality, but see I was mistaken."

The story is told that George IV., disgusted at an after-dinner remark, emptied his glass in the face of the speaker, who promptly emptied his own glass in the face of the gentleman next him, exclaiming, "The King's toast—pass it on!"

Sarcasm is an effective weapon of defence, but should never be used without provocation. But for the of-

fensive imputation of ignorance conveyed in Pope's question, it would have been simply brutal to answer the malformed poet that "a note of interrogation" was "a little crooked thing that asks questions."

A jolly Irish rector, of the old school, kept a pack of harriers in the diocese of Tuam more than half a century ago. His bishop, having heard of this scandal and resolving to stop it, paid a sudden visit to the rectory. He expressed a wish to see the grounds and the Rev. Mr. G. was reluctantly constrained to guide him. As they passed near the kennels, the harriers gave tongue.

"What's this noise?" asked the bishop.

"Sure, my lord, the hounds can't keep quiet when they smell an old sportsman."

And a keen sportsman his lordship once had been.

"And so you keep a pack of harriers?" asked the bishop.

"And why not, my lord; sure the Bible sanctions the hunting of the hare."

"I should like to know the text!" exclaimed the prelate.

"It is the heir; come let us kill him!" said Mr. G.

This audacious pun surprised the bishop into smiling, and the parson saved his benefice, though he had to part with his harriers.

The doctor of an asylum for the insane was surprised in an upper room by one of his patients, who approached him with a carving knife in his hand and a sly and cruel look in his eyes.

"I want to see you jump out of the window, doctor," said the lunatic.

"Anybody can do that," coolly replied the physician; "but you should see me jump up to the window from the ground."

It was an off chance, but it succeeded. The insane curiosity of the madman was aroused; he let the shifty doctor go down-stairs, and was captured by the keepers, while gazing

intently from the window, expecting to see the doctor jumping up.

In another asylum a madman informed his favourite keeper that they must both leave this unhappy world, and he produced a revolver from his pocket.

"The very best thing for us," assented the keeper; "but of course each of us must kill himself; if we killed each other it would be murder. I'll shoot myself first, for I couldn't bear to see you die," and he reached for the pistol, which the other yielded without opposition. Having thus secured the revolver, it is needless to say that the keeper postponed his avowed suicidal purpose to the thirtieth of February.

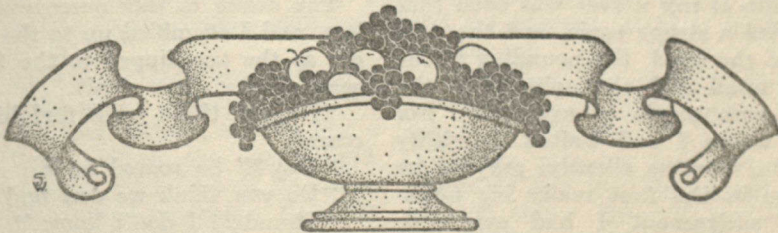
The cases are numerous in which lawyers have saved their clients from defeat or themselves from trouble by a smart retort. J. F. Oswald, K.C., of the London bar, had been more than once rebuked by the Court, perhaps for being too aggressive. At last the Court exclaimed: "I cannot teach you manners, Mr. Oswald!" "That's so, my lord," quickly retorted Oswald.

Everybody knows the story of the barrister who suddenly flounced around, irritated at some decision. "Did you mean that to show contempt of court?" angrily asked the judge. "No, my lord, I was trying to conceal it," answered the lawyer.

The late distinguished actor John Brougham was once playing with a poor company which drew hisses from the "gods," one of whom threw a head of cabbage on to the stage. Brougham promptly picked it up, held it aloft, and looked inquiringly at the upper gallery. "Which of you boys has lost his head?" he asked. The responsive laughter restored the good humour of the audience and the performance concluded without further interruption.

This recalls G. B. Shaw's treatment of a solitary hisser, when the author was called on the first night of "Arms and the Man." "I quite agree with you," said Shaw, looking towards his depreciator; "but what can two of us do against a houseful?"

Half a century ago a retired actor named Bateman was noted for his great head of highly anointed hair. Engrossed in conversation in the pit of a theatre, he neglected to take his hat off when the curtain rose. "Take off your hat!" gruffly demanded the man behind him. Resenting the tone but unable to disobey the rule, Bateman removed his hat but promptly replaced it by an obstacle quite as formidable. With a few strokes of his fingers he raised his long and sticky hair aloft. "Will you kindly put on your hat again?" asked the man behind.



THE PEARY BEAT

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

DAWN was due in two hours, but we knew it could not come then, because the night was overcast, and a three-quarters gale was blowing from the east, kicking Cabot Strait into as dirty a sea as the stoutest sailor-heart could desire. The month was November, and the Cape Breton coast shivered beneath the lash of a raw, searching wind. As the long, powerful tug slid through the cold, black waters of the upper harbour, snow began to spit and whirl from the dark night ahead. The nearer lights of the North Sydney shore twinkled abeam; and, astern, the illumination of the larger town cast faint haloes in the murky atmosphere. The mate and I leaned up against the gale on the forward deck with the collars of our oil-skins pulled up around our chins, our sou'-westers tugged down so as to allow just squinting space, and our hands thrust deep into our pockets. He was there to share the responsibility of his captain in presiding over the destinies of that little craft. I was there because the state of my nerves was such that I needed a strong tonic, and the wild rush of the wind, the pounding of the in-set swell and the spitting of the snow were music to my ears. For three weeks I had waited feverishly in town, working silently, praying for success in the first really big newspaper assignment I had ever had. Competition was keen, other men were on the same quest, men of more experience, of vastly greater ability than I, and, yet, in my heart I hoped to win. I realised that the hour had

arrived to make or break. Peary was nearing home, was in the big storm-tossed strait somewhere, with a disabled ship, taking the shortest course to Sydney. He had not yet been boarded by any newspaper man. There was the one chance of finding him at sea.

In the cosy cabin aft, the photographer I had hired for the trip lay asleep, his head pillowed on his kodak. Hunched up beside him was a young man who had helped me get a grasp of local conditions necessary to plan intelligently. I wished I could sleep as they did, but I had stage fright in the most advanced form and only the freezing gale sweeping over the tug's bow gave me relief. Once I went down into the cabin and re-read a telegram received the day before from the managing editor of the Boston paper I was working for. It read: "You must follow up our first scoop. Push on to Labrador if necessary." Then I went out on the forward deck again and lined up beside the big silent figure of the mate.

The desire to talk overcame me at last, and I stumbled up to the mate's ear as the tug dipped to the first big seas of the open strait.

"Do you think we'll find him?" I roared.

"Hey?" he roared back.

"Do you think we can find him?"

"Thunder! I don't know."

An hour slipped by without a perceptible change in the black wall that surrounded us. The snow had increased and the wind had not moderated. We were well out in the strait

now, and the seas were piling their foam-crests high over the bows. The mate and I had separated and taken up positions at either side of the deck where we could grip the lantern sockets when the bow-wash rushed in half to the tops of our sea-boots. The fear that we had lost began to grow on me, for, little as I knew of the sea, I could realise that the chances of finding a ship steering an uncharted course in such a night were infinitesimal. I looked at the dim figure of the mate across from me and wished I knew what he really thought of it. I wished I could turn an immense lantern into the black surrounding wall and sweep away the shadows to disclose the wounded Arctic ship creeping inward, somewhere in that waste of seething sea. The thought came to me, that it would be better to turn back now, while it was not too late, to be among the first of those who had remained ashore to board the ship, than to press farther into that maze of waters. I felt panic coming over me and the need to do something, anything, save stand and strain into the black night.

Suddenly the silent mate roared something, and at the same moment sounded the faint clang of the bell in the engine room. The throbbing of the big cylinders grew slower, and I knew that we were at half speed. I pressed forward in my eagerness to see far ahead, and noticed for the first time that the wind had moderated considerably and that the snow had ceased. Yet I could see nothing. Hanging to the wheel-house rail, I swung across to the mate's side.

"What is it?"

For answer he shot one long arm out straight ahead. Following it with my eyes I saw, faintly, after a bit, a green light. Then the green light vanished and a red light took its place; then both showed together. Between them shone a white light.

"Ship, dead ahead!" screamed the mate and at the same time he half crouched and leapt, like a cat, to the

bow of the tug, where he remained like a statue.

In an ecstasy of anticipation, hardly daring to believe in our luck, I rushed, slipping and sliding, to the cabin hatch, where I almost launched headlong down the scuttle. Below I roared at the photographer, who jumped to his feet, half awake, not certain whether we were ship-wrecked or boarded by pirates, but minded to save his precious camera, while the young man who had helped me ashore rolled from the bunk and lit with his legs moving so as to lose no time getting on deck.

By the time I had found the ladder leading aloft and had reached the wheelhouse, the tug was making only enough headway to steer by, and the red and green lights ahead were much plainer.

"Is it he, Cap?" I asked the wiry, grizzled man at the wheel.

The captain didn't reply for a moment. He kept his eyes on the binnacle and whirled the wheel two spokes to port. Then he turned with a smile: "I'm not making any wagers, my boy," he said, "but it looks like you're in luck to-night." Then we shook hands.

It seemed a long time, to me, before we got any closer to the red and the green lights. After a bit, though, we lost sight of the red light by reason of the captain's manipulation of the tug's wheel. In five minutes we could make out the outlines of a peculiarly-built ship moving silently and slowly through the seas. A shout came from the mate at the tug's bow, and the captain raised a window and leaned out.

"It's him all right," the mate shouted. "His fo'-top-m'st's carried away. That's him."

In ten minutes we were ranging alongside the low, broad rail of the strange ship. Even in the range of the lanterns, objects showed merely as grotesque bulks, and there was no sign of life on board. A peculiar odour of disinfectants mingled with the stale

smell common to ships nearing the end of long voyages, came to us on the wind as we churned into the stranger's lee. There was something romantic, eerie, in the sight of that tar-black, queer-smelling monster moving steadily on, with never a sight or sound of human life aboard her and us snorting and clanging alongside like a terrier bullying a mastiff. We dropped astern a few fathoms while our captain put the tug about and headed up for another try, running close alongside this time. Out of the semi-darkness of the stranger's deck a skin-clad shape loomed and a hail rang out above the wind. Our captain answered:

"Tug ——, from Sydney. Who're you?"

We waited a moment, and then the response came through a megaphone, clear and joyous:

"Auxiliary ship *Roosevelt*, Commander Peary, bound in."

The tug's stokers, the captain, mate, the two deck hands, and our land-lubber crowd were lined along the rail, and the cheer of welcome that we sent up pierced the howl of the wind and brought a score of eager figures hurrying to the ship's side. They gazed at us in silence, the light from our wheel-house dimly limning their features. I shall never forget the hungry look in their faces, hungry for news of home, for sights long deferred, for word of the world they had been lost to for long, long months.

The tug captain shouted again: "I have some newspaper men here," he called, mentioning names and the name of the paper: "They want to go aboard."

In answer a new voice, deep and resonant and cultured, boomed from the blackness where the quarter-deck must have been: "Come aboard, sir, come aboard."

"Is that you, Commander?" yelled our captain, who knew Peary of old.

"What's left of me," came the return, with a deep laugh.

"Welcome back, welcome home;

God bless you," screamed our grizzled old skipper half beside himself with pleasure, and again we cheered.

There was no answer from the quarter-deck, but while the two officers were talking, their men were making the tug fast alongside and as they finished a rope ladder was let down from the *Roosevelt's* rail. We all stood back to let our captain ascend, but he took me by the arm and shoved me up before him. Grasping the limp, wet strands and being pounded against the ship's planks, I finally reached the rail. Strong, iron-like hands took hold of me and hauled me in-board, and in a moment I was in the middle of a band of be-whiskered, silent men who ate me with their eyes and handled me as if I were a messenger from Mars.

Following in the trail of one of these men, I found myself at the foot of the ladder leading to the ship's quarter-deck, and at the top of this a tall, commanding figure grasped my hand in a grip of steel and shook it. Two stern eyes with twinkles hidden in them searched my face and I recognised Lieutenant Peary.

I forgot the nice, modest word of welcome I had framed up so carefully. The explorer himself did not speak either. There seemed to be no need for words. Right behind me came the captain of the tug, who pumped Peary's hand with terrible thoroughness and gave him a sailor's welcome.

Behind Peary, his leather-like face just showing above the wheel, stood the helmsman, moving only when the binnacle called him to his course, steering the ship home. God knows what weary watches he had kept through the long hard months in the gloomy northland. I thought, as I watched him for a moment, how his heart must be pounding in his throat and how his anticipation must be at white heat, knowing that only a few paltry miles of all the hundreds he had traversed separated him from home and dear ones.

Peary introduced the captain and the rest of us, then, to a man of whose ability and courage too much cannot be said. This was Captain Robert Bartlett, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who, although he had barely passed his majority, had successfully captained the good ship *Roosevelt* throughout the record polar trip, whose good spirit had never quailed and whose wisdom had never faltered while he took his bark through seas that know no chart and brought her safe, through perils, home again.

I was all eagerness to get Peary to talking of his expedition, to get him started on the story that was to arouse the world within a day. He was most kind and courteous with all my impatience, leading our party below to his big, roomy cabin and telling us gaily, the while, that he had gained five pounds during his long trip.

With the Commander's permission, the photographer who accompanied us took a flash-light picture of the lot of us there in the cabin and then went his own way about the ship exploding his flash-cartridges to his heart's content and setting the Eskimo dogs in the main hold to howling dismally.

During the remainder of the trip in, Peary talked of his voyage in his own inimitable way, while my pencil raced over the note book and my blood ran warm as I realised what a story I had in my hand. It was a story of rare adventure, important discovery, and no little humour, and it will long remain clear in my memory.

Peary, in his turn, asked for news of home. It was an odd experience to recount for this big, cultured man news that had passed into history long since and to hear him comment on it with all the zest and interest due the latest of late happenings. For months, years, he had been cut off from the world, and he was keen for news of that world.

The explorer's first anxiety was for his wife. He had had short messages from her at Etah and Battle Har-

bour, but he wanted to know how she looked, acted. We told him all we could of the brave little woman who had been waiting for him for weeks in a Sydney hotel.

Daylight hung on the brim of the world as the *Roosevelt* came abreast of the main town and quietly and modestly shot her mud hook. The cable rattled through the hawse pipe, and the anchor settled with a jerk. The ship swung slowly about with the tide and hove to, and Peary was home again.

The knowledge that a swarm of rival correspondents would buzz about the Arctic ship's decks at any moment rendered me uneasy, and I was impatient to be off. The Commander accepted an invitation to go ashore on our tug and we quickly slipped our lines and headed for the wharf. Peary was standing on the forward deck conversing with some of us when the nose of the tug touched the quay. She bumped off and swung out to run alongside. As she did so Peary turned. On the height above, the big hotel stood, cold in the morning mists, but from one of the windows a woman leaned, feverishly excited, waving a handkerchief. Without a word Peary sprang to the rail, cleared in a flying leap, a good six feet of empty space and landed on the wharf. Without once turning round, he shot up the steps from the dock and disappeared in the hotel.

The rest was merely a matter of haste. We landed the photographer with instructions to pack his films without developing them. The last train that could get through to Boston and New York for two days, owing to the Sunday restrictions, was due to leave in two hours and the pictures must go with it. The photographer landed, the tug put about and made all speed for North Sydney. I landed there and made a bee line for the cable station, and inside half an hour the first sheets of my story were in the hands of the editors in the home office. I wrote all forenoon with-

out stopping and then I realised that I was almost dead with fatigue and want of sleep. I went back to the hotel and turned in, in a stupor. At dark a messenger came to my room with two messages. The first was from the photographer to the effect that the pictures were aboard the train, all safe and sound. The second was from my city editor. It read: "Clean scoop. Bully work. Staff sends congratulations."

GOD'S LEAVEN

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

What do I see in the Spring?
 In the fresh grasses growing,
 The new leaves all budding,
 The soft breezes blowing,
 The brooklets all flooding?

It is God that I see in the Spring!
 The bleached winter grasses
 Turn green as He lingers
 To touch, as He passes,
 The trees with His fingers.
 The gentle wind blending
 The scents that are straying
 Is a breath of His sending
 For Earth's new arraying.
 The prison-free leaping
 Of brooks overflowing
 Escapes not the keeping
 Of God the all-knowing.
 The flowers that tarry
 In sunny-sweet places
 Are Earth's—yet they carry
 His smile on their faces!

So do I see in the Spring
 All the love up in Heaven
 Turned steadily earthward
 Instilling the leaven
 That raises us birthward!

THE ART OF W. E. ATKINSON

BY E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C.

IT is always a delicate if not a difficult matter to review the work of a living artist: delicate, because one has the personal presence of the artist in immediate relation; difficult, because, at the time of writing, the genius of the man may not have attained its full expression, and the exact place in art to which he is entitled may not have been ascertained. Then there is the tendency to say pleasant things about one's friends and acquaintances, the desire to lend a helping hand to the struggling, earnest worker, and the ever-present and charitable principle that where good cannot be truthfully spoken of a fellow-being one should hesitate to speak ill of him.

As regards the subject of this article, however, one is relieved from any of these embarrassing situations. Mr. Atkinson deserves the greatest credit. His work is undoubtedly excellent, and the progress he has already made speaks of a more brilliant future than usually comes to an artist whose surroundings and opportunities are limited, as they must necessarily be in a country without any of the historic traditions of art. But he requires no charitable treatment at the hands of the critic. There is no ill word to be said regarding the man or his methods. Kind, earnest and thoughtful, he has won for himself many admirers both as a man and as an artist, and the delightful simplicity and naturalness of his pictures

are but the reflex of his personality. He seeks no advertisement by individual aggressiveness or newspaper notoriety. He is content to let his work speak for itself, and is more apt to praise the productions of his fellow-craftsmen than he is to uplift his own.

The course of his art is pursued steadily and with fine feeling. He is intent only in presenting the best and highest ideals of his own mind and capability. A great artist was once asked what was the objective point of his art, and his reply was "simplicity." And in this word lies the secret of the men who have



MR. W. E. ATKINSON, A.R.C.A.



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

MOONLIGHT

attained the highest positions in the world of art. The idea of appealing to the taste of the buying public never occurred to them. Critics said, "You do not finish your pictures with sufficient minuteness" or "You do not select popular subjects." The advice came to deaf ears. The true workers cared not for popular admiration. They cared nothing for the censure or applause of the multitude, but continued on their way and worked out their problems according to their better instincts, adhering to what they honestly believed to be the truth as they felt it. Time brought its own reward, sometimes too late in life to be of any substantial value, but posterity became the richer by

reason of this rigid adherence to the individual conception of truth and beauty expressed by the men who thought only of their life-work.

The answer to the question, "What constitutes a good picture?" will answer the question, "What are the qualities in Mr. Atkinson's work." If by the term "good" is meant pleasing subjects, prettiness, or mere visual enjoyment of a superficial character, then his work is far from deserving that title. But if there is involved the expression of some new beauty not heretofore seen by the multitude, some artistic truth noticeable in line or colour, whether it be in the subtle record of moonlight, the weirdness of shadow-land, or the intimate relation-



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

THE WINDMILL, HOLLAND

ship of "gray days and gold," then one can see how aptly Mr. Atkinson's art can be said to be "good" in the best acceptance of the word as applied to pictures.

The casual observer coming to the work of this artist and looking for romantic, historic or sentimental stories should pass on to something more superficial, something which will leave no impression on the artistic or intellectual vision. Such an observer should go to the artist who writes penny novelettes with a brush. The man who looks only for decorative qualities, however beautiful the decoration may be, should close his eyes when he comes before a canvas by Mr. Atkinson, for such an attitude implies an utter want of intelligent

appreciation of the most elementary qualities in what he sees before him. Does such an observer, or rather non-observer, feel any sympathy with the painter's expression? Does he experience the fact that through this medium of inanimate paint, there are unseen spirits speaking to him in tongues heretofore unknown? Is there present to his eyes a new vision or phase of beauty whether it be of line or colour or arrangement? Can he read and feel the message now made clear, which he may have nebulously thought and dreamed of, but to which up till now he has been unable to give form or expression? And as he goes further and observes and reflects more carefully, does he see a new light breaking over that which was



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

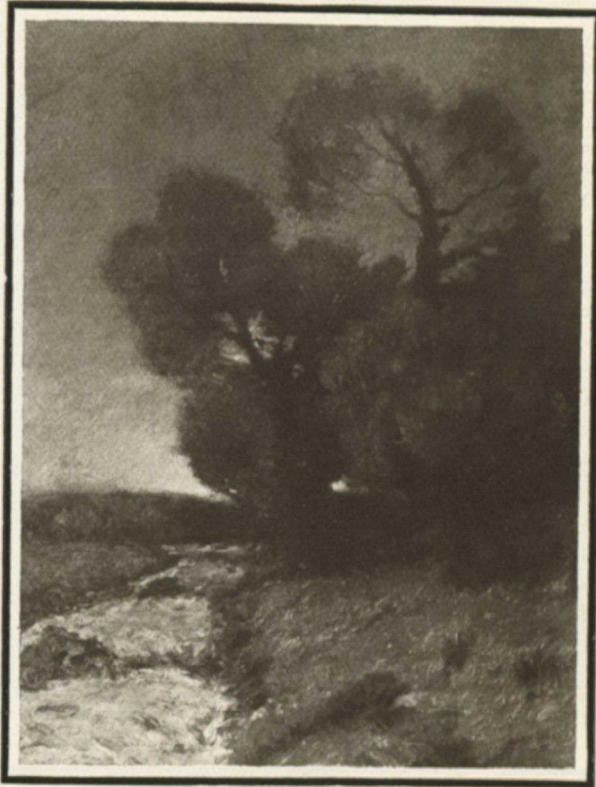
AFTER THE RAIN

formerly obscure and hear voices which were up to this point entirely silent? If he does, he no longer looks at a picture which pleases by its decorative merit. His knowledge has become sufficient to enable him to understand and appreciate some of the beauties and something of the art which characterise the work of a painter exercising his true function.

There is a picture of moonlight by this artist, unimportant in size, but large when measured by the rule of genius, which appeals to me as strongly as any picture in my collection. Masses of gray cloud are driving across the sky; the moon, almost white by reason of atmospheric action, breaks through, casting a cold, silvery light on the landscape. Turning away

for a moment and looking again, one feels as if the clouds had changed their position, so sensitive is the apparent action of the masses drifting overhead and so sympathetically has the artist treated the moving elements of his subject. Beneath, there is an old cottage with a subdued suggestion of a light in the solitary window. A stream tumbles down to the foreground reflecting in vivid splashes of light the broken reflections of the moonlight. A leafless tree stands against the sky, and the banks of the small river are rich in deep browns and shadows.

But this is merely descriptive. Beyond all this, one feels the true spirit of night and realises the discovery of a new sentiment. There is something conveyed to the eye which reveals a



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

THE WILLOWS: EVENING

mood or beauty hitherto unknown, and the pleasure afforded is not that of a transient expression or casual appeal to a sense of movement or colour. It is the opening of a new and original vein, and once experienced, the intelligent mind has made a long stride on the path which leads to a full and proper understanding of art. The magic of the artist's touch is felt in the loneliness of the scene, and the mind returns again and again to the simple drawing, because the picture evokes infinitely more than the passing pleasure one experiences in looking at a merely beautiful or expressive landscape. It is indeed the spirit of night, clothed in its most fitting garment and speaking through the representation of a picture on which the artist has recorded an original thought, and by which he has con-

veyed a personal message to his fellow-beings.

Some good examples of Mr. Atkinson's art were seen at the Canadian Art Club's Exhibition at Toronto. "The Harvestfield" is an exquisite study in tonality. There is not a false note in the picture. The subject is dealt with on broad conceptions. Space predominates, and there is a freedom in the technical treatment which is refreshing. Full of colour and atmosphere, the picture is very typical of the soft hazy day in Canada. There is no striving after effect. Simple, broad, and conveying a sense of reserved power, it was one of the very best works at this exhibition.

The "Old Mill on the Humber" is dealt with in quite a new and successful method. Instead of making the mill the chief objective feature, as

most artists who have approached this picturesque subject have done, Mr. Atkinson has subordinated the building and yet preserved its feeling and characteristics to the fullest extent. There is a very subtle and fine bit of painting in the near side of the river, and the bridge is admirably rendered. One feels the charm and romantic beauty of the place, and is able to keep well in view the old ruin, which is now historic, without having thrust under one's vision a mere architectural display of stones and mortar and broken walls. The water may seem too highly coloured, but the condition of the stream is so variable, that a day changes its whole character. For a purely Canadian subject by a Canadian artist, it would be difficult to choose a finer example.

Mr. Atkinson's large canvas, "November," is also a fine type of purely Canadian scenery showing the feeling of the artist for that quiet, peaceful and harmonious subject which appeals to him so strongly. The colour is

more subdued than in the other two canvases mentioned above, but there is a big conception and a tender sympathy for the subject which cannot be got by colour alone.

Still another large canvas claims attention called "The Willows: Evening," which shows him at his more vigorous stage—strongly and firmly painted. One misses his delicious moonlight effects, but the pictures referred to evidence another phase of this artist's capability and give him a very high place amongst the art workers of this country. He is finding his way towards clearness and greater simplicity, and if he continues in the course he is now pursuing, his name will be known in the annals of Canadian painters as an earnest, conscientious and sympathetic artist, whose ideas were high and who strove to live up to his best ideals.

He is not a colorist in the ordinary meaning of that term. Avoiding strong contrasts, he works in a har-



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

OLD THATCH COTTAGE, DEVON



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

THE CASCADE

monious key and attains his object often in monochrome. There are no spectacular effects sought after. His treatment of light and shadow is frequently very subtle and reminds one of the simple and wonderful passages in some of the gray landscapes of the best known modern Dutch artists. His technique is entirely his own and differs materially from that of the landscape painters of Holland, but he seeks, like them, to get air and space by means of colour simplicity. And herein lies his success. It took many years for the public to appreciate the work of some of the great Dutchmen, because apparently there was no great variety of colour in their pictures. It was only after education that the subtlety of their colour was understood, and in a less degree this applies with equal force to Mr. Atkinson's work.

Mr. Atkinson is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. He was

born in Toronto in 1862, and commenced his art career about 1881, studying under Robert Harris and the late J. A. Fraser, and later in the School, under the professorship of Mr. Eakins of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. During 1886, he decided to study landscape painting and went to Paris, where he entered the Julien Academy. He exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1890 and the following year. He found scope for his talents in painting scenes in Brittany and Holland. Later he devoted a considerable time to Devonshire landscapes and other English subjects. Returning to Canada in 1902, he competed for and won the artists' prize for that year by his large landscape, "Autumn in Devonshire." His work is always acceptable to the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibitions, and has been well placed at the galleries of Chicago, Buffalo and St. Louis.

PRIVATE DONALD McIVOR

A SINGLE MAN IN BARRACKS

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

PRIVATE DONALD McIVOR came to the Company from somewhere up on the shore of Lake Huron. He had been a sailor; so had his father, who was Donald McIvor; and his father's father, who was also Donald McIvor. But the other Donalds were sailors on the Atlantic, and their home was in the Orkneys. In Donald's speech was a little of the Gaelic still. "But it is fery little of it, I will be knowing," he sometimes said, regretfully. Briefly, Donald was a little black Highlander.

Of quite another breed was Private Jacques — "Jakes," the colour-sergeant pronounced it—and the men let it go at that, making it "Jakey," however, for barrack-room usage. As McIvor said in one of his rare jocular moods: "He iss twice my own size, my own heavy, and my own weight."

And it was even so as he had said.

Jakey came of a soldier race, and his forbears fought under the flag of France. Incidentally, Jakey was a singer, and this is where our story begins. Unbelted, his long boots cast under his iron cot, Jacques would pace up and down the long barrack-room, his brown chest partly bared, and sing, and sing. This was after supper, when the men had eaten and were filled, and were lolling in their cots in the dusk, smoking. Soon the canteen would open, and they would go down to visit the chevroned dispenser of ale and shandygaffs. But, just now—the old songs.

None of the men ever thought of complimenting Jakey on his voice. He never expected it. But they loved to hear him take the very low and very high notes of "Sailor, Beware" with his wonderful ease; and, according to tradition—only tradition, mind—one night when "The Holy City" followed "The Lost Chord," no one heard the "Orderly-Sergeants" call sound at seven o'clock, a sign that the canteen had opened.

On one of these evenings, as Jacques, wearied at last with song, came to one end of the barrack-room, he noticed Donald McIvor with a photograph. Softly he drew nearer, and looking over the little man's shoulder saw by the light of the lamp (this was in the days before gas was put in at the School) that it was a picture of a girl, of jet black hair and eyes, one could tell; straight of form and graceful in motion, one could easily imagine.

"Aha! I see what the little man is 'doing time' in barracks for," Jacques said to the listening men.

McIvor started, for he had not seen the other, replaced the photograph in his kit-box and said nothing. It looked like an insult swallowed in silence. Perhaps the little man was not sure.

There could be no doubt about the thing that Jacques said next.

Men caught their breath and sat up swiftly, but few were quick enough to see what happened. There was a

sharp "snick" as a small, iron-hard fist belonging to a furious little black Highlander landed square between the eyes of the big French-Canadian. Jacques toppled over, reached for the table, and brought it crashing down with him.

Jacques was as strong and active as he looked. Before one could have counted two, he was on his feet and reaching for McIvor. Lively and all as he was, the little man would have been a cripple for life in less time than it takes to tell it, but just then the door was jerked open. Jacques heard it and turned in the midst of his wild rush.

What brought Lieutenant Fitzgerald into the men's quarters in the officers' dinner hour nobody ever knew. But he had heard the noise and rushed upstairs to investigate.

"Well, what's the trouble here?" asked Mr. Fitzgerald in his best barrack-square style.

It was Private Donald McIvor who answered, standing stiffly at attention.

"Nothing the matter, sir; we were having a bit of—fun, sir, and the table was knocked over."

Men gulped down their hearts from their throats and, still standing to attention, turned their eyes on Fitzgerald. The officer looked for the sergeant in charge of the room, found he was out, and turned away, relieved that it was not a case for "office."

"Try and get along with less noise, men," he said, returning the corporal's salute as he departed.

As the sound of his footsteps on the stair died away, the room heard the sharp crack of a Lee-Enfield bolt being shot into its place. Looking, they saw a levelled rifle in the hands of Private Jimmie Todd. It was pointed at Jacques, and meant that in any attempt to renew the attack on McIvor he would have to reckon with Donald's champion.

Where did he get the loaded cartridge? Oh, kit inspection in the Royal Canadian Regiment doesn't include kit-boxes.

No man is anxious to have an inch and a half of cold lead and nickel shot into his body, and Jacques halted. But even as he hesitated, still dizzy from Donald's blow, his eyes closed in pain and he staggered drunkenly. The man he would have killed caught him and with another carried him to his cot. The bugler ran across for the hospital sergeant.

When "Dress for Picquet" blew, half an hour later, Jacques groaned aloud.

"I'm f'r duty to-night," he muttered, and vainly tried to get up.

Then came forward Private Donald McIvor.

"I will do your guard, Jakey," he said. "And I am sorry I hit you so hard, but my anger will be fery often getting the better of me."

Without waiting for an answer, he turned to go. But Jacques' hand was outstretched, and the grip that followed was a treaty of peace between men. In ten minutes Donald McIvor paraded with the picquet, boots shining, belt-buckle almost white from the application of polish and "elbow-grease."

"To your dooty—MARCH!" the sergeant-major's command rang across the square, and the little ceremonial was over. Private Donald McIvor went his round cheerfully, and "leaning well on his chin-strap," as the sergeant-major observed to the mess when he dropped in for a half-hour before going back to the married quarters.

*

Donald's second watch began at four o'clock in the morning. At the end of half an hour he roused the orderly in charge of the furnaces and went with him on his tour of the barracks. Under the officers' quarters the furnace was giving out a strange sound. The sheet metal creaked horribly and every few seconds from some pipe would come a loud "ping-g-g." Over all there was a harsh hiss of escaping steam. All this the two men heard dimly, as

they passed along the board sidewalk, its planks creaking under them with the frost. They glanced up at the stone walls, masses of black punctured only by the rays from a couple of lights in the officers' hall.

McIvor stopped in the middle of something he was saying to his companion and quickened his pace. As they reached the head of the stairs that led to the furnace-room, he turned.

"Gif me the light," he commanded, sharply. "Go you upstairs quickly and gif the officers a cry. Tell them they will be better out of here. That is not a goot noise; I heard it once pefore on the tug *Jones* when my brother Aleck was killed."

Then he ran down the steps and held his lantern up to discover the valve that had shut off the water.

The orderly was no coward. He hesitated a moment, not sure where his duty lay, and as he halted there came a deafening roar.

*

The newspapers told the bald story of the explosion at the barracks: one private soldier blown to pieces, another injured, and two officers who were sleeping above badly shaken up. A third of a column on that, and, a

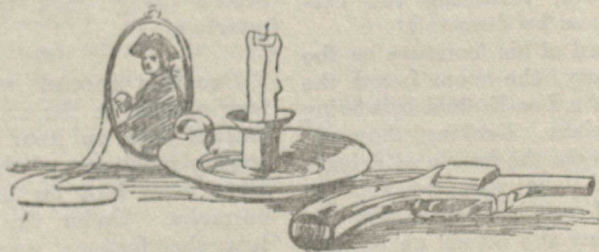
week later, a paragraph on the inquest, an open verdict. But few ever knew that the man whose body was borne between files of reversed rifles to the railway station a couple of days later was a hero.

The sergeant of Donald's room had a little exercise he sometimes used in the exuberance of his joy on those occasional stormy Sundays when the bugle sounded "No Parade." Prayer book in hand he would go over something like this:

"Stawf p'rade, 'shun. Those as can read will follow the regulations. Those as can't will go through the requisite motions, as follows: One! Extend left hand holdin' prayer book. Two! Raise right 'and to level of mouth. Three! Moisten thumb of right hand. Four! Turn over page."

But the next time he did it was the day after Donald's wooden kit-box, button-stick, razor and other equipment had been put up at auction by the quartermaster's sergeant, according to custom, and the incident was in his mind and that of the men. His eyes happened to fall on the page held open by his thumb. After a pause he read aloud very gently:

"In all time of our tribulation, in the hour of death: Good Lord deliver us."



ON THE PLAINS

BY DOLF WYLLARDE

THE new machinery had only arrived last week, and Chain, the manager, had got it put up by dint of that peculiar quality which makes the Anglo-Saxon race the master of the negro still, in spite of the emancipation. Chain was an Englishman, and the possessor of a white wife and child; but he was only the manager of the Sherwood sugar estate, which belonged to another of his countrymen—one of those "absent owners," whose tenure of inherited property makes the Island of Jamaica what it is. Major Carrington yachted in the Solent, and trusted to John Chain to assist him in the upkeep of the *Dinorah* by the manipulation of certain factors, human and mechanical, four thousand miles away. Sherwood was given every facility to produce sugar, and to compete with modern factories, and the latest improvements and inventions known to Europe and America had superseded the methods of the old cane days when sugar realised £75 per ton. Major Carrington had not grudged the outlay, but it was to the future he looked for profit, and to his manager to justify him.

Throughout all that curious piece of mechanism known as the British Empire the units that go to its upholding are but portions of the whole, and sink their individuality in their performance of its work. In England itself, perhaps, men lose the honour of their responsibility a little; but abroad, and particularly in the Colonies, it is their tyrant. The Viceroy to

his King—the Governor to the Colonial Office—the officer to his superior whatever the service—and among civilians the employé to his employer—all good men and true come to absorb themselves in the work they have undertaken, and square their shoulders to the burden. Sherwood and its machinery stood to John Chain for his atom of responsibility in the Empire, and Major Carrington for his chief. It is this spirit that has carried the Empire to success, but if the loss of the individual were counted the tithe would be heavy.

There was a line between John Chain's eyes as he entered the factory and saw the new machinery at work for the first time. It floated across his mind that the output from Sherwood ought to be larger to ensure the ten per cent. interest on the capital which should justify Major Carrington's outlay—five per cent. on the money invested on those sixteen-inch cylinders with their thirty-six-inch stroke—the compound gearing, twenty-five to one made of steel, and the whole grinding plant—and five per cent. for a sinking fund. His eyes took in the general scheme of the machinery inclusively, and he reminded himself that while it represented some thirty thousand pounds, it was wearing out from the first day it began to work. Very necessary, that sinking fund.

Apart from the burden of responsibility pressing on his shoulders with the whole process of the sugar mak-

ing, was a private and personal trouble which had no place in the factory, and which—theoretically—he should have left on the verandah of his house across the way, when he walked over to his work after his early coffee. Nevertheless it had its share in bringing the knit between his straight light brows, and making even the sugar outlook darker than it would have been. For Nellie was sick — baby Nellie, whose three years of life and laughter had been the joy-centre of her father's and mother's life. It had been an unusually hot, damp winter, and perhaps the moisture and heat of the plains had told on the child's constitution, though she had seemed well enough up to a week ago. Then there came a day when Nellie was ailing, and then the instinct of alarm in the mother's heart made her urge the necessity of a doctor. He came in a ramshackle buggy from ten miles off, and pronounced it a touch of malarial fever — nothing much, but children lacked stamina in this country—get her into the hills if possible. And he departed again, after testing Chain's eight-year-old rum, and pronouncing it excellent, while the mother's eyes glared at him like those of a desperate tigress.

"He wasn't sober when he came, Jack!" she burst out stormily, as the ramshackle buggy departed. "How could you give him more drink?"

"He wasn't far gone, little woman, and, well, he'd driven ten miles. A fellow must offer hospitality!"

"When Nellie's so ill? I don't believe he knew what he was saying when he prescribed for her!"

"Oh, well, he saw her before he had the toddy, didn't he? And he knows his business, wet or dry—at any rate, he's the only man round here." The lines round the English eyes deepened, and he looked out across the emphatic green of the sweep of cane which bounded the horizon of his life as if he would fain find a way out. The woman flounced into the house, and back to the child's bed, to watch

and minister with an instinct which she trusted better than the drunken doctor's prescription.

That was a week ago, and Nellie had not grown well enough to be taken up to the hills. She lay in her cot, the little bare legs and feet that pattered so bravely about the carpetless floors grown very white and wasted, the childish body tossing to and fro restlessly as she complained that the coverlet was so hot — so hot! Driven by desperation, Mrs. Chain had sent for the doctor again, but this time he had not come. When Chain left the house that morning the mother was still looking from the verandah along the level road between the cane fields, for the first glimpse of the ramshackle buggy, and in her eyes was hate.

"I shall never forgive him if he doesn't come, never!" she said monotonously. "It's that cursed drink—and poor Nellie—John, if she's worse, I'll send over and tell you at once."

Chain looked tenderly into the hollow eyes. She had not slept for nights, watching by the child's bed, and the thermometer in the verandah registered 89°. There was that strained look in her face that comes to the buckra whose will forces him to keep on doing, contrary to the law which the negro so well understands to mean slack off and sleep. It is the tropics which have produced the negro—the white man is only an importation.

"Pray God Nellie won't be worse!" said John Chain simply. "And—Kate—don't send unless you really must. The new machinery's at work, and I might find it difficult to leave if Curtis isn't up to the mark——"

"John!—if the child were dying!"

Something of the expression she had in her eyes for the doctor was there for himself, he fancied, even for him. But she had turned the next instant, as at a feeble cry too faint for his ears, and had gone back to Nellie, leaving him to cross to the factory.

He looked absently at the shining brass fittings as he entered the building, and ran up the stairs to the upper platforms. The railing was as bright as on shipboard, and all the place was wonderfully clean and free from the mess and waste of the manufacture. Major Carrington insisted on that when he paid his brief periodical visits to Sherwood. He liked the factory to be as well kept, comparatively, as the *Dinorah*.

"So long as the brasses are clean, he doesn't care to inquire about the rest of the work!" John Chain said rather bitterly.

Outside in the sunshine the canes were coming in and being piled on to the cane-carrier which fed the first mill, and so on to the second. Sherwood was not a sufficiently large factory to warrant three mills; it had to be content with seventy per cent. of sugar from the cane, and leave the possible extra ten, which would have cost too much to extract. There is, however, no waste in a sugar factory. The refuse of the cane as it came out of the second mill was carried on to feed the furnaces, for if there were no refuse the factories could not exist.

Chain only glanced below him at the light shredded waste being tossed out of the mill; that was an old story, and the negroes knew the work. He had reached the higher platform and stood before the new triple-effect, the French invention for boiling the raw liquid, that had cost three thousand pounds, alone. The great vessels in their polished wood casings looked like monster beehives connected by large pipes. Only the first of these was supplied with steam, the vapour from the furious boiling being carried to the second to continue the heating process, and so on again to the third; but the temperature registered on the first was 210°, and on the third had dropped to 120°. Beyond this the vapour was useless, and was carried off by pipes, condensed with hot water, and allowed to run away outside the factory.

Chain put his hand half stealthily on the great wooden side of the first callandria. The mere mechanism of the thing had that fascination for him which machinery exerts for all men, but it represented more than this, it was his trust, the wonderful servant placed in his guardianship to work for their joint master. Even the engineer attached to Sherwood, who, with Chain, had directed its installation, was not more absorbed in the machinery than the manager. He had had most of the responsibility of its erection and starting, and now that it was really working he looked at it somewhat with the eye of a creator. Inside the little glass square which informed him of its inward apparatus he could see the sugar dancing and boiling, flinging up thick yellow spray and sometimes blinding and darkening the little window on each side of which were the indicators—the vacuum on the righthand and the temperature on the lefthand—25 inches and 29° respectively.

Chain's keen eyes read off the numbers before he walked on to the next vessel for a fresh examination, and he drew rather an anxious breath. He knew as much as could be known of the making of sugar, but rather less of the steam that was its motive power, and it was in this particular that help might fail him. The machinery itself was really Curtiss's affair, and Curtiss was responsible, unless—The curse of the white man in the tropics was not confined to the doctor who had failed to appear that morning; Chain knew that the Sherwood rum was Curtiss's enemy, and that the engineer might fail him just at the moment when his knowledge and judgment were indispensable. During the erection of the new machinery Curtiss had kept off drink, and had been heart and soul in his work; but the manager unconsciously feared a reaction, and redoubled his own study of the new methods. Suppose something went wrong, and he were left to bear the brunt of it? He

pulled himself together with a wrench, and steadied his nerve. The heat—and Nellie!—were playing the deuce with his self-reliance.

Every time that the measurer filled with juice, the whistle of the factory shrieked the register, for the workpeople were paid a penny for every four tons of cane crushed. John Chain heard it register sixteen difecators before he left the factory, which meant seven cars of massecuit to give five tons of sugar in crystals; but all the hot morning he had not caught a glimpse of Curtiss. His face relaxed, however, for Sherwood was doing well, and they would have to buy cane at this rate, their own crop being liable to fall short. He was standing near the boilers watching the men at work, as the whistle registered the last difecator, and he turned to one of them and asked quietly for the engineer. For, through the smell of the sugar in its various stages which filled the building, he fancied that there was something unusual about the steam—or was it merely his overwrought fancy, urged by the nervousness of inexperience?

"I saw Mars' Curtiss go over to the still-house early, sir. He not come back yet," said the man ominously.

Chain hesitated, looked round the factory again to see that all the units under him were doing their work, both human and iron, and started to walk through the still-house, where the great stills were full of fermenting rum. The smell of the dunder rose up under his feet as he entered the building, a stench to sicken the uninitiated, but John Chain had been born and bred amongst sugar cane, and it represented nothing to his palate but the smell and flavouring of the rum. He paused a moment in the department where the pure spirit was distilled, watching the white liquid as it flowed from the wood.

"I wonder why people at home insist on having it coloured!" he marvelled. "I don't believe even Major Marrington knew that rum was white

until he saw it here, with his own eyes—for that matter, it is only coloured with a little burnt sugar—"

He stopped abruptly, his heart turned sick within him, for in the dusk of the further corner of the place lay a heap of sacking or empty bags—he could not tell which—and on it was the supine figure of a man. There was no need to draw near and bend over Curtiss to discover his state. The temporary abstinence had broken down, and the man was in the clutch of his own weakness—dead drunk, and not to be roused when Chain took him by the shoulder and shook him roughly. He was still bending over the helpless figure that had betrayed him. Then the sound of hurrying feet and a breathless voice made him turn with rasped senses.

"Anything wrong?" he said desperately. It seemed as if he had known that disaster must follow, the minute his eyes fell on Curtiss, lost and incompetent.

"The boilers, Massa Chain—"

But he was out of the still-house and into the factory before the words were more than formed, his teeth set as if that would force his feet to go faster, his mind grappling with the machinery in Curtiss's stead. He seemed even to himself to make a flying rush for the boilers, and to be at the scene of the threatened disaster almost before he had left the outside air.

The boilers were priming. Even as he entered the building the rush and roar of the steam deafened him—that sound which once heard by an engineer is never forgotten. The water was bursting and pouring from the valves, and as a natural consequence every negro in the factory had left his work and fled from the explosion to follow, leaving the white man to face it alone.

John Chain did not know just what had happened, as Curtiss would have done. The condensed water from the steam coils of the eliminator ran to the hot well, and from there it was

pumped into the boilers by the feed pumps, but one small leak in the steam coil had been the cause of some of the cane-juice getting into the water. All that the manager knew and saw was the water foaming up and rushing out of the valves, and if this were not checked in time the boilers would be nearly empty and the tubes exposed to the flames would grow red hot. No wonder that the negroes had fled!

Before he paused to think he had drawn the furnaces, the heat of the flames nearly driving him backward as he raked them out, the water from the valves pouring over him as he stooped in his desperate effort to save the boilers. Drenched and scorched and blinded, he staggered back from the furnace doors, and a hand on his shoulder hardly made him start, or his wife's voice in his ear—his whole soul was in bondage to the machinery, his double trust now that Curtiss had failed; he was the slave of the absent owner cruising in the Solent who had bound this burden on his shoulders. It was only a mechanical impulse that made him warn her of danger.

"Back!" he shouted at her, as if she were a long way off. "Keep back! the boilers are priming!"

But her eyes were as fearless as his as she faced him, indifferent to the roaring steam in the stress of a greater disaster to herself.

"Jack!"—the mother's voice was choked with tears, desperate, wild—"Nellie is asking for you—you must come at once—"

"I can't!" he gasped, his eyes still on the dangerous machinery. "I can't leave the sugar!"

"Jack! She's dying—"

"I can't," he repeated, and his own voice seemed to have lost its meaning. He was only conscious of the suspense of waiting for that awful angry roar to cease, for the boilers to stop priming, and a strange sense that the machinery had taken on a personality and was a live and furious thing. Even when his wife spoke for the last

time he hardly heard her save as a secondary claim on his attention.

"Jack!—I can't stay—she's crying for you—but I shall go back!"

He heard the hatred in her voice distinctly now, that she had vowed to the doctor, but for him this time—for him! For an instant he half turned to follow her flying gown. The next he was by the boilers again, calculating the subsidence of the mischief. He judged that, as the boilers had only primed a little, and the water remained above the top row of tubes, it might be safe to start the feed pump and fill the boiler to its normal level. For this reason he shouted for the men, who were already beginning to creep back to their stations like beaten curs, and ordered them shortly to get to work at the pump. They looked askance at the late danger, and Chain's drenched and draggled figure, but the fear of the white man who had faced the terror from which they had fled was greater even than their fear of the boilers themselves. They came back sullenly, and obeyed the lash of the man's tongue, as, a century ago, their ancestors had obeyed the lash of the busher's whip.

Even when all danger was over, and the factory hummed again with its usual sound and stir, John Chain lingered a little longer for certainty, and then gave the men implicit orders how to act during his brief absence, before he started for his own house. They were so cowed that he had no fear but that they would do as he told them, and notify him the instant they suspected something wrong. And then he was free—free to run down the stairs headlong, and out into the heavy heat of noon, through the cane-feeders, on to his own house just across the way.

He hardly realised what had happened, even now. He felt half dazed, and pushed his hair away from his forehead, the beads of sweat trickling down his scorched face.

"If we have weathered this storm we shall weather others—the worst is

over now. I know the ropes. I'm not dependent on Curtiss. I can rely on myself, unless—Nellie!"

His heart gave one thud like the knell of a deep bell. In the doorway, beyond the verandah, stood his wife.

"Yes, she's dead," she said in a hard voice. "And I'll never forget this, Jack!"

"You don't understand," he said dully.

"Oh, yes, I do!" She flung the taunt at him in her intolerable pain. "It was the work—you couldn't leave the work for Nellie, because if this new machinery went wrong it might ruin you. In fact you put the child's bread before the child!"

"No, not even that." He rose and stood before her, a tired man in mind and body, and the lines between his young brows seemed to have settled there permanently since the morning. "The work wasn't only for you and the child, though, as you say, it meant your bread and—hers. But it's my trust—I've undertaken to work this place for Carrington—I'm respon-

sible. Oh, can't you understand?"

He flung out his hands toward her with the appeal of man to woman to grasp the inexpressible. The factory was his piece of the Empire, and inherited, unspoken traditions made it sacred in a crisis such as he had passed through. The man's honour came in here; he looked to his wife for comprehension—and found her eyes blank.

His hands fell to his sides. He pushed her out of the way, not roughly, but with irresistible strength, and went into the house to the room where lay the dead child.

The woman stood as if dazed, staring down the road between the bright fields of sugar cane. But her eyes and ears were deadened, and she did not notice the rattle of wheels or the tiny speck between the canes resolving itself into the doctor's ramshackle buggy. She only saw in fancy the great boilers as monstrous material things she hated, and she heard above the din of the factory the register of the siren—another ton of sugar successfully carried through.



VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT

BY MAUD GOING

Little heaps of tin cans,
Rags and bones galore,
Left to mar the landscape
Just a few months more.

Gather them up, Slowgo,
Dump them in a hole,
You'll please all your neighbours
And satisfy your soul.

FIFTEEN years ago two travellers, belonging to two generations, were exploring the region of the Great Lakes together. The elder was English by birth and education and irretrievably English by conviction. The younger was American by the accident of birth, and her convictions were, as yet, in the making.

Both were being pained by the untidiness of the smaller lake towns in the great republic to the south of us; neither had seen Canada except as a blue coast-line glimpsed in calm weather from afar.

"When we get to Canada," said the British patriot to the woman of no convictions, "the towns will look so different. The streets will be well paved, the fences mended, the houses will be home-like and all the outbuildings neat. You will not see there these broken sidewalks and sagging fences, and all this scattering of rubbish and refuse."

Alas for the shattering of patriotic ideals! Alas for the stubborn rudeness of facts! The Canadian towns were not better than their American neighbours. They were distinctly worse. Their barns were more utterly estranged from paint. Their fences leaned more wearily, their scrap piles and garbage heaps were more utterly naked and unashamed.

To-day any one comparing the smaller towns under the two flags is forced to a decision still less to the credit of Canada. Are the majority of small Canadian towns trying hard to be pretty and neat? Like *Rosa Dartle*, we "ask for information".

Many Canadian and American towns are actively concerned about their state, sanitary and æsthetic. Some are merely conscience-stricken, many are tidying up, a few are clean as wax, and another few are beautiful to behold. Why? Because throughout the land village improvement societies have been organised and are earnestly at work.

The birthday of the first improvement society is lost in the haze of the past. Like most praiseworthy movements in the States, village improvement originated in New England. But where?

Beautiful Stockbridge, in the Berkshire Hills, has long been considered the pioneer town, because its Society was organised more than fifty years ago. But Northampton has a well-belovèd grand old man, who, on his eightieth birthday, was banqueted by his fellow-townsmen grateful for his life-long services as a village improver! And now Framingham claims that a society there gave attention to the trees shading the streets and the common, as long as ninety years ago. So the birthplace of village improvement is, like its age, a disputed subject, for many communities would feel pride therein.

No one can fix its present abiding place, because it is everywhere. The impulse has gone south and awakened



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT HERE

the drowsy. It has gone west and grown up with the country. The effort to make the villages tidy, beautiful, healthful and cheerful has now become national. Massachusetts alone has two hundred village improvement societies, to say nothing of many women's clubs which are doing more or less village or town improvement work.

Most of the improvement societies throughout the States have been inaugurated by women, and the membership of all is composed largely of the gentler sex.

Their work, after all, is mostly feminine; it is extended housekeeping. The house-mother is desirous that her home shall be clean and sweet both within and without. She wants her lawn to be neatly raked, her porch and sidewalk to be well swept. It is but an extension of this

effort to extend the cleanliness all up and down the street.

She wants the yard or garden where her children play, to be clean, well-drained, and as pretty as may be. Will she not also desire pleasant small parks and free playgrounds for the children of the town poor who have neither garden nor yard?

She takes pride in the neatness and beauty of the entrance hall and reception-room of her home. Will she then feel no mortification if visitors to her town arrive at a dirty, ill-smelling station, if the first buildings they see are ugly and broken down, if close by the station there is a rough bar-room, or a crooked board fencing plastered over with unsightly advertisements?

Let her then start an improvement society to work for the cleanliness and beauty of the village.

If, after awhile, the society grows strong and financially prosperous, it may go on to work for the pleasure and enlightenment of the village. Its efforts may provide a library, a park, a public playground, swimming baths, public lectures, open air concerts, or a house beautiful, where visitors to the village can rest and read while they await the few-and-far-apart trains of a minor branch road.

Bethany, Missouri, with a population of three thousand people, has opened such a public waiting-room—light, airy, and provided with all necessary toilet conveniences. The tables display plenty of good reading matter which, with the plants and pictures, makes the place most restful and homelike.

Whether an improvement society undertakes an enterprise so æsthetic and hospitable as the Bethany waiting-room or merely cleans the back lanes, it binds a community together as few organisations do or can. Men and women, rich and poor, learned and unlettered, gentle and simple, work together for the common weal. In concerted friendly effort for the village, which is home, people of all creeds and of both political parties are united.

Conditions differ in each community. Needs vary with location, industry, distance from a large city, and the character of population. There is scarcely a village anywhere where an improvement society could not make itself both useful and pleasant, and the community least conscious of the wish for such an organisation may be the very one most in need of its benefits.

Because villages differ, suggestions as to methods of beginning improvement work must be tentative.

If there is any sort of library, the librarian can do much. He, or—more probably—she, may have a bulletin board that can be used for posting up pictures and reading matter relating to the subject. School-teachers could help by causing the children to write essays on such topics as these: "How can we make our town more beautiful?" "Do we need an improvement society?" If there is a local paper, the subject can be broached and expanded in its columns. One improvement association which has been singularly successful began its endeavours with an illustrated lecture free to all, telling what had been done in other towns. An essay in the Woman's Club might prove a beginning of better things for the town.

A young league, in drafting its by-laws, might gather many helpful suggestions from some improvement societies of New England, notably from those of Stockbridge, Framingham, and Tynsboro'.

Initial efforts of young so-



ONE KIND OF OBSTRUCTION THAT MIGHT WELL BE REMOVED



A SCHOOL-GARDEN IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

cieties are generally turned perforce towards the negative side of their work, the removal of things untidy, objectionable, or dangerous, for street rubbish full of poisonous germs, may be as deadly as a lyddite shell.

Nothing so mars lawns and streets as a litter of blowing papers, and the insidious banana peel is a menace to life and limb. No other inexpensive deed of an improvement society produces such good and quick results as the providing of receptacles for refuse. One society made its modest beginning by supplying its home-town with six big empty barrels, painted green and placed where they were easily found, yet unobtrusive. The Thomasville (Georgia) association recommends a basket of galvanised wire, because its contents can be burned within it.

Bill-boards are often not only hideous, but demoralising. It would prove

a question too subtle for present discussion to ascertain why the manufacturers of certain commodities have recourse to bill-boards, or why fences are used mainly to advertise whisky, tobacco and the theatres.

Worse even than the bill-boards and the placards pasted on fences are the signs painted upon rocks marring landscapes which should be lovely.

In England there is a society called "Serapa" whose object is to "check the abuses of public advertising". The society numbers more than a thousand members, and among them have been enrolled the names of James Bryce, Sir Charles Dilke, and the artist Millais. A strong contingent are members of parliament.

The German *attaché* in London drew the attention of his home government to the good work of "Serapa", and the result was a law regulating the size of German sign-boards and the localities where they



THE FIRST LESSON IN BOTANY

might be placed. A license for the privilege must also be paid. France is taxing the sign-boards out of existence.

When will Canada join the procession and abolish the signs which mar two of the most famous beauty spots in the world: those which rear their unashamed ugliness on the Canadian side of Niagara, and those which stare up at the tourist as he looks down on the lovely panorama spread below the citadel of Quebec?

A new village improvement association should begin its work by putting in order the most unsightly place or places in town. Concentrate the inexperienced effort and the little cash available upon that one spot — the public square, the school-grounds, or the cemetery. Make it clean and pretty.

After unsightly bill-boards are removed, after aggressive and pestilent rubbish is banished, after mud holes

are filled, and streets made clean, then come the pleasant things.

One league worthy of imitation has, through the generosity of a member, distributed packets of flower seeds to the school children. Another member has offered fifty dollars in prizes to boys and girls under fifteen for the best kept lawn and the prettiest flower-bed. The seeds and the prizes have aroused lively interest among the children, and this cannot fail to help the appearance of the whole town.

Many village associations have found that the offer of such prizes produced excellent results.

Why do not the managers of the county fairs take the hint? Why, we wonder, is philanthropic enterprise so blind to the opportunities afforded by the county fair? Here is a gathering of people, collected from a wide area, starving for interest, for amusement, for something to think and talk about in the long monotonous days which



WATERING TIME IN A GARDEN SCHOOL

are to follow the homeward journey. And they find only ten-cent shows of the meanest description offering "attractions" that are generally silly, vulgar, or actually fraudulent. When will some beneficent body consider the feasibility of sending to county fairs some really good cheap shows? There might be a series of recitations stirringly given, and made up of selections sparkling with innocent fun or teaching the love of country and the beauty of goodness.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and sometimes is a step towards it. Village improvement may begin by picking up old papers and empty cans, but it does not end there: it has its moral uses also. The desertion of the village and the consequent overcrowding of the city is a vexing problem of our time. On the one hand, we see the farm forsaken, the fields left idle, the labour spent in wresting them from the wilderness wasted, it may

be, and the wilderness taking possession again.* We see the parents, too old to be transplanted, left to a lonely age.

On the other hand, we see the young breaking home ties, casting off sacred duties, and becoming involved in the struggle for material wealth and in the temptations arising therefrom — to sharp practice, covetousness, materialism.

The problem of the day is to keep the likely boys and girls in the village home. Anything which makes country life more attractive to young people helps towards the solution of this problem.

John Comenius, a distinguished educational reformer of the seventeenth century, said that every school should have a garden where the children can at times, gaze upon trees, flowers and herbs and be taught to enjoy them.

Comenius was more than two cen-



BOYS AT WORK IN A GARDEN SCHOOL

turies in advance of his time. Not till 1869 did his native country, Austria, prescribe by law that, whenever practicable, a garden and a place for agricultural experiments should be established at every rural school.

The following year Austria, the pioneer country in nature study as well as in gardening for children, provided that instruction in natural history should be given by means of these gardens.

Belgium followed in 1873, making the study of horticulture compulsory and requiring that every public elementary school should have its garden.

Then France fell into line, decreeing that no plan of a rural school building to which the State contributes money should be accepted unless a garden were provided.

One European government after another has followed the example of Austria. Even unprogressive Russia

ten years ago could boast of seventy-five hundred school-gardens, with grain, flowers, fruits and vegetables; 532 apiaries, and 372 silk-worm hatcheries.

In the United States the enthusiasm for school-gardens is so great that means have been found to make and maintain them even in cities so congested as Boston and New York.

Canada first realised the educative value of gardening twenty years ago.

At first the enterprise owed its life in great measure to the zeal of Dr. Alexander N. Mackay, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. He advocated nature study and garden work so ably and effectively that there were fifty-two school-gardens in his own province before 1904. In that year the Sir William Macdonald school-gardens were established in all the Eastern Provinces, so that Canada can now boast of hundreds of gardens.



FAIRVIEW GARDEN SCHOOL, YONKERS, N. Y.

The first school-gardens were mainly volunteer institutions due to the enthusiasm of the teacher more than to the initiative of the school trustees. But since 1904 there has been a grant coming from the Macdonald Rural Schools Fund, giving an addition of thirty dollars to the yearly salary of the teacher who will qualify for nature work and maintain a garden—and twenty dollars for labour, seeds, plants and tools. Prizes have been offered for the most successful gardens in the Province, and in 1904 the first prize was awarded to Knowlton school.

Now it is hoped that the Provinces will carry on the work which the munificence of Sir William Macdonald has started and vote out of the public funds an annual grant to encourage the making of gardens around rural and village schools. This has been already done by Ontario and by New Brunswick. In Ontario the Department of Education have issued a most practical and helpful circular, beautifully illustrated, dealing with the improvement of school-grounds.

Many towns in the States are mak-

ing organised efforts to awaken in the boys and girls a love for outdoor sports, for natural science, or for gardening. Instead of loafing about the bar-end of the hotel, the boys are incited to geologise, to hunt butterflies, or to gather field notes about native birds. In this line the town of Ashfield, in Western Massachusetts, has done work which might well prove an inspiration to other communities.

The situations and surroundings of Ashfield are analogous to those of many places in the Eastern Townships, in the Province of Quebec. Ashfield lies high among the hills, its chief village being about ten miles from a railway station. Its inhabitants, about a thousand in number, are mainly of English stock. Most of them are engaged in farming. They are intelligent, and in moderately comfortable circumstances. Hardly any suffer from extreme poverty. The town library is excellent and well administered, and much used by the young people as well as by the old. The boys and girls alike enjoy the usual sports both in summer and win-

ter; but the life of the town lacks that varied activity which is fitted to afford interest to children, and to stimulate their intelligence.

In view of this lack a plan was devised some years ago to widen the range of interest and occupations for the children by offering small prizes for work of various descriptions. A circular with a long list of different objects for which prizes would be awarded was distributed throughout the town. Fifty dollars for these prizes was secured by entertainments given during the winter, and more money for special prizes was contributed by friends.

Charles Eliot Norton, who writes concerning them, says:

"The exhibits have rarely, if ever, fallen below one hundred. The majority of them, as might be expected, are of slight worth, and bear no evidence of continuous effort. Most of them, indeed, as might also naturally be expected, indicate that the interest of the children is intermittent, and often only felt as Prize Day draws near; but in each year there has been a considerable number of exhibits manifesting persistent and intelligent industry, good handiwork and careful observation, and of these the number seems to be increasing.

"From year to year the interest of the townspeople has increased in the exhibits, and there is now hardly a more pleasant festival than Labour Day, on which the prizes are distributed. The town hall is well filled with the children and grown people, and the exhibits form not only an interesting, but a very pretty display."

Some prizes encourage the old housewifely arts — cooking, sewing, knitting, washing, and ironing — but most of them foster love for country occupations and for country joys. Most novel are those to encourage in-

timacy with the little brothers in fur and feathers—prizes for photographs of wild animals and birds, and for the successful taming of a wild animal.

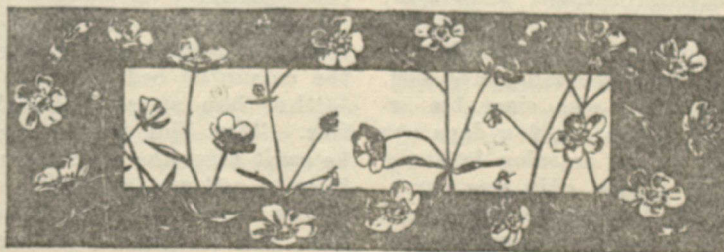
Some awards are so well calculated to teach the lore and love of nature and to attach the affections of the children to the soil that we cannot refrain from quoting them. There are prizes for the best lists in the following branches: Plants observed during the year on any single half acre; forest trees native to Ashfield, with a statement of the special locality of the town where rare or remarkably fine trees are to be found, with measurements of the largest trees, and with account of the uses to which the different kinds are put; wild flowering plants, with the dates of their coming into flower; birds seen in Ashfield, with dates of arrival and notes of their habits. There is a prize also for the best garden of wild flowers.

So the child is led, it may be, to find the Creator where our forefathers found him, out of doors; in the sweet dim woods, on the hills which look eternal, or in the garden in the cool of the day.

It is not an impossible achievement for the association which begins by picking up rubbish and goes on to better things.

At all events, thanks to the association, the boys and girls are less desirous to leave the farm, the village is cleaner, prettier, more healthful, and a common effort interests and unites its people.

Now, is this village improvement not well worthy of further propagation in Canada?



THE LIFE OF TRADE

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER

"WHAT luck to-day?"

"The best in the world, my dear Harry, thanks to you."

"That's right! Cheer up. This bit of rivalry won't hurt your business. I bet your things looked nicer to-day and sold faster than ever before. I'm sure we took pains to make them appear well."

"As you are always saying, Harry, competition is the life of trade. Perhaps I was getting careless. I have had the same customers for so many years."

"We'll show the upstarts who have just found out that this is good soil for raising vegetables that they don't come in ahead of Mrs. Lacey of Rose Cottage. Come, where is the spade? I may as well dig up the whole patch for cucumbers, eh?"

Peter Cox, working on the lawns of the *Hotel Bellevue*, dropped his tools to listen to the two voices separated from him merely by a hedge. Presently the owners of the voices came along the path from the wharf where they had tied their little boat, and entered the next yard. First came Mrs. Lacey, the widow who lived in the rose-covered cottage next door, then Annette, the little "home" girl whom she had taken to raise, then—yes, truly, that conceited young dog, Harry Carscallen, who since his arrival at the *Bellevue* a few days ago had struck up an amazing intimacy with Widow Lacey. He was carrying the empty baskets he had helped her to fill with vegetables and load on

her little punt early in the morning, ready to sell to the city people in the summer cottages all along the lake shore. Although a larger load than usual, it had all been disposed of, and free indeed was the widow with her thanks, for it was due to the young man's energy that she had secured some new orders right in the face of several competitors who were beginning to find out the profits of her trade.

Mr. Cox took it as a personal grievance, this familiarity of young Carscallen with the Widow Lacey. Interference, he called it. Who had looked after the Widow Lacey all these years when the youth, Carscallen, was a child in arms? Hadn't *he* spaded her garden? Hadn't *he* tied up her grapes, and pruned her young trees in the intervals between his duties as chief gardener of the *Bellevue*? Hadn't *he* recommended her to get little Annette to stay with her when her own daughter, Madeline, had taken a position in the city? It was insufferable to see this young prig strut about the place as if he owned the widow and her whole establishment.

Carscallen had thrown off his coat and was putting all his strength on the cucumber bed.

"Let him sweat," thought Peter Cox. "Let him do the work. But he can't plant the cucumbers. They'll have to call me for that."

How young the widow looked in her blue galatea house-dress and check

apron? He could see through the hedge that she and Annette were trimming the rose bushes. The conversation seemed to be one constant round of jest.

How *very* pretty she looked!

But she was twice the youth's age. It couldn't be that he was thinking of —yes, some of those city rogues would do anything for a home and a bit of property.

There was a past tradition which most people around Bellevue knew and respected. Twenty years ago Peter Cox had been thwarted in his wooing of this same lady, then Kitty Cook, the handsome dark-eyed belle of the village. He was gardener at the *Bellevue* then as now, but young, sentimental, and woefully sensitive. No one guessed how it hurt him to see young Lacey carry her off, because, forsooth, he had a horse and rig and wore fine clothes cut by a city tailor.

Peter Cox had made a pretty good show of not caring. After Lacey had been dead ten years he was still pretending he didn't care. He had made up his mind to tell her sometime, all the same; just any time now since he had been installed head gardener, with an income in salary to correspond with his titular honours. But the current of his blood ran slow with middle age, and his timidity had increased. If he had half the brass of Harry Carscallen, he told himself, it would have put him through that trying interview long ago.

Peter sauntered up to the low hedge separating the *Bellevue* lawn from the widow's garden.

"Want your cucumbers planted?" he asked, leaning on his spade.

The young man, having just finished, had gone to wash his hands in the kitchen.

"It will not be necessary to trouble you, Mr. Cox," said the widow with one of her rare upward glances; "Harry has just been doing it for me."

"Not deep enough, not deep

enough. A wretched bungle he has made of it."

"What's the matter, Mr. Cox?" asked Carscallen, coming around the corner.

"A fine evening, sir," returned Peter, and retreated ignominiously toward the hotel.

The widow smiled and then sighed as she glanced after the stalwart figure, but both were lost in the shadows.

It was something of a fight before Mrs. Lacey was placed in the foremost position among the gardeners who had sprung up in Bellevue, but, thanks to Harry Carscallen's energy, she suffered nothing from her competitors, even gained something from a study of their methods. Having settled her business position once and for all, Harry became her right-hand man, undertaking to straighten her fences, nail down the loose boards in the front walk, and trim her side of the hedge.

One day, before Peter had well finished his noon-day meal in the hotel kitchen, he was roused by the clatter of a lawn-mower near at hand. He went to the window and discovered Carscallen shoving the machine assiduously over Mrs. Lacey's grass.

And he had taken the hotel lawn mower to do it!

Peter's exasperation lent wings to his feet. He was out and across the yard in an instant.

"The mower, please!" he said peremptorily.

"I am nearly done," replied Carscallen pleasantly.

"See here, young man" (Cox always put emphasis on the "young"), "what business have you interfering with hotel property?"

"Well, if you must have it," said Harry, handing it over with the utmost good nature, "be good enough to finish this corner before you go."

Peter took it with a jerk, running it carefully over the very part Harry had finished, pushing it well around

the flower beds with the air of a master-gardener.

The young man had thrown himself down at the feet of Mrs. Lacey, who was sewing on the porch, and began to play with her spools of thread.

"Well, it's much pleasanter to watch you do it than to be doing it myself," he called.

Peter finished his task in dignified silence. Then he came up to the porch and addressed Mrs. Lacey, apparently as oblivious of her companion as of the door mat.

"There," he said, "that cut ought to do you for awhile. The next time you want the lawn trimmed, Mrs. Lacey, have the goodness to come to me. The hotel cannot lend its machines to any kid who may take a notion to cut grass."

"That choke," said Mr. Peter Cox to himself as he moved away, "would be enough to convince most people that they're not wanted. But there's some can't take a hint. And he's one," he added, looking back through the hedge.

The young man had taken a seat opposite the widow and with chin in hands was gazing up eagerly into her face. He seemed to be asking some question about the place with his monstrous authoritativeness. The widow's answer came quite distinctly.

"Do just as you like, dear Harry. You will soon be a part of the household, and I desire that you shall make yourself quite at home."

Cox reeled. Part of the household! Was he too late again? Must he stand by a second time and watch the enactment of the little drama? How old was the fellow, anyway, to display such serpent-like wisdom? Since the fashion for clean shaving came in one could not tell a man's age within ten years. Even he might look quite youthful with his beard off.

What if he did it? He was a dolt to let himself be so easily displaced after well-nigh thirty years of devoted service. The widow thought well of him, respected his judgment,

deferred to his opinion. He might yet persuade her from her folly of taking a boy to raise.

Down came his razor and began to ply vigorously on the full beard. He almost shouted with delight when he saw the result. He was a new man. He looked as young as Carscallen.

Where was his Sunday suit? Did that stupid maid think he would never wear it again? Would the widow think it ridiculous at that time of day, during work hours and all? No. Lacey had won his way by appearances; Carscallen was about to do the same. Away with timidity: it had been the curse of his existence.

Carscallen had been seen to take his hat and swing down the street at a tremendous pace, as if on some important errand. Peter had visions of interviews with the village parson, or the issuer of marriage licenses.

But the widow still sat placidly sewing on the porch, the roses clustering around her head, and Annette at work in the flower-beds in the distance.

Peter screwed his courage to the sticking point and stepped out on the other side of the hedge.

Though she seemed to sew busily, the widow saw him out of the corners of her eyes.

"Competition," she murmured, thinking of Harry's favourite maxim, "is the life of more trades than gardening."

Peter came up to the verandah and took the seat Carscallen had vacated. He fell into exactly the same position, for he had admired it in spite of himself, as he watched his rival with jealous eyes.

The widow stopped sewing to inspect him.

"I hardly knew you, Mr. Cox," she cried admiringly.

"I have just come to the conclusion, Mrs. Lacey," said Peter, inflating his chest, "that I am as good as anybody else."

"Indeed, I have always thought that, Mr. Cox," she replied earnestly.

"Where's Carscallen?" he asked casually.

"He went into the village," she responded non-committally.

"So I observed," said Peter drily.

She stitched away with closed lips.

"Annette," she called after awhile, "come and tie up this vine. It catches my hair."

"I will do it," said Peter, preferring Annette at a little distance.

"I've been thinking," he began awkwardly while his back was turned and his hands busy with the vine, "that some one ought to warn you about—about that fellow."

"Harry?" she ejaculated in surprise. "And I have learned to think so much of him."

"He may be all right," said Peter; "but he's a city dandy, remember. You don't know his family. Be careful. If anything happens, remember I warned you that I don't like his looks."

"You astonish me," cried the widow. "What reason—"

"It had seemed to me," interrupted Peter with dignity, "more suitable like, more proper, if it was you and me buckling up."

"Oh! That would be lovely," cried the lady, clasping her hands. "But it could never be, Peter. Don't you remember you told me twenty years ago that you—that you hated me, that I was false, that I ruined your life?"

"Kitty"—it was the dear, familiar name of long ago—"for heaven's sake,

Kitty, don't bring that up. The anger of a man who knew he was beaten, forgive it—forget."

He took her hand and was trying to look into her dear eyes, lowered and averted now in real nervousness, when the gate clicked and the familiar tread of Carscallen was heard on the walk.

Peter Cox stiffened into iron.

But who was this tripping behind the young man, with a face like an opening rose and all the frills and flutterings of charming girlhood? Whose was the suit-case which the young gentleman carried?

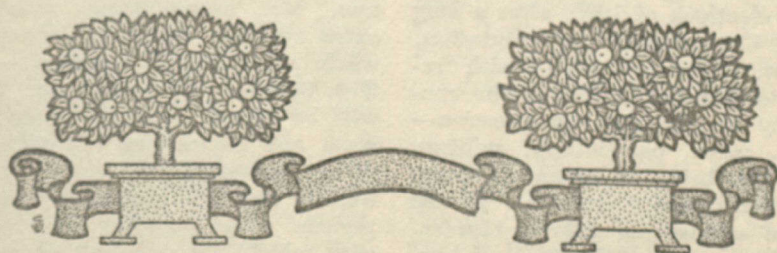
"Why, why, Madeline! Bless me, it's little Madge!" cried Peter, as the girl sprang into her mother's arms. Harry stood back with folded arms, looking on with an air of proud possessorship.

"Is your daughter home to stay?" ventured Peter, as the young people passed, laughing and chatting, into the house.

"You see, she and Harry are to be married a week from Wednesday," said the widow demurely. "Harry got down here some days before her, so he filled in the time by getting into my good graces. Not that he needed to blister his hands with work, silly boy. I took him to my heart from the first."

"Well, well, well," ejaculated Peter, "I didn't know—"

In fact no one knew all the fine points in the game but the widow, and—she didn't tell.





Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE British parliamentary election at the historic town of Stratford-on-Avon, England, appealed with a very special degree of interest to Canadians, because of the candidacy of Mr. Joseph Martin, the well-known Canadian lawyer and politician. Mr. Martin is always a great fighting man and possessed of an extraordinary degree of personal force. Within a year or two after he had moved from Winnipeg to British Columbia in 1896 he had become the stormy petrel of the politics of the latter province, as he had formerly been of those of Manitoba, and apparently he had hardly reached the shores of Britain before he had plunged into the turmoil of an election campaign. The result, which was determined on May 4, was almost sure, as it did, to favour Mr. Martin's opponent, who is an ardent militarist.

*

The campaign was, however, a curiously complicated one. Captain Kincaid-Smith, the late member, captured the seat for the Liberals at the general elections of 1906, after a long era of Conservative representation. However, Captain Kincaid-Smith resigned to test the feeling of the constituency on the defence question—that is, more particularly, military defence, he being an ardent advocate of national military training. It was his vote against the Liberal Government, however, on the vote of censure on the naval question that aroused the ire of his constituents and

caused them to censure him in form, whereupon he resigned his seat and sought reelection. He remains an ardent freetrader, which probably prevented the Unionists from endorsing him. So the contest became three-cornered. The Unionist may perhaps be described as militarist and protectionist, the independent Liberal, the late member, as free-trade and militarist, and the straight Liberal, Mr. Joseph Martin, as free-trader and anti-militarist. Aside from the local constituency there will be a wide sympathy with the man who takes so straightforward a plan of testing public sympathy, though his plan may prove to have been anything but good electioneering.

*

Extraordinary interest attaches also to the budget which Mr Lloyd-George must now shortly introduce into the Imperial Parliament. Instead of being able to curtail his expenditure, as was the case with Mr. Fielding in the Canadian budget, because of any lack of buoyancy in the revenue, Mr. Lloyd-George must find extra revenue equalling almost the whole of Canada's income — over \$70,000,000. Of course the money will be raised, and the question of ways and means has caused encouraging presentations of Britain's wealth, and this particularly by comparison with Germany, the country with which, for well defined reasons, Britain's resources are just now being chiefly matched. Mr. Chiozza-Money,

M.P., a distinguished financial authority, has decided that it requires but a very slight effort on England's part to put German rivalry quite out of the question and contrasts the two following statements: (1) "Britain—The five million richest British people have an annual income of not less than £900,000,000;" (2) "Prussia—The seventeen million richest Prussian people have an annual income of only £600,000,000." And again, says Mr. Money, "In the last ten years, in spite of the great increase in expenditure, the incomes (gross—the net is not much less) of the income tax paying classes (over £160 a year), who number about a million families only, have risen from £763,000,000 to £1,025,000,000 (the latter figure my own estimate, but a conservative one). Increase in expenditure, 32.2 per cent.; increase in taxed income, 34.4 per cent. On the whole, it certainly looks as if Great Britain can stand a severe financial strain far better than Germany."

*

How the additional burden will be distributed is the question. An ingenious argument advanced in favour of letting the new taxation descend to those who are now exempt is that such a procedure may tend to render them unwarlike, the fear of taxation serving to counteract jingoism; this is a somewhat specious appeal to a peace-loving government to get money out of tea and sugar, the duties on which, restored to their figures of a few years ago would, it is pointed out, secure between six and seven million pounds, nearly half the sum required. A tax on motor cars, and a partial suspension of the sinking fund, it is urged, with the inevitable contribution from liquor, would do the rest. It is likely that the last part of the programme will be acceptable enough to a radical government, but for the former we may see substituted a graduated income tax which will rest lightly enough, after all, on those five

millions of wealthy ones to whom Mr. Chiozza-Money draws attention. And the sinking fund will not be tapped without reluctance, for the present British Government has prided itself, and not without reason, on the remarkable record it has made in reducing the national debt.

*

The strongest men become curiously childlike when they step obviously outside the regions where their experiences have qualified them to act as advisers. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose commercial instincts enabled him to amass a prodigious fortune, regards affairs of state and great currents of national emotion as matters not more difficult of adjustment and regulation than the capitalisation of financial concerns, or the blowing in or out of blast furnaces. It is probably true, too, that if Mr. Carnegie had been President of the United States or Premier of Great Britain, he would not have left things any worse than they are now in each of these countries. But Mr. Carnegie supposes, or speaks as if he supposes, that government is possible on ideal lines — on lines such as he never dreamed of pursuing, needless to say, when in the steel business; then he did as others did, but more skilfully, and as a statesman we may be sure also that he would have found it impossible to depart from the tracks beaten by all the world. There is a temptation to smile therefore, if one may be allowed to smile at so great a man, when we find Mr. Carnegie gravely advising the Peace Society of New York to organise a League of Peace that shall be strong enough to put down its foot and prevent war.

*

This highly practical suggestion is the outcome of the multi-millionaire's thoughts on the foolishness of the rivalry in Dreadnoughts between Britain and Germany and the calamitousness of a war between these great nations,

which we all freely admit. Mr. Carnegie would have the building of Dreadnoughts stopped; but we may ask how would his League of Peace deal with an obstreperous Britain or an obstreperous Germany, unless the League is stronger in Dreadnoughts than the obstreperous party, and how in any case could the Peace League be a thing of force, with its ships and guns and trained men and what not ready for emergencies, without the maintenance of that militant spirit which Mr. Carnegie and the Peace Society deplore, and, which it must be conceded, cannot be schooled and graduated at will?

*

Let the Peace Society and all else work night and day for peace, not only as between nations, but as between the various classes of society and as among men themselves, but do not let us suppose human nature is to be revolutionised by a few bland words and by the framing of a few regulations. We need but look at the Armenian massacres in Syria, at the impending revolution at Constantinople, at the atrocities daily perpetrated in Persia, at the political chaos in the Balkans, at the endless chapter of horrors, in fact, which the world presents to-day, to realise that it is facts and not theories that we have to face. "We have got in future to face the world," says the *Spectator*, still one of the first of English journals in moderation of tone, liberality of sentiment, and measured weight of words, "not as we should like it to be, but as it is,—the world of blood and iron, controlled by men who are not humanitarians and philanthropists, but persons intensely human on the other side of man's nature, persons who do not take what they would call a Sunday-school view of the world, but rather the view that man is still a wild beast, that the race is to the strong and not to the well-intentioned, that victory belongs to the big battalions, not to those who say that

they envy no man anything, and who cannot understand why nations should hate or be jealous of each other." The average man feels and knows, no matter how reluctant he may be to admit it, that this is a true picture in rough outline of the world in which we live, and in which, if we would continue to live, we must become a part of the mass.

*

There is endless loose talk concerning the inefficiency of British diplomacy in its relation to Canada and the United States, and it is assumed by the hasty newspaper reader that there must be much truth in the broad statement so freely made that Canada has been invariably worsted in all such cases. The effect, and less frequently, the intention, of such charges is to create bad blood between Britain and Canada, to give Canadians the impression that England has always sacrificed their interests and that they are entitled to hold a grudge against her. Dr. MacPhail has, in the last two issues of the *University Magazine*, done something to correct this untenable theory of Britain's systematic sacrifice of Canada, but it is hardly to be hoped that his effort, able as it is, will overtake the countless loose and inaccurate statements on the subject which have been current so long, or will counteract those that are still circulated by careless or prejudiced writers and thinkers. Doubtless there have been cases where Canada was unfairly worsted, and some of the protests of Canadian speakers and writers have been honest and sincere. But it is nothing short of outrageous to preach the doctrine so freely circulated in some quarters that Britain has consistently and callously, if not deliberately, sacrificed Canadian interests.

*

The blood spilling in the Turkish revolution was late in coming but it had to come, apparently. Presumably it was the last desperate effort

of old Abdul, whose vices and whose cunning have so long combined to baffle and mystify the nations of Europe. How it will end is not clear at the moment of writing, but it may surely be taken for granted that the Young Turk movement for the general emancipation of Turkey from worse than mediæval barbarity and ignorance will ultimately triumph in some form, and that the triumph will not be long delayed. Undoubtedly Austria is largely responsible for the reaction against the Young Turks, her ruthless

and successful snatch at two provinces that were still at least nominally within the Turkish Empire, having gravely discredited the powers of the Reform leaders to protect the Sultan's territory; and such an incident might well have wrecked the best of all possible organisations. Part of the trouble that has faced the Reform leaders has been the difficulty of finding men in sympathy with their views and of training and experience such as would qualify them to fill the official places throughout the Empire, which consequently have remained in the hands of the Sultan's faithful attachés, and have been centres of disloyalty to the new régime. The parliament at Constantinople is but the first step after all in a long and difficult road, and before the second step can be taken it may be that the parliament will have, at least temporarily, ceased to be. Success to the Young Turks in any event seems to be the unanimous sentiment of the western world, which has long revolted at the horrors of the Sultan's dark régime.

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The visit of Mr. Roosevelt to British South Africa will be the occasion of attracting particular attention to that part of the British Empire during the next few months and may be the

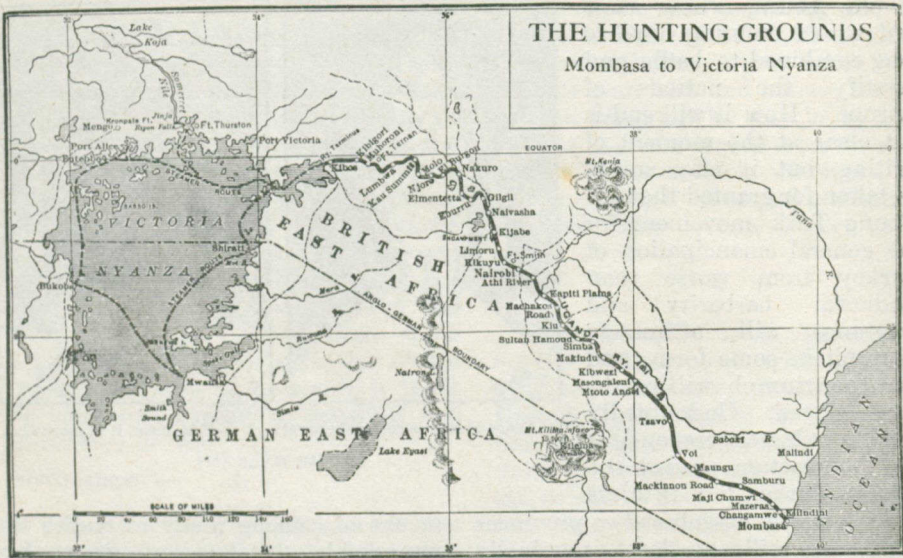


The Peace Statue is certainly lovely —But what if it thaws?

IN THE BALKANS

—Pasquino (Turin)

means of causing many to realise the remarkable development that has taken place during the last few years in a country that to us seems exceedingly remote. Nowhere has there been a more striking example of the civilising influences of the British system and of the peaceful progress that is possible and almost invariable within its borders. From Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to the Lake Victoria Nyanza British capitalists have constructed a railway which enables the traveller now to perform in two days with the ordinary comforts of life a journey which a few years ago could not be accomplished under four months, required an armed escort, and was a task of the greatest danger. Passengers on the train may look from the windows and see occasionally a roving giraffe or lion, or even a herd of elephants; herds of antelope, too, are a common sight, but this, of course, is a spectacle frequently encountered on our own western plains, and sounds less strange to Canadian ears. The whole country is now policed by "soldiers of the King" who were a few years ago marauding barbarians, and at Nairobi, half way to Nyanza, there are engine works and forges, at which other natives who a few years ago smeared their faces with ochre and robbed and killed indis-



Map showing the location of Mau Summit (near the upper end of the railway), in the vicinity of which Roosevelt bagged his first lions

criminally, are wielding hammers and working delicate machinery. Southwest of British East Africa lies German East Africa. Here there is no railway and there has been no striking change from former conditions, offering a suggestive contrast with the British colony alongside. Even to British settlers this newly opened region is successfully appealing, and over a million acres have been taken up by white settlers and farmers, with this result, among others, that the great game is retreating into the remoter districts. One interesting colonist in the district, who is to be the host of Mr. Roosevelt for a while, is an American gentleman, W. N.

McMillan by name, a big game hunter who has built himself a house from the verandahs of which hundreds of wild animals are nearly always in sight. The first message received by Mr. Roosevelt on landing at Mombasa was a telegram of welcome from King Edward, and the ex-President will hardly escape or perhaps desire to escape the ægis of the British Empire during his journey across Nyanza and one at Wadi-Halfa by way of Khar-toum. Mr. Roosevelt's travels, and the stories he will have to tell concerning them on his return, will have a valuable educational effect on his countrymen, and possibly on others than his countrymen.





THE MAID.

By Theodore Roberts.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped,
iron-shod;
The White Maid and the white horse and
the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts
riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the
King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in
Christ's high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-
scattered are lance and bow.
Dust, the Cross of Saint George; dust,
the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and
rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valour;
forgotten, the captain's skill;
Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the
mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten, the shields that clashed and
the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that
battle of long ago:
Shadows, the poor French king and the
might of his English foe;
Shadows, the charging nobles and the
archers kneeling a-row,—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the
Maid with her banner of snow!
—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

✱

THE MARTYRED MAID.

THE French have the poetic facility
for commemoration and romantic
ceremonial. They have shown this

especially in the case of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl of Domrémy whose visions were an inspiration which finally restored Charles to the French throne. In any case, England would have been forced to abandon her costly campaign in France, but to the people of that pleasant land, Joan has always appealed as a saviour, although the immediate result of her efforts was failure, even unto martyrdom. Her story is never old to the novelist, her figure never becomes prosaic to the artist. During this year, the canonisation of Joan of Arc by the authorities of the Church of Rome has led to renewed interest in the warrior-maid. That such a theme should attract the Canadian poet, Theodore Roberts, is not surprising, for Eastern Canada should be readier than any land outside France to understand the poetic appeal of the peasant girl in mystic white armour, led by the voices which came to her in the forest, to rescue the king of her realm.

✱

THE NORTHERN TRAIL.

IS it a far cry from Joan of the Fifteenth Century to a Canadian woman explorer of the Twentieth? Perhaps, it may seem a return to the prosaic. Yet the adventures of the modern journalist are not without touches of that "True Romance" which the poet Kipling has sung. Miss

Agnes Deans Cameron has gone to the rescue of no distressed monarch, has ridden at the head of no victorious forces; yet she comes unto her own people with tales of a wonderful land in our great unspoiled places, which stir us as the travellers' stories have ever moved our wandering race. Miss Cameron, as was observed in the May issue of this magazine, is now a "resident" of Chicago, so far as that term may be used of one who finds herself at home by a camp fire, in a boat on a northern river or in a fort somewhere on the verge of the Arctic Circle. Miss Cameron, however, as becomes her Kipling-lore, belongs to her own Dominion yet and has a realisation of what this country means such as is given to few of its daughters.

Miss Cameron has recently been lecturing in the City of Toronto and has captured the Ontario capital as surely as even her ardent Canadianism might desire. She is a native of Vancouver Island, and that delectable spot on our Pacific Coast may well be proud of its exploring child, for Miss Cameron makes one realise all the buoyant hopefulness of a land "where West is East, beside our land-locked blue."

The most delightful feature in this Scottish-Canadian explorer is her absolute enjoyment of all her wanderings. Do not mention the word, "hardship," in her hearing, if you do not wish to arouse the humorous scorn of this dauntless traveller, who has made friends with sun and wind and rain, until such a term as hardship has no significance. Her story is one of surpassing interest, told as only its native *Tusitala* could relate its strange delights; and, withal, the woman is as magnetic as the unworn way she has taken, for her hearers feel throughout the spoken narrative the charm of a frank, wholesome personality. She is as freshly stimulating as a September day on one of our northern lakes, when the breeze comes from the West and brings dreams of the pineland — and what

more can a Canadian say in tribute to a daughter of the Dominion?

*

TORONTO UNIVERSITY AND CO-EDUCATION.

THE enthusiastic advocates of co-education may be given pause by the recent report adopted by the University Senate in Toronto, when by a vote of twenty-eight to eight, that body appeared to favour "a possible college for women." The report declares:

"Experience has made quite indisputable the general law that in the occupations where women predominate men tend to disappear, and where men predominate women tend to disappear. Neither sex likes the predominance of the other in their chosen field of labour. What is happening in the University of Toronto is already greatly in evidence elsewhere, that men abandon the courses specially favoured by women, such as modern languages, while women do not select courses specially favoured by men, such as political science. The most natural solution of the difficult problem would be to organise women into a separate college."

For some time, a growing discontent with co-education in the universities has been quite apparent; but the difficulty in Canada regarding a university for women is largely financial. In Ontario, the average citizen is so absolutely convinced that he has the best of everything in the form of education, that it is somewhat amusing to hear his expressions of incredulity over the statement that Smith College, to say nothing of Bryn Mawr, may be regarded as the equal if not the superior of the august University of Toronto. There are Toronto citizens quite capable of believing that the public schools in their city are as good as those of Boston or Washington, while to insinuate that a Canadian woman would find a "higher" course at Bryn Mawr than at the University in Queen's Park, Toronto, is

almost high treason. As has been said before in these columns, there is better instruction and there is more freedom for a girl in a university for women than in a co-educational institution. Some day Canada will have enough money to build a university which may approach the great United States universities for women. Then we shall see how poor a system was the much-lauded co-education.

*

WOMEN WORKERS.

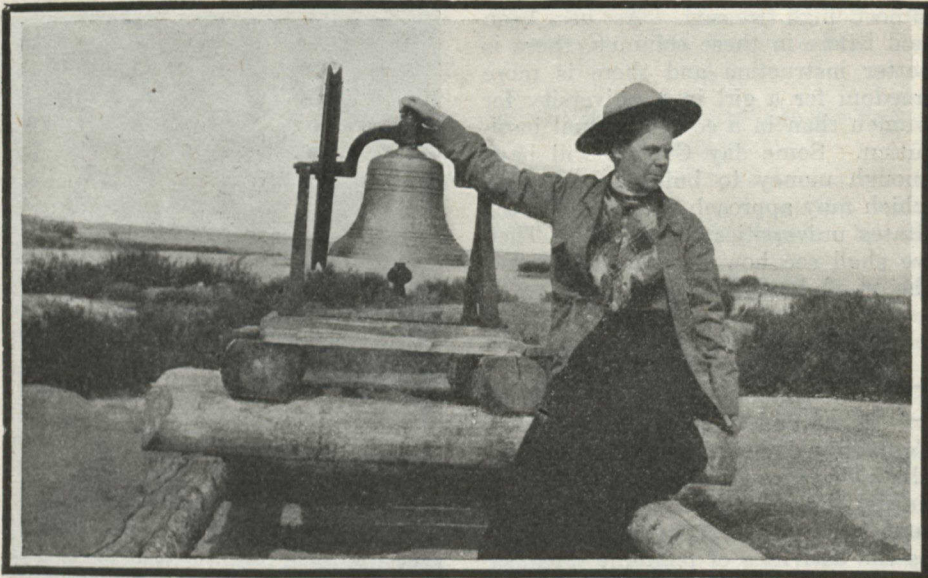
OF the making of societies there is no end, but the International Council includes them all—or nearly all. The great gathering in Toronto during the month of June will represent twenty-three countries in so far as the activities of feminine organisations are concerned. Most of the speakers will address the audiences in English, for, unlike Canadian delegates, the majority of those who are coming from other than Anglo-Saxon countries have a speaking acquaintance with more than one language. The women of the International Council are of the most broadminded and capable type—neither faddists nor gaddists—and the recital of their varied experiences in philanthropy, literature, education or art cannot fail to result in a wider grasp of the questions with which women's organisations must deal. The day has gone when the woman interested in matters of social or national interest is to be ridiculed or misrepresented. The deepest work for any woman to accomplish is that which lies within her own home. But, while that is true, it is also an obvious fact that there are certain public duties or activities which can be carried on effectively, only through womanly agencies. Charities need both masculine and feminine management if the greatest good is to be accomplished, and the whole fabric of our modern philanthropy would fall to shreds if women were to withdraw their influence and activity.

Perhaps I take an optimistic view



A TYPE OF CANADIAN BEAUTY

of the sex, but it has always seemed to me that the vast majority of women are doing their duty to their homes, are looking well to the ways of their households and are in no danger of eating the bread of idleness. It always gives me a sensation of wearied amusement when a clergyman or an editor takes sermon or pen in hand with the object of enlightening woman as to her duty in the home. There are few bridge fiends in the land and they are, what dear, crusty old Carlyle would call "mostly fools," who would be quite incapable of doing any effective work if they *did* stay home. Let a woman do her domestic duty by all means, but she does not need to forget the needs of the world outside and she may sometimes stretch



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Ringing the bell of the Roman Catholic Mission at Fort Rae, on the north shore of Great Slave Lake

a hand of comradeship or help beyond the hedge of her own domain.

*

BRIC-A-BRAC.

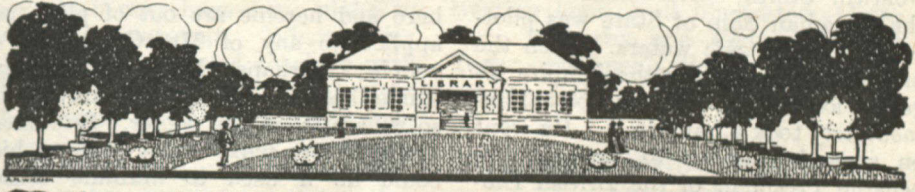
DURING the last ten years there has been a distinct improvement in the appearance of the Canadian parlour or drawing-room — marked by the disappearance of many of those small articles, supposed to be for adornment, but acting chiefly as a trap for unwary masculine feet. In an article on "The Sins of Bric-à-Brac" in a recent number of *The Designer*, Sophie K. Underwood says:

"Come out from under the weight of your trashy treasures, oh, bric-à-brac sinners! Behold—a rack to hold the books you love best and read most often, a lamp to give you a kindly light at eventide, a vase to hold the beauty and grace of fresh-gathered flowers, a clock that

shall count your precious minutes truly, a bag for your sewing and a copper jug for your pencils—these are all you need. When you realise this, the reign of terror of the dustcloth will be ended, and even the heaviest-handed housemaid can not create very great devastation in your home. The rest is exceeding peace."

Truly, these are the words of wisdom and it is to be hoped they will be taken to heart by the feminine reader. The dusting of the bric-à-brac parlour was a burden and a snare. One was in terror of knocking over vases or treading under foot some richly-embroidered piece of fancy-work, on which marguerites or roses were fearfully and wonderfully wrought. But the mission furniture has done much to banish the trivial adornments and the masculine members of the household may well rejoice in the change.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

*" There's a star above the canyon and the
early wind is sweet,
And all the peaks o' Paradise are laid
before my feet,
But O, I'm weary, weary, and they will
not let me be, -
The misty hills o' Kerry runnin' outward,
to the sea.*

Marjorie L. Pickthall

An autograph verse from a poem by Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON, of Toronto, has written a history of most of his own life under the title "The Struggle for Imperial Unity." Without reflecting on the Colonel's good intention or on the value of the book as a reminiscence, it can be said that the title might quite as appropriately have been "How We Saved Canada for the Empire." No one would care to say that since about the time of Confederation Colonel Denison has not taken a very keen interest in all movements affecting the national spirit of Canada and the imperial spirit of the Empire. First it

was Canada—how could Canada be saved from secession, disintegration or annexation to the United States? This was a very grave question that confronted the Colonel and his seven or eight patriotic associates in the days when the East knew not the West, when the binding influence of steel rails and increasing population was not felt as it is felt now; but the Colonel and the other founders of the Canada First party faced it, and it is gratifying to know that the author of this book has lived to witness the fruition of the hopes and desires of those and later uncertain times—the Red River Rebellion, the Independence

agitation, the Commercial Union period, the formation of the Imperial Federation League, the "contest with Goldwin Smith," etc. But in time the Canadian Ship of State was piloted into pretty safe waters. Then the problem of cementing the Empire together loomed up, and the Colonel immediately took a hand in it. He went on several missions to England, he became President of the British Empire League in Canada, he corresponded with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and he made numerous Imperialistic speeches. These things are set forth in detail in the book. To be sure, the destiny of the Empire is not concluded, but advice is given as to what should be done here in Canada:

"We must not forget that with a powerful neighbour alongside of Canada, speaking the same language, and with necessarily intimate commercial intercourse, an agitation for closer relations, leading to ultimate absorption, is easy to kindle, and, being so plausible, might spread with dangerous rapidity. This is a danger that those both in Canada and Great Britain who are concerned in the future of the British Empire would do well to take to heart, and by strengthening the bonds of Empire avert such dangers for the future."

The book is well set up, with a photogravure portrait of the author for frontispiece. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth. \$2).

*

A NOVEL OF REALNESS.

John Galsworthy, the author of "The Country House," has prepared us to expect realism from his pen and in "Fraternity" our expectations are satisfied—almost to satiety. It is all terribly, baldly, depressingly real; so real that even at the end of things, when the hero might with propriety relax and do something a little bit improbable without harm to himself and with satisfaction to his readers, he refuses to do it. It seems almost impossible that, in a book, a hero should hesitate to run away with a heroine simply because at the last

moment he doesn't like her and thinks that they would both be miserable. The realness of such a thing makes one gasp! But then, the titles of hero and heroine are out of place as applied to any of Mr. Galsworthy's people; perhaps Mr. Galsworthy thinks heroism of any kind unreal—if so we are much the poorer. One likes to conjecture what talent such as his could do if used to illumine those small finer things which may perhaps still be hidden under the débris of our very modern human nature!

"Fraternity" is written with consummate skill. It is so much more than clever that one finds it hard to choose a word if wishing to stop short of saying that it is a work of genius. All of its people are convincing, all its deductions are faithfully and logically drawn. Whether the characters make their own beds or have their beds made for them the author insists that they shall lie upon them to the bitter end (the end is nearly always bitter, too). As a study in sociology, the trouble is that while we obtain a vivid picture of pressing need, a great cry for "something to be done," we gain not the slightest idea of how to do it. This is done with intention, of course, as being necessary to the proper balance of the book and is in keeping with its atmosphere of the desperately real but—it leaves us with a disquieted heart. Somehow we do not look for as much reality in our literature as in our lives. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

A SOULLESS WOMAN

"The Lure of Eve," by Edith May Moor, is a study of a woman by a woman and therefore has a very apparent element of truth. Undoubtedly *Annabel Laine* was a soulless woman with a beautiful face, doomed to bring misery to the man she married and incidentally to some other men also. The trouble is that we do not care very much what she is or what

she does, and our sympathy for her unfortunate husband is tempered with wrath at his blindness in marrying her. There is one situation in the story which may have some claim to novelty of treatment. When *Laine* finds his wife prepared to elope with a wealthy friend of his and she gives as her reason her dislike of their present poverty he actually treats her complaint as worthy of consideration, a remarkable thing for a hero of a work of fiction to do! He promises to make more money, the elopement is abandoned, the promised money is made and if they are not happy at least they are as happy as they can be. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

*

FISHING IN MANY WATERS.

After reading a recent publication entitled "Sunset Playgrounds," by Mr. F. G. Aflalo, one begins to think that here in Canada we have very few genuine sports—not of the race-track, prize-ring, pool-room, football-field type but rather the sport whose specialty is, for instance, fishing. Mr. Aflalo is an enthusiastic fisherman, and he has travelled around the world in gratification of his favourite pastime, fishing betimes in many and strange waters. His book is a most interesting and chatty volume of travel sketches, with fishing as the chief objective. He starts on the Caribbean, and the main points of contact thereafter are New Orleans, San Francisco, near which deep-sea fishing was obtained; Catalina Island, the Yosemite Valley, with three concluding chapters on Canada, starting at Victoria. While Mr. Aflalo's praise of fishing in Canada is unstinted, it is evident that his experiences were far from comprehensive, because he had practically no salmon, maskinonge or bass fishing, but was more than enthusiastic over our trout. With him and Canada, it was a case of love at first sight. "How much of its irresistible appeal may have been due to leaving Seattle, with the reek of patriotic powder still in

the air, I cannot say, but I bent the knee to Canada and shall ever number her among my loves," he writes. For anglers and tourists this is a captivating book, well illustrated. (London: Witherby and Company; New York: Scribner's Sons. Cloth, 7/6 net).

*

A CANADIAN WRITER ON AMERICAN EXPANSION.

Mr. H. Addington Bruce, a Canadian who has achieved distinction in the United States, mostly as an opportunist writer, is the author of a splendid historical review of the chief events in the territorial expansion of the United States. The title of the volume is "The Romance of American Expansion," a title that is eminently justified, not only by the facts related but also by the high literary quality that pervades the narration. In a concise and illuminating manner Mr. Bruce presents the outstanding incidents to the growth of the United States, and with each particular movement or territorial acquisition he sketches the work and characteristics of the person connected most prominently therewith. He therefore connects Daniel Boone with the opening up of the West, Thomas Jefferson with the Louisiana purchase, Andrew Jackson with the acquisition of Florida, Sam Houston with the annexation of Texas, Thomas Hart Benson with the occupation of Oregon, John Charles Fremont with the conquest of California, William Henry Seward with the Alaskan cession, and William McKinley with the transmarine possessions. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. Cloth, with sixteen illustrations, \$1.75 net).

*

SLANG BY AN EXPERT.

Is there such a thing as professional slang? Perhaps that is not a precise way of presenting the question, but at any rate it looks as if the American people are so apt at the creation and

use of slang that many callings have especial kinds of slang of their own. Mr. Edward W. Townsend, author of "Chimmie Fadden," is somewhat of an expert in slang. His latest venture in this line is an entertaining novel entitled "The Climbing Courvatels," in which he employs to good advantage the vernacular of the vaudeville stage. The story is that of two sleight-of-hand performers who have been reduced from good social standing but who have by *legerdemain* acquired a sufficient fortune to enable them to court once again the favour of fashionable society. They succeed, notwithstanding the difficulty they experience in trying to avoid the use of the slang they became familiar with while going about as professional entertainers and notwithstanding also the efforts of a scoundrel to keep them down. After they have climbed to the top, they, of their own free-will, disclose their past associations and are admired by friends and acquaintances for their courage and honesty. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

WITH THE MASTERS OF FINANCE.

An insight into the life of a clique of multi-millionaire speculators in New York is presented by Phillips Oppenheim in his latest novel, entitled "The Governors." The principal character study is *Phineas Duge*, a master of finance, who could wield a mighty power over the money markets of the world. The narrator treats the delineation of *Duge* in an attractive and masterly way. Enough of the make-up of this important financier is embodied in the story to cause a person to feel that he understands him fairly well, nevertheless there is considerable left to the imagination. Even after the temperament is thought to be understood, there exists with the reader a tendency to keep harping on the analysis of his personality. This man of wealth, owing to deception on the part of his daughter, regarding his secrets, banishes her from his home.

She is replaced by a young niece, who turns out to be the heroine of the story. Unavoidably the latter allows an important document to be stolen, and thereby loses for a time the favour of her uncle. To restore this document and regain her former prestige, she follows the possessor of it to London, England, and there participates in some stirring scenes. The incidents of the entire story cover only a few months' time. Interest is well sustained throughout. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

DEAN HARRIS' NEW BOOK

Dean Harris of St. Catharines, Ontario, is not only an ecclesiastic of distinction, but a writer of considerable merit. "Days and Nights in the Tropics" was a volume which described vividly scenes in Central and South America that are too little known by Canadian readers and travellers. His latest book, "By Camp and Trail", deals chiefly with districts in Lower California and Mexico and is characterised by the same penetration and discernment of unfamiliar types which made his earlier work attractive. (Toronto: Murray and Company).

*

NOTES.

—First place in *The Studio* for April is given to an appreciation of the work of René Ménard by Achille Segard. The author regards Ménard as a painter of classical landscapes, and there are a number of illustrations which show that at least in subject and composition that opinion is not far wrong. There is also an article entitled "Portraits in Enamel," by Alexander Fisher. Further leaves from the sketch-book of W. H. Charlton are presented, most of them of full-page size. An article of uncommon interest, with splendid reproductions of pictures, is "The Paintings of Italic Brass," a young Italian painter of note, by L. Brosch. (London: The Studio, 1s. net).

Within The Sanctum

THE greatest and most appalling paradox that the world has ever witnessed, a paradox that for centuries has been regarded as a maxim, flourishes forth to-day in a manner that far exceeds its mightiest achievements during the most warring times of paganism. That paradox is the preservation of peace by preparation for war. The ancients held firmly to it, and the nations of to-day have as yet failed to appreciate its fallacy. As well might we say that our houses could be kept clean by dumping all the refuse in the streets. It is the same as the old-fashioned method of encouraging righteousness by parading the devil and depicting all the torments of the damned. It is, in short, homeopathy outdone, and yet we see it now in the very hey-day of its adoption.

Would it not be ridiculous for anyone to think that in order to cultivate good neighbourhood every man should practise on a punch-bag in the back-yard, and then walk up and down in skin-tights on the front walk, with much raising of muscles and chesty protuberances? But that is almost what the nations are doing. They are all at least practising on dummies in their back-yards, and some of them are coming around to display their capabilities in front of the plate-glass windows. And it is all a result of the mistaken adage that if we wish for peace we must prepare for war.

There is also just now another universal paradox, the paradox that while this is an age of peace conferences it is also the age of greatest military and naval activity and expenditure. According to report, Germany, owing largely to her aggressive militarism, has in one generation increased her national debt from eighteen million dollars to more than a billion dollars, and the naval experts in Great Britain are calling for immense increases in the appropriations for the navy, while the Government seeks new devices for relieving the unemployed and assisting the aged poor. The finances of Russia and Japan have been woefully wrecked, and the United States, with a deficit of more than a hundred million dollars in a twelve-month, is spending this year one hundred and thirty millions on its navy.

The principle is lamentably at fault, and it must end some time. We can only wonder how and when.

The American Association of International Conciliation published recently a pamphlet containing an article entitled "The Delusion of Militarism," by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson. In this article Dr. Jefferson says in part:

"A droll man indeed is the militarist. What matters it what honeyed words the King of England and the German Kaiser interchange, so long as each nation hears constantly the launching by the other of

a larger battleship? And even though Prince Bülow may say to Mr. Asquith a hundred times a week, "We mean no harm," and Mr. Asquith may shout back, "We are your friends," so long as London and Berlin are never beyond earshot of soldiers who are practising how to shoot to kill just so long will England and Germany be flooded with the gossip of hatred, and thrown into hysteria by rumours of invasion and carnage.

"Like many other diseases, militarism is contagious. One nation can be infected by another until there is an epidemic round the world, a parade of battleships can kindle fires in the blood of even peaceful peoples, and increase naval appropriations in a dozen lands. Is it possible, some one asks, for a world to become insane? That a community can become crazy was proved by Salem, in the days of the witchcraft delusion; that a city can lose its head was demonstrated by London, at the time of the Gunpowder Plot; that a continent can become the victim of hallucination was shown when Europe lost its desire to live, and waited for the end of the world in the year 1000. Why should it be counted incredible that many nations, bound together by steam and electricity, should fall under the spell of a delusion, and should act for a season like a man who has gone mad? But is it not true that the world has gone mad? The masses of men are sensible; but at present the nations are in the clutches of the militarists, and no way of escape has yet been discovered. The deliverance will come as soon as men begin to think and examine the sophistries with which militarism has flooded the world.

"Certain facts will surely, some day, burn themselves into the consciousness of all thinking men. The expensiveness of the armed peace is just beginning to catch the eye of legislators. The extravagance of the militarists will bring about their ruin. They cry for battleships at ten million dollars each, and Parliament or Congress votes them. But later on it is explained that battleships are worthless without cruisers, cruisers are worthless without torpedo-boats; torpedo-boats are worthless without torpedo-

boat destroyers, all these are worthless without colliers, ammunition boats, hospital boats, repair boats; and these altogether are worthless without deeper harbours, longer docks, more spacious navy yards. And what are all these worth without officers and men, upon whose education millions of dollars have been lavished? When at last the navy has been fairly launched, the officials of the army come forward and demonstrate that a navy, after all, is worthless unless it is supported by a colossal land force. Thus are the governments led on, step by step into a treacherous morass, in which they are at first entangled, and finally overwhelmed.

"Militarism has foisted upon the world a policy which handicaps the work of the church, cripples the hand of philanthropy, blocks the wheels of constructive legislation, cuts the nerve of reform, blinds statesmen to dangers which are imminent and portentous, such as poverty and all the horde of evils which come from insufficient nutrition, and fixes the eyes upon perils which are fanciful and far away. It multiplies the seeds of discord, debilitates the mind by filling it with vain imaginations, corrodes the heart by feelings of suspicion and ill-will. It is starving and stunting the lives of millions, and subjecting the very frame of society to a strain which it cannot indefinitely endure. A nation which buys guns at seventy thousand dollars each, when the slums of great cities are rotting, and millions of human beings struggle for bread, will, unless it repents, be overtaken soon or late by the same divine wrath which shattered Babylon to pieces, and hurled Rome from a throne which was supposed to be eternal.

"The world is bewildered and plagued, harassed and tormented, by an awful delusion. Who will break the spell? America can do it. Will she? To ape the customs of European monarchies is weakness. Why not do a fine and original thing? Our fathers had an intuition that the New World should be different from the Old, that it had a unique destiny, and that it must pursue an original course. That is the spiritual mean-

ing of the Monroe doctrine,—that no foreign influence shall be permitted to thwart the development of America along original lines. Alas, the Old World has broken into our Paradise, and we are dethroning ideals for which our fathers were willing to die.

“Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war,”

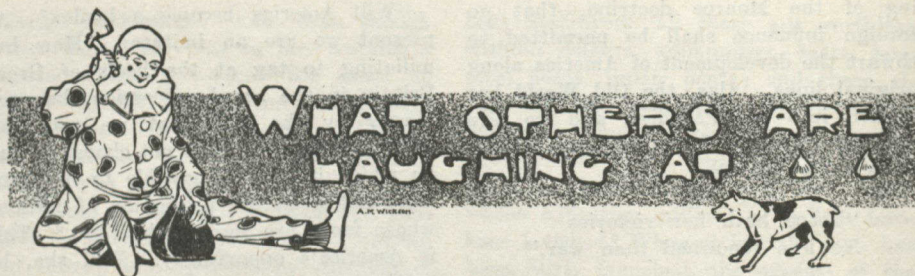
said Milton to Cromwell long ago, and humanity is waiting for a nation which will win the victories that Milton saw. Will America devote herself to the work of winning these victories of peace? Will she spend half as much the next ten years in preparing for peace as she has spent the last ten years in preparing for war? Experience has demonstrated that swollen navies multiply the points of friction, foster distrust, foment suspicion, fan the fires of hatred, become a defiance and a menace, and lie like a towering obstacle across the path of nations toilsomely struggling along the upward way. The old policy is wrong. The old leaders are discredited. The old programme is obsolete. Those who wish for peace must prepare for it. Our supreme business is not the scaring of rivals, but the making of friends.

“Will America become a leader? At present we are an imitator. How humiliating to tag at the heels of Great Britain in the naval procession, haunted always by the fear that we may fall behind Germany! Why not choose a road on which it will be possible to be first? Why not head the procession of nations whose faces are toward the light? This is America’s opportunity. Will she, by setting a daring example, arrest the growth of armaments through the world? The nation which does this is certain of an imperishable renown.”

Dr. Jefferson certainly makes a pertinent suggestion. It is a suggestion that should appeal to the people of Canada even more than to the people of the United States, for, while Americans would have to retrace their steps along a course that they have pursued so very far, Canadians would have to merely stand pat. But in Canada we have militarists whose mouths are not always shut, and a certain section of the most influential press is regrettably militant. With such influences as these at work, it is rather difficult for a group of administrators to do the right thing and still remain in power.

The Editor





A SPORTING EVENT.

"My husband doesn't mind walking the floor with the baby at night any more," said Mrs. Binks.

"Why is that?" asked Mrs. Jinks.

"He makes believe it's a Marathon," said Mrs. Binks. "He covered the twenty-six miles before ten o'clock last night."—*Brooklyn Life*.

*

HIS HINT FAILED.

Curate (who struggles to exist on £120 a year with wife and six children)—"We are giving up meat as a little experiment, Mrs. Dasher."

Wealthy Parishioner.—"Oh, yes! One can so well live on fish, poultry, game, and plenty of nourishing wines, can't one?"—*Punch*.

*

HIS MOTIVE.

A.—"That old villain has gone and married his cook. I wonder at it, for her cooking is miserable."

B.—"That's all right. He has now got her out of the kitchen, and hopes she will hire a cook that will suit him."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

UNEXPECTED CONDOLENCE.

A correspondent sends to a Paris contemporary an amusing contest of wit which he recently heard in a railway carriage on a journey between Compiègne and Rove. There were several passengers. One believed himself to possess a fund of humour which he intended to expend on a priest who got in at one of the intermediate stations. Bestowing a patronising look on the clergyman, he said:

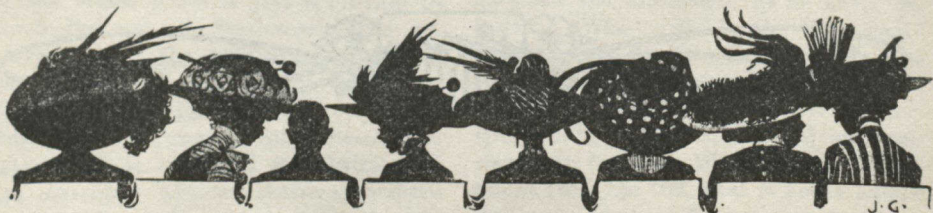
"Have you heard the news, *Monsieur le curé*?"

"No, my friend, I have not," was the reply; "I have been out all day, and have not had time to glance at the papers."

Then said the traveller: "It is something dreadful; the devil is dead."

"Indeed," replied the ecclesiastic, without the smallest surprise or displeasure. Then, seeming deeply touched, he added: "Monsieur, I have always taken the greatest interest in orphans. Will you accept these two *sous*?"

The wit, we are told, retired as gracefully and as quickly as he was able.—*London Globe*.



AT ANY MATINEE



TOURIST (who during a steady tramp has enquired, once every hour, how far is it to Ballymaloney, and has now for the third time received the same answer—namely, "About four-and-a-half or five miles").
 "Thank heaven we're keeping pace with it, anyway"
 —Punch

THE RESULT.

"I thought you were working on Smith's new house," said the house-painter's friend.

"I was going to," replied the house-painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"And did he do it?"

"Yes, that is where he put most of it."—*Christian Advocate.*

*

ELIZABETH AGAIN.

Local Elks are having a lot of fun with a member of their lodge, a Fifteenth street jeweller. The other day his wife was in the jewellery store when the 'phone rang. She answered it.

"I want to speak to Mr. H——," said a woman's voice.

"Who is this?" demanded the jeweller's wife.

"Elizabeth."

"Well, Elizabeth, this is his wife. Now, madam, what do you want?"

"I want to speak to Mr. H——."

"You'll talk to me."

"Please let me speak to Mr. H——."

The jeweller's wife grew angry. "Look here, young lady," she said, "who are you that calls my husband and insists on talking to him?"

"I'm the telephone operator at Elizabeth," came the reply.

And now the Elks take turns calling the jeweller up and telling him it's Elizabeth.—*The Denver Post.*

*

FOR A HARD MAN.

An American guest for the night at an inn in Stirling, Scotland, descended to the office at break of day and complained to the person in charge that the bed was hard.

"It was like sleeping on a board," he said.

The person in charge replied with cold austerity:

"The great Duke of Wellington once slept in that bed."

"No wonder they called him the 'Iron Duke,'" remarked the guest, ruefully rubbing his person as he turned away.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Merry Muse

STELLA AT THE SEASHORE

Giggle, giggle, little Stella,
Underneath my big umbrella!
If I'm still, let it amuse you;
If I sigh, exclaim: "You goose, you!"
Howe'er my heart may writhe or
wriggle,

Sweet Stella, never cease to giggle!
Your eyes are beauteous and rare,
A golden glory is your hair,
Your teeth a row of shining pearls,—
You are the queen of summer girls;
I should have mentioned, too, your
arms;

Yet, chief of all your varied charms,
Come, first and last, before and after,
Your ripples of elusive laughter,—
Now maddening and now entreating,
Now sounding out a music-greeting,
Or now anon a note of warning,
Inviting, chiding, coaxing, scorning;
No other speech you need, fair
maiden,—

Each laughlet is with meaning laden;
The more I study it, dear creature,
The less I know,—but oh, the teacher!
Her summer-school's beside the ocean,
And *all* her courses spell—Emotion!

I wrote thus far, then read my ditty;
She said it sounded "rather pretty,"
And then she yawned—I dropped the
MS.,

She dropped her eyes—I caught the
premise:

"I am, you say, the queen of Circes;
Well, I'm weary of your verses;
One's mouth should have a smile upon
it:

A kiss is better than a sonnet!"

Such criticism—here I swear it—
For me has most decided merit,—
So . . . giggle, giggle, little Stella,
Underneath my big umbrella!

George Herbert Clarke

L'ENVOI OF THE BANTERS

When earth's last hip has been banish-
ed, and the seams are all taken in,
When the stoutest lady is slender and
the fattest lady is thin,
We shall rest—and faith, we shall
need it—let up for a minute or two,
Till the Master of all the Fashions
shall set us to work anew.

Then those that are slim shall be
happy, they shall sit in complacent
ease;

And eat whatever they want to, and
drink whatever they please,
They shall have real candies to munch
on till sweetness shall fairly pall,
They shall doze for an hour at a sit-
ting, and never get fat at all.

And not a *modiste* shall blame us, and
not a *masseuse* revile;
And no one shall bant for fashion, and
no one shall starve for style.
But each, in a calm contentment,
with treatment to undergo,
Shall eat and sleep as she wants to, for
the Goddess of Shapes as they grow.
—Carolyn Wells, in *Saturday Evening
Post*.

*

PROSPERITY

When you've a dollar in your clothes
The winter shows a patch of green;
You reck not of misfortune's snows
When you've a dollar in your clothes.
Somewhere springs up a red, red rose,
The cold, cold world and you
between.

When you've a dollar in your clothes
The winter shows a patch of green.
—New York *Sun*.

There is no other single article of food that has the same nutritive value and the same appetizing qualities as BOVRIL. There is no other that is so quickly assimilated and so instantly energizing as

BOVRIL

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BOVRIL MILK SHERBET—Scald two cupfuls of milk and dissolve therein two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir in thoroughly while warm, one teaspoonful lemon juice and teaspoonfuls BOVRIL. Cool and freeze as usual.

BOVRIL AND MINERAL WATER—Stir a spoonful of BOVRIL into a glass of any plain mineral water and you have the finest pick-me-up and reviver.

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Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

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Delicious
Chocolates
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Made to Eat—
Not to Keep.

The Girl Question is Easily Solved

Present
Her
with a
Box of

Naylor's

World
Famed
Candies

"A Man is Known by the Candy He Sends"

Of course
it's

Naylor's

she wants.

Known the World over for its Purity, Quality, Flavor.

When near our store do not forget our unexcelled
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Our Candies Made on the Premises.

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—They are not. Weigh them — Test them in actual work — Test them in making Soft Soap. Use the same quantity of water and powder in each test.

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☐ PEARLINE is made of Pure Fats and Vegetable Oils — no refuse used. It is Absolutely Harmless — Brightens Colors — does not turn White Goods Yellow.

A Table-spoonful of Soap Powder should weigh an ounce and make a Quart of Solid Soap Paste or Soft Soap



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These things are possible because of our splendid equipment and the size of the plant. Only skilled workpeople are employed, all under careful supervision.

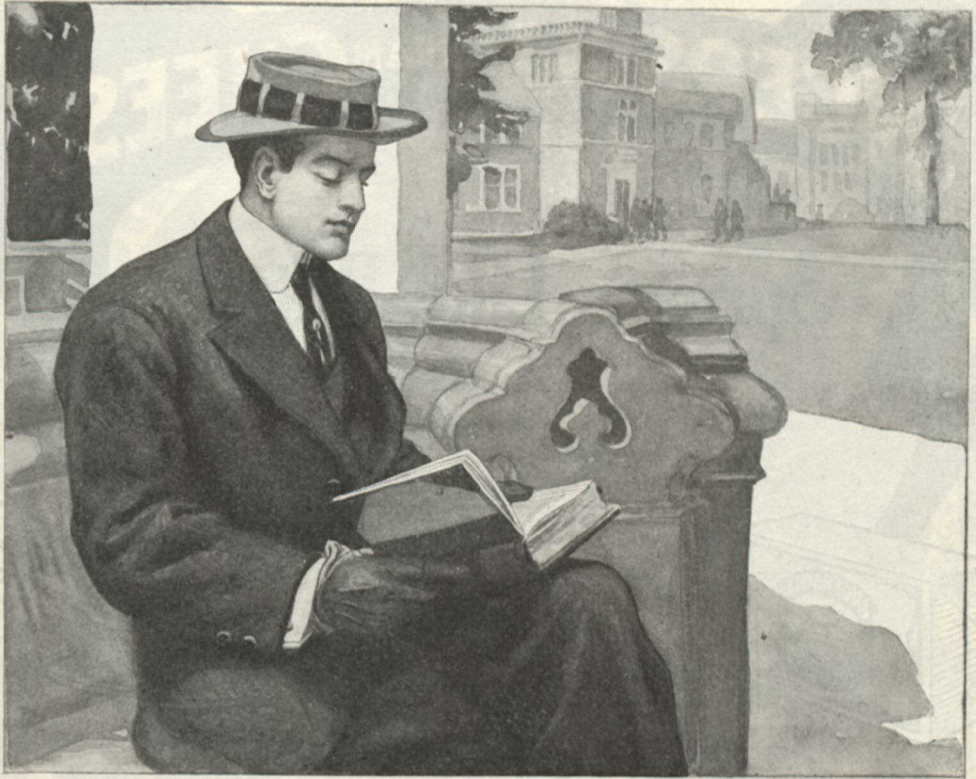
The space in these works given over to Curtain Cleaning has recently been widely extended, making it easy for us to meet the largest trade in the busiest seasons.

Send us your finest Lace Curtains—Brussels, Irish Point, Marie Antoinette, or others. The work will be found satisfactory.

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His Brain is clear for Study—on

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THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.
 Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,
 Canada.



WHY NOT BE CURED THE EASY WAY?

When disease of any and every kind can be driven from the system without drugs or medicine—when you can be **cured at home**, while you sleep—when you may enjoy vigorous, buoyant health, why not do it with OXYDONOR?

OXYDONOR will revitalize your run-down system, fill you with life and energy, and give Nature strength to throw off any disease so long as no vital organ is destroyed.

Read these frank statements from those who have proved the value of OXYDONOR.

Mrs. Vygeont, Winnipeg, Man., writes: "My granddaughter was dying of bronchitis. I got an Oxydonor and used it and noticed an improvement in four hours, and to-day she is cured. If I could not get another Oxydonor, money would not buy it, as I have used it in my family for all diseases."

Mr. W. J. Wallace, Souris, Man., writes: "Your Oxydonor cured me of Sciatic Rheumatism after six weeks' use."

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What OXYDONOR has done in the past—for others—it will do again—for YOU—if you give it a chance. **Write to-day** for our free booklet telling all about OXYDONOR.



Hercules Sanche.

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DR. H. SANCHE & CO.

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 and
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 Imitations Sold
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 The pen with **Ideal** the Clip-Cap
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You press hard on a pen when making one or more carbon copies, and a Waterman's Ideal writes just as smoothly as under light pressure, the ink flows just as evenly, and the copies are perfect. Manifolding nibs are rigid. There are many advantages in Waterman's Ideals which fulfill special requirements of writing.

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CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

For Every Meal

At breakfast with porridge "Crown Brand Syrup" is delicious.

Used with plain puddings or made up with pastry, odd scraps of cake, etc., it makes a delightful dessert.

At supper it is just the thing to eat with bread and butter, toast or biscuits.

"CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is syrup at its best and in its most delicious and wholesome form.

It is prepared in a perfect manner from pure ingredients. It is far ahead of all other kinds in deliciousness of flavor and perfect wholesomeness—don't you think it's worth while insisting on "Crown Brand Syrup?"

Your dealer has it for you in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids. Order some to-day.

The
Edwardsburg Starch Co.
Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

Works: CARDINAL, Ont.
Offices: MONTREAL, TORONTO and BRANTFORD



Old Dutch Cleanser

Cleans
Scrubs
Scours
Polishes



Old Dutch Cleanser is the only *hygienic* cleanser to use in the kitchen and bathroom—the only *safe* cleanser to use throughout the house.

Avoid Caustic & Acids

Old Dutch Cleanser contains absolutely no acid, caustic or alkali, and cleans *mechanically*, not chemically. In Large, Sifting-Top Cans (at all grocers), 10c.

CUDAHY—OMAHA—MAKER
Branch for Canada, Toronto.

"Champion of the Year"

(NEW YORK HERALD, JULY 16, 1908)

This extract voices the opinions of the English press after the performances of the Ross Rifles at Bisley Meet last year. Canadian Rifle shots at the D R. A. last year were equally successful when, though many who used Ross Rifles were comparatively green men, 60 per cent. won places on the 1909 Bisley team.

No keen rifle shot can afford to go without one this season. Write for catalogue and prices of our

ROSS RIFLE "MARK III"

The Ross Sporting Rifle retailing at from \$25.00 upwards is worthy of the praise which those who have used it freely accord to it.

Ross Rifle Co., Quebec, Que.



Spring Purity

To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute necessity.

The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing.

Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposed that the water never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure



Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The eye can be deceived—not so the beard. Second-rate soaps may look like Shaving Sticks, but the beard yields to nothing else so easily as to the rich, creamy lather of Williams' Shaving Stick.

Williams' Shaving Stick comes in the nickeled box, hinged cover. It can also be had in the leatherette covered metal box, as formerly. Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Everything

in Silverware that is required for the home is manufactured by this Company, both useful and ornamental. Because of their artistic merit they have quickly superseded others. Discriminating buyers realize that this



trademark instantly identifies them as the best, *But* be sure that they bear this stamp.

The
Standard Silver
Company, Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

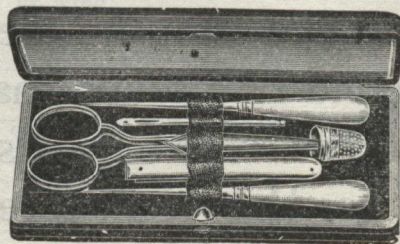


Rodgers Cutlery

for the Household

when buying cutlery, be it a carver, knives, scissors, etc., always ask for "Rodgers" and look for the above trademark.

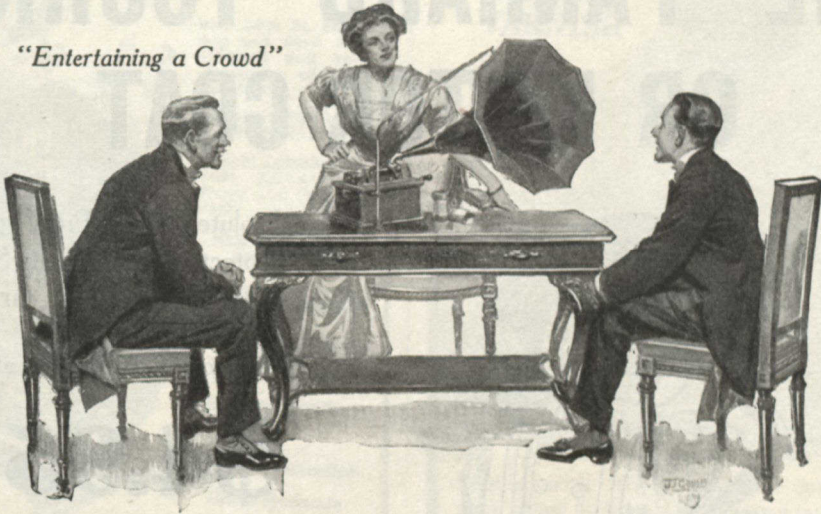
Such precautions will ensure you obtaining the best cutlery that is or can be made.



JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS,
Limited
Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENG.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

"Entertaining a Crowd"



Songs and music never before offered in Record form can now be had in Edison Amberol Records

MUCH of the world's best music has heretofore been too long for any record of any sound-reproducing instrument. If used, it had to be cut or hurried. Such music, executed as the composer intended it, is now offered in Edison Amberol Records.

Amberol Records play twice as long as standard Edison Records and longer than any other records of any kind.

Thus Amberol Records bring to Edison Phonograph owners an exclusive and unusual list of songs and musical selections.

The new Edison Phonographs play both the standard Edison Records and the Amberols. Any Edison Phonograph (except the Gem) can be changed to play both at a small expense.

No instrument, except the Edison Phonograph, plays Amberol Records; so if you want the music that Amberols have made possible your instrument must be an Edison Phonograph.

ANY Edison dealer will play these new Amberol Records for you and supply you with both Phonograph and Records. Any dealer will change your present Phonograph to play both standard Edison Records and Amberols. Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.



TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

THE "PANHARD" TOURIST OR MOTOR COAT



G-10-CM

An absolutely "Dust Proof" garment for the protection of the dainty Summer gown. For auto and street car.

Extraordinary Value at

\$4.95

The material is specially woven in exact imitation of the expensive Summer light motor coats.

In the new shades of Cream Champagne, Tan, Ecrú, Fawn and White.

The cut of the coat is perfect. Mannish in the extreme.

It is a long coat—52 in.—making a complete covering for the dress. Strictly tailored with the long lines, trimmed with strappings, pockets are finished with the rounded effects of the strap, which gives the coat quite a distinguished style. The sleeves are the shape which just suits the cut of the coat. Finished with smart turned-back cuffs. The collar and lapels are tailored, and can either be buttoned to the throat or nicely rolled back. Trimmed and fastened with pearl buttons. It has the new circular back.

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ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
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HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK
S.W. Cor. Broadway at 54th Street.



Near 50th St. Subway and 53rd St. Elevated and accessible to all surface lines.

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Ideal Location. Near Theatres, Shops, and Central Park.

NEW AND FIRE-PROOF.

Strictly First Class Rates Reasonable

10 minutes walk to 20 Theatres. European Plan

\$2.50 with bath, and up.

Restaurant Unexcelled
Prices Moderate

Send for Booklet

Harry P. Stimson
Formerly with Hotel Imperial.

R. J. Bingham
Formerly with Hotel Woodward.

"61" "Shows Only the Reflection"

FLOOR VARNISH



It's waterproof. Children can't hurt it when they play. They may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack. Write for booklet and

Free Sample Panel

finished with "61." Test it—compare it with other finishes. Buy from your dealer.

PRATT & LAMBERT - INC.
VARNISH MAKERS 60 YEARS
91 TONAWANDA ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.
FACTORIES IN 7 CITIES

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

MADE ENTIRELY FROM THE WOOL OF AUSTRALIAN MERINO SHEEP

Don't Change from Wool to Cotton



Your physician will tell you that you should not wear cotton at any time of the year in this climate—always a danger of serious colds.

You can discard your uncomfortable winter underwear today without danger if you buy "CEETEE" light and medium weight Pure Wool Underclothing.

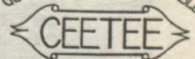
Made in Silk and Wool Cashmere. Australian Merino Wool and fine India guaze in medium and light weight wools. Ask your dealer about the advantages of wearing "CEETEE" woollen underwear.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children.

The C. TURNBULL CO.
of Galt, Ont., Limited

1606

GUARANTEED-UNSHRINKABLE



PURE WOOL



STERLING SILVER

WEDDING GIFTS

THE display of Sterling Silver at the various stores of this firm in preparation for the Summer Wedding Season is especially remarkable for the variety of its Tea and Coffee Service Designs, all carrying that beautiful finish and heavy weight of metal which has always been associated with Birks' Silver.

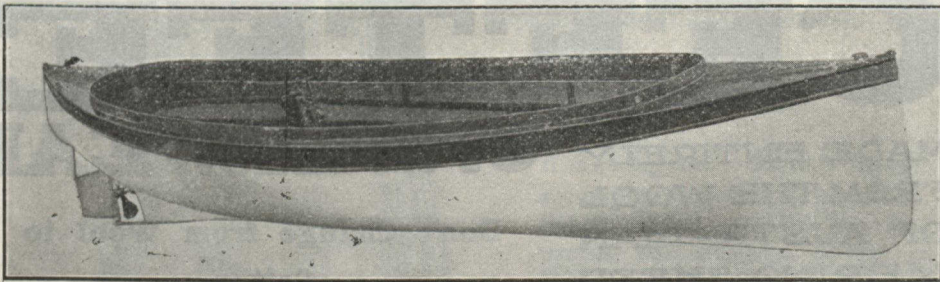
HENRY BIRKS & SONS
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Gold and Silversmiths

M O N T R E A L

OTTAWA WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Correspondence solicited.
Illustrations, with prices, given upon request.



CONSIDER WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL IN A LAUNCH

- 1st. Strongly constructed of good material.
- 2nd. To be able to stand a heavy storm and sea, when you are caught in it; and with a GIDLEY Launch you know you are safe.
- 3rd. A Reliable Engine of sufficient power.
- 4th. Comfort.

In addition to the above, if you purchase a GIDLEY Launch you get, without extra cost, a fast, handsomely finished, boat. The accompanying cut shows the design of our Special 18½ and 21 ft. Launches. These boats are fitted with a 5½ h.p. Engine, Reversible Propellers, complete and ready to run. Speed 9 to 9½ miles.

18½ Ft.	-	-	-	\$ 325.00, f. o. b. cars our factory.
21 "	-	-	-	\$ 385.00, " " " "

The reason we can sell this Beautifully Built and Finished Boat at these prices is because these two sizes are built in large quantities, off perfect templates.

H. E. GIDLEY & CO.,

PENETANGUISHENE, ONTARIO.

Write Dept. C. for Catalogue

"Silver Plate that Wears"



Service over the tables of three generations has won for "1847 ROGERS BROS." silverware the title of *"Silver Plate that Wears."* To the honest quality standard strictly maintained since the year 1847 add the richest designs of present day skill and you have in

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

knives, forks, spoons, etc., the best in silver-plate. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue "33" showing latest designs to aid in making selections.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Hamilton, Can.

A Snappy Up-to-date Collar is the Hall-mark of the Smart Dresser


It's almost the first thing about a man to be seen. Better make the first impression a pleasing one.

The  **BEDFORD COLLAR**

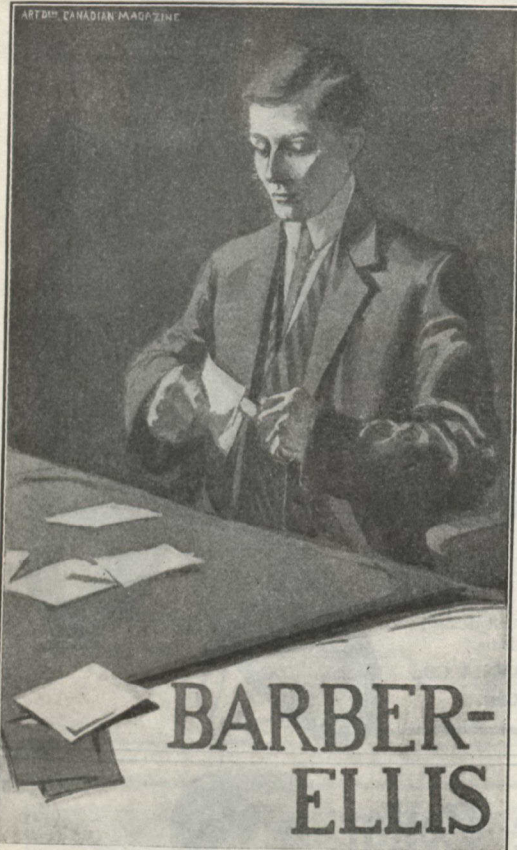
with the new, deep, snug-fitting points is the last word in collardom.

Made right. Sold right (three for a half). Wear right.

The W.G.&R. Shirt is the big brother to the collar—has every good quality of the Shirt you've always wanted. See the Spring styles. All Men's Furnishers.

BOTH MADE IN BERLIN, CANADA, BY 





BARBER-ELLIS

For business correspondence.

Ask your printer to show you these four grades of paper:

Danish bond, English bond, Hercules bond, Regal bond, white and colors.

Envelopes to match.



“It is a beauty and it’s just as sweet as it looks.”



The “Star” Brand Ham

MADE BY
FEARMAN, HAMILTON
FOR OVER 50 YEARS



H&R ARMS CO



Price
\$5.00.

Here's a Good Revolver for Target Use.

Note the perfect full grip — how it fits the hand naturally, affording greater accuracy in shooting.

Six inch barrel, 22 calibre, rim fire. Graceful in design — perfectly balanced — solid frame, yet light, compact, durable.

The result of over 36 years manufacturing experience — your guarantee of the little details you cannot see. Particularly desirable

For Both Men and Women.

In fact a revolver that will fulfill every purpose—from pleasure to protection, and the rim fire means economy in ammunition.

Price, as illustrated, 6 inch barrel, Target Grip Stocks, nickel finish, \$5.00. Blued, 50 cents additional. With 2½ inch barrel, regular stocks, nickel finish, \$3.00. Especially desirable as a **noise maker** with blank cartridges.

Sold by all first-class dealers. Rather than accept a substitute, order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and little target trademark on the handle. Write today for our new illustrated catalogue.

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GRASS CARPETS AND RUGS

TRADE MARK

Summer on the Porch

WITH the approach of Summer when Nature is clothed in all her beauty with blossoms and green grass there comes a longing for the "Out-of-Door Life" and the Porch really becomes the living-room.

Hammocks are hung, rockers and settees installed, potted plants, palms and ferns give a decorative effect and on the floor are spread the very latest in porch comforts, the new, clean, sanitary

Crex Grass Rugs

CREX imparts a cool, refreshing atmosphere, even during the hot, sultry summer days and at such season one becomes fully convinced of its true value. No summer cottage, bungalow, club or home is complete without CREX.

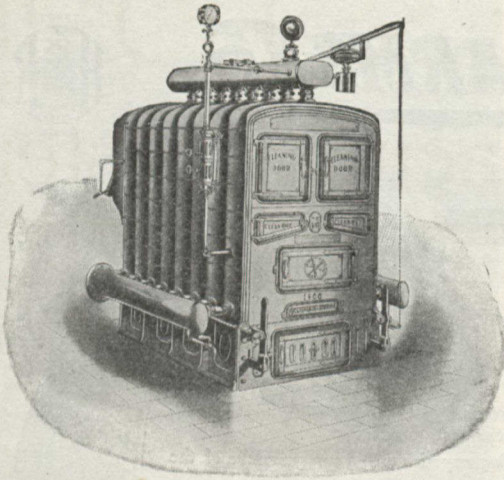
Carpets Solid Colors — plain and striped effects—in all widths.

Rugs All sizes, in a large variety of exclusive designs and beautiful colors.

CAUTION—Avoid imitations. The genuine bears the **CREX** label.

Sold by all Up-to-Date Carpet and Department Stores. Send for Free Booklet J, beautifully illustrated, in colors.

CREX CARPET COMPANY, 377 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Taylor-Forbes Hot Water Low Pressure Steam Boilers

If you intend building or buying a house let us assist you with the benefit of the experience of those who are living in houses heated by Taylor-Forbes boilers. All our testimonials have come unsolicited, and they will be helpful to you.

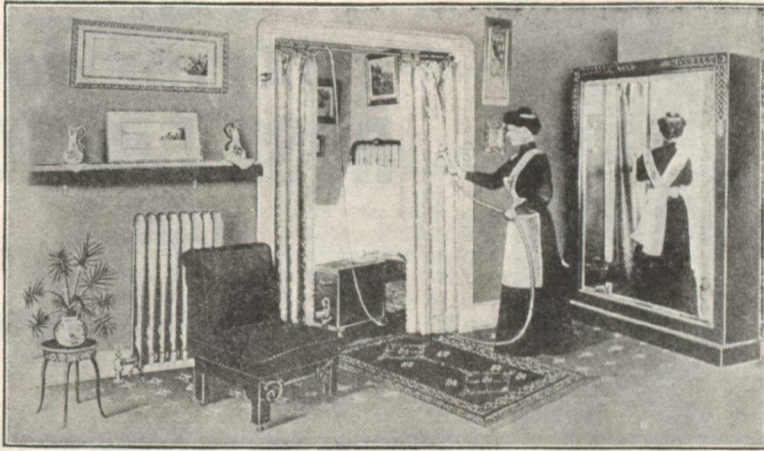
Taylor-Forbes heating apparatus is built on the "unit extension" principle. Each section forms a complete part that may be removed without taking down the whole furnace. The "unit extension" feature of construction assists ready installation and extension, and tends to materially reduce the cost of maintenance where prolonged and sustained heating is required.

THE TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office Guelph, Can. Works and Foundries

BRANCH DEPOTS AND AGENCIES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND CITIES IN CANADA

A DUSTLESS HOME By Acme Vacuum System



Have you not often wished, after a thorough housecleaning, your home might be kept in like condition all the time? This is now made possible by the use of the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner.

You are undoubtedly aware of the fact that the dust and dirt carried into your home, by air currents or otherwise, is full of disease germs, and that the majority of the known diseases result from germs which enter the system with the air we breathe.

Further, you must appreciate that every time you sweep you actually remove by this laborious method only the larger particles of dirt from the premises, and that you stir up the germ laden dust only to settle on the walls and furniture, and later to find its way back onto the floor through the accustomed dusting process.

But you need neither sweep nor dust when you use our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner. It takes up the disease germs with the dust and dirt, and removes them forever from your home. The vacuum in the cleaner is so regulated as to thoroughly clean your carpets without injury to the fabrics.

The motor in our Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner is wound for Direct or Alternating Current, and operates from the ordinary lamp socket at an approximate cost of one cent per hour.

The best proof you can have of the thorough manner in which the Electrical Portable Acme Vacuum Cleaner will remove the dirt and dust from your home is with your own eyes, and we would be pleased to show it in actual operation in your own home.

For full particulars and prices address the Vacuum Department.

CANADIAN PNEUMATIC TOOL CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS

CANADIAN BRANCH CHICAGO PNEUMATIC TOOL COMPANY
66 MCGILL STREET, MONTREAL

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ROSE BRAND

"The Proof of a Picnic is in the Eating"

And

MATTHEWS
ROSE BRAND
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in the sandwiches guarantees success.

Order of your dealer.



By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty
The King.

There is as much
pleasure in eating
ye fish, as in catch-
ing them, when ye

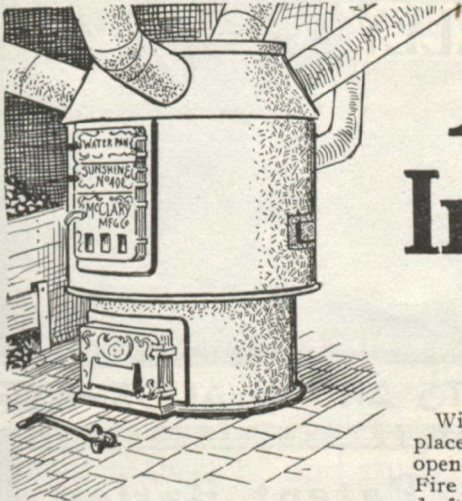
Worcestershire
Sauce

made by ye olde firm of

Lea &
Perrins'

is used.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO.
Est. 1857
MONTREAL
INDIAN AGENTS



A Story In Chapters

I.

Furnace properly and carefully installed.

II.

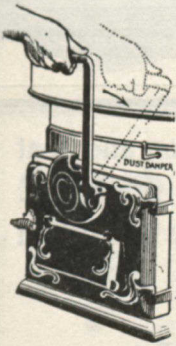
With great ease water is placed in water-pan, drafts opened and coal fire started. Fire soon burns up brightly, drafts are closed and check-



draft opened. Immediately heat-power begins to penetrate dome and radiator surrounding dome. The incoming cold air immediately receives the energy of this heat-power, and by natural law ascends up the hot-air pipes, thence to rooms. No gas escapes into cellar or rooms because there is an automatic gas damper providing for its escape up the chimney.

III.

In the morning a gentle rocking of the lever removes all ashes from grates. No dust in operators face, for he first opened damper into dust-pipe leading from ash-pit, then direct draft at smoke-pipe entrance and all dust passed up dust-pipe to dome, then out chimney.



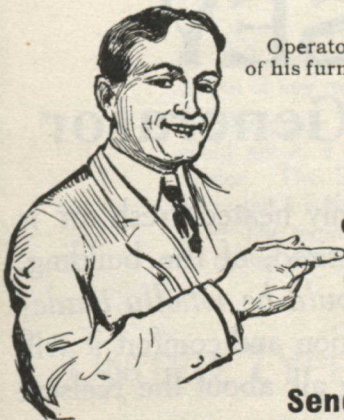
IV.

No need to shovel any ashes away. All nicely settled in ash pan ready to be quickly and easily removed from pit. On coming upstairs operator finds that he requires no whisking off, and his wife don't scold him for "making everything white."



V.

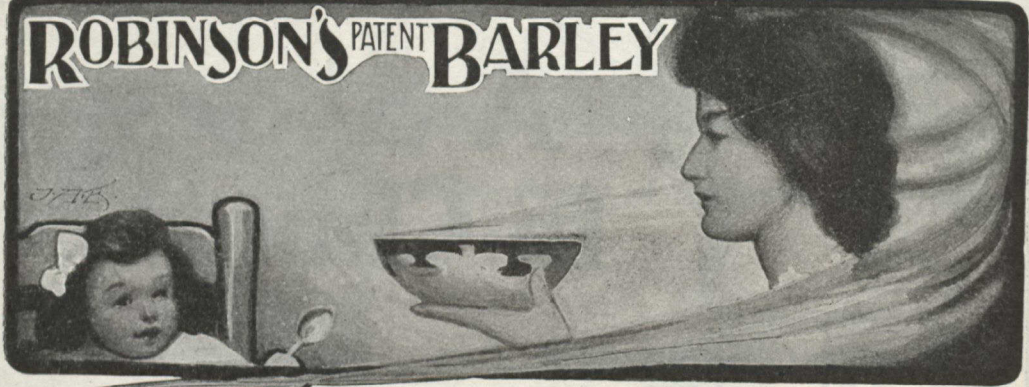
Operator is delighted. When asked the name of his furnace, he proudly said,



Sunshine

Send for Booklet **McClary's**

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B. Hamilton, Calgary



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Robinson's Patent Barley

☞ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ☞ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ☞ But insist on having ROBINSON'S

FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL



ART. DE P. CANADIAN MAGOR INC.

☞ The whole theory of heat generation and heat diffusion is simple when intelligently presented. The practical application of the theory to modern requirements is illustrated in the

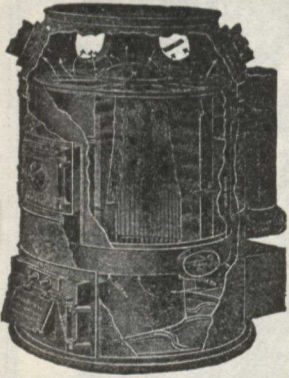
KELSEY

Warm Air Generator

☞ A continuous current of properly and evenly heated fresh air is distributed to all parts, or any one part if desired, of the building. This is done with an amount of fuel *which would be wholly inadequate with any other heater.* For the satisfaction and comfort it will bring you it is well worth your while learning all about the Kelsey.

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THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., LIMITED, Brockville, Ont.



First, the sound principles of typewriter construction which gave world-wide appreciation to the

Smith Premier TO

And Now, these same original features plus every improvement that twenty years of thought and study could suggest

New Model 10



Interchangeable
Platen Carriages
Visible writing
Column finder
Back Spacer and
other features.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Inc.,
Syracuse, N.Y.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the Skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—“As you ladies will use them,

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.”

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

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Removes superfluous Hair

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FREE
Book

about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office.

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Underwood



300 Underwoods are made every day. It is the largest output of any typewriter factory in the world.

The public would not take that output, and more if they could get it, if any other typewriter would give them as good service. The Underwood typewriter is not the cheapest in price, but it is the cheapest in-service. If you pay less you get less—The typewriter is cheap that gives you the best service, no matter what it costs. In this sense the Underwood is cheap.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED

ADELAIDE STREET EAST

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OFFICES IN ALL CANADIAN CITIES.



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

This Trademark is Protected By Over a Hundred Registrations

In practically every country that has a patent law—in every principality, province and colony that protects the inventor and puts a premium on brains—you will find the “Gillette” Trademark registered.

This trademark goes on Gillette Blades—on Gillette Boxes—on Gillette Wrappers—as the distinguishing sign of the Gillette Safety Razor outfit.

We protect you before you buy the “GILLETTE” by having originated a unique trademark for you to remember.

We protect you after you buy the “GILLETTE” by having originated the most unique and the most satisfactory shaving appliance that the world has ever seen.

Ask your Jeweler—your Druggist—your Hardware man—the clerk in your favorite Departmental Store—to show you the “Gillette” and explain its exclusive features.

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED.

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Remington

THE name which distinguishes the BEST Typewriter—the name which *means* Typewriter.

The name which stands for the latest and greatest development in writing machines.

See the new models 10 and 11



Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

Beauty and Solid Comfort



do not always go together. You get the combination in our brick fire places, which are artistic and give a room a very cosy appearance. All up-to-date houses have them. Buy a good Buff Milton Brick when you build your house.

Send for Catalogue

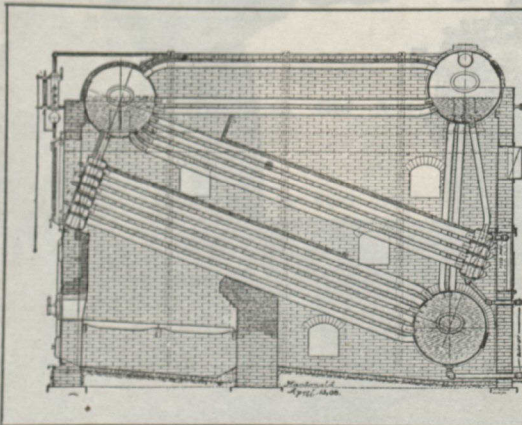
Milton Pressed Brick Company

Limited

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Robb-Mumford Water Tube Boiler



Free Expansion of Tubes

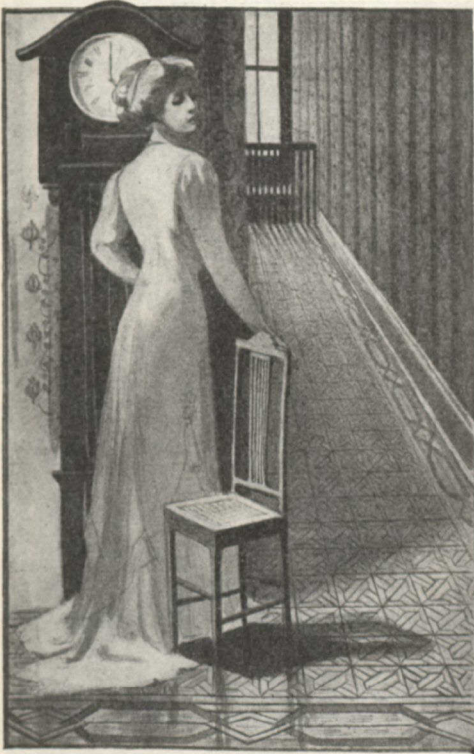
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Circulation**

**Dry or Superheated
Steam**

**Half the usual number
of handholes**

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The latest and daintiest arrangement
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The "Evangeline"
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A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

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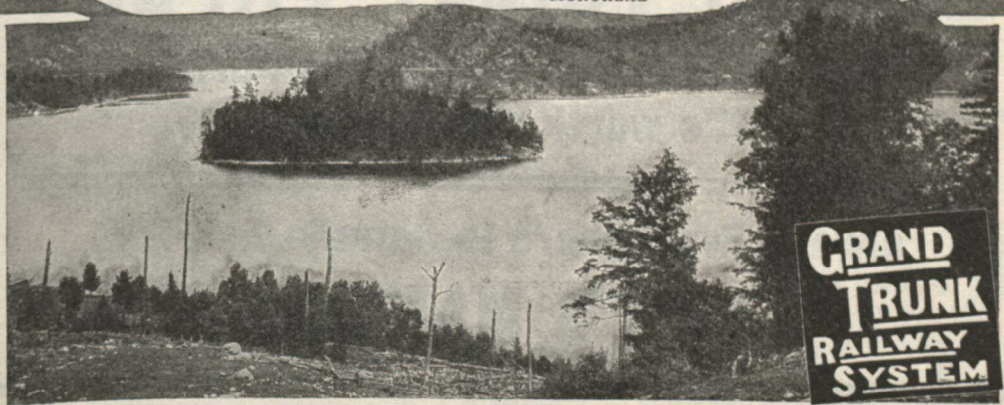
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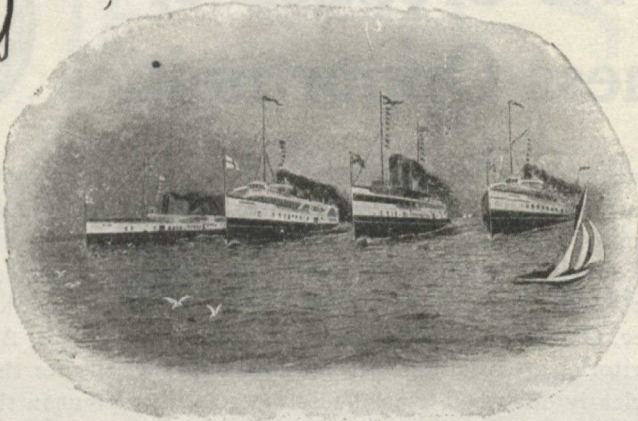
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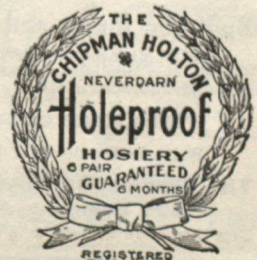
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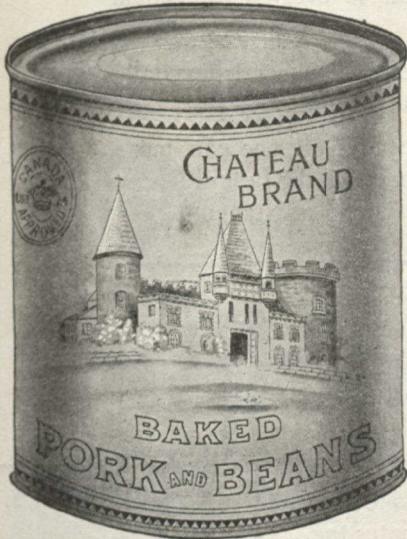
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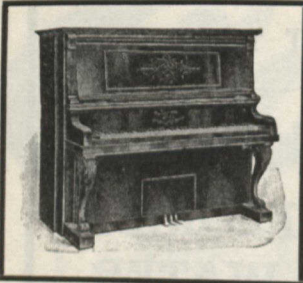


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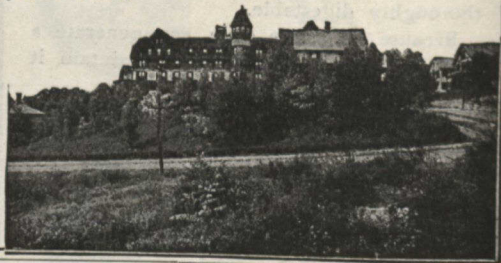
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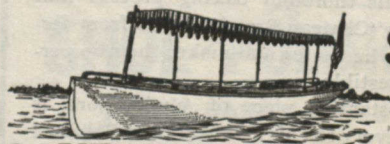
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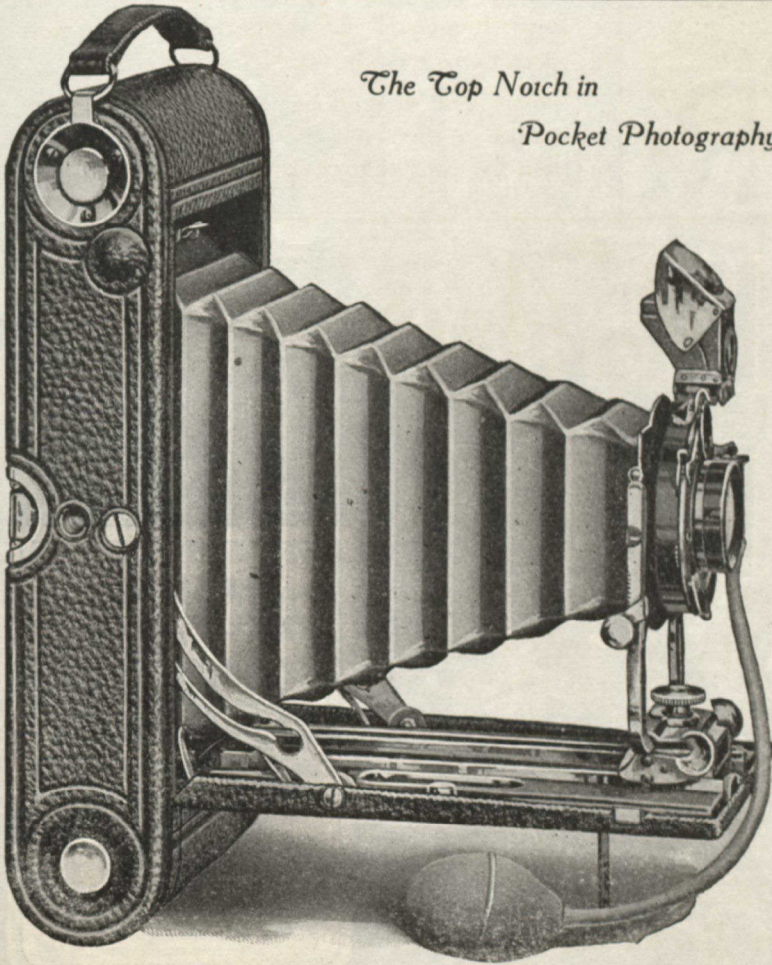
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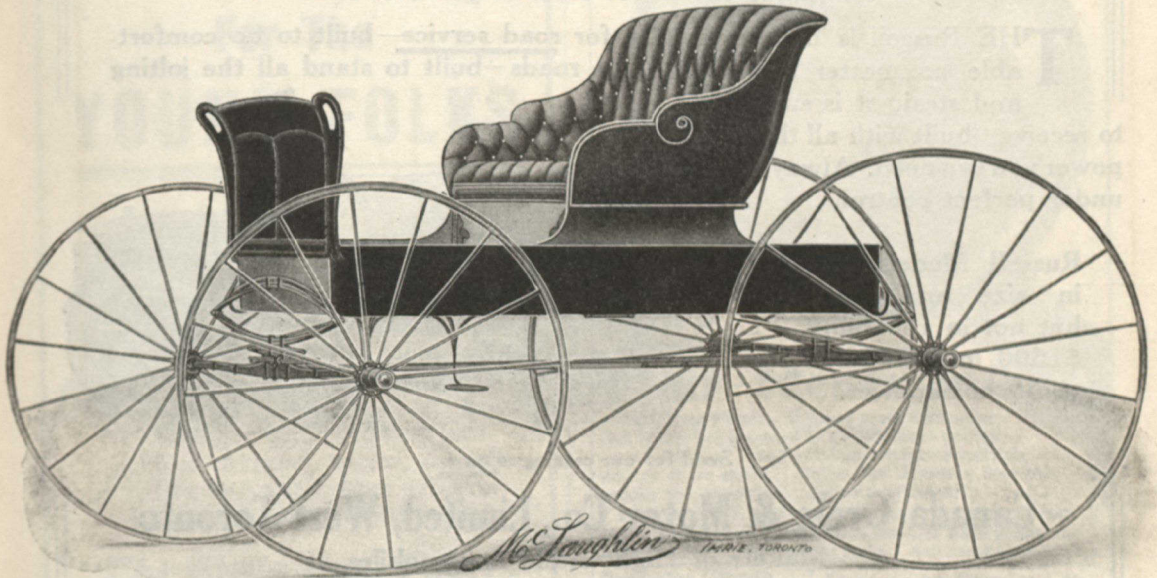
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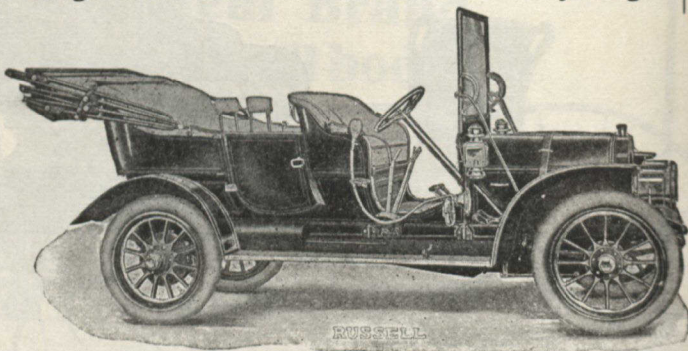
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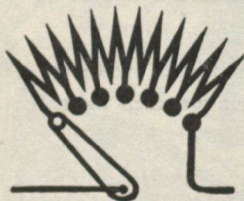


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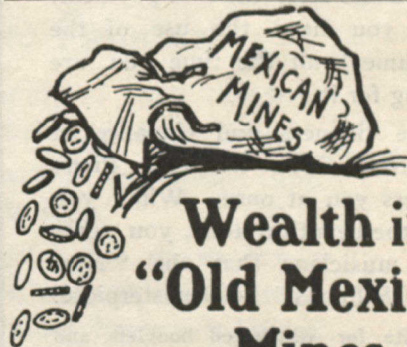
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Falling Hair. It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. The first thing to do is to completely destroy these germs. Hall's Hair Renewer does this quickly and completely. Nature does the rest.

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Animals even in tropical countries do not feel oppressively hot in summer, nor do those in the temperate zone take chills by becoming wet or on account of the changeable seasons.

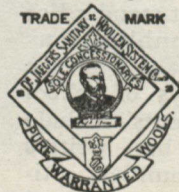
The reason is, they are covered with wool (hair or fur) summer and winter alike.

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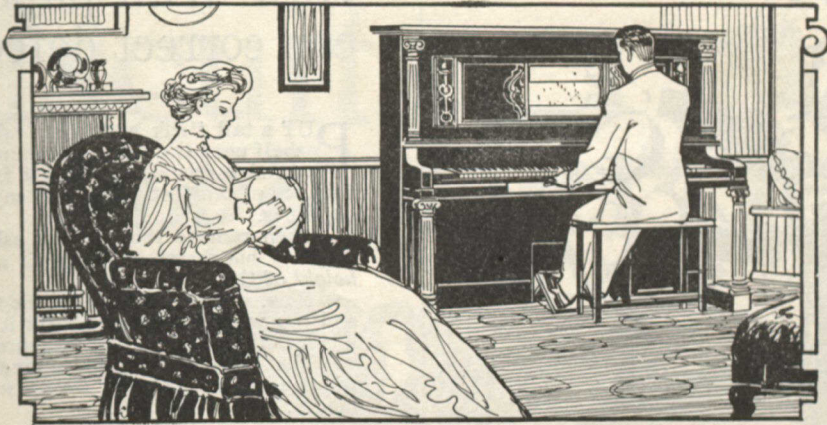
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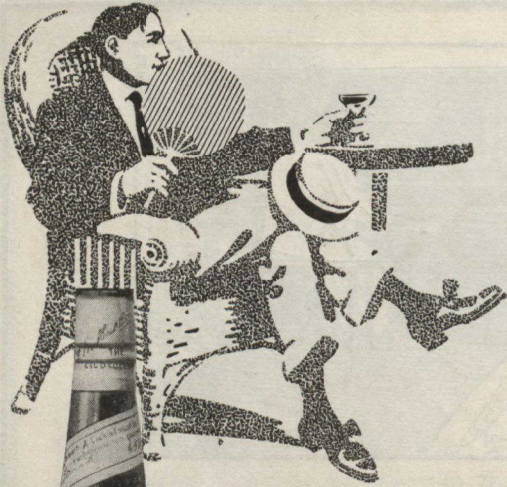
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How Wall-papers can correct defects

PUT a tall "silk hat" on a table or shelf next the wall, crown up. Ask a friend to look at it from a distance of ten feet or so and say *how high* it is.

Then remove the hat and ask him to place his finger on the wall at the height of the hat.

Now, push the hat under his finger and you will find he has placed it *very much higher* than the hat measures.

That is because of its peculiar shape, which creates an *Ocular Delusion* as to height.

This same law of Illusion is made skilful use of by Decorators in the treatment and selection of wall-paper design.

Just as a striped suit will make a stout person look taller so will certain peculiarities in wall-paper design make a room look higher and narrower, or lower and wider.

Other peculiarities of Color and Design produce a dignified effect, or a cozy one, a chilling effect or a cheerful one.

Such use is called "Corrective Treatment," its object being to secure symmetrical effect and pleasing proportion in the room.

Knowledge of this kind has much to do with success, and with permanent satisfaction, in Home Decorating.

That is why a little book, by Walter Reade Brightling, just published, should be of decided interest and advantage to Home-makers.

It tells *how* to use Wall-papers so as to make a room seem larger, smaller, wider, higher, lower, dignified, or Cheerful, by the deliberate use of Ocular Delusion in certain forms of design or certain colorings.

There are Colorings in Wall-decoration which convey a distinct impression of Cheerfulness or Restfulness to the mind, while others convey a sense of Depression or Irritability.

Brightling's book entitled "Wall-paper Influence upon the Home" covers this subject acceptably for popular use.

It supplies information by which any Home can be made to look cheerful and restful at small cost.

The book is well worth a dollar though its costs only 25 cents at your wall paper dealers, or *by mail* from the publishers, Watson-Foster Co., Ltd., Ontario St., East, Montreal.

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A DELICIOUS, wholesome, nutritious combination for the Summer days, when the stomach rebels against heavy meats, against starchy foods and soggy pastries—

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The purest, cleanest, most nourishing of all cereal foods, combined with the most luscious berry that grows from American soil. A light, palatable, healthful dish for any meal, easily digested by the most delicate stomach; supplies all the strength needed for a half day's work.

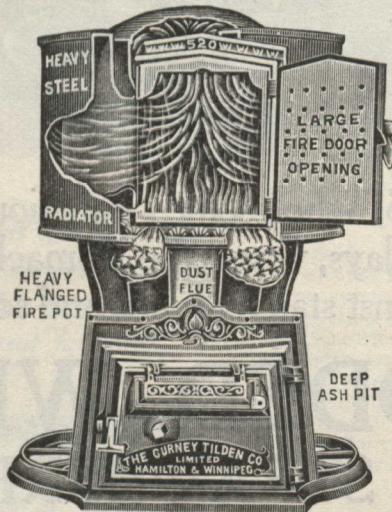
Heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, then cover with strawberries and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. Try it for dessert in place of soggy white flour short-cake and other pastries. The Biscuit is equally delicious and wholesome with other berries or fresh fruits in season. Many persons who cannot eat strawberries or other fresh fruit without distress, find them very nourishing and satisfying in combination with Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Our new illustrated cook book is sent free for the asking.

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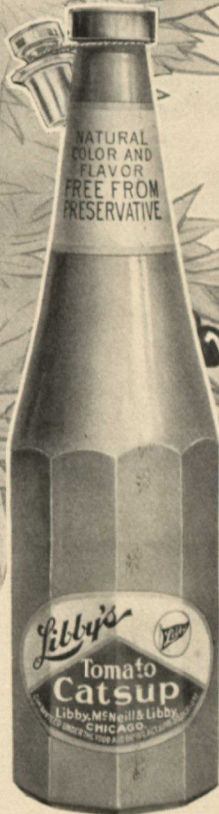
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