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Vol. LV. TORONTO, MAY, 1920

No. 1

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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The Reaper

The Legal Minimum Wage

A Lochinvar of the Snows

The Garter in Ireland

Gardens of the Desert

Ill-fated Houses

Her King and Country Called Her

Untapped Canadian Fuel Resource

The Blue Print

Recollections of a Police Magistrate

Cossacks and Canada

Mist of Morning

From Month to Month

Thrown In

A. Suzor-Coté

J. A. Walker

Bernard Muddiman

J. J. Fenton

Hamilton M. Laing

Charles G. Harper

Charles Stokes

A Brooker Klugh

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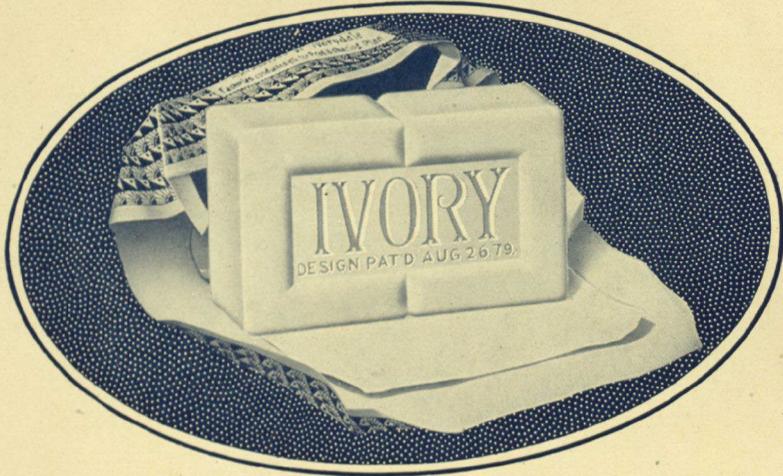
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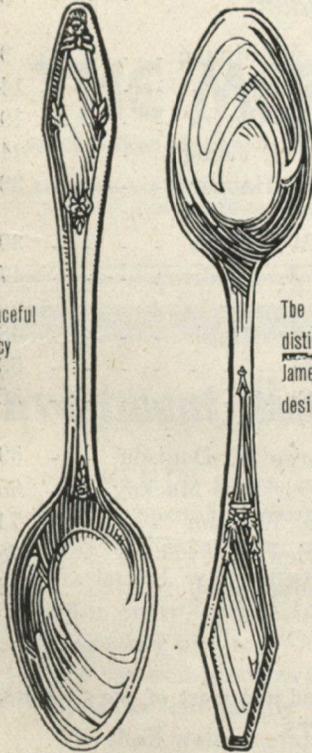
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LV

Toronto May, 1920

No. 1

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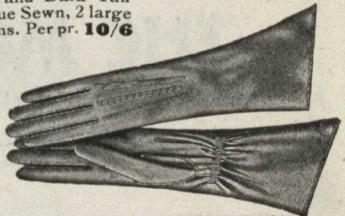
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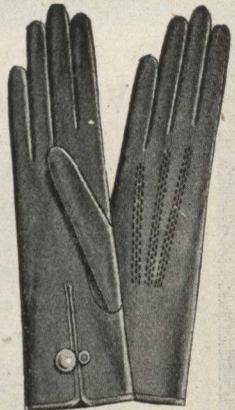


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"WHO'S WHO" in The CANADIAN MAGAZINE THIS MONTH

—THE WRITERS—

—J. A. WALKER, M. A., LL.B., is a barrister of Halifax, N.S. He has made a special study of laws affecting wages in English-speaking countries, first during a post-graduate course at George Washington University, Washington, D.C., and more recently, at Halifax, giving special attention to this particular kind of legislation as it affects Canada.

—BERNARD MUDDIMAN has written numerous articles on various phases of Canadian literature and Canadian writers, is at present in the Government service at Ottawa, after serving in the Intelligence Branch of the Imperial Forces.

—J. J. FENTON came to Canada from Ireland in 1913. He left the University of Saskatchewan to join 196th (Western Universities) Battalion, C.E.F., and is at present studying at the Toronto Faculty of Education.

—CHARLES G. HARPER is an English writer and artist.

—CHARLES W. STOKES, who will be remembered for his series of special articles on Canadian cities, is Assistant Publicity Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

—HERBERT J. MELDRUM, of Toronto, is a new writer in these columns.

—A. BROOKER KLUGH, M.A., of the Biological Department, Queen's University, has done biological work in many parts of Canada, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. He is one of the research workers of the Marine Biological Board of Canada. Author of many articles in scientific journals and of popular biological articles in various Canadian and American magazines. Has recorded many plants new to Canada and described several species new to science. He is a strong advocate of nature study, both on æsthetic and economic grounds.

—THE ARTISTS—

—A SUZOR-COTE is a French-Canadian, a resident of Montreal, and one of the foremost artists of the Dominion. Hitherto he has been known mostly as a painter, but he is as well an accomplished sculptor. He is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts and the Canadian Art Club.

—MISS ALICE DES CLAYES is one of a group of three sisters, all painters, of Montreal. She specializes in horse subjects, but is as well a landscape painter of distinction.

—G. A. REID is President of the Ontario College of Art, a well-known painter of mural decorations and a past President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

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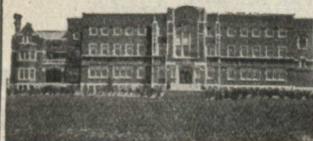
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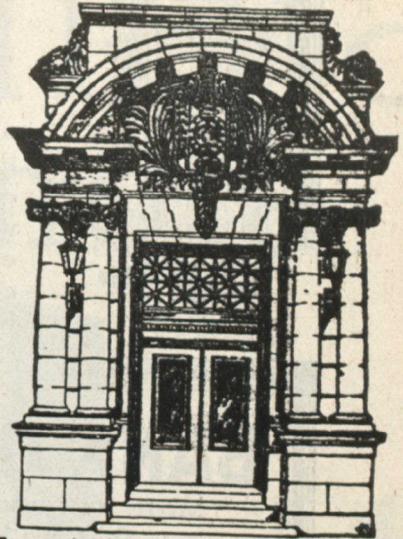
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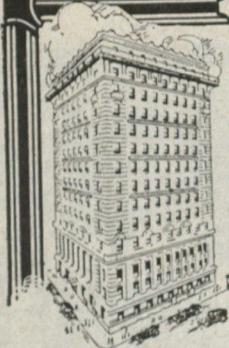
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THE

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THE LEGAL MINIMUM WAGE

BY J. A. WALKER



ON all sides we hear that the cause of Labour is making such rapid and sweeping advances as to make possible an early and almost complete reversal of our social arrangements. From the English viewpoint we have the striking admission of Lord Haldane that Labour politically has captured the heights and that it remains for the old political parties to guard the plains below. Sir George Paish, the eminent financial critic and editor of *The Statist*, is on record as having said during his recent visit to the United States, that ere long Labour would be hiring capital.

The situation has made a direct appeal to the imaginations of cartoonists and purveyors of humour, and so we read of how the son of a leading banker had been ushered suddenly into wealth and social prominence by marrying a bricklayer's daughter, and also that the latest explanation of the unprecedented scarcity of teachers is found in the fact that so many of them have resigned to become janitors.

If these observations could be taken

as implying a general truth as to Labour conditions throughout the world, then the recent action of four of the Provinces of Canada in placing minimum wage laws on their statute books, as well as the present agitation for like legislation in Toronto, would seem altogether futile and unnecessary. It may be that to some minds the action of these Provinces is only another manifestation of the mania that is abroad for Government interference in matters heretofore regarded as private, or as of concern only to the parties involved. Be this as it may, these Provinces are only following the example set by other parts of the English-speaking world in protecting and guaranteeing the incomes of women and minors who are obliged to earn their livelihood in shops and factories. Furthermore, as will be pointed out, the action of these Provinces is only a reversion to a practice that held sway in England for centuries and which seems to be the only adequate remedy for the evil of low wages, and for the protection of women and minors who enjoy it in no other form.

The idea of regulating wages by law is not in any sense a novel one nor peculiar to the period in which we live. This will be apparent from a consideration of certain aspects of the economic history of England, previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Before the Norman Conquest and for a long time afterwards the manor was the great institution around which the economic life of England centred. The lord owned all the land in the neighborhood of his manor, and under him was a body of serfs. The amount of services rendered by the serfs to the lord of the manor, and the remunerations given for these services, were not matters of free contract but of custom and manorial regulation. As time went on a new class arose in the economic life of the country, comprising the artisans who, as the name implies, did not cultivate the soil, but manufactured articles for general use. Large numbers of this class, having been brought up under the influence of manorial custom, felt in their new pursuits that their constantly increasing numbers made necessary some sort of regulation such as that to which they had grown accustomed; and herein we find the motive for the establishment of the first Merchant Guilds. These organizations regulated the conditions under which their members worked, the quality of the product turned out, and the price which they were to receive for it. But the one central purpose of all these regulations was to secure for members a sufficient income.

At a later period, as greater numbers of unpropertied workmen flocked to the towns and cities, the Merchant Guilds became more and more exclusive, the idea being to prevent the different trades from becoming overcrowded. Bitter feeling was thus developed between the Merchant Guilds and the craftsmen who were debarred membership, and this feeling found expression in the rise of a new organization known as the Craft Guild. As in the case of the older Guild, the

main object of the new one was to enable each craftsman to earn a livelihood by the exercise of his trade. History repeated itself in the desire for self-preservation, and the Craft Guild became in time as exclusive as the older brotherhood had been.

It need not be emphasized that among the excluded workers in those years there existed no semblance of organization, no means of enforcing legitimate demands. Still, these did not fail to take advantage of such opportunities as the times afforded to improve their conditions. The havoc wrought by the awful plague of 1348 afforded a unique opportunity for self-assertion. Taking advantage of the scarcity of labour created by the epidemic, they demanded increased wages. But the employers refused such increases and even prevailed upon Parliament to pass a law known as The Statute of Labourers (Anno. 25, Edward III, Statute 1, A.D. 1350). The preamble of this bill runs thus: "Whereas late against the malice of servants, which were idle and not willing to serve after the pestilence without taking excessive wages, it was ordained by our Lord the King, and by assent of the prelates, earls, barons and others of his Council, that such manner of servants as well as men and women should be bound to serve, receiving salary and wages accustomed in places where they ought to serve, in the Twentieth year of the reign of the King that now is." The scale of wages was set forth for the various occupations, and the sheriffs, justices and mayors were authorized to enforce them. Note that this enactment fixed a maximum, not a minimum wage, for it aimed to prevent the worker from receiving more and the employer from paying more than the rates prevailing before the plague. The Statute, however, failed of its purpose, for wages increased despite the appeals of the employers for further legislation to keep them down.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century the labourers whose interests were no longer promoted by the

Guilds and who had abandoned all hope of obtaining protection from Parliament, formed organizations of their own as Journeymen's Organizations. These Unions reached the zenith of their power about the middle of the fifteenth century. Half a century later, however, we find them under the domination of the old Craft Guilds and affording little or no protection to the common labourer. The enclosures and confiscations of the sixteenth century swelled the ranks of the labouring masses to an unparalleled degree and, lacking organization in any effective form, they were helpless to maintain their wages at a level that would ensure subsistence. It was then that the Government attempted to remedy the condition of the labourer by passing in 1562 the famous Statute of Artificers. This, to all intents and purposes, was a minimum wage law, identical in principle with those we are familiar with to-day. It provided that each year the justices in each locality should meet and "calling with them such discreet and grave persons of the said county as they shall think meet, and conferring together respecting the plenty or scarcity of the time, and other circumstances necessary to be considered, shall have authority by virtue thereof, within the limits and precincts of their several commissions to limit and appoint the wages, as well of such and so many of the said artificers, handicraftsmen, husbandmen or any other labourer, servant or workman." Like much other legislation, both of present and of past times, the statute was not systematically enforced, for we find wages continuing to fall and the lot of the labourer growing worse and worse during the seventeenth century and the greater part of the eighteenth. During these years many appeals were made to Parliament for the enforcement of the law in question, and in many trades a minimum wage was actually fixed by Parliament. Instances are seen in the Act of 1720 for the benefit of journeymen tailors, and in

that of 1756, which regulated the hours and wages of those engaged in the woollen trades. In 1808 the handloom weavers petitioned Parliament for protection along the same lines, but a select committee of Parliament, having reported that such legislation was inadmissible in principle, incapable of being reduced to practice and detrimental to the interests both of employer and employee, Parliament declined to give any relief. This abrupt reversal in the policy of Parliament is explained by the spread of the new economic doctrine of *laissez-faire* promulgated by Adam Smith. The exponents of this doctrine maintained that such matters as the regulation of wages was not a fit subject of legislation at all, being entirely outside the sphere of parliamentary interference. It is not surprising that this new theory should find favour with the employers, who all along had opposed the demands of labour, for it furnished them with new grounds for their opposition. So strongly did the new theory entrench itself in the minds of the lawmakers of England that not only did they turn a deaf ear to all appeals for the enforcement of the old Statute of Artificers, but actually repealed, in 1813, that section of the Statute which empowered the Justices to regulate wages. This marked what seemed to be the final doom of the old principle of a legal wage, and the complete triumph of *laissez-faire*.

For a whole century the economic life of England was determined by this teaching and with results that are appalling to think of. It was in this century that one could have found women working on all fours in the coal mines of Northern England. It was the early part of this period that witnessed the beginning of child labour and of sweated workshops, which later became a menace to society and to human existence itself. Whatever may be said in favour of this doctrine from a commercial and industrial standpoint, as a social ideal it has long since been discountenanced

and is fast passing into the limbo of forgotten things.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, after the new doctrine had held undisputed sway for a hundred years, and at a time when the conditions of the working masses cried aloud for a remedy, England realized that a serious error had been made and that it was undeniably a part of the business of the State to take cognizance of the evil of low wages. As a consequence we find her re-enacting wage laws in 1909, embodying the same principle as that of the old Statute of Artificers repealed nearly one hundred years before.

From this general statement of the history of wage legislation in England, we turn to a consideration of what has been accomplished in the same connection, in our own day, in different parts of the Empire and in the United States.

It is well known that Australia and New Zealand led the way in modern legislation of this character. Indeed it was to these countries that England turned when casting about, in 1907, for a remedy for the evils of sweated labour. New Zealand, in her endeavour to settle industrial disputes, had adopted, as early as 1894, the scheme of compulsory arbitration between employer and employee. It is admitted that the board appointed under the scheme had no official designation as a Minimum Wage Board, but since the most important feature of almost every labour dispute is the rate of wages, the effect of the decisions of this board was to set up, in each and every case, a legal minimum wage.

Victoria was the first State in Australia to pass Minimum Wage Laws, just as it has led all other States in the matter of factory legislation. The Factories and Shops Act of 1896 made provision for the creation of wage boards in certain sweated trades. These boards are made up of not less than two, and not more than five, employers, together with an equal number of employees, and an outside non-

partisan chairman. The Boards have power to determine minimum rates of wages, both by time and by piece, it being specified that piece rates must be so arranged as to enable those working under them to earn at least the minimum specified for time-workers in the same trade. When one of these boards has made a determination, it is published in the government gazette and becomes law within thirty days unless suspended by the Governor or revoked by the Court of Industrial Appeal.

When the Minimum Wage Law was first passed in Victoria, the object was to fix the rates of wages in certain sweated industries only, but the general effect of the law has been that the principle of free contract in regard to the fixing of wages has been all but entirely superseded by the principle of legal regulation. The States of the Commonwealth have, without exception, followed the example of Victoria and to-day the Minimum Wage Law, in varying forms, prevails throughout the whole of Australasia.

England, in 1909, passed what is known as the Trade Boards Act. It is interesting to note that throughout the whole discussion of this Bill in the House of Commons, all members were in favour of the measure, for they felt that the evil of sweating demanded a speedy remedy, and that the experience of the last thirteen years had shown that Victoria had devised the best and most direct remedy for this deplorable evil. The law at first applied to four trades only, but it was so framed that its scope could be extended to others as occasion arose. The results of the operation of the law in these four trades were so gratifying that in May, 1913, an order was issued extending its application to four additional ones.

In the United States the movement has made remarkable headway. The State of Massachusetts was first in the field, enacting in 1912 a Minimum Wage Law. Up to the present fourteen States of the Union, as well as

the District of Columbia, have placed similar laws on their statute books. In the majority of these States the laws do not fix the rates of wages, but set up machinery which shall first examine into the wages and the needs of employees in the different industries and afterwards arrange a schedule below which it shall be unlawful for anyone to employ women or minors. Unlike that of Australia and England, minimum wage legislation in the United States has been confined to securing a living wage for women and minors.

Of greater interest and more immediate concern to Canadians are the acts that have been passed, within the past two years, in four of the Provinces, namely, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, British Columbia and Quebec, and a brief comparative survey of them may here be of value.

The Acts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan show little or no divergence. In each province a board is set up with ample powers for holding inquiries into the working conditions of hired women, for fixing standards of wages and hours of employment, and for making all such orders in relation to conditions, sanitary or otherwise, as are, in its opinion, essential to the health or morals of those employed. The board, in each province, is composed of five members, the Manitoba Act specifying that, besides the non-partisan chairman, the employers and the employees shall each be represented by two members and that one of these shall be, in either case, a woman. The Saskatchewan Act provides simply that the board shall consist of five members and that two of these shall be women. Each board is permanent; its members are to receive salaries to be fixed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council; and its orders are effective thirty days after publication in the official gazette. In respect to enforcing the attendance of witnesses at inquiries, compelling the production of records in the possession of employers and punishing persons guilty of contempt,

the boards enjoy "all such powers and privileges as are vested in the Court of Kings Bench in civil cases". To guard against the contingency of having inefficient workers thrown out of employment on account of being unable to earn the prescribed minimum rates, it is provided that special licenses, the number of which is left to the discretion of the board, may be granted to those who are physically defective or who are serving as apprentices in those occupations which require to be learned. In Manitoba those licenses are granted by the board, while in Saskatchewan they are granted by the Bureau of Labour under the board's direction. The Bureau of Labour in each Province is placed under obligation to supply to the board, at intervals, such information in relation to labour conditions as may be of assistance in carrying on its work; but the powers of the board are in no way limited or determined by any information so received.

The British Columbia Act, while similar in many respects to those commented on above, presents some differences that are notable. The board consists of three members, one of these a woman, and is merged in the Department of Labour, the Deputy Minister of Labour being ex-officio its chairman. Members of the board, as such, are to receive no salaries, but all expenses incurred are to be paid out of the Consolidated Revenues by the Department of Labour. The number of permits that may be issued to inefficient workers is expressly limited to one-tenth of the number of employees in any given industry; and the orders of the board are effective sixty days after publication, unless a longer period is thought desirable. Express provision is made for the calling, by the Board, of public meetings of employers and employees, and for the subsequent summoning, if necessary, of conferences composed of equal representation from both parties, together with one or more "disinterested persons". The idea of the public meeting and conferences would

seem to be to afford full opportunity for the presentation of the facts of the case from either side, a desirable and necessary thing, since, as has been pointed out, the board itself is constituted regardless of the principle of representation, which is a feature of the Acts in the other Provinces.

Just as the Saskatchewan Minimum Wage Act is all but an exact copy of that of Manitoba, so, the Women's Minimum Wage Act of the Province of Quebec, which was assented to March 17th, 1919, is a replica of the British Columbia plan. Minor points of difference appear in the sections relating to the number of permits issuable to employees of low efficiency—the Quebec Act leaving this to the discretion of the board—and in that relating to the constitution of the board, the authority, in the latter Act, for female representation, being merely permissive.

So far as Canada is concerned it is obviously too soon for an unqualified conclusion as to the success or failure of the measures in question. The attitude of the impartial critic in their regard will be that of "wait and see". The laws are, for Canada, an experiment in the sphere of social legislation, and are based on principles against which many serious objections have, in the past, been urged. But they are an experiment which other enlightened and progressive States have tried and which they have, to date, betrayed no intention of relinquishing.

It may be seen that no attempt has been made in these lines to show the superiority of any one plan over any other, to justify on ethical grounds the principle of State regulation of wages, or to refute the economic objections that have, with waning force, been urged against it in the past.



A LOCHINVAR OF THE SNOWS

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN



WHEN the runners of the komatik had been iced, Fraser laid back on the top of its pack to rest. But Buck and the other Eskimo guide had still to treat the remaining sledges in the same way. First they lashed their loads on securely before turning them over. Then with their mouths filled with saliva, they began to spray it evenly on the runners as a Chinese laundryman sprays the white shirt front he irons. At once the water froze forming an ice coating which would lighten the load for the chained husky dogs, who were sniffing onlookers of these proceedings.

Quietly resting on the pack of his sledge Alan Fraser sucked his pipe in the perfectly contented frame of mind of a geologist who has seen and collared specimens of a piece of unexplored No Man's Land. On his way back from Cape Kater he was now pushing on towards the expedition's winter quarters at Arctic Bay, off Hudson Bay.

Very gradually the heavy drowsy sleeping-sickness of the North began to creep over him, while he lay ruminating on the trail they were making through this waste of snow levels and hummocks and frozen rivers. And out of this dream his attention was suddenly aroused by the howls of the huskies. With their ears pricked up they were excitedly scenting towards he east. Nothing, however, when he stood up to scan the great white world of snow came within his range of vision save league after league of shimmering cream beneath

the sun making his eyes ache and smart. But Fraser knew by experience that the husky can sense things no man can see. Bending down to the ice he hoped to locate the cause of their excitement with his ears, for sound travels far in the unbroken silence of the delicate rich blue air of an Arctic day. Very faintly there seemed to come to him a far-away barking or howling from the direction of the distant shore of the Bay. He hailed his Eskimos to make sure of his surmise:

At once Buck nodded:

"Mickey Nannack, dogs and bears".

At the word bears all the white man's love for the hunt exhilarated the tired Scot. There was a bear hunt afoot in the North and Alan Fraser was going to be there whatever it cost. In a moment the second komatik was righted and the dogs in their traces behind their leaders tearing forward. Even the podgy little Eskimos felt something away down in their blubber-holding paunches that bestirred them into striking the trail at their full gait—a speed which first surprises and then surpasses the swiftest white.

"Ou-youk! Ou-youk!" ("Big seal! Big seal!"), they kept shouting in encouragement to the dogs, who, too, felt the magnetic attraction of the quarry down below the sky-line. Hungry and tired though they were, their paws fairly flew over the ice.

Yet it was a full hour before Fraser and his party came in sight of the conflict. But the sport was worth the diversion, for it was a fight to thrill

even the proverbial louse. Four madly barking, jumping and snapping huskies were wheeling and gyrating madly round two magnificent polar bears, who shambled round ferociously after them. And in the middle of this fray, in his desperate eagerness, stood a young Eskimo attacking the bears. The hunter had no firearms, only a harpoon, which he was wielding for a thrust at the second bear. The thong of another harpoon already lodged in the shoulder of the first bear, was driving that cumbersome animal frantic, as he dragged it on the ground. For as the beast jumped about to strike at the dogs he kept stepping on it. And each time he stepped on the thong, the barb in his shoulder was given a pull and turned cross-wise in the gash sending out a jet of scarlet over the trodden and trampled snow. For the cunning of the Eskimo in making his harpoon is almost devilish. It is a metal barb or dart of about five inches, with a walrus skin thong some six feet long attached to its centre to act as a pivot. This thong is attached to a long wooden handle. The harpoon is cleverly thrown, handle and all, at the great lumbering brute. The barb penetrates deeply; and, as soon as the infuriated animal feels the stab, he turns around to bite at his wound. So the handle drops to the ground trailing after him on the principle of a small boy's tin to a cat's tail; but the barb with its thong attachment claws like a fish-hook at his flesh.

Something of the grandeur of this primitive struggle and admiration for the audacity of the plucky little Eskimo for a moment halted Fraser and his oncoming teams. Before their eyes at that moment the Eskimo drove his harpoon home into the second bear.

"By the great Jerusalem, Mon!" Fraser screamed, "it's grand."

But Fraser's huskies scented the blood, the fray. They ceased to be dogs and the wolf-cross in them drove them uncontrollably forward to the glorious fight, before either Fraser or his Eskimos could even release their

traces. In the nick of time realizing their danger the Eskimos rolled recklessly off their sledges; but, Fraser, too excited to act, was dragged with a tangle of sledges, traces and dogs, into the mêlée of wounded, snarling, raging bears, that struck at the dogs, the sledges and at Fraser, who was whirled round like a cork in a maelstrom. Helpless, bound up in a mesh of traces, before he knew fear, he was right in under one of the bears, its warm blood streaming over him. Then the bear itself seemed to realize that one of its foes was underneath, within its power. It slowly attempted to turn on its tracks, without losing its position. Failing to do this it began to bend its head down between its forepaws to discover Fraser's position. A whiff of its hot foul breath gave him a sense of his extreme peril and the bear in shifting its position over its prey to break the brunt of some attack, missed his head by a few inches with its terrible paw.

Meantime the dogs and the young Eskimo were attacking it too furiously to give the great brute time to locate him. Fraser himself was helplessly tied up in a tangle of traces, his arms strapped to his sides, with part of the overturned sleigh holding down his feet so that it was impossible for him to crawl out. His head was a foot to the rear of the bear's forepaws. The animal's snout began nosing about. In fact the fight had assumed an extraordinary position, the tracings of the three sledges intertangling with the dogs had also tethered the two bears up. The blows the great cumbersome brutes now rained round began to strike each other, further infuriating them, until at last the second bear in a supreme effort struck its mate a great blow with its claws across the snout, not only breaking it, but toppling the animal over on its side, where it lay helpless and bleeding, while the dogs proceeded to give it its coup-de-grace by ripping its throat. This struggle between the brutes themselves had given the young Eskimo time to jab repeatedly the other with a walrus-

tooth sword. Feebly it tried to shake him off, but loss of blood had exhausted even its great strength and under the infuriated Eskimo's blows it too sank down on its side dead.

The falling apart of the bears meant a tightening and snapping of the traces, which nearly killed Fraser, but the Eskimo jumping in between the bears, quickly cut the bonds that held him. Then all three Eskimos rushed in to pull the maddened dogs away from worrying the dead bear's skins.

It was already late in the afternoon. As the village of Nambuck, the young Eskimo's abode, was too far away for the party to reach that night, it was decided to camp on the scene of the fray.

When the bears had been skinned and the kettle boiled, Nambuck, who was rather undersized even for an Eskimo, related the cause of the fray:

"As a child I was regarded as weak and hardly worth saving for the tribe. So quite early I was spoken of as one who would be a poor hunter. The girls of the tribe even mocked me on this account. Laughing, they said no one would ever want to marry Nambuck and starve. So I did not go with the men to hunt, remaining with the women and doing woman's work. It was thus one day I felt a great desire for Nuliayok, the last daughter of Gul-i-put, the Chief, and the flower of the tribe's young women. Now as to Gul-i-put no one knows how old he is; but his deeds and great hunting are known to everyone. And Nuliayok is dearer to him than any of his daughters and as age has made him greedy for wealth all the young men of the tribe and other tribes knew for Nuliayok he would ask much—many skins and other wealth, for he is very greedy, as greedy as the sea. For two years since Nuliayok has been ripe for a man, all the bravest hunters have toiled to kill enough for Gul-i-put's exceeding greediness, but he ever demands more.

"And I—from the day I felt faint like a sick man in her sight—have

hungered after the beauty of Nuliayok and like the others who were stronger have toiled to make a great kill. The girls only laughed at me at first, the men taking no account of my killings. But as my killings grew even the old chief Gul-i-put himself has looked kindly on me until I have become first of them all for my pile of skins is such as no one has ever made before. And Nuliayok is more beautiful than any of the Eskimo women the North has ever seen. Better than any, too, is she skilled in needlecraft. And I—whom her father first spat at—have become her suitor. Gul-i-put is greedy and my skins are unnumbered. In the end he ached for them, but yet one more thing did he demand—that alone I should kill two of the great white bear. This now have I done, as you O white man know and to-morrow I go to claim Nuliayok."

Hearing this romance of the great white North told round the camp fire Fraser determined before his last pipe was done to participate on the morrow at the brave little Eskimo's triumph and at the same time make use of the occasion to do a little bartering among a tribe that evidently had had little or no traffic with civilization.

It was well on in the afternoon of the next day, when they arrived in sight of the village of snow-houses. It was situated on the frozen shores of a bay in a sheltered hollow cut in two by a deep gully. Fraser was to pass the night in Nambuck's igloo. In the meantime the formal demand for the hand of Nuliayok was to be made at once. The lover was eager to enter the village with all the glory of his unprecedented kill. Across the gully was Gul-i-put's snow-dome. The villagers were already aware of the party's approach and were hastening out to welcome them. A regular cortege was formed with the dog teams. Nambuck snowshoed ahead proudly carrying the great skins. Fraser went with him. Then the four teams followed with the two guides

and the ponderous carcasses of the bears.

With great state the procession proceeded through the village, across the ravine to the large igloo of Gul-i-put. The Chief had been informed of its approach, and on their traversing the tunnel entrance they found the wizened old brave meditatively seated on a pile of skins in the bosom of his family with the other head men of the village. In a corner Nuliyok was nervously hiding. After the formalities had been gravely accomplished and Fraser welcomed, Nam-buck came to the visit's object. Throwing down the skins he began:

"From the suitor of Nuliyok, the fairest of all Eskimo maidens, O chief, thou didst demand a last great kill. Behold it—two polar bear skins which even I Nam-buck killed alone."

A murmur of admiration went up from the assembled braves. For a while Gul-i-put looked meditatively at the offering. His yellow face was alone unmoved by such heroism. After a pause, with a cunning twinkle in his little bead-like eyes he looked up:

"And the white man—what did he do?"

"He came when the kill was all but finished."

"Nay—nay, Nam-buck, it was his kill and not thine."

A wave of amazement swept over the assembly. Nam-buck's rivals were quick to suspect him and a yell of assent went up.

"It was my kill," said Nam-buck stoutly.

Gul-i-put began to chuckle. A howl of laughter followed from the others.

"Get thee gone, Nam-buck," said the chief, "and tell thy old mother such a tale."

Nam-buck surprised, frightened, angered by this scepticism, appealed to Fraser, who backed up his friend.

"Nay—nay," said Gul-i-put, "the skill of the white man is known and this one would help his friend. Kill bears thyself, Nam-buck. Cunning thou art, but this time thy cunning has left thee. Never now shall

Nuliyok be thine. As to these skins, we will accept them as a gift of the great white man."

Unavailingly Nam-buck protested. Nuliyok even laughed at him and the sound of her laughter filled him with shame.

"This is a jest of years," said the tribesmen. "It shall be known as Nam-buck's killing of the bears. And Nam-buck will be known for the villain he is."

That night in the igloo Fraser watched by the guttering light of the soapstone blubber lamp its disconsolate Eskimo owner lying in despair on a pile of skins.

"Nam-buck," he said, "the thought of Nuliyok is as fire to ice in your heart."

"Wow, wow," wailed Nam-buck, his head buried in furs.

"And she is not yet your wife."

"Wow, wow," wailed the hapless Eskimo, biting the furs.

"Yet a brave man should always have a fair wife."

"Words of truth," replied Nam-buck lifting his head up, "and I have done all a man can do. Is there not the tip of the down of a deer's tail on the tail of my coat so that the hunting should be good? Have I not slain the white fox and the silver fox? Have I not harpooned in my kyak the walrus and the seal? Have I not tracked the martin and the mink like none other. Yes and the deer, too. And have not I—even I Nam-buck—slain the great white bears who are the protection of the maidens of the icebergs. Yet has all my great hunt been of no avail, for Gul-i-put has denied the maiden to me, saying that it was not my kill. And why should these things be? Never did I wear the boots, in which I have slain the walrus, when I slew the salmon; nor, did I ever let the dogs eat the bones of the seal or carve the tusks of my brother the walrus ere the ground was white with sonw. In sore trouble am I."

A primitive mind railing against fate is like a child refused a candy. So Fraser said:

"My heart goes out to thee, Nam-buck, for the white bears found you unafraid. You saved my life. So I will speak to thee words of wisdom. Take what the old man will not give, even the maiden herself?"

"But how shall I take her? It is the Eskimo custom ever that the father shall give."

You are a mighty hunter, Nam-buck. The bears found thee unafraid. Do you then fear an old man? Take her—even now while the night is on the land. Across the ravine is the igloo of her you love. Go in there and while they sleep take her. She will come gladly if she loves you. Crossing the ravine as you come back you can kick down the log bridge. So they will not come to-night after thee. And when in the morning they walk the long way round pay unto Guli-put her price in skins. And I will speak for you."

"It is good said Nam-buck. "I will go quietly and when I come to her shin-ig-bee I will take her up though she fight like all the mountain cats and carry her out."

Left alone Fraser chuckled. The humour of the situation appealed to him. Nam-buck would go through the blizzard that was now raging outside the igloo with all the unerring instinct of an Eskimo. He would sense his way along the ridge, creep across the jammed log, pause on the other side to gather himself for the contest, since the girl was sure to fight hard. The more a maid fights the better the bride is the Eskimo tradition. Then he would hasten to the great igloo only a few feet away from the primitive bridge. Down the tunnel like a huge human mole he would burrow. Pausing at the entrance he would look in on the sleeping humans in their shin-ig-bees. Which was the one? His decision must be made swiftly. Some one might wake up. They would all be sleeping on the big snow shelf. He would probably have to step in among them to get her. There might be a struggle. It would all depend on his deftness in getting

away. Pursuit was certain. But how the girl would struggle. They all did.

If Nam-buck could cross the ice-bridge he was safe. A kick would dislodge the frozen log into the deep drift of the gully below. The danger was that in her frantic struggles the girl might topple him over while they were on the log. If he weathered that by knocking her on the head, the girl would be his.

Once Fraser got up to tend the guttering flame of the lamp. Time passed slowly and Nam-buck seemed to have been gone hours. Fraser was almost at last coming to the conclusion that the scheme had failed. It was then he heard through the roar of the wind the huskies outside barking. A moment after came a hoarse shout in the igloo tunnel and Nam-buck with an inert burden slung like a sack of potatoes over his shoulder stumbled into the interior sheeted with snow spray.

"You've got her Nam-buck — splendid!" said Fraser. "I hope you haven't killed her," he added, stooping over the inert figure, which head and all was encased limply in the sleeping-bag.

"She fight—fight," gasped Nam-buck, "terrible like one big man and I hit her on the head till she stop."

"You must have hit her d—d hard. Look at that." Fraser was gradually extracting a blood-clotted head from the bag.

"But what's this. Heavens, man, it's the old man himself you've got—her father." And there before the white man shaking his sides with laughter and the horrified wooer, very slowly consciousness came back to the sinful, old face of Guli-put, the father of Nuliyok.

"Wow, wow," wailed the hapless Nam-buck, "never now shall I see Nuliyok."

"Don't be a darned fool," Fraser burst out angrily, "it is a strategic stroke of luck, my young Lochinvar. We've got the father and he won't get out till we get the daughter—savez. Here, tie him up."

THE GARTER IN IRELAND

BY J. J. FENTON

IS there such a thing as a romance of English government in Ireland? Is there sandwiched somewhere between rebellions, massacres, confiscations, and penal laws, something English to which a generous Irishman can offer somewhat in the way of reverence? I believe I have made such a discovery. Looking over the list of those English noblemen who have ruled and sworded in Ireland in the past, I have been surprised to find how large a number of them were "Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter"; and Queen Elizabeth, especially, was very partial to sending over Gartered noblemen to Ireland. The Garter is the brightest flower of English chivalry. It is the most romantic and splendid jewel in the crown of English aristocracy, and its intimate connection with Ireland is one of which Irishmen, on the whole, should be proud. I wish that some really capable and sympathetic pen would write a history of the Garter in Ireland. All I can do at present is to call the attention of my readers—the great majority of whom have never seen Ireland at all—to the brilliant part which the Garter played in at least one important crisis in the story of Ireland: that period when the all but successful revolt of Tyrone had shaken the authority of Queen Elizabeth in the Island. The English nobleman who then came to the rescue of the Crown in Ireland was Lord Mountjoy. His is a great name in Irish history; and the present paper is an

attempt to state why this great Knight of the Garter is entitled to a permanent and lofty niche in the temple of Irish fame.

Mountjoy landed in Ireland on February 24th, 1600. He was called upon at the age of thirty-seven to rescue Ireland from the slough of disorder and disgrace into which the sudden flight of Essex to England had left it. Elizabeth's authority was still recognized in Dublin and in a few of the coast towns. There were also some loyalists here and there in the interior of the Island; but the rest of the country may be said to have come under Tyrone's power. That power had reached its zenith when Mountjoy landed in Ireland; and yet, within six weeks after the date of his arrival, Mountjoy wrote over to England that he had the Rebellion well in hand, and that he had no doubt as to the final result. When we remember that, up to the very moment of his coming, the majority of those who sympathized with Elizabeth despaired of the continuance of English power in the Island, that Tyrone had so far successfully encountered every Elizabethan general that had been sent against him, and that the whitening bones of defeated Elizabethan armies bleached in the sun and wind all along the frontier of Ulster, this confidence of Mountjoy in himself will convince us that he knew he was possessed of military genius of a high order. At the very time that he wrote this letter men on the continent were comparing England's dread of Tyrone to Rome's dread of Hannibal. And

there were circumstances connected with the battle of Blackwater which not remotely recalled the battle of Cannae. But there also exists some evidence to show that Tyrone himself realized that *this* time he "was up against it": that the Russells and the Fitzwilliams and the Bagenals, and even the Norrises, were superseded by a ruler and warrior who "bore not the sword in vain". Certain it is that before Mountjoy had been very long in Ireland Tyrone became clamorous in his appeals to Spain for aid. Without such aid, he realised it was impossible to carry on a successfully defensive war against Mountjoy.

Fynes Moryson, who acted as Mountjoy's Secretary in Ireland, lets us into the secret of his master's Irish successes. Former English lords who had taken in hand the task of bridling Irish Rebellion generally confined their military operations to the summer and early autumn months, and after they had raided and ravaged during the warm weather retired into more sheltered quarters during the cold. But Mountjoy altered all that. Never a very strong man physically himself, he kept the field both winter and summer; and this novel method of conducting Elizabethan warfare was something for which the Irish enemies of Elizabeth were unprepared. He made England, not Ireland, his base of supplies; and his command of the sea always assured him of sufficient English reinforcements. His military genius was evident from the very first. The Irish who, according to that shrewd observer of human nature but not always accurate recorder of historic fact, Sir John Davies, recognize the strong hand when they see it, soon realized that when Mountjoy drew the sword he flung away the scabbard. He was not naturally a cruel man; but he had decided that the best interests, both of Ireland and of humanity, would be best served by military measures of the severest kind—and the measures he eventually adopted were such as necessarily made famine an ally of the sword. It is

possible that Mountjoy may have put into actual practice a plan of Elizabethan warfare in Ireland which had originally sprung from the fertile literary brain of Edmund Spenser, who, gentle poet as he was, could be extraordinarily callous to human suffering at times.

It is painful to read of the famine scenes that resulted from Mountjoy's military policy. That phase of his Irish career is the most indefensible, and has naturally called forth the not unnaturally hostile criticisms of such Irish writers as John Mitchel. But it does sometimes happen that such surgical operations—terrible as they are—are in the long run the best that could be adopted to heal the ills of the body politic. I am not defending this phase of Mountjoy's Irish policy; but I am attempting to point out that as a measure calculated to put an end to the, then, centuries old disorders of Ireland, it was eminently successful; and for that reason can claim a more indulgent consideration from us moderns than it would otherwise be entitled to do. That Mountjoy was not animated in his military policy by unreasoning hatred, either of Tyrone personally or of the Irish generally, was made abundantly clear after the death of Elizabeth when all the efforts of the ultra-Puritanical and ultra-Plantation faction to root out the old clansmen of the North and to fill their places with English and Scotch settlers, were successfully baffled by Mountjoy so long as he lived. Indeed, his death was the occasion of much sorrow of heart and grief of mind to Tyrone. We have the defeated Chieftain's own words for that.

The same school of Irish historical writers who never lack for eloquence when the subject is Mountjoy's harrying of the Celtic territories, are also largely responsible for the wide prevalence of the myth which classes Mountjoy along with Cromwell and William of Orange as "enemies" of Ireland and "persecutors" of the Irish people. I hold no brief here for either Cromwell or William: one was

undoubtedly an illegal "usurper" both in England and Ireland; and the legality of the other's proceedings are more than questionable, if we apply to them such a test as their utter want of any kind of legal or moral sanction from the old legal and parliamentary institutions of Ireland. But surely the case of Mountjoy is different from theirs. He *had* the moral sanction of the old parliamentary institutions of Ireland for what he did to make Elizabeth's authority in Ireland *de facto* as well as *de jure*. The Irish Parliaments of 1560, 1569, and 1585 did not, it is true, contain representatives from every corner of the Island; but such parts of the country as they did represent were very different from those almost invisible villages in the waste which constituted the electoral machinery by which the so-called "free" Parliament of 1613 acquired a preponderant plantation and Puritanical majority—though the total electorate which returned those Puritanical and Plantation legislators could well be housed in a single Calvinistic conventicle. The Irish Parliaments of Elizabeth were not open to the reproach of their earlier Jacobite and later Williamite successors, in so far as their loyalist majorities did *not* represent elements in the population which as yet were almost absolute strangers to the Island. And not only was there Irish Parliamentary support at the back of what Mountjoy did, but a large section of the Irish population—in modern terms, probably a "majority"—sympathized with him rather than with Tyrone. However strange such a statement may seem to those who judge Irish sentiment and opinion by later incidents in Irish history, the fact itself appears to me to be unquestionable. The greater portion—and the best portion—of Mountjoy's army consisted of Irishmen. The Irish towns were remarkable for their Elizabethan loyalty and zeal. The Irish lords, even when they became rebels, were all anxious to return to loyalty again. Even the Irish bards, a class of men

who were held to enshrine the most extreme ideal of Irish nationality in their breasts and to give the most vehement expression to it in their songs, in one instance at least—it is true that our authority for it is English—almost out-sang the contemporary English poets of the day in their worship of the Garter. I refer to the incident, related both by Moryson and Stafford, in which certain Munster minstrels rendered homage to Mountjoy after the battle of Kinsale. Did these minstrels accurately reflect the real feeling of any large section of the population? No decisive answer can be given to the question; but that such an incident should occur at all is a fact which the true historical student will regard as of no mean importance.

The injustice, however, which has been done to Mountjoy by the school of Irish historical writers to which I have just referred, is almost insignificant when compared with the more scandalous injustice which represents him as an active sympathiser with both the Puritanical and Plantation movements which began to raise their heads in Ireland during the last years of Elizabeth, and which a few years later — when both Elizabeth and Mountjoy were gone—effected those fundamental changes in church and state that have made any genuine reconciliation between England and Ireland almost an impossibility. Under Mountjoy's régime, Dublin Castle would never have been transformed into a glorified Orange Lodge. Of narrow religious bigotry, in the form which it usually assumes among Irish Protestants he was absolutely free. Again and again in his letters he gives utterance to sentiments which, if they had been acted on by those who succeeded him in the task of governing Ireland, would have saved both the Irish people and their historians that agony and shame from which neither now are free. A few years ago a great book was written by T. M. Healy—perhaps the most brilliantly sarcastic Irishman of the last generation—in which he, with a keenness that would

have done credit to Sherlock Holmes himself, traced home to their original authors the legal and other villainies from which Ireland then suffered. As far as I remember, the only Englishman who emerged practically scathless from that semi-legal investigation, was Mountjoy. This is what Mr. Healy says of Mountjoy (who had been created Earl of Devonshire on the accession of King James the First):

On the 3rd April, 1606, a tragic event thrilled England and smote Ireland. It came as a portent athwart a troubled sky to both conquerors and conquered. On that day the Earl of Devonshire died; and his unlooked-for taking-off changed the course of history. The influence of the victor of Kinsale over a prostrate country was not without benignity. He restrained mere vengefulness after O'Neill's (Tyrone's) surrender in 1603, and bent towardly on the defeated nobles. The new court in London he despised, and, doubtless, ranked his long-descended antagonists in Ulster high above the rabble who infested Whitehall or "Tibbald's" to importunt scullions for writs to plunder.

A Healy will never arise in Ireland to write such words about Cromwell or William of Orange! We all know now that it is to the sectarian "Plantation of Ulster" that the gangrene can be traced which is still festering at the heart of Irish life. And those of us who know a little of the "inside" of Irish history of the past and of Irish politics of the present are thankful that with the weaving of the intrigues and the perfecting of the villainies which had their consummation in the uprooting of Irish clansmen from the soil of which they were as much a part as the shamrock itself, Lord Mountjoy had nothing whatever to do. He is fortunate to be one of the at most half-a-dozen Englishmen who have played a great part in Irish affairs, of whom this can be said.

No sketch of Mountjoy—and this sketch is as much concerned with the romantic as with the historic side of him—would be complete that passed over his love affair with Lady Rich, a love affair that eventually exercised as much immediate influence upon the strange and often unintelligible des-

tinies of Ireland as the similar love affair of Parnell with Catherine O'Shea nearly three hundred years later. Mountjoy was not physically a strong man; and the intensity of his passion for Lord Rich's wife—to whom, according to some authorities, he is said to have been betrothed in his youth—did not add to his physical well-being. After several years' illicit intercourse with each other, and after Lord Rich had obtained a divorce from his Lady, Mountjoy and Lady Rich were married at Mountjoy's Wanstead home by no less an individual than William Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Long did Laud repent of his action in celebrating this marriage, and he kept the anniversary of it ever afterwards as a day of fast and humiliation. But while this love affair was a genuine passion of the heart on both sides, a passion that ran its secret way like an underground river for years, and at last burst forth into the open with a song rather than a cry, it is with its disastrous consequences to Ireland that I am concerned here. Through the whole of his military campaign against Tyrone Mountjoy was love-sick for Lady Rich and home-sick for England; and his departure for England threw the actual government of Ireland—though Mountjoy himself still remained nominally at the head of it during his residence in England—into the hands of Sir George Carew and Sir Arthur Chichester, two Devonians like Mountjoy himself; but two co-workers who secretly envied and hated the greater man, and who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity so unexpectedly given them to undo nearly all of Mountjoy's healing remedies for Ireland. If Mountjoy was unquestionably the Lion of later Elizabethan Ireland, the justice of history demands that Carew be christened the Fox, and Chichester the Rat, of that memorable period. And it was to the Rat that Ireland was delivered over when the Lion ceased to actively participate in her affairs. Needless to say, the change

from the Lion to the Rat was inevitably for the worse. Chichester had now a more or less free hand to weave his web of intrigue and cunning—let it be borne in mind that the Rebellion *was* over, that a treaty had been made between Mountjoy and Tyrone, and that Mountjoy was doing all he could to make the Peace a permanent and fruitful one for Ireland—around Tyrone and the other northern chiefs; and so successful did this plot hatched in hell eventually become that, after the death of Mountjoy, one of its immediate results was the enforced flight of Tyrone and his friends from Ireland and the confiscation of their vast territories for the Crown, to be soon followed by the uprooting of the Irish clansmen from all this vast district, and the supplanting of them by English and Scotch settlers—with consequences of which the whole civilized world is aware today. What can we say to this?

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—It might have been!

It might have been. Yes, the whole course of subsequent Irish history might—and doubtless would—be different if there had been no female loadstone across the channel to draw Mountjoy away from the work he had in hand. He had every qualification for making that work a work of healing reconstruction. He was a personal friend to Tyrone, he had no fanatical hatred of the Roman Catholic religion, (save when, as at Cork and Waterford, it manifested itself in politico-religious conspiracies), he was opposed to the uprooting of the Irish from the land, and he was a staunch believer in the bravery and fidelity of Irishmen; for was it not their bravery and fidelity that won the battle of Kinsale? The “love of woman” has, indeed, been “a fearful thing” for Ireland. Why does not the now powerful school of Irish playwrights turn its attention to Devorgilla, to Lady Rich, and to Catherine O’Shea? The first unintentionally

brought the Normans into Ireland; the second unintentionally destroyed an amicable English-Irish settlement of Ireland; and the third unintentionally ruined the Gladstone-Parnell combination for Ireland. Let us hope that there is not a fourth hidden in the womb of the future to unintentionally wipe Ireland off the map.

English government in Ireland, then, has had its romance as well as its tragedy and its comedy. But few eyes have seen that romance, and fewer still have sought for it. What Irish history really needs is more of the atmosphere of imagination and less of bigotry. It is painful to read the majority of the so-called “histories” of Ireland. They are either dull and uninspiring, or wild and exciting. The typical Irish historian writes with a pen in one hand and a shillelah in the other; and he either gives or gets a black eye in this historical Donnybrook.

A well-known Governor-General of Canada—Lord Dufferin—was not far wrong when he said that one of Ireland’s greatest needs was a Walter Scott, a man of imagination great enough to take those wonderfully graphic episodes in Ireland’s past and make the dead bones of the Tyronees and Mountjoys live again. Never was there a country to attract or repel like Ireland! The very mention of her name either fills the eye with tears or the heart with rage—I have seen it do both one and the other at the same moment. Whatever may be the extent of Ireland’s poverty in coal and iron underground, there can be no doubt as to the extent of her wealth in poetry and romance—or rather in raw materials for them—overground. And as one who has sought for them and found them I can say that whatever the past English government of Ireland may lack, it does not lack either poetry or romance in the relations which have existed between the “Most Noble Order of the Garter” and the vice-Royalty of the Kingdom of Ireland.



SAND CARTS

From the Painting by
Alice Des Clayes.
Exhibited by the Royal
Canadian Academy
of Arts.



A Species of Hosackia

GARDENS OF THE DESERT

BY HAMILTON M. LAING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

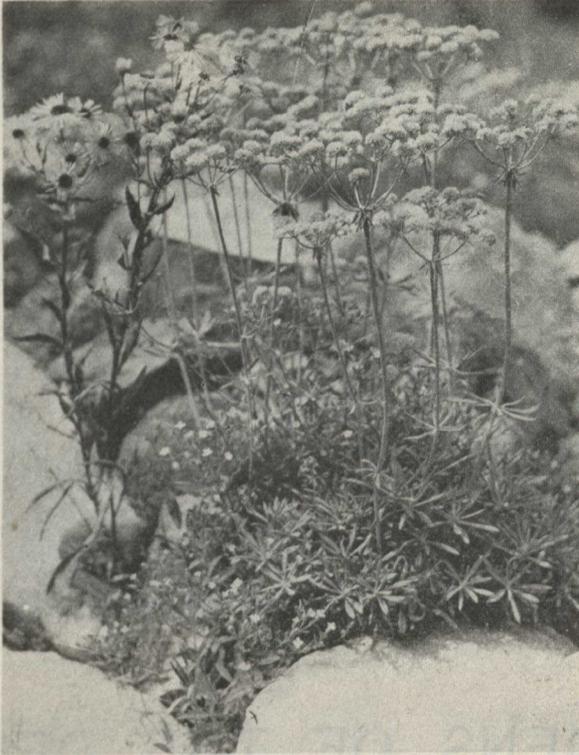
IT was not really a desert. But as our panting horses came to a stop on the side of the hill up which we had zigzagged back and forth to gain easier elevation, and as our eyes reached out to the far horizon and swept the flowered range, the old lines from "The Prairies" came into mind:

"These are the gardens of the desert, these, the unborn fields, boundless and beautiful. . . ."

And somehow the expression haunted me. Also, these flowered slopes of the bunch-grass range were more truly desert than the open plains that had pleased the poet's enchanted eye; for we at least were in the dry belt, where in midsummer the mercury crowds

the upper nineties by day and the nights are cool, where the grazing stock wander at will over wide acreage, where the yellow pines—the tell-tales of the semi-arid regions—stand like sentinels on the ridges, where the coyote sings through the night and where summer rains are few and scant.

We were riding in the rolling hills overlooking the little town of Princeton in southern British Columbia and in a portion of the arid belt—the most westerly finger of the vast desert land that lies upon the western and southwestern States and reached up to cross the Canadian line into Alberta and between the mountain ranges of British Columbia. Here on the eastern slope of the Cascades we were close to the tip of that limitless though in-

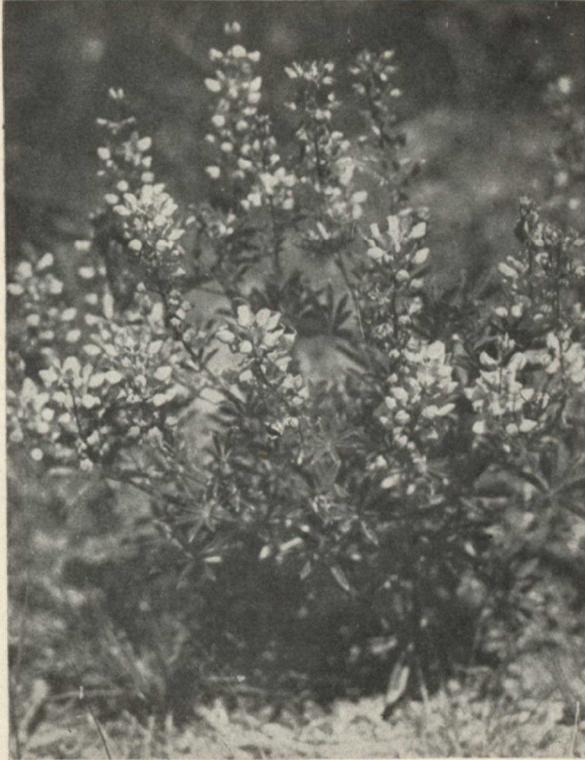


Eriogonum and Asters, with Silene at base

errupted region of sagebrush that stretches south through Washington, Oregon and California to the Mexican border and beyond. To westward lay the blue Cascade chain. To take the old Princeton-Hope trail here takes one at about thirty miles to the summit at 5,608 feet in the Allison Pass, beyond which lies the different realm of the coast country. To eastward this narrow tongue of aridity is hemmed in by the Gold Range. But the desert character of our view must not be too strongly emphasized; for sagebrush was nowhere in evidence and instead we were in the land of flowers. Flowers were under the hoofs of our horses; they swept our stirrups and on many open hillsides disputed the area with the tall bunch-grass; whole slopes glowed in rich, bright tones because of the myriad blossoms there, and the gray-green slopes cut at intervals by the timbered valleys rolled

away and away to the indigo hills that bounded every part of the horizon. Far to the south-west towered the only snow-caps in sight: the Three Brothers.

Nothing about the dry regions of the West so surprises the uninitiated as the flowers of the springtime. They grow here in myriads. Nature seems to have tried to make amends for some of the shortcomings of these places of scanty rainfall and has lavished upon them all the flower species that are hardy in the way of enduring aridity. The winters here are quite cold, the snowfall is abundant. Spring comes rather late and the thirsty land absorbs the melting mantle of the winter. Then comes the awakening of the myriad things in the soil. Plants and flowers spring to life. Tap roots and bulbs and underground stems that dried up and went to sleep the previous midsummer now swell and come



The Blue Lupine

alive magically and send up their foliage and flowers. A strange new birth this—a Renaissance. At the end of June and during July the land blossoms everywhere; it is a field of flowers—of spring flowers; for shortly the sun burning through to clear skies of the dry region, does its work. The blossoms disappear; the green range turns gray and then brown—it “burns up” as the stock men say—and autumn is premature. There is but one flower season: that of the spring. But Queen Flora makes up for the shortness of her reign by its intensity.

It is a horse-man country here. Men who habitually ride about in the ranching lands detest locomotion on foot. My comrade of these hills used to say that he would go anywhere a cayuse could go and a mile or two beyond—if he had to; so now we visited our flower fields in the saddle. These range horses, raised in the hills and

climbing them every day were as sure on their feet as goats, knew exactly how to go up and down and were tough and hard and tireless on no other subsistence than the bunch-grass of the hills. Such means of mountaineering or at least of hill-climbing, was luxurious. When I turned Pinto's head toward the hilltops I had no other care on the score of transportation; eye and mind were free to ramble at will, to greet the old flower, to see the new. For the man who loves nature, life is ever a quest of this sort; greeting of old friends; seeking of the new and unknown. And here in these gardens of the dry lands most of the flower faces were but half familiar—like old friends in new clothes.

This was a land of the greatest amount of variety. There was the realm of rivers and creeks that rushed over gravelly bottoms between willow and alder-fringed banks at the feet of



The Geranium

the towering hills, and here were found certain types of flowers and birds not met elsewhere. There were the half-bald rounding hills and ridges that rose hundreds of feet above the river and were bare to their crowns. This was the open range. There was extensive acreage of half-timbered country where little parks among the scattering yellow pines led one into another and formed as lovely a land to ramble and ride in as I can imagine. Down in the hills were rare little lake jewels that with their tules and wild ducks and chattering birds were reminiscent and almost identical with the marshes of the far-off plainland. Also there was the summit country four thousand feet above the town where only the alpine trees grew and the flower gardens there sprang to life with all the ardour and freshness of spring while the bunch-grass range below was sere and brown.

My first glimpse of this flowered valley of the Similkameen had been in

the dawn of the morning before the sun had achieved more than a gilding of the high summits and all the lower lands were gray. Through the night the train from Hope had toiled up through the Coquihalla Pass and come over the summit. The crawling progression, the winding and curving, the jolting, the mournful whistle and echoing hills all spoke eloquently of the course of the road. Wonderful scenery, I was told was shrouded under the cloak of night and with eyes to the window I impatiently awaited the light of dawning. And at length the rushing Otter river came to view and we skirted Otter lake and thence hit the Tulameen—where can one see such fishing streams as in B. C.? They fairly cry trout to the hilltops—and by and by I turned to the other window and lo! the gray hillside below the pines had turned to purple and blue and white. A flower-bed of nature's planting lay there—a garden of the wilderness.



The Yellow-blooming Cactus

First impressions sink deep, and I cannot forget the joy of first setting foot among these flowers of the hillside. For that evening near sunset we crossed the brawling little One Mile Creek and set our faces toward the top of the open range. A few yellow pines of goodly proportions clung to the hillside up which we toiled; the rest of the slope was given over to the flowers. The commonest flower here and indeed of the region, was the lupine. Of the pea-blossom type, its large clumps stood knee-high, and the flower-clusters were so dense and the clumps so profuse that the slopes in many places were blue and purple—a mass of bloom. In the whole region the lupine is omnipresent. From the lower levels to the barren slopes of the highest summits, in one form or another it grows in profusion. It had caught my eye first in the gray dawning as it holds the interest of every visitor. With it here, also in broad sturdy tufts and mattings, was

a species of pink *hosackia*, also a legume, bearer of “beans”, food for the stock and the chipmunks. Taller than either, the wild geranium stood in miniature thickets, its numerous red flowers, large and showy, giving the plant a very imposing appearance. The stock men said that it took up altogether too much room on the range.

Here and there among the others glowed a tall, brilliant mass of crimson and scarlet *gilia*, its fiery red trumpets trembling in every air that moved over the hillside. Everywhere from the slope large masses of creamy bloom proved a tall, rank, handsome *erigonum*. Like the lupine, this plant converted whole areas to its own colour. Here too seemed the home of all the *borrages*. Three or four species come to light on the hillside and quite as many of the *cruciferae* stood among them, these two families being notable on account of the smallness of their flowers. Matted about among the others in dense clusters and colonies



Saprophyte Orobanche

was a species of phacelia, a member of the strange waterleaf family. The plant itself was far more conspicuous than its flowers. The composites, it seemed, were represented by a legion of which the asters in white and blue and purple easily predominated. Yet these erigerons had not the field to themselves, for the gaillardia, arnica and a beautiful, if rank, species of thistle all clamoured for a place in the colour programme. But these just mentioned were all rather tall and large and showy. On the driest slope here grew opuntia, the yellow-blooming cactus; its waxy, transparent bloom was as delicate and lovely as its spiny mass was formidable and repellent. And here also sticking out of the gravelly soil was the little saprophyte orobanche—the last place one might look for parasitic plants.

We were not alone on the slope. A blue grouse sprang out of the flowers and took perch on a low pine bough while her several young hurtled off on the wing. Here she sat and eyed us with an interest that suggested little acquaintance with gunners. One or two pairs of meadowlarks lived here also and one of the males while perched on a pine sang his sunset madrigal—a strange setting it seemed for this bird. A nighthawk boomed and grunted as he swirled about the hilltop apparently making love and getting his supper at the same time; and here for some time we studied the beautiful Lewis woodpecker as he sat on a dead limb preening his fine feathers. We were to meet him often again, this lover of the dead pines, that has a coat like none of his kind, flies like a crow and catches insects on the wing.



The Purple Aster

The pine of this land deserves more than a mere mention. The yellow or "bull" pine (*pinus ponderosa*) is the tree of the dry regions and is one of the most beautiful of the western evergreens. Tall and stout-bodied, sturdily limbed when in the open, it is of pleasing appearance always. Its longleafed clusters give the foliage considerable density; the yellow-brown and ruddy bark cut into decorative, alligator-hide patterns glows hotly in the sunlight; its heavy foliage lays a clean needle-carpet about its base and its abundant cones decorate its circle. Though a slow-growing species it attains magnificent proportions and in this region was the prize of the lumberman.

Later in our ramblings we visited the park-like country among the yellow pines at higher elevations. These

fine trees always stood openly; there was little underbrush and we could ride almost anywhere. A deer-track in the cattle-trails, sometimes a bear-print as well, added zest to rambling here. It was under the pines that we found the most beautiful of the lupine beds. Little hollows of half an acre in extent often were occupied exclusively by this plant, and growing thus, partly shaded, cut by the shadow tracery of tall pines, contrasting with the latter's ruddy trunks and with their own pine grass borders, they formed veritable magic glens—pictures artists love to paint. Along with the lupine these parky openings grew the white death camas lily, the tiger lily with its curly flower parts (the perianth is sharply recurved) the blue larkspur the dogbane with its fairy bells, the wild sunflower, white everlastings and



Wild Asters

two species of crimson painted-cup or Indian paint-brush. There seemed no end to the variety of flower forms; at every half mile we discovered something new.

The creeks and rivers were worlds apart. Like all mountain streams in arid regions they brought no living waters to the valley save to their immediate banks. A few yards back from the ice-cold stream the cactus thrust up its spears and the vegetation withered early from drought. The willows and alders, aspen and black poplar and the red osier, gooseberry, raspberry and service-berry all clung close to the water, however, and formed dense thickets: home for woods birds not found elsewhere. On the rocky banks of the streams the pentstemons flourished, clinging here and there in dense rose-red mats. Than these flowers there are none more lovely, few the equal. On such rough foot-

ing also stood another of the gillias, lifting numerous blue faces from every tuft large or small. Willow herb rose tall in luxuriant clumps, often transforming a dingy corner into a temporarily gorgeous place. The white spirea, short and wiry of stem, held up in the sun its broad flower clusters; wild roses blossomed plentifully; and yarrow, old friend of every field, grew here in such profusion as to whiten areas that were rods in extent.

The bird life along the alder-fringed creeks were quite of equal interest. This was the home of the song sparrow, of the Cassin vireo, of the willow thrushes, yellow warblers, catbirds and Rufus hummingbirds with rarely a lazuli bunting or Macgillivray warbler pair thrown in for good measure. The song sparrow was there as a matter of course: given willows and water, he is the natural product. The Cassin vireo, much like the "preach-



The White Spirea

ing" red-eye of the East, sang the hours away from a perch in the alder tip. What songs the willow thrushes breathed at morning and evening of these sunny days! This is the western veery and he sings the same mysterious eerie strain as his eastern brother. The yellow warbler and catbird, thicket skulkers always, were quite as usual; they spent their summer here in perhaps an acre and could never be found far from the home nest. But as I watched the darting hummingbird I used to think that he must be in his heaven. With flowers in myriads awaiting his probing beak, what more could the sprite desire? To see him hovering and prodding into a cluster of the crimson-trumpeted gilia was to see one of the most brilliantly coloured miniatures of the bird world.

It was near the river in a pasture of East Princeton that I interviewed one of the original settlers. He was a

portly chap living in a rock-pile or a hole in the ground and was known locally as ground-hog or ground-pig or whistler. The books call him yellow-bellied marmot. He was a huge feeder and local observers maintained that he was like Rip Van Winkle, "naturally a thirsty body", that he was never found far from water and daily made a pilgrimage to the stream. Half a dozen of his kind might be seen about the rock-piles at almost any time of the day, either gleaning a living among the gross and lupine or lying about in the sun. They were sun worshippers and loved to mount stone or stump and lie flat and soak in the hot rays of their solar deity for long periods at a time. When a visitor in man shape appeared among the pines the first to spy him whistled short and sharp; the call was taken up and passed along and all hands either waddled denwards, or made



The Dogbane

ready to go, or sat bolt upright with front paws on aldermanic bellies and stolidly calculated the intentions of the new-comer.

In this pasture remote from other trees stood one large pine and under it within three doors to his residence lived a very large old citizen. So one day I went down with the camera and when the patriarch retired, I focused upon the sunniest door, jammed stones and earth far into the other two entrances, attached a long trout-line to the shutter and went back and sat down. Pretty soon a whistle behind my back disclosed a portly chap standing on tiptoe in the lupine about sixty yards distant and looking upon me with evident disapproval. At first I suspected duplicity: an underground passage, but soon gave the theory up as untenable. Old Marmota was far too lazy for such a task. But this "ground-pig" plainly was agitated. He was used to being disturbed by cows and horses, by dark-skinned section-hands who brought shotguns and

wanted to eat him, by bank clerks with .22 rifles who wanted merely to shoot him, and even used to seeking his relatives scattered about by the .30-30 Savage of the owner of the pasture, but this new man-camera-thing was out of his orbit. After long consideration he decided that it was bad for him and went below.

Like all stolid folk and slow thinkers, it takes a marmot a long time to make up his mind; but once made it is cut, trimmed and polished and there is nothing more to be done. When he holes up he means to stay. My intended victim had made up his mind before he disappeared under the pine. It was fully an hour later that, as my eye hung upon the entrance, I saw a black-nosed gray head lift up about one-half an inch and pop down again as though something had hit it. A little dust fog burst up out of the hole and indicated the celerity with which Marmota had changed ends in making his getaway. So I waited another hour; and about the end of this sun-



The Rose-red Pentstemons

baked period a big blunt head poked up from the mound on the remote side of the pine. The wretch had cleared his door. Again I vengefully waddled up this entrance and waited; but Marmota had made up his mind—though I came to believe later that it was *her* mind—and I went home near sundown without a negative.

It took me three days to get an exposure at this den; but at about the third trial I at least had some personal satisfaction. While lying on the ground in a new spot I heard a rustle in the lupine beside me and turning my head slowly beheld the big marmot. He had been away from home and now had approached without seeing me—his eye doubtless being focused only on the three-legged terror at his den. But he saw me now! For a moment he froze while the hair on his back rose on end and his bushy tail expanded cat-fashion. Then he began to creep ever so slowly toward the pine. This only for a moment and fear seized his fat legs and he

burst off at a terrific hobblety-waddle in a bee-line for the lower door. He rolled over the mound—and found the door closed, of course. Up he popped again to take a terrified look to see if I was coming (I was sitting upright now), then he bolted for the other door. It too was closed, and his consternation now was laughable. Back again he lumbered to the first entrance where he was out of sight and I fancied he was digging. Up his head would come for a peep and then back he would rush; I imagine he was working overtime and doing the best that was in him. But this was too slow; he dashed to the third door only to halt and stare hard at the eye of the camera. No, he could not face it; back he went to his digging. But not for long, and again he tried to face the camera. Then as he halted in stolid fear a few feet from the hole, a strange thing happened. Another small marmot that I had not suspected in the den, popped up in the entrance to his full height, looking quizzically

upon the big one as though asking what he was fussing about. And on the instant the big one dashed straight at him; the smaller one ducked as big Marmota landed and a dust flew out of the open door as they went down.

In variety of scene, few lands could hold out so much for the rambler afield. After I had exhausted a few of the possibilities at hand my comrade led me—on horseback of course—over to Swan Lake. Here a few miles from town, snuggled down in the range, lay a little mirror pond. It derived its name from the fact that a few years previously a swan had nested there. All around it lay the open hills resplendent in their patchwork effects in blue lupine and creamy eriogonum. On one shore stood some clumps of ancient willows; on the opposite corner rose a fringe of tall quaking aspens overtopped by a huge yellow pine. The lake itself was rimmed with green tules, and in the distance when we looked down from the hills, it shone like an emerald. In the quiet evening it was a mirror to invert the pine and poplars and the hills and the sunset.

What a thing of importance is a little water in a thirsty land! I had noted it elsewhere but nowhere was it so plain as at this little pond. The stock trails led to it as I doubt not at one time the deer trails led. Now the only wild paths of the sort were those of the marmots. On every knoll within a hundred yards of the water one or two of these fat fellows sat erect and whistled. They had dens within a few feet of the water and half-way refuge stations at intervals all along their routes. But the lake itself was a teeming place. Though so small it was summer home to some mallards and golden-eyes, three families of coots and a consider-

able colony of yellow-headed blackbirds. The young yellow-heads, though still unable to leave the rushes, filled the air with their incessant clamour. The tules were the roosting ground also for several hundred Brewer blackbirds that congregated at this center in the evening. The crows watered here in great numbers and in the willow-clumps were derelict nests that in previous seasons had been home to magpies. So snugly was this little water world tucked away in the hills one might have summered within half a mile of it and not suspected its presence.

Gardens of the desert truly were these lower hills and yet how fugitive were their blooms. By the first of August the slopes were gray and brown, the withered verdure rattled under foot and the chipmunks were busy gathering the lupine beans for their winter's store. But, Oh, the variety of the hills that renew and extend their youth and give us a season of bloom in the waning of the year. Though below in the valleys it was now early Autumn, yet far aloft toward the summit of the ridges spring was holding carnival. Up through the jack-pines along the old Hope Trail the lupine and crimson paint-brush now stood in solid masses of colour—quite beyond imagination until one has set foot among them; and out on the ridges at timber-line where the last stubborn banks of the vanishing snow still clung to the coolest hollows, golden adder tongues were nodding their downcast heads, the louseworts and valeriana and orchids were shouldering one another in profusion, while the red heather purpled the more barren slopes. But the alpine gardens of the West are a world apart, a tale untold—and quite another story.



ILL-FATED HOUSES

THE CURSE THAT SEEMS TO REST
ON SOME OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES

BY CHARLES G. HARPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



EVERYWHERE in England, no matter in which direction you go, you come upon the "ill-fated house", haunted, it may be; ill-omened to its inhabitants, or a mansion deserted without definite reason and left to decay. Even when there may be definite cause for some imposing pile being deserted, against all apparent reason, the marvel-mongers invent some weird story to account for it, and it is no use arguing that the site may have proved ill-chosen, or advancing anything so commonplace and matter-of-fact. In short, human nature loves to be thrilled; nay insists upon it; and so legends often come into being, without any real basis.

At the same time, it is an undoubted fact that many old houses are notoriously known to be unlucky; and many others suffer from a curse pronounced against them and whosoever should own them. The era of the curse has, however, to all appearance, passed; so far at least as new ones are concerned. The old-established curses are, nevertheless, in many instances still in going order, although erratic in their working. But to curse effectually nowadays, either a specific family, or prospective holders of properties,

or mere individuals would seem to be among the lost arts. In those "good old days" of which we read, it was possible to call down disasters, and it is quite evident, from the records of those jolly old times that not only specially-gifted, but all kinds of people, when smarting under a keen sense of injury could curse effectually not only the existing generation, but unlimited descendants. This must have been exceedingly daunting to any evil-minded persons bent upon committing a wrong. Or rather, we might initially suppose it would have been, did we not know that many wrongdoers put themselves recklessly in the way of it. It would be an interesting field of inquiry, when and how this useful faculty of calling down woe and disaster ceased, and how it might be revived. I have often cursed people—but nothing has happened to them. They continue to flourish. There does not seem to be a canker, a gnawing something about them, they do not wither away. It is altogether unsatisfactory.

But the history of families under this kind of ban is a remarkable and tragic record. Very largely they are suffering from the misguided ancestors who accepted the escheated Church properties, that were so freely

shared out in the time of Henry VIII. This, as that industrious old writer, Sir Henry Spelman, author of the "History of Sacrilege", would contend was only to be expected; but, if expected, how then we must admire the courage of those who acquired the old Abbey lands and resided on them, daring the worst!

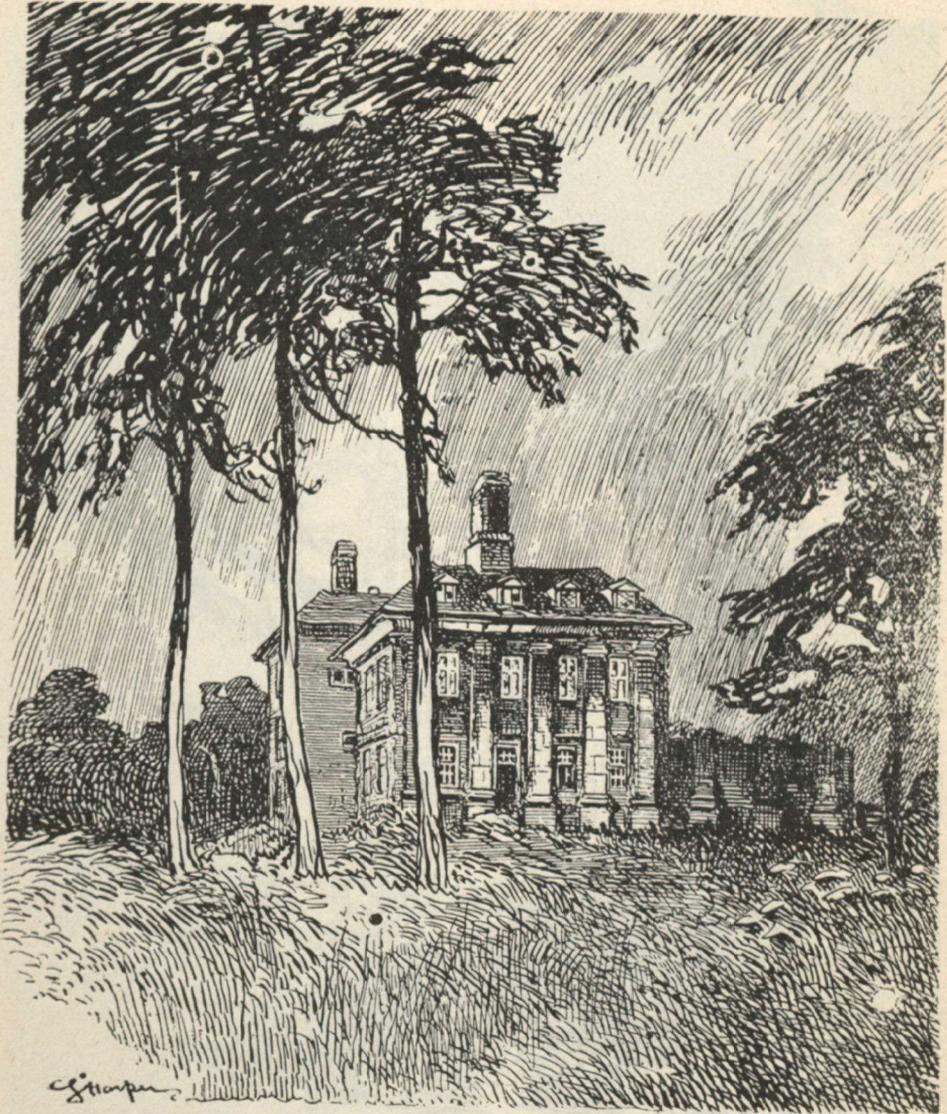
I do not, however, at the present time propose to tell again the familiar story of Cowdray House, Newstead Abbey, and Battle, in which the doom of those who held those properties has been often illustrated by tragic events. Nor shall I enter upon the subject of "No. 13", which is a very vexed one in towns; so much so that—at any rate, before the present shortage of houses put a certain degree of rashness into people — house-agents found an extreme difficulty in letting any house thus numbered. I have at present before me a cutting from a newspaper of 1912, in which, in a proposal to re-number No. 13 Stanhope Place, Paddington, and change it to "14", the Chairman of a Committee of the London County Council stated that applications were constantly being received for the alteration of Nos. 13 to "12a"; and that they were always refused. This seems unnecessarily unkind, and exceedingly unimaginative in the part of a public body; because, whatever we may think of the prejudice against the number thirteen, there can be no doubt but that it is widespread, and that it would be a kind of cruelty to oblige anyone of a superstitious turn of mind to live at such an address; to say nothing of the material injury the retention of the ill-omened number may do to a property.

By an ill-fated house I do not, in this place at any rate, mean one reputed to be unlucky to its owners; although there are many such, like Dalham Hall, which has a long chain of unfortunate circumstances behind it. No one has suggested any reason for this; but the fact remains. And yet there are stolid and unimaginative people always ready to take Dalham. This mansion, near Newmarket, was

built by Dr. Patrick, Bishop of Ely, in 1704. In all that neighbourhood it is known as "unlucky Dalham". Calamities, financial and other, pursued—and overtook—a long line of its owners; among them the Affleck family, who sold it to the late Cecil Rhodes. The purchase had not long been completed when he died, untimely, in 1902, in his forty-ninth year. He had thought of retiring, at the close of public life to Dalham. He willed it to his brother, Col. Frank Rhodes, who died three years later, and the estate then passed to the third brother, Capt. Ernest Frederick Rhodes, who died there, April 4th, 1907, aged fifty-nine.

But Dalham Hall is a well-kept house. It is not deserted; and it is rather upon the misfortunes that have befallen various houses of which I wish to tell. For example, of Great Bayhall manor-house. This extremely stately old mansion, built in stone, in the massive semi-classic style of about two centuries and a half ago, is a property belonging to Lord Cambden. It is wholly deserted, and partly in ruin, but still forms an impressive picture, if at the same time a gloomy one. No novelist, desirous of a fitting scene for a thrilling romance, could find so suitable an one elsewhere than this deserted spot, near Pembury Green, in the Tonbridge neighbourhood. It is, moreover, to be reached only by three-quarters of a mile of steep and rough pathways through hop-gardens. No tragic story belongs to Great Bayhall, and it was abandoned, long ago, only because the situation was not convenient. But the spectacle of a deserted house so appeals to the imagination that a story is generally found for it, and some years ago this lonely mansion earned the reputation of being a haunted house.

The roofless walls of the once stately mansion of Houghton Conquest, still show traces of a former great architectural beauty. It is outside Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, on a site which was once a park, and was begun by the Countess of Pembroke in the seven-



Dalham Hall, near Newmarket. A house of ill-luck

teenth century. The badges of the Sidney and Dudley families are yet to be seen there. Eventually Houghton came to John, Duke of Bedford, in 1758. He furnished it in 1764 for the newly-married Marquis of Tavistock, heir to the Dukedom, who was thrown from his horse and killed in sight of his wife, who witnessed the accident from the loggia pictured here. He was about twenty-eight years of age.

That was in 1767, and she died in little more than a year after. In 1794 the mansion was unroofed by the then Duke of Bedford.

Nothing is more remarkable than the disappearance of old families which were once numerous and apparently destined long to continue. The ancient Fettiplace family, for example, seated at Swinbrook in Oxfordshire, utterly died out when their



Boarstall Tower. All that remains of the once famous mansion of the Denhams

one remaining representative expired in 1805, at the "George" Inn, Burford, on his return from Bibury races. And he was a Fettiplace only by adoption. Not merely have they disappeared, but their great mansion at Swinbrook has likewise gone. A few ponds and some farm buildings that belonged to it are

all the stranger can see; and in the church only is there any trace of them. There, in the chancel, is one of the most extraordinary monuments: effigies of six Fettiplaces, life-size, reclining on their right elbows, in niches like bunks aboard ship. They are the lords of Swinbrook who ruled there



Great Bayhall Manor-house. A stately old mansion near Pembury Green, now deserted and in ruins

between 1504 and 1692. Opposite these voyagers across the Styx is a bust of the last actual Fettiplace by birth: Sir George, who died in 1745. His mansion passed to others, and was demolished about 1820.

It is curious to reflect that not so far away, at Besselsleigh, was the mansion of the Bessels family, who were seated there from 1350, and gave the place its name, only to die out for lack of a male heir. They had come into Besselsleigh by marrying the estate, so to speak, in the sole heiress of an elder family, and the final heiress of the Bessels married a Fettiplace; but not in this instance the property, which had in 1634 been sold to the Lenthalls. Of the ancient mansion of Besselsleigh only two stone gateposts remain.

The ancient knightly family of Hungerford, numerous, rich and powerful, owned lands in many shires, as well as at Farleigh Hungerford, a few miles south of Bath, where their ruined castle stands. This historic family seemed so deeply rooted that it might stand for ever. In many unexpected places the ancient badge of the family is found: what heralds style a "garb": that is, two crossed sickles.

But the Hungerfords ended in a scatterer and spendthrift: Sir Edward, born 1632, died 1711. He parted with more than thirty manors. His mansion in London was burnt down, and he thought to retrieve some of his fortunes by building a market there. This stood on the site now occupied by the Charing Cross Station of the District Railway. But he was obliged to sell it, and he died at last as one of the Poor Knights of Windsor. And all now left of the Hungerford glories is the name of "Hungerford Bridge", and Farleigh Hungerford Castle, in whose chapel the bodies of that race lie in leaden coffins, moulded to their shape, a grisly sight indeed.

And so the Hungerford family no longer figures in our records. Gone are many another; often so long since that their story is forgotten: the Cyfrewasts of Crichel in Dorset; the Cruwys family; the Wasteneyes; the Wichehalses; the Kedermisters; extraordinary names, all these. But somewhere, through the female line, their blood survives. It is the more remarkable when we look upon the monuments of vanished families whose very name is often an antiquarian curiosity to see that in Elizabethan and Jacob-

can times they were among the most prolific, and that sometimes as many as twenty children are figured on their tombs. Many indeed are those ill-fated "houses", in the dynastic and family sense of the word.

Boarstall Tower, in a secluded part of Oxfordshire, is the picturesque gatehouse of a great mansion of the Denhams, and its only survival. In the meadows behind it, may be seen the mounds which mark where the buildings stood. Brambletye, near East Grinstead, is another striking example. Sir Henry Compton built it, in the seventeenth century. In 1685 the owner was Sir James Rickards, who, under suspicion of high treason, fled to Spain and was never more heard of. The mansion was then abandoned, and is now a ruin, approached by an extremely bad road. Ascott House, near Stadhampton, Bucks, built by William Dormer, was

burnt down in 1662, almost as soon as completed, and never rebuilt. Only the grand avenue and some gate-piers stand. The old mansion of the Keigwins, at Mousehole, in Cornwall, is now an inn: the "Keigwin Arms", and the family are extinct.

An altogether different story belongs to Trentham, that sumptuous mansion built by the Duke of Sutherland about 1850: a palace, rather more than a residence. It stood beside the Trent, adjacent to Stoke-on-Trent, and gradually the expansion of the Potteries and the pollution of the river rendered the place impossible as a residence. Six years ago the materials of Trentham were sold and the Victorian Italian palace of the Leveson-Gowers was demolished. It had stood only sixty years. The like fate seems to be in store for Hamilton Palace, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton.



HER KING AND COUNTRY CALLED HER

BY CHARLES STOKES



“SUPPOSE,” said Bob Wentworth, laying down his newspaper and turning to his wife, “suppose your country and mine were at war?”

Such a start Mrs. Wentworth gave. “Whatever suggested that?” she nervously asked.

“The paper’s full of the German invasion scare again. Of course, everyone knows it’s impossible—but suppose—”

“Surely,” she replied, “the impossibility admits of no question.” She pronounced English so well that only the very occasional pauses she made, when the right word was not immediately forthcoming, betrayed that it was not her native language. “Why should we discuss it if—if it’s impossible?”

“I don’t know,” said Bob. “The whole business, as everyone knows, is just a scare to foment a fake patriotism. You see what it is—an irresponsible newspaper, aided and abetted by some surly, disappointed military man, has worked it up as a catch-penny circulation dodge. Yet I sometimes wonder—”

“What do you wonder, dearest?” she asked, as he paused.

“I—I wonder—suppose it was really true—how would it affect us.” His voice sank a little.

His wife, rising and crossing to him, perched herself on the arm of his

chair, with her arm round his shoulders. “I love you, dearest Bob,” she whispered, “and I love your England, and I love our two dear babes, and I love most of all the babe that is to come.”

“Yes—but would you love England then, Lottie?”

“Me?”

“Yes, suppose Germany and England were at war.”

She shivered. “Don’t,” she pleaded. “It’s impossible.”

“I believe, you know,” he went on, “that all said and done, the strongest force that animates mankind is nationality. I don’t believe it can ever be killed; it may become clouded over—buried below the surface—but it’s there still. Look at the Boer War. . . . Of course, it’s the kind of talk that goes well at election times. They say one in every two elections is won by waving a flag. . . . Still, I’m not so sure.”

“Don’t!” his wife whispered again.

Bob looked up at her. “You’re not crying, Lottie?” he asked in some amazement.

“No—no—but don’t let us speak of this,” she replied chokingly.

“Why, I didn’t think it would upset you so!” He drew her head down. “It’s a silly subject, anyway.”

And he spoke no more of it, but threw down his paper and picked up a book. But every time she looked across at him over the table, her eyes

dimmed, and she was glad she was out of the circle of light which the lamp threw. Once or twice her hands faltered at the little garment she was sewing.

Six years of England had made many strong marks upon Charlotte Wentworth. For one thing, her management of the language. Then, again, England had ceased to be the delicious adventure that it had seemed in those far-off days, when, as a girl in a small town in Bavaria, near the Black Forest, she had thrilled at the romantic idea of loving a foreigner and marrying out of the narrow circle that apparently threatened to be her destiny. She had done very well for herself, had Fraulein Charlotte. Many were her friends who had had summer flirtations with tourists, but it is not given to every pastor's daughter to receive the permanent affection of a rich tourist of thirty.

In reality, their little love affair had reached its quick climax before she learned that her betrothed was rich. Notwithstanding, her girl friends discredited her motives; but so comparatively short was the period before her wedding that she had not properly felt the bitterness of their envy. One of her brightest memories was the meeting and entire mutual appreciation of her Bob's silver-haired old mother and her own silver-haired old parents.

She had gone back only twice since. But they were planning now to go back again at Christmas, to exhibit the youngest child to her German grandparents, who had not yet seen her—and, of course, the new baby. During the six years of her unregretful exile, her husband's fortunes had risen. He had succeeded to the sole ownership of his father's flourishing business; his social circle was considerably enlarged, thanks largely to her; and he had lately entered Parliament.

She reflected upon these things this evening. England was no longer an adventure; London, although still so large, was no more a city of enchant-

ment, but a very commonplace aggregation of human beings whose desires and failings seemed somehow very little different from her own. England, in short, was not now a foreign country, and she almost called it "home".

Yet, as she sewed, her eyes wandered to a discarded newspaper on the floor, and back again to her husband. Around him—he was blissfully smoking—her private life revolved. She caught her breath, as in a sigh.

"What's the matter?" Bob asked, turning.

"Nothing." Sometimes, when she was agitated, she pronounced it "nussing". "I go to bed."

"Good-night, my love," he said, kissing her. In a spasm of feeling she threw her arms round him and pressed him to her breast. Honest Bob was not accustomed to so much demonstrativeness, and looked his surprise. She fled quickly to bed.

Upstairs, she stayed long as she kissed her sleeping children. Then, when she had knelt down to whisper a prayer to God—for she was a pastor's daughter—she breathed a few words, as was her wont, for the unborn child; and she added some incoherent words that God might have understood, but which she could not have done if she had heard them herself without knowing the fear that impelled them.

II.

Bob Wentworth usually sent his family to the seaside for the months of July and August. This year he sent them to a quiet little spot on the Devonshire coast, and he intended to run down there himself for a couple of weeks at the beginning of August.

But in the last week of July, 1914, a bomb fell out of the clear sky, shattering many well-planned schemes. Incidentally, it smashed Bob Wentworth's holiday plans all to pieces.

"Will England go in?" When war could no longer be prevented between Germany and Russia, that was the universal question—a question that,

in the catastrophic hurricane of events, became almost instantly, "Can England stay out?"

Bob's position of dignity as a member of Parliament had not brought him into much prominence, it is true. A conscientious attendant, and a safe and regular "vote", he was little of an orator—he was quite content to remain in the obscurity of the back benches. But in the trigger-edge state of feeling, his privileges as a member in being near the storm centre were envied. So one of his friends, who was not in Parliament, told him as they parted at Palace Yard that memorable afternoon of the third of August.

"What wouldn't I give to be in there!" said his friend. "For once I envy you. To sit there and listen to Grey and Asquith and the others—and out here, what can we do? Just wait and wait and wait."

"But," Bob replied, "you must remember that's about all we can do. Those fellows don't say much except what they want, and all the papers have it ten minutes later."

"How—er—is Mrs. Wentworth?" asked the other curiously.

A shade crossed Bob's face. "I don't suppose she knows yet. Where she is they get all their mail very late, and I—I—haven't told her."

"Darned hot, isn't it?" said the other. "There won't be any war. Germany will funk, mark my words."

"I wish I were as certain as you!" He sighed and went in.

That day was a holiday—the only occasion, they say, when the British Parliament has met on a holiday. Instead of going to the seashore or the woods, the people of London spent the day in London—outside the Houses of Parliament. They waited there several hours, watching for a sign.

When Bob reached home he found a telegram from Charlotte.

"Send me the latest news," she wired. "I must have it."

But Bob the craven tore the paper and threw it away.

The next day Parliament met again. In the early hours of the morning a certain telegram had been despatched to Berlin. It asked for a definite reply by midnight. And the House dissolved, and Bob joined the huge mobs which paraded the streets—mobs that were shouting hostility at Germany and anathematizing the German Emperor.

Did words kill—could boasts win battles, and half-drunken choruses campaigns—the war would have ended that night. A little tragic, perhaps, that this awful moment of history should be given over to "mafficking".

But the beautiful summer evening waned to a close, and the lights blazed in every room of every public building. The August sky became darker and darker, till it was of deepest liquid stillness; and over all the roar of London, over all the cries and songs of the maffickers, a summer night's warm perfumes pervaded the atmosphere.

The crowds were thickest outside the Foreign Office. Every window in that building was flung open because of the heat. Not a sign!

But in one corner of the multitude, a man whispered to his neighbour. Others standing by heard it, and caught it up. It leapt like a flame then: it was shouted—shouted—shouted! War!

Who started it—on what authority—has been forgotten, if indeed he was ever marked. Not until the next day was it officially announced that a state of war had existed between the two countries from eleven o'clock; but at eleven o'clock the crowds of London sensed it.

No parallel in any history of mafficking to what ensued then! . . . Wild-eyed, and staggering, Bob Wentworth found himself on the outskirts of the crowd. His straw hat was smashed out of shape, his tie was flapping loose, his coat was dragged back. He laughed and sang with the rest.

As the outside man of a score of others in similar exuberation—none of whom he knew—linked arm in arm across the street, he rioted in a direction which his subconscious mind told him was home. Indeed, he presently passed his house. Two miles farther on, the party broke up, and he went back with three of them. At his own door he shook hands and congratulated them on being at war with Germany.

There were lights in the front. The first thing he saw, as he entered the hall, was a pile of baggage. Wondering not a little, he turned into the drawing-room.

His wife was standing there, dressed in her travelling clothes and with her hat still on, staring fixedly out of the window. The two children were fast asleep on the sofa, their outdoor clothes on the floor beside them.

"Good God—" he began.

"I had to come," she said simply. "We're at war, is it so?"

"Yes—you and I."

III.

Bob came down next morning at his usual time, but with a headache. His wife, an early riser, always breakfasted with him; and this morning, as usual, she wore a kimono, and looked up at him with a smile from behind the tea-pot. The windows were open, and there floated in, on the lazy August morning, the scent of flowers from the window-boxes; the sun flooded the room with light. The children were playing on the floor.

It was just such a breakfast scene to which he had come down for six years: a domestic memory that carried him through many arduous hours; only this morning the newspapers at his plate flung scaring headlines at him as he closed the door.

Always his first act had been to kiss his wife. This morning he took the newspapers first; but, recollecting, he dropped them unread and kissed her. She had noticed, however, and on her face quivered a slight

tired she looked.

spasm of pain. And Bob saw how "You didn't sleep well, Lottie, did you?"

"No—I—I—think the journey—used me up."

Bob threw the papers on the floor. "Dearest," he cried, "I haven't a very clear remembrance of what happened last night. I was—all worked up, you understand. Did I—I say anything?"

"Say anything? Yes, of course."

"Anything, I mean"—he hesitated—"that you didn't like."

"No," she replied. He had not done so either; and Charlotte, who had spent a greater part of her sleepless night listening to his restless tossings and his occasional mutterings, felt a sudden gleam of hope shoot across the sullen background of her unhappy thoughts.

He ate, after that, in silence. The papers lay where he had thrown them; and Charlotte, trying to read from his abstracted gaze what he was thinking, knew his fingers itched for them. At length he rose, kissed her and the children, and went out. He came back the next moment, however, and picked the newspapers up.

"I'll take these, if you don't mind," he said. "Good-bye again." Always he had read them at breakfast-time and left them at home, and Charlotte liked to read them lazily after he had gone.

She smiled back; but directly she heard the front door slam she caught the children to her, and burst into a torrent of weeping.

"What is it, mütterschen?" asked the five-year-old boy—the children being to some extent bilingual, and often given to mixing up the two languages.

"Oh, my beloved kinder! Oh, my dears!" And she sobbed and sobbed until they cried, too, without knowing why. Then she smiled again, and wiped their eyes. After breakfast she sent out for some more papers.

Bob came home very early—almost

after lunch. "It's no good," he said, "work's impossible. Everybody's mind is elsewhere. So I closed up and let the men off."

"Is—is it bad news?" she asked.

Bob drew her to him. "Dearest," he said, "we won't let this come between us, will we?"

"No," she replied uncertainly.

"We won't speak of it more than necessary, will we?"

"No—no."

His arm closed round her shaking form; and together they stayed thus in silence, for a long while.

Thenceforth this agreement was more or less observed. Bob might let an unthinking comment slip out, but generally he set so severe a guard upon his lips to avoid paining his wife that his conversation tended to become monosyllabic. There was, in truth, an atmosphere of constraint that owed its existence to this mutual reserve.

Bob's business interests, of course, suffered. Trade became very depressed, and against his will he was forced to lay off a number of his employees. He and Charlotte seemed to spend a great deal more time together. The ostensible reason was that society life had become suddenly extinguished, but in reality he did not like to take her visiting his friends or relatives. Some nights he had to be at the House of Commons, but he did not otherwise go out after dinner.

One evening in late August—it was during the retreat from Mons—he had to go down to the House, and was casually looking out of the window before starting. He said suddenly: "There he is again!"

"Who, Bob?"

"Why, there's a fellow always hanging up and down this street. I'm always seeming to see him. Do you know him—does he live near here? That fellow in the raglan coat!"

She crossed to his side. Truly enough, a man in a light gray raglan coat was walking slowly along the opposite side of the street.

"No, dear, I've never seen him before," she said.

"I've got an idea he's a housebreaker, watching empty houses, the way he hangs round. Or maybe he's got a servant sweetheart and is waiting for her." He laughed, and, opening the street door, stood on the top of the steps. "Good-night, Lottie. I think we shall be late to-night—don't sit up for me."

The man in the gray raglan coat had reached the end of the block, and had turned, pacing slowly back. "Good-night, Bob!" Charlotte cried, and went in.

For half an hour she read; then she picked up her sewing. As she opened the basket and sat regarding with shining eyes the little garments inside, she heard behind her a gentle tap on the window.

Their house was old-fashioned, and had broad balconies outside the windows. On one of these balconies was standing—he had evidently scrambled up from the lawn beneath—the man in the gray raglan coat.

Charlotte opened her mouth to scream. But the man outside made a curious gesture, and she stopped, frozen. She had heard of this gesture, but she had prayed God she might never see it.

The man signed to her to open the window—it was a long one, opening from the inside; but she shook her head violently. He made another motion as cryptic as the former, and insistent; and then Charlotte found her voice.

"No!" she shrieked, in her native language. "No!" The intruder moved his lips, and she shrieked again.

Two minutes later one of the servants rushed in. Her mistress had fainted.

IV.

Charlotte's baby was born the next day—dead. Several times she thought, as she lay there, that she ought to tell Bob about the visitor. But meanwhile she underwent a subtle mental change.

In her heart there now blazed a sullen resentment—mostly against things in general, and only secondarily against racial distinctions.

Bob, too, had undergone a change. He was inclined to be moody. Once or twice he talked vaguely of enlisting.

"Oh, don't!" she cried in anguish. "I have nothing to live for now!"

"There are still Dick and Gertrude left," he brusquely replied. "You seem to forget them—and," he added, "I must say you seem to have lost interest in them."

"Yes—but—but since the babe—" And she broke down. Bob cursed himself for a brute, and comforted her.

"Don't—don't mind me, Bob," she said, between her sobs, "go if you like." But he found the restraint sufficient; yet in other hours—and, alas, they began to dominate him—he chafed at what he called his softness. "My country is at war," he would tell himself grimly, "and German wife or no German wife, I should be doing my bit."

Of the man in the raglan coat she saw no more for a time. But one day, when she was out shopping, she felt a light touch on her arm, and, looking round, there he was. He raised his hat.

"May I walk your way, Mrs. Wentworth?" he inquired politely, no trace of an accent in his speech.

Charlotte shook her head violently and dived into the nearest shop to escape him. When she came out again he had vanished. The next day she took care to have someone with her when she went out, and this continued; but in the end she met him again when she was alone.

"What is it you want?" she demanded. "Why do you follow me about?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I must speak to you," he said.

"You cannot—I will not."

"Only for ten minutes—"

"But it would be dangerous. No, I cannot."

"See—across the way—in the park—broad daylight." They were standing on the corner of Charing Cross, and he pointed towards the entrance of St. James's Park.

"No—" she began again.

"Don't you realize?" And Charlotte helplessly accompanied him. They entered the park and found a seat. Sitting on the seats in St. James's Park in winter is not a popular pastime, and they had no disturbers. The park looked very melancholy.

"Now tell me!" she commanded. "And speak English!"

"Of course!" he grinned. "Of course!"

"How are you here?"

"Ah, these English police!"

"Be quick. Am I to spy, too?"

"The Fatherland, my friend, demands the services of all true sons and daughters."

"I will not spy."

"You are not asked. All I have to say is—be ready! Your services are not yet demanded—but be ready!"

"I cannot. I have an English husband—I have English children. Your coming killed what would have been another English child. Shall I spy on them?"

"My friend, if the Fatherland asks—"

"How can it be so inhuman as to ask what I grudge?"

"Are you a traitor to say that?"

"No—but—"

"Then, see," he concluded, "how fortunately you are placed—what an advantage you have—the English husband—the English babies—"

"How can you be so cruel?" she cried, springing to her feet. But he laughed cynically.

"Sometimes," he suggested, "that is arranged beforehand." He rose also. "I will not see you again yet, but remember—readiness." And he stepped briskly away.

Charlotte looked apprehensively around, to see whether they had been overlooked. But no one was in sight.

V.

What was really in her mind?

She tried many times to analyze her feelings. Should she be a traitor to her Fatherland—but then, her husband and her babes—and then again, supposing she did have to serve, she was so frightened. . . .

But when Bob at last enlisted, she found herself unexpectedly enthused. He was mildly surprised.

"I really couldn't resist any longer, dearest," he excused himself, "but I never thought you'd take it so well. You might almost be pleased."

"I am, in a way, darling Bob."

"Pleased that I am going to kill your countrymen?"

"No, not that." Her brow clouded. "But that you have made your decision. I wish I could make mine."

But really his action swayed her more than she realized.

Thanks to some previous training, Bob was promoted to a lieutenancy before he went. When he kissed Charlotte good-bye, he held her close for a second. "Thou lovest me enough to give me up?" he whispered in German, a language he very seldom spoke.

But she answered him in English, "Yes."

So Bob marched away, one beautiful spring morning. The band was playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me". The boys marched with a keen springy step, laughing and singing; yet not one of them knew where he was going.

Then ensued Charlotte's dark days. She heard from Bob only very spasmodically. He was in the trenches, he said, and letter-writing was difficult. He spared her any recital of the horrors of warfare—never once did he mention death.

One day she received an anonymous letter.

"Your brother, Emil, is killed, and your cousins, Franz and Eric. Be ready. Tear this up."

Bob came back in June. A shot had entered his right leg at one side

and come out lower down at the other, and the doctors said it finished his military career. He walked with a stick, and Charlotte cried most at his white face.

"Oh, my dearest!" she cried. But Bob was exuberated now with racial enmity. When they were back in their house, he began to speak of atrocities, of horrible mutilations, of soldiers said to be crucified.

"Those German fiends!" he would growl. His wife would look at him, but he did not heed her. "I wish I could say I'd killed a thousand of them instead of being sure of only two!" he would go on. "Give me the paper. They're baby-killers—where's the latest raids?" These were in the early days of the Zeppelin raids. Charlotte could have told him of another baby her country had killed; but instead she bowed her head in sorrow.

"They'd kill our babies if they could!" Bob would mutter, as his glance rested on his innocent two—playing most of the time, ironically enough, at soldiers. But this could not last. One afternoon, after an harangue of unusual bitterness, she broke down entirely, and suddenly Bob saw the light.

"Charlotte, dearest," he cried, catching her to him, "let's go away from all this—just you and I and the children." And she was happy, because she felt that whatever happened her husband loved her; but she sadly told him that they would have to go to another planet.

In the evening Bob took his stick and said he would go down to the club for an hour or two; and standing at the door she saw a figure on the corner that seemed familiar.

An hour later a messenger boy brought an express delivery letter.

"You will at once," she read, "take the lantern which you will find in the attic upstairs, ascend to the roof by the skylight, and wave it backwards and forwards. That is all. Destroy this."

Immediately the telephone rang. "Mrs. Wentworth?" asked a voice.

"Yes—who's that?"

"You will obey?"

"Who's that, I ask?"

"No need—you know. Will you obey?"

"There is no lantern—"

"Pardon me—yes."

"I can—I shall—ring up the police."

"Too late! They are almost here!"

"I cannot! . . . Oh, God . . ."

But the voice at the other end said quietly, "You will be spared if you obey. Otherwise—it is now—you are needed by your country."

VI.

Out of curiosity—who knows?—she went up to the attic to see if there really were a lantern. And there was: one with a red glass. It had not been there the last time she had visited that room, a week before. And during the ascent a strange, horrible, emotional thing happened to Charlotte Wentworth which the sight of the lantern finished—she remembered that above all things she was German.

She could see little when she had staggered up the ladder and on to the little rectangle of roof enclosed between the sloping roof. London lay dark, hidden in artificial blackness. Nowhere could a light be seen; and yet she knew that millions of people were below her. Above, the dome of the sky was just a shade lighter.

She lifted the lantern to the extent of her strength and waved it. Was it imagination, that she saw, towards the northeast, an opaque obscuration that could not be a cloud?

Bang!

Immediately the darkened and apparently extinct city squirmed. Just as, when a tiny drop of water falls on a hot stove top, a hissing little jet of steam spurts up, so suddenly, almost as suddenly, it looked, as if they were the escaping flames from an incendiary bomb, half a score of pencils of

dazzling light shot up into the sky. These pencils of light had a curious, jerky action, and they twisted round the great deep bowl of heaven uncertainly.

Bang!

It was nearer. The lights began to waver less, and to concentrate towards one particular spot, as Charlotte watched them in fascinated horror. They reached the vague density in the northeastern sky, and stayed there.

They revealed a long cylindrical shape. Bathed in the combined power of ten searchlights, a beautiful sight—a great silver fish, it seemed, was floating the dark blue ether—a fish that moved without perceptible effort, but moved swiftly.

Bang! A death-dealing fish!

Charlotte remembered her lantern, and waved it frantically backwards and forwards. At one moment she thought what a tiny pin-point of light it must be—almost invisible; but she did not realize how eager eyes had been watching for it the whole night.

Now she heard a fierce tumult in the street below. The sound of a multitude of voices, of the rushing fire-engines, of the crash of falling masses, but not, thank God, of the shrieks of pain. Beneath her, in her own home, she heard doors shut. And in an incredibly short time she heard another bang!—a different kind, smoother and gurglier. Immediately she saw a burst of flame near that floating mass in the sky. The burst of flame was a long way from its target, but it was followed by a fusilade. Very vividly it reminded Charlotte of rockets at the fireworks displays.

Her arm was tired, but she still waved the lantern. A great whirring noise came from above, almost directly overhead—a noise like a very angry and very noisy bluebottle, only somehow inhuman. In it machinery seemed to have found voice—seemed to shrill its ferocious triumph over civilization.

Then one of the searchlights began to droop from the airship towards the

earth. It hung level with the street, and moved slowly round on its axis. Then suddenly its enormous power dazzled Charlotte Wentworth full in the eyes; and it moved no more. At the same moment there was a loud rushing noise, as of a gale—the atmosphere seemed to rock—a blank—and she fell—fell—fell!

“Stand back there!” roared a policeman. “Let ’er alone—can’t you see the lady is ill?”

“Spy, spy—German spy!” scream-

ed the infuriated mob. A searchlight operator had received hurried instructions over the telephone; the consequence being that a cordon of police surrounded and protected a desolate woman who, bleeding from assault as well as from bruises, and uncomprehending her own miraculous escape, stared fixedly at a heap of ruins from which workers had brought out bodies—two of children in their nightgowns, and one of a man who, in outdoor dress, still grasped a walking-stick in his rigid hand.

LEMNOS

By HERBERT J. MELDRUM

AND now the war is done, the fighting o'er,
 Departed are the ships and busy throng
 That filled the isle with action and with life.
 Now doze the natives as of yore;
 For thousand years they lived the same,
 No change to mark the passing of the time.
 But now they have a trust—to guard
 The graves of those that stayed behind:
 Neat mounds, row upon row, and each
 Its wooden cross that bears the honoured name
 Of one that died in honour's cause.

Here they shall rest; and in the years to come
 Shall pilgrims journey from a thousand ports,
 To pay their homage to the sacred dust!

Beneath the pale white brilliance of a tropic moon
 That soaks the scene in its transparent night,
 Outlined by shadows, floating velvet gloom,
 There lies a waste of rocky barrenness:
 A vibrant silence fills all space with dread,
 And thousand soldier spirits seem to roam
 Between the glistening waters and the hills
 That guard the land-locked harbour from the sea.

AN UNTAPPED CANADIAN FUEL RESOURCE

BY A. BROOKER KLUGH



THE serious situation in regard to fuel which prevailed in Canada as the result of the coal strike in the United States leads us to consider the fuel resources of the Dominion very carefully.

We have coal in Canada, but unfortunately the deposits are situated in the extreme east and the far west, and are thus remote from our largest centres of population, and from our main manufacturing districts. Our industrial centres are consequently almost entirely dependent upon a supply of coal from the United States. This fact was not generally appreciated until the coal shortage due to the war, and even at that time was not driven home as forcibly as at present.

While our coal resources are inadequate, owing to unfavourable location, we have a huge fuel resource, the supplies of which are very favourably situated, and which is at present untapped—our peat deposits. The total area of the peat-bogs of Canada is estimated at 37,000 square miles, and of this total area the bogs in New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba comprise 12,000 square miles, with an average depth of six feet. One square mile of peat-bog, with an average depth of six feet will produce 774,000 tons of peat fuel so that the bogs of the provinces above mentioned will yield approximately 9,300,000,000 tons of peat.

In view of these vast peat resources, and of the further fact that there are seven large peat bogs near Toronto and seven near Montreal, it behooves us to devote some attention to a consideration of peat and its utilization as fuel.

What is peat? It is partly decomposed and disintegrated vegetable matter that has accumulated in any situation where the ordinary decay of chemical decomposition of such material has been more or less suspended. Water is an excellent medium for preserving the remains of dead plants, since it excludes air and most of the organisms that are the chief agents of decay. The water may contain certain poisonous organic compounds, that originated in the growing plants, and these compounds may act with the water in preventing the growth of organisms that cause decay.

Peat is found in all parts of the earth where conditions of moisture are favourable, but it is most uniformly present in regions of abundant and regular rainfall, and relatively high humidity. The first factor supplies the necessary water and the second prevents excessive evaporation.

The different plants which play a part in the formation of peat and the manner of peat formation must be known in order to understand the characteristics of the different kinds of peat. A peat bog has its origin in a lake with a border of vegetation round its margin. In lakes in which

the slope and character of the shores are constant enough the different kinds of plants will be arranged in definite zones. Thus we usually have an outer zone of pondweeds, next a zone of water-lilies, then of bulrushes, and then of sedges. The sedges form a dense mat of vegetation, which becomes so strong and buoyant as to build out from the firmer part of the bottom and form a floating marginal shelf, which rises and falls with periods of high and low water.

As the plants of these zones die their remains gradually build up the bottom, rendering the water shallower, and in this manner the ring of vegetation slowly advances and encroaches upon the open water. This process goes on until finally the lake is converted into a marsh. As soon as the sedge-mat is established certain shrubs such as the leather-leaf, Labrador tea, andromeda, shrubby St. John's-wort, sweet gale, and species of willow come in, and with them comes the sphagnum or peat-moss. Sphagnum is a large grayish-green moss, often tinged with pink. Several species occur in Canada. The plants grow continually at the top and die below it. It is limited in its upward growth by the height to which water will rise above the general level through the spongy mass of dead moss below. If the water-level remains constant this height is seldom more than three feet, but if the water-level rises with the upgrowth of the peat the bed of sphagnum may become many feet in thickness. At this stage the peat-bog is at the acme of its development.

The peat-bog is next invaded by certain species of coniferous trees, the Tamarac and Black Spruce being the commonest and most characteristic species. These trees, like the other plants which have successively occupied the old lake basin, first appear at the margin and gradually spread towards the centre. When these trees have become established over the whole area, and deciduous trees, and other coniferous trees, begin to come in at the margin the area has passed

over from the bog to the forest stage, and is no longer workable as a peat deposit.

So far we have considered the formation of peat in old lake basins, but there is another location in which extensive deposits of peat are formed—flat, poorly-drained country, in which the water-level is at, or near, the surface for the greater part of the time and the soil below is saturated. In this case we have none of the strictly aquatic plants present, neither have we the zonal arrangement so characteristic of the lake basins. The plants which grow on these flat areas are mainly grass-like in form, with long slender stems and leaves which die down at the end of the growing season, thus forming a very compact, tough turf. The soil water is increased because this turf holds water like a sponge. The excess of water prevents the complete decay of the dead vegetable matter and thus peat formation goes on indefinitely.

In colour, peat ranges from light yellowish or straw colour, through various shades of yellowish-brown, reddish-brown, and dark brown, to jet black. All of these colours are darker when the peat is wet, though the lighter shades often change to dark brown after the peat has been cut and exposed to the air.

From what has already been said it is apparent that peat has great capacity for taking up and holding water. The water is held partly in the interstices of the deposit and partly in the cell-walls and cell-cavities of the plants composing the peat. Of this water only a part is removable by pressure or other mechanical means. Prolonged trials made by competent experimenters show that only a relatively small per cent. of the water can be pressed out, and that the remainder defies the action of the most powerful hydraulic presses and the best centrifugal machines. By pressure the amount of water can only be reduced from ninety per cent., as it occurs in the bog, to seventy per cent.; the rest can be removed only by evaporation.

The quantity of water is less in the black, thoroughly-decomposed types of peat than it is in the lighter and more fibrous kinds.

If, after thorough maceration, a mass of peat is allowed to dry slowly to the air-dry condition, it contracts in bulk, and dries into a hard and firm substance that absorbs very little water even if immersed. This effect is due to the formation during drying of a complex hydrocarbon compound, known as hydrocellulose, which is distributed through the interior of the peat brick and which forms a skin over its surface. This skin, while it will absorb moisture from the interior and transmit it to the air, does not allow water to pass in the other direction. Unmacerated peat, on the other hand, dries into a loosely aggregated mass, which takes up water readily and is easily broken up either in the wet or dry condition.

Peat that has been dried below the air-dry condition, that is, dried until it has less than twenty-five per cent. moisture, quickly absorbs moisture from the air.

The suitability of a peat deposit for certain definite uses depends upon the physical condition of the peat. Thus if peat is to be used as stable-litter there should be a large amount of well-preserved fibrous matter present, whereas fine-grained, structureless, compact peat is best for use as fuel.

The classification of peat is usually based upon physical properties, but it is difficult to draw hard and fast lines between the different types.

A convenient and commonly used classification is the following:—

Turfy Peat—consisting of slightly-decomposed mosses and other peat-producing plants, having a yellowish colour, very soft, spongy and elastic. A cubic foot weighs seven to sixteen pounds.

Fibrous Peat—Little decomposed peat which is brown or black in colour and easily broken. A cubic foot weighs from fifteen to forty-two pounds.

Earthy Peat—Nearly or quite destitute of fibrous structure, drying to

earth-like masses which break with some difficulty. A cubic foot weighs from twenty-five to fifty-six pounds.

Pitchy Peat—Dense and very hard. Breaking under blows of a hammer with a smooth, lustrous fracture. A cubic foot weighs from thirty-eight to sixty-five pounds.

Primarily the organic materials from which peat originates are two—cellulose, the substance of which the cell-walls of plants are composed, and lignin or woody matter. These are often mixed with lesser quantities of other organic compounds which have been formed in the course of the life of the plants.

During the process of partial decomposition as it usually goes on in the peat-bog, a part of the gaseous elements, oxygen and hydrogen, with part of the carbon, are liberated as methane (marsh-gas), and carbon dioxide. These gases contain respectively more hydrogen and more oxygen than carbon, hence the more completely decomposed peats have a higher percentage of carbon than those which are less decomposed.

So far we have considered peat in general, now we turn to a consideration of peat as a source of fuel.

The quantity of ash which is left after combustion determines within certain limits the value of the peat as fuel, since the fuel value decreases with the increase of the ash content. This is due to the fact that ash constituents replace a certain amount of combustible matter, that the ash uses up heat to raise and maintain its own temperature, and also uses up heat in bringing about chemical changes in the minerals which compose it. The maximum amount of ash considered allowable in fuel peat is twenty per cent. of the total dry weight. Irish authorities class peat with five per cent. or less as good, with from five per cent. to ten per cent. as fair, and from ten per cent. to twenty per cent. as bad, while the Swedish standards are as follows:—Good, two per cent. to five per cent, fair, five per cent. to eight per cent, poor, eight

per cent to fourteen per cent. When peat is to be used in the generation of producer gas, to which we shall refer later on, a higher proportion of ash may be present than if it is to be burned in the ordinary manner.

The ideal fuel should maintain a steady and efficient fire, be capable of easy control with little attention, and must not develop smoke or offensive or injurious gases. It must not have too much ash, and must not produce clinkers or slag, nor give off compounds which will corrode the boiler or other metal work. It must be cheap and transportable. Let us see how peat measures up to these requirements.

The maximum temperature developed by the combustion of perfectly dry peat of good quality is high, being more than 4,000 degrees F.

The lighter kinds of peat ignite at a temperature of about 400 degrees F., and burn with a red smoky flame, and a grayish or whitish smoke. The denser kinds of peat do not ignite as readily, and burn less rapidly. These characteristics of the two kinds of peat are so well recognized in Europe that the fibrous kinds are cut for use as kindling, and the denser kinds for general use.

In comparing the efficiency of different fuels the figures are usually given in British thermal units. A British thermal unit, (abbreviated to B.t.u.), is the amount of heat required to raise one pound of water one degree F.

The values of some common fuels are as follows:—

One pound of wood yields	5,760 B.t.u.
One pound of lignite yields	7,069 B.t.u.
One pound of air-dried peat yields	7,615 B.t.u.
One pound of bituminous coal yields	11,000 B.t.u.
One pound of anthracite yields	12,523 B.t.u.

These figures are for average samples, and there is naturally a wide variation depending on quality. Thus anthracite varies from 10,966 to 14,000 B.t.u. a pound and bituminous from 10,706 to 13,365 a pound.

The variations in peat are as follows:—

Peat with 4% ash and 10% water	—9,117
Peat with 4% ash and 15% water	—8,688
Peat with 10% ash and 15% water	—8,045
Peat with 4% ash and 25% water	—7,615
Peat with 10% ash and 20% water	—7,508

On the whole, peat, as used, will stand in calorific value to anthracite as seven to twelve.

Now as to its other characteristics as fuel. Peat raises steam in a boiler in about one-half the time taken by coal. It is free from clinkers, cinders, sparks, soot and smoke, and evolves no injurious gases in burning. It is cheap, costing about \$1.75 a ton to produce. Its greatest disadvantage is its bulk, as a quantity of peat equal in heating value to a ton of coal, has a volume 3.6 times as great. This fact precludes the possibility of long hauls and makes storage more difficult. This difficulty can be overcome by the use of gas-producer plants, to which we shall refer presently.

Peat is usually used as fuel in one of two forms—as “cut peat”, or as “machine peat”. The use of cut peat is very ancient, but is still in vogue in Ireland, Denmark, Russia, Germany and other countries in which peat is a common domestic fuel. In the production of cut peat the portion of the bog to be worked is first drained by ditches, the peat is cut out in blocks of from ten to eighteen inches in length, four to seven inches in width and three to six inches in thickness, which are taken in a wheelbarrow to the drying-ground where they are stood on edge. After a week or two they are turned on the reverse edge, and after about a month they are sufficiently dry to be stacked. The stacks are built in an open manner so as to allow the air to circulate freely, and are protected by a thatched roof. The peat is usually left in the stacks until needed for use.

Machine peat, otherwise known as pressed peat, condensed peat, and wet-process peat, is produced by thoroughly macerating the peat before it is formed into bricks. After the peat

has been dug it is fed into machines in which revolving knives and flanges cut and knead it so as to crush the fibres and woody structures. The most recently devised machines have a hopper for receiving the peat, a cylindrical body containing the cutting and grinding tools, and a device for cutting the strand of macerated peat into uniform blocks as it issues from the orifice. These machines are made in all sizes, from the small machine run by the power of a single horse and turning out about three tons of brick a day, to the largest, which require powerful engines to operate them and turn out fifty tons a day. The most efficient machines reduce the bulk of the peat by about one-third. This is due partly to the squeezing out of some of the water, but mainly to the crushing of fibres and woody parts.

Machine peat has many advantages over cut peat. It is firmer, denser and less friable, more homogeneous, and, as previously mentioned, does not absorb water readily.

In connection with the big peat machines various mechanical devices are operated, such as digging machines, automatic carriers for bringing the peat to the machine and taking the bricks to the drying-ground.

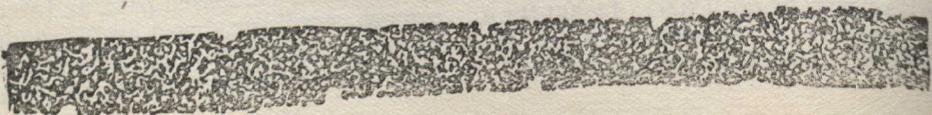
It is quite natural that attempts should have been made to eliminate the moisture from peat by artificial means, and to compress it so as to render it less bulky. We have consequently heard a good deal in recent years of the manufacture of peat briquettes. By a combination of heat and pressure it is possible to turn out hard, black and heavy briquettes of peat, but the process is expensive and the cost of the finished product is too high to compete successfully with other fuels. It is remotely possible, but hardly probable, that some economical method of making briquettes may be invented, but at present the

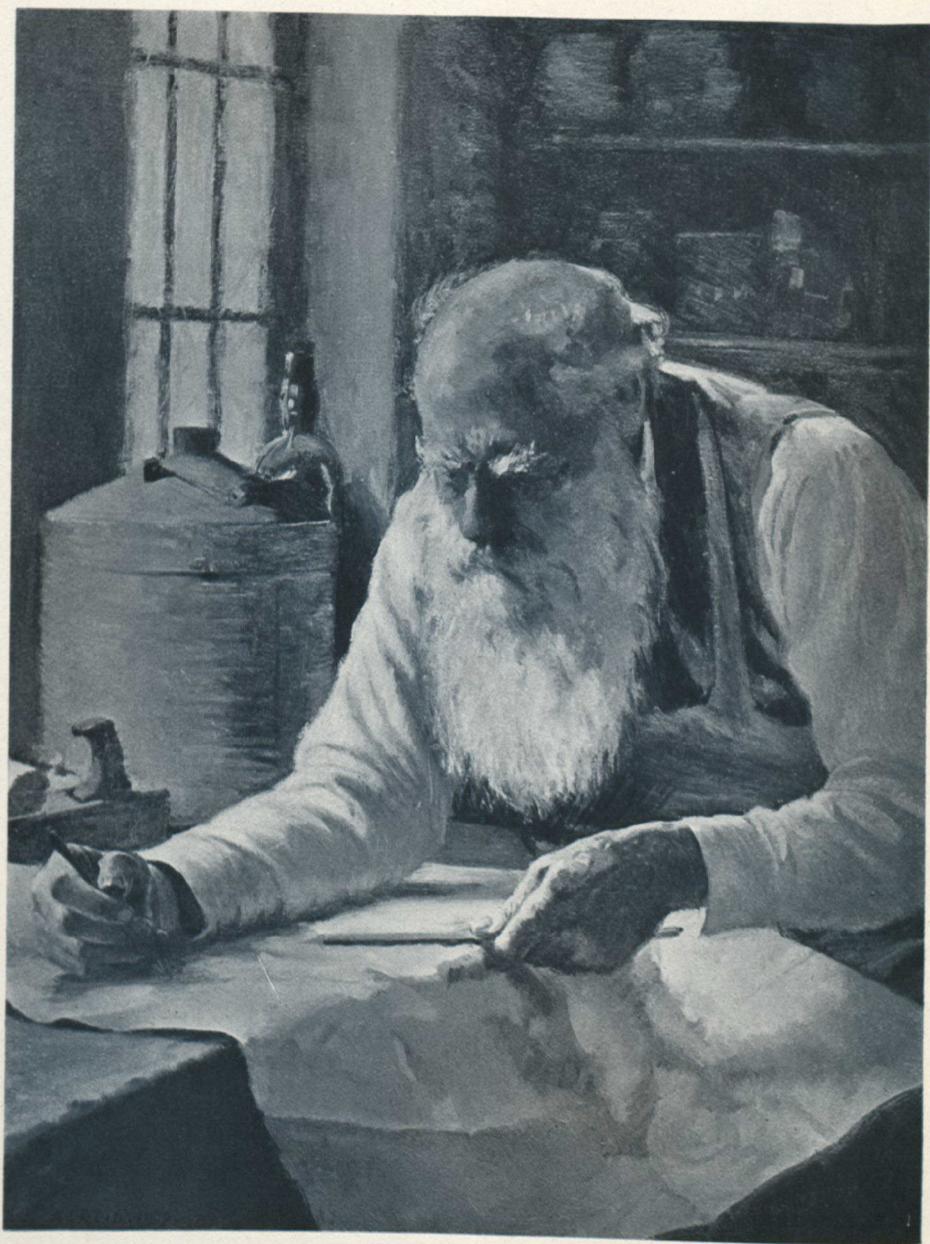
statement made by our peat expert, Dr. Haanel, in 1910 still holds true—“The endeavour to accomplish economically by artificial means, and in a short time, what has been accomplished by nature in exceedingly long periods of time, namely, the change of peat into a substance similar to coal, has so far not been attended with success.”

There is, however, a method of utilizing peat as fuel which holds out great promise for the future — the generation of producer gas. The gas producer differs from an ordinary furnace in that less oxygen is admitted to the combustion-chamber, and the fuel bed is thicker. In an ordinary furnace the effort is made to have the fuel elements take up as much oxygen as possible, and thus get the maximum amount of heat from the fuel. In the gas producer only a small part of the fuel is burned, and the heat from that portion is utilized in converting the rest of the fuel into gas, which is then piped away from the producer. The amount of gas produced from peat is large, varying from 74,400 to 97,200 cubic feet a ton according to the quality of the peat.

Peat for use in gas producers does not need as careful preparation, nor as thorough drying, as when used under boilers. The gas producers can be located at the bogs, and the gas generated can be converted into electrical energy and transmitted to centres of consumption as electric current. The gas may also, if desirable, be piped long distances and burned under steam boilers.

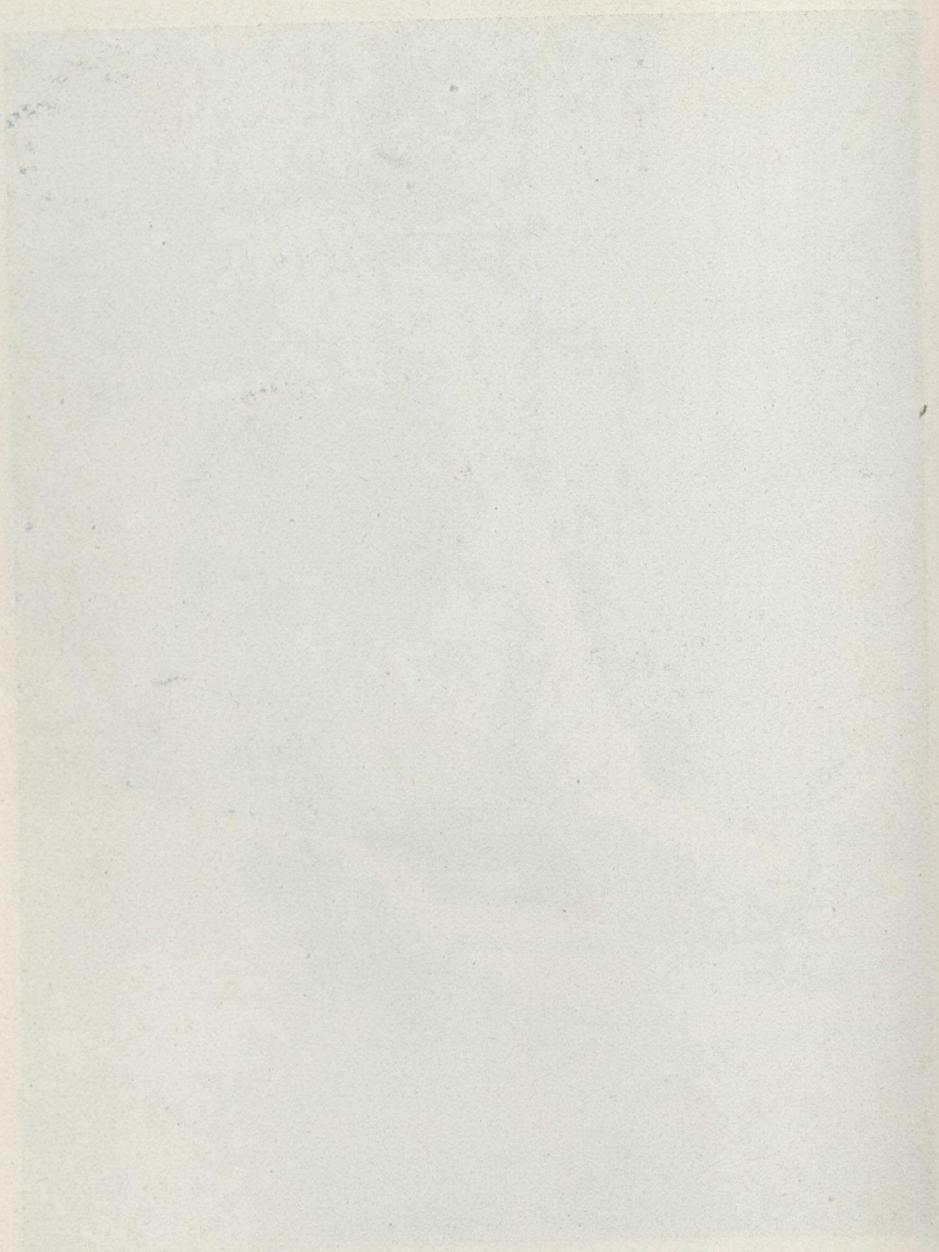
Gas producer plants have been in operation in England, Ireland, Sweden, Russia, and Germany for some time and have proved highly successful. The fact that there are seven peat bogs near Toronto and seven in the vicinity of Montreal suggests the possibilities in the use of producer gas in these industrial centres.





THE BLUE PRINT

From the Painting by
G. A. Reid.
Exhibited by the Royal
Canadian Academy of Art.



COSSACKS AND CANADA

BY HAROLD SANDS



ANADIANS follow with the deepest interest Russia's efforts to redeem herself. They do not forget that for over one hundred years Russia was their next door neighbor in Alaska, even if at times a distinctly quarrelsome neighbour and inclined to claim what did not belong to her.

To Russia must be awarded the honour of establishing the first permanent settlement on the Pacific Coast north of California and of proving that only a strait separated the continents of Asia and America. On the other hand she must be debited with trying to drive British and Americans from the Pacific Coast and with endeavouring to cause savage natives to war upon the Hudson's Bay Company.

Somehow or other people do not look upon the Russians as having done much in the way of exploration as compared with other nations. Yet men seldom embarked upon more dangerous or more plucky expeditions than those which gave Alaska to the Muscovites. To Russian aggression in this direction Canada owes the fact that its northwest corner is not nicely rounded off but is a territory of the United States.

When the Russians first went to Alaska some of them had visions of ultimately spreading over a far greater area of North America than they subsequently were confined to. At one time their government made a wholesale claim to all the coast from Behring Sea to San Francisco, a claim which was partly responsible for the

Monroe doctrine. Subsequently the Petrograd Government found itself sufficiently occupied with European and Asiatic affairs and retired from this continent, selling out to Uncle Sam for something near seven million dollars. The United States secured a wonderful bargain which many Canadians feel should have been picked up by the British. But those were the days when not a few British statesmen looked upon the outlying parts of the Empire as those "damned colonies". That kind of statesman has perished for ever.

Russia's North American adventure owed its start to Cossacks. In early days those men were not only picturesque soldiers but also hardy adventurers, who travelled far afield lured by the spoils of fur hunting. In 1600 large bands of them crossed the Ural Mountains in search of fresh hunting grounds. They traversed Siberia, subdued the inhabitants in much the same style that Germany tried to subdue Belgium, and reached the Pacific in 1639, only twenty years after the first Puritans landed in Massachusetts.

About the time that Charles II. of Great Britain granted a charter to his "trusted and well-beloved" cousin, Prince Rupert, and others as "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay (1670) the descendants of the first Cossacks who crossed Siberia had induced capitalists to establish the first big fur establishment at Okhotsh.

Looking for new fields to conquer in the fur-trading line the Cossacks heard with interest the native rumours that the coast of America was not far

distant. The government at Moscow was interested and promised to undertake a voyage of exploration. Governments, however, move slowly, and it was not until Peter the Great ascended the throne that action was taken.

Peter deputed Vitus Bering, the Danish sailor, to undertake a voyage of discovery. The emperor died, however, before Bering made his first trip. The peasant girl he had made an empress carried out his plan.

Bering made his first attempt to reach America in 1728. Violent storms drove him back. His second expedition in 1741 was more successful. After a voyage during which he was beset with many difficulties and encountered many dangers, he caught his first glimpse of this continent when he sighted the snow-crowned summit of a "Bolshoi shopka" or great peak. This is the mountain, 18,000 feet high, close to the Canadian-Alaska border which we know of as Mt. St. Elias. Bering so named it because he caught sight of it on St. Elias's day.

After this discovery Bering, dangerously ill, hurried home. He died before reaching Russia. Hearing from his crew that there were many seals sea otter, and other valuable fur-bearing animals to be obtained in the new country many adventurers from Siberia crossed over to North America. For years these Russians monopolized the fur trade in the region, and they did not take kindly to Canadian and American competition when it came.

These early traders deserved all they got. Bancroft, the noted historian who recently died in Berkeley, California, paid his compliments to these brave and rugged pioneers by saying: "The obstacles encountered in the exploration of these northern seas, and the reckless daring and energy displayed in overcoming these obstacles are unsurpassed in the history of American discovery."

Having settled themselves in what came to be called Alaska the Russians made voyages south, some of their ships sailing as far as Southern Cali-

fornia. With the exception, however, of one fort in Northern California they do not appear to have made any real attempt at colonization outside of Alaska.

The voyage of Captain James Cook, "father of British Columbia", did a great deal to stimulate Russian fur hunting in the North Pacific. When Cook returned to London after his first voyage of discovery in 1776 his account of the quantities of sea otter to be had along the coast and the high prices to be obtained in China electrified England and the continent. "It was as if a new gold coast had been discovered," Washington Irving said in his picturesque way.

Hitherto the Russians had not paid much attention to fur hunting south of Alaska, but after Cook's discovery they extended their field as far south as Vancouver Island. Indeed they planned to corral the trade and for this reason put forward the extravagant claim to coast ownership already mentioned.

In 1806 Rezanof, Imperial Inspector in Alaska, urged his government to seize the whole coast from Bering Sea to San Francisco and asked for an armed brig to drive away the Bostonians (Americans) from the mouth of the Columbia River. The Russian Government did not send the brig, but in 1810 it notified various governments that its claim to the coast extended "at least down to the Columbia". This was followed up by the establishment of Fort Ross in Northern California.

Eleven years later the Russian Emperor, in approving certain rules of the Russian-American Fur Company, declared in a formal edict that the coast down to latitude 51 belonged exclusively to Russia and prohibited all foreign vessels approaching within one hundred Italian miles of it.

Commenting on this edict a writer in *The London Quarterly Review* of January, 1822, remarked:

"Whether this wholesale usurpation of two thousand miles of sea coast, to the greater part of which Russia can have no

possible claim, will be tacitly passed over by England, Spain and the United States, the three powers most interested, we do not pretend to know; but we can scarcely be mistaken in predicting that His Imperial Majesty will discover at no distant period that he has assumed an authority and asserted a principle which he will hardly be permitted to exercise."

This writer's prediction speedily proved true. The Russian Government soon heard from Great Britain and the United States and backed down. Treaties were concluded by which Russia relinquished claim to any territory below "fifty-four-forty". Russia's settlement with Great Britain at this time played an important part in the Alaska boundary arbitration some years ago. The loose way in which the convention was worded undoubtedly was responsible for Canada losing valuable land after the award of the tribunal was announced.

Among other things this treaty provided for the free navigation of Alaska rivers by British subjects. Violation of this clause by Russian officials in Alaska nearly led to armed conflict with the Hudson's Bay Company. The company fitted out an expedition in 1834 to establish trading posts on the Stikine River, above Russian territory. The mouth of the river was in territory over which Russia claimed complete control and Baron Wrangel, Russian Governor, refused to allow the Hudson's Bay expedition to move up the river. He stationed two war vessels at the mouth to enforce his orders.

After considerable parleying the Hudson's Bay men were forced to retire. This matter was reported to the head office in Fenchurch Street, London, and was the subject of prolonged diplomatic negotiations. In the end the company was allowed twenty thousand pounds damages, was permitted to build its Stikine post and also to establish itself farther north on the Taku River.

This arrangement was followed in 1839 by a lease to the Hudson's Bay Company of a strip of land ten leagues wide extending north from lat-

itude fifty-four-forty and lying between British territory and the ocean. For this lease the company paid the Russian-American Fur people two thousand east-side land otter worth thirty-two shillings and sixpence each skin. This lease lasted until within a few years of the retirement of the Russians from North America.

The Hudson's Bay Company made its headquarters in the new territory at Fort Stikine with eighteen men. The Russian officer, in handing over the fort, marvelled at the British audacity in taking up such a task with so few men. The Russian had fifty men under him and a brig at the mouth of the river carrying thirty-two cannon. The officer told the Hudson's Bay leaders that the Indians were savage and troublesome and that the chief was a bloodthirsty ruffian. The Scots who were to manage the new post made light of his fears.

"Other forts we rule with twenty men and we will hold Stikine," they said. And they did, though several times the fort was besieged by the Indians.

This lease undoubtedly had some effect in later inducing the Russians to sell out their Alaska holdings to the United States. The Russians and the Hudson's Bay Company agreed to respect each other's territory, but neither side lived up to the pact. The Hudson's Bay men, indeed, became so bold and adventurous that they won no small part of the fur trade away from the Russians. On more than one occasion the Slavs sent armed vessels to break up the Britishers' traffic, but these warships could not follow the trading canoes of the company into the intricate channels and inlets up which the latter fled when warned by friendly Indians of the presence of the hostile vessels.

Failing with the use of their own craft to put down the British trade the Russians sought to put a crimp in it by getting the Stikine Indians to rise up against the company. Joseph W. McKay, general agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, who in the

"roaring forties" was superintendent of the north coast establishments, tells of an attempt in this direction made in 1847. In his journal McKay says:

"In August, 1847, a chief of the Stikine Indians, whom I knew well and had reason to believe perfectly trustworthy, told me that he had been bribed by a Russian officer with presents of beads and tobacco, and that he was told that if he would get up a war with the English in that vicinity and compel them to withdraw he would receive assistance in the shape of arms and ammunition and in case of success he would be given a medal from the Russian Emperor, a splendid uniform and anything else he might desire, while his people would always be paid the highest price for their peltries."

There were times, however, when the British and Russians had to combine for self-protection against the Indians or to stop the natives fighting amongst themselves. In the same year that the offer was made to the Stikine chief the Tsimpsian and Tungass tribes started a war. Much as the Russians would have liked to see an attack made on the Hudson's Bay Company they objected to this native warfare because it interfered with their own fur-hunting and because the battling tribes ceased to bring skins to their posts.

The Russian agent, Shemelin, therefore approached his rival, McKay, and asked him to use his influence to stop the savage feud.

McKay was at Bella Bella and after the conference entertained Shemelin at a big dinner. While the feast was in progress a native appeared and called McKay outside. He informed the English trader that a large fleet of Hudson's Bay canoes, heavily laden with furs surreptitiously obtained in Russian territory, was entering port.

With Shemelin as his guest the news was highly disconcerting to McKay. Fortunately for him he knew that the Russian was inordinately fond of intoxicating liquor and he determined to get him so drunk he would not know what was going on or where he was.

Orders were sent to the fleet of canoes to lay outside the harbour for further instructions. Meanwhile McKay returned and plied his guest with Hudson's Bay rum. The Russian agent's men, who were entertained in another house, were also liberally supplied and it was not long before all the members of the Muscovite expedition were dead to the world. McKay kept sober, of course, though not without difficulty, and at the right time called in the fleet. The valuable peltries were all landed and hidden before the Russians sobered up.

In the lease which gave them control of a valuable portion of Alaska the canny adventurers of Fenchurch Street stipulated that during their occupation the Russian-American Fur Company should purchase all its European goods from the Hudson's Bay Company. The Russians on their part bargained that the British company should supply such agricultural products as their posts and trading vessels should require.

This part of the agreement was none too welcome to the Hudson's Bay Company. As Bancroft remarks, the British fur hunters were but little more inclined to agriculture than the Russian traders. They had developed some farms in the south, in sections which are now in the State of Washington, but these had hitherto only raised enough for their own requirements.

Having made the agreement, however, the Hudson's Bay Company did its best to live up to this particular part of its terms. It started new farms, imported farmers from Eastern Canada and upon the retirement from its service of French Canadians and half-breeds it encouraged them to remain on the coast and raise produce.

It is more than fifty years since the Russians sold out their Alaska holdings to the United States and retired to the Asiatic side of the Pacific, but signs of their occupation still remain in many of the northern coast towns, especially at quaint old Sitka, which was their capital.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

RECEIVER GENERAL'S ROBBERY



ONE of the most clever and successful robberies carried out in Toronto in my time, was the robbery of about \$12,000 in cash from the Assistant Receiver General's office in Toronto, about twenty-five years ago. The late Mr. Fraser was the Assistant Receiver General in charge. To understand the way in which the theft was carried out it will be necessary to study the diagram of the office as presented on the page following this.

Shortly after noon when the messenger had gone to lunch, and one of the clerks was also out, three men came in and inquired for Mr. Fraser. Two of them were shown into his office. They were tall, stout men with overcoats on, which were unbuttoned. They went up to his desk and told him they had been informed that he owned a lot of land at the corner of King and Bathurst Streets, which they wished to buy in order to erect a factory. They stood so as to intercept his view through the glass partition into the main office. The third man came up to the counter, and told the clerk he was just waiting for the others. He had a large newspaper, which he took out of his pocket to glance over while he was waiting, and held it up in both hands wide open, looking up and down, and making sufficient noise with the paper to prevent the movement of a fourth man from being heard. This last was a small, active fellow, who crept along

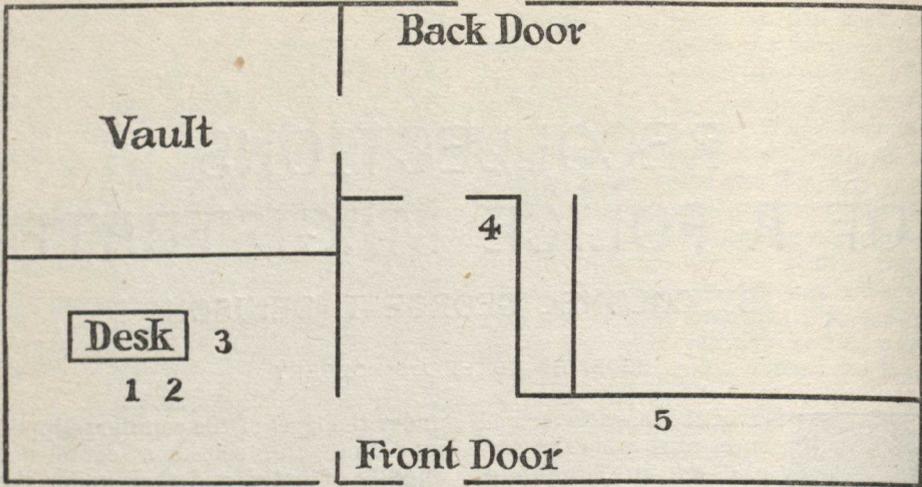
under the level of the counter, slipped into the safe, seized a couple of bundles of notes, and then under the cover of the rattling of the paper opened the spring lock of the back door, and got away with about \$12,000. The man with the paper, as soon as this was done, folded up his paper and put it in his pocket. This was the signal to the two in Mr. Fraser's room to leave, and they thanked him for some information he had given them as to where they could find another Mr. Fraser who might own this property, and the three men went away. It is supposed they went straight to the Union Station and caught a train for the States.

The loss of the bills was not discovered for some hours, and, of course, no one knew how it could have been done. Suspicion fell on the two men who had talked to Mr. Fraser, more particularly when it was discovered that the lot they had inquired about had never been owned by a man of the name of Fraser. The Government employed two Pinkerton detectives, and every effort was made to discover the thieves, but without success. The detectives obtained enough information from various sources to satisfy them that the theft had been effected in the way I have described.

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LEGAL QUIBBLES

I HAVE always had a decided objection to the technical quibbles which appeal to so many lawyers. They are



1. Mr. Fraser 2. First caller 3. Second Caller
 4. Man with newspaper 5. Clerk

often very clever and ingenious; they may be called principles of law, but are certainly not in the interest of real justice.

One case will well illustrate the difference between so-called law, and real justice and common sense. A pick-pocket robbed a man of about \$50 on a ferry running across the Toronto Bay to Hanlan's Point on the island opposite. The thief was caught, the evidence was conclusive, and the man was tried before me, and committed to the Central Prison for four months. A conviction was made out, and fled away, and the Warrant of Commitment to the prison issued.

The clerk who made out the conviction (and it must be remembered that only about one in every 500 or 1,000 is ever seen again), copying out the charge from the information, put it that the prisoner on a certain day, in the Bay of the City of Toronto, did contrary to law steal from the person and against the will of complainant \$50. The information read that on a certain day in the City of Toronto, in the Bay of the City of Toronto, the prisoner did, etc. The clerk, who was a new hand, thought it unnecessary to repeat City of Toronto. A lawyer saw the omission a few days later and had the prisoner brought

before a Superior Court Judge, and asked to have the conviction quashed, because it did not state that the offence had occurred in the City of Toronto. The line of argument was that if it had not occurred in the City of Toronto, I had no jurisdiction; if I had no jurisdiction the conviction was bad, and the prisoner should be set at large.

This was actually done and the prisoner was discharged. He had not been wrongly convicted; I did have the jurisdiction, but on this technicality the thief was set free. That is called law. The curious point about this case however was that, as I understand, the statute setting out the boundaries of the City of Toronto includes the Bay of the City of Toronto, and the Judge should have taken judicial notice of the statute, so that he was wrong anyway.

The difference between that method of administering so-called law, and the common sense method of doing substantial justice was well illustrated in another case by the action of Chief Justice John Armour, one of the greatest Judges who ever sat in the Canadian courts. A lawyer had found some case where no sworn evidence was recorded, that the offence had occurred in the City of Toronto, al-

though it was sworn to in the information. The argument was short and to the point. The Chief Justice said:

"Then file an affidavit that it did not occur in the City of Toronto."

"I cannot do that," said the lawyer.

"Why not?"

"Because it did occur in the City of Toronto."

"Then what are you complaining of? Rule refused," said the Judge.

Could there be a greater contrast than in these two cases. One was supposed to be law, but was a failure of justice, the other was sound common sense and straight justice.

Another amusing illustration of legal quibbling was in a case in which there was a by-law prohibiting the playing of the drum in the streets of the City of London, Ontario, on Sundays.

The by-law was passed, I understand, to prevent the Salvation Army from playing with drums on the street on Sunday. A man was charged before the Magistrate with the offence, and two or three witnesses swore that they saw the defendant walking along the street vigorously beating a drum. The magistrate convicted the defendant and put on a small fine. The case was taken up before a High Court judge, who quashed the conviction because while there was plenty of evidence that the man had been "beating" the drum there was no evidence that he had been "playing" the drum.

This judgment was criticized rather severely in a United States law journal, but the best comment was in an Irish law journal, which said there was only one precedent for such a reading of a regulation, and that was in the case of an Irish station master, who came upon a man quietly smoking his pipe in the waiting-room and censured him.

"Why shudn't I smoke?" said the Irishman.

"Don't you see that notice, 'No smoking allowed'?"

"Well, I am not smoking aloud," he said, and calmly went on with his smoking.

In *Poulin vs. City of Quebec*, 13, Canadian Criminal Cases, 391: The Statute provided that in this case upon conviction the prisoner was liable to a penalty of thirty days' imprisonment with hard labour. The magistrate imposed thirty days, but no hard labour. The prisoner complained and had the conviction quashed, on the ground that the magistrate had no discretion and must impose hard labour with the thirty days. A common sense method of dealing with that case would have been to order the hard labour, but courts are not supposed to have common sense, and very often they have not. This case shows that in the Province of Quebec the same principle prevails as in Ontario.

From September, 1908, until September, 1919, the total of cases dealt with in the Police Court in Toronto amounted to 331,036! Now while in by-law cases and petty offences, which are generally dealt with by the Assistant Magistrates, there has been a small proportion of decisions reversed, I felt that in my special branch, the trying of indictable offences and offences under the Criminal Code, the number of my decisions quashed by the Superior Courts was very small indeed. I asked Mr. Arthur Webb, who has charge of the appeal books, to examine carefully and give me a report on the convictions appealed from my decisions during the last eleven years and received the following report:

20th September, 1919.

Dear Colonel Denison:

In answer to your inquiry I beg to say that I have gone carefully through my appeal books, and find that from 1st September, 1908, to 1st September, 1919, (a period of eleven years) out of a total of some 31,800 indictable offences finally disposed of in the Police Court (the large majority of which have of course been tried by yourself) there has been a total of nine cases in which an appeal has been taken from convictions made by you.

Of these nine convictions only one has been quashed on appeal—six have been sustained after argument in the Superior Court—and the remaining two appeals were not proceeded with by the parties

convicted, and these two convictions are also confirmed.

The net result therefore is that in these nine appeals during past eleven years eight convictions were upheld and one quashed.

Yours sincerely,
Arthur A. Webb,
Deputy Police Court Clerk.

*

CONFIDENCE GAMES

IN July, 1891, we heard of a swindle perpetrated in Manchester, England, which interested me as one of the swindlers passed himself off as my son. A man named Mercer had kept a hotel for some years on Queen Street, Toronto, a little over a mile from my residence. He died about 1888. Shortly after, his widow went to England, and in time married a hotelkeeper named Fisher in Manchester. She knew me well by sight, and knew of the late County Court Judge Boyd, who was with me on the Board of Police Commissioners.

Two respectable and gentlemanly young men, as she described them, came to her husband's hotel in Manchester and gave their addresses as Toronto, and their names as W. F. Boyd and F. G. Denison. Mrs. Fisher, hearing they were from Toronto and hearing the names, asked who they were, and one claimed to be the son of Judge Boyd, and the other said he was my son. Mrs. Fisher knowing that Judge Boyd and I were friends, thought it very natural that the young men should be travelling together.

To give an impression that they were all right, the one passing himself off as my son said, that I had instructed him to buy some carpets, and he went to a shop and ordered about £80 worth of carpets, which he directed to be sent to my address in Toronto to be paid for on delivery. The carpet dealer evidently understood his business, and apparently sized up the young man accurately, and of course knew nothing of me, so fortunately he did not fill the order. Mrs. Fisher had confidence in the young men and it ended in the so-called Boyd drawing a draft for £100

on his father (?) and asking her husband, Mr. Fisher, to endorse the draft, so that the £100 might be got without waiting to send the draft first to Toronto. Fisher endorsed the draft and was swindled out of the money. The men were not captured for this fraud, but the detectives believed they were convicted somewhere in Western Ontario not long afterward for another crime.

On another occasion I received a telegram from a hotelkeeper in London, Ontario, saying that a man claiming to be my son was stranded, and wanted him to advance him money to take him to Toronto. I promptly wired back, "The man is a fraud; I have no son in London." This hotelkeeper acted wisely.

Another time a confidence man swindled a large business firm in Toronto out of about \$200 by pretending that he was a partner of mine in some mining operations in Cobalt. This was very careless on the part of the firm, for they could have inquired of me in a quarter of an hour, but it is very annoying to me to hear of swindlers using my name to defraud people.

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JAMES HEAMAN ALIAS CHAS. E. HALL

IN August, 1914, a man named James Heaman arrived in Toronto from Vancouver. He claimed to have been in the grain business in the West and to have cleared up a fortune in wheat. Shortly after his arrival in the city he purchased a grocery business on Bathurst Street, in which he installed a young Scotch girl as manager. He also interested himself in a concern for manufacturing shop fixtures and for doing electro plating. This business was situated near the corner of Church and Queen Streets. He took up his residence with a very respectable family on Madison Avenue. He also opened a bank account with one of the banks near the corner of Queen and Yonge. He showed a typewritten statement of his assets, which included 10,000 acres of fruit land and a large tract of mining prop-

erty, both in British Columbia. He seemed to have plenty of money and spent it freely.

On September the 10th of the same year a man called at the head office, here, of one of the largest milling companies in Canada and introduced himself as Chas. E. Hall, of Yorkton, Sask. He said he owned a large farm in that locality, which is well known as one of the best wheat sections of Canada, and that he had come east to dispose of 50,000 bushels of wheat, which was loaded in cars and awaiting his orders as to where it was to be forwarded. He produced bills of lading, signed by the C.P.R. agent of that station, showing that amount of wheat on the cars there, and also giving the numbers of the cars. The manager of the milling company and he could not agree on the price the first day, but on the following day the deal was closed and the price was \$50,000 cash. He asked to have a draft, on a New York bank, for \$20,000, a draft for \$20,000 on a local bank, and a check for \$10,000, to be given him. This was done. He then said that he was unknown to any of the banks in Toronto, and asked that someone from the company would go over and identify him. This was done and he cashed the check for the \$10,000.

To make sure about the wheat a telegram was sent to Yorkton and it was then found out that Hall was not known and no wheat was in cars there. It was also found that the signatures to the bills of lading, although having the proper name of the agent, were forgeries. The matter was reported to the Detective Department at 11 o'clock on the 12th and Detective Guthrie was sent out on the case. A private detective had already been on it. It was learned that a draft for \$20,000 had been deposited to the credit of James Heaman in the latter's bank and also that Heaman had purchased a new automobile. Inquiries at the Parliament Buildings disclosed that Heaman had just taken out a new license and the number was obtained. The private address could not be obtained, but it was learned

that he had a grocery business on Bathurst Street. Hiring an automobile, the detectives hurried to Bathurst Street, and after a search the shop was located. Guthrie entered the store and asked for Heaman. The young woman in charge said he was not in, but she had just received a telephone message that he was on his way over. Seating themselves in the car, the men waited, and presently Heaman drove up in a new car. He was accompanied by a party of four. When he was asked if he had had any dealings with a milling company in regard to wheat he laughed and said no. He was then told he had to go to headquarters. Taking a pass out of his pocket he handed it to one of the party and told them to go on down to the Exhibition, which was then on, and he would meet them there as he had to go down town on some business. Arriving at the City Hall Heaman was seated in one of the rooms there and the complainant was sent for. When he arrived he was shown Heaman and asked if he knew him. He said he did not, and that he was not the man who sold the wheat. Then Heaman was asked to remove his hat and even then he was not sure but thought it looked more like him. Guthrie insisted that it was the man and began to search Heaman. In the inside pocket of his vest he found the draft on New York for the \$20,000 and about \$8,000 in cash. Heaman still maintained his innocence but said that if we would give him till the next day he would produce the right man. Four hours after the case was reported to the Police Department Heaman was in custody. A search of his room disclosed a bundle of bills of lading all signed with the name of the agent at Yorkton. What had deceived the milling man in the identification was the fact, that on the day following the deal Heaman had the barber remove his moustache. We also found the rough clothes which Heaman had used to act the part of a farmer. He was held and appeared before me, and when the evidence was heard he was committed for trial. He

still denied having sold wheat to anyone. He finally pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two years in Kingston. All the money except \$200 was recovered.

It was learned that this man had been convicted of bigamy in Vancouver and was wanted in Woodstock, Ont., for the same offence. Later we learned that a man answering the same description had played the same kind of game in the West, and it is supposed that the money he had received there had gone into the grocery business here.

*

A lady was standing in front of Eaton's shop one day when there was a large crowd on the street and she happened to notice a man who among others was standing beside her. After she left, she found that her chatelaine had been opened and that her purse had been stolen out of it. The purse contained \$25 and a ring mounting three diamonds, the centre one larger than the two outside ones. She advertised her loss in the papers, and offered a liberal reward, and she notified the police.

The detectives a few days before had been watching three men acting very suspiciously at a street car junction, where passengers transferred. They would crowd in and as if it were too crowded back out, and they watched them for some twenty minutes. They succeeded in catching one of them in a theft, and he was convicted and sent to prison for a year. The detectives suspected that one of the other two men, who seemed to have been working together, might be the thief who stole the lady's purse. The lady recognized one of them when arrested as the man who had been standing close to her in the crowd just before she missed the purse. When he was searched three unset diamonds wrapped up in a scrap of paper were found on him. The lady said the diamonds were exactly like the three

that had been in her ring, but of course unset diamonds cannot be absolutely identified, and I was much puzzled what to do, for I believed they were hers, and that we had the thief. Then the Counsel for the defence began to cross-examine the witness, and asked her if she had not thought she had lost the pocket book, and he produced a small newspaper cutting of her advertisement and read it to her. I broke in at once: "Where did you get that cutting Mr.—?" He suddenly saw his mistake, hesitated and said a man gave it to him.

This was enough to satisfy me that the thief was connected with the affair or he would not be likely to have either the diamonds or the newspaper cutting, so I convicted him and sent him to prison, and gave the lady the diamonds and five dollars in money found on him.

*

A man found that his milk which was left on his doorstep in the early morning, was sometimes stolen. He was anxious to catch the thief so one Sunday morning he and his son got up early, and they prepared a bottle of soap and water which looked like a bottle of milk with the cover on. The milkman left the bottle of milk on the doorstep as usual about 5.30 a.m. and went on. The occupant opened the door quietly, and took in the milk bottle, and immediately replaced it with the bottle of soap and water. Around the neck of this he had a white cotton thread attached with the end of the thread through the crack of the door, and stretched on the floor, and then the man and his son waited developments. About 7.30 they heard stealthy footsteps and saw the thread moving. They opened the door quickly and saw the next door neighbour, who was the landlord, with the bottle hurriedly entering his door. The man was brought before me for the theft. I kept him in jail a day and then fined him \$5.00 and costs or thirty days.

(To be continued.)

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XIX



ALL this time we have been neglecting Miss Clara Sims in a manner which she would be the first to resent. "If you think me of no importance," I can fancy her saying, "just try to get along with this history without me and see what happens."

She would be right, we could not tell David's story without telling her story too, at least in part. We would like to tell it truthfully although it isn't always easy to deal justly with people whose tricks and manners one may not admire. It is only fair, for instance, to admit that Miss Sims was extremely clever in the way she managed the affair with David. David, on the contrary, was not clever. He was clever enough ordinarily and could usually see as far as most people. But in this instance he proved no match for Clara. Perhaps she succeeded in finding his "blind spot"—a spot which eminent psychologists tell us is not hard to find in most of us.

She made mistakes, of course. The meeting at the station was a mistake. She realized that at once and her tactics changed as quickly and as easily as a summer wind. David had no sooner turned a set face toward the breeze than he found it blowing gently from an entirely different direction. From being effusive and possessive, Miss Sims, in a moment, had become pensive and shy.

As they walked out of the station she lifted to him a startled, half-ashamed face.

"Oh I—I'm afraid I shouldn't have come," she murmured, "I'm sorry if I—"

As usual the sentence remained unfinished and as usual David's quick chivalry hastened to cover her confusion. He simply couldn't allow a woman to feel ashamed.

"It was very kind of you to think of meeting me," he said with a fair show of heartiness. "I hope it hasn't put you out at all."

"Oh, that!" murmured Miss Sims—the implication was that nothing which she might do for David could ever be considered to put her out—"when you have been so very, very kind to me."

This she saw was nearer the right note. David felt ashamed of his irritation at the station.

"Well," he said cheerfully, dismissing the subject, "how has the city managed to exist without me? How are all the select boarders?"

"The select ones are all selectly well."

"And you?"

"Oh, I," with a small, quickly suppressed sigh, "you know I am always well."

This made David look at her more closely. She looked, he thought, not quite so bright as usual. Working too hard, probably.

"When do you get any holidays?" he asked.

"Holidays?" with a pathetic widening of the eyes, "not for ages. Our very busiest season comes first, around Christmas, longer hours, you know."

"That's too bad."

"No. It is necessary, I suppose. These big stores can hardly be expected to take account of the individual."

"But that is exactly what they ought to do." David in common with many young men, felt that there was nothing in business ethics which he did not feel competent to advise about. "What right have employers to employ individuals if they do not take account of them? What is our civilization for if it does not make us aware in a practical way of the truth that the good of the community is in exact proportion to the good of the individual? Now these big stores——" Being fairly started on the subject David was safe to work himself up into a state of indignant interest which would relieve Miss Sims from further conversational effort. It was quite safe to relax and think about something else; being careful, of course, to maintain the attitude of intelligent listener. When they parted at the corner above Drummond's David had almost ceased to blame her for the episode at the station. She offered her hand in farewell, shyly, and with a little wistful smile.

"Some day perhaps more men will think as you do," she said, "and then——"

The eloquent pause conveyed the conviction that when more men felt like David the millenium would be right along.

Being but as other men, David found this not unpleasant. He departed whistling.

It was some time later on that David first learned of Billy's acquaintance with Miss Rosme Selwyn.

"Rather piggy of you not to let on that you knew her too," suggested Billy. "What was the idea?"

"I didn't know her. That is, I didn't know that I knew her until that morning on the train."

"How," said Billy, "did you not know that you knew that you knew her? Be careful of your answer. For, to me, it looked as if you knew her mighty well."

"You see, I knew her long ago."

"As bad as that? Previous existence, cosmic bond, soulmates through the ages? Let us take it as read. But why the delay? Why didn't you want to re-meet her when I gave you the chance?"

"You? You gave me the chance! What do you mean?"

"That's right, pretend I never did! As if I hadn't asked you to take her to a show a hundred times—well, once anyway. That time I wanted you to come along with Mary Fox and me? I told you her friend was a wonder."

"You say that of every girl. How was I to know you were telling the truth?"

"After that," said Billy, rising with dignity, "nothing remains but—aha! catching sight of the brilliancy of David's face, "sets the wind in that quarter? Young man, I pity and forgive."

"Drop it, Billy! Miss Selwyn comes from my town and I knew her when we were children. She seems more to me than just a casual acquaintance. I'd give a good deal to know her better. But I don't know where she lives."

"I do."

"But—she didn't ask me to call."

"It was up to you to ask if you might. Did you?"

"Not exactly. But I think she understood——"

Billy shook his head. "No, you have to be plainer with them than that! They make a point of not understanding. You had better go back and start all over."

"Do you know her well, Billy?"

"No. But the omission is hers. I've met her several times when I've been with Mary. But I never seem to have impressed her mind. Doesn't take me seriously, you know. It's no use running after a girl who gurgles when she looks at you."

"Gurples? How does she she gurgle?"

"Didn't you ever hear her laugh?" She's got the loveliest little gurgle I ever heard. All the chaps who know her rave about it."

"What?" sharply.

"Do you think you are the only boy who was born in her town?" asked Billy solicitously. "Believe me, not. There are others."

"Is she——" began David. "I prefer not to discuss Miss Selwyn," he finished coldly.

Billy hugged himself with delight, never before had he been able to string old David like this.

"Do you mean is she popular?" he asked innocently. "Rather! Never saw a girl more so. My dear son, you will be right in the fashion, and about the hundred and steenth on the list!"

He expected a pillow cushion at least for this, but David threw him nothing more serious than a troubled glance. His cigarette had gone out.

"Yes, I supposed she would be popular," he said half to himself.

Billy repented.

"Oh, if it's truth you're wanting," he said disgustedly, "she doesn't go around with any one at all. Too busy! Does tall advertising stunts somewhere. Of course she is admired. That chap MacIlvain, who paints, raves about her hair. He too, was brought up with her from infancy."

"MacIlvain? I used to go swimming with him. He didn't know her any more—I mean he didn't know her as much as I did. Is he going to paint her?"

"Wanted to. But she said she hadn't time. She's not like Mary and her set who can play around. Life is real, life is earnest and the grave, etc., etc."

"She's not a bit like that!" indignantly.

Billy yawned.

"What would happen, Billy, if I called without being asked?"

"A frost, little one. I speak as a prophet."

"What worries me is—what do you suppose she thought of what happened at the station?"

"Umum!" said Billy delicately.

"You mean it was obvious?"

"At least distinctly visible in fine weather."

"You think she didn't like it?"

"Why should she?" reasonably.

"I couldn't explain?"

"Not 'alf! That is why I predict cold weather."

David sighed. "Then the only thing seems to be to wait a little until there is no need for explanation."

"Oh, it's well to be off with the o-old love, before you are on with the new," whistled Mr. Fish cheerfully. And this time a pillow, well and truly thrown, was the reward of his endeavour.

"All the same," added Billy, rising to go, "if I were you, *I'd hurry up!*" "I will."

David's tone was confident and so was his state of mind. Things were coming along very nicely. The delicate hint which he had ventured to convey to Miss Sims had been met in the promptest manner. She had told him that she had been thinking things out and asked him to make an appointment for a quiet little talk in a day or two. It was his intention to arrange for this quiet talk at once. To-morrow would not be too soon. Billy's conversation had aroused a sense of unrest. He would meet Clara to-morrow as she left Drummond's, they would have a quiet dinner downtown and settle the affair out of hand.

It should be known that Mr. Murray Willard was taking an active interest in his friend's entanglement. No one was more surprised at this than David. He had expected that, following his final turning down of so much good advice, Murray would ignore the whole affair. The opposite had happened, Murray had continued to manifest an interest, which in view of his general selfishness, seemed unaccountable. He was very nice to Clara. He induced David to think of little pleasures for her, pleasures

which in the most natural manner included himself. David was puzzled by the rapidity with which the new friendship ripened. He often observed with pleasure how well the two got on together. But the things which he did not observe were the things which mattered. These things were inconsiderable, just looks, smiles, handclasps, a shade of too deep interest on the one hand, a shadow of self-consciousness on the other—trifles all, but trifles potent with that invisible force of human attraction which goes by many names.

Clara knew that she was flirting with David's friend. This was nothing new. She was used to flirtation but she was used also to having the advantage altogether on her side. To find it otherwise was both novel and annoying, and the annoyance added just that spice of excitement which had hitherto been lacking. Clara felt as a good fencer feels when he meets an antagonist worthy of his steel. Yet it was not only admiration for a fellow-artist which drew her to Willard. In David, for instance, such adroitness might have pleased but never could have thrilled her, in Willard it thrilled even when it did not please. The difference was ominous.

As for Willard himself, his attitude in the matter was very simple. In devoting himself to Miss Sims, he had but one motive, the disentangling of David from her neatly thrown coil. For Clara herself he cared nothing. She presented nothing new in his experience and he soon tired of her good looks. She bored him. Sometimes he let her see it; but Clara, never yet defeated, would heed no warning. She still backed herself to win. So the little sordid game went on and, in spite of its smallness and its meanness, slowly the big things of life drew near, observant of the players. For there is no soul too mean for tragedy and no heart too small for love.

Willard and David were better friends now than they had ever been. Willard was, David felt, being awfully decent and Willard would prob-

ably have said the same of himself. He liked David all the better for the trouble he was taking in his behalf. Of the service in preparation David had, naturally, no idea. Billy Fish knew, but he had been sworn to secrecy by all the gods. Often in those days David found Billy with his mouth half open as if preparing to hint portentous sayings, but always Billy managed to swallow them.

This programme, David carried out to the letter. So that next evening Clara, furtively searching the hurrying crowds for a sight of David's friend, was considerably annoyed by the sight of David himself. Her greeting was cold. Even policy gave way before disappointment. Besides, it was still possible that Willard might be waiting for her around the corner—he sometimes did. If he saw her with David she would lose her walk home with him; and she had come to prize those walks. You may begin to pity her if you like.

They had turned the corner now—was that Murray? No, he hadn't come! and this was the fifth night that he hadn't come! Very well, then, let him stay away. It was nothing to her what he did—nothing, nothing.

Pale with anger and something which she would not admit to be pain, the girl decided once more, as she had decided often before, to be definitely done with Willard and to devote her whole attention to the problem of David, a problem which bade fair to tax her utmost powers.

Already, David, deprived of her customary smile of welcome, was looking slightly aggrieved. Of course he did not want Miss Sims to smile on him. But what had she stopped doing it for?

"Perhaps you would rather I had not met you at the store?" he asked diffidently.

The smile came back. It was lovely of David to have met her! Just like his usual kindness, and it would be such a pleasant change to have dinner down town. Had he told Mrs. Carr not to expect them?

Yes, David had told Mrs. Carr.

"You see," he said, "we never seem to get a moment to ourselves. And this arrangement will give us time for our little talk. You wished that, didn't you?"

It was David's way to face his questions squarely and to lose no time in doing it. But his way was not Clara's.

"Don't try to find reasons," she said pettishly. "Reasons spoil things so."

David's lips set a trifle grimly and Clara, watching under the brim of her hat, saw that the time for pretty puttings-off had gone by.

Instantly he felt her soft touch on his arm. He was used to this by now and could not have sworn that he did not find it pleasant.

"What is it?" he asked kindly, looking down at her.

Clara smoothed the last of her frown from her face and laughed.

"You haven't a speck of manners, David," she said, "it would be much more polite to pretend you did not want to hurry up our talk about things." Her tone was light but there was just a hint of pathos somewhere. As if the girl were trying to be cheerful at the expense of her real feelings.

"We'll wait until we have something to eat, anyway," said David, drawing the hand a little closer within the fold of his arm. It was a cold night and the hand was small.

Dinner was pleasant. The warm room, the lights, the flowers, the music, the passing of gay and well dressed people, the sense of privacy and the crowd, all were stimulating and delightful to their unjaded youth. David, who had no natural taste for crowds found that, for a change, he liked it very much. Clara sighed with the content of one who breathes her own atmosphere. She looked across the little table for two and felt the glow which a woman feels when her escort might be the desired of other women. For the hundredth time she tried to analyze what it was in David which gave him his distinguish-

ed air. It wasn't his height, nor his fine proportions, it wasn't that his clothes seemed always just right without effort, it wasn't even his arresting face with its beautiful eyes so full of the clear, fine ardour of youth. It was something which included all these, yet transcended them. It was almost as if the faintly luminous shadow of some larger and as yet unrealized self surrounded him, saying to the world, "This man has it in him to be great."

"Sometimes you look so much older than you are," declared Clara, voicing this impression.

"Do I?" David's eyes twinkled. "I hope it's a fault that doesn't grow with years."

"You don't really care, though," she guessed shrewdly, "men don't have to. But I love youth. I'd like to keep it always!"

"Then you would miss the 'last of life for which the first was planned'?"

"I don't care about that," listlessly. "It must be awful, I think, to be old. To look back and see others still young—oh, I'd hate it!" Clara shivered.

"No, you wouldn't. You'd think, 'Is it possible that I was ever as silly as that?' You would pity the young things, not envy them."

Clara knew better, but she did not argue. They were getting away from the purpose of their conversation. After a pause in which she finished, in an absent manner, the last spoonful of her ice, she looked up at him with a sudden darkening of the eyes. "I have been thinking about you and me, David. And first I want to thank you. You have been so good, so very, very kind—no one could have been kinder. I—" The dark eyes fell again upon her plate.

"Please don't!" said David gently. "Don't say that."

"No, I won't, I know you hate to be thanked. But what I wanted to tell you is this—I have planned to go home for a little holiday right after Christmas, just as soon as the rush is over. That will arrange everything nicely, don't you see?"

"After Christmas!" There were still four weeks till Christmas! David remembered this with cold dismay. He had hoped for something much earlier than that. But the girl's eyes were on his face, anxious eyes, eyes with an appeal in them—very beautiful eyes too, soft and dark! He swallowed down his dismay with less effort than he would have thought possible. After all, Clara was not asking much—out of a lifetime.

"I can't get away before," said Clara timidly, answering his unspoken comment. "But right after Christmas there is a slack season. I can go then. I have planned it all. You see, I will take my trunk and everything and then, when I come back, if I do come back, I will simply go to another boarding-house. There will never need to be any explanations at all. The people at Mrs. Carr's will just forget about it, or, if they ever think, will conclude that we quarrelled or that—"

"That you got tired of me," finished David smiling.

"Do you think so?"

The girl was looking directly into his eyes as she put the low-toned question. But it was not of him that she was thinking. It was not his face that she saw, but, by some trick of fancy, a face which at that moment she discovered to be strangely like his. For a second it seemed that she looked at Willard's face. She closed her eyes and when she opened them the likeness, or illusion or whatever it was, had gone.

But the effect of that moment on David was electrical. For the first time in all his association with Clara Sims he had stumbled up against reality. That look had been no clever simulation. It was vital, real, reveal-

ing. In that passing glimpse David had seen love in a woman's eyes!

How was he to guess that it was not there for him?

When a moment afterward Clara faltered something about never having noticed before how much he resembled his friend Murray Willard, he attached no importance to what he considered an effort to re-establish ordinary conversation.

The look had shaken him. What did it mean? Had he in any way really hurt this girl? Had his carelessness in letting this affair drag on been fraught with consequences to her of which he had never dreamed? Or was he nothing but a conceited cad seeing things which did not exist? Almost, he thought it must be the latter, for the look had been so fleeting and was so completely gone!

Clara had finished her coffee and was putting on her gloves.

"You'll find it will be quite simple," she said again. Her voice sounded tired. "I shall just go—and that will be all. In the meantime, I suppose we can be good friends. It won't worry you?"

"Rather not!" Dimly David felt impelled to offer something. "We'll have the time of our lives." Whether he had dreamed that look or not, its memory burdened him with a sense of his own inadequacy. A good time was terribly little to offer but, as it was all he had to give, he offered it.

As for—other people, well, everything connected with "other people" would have to be put sternly aside for the present. Christmas was only four weeks distant and life is long.

Their ride home was a silent one. David was busy with his thoughts and Clara for once made no effort. She seemed tired.

(To be continued.)



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON



It is impossible to believe that the open bar will ever be re-established in Ontario. But it is just as certain that many people who are against the bar will not tolerate "bone dry" regulations. There is a point in liquor legislation at which public opinion revolts and enforcement becomes impossible. It is significant that in Vermont and Massachusetts many communities which have had no bars for years have declared for licenses. The reaction is explained by the votes of thousands of decent people who believe that Washington has gone too far with the temperance extremists. They have a conception of individual freedom which they will not yield to persuasion or coercion. It is the fashion to sneer at the attitude of this class of people and to threaten inquisitorial investigation of their "cellars", but politically they have considerable power to resist and punish.

It is curious that so many of those who proclaim their readiness to perish for their principles, who are forever denouncing interference with "free speech" and all censorship of opinion, and who never grow weary of asserting their contempt for majorities, are the most violent in their attitude towards opponents of sumptuary legislation. But at least there is as much sincerity in the one class as there is in the other and surely all honest conviction is entitled to respect. The best that can be done is to maintain temperance legislation which commands general respect. To go further is to ensure evasion and to provoke reaction. It is not yet finally established that prohibition will endure even on this continent. The blunt truth is that thousands of people who vote for prohibition in plebiscites and referendums freely violate the law when opportunity offers. There was probably as much drinking in Toronto when importation was prohibited as there has been since the embargo was removed. No one can desire a reaction which will bring back the bar or any other system of license, but there is some danger that prohibitionists themselves will ultimately produce the result which they would so greatly deplore.

In the meantime the doctors have been legislated into a relation to liquor which the bulk of the profession cannot desire. If they give prescriptions when they should not they are denounced as they should be; if they refuse in many cases patients are angry and go elsewhere. In British Columbia doctors have asked to be relieved of the privilege and authority to issue liquor prescriptions, and this must be the general feeling of the profession throughout Canada.

II

The United States and Ireland State Legislatures continue to receive De Valera "President of the Irish Republic" and to pass resolutions in favour of "self determination for Ireland." It is not so remarkable that De Valera should endeavour to excite feeling in the United States against Great Britain and incidentally collect money for his movement, but nothing

could be more amazing than the official action of American Legislatures. Even in the South, a Legislature has blessed De Valera, and demanded recognition of the unborn Republic. Nor do the statesmen seem to have realized that they were puppets in a comedy which as presented in Ireland is a pitiful tragedy.

One knows what a tempest of wrath would sweep across the United States if the British Parliament should demand independence for the Philippines or the separation of California from the Union. There would be instant and violent protest from the White House and a demand for war by Congress. But American Legislatures suggest the dismemberment of the British Empire with no greater sense of responsibility than they would display if they were passing a resolution against the railway or the packers.

The United States will not enter the League of Nations nor take any mandate in Europe. The President continues to give voluminous advice to Old World nations, but Congress will do nothing to make the advice effective. He pleads for Armenia, but the cost of protecting the Armenians must fall elsewhere. He lectures other nations while his own people will not take his counsel. He has no censure for the American Congress and American Legislatures which grossly interfere in the domestic affairs of the British Empire.

No one believes that if Ireland held the relation to the United States that she holds to Great Britain any American Legislature would suggest "self determination". There would instead be rigid suppression of Sinn Fein and instant deportation of De Valera. For the Americans can be ruthless. No other free country has less respect for the forms and theories of freedom in presence of unconstitutional agitation or any symptom of violence. In this they may take the better way but at least they do not follow the example of Great Britain.

Lord Salisbury once told Mr. Choate that the United States never understood freedom, and possible "Reds" and "I.W.W.'s" would agree. In face of extreme provocation the British press is restrained. So British statesmen continue to cultivate intimate relations with the American people. They know that by the great bulk of Americans De Valera and the eccentricities of Congressional bodies are merely tolerated, and that a Presidential year produces insolence and bad manners in international affairs. They know, as we know in Canada, that no actual quarrel between the United States and the British Empire is conceivable and that the Irish have many votes in a Presidential contest. One thing the British people have learned in international relations is that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city". Besides the action of the United States in the Great War the British people will remember forever with praise and gratitude. During the war we had a good deal of vapid denunciation of "secret diplomacy", but "open diplomacy" as practised in the United States possibly is still regarded with some suspicion by other nations.

III

Prohibitionists Embarrass

It is clear that the Drury Government is embarrassed by the demands of the extreme prohibitionists. There is reason to believe that in the Labour wing of the Coalition there are those who favour wine and beer licenses and oppose "bone dry" legislation. Hence the disposition of the Government to evade responsibility and leave the whole problem to the Legislature.

Whatever justification there may be for such action in this instance it will be unfortunate if the country forgets that ministerial responsibility is the sheet anchor of responsible government. Denial or evasion of responsibility by Government encourages jobbery, log-rolling, corrupt trading in offices and

appropriations, extravagance in expenditure and slackness and inefficiency in administration. Whatever may be the defects of the two-party system, vigilant criticism of public measures and stern scrutiny of expenditures are assured. Parliament is controlled by a majority which expresses national feeling and remains a majority only so long as national feeling is expressed.

Under coalitions and group systems minorities usurp authority, bargain with ministers for concessions which very often the people would not sanction, or prevent legislation which the public interest requires. We know the story of coalitions in New Brunswick and British Columbia and it is not the best chapter in Canadian history. Coalitions may be effective for great national crises but they are feeble and dangerous as regular machinery of government.

It can hardly be doubted that Canada desires the restoration of party government at Ottawa. In Great Britain Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law are striving to weld the Coalition into a national party with a definite programme. For a generation in the United States and Canada the chief object of civic reformers has been to fix responsibility for municipal legislation and administration. For this reason the Board of Control was created in Toronto. For this reason Montreal has an Administrative Commission. One hopes, therefore, that direct ministerial responsibility for legislation and administration will not be evaded or relaxed in the Legislature. For just in degree as responsibility is evaded by ministers mercenaries flourish and private and sectional interests prevail against the general public interest. To avoid such results the system of Cabinet government was evolved and the joint responsibility of ministers established.

IV

The death of Judge Savary of Nova Scotia, leaves Sheriff Hagar of Prescott as the last survivor of the members of the first Parliament of Confederation. Born in 1831, of Acadian stock, Mr. Savary lived for nearly four-score years and ten. He moved the address in reply to the speech from the Throne in 1870. But there was then no Hansard, and therefore the speech is not contained in any parliamentary record. He entered Parliament as an opponent of Confederation and as an adherent of Howe against Tupper. The Confederates were overwhelmed in Nova Scotia in the general election of 1867, but Tupper easily recovered his ascendancy. This ensured the defeat of many anti-Confederates in the next contest although in 1872 Savary himself was re-elected. Indeed, when Howe joined hands with Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper Mr. Savary also turned towards the Government, and in his second contest was an official Conservative candidate. Defeated in 1874, he was appointed County Judge of Annapolis, Digby and Cumberland by the Mackenzie Government in 1876, and this position he held until he retired in 1907. He was diligent in the performance of his duties, judicial in temper, benign and merciful. Deeply interested in the early annals of Nova Scotia, he was the author of a history of the County of Annapolis, was an active member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, contributed to many historical publications, and was perhaps the foremost historical authority in the Province. To the last he gave close attention to public questions. As late as 1916 he published letters in favour of generous recognition of the French language in Canada.

Sir John's Port and Cold Water While my "Reminiscences" were running in *The Canadian Magazine* I had a letter—one of many—from Mr. Savary which gives recollections of the first Parliament of Confederation. "I am naturally very much interested," he wrote, "in your Reminiscences in course of publication in *The Canadian Magazine*, especially

where they touch matters that came under my personal observation while a member of Parliament. Referring to the December article I would say that the bitter personal estrangement between Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir John Macdonald did not begin till some time after the defection of the former from the Conservative party. The evening before Sir John left Ottawa on his mission to Washington he gave a small dinner party to some of his parliamentary friends at which the only Opposition member present was Cartwright and the only member from the Maritime Provinces was myself. I am pretty sure Cartwright sat on his immediate right, being perhaps the senior member of Parliament present or the one longest in his friendship. Lady Macdonald and his son Hugh John were present and we noticed that neither of the three touched wine.

"Sir John's sprees to me seemed to commence after a long and exhausting debate during which he would be at his post till long after midnight, night after night with all his wits about him. Immediately this strain was over he would be seen rushing to the restaurant and calling for port wine and cold water, which seemed a very proper as well as natural thing to do. But it would be repeated during the day much oftener than was prudent, and in a day or two he would disappear from his place altogether, or come in looking very much the worse. But it was remarkable how he would sometimes rouse up from what seemed to be almost a comatose state and make a brilliant little speech. He surprised me one night when we thought he hardly knew what was going on by waking up and moving the "three months hoist" most opportunely to some bill, the introduction of which was very embarrassing and the debate annoying. When he would begin running to the restaurant for his port wine and cold water some Cabinet colleague would run after him to bring him back.

"When I first went to Parliament and before I had time to be more personally acquainted than a mere introduction would imply, I made a severe speech censuring the Government for sending Tupper to England to oppose Howe's efforts for repeal. A few minutes afterwards I was reading a newspaper in the reading-room when Sir John, in passing me, gave me a smart slap on the shoulder with the words, 'Savary, we'll have to send you home with Tupper.' That was his reply to my attack.

Sir John in the Corridor "One day he was with some men he was afraid were going to vote against him on the Governor-General's salary. I was one of the group discussing the question in the corridor. He said, "This must be a test question, we want to know who our friends are and who our enemies are.' I said that his remarks did not apply to me as I was an Independent member. Said he, 'Do you know what an Independent member is?' I answered, 'Give us your definition'. He said, 'A member that no one can depend upon,' and as on the former occasion away off with a rush. I ought to mention that Sir John did not have more than two or three of these escapades during my time in Parliament, 1867-73."

V

The New Irish Bill

Although the new Home Rule Bill has few friends in Ireland it may provide, as one writer suggests, the fundamentally right method of enabling Irishmen to establish by degrees their own self-government and national unity. There was a long conflict between Upper and Lower Canada which was ended by Confederation. One doubts, however, if the British North America Act with its educational provisions could have been imposed upon Canada by the Imperial Parlia-

ment. Probably in both Ontario and Quebec there would have been protest against compulsion and a temper developed which would have made a union of the Provinces impossible.

The new Irish Bill gives to North and South a greater degree of control over local affairs through Provincial Legislatures, and provides for a Council of Forty, half of whom would be named by each Legislature, and which would exercise such powers as might be granted by the two Provincial bodies. Responsibility for organizing the Council is left with the Legislatures. Thus its powers must be defined by agreement. It would have wide executive, legislative and judicial functions and even control over customs and excise. Under the Bill the Irish people, if they can agree, may practically establish Ireland as a Dominion in the British system. Apparently, however, there is no design as Washington may suspect to give the Empire an additional vote in the Assembly of Nations. Substantially, the Imperial Government refuses to "coerce Ulster", but offers to the Irish people almost complete self-government if they can agree among themselves.

Clearly the war has affected the attitude of Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberal Coalitionists in the Imperial Parliament. There is in the new measure a frank confession of the unwisdom and futility of legislation at Westminster which a great body of Irishmen will not accept. There is also free recognition of the national sentiment of Ireland and concessions which almost go the length of "self-determination". All leaders among Southern Irishmen oppose separation of Ulster from the Southern Counties. The North has never desired separation although sternly opposed to any Irish Parliament dominated by a Southern majority. In all previous Home Rule Bills Ulster has denounced the provisions designed to protect its "civil and religious liberties" as elusive and inadequate. The new Bill demands that Irishmen themselves shall determine what provisions are necessary to protect religious minorities and provides in the Bill itself ratification of any safeguards upon which they may agree.

In Quebec there has been faithful observance of the provisions of the Canadian constitution affecting the Protestant minority. In Ontario there has been conflict, not over denial of the constitutional rights of the Roman Catholic minority, but because these rights have been interpreted liberally by the Legislature. The controversy over the French language may be an exception, but according to the Imperial Privy Council, this has been a quarrel outside the constitution. Moreover one suspects that even upon this question the resources of conciliation have not been exhausted.

If Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberal Coalitionists display greater consideration for Ulster it is just as true that Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, and Conservative Coalitionists are agreed upon concessions to the South which they would not have tolerated a few years ago. The British Tory party has travelled far since Lord Randolph Churchill declared that "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right", and since the passionate assault of British Toryism upon Gladstone's first Home Rule measure. And in the immediate situation there is nothing more remarkable than the fact that *The London Times*, almost fanatical in its opposition to Home Rule twenty or twenty-five years ago, should now be the leader in the movement for self-government for Ireland.

At the moment the whole problem is gravely complicated by the intemperate agitation of Sinn Fein for an Irish Republic. Murder has become a science; brutality a pastime; and sneaking cowardice the refuge of a multitude of professional patriots. But this movement like all extreme movements will destroy itself. The Imperial Parliament will never consent

to separation of Ireland from the Empire. It is not in Ireland only that there is turbulence, violence and social and political madness. One is not surprised at Bernard Shaw's suspicion that the other planets are using this for a lunatic asylum. But sanity will return and the Southern leaders will recognize that no greater misfortune could befall Ireland than separation from Great Britain.

A grave responsibility rests upon Ulster as well as upon the South. The Ulster leaders will be stronger in the Ireland of the future if they are now conciliatory and generous. If they consent to establish the Council of Forty they need lose nothing and they may do something for the peace and prosperity of Ireland and the unity of the Empire. Face to face in Council with their fellow countrymen of the South they may find that they have interests which unite far greater than all the interests which divide and that it is not impossible to discover safeguards for the faith which they profess and the institutions which they cherish. Whatever may be the immediate fate of the new Home Rule Bill, it is not easy to believe that the people of Ireland ever can be happy and united, except under a constitution which they fashion themselves, and which shall be based upon mutual recognition of common interests and a trustful, generous, confident determination to make the best of one another.

VI

A Legacy of Phrases

The war has left us with a legacy of phrases which are embarrassing to practical statesmen. It is not so easy to make the world "safe for democracy" or to apply the Sermon on the Mount in social, industrial and political practice. There has been no regeneration of human nature nor any general infusion of divinity in human institutions. Still he that laboreth laboreth for himself, still a slothful man hath his hand in his bosom and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again, and still the sluggard who will not plow by reason of the cold will beg in harvest and have nothing.

We are not going to have a new world on new foundations. We have been laying the foundations of this civilization for a thousand years and one is not persuaded that this generation is wiser than all the generations that have gone before. There is great confusion of voices but one doubts if in the multiplicity of counsellors there is wisdom. In the newspapers every Monday morning we read the addresses at the Sunday Forums and every week we get a new gospel, or several new gospels, for the healing of the nations. If they could all be put into effect the world would be a madhouse and no doubt the moral, social and political regenerators would be the keepers of the institution.

In his first contest for the Presidency of the United States Mr. William J. Bryan was taken to visit an insane asylum and one of the patients confided to the candidate that he was not insane but was detained because he was a Divine Healer, while the officials of the institution and all his fellow patients were uninspired and unregenerate. Mr. Bryan was as sympathetic as a candidate ought to be and explained that even he had been called insane merely because he wanted to coin silver at sixteen to one. The patient in turn was sympathetic and declared with complete confidence, "Why no, Mr. Bryan, you are not insane. You are just a damn fool." One would not pass any such judgment upon the world-savers of the Forums, for many of them have the capacity for sacrifice, and a sincere desire to make the world cleaner and better, but one could not follow them all unless, as was said in another connection, he were a centipede.

**Reasons for
High Prices**

The orators who are happy only when they denounce "profiteers" are responsible for much anger, misunderstanding and confusion. Even the Board of Commerce admits that "business is, in the main, sound and honest" and that "despite high prices undoubtedly prevailing profiteering so called, that is the taking of unjust profits, is not, in the Board's opinion, as common nor nearly as common as may have been charged or claimed". But how seldom are these sentences quoted and how seldom are the real causes of high prices explained. Wages in many industries have been nearly doubled. Wages represent seventy per cent. of the cost of production. The prices of all food products have increased tremendously, not through "profiteering" among farmers, but through a world scarcity which was the inevitable result of the great war, the withdrawal of millions of men from productive pursuits, disorganization of transportation, social and political revolution and the reaction from the long agony in Europe.

Added, again, to great and general wage increases are the heavy losses from industrial conflict. The losses to labour in Canada by strikes during 1919 aggregated at least \$9,000,000 or \$10,000,000 and to employers a far greater amount. In the United States the loss to labour through industrial conflict in 1919 is put at \$723,478,000, and to capital at \$1,226,357,000. The loss in production of coal is estimated at 40,000,000 tons and of steel at \$300,000,000. In Great Britain 34,000,000 working days were lost by strikes and the hours of work were reduced by 6½ hours a week for 6,000,000 workers. It is not suggested that wage increases were excessive or that there was no justification of the destructive contests in which so many workers engaged. In many cases no doubt there was justification. In some there was not. But it is not intended to pronounce, or even to suggest, judgment one way or the other. It is enough to argue from the facts that food scarcity decreases production and higher wages must raise prices of much that we eat and wear, and must involve higher charges for housing, transportation and all other necessary services.

There is "profiteering" and no judgment too severe can be pronounced upon manufacturers, landlords or traders who traffic deliberately in the necessities of the people, but we should remember the judgment of the Board of Commerce that "Business is, in the main, sound and honest" and that the causes of our "Present Discontents" are largely natural and inevitable. Farmers, manufacturers, traders and capitalists may offer against many of the attacks to which they are subjected the defence of the darkey who was reprimanded by his master: "Marse Andrew, I has enuff to answer fer wid the seusions what is jest, widout having to be 'sponsible for dem what ain't so". If the actual facts of the situation in which we find ourselves are understood and admitted there will be less angry denunciation by press and platform and a soberer and sounder temper in the country.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE NEW APOCALYPSE

BY JOHN DANIEL LOGAN. Halifax: T. C. Allen and Company.



THE other day in Toronto Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, one of a group of young writers in England known as the Georgian poets, delivered an address in the course of which, as a war veteran, he dwelt on the cruelties and horrors of war, and afterwards he read some of his own poems treating war as a brutal, dismaying and altogether revolting and demoralizing business. Dr. J. D. Logan, a Canadian, likewise a veteran of the war, and likewise a poet and lecturer, in this his latest volume of verse, sees war spiritually, not carnally, sees Christ above the ruins; and, like his namesake John of Patmos, he has a vision of glory, the poet's conception of the Divine hand working out the welfare of mankind. Here is his own expression of his vision:

Finally, in France, on the battlefields and in the soldiers' cemeteries, the "Gardens of the Dead," I saw, for the first time, the holy apotheosis of Love. For I had a new vision, and I perceived that the fallen are not the dead but the *living*, so long as we win them to life by tender remembrances and loving communion with them, and that the dust of the bodies of the fallen, mingling with the mould of the French soil, transmutes the land of France into the one "universal homeland," spiritually owned by all the nations, whether friend or enemy in war, and some day, by grace of the beautiful mercies and love manifested, by friend and foe alike, in those dear Gardens of the Dead, the once warring peoples shall be united in genuine charity and brotherhood."

The volume is dedicated to "the mothers of my martyred comrades who fell on the field of honour", and

in his preface Dr. Logan, in one of the most compelling paragraphs that the war has produced, explains why the dedication is confined to mothers. Instead of republishing one of the poems in the volume, we quote in full this great paragraph, this quickening revelation of the supreme function of motherhood:

I have, however, in the Dedication to the little volume in hand, special reasons for memorializing the mothers of my beloved fallen companions in arms. I have helped, in the line while shells screamed and artillery roared and wrought destruction of human life nearby, to wrap many of my fallen comrades in their last blanket and lay them in their last earthly resting place. Living soldiers' tears and prayers at the rude obsequies over the remains of fallen comrades were a poor substitute for mothers' last tears and the last kiss of maternal love. Still, we who ministered at the obsequies always thought of the mothers at the burial of comrades—we thought of them chiefly—and gave our fallen companions the best substitute we could give in the stead of mothers' tears and farewells. Moreover, I have never heard from mortally wounded and dying comrades—and many of them were mere lads, and no doubt some of them were, in that dear, homely term of affection, "the baby" boys of their families—I have never heard from the dying a whimper of regret, but I have heard—oh, the tender pathos of it!—from lips soon to be sealed in silence forever the low, faint call, barely more than a whisper, "Mamma, mamma, mamma." Any psychologist will say that this was inevitable. As the earliest expressions of love which these fallen, dying soldiers experienced were those of mother-love and care, so, naturally, in the dissolution of spirit from body, the last call of these passing heroes was the human call for the mothers who bore them and to whom they, in the days before their manhood, turned for love, comforting and strengthening. God conferred immortal distinction on the mothers whose sons He chose to make the supreme sacrifice. Each of the fallen, as I know, went to his death calmly, triumphantly, renouncing country

and life—without regret. Each of them had on his lips something like the Requiem hymn which Captain R. Dennys, himself fallen, sang so beautifully for them—

"No need for me to look askance,
Since no regret my prospect mars:
My day was happy—and perchance
The coming night is full of stars."

Nay, Mothers—not perchance, but indubitably the coming night of so-called death was for your fallen ones full of stars—the Stars of Everlasting Life and Christ's Reward; and, with the eye of faith, you may see them, hear them, still marching on, tramping triumphantly, as I have pictured them in my verses, "The Spendthrifts"—"adown the White Eternal Streets."

*

SUNNY DUCROW

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER: Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

THIS is a book which emphasizes a truth with a little too much imagination for cool and austere minds. Nobody but an old crab would deny that to hold up one's head and keep smiling is good business. But in "Sunny Ducrow" the author has raised the success of such a policy to the Nth power. He rather makes us gasp. True, we gasp deliciously and read on to page 482 avid for more gasps. And when we set the book down there is apt to be a smile about our eyes and a warmth within our hearts that is the right kind of antidote for crassness and superciliousness and that superior restraint whose other name is haughtiness. The book is abandoned; it is romantic; it is sentimental. Our judgment of the book will vary according as we like or dislike abandon and romance and sentiment. It is rather a fad to-day to be above sentimental considerations; romance is a bit at a discount; as for abandon, one should not be abandoned. There are elegantly attired young men and fascinating young women to-day whose pose is to be cool as cucumbers. They wear rather constantly a faint smile high up on their faces which is intended, we imagine, to give the impression that it is connected with their intellect. As a matter of fact, to the ordinary observer, it seems to have a

more intimate connection simply with well groomed eyebrows, which are felt by the owner to be rather fetching. Sunny Ducrow would laugh at all this sort of thing . . . there, the reviewer has accomplished it! He has reviewed the book all in one sentence. By one sentence which slipped off his pen he has revealed the fact that Sunny Ducrow has become real to him. Despite the fact that Mr. St. John Cooper has made Sunny do impossible things with her smile and her head up (that business of having her learn French and Spanish and Italian in a few months, for instance). Sunny is real; she is going to go into a lot of people's lives and bless them. O Sunny, Sunny Ducrow, with your abandon, your romance, your sentiment, rising from a little slum girl whose open-work boots would fly off when you hurried, to be entertained by duchesses and desired of great theatre managers, rising to be leading lady and to love your cottage in the country and Arthur Curtiss after all! O Sunny, you do do us good! Maybe we nearly cried a little before the last. Then we laughed again. Maybe we'll hold up our heads and keep smiling sometimes just for you.

Sunny Ducrow!

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LITERARY STUDIES

By CHARLES WHIBLEY, Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE are brought together into one volume a number of articles and lectures that are independent of one another and yet that are sufficiently the same in character and purpose to make them agreeable. The author has been attracted by some peculiar phases of English literature, the Tudor chroniclers, for instance, and Edward Hall and Raphael Holinshed in particular, and on them he discourses with intimacy and charm. He treats also of court poets, particularly of Rochester, whose qualities, both as poet and libertine, are discussed; of highwaymen in England during the time of Shakespeare, men like Gamaliel Ratsey, who provided

good reason for the character of Falstaff, and other studies of a highly interesting and entertaining nature, especially of early playwrights and actors, of Jonathan Swift in "An Underworld of Letters", Sir Walter Raleigh, and "Congreve and some others".

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COLORADO: THE QUEEN OF THE ROCKIES

BY LACY BAGGS. Boston: The Page Company.

THIS handsome book introduces the reader to unexpected beauties in Colorado and gives him as well a history of that wonderful State, treating of the Indians of the Rockies, Pike and other explorers, the trapper, the trader, the hunter. It describes "the glitter that was gold", and "the silver lining". It discusses the Spanish nomenclature of Southern Colorado, gives an account of the builders of Colorado, of its writers and artists, of its great resources and their development, of its problems and how it met them. It gives also a survey of its industries and an idea of the delights that await the traveller.

*

HEARTS OF WOMEN

BY MORLEY ROBERTS. London: Eveleigh Nash.

FOUR women of the middle class in London compose the interest of this book. Only two of them are convincingly depicted, and only two of them could lay any claim on happiness. Two are married and two single. Three have babies, and the fourth, the remaining single woman, confesses to her doctor that her arms ache to enfold a child, that she has great and distracting yearnings, and that notwithstanding all this she repeatedly and even on the eve of his departure for the Front turns away her lover, who, as a mere incident, is already married. Indeed, the whole book is a medley of illicit love affairs. It starts out with the return home of Theo, who supposedly has been an actress turned

war nurse, but who now, although she does not wear any wedding ring, is a mother. Her baby she named Bimbo, and her mother, who never seems to appreciate the situation, refers always to the child as the son of a great friend of her daughter's, an Italian woman who died of a broken heart. The father knows, because the daughter, a very matter of fact person, doesn't mind telling him, for she foresees that he will sympathize with her. She comes home at a time when the other three women, all intimate friends of hers, are in great distress over their love affairs, and there is a suspicion that they are rather pleased that she has broken away from conventionality. One of these women, a married sister of the one that yearns for a child, is in love with an artist. Her husband, as a condonement for her infidelity, is depicted as brutal, selfish, despicable and utterly impossible as a social human being. So impossible is this man that the wife, urged on by the other women, and abetted also by them, leaves his house, goes to the studio of the artist, and there, when she wakes in the middle of the night, she discovers the artist dead, and when, next day, she herself is discovered, she poisons herself and her little girl, and the book ends—a tragedy. In reading it one compares it with "The Pretty Lady", by Arnold Bennett, and "Saint's Progress", by John Galsworthy, only it is more melodramatic and much more tragical.

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SISTER ANNE! SISTER ANNE!!

BY GERTRUDE ARNOLD. Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

THIS book, which is really an entertainment, an intimate revelation of hospital life, bright with laughter and sympathy, portrays the joys and sorrows, loves and fears, heroisms and even the most secret emotions of the inmates.

This is a side of life about which little is written and yet it is of the most intense human interest. Miss Arnold seizes upon situations and incidents of hospital experiences from

the nurse's point of view and has employed exceptional dramatic skill in placing before her readers the varied humour, sentiment, and pathos of these experiences.

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STORIES OF THE SAINTS

BY GRACE HALL. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

HERE are retold vividly and in a manner within the compass of the average child's mind, the fascinating stories of heroes and martyrs such as occur in Fox's memorable book. The author treats the various characters reverently and simply, for as she herself expresses it, "To understand their histories we must become as little children and look upon that wonderful phase of the world with unquestioning eyes; even with the prayer or wish that we may know its spirit and share something of its devotion and faith."

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CANADIAN AFFAIRS

IN the April number of *The American Review of Reviews*, which is edited by Dr. Albert Shaw, there are two articles on Canadian affairs. The first is a pessimistic review and forecast of railroad nationalization in Canada, by Sir Patrick Thomas McGrath, a Newfoundlander, but nevertheless a keen observer of current affairs in the Dominion. The second is a complimentary statement of which the Union Government has done in "Constructive Legislation in Canada". The writer is Owen E. McGillicuddy. He credits the present Government at Ottawa with having put through since its election to office in December, 1917, more legislation of a varied character than any other government ever attempted in the history of the Dominion.

NEW POEMS

BY CONTEMPORARY POETS. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

SOME months ago an unusually interesting publication, *The Chapbook*, began with the idea of concentrating in each monthly issue on one peculiar subject of theme. For instance, the March issue contains "Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry", by T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley, and F. S. Flint. From these essays one gets a fair idea of the attitude of the new generation of poets in England, and one must know something about this attitude before one can discuss present-day poetry intelligently. The January number gives a collection of new poems by contemporary poets—H. H. Abbott, D. E. Norman Smith, Godfrey Elton, Mary Webb, A. Kingo-Armstrong, H. K. Cassels, Claude Colleer and Anna Wickham. The December number contains four songs with music, by Walter de la Mare, G. Townsend Warner, and a note on the song by Edward J. Dent.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

—"Through St. Dunstan's to the Light," the story of Pte. James H. Rawlinson's loss of sight, his training and experiences at St. Dunstan's, and the viewpoint of the sightless. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

—"Everlasting Arms," a novel by Joseph Hocking. Toronto: Hodden and Stoughton.

—"Starved Rock," by Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"Letters of Anton Chikhov," translated by Constance Garnett: Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE ORGAN

*The heyday
of the Organ*

BEFORE the advent of the piano the "organ" as an instrument of music was esteemed for its cheapness, its durability and the fine religious flavour of its tone. In some places, even outside churches, it has survived, and on a Sunday afternoon, especially in a quiet village, its soft intonations still may be heard intermingled with the softer twittering of swallows or the blatant winding of an automobile horn.

There were no automobiles in the heyday of the organ. The horse was still revered for his ancient virtues, and to move from one place to another at the great speed of ten miles an hour was a fine thing to brag about—a high tribute to the condition of the roads and the mettle of one's steed.

Next to the fiddle, the organ, in all our country places, was the musical instrument of most importance, and although it played second fiddle to the fiddle at all gay celebrations it gave way to no instrument as an evidence of luxury and refinement, as an ornamental piece of furniture, or for the proper spiritual rendition of Moody and Sankey hymns and the long metre paraphrases intoned by the followers of John Knox. Its case was of walnut, a wood which abounded in Western Ontario, and which after long years of waiting is at last cherished for its quality as well as its scarcity. Sometimes the case was plain, sometimes set off with gewgaws and appendages decorated in black and gold, and surmounted with imitation pipes. The glass vases that reposed in upper niches shone with quicksilver brilliance and displayed semblances of flowers in primary colours painted by hand.

In all things ethical the organ was the very antithesis of the fiddle. If you were a Methodist, the fiddle was the instrument of the devil, while the organ was admitted into the church and cherished in the home. If you played the fiddle you might not enter the Golden Gates. I remember well the earnest efforts of the schoolmaster to obtain salvation. Revival meetings were being held and many persons, among

*The Instru-
ment of the
Devil*

them several who played the organ, were received at the penitent's bench. The schoolmaster, moved perhaps by the appeals of the evangelist, or at least suffused with the spiritual effluence of the moment, confessed that he was seeking salvation and asked that the brethren pray for him. But his experience was not the common experience. He felt no transporting sensations. No load of sin was lifted from his back. The cause was clear—clear to everybody but himself. He could appreciate the merit of salvation but it was hard for him to believe that he could not obtain it so long as he clung to the violin. Perhaps he had the soul of the artist; at least, he risked his own soul rather than hang his beloved instrument on the peg forever. And by so doing he at once put himself in the same class as the two Dunlops, who fiddled at dances, and Yorkshire John, who scraped away of a summer evening, when the door could stand open for the benefit of the neighbours. For it was a certainty that the fiddle gave lodgment to the devil, and one woman, visiting a nearby town, and looking into a window that gave a display of violins, said to her little boy, who stood awed, beside her:

"There, Johnny, are a lot of devils."

"And what is that one?" asked Johnny, pointing to a 'cello.

"That's the daddy devil."

Then for a brief space Johnny regarded in silence a big bass viol.

"And what's that great big whopper?" he at length asked.

"That," said the woman with much asperity, "is the granddaddy of them all."

With the organ went as a matter of course the old-fashioned music master, who was the organizer of the singing circle and newsmonger of the neighbourhood. He had long thin legs, used hair oil, waxed his moustache and affected some of the eccentricities of the dandy. For he carried a golden-headed walking-stick, wore prunella shoes, and in fashion was fit company for the hoop skirt or the bustle. He could play "The Battle of Waterloo" without the score, dance the schottische, the polka and the Oxford minuet and sing with a tremolo which he declared was an attribute of all great tenors.

But it was the organ, not the organist, that first attracted our attention. You could hear its low, slow droning any Sunday afternoon, just at the hour when everybody was rousing from the customary snooze. It would start with only the dulcet and piano stops open, playing restful airs such as "There's a Land that is fairer than Day", "In the Sweet By and Bye" and "Rock of Ages". Then, with more assur-

Over the Orchard

ance, the celeste and vox humana stops would be opened, and over the orchard and through the poplars you could hear "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing". Convinced by now that everybody would be up and about, the organ, strengthened first by the treble coupler, and then by the bass coupler, would pour forth the stirring notes of "Shall we Gather at the River?" or the martial measures of "Onward, Christian Soldiers".

The first person to appear would be Joe, the teamster. He always smoked the very best five-cent cigar and put a dime on the plate every Sunday. A clever fellow was Joe. Although he made no profession of religion, he was rated as high as some that did. In these days of prohibition I may be permitted, as a matter of history, to record that he drank to excess on fair day and holidays and used strong language whenever his load from the quarry stuck in the mud. He was noted for strength of body as well, but was so slow in action that whenever he got into a fight he was knocked out almost before he was aware the thing had started. In liquor meant for him in fighting mood too, and he always had it in mind to whip the waggon-maker—if he could only get him into his clutches.

The waggon-maker usually appeared about the time the organ began to play "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues". He would sit on the verandah of his shop's false front, with a clay pipe unlit in his mouth, wondering what in blazes things were coming to anyway. He hadn't much use for religion, and it didn't even move him, except in contempt, to see Deacon Smith going to church and carrying on a tray under a napkin the communion bread and wine. He sometimes wondered about the possibility of the devil lodging in the fiddle, and he used to tell the blacksmith, whose shop was on the other side of the road, that as to sacred music and fast music, he didn't believe in leaving to Old Nick all the best tunes.

The blacksmith was inclined to sympathize with that view, because his son played the fiddle and his daughter vamped on the organ. Indeed, his daughter was regarded as the best vamped in those parts, and she could sing, as Joe used to express it, like a starling, if sufficiently urged, "The Walkerton Murder" or, preferably, "The Yellow Rose of Texas". But the blacksmith after all had an open mind, induced no doubt by his practice of parting his hair all the way down at the back. He had been something of a gay dog, he was known to confess in confidence, in the old days back 'ome, but he sat in communion just as a matter o' course. He knew, as everybody knew, that the footnote forbade cards and dancing, but he

knew also that young folk must have their fling. Dancing was a pastime that people took to like a hot tire to the rim, and the fiddle made the best dance music, especially with good organ accompaniment—good vamping.

Many an argument he had with Deacon Smith. The deacon ran the grist mill. The mill grinding was *his* music. And to his mind, the church was the proper place for the organ, fire for the fiddle. But there were other evils beside fiddling and dancing. He knew well enough that the waggon-maker used to steal his cordwood, but he never could catch him in the act. It was done, he knew on black nights, in a thunder storm, or during other periods when honest people are indoors.

Honesty used to be one of the chief virtues. Every community had its honest John, and everybody was supposed to be honest, even if everybody locked his doors at night and contrived to turn his back to you whenever he opened his wallet. And one might suppose that the organ was permitted in the churches, except in some of the Presbyterian churches, because it produced honest music blown honestly through reeds, which is one of nature's ways of making pleasing sounds. The reed, indeed, is the poet's ideal instrument of music, and we know that the greatest of all our poets has used it to denote genuineness and to expose dishonesty. For Hamlet, when he is parleying with Guildenstern, who has confessed his inability to play upon the pipe, remarks,

“Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet you cannot make it speak”.

I well remember that some young upstarts, the offscourings of a perverse generation, raised the cry that an organ should be placed in the Presbyterian church. In that sacred edifice no profane music had ever been tolerated, and therefore the proposed innovation was regarded as a device of the devil. The fathers, those dour creatures who revelled in the sober things of life, who had been used to the tuning fork and the human voice, foresaw a calamitous upheaval, the supplanting of the paraphrase by the evangelistic song, the suppression of the long metre Doxology and the expression of “Pull for the Shore”. It was a crisis. The minister, held back by the strong ties of tradition and urged forward by the spirit of the time, was like the key log in a jam. At heart he was with the fogies, but he had seen enough of the world to make him sympathetic with the upstarts. Donald Macpherson, one of

*Deacon Smith
and his Music*

*The Key Log
in a Jam*

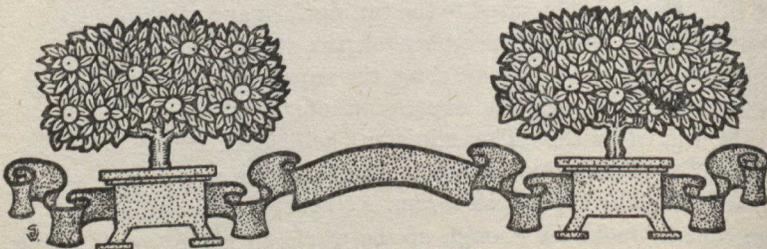
*Strong for
the Fork*

the last of the hand-loom weavers in this country, stood out strong for the fork, and it was he who denounced the organ as "an abominable kist o' whistles". He himself had been preacher ever since the congregation had first met in Sandy McLaughlin's log-house, and it was hard therefore for him to pull away from simple things, from unaffected worship. Let the Methodists praise with the organ if so they wished: the Lord knew the contrite heart. Let them attract the young to their services: the righteous should not perish.

It so happened on one occasion that an overcrowded meeting of the Farmers' Institute, at which there was to be light entertainment, including music, caused some misguided person to suggest that they move in a body to the church and carry the organ with them. And they moved. But Donald Macpherson moved also. He entered the church just as the entertainment was about to begin. He walked up into the pulpit, thumping his walking-stick heavily on the floor with every step, and forgetting to remove his bonnet, an offence which only the extreme gravity of the occasion could condone. He ordered them all, together with their ungodly paraphernalia, out from the synagogue into the market-place. And they went.

Donald was a good weaver, a good citizen, but a poor politician: he could not divine the spirit of the time. But when at length an organ was placed in the church and the tuning fork put upon the shelf, long after Donald's loom had fallen a victim of the factory and the mill, Donald himself, chastened perhaps by the frost of years, and at least resigned to the inevitable, would sit in his corner in the new brick edifice, a seraphic look upon his face, listening to his own granddaughter playing, first, music suited to the psalms and, then, one "o' they new-fangled tunes". He even liked the practice of chanting softly as the congregation took their places in the pews, with only the dulcet and celeste stops free, and then again, as they went out, with both treble and bass couplers on and the gloriana stop wide open.

*The Gloriana
Stop Wide
Open*





"Spreads like Butter"

FINISH up the meal in the right way by serving crackers and

Ingersoll
Cream Cheese

Its creamy goodness makes it a table-treat to be desired by all.

Done up daintily in 15c packages.



The Clean
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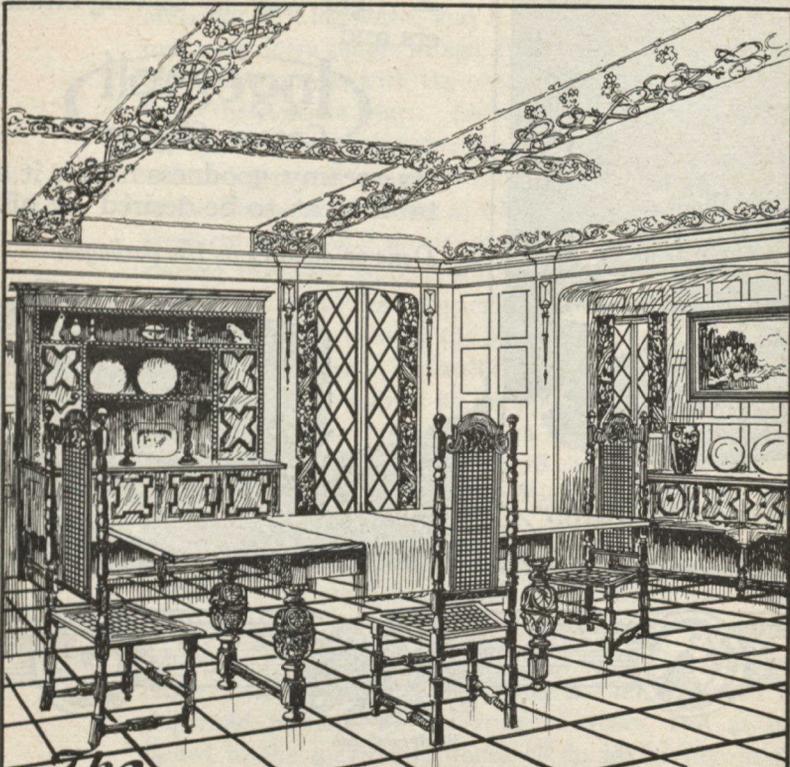
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The Original
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Why not eat that sustaining and easily digested wheat and barley food —

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

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Run a sharp knife along the dotted line and separate edges to make it pop. Use fast the pop is closed after the required amount of food is poured out. Don't cut top off.

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PREPARED BY SCIENTIFIC BAKING METHOD

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ECONOMY

Four heaping teaspoons of GRAPE-NUTS for the cereal part of a meal is sufficient for an ordinary person. More may be used if desired.

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You'd like to wear that dainty Georgette or crepe-de-chine blouse every afternoon, wouldn't you? Well it's all a matter of knowing how to wash them properly and safely.

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What Food Costs--

About 60c a Day for a Man

It costs about 60c a day to feed a man.

To feed a family of five, on the average, costs about \$610 yearly. The average workingman spends about 43 per cent of his earnings on food.

□ Food costs have soared about 90 per cent in four years.

Must have 12,000 Calories daily

A family of five, including three young folks, needs some 12,000 calories daily. The average family does not get that, and is underfed.

Those 12,000 calories in some foods cost many times as much as in others. So this food question is enormously important.

Save 85 per cent on breakfasts

Quaker Oats supplies the supreme breakfast. It is rich in calories of energy—1810 per pound. It is rich in minerals, rich in protein. It forms almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Yet it costs one cent a large dish. It costs 6 cents per 1,000 calories. It costs one-ninth what meats, eggs and fish cost, on the average, for the same calory nutrition.

Note the comparisons with other necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. Mark what it saves on a breakfast for five, compared with other dishes.

Breakfast Costs

Dish of Quaker Oats	- - -	1c
Two Eggs	- - -	10c
Bacon and Eggs	- - -	16c
One Chop	- - -	12c
Serving of Fish	- - -	8c

See how much you can save on breakfasts by serving Quaker Oats. Your folks will be better fed. The costlier foods, which are also needed, can be served at dinner, and the breakfast saving will help cut the cost.

Proper nutrition and proper economy call on housewives to consider these things.

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Contour by wearing a
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Fitted on living Canadian Models and made especially for Canadian women, in Canada's leading and most successful corsetry, the La Diva corsets are giving to many Canadian women the style, and poise, which make them so attractive.

There is a "La Diva" for every figure—one for yours.

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Style
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Glistening teeth

Are seen everywhere now--this is why

All statements approved by high dental authorities



Look about you and you'll see that countless teeth look whiter nowadays. It is evident on every hand that a new method of teeth cleaning has come into vogue.

All over America leading dentists are advising it. And millions of people have proved it at home, by using a 10-Day Tube.

That new method is Pepsodent, and this is what it does.

It combats film

There forms on teeth a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue.

It is the teeth's great enemy—the cause of most tooth troubles. Yet brushing in the old ways left much of it intact. No tooth paste could dissolve it. So millions of teeth, despite the brushing, discolored and decayed.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and hardens. The periodic cleaning in the dentist's chair is to remove it. But between times it may do a ceaseless damage.

Pepsodent CANADA
REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Film ruins teeth

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dental science has for years sought a way to fight film. Now that the way is found. Able authorities have proved this beyond question. The use has spread, through dentists and through home tests, until millions of teeth are now benefited by it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And everyone who writes us is supplied with a 10-Day Tube.

Watch the results

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

A new discovery has made pepsin possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But now a harmless activating method has been found. Now active pepsin can be constantly applied.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Do this for your sake and your family's sake. There are few things more important. The damage which film does to teeth is lifelong in effect. Cut out the coupon now.

Ten-Day Tube Free

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TRADE MARK



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which identifies the best of cutlery

Look for it on every blade.

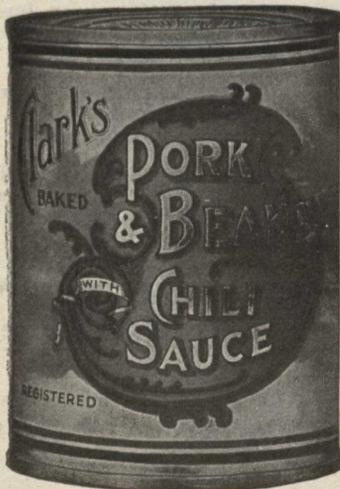
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At Sleep-Time BUBBLE GRAINS

Millions of happy children, at bedtime, get Puffed Wheat in milk. And think what a dish it is.

Whole wheat with no element omitted. Every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Wheat puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size—thin, flimsy, flaky morsels, like fairy foods.

Never was a whole grain made so enticing never so fitted to digest. What good-night dish compares with this?

The Supreme Delights

Puffed Grains hold first place among all cereal dainties. Each is a food confection. The grains are so nut-like that people use them in home candy making—as garnish on ice cream.

Yet they are whole grains, and are scientific foods invented by Prof. Anderson.

Every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. Every atom is fitted to digest.



When you have foods so delightful, so hygienic, serve in every way you can. Children revel in them.



At Breakfast

Serve with cream and sugar. The airy grains taste then like toasted nut meats puffed.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Steam-Exploded Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size



Mix With Fruit

The blend is delicious. And these crisp, flimsy morsels add what crust adds to a shortcake.

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after its food has been digested as it should be, which is best done by giving

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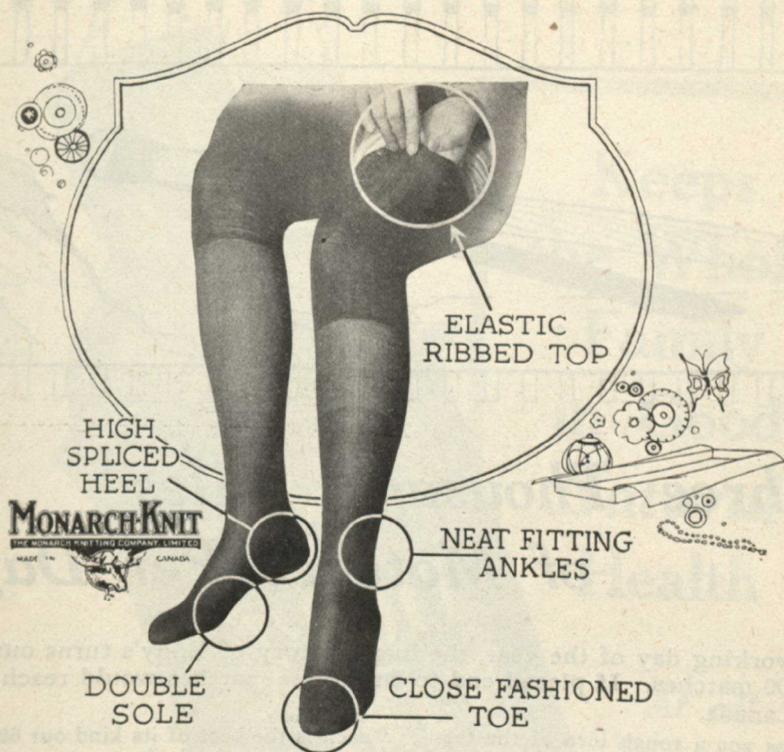


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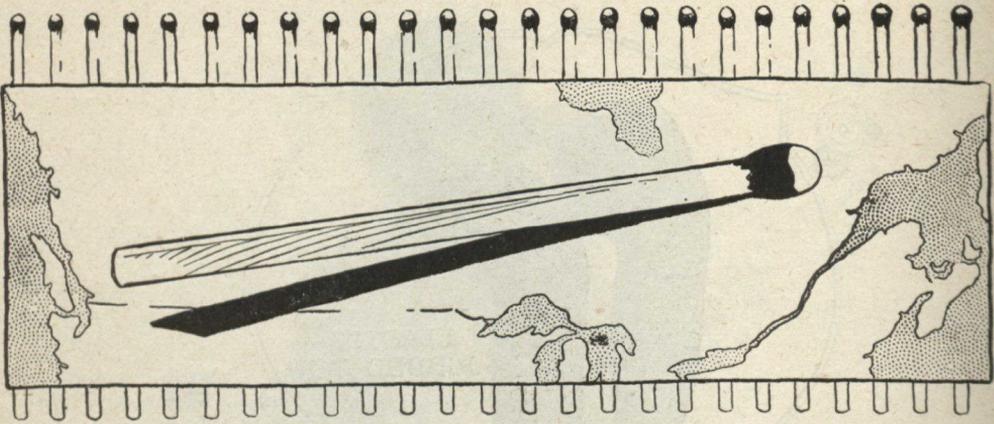
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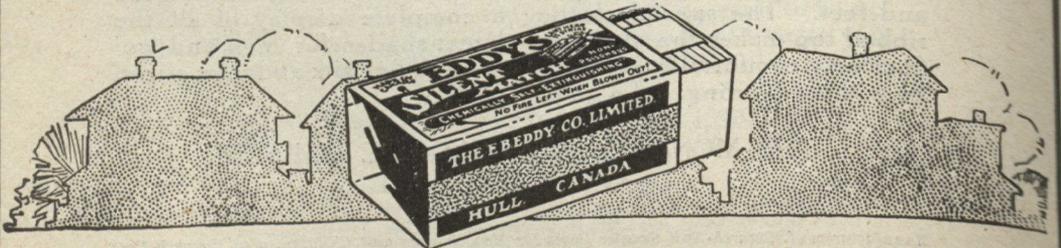
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Made in Canada

The Handy Little Spout lets the Salt run out.

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Only for ladies who end corns

Dainty shoes are only for those who end corns.

The way is simple, quick and easy, and is sure. Millions of people employ it.

Apply Blue-jay, the liquid or the plaster. That touch will stop the pain.

Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.

Then why does anybody suffer corns?

Just because they don't know. They pare corns and keep them. Or they pad

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Blue-jay is scientific. This world-famed laboratory created it.

Year after year, it is keeping millions entirely free from corns.

Perhaps half the corns that start are now ended by it.

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Plaster or Liquid

The Scientific Corn Ender

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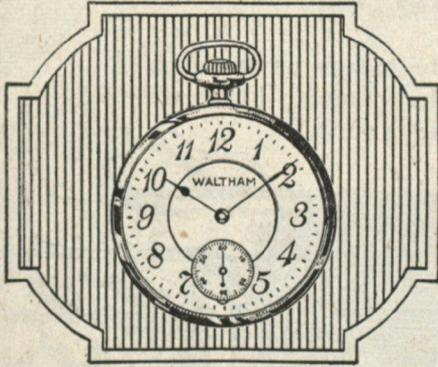
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The Waltham "Riverside" model. Priced from \$70.00 upwards. Many other Waltham Models — Ask your jeweler.

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Waltham replaced hit-or-miss methods with standardization.

At Waltham were evolved those marvellous automatic machines which replaced much hand-work, resulting in greater precision.

A modern Waltham Watch is the world's finest achievement in watch-making. To own a Waltham is not only to be assured of time accuracy, but to have the prestige which comes from possessing a watch that commands respect everywhere.

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Hall Clocks, Mantel and
Leather (all colors) Desk
Clocks for homes of refine-
ment. Ask your jeweler.*

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THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED

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*Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products
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MOIR'S Chocolates

GETTING the most out of life means having such chocolates as Moir's in the home. They are favorites with everyone, old and young. And they make for gladness and harmony. They are good for children and for parents; they are rich in coatings, varied in fillings and delicious in flavors.

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LIMITED
HALIFAX, N.S.



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Write for our "MACEY STYLE BOOK." We mail it free.



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"KING OF PAIN"
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THE CECILIAN CONCERTPHONE

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The Spirit of Music is Truthfully Conveyed through The Cecilian Concertphone; it creates true tonal beauty and adds rare quality to all records—This coupled with Artistic and Beautifully finished Cabinet places The Concertphone in a class supreme.

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The Railroad Man

"On time? Yes, sah, we ah right on de dot!"

A little regret, perhaps, as your Elgin tells you there is no more time for sleep—but then, the satisfaction that the day can be carried through as you planned it; breakfast at 8.30, that business appointment at 9.30, the 11.40 west.

And all the while you slept, the mighty engine was rushing on through the night—the engineer checking his Time by his Elgin from station to station—and the conductor reporting "On Time" at every stop.

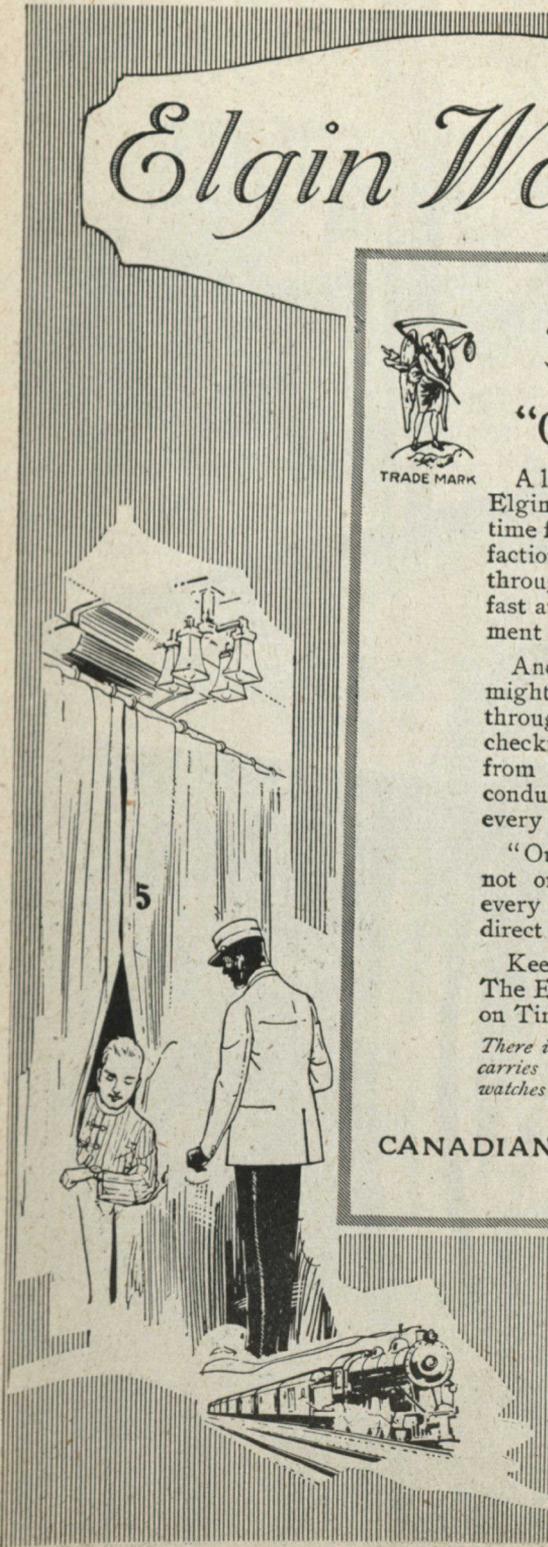
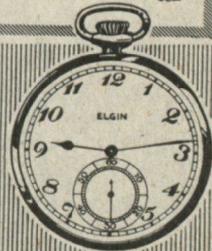
"On Time" spells *achievement* not only in railroading, but in every walk of life. Let the Elgin direct you.

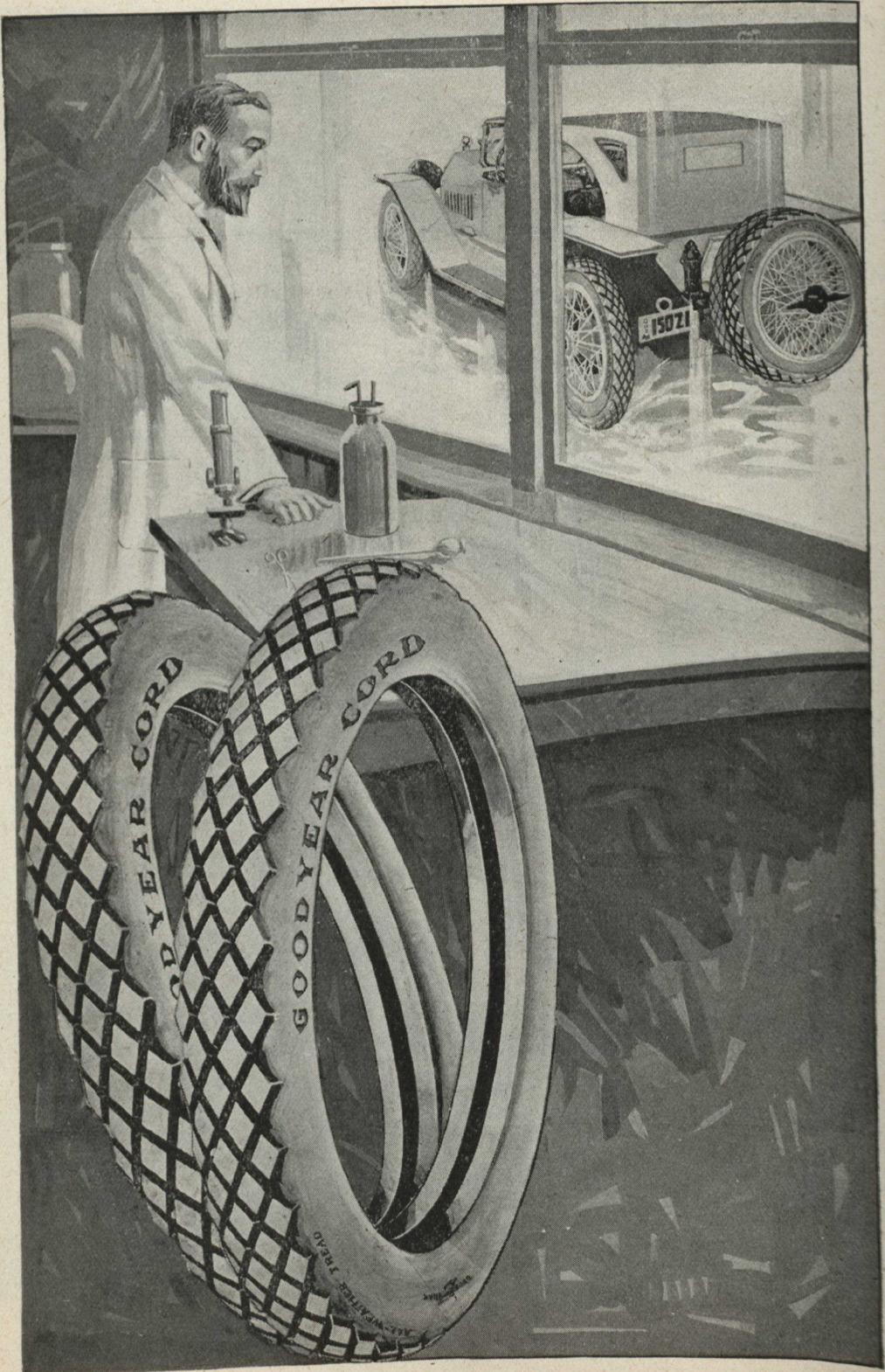
Keep your appointments by The Elgin and you will always be on Time.

There is a Jeweler in your vicinity who carries a pleasing selection of Elgin watches—faithful guardians of Time

CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH CO., LTD.
TORONTO

38A





Science Cannot Improve This Tread

RESEARCH, tests, experiments, consuming years of toil and enormous outlay, have failed to develop a better tire tread than the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Under this tread, science has made wonderful tire improvements. Each year Goodyear Tires have been giving greater mileage and lower costs.

To-day you can buy the crowning Goodyear achievement—the Goodyear Cord Tire.

But you buy it with the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Because All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires. This is the finest tread man can build. It rides smoothly and steers easily.

Rugged blocks of tough rubber each offer four sharp edges to the slippery road. These blocks are scientifically arranged. Your car climbs out of ruts and crosses icy car tracks as on a dry day.

With Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires on all five rims, the appearance of your car is always balanced, no matter what tire change you make. Front wheel skids (the more dangerous) are eliminated.

Right now your car especially needs protection against winter roads. See a Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires

GOODYEAR
MADE  IN CANADA



GIVE rein to your adventurous impulses; climb into your car and revel in the ecstasy of a care-free flight into the back country. Two hours—and you're in a new world. No hampering walls of brick and stone, no crashing din of city streets, but the quiet of country roads that stretch between broad fields or tunnel through the over-arching woods.

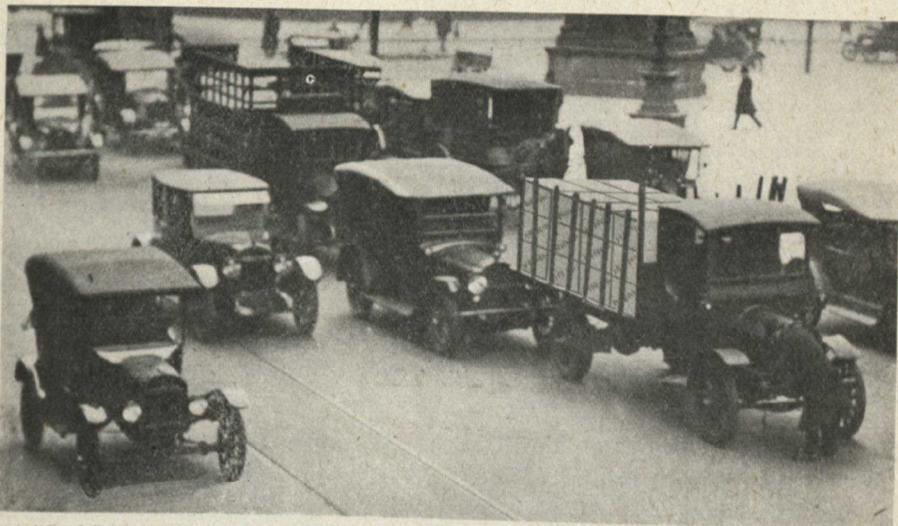
THIS sort of holiday brushes the cobwebs from your brain. The fresh, pure air sends new vitality pulsing through you. After all, your motoring pleasure depends upon your tires, and to make the flight "care-free" you should equip the wheels that drive you with the tires that are care-free, trouble-free, substantial, and reliable—Gutta Percha Tires—

"The Tires that Give Satisfaction"

"GUTTA PERCHA" TIRES

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, LIMITED

Head Offices and Factory: Toronto
Branches in all the leading Cities of the Dominion



A "Dead Engine" in the Warehouse District. Many a truck owner is surprised when he learns that 88.4 per cent. of all "accidents" to the average truck can be predicted from its specifications and the parts from which it is assembled.

Has the American Business Man Time to Save Money

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON built an empire in the Southwest, simply by doing the *next thing* every day as it came along.

Reconstruction will probably have to be managed pretty much the same way—*producing* with one hand and *saving* with the other, day after day.

The Packard people do not pretend to authority on any subject except *transportation*. But they can show the American business man *records of savings in trucking costs*—10 per cent. in gasoline, 18 to 22 per cent. in time, up to 30 per cent. in ton-mile cost.

They can show him, too, how to apply the same methods to *his own business*.

PACKARD has done away with excess costs in gasoline, not only through the remarkable ability of the Packard Truck Engine, but especially by means of the Packard *carburetor*.

Here is a carburetor built especially to stand the vibration of a truck at work. The float feed positive and *precise*. The carburetor water-jacketed and mounted high up on the cylinder *bloc*; so that the gas is warmed by the motor, and fed to the engine ready to flash into power.

Packard does away with excess friction and oil wastage, by the precise and positive *alignment* of parts from end to end of transmission.

It saves oil again by the *close fitting* of pistons and rings—and by preventing loss of oil through drip.

It saves tires by *distribution of load*, by the positive and uniform action of the clutch—in fact, by the engineering design of the *whole Packard rear end*.

Dynamometer tests on Packard Trucks show that the Packard delivers 86 per cent. of *Engine-power* to the rear wheels on *low gear*, and 94 per cent. on *high*.

YOU often hear it said that Americans are too busy *making money to save it*.

Yet business men who keep accurate cost figures on Packard, as compared with the average truck, *standardize on Packard*.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

It is Dangerous to Use Counterfeit Parts for the

Ford

BY allowing your garage man to use imitation parts in repairing your car you not only invite repeated repair bills and more serious breakdowns, but you actually endanger your own life and the lives of others. Cheap and inferior parts used in connection with the steering control are liable to cause accidents of a very serious nature.

You Risk Your Life When You Use Imitation Spindles

In a recent test the tensile strength of the genuine Ford Vanadium Steel spindle arm was found to be over 100% more than that of the counterfeit machine steel part. The arms were submitted to shock, and the counterfeit arm broke at a pulling force equivalent to 11,425 pounds applied to a cross section. The same pulling force applied to a corresponding cross section of a genuine Ford spindle arm did not even change its original size or shape. In order to separate the genuine spindle arm it was necessary to apply a pulling force of 25,000 pounds.

The spindle arm is one of the vital parts entering into the control of a car, and by using spurious parts in such places, Ford owners are risking lives and property.

You are merely protecting yourself and avoiding repeated repair bills when you demand genuine Ford parts.

Genuine Ford Springs versus Imitation Springs

Genuine Ford front and rear springs are made of Vanadium spring steel having a tensile strength of 210,000 pounds per square inch, and an elastic limit of 200,000 pounds. Every genuine Ford spring is tested in the factory. Front springs are subjected to a pressure of 1,850 pounds. In the fatigue test the average genuine spring will stand 60,000 strokes before breaking. Rear springs are subjected to a pressure of 2,000 pounds and the average genuine spring will absorb 40,000 strokes before breaking.

Imitation springs are generally made of carbon steel having a strength of only 130,000 pounds per square inch and an elastic limit of only 115,000 pounds. In ordinary service they soon flatten out.

Only Genuine Ford Parts Can be Used with Safety

Look for
the Sign

**Genuine Ford Parts
For Sale Here**

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario



Triplex Springs Make Rough Roads Ride Like Paved Roads

TRIPLEX Springs make this Overland a new and entirely different type of car—one that glides over road bumps with extraordinary ease and turns jolt and shock into smooth riding comfort.

The new Overland has marked economy advantages as well. Its lightness makes it remarkably

economical of fuel and tires. Protected by its wonderful new *Triplex* Springs from the wear of road blows, it has longer life and costs less for upkeep.

The equipment is complete, including electric starting and lighting. Overland is as convenient and attractive as it is serviceable.

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED

Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters

Head Office and Factories, Toronto, Canada
Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and Regina

NEW PERFECTION



For Every Cooking Purpose

—for boiling, roasting, frying, grilling, toasting and baking the “New Perfection Oil Cook Stove” and “Oven” are the best helps for the good cook.

The New Perfection Oil Cook Stove gives you cool kitchen-comfort in summer, and cooking satisfaction the year round. No annoyance from smoke or odor—no ashes, litter or dirt. It burns cheap, easy-to-get coal oil.

The “Long Blue New Perfection” chimney turns every drop of fuel into useful heat. The New Perfection Brass Burner is as long lasting as it is efficient. Every part of the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove is well-made and well finished.

“Made in Canada” there is no high exchange rate to figure in the cost, so when you buy a “New Perfection” you get the best stove at the best price.

Sold by good dealers everywhere. Ask for a demonstration of the “Long Blue Chimney” or write for free New Perfection booklet.



The “Long Blue Chimney” with the solid brass burner, that gives the steady intense white-tipped flame.

Made in Canada

**THE PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY
LIMITED**



HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY

SARNIA - - - ONTARIO

Test Your Tire Pressure Frequently

It is not enough to fill your tires up to the requisite inflation—they must be kept at that inflation. A tire may be below pressure and yet look and feel fully inflated.

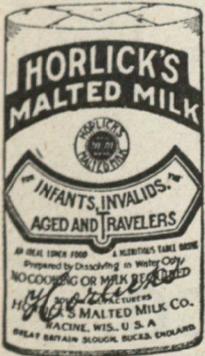
Take no chances. Insufficiently inflated tires mean not only rapid destruction of the tires themselves, but wasteful consumption of gasoline. It takes sometimes as much as 25% more gasoline to pull a soft tire over the road.

Measure your tire pressure daily with a **SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE** and be sure.

\$1.75
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TRADE MARK REG'D CANADA
"SCHRADER UNIVERSAL" TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE



The **DIET INFLUENZA**
During and After

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK
Very Nutritious, Digestible

The REAL Food-Drink, instantly prepared. Made by the ORIGINAL Horlick process and from carefully selected materials. Used successfully over 1/4 century. Endorsed by physicians everywhere.

Ask for and get **HORLICK'S THE Original**
The Old Reliable Round Package
Thus Avoiding Imitations

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Every Job, of whatever size, is given the attention and the workmanship that gains us a permanent customer.

We number among our customers some of the largest consumers of printed matter in Canada and the U.S. We are in a position to handle every kind of Printing and Bookbinding.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BUILDING
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OUT at the knees, out at the heels—what a problem it is to keep Children supplied with Stockings!

Why not buy Penmans Seamless Hosiery and forget your troubles? They are strongly knit from the best long-fibred yarns and reinforced at the points of greatest wear.

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Penmans Limited, Paris.

Also Makers of Underwear and Sweater Coats.



THE book may not turn out just the way you hoped it would—but the box of "DELECTO" Chocolates will. You will find it contains just the chocolates you enjoy most—Creams, Hard Centers, Fruits, Nugatines, Marshmallows and Nuts.

In $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2 and 5 pound boxes.
Ask for the "Delecto" Box.

Originated by
GANONG BROS. LIMITED
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Makers for 50 Years of Fine Chocolates.

Ganong's GB Chocolates

The finest in the Land

Mrs. Knox's Page

Dishes That Men Like

WE ARE always looking for dishes that will please the masculine taste—dishes which once eaten often reappear "by special request." In these Perfection Salad and Snow Pudding recipes you will find such dishes, for they have won universal favor with the men wherever they have been served—and I know they have been favorites in my own home for years.

Not only will the masculine members of your family appreciate these dishes but you will like them too, because they are easy to make, and may be made with syrup in place of sugar, when that precious article soars in price or is impossible to get.



PERFECTION SALAD

1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mild vinegar
 2 cups boiling water

2 cups celery, cut small
 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar or
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of syrup

1 teaspoonful salt
 1 cup cabbage, finely shredded
 $\frac{1}{4}$ can sweet red peppers or fresh peppers finely cut

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers; or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentoes.

In my recipes no special molds are required;—any vegetable, china or glass dish will mold them nicely.

NOTE: Use fruits instead of vegetables in the above recipe and you have a delicious fruit salad.

SNOW PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water 1 cup boiling water

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar or
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of syrup

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup of lemon juice
 Whites of 2 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water and add sugar, boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers; or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentoes.

NOTE: When syrup is used in these recipes in place of sugar omit $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of boiling water from the quantity given in the recipe.

What "4 to 1" Means

My gelatine is preferred by home-makers because of its economy. One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will serve a family of six with four different salads or desserts for four luncheons or dinners, while the ready-prepared packages will do for only one meal. That is why experts have been calling Knox the "4 to 1" Gelatine—it lasts four times as long, goes four times as far, and serves four times as many people as the ready-prepared packages.

Special Home Service

There are many other ideas and "dishes that men like" and women, too, in my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing a 2c. stamp, and giving your grocer's name.

"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—
 it means KNOX"

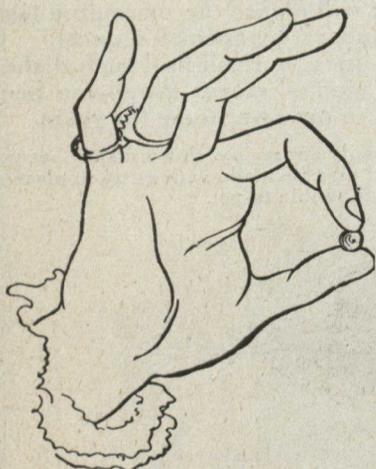
MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
 KNOX GELATINE

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



WITH FINGERS! CORNS LIFT OUT

Freezone is magic! Corns and
calluses lift right off—
Doesn't hurt a bit



A few cents buys a tiny bottle of the magic Freezone at any drug store. Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. Instantly the troublesome corn or callus stops hurting, then shortly you lift it out, root and all, without any pain, soreness or irritation. These little bottles of Freezone contain just enough to rid the feet of every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes and the calluses on bottom of feet. So easy! So simple. Why wait? No humbug!



“California Syrup of Figs”

For a Child's Liver and Bowels

Mother! Say “California,” then you will get genuine “California Syrup of Figs.” Full directions for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Children love this delicious laxative.

The
CANDY
Cathartic

“Really
DELICIOUS”

Cascarets
FOR CONSTIPATION
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP



Not A Blemish
mars the perfect appearance of her complexion. Permanent and temporary skin troubles are effectively concealed. Reduces unnatural color and corrects greasy skins. Highly antiseptic, used with beneficial results as a curative agent for 70 years.

**Gouraud's
Oriental Cream**

Send 15c for Trial Size
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IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC

REVOLVER

The Sign
of Positive
Safety



**HAMMER THE
HAMMER**

Iver Johnson means Safety, and Safety means Iver Johnson—the two are inseparable.

Drop it, kick it, knock it, thump it, "Hammer the Hammer"—it can't go off accidentally. And its safety is automatic—nothing to remember to do to make it safe. That's why women are not timid about having an Iver Johnson in the home.

Choice of three grips: Regular, Perfect Rubber, Western Walnut.

Three Booklets, one or all FREE on request
"A"—Arms; "B"—Bicycles; "C"—Motorcycles

If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular model you want, send us his name and address. We'll supply you through him.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

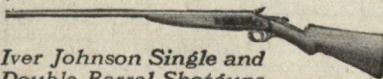
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Iver Johnson Single and Double Barrel Shotguns combine accuracy and dependability.



Iver Johnson
"Superior"
Roadster
Bicycle, \$55.
Other Models
\$37.50 to \$65.

(No extra charge for
Coaster Brake.)



When Greek met Greek

When Greek met Greek, he broke a tablet into two pieces and gave one of the pieces to his companion as a token of friendship, of good faith.

This symbol has a curious counter-part in modern life. When a manufacturer meets you he does, in another way, the same thing that occurred in ancient Greece.

His tablet is advertising. When you read his announcement, you are reading his printed word of honor not to break faith with you. An advertisement is a guarantee of an honest intention—the guarantee of an honest product. And if the intention is not honest—if the product is not honest—then no human power can make that advertisement continuously successful.

Advertising is more than a force for selling merchandise.

Advertising is the x-ray of modern life.

WHERE-TO-GO

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 Atlantic Monthly Century Harper's Review of Reviews Scribner's World's Work and The Canadian Magazine 13th YEAR
 Write our advertisers and refer to WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, 8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Ask us for travel advice. Enclose postage
 1907 Where-to-go Bureau forms for June close May 1st at noon. 1920

CANADA



"Highlands of Ontario"

Hay fever unknown. One thousand to two thousand feet above the sea. Modern hotels in Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Kawartha Lakes and Timagami. Fishing, boating, bathing, golf, etc. Write for free illustrated literature.

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Bigwin Inn

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WINDERMERE HOUSE

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Modern improvements. Best of everything. Enchanting steamer trips through silver lakes bestudded with hundreds of wooded island gems. All water sports. Hay fever unknown. Lawn Bowling. Tennis on concrete. Golf. Dancing. Write for illus. literature.

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Come to HAWAII the Pacific Paradise

—land of perpetual June.
 Drowse on Waikiki's sun-bathed coral beach. Splash in the placid sea, luxuriously warm. Ride the crests of long-roaring breakers in an outrigger canoe. Would you know the flavor of luscious tropic fruits, the fragrance of exotic flowers, the thrill of gazing into the fiery heart of Kilanea, the LIVING VOLCANO on the island of Hawaii? Then come to Mark Twain's "loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean." See Haleakala on Maui, greatest extinct volcano; the grand canyon of Kauai, with its magic vistas. Hawaii's average summer temperatures are: maximum, 86°; minimum, 57°; mean, 75°.

Regular steamer service from San Francisco and between the islands. Good motor roads. Palatial hotels. Attractive bungalows. For rates ask nearest railway agent. For descriptive booklets and further information write Hawaii Tourist Bureau branch office, 201 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, or

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU
 Honolulu
 Under the direction of the Territorial and County Governments.

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Mountainview Hotel & Cottages
 In the forest on lake shore of the famous Rangeley region. Bathing, boating. Salmon and trout fishing, both trolling and fly-casting. Best of everything. Write for booklet to Mountainview, Me.
LAKE PARLIN HOUSE AND CAMPS
 invite you to enjoy the grandest of vacations. 1,600 ft. above sea level. Best trout fishing. Garage. H. P. McKenney, Prop., Jackman, Me. Booklet.

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Completed 1917. The most modern and beautifully appointed resort hotel in New England. Located on Manomet Point, adjacent to historic Plymouth. Ideal for Cape Cod motorists. Golf unexcelled. Write for booklet. George R. Sanford, Manager, P. O. Plymouth, Mass.



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 The Distinctive Boston House, called by globe trotters one of the most homelike and attractive hotels in the world. Modest rates. Our booklet has guide to historic Boston and vicinity.
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Enjoy a real vacation of sport and rest—of glorious days in the happy valleys and pine woods, on the bays and winding rivers of Nova Scotia, the land of Evangeline. Wonderful Fishing, Bathing, Sailing, Canoeing; Tennis, Golf, Motoring, Riding, Log cabins, bungalows, hospitable farmhouses, comfortable hotels. Everything moderate-priced.

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 Those seeking an American plan hotel will find The Earle the most homelike in the city. Centrally located. Our free automobile bus meets all steamships.
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MOHAWK 4th Lake. Capacity 125. Latest equipment, electricity, Fourth Lake where nature is supreme. Homelike. Garage. C. M. Longstaff, Old Forge, N. Y.

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"Adirondacks." On the shore of the beautiful Fourth Lake where nature is supreme. Homelike. Established reputation. Superior excellence of table. Booklet. C. O. PETRIE, Old Forge, N. Y.

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Hotel Westminster, "In the Heart and," finest location on the 1,000 Islands, finest location on the St. Lawrence. Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Golf, Tennis, Baseball. Send for Booklet. Address H. F. Inglehart, Alexandria Bay, New York.

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in the Canadian Wilds

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

RESIDENT SPORTSMAN'S REPRESENTATIVES

Mr. F. C. ARMSTRONG, Cochrane, Ont.

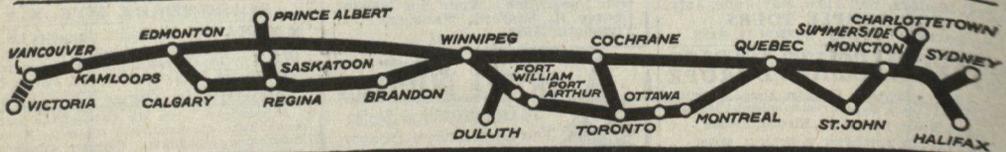
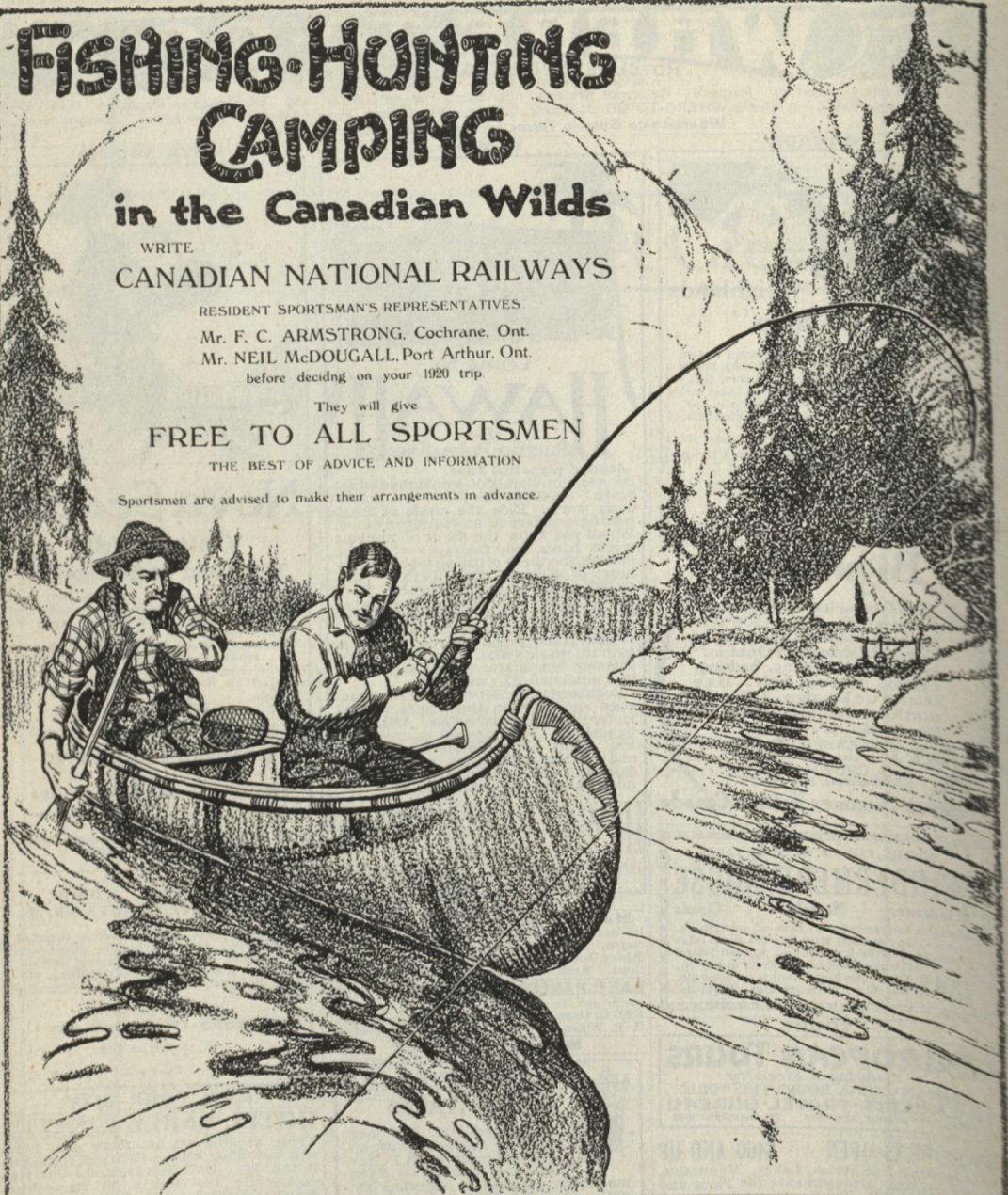
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BANFF



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Glistening snow-peaks ten thousand feet and higher surrounding you—trails to walk and ride—good roads for motoring and driving—mile-high links for the golfer—opportunities everywhere for the Alpine climber—warm sulphur swimming pools—luxurious hotels at Banff and Lake Louise, and mountain chalets at Emerald Lake and Glacier, with music, dancing, and a gay social life—trout-fishing in season, sublime scenery and big game for the camera (and in September for the rifle)—camping in regions of unparalleled majesty—these are a few of the delights in store.

And this Mountain Garden of the Giants is so easy to reach by

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Get particulars at any C.P.R. Passenger Agency.
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Our Ally in Commerce as well as in War.

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France is a nation of thrift and progress which observes the old-fashioned standard of honesty, truth and honourable dealings with all.

Surely, France is a customer well worth gaining.

Canadian soldiers won the admiration and the lasting gratitude of the French people. Canadian manufacturers and exporters should take advantage of this entente cordiale to establish their goods in the French markets.

The "FRACANDA" LINE is a Canadian compliment to France. It is the only purely Canadian steamship company operating solely between Canadian and French ports.

If you are exporting to France, route your shipments by THE "FRACANDA" LINE, direct to Havre or Bordeaux.

If you are interested in the trade possibilities with France, perhaps we may be of service.

Canada Steamship Lines, Limited

W. E. BURKE,
Director of Transportation,
Montreal, P. Q.

L. A. W. DOHERTY,
General Traffic Manager,
Montreal, P. Q.



THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

VACATION LAND OF PERFECT SUMMER CLIMATE

Hay fever unknown. One thousand to two thousand feet above the sea. Air scented with pine and balsam. Modern hotels in Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Kawartha Lakes and Timagami. A short, pleasant ride from Toronto, and you are in the midst of a charming summer playground. Fishing, boating, bathing, golf and the great out-of-doors. Write for free illustrated literature.

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Union Station,
Toronto, Ont.

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BERMUDA



is Britain's oldest Colony and is brim-full of interesting historical associations. BERMUDA is one of the most important Naval Stations in the British Empire. BERMUDA is worth visiting for these reasons alone.

NO MALARIA NO FROST OR SNOW
NO COLD WEATHER

Just a daily round of sun-shine and sea-breezes. You can get to BERMUDA in 48 hours from New York.

Ask your local Steamship agents for particulars, re rates and sailings, or write to
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Write to the Secretary
Bermuda Trade and
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For Over a Century

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"



has been used by persons of taste the world over. This unfailing popularity is due solely to its grateful, enduring fragrance and unique refreshing quality. It is delightful in the Bath, the best thing after Shaving, and beyond question the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume in use.

PREPARED ONLY BY
LANMAN & KEMP,
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Ask Your Druggist for It.
Accept no Substitute!

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

Any reader of the Canadian Magazine may obtain an illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Sent free with our compliments.

The Hotel Lenox, on North Street at Delaware Ave., Buffalo, has become a favorite stopping place for Canadians visiting Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The pleasant location of the Lenox—quiet, yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts—adds much to the comfort of tourists, as do the unusually good cuisine, complete equipment and excellent service.

European plan. Modern. Fireproof.
Every room as outside room, \$2.50 up.

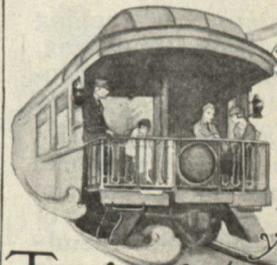
On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free.

C. A. MINER,
Managing Director
North St. at Delaware Ave.
Buffalo, N.Y.



HOTEL LENOX

BUFFALO



MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The trip is spoiled if you become

Trainsick or Seasick

Thousands of Travelers the world over depend upon

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

Prevents and relieves nausea. Practically all Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water have officially adopted, and advise, this remedy. No cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products or their derivatives nor other habit forming drugs. Sold by leading druggists everywhere on guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. 60c and \$1.20.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Also at 19 St. Eidge St., London, Montreal, New York, and Milan.

After a Day's Hard Work Drink O'KEEFE'S

You come home after a day's hard work tired and cold — may be depressed: what better than a cheerful fire, congenial companionship and a glass of *O'Keefe's Beer* to banish weariness and the blues.

O'Keefe's

IMPERIAL Ale, Stout and Lager

put life into tired, aching limbs. Mildly stimulating, their tonic and food properties act as an antidote to the worries of the day.

O'Keefe's Beverages are pure, wholesome and delicious — the result of scientific blending of nature's gift — malt and hops.

Your grocer or dealer will deliver you a case — ask him to-day!

O'Keefe's, Toronto
Phone Main 4202

O'Keefe's Beverages are also procurable at Restaurants, Hotels, Cafes, etc.

756



ROBINSON'S "Patent" Barley

*Makes Children
Strong and Healthy.*



ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY is assimilated and digested by the delicate child or infant when all other foods fail to nourish.

Write for "My Book" the latest booklet on the care of infants.

MAGOR SON & COMPANY, LTD.

Sole agents for Canada

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ROSE BRAND

*Foods chosen for their quality—
and particularly prepared*

To see the ROSE BRAND on any food product is to know that it is "the choice product of a great institution."

Only the finest meats, the best dairy products, the superior foods are chosen to bear the ROSE BRAND label.

For generations the ROSE BRAND has meant the highest product of our plants—selected for quality—specially prepared by our own secret processes to insure the utmost purity and a particularly distinctive flavor.

To-day it is your surest guide in the choice of food for your table.

ROSE BRAND Quality is obtainable in
HAMS BACON SAUSAGES
BUTTER EGGS LARD

Equally high in quality is
SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING



**CANADIAN PACKING COMPANY,
LIMITED**





COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

CHILDREN LOVE THEM

G.I.A.

An illustration for a Ballantyne Boys' Jersey advertisement. At the top, the brand name 'BALLANTYNE' is written in a large, bold, serif font. Below it, 'Boys' Jersey' is written in a large, stylized, cursive font. To the left, a young boy in a dark, long-sleeved jersey and cap is crouching, pointing towards a small dog. The dog is a Boston Terrier, wearing a dark collar with a bell. To the right of the boy, the text 'Comfortable Durable Becoming For Real Active Boys' is written in a simple, sans-serif font. In the background, there is a tall, dark structure resembling a newspaper vending machine or a utility box, with various signs and advertisements on it, including one that says 'THE LIFE' and another that says 'Halt'.

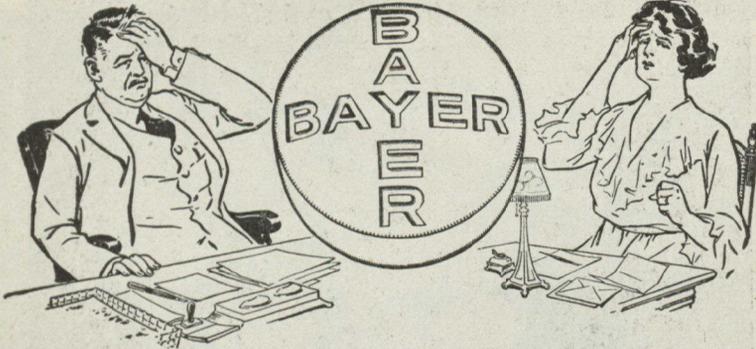
Now that overcoats are being discarded, your boy will want a BALLANTYNE Jersey. He feels free in it; he can romp to his heart's content and never be afraid that he will "spoil his clothes."

Ask your dealer to show you Ballantyne Boy's Jerseys.

**R. M. BALLANTYNE LIMITED,
Stratford, Can.**

ONLY TABLETS MARKED WITH NAME "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at all without the "Bayer Cross"



For Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, and for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, take Aspirin marked with the name "Bayer" or you are not taking Aspirin at all.

Accept only "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

unbroken "Bayer" package which contains complete directions. Then you are getting real Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years. Now made in Canada.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

End Gray Hair

Let Science Show You How
Convince Yourself Free

For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. Now that way is found. Thousands of women have restored the natural color of their hair with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Mary T. Goldman's

Scientific Hair Color Restorer

FREE Send today for a free trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and state the exact color of your hair.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Write today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

1734 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere



Cuticura Is All You Need For Your Skin

Bathe with Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify the pores. If signs of pimples, redness or roughness are present smear gently with Cuticura Ointment before bathing to soothe and heal. For every purpose of the toilet, bath and nursery Cuticura Soap and Ointment are ideal.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



AMERICA'S

PIONEER]

DOG

REMEDIES

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES

AND HOW TO FEED

Mailed Free to any address
by the Author.

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.

118 West 31st Street

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

SPENCERIAN

PERSONAL

Steel Pens

Made in England

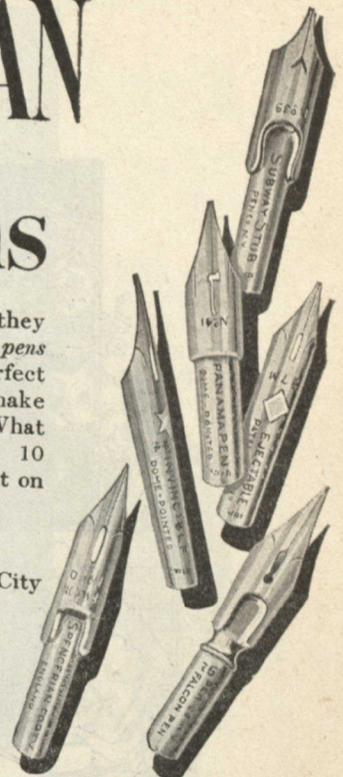
Spencerian Pens are today what they have been all these years—the *best pens made*. The finest pen steel, a perfect writing point and extra long life make them so. That fascinating book, "What Your Handwriting Reveals", and 10 sample pens, different patterns, sent on receipt of 10c.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

349 Broadway

New York City

Fine, Medium,
Stub and
Ball pointed



Barber-Ellis
FRENCH ORGANDIE

Barber-Ellis
FRENCH ORGANDIE

Is used by all who appreciate high class stationery

In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match



FRENCH ORGANDIE
"THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED"



*A fine-textured
loveliness for your skin*

FAIRY Soap helps to *make* and *keep* skins fine-textured and lovely because it is an *easy-rinsing* soap.

Fairy Soap *creams* cleansingly *in and out of* pores. And then it *rinses off easily, completely*. It

leaves no soapy deposit behind in the pores to coarsen and spoil the fine skin-texture.

Of course, be sure to use Fairy Soap in your bath. For healthy skins and fine complexions always go together.

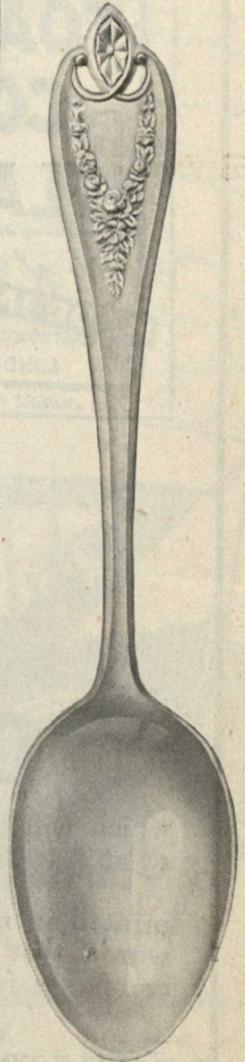
THE F. C. FAIRBANK COMPANY

LIMITED
MONTREAL





*Old
Colony*



Select it with confidence

You have seen 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware advertised so often; your friends have mentioned it so frequently that you instinctively think of the name when you buy. You feel as if you already knew how good it is. This is why it has been first choice for seventy years. Everyone has confidence in it. Remember to ask your dealer for it by FULL name, 1847 Rogers Bros.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

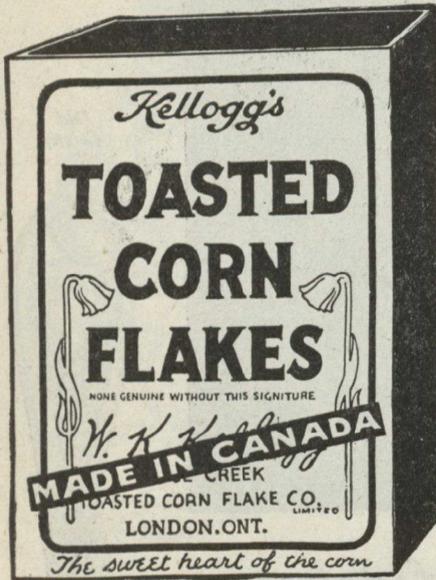
SILVERWARE

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario

Made in Canada by Canadians and sold by leading Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion

Rich Fresh Toasted Corn Flakes In That Well-Marked Package



Always have a supply on hand—ready to serve morning, noon and night in many tempting desserts and dishes, and be sure to insist upon

THE GENUINE
ORIGINAL

Kellogg's

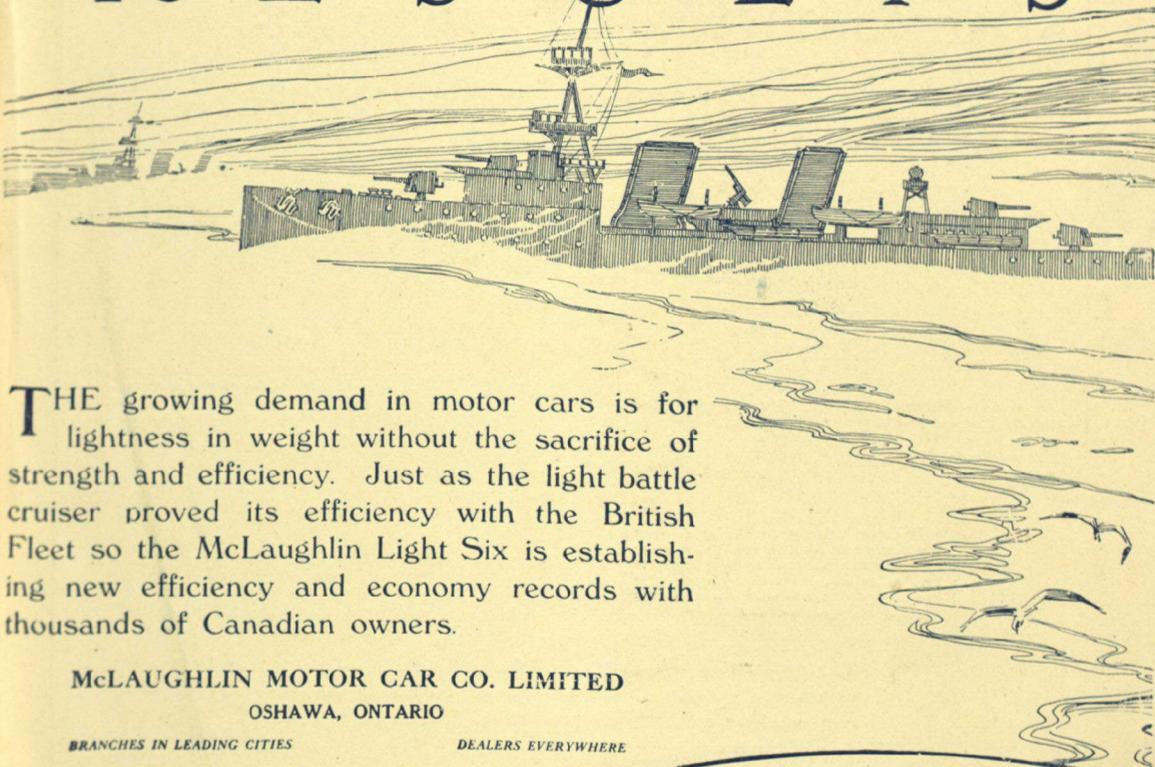
TOASTED
CORN FLAKES

which will be found in all good grocery stores bearing the words **“MADE IN CANADA”** and **“LONDON, ONT.”** printed in red ink across the face of the package. These are the words that protect the public and secure the original and best cornflakes for your table.

Only Made in Canada by

BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO. Ltd., LONDON, ONT.

RESULTS



THE growing demand in motor cars is for lightness in weight without the sacrifice of strength and efficiency. Just as the light battle cruiser proved its efficiency with the British Fleet so the McLaughlin Light Six is establishing new efficiency and economy records with thousands of Canadian owners.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED

OSHAWA, ONTARIO

BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES

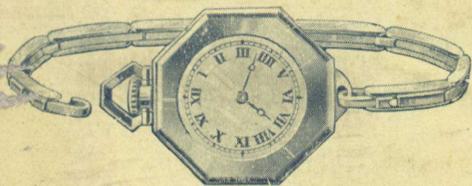
DEALERS EVERYWHERE



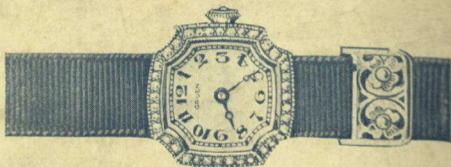
Model K-Six-63 Special

McLAUGHLIN LIGHT SIX

Smart wrist watches that are real timekeepers



Among the bracelet wrist watches, this Octagon bids fair to lead in public favor. Fitted with the famously accurate Gruen Guild movement



An artistic design high-wrought in the splendor of platinum and diamonds! And a Gruen Guild movement, famous for its accuracy



This new Rectangular ribbon wrist watch will be the choice of hundreds of discriminating women. Its simplicity but adds to its beauty. And its dependability is assured by its movement—made by the Gruen Watchmakers Guild



The product of the Gruen Watchmakers Guild — which combines, in Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the best in American machine methods with the world-famous craftsmanship of the Swiss.

These master watchmakers do what no machine can do—skillfully finish by hand and adjust each movement to that precision accuracy which really makes a fine watch.

In America at Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the quaint Guild workshop where the beautiful hand-wrought cases are made, and the movements inserted and given final adjustments. From here the Gruen Guild products are sold through 1200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality.

Write for Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of etchings and photographic plates, showing Gruen Watches for men and women, will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian branch, Toronto, Canada

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874

GRUEN Verithin and Wrist **WATCHES**