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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

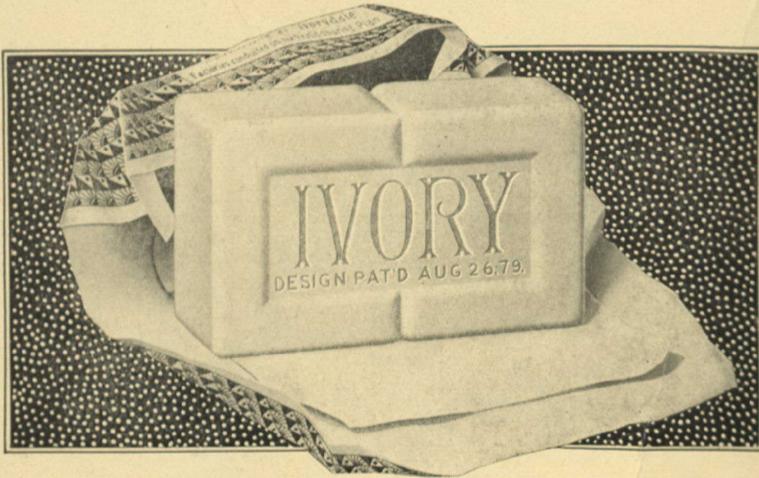


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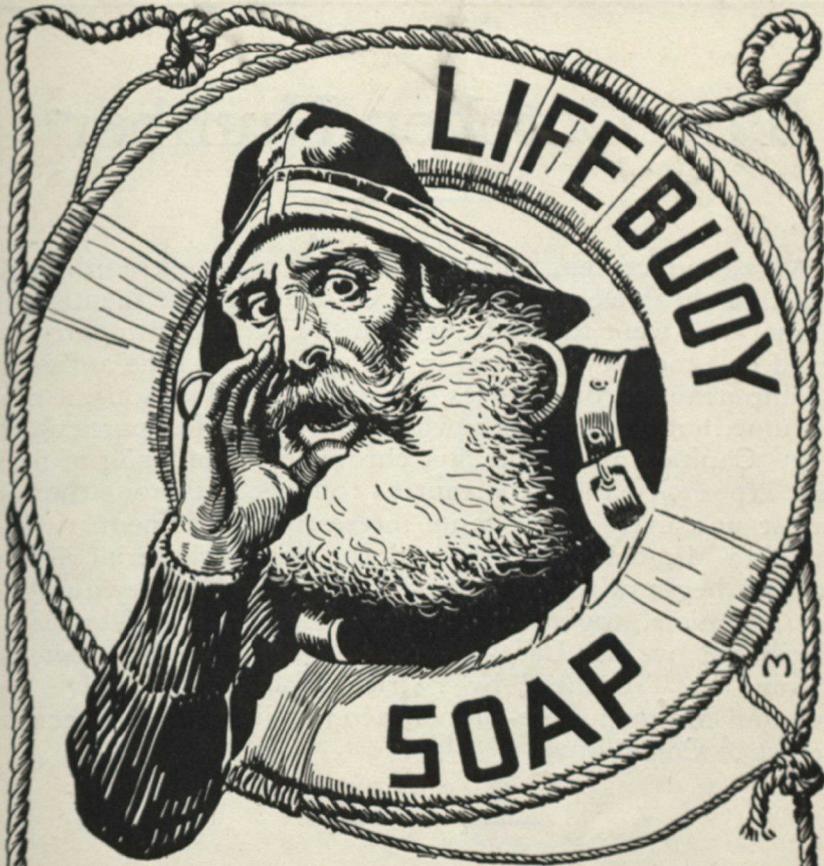
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An announcement is made elsewhere of the extraordinarily attractive chronicle of the war by Cedric Kalve, a Lieutenant-Colonel who went to the front with the First Contingent and served in a military hospital in the war zone. The author of this important chronicle uses, for professional reasons, a nom de plume, but he is well-known in military circles, particularly at the Capital, and while his chronicle is the result of first-hand experience and important as to facts, it is none the less a most unusually lively and interesting document. The Canadian Magazine has secured the exclusive serial rights, and will begin with the first chapter in the October number. This chronicle, together with the special war articles being contributed by Mr. Lacey Amy, and the splendid sketches "From the Trenches" by Patrick MacGill, will give the Canadian Magazine pre-eminence in war literature of peculiar interest to Canadians.

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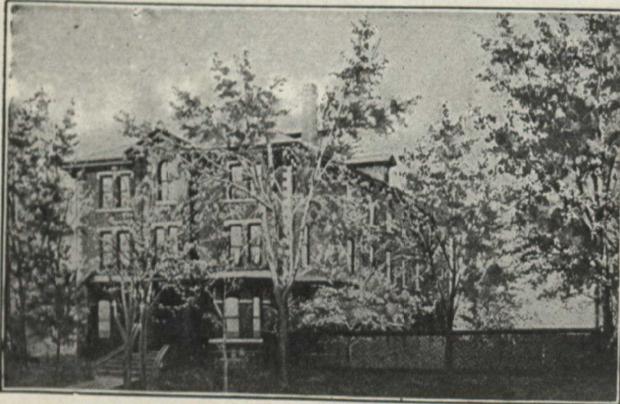
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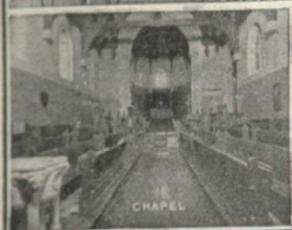
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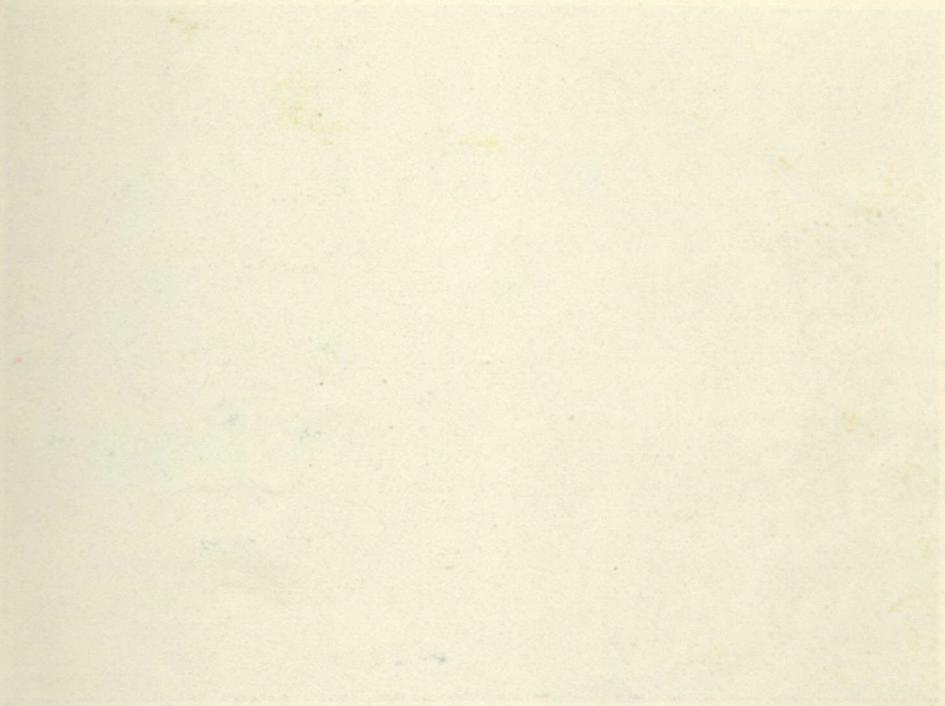
HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS	\$3,475,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
BRANCHES







From the painting by Bertha Des Claves.

EVANGELINE'S WELL.

There is a tradition, which has become almost a fact of history, that in the little village of Grand Pré, in the beautiful Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, Evangeline, the heroine of Longfellow's charming romance, used to draw water from a well that can be seen, even to-day, from the platform of the railway station. The well-sweep, a picturesque method of raising water still used in the Maritime Provinces, can be seen in front of the meadow, while behind, between the long stretch of dyke and marshlands, rise some ancient willows, the same willows, it is said, that used to serve as the meeting-place of Evangeline and her lover.



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 5

WITH CANADIANS from the FRONT

By Lacey Amy

A SERIES OF ARTICLES, OF WHICH THIS, THE FIRST, DEPICTS THE GRIM, REVENGEFUL DETERMINATION OF THE PRINCESS PATS IN "THAT PARTICULAR HELL AT HOOGE."

HE was seated on the edge of a white-covered cot, one eye concealed by a bandage, the other, bloodshot and swollen, staring off into a corner of the ceiling. In the stare, in the pendulous foot, in the limp hands lying over his knees was a singular air of detachment hard to understand until it was whispered to me that it was not his bandaged eye that kept him there, but shell shock, that penalty of modern warfare which technicians have not yet found time to befuddle under an unintelligible name. Later he pointed to the neighbouring beds where men lay reading, munching, talking or watching the distant life of the corridors—New Zealanders, Welshmen, Englishmen. He was Canadian.

It was not that being Canadian put him in a different class, but that hav-

ing just emerged from that "particular hell" at Hooge, between Sanctuary Wood and Zillebeke Lake, he had pictures all his own at which to stare.

"They started shelling us," he said, "that Friday morning, June the second, about nine. The Princess Pats and the Mounted Rifles were in the front trenches, with us on the right."

"You were in the front line?" I asked eagerly.

He looked at me vaguely a moment, then smiled.

"Hell, no! You'll never talk to anyone from the front line—not till Germany gives them up. . . . I saw two come staggering out, blinded, smashed up so bad they would only be in the road up there when the attack came. Only two! . . . The rest are—not talking, or in the German hospitals. I was in a supporting

trench a hundred yards back. They let loose on us with everything they had and lots we didn't know anybody ever had, from trench mortars to fifteen-inchers. . . . They didn't let up till two in the afternoon."

I wasn't sure whether he shuddered, but his hands were covering the one good eye.

"Pretty bad, I suppose," I commented weakly.

"Bad! . . . Say, it was a dream of a day before they started—sun and blue sky and all that, and we Canadians were feeling fine again, we hadn't seen the sun for so long. . . . And then. . . . I didn't see any more blue sky. I didn't see anything but trees falling and flashes bursting right into my eyes. . . . and I could feel myself bounce every time a shell burst near me. We got it in the supporting trenches near as bad as they did in the front. I was buried once, but I remember that didn't seem to hurt me, except my eyes. . . . Then at two they came at us over the parapets."

He seemed to have finished, contemplating the picture he had been sharing with me.

"They say the Canadians ran," I spurred him on.

Even one eye can express contempt. "Yes . . . they ran, but—. Back where I was I could see it all, that next fifteen minutes. Yes, they ran. . . . There wasn't a dozen yards of cover in one stretch left of our front trenches when they stopped their big guns. We didn't think there'd be a fellow left to stop them when they came over. But we were wrong. There were a few, most of 'em cut up—but they could run. Fritz came over like sheep, thousands of them. They were dead sure they had it all their own way. And then a few dozen of those boys heaved themselves up from the front line (hosts of 'em tried to, but couldn't) and ran—you're dead right there—bang at Fritz.

"Most of 'em didn't have a thing but a rifle-barrel or an entrenching

tool in their hands, but they sailed into that mob of Germans like as if it was a big game or a movie show. . . .

I remember one big fellow right ahead of me. There wasn't a sign of cover where he got up from—all alone—and he hadn't a blessed thing in his hands. He looked like a scarecrow, with his clothes all torn. I watched him. He grabbed a German bayonet, and spiff! the German just toppled over. With that rifle he banged about till I couldn't see him for Fritzes. . . . Yes, they ran. I don't wonder the Germans said so. They felt 'em running.

"Then I had other things to do. I was the only one left in my bay and the Germans were coming down the communication trench. One place their shells had filled it in and they had to jump out to get to the next part. I kept my rifle on that place. I thought I'd got them all when suddenly one jumped out in front of me and yelled in English, 'Hands up, friend!' But he was too near the end of my rifle to work that. Then I could see them coming over in bunches, so I dropped my outfit and bolted across to where I heard firing from the Princess Pat trenches. I guess I was pretty well locoed, for I didn't know where I was going. There were dead and wounded all about and one of 'em told me the Pats had retired along their communication trench and I dropped into it and followed.

"About fifty yards back we found a little cover and there we stuck, a mixed bunch from the supporting trenches. They never got us out of that. I think Fritz was afraid we might 'run', too. And they knew we had more than our bare fists. Then a shell came along and buried a few of us, and when I was digging another struck the same spot. I don't know what happened after that."

He pointed up to the end bed of the ward where a soldier lay with closed eyes.

"That's the only other one came out

of my bay. He was deaf and dumb at first. He can talk now. Oh, yes, the fellows got him easy enough. You see, Fritz held that supporting trench only about twenty minutes. There was enough of it left to be worth taking. Sergeant —, in Ward —, will tell you how they got it back.”

II.

Not one Canadian, of the dozens with whom I have talked, emerged from the Sanctuary Wood fight without showing nerve effects of the terrible bombardment. Some stage of shell shock was visible or in grudging retreat. That in itself is proof of the intensity of the gunfire the Canadians had to endure. Never has there been an engagement where shell shock was such a general result.

In a later article I will have something to say about shell shock, its effect, its treatment and cure. It is the most interesting of the “wounds” of the new type of warfare, and, like the other wounds, is developing a treatment discovered in its entirety only as the war progresses.

One of these shell shock patients, who started even at my appearance in the doorway fifty feet away, was dallying with his supper. A large piece of headcheese lay on the plate beside his cot, and an orderly was dumping some very appetizing-looking salad and slices of bread and butter beside it. Conversation with him was difficult, for he was recovering but slowly.

He had been on a machine gun battery a hundred yards behind the front line, covering a gap. Through the worst of the shelling he lived without a scratch. In his little bit of trench were three Lewis and four Vickers guns, the former a machine gun too large to carry. Early in the fight the Lewis guns were buried by the bombardment, and although they unearthed them twice, they were always buried again before they could be brought into use. It was evident the Germans knew they had the range.

Accordingly, with the four Vickers, he and his remaining mates left the trench and hid themselves a few yards further up in a hedge. Their duty was to keep the Germans from rushing the gap in the front lines, and this they succeeded in doing with the Vickers, in spite of the shells that began to search them out. The enemy succeeded in getting into the front trenches, but they did not attempt to come any farther.

All through that afternoon the handful of men and the four machine guns clung to that hedge, spraying the gap, and later the captured trenches. Not until darkness came did they retire to their friends, now rebuilding behind their protection the destroyed trench they had left.

And when the strain was over, the three unwounded gunners broke down. All alone, with the front trenches only a few yards away in the hands of the Germans, with shells showering everywhere, burying them and their guns repeatedly, with hundreds lying wounded and dying all about, with no idea how far the Germans had reached in their rear, they had worked amid a din that drowned the sound of their own guns. No human nerves could stand it. The three were taken back through the darkness to the hospital. What happened to the other two he did not yet know.

III.

Tell the most apathetic shell-shocked Canadian who survives the Sanctuary Wood affair how his mates “ran” and you effect an instant cure, even if it but temporary. Those of the front line who ran must have preferred exposing themselves to the peril the Germans said they were fleeing, to the eyes of their friends. The supporting line did not see them run except forward. Indeed, those who remain from the second line won't admit even a German gain.

They point out that, although the Germans entered the front trenches over a length of three-quarters of a

mile, the Canadians got back everything of value within a few hours. In the first overwhelming rush of the Germans following the terrific bombardment, a few of them entered the supporting trenches, but even at that a few of the Pats in one section held on up at the front till morning and then retired when no relief came. In twenty minutes the Germans were scrambling back from the supporting trenches, and had there been enough trench up at the front to take the Pats would never have had to retire.

It didn't take long to convince the Germans that they had taken a larger bite than they could masticate, and when they saw that it was nothing like demoralization they faced from the supporting trenches they turned tail to the mixed band of Canadians that charged up from only fifty yards away. For a couple of hours a few held the intervening bushes and shell-holes, while their friends worked feverishly behind them to bring the old Canadian front line into something like protection, but after that No Man's Land was that hundred yards between what had been the first and supporting trenches of the Canadian line. That the unorganized counter-attack of the Canadians within twenty minutes should have retaken the second line is sufficient comment on the German morale before a "running" enemy.

It was there a member of the 49th took up the tale.

"We had been in reserve perhaps a mile in the rear. We knew there was a big row up in front, but the German curtain fire kept us from moving till night. Then we got up to what had been our former supporting trenches, now our front line. There wasn't a lot of cover even there, but the fellows who'd been in the thick of it were making the most of it and throwing up more. We sent them back, although some over at the side of us hung on for four days before they were relieved. All night long the Germans shelled us in spasms. They

sure were nervous that night, and every little while they'd cut loose with artillery enough to have cleaned us out behind that cover if it had been daylight.

"We knew we were down for a counter-attack in broad daylight. When the enemy's expecting you, it isn't what you call a picnic. But it wasn't ourselves we were anxious about, but whether we could last out to those front trenches in the face of all those guns. We didn't dare try in the dark, because we didn't know what there was left to take or what we ought to prepare for.

"Well, next morning at eight we got the word. Down the line we could hear them hot at it, and then we got into the thick ourselves. Before we started we saw that the Germans had been able to do little towards digging themselves in, but they were there thick, and back of them the machine guns. We got it heavy. Men were falling all about, but we kept on. I don't know exactly how far we got, but I remember feeling kind of lonely and looking around. There weren't more than fifty of us moving, but a little way back I saw the rest digging in. It didn't seem worth while—fifty of us bucking up against a few million Germans, so we dropped down and crept back."

He chuckled, and snatched from his head excitedly an old knit cap and banged it on the table beside the cot.

"What had happened was we'd gone clean through our old front line without knowing it, there was that little of it left, and we were making across for the German trenches.

"We dug in there as best we could, but the German guns kept tearing it down as fast as we could get it up, and that night we went back to the other line and made things solid there. But, you bet, if we couldn't hold it the Germans were in for a time trying to. I got mine late in the afternoon, but managed to crawl out that night when relief came."

The story was rounded off by one

of the relieving troops. By that time the Germans were content to leave the new front line in undisputed possession of the Canadians, and the latter were willing to grant the Germans for the time the tragic prize of their former front line on which the Allied artillery was now turned. The new forces sent up made life miserable for the Germans for four days. In the meantime the Canadian wounded had to be treated in the trenches, because the Germans were turning their guns on the stretcher-bearers from the first of the fight.

"Tuesday," said one, "things were quieting down a bit. We couldn't understand why we weren't getting a chance to get back, but it was frightful weather and the Germans were welcome for a while to the beautiful job of holding down that front line till we were good and ready to make it solid when we took it. Then that night they banged at us again, and in the midst of it they set off a big mine close to Sanctuary Wood. I happened to be there. I guess I'm about the only one who got back to a hospital. But they didn't get the hole. The company next us crowded over and sat in that."

One sleeve of his shirt hung loose, but from the outline I judged that his arm was in a sling underneath.

"You'll get your chance," I said, for his eyes were flashing and his left fist was clenched.

His face clouded, and he raised his left arm to his right shoulder. "It's not for me," he said. "I lost this. I'm having another slice taken off in a few days. But, tell me, did they get Hooge back? I know the rest. Here's a letter from a chum who was through it—a lieutenant now."

I couldn't tell him we had Hooge; but in the letter he allowed me to read was the spirit that reconquers the Hooges of life anywhere. It told of the third stage of the fight, of the final sweep of the victorious Canadians.

The battle was divided into three

distinct actions. There was the German bombardment and attack, the immediate counter-attack whereby the Canadians won back the old lines, but found them not worth the holding, and the great attack a week later by which the lost trenches were recaptured except in the village of Hooge and reorganized to their former strength.

From the first line trenches very few Canadians have come out to tell the tale. The second stage is told here. The heroes of the third, who swept the Germans before them with a fury that had been bottled for days, are still fighting in France, or were kept there in the hospitals until the big push, now on at the time of writing, was about to commence. No interview can present the picture painted for me in a letter from one of the wounded in the final drive to his friend in an English hospital from the effects of the first few days of the German success. The friend with whom I talked was minus an arm—the one I have just written about. The wounded writer in France had just been made a lieutenant as his share of the rewards for fighting well done. His jubilation, irrepressible by mere physical incapacity, is too contagious not to give in his own words:

"It was hard to think of you fellows going out that way. I know you'd like to have waited here until we got even. And they'd have kept you, I know, until the boys bunged up like you were fitter for travel. But there was not going to be room over here for you when we got going, because when we started after that lost trench there was going to be work for the hospitals here without you fellows choking things. And there is.

"I'm tickled to death you're getting along so well. I knew you would. That's the best of living like you have. My own case doesn't look quite so sure, but I'm not fretting. It would be different if we hadn't done it.

"It was five or six days, I think,

after they carted you away that they let us loose at the Huns. We had been stewing to get at them, and I guess our officers knew something had to happen pretty soon. It did not look as if there was trench enough up there to be worth a scrap, but the Germans had it, and it once belonged to us, and that was enough. Well, up there at the top of Sanctuary Wood, where you went up among the tree-tops, we had a whale of a time after they blew that hole. Say, that was some place where we dug in. We were pounded with a terrific shell fire for days. Then they relieved us for a few days—not before it was time—for a lot of us were jumping with the noise and almost deaf, and nearly dead for sleep. And then we went into the same place again, and the assault took place through us.

"I'm sorry, old chap, you didn't last it out so you could have been along. Lord, it was fine. I could feel that terrible fretting of the past week just oozing out as the boys jumped the parapets and smashed across to where our old first line had been. I don't think anything could have stopped them. I didn't get in with the first bunch, because my company was held on the edge watching for the counter-attack, if it came too soon for our fellows to make a stand.

"When we got going we went through the Germans like a knife through cheese. They didn't know what to do with us but throw down their rifles and bolt, or hold up their hands. They said we ran. You should have seen them skedaddle for home and ma, what didn't throw themselves on the ground and beg to be taken. We went clean to the old line and captured some hundreds of prisoners. Our artillery had kept them from doing much in the digging-in line, and so we had a chance to slam them good and plenty. And you bet we did.

"Then we had to take ours. They

had the range of us to a nicety, and they gave us particular hell with shell fire for days before and during the assault. When we went up and took over the line from the assaulting troops we had to take another dose of iron, which the Huns put on while they were getting their counterattack ready. But the counter attack never came off—at least, not what we'd call an attack. Our artillery got them in the belt and cut them up too bad to want to come to close steel with us. So we settled down in a day or two as if there hadn't been even a brush, and Fritz was glad to let it go at that.

"During nearly all the last turn-in the rain poured down in torrents off and on, and you can imagine the state the lads were in, with freshly-dug trenches and everything being blown to smithereens by shell fire. Towards the last our trenches consisted of shell holes connected by ditches and carpeted with water and *some* Flanders mud. If a shell burst within a hundred yards we had to get someone to scrape the plaster from our eyes before we knew if we were hurt. You couldn't tell a captain from a Tommy, and it didn't matter much just then.

"I'm mighty glad I lasted through it. After they've got me spliced and refurnished it's Canada for mine, I guess. It is if the refitting takes. I'm not so bad just now, and I feel cocky enough to win out. Already I'm short a leg, and goodness knows what else I'll need to forage from the factory before they're through with me.

"But we did it, old sport, we did it. We got good and even with them for trying to wipe out the old bunch. Why, the Huns were lying so thick when we drove through that we had to jump them all the way. You and I, old pal, can go back to Canada and join forces and make a whole man between us."

The next article of this series is entitled "The Life-Savers". It gives a graphic and touching description of the work of the stretcher-bearers, the ambulance men, and the workers of the Blue Cross.

THE SEIGNORIES OF the SAGUENAY

By Hidalla Simard

Rendered into English by Lieut. Col. Wm. F. Anderson, C.M.G., F.R.G.S.

AN examination of a map will show that the Saguenay district is immense. Bounded on the west by the county of Montmorency, it extends to the Strait of Belle Isle, over a front on the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence of 800 miles. Since the recent additions to the Province of Quebec, only Hudson Bay and Strait limit its depth. It is composed of two counties—Charlevoix, as large as Belgium, and Saguenay, almost as large as France. Had it the advantages and climate of those two European countries the Saguenay district should contain a population of forty-five to fifty millions. As a matter of fact it has scarcely 40,000 inhabitants. In 1791 it formed a single county, that of Northumberland, so called because the most northerly county in England bore that name. Its first representative in Parliament was one Mr. Joseph Dufour, of Ile aux Coudres. The development of the district has been very slow and greatly restricted, but this is due to the conditions of the soil and the inhospitable climate. The great cleft, which, in geological times, split the Laurentide chain into two parts, and through which the River Saguenay

now flows, seems to exercise a considerable effect on the climate. To the westward the beautiful maple adorns the flanks of the mountain, and the moose roams the forests of the county of Charlevoix. On the other side of the river, and that with perfect exactitude, there are neither maples nor moose. Throughout Charlevoix, alike at the river's edge and on the hill tops, cereals ripen perfectly. Across the Saguenay, cultivation, although still possible, becomes absolutely impracticable sixty miles lower down at Portneuf river.

In the way of soil Charlevoix offers nothing but the mountainous network of the Laurentide chain. A few rich valleys, with less fertile plateaux, give a comfortable subsistence to the restricted population that now exists but hold out no hope of considerable agricultural development. The future of this region, a future assured and near, will be found in the exploitation of its titanic iron mines, particularly those of St. Urbain.

In 1875 an English company lost a million dollars in working these mines, because the titanic acid that the ore contains rendered the iron unsuitable for certain uses. To-day,

this mineral is transported at great cost to Niagara, where it is smelted in very powerful electric furnaces, and the titanitic acid is isolated for use in hardening railway rails, and commands a high price, the more so because all the iron, about sixty per cent. of the ore, is volatilized by the electric treatment. A method has, however, lately been discovered of separating the titanitic acid from the iron during smelting, whereby the important percentage of excellent iron contained in the ore is recovered.

The plateau that forms the great Labrador peninsula, covering three-quarters of the county of Saguenay, is a swampy plain, with a climate exceedingly cold, absolutely unsuitable for cultivation. The Montagnais, the Naskapis, and a few Eskimos wander over these barrens and snatch from them a miserable existence by hunting and by trapping fur animals, as they did at the time of the discovery of the country. But the coasts bordering on the St. Lawrence are the richest fishing-grounds in the world.

Beginning in the west part of the district of Saguenay the first seigniorship found is that of Beaupré, created 16th January, 1636, by the Company of One Hundred Associates, in favour of Sieur Cheffaud de la Regnardière, who was by it clothed with all the feudal rights appertaining to *franc-alleu roturier* tenure, including high, middle and lower justice, hunting and fishing privileges, even extending to lands covered by the sea, mining rights and also *droit de jambage*. On the death of M. de la Regnardière, Mgr. de Laval bought all rights of succession and became the seignior of Beaupré. He made a gift of this beautiful domain to the seminary of Quebec, which still has title, through a deed executed in Paris before notaries Carnot & Noyes on April 8th, 1680. This seigniorship extends from that of Beauport to Gouffre river, with a frontage of twenty leagues on the River St. Lawrence and a depth of six leagues. On the 29th October,

1687, Ile aux Coudres was granted to the seminary under the same tenure of *franc alleu roturier* and was added to the seigniorship of Beaupré. Indeed, all the seigniorships granted under the French domination in the county of Charlevoix enjoy the same tenure, *franc alleu roturier*.

The little seigniorship of Gouffre, having a frontage of one-half league on the St. Lawrence by four leagues deep was granted on the 3rd December, 1682, to Pierre Dupré. It lies between the seigniorship of Beaupré and that of Eboulements. The present owners are the heirs of the Drapeau family, of Rimouski.

Pierre de Lessard became Seignior of Eboulements on the 1st April, 1683. His domain had a frontage of three leagues and was bounded on the west by the seigniorship of Gouffre. In 1723 this seigniorship had changed hands, because Pierre Tremblay then performed "an act of faith and homage" as proprietor. For four generations it has belonged to the family of Sales-Laterrière. This is the last seigniorship granted under the French domination in the county of Charlevoix.

Jean Bourbon, surveyor general of New France, received from the Company of One Hundred Associates in 1653 an important concession in the region of Malbaie, with the title of Seignior, but as he never fulfilled any of the conditions which the concession imposed upon him his title was annulled.

Granted in 1674 by Intendant Talon to M. Philippe Gauthier de Comporté, the seigniorship of Comporté extended from Cap-aux-Oies to Cap-à-l'Aigle. M. de Comporté did some clearing in that portion of the village which still bears his name. This M. de Comporté emigrated to Canada at the age of twenty-four years. He fled from a death sentence which had been imposed upon him because in the course of an escapade he had beaten a judge by the name of Bonneau, in

the little French town where he lived. But in New France his conduct was exemplary. He became a citizen of mark and married Marie Bazire, the daughter of the wealthiest merchant in Quebec, who bore him a large family. His good conduct led to his appointment as church warden, and finally, in 1681, he obtained letters of pardon from Louis XIV., and his sentence was cancelled. Later his fortune declined, and he was obliged to divide up his seigniory of Malbaie. The last third was sold at auction to one M. Hazeur for the small sum of \$200. As this gentleman already possessed the other two-thirds he became sole seignior of Malbaie. In 1708 the Government of the day, desiring to create a reserve for hunting in the country extending from the seigniory if Les Eboulements to the River Mingan and in rear to Hudson Bay, bought from M. Hazeur the seigniory of Comporté for \$4,000. Two hundred years later, with boundaries very much more restricted, the same idea has been carried out by the creation of Laurentides Park. This M. Hazeur was an important personage in the colony. An extensive merchant, he left at his death a considerable fortune to his two sons, as well as an important legacy to the seminary of Quebec, on condition that they furnish instruction to two poor boys in perpetuity. There is no doubt that the seminary has always fulfilled this obligation and that we owe to M. Hazeur the successful career of many Canadians who have been an honour to the race.

On the 27th April, 1762, General Murray made a gift of the seigniory of Murray Bay to John Nairn, Captain of the 78th Infantry. The domain extended from the seigniory of Les Eboulements to the River Malbaie, with a front of three leagues and the same depth. The seignior held his title in free and common socage. He had a right to the wood and to the rivers, but the mines were reserved to the King. Doubts having arisen as

to the capacity of General Murray to make such a concession, those interested had their rights confirmed on the 15th November, 1814, by competent authority. On the 17th April, 1762, a few days earlier than the grant to Nairn, General Murray gave the seigniory of Mount Murray to another of his officers, Captain Malcolm Fraser, of the same regiment. This Seigniory was bounded on the west by the River Malbaie and on the east by the River Noire, and had a frontage and a depth of three leagues, English tenure, of free and common socage. Under the English domination only three seigniories were granted, those which I have just mentioned and that of Shoolbred in the District of Gaspé. Mount Murray seigniory is the most mountainous of the whole district, and it is within its boundaries that the Road of Seven Hills occurs. Like the Seignior of Murray bay, the owner of Mount Murray had doubts as to the legality of his concession, and on the 23rd May, 1815, he caused it to be confirmed by the Canadian Government. All the wood on this seigniory was sold three years ago to *The World*, of New York, which has since cut 40,000 cords from it annually.

On the 7th November, 1672, a little seigniory, having a frontage of a league, between the Chaffaut aux Basques and the River Saguenay, and including Hare Island, was granted to Sieur Lusson, but this a long time ago reverted to the Crown. All these seigniories were granted for agricultural purposes.

The mountainous portions of Charlevoix are not generally adapted for culture, but it is quite otherwise in the case of the valleys formed by the rivers, and the low lands which border the sea, where there are alluvial tracts of great richness. The enormous difficulties of clearing the land were quickly overcome by the robustness and pertinacity of our fathers, and then what a country of Cocagne it was for the inhabitants,

who sowed wheat on wheat without rotation of crops, yet always reaped harvests of equal plenty. Sheltered from the storms, with their barns full and their mangers replenished, the dwellers in these valleys were inclined to feasting and dissipation. Cut off from communication with the outer world when winter arrived, they kept their turkeys for their own delectation, instead of sending them to grace the boards of Quebec palaces. What fat geese! What abundance of game! What rich dumpling stews!

It was nothing unusual to have wedding feasts lasting three days, with 150 guests. But they knew how to wash down this indigestible food. Jamaica rum and French brandy ran in rivers. The warden in charge of a large parish was expected to keep on tap at his house a barrel of Jamaica rum with a cup hung on the faucet, to satisfy the occasional wants of his friends; and there were certainly some abuses, because at Baie St. Paul the Curé Lelièvre undertook one day to forbid his parishioners, on pain of sin, carrying to weddings bottles of liquor in the pockets of their coats. They dodged the issue by carrying the bottles hung by cords from their necks.

Fortunately the great temperance retreat preached by Grand Vicar Mailloux, one of their own people, born on Ile aux Coudres, together with somewhat terrifying earthquakes at Baie St. Paul, virtually changed this state of things and made of a drinking people a temperate population. It should be added that Mgr. Laflamme had not at that time explained that in the canyon through which runs Gouffre River the hard Laurentian granite on the one side and the soft calcareous soil on the other formed a sounding board from which seismic disturbances caused frightful noises.

Advocates were slow to take root in the colony and particularly in this difficult north shore country. How-

ever, previous to the Cession, a royal notary had established himself at Baie St. Paul. On his sign-board he might have had represented a wine cask, because scandal charges him with having been a great disciple of Bacchus. Ofttimes his goose quill, when draughting a testament or marriage contract, would leave the paper and continue the writing on the white wooden table which served him as a desk. When it came to reading the draught his voice, resonant with the rich phraseology of the old-time language, would balk at a truncated line, but he, superior to misfortune, without a single observation, would replace the document on the table, readjust the lines and continue reading as if nothing had happened.

His best friend was the local potter, one readier to drink wine than to make jars for holding it. Both being married men, a winter's night oftentimes found the two worthy households gathered round a jorum of Jamaica, while the succeeding day dawned on beds containing couples conjugated to the great detriment of their marriage contracts. But their loftiness of soul was such that the bitter poison of jealousy never filtered into their lives.

These remarks apply particularly to Baie St. Paul, because it was there that in my youth I was surrounded by graybeards who recounted with pleasure their personal experiences. But what took place there is a true portrait of what occurred in the other parishes of Charlevoix.

Like the Capitol of Rome, Baie St. Paul was once saved by its geese. In 1759, Wolfe had anchored his vessels in the prairie harbour near Ile aux Coudres. The soldiers disembarked and, as they had done on the south shore, began to pillage and burn the houses. The population of the island crossed immediately to Baie St. Paul, with the exception of a few young dare-devils who desired to make sacrifices to vengeance by killing English soldiers, and one day when

chance threw some officers into their hands they took them across to the bay to keep as hostages. Unfortunately one of these officers was a nephew of the General, who immediately organized an important expedition for the purpose of attacking Baie St. Paul and releasing his relative. But the residents of the bay had anticipated this, and aided by the Ile aux Coudres refugees dug a deep trench in a pine grove near the shore and awaited the enemy. The remains of this trench can be seen to-day with pines more than a foot in diameter growing in it.

The water being very shallow, the English were obliged to take to small boats, and lost several men while landing. However, as they were provided with cannon, they breached the trench and the natives fled. To-day, as in those old times, the best armed have the greatest success. The women, the old men and the children hid themselves in the forest which covered the mountains west of Baie St. Paul. With them they took provisions, live stock and poultry.

The English upon landing, meeting with no further resistance, conscientiously burnt all the buildings in the range at the bottom of the bay, the only one at that time cleared, and prepared to follow the population into their hiding-places. Meantime the Canadians, who had more than one trick in their bag, had remarked that the geese when excited emitted cries which imitated fairly well the war cries of the Montagnais. Therefore for some time they made life a burden for these poor webfooted creatures. The English had a salutary fear of the Indians. Dreading an Indian attack in rear, they in their turn fled, and the population of Baie St. Paul and Ile aux Coudres was saved, thanks to their geese.

What relations exist between the seigniors and their tenants? I can truly say that the Quebec Seminary has made an ideal seignior. Nevertheless the old leaven of hate on the part

of the tenant against his seignior has always existed. Even this winter, when the attorney of the seminary went to collect the *cens et rentes*, a mere bagatelle, a few halfpence for each arpent of frontage, he advised a rich farmer to capitalize this rental. "No," replied the farmer, "I shall keep my money. The Germans will soon be here and will relieve us of all that."

East of the Saguenay, the first seignior we meet is that of Mille Vaches, which was granted to Robert Giffard, already seignior of Beauport, on the 15th November, 1653. It had a frontage of three leagues on the St. Lawrence, beginning at the existing church of Mille Vaches and extending to the River Portneuf, and had a depth of four leagues. As an exception to the general rule this tenure followed the usage of Vexin the Frenchman. Giffard, who already possessed the magnificent lands of Beauport, was not tempted by the indifferent soil of the region of Mille Vaches, but rather by the thousands of sea cows or walrus which disported themselves on the immense tideflats. Unfortunately for him the walrus followed the example of the Eskimos and fled towards the pole, never to return. This seignior belongs to-day to two Americans, Messrs. Van Dyke and Drew.

From Portneuf River to Egg Island, a distance of 150 miles, no seignior was granted. But on April 25th, 1661, the Company of One Hundred Associates granted to Francois Bissot, Sieur de la Rivière, "Egg Island, with the right to hunt and to establish on such of the mainland in the vicinity as proved most convenient a permanent fishery for seals, whales, and porpoises, from the said Egg Island to Seven Islands, and in the big bay where the Spaniards ordinarily fish, with the woods and lands necessary to erect the said establishments, at a charge per annum of twenty-two winter beaver skins and ten pounds tournois."

The boundaries of the territory on the mainland were far from being clear and precise, and in the last twenty years of the 19th century this obscurity gave rise to a long, drawn-out suit that terminated only in 1893, in the English Privy Council. The plaintiff was the Labrador Company, which claimed to be the inheritors of the rights of Francois Bissot. The Province of Quebec was the defendant. Mr. Justice Routhier of Malbaie, Chief Justice Dorion of the Court of Appeals, and the Supreme Court adopted the Provincial view, declared emphatically that there had never been a seigniority on the mainland at Mingan, and that the said Bissot had never had on any of this territory more than a right of servitude.

But the Lords of the Privy Council found that section 10 of the act of 1856, which amended the Seigniorial Act of 1854, reads, "And inasmuch as the following fiefs and seigniorities, namely, Perthuis, Hubert, Mille Vaches, Mingan and the Island of Anticosti, are not settled the tenure under which the said seigniorities are now held by the present proprietors of the same respectively shall be and is hereby changed into the tenure of *franc alleu roturier*". And their Lordships added: "This is an absolute recognition by the Legislature of the seigniority of Mingan. Even if it could be proved that the Legislature had been mistaken, tribunals are not competent to set aside what the Legislature has enacted. If an error has been made by the Legislature it alone can correct it, and the courts can only put into effect what the Legislature has decided."

Originally the Bissot heirs claimed the whole north shore, extending from Egg Island to Bradore Bay on the Strait of Belle Isle, more than five hundred miles of coast line, but their successors greatly lessened their pretensions, so much so that in 1854 they claimed a frontage of only one hundred and fifty miles, extending from

Cape Cormorant to Goynish River, with a depth of two leagues. This is what the Labrador company possesses to-day, and it is asking over one million dollars for its domain. Its forest reserves are estimated at more than five million cords of pulpwood. So that it was well worth while carrying a suit for this to the Privy Council. The Seigniority of Mingan is peopled principally by Acadians, whose story is a curious one. After the *Grand Coup*, as they called their dispersion from Acadia by the English, a remnant of their race took refuge in the Magdalen Islands, in hope of living there in peace and away from all domination. Unfortunately for them, about sixty years ago they found that their new domain was a seigniority possessed by the Coffin family. The oldest inhabitants could not support this new state of affairs, and they with their families emigrated in a body to the north shore. On the charming site of Pointe aux Esquimaux, three hundred miles from the nearest civilization, with the horizon still echoing with the cries of the Eskimos expelled by the Montagnais a few years before, they had some right to hope that they would be allowed to live the patriarchal life that they loved. The suit before referred to, adjudicated in 1893, was pleaded and decided without their having any knowledge of it. They lived in perfect quiet until 1902, when they had a rude awakening. Your humble servant, at Pointe aux Esquimaux, found himself confronted with 150 petitionary actions begun by the seigniors against the Acadians settled in the seigniority. The counsel of the seigniors (a Montreal advocate) took a very high stand. Another Montreal advocate, who chanced to be hunting in the Mingan islands, appeared for the Acadians. His defence took the form of radical socialism of the deepest type, which agreed with the mentality of the defendants, and I have never been able to understand why the agent of the seigniority was not

found strangled somewhere. Providence appeared on this occasion in the form of Sir George Drummond, President of the company, who consented to the concessions which I suggested to him, and peace has existed ever since.

On the 10th March, 1679, the seigniory of the islands of Mingan, with the Island of Anticosti included, was granted to Sieurs Lalande and Joliette, the latter one of the discoverers of the Mississippi. The islands from Perroquet to Ste. Geneviève, following closely the north shore, to-day belong to the Hudson's Bay Company. The great Island of Anticosti was bought twenty years ago by M. Menier. Very large sums of money, aggregating millions of dollars, have been spent on that island with very little result. I attribute this failure to the slender knowledge which the French had of this country, and the repugnance which they showed to adopting Canadian methods. Here is an example: The first Superintendent of Agriculture imported to the island was a graduate of the school of Grignon, but came directly from the French Congo, where he had spent many years. It is hardly necessary to say that he was completely lost when the first snow came and he undertook to cart firewood for the colony. He would not listen to the suggestion that small Canadian sleighs be used. He had one built to his own taste. In size it bore some relation to Noah's ark, and a goodly proportion of the draught animals of the island were employed to haul it to the forest. There it was heavily laden. The return proved difficult, so much so that the phenomenon remained there, and it was necessary to employ the despised Canadian sleds to unload it.

Misfortune pursued them even in their amusements. The soil, the animals, and even inanimate things showed themselves resentful of French methods.

In his chateau at Gamache Bay, one

fine day, the seignior decided that he would have a bear hunt with beaters. As he had numerous guests, it was decided to apply the rules of venery in all their rigour. At dusk, the party, armed with the latest breech-loaders, had their stations allotted to them near Lake Plantain, by guards brought from France, who caused to be observed the most orthodox of veneries. The nights are cold in Anticosti, and the larynx is speedily irritated, but it was forbidden to cough. Everything comes to an end in this world, even misery. The signal agreed upon was given. The silence was broken by a fearful report, and everyone rushed to see the prey. Horrors! Seven or eight balls had pierced an unfortunate oil barrel that had served for the transportation of the bear bait, but of bears killed—not one.

While this was going on poachers from the north shore, armed with old muzzle loaders, were killing M. Menier's best bears on the other side of the island.

Quite at the eastern extremity of the Province of Quebec, in a bay which forms the estuary of St. Paul or Esquimaux River, there is yet another seigniory. On the 20th March, 1701, M. de Rigaud, Governor of New France, conceded to Amador Godefroy, Sieur de St. Paul, Esquimaux Bay and River, with five leagues of land in width on each side by ten leagues in depth, with the islands and islets that lie in the bay.

If the Sieur de St. Paul did not know the land beforehand he must have been greatly disillusioned when he took possession of his domain, because it was not land that had been given to him but moss-covered rocks. However, the river yielded as much as 200 barrels of salmon a year, which was some compensation.

A family yet lives in the isolated neighbourhood of St. Paul River that traces descent from the first seignior and therefore claims to be the beneficiary of his rights. It is true that they are descendants, but there is a

gap in the line caused by the absence of marriage, and as they have never been legitimized, this lessens their legal claim.

The rocky, arid region of the Labrador coast, from Kegaska to Blanc-Sablon, does not offer, and never will, any possibility for cultivation. The high latitude, the fifty-second degree north, and the Strait of Belle Isle, into which drift icebergs that come from Greenland, keep the temperature excessively low all summer. Two years ago in the beginning of September about fifteen icebergs, one of which was more than a hundred feet high, were adrift in front of Bradore Bay. Last summer a north wind had blown the icebergs off the shore, but extensive snowbanks were glistening in the sun on the flanks of all the hills.

As some compensation, it is an ideal fishing country of great richness. The numerous islands of the archipelago bordering the shore offer everywhere peaceful harbours. The large rivers that empty into the sea attract every spring shoals of salmon on their way down from the Arctic Ocean, and the coast fishermen net a great many. Cod fishing, either by net or by line, lasts throughout the season, and Messrs. Whitely, Newfoundlanders be it observed, have taken as much as 45,000 quintals of codfish in a single season at their scaffolds at Bonne-Espérance.

Herrings, the largest and fattest to be found on the market, were abundant twenty years ago. I have personally seen a draught of a seine bring in 2,000 barrels. The next year the herring no longer frequented these waters, and their absence has ever since continued. The fact is explained by the disappearance of the *boète* (animalculæ on which the herring feed) which will sometime come back and bring the herring with them. At the end of August last year symptoms were more encouraging and large schools began again to frequent the bays on the coast. Unfortunately the

fishermen were not prepared for them. They had neither seines nor barrels and not even salt.

The most picturesque and the most productive fishing was originally that for seals. The seal I refer to is not the small sprightly harbour seal with a mottled skin, but the sea seal, which grows to ten feet in length and inhabits the polar seas during the summer season.

Late in the fall they reach the coast of Labrador, in pursuit of the sardines which play in the calm reaches inside the islands and along the mainland shore. This migration is composed of millions of seals, which follow their prey into extremely narrow channels, and even into *culs-de-sac*, where their capture becomes an easy matter. Under the French domination, all favourable places were either leased or granted. The titles have been lost, but these fisheries, as they are called on the coast, are jealously retained by persons descended directly from the first farmers, or by others who have purchased their rights from the heirs. Fifty years ago, before petroleum was used, and when the English Admiralty employed seal oil for the illumination of its lighthouses, some of these fisheries brought in princely revenues. On an average each seal was worth a guinea, because the oil rendered from it was worth four shillings a gallon.

One of these fisheries, that of Bradore Bay, was owned by a family which caught on an average five thousand seals a year, bringing in as many guineas. This family, illiterate, which had never practised nor even suspected the existence of high life, nevertheless found means of spending this fabulous income. A large schooner, loaded at Halifax with the best provisions and most expensive liquors, with clothing and other commodities, discharged a rich cargo before their door every autumn. The family had built a vast and luxurious mansion. The expensive carpeting, bought in New York, was laid

by an artisan imported from that city. Bad taste prevailed, even to the extent of inlaying in the steps of the stairway a large number of French silver pieces. Every winter was passed in a perpetual carnival, attended by the fishermen of the neighbourhood; and if the kings of France had their fools, this family had its fiddler, lavishly paid, whose mission consisted in unceasingly grinding out jigs and cotillions. The grandsons of this family live to-day in sordid misery. They inhabit sod-covered huts where their grandfather possessed a castle, since burnt down.

It would require an abler pen than mine to describe the life of the Labrador fisherman. Everything with him runs to extremes. Years of abundance are succeeded by black misery. The days, which are extremely long in summer, are just as short in winter. A torrid day in the month of July, when the heat reflected by the naked rocks shrivels everything, is succeeded by a day when the north wind brings down all the rigours of the pole. They live amongst the ice, yet have no wood and no coal. Their extravagant hospitality when the fishing is good is replaced by a barbarous struggle for life in the lean years. They are exceedingly poor, but always possess two dwellings, one for winter on the mainland, so that they may be near the forests; the other on the islands off the coast for the needs of their summer fishing. During the fishing season they sleep hardly three hours a day. In the winter they burrow like dormice, and may sleep twenty hours at a stretch if they so desire. If the fishing has been good, this is a time of feasting and amusements. At a card table of an evening you will meet a convivial soul who has made eighty miles during the day in his *cometique*, so that he may not miss a good game. But if illness or accident happens, life takes on a sombre

hue. No physician, only empirical barbarous remedies often worse than the disease. Then they suffer, trusting entirely in Providence.

They possess an extremely lively faith, unfortunately sometimes verging on superstition. And singularly enough they have a great repugnance to consulting a doctor. Last summer a fisherman of Belles-Amours while fishing for squid got a cod hook caught through his nose and cheek. For two days the unfortunate man had been taken from one scaffold to another in the hope of finding a file with which they could cut off the shank of the fish-hook so that it might be pulled out with pincers. On the vessel with me was the Grenfell Institute surgeon, who promptly placed himself gratuitously at the disposition of the patient and advised an immediate operation to prevent blood poisoning. To my great surprise the wounded man refused, and travelled eighteen miles that night in a sloop so that he might be operated on by one of the repairers of the telegraph line who had just arrived at Bonne-Esperance.

From our point of view, the life I have just described may be regarded as one of great misery, but if you removed one of these fishermen to a convenient and civilized district he would die of homesickness. I knew an old fisherman, a native of Berthier or Montmagny, who had spent fifty years of his life at a good fishing-station, but in a profound cavity walled about with rocky heights near Great Mekattina. There he amassed a little fortune, about \$20,000, safely banked. Three years ago, after consulting with friends, he decided to pass a winter in Quebec. The next spring he took the first schooner for home, and he still tells with terror how homesick he was and how nearly he lost his reason spelling out the time in the great city.

THE VEERY THRUSH

By CHARLES BARLTROP

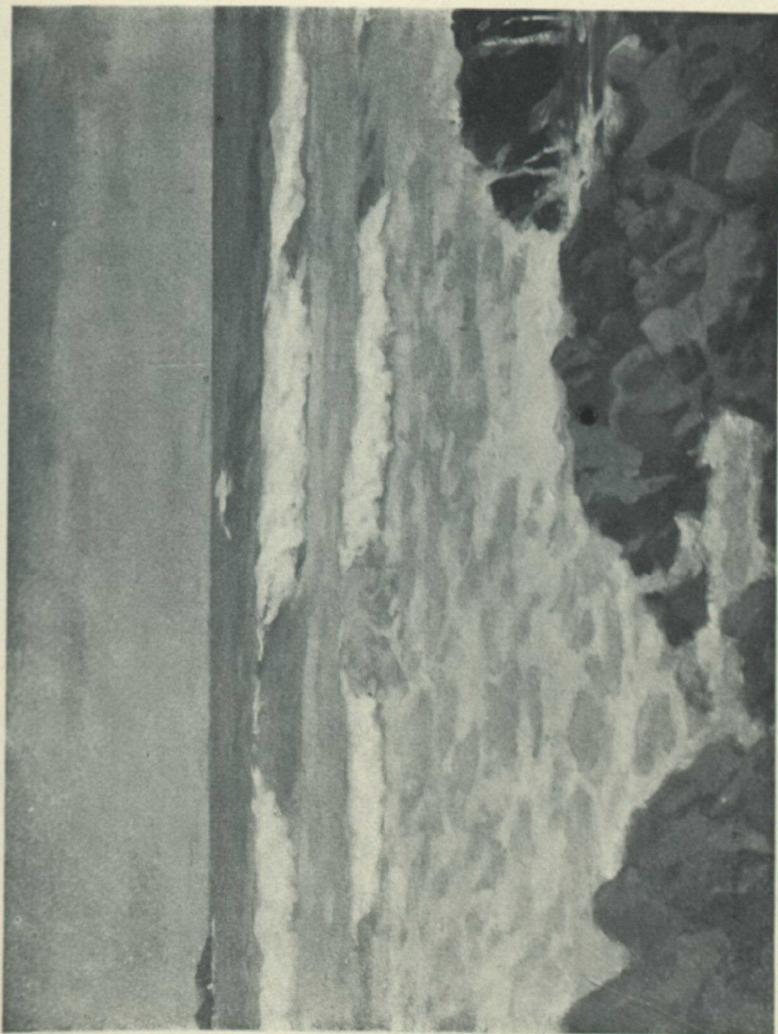
WE passed a marsh with wooded shore
And heard a minstrel bird outpour
His heart to sylvan glooms;
A fragrance crept about the grove
From trees above a tranquil cove
And pendent alder blooms.

Close mantled in an olive brown,
With dusky dots his throat adown
And brown and yellow breast,
From morning until eventide
A modest mate he sat beside,
With humbler shading dressed.

A soulful spirit, unbeheld,
Yet all-compelling, as he welled
His berceuse on the wind;
His chant was soft, according well
With the leaf-murmurs of the dell
That lured the listening mind.

So there, far-hidden in the shade,
He must have loved the song he made,
So oft did he repeat;
Though long his ditty dinned the ear,
His "veery, veery, veery, veer"
Was tremulous and sweet.

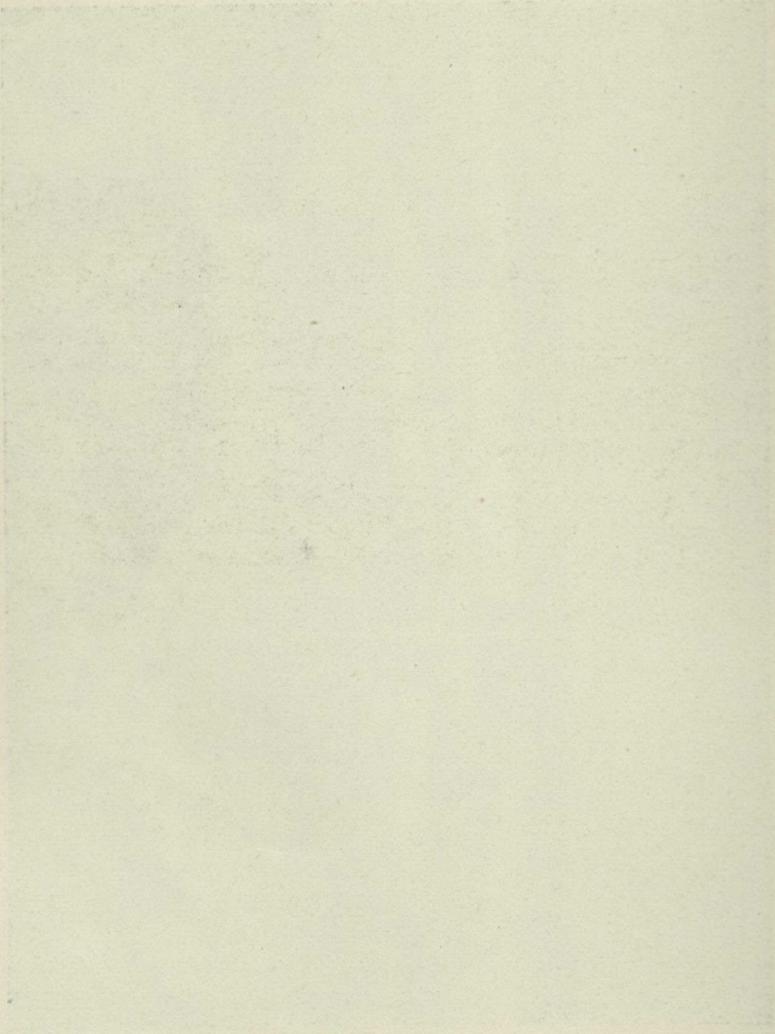
One musing on so fair a scene,
Scentful, melodious and green,
A homily might word;
But waiving thought, far-fetched or strange,
I simply sensed the charm, the change,
The love, the song, the bird.



THE INCOMING TIDE,
LOUISBOURG

From the Painting by
William Brymner, President of the
Royal Canadian Academy

Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club





BOSHAM DURING LOW TIDE

HAPPY BOSHAM ⁱⁿ the MUD

By Amelia Dorothy Defries

THERE is a story in English history of a Saxon King—King Canute—who was so fond of compliments that a courtier wishing to outstrip every previous suitor for royal favour, one day told his Majesty his power was so vast that he was sure even the tides would stop at his bidding. The foolish king took this seriously, and calling together his court he ordered a throne to be set up on the shore. Here he seated himself and forbade the tide to rise, with what result it is not difficult to guess!

This was in the tenth century, and this very village of Bosham (pronounced *Buzzom*), in the pretty county of Sussex, was the scene of this

tragic-comedy. Here it was that the waves flouted the king.

Bosham Church of the Holy Trinity was founded in the tenth century, A.D., and much of its original structure still remains. Notice the purely Saxon arch over the nave. Part of this church is Roman and part Gothic, but the vaults are pure Saxon, as are also some of the window-frames. The frame to the tomb of King Canute's daughter—in the Nave—is Roman-Gothic, but the tomb itself is Saxon and dates about 1020.

The roof of the tower has been restored, perhaps in the sixteenth century, but the tower itself is from the 10th century. Near to the church is



THE OLD MILL AT BOSHAM

It is 900 years old and still working

the Manor House, a Stuart building; but it has in its garden a Roman mosaic floor.

Fifty years ago the English cared little for relics of antiquity, and on this mosaic floor the Squire of the Manor laid his lawn-tennis court. If this were to be taken up the Roman remains would be found intact.

At the back of the church runs a brook, a little English rivulet. It runs on towards the sea, but is dammed and turned off to work the mill. This mill is one of the oldest historical monuments in England. It may be 1,000 years old, and it is still in use. The only known fact about it is this one: it is mentioned in Domesday Book, the record which William the Conqueror caused to be written, after he conquered Canute's descendant, King Harold, at the Battle of Hastings in 1066—one of the few dates every English child remembers!

But the history of Bosham goes much further back than Domesday Book, which after all was only written a matter of 845 years ago. For Bosh-

am has a pre-Roman history, and was certainly occupied before the time of Christ. The first Roman attempt at landing on the coast of Britain, was made at Bosham many years before Julius Caesar's unsuccessful attempt at Selsey Bill, a few miles off. Julius Caesar came himself the second time and succeeded. But the failure of Selsey Bill cost the Romans dearly. Wrecked in the shallow waters and hailed with arrows by the men of Sussex, they had to retire as best they could. All their gold and ornaments were thrown overboard. Only a few years ago Edward Heron-Allen (who made the *literal* translation of Omar Khayam) bought up about twenty acres of land right to the water's edge at Selsey Bill, and in the little museum he has erected in his garden there may be seen numerous gold rings and coins of Roman make dating from this attempted landing, and which Mr. Heron-Allen has himself picked out of his own soil. He and an authority from the British museum also put together the remains of a



TOMB OF THE DAUGHTER OF KING CANUTE

One of the antiquities to be seen in Bosham Church

mammoth which he found on the beach there. But Selsey is not Bosham.

In England every county has its own character and its own dialect. Was not each one a kingdom before the Union?

So strong is convention in the English countryside that every village has its own distinct individuality, too, even though only a few miles distant from its neighbours. To such an extent is this true that the very boats along the shore have distinctly different shapes. One may wander along the coast of any county in England

and note the difference in the boats: this is accounted for by the extraordinary variety of the foreshores. A few miles may mean different landing and sailing conditions.

From Bosham to Selsey cannot be twenty miles, yet at Selsey the shore is one wide stretch of hard sand, while at Bosham there is no shore, only a harbour, a natural harbour which at low tide discloses thick black mud for miles out to sea. Into this mud, tradition says, the first Roman adventurers sank.

"And," say the Bosham fisherfolk, "into this mud they Germans will



ALONG THIS WALK AT BOSHAM TWENTY GENERATIONS HAVE
GONE TO CHURCH

sink, if so be's they coom meddlin' here wi' theirm devil's tricks."

In and around the low hedges and lanes bordering those mud banks a

stronger escort keeps guard to-day than ever watched in Roman days. Keen-eyed Khaki-clad soldiers ride to and fro, scanning every man, woman



A STREET IN BOSHAM



THE NAVE OF BOSHAM CHURCH

and child in the district. Boats going in and out must give the password; and, out at sea, naval ships can be seen bearing wounded or prisoners

of war—from or somewhere in France to Portsmouth—not far from Bosham, where the guns of the naval dépôt can be heard. It is forbidden,



THE MANOR HOUSE, BOSHAM

since August, 1914, to land on Hayling Island, where very early British history was made, and up and down the shore at Selsey Bill, where Romans were wrecked, paces Edward Heron-Allen (Persian Scholar and microscopic)—revolver in hand—responsible to his king for the safety of his portion of Sussex. Little Cosport, opposite to Bosham dyke, was until last summer an artist's colony. One of the most famous English landscape painters of his day, Mr. W. Wilson Steer, and the Principal of the Slade School, Mr. W. Tonks, spent summers sketching there. But soon after the declaration of war Mr. Tonks went to offer himself as a surgeon (which profession he had thrown up for the art of painting, years before, and Mr. Steer enrolled himself among the Home Guard, in London, being beyond the age-limit for enlisting for service abroad.

What incongruous days these are for these old Sussex villages! And what a hard time the Germans will

have if they ever succeed in making a landing there!

Bosham is not many miles from the old-world town of Chichester, now the headquarters of a portion of the British army. To reach Bosham—or Selsey—from Chichester, or to get to Chichester from the coast, it is necessary to cross—in a tram-car on one single line—that part of the country where the sea has made inroads, flooding the marsh, and almost turning Bosham and Selsey into an island.

English people have fearlessly taken their summer holidays here, as in peace-time.

Happy Bosham in the mud has sent all her young men to join the colours, "to put an end to they there Germans", but all the women go cheerfully about their work, caring for the next generation.

In the thousand years which have passed over that village wars have come and wars have gone, and the babies have always been the chief concern.



FROM THE TRENCHES

By Patrick Macgill

Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

NO. 5—DEAD MEN

"I'll give you a half-franc for a green envelope," I said, and my Cockney friend, Bill Teake, took the green envelope, which needed no regimental censure but was liable to examination at the base, from his pocket.

"Arf franc and five fags," he said, speaking with the studied indifference of a fish-wife making a bargain.

"Half a franc and two fags," I answered.

"Arf a franc and four fags," he said.

"Three fags," I ventured.

"Done," said Bill, and added, "I've now sold the bloomin' line of communication between myself and my ole man for a few coppers and a couple of measly fags."

"What's your ole man's profession, Bill?" I asked.

"Is wot?"

"His trade?"

"Yer don't know my ole man, Pat?" he inquired. "Everybody knows 'im. 'E 'as as good a reputation as old times. Yer must 'ave seen 'im in the Strand wiv 'is shiny buttons, burnished like gold in a jooler's winder, carryin' a board wiv 'Globe Metal Polish' on it."

"Oh!" I said with a laugh.

"But 'e's a devil for 'is suds 'e is —"

"What are suds, anyway?" I asked.

"Beer," said Bill. "'E can 'old more'n any man in Lunnon, more'n the chucker-out at The Cat and Mustard Pot boozier in W—— Road even. Yer should see the chucker-out an' my ole man comin' 'ome on Saturday night. They keep themselves steady by rollin' in opposite directions."

"Men with good reputations don't roll home inebriated," I said. "Excessive alcoholic dissipation is utterly repugnant to dignified humanity."

"Wot!"

"Is your father a church-goer?" I asked.

"Not 'im," said Bill. "'E don't believe that one can go to 'Eaven by climbin' up a church steeple. 'E's a good man, that's wot 'e is. 'E works 'ard when 'e's workin', 'e can use 'is fives wiv anyone, 'e can take a drink or leave it, but 'e prefers takin' it. Nobody can take a rise out of 'im, fer 'e knows 'is place, an' that's more'n some people do."

"Bill, did you kill any Germans this morning?" I asked.

We had made a charge that morning and captured two German trenches. It was now noon and we were standing in a trench which cut across the road to Loos: the whirlwind of battle had spent itself and now all was very quiet.

"Maybe I did," Bill answered, "and maybe I didn't. I saw one bloke, an Allemonk, in the front trench laughin' like 'ell. 'I'll make yer laugh,' I said to 'im, and shoved my bayonet at 'is bread-basket. Then I seed 'is foot; it was right off at the ankle. I left 'im alone. After that I'd a barney. I was goin' round a traverse and right in front of me was a Boche, eight foot 'igh or more. Ooh! 'e 'ad a bayonet as long as 'imself, and a beard as long as 'is bayonet."

"What did you do?"

"Ooh! I retreated," said Bill. "Then I met four of the Jocks, they'd bombs. I told them wot I seen and they went up with me to the place. The Boche saw us and 'e rushed inter a dug-out. One of the Jocks threw a bomb, and bang!—"

"Have you seen Jimmy James?" I asked.

"No, I didn't see 'im at all," Bill answered. "I got a whiff of gas and it made me arf drunk. I was mad. 'Oo's this comin'?"

The newcomer was Jimmy James, a clean-shaven youth of twenty, who belonged to our section. We shook hands.

"So you've got through it all right?" I asked.

"I suppose I did," he answered, but his voice lacked confidence. He was for the moment like a man awaking from a nightmare, and at a loss to distinguish the real from the unreal. "I got a whiff of gas," said Jimmy, "and it made me drunk. The — Regiment got mixed up with ours, and I came across J—, who was at school with me. I hadn't seen him for three years. We shook hands and had a long talk about home. Somehow I forgot we were in a charge. . . . I saw a German, mother naked, running round in a circle. . . . One of his own people's shells hit him. . . ."

"Did you kill any Allemongs?" asked Bill.

"I smote seventeen from the nave to the chaps," said Jimmy with a

smile, sitting down on the banquette.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"Wonderful damned lie," said Bill.

"It's quiet now," I remarked.

"There's nothing going here at the moment. Now and again a German machine gun goes pot against the sandbags. Two men came down the road an hour ago, and they got hit in the head."

"And that's Loos!" said Jimmy James, getting to his feet and looking up the road. "It's bashed about a lot. There's hardly a house standing. And that's the Tower Bridge," he concluded, looking fixedly at the Twin Towers that stood scarred but unbroken over Loos coal mine."

"There was a sniper up there this mornin'," said Bill. "'E didn't arf cause some trouble. Knocked out dozens of our fellers. 'E was brought down at last by a bomb."

He laughed as he spoke, then became silent. For fully five minutes there was not a word spoken; the incomprehensible held us mute.

I approached the parapet stealthily, and looked up the streets of Loos, a solemn, shell-scarred, mysterious street, where the dead lay amidst the broken tiles. Were all those brown bundles dead men? Some of them maybe were still dying; clutching at life with vicious energy. A bundle lay near me, a soldier in khaki with his hat gone. I could see his close, compact, shiny curls, which seemed to have been glued to his skull. Clambering up the parapet, I reached forward and turned him round and saw his face. It was leaden-hued and dull; the wan and almost colourless eyes fixed on me in a vague and glassy stare, the jaw dropped sullenly and the tongue hung out. Dead. . . . And up the street, down in the cellars, at the base of the Twin Towers, they were dying. How futile it seemed to trouble about one when thousands needed help. Where would I begin? Whom should I help first? Any help which I might be able to give seemed so useless. I had been

at work all the morning dressing the wounded, but there were so many. I was a mere child emptying the sea with a tablespoon. I crawled into the trench again to find Bill looking over the parapet. This annoyed me. Why, I could not tell.

"What are you looking at?" I asked.

There was no answer. I looked along the trench and saw that all the men were looking towards the enemy's line; watching as it seemed for something to take place. None knew what the next moment would bring forth. The expectant mood was prevalent. All were waiting.

I could hear the wounded crying and moaning somewhere near or perhaps far away. A low, lazy breeze slouched up from the field which we had crossed that morning, and sound travelled far. The enemy snipers on the nearby copse were busy, and probably the dying were being hit again. Some of them desired it, the slow process of dying on the open field of war is so dreadful. . . . A den of guns, somewhere near Lens, became voluble, and a monstrous fanfare of fury echoed in the heavens. The livid sky seemed to pull itself up, as if to be out of the way; under it the cavalcades of war ran riot. A chorus of screeches and yells rose trembling and whirling in the air, snatching at each other like the snarling and barking of angry dogs.

Bill stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the enemy's line, his gaze concentrated on a single point; in Jimmy's eyes there was a tense, troubled expression, as if he was calculating a sum which he could not get right. Now and again he would shake his head as if trying to throw something off and address a remark to Bill, who did not seem to hear. Probably the Cockney was asleep. In the midst of artillery tumult some men are overcome with langour and drop asleep as they stand. On the other hand, many get excited and burst into song and laugh boisterously at most commonplace incidents.

Amidst the riot, an undertone of pain became more persistent than ever. The levels where the wounded lay were raked with shrapnel that burst viciously in air and struck the blood-stained earth with spiteful vigour.

The cry for stretcher-bearers came down the trench, and I hurried off to attend to the stricken. I met him crawling along on all fours, looking like an ungainly lobster that had escaped from a basket. A bullet had hit him in the back, and he was in great pain; so much in pain that when I was binding his wound he raised his fist and hit me in the face.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, a moment afterwards. "I didn't mean it, but my God! this is hell!"

"You'll have to lie here," I said, when I put the bandage on. "You'll get carried out at night when we can cross the open."

"I'm going now," he said. "I want to go now. I must get away. You'll let me go, won't you, Pat?"

"Does the trench lead out?" he asked.

"It probably leads to the front trench, which the Germans occupied this morning," I said.

"Well, if we get there it will be a step nearer the dressing-station, anyway," said the wounded boy. "Take me away from here, do, please."

"Can you stand upright?"

"I'll try," he answered, and half weeping and half laughing, he got to his feet. "I'll be able to walk down," he muttered.

We set off. I walked in front urging the men ahead to make way for a wounded man. No order meets with such quick obedience as "Make way! a wounded man."

All the way from Loos to the churchyard, which the trench fringes, and where the bones of the dead stick out through the parapet, the trench was in fairly good order; beyond that was the dumping-ground of death.

The enemy in their endeavour to

escape from the Irish that morning crowded the trench like sheep in a laneway, and it was here that the bayonet, rifle-but and bomb found them. Now they lay six deep in places. . . . One bare-headed man lay across the parapet, his hand grasping his rifle, his face torn to shreds with rifle bullets. One of his own countrymen hidden in the same copse was still sniping at the dead thing, believing it to be an English soldier. Such is the irony of war. The wounded man ambled painfully behind me, grunting and groaning. Sometimes he stopped for a moment, leaned against the side of the trench, and swore for several seconds. Then he muttered a word of apology and followed me in silence. When we came to the places where the dead lay six deep, we had to crawl across them on hands and knees. To raise our heads over the parapet would be courting quick death. We would become part

of that demolition of blood and flesh which was the thing necessary for our victory.

On either side we could hear the wounded making moan; their cry was like the yelping of drowning puppies. But the man who was with me seemed unconscious of his surroundings; now and again when I looked back at him I saw a far-away gaze in his eyes which I could not follow or understand.

Seldom even did he notice the dead on the floor of the trench, he walked over them unconcernedly.

I managed to bring him down to the dressing-station. When we arrived he sat on a seat and cried like a child.

I met him again in London the other day. He is now unfit for active service, and is dressed in civilian clothes. About twice a week young ladies present him with white feathers, he told me.



A ROMANCE of old FORT HOWE

By F. A. Cody

AUTHOR OF "AN APOSTLE OF THE NORTH," "THE FRONTIERSMAN," ETC.

IT is interesting to note that many famous cities of the world have important hills near or surrounding them. Athens has her Hill of Mars, Rome her Seven Hills, and Jerusalem her Mount of Olives. On this side of the water the same is true. Montreal has her Mount Royal and Quebec her Citadel, to mention only two out of many. These hills figured largely in the world's history and are to-day surrounded with the halo of romance.

St. John, New Brunswick, also has her hill, which rises sentinel-like and rugged above the city of the Loyalists. Not through the glory of war; not to bold robbers, who sought its side as a place of refuge, and not to castles with frowning walls does Fort Howe demand recognition. Its history is a simple record of peace, in keeping with that of the city nestling at its base.

Fort Howe claims special consideration to-day, not so much by reason of the treaty of peace which was here ratified with the Indians, or that it was garrisoned by a large number of soldiers, but because of its association with one of the most remarkable men England ever produced.

William Cobbett was a young man when he came to St. John, in 1785. Too long would it take to tell the details of his early life; only one or

two salient points shall be mentioned. He was a self-made man, of humble peasant origin. He was self-educated, too, and his struggles to obtain knowledge reveal to us his great will-power. He learned grammar, so he tells us, when he was a private soldier, receiving only sixpence a day. The edge of his berth, or that of the guard-bed, was the seat on which he studied. His knapsack was his bookcase. A bit of board lying on his lap was his writing-table. He had no money to purchase candles or oil, so in winter he had to use the light from the fire, and only when his turn came at that. To buy a pen or a sheet of paper he was forced to go without a portion of his food, even though he was in a state of starvation. He had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men.

"Think not lightly," he wrote, "of the farthing that I had to give now and then for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me."

Once he had saved a halfpenny for the purchase of a red herring in the morning. This he lost, and so badly did he feel that he buried his head under the "miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child". What a lesson is this to the youth of our land who have every opportunity for study



THE SUMMIT OF FORT HOWE, SHOWING CANNON AND OUTLOOK

and who yet so often make little use of it!

In 1785 Cobbett joined his regiment, the 54th, in Halifax. His description of the place is by no means flattering.

"Everything I saw," he wrote, "was new; bogs, rocks, and stumps, mosquitoes and bull-frogs; thousands of captains and colonels without soldiers, and of squires without stockings or shoes."

Within a few weeks his regiment was ordered to St. John, and very different was the impression which New Brunswick made upon Cobbett's mind. He was in his happiest mood when writing about the rivers, creeks, waterfalls, trees and scenery.

"If nature in her very best humour," he wrote, "had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had here made."

Two outstanding incidents connect Cobbett's name indelibly with Fort

Howe. The first is that of his romance, which led to his marriage in after years. There was stationed here a sergeant of the artillery, Reid by name, who had a beautiful daughter, at this time thirteen years of age. Cobbett first saw her for about an hour in a room in company with others, and it was love at first sight. This favourable impression was increased three days later when, walking one cold winter's morning by her house, he saw her out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub.

"That's the girl for me," he remarked to his two companions when out of her hearing.

Just below the summit of Fort Howe, and near Sergeant Reid's house, was a spring of clear water bubbling out from the base of a large limestone rock. At this place water was obtained for the surrounding houses, and here without any doubt the young lovers often met. This spring is sometimes called "Cob-



OLD WELL (MARKED X) IN THE LIMESTONE AT FORT HOWE, WHERE WILLIAM COBBETT AND HIS SWEETHEART USED TO MEET

bett's Well", but it is generally known as "Jennie's Well". It is commonly supposed that this spring was named after Sergeant Reid's daughter, and it may come as a surprise to some to learn that her name was Ann and not Jennie. One suggestion is that perhaps her name was Jennie Ann. There is another I consider more feasible. Jennie, or Jinny, may have been a nickname given by the soldiers to the sergeant's daughter. Be that as it may, the spring will always be known as "Jennie's Well". There is a strong temptation to give the imagination free scope and to weave around this spring the spell of romance. Some day, perhaps, future poets and novelists may find in the incidents surrounding Jennie's Well inspiration and material.

Cobbett's loyalty to Jennie (It is hard to call her by any other name now) was severely tested more than six months later. He was moved to Fredericton, and in one of his rambles he came to the house of a "Yankee Refugee". Here he met a young woman, nineteen years of age, who captivated him at once. It was a severe test of his devotion to Jennie. This new maiden, according to his own words, was dressed in a "neat and simple fashion. She had long light-brown hair twisted nicely up, and fashioned to the top of her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominate expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion



AN OLD BUILDING AT FORT HOWE

It was used by soldiers many years ago

indicative of glowing health, and form, figure, movements, and all taken together, an assemblage of beauties far surpassing any that I had ever seen but once in my life. That once was, too, two years ago; and in such a case and at such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while. Here was the present against the absent; here was the power of the eyes against that of memory; here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of thoughts; here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here also was the life, and the manners, and the habits and pursuits that I delighted in; here was everything that imagination can conceive united in conspiracy against the poor little brunette in England."

But notwithstanding all these inducements Cobbett was loyal to the little brunette in England. He joined her there several years later, and they were married. There is an incident which shows us what a sterling woman Jennie was. When she left for England Cobbett had given her one hundred and fifty guineas, which

he had saved in order that she might not have to work so hard. When he reached England he found his "little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, and, without hardly saying a word, she put into his hands the whole one hundred and fifty guineas unbroken".

Jennie made Cobbett a good wife. "In the perpetual cyclone," says one writer, "which Cobbett managed to keep in operation, Mrs. Cobbett moved serene and equable, bearing strong children and bringing them up, minding the house and farm, visiting her husband at Newgate when she could, at other times sending him hampers of fowl and eggs, roast pig and vegetables, and home-made cheese. If a mob smashed his windows in England, or threatened to lynch him in America, Mrs. Cobbett did not go into hysterics. She received Tallyrand and other noblemen, met leading public men in London, or in her country home, and sat up till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, like Lucretia, with a supper ready for her lord when he should return with his comrades from some of his political agitation meetings. Toward the end of his troubled life, Cobbett said that owing to his wife he never had real cares."

And Cobbett made a good husband. He never stayed away from home when he could help it. Once in the United States he paraded the streets all night, when his wife was ill, driving off barking dogs. I may close this account of his romance with the words of the noted Miss Mitford, who visited the Cobbetts in England:

"Everything was excellent—everything was abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that in the large circle of guests no one could feel himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Alice Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and children."

While stationed at Fort Howe, Cobbett was made corporal and became clerk to his regiment. About this time the new discipline, or the "Dundas System," as it was called, was sent out from England. It gave instructions as to the mode of handling the musket and marching, and was to be studied by officers and put into immediate practice. "Though," as Cobbett said, "any old woman might have written such a book," it had to be complied with before the next annual review. The officers neglected its study until a short time before the review took place, and Cobbett was the only one who could give them instructions.

In "The Life and Letters of William Cobbett", by Lewis Mellville, recently published in two volumes, there is a humorous caricature by Gilray of a scene on Fort Howe on this occasion. Cobbett is standing in the midst of excited officers, one he has just threshed and sent away rubbing the affected parts and another is receiving his punishment, while others are standing near, with terror depicted upon their faces, trying to study the manual. Then when the review did take place, Cobbett lamented that he had to stand upon the flank of the Grenadier company, with his worsted shoulder-knot, and his high, coarse, hairy cap confounded in the ranks among other men, while those who were commanding him to move his hands or his feet, thus or thus, were in fact uttering words which he had taught them and were in everything except authority his inferiors.

Later on Cobbett got more than even with his officers. While here he found that they were committing flagrant breaches of trust that affected the public purse. As clerk he had access to all the books, and having made voluminous extracts, he exposed the culprits upon his return to England. But the full account of this would take too long to relate here.

Cobbett's fame spread throughout

the Province. He had to visit people in all parts, and while in Fredericton he settled nine lawsuits. He had to attend to the affairs of the whole regiment, all its accounts, parades, its guards, its everything. He found time to study English and French. He built a barrack for four hundred men, without the aid of either draughtsman, carpenter, or bricklayer. He went through a tract of timber more than one hundred miles where no man ever ventured to go alone before, and this he did for the purpose of stopping desertion, by showing the regiment that he was able to follow the fugitives. In addition to these he found time for skating, fishing, shooting, and all other sports of the country.

The whole of Cobbett's life was one of tremendous activity. I have merely touched the fringe of the subject, for it would take a long time to tell of his after career. It was wonderful, appalling, to think that one man could accomplish so much. From a poor peasant boy he reached almost the highest position in the realm. He published seventy-four books, magazines, and pamphlets; he crossed swords with kings and statesmen; he was imprisoned for giving expression to his views; he fought the battles of the poor and downtrodden, and in his day he was maligned and persecuted. But when he died all the world, friends and foes alike, acknowledged his greatness. *The Times* (London) pronounced him the most extraordinary Englishman of his age, and called him "The last of the Saxons". *The Morning Chronicle* declared that he was the most powerful writer England ever produced, and the Standard acknowledged that he was the first political writer of his age, wholly without a rival since the days of Swift. Of him Elliott the poet wrote:

Yes, let the wild flowers wed his grave,
That bees may murmur near,
When o'er his last home bend the brave,
And say, "A Man lies here".

For Britons honour Cobbett's name,
 Though rashly oft he spoke;
 And none can scorn, and few will blame,
 That low-laid heart of oak.

And what shall I more say? For time fails in which to tell of his greatness. He was a planet which in its impetuous rush touched for a time a rugged hill in St. John. Fort Howe is to become transformed. It has witnessed many changes in the march of years. It saw the stirring events surrounding old Fort LaTour, and the struggle for the grip of empire; it watched the Loyalists land upon these shores, and beheld a city

grow strong and prosperous at its feet. It will behold many changes in the years to come, for St. John is destined to become a large shipping port, a city where the Old and the New Worlds meet. Crowned and crested with the glory of flowers, trees, and avenues, Fort Howe still smiles its benediction on the City of the Loyalists. But amid all the historic interest of this old hill none will appeal more to the hearts of future generations than its association with the famous William Cobbett and the beautiful maiden of the washtub.

THE CITY OF SILENCE

By CARROLL AIKINS

WIDE walls of marble circle it and seal
 The interlocking stones from outer sight,
 And rear themselves to such mad wastes of height
 Above the azure where the senses reel
 That never may the barren ramparts feel
 Even the tremour of an eagle's flight,
 Their guarded secrets may no voice reveal,
 No vision strip their mysteries to sight.

Ye dwellers in the city! What desire
 Walks the pale prison-places of your fate?
 What love unspoken, timid to aspire,
 Lingers so close beside the postern gate?
 What mute salvation of a word unsaid!
 What souls of women whence the body fled!

THE ADVENTUROUS ENGLISHMAN

By A. Judson Hanna

YOU remember, of course, Great Britain's late unpleasantness with the Republic of San Isadore. When his Majesty's Government broke off diplomatic relations with the South American state, it requested Uncle Sam to look after its affairs in that country. I was American consul at Bilidad, and when his Majesty's consul withdrew, it fell to my lot to safeguard the British residents going out of the country. This I did with all possible haste, because the San Isidoreans, inflamed by war talk, were threatening to exterminate them.

Having placed the last Englishman, as I thought, on the train for the coast, I gathered up my accumulated newspapers and went over to the Foreign Club to catch up with my reading. Being comfortably settled, I opened my first paper, when one of the house boys dropped a note on the table at my elbow, and stood stiffly awaiting my pleasure.

"Who brought this?" I demanded.

"A policeman, excellency."

Grumbling to myself over the interruption, I opened the nuisance and glanced at the signature. Then I sat bolt upright and read the contents in a sort of dull rage. The communication ran:

"If you can spare a few moments of your very valuable time, you will confer a great favour by calling on me at the Balboa street carceral."

It was signed, "Albert Edward Reginald Huber".

The note angered me in more ways than one. The sarcastic qualification of my "time," the insouciant reference to the present whereabouts of the writer, the fact that I had just been congratulating myself upon having got every remaining Englishman out of Bilidad—I rose, jammed on my hat, and departed the club, muttering savagely: "You can never tell about these quiet, unassuming chaps, particularly if they are English. Probably he has been asserting his inalienable British rights and defying the San Isidoreans to molest him."

For I knew this Huber, having met him frequently at the club. He was, apparently, a mild-mannered, inoffensive man, and I wondered what he had been doing to get himself into the Balboa street jail. In fact, I had always attributed his inoffensiveness to his stupidity. He seemed to me exceedingly dull.

As the *policia* had not already executed Albert Edward Reginald, I surmised that he had committed no more than an indiscretion to account for his durance. That being the case, by exercising a little diplomacy, I might be able to free him and send him down to Ponce on the afternoon train in time to catch the French steamer, which was standing by to take off the refugees. It all seemed simple en-

ough until I called on Albert Edward. Then—

Arriving at the jail, I was ushered into the presence of the chief of police. I demanded why Mr. Huber was being detained in the carceral. The chief, by the way, was an American soldier of fortune, with a pock-marked face. He travelled by the name of Hugh Lee—without the “fitz”. He now assumed an expression of great gravity and assured me that Albert had killed a man—“one of my own members of the civil police.”

“Killed a man!” I exclaimed. “He wouldn’t kill a mosquito.”

“Do you mean to infer—?” the chief began stiffly.

“That your men are mosquitoes?” I supplemented. “No. The art of flattery is not one of my accomplishments. I mean to say that I never knew a more gentle, inoffensive, moderate man than Mr. Huber. The very idea of him committing murder is preposterous.”

“All the same he done it,” observed Mr. Lee.

“Of course there is some mistake. Was Mr. Huber attacked?”

“On the contrary, he did the attacking. He killed the man without provocation—stabbed him through the heart merely.”

“Stop your kidding, Hugh,” I remonstrated. “You don’t believe a man like Huber would kill a person in cold blood. He is a gentleman.”

“He is an Englishman,” the chief said darkly. “It was like this: Mr. Huber was walking across the plaza and happening to pass one of my men, he wrenched his sword from him and ran him through the body. The man, unfortunately, is dead. What do you know about that?”

“I know that you are an ass to believe such a silly tale. Of course I may speak with Mr. Huber.”

“Certainly. Antonio, show *el senior* to the cell of the Englishman.”

Tony the warder led me down a crooked corridor and opened a door. As I stepped into the cell, I noted that

it was a large, airy room, tolerably clean and passably furnished, with iron grating across the windows. Mr. Huber was gazing through one of the windows, but turned at my entrance, bowed a little coldly, I thought, and drawled, “Aw, you’ve come at lawst.”

“I started the instant I received your note,” I replied testily. His intimation that I had been slow in answering his summons nettled me as I thought of all I had gone through in behalf of his fellow countrymen.

“Pardon me. You were out of the city, then?”

“I haven’t set foot out of Bilidad for two months.”

“But I sent you that call three days ago.”

“It hasn’t been in my hands an hour. To whom did you entrust it?”

“Aw, we’d better let that pass now, what? As long as you are here, it doesn’t matter, really, y’ know. How soon can you get me out of this frightful place?”

“In a few hours, I hope. But see here. Why didn’t you report at the consulate to be sent down to the coast with the others of your ilk?”

He looked at me reproachfully. “How could I, when I have been immured in this blawsted hole for the past three days?” he asked.

“Pardon me,” I said. “I forgot.”

“Besides,” he added, “I do not intend to leave Bilidad.”

“Don’t intend to leave! Oh, well! I can’t make you. But you will be hounded through the streets like a bandit—killed, probably, by these excitable people. If you insist on remaining, you’d better bring your luggage over to the American consulate till this furor dies down.”

“Thanks awfully, old chap, but I prefer my hotel—and the club.”

“Very well. Your blood be upon your own head! What about this man you are supposed to have murdered?”

“He killed himself, y’ know.”

“You astonish me. Why did the gentleman desire to die?”

"He was overcome with remorse, I take it, for having insulted my flag."

"Ah! Now we are getting at something tangible. So he insulted the British flag. And then killed himself?"

"So I asseverated. Rawther extraordinary proceeding, I admit. You see—but I say, old chap, cawn't you get me out of this ghastly dungeon first? We'll talk it over at the club. I'm suffering for a drink, really."

"Never mind about the drink!" I said sternly. "I'll send that in later. Go on about the self-murdering policeman."

"There's little to it. He fell on his sword, y' know."

"The devil he did! Go on from the beginning."

"There isn't much to tell. I was crossing the plaza three days ago when I overheard this fellow cursing the flag which floated over our consulate, y' know. I was frightfully shocked to hear the dear old emblem, which has stood for so many years for the best traditions—"

"Yes, yes!" I interrupted hastily. "I understand all about that. Go on with your story."

"—the flag that Nelson and Wellington—"

"I've heard about Nelson and Wellington, too. Please tell me about the policeman falling on his sword."

"A most extraordinary circumstance! I started to say to him, 'See here, my good fellow,' when he turned on me with the most ferocious expression imaginable and howled, 'Ah ha! The Englishman! I will keel heem queek!' and he drew his sword. I thought the reckless fellow was going to puncture me, y' know, so I threw up my arm to ward off the blow. He started back and tripped over his silly feet and fell directly on his own sword. Devilish awkward of him, I think. It ran through his heart."

"Are you sure you didn't lay hands on him, or on his sword?"

"My dear chap, I had not the

slightest intention of punishing the fellow for his insulting words. I merely wanted to protect myself. Perfectly natural for a man to want to protect himself, what?"

"Perfectly natural," I agreed.

"I think, maybe, the crowd jostled the sword from his hand. At any rate, it fell hilt down on the ground, and he precipitated himself upon the point. You see, there is very little to explain."

"So it appears," I replied sarcastically. "But unfortunately the authorities are unreasonable enough to attach some importance to the killing of a policeman. Have you any witnesses to the incident?"

"I was accompanied by the Brazilian consul at the time, and his vice was walking immediately behind us. Both saw what happened."

"I will see the Brazilian consul at once. Maybe together we can get you out of here. But I can't promise you permission to leave Bilidad."

"I have no wish to leave."

"Still determined to hang around, eh? Why?"

"Why should I go? My government is not at war with San Isidore—yet. My inalienable rights as a British citizen—"

"Hang the rights, man! This is no time to talk like that. The native mind is inflamed against your government and its subjects. When you see an anarchist hurling a bomb in public, you don't stop to argue about your inalienable right to walk the streets unmolested. No, sir! You duck and duck quick. I'll do my utmost to secure for you safe conduct down to the coast."

The Englishman shook his head with an apologetic air. I think he was almost sorry for causing me so much time and worry. He began, "As I have already asseverated, my rights —"

I raised my hand in feeble protest. "Spare me, please, from any further asseverations. Your inalienable rights as a British subject have been

suspended for the time being at least."

He looked terribly shocked. "Impossible! My word!" he exclaimed.

"Uh-huh!" I went on relentlessly. "Suspended, abrogated, annulled, repealed, and all the rest. Forget them. The afternoon train leaves at three. You are going to join your friends on board the Frenchman at Ponce."

"But really, my dear fellow, I do not care to—"

"Enough! Say no more!" I commanded. "I will send in that drink."

Scarcely crediting the Englishman's account of the policeman's death, I determined to make an appeal for his release direct to the chief of police, before making myself ridiculous by asking the Brazilian consul to corroborate such an amazing story. I thought I might be able to bully Hugh Lee into freeing Huber. Failing that, I would use my personal influence. Lee could not well deny me. In the ten years of our acquaintance, I had been of service to him frequently. Once I had saved him from the firing squad when he had been so unfortunate as to throw in his lot with the losing side.

Re-entering the office, I said, "Hugh, I want you to release Mr. Huber—at once."

"Sorry, old man, but I can't do it. He's got to stand trial for murder."

"Piffle! You don't believe that cock-and-bull story about his killing a man. Besides," I said, "the Brazilian consul and his assistant saw the whole thing and are prepared to come here and swear that the Englishman didn't lay a hand on the man or on his sword. Now I want to ask you a pertinent question. Why did you withhold Mr. Huber's letter to me for three days? It is a serious matter to hold a British subject incommunicado."

The chief snapped his fingers airily. "Oh hell!" he said. "I should worry."

"The *Prairie* is at Ponce with three or four U. S. gunboats," I reminded him. "How would you like to have

us land marines and march them up here to protect foreigners? At a word from me they will come."

"Suppose I close the wire to you."

"Do," I urged. "That would be capital. The commander has positive instructions, if he does not hear from me twice every twenty-four hours, to land without delay and come to my rescue. I've got you beaten four ways, Hugh."

The chief began to look irritated. "I might fake some messages and send them in your name," he said hopefully.

"You can't put them into code."

"Hang the Englishman! Take him!" the chief said wearily. "He's a burning nuisance anyway. But you must promise me, old man, not to let him leave the city. I want him where I can put hands on him at any minute—for the inquest over the policeman, you know."

"No danger of his skipping," I retorted. "That's the horrible trouble. He is determined to *stay*. I spent an hour trying to convince him that he ought to leave Bilidad without delay, but he is standing on his rights as a British subject and positively won't go."

I took the Englishman to the club and said, "Now, Mr. Huber, I want you, please, to drop into my office every day as near noon as you can conveniently make it. If you fail to appear, I shall be compelled to cable to the state department that you are missing. That may cause further complications—may even embroil the government I represent."

"Am I to understand that I am still a prisoner?" he asked plaintively.

"Not at all," I reassured him. "You have been paroled in my custody, and I have promised to produce you when the coroner gets busy on the body of that suicidal policeman."

"Of course, I am thankful to you for getting me out of that frightful hole, but—"

"I thought it was rather a decent place," I ventured.

"Ghastly! As I was about to remark, I am under surveillance; is that it? Must report every day and all that. Sort of ticket-of-leave man. It is an outrage. As a subject of Great Britain—"

This time I forestalled him. "Bother your everlasting rights!" I said. "We all have them, theoretically. The question is, are you coming, or must I look you up every day?"

"Oh, I'll come, my dear fellow. Rotten nuisance y' know. But I'll come." I returned to my newspaper reading.

For three days he did come. Then, on the fourth, or fifth day, I suddenly awoke to the realization that he was avoiding the consulate. While I was debating whether to run after him, or give him his own time to report, the chief of police stalked into the office. He looked glum.

"Where is that damned Englishman?" he demanded.

"Around the city somewhere, I suppose." I replied with what confidence I could.

"Suppose again," the chief said nastily. "He's vamoosed."

"What makes you say that?"

"I had my men keeping tabs on him, and he gave them the slip. He is not in Bilidad."

"If he is gone, that's the reason. He has a perfect horror of being watched."

"Hang it all! I did it for his own good as much as anything. He was attacked in the streets the other day, and it was all my men could do to rescue him from mob violence. Why has any man the right to cause other people so much annoyance?"

"You forget his inalienable rights as a British subject," I retorted; but my sarcasm was lost on the chief.

"I released him in your custody, so it is up to you to find him," he said.

"I will do so—at once."

"Do you think you can?" the chief asked dubiously.

"I'll wager the dinners on it."

"It's a go." The *jefe de las policia*

left the consulate much encouraged.

Three hours later I returned his call. "The Hotel of the Seven Lights with suit me all right," I proclaimed jauntily. "I trust the dinner will be ample reward for all my trouble."

"You've found him?" the chief exclaimed. "Where is he?"

"At the Flor de Lis *hacienda* in La Paz."

"How did you do it?"

"Easily enough. This, as you may recollect, is Tuesday—steamer day. I happened to remember how particular Mr. Huber is to be at the club when the foreign mail comes in. I knew that if he was within reach of the clubhouse, he would be on hand this noon for his home letters. So I went over there a little before the mail was due and hung around till it was distributed. But no Huber. I had about given him up when a peon walked up to the desk and asked for Senor Huber's mail. I asked him where Senor Huber was, and he told me just as I have told you."

"I'll send for him at once."

"Wait!" I said. "Why not let him remain where he is till you want him for the inquest? He is much safer there than here. Probably he is with friends. I'll motor out to La Paz this afternoon and have a talk with him."

*

I found the Englishman at the Flor de Lis *hacienda*. He seemed thoroughly at home. He was sitting on a stone bench under a shading tree, with a young and beautiful lady of distinctly Castilian appearance, when I brought my car to a stop beside the horse-stone. I glanced around in search of a duenna, but failed to perceive one.

It required no exceptional perspicacity on my part to see that the beautiful young woman was in love with the Englishman. Also, that the Englishman adored the beautiful young woman. Suddenly I knew Huber's reason for wishing to remain in San Isidore. All his bluster about British

rights was but a cloak of hypocrisy to hide the real motive.

As I stepped from the car, the young lady retired to the house. The Englishman came forward to meet me with outstretched hand. "Glad to see you, old chap," he said with unlooked-for warmth. "Unexpected pleasure, really. Have a seat."

I threw myself down on the stone bench. "How long have you been in La Paz?" I asked.

"How long? Let me think. Since Saturday night, I believe. To-day is Tuesday."

"Why didn't you let me know where you were?" I asked severely.

"How could I when I didn't know where I was?"

I eyed him a moment in cold suspicion. The bovine placidity of his countenance almost disarmed me. "Do you know where you are now?" I said ironically.

"Oh, yes. You just asked me how long I had been in La Paz."

"If I had been in your place, I think I would have asked some one," I continued cuttingly.

"But I don't understand their bally lingo. Don't you think you are a bit unreasonable, old chap?"

"Not more so than the case warrants," I replied. "See here, if you don't sabe Spanish, how do you make out with the pretty young lady?"

The Englishman flushed. "Oh, the Senorita Dolores speaks English perfectly. She was educated abroad. Why, she is almost like one of our English girls. Jolly good companion."

"If she speaks English and you speak English," I said impatiently, "why in merry thunder didn't you ask her where you are?"

His face looked quite intelligent for an instant. "Haw, haw!" he laughed. "I say, old chap, that's what I call a brilliant idea, what? Now, why didn't I think of that? But I'm rawther stupid at times, y' know."

If I hadn't been convinced that he

was putting one over on me, I would have told him right there that I thought he was decidedly stupid at all times.

"Didn't you know where you were going when you left Bilidad?" I pursued.

"Hadn't the least idea, old chap. You see, I was, er, abducted," he replied unblushingly.

"Oh, you were!" I subjected him to another close scrutiny, but his face was as innocent as a cherub's.

"Most extraordinary experience!" he said.

"You seem to be peculiarly subject to extraordinary experiences. I am listening."

"I am trying to recall the details. I think—yes, it *was* Saturday evening, just after dark. I had had dinner at the club, y' know, and after sitting in the reading-room for a few minutes, I stepped into the street and began walking slowly toward my hotel. I had gone fifty yards, possibly, when about twenty men suddenly seized me and threw me into a waiting cab. Then they piled in after me."

"All twenty of them?"

"Some sat on the roof, I believe. Thinking of that unfortunate policeman who fell on his sword when I tried to protect myself, I thought I had better submit without a struggle."

"You might have shouted for help," I suggested.

"I feared," said the Englishman, "that some of my captors might injure themselves in the ensuing excitement. After being driven an interminable distance, I was suddenly pitched headforemost out of the cab, and the vehicle drove on. Most extraordinary way of telling a man you are tired of his company, what? After lying there for a moment and trying to remember where I was, I picked myself up and looked around. In the distance I saw some lights and proceeded toward them. I found that they belonged to this place. I was re-

ceived very hospitably. So now you understand, old chap, why it was impossible for me to notify you of my whereabouts."

"I understand nothing," I replied uncompromisingly. "Do you intend to remain here?"

"I am quite comfortable."

"But you will return when you are wanted for the inquest?"

"Most assuredly. Now that you have told me where I am, it will be a simple matter to run up to Bilidad."

A slim figure in white appeared suddenly in the doorway, and I looked first at her and then at the Englishman.

"Charming girl, Miss Dolores," the Englishman said. I agreed with him.

"She is engaged—," I whirled on the bench and offered my hand. "Accept my congratulations," I said.

He ignored my waiting palm. "She is engaged to marry her cousin Ramon, a captain in the Tenth cavalry. Deuced nice fellow, Ramon. Know him?"

"I haven't the pleasure," I replied. "But from what I observed when I drove up, I thought that, er, possibly matters stood otherwise."

"Oh, I'm going to marry her," the Englishman said cheerfully.

"Why, see here! How can you marry her if she is already engaged to her cousin?"

"I don't know yet. I am thinking about it."

"Well, good luck," I said, rising. "I must return. Think you can find your way back to Bilidad without the twenty men and the cab?"

"Haw, haw! That's a joke, isn't it, old chap? Haw, haw!"

The following morning, Wednesday, Chief Lee notified me that the inquest would be held on Friday afternoon. I sent word immediately to the Englishman, holding him to his promise to attend the hearing.

Friday morning I was working at my desk when I heard a commotion in the street—a running to and fro of

many feet, and loud voices. Springing to the window I saw a cavalcade of police trotting past the plaza. In their midst was a man taller than the others, with a pointed yellow beard and pith helmet. He sat his horse stiffly. With a gasp of astonishment I recognized him as the Englishman, Huber. Evidently he was having another of his periodical adventures. I wondered what it could mean, and decided that Chief Lee was taking no chances of his non-attendance at the inquest a few hours later.

The cavalcade was nearly abreast the consulate windows when my attention was called to another, and larger, body of horsemen, riding in the wake of the first, but at a much faster gait. Their leader wore the full-dress uniform of a regular cavalry officer—a slim chap in high, black riding-boots, cream-coloured breeches, and green tunic. His followers were dressed with that utter disregard for uniformity which characterizes the soldiery of Central and South American states.

The mounted police, hearing the clatter of hoofs behind them, drew in their horses and turned in their saddles. The cavalry swooped down upon them, pulling up their mounts sharply at the last instant. Pushing his way through the cordon of police, the cavalry officer seized the Englishman's horse by the bit, wheeled, and set spurs to his own steed. His men closed in around him, and the troop galloped away even more swiftly than they had come.

The policemen, taken aback for the moment, began talking excitedly, each blaming another for the loss of their prisoner. By the time they had compromised their differences and determined on concerted action, the troop of cavalry was a mere cloud of dust away out the La Paz road. The police shrugged their shoulders indifferently and trotted off in the direction of the carceral.

The whole thing happened so quickly that one scarcely had time to fol-

low it with one's eye. Not a blow had been struck. The rescue of the Englishman, if indeed it was a rescue, had been effected by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the manoeuvre. It was a *tour de force*.

One thing, however, fixed my attention in that kaleidoscopic scene. That was the face of the cavalry officer. It seemed vaguely familiar. I felt sure I had seen it somewhere, at no remote date. The young fellow had reined in his horse directly below my window and I had had a good look at him.

Then it suddenly came to me. His likeness to the Senorita Dolores, the Englishman's friend, was so striking that I was convinced he could be no other than her cousin Ramon, captain of the Tenth troop, San Isidore cavalry.

But what did Ramon want with the Englishman? Nothing good, I decided cynically. The two men were rivals for the affections of the fair Dolores. Probably they were deadly enemies. Viewing the incident in that light, it looked to me not so much like a rescue as a case of kidnapping for evil purposes. Ramon had been supplanted by the Englishman, and was bent upon revenge. In my mind, the future looked dark and dubious for Albert Edward.

As the abduction—granting it was such—had not been brought to my official notice, I concluded that I could do nothing about it for the present.

Late that afternoon Chief Lee called me up to say that the coroner had exonerated Huber from responsibility for the policeman's death. The Brazilian consul and his assistant had corroborated in every detail the story told by Huber explaining how the policeman had come to his end. This surprised me greatly, because, till then, I must admit, I had not placed much reliance on the Englishman's story. It had sounded so utterly absurd.

"Was Mr. Huber at the inquest?" I asked; but just then he cut me off.

The following evening I was nonplussed to see the Englishman stroll nonchalantly into the Foreign Club. "Had any more adventures?" I asked. "Since?"

"Since Cousin Ramon rescued you from the hands of the police. Rather magnanimous of him, wasn't it, under the circumstances?" I went on, trying to draw him out.

"I wish it had been Ramon," he replied gloomily.

"Then it wasn't?"

"I wonder you haven't heard. Everybody else seems to know about it. My rescuer was the Senorita Dolores."

"What! It was the senorita in the uniform?"

The Englishman nodded. "In Ramon's uniform."

"But why do you wish it was Ramon? That would spoil the romance of it."

"There are some things a man can endure better than a girl."

"I am all in the dark."

"Mr. Lee, the chief of police, is going to arrest her."

"Impossible! Why—why Lee is an American."

"I fail to see the connection," the Englishman said with the nearest approach to peevishness he had shown.

I explained. "Up in the States the police would not care to take action in a case like that. They would make themselves the laughing-stock of the public. The American police can stand anything but ridicule."

"Nevertheless, as I asseverated, Mr. Lee is going to arrest Miss Dolores. He told me so himself, y' know."

"I'm sorry, old man. What is the charge?"

"Aw, impersonating a military officer and high treason."

"Good heavens, man! Is he in earnest?"

"He says he is only delaying till the necessary papers are put into proper form."

"Why don't you get her out of the country?"

"Cawn't do it, old chap. Lee has placed a guard at the *hacienda*. If the *senorita* attempts to leave, she will be arrested at once."

"Well," I said angrily, "I never thought Lee could be so hard-hearted, confound him! And I don't believe now he can make out a case against her. But what a shame to subject her to the ignominy of prosecution."

The Englishman lighted a cigarette, but said nothing.

"By the way, you told me you were going to marry her," I suggested.

"She is engaged to her cousin Ramon," he replied listlessly. "She does not love him."

"In that case, there still is hope."

He shook his head sadly. "You forget her parents. They insist upon the marriage. They look on me as a foreigner. Besides, I am not, as you Americans say, so well 'heeled' as Cousin Ramon."

"Yet they entertain you?"

"Oh, yes. They are charming people, really. And no end hospitable; but prejudiced."

The Englishman put on his hat and rose. "I must turn in, old chap. Promised them to run out for breakfast to-morrow."

I slept late the following morning, and took a midday dinner at the club. At two o'clock I went over to the consulate and found the Englishman there awaiting me.

"Is that French steamer still at Ponce?" he asked at once.

"It is. Changed your mind about leaving?"

"Well, rawther! Can you get safe conduct for Mrs. Huber and me?"

"Great guns! Are you married?"

"Rawther. Miss Dolores and I were married this morning."

I sat down suddenly and stared at him. "By the great swearing toad!" I said. "It was only last night you told me—"

"It was to save their daughter from arrest," he interrupted.

"Would you mind explaining?"

"Not at all, old chap. You see, they—the parents, of course—were frightfully cut up over the prospect of their daughter's arrest and prosecution for treason and all that. They were willing to do anything to save her from such humiliation."

"Even willing to accept you as a son-in-law. But how does that alter the situation?"

"I told them that if Miss Dolores married me, the authorities could not lay a finger on her. The moment she became my wife, she ceased to be a citizen of San Isidore—took my nationality, and became a foreigner here. Now, an alien cawn't be guilty of treason against the Republic of San Isidore, y' know. It's palpably impossible. I, a subject of another power, cawn't commit treason here, so my wife cawn't either. Simple, isn't it?"

"Very. So they let her marry you."

"They really thought Miss Dolores would be put in jail."

Light began to dawn on my mind. "And you encouraged that belief, I suppose?"

"Aw, I didn't discourage it, old chap," the Englishman said blandly.

"I take it all back," I said, rising and gripping his hand.

"I don't understand. Take what back?"

"Why, I never fully appreciated you before, Huber. You are, er, a very clever man. Now about your passports—coming back to San Isidore?"

"Rawther. Mrs. Huber wants to see the place where I was born, and all that y' know. You understand women, old chap."

"Having been married once, I do not," I explained.

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"Lee," I said, "you are a sentimental old ass."

"Why the abuse?" the chief of police demanded.

"You ought to be ashamed of your-

self, using your high office as a matrimonial bureau—first aid to the lovelorn, and all that. Why did you do it?"

"Why? Well, I liked that bally Englishman."

"Tell me this: Would you really have arrested Mrs. Huber?"

"That burning Englishman nearly queered the whole thing—offered me some money."

"Well, wasn't it enough?"

"Jeer! Go on! You can't pierce my hide. It wasn't the amount. It was the insinuation accompanying it. When I was willing to help along his game all I could, to have him throw money in my face—I consider it damn bad taste. But I forgave him. He seemed so cut up over his break."

"So he tried to bribe you to drop the prosecution of Miss Dolores?"

The chief looked at me pityingly.

"You old thick-head," he said. "Not to *drop* it, but to *press* it. It was all Huber's idea. *Now* do you understand?"

"I think I am beginning to. It was all a frame-up—that threat to arrest Miss Dolores? And the Englishman thought it all out by himself, he did. A frame-up to frighten the parents into permitting her to marry him?"

"I thought you tumbled to it long ago."

"And I used to think that Englishman was stupid! But see here, Hugh, how far back does this conspiracy date? You remember when Miss Dolores masqueraded as a cavalry officer and took the Englishman from your men—was that part of the frame-up?"

"I refuse to divulge state secrets," the chief replied.

And he never did tell me.



ABOVE THE POST-OFFICE

By Martha Stoddard.

ANY morning that you cared to look down toward the Line, you could see the lumbering old green stage appear above the brow of the Plain hill, seldom with a passenger, often with a case or two of lumbermen's felts and overshoes to be left off at Barnston Corner or a box of Ladies' Plain Congress with elastic sides, consigned to the only store in Wayville; and always driven by Mead, the easy-going, even-tempered driver of those two jaded horses.

They often fell asleep in front of the post-office, to waken only when Mead threw the canvas mail-bag into the bottom of the stage; they kept awake till they were out of the village and had turned east; dropped asleep again till they sniffed the water in the trough at Judd's Mills or felt the flick of the whip that reminded them of the turn at Galusha's batten mill.

Mead really wasn't the driver of that stage. He looked the prosperous gentleman passenger occupying a front seat; for Madge and Spiler did not need any driving.

Why, they could do it in the dark, as they often did; or do it alone, as they once did when the trave broke in a cahot, leaving the back seat and Mead behind in a snow bank. Or they could do it at top speed when election returns were entrusted to them, and they raced all the way in from Barnston in a cloud of dust.

As a rule, they preferred the leisurely gait that brought them opposite the Catholic church on the last lap, just as the bell was ringing six. Not always six o'clock, though, for we learned that when Miss O'Neill had her dinner ready the boy was sent to ring the noon bell, and likewise tea-time was six o'clock, not six o'clock, tea time.

The village wore its everyday look that night as the stage drew in past the old convent. It boasted of no modern blocks or squares laid out by a salaried landscape gardener, but was one long avenue of loveliness, nature herself having flung her beauties with lavish hand all about.

Immense maples reared their tall-limbed trees on either side of the street for exactly a mile from the Knight's bend, to the Plain hill. In spring a tender liquid green, bursting with sap. On the sly the youngsters would occasionally drive a tin spout into a tree and hang a little lard pail below, to do a little sugaring on their own account; but their elders positively forbade it lest it spoil the tree.

In summer, the deeper green of the larger leaf cast a grateful shade as the slender tops arched over the dusty thoroughfare. Painters delighted in the marvellous autumn tints and sought to transfer to canvas, but with scant success, the brilliant carmine and deep chrome.

The children coming home from school loved the time when the leaves ripened and fell, then they made huge mounds to bury one another in, or, dashing through them, would rustle like the silken skirts of the lady from Newport. Black and bare, if leafless, they never looked. After a heavy fall of snow and a stiff breeze from the lake, the snow clung tenaciously to one side of the trunk and massive branches.

There's a never-to-be-forgotten but indescribable sound of an old box sled creaking its way along such a street filled with snow and wind-swept, the bells giving back a dull, mellow sound, as the team plodded knee-deep in the drifts.

In winter the houses were banked up to window-height for warmth's sake. In summer they seemed to expand and breathe deeply and vie with one another in their environment of phlox and candytuft, bachelor's buttons and hollyhocks, scarlet runner and heliotrope.

Pretentious were some of the houses and named so. "The Castle," a real brown stone front, and rear, was never dubbed "Susan's Folly" that I know of. "The Pierce Place" was so called because of descendants of the Percys of England. The village school was known as the "Academy", with principal and preceptress.

Why the large two-story building in just exactly the centre of the village was called the post-office you could never guess, unless it was because one day you dropped a letter in the well-thumbed slot on the left of the window and received a reply some time later from the assistant's hands.

A wide veranda or platform ran all across the front, without a roof or awning to shade the two large windows on each side of the door.

On the right a huge watch suspended from an iron hook kept the same time it had for ten years without shamefacedness, and proclaimed the fact of a watch and clock repairer

within. This repair shop took up all one window and a few feet more. Beyond that, on shelves that ran to the ceiling were the calf-bound books of the Mechanics' Institute, with the watchmaker, when not too busy, as librarian.

More within and beyond was the chemist's shop, the odour of camomile, henbane, boneset, sarsaparilla and dear knows what all mingling in healthful confusion with camphor, digitalis and valerian.

A colossal double stove occupied all the central portion of the room, and around it, in the old black arm-chairs with shiny pebble-leather seats, sat the leisure class for whom they seemed to be provided, discussing local politics, or the length of a horse's nose as measured by a flour-barrel, or the need of a new fence around the graveyard.

On the left hand and behind the table, with its instrument that made the "dot dash dots" so marvellous to childish eyes and ears, was the stock of the Upper Canada Bible Society and Tract Depository, placards stating that this was also the place where you could subscribe for many and various publications. Behind this was a small corner screened off by a counter and a few lock-boxes, and behold—a village post-office.

Jimmy came out of the butcher's shop and ran along home with a piece of liver for the dog. Mr. Mazurette, the notary, turned the key in his half of the door of the old Insurance Office and, passing the church, made his never-forgotten obeisance, as he went home to supper. The pretty table-maid from the hotel scurried across under the very noses of the horses, to get some crackers for the soup, just as D'Arcy began to ring the old hand-bell that called the boarders to tea. It was *Journal* night, and a few men were hanging over the fence, taking a cursory glance at the locals before they hitched up to go home.

Mead usually came in with his feet

on the dash-board, his hat on the back of his head, chewing at a long straw, while the lines lay loose, just to indicate how easily he and the team could do eighteen miles in six hours.

"My days alive," said Murdock, "something must have happened, for Mead is settin' up as straight as if he had swallowed a ram-rod."

"I bet my bottom dollar he's forgot to bring me them whiffle-trees, and seein' me here hes kind o' scairt him."

"Go long! Mead ain't that easy scairt," ventured the blacksmith's apprentice.

"Well, now, I leave it to Joe," began Murdock again, but Joe only pointed his long bony finger toward the stage, which for once had stopped up the street a spell, while Mead beckoned to the doctor, who came over from his shady vine-covered piazza where he sat in the rocker, reading *The Lancet*.

"Guess Lizey's doughnuts haint agreed with him, and he's stopped to get a blue pill," conjectured the apprentice. "It reminds me of the time French Mary give me the 'gidlet' gravy and I had to go to Doc Burke's to get a stomach pump."

Madge and her mate were by this time sauntering on towards the office, feeling a certain weight of responsibility to make up for the three minutes lost in talking with the doctor, who now walked alongside in quiet converse with their master.

Why the men ceased chaffing, or their banter fell unspoken, they could not themselves have told, but as Mead climbed down from his seat and looked at no one save the doctor, now at the door of the old stage, they felt awed.

Mead lifted the curtain flap of the door and buttoned it back. The doctor stepped into the stage, and with tenderest care lifted out in his strong arms a young woman, apparently dead.

Behind them, with wonderful agility, sprang a small negro servant, her

arms filled with shawls and small hand-baggage. Her little head was topped with short curly gray hair; her eyes were alert, and every motion betokened anxiety for her mistress.

As if these surprises were not enough for one day in this dreamy little village, there remained yet a third. For the doctor and Mead stalked into and through the post-office to the little room of the post-master's sister, where they laid their burden gently upon the bed, the negress close at hand.

It was Murdock who discovered that in their anxiety for the mother they had overlooked the little girl asleep on the old slippery seat of the stage. He forgot all about the whiffle-trees and the consequent delay in work, as he followed with the child in his arms. Then the door closed on the wondering people outside.

When Mead came out ten minutes later he found that someone had given the team water, another had carried the mail bag in, the tub of butter had been taken across to the grocer's and the baggage they assumed belonged to the strange travellers had been taken off the rack behind and was piled upon the platform.

With a "Thank ye, boys," he gathered up the lines and was off.

That night at the tailor's shop, Mead told all there was to tell, as he sat smoking his black clay pipe.

He had made the trip out as usual and had found these three passengers waiting for him at Kilbourne. He had made them as comfortable as he could and when about half way home had stopped to ask if they were getting tired; the servant, "See-lesta" he said they called her, asked for some water from the bubbling spout at the water-trough, saying "Missis is most complete done out. It's her 'haht', suh, her 'haht' is weak".

She had fainted or become unconscious when they reached the bridge, and he feared "she would die on his hands", as he said.

Lucius had told him at the hotel

that they just intended to stay the night and would be going on to Montreal in the morning. Beyond this he knew no more than his audience, except that "that little younker is the smartest child I ever see. She ain't but seven year old and she can talk "patway" to beat old Bonhomme here."

During the long burning summer days that followed natural curiosity gave place to genuine homely sympathy for the gentle sufferer in the rooms above the post-office. For the trio had moved, as soon as the old doctor thought it safe, to a comfortable living-room, with a sleeping-room adjoining, on the east side of the building.

The invalid could be seen at the window, propped up with pillows in an old rocking chair, often with a dainty bit of embroidery in her hands (those lovely hands!) or reading a book some kind friend had lent. She made friends quickly and held them. If Mrs. Taylor's bread was particularly good, a loaf must be taken across to her. The first raspberries from George Young's pasture found their way to her table. When Chauncey's wife drove in for the mail and some repairs for the rake in haying time, she glanced up at the window, and her grim face relaxed as she determined to bring her a print of butter next week.

One evening Mead put up an awning over the great window. Nobody in the village had ever seen such a thing before. "Seen a photograph of one in the 'Hurth en Home' and thought it looked kind o' cooling," was his embarrassed explanation.

After a particularly hot day Nat's Emmelina would hitch her chubby pony into the only basket-phaeton the village could boast of, and, half carrying the invalid down stairs, they would amble for an hour gently up and down the street, Celesta trotting along in the middle of the road with her eager step.

It was during these drives that the

child would come down to play on the platform with the other children of her own age, bringing that marvellous doll.

"Why, mother," said one, as she related its charms." Isobel says she has seen a doll much better than hers, that you could make say 'papa' and 'mamma' by pulling strings under its arms; and I'd believe *anything* Isobel told me. Her doll has got the *loveliest* clothes in a little trunk just like a big one. It wears a green silk all ruffles on the skirt, and it's got an overskirt and a pleated waist with little lace frills in the neck. And there's a hat for that dress, a truly straw one, with green velvet on it, and it turns up at the side; and she's got a parasol and a fan and a brush and comb and a watch and some gloves, and Isobel lets us put the gloves on the doll and play with it all we like. And she is awfully polite; when Jimmy Ray asked her where she got her doll clothes, she said, 'Please excuse me, but I must go to mamma now, she may need me', and she went right in."

If the Parisian doll was a nine days' wonder to the children, their parents took a personal pride in the dresses Isobel herself wore.

"My, don't she step like a princess," exclaimed the neighbours, peeping from behind the curtains to watch her going demurely to Sunday school with the girls who had called for her.

This time it was a soft silk, embroidered by her mother's skill in wheat and poppies and corn-flowers; her hat, a wide leghorn with a simple wreath of field flowers around it, and—wonder of wonders!—her stockings were silk.

Sometimes she would wear a dress of Holland linen embroidered in brown, and brown stockings and bronze boots. The little Empire frocks she wore for every day the critics voted "almost too plain", despite the thread lace at the neck and wrists. "Looked too much like a 'shimmy'".

Then September 6th came, the darkest, saddest day we had known, for the little Creole woman, who never seemed to lose her presence of mind, ran down stairs and asked the operator to send a telegram to the address which was written on a small card; and the only word of the message was "Come".

"Are you quite sure that is the address?" ventured the post-master, kindly, for he was startled to see the name of a man of note whom few would have dared address familiarly.

"Oh! yes, suh, yes, suh!" cried the woman. She told me to send *at once* for Massa George if she died, and he would come like *de win*."

The usual offices were performed that day by the sympathetic and sorrowful neighbour women, as they pattered quietly about in their low prunella slippers.

The green paper shades were drawn down, and the room put to rights, after the village undertaker had measured for a coffin. Isobel was taken away for the day, and Celesta packed the great trunks, putting on her best dress and laying Isobel's out for travelling.

Then she sat down in silent expectation of one who she knew would come and on whom she could throw her heavy responsibility.

It was dusk now, and Isobel, spent with childish tears, was quieter, and, hand in hand with the gentle woman, was walking the length of the platform again and again, listening for the red coach which met the trains.

Presently a lighter rig came up and the stranger alighted. Isobel sprang into his arms.

"Oh! Uncle George! I knew you would come, but mamma is dead, and I am all alone. I won't have to be a real lady now, as Celesta said, will I? I can just be your own little girl, can't I?"

Sir George went in alone to the presence of the one who had been so dear to him.

Long he stood and looked at that

marvellous face, which everyone had come to love and upon which no trace of sorrow or pain rested.

He was conscious at length of someone beside him.

"She done told me to give you dis lettah—she just finish it when *de angel* come foh her."

Her voice was low and steady, but the pause was long between her sentences.

"Miss Blanche, she made that dress herself. She called it her weddin' dress, as she didn't have one when she got married. It ain't quite finished. There's her needle on that sleeve, but I didn't think it make no matter since she goin' change it so soon for her robe o' righteousness.

Those flowers—a little lame boy fetched em last night, and, oh, he cried hard when I told him Miss Blanche done gone to Haven, where *de Lord* wipe all tears from *de eyes*!"

The letter, written to the "dearest and best of brothers", breathed of love and gentleness and trust: "The knowledge that you would be in Canada for a few months has at last broken down all my foolish scruples, and I determined to return with you to the old home—dear, dear, home! It takes much less than eight years to make a wilful, headstrong girl of seventeen into a sober, thoughtful woman."

The letter touched briefly upon the foolish escapade in which she quitted forever the convent and her girlhood, and married, before leaving for India, her young lover, whom at the end of one short year of marked success in his profession she saw murdered in a native uprising.

"Then my Isobel came to awaken in me my dual responsibility to be both father and mother to my baby. The doctors say the shock of the massacre weakened my heart—perhaps it did.

"I have prayed constantly that I might live long enough to take Isobel to England, where she might in time fulfil the obligations her ancestry makes imperative. No one could guide

her in this more wisely than you."

The devotion of Celesta, who followed her to India in some way known only to herself, the simple love and service of the villagers where she had fallen ill, and particularly the comfort of Father Raymond were all recorded with tenderness.

"Ever since I was at Saint R. and witnessed the death of Sister Eulalie I have thought that when I died I should wish some candles to burn about my bed to guide my spirit to its haven of rest and that someone should pray for the repose of my restless soul."

Sir George walked slowly up the street, now almost deserted save for a store-keeper or late customer returning home, for it was now nine o'clock, until he came to the little building that had been indicated by Celesta as the place where the preparations for the burial were being made.

"I appreciate very much your great kindness," he said, as he shook hands in parting with the tidy little man in black.

"Don't mention it, sir, don't mention it!" the man replied, clearing his throat, for it seemed a little husky. "We all lov—it's just a mere matter of business, sir, merely a matter of business."

"There's just one thing more: it's customary to have the name engraved."

"Yes, certainly," and Sir George stepped back into the shop.

"The engraver is here, sir, in the back shop, and he has begun the plate in the usual way, so if you will just add the details—"

Sir George wrote with a steady, unflinching hand:

"To the beloved memory of Blanche Evelyn Stanley, only daughter of Sir Jerrold and Lady Anne Campbell, of Great Malvern, England. Aged 25 years."

Sir George paused, then added: "*Confido et conquiesco.*" Then with another "Good-night", he passed out into the street.

"Lisha," called the undertaker to his helper, "cut up to lawyer Herbert's and get him to read that last line for you before he gets away to bed, for it's Greek to me."

The only other visit paid by the brother was to the presbytery of the parish priest, and Father Raymond himself accompanied him back to the post-office.

There were but two dim lights in the village that night; the one in the little undertaker's shop, where he pleaded, and trimmed, and nailed; and where the engraver plied his skill, not for pay but for love's sake. The other light was above the post-office and gleamed from two tall candles burning in stately silver candlesticks brought by Father Raymond, who knelt silently and alone by the side of the bed, and fulfilled the last wish of a sweet soul.

By four in the morning, with faint touches of dawn appearing, the little undertaker, his apprentice, the silversmith and Sir George slowly began the descent of the long stair-case.

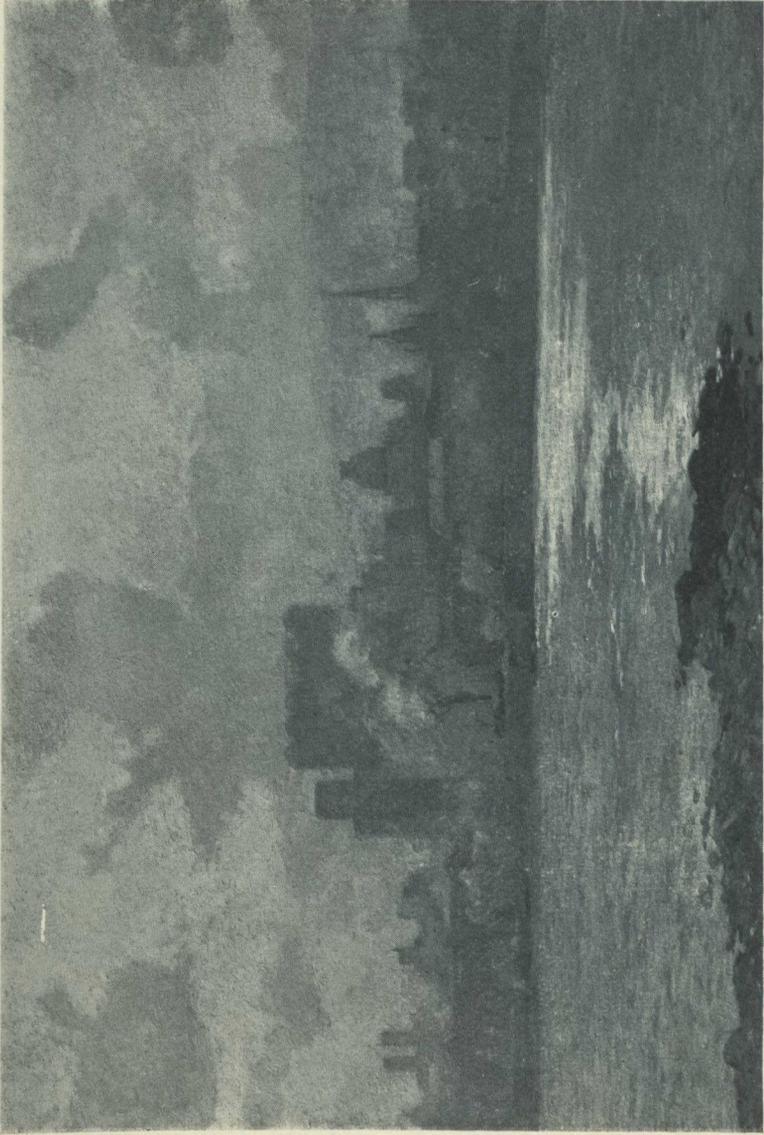
A dim, misty, gray dawn, yet a dozen carriages were waiting to accompany them to the station. Celesta came down with the sleeping Isobel in her arms; the procession silently formed and in a few moments was lost to sight.

Dainty cards, written in that well-known hand, lay on many articles that had been hers, the last token of her love for the village folk.

The curiously wrought jewel-box was bequeathed to the watch-maker. The Sistine Madonna, with its carved frame, was "For my friend and counsellor, Father Raymond".

The doctor and the gentle woman and many others were remembered; and a bulky envelope was "For Mead, to make the last payment on the happy cottage home".

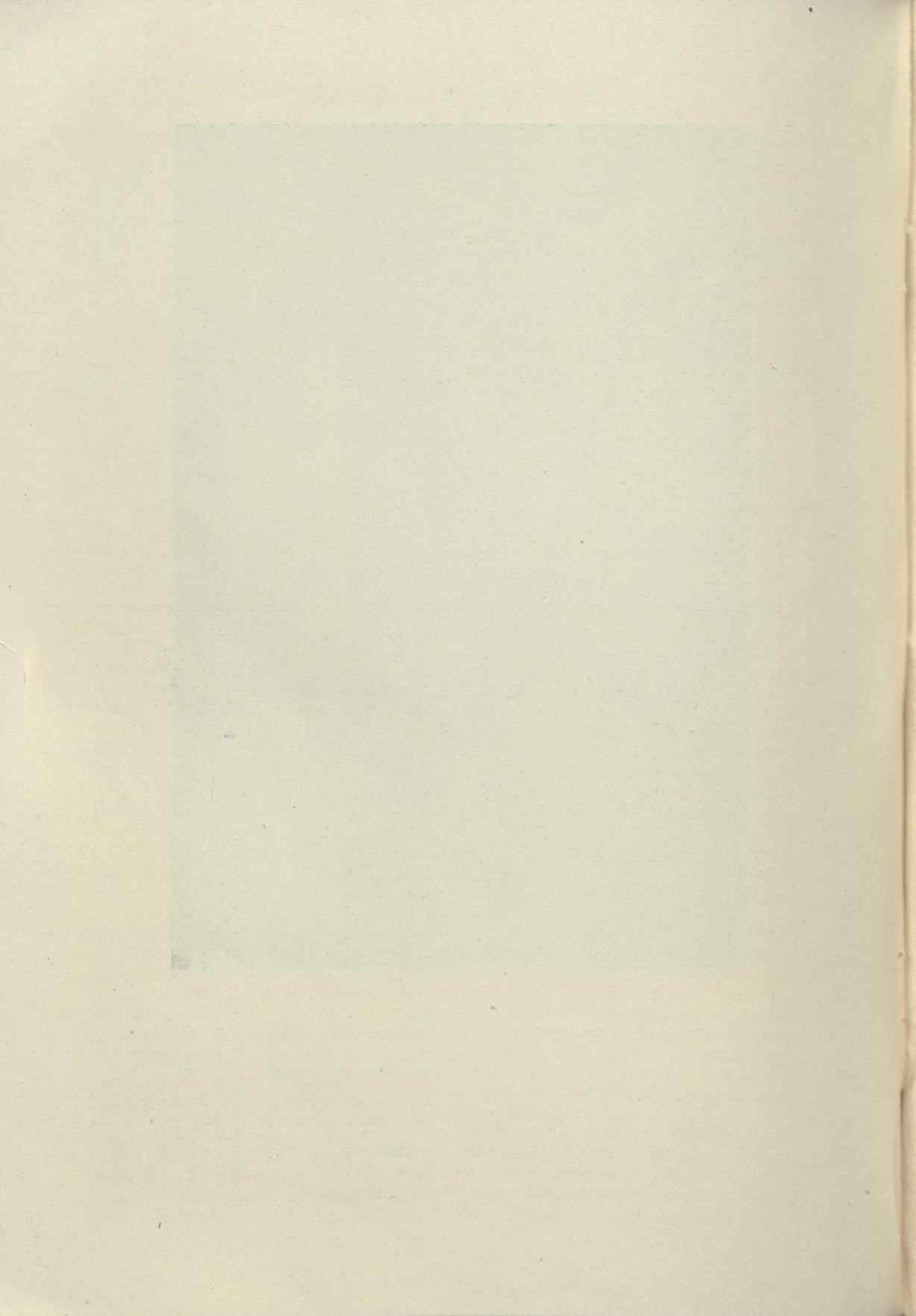
Full morning came, the door was locked, the village began to waken. The train gave three long, low whistles at the Junction, and that was all.



MONTREAL HARBOUR

From the Painting by Maurice
Cullen, a Canadian Painter

Exhibited by the Canadian
Art Club



THIM FRINCH

By Ben Deacon

MR. DENNIS RYAN, senior, paused with the heavy brogan which he had just laboriously removed from his left foot suspended in the air. From the flat above there came the sound of a merry little tune played by light fingers on a rattling piano. Some responding chord in Mr. Ryan's being made him want to jiggle his unshod foot in time to the fascinating, swing of the music, but he sternly repressed this desire.

"Thim Frinch!" he muttered savagely. "Thim dom Frinch!"

Through the ceiling there now came quite plainly the song which accompanied the jingling piano:

*Alouette, gentille alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.*

Mr. Ryan threw the weighty but useful piece of footwear which he was holding in his hand most violently into a remote corner of the room. It cannoned off the leg of a near-mahogany table and, skidding across at right angles, landed on a rubber-plant before the window with wholly unlooked-for results.

"Dom thim Frinch!" Mr. Ryan repeated, as he tugged at the other boot.

He deposited the second very carefully underneath his chair, but his anger was not less severe because repressed. His first display of passion had left visible traces, which might

in turn arouse the anger of Mrs. Ryan. Therefore he considered it prudent to take no further chances.

*Je te plumerai la tête,
Je te plumerai la tête;*

Et la tête—et la tête—et l-a tête!

The merry little tune continued. Mr. Ryan leaned forward in his chair as far as was possible without capsizing, and craned his neck until he was able to see down the long hall to the little bedroom at the far end of the flat.

"Dinny!" he called. "Dinny, bhoy, arre ye there?"

There was no response.

"'Tis the very divilment av th' dom tune thot gits me riled," Mr. Ryan admitted to himself. "An' ivry toime I come home some wan av thim do be startin' it up. 'Tis but small pace an' quiet ye'll hove, Dinny Ryan, since thim Frinch hove moved in over yer head. Divil take thim with their pianner an' their fashions. Anny wan would think 'twas one of thim swell appartments they was in, wit' stame heat an' a janitor man, an' not Casey's flats at all! Bad luck to Casey to rint a dacint house built fer dacent Irish folk to them scut Frinch! Faith they'd take the honest bread out of the mouths of dacint min."

"An' bad luck to Casey," continued Mr. Ryan, senior, after a brief pause, during which the music came from

the flat above louder than before. "What for didn't he build it wit' rale boards av wood an' wit' phlaster, instid av wit' paper an' mud? The confidinces av no wan is safe in this place at all. Ivry fambly is forivir knowin' the sacrits av ivry other fambly in th' block, wit'out it be the Frinch. There's no wan av us knows their sacrits for the rasin that they niver spshake thim in dacint Christian talk. 'Tis harrd to hove thim above av me head saying lib'lous things about me an' me fambly wit'out me understhandin' thim at all. Bad luck to th' day I iver set me fut in Casey's house, an' me payin' twinty dollars ivry mont' fer rint."

The advent of Joseph Delisle and his family of pretty, dark-eyed daughters had brought dismay to the tenants of Casey's flats. Situated in the most exclusively Irish district of "the P'int", as Point St. Charles is popularly called, Casey's flats formed the centre of a little Celtic community that hitherto had been undisturbed by the intrusion of any other race.

The Celt is adaptable. When forced into contact with people of another tongue he can very readily get on something just a little bit better than speaking terms. The mastery of languages comes easily to him, and his natural "blarney" does not forsake him even when handicapped by an unnatural tongue. But this only when circumstances compel him to mingle with strangers. When comfortably settled among his fellows in the matter of clanishness he makes our old friend, the proverbial Scot, look like a Kowkash millionaire confiding the secret of his prosperity to a crowded bar-room. His belief then is that the Irish are God's chosen, and for all other peoples he does not give a jitney.

And so it was that when Mr. and Mrs. Terence Monagan and the five young Monagans moved out, Monagan having lost his job at the nearby brewery, and Joseph Delisle and the four Misses Delisle moved in, a

cyclone of indignation swept through the Casey block.

The public wrath increased when it was noticed that the Delisles had brought both a "pianner" and aristocratic airs. It was then that under coercion from the ladies of the Casey flats—in some cases under dire threats, indeed—the gentlemen of the block appealed to the great Casey himself.

"Frinch!" Casey exclaimed. "An' to be sure they're Frinch, but they're dacint people fer all thot, an' isn't their money just as good as any wan's? Fer what should I lave the flat impty just so you'd hove only Irish fer neighbours? I'm Irish mesilf, an' I'm proud av it, but fer all thot I'm not too proud to accept th' good money av a Frinchman."

And so the Delisles remained. One thing that made this Gallic invasion harder to bear was the fact that the newcomers made absolutely no effort to worm their way into the good graces of the other tenants of the block, and the very apparent hostility of the latter did not seem to concern them in the least. The old man and three of the girls disappeared every morning citywards, and did not return until evening. The fourth girl, a pretty little olive-skinned creature of about twenty, evidently attended to the housekeeping. Her duties did not appear to be onerous, however. Every little while during the day she could be heard at the tinkling piano. The fact that this piano was the only one in the block did not by any means lessen the general unpopularity of her daily concerts.

If the cup of bitterness of the other tenants was full, Mr. Ryan's was spilling over. In the first place, it was his lot to be situated directly underneath the unwelcome newcomers. He found that this had particularly disagreeable features. For instance, when the other girls returned from their work in the evenings an impromptu and very informal dance

frequently was held above his head. This little function invariably resulted in the addition of several new cracks in the much-cracked ceiling above Mr. Ryan's head, also in the frazzling of Mr. Ryan's temper. Then, too, after he had retired, he could generally hear an animated conversation over his head. It was discomforting, he found, to be able to hear every syllable distinctly, yet not to understand a single word.

To add to his misery at this particular time, Mrs. Ryan's sister had been taken ill suddenly. Mr. Ryan did not much mind his sister-in-law taking sick, suddenly or otherwise, but he did mind her calling upon Mrs. Ryan to act as nurse. However, he had very wisely made no protest.

"An' fer why wouldn't we be gettin' along all right?" he exclaimed when Mrs. Ryan expressed some doubts as to his ability to manage the flat in her absence—also to keep away from the corner bar. "The bhoys will wash the plates an' coops in the mornin', bein' as he don't need to be at his wurrk until eight o'clock, an' I mesilf will wash thim at noights. Sometoimes I mesilf will do th' cookin', an' sometoimes the bhoys will do it, but I'm thinkin' more aften I will mesilf."

This plan had worked well for nearly one whole day. That is, Mr. Dennis Ryan, junior, had dutifully washed up the dishes before starting for work on the first day of his mother's absence. In the evening, however, Mr. Ryan, senior, had decided that he would do his share of the washing-up after he had smoked a couple of pipes. Then it had occurred to him that he might as well leave the dish-washing until after he had taken a little run down to Hogan's, as he was unfortunately suffering from a severe attack of thirst brought on by his wife's absence. Consequently those first supper dishes were still unwashed, although Mrs. Ryan had been away more than a week. So were all the other dishes, in fact. Moreover,

many of them were deposited in strange out-of-the-way places throughout the flat.

The condition of the Ryan section of the Casey block had gone from bad to worse, and from worse to a state of bachelor chaos which made it impossible to find anything. Therefore it can be seen clearly that Mr. Ryan had several little things to irritate him on the particular evening when this story is supposed to commence, without counting the unwelcome music from the flat above. That was the last straw. For a full minute he sat still and cursed all his fellow-citizens of the Latin tongue with force and eloquence.

Then suddenly he darted out of the room, padding in his stockinged feet down the narrow hallway to the little bedroom at its far end. Groping under the bed, he dragged forth a narrow, oblong box. "I could mesilf fiddle betther music than thot," he muttered.

On evenings when Hogan's was forbidden to him by the militant head of the household, Mr. Ryan had been wont to while away the time by having Mr. Ryan, junior, instruct him in the art of playing "The Wearin' o' the Green" upon the latter's violin. His progress in musicianship had been painfully slow, however.

With grim, stern and every other possible sort of determination depicted upon his face he carried the violin to the front room and began. No musical expert would have been able to trace the slightest resemblance to "The Wearin' o' the Green" in the sound which he produced. He made a noise, a noise which he felt sure could be heard by those on the floor above; therefore he was content.

Suddenly, by chance, three of the notes which he produced corresponded exactly with a part of the tune that came to him through the ceiling.

"Fer th' love av Hivin!" he exclaimed. "I'll be learnin' to play thim Frinch tunes before I can dacintly play anny Irish."

He ceased his efforts for a moment to give his undivided attention to adjectives. Then he again deafened his ears to the sound from above and produced more soul-satisfying discord.

The hall door opened suddenly and Dr. Dennis Ryan, junior—who, by the way, is the hero of this tale—rushed into the room.

A description of the hero should, of course, be introduced at this point. Let us start by saying that he was broad of shoulder, which is the most approved style of hero this year, and add blue of eye—or eyes, for that matter—and very, very carroty of hair. Add also a broad and almost perpetual smile and a humorous eye-twinkle, and that will describe him sufficiently.

“An’ arre ye tryin’ to have th’ place pinched, thin, or what is ut?” demanded the hero with filial severity.

“Dinny, bhoy, arre ye home?” inquired Mr. Ryan, senior, joyfully.

“I am,” announced Mr. Ryan, junior, “if you can call this divil av a mess a home. An’ phwat was the rasin fer the swate music, or is ut crazy ye arre, or dhrunk?”

“Dinny, bhoy, just play a little av ‘Th’ Wearing’ will ye? I would like foine fer to hove ye show thim little Frinch divils phwat rale Irish music is like.” And Mr. Ryan, senior, forced the violin into the hero’s hands.

“An’ would ye rather hove ‘Th’ Wearing’ or yer supper?” asked Dennis, junior, with a grin.

“Whist! I’ll tell ye,” said Mr. Ryan, senior. “You be playin’ th’ old fiddle, an’ I’ll be afther gettin’ the supper, bhoy.”

Mr. Dennis Ryan, junior, tuned up, and in a minute the strains of the much-desired Celtic music were combatting with the French selection from above. With a grin of satisfaction Mr. Ryan, senior, started for the kitchen to make good on his end of the contract.

“Play ut agin!” he commanded when the tune came to an end. A

little later the command came from the kitchen: “Play ut agin, bhoy!”

Dennis Ryan was swinging into the opening bars for the fifth time when his father came rushing in from the kitchen.

“Sthop ut!” he roared. “Sthop ut!”

The violin gradually stopped, but the strains of “The Wearing” were continued. They came from the flat above.

“Do you hear ut now?” demanded Mr. Ryan, senior. “Do you hear ut? Th’ little Frinch divil was playin’ ut wit’ you. Take shame to be playin’ good Irish music wit’ a Frinch gurr!”

A grin spread over the entire lower half of Dennis Junior’s face. “An’ she can play ut, too,” he remarked. “Ain’t she more than hammerin’ thim iv’ries?”

Dennis, senior, gave a loud snort of disgust. “Play ut!” he shouted. “Yis, like an iliphant can!”

Dennis, junior, drew the bow across the strings and in a minute the tune was again going in full swing with the piano accompaniment coming from the flat above.

“Sthop ut!” commanded Ryan the elder again. “Twould be better fer ye to be gettin’ the flat claned a little agin the toime yer ma—God bless her—will be comin’ back agin, than fer ye to be tryin’ to play dhuettes wit’ a Frinch hussy t’rough a ceiling av phlaster. ’Tis meself that’s wonderin’ what she’ll be sayin’ about this flat.”

“’Tis not me that’s wonderin’ thin!” declared the boy with conviction.

“Well, get stharterd at ut, bhoy! Get stharterd at ut!” ordered Mr. Ryan, senior, doffing his coat with considerable energy. “I’m thinkin’ ’twill be no shmall wurk for the both av us to make this bit av th’ Casey block prisintable agin.”

He flung his coat over the back of a chair and set to work quite recklessly, stacking up a pile of dishes which he garnered from every conceivable corner.

Dennis, junior, marched cheerfully out to the kitchen and a moment later his cheery whistle was heard to an accompaniment of clattering dishes.

The clatter that came from the kitchen was not nearly so loud as that which Mr. Ryan, senior, managed to produce, but it lasted longer. The younger member of the family had had barely time to stack up two huge piles of dishes before his father poked his head in at the door.

"I'll be goin' out fer a minute, or mebbe two," he announced. "I'll just stip down to Hogan's, where very loike I'll catch a shmall sight av McShane. 'Tis McShane that is the first cousin be marriage to a lady be the name av Mullins, who does sometoimes go out be the day wurrkin', fer the rasin that her man was killed dead be a brick, which a divil av a careless hodman misphlaced four storeys above his head."

"An' what fer would ye be talkin' wit' McShane, who has a cousin be marriage, who had a man killed wit' a brick?" inquired Ryan, the junior.

"'Tis but shmall percipation ye hove fer a lad wit' such shmart parints," was the reply. "Sure wit'out th' hand av woman this same flat can nivr be made fit fer dacint Christians to live in agin. I'll be sphakin' to McShane to see would his cousin be marriage come and clane up a bit agin your mother gets back. 'Tis nothin' we can do be ourselves."

"An' will ye be goin' wit'out anny supper?" inquired Dennis younger.

"I'll maybe be missin' McShane if I don't sthart," Mr. Ryan, senior, replied. "I'll get a shmall bit av bread an' cheese from off av the free lunch."

Dennis, junior, grinned cheerfully as his parent hurriedly departed. He performed a hasty toilet and ten minutes later, with his face as shiny as a mirror and his red hair plastered down close on his head, he bounded up the steps leading to the flat above.

A pretty girl, with jet-black hair and dark brown eyes that appeared to reflect the twinkle which shone out

from the boy's blue Irish optics, opened the door.

"Ah, eet is M'sieur Dennis!" she exclaimed. "M'sieur Dennis, *le pere*, is then gone away?"

"He has thot!" Dennis admitted. "Sure he's gone to subsist fer wan whole evenin' on free loonch an' beer, wit' more beer than loonch I'm thinkin', an' he's laving' his only child behint him to starve to death."

"You have not yet dine, my Ireesh frien'? No? Ah, eet is too bad!" exclaimed the girl. "My father, he is out; my sister, they is out also. They have all depart for to see the movie peecture. Therefore eet is not possible for me to invite you for to enter in. Eet is not proper for me to do so. Me, I'm ver' sorry!"

"Sure, thin, I could maybe sthand here and talk wit' you fer a little bit," pleaded Dennis. "'Twouldn't be at all unproper jus' standin' at the door. 'Tis too bad ye can't ask me in, an' I was hopin' to hear ye play on the pianner."

"Poor man! Eet is too bad," sympathized the girl. "P'raps maybe you are ver' hongry? Yes?"

"'Tis hungry I've been all the day," the boy admitted quickly. "Hungry fer a soight av ye! If the ould man hadn't gone I was comin' up annyways."

"The m'sieur, *le pere*, is not like us moch because we are not Irlandais, is eet not? Ah, if he has become aware you have sometime come up here, he would be ver' angry, I t'ink maybe. He is ver' *fauche* to-night already because me I have sing 'Alouette'."

Dennis, junior, grinned. "The ould man'll have ta get used to thim Frinch tunes," he remarked, "fer ye'll be playin' thim in our flat some day, won't ye, Rosie darlint?"

The door, which had been gradually swinging wider, was quickly closed again until only a small section of Rosie's face was visible.

"Ireesh!" she exclaimed through the narrow crack. "Me, I t'ink you have maybe geeve to me som'—what

you call eet?—som' Ireesh blarnee. Is eet not so, my frien'?"

"'Tis no blarney," Dennis protested. "Tis the truth I'm tellin' ye."

"But, no! You are Ireesh! You are also ver' proud of t'at you are Ireesh! You would not take for your *femme* one Canadienne," said the girl, with mock solemnity.

"What do I care?" exclaimed Dennis. "Frinch or Irish, ye're th' prettiest girrle in th' block. 'Tis little difference ut makes to me. I intind to marry ye, an' the ould man can like ut or not! We'll be married, Rosie, jus' as soon as the ould lady is home agin from me sick aunt an' we clane up th' flat."

"Ah, these Ireesh! They are always too queeck! I do not t'ink, Mr. Dennees Ryan, t'at I have already said t'at I will marry you."

This rebuke had no effect upon Dennis.

"Ah, but ye will, won't you, Rosie?" he pleaded with some eloquence.

The girl gazed down the silent street.

"Eet is ver' qui-eet, is eet not?" she remarked. "Eet is too bad t'at you are hongry. Eet is, p'raps for t'at reason, t'at you t'ink soch fonny t'ings!"

"'Tis far from bein' funny I am," began the boy. "'Tis the rale truth."

"But wait!" the girl interrupted. "If you will but seet still down there—on the step—you could maybe eat somet'ings outside. You mus' not be starve. Eet is not good for men to be starve."

Dennis's protest was cut short by the perfunctory order:

"Seet down, please—on the step!"

The door slammed, and she was gone.

Five minutes later she tripped down the steps to where the disconsolate and somewhat sulky Dennis was seated, carrying a big plate of sandwiches, a bottle of beer and a glass.

"An' now you maybe eat somet'ings," she announced as she handed over the provisions, "and me, I would

stan' here—so! An' talk wit' you maybe a leetle time."

Dennis placed the plate on the step beside him, opened the bottle and poured himself a drink. In a moment he was munching contentedly at the sandwiches.

"I'm thinkin' ye would take care of a man foine," he remarked, with his mouth very full. "Not since the ould lady wint have I ate such loike av this."

"Ah, eet is too bad t'at your good modder she have to go," said the girl sympathetically. "Eet mus' be with difficultee t'at you have manage."

From where she was standing she could just catch a glimpse of the interior of the Ryan flat. She moved over and peeked into the doorway.

"Holy Modder!" she exclaimed. "You have not wash the deesh!"

"There's not wan clane dish in th' flat," Dennis announced. "Though 'tis little it matters, for divil a thing is there to ate off av thim."

"Ah, poor man, eet is too bad!" said the girl. "T'ose man they cannot do soch t'ings. Eet is for womans to do eet."

"Me, I have t'ink of somet'ings!" she exclaimed after a brief pause. "You would seet still upon dis step. You would watch. If anyones is come, you would whistle. I would clean for you jus' one leetle bit."

She disappeared suddenly through the Ryan doorway. Dennis gazed after her, too astonished almost to eat. He was on the point of following when he bethought him that to do so were treachery. She was trusting him to warn her if danger, in parental form, approached. He sat down and attacked the sandwiches again.

"I must kape watch agin her ould man should come," he muttered to himself, biting off a huge chunk.

Mounting guard is a tiresome occupation, even for a hero. Dennis began to weary of it very soon after the last sandwich had disappeared. He lit a cigarette and waited another ten minutes. There was no sign of the

girl, though an occasional clatter of dishes denoted her presence inside.

"Rosie, oh, Rosie!" he shouted in through the open doorway in a husky whisper.

He heard her scamper down the hallway.

"Eet is someones have come?" she queried breathlessly at the door.

"No, 'tis no wan," he assured her. "But fer what should ye be washin' the dishes av two good-fer-nothin' min? Come on out on the stips, Rosie, an' lave the dishes be dirrty."

"To clean the deesh, for me eet is jus' plea-sure," she replied from the hallway. "But you mus' watch mos' close, please. For someones, maybe p'raps, should come."

She disappeared, and it seemed to Dennis that the only thing for him to do was to carry out instructions.

Only once again did he interrupt her, and that was to plead in the same hoarse whisper, "Rosie, dear, won't you marry me?"

"Eet may be sometimes I would t'ink of eet," came the answer from the kitchen, "but jus' now eet is not possible. I mus' clean the deesh."

Half an hour later she darted past him suddenly and ran lightly up the steps leading to the flat above.

"Eet is more better in t'ere now," she announced from above his head. "Me, I mus' return in. The peeecture they will have feenish, an' my father he will soon return back. You would please go in on your house also, M'sieur Ryan. Eet is more clean in t'ere now."

"Ah, don't go, Rosie," pleaded the boy. "Sure I wanted to hear you play on the pianner."

"I would play now," she replied. "Maybe p'raps you would hear if you would enter in below."

"Rosie," he called again, trying to catch her hand. She eluded him and a second later the door closed behind her, leaving Dennis lonesome but happy.

"'Tis a miracle," he murmured as he entered the Ryan flat. Everything

was in neat and tidy order. The dishes had been washed and stacked upon the shelves of the tiny kitchen cupboard, the floors had been swept and the furniture was properly placed.

The tinkle of the piano came from the flat above. Dennis listened approvingly for a time. Then he took up the old violin from the table where it had been neatly placed, and a moment later was painstakingly endeavouring to carry his end of an impromptu duet through the ceiling.

They had got well into the swing of "Alouette" when Mr. Ryan, senior, appeared.

"Fer the love av Hiven, bhoy!" he shouted, as he swung the door open. "Will ye be playin' Frinch tunes, too?"

Then he gazed solemnly around the room. Slowly he moved out into the hallway on a tour of inspection which led him to the kitchen. Dennis, junior, followed with the air of a good-natured but somewhat bored guide trailing a tourist over familiar ground.

"Holy saints above!" exclaimed the elder Ryan, as he gazed into the kitchen.

"'Tis a good guess ye made, fer 'tis the wurrk av a saint an' she come down from above," the young Dennis explained. "An' she can make san'-witches the loikes ye never tasted, ould as ye arre, an' 'tis her that's goin' to be yer daughter."

"Ye'll be marryin'?" asked the old man. "An' ye never tould us. Phwat's the girrul's name?"

"Whist!" murmured the boy. "Listen, an' ye'll hear her playin' a foine little tune at this minut."

The old man sank into a chair. "Thim Frinch!" he muttered in a dazed sort of way. "Thim dom Frinch!"

*

Mr. Dennis Ryan, senior, sat with his back to the door of the little Ryan parlour. He held one of his heavy

brogans in his right hand and with it he beat time to a weird, discordant solo which seemed to give him unlimited enjoyment:

*Allerwetter, allerwetter, jontee allerwetter,
Allerwetter jettee plumeree.*

Mrs. Ryan paused in the doorway and gazed at him in astonishment.

"What's the matter, man," she

shouted at length. "Arre ye crazy, or arre ye drunk, or what is ut?"

"'Tis glad I am to see ye," said Mr. Ryan joyfully. "Sure I was singin'."

"An' what kind av singin' do ye call thot?" demanded Mrs. Ryan.

Mr. Ryan tugged hard at the other boot.

"'Tis a little bit av a Frinch tune that yer fuchure daughter-in-law plays foine upon th' pianner," he explained.

BY THE FIRE

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE gray wind calls in the dark to-night,
At my window it beats and peers;
It cries as if this year to-night
Were the last of all the years.

The leaves are driven in packs to-night;
They rustle and huddle and go
Down the dim streets about the town,
While the pipes of the gray wind blow.

And the gray wind's spirit is mine, I know;
Together we roam to-night,
The gray wind abroad in the leaves and trees,
And I in the red firelight.

THE CHICKEN OATH

By Rene Norcross

BOB FORSYTHE told me this story as we sat smoking our after-dinner cigarettes on the verandah of his house overlooking English Bay, and as Bob never had imagination enough to add frills to anything, I knew that what he now said was true. Also it was in the papers at the time, though not the real inwardness of it.

A chance comment of mine on the wonderful smartness and adaptability of his celestial butler (I was new to the coast) brought Bob out of a short, smoke-filled silence.

"They are a very efficient people within certain limits," he said thoughtfully; "and a very puzzling people to the Anglo-Saxon mind. A rum crowd, very rum crowd. Used to think I knew them pretty well, as white men go, but I was mixed up in a case about four years ago—yes, four years last April—that was a bit of a revelation to me."

"Tell me," I said, putting my feet up on the low rail of the verandah and settling myself comfortably to listen.

"Sure you wouldn't rather have a game of billiards?"

"Quite. Fire ahead."

"All right, blame yourself if you are bored." The victim in the affair was an old Chinaman named Hop Yen, who lived in a little shack a mile or so outside of Steveston. Raised vegetables and peddled them round

the town. Did so well at it that after awhile he hired another man to do the peddling, a chap named Mah Foo, of the coolie grade, of course, just out from China.

"Well, about fourth months after this Mah Foo had gone on the vegetable round, on Saturday—the fifth of April, to be exact—the chief of police here was notified over the telephone that a dead Chinaman had been found under very suspicious circumstances in a shack out on the Steveston road. It proved to be Hop Yen, and it was Mah Foo who had found the body and was the chief witness at the inquest, which was held the next day."

Forsythe paused long enough to light a fresh cigarette.

"Mah Foo knew practically no English, so his evidence was taken through Quong Lee, the provincial interpreter. I wasn't at the inquest. Didn't come into the case until the preliminary inquiry the next day; but I heard all about it. Great chap, Quong Lee—a Cantonese, and as clever as they make 'em. Wore tweeds and cropped his hair and spoke colloquial English even to the slang. He only interpreted in capital cases, and in the five years he'd held the berth up to then he'd been the means of hanging several of his fellow-countrymen, and as a consequence he never ate or slept in the same place twice running—for all his Americanized outside he was

Chinaman enough to size up his risks too well for that. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that every judge and magistrate in the Province had absolute confidence in his integrity.

"Well, to get back to Mah Foo. His evidence amounted to this: He had come back from his usual afternoon round with the vegetables a little earlier than usual, and on reaching a turn in the road about three hundred yards to the east—that is to the Steveston side—of Hop's place, he met two Japanese, running. When they saw him they immediately slowed to a walk, and so passed him, going towards Steveston.

"Mah Foo knew them both by sight as men who had been employed for about a month at ditching on a ranch two miles west of Hop's shack. About three weeks before they had come to Hop Yen, just after dusk, and asked him for some vegetables, but as they refused to pay, Hop refused the stuff, and they had gone away to the road and from there stoned the shack, breaking the only window. Mah Foo was positive that they were the same two men he had met. When he arrived at the cabin he set down his baskets and yoke at the back door, as usual, and went into the shack expecting to find Hop Yen at his supper.

"It was then about seven in the evening. Not finding him in the back room, he went into the other, and there saw the poor old chap crumpled up behind the door, with the side of his head simply bashed in. He was very much frightened, and immediately ran out from the cabin and down the road westward to where he knew another Chinaman named Yuen Ling was clearing some land on contract. The spot where he was working was only three or four hundred yards from Hop's place and in plain sight of it. He was still working."

"At that time—past seven at night?" I interrupted.

"Certainly. He was working on

contract, you see; catch a Chinaman quitting contract work before he positively has to. Well, when Mah Foo told him what had happened he ran back to the cabin with him, and on the way told him that two Japanese had passed along the road a little while before and gone through Hop Yen's gate and round to the back door, and a few minutes after they had run out again and down the road.

"Yuen Ling had been in British Columbia about ten years and knew enough to make for the nearest house with telephone wires going into it, and that was how the police came to be notified so quickly. He was a young fellow, quick and alert, and knew enough English to tell his tale for himself. He confirmed everything Mah Foo had said, but stated that he had never seen the Japs before and was not sure that he would know them again, as they had passed at some distance. Added what Mah Foo had not mentioned, that they both had packs on their shoulders. Asked if he thought the Japs could have seen him, said no, as he was far back from the road and screened by a bunch of young alders, and as he was resting at the time they passed they had not heard him either. That was all of his evidence, but it was enough to start the police after the two Japs, armed with a description from their late employer, and they landed them that same night—in a rooming-house in the Japanese quarter here in Vancouver. They came up for the preliminary hearing before the stipendiary magistrate, next morning, and I was put on to defend them."

Forsythe paused and meditatively flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Talk about hard-looking cases," he said after a moment; "those two held it over anything I'd ever seen before. One, Tamura, was a hulking, brutal looking chap who had two D. & D. convictions against him already, and the other, Inumara, was a fishy-eyed beggar you wouldn't trust as far as

you could throw him, and the circumstances were nearly as black against them as their looks. I'd had a faint hope of establishing an alibi, but when I interviewed them before they were called up I found that wouldn't work out. They admitted, and in any case the police could prove, that they had been paid off by the rancher at noon on the fifth of April, had spent most of the afternoon packing their kits—they had camped by their work—and had finally started for Steveston at about six o'clock, which would bring them to Hop Yen's place about the time stated in Mah Foo's and Yuen Ling's evidence. There was no other road by which they could reach Steveston to take the interurban car to Vancouver. Up to Hop Yen's place the stories agreed, but there they differed. The Japs strenuously denied having gone into the shack at all, either that day or on any previous day; denied having ever tried to get vegetables off him or having had any dealings or any unpleasantness with him at all, and declared that the first knowledge they had of any harm having befallen him was when they were charged with his murder. That was all they had to say, and curiously enough, hard bitten cases though they were, I had a sort of a hunch that they were telling the truth. I couldn't for the life of me imagine who had killed Hop Yen, but I felt sure the two Japs hadn't; but I couldn't quite see myself inoculating a level-headed magistrate with my beautiful belief unsupported with any proofs, and I felt pretty blue when my clients lined up in court that morning. There was the usual crowd of white loafers present, and a lot of Orientals—mostly Chinese—at the back, and a howling swell in full native get-up, sitting on the front seat in solitary state. I wondered why he'd been allowed above the salt, until the chief of police whispered to me that he'd introduced himself as a nephew of old Hop's and had asked to be put forward so he could see what went on.

He was a big fellow, piggishly fat, with cruel, little, glinting eyes, and a sweet look he gave the Japs when he sighted them.

"Brenthell read the charge, and the two prisoners were sworn British fashion—they both spoke and understood English very well—and pleaded not guilty; and then Brenthell produced his witnesses, whom he had kept locked up since the inquest—oh yes, they have to do that with Chinese witnesses; they're a casual crowd and apt to disappear just when they are most wanted.

"Yuen Ling was called first and sworn on the paper oath, which means that he wrote his name on a slip of paper which was then lighted, and while he held it until it burned up to his fingers he repeated after Quong Lee in Chinese a formula expressing the hope that he might burn everlastingly if he did not tell the truth. Then he gave his evidence exactly as he had given it the day before, and when I came to cross-examine him I could not confuse him or get him to contradict himself at all; he was certain the Japs he had seen had entered Hop Yen's garden; thought that the prisoners looked like the same men, but could not be sure, as he had not had a good view of their faces that evening; thought that it was about half an hour after they had passed him that Mah Foo came running with the news that Hop Yen was killed.

"I asked if he did not think it possible, since the back door of the shack was out of his line of vision, that some one other than the two Japs might have got into the garden and into the cabin from the rear without his seeing them. He agreed they easily might have done so without his seeing them, but did not think anyone would try it, as the ground behind the garden was very swampy and thickly covered with wild rose-bushes, and the fence itself was of eight-foot pointed palings with wire netting on top, the ground having originally been a chicken run; all in the same bland,

impersonal way, without a trace of regret for or malice toward the Japs, which really made his testimony twice as damning. If he had shown any personal animus, and still more, if he had been ready to declare that the prisoners were identical with the Japs he had seen entering Hop Yen's place, which was what I had half expected him to do from excitement and a desire to enhance his own importance, I might have worked up some theory of a private grudge, but as it was he stepped down with all the honours of the encounter, and the fat chap in front, Sim Kee, grinned at my unhappy Japs like a dog at a chicken bone.

"Mah Foo came next, an awful scare-crow in his old blue jumper and overalls; it was a slower business with him, as Quong Lee had to interpret every question and answer, but his evidence was even more damaging than Yuen Ling's. He had no doubt at all about the identity of the prisoners with the Japs he had met running away from Hop's place, and he swore again to the row over the vegetables; I could no more shake him than I could Yuen Ling, and I began to see pretty plainly that my luckless clients were booked to be committed for trial the way things were shaping, and were likely to escape hanging only for lack of sufficient evidence to convict on, if they escaped at all; and at last, more to gain time really than because I really expected to elicit any more facts, I turned to Magistrate Marsden and said that I was not satisfied that all the truth had been told, and requested that the chicken oath should be administered to the two Chinese witnesses.

"Now, the chicken oath, my boy," said Forsythe, raising an impressive forefinger, "is the most binding oath the Chinese have that we know of. To those Chinamen who regard it at all it is absolutely sacred, and I suppose that is the reason we whites meddle with it as little as possible, as we usually find that the paper oath and

the perspicacity of the police suffice to bring the truth to light. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that it has very seldom been administered in this Province, and either the magistrate thought the evidence satisfactory enough or believed I was just marking time, for he began to demur, when up gets old Brenthell and says as coolly as you please that he quite agreed with me that the facts had not been got at and was going to suggest the chicken oath himself if I had not done so. By Jove, to say he took everybody's breath away is putting it mildly. You see, he was to all intents and purposes in the position of prosecuting the Japs, and the Chinese were his witnesses. A regular gasp went through the Orientals at the back, and Marsden suddenly sat up and—"supposed the Chief of Police had a reason for his belief".

"Brenthell indulged in the nearest approach to a wink with the eye nearest me that he could venture; he certainly enjoyed the little sensation he had prepared for the court; he had the cheek to tell me afterwards that he'd purposely kept his guns masked to see what kind of a mess I'd make of the thing. As a matter of fact it was one of my first cases and the old chap was too good-natured to cheat me of any practice by springing his mine earlier.

"Well, he told a very attentive court that his suspicions had been first aroused by the readiness of the two Chinamen to give evidence, and it's a fact that as a rule a Chinaman is about as chatty as an oyster in any matter the police are mixed up with; so he gave orders to have them locked up separately, just on spec. but—and there he really did wink—as they were merely witnesses he wanted to make the confinement as pleasant as possible, especially to such an intelligent fellow as Yuen Ling, so he had him supplied with a copy of their own newspaper that they get out down in Chinatown.

"Before three hours had passed mas-

ter Yuen developed great uneasiness, and asked to be allowed to speak to Mah Foo—something about vegetables, he said—and the warden, who had his instructions, explained that the chief had left no orders that the two might see each other; but what was the matter with Yuen writing down his message on a slip of paper, and the warden would see that it got to Mah Foo? And Yuen walked straight into the trap, tore a strip off the edge of the newspaper as naturally as you or I would use the back of an old envelope, borrowed a pencil off the obliging cop, wrote his note and handed it over. Brenthell produced it from his pocket-book in a silence you could feel all down your back, and handed it to Quong Lee, just a narrow, curling, six-inch slip of paper with half a dozen Chinese characters on it, one below the other, and Quong Lee, who had already seen it once, read it out at a sign from the magistrate—four words, in English:

“Stick to your story.”

“That was all. Beautifully simple, wasn’t it? A year’s rhetoric from me would not have removed the dangling rope from over the Japs’ heads as that little message about vegetables—merely about vegetables—did.

“There was a jabber at the back like a shingle-mill in full blast, and in the middle of it I bethought myself to look at the author of that interesting note. Marsden had remembered him a second earlier, for a big bobby was just taking him gently by the arm, and Yuen brought his eyes reluctantly away from the door and stayed put, his teeth showing like a snarling dog’s and his knees shaking under him.

“Let the chicken oath be administered to Mah Foo,” said his worship briskly.

“Mah Foo was still standing patiently in the witness box, where I had left him. The note had never reached his hands, and not knowing any English, the significance of what had

passed was entirely lost on him, but when a policeman went out at a word from Brenthell and returned in a minute with a large, live, black rooster, a hatchet, and a small block of stove-wood, which he placed on an old newspaper on the floor, Mah Foo’s eyes seemed to suddenly wake up, and when Quong Lee ordered him to come forward he stood and looked at him for a moment as if he were going to balk. But Quong Lee repeated the order with a threat in his tone, and the old fellow shuffled down in a dazed sort of way, took the legs of the rooster, which was already in position across the block, in one hand, and the hatchet in the other, and slowly repeating the words of the oath after Quong Lee, struck off the chicken’s head at one blow, and went back into the witness-box without waiting to be told, while a policeman cleared up the mess.

“Tell the witness to tell all he knows of the murder of Hop Yen, and the truth this time,” said Marsden, and in a dead silence Quong Lee put a question, but Mah Foo did not answer. He stood humped together, his yellow, bony hands gripping the ledge before him, his eyes staring straight in front, and on his face a look of the most abject terror and suffering you ever imagined in your worst nightmare.

“Quong Lee stared at him—we were all staring at him—and started to repeat his question sharply, when Mah Foo spoke almost under his breath, and Quong Lee’s jaw dropped.

“What did he say?” Marsden demanded like a flash.

“Quong Lee looked round at him in a half-dazed way. All his usual coolness had deserted him. Never saw the fellow so knocked out of time before or since.

“He said, ‘I feel as if I were being sawn in two,’ he answered, and even we whites knew we’d got a literal translation that time.

I think Marsden’s eyes and mine must have jumped simultaneously in

the direction in which Mah Foo was staring so weirdly, and, by Heaven, there was that fat scoundrel Sim Kee leaning forward, his hands clenched on his knees, his ugly jaw set like a vise, and his wicked eyes boring into that luckless coolie like a gimlet into cedar! Sawn in two, indeed! With his unbreakable oath on one side and these eyes daring him to tell the truth on the other! The poor devil couldn't have chosen a better simile.

Marsden's fingers snapped like a whip-lash.

"Here, you," he said to the tyhee, and, Lord, but his voice was grim! "Take your eyes off the witness. Officer, remove that man to the rear of the court where he cannot see the witness, and don't let him escape. Quong Lee, kindly repeat your question."

"And then the diabolical little plot fell to pieces like a card house. It took Mah Foo just about three minutes to flatly contradict every word he and Yuen Ling had said about the Japs.

"The murder had been part and parcel of one of the tong wars that crop up in Chinatown every now and then, and the story putting the blame on the two Japanese was a deliberate frame-up between Sim Kee, who was no more a nephew of old Hop's than I was, and Yuen Ling, both high-binders. Poor old Hop was slated to be made away with and Yuen took the land-clearing job in the vicinity as an easy way of studying out the problem, and made use of the perfectly innocent movements of the Japs to screen himself and his accomplices from suspicion. At least that was how we figured it out, for they had not taken Mah Foo very deeply into their confidence. He had been met at the turn of the road all right, but it was by Sim Kee and Yuen Ling, who had coolly told him that Hop Yen was dead, and given him his choice between learning the tale they

were ready to tell him, off by heart, and sticking to it, or figuring as the murderer himself with an innocent and horrified Yuen Ling to inform against him.

"So it was not Inumara and Tamura, after all, who were committed for trial at the next assizes, but Sim Kee and Yuen Ling. I am glad to say they were convicted and comfortably hanged about three weeks afterwards.

"But what provoked my admiration in spite of myself was the amount and quality of the brains those two artful devils put into the thing. They had every inch of the ground covered, every contingency foreseen, except one—it had never occurred to them that the witnesses would be separated. They hadn't prepared Mah Foo for that, and Yuen Ling immediately jumped to the conclusion that the solitary confinement would give him cold feet. You see, there was a chance that Sim Kee would not secure such a seat as would enable him to hold the poor old chap with the threat of his eyes; so he risked the note to buck him up. But for that the chances are they would have got away with the whole thing."

"And what became of Mah Foo?" I asked.

"That," said Forsythe, tapping a fresh cigarette on his palm, "is a question that the remaining members of the tong of which Sim Kee and Yuen Ling were such shining ornaments can answer better than anyone else."

"You mean?"

"I mean that some of them would make Mah Foo their particular care after his evidence that day. Not a doubt of it in my mind, and, what is more, there would not be a doubt of it in Mah Foo's while he was giving that same evidence. As I said before, they're a rum crowd, a very rum crowd. I vote we go in and have that game of billiards."

THE LOST STATE

By Ernest Green

A FORGOTTEN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN CANADA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THERE was once a State in Upper Canada of which we know not even the name. Its form of government, its population, and even its exact location are forgotten. It came into being in October, 1813, and passed away in December of the same year. It was in the Niagara district, near the Niagara river, and its founder was James Martin Cawdell. That is the sum of our information regarding one of the most picturesque enterprises in the history of Canada.

May, of the second year of the war of 1812-14, saw Niagara town and the whole peninsula fall to the enemy; June saw the invaders discomfited at Stoney Creek and Beaver Dam, while the later Summer and early Autumn saw them wonderfully blockaded in Fort George by an inferior body of British and Canadian troops. But September and October brought news of disasters on Lake Erie and beside the Thames; and Vincent, forced to abandon his blockade and fall back in haste to the head of the lake, found himself, with the remnants of his own and Procter's divisions, huddled in the Burlington entrenchments and in daily expectation of attacks from both east and west. The rich but war-worn peninsula was again

abandoned, and its Loyalist population, left unprotected against the horrors of irregular partisanship, was excited by ancient feud and recent conflict into a savage frenzy. That was the darkest hour in all the history of Upper Canada!

Then up rose James Martin Cawdell, late ensign in the 100th Regiment, whose chief claim on the attention of commanders-in-chief, since he had purchased his commission in 1810, had been in connection with applications for leave to "sell out" and "resign" each duly granted but later revoked because not acted upon. In what capacity Cawdell happened to be in the Niagara region, at this time, I have not discovered. He springs from obscurity into a picturesque and fleeting prominence through the writing of a letter to Noah Freer, military secretary to Sir George Prevost. This letter, preserved in the Archives, sums up all we know of a most remarkable enterprise. It is dated at Stoney Creek, 26th October, 1813, and reads as follows:

Sir,—I beg leave to acquaint you for the information of his Excellency the Governor-General that, having taken a step of an extraordinary nature, I think it my duty to make my design known to his

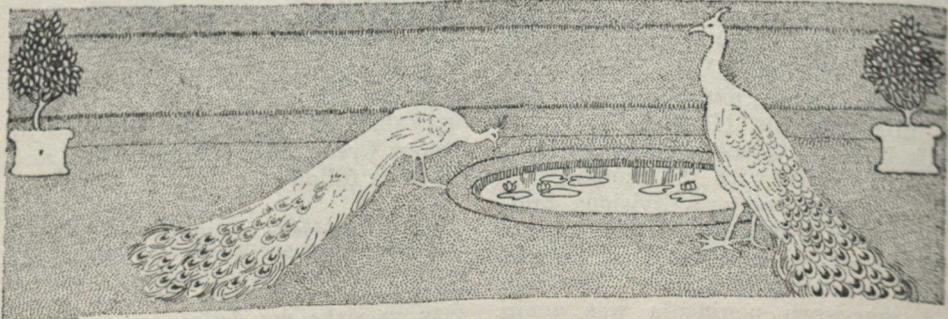
Excellency. The country between Stoney Creek and Fort George, being abandoned to the enemy, I have presumed (induced by personal ambition and a desire to be of service to my country) to select a township in the neighbourhood of Fort George, and erect it into an independent district pro tempore, and declare it in a state of neutrality, in this manner to prevent the marauding of the enemy, and to organize it, so that when our army advances in the spring I shall be able to join it with two or three hundred men. When that happens, the nominal and temporary independence will, of course, cease. Should it happen (which heaven forbid) that that part of the country is to be totally abandoned to the enemy, I hope to continue its independence, and, forming an English party, make the possession of the country never cease to be a thorn to the Government of the States. By this means I am confident I can be of more service to myself and country than if I remained a humble subaltern without a name and without distinction.

Cawdell's scheme calls up a curious mental picture. Imagine this British officer gathering about him a band of sturdy, implacable Lincoln militiamen of the old United Empire Loyalist stock from the ravaged hamlets and farms of the district, retiring into some naturally strong position, such as the Short Hills, and there resisting with the desperation of a forlorn hope the whole might of the United States army! For we cannot suppose that his attitude of "neutrality" would have been accepted for one minute by the invaders. It would have been a foolish and futile struggle, yet what a story for Canadian

history! What "township" did Cawdell select? How many men joined him? How long could they have held out? Would they have surrendered with honours or died to the last man? Events furnish no answers to such questions as these.

What reply, if any, Cawdell received from the Governor-General I have not discovered. Fortunately for Cawdell and for Canada the tide of war turned just then. The menace of Harrison's army faded, and Vincent's little force, issuing from its trenches, drove the execrated McClure from Canadian soil, and from the blackened ruins of the First Capital sped their errands of vengeance beyond the Niagara. So Cawdell's enterprise came to an end and but for his letter to Freer would now be utterly forgotten.

What became of this man of strange inspiration, rare enterprise and outstanding loyalty I do not know. He remained, it seems, "a humble subaltern, without name and without distinction". He appears to have been engaged in some military capacity at a later date, possibly in connection with the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion. There is mention of his having commanded on the Holland river in January, 1815, when that was the route from York to the naval base at Penetanguishene. Further than this I have found no mention of this evidently peculiar character of the war a hundred years ago.



A BOY'S ADVENTURE WITH QUEEN VICTORIA

By Richard Dobson

I AM going to tell you, the boys and girls especially, about my wonderful ride with Queen Victoria in the highlands of Scotland a good many years ago. It came about as follows:

In 1853 I contracted a disease, or something of the sort, that is styled in common parlance the wanderlust.

Of course, I was only a boy, but the opportunity for pacifying the disease came to hand, and so, full of the desire for adventure and travel, I started from my home in South Lancashire, England, to see the sights, lights and sidelights of this world.

The wild and rugged moors of old Scotland exercised a charm over me in particular. So I set out afoot to satisfy that natural curiosity, which is more or less implanted in the nature of every boy.

I had become for a boy of thirteen years of age quite proficient as a player on the flute. So with this musical instrument tucked away in my jacket pocket I started out to attain the object of my ambition. I needn't tell you that sometimes I went hungry, tired, fatigued and footsore. But undiscouraged I went on staying at the little villages over night. About sundown I would go to the village inn and commence to play on my

flute some of those sweet Lancashire airs that I had learned, and it took me no time to get quite a crowd of boys and girls and men and women also.

After playing a few tunes, I usually succeeded in capturing the sympathy of the curious and simple hearted villagers and quite a smart amount of change would sometimes be handed over to me, ending usually with the kind-hearted landlady of the inn taking me in to supper and giving me a nice clean bed to lie down on during the night. In this way I journeyed through Lancashire and the lake country of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

I visited the place where Wordsworth the great English poet lived and died, and continued my journey into the lowlands of Scotland. It was a journey replete with the most exquisite pleasure, I think, that any boy of my age ever experienced.

I had read enough of Scottish history to be familiar with some of the historic incidents and scenes of Scottish chivalry and daring that had been the wonder of the world.

In my journey I passed through and visited such places as the Castle of Kildrummie, where Robert Bruce,

King of Scotland, left his Queen wife while he fled to the wild Isle of Rathlin (called Rathleen) off the north coast of Ireland, to escape from the English army that was pursuing him. Also the old town of Ayr and the country round about where Bobby Burns lived and died.

I also visited Lochleven Castle and Bothwell Castle and the beautiful Loch Lomond. I travelled over the bloody field of Bannockburn, and the old Castle once occupied by Macbeth, famous in history as being the place where he had lured good, old King Duncan to visit him. Macbeth had gained the favour of the old King, because of his great battle and victory over the Norwegians and Danes, at which time he drove them from Scotland.

It was late in the summer of 1853, one of those ideal days that are rare indeed in the British Isles. I had been journeying along the road that ran parallel with the river Dee, in Scotland. Well, I was journeying along the bank of this river Dee when there came into full view the famous Balmoral Castle.

It lies at the base of a lofty crag, and its great tower topped with a pinnacle rising at least twenty feet above the tower, came into full view, being quite an imposing sight. I was attracted toward it, not knowing at the time that it was the far-famed Castle of Balmoral.

As I jogged along the moor road, a pony team rattled up along side of me driven by a rugged looking Scotsman. There was a lady, a boy and two girls besides the driver. The lady was plump, short and not handsome, but ordinarily good-looking. She might have been taken for a country merchant's wife, or the help-mate of a well-to-do crofter.

One of the girls was of my own age, the boy a year younger, and the other girl younger still. I had walked that morning about twenty-four miles, or half-way from Aberdeen, starting about five o'clock a.m., and

I suppose I looked wistfully at the rig as it came along.

The old Scotsman, the driver, looked straight ahead, but the lady looked toward me with a kindly eye, and I took hold of the neb of my cap and raised it, bowing graciously at the same time.

"My little man," said the lady in a sweet musical voice, "you look quite tired; John, stop and let the lad get in, he looks tired."

John stopped the Scotch ponies, and I climbed in alongside of the boy, and as I sat down the end of my flute stuck out of my jacket pocket.

"Oh, see," said the boy to his elder sister, "he has got a flute in his pocket."

"Oh, yes," said the pretty girl, "I see."

"Do you play on the flute?" she said, addressing me in such a sweet, winning way and manner. I said that I did sometimes. Then the two girls said, "Do play for us," and the boy said, "Yes, we would like to hear you; we are very fond of the flute."

The kindly, motherly-looking lady said, "My children, the little man is too tired, wait until he gets rested." But I answered the kind lady, saying that I was getting rested and could easily play as we rode along. Without further urging I commenced to play some of my sweetest Lancashire tunes, and they all listened with astonishment, even the hard-visaged Scotsman softened down and smiled.

The two girls clapped their hands with glee. Said the lady, "May I ask where your home is?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I live in South Lancashire, not very far from Manchester."

"Indeed," and the fine motherly-looking lady looked astonished. "And how did you get so far from home?"

Then I told the lady how I had travelled afoot day by day through Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland and the lowlands of Scotland up to that present time and place.

Soon we arrived at the great Castle. I asked if they went farther.

"Oh, no," said the lady, "we live here during the latter part of the summer and early fall."

"What is it called?" I said to the boy.

"This," said he, "is Balmoral Castle."

"And where do you live the other part of the year?"

"Oh," said he, "at Buckingham Palace, London, and Windsor Castle."

I was dumfounded. "Who are you?" I asked.

"They call me the Prince of Wales."

I didn't know what to say.

The Queen looked at me in a kindly way and said, "You didn't know that I was your Queen, did you? Well, when you get home tell your mother that you had a nice ride with the Queen of England."

I said, "Yes, ma'am, shall I get out now?"

"No, no, my little man, you must go with us into the Castle and lunch with us and rest yourself, and then, if you will, you can play a little more for us on your flute."

The sweet musical ringing voice of the Queen of England seems to be now ringing in my ears, as I relate this story never before told, as she said the above that I have just stated, by her Castle at Balmoral.

So, I, a poor Lancashire lad, entered Balmoral Castle with the Queen of England, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII., as well as the Princesses Victoria and Alice, all of whom have become since that time prominent as great world characters.

Well, it seems like a dream to-day. Yet it was a reality. After a refreshing bath, I was ushered, or shown, into the great banquet hall and sat down to a great feast of good things. It, perhaps, would be vanity to enumerate or describe the menu.

After lunch, or dinner as I called it, the Queen said to me, "Now, my

little man, you must write your mother a letter and tell her where you are and then I will add just a line or two, if you will permit me." I bowed assent and soon had my letter written to mother and father, sister and two brothers.

It was not a very long letter. Then I said to the Queen, "Queen Victoria of England, will you please read my letter now? The Queen read, I think, my first letter ever written away from home, and she said it was nicely written. Then the Queen taking the pen in hand wrote postscript as follows: "Your little son is all right and safe here with the Queen of England and her children. He will spend a few days with us here at Balmoral Castle and then I will see that he is storted for home."

I stayed at Balmoral Castle for ten days. Those ten days were replete with the greatest amount of pleasure I think that any boy ever experienced. It was rich and rare.

We romped and roamed and rode together over those Scottish moors and through the dells and dales of Aberdeen to our hearts' content. Many things, very many things, of my early boyhood days I have forgotten, but the happy ten days at Balmoral Castle I think always will be remembered.

It was a happy family, and I seemed for the time being one of them. I entertained with my flute the royal family every day. At the end of the ten days, when I was ready to depart for my Lancashire home, the Queen of England got me a through ticket for my native Lancashire village and handed me at the same time a brand new leather purse with ten bright English sovereigns inside, and patting me on the head, said, "My little man, spend that money in helping to make you a good musician, and perhaps some day we will meet again. Be a good boy and God bless you".

Some years after, seven or eight, I think, I was in London, a member of

the famous "Julian Band" and visited Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. She (the Queen) did not recognize me, or call me to mind until I produced a well-worn leather purse, which I said that my Queen had given me when a boy at Balmoral Castle.

Then she smiled sweetly and said, "Ah, I remember now, now I remember you. You are the little Lancashire lad who had wandered away far from home, and who stayed with us at Balmoral, and who delighted us so much with his playing on the flute. Have you got your flute yet? And may I ask what's brought you here to London?"

Queen Victoria, I said, I have the same flute which I had when a boy and when I was your much delighted guest at Balmoral Castle. I have made, I think, good use of those bright sovereigns that you gave me, when I started for home. I have studied music, and I am now booked with Julian to make the tour of Europe in his famous band.

"Well, well," said Queen Victoria, "I am so glad that you have made such good use of your opportunities. I shall be glad to help you. Wait, I will give you a letter to the Emperor of Germany and one to the Emperor Alexander the II. of Russia. You may have the opportunity to present them and they will help you, I'm sure, in many ways. And now my little man—Oh, but you are a man now"—and she laughed in the old ringing way. "Though," said the Queen, "you are yet little in stature, but come," she said, "You must lunch with us," and I was ushered into the private reception room.

And it so happened that the Prince of Wales was there then, and the Princesses Victoria and Alice. The younger one was not yet married. The Prince of Wales, and the ladies, daughters of the Queen, couldn't place me until the Queen asked them if they didn't remember the Lancashire

lad who had played for them on the flute at Balmoral Castle ever so many years ago?

The old smile played over their features as the incidents one by one came to their memory. I was introduced to Prince Albert, Consort to the Queen, and it was but a few months after this incident that he was called suddenly away from earth.

Of course there was more of formality at Buckingham Palace on that occasion than I had witnessed at Balmoral. Still, I was not confused, neither did I feel ill at ease, as the saying is, but I think I made a favourable impression, for I was given a general invitation to stay at Buckingham Palace while in London.

I had attained much more skill as a musician than when a lad at Balmoral, and the Royal family were much pleased with my performance on the flute. However, I stayed at Buckingham Palace until my departure from London as a member of the Julian Band.

The Queen gave me her blessing and wished me God speed, and as I was leaving, she handed me a sealed letter, which she said I must not open until well abroad, which injunction I obeyed. When I opened the sealed letter at Antwerp, what do you think I found therein?—five ten-pound Bank of England notes!

The Queen said that she was sure the letters of introduction would help me in many ways, and sure enough they did, especially the one to the Emperor of Russia, Alexander II. He was so pleased with my skill on the flute that he equipped me with a side arm, with the freedom of St. Petersburg and made me special Musician to the Court at St. Petersburg, with the privilege to go and come at will.

I was there for a period of seven months, and no doubt would have become a permanent citizen but for an untoward event which necessitated my departure, and from that time to this, the present, I have never visited St. Petersburg.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. S. MEIGHEN, D.S.O.

Whose Battalion (the Fourteenth) faced unflinchingly almost entire annihilation by the Prussian Guards

ONE of the most notable figures to cross the stage of Canada's war drama is Brigadier-General Frank Stephens Meighen. General Meighen, who, by the way, is a cousin of the Honourable Arthur Meighen, Dominion Solicitor General, earned his military reputation and promotion in the army by distinguished conduct in the terrific ordeal of the second battle of Ypres. When the Prussian Guards rolled over Langemarck on their dash to Calais, the Fourteenth Battalion, commanded by General Meighen (he was then a Colonel), met the full force of the enemy's onrush. Gassed, unsupported by artillery and decimated by shell fire, the Fourteenth held on when almost certain annihilation was the price of being brave. For three long days and nights the battalion fought on against overwhelming numbers. Three times surrounded, they as often cut their way through the German lines, and it fell to their lot to make the desperate charge which recaptured the four big guns taken by the enemy when the Canadian division first bent back to conform with the French lines.

Throughout the whole of the fighting in these memorable days Colonel

Meighen remained with his regiment, his example of devotion and self-sacrifice inspiring his men to deeds of the utmost heroism. On the fourth day, when the roll was called, less than one hundred men of the Fourteenth answered "here". More than a thousand had paid the price to "save the day" for the Empire and bar the way to Calais. Colonel Meighen's grand leadership and splendid heroism was rewarded with special recognition from his superior officers and the conferring upon him of the D.S.O. At the request of General Sir Sam Hughes he was later brought back to Canada to confer the benefit of his experience and organizing ability in the training of new Canadian units. A new crack Montreal battalion and efficient organization work at Valcartier are among the results of his work in this connection; and the other day his achievements received recognition by his well-earned promotion to the rank of brigadier-general. In private life Brigadier-General Meighen is a business man of the highest standing. Born in Montreal and educated at McGill, he has lived all his life in Canada and is the very finest example of the Canadian citizen soldier.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WATSON, D.S.O.

A hero of Langemarck and St. Julien

CANADIAN journalism has the distinction of having given two of the finest soldiers in the Canadian army to the Empire's cause. Brigadier-General Morrison, commander of artillery in the First Division, was formerly an editor of *The Ottawa Citizen*. Brigadier-General David Watson, than whom there is no finer soldier in the Canadian forces, is proprietor and editor of *The Quebec Chronicle*. Before the war there was hardly a cub reporter in all Canada who had not heard of "Dave" Watson, of Quebec. Since the war there is hardly a Canadian home that has not heard of the name and fame of Colonel David Watson, D.S.O., hero of Langemarck and St. Julien, and lately promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. Recently he returned to the front at the head of the Fourth Canadian Division, to face the foe in Flanders.

Colonel Watson, it is but fair to say, was one of the pets of Sir Sam Hughes. And when everything got confused and troubled in the days of desperate haste at Valcartier, the Minister of Militia was wont to lean upon his old friend "Dave". It was confidence not misplaced. Colonel

Watson went overseas in command of one of the Quebec battalions, went to Flanders with the First Division and was in the thick of the fighting at St. Julien, Langemarck, Givenchy and Festubert.

No commander of any Canadian battalion who went through those awful engagements acquitted himself with greater gallantry than that displayed by Colonel Watson, and his conduct was rewarded by eulogistic mention in despatches and the coveted D.S.O. Upon the reorganization of the Canadian forces following the arrival of the Second Division in Flanders, Colonel Watson was singled out for the command of a brigade. Later, when it was decided to send a third and a fourth division to the front, Brigadier-General Watson was appointed to its command. The other day the cables announced that his division had arrived in Flanders. Though a newspaperman all his life, General Watson always took a keen interest in the militia. Before the war he was major of the 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec. General Watson was born in the City of Quebec forty-seven years ago, and has been a resident there all his life.

OUR NATIONAL HEROES



MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. CURRIE, D.S.O.

Whose Division (the Second) met the full force of the German Impact at Hooge

FROM the ordeal of Langemarek emerged the men who are now the brains and genius of Canada's fighting forces in Flanders. Among these none is greater than Major-General Currie, of Vancouver, commander of the Second Canadian Division. The fine achievements of General Currie are a tribute to the soldierly discernment of General Sir Sam Hughes. At the outbreak of the war General Currie (he was then a colonel in the militia) was not known to a dozen Canadians outside British Columbia. But he had attracted General Hughes, and he had the unique distinction to be the first Canadian officer commissioned to go overseas by the Minister of Militia. The offer was wired to him from Ottawa by General Hughes the day after the outbreak of war and was just as promptly accepted. Colonel Currie happened to be a Liberal in politics, and General Hughes received many reminders of the fact by the type of politician in British Columbia who thought that the war was an adjunct of a certain political party. But the Minister stuck to his choice, and Canada in consequence sent a soldier of the greatest distinction.

The present commander of the Second Division went to the front as head of a Vancouver Highland battalion, fought through Langemarek, St. Julien and other battles, earned a reputation for leadership and courage of the highest order, received highest praise from General Alderson, won the D.S.O., and the command of a brigade. As a brigade commander he proved to be an unqualified success, so much so that his work attracted the attention of the British Headquarters Staff, and when there came a reorganization of the Canadian commands, as a result of the arrival of two new divisions in the field, he was made a major-general and given command of the Second Division. He was in command of this division when it met the full force of the German impact at Hooge, in what has been so aptly described as "that particular hell at Hooge", and his skilful handling of an admittedly critical situation in a position of great difficulty in the bloody Ypres apex won for him the unstinted praise of British military experts. And when those in high places in the British army give praise it can be relied on generally as being well merited.

CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

Germany
only pro-
longing
her defeat

The past month has witnessed the uninterrupted progress of the Allies in every important sphere of operations. Military experts at Washington have expressed the view that the Allied offensive on the western front cannot be sustained and must lead to a return to the stalemate of previous years. There is no indication so far of this indecisive conclusion to the big drive. The remarkable progress of the Russian armies and the recent collapse of the Austrian defence of Goritz against the attacks of the Italians point rather to the entry upon a new phase of the war, in which Germany is no longer able to take the initiative or to shuffle the cards and transfer troops from the east to the west, or vice versa, as her needs dictate. The day of her superiority in reserves and guns has gone for ever. She may prolong indefinitely the hour of her defeat but must now regard her ultimate collapse as a foregone conclusion. The citizen soldiers of Kitchener's Army have astonished the world by their dash and bravery. With no war experience to their credit, they have established a moral ascendancy over the enemy that augurs well for the success of the final acts in the great drama. The Allies hope, as one important result of the present drive, to secure greater freedom of action,

and restore open fighting in the last stages of the conflict. Although on a minor scale, the use of cavalry in the recent capture of German lines renews the hope that the long period of trench warfare is coming to an end. This does not imply a return to the methods of Napoleonic days, but only a modification of the system that condemns the armies to siege warfare.

A remarkable testimony to the heroism of the British soldiers is found in an article in *La Liberté* of Paris, whose correspondent writing of the fighting at Pozières says:

The assailants hurled themselves upon one another with equal fury. The Germans, whose bellicose ardour had been stimulated by doses of ether, attacked with great resolution, but the brave Tommies, particularly the Australians, covered themselves with glory, resisting the enemy with heroic tenacity. The rifle played no part in that terrible *melee*. Knife, bayonet, Browning revolver, and hand grenade were the only weapons used. The Germans supplemented these by a sort of bludgeon, consisting of a long stick—the end of which was studded with nails—a weapon of an Apache, not of a soldier. I saw a German officer make use of one against one of our wounded, whom he endeavoured to kill off by means of this monstrous contrivance. However, he had not the time, as a revolver shot stretched him out by the side of his intended victim. A German detachment which hoped to find shelter in a ruined house with its machine gun was bayoneted to the last man by the Australians. When they broke into it the officer witnessed a sensational duel be-

tween two officers. A British lieutenant, while charging at the head of his men, was confronted by a Bavarian captain, whom he struck with his sword full in the chest, and at the same time he received from his opponent a bullet in the abdomen. Overcoming his pain, the British officer summoned sufficient strength to strike the Bavarian a second blow with his sword, which this time proved mortal. But the Englishman shortly afterwards died himself.

The Grit of the South Africans

Here for the first time the official despatches record the doings of the South Africans who fought for several days amid an inferno of

shells and machine gun fire in Delville Wood. Their parting words when they went in was: "If the South Africans do not gain their objective, it will only be because there are no South Africans left." Another incident of the opening days was the thrilling charge of the Deccan Horse and Dragoon Guards. An Irish officer who was through the daring ride relates his experiences in a letter home that is of such gripping interest as to deserve publication:

At 6.30 we started our famous ride into the enemy country, every now and then coming under heavy shell fire—shrapnel and high explosive. No one can believe, without seeing, what a state the ground is in; there is not room for a table cloth on any part of the ground there without some part of it touching a shell hole, so you can imagine the regiment galloping over it at full gallop, barbed wire—well cut by shell fire—old trenches, dead bodies, and every sort of débris lying in every direction. Words fail me to describe it. That was for about three miles; then full tilt down a steep bank like the Haggard ley, where the shrapnel got worse, as we were spotted by one of their sausage balloons. This was soon driven down by the fire of our batteries, which just smothered it with shrapnel. Here we went through our infantry, who cheered us madly as we galloped by, all wishing us luck. On we went past the remains of guns and every material and dead Huns everywhere; and we passed here an enormous gun they had left behind, so really I suppose it was we that took it. We were under cover here for half a mile, but suddenly, coming out

of the valley, we had to turn sharp to the right up another little valley, and here we came under terrific, but rather inaccurate, machine-gun fire from two directions. I cannot tell you anything about casualties, but it was here my chestnut mare was killed. We went about a mile up this valley, and then got some cover under a bank—by "we" all this time I mean the regiment and our British regiment. Here we stopped for ten minutes, and then we got orders for our squadron to go on as advance guard in a certain direction.

It was now about 7.30 in the evening, and there were twenty-four aeroplanes hovering over us, and one monoplane came down to about 200 feet and fired his machine guns on the Huns just over us—going round and round—the finest sight I have ever seen. Well, we moved out under a heavy fire, and got on about half a mile. During this advance we rounded up eight prisoners, while between us and the British regiment, I suppose, we stuck with sword and lance about forty of them—a glorious sight! Our men were splendid, and didn't want to take any prisoners, but these eight had chucked away their arms, so we couldn't very well do them in. They were simply terrified, and one clung on to my leg and kept calling "Pity! Pity!", his eyes starting out of his head. Poor devil, I pitied him, and we sent him back to the regiment.

You see, our job was to push on as far as we could and hold the line to give "the feet" time to get up. So we did our job all right.

We then rode back—"but not the six hundred."

Are Carson and Redmond no longer leaders

The collapse of the Irish negotiations recalls Parnell's famous saying that "Asquith will never give Ireland Home Rule".

Nationalists maintain that so long as Irish votes were necessary for the carrying out of Liberal advanced legislation Mr. Redmond was courted by Asquith and Lloyd George and promises made that have been broken. What the result may be in Ireland it is difficult to forecast. There is something in the argument that but for the Irish vote Lloyd George would have failed to carry his reforms during the past ten years. The only gleam of hope is the rapprochement between Carson and Redmond. True, neither of the leaders has retained his hold on his fol-

lowers. Carson is bitterly assailed by his friends for deceiving them, while Redmond is accused of abandoning the National platform of Parnell. Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., one of the clever sons of the late Marquis of Salisbury, writes to *The Times*:

I listened with profound surprise and regret to Sir Edward Carson's speech. It seemed to be altogether inconsistent with itself. He declared that he was still as much opposed to Home Rule as ever, but the whole of the last part of his speech appeared to assume that Home Rule is in the main a healing and tranquillizing measure. What, for example, is the sense of saying that it would not be a bad day for this country, for Ireland, or for the war, if he and Mr. Redmond shook hands on the floor of the House? The sentimental ritual indicated, if it means anything, means a joint assent to the setting up of a Home Rule Parliament, but, if Home Rule be as bad and pernicious as Sir Edward Carson has always said that it was, and as he still professes to think that it is, such an agreement would be a bad day for this country, and for Ireland, and for the war. Sir Edward Carson's speech, eloquent as it was, was essentially incoherent. It was the rhetoric not of reason, but of undisciplinist sentiment. The most salient point which emerged in the debate was the surprising folly of those who had laboured so hard for a settlement.

The way has been paved to a settlement of the Irish problem, and the Unionist no less than the Nationalist knows that the conditions are ripe for a settlement were Irishmen free to take the matter into their own hands. But, as *The London National* observes, it is England that prevents Irish unity by dividing the people.

The Sinn Feiners and the Jameson Raiders War has thrown the reins of government once more into the hands of the English bureaucracy. Lord Lansdowne and his irreconcilable friends in the Cabinet have for the moment deprived the Irish nation of the results of the Veto Bill. The insurrection of the Sinn Feiners was due to the widespread belief that Asquith would betray the Irish cause. It could be argued that there is no moral difference between the action

of the Sinn Feiners who were tried by courts-martial and shot and the conduct of the Jameson raiders, for whose lives Britain interceded with Kruger, and not without avail. There is no Irish Nationalist who does not regard the betrayal by Asquith and Lloyd George as a justification for a return to Parnell's policy of making Castle rule in Ireland impossible. It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail and that the Asquith pledge to Ireland will not be recounted in the history of these times as another "scrap of paper".

Those who oppose Home Rule on the ground of the instability of Irish character and the incompetence of the people in administrative affairs will find some difficulty in explaining away the continued stability of Irish stocks despite the rebellion and the abortive negotiations. *The Times* prints the following:

A correspondent, who signs himself "V. K.," writes to us, recommending anyone who is alarmed for the present or future of Southern Ireland to refer to the recent dealings on the Dublin Stock Exchange. Alarm, he says, as to the consequences of Home Rule caused a heavy fall in 1886 and 1893. There is no such alarm, or, at least, no such fall, now. Great Southern and Western Railway 4 p.c. Debenture Stock was recently dealt in at 84¾, showing a yield of £4 14s. 4d. per cent. This is practically the same as the yield on London and North-Western Debenture Stock at the present price. For the first time in history, Irish Railway Stocks stand on as high a level as English, and higher than Scottish. Dublin Corporation 3¼ p.c. Stock was recently dealt in at 98.

Representative Government in Canada Does representative government exist in Canada? That there is profound dissatisfaction with the tendencies of party government is apparent to all save those who will not see. Canadians sometimes stand in the temple and thank God they are not as those decaying nations of Europe in which governing classes rule the people. It is true the Family Compact is a thing of the past, but it

is equally true that Canada has but substituted one class for another in the control of her national affairs. So long as unrepresentative party caucuses dictate terms to the voters so long is it impossible for Canadians to pretend that all is well with their country. There is no desire on either the Liberal or Conservative side to strengthen the hold of the masses of the people on the machinery of government. On the contrary there is an increasing tendency to regard as factionists all who refuse to yield a blind obedience to self-appointed party leaders.

Social reforms are in the air and are bound to come. These reforms touch the lives of the toilers, of those who are denied a fair distribution of the wealth they help to create. Canada is to be asked to adopt the Lloyd George platform. As a temporary expedient the Lloyd George programme has served its special purpose, but few pretend that it is accepted by labour as the last word in social legislation. Speaking recently to a working man on the subject I was surprised by the warmth with which he criticized what many will regard as a really advanced policy of social reform. I do not pretend to give his exact words, but his attitude may be briefly summed up in the following viewpoint:

**A Work-
ingman
on Social
Reform**

Men who have waxed-fat at the expense of the workers, he contended, see in the Lloyd George schemes of old-age pensions, etc., an opportunity to side-track their own responsibil-

ities, and to foist upon the taxpayer the heavy burden of maintaining the wounded and outcast soldiers of industry.

All who have studied the Lloyd George legislation, and who are conversant with the conditions in the United Kingdom, know that old-age pensions and other measures of the same beneficent character were put forward as palliatives, designed as a temporary readjustment of the relations between capital and labour in a country where the chasm yawned wide and deep between excessive wealth and debasing poverty. But these measures are regarded by the intelligent worker as a badge of servitude that tends to stereotype, instead of effacing, the class distinctions that obstruct the progress of the common people.

In a country like Canada, where the independence of the individual is jealously asserted, it is open to grave doubt whether such a scheme of social reform will bear intelligent criticism. The conditions in the two countries are totally dissimilar. What Canadians should demand is not the brand of State pauperism, but a fair share in the distribution of the wealth created.

This war has added to the number of Canadian millionaires. Can it be said that the worker is better fitted to face the rising cost of livelihood and to provide against old age? Should this responsibility be transferred from the employer to the State? These are questions that will be eagerly debated when peace returns.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

APRIL AIRS

BY BLISS CARMAN. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THIS little volume of seventy-seven pages, containing seventy-six poems, is still another reason for giving the author not only first place among Canadian poets but also a high place among English lyric poets of his time. Strictly speaking, he is no longer a Canadian poet, although he was born and reared in Canada, for he has become by actual contact and sympathy a New Englander, and this present volume is described on the title page as a book of New England lyrics. But, even at that, this sweet singer has not become entirely alienated from his native land, for we find here and there admissions of clinging memories, as in the last stanza of a delightful poem entitled "Garden Magic":

Soul of undying rapture!
How love's enchantment clings,
With soreery and fragrance,
About familiar things!

Then again, and more so, in "A Remembrance":

Here in lovely New England
When summer is come, a sea-turn
Flutters a page of remembrance
In the volume of long ago.

Soft is the wind over Grand Pré,
Stirring the heads of the grasses,
Sweet is the breath of the orchards
White with their apple-blow.

There at their infinite business
Of measuring time forever,
Murmuring songs of the sea,
The great tides come and go.

Over the dykes and the uplands
Wander the great cloud shadows,
Strange as the passing of sorrow,
Beautiful, solemn and slow.

For, spreading her old enchantment
Of tender, ineffable wonder,
Summer is there in the Northland!
How should my heart not know?

But we should not pass thus lightly the poem entitled "Garden Magic", for apart from its merits as fine music it reveals a side of the poet's nature that too often is hidden, the personal side, the side that gives on the affections. Likewise in "Garden Shadows", where in the third stanza we read:

When the twilight silvers
Every nodding flower,
And the new moon hallows
The first evening hour,
Is it not her footfall
Down the garden walks,
Where the drowsy bossoms
Slumber on their stalks?

Still, we must come back to "Garden Magic", where

Within my stone-walled garden
(I see her standing now,
Uplifted in the twilight,
With glory on her brow!)

I love to walk at evening
And watch, when winds are low,
The new moon in the hill-tops,
Because she loved it so!

And then entranced I listen,
While flowers and winds confer,
And all their conversation
Is redolent of her.

And then he goes on to say that because of her he loves the trees, the brook, the golden jonquils, the blue-gray iris, the small wild roses, because



BLISS CARMAN

Whose latest book contains poems that are notable for sheer lyric beauty

These were her boon companions.

But more than all the rest
I love the April lilac,
Because she loved it best.

Then follows the last stanza, which we have quoted near the beginning.

The garden wall has a poem all to itself, entitled "The Old Gray Wall", which contains one striking stanza, the last:

Ah, when will ye understand,
Mortals—nor deem it odd—
Who rests on this old gray wall
Lays a hand on the shoulder of God.

James Whitcomb Riley was a poet very different from Bliss Carman, and yet to Riley, on his birthday, we find

Carman paying this tribute, under the title of "Lockerbie Street":

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Just one block long;
But the days go there with a magical air,
The whole year long.
The sun in his journey across the sky
Slows his car as he passes by;
The sighting wind and the grieving rain
Change their tune and cease to complain;
And the birds have a wonderful call that
seems

Like a sreet-cry out of the land of dreams;
For there the real and the make-believe
meet.

Time does not hurry in Lockerbie Street.

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Only one block long;
But never a street in all the world,

In story or song,
Is better beloved by old and young;
For there a poet has lived and sung,
Wise as an angel, glad as a bird,
Fearless and fond in every word,
Many a year. And if you would know
The secret of joy and the cure of woe,—
How to be gentle and brave and sweet,—
Ask your way to Lockerbie Street.

We think of portraits as the work
either of the painter or the photo-
grapher, yet one could not wish for a
better visualization than this, which
is entitled simply "A portrait":

Behold her sitting in the sun
This lovely April morn,
As eager with the breath of life
As daffodils new-born!
A priestess of the toiling earth,
Yet kindred to the spheres,
A touch of the eternal spring
Is over all her years.

No fashion frets her dignity,
Untrammelled, debonair;
A fold of lace about her throat
Falls from her whitening hair.
A seraph visiting the earth
Might wear that fearless guise,
The heartening regard of such
All-comprehending eyes.

Ungrudging, without grief, she lives
Each charged, potential hour,
Holding her loftiness of aim
With agelessness of power.
Immortal friendship, great with years!
She shames the faltering,
And heartens every struggling hope,
Like hyacinths in spring.

But of all these beautiful lyrics the
one that stands apart from the others,
the one indeed that in any collection
of poems would have no mean place,
is "The Tent of Noon":

Behold, now, where the pageant of high
June
Halts in the glowing noon!
The trailing shadows rest on plain and
hill;
The bannered hosts are still,
While over forest crown and mountain head
The azure tent is spread.

The song is hushed in every woodland
throat;
Moveless the lilies float;
Even the ancient ever-murmuring sea
Sighs only fitfully;

The cattle drowse in the field-corner's
shade;
Peace on the world is laid.

It is the hour when Nature's caravan,
That bears the pilgrim Man
Across the desert of unchartered time
To his far hope sublime,
Rests in the green oasis of the year,
As if the end drew near.

Ah, traveller, hast thou naught of thanks
or praise
For these fleet halcyon days?—
No courage to uplift thee from despair
Born with the breath of prayer?
Then turn thee to the lilled field once
more!
God stands in his tent door.

Yet when we turn again to "A
Mountain Gateway" we are impelled
to divide the honours between it and
"The Tent of Noon". "A Mountain
Gateway" is blank verse of the high-
est order. It is so metrical that one
scarcely realizes the absence of
rhyme. But, besides, it possesses
those indescribable qualities of which
the last stanza, which we quote, gives
proof:

And in that sweet seclusion I shall hear,
Among the cool-leaved beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their twi-
light hymn.
So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
They well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

The book begins with "April", as
seems fitting to the title, but it ends
with "Winter Streams":

Now the little rivers go
Muffled safely under snow.

And the winding meadow streams
Murmur in their wintry dreams,

While a tinkling music wells
Faintly from their icy bells,

Telling how their hearts are bold
Though the very sun be cold.

Ah, but wait until the rain
Comes a-sighing once again,

Sweeping softly from the Sound
Over ridge and meadow ground!

Then the little streams will hear
April calling far and near—

Slip their snowy bands and run
Sparkling in the welcome sun.

THE GREATER TRAGEDY

BY BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE author of this remarkable book, an American living in Canada, here deals mostly with the attitude of the United States towards the war. He attacks the wisdom of the Wilson administration and concludes with these words:

But if before the end of this huge struggle the iron shall enter our souls, if we shall learn to see broadly and sacrifice for the cause of progress, we shall save our national soul and keep our place at the forefront of the powers for good in the evolution of mankind. By worthy war the connected and twisted filaments of our population may be beaten upon the anvil into a homogeneous and mighty whole, and the future of our nation be assured. Nothing can so unite a people as the spirit of service which is quickening the souls of other nations; with us up to this time it has been entirely lacking as a nation, however splendidly it may have manifested itself in individuals. If we are not to be a drag on civilization, we must serve civilization. Think, think, think, my countrymen, and arouse yourselves to compel nobility of action. You have looked in vain to Washington for inspiration; now let your voices swell in such a mighty chorus that Washington must of necessity give ear and obey. So shall you serve your country and your world, and bring to accomplishment the high destiny of our land and the traditions of duty which we have inherited hitherto uncantered and unstained.

*

THE ANZAC BOOK

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED IN GALLI-POLI BY THE MEN OF ANZAC. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

OF the thousands of books written because of the war this one deserves to be called unique. The word "Anzac" has been coined from the initial letters of the words Australian, New Zealand Army Corps. The men of Anzac, so called, certainly distinguished themselves during the dis-

astrous expedition to Gallipoli, but should their fighting be forgotten their memory should be kept green by the merits of this book. The editor writes that practically every word in it was written and every line drawn beneath the shelter of a waterproof sheet or a roof of sandbags—either in the trenches or, at most, well within the range of the oldest Turkish rifle. But it is not on its merits as a curiosity that it appeals, but on its sheer merits as a production of literature and art. It is an extremely interesting book, in reading matter and illustration, from cover to cover.

*

DEGENERATE GERMANY

BY HENRY DE HALSALLE. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

OF all the arraignments of Germany, this perhaps is the most severe. It is dedicated to "those few yet too many Britons who still harbour the mischievous illusion that the Germans are an estimable, peaceful and kindly people, utterly misled and misrepresented by their wicked government." The chapter on "Germany's Scarlet Scourge," if published as romance, would be forbidden by the moral censors.

*

—*The Studio* (London, 344 Leicester Square) for July contains two particularly attractive articles, one on the water-colour drawings of George Henry, with eight illustrations, two of which are in colours; the other, on the etchings of Andres Zorn, with nine illustrations. The writer of the article on Henry (J. Taylor) says that it would not be too much to say that "the sparkling purity of the artist's palette is a national as well as an individual asset; in the days of ancient Greece it would have been a dedication to the State."

TWICE-TOLD TALES

OBSERVANT CHILD

Teacher: "What is water?"

Willie: "A colourless fluid that turns black when you wash your hands."—*Panther*.

*

Judge: "It seems to me I've seen you before."

Prisoner: "You have, my Lord, I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

Judge: "Fourteen years."—*Exchange*.

*

HE KNEW IT

It is said that a perfect stranger to the town approached one of the habitual loungers, commonly called a loafer, and inquired: "Do you live here?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"Know the town pretty well?"

"Every hole and corner."

"All the public buildings?"

"Of course," said the loainger, scenting the price of a few drinks owing to the number of particular questions asked.

"Well," drawled the stranger, "where is the postoffice?"

The loainger was visibly disappointed. After hemming and hawing for a moment or two he answered, "Well, to tell the truth, I never do much writing."

*

PERFECTLY TAME

To say of a man that he will make a good husband is much the same sort of a compliment as to say of a horse that he is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.—*Puck*.

TOO MUCH BACON

Phil Morris, the eminent portrait painter, who died when his fame was at its height, had a very unpleasant experience whilst visiting a wealthy merchant who had commissioned him to paint his wife and baby for the sum of seven hundred pounds. The first evening Mr. Morris and his "employer" were discussing the "pose", and the artist, thinking he had hit on a brilliant suggestion, said it would be effective if the child were lying on the hearth rug with just a vest on, and his mother leaning over, playing "This little pig went to market."

"How dare you, sir! Do you wish to insult me? I've half a mind to countermand my order," roared the irate wealthy magnate. Poor Phil Morris couldn't think what harm he had done until a few days later he learned that his patron had made his money in "pork," and was known as the "bacon king".

*

ON THE LEVEL

"Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime."

"They can't stoop to anything low."
—*Stray Stories*.

*

COURAGE, FRITZ

"Dose Irish makes me sick, always talking about vat great fighters dey are," said one German to another on the train.

"Why, at Berta's vedding der odder night dot drunken Mike Mulligan butted in, und me und mein brudder und mein cousin Frit und mein friendt Louis Hartmann—vhy, ve pretty near kicked him oudt of der house."—*Boston Transcript*.



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Fearful**



**Blue-
Jay
Ends
Corns**

G OING about in stores is a pleasure to the active woman *if she does not have corns*. The wise woman gets rid of her corns with Blue-jay—and then does her shopping. Don't try paring with a razor. A slight slip will cut too deep and blood-poison may follow. Anyway the corn will be as bad as ever in a few days. But 91 per cent of all corns can be *ended* with one application of Blue-jay and the rest will yield to the second or third plaster. To shop in comfort use the safe, sure, efficient Blue-jay Corn Plasters.

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Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Also Blue-jay Bunion
Plasters



How Jones Got His Eyes Open

Jones* is an operator. He became nervous, couldn't sleep well—work began to worry him. He couldn't locate the trouble, and went away for a rest.

One morning, while breakfasting with a friend, Jones noticed his friend ordered **Postum**. Right then Jones got his eyes open!

He had been a coffee drinker. "I had no idea coffee was so harmful," Jones writes us. "I decided to drink **Postum**. The beneficial results since the change I can hardly believe or describe."

POSTUM

made of prime wheat, roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses, is brimful of the nourishing goodness of the grain. It is a delicious beverage, free from the troubles which often result from caffeine, the drug in coffee.

"Yours in better health," signs Jones. Thousands of others say so, too, who have changed from coffee to **Postum**.

"There's a Reason"

* Name and address given by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

The First Canadians in France

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will begin with the OCTOBER NUMBER a spirited, fascinating CHRONICLE OF A MILITARY HOSPITAL IN THE WAR ZONE. The writer, Cedric Kalvé, as yet unknown in the literary field, but a Lieutenant-Colonel in the C.A.M.C., went over with the First Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and he writes about what he actually saw and heard.

War is a grim thing, but Cedric Kalvé finds a wealth of fun in the little incidents by the way. Here is one:—

Once we sought refuge in a cooling spot, where glasses tinkle and the beer foams high. The pretty barmaid smiled. The second in command twirled his long moustache and fixed the maiden with his martial eye.

"What will you have sir", she inquired sweetly.

The senior major was always gallant to a pretty girl. He drew himself up to his full six feet two and saluted. A mellow line from, "Omar Khayyam" dropped from his thirsty lips.

*"A flask of wine, a loaf of bread and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness."*

How much farther he might have gone one cannot say. The girl held up a reproving finger and exclaimed: "Ah, I see it is black coffee the gentleman requires".

But the major's poetic spirit was aroused. "Avaunt coffee," he cried, and then—

*"Shall I distress my ruddy soul
With dusky dregs from coffee urn?
Far sweeter, sweet, to quench its fire
With wine for which the 'innards' yearn—
A glass of beer, please."*

The adjutant leaned over toward me and hazarded, in a hoarse whisper: "I presume they have no ice".

The barmaid's red cheeks dimpled, and two straight rows of pearly teeth shone upon him, as she answered for me: "Your presumption is ill founded, young man. We have plenty of ice with which to temper the hot, young blood of the Canadians".

The adjutant looked helplessly up, bereft of repartee for the moment. Then he apostrophised the ceiling: "And these are the stupid English women we have been led to expect!"

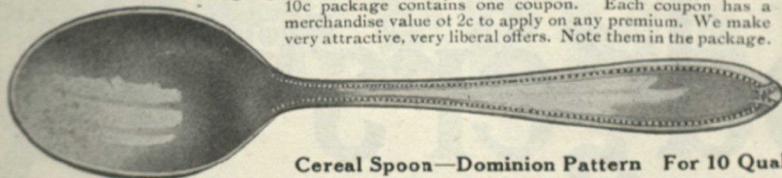
Real characters move through the pages of this chronicle, real humour enlivens it, and the reader comes into real contact with real things as they really happened to our lads who first went across the sea to fight in this great war. It is a series of sidelights which display conditions and circumstances, and give one a highly entertaining account of an important branch of military service.

LOOK FOR IT IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER
OF THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE



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Folks will like them just as well—perhaps better than without oats. And they'll get a good which other pancakes lack.



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Quaker Oats cookies taste better than flour cookies. They are rich in elements which other cookies lack. Why not make these tempting pick-ups beneficial to the boy?



Cereals

Why lavish cream and sugar on foods that don't deserve them? If you serve a cereal only once a day, why not make that serving count?

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---is the Ideal Food for Baby.

The large majority of the illnesses attending the early life of a child are due to under-nourishment, the result of improper feeding. Baby may apparently have a good appetite but the food it takes fails to nourish, and baby is peevish, cries constantly, is irritable, etc.

Robinson's "Patent" Barley is the ideal food for baby. It will be digested and assimilated when no other food can be retained, and is wonderfully nourishing. It is recommended by leading doctors and nurses everywhere.

Every mother should have a copy of "Advice to Mothers"; write for it today.

Magor, Son & Co., Limited,

Sole Agents for
Canada

191 St. Paul Street West, MONTREAL
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The Sunset ..Dish..



Which Children Get Tonight

Perhaps a million children, this summer night, will sup on a dish like this. It is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice—the bubble-like grains—in a bowl of milk or cream.

The dish used to be bread and milk. Sometimes it was crackers. Now it is whole grains, because whole grains are better. And those airy, toasted, flaky grains are made four times as porous as bread.

Not Merely Delightful

Puffed Grains are served because children enjoy them. They don't like to go back to homely grain foods when they once taste these nut-like tit-bits.

But there are other and greater reasons. Children need whole grains, rich in elements which white flour lacks. And those whole grains should be wholly digestible.

That is what Prof. A. P. Anderson has accomplished in these foods. Every food cell is steam exploded. Every atom of the whole grain feeds. That is true of no other form of grain food.

Please remember that. Your doctor will confirm it. If you want easy, complete digestion—if you want the whole grain made available—you should serve wheat and rice in puffed form.



At Noon

When you serve ice cream try scattering Puffed Rice on it. The finest chefs do this now. The grains are fragile, crisp and flaky. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Use them also in candy making. See directions on the package. Puffed grains are both foods and confections. Between meals, children love to eat them dry—like peanuts.

Puffed Wheat	Except	12c
Puffed Rice	in Far West	15c

At Morn

In the morning serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. Serve Puffed Grains each morning. Every pantry shelf in summer should contain these. As breakfast dainties, Puffed Grains hold supreme place. Nothing compares with them.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers
(1380)

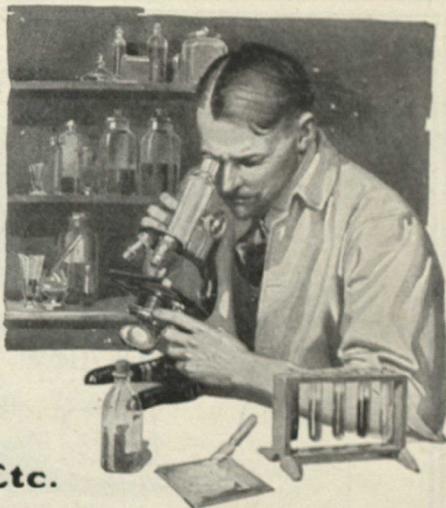
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**Cotton
Gauzes
First Aids
Fumigators
Adhesive Plaster, Etc.**



Our Deadliest Enemies

Are Unseen Germs—Be Careful

It isn't the cut that you have to fear—nor any ordinary wound. It's the chance of germ infection.

What will you do?

Are you ready in the right way, for such accidents?

You need Absorbent Cotton.

You need Bandages and Gauze.

You need Adhesive Plaster.

But the Cotton and Gauze must be utterly sterile. Else you might as well use any chance piece of cloth.

The way to be sure—to be double-sure—is to use only B&B dressings.

B&B Cotton and Gauze are *twice* sterilized—once after being sealed.

B&B "Arro" Cotton and Handy-Fold Gauze are put up in germ-proof envelopes—

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is on'y first aid

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings*, Chicago and New York.

many in a package—to keep safe until you use them.

B&B Cotton also comes in a Handy Package. You cut off only what you use. The rest remains untouched.

B&B Adhesive

B&B Zinc-Oxide Adhesive sticks without wetting. It stays fresh.

It sticks to anything dry, and stays stuck. So it has a thousand uses. You can mend anything with it from lawn hose to golf clubs. It clings to metal, rubber, wood, glass or cloth.

B&B Fumigators

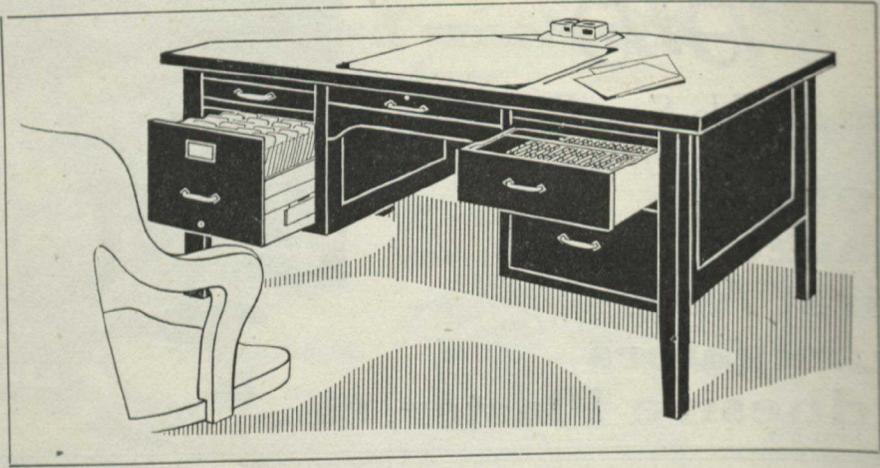
B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators are given twice the usual strength. And safety needs it.

You can get these Double-Sure products by insisting on B&B. When we take so much pains to protect you, don't you think it worth while?

B&B

DOUBLE-SURE PRODUCTS
Absorbent Cotton Adhesive Plaster
Bandages, Gauze Fumigators, Etc.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS



More Work with Less Effort Office Specialty System Desk

The man who gets things done keeps his desk top clear. He has every record used in his daily work within arm's reach, compactly and conveniently filed and indexed for instant reference. He uses an OSCO System Desk.

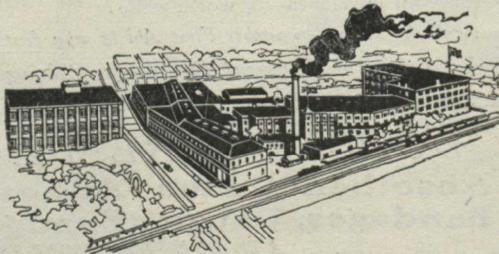
The flat top desk fitted with drawers for filing correspondence, Card Records, Price Lists, Documents, Sales Records, Follow-up Cards for Correspondence and Salesmen, is the biggest step forward in personal efficiency that has ever been designed for the office man.

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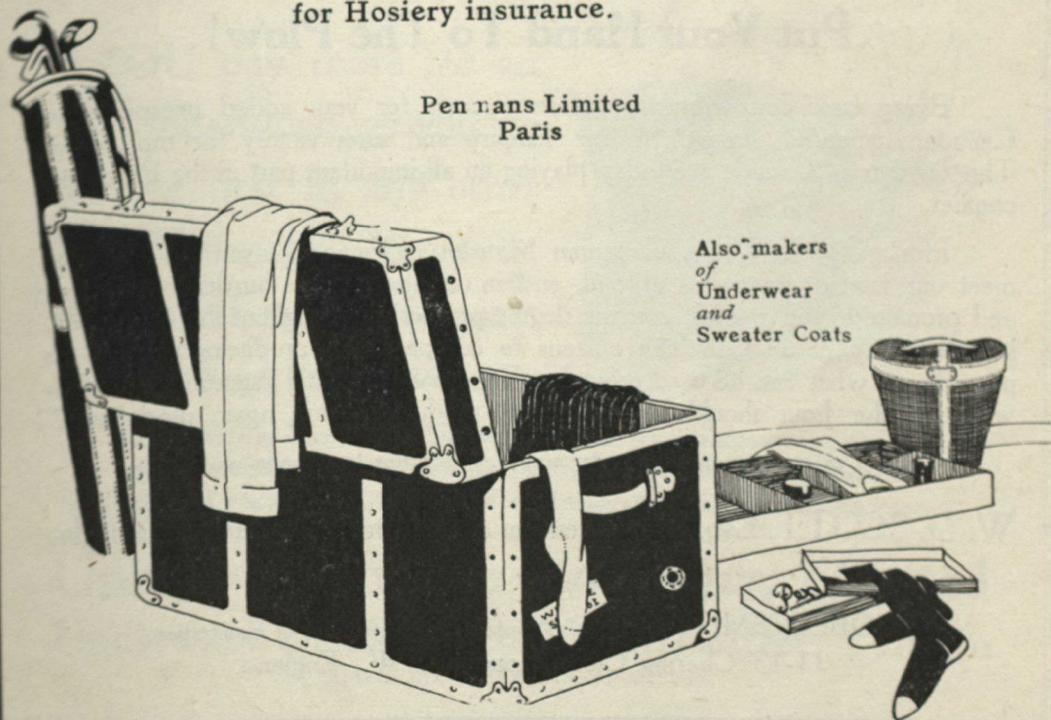


HOSIERY that will stand up and look well—that's what a man wants. It's annoying to be everlastingly poking a toe through a sock—"why on earth don't they make 'em to wear?"—Penmans do.

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Corn Syrup — Benson's
Corn Starch—and "Silver
Gloss" Laundry Starch.



3 Pounds
of Happiness

in these Glass Jars of

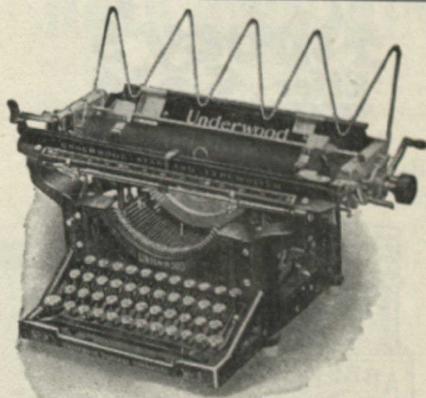
CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP

3 pounds of *deliciousness*, when eaten on Griddle Cakes, Waffles, Muffins, Hot Biscuits or good wholesome Bread.
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Your dealer has "Crown Brand" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—as well as "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

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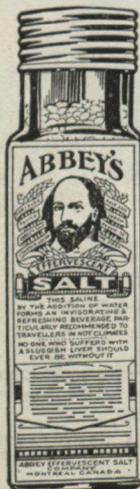
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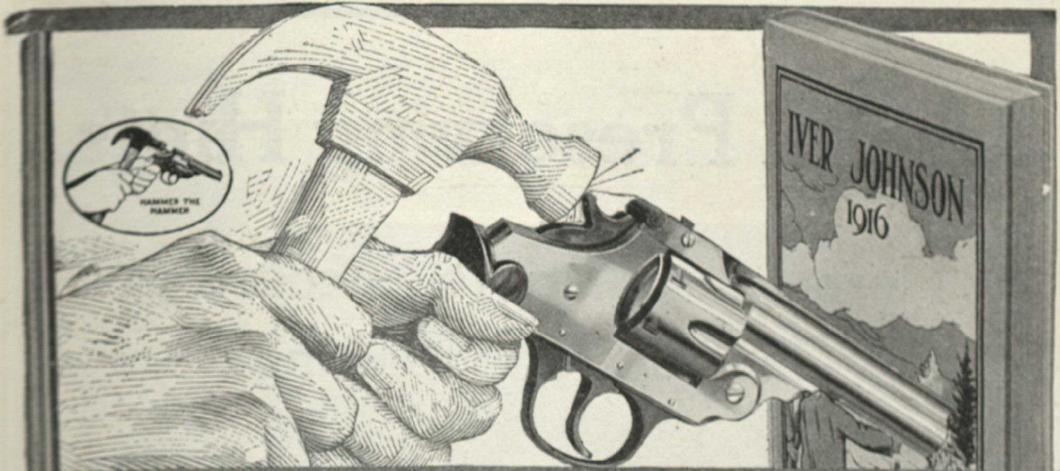
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 - 4.—Clean your jars perfectly, and also sterilize them by boiling for at least 10 minutes. Then pour in the preserves or jelly.
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Dealers can supply the Red Diamond in either fine, medium, or coarse grain.

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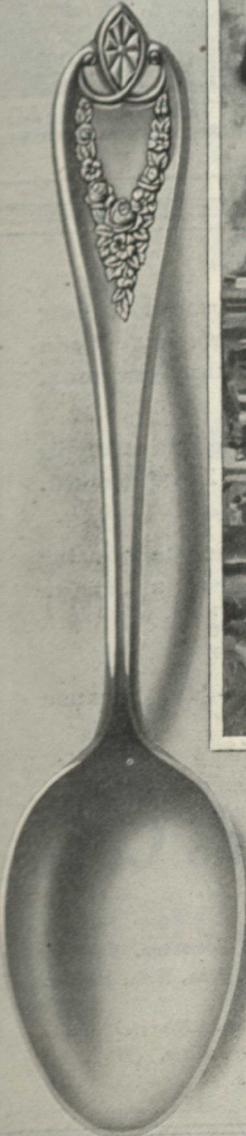
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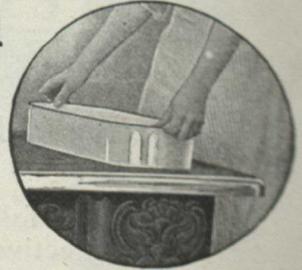
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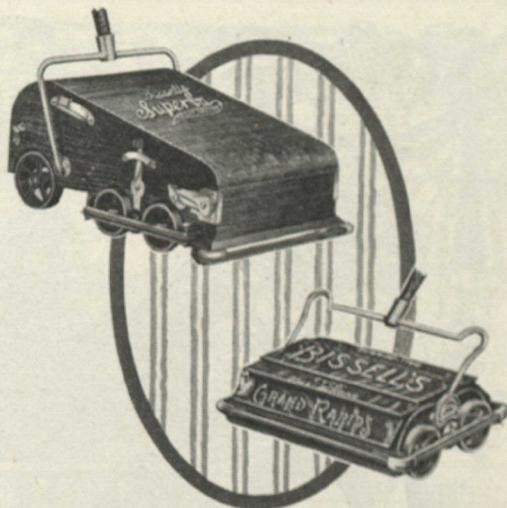
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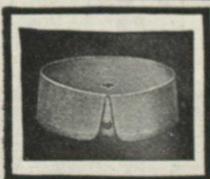
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ANNEX

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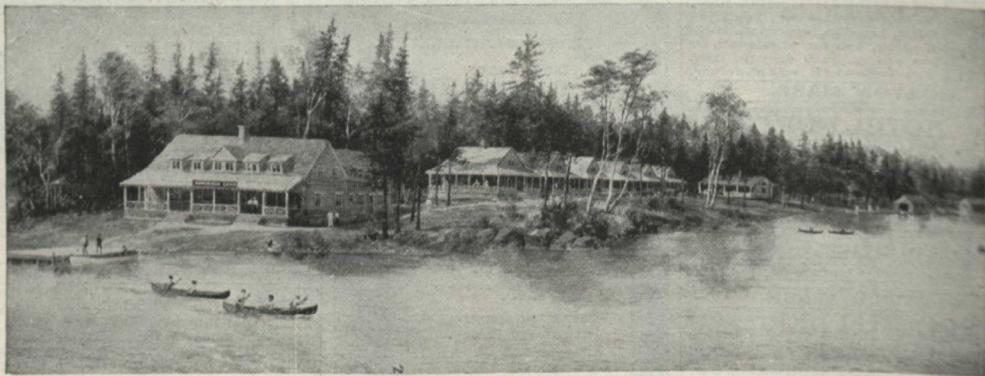
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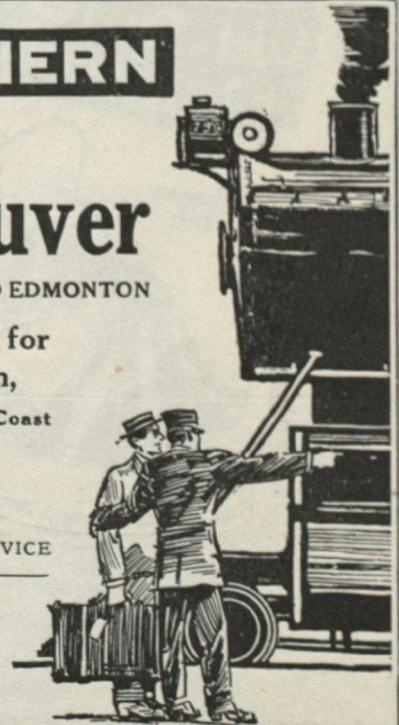
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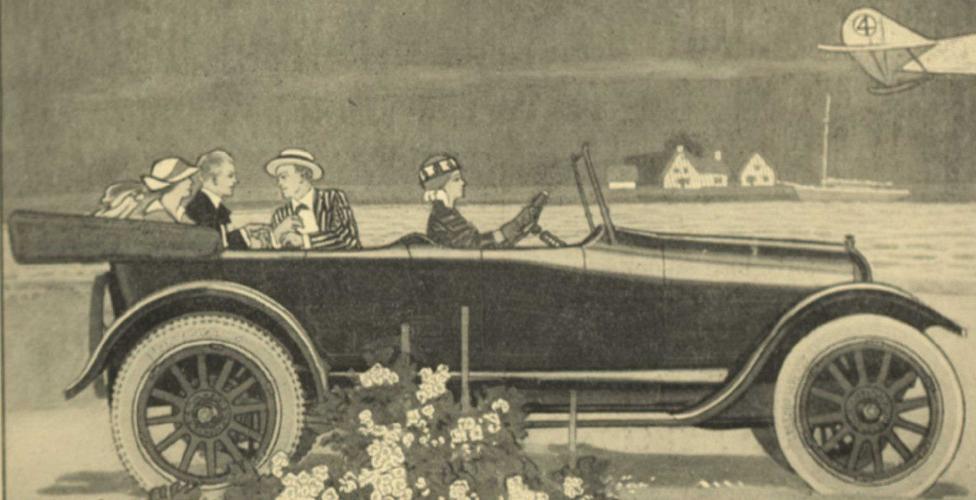
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