

133

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

PP

25 CENTS

Royal Castles in France

Our Great Revival in Trade

A Student Duel in Germany

Our Portion at Versailles

Fragments from a Modern Pompeii

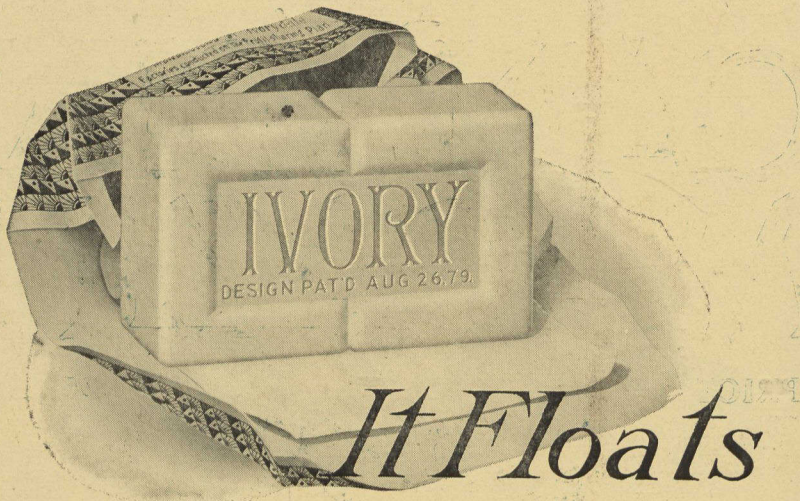
(A Day at the Front)

Several Stirring Short Stories

1916

FEBRUARY

1916



**I**VORY SOAP floats. It is the original floating soap. This quality gives Ivory Soap distinct advantages.

Ivory Soap always is at hand; one does not have to grope for it nor is it left in the water to waste away.

Ivory Soap always is in sight; there is no danger of injuring oneself by stepping on the cake in the bathtub.

Even if Ivory Soap were no better than other soaps its floating qualities would make it more desirable.

IVORY SOAP...  ... 99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % PURE  
IT FLOATS

*Ivory Soap is made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada.*



Walls, white or covered with foliage paper, with blue or grey predominating; woodwork white; rugs, plain dark blue centre with floral border; hangings dark blue; pictures, eighteenth century sporting prints or reproductions of Gainsborough, Reynolds or Romney.

## A Chippendale Dining Room Suite

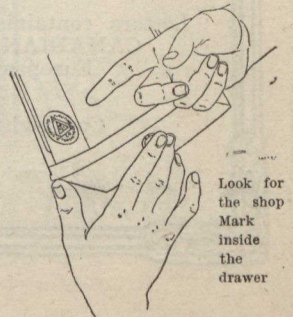
By the Toronto Furniture Co., Limited

"MANY A THING DIVINELY DONE BY CHIPPENDALE AND SHERATON"—Andrew Lane.

OF ALL furniture, that made by Chippendale is surely the most beautiful and practical, Beautiful because of its delicate carving, graceful curves, perfect proportions and soft, deep-toned coloring; practical because in everything pertaining to design, Chippendale subordinated all other elements to that of structural stability. ¶ In our replicas of Chippendale furniture, we have reproduced with fine sympathetic feeling and admirable skill the beautiful decorations, simple chaste lines, perfect proportions, and clear luminous finish that make the originals so delightful. ¶ The very simplicity which you admire in this Chippendale suite enables us to produce it at a price at least no higher than that demanded for ordinary furniture, lacking its distinction of style and finish. We invite you to view this and other notable periods in our line at the leading dealers in your locality.

### STRUCTURAL DETAILS

*Sideboard* — 25 ins. x 66 ins., five drawers and three velvet-lined trays for table silver. May be had with or without mirror back. All drawers have dust-proof bottoms.  
*Table* — 54 ins., 8 or 10 ft. extension. *China Cabinet* — may be had with or without drawers. *Sewing Table* — 22 ins. x 43 ins. *Wood* — Mexican mohogany, finished in antique, rubbed to a dull egg-shell gloss.



Look for the shop Mark inside the drawer

TORONTO FURNITURE CO., LIMITED

Show Rooms and Cabinet Shops: 163-187 DUFFERIN ST., TORONTO, Can.

# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVI

Contents February, 1916

No. 4

THE CHATEAU OF AMBOISE - Drawing by Estelle Kerr -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ROYAL CASTLES IN FRANCE - - - Estelle M. Kerr - - - -	283
ILLUSTRATED	
BONDSLAVE OF THE WILDERNESS - - John Beames - - - -	295
A STUDENT DUEL IN GERMANY - - John D. Robins - - - -	301
THE SHADOW OF STRIFE. FICTION - Leslie Floyd - - - -	308
MATCHING COLOURS. FICTION - - G. W. Bartlett - - - -	312
GEMMA'S GRIEF. VERSE - - - - Mary Linda Bradley - - -	314
BELGIAN REFUGEES. A DRAWING - Andre Lapine - - - -	315
OUR PORTION AT VERSAILLES - - - E. Montizambert - - - -	317
ILLUSTRATED	
WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL - - Hugh S. Eayrs - - - -	321
LIGHT AND LIFE - - - - Professor D. Fraser Harris -	329
SONG OF THE SLEEPER. VERSE - - Isabel Ecclestone Mackay -	332
JANUARY THAW. A PAINTING - - W. E. Atkinson - - - -	333
OUR GREAT REVIVAL IN TRADE - - William Lewis Edmonds -	335
WAYFARERS. VERSE - - - - Mary Susanne Edgar - - -	339
FRAGMENTS FROM A MODERN POMPEII	Britton B. Cooke - - - - 340
AUTUMN SUNSET. VERSE - - - - Arthur L. Phelps - - - -	345
THE REAL STRATHCONA - - - - Dr. George Bryce - - - -	346
VIII.—A PRINCE OF BENEFACTORS	
WHAT'S IN A NAME? - - - - Isabel Skelton - - - -	350
CURRENT EVENTS - - - - Lindsay Crawford - - - -	357
THE LIBRARY TABLE - - - - Book Reviews - - - -	361
TWICE-TOLD TALES - - - - Current Humour - - - -	365

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.  
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 200-206 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.  
European Offices: 3 Regent Street, London, S.W. 38 Rue du  
Louvre, Paris.

Copyright, Canada, 1916, by The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited.



### Something different!

LUX is the very essence of the finest soap, in flakes. Its use adds to the life of woollens, flannels, filmy laces and all dainty fabrics.

# LUX

dissolves readily in hot water and breaks into a foamy, cream-like lather which cannot injure the finest garments or the smoothest hands. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes and adds a new note of refinement to wash-day work.

LUX softens the hardest water — makes the bath a luxury and the shampoo a delight. Sold everywhere at 10 cents.

**Sample FREE—write to  
Lever Brothers Limited,  
Toronto.**

2



**Made in Canada.**

# ANNOUNCEMENT

In this issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE we publish actual experiences of a Canadian journalist, Mr. Britton Cooke, at the battle-front. Next month we shall publish the actual experiences of two Canadian lady journalists in Europe—Miss Margaret Bell, in London, and Miss Mona Cleaver, at Paris. Both articles give intensely interesting sidelights on conditions in these two great cities. One deals with hardships endured by residents in the poorer districts of London, the other with relief measures extended to refugees who have sought shelter at the French capital. ¶ Then there will be an intimate, yet impressionistic sketch of Constantinople, the Turkish capital that the Allies failed to reach, by Miss Florence Withrow. It describes the bazaars, the Seraglio, and the colour and movement of this great link between East and West. ¶ To take one away from the present strife, there is an excellent article on Batoche, a forgotten capital, once the headquarters of the disturbing forces in Western Canada. It is written by H. W. Hewitt, and is amply illustrated. ¶ It is not generally known that in some parts of New Brunswick the inhuman method of dealing with poor persons by hiring them out publicly, is still, or at least has been quite recently, practised. We shall publish an article by A. M. Belding, describing this inhuman practice and giving a history of it in New Brunswick. ¶ There will be other features in the form of readable essays and short stories, among them "Romance", an extraordinary bit of fiction, by Mazo de la Roche, with drawings by Maud McLaren.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies,  
SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

## THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

200-206 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF?

# "MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

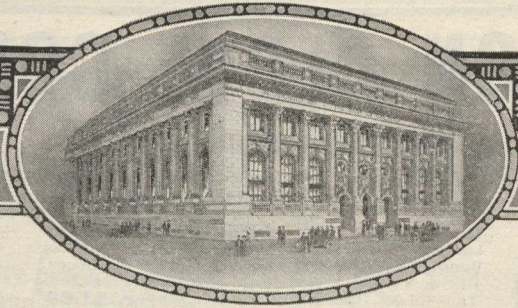
REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE

NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKLE LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH LARGE SIZE

Of all Stationers Chemists and Stores or Post Free for One Shilling (25c.) from the Inventors.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 ST. BRIDE ST. ENGLAND  
LONDON E.C.



Your  
Banking  
Business  
Invited

**W**E invite the banking accounts of business people, corporations and societies, also private and savings accounts.

The Bank of Toronto provides its customers with a modern Banking Service. In this it combines all the advantages of sound banking experience with the modern equipment and progressive outlook necessary to meet present-day requirements.

In Our  
Savings  
Department

Interest is paid on all balances half-yearly. Accounts may be opened in the name of two persons, either of whom may deposit or withdraw money.

Paid-up Capital	-	-	\$5,000,000
Reserve Funds	-	-	6,439,382

THE  
**BANK OF TORONTO**

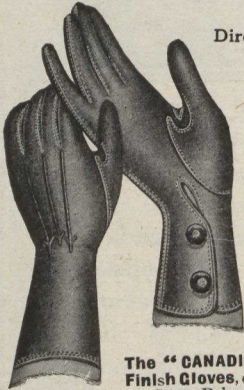
INCORPORATED 1855  
HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

# THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND

Direct Attention to Their Unrivalled Variety of British Made  
Gloves at Their Usual Moderate Prices



The "CONNAUGHT"  
Ladies' Superior  
Quality Cape Gloves,  
British made, in  
Tan shades, Spear  
Points, Pique seam  
sewn, 2 Press But-  
tons .per pair **73c**

Ladies' Strong Doe-  
skin Gloves, "Ante-  
lope" Finish, Pique  
sewn, British made,  
Dark Grey and Tan,  
2 Press Buttons,  
per pair **71 cents**

The "CANADIAN" Ladies' Buckskin  
Finish Gloves, excellent wearing, in Tan  
or Grey, Pique seam, self sewn Points,  
3 Buttons, per pair. **\$1.03**

Ladies' Real Deerskin  
Gloves, Dark Tan and Dark  
Grey, Pique sewn, British  
made, 2 Press Buttons,  
per pair **\$1.20**

Ditto, stouter quality, Pique  
seam sewn, Dark Tan and  
Dark Grey, British made, 2  
Press Buttons,  
per pair **\$1.44**

Ladies' Strong Cape Gloves,  
in Tan or Oak shade, 6 But-  
ton Length, with Wide Arms,  
Strap and Press Button as  
illustration, Spear Points,  
Pique seam sewn,  
per pair **\$1.20**

Ladies' "CANADIAN"  
Buck Finish in same  
style as above, in Tan or  
Dark Grey,  
per pair **\$1.44**

## MEN'S GLOVES

Strong Doeskin, Buck Finish, in  
Tan or Dark Grey, British made,  
Pique seam sewn, 1 Press Button,  
per pair **73 cents**

The "CANADIAN" Buck  
Finish Gloves, in Tan or  
Grey, a splen-  
did Glove for  
wear, British  
made, 1 Press  
Button, per  
pair **\$1.03**

Men's Real Deerskin Gloves, in  
Tan or Dark Grey, British made,  
Pique seam sewn, 1 Press But-  
ton. . . . .per pair **\$1.44**

Real Reindeer. The L. G.  
Company's Best Quality, British  
made, Pique seam, hand-sewn,  
self-sewn Points. Very Special  
Value. In Tan or Grey, 1 Button,  
per pair **\$2.31**

Ladies' Dark Tan Cape  
Gloves, Pique sewn, Wool  
Lining, Brown Fur Tops,  
with Strap and Press But-  
ton . . . . .per pair, **\$1.09**

Ladies' Best Quality  
Doeskin Gloves, Sax  
shape, Strap and Press  
Button at Wrist, Lined  
with soft fine Wool,  
Pique sewn, in Tan  
or Grey,  
per pair **\$1.34**

Doeskin, Buck Fin-  
ish, Pique sewn,  
Wool Lining, Fur  
Tops, Wrist Lined  
Fur, in Dark Tan or  
Grey, Gusset Wrist, Strap,  
and Press Button,  
per pair **\$1.20**

Ladies' Best Quality Doe-  
skin "Buck Finish"  
Gloves, Lined Wool, Wrist  
Lined White Fur, Sax  
shape, with Strap Press  
Button, in Dark Tan or  
Grey. . . . .per pair **\$1.69**

Fur Lined Ladies' Doeskin  
"Buck Finish," in Tan or  
Grey, Lined Fur, Pique  
sewn, as illustration. 2  
Press Buttons,  
per pair **\$1.34**

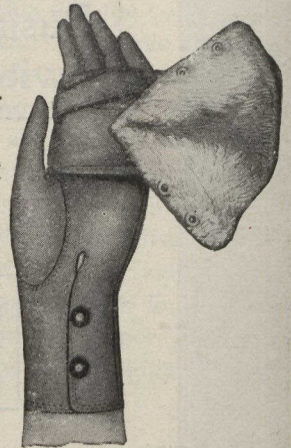
Ladies' Superior Quality  
Chevette, Fur Lined  
throughout, Elastic Gusset  
Wrist, in Brown or Black,  
per pair **\$1.83**

Fur Lined Ladies'  
"Buckskin," in Tan or  
Grey, Lined Fur  
throughout, Pique sewn,  
Gusset Wrist, Strap  
and Press Button,  
per pair **\$2.56**

## MEN'S GLOVES

Strong Cape, Pique seam  
sewn, Double Palms,  
Wool Lining, in Tan or  
Black, Strap and Press  
Button, as illustration,  
per pair **\$1.20**

Men's Strong Coatskin  
Cape Gloves, in Dark  
Tan shade, Lined with  
Best Quality Peerless  
Wool, Hand sewn  
with Strap and Press  
Button, as illustra-  
tion, per pair **1.69**



SUPPLEMENTARY DEPARTMENTS—Ladies', Men's and Children's Hosiery  
and Underwear, English manufacture, at equally moderate prices.

PRICE LISTS may be obtained free, on application to the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., 200-206 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.  
Remittances, including postage, by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY,  
General Post Office, London, England. Mail orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer.

ccs  
all Orders

The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England



# SUPPORT THE "OLD COUNTRY" During the War - - - And After



27 ROYAL & IMPERIAL  
APPOINTMENTS

By purchasing your Spring Clothing Fabrics and Suits from England you will be assisting to provide the necessary funds for the successful termination of the war—a patriotic object worthy of your consideration and support.



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H. M. THE QUEEN

Samples representing an excellent variety of high-class Fabrics for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Spring and Summer wear will be mailed to your address, promptly and post paid, on request, by EGERTON BURNETT, LTD., whose reputation for integrity and fair dealing is unquestionable.

## HIGH-CLASS MADE TO MEASURE TAILORING AT ECONOMICAL PRICES



Many years of experience in the sartorial art enables EGERTON BURNETT to execute Tailoring orders entrusted to their care in a skilful and satisfactory manner, and the voluntary commendations of their patrons is incontestable evidence of their ability.

### READ THESE PROOFS

Mrs. H.C.S. wrote: "The two skirts came to hand about ten days ago and I am very pleased with them."  
Okanagan Lake, British Columbia

W.C.C. Esq., wrote: "I beg to acknowledge safe receipt of the Lounge Suit and am greatly pleased with it."  
Cranbrook, British Columbia

D.A. Esq., wrote: "The two Suits are an excellent fit and in every way satisfactory." Saskatoon, Sask.



EGERTON BURNETT'S Pure Wool "Royal" Navy Serges and Coatings are Clothing Fabrics of a very special character; they are manufactured from carefully selected wools in a variety of qualities, weights, and textures, and are dyed a rich, permanent colour which neither rain, light, sun, or sea air materially affects. Over forty years of testing in actual wear has conclusively proved this to be a fact. Prices from 73c to \$3.90 per yard, double width.



N°44

### NEW SPRING SAMPLES

New Tailoring Styles and Price Lists, and Measurement Blanks, mailed to your address, post paid, on request.

Send a post-card for them—today.

Ladies' Spring Costumes as illustration, made-to-measure in E. B.'s world-renowned "Royal" Navy Serges, the refined, permanent colour Fabrics which Ladies admire and extensively wear, from \$21.55 carriage and duty paid to destination.

Gentlemen's Spring Suits made-to-measure as illustration in E. B.'s world renowned "Royal Navy Serges, as described above from \$15.10 duty and carriage paid to destination. Also in high-class British tweed suitings from \$15.45.

**Address: EGERTON BURNETT, LTD.**  
R. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England

# Oakey's

## SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

# Oakey's

## EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

# Oakey's

## "WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

# Oakey's

## "WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

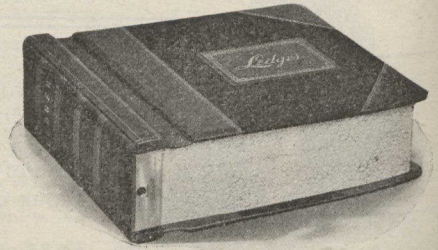
JOHN OAKEY & SONS, LIMITED

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

MADE IN CANADA

# ACCOUNT BOOKS

COMPLETE STOCK OF EVERY KIND  
SPECIAL PATTERNS MADE TO ORDER



## LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS, BINDERS and SPECIALTIES

MEMORANDUM AND PRICE BOOKS—  
OFFICE AND POCKET DIARIES 1916

# BROWN BROS. LIMITED

Manufacturing Stationers, TORONTO

Established in Toronto Seventy Years



# The Royal Military College

**T**HERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulation of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$300.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

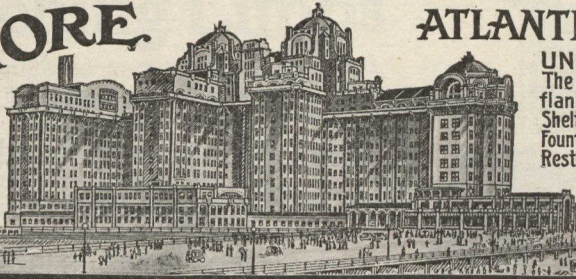
For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

# WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT-&TRAVEL-DEPARTMENT  
 APPEARING MONTHLY IN ALL 7 OF THESE MAGAZINES  
 COSMOPOLITAN-EVERYBODY'S-FIELD & STREAM-REVIEW OF REVIEWS-SCRIBNER'S-THE CANADIAN-WORLD'S WORK  
 9TH YEAR-ESTABLISHED TO GIVE RELIABLE INFORMATION TO READERS OF THESE MAGAZINES IN TRAVEL PLANNING.  
 WRITE TO THESE ADVERTISERS FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS  
 OR TO C. E. BEANE, PRES. WHERE-TO-GO, 6 BEACON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

## The TRAYMORE

THE LARGEST FIREPROOF  
 RESORT HOTEL IN THE WORLD  
 THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA  
 AT PLAY  
 MAGNITUDE AND CHEERFULNESS  
 D.S. WHITE, Prest. J.W. MOTT, Mgr.



## ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

UNIQUE FEATURES:  
 The vast Marble Exchange-  
 flanked with Flowers and  
 Sheltered Angles, the Forecourt,  
 Fountain of Fate, Cloister Garden,  
 Restaurant, Submarine Grill,  
 Rose Hall, Library Tower,  
 Belvedere and Three  
 Decks looking on the  
 Boardwalk and  
 the Ocean.

### GALVESTON TEXAS

**HOTEL GALVEZ GALVESTON TEXAS**  
 New \$1,000,000 Hotel  
 on Gulf of Mexico-Atlantic  
 City of the South.  
 Boating-Bathing-Fishing  
 Tennis-Golf-Motoring-  
 Write P.L. Sanders, Mgr.-Booklet

### ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

**Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**  
 Hotel and Sanatorium.  
 New stone, brick & steel building. Always  
 open, always ready, always busy. Table  
 and attendance unsurpassed.

### HEALTH RESORTS



**HOT SPRINGS ARKANSAS**  
**HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS**  
 Greatest health and pleasure resort in the  
 world. Owned and controlled by the  
 United States Government. Perfect  
 18-hole Golf Course. Write for particulars.  
 ARLINGTON & EASTMAN HOTELS.

### BATTLE CREEK

A Mecca for health seekers. Over 1,000  
 different curative baths and treatments,  
 renowned diet system, reducing and fatten-  
 ing diets scientifically regulated, thirty-  
 three specializing physicians; 300 trained  
 nurses; restful tropical garden, colossal  
 recreation gymnasium, swimming pools,  
 beautiful natural surroundings, invigorat-  
 ing climate, just the place for rest and  
 health building.

Send for free booklet, "The Simple Life in a  
 Nutshell" and illustrated prospectus.  
**THE SANITARIUM,**  
 BOX 109, BATTLE CREEK,  
 MICH.



### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**HOTEL DRISCOLL**  
 Faces U. S. Capitol. Near  
 Union Station. Amidst  
 Show Places. Running  
 Water, Electric Fans in  
 Rooms. Bath Gratis.  
 Garage. Music. Eur. \$1.  
 Am. \$2.50 up. Booklet D.

### CHICAGO ILL.

## New Kaiserhof CHICAGO

450 Rooms-\$1.50 Up  
 300 Baths

Centrally Located  
 One Block from  
 LaSalle Station  
 Post Office &  
 Board of Trade  
 Write for Folder No. A



Next Where-To-Go forms close Feb. 1st.

### SEATTLE WASH.

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

### MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.

Health & Pleasure Resort  
 with the famous Mineral  
 Baths for the  
 relief of Rheumatism.  
 Hotel & Baths under one  
 roof. Open all year-Booklet



### Weymouth Heights

Home of winter golf. Tennis.  
 Best of everything. Cottages.

## HIGHLAND PINES INN Southern Pines, N.C.

Turkey and Quail shooting. 700 ft. elevation. Just right climate. No snow. Pure spring water.  
 Bungalows. Orchestra. Write CREAMER & TURNER, Lessees and Managers, for booklet.

## HOTEL COLLEGE ARMS

DELAND FLORIDA  
 LOCATED ON A HIGH RIDGE-NEAR THE CENTER OF EASTERN FLORIDA-PURE  
 DRY AIR, LADEN WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF PINE TREES & ORANGE BLOSSOMS.  
 NOTED FOR CUISINE-FORMAL & INFORMAL CONCERTS & DANCING-18 HOLE  
 GOLF COURSE-TENNIS, RIDING & DRIVING-OPEN JANUARY 1ST-ADDRESS, THEO. C. BROOKS, MANAGER.



# INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Furnishes  
 a Complete  
 System of  
 Insurance

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection  
 of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or  
 pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of  
 death, or to the member in case of his total disability,  
 or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Total  
 Benefits  
 Paid  
 42 Million  
 Dollars

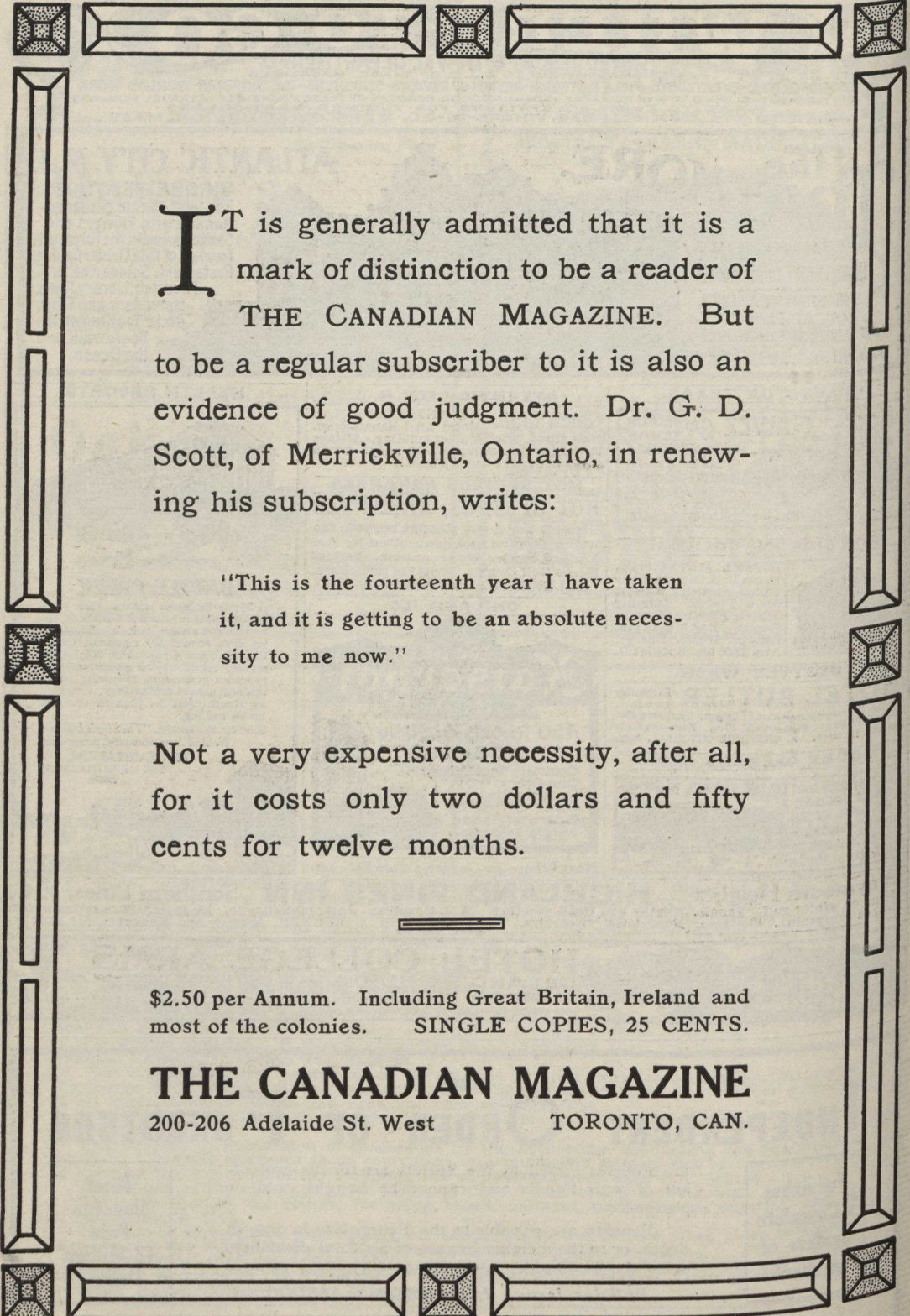
Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000

FRED J. DARCH, S.S.

For further information and literature apply to

E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.

TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO



**I**T is generally admitted that it is a mark of distinction to be a reader of **THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.** But to be a regular subscriber to it is also an evidence of good judgment. Dr. G. D. Scott, of Merrickville, Ontario, in renewing his subscription, writes:

"This is the fourteenth year I have taken it, and it is getting to be an absolute necessity to me now."

Not a very expensive necessity, after all, for it costs only two dollars and fifty cents for twelve months.

---

\$2.50 per Annum. Including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the colonies. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE**  
200-206 Adelaide St. West TORONTO, CAN.

# Don't Suffer With Stiff, Aching Limbs

Don't be inconvenienced and annoyed by tired, inflamed muscles. Massage the parts with Absorbine, Jr., the American-made germicide-liniment, and rout out the trouble. Athletes do. They know that Absorbine, Jr., penetrates quickly and reduces the soreness and inflammation—that it is powerless and efficacious in cases of serious sprains, wrenches, torn ligaments and painful effects.

## ABSORBINE JR

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Is a different kind of liniment. It is a safe ANTISEPTIC and GERMICIDE

Applied to an open sore or wound, it kills the germs, makes the part aseptic and promotes rapid and healthy healing. That is why it is so good for cuts and bruises.

Absorbine, Jr., is non-poisonous and non-destructive of tissue—it is highly concentrated and only a few drops are required at an application. A 10% solution is sufficiently strong for most uses and is also germicidal. This solution may be used beneficially as a spray or gargle for infected sore throat.

### HEALING—COOLING—SOOTHING

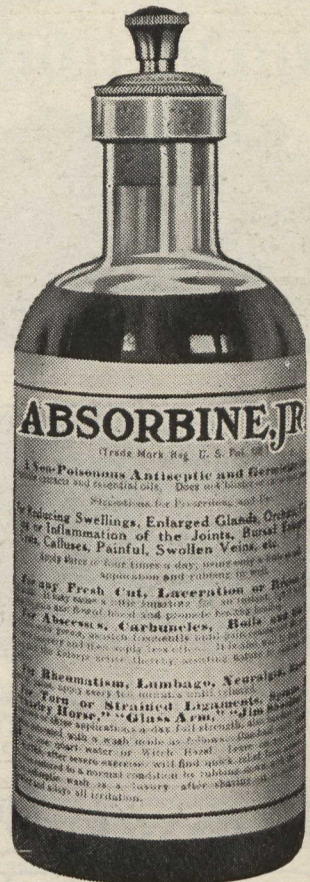
Absorbine, Jr., is also a discutient and resolvent, effective in reducing Bursal Enlargements, Cysts, Swollen Glands or Veins. Use Absorbine, Jr., where you want relief quickly and permanently.

Athletes and Trainers use Absorbine, Jr., not only to overcome these conditions, but as a preventive. After severe exercise a rub-down with Absorbine, Jr., diluted (one ounce to a quart of water or witch hazel, limbers the stiff joints and muscles, stops inflammation, and prevents soreness. This solution is also antiseptic and germicidal.

Absorbine, Jr., is sold by druggists at \$1.00 a bottle or sent direct, charges paid. Descriptive pamphlet and detailed laboratory reports by many American and European chemists free on request.

### A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE

will be sent your address on receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist today.



**Chemical Laboratory Examinations** show that a 25 per cent. Aqueous solution of Absorbine Jr., kills Streptococci Pyogenes.

A 20 per cent. solution kills Staphylococcus Pyogenes Aureus.

A 10 per cent. solution kills Bacillus Diphtheria and Bacillus Coll Communis.

A 6 per cent. solution kills Bacillus Typhosus.

A 1 per cent. solution kills skin cocci (from Eczema).

A solution 1 part Absorbine Jr., 2 parts Mucilage of Acacia, U.S.P., 7 parts distilled water, kills Diphtheria Bacillus in two minutes and should be an effective spray or gargle for infected sore throat.

Prescribe Absorbine, Jr., full strength as a Liniment for Painful Affections, Sprains, Varicose Veins, Bruises, Swellings; or diluted as indicated for Boils, Infected Sores, Tyorrhea, Spongy Gum,

CAN. MAG. 2-16

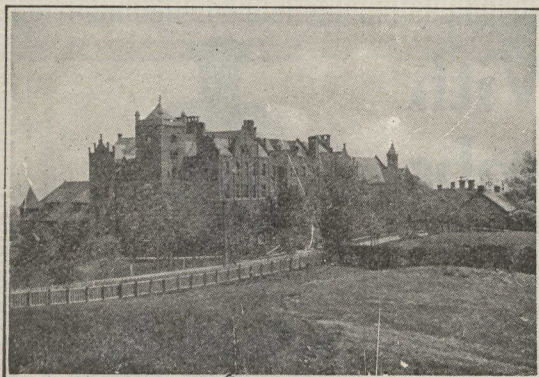
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.

187 Lymans Bldg. Montreal, Can.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which send me postpaid Trial Bottle Absorbine Jr., pamphlet "Evidence" and laboratory reports.

Manufactured only by  
**W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 187 Lymans Bldg.,**  
London: 4 Old Swan Lane, E. C. MONTREAL, CAN.

Name .....  
Address.....



# Trinity College School

FOUNDED 1865

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

## Residential Church School for Boys

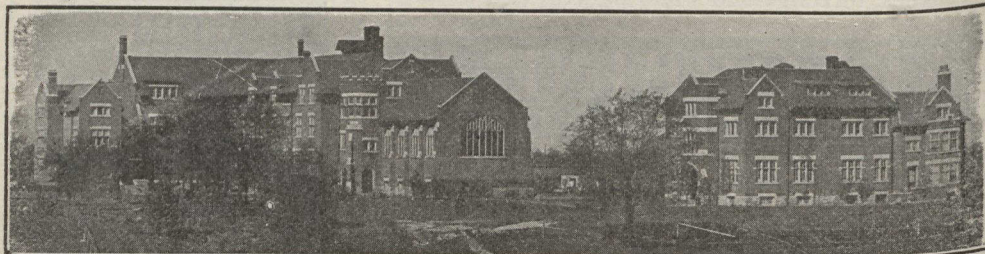
Beautiful Healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario with 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent New Covered Rink

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training throughout the course. Special attention given to younger boys. Several entrance scholarships for young boys.

**NEXT TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12th.**

For Calendar apply to the Headmaster—

**REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M. A. (Camb.)**  
(Late Headmaster St. Alban's School, Brockville)



## RIDLEY COLLEGE

St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres.

The School won University Scholarships at Matriculation in six out of the past seven years; three in 1913 and four in 1914.

Upper School prepares boys for the

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal.

# LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Head Master:  
**C. S. Fosbery, M.A.**

**MONTREAL**

SUCCESSES 1915  
include:—  
2 Entrances R.M.C.  
4th and 6th places  
McGill Science  
Matriculation.

## ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson

**Academic Course**, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work,  
**Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education**—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball,  
Hockey, Swimming Bath.

Write for Prospectus

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,

President.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,

Principal.

# The Bishop Strachan School

## College Heights Toronto

FORTY-NINTH YEAR A Church Residential and Day School For Girls  
 New Buildings—Beautiful healthy situation with 7 acres of playing fields.  
 Junior School to Matriculation Course.  
 Household Science, Music, Painting.  
 President, The Right Revd. The Lord Bishop of Toronto. Principal, Miss Walsh M.A.  
 Vice-Principal, Miss Nation, M. A. (Trinity College). (Dublin)  
 Head Mistress, Junior School, Miss A. M. V. Rosseter (Higher Certificate National  
 Froebel Union), late of Cheltenham Ladies College. For Calendar apply to the Bursar.

A Christian home and an  
 effective school are combined  
 in

**Alma (Ladies) College**

For prospectus and terms, write the Principal

R. I. WARNER, M.A., D.D.,  
 St. Thomas, Ontario

62

## Branksome Hall

10 Elm Avenue, Rosedale, Toronto

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

HON. PRINCIPAL: MISS M. T. SCOTT  
 PRINCIPAL: MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.

Preparation for the University and for  
 examinations in Music. Art and Domestic  
 Science Departments. Thoroughly efficient  
 staff. Large Playgrounds. Outdoor games,  
 tennis, basketball, rink. Healthful locality.  
 Primary School for Day Pupils

SPRING TERM WILL BEGIN JANUARY 11th.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL

## BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE, OSHAWA, ONT. A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
 Young children also received.  
 Fine location, Outdoor games and physical training.  
 The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and of a Sister, who for  
 twelve years taught in the School with marked success.  
 Voice culture will be in charge of a qualified mistress.

For terms and particulars, apply to the SISTER IN CHARGE, or to THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Major St., TORONTO.

## The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal

English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation,  
 Oratory and Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art.

Send for Calendar

## ASHBURY COLLEGE Rockcliff Park, Ottawa

### RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Modern Fireproof Building. Pure Water Supply. Small Classes. Gymnasium.  
 Chapel. R. M. C. Entrance 1914, all candidates passed, one first place.

For Calendar apply:—Rev. Geo. P. Woollcombe, M. A. (Oxon.) Headmaster

## Ottawa Ladies College

NEW BUILDING, ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF  
 Perfectly Sanitary, fitted with every modern convenience

Academic work up to the first year university, music, art, domestic science, physical culture  
 etc. This is one of the most up-to-date colleges in Canada and possesses all the advantage of a  
 residence in the Capital. For Calendar Apply to—Rev. J. W. H. Milne, B. A. D. D., President.

Jas. W. Robertson L. L. D., C. M. G., Chairman of Board.



**HOME  
STUDY**

Arts Courses only

**SUMMER  
SCHOOL.**

July and August

**QUEEN'S  
UNIVERSITY**

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

ARTS EDUCATION MEDICINE

**SCHOOL OF MINING**

MINING

CHEMICAL MECHANICAL

CIVIL ELECTRICAL

ENGINEERING

GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar.

**A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.**

**ST. ALBANS**

**HEADMASTER**—A. G. Mainwaring, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

**HOUSEMASTER**—J. J. Stephens, M. A., Dublin University.

**VISITOR**—The Lord Bishop of Ontario.

Separate houses for Senior and Junior Boys. The School grounds cover 24 acres.

**Recent R. M. C. Success:** 1913, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 13th, places; 1914, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th, places.

R. N. C., 1915, 1st place.



**BROCKVILLE**

For Prospectus, etc., apply to the Headmaster.

**MAIL COURSES**

In Accounting, Banking, Illustrating, Stenography, Short Story Writing, Journalism, and English are given under the best result producing conditions by The Shaw Correspondence School, Toronto. Free Booklet on any course desired will be mailed on request. Write to 395-7 Yonge Street, Toronto.



**Royal Naval College of Canada**

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1916, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.

The scheme of training at the College is based on that in force in the English Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, but it is not compulsory for cadets to follow a Naval Career when they have completed the course, which lasts three years. McGill and Toronto Universities allow the College course to count as one year at the Science School. The Admiralty will take a maximum of 8 cadets annually into the Royal Navy, where the pay and prospects would be identical with that of cadets who have passed into the Navy from Osborne and Dartmouth.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

**G. J. DESBARATS,**

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,

Ottawa, January 11th, 1916

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—90794

**ONE OUT OF EVERY NINE**

APPLICANTS FOR INSURANCE REJECTED  
**DO NOT LET YOUR LOVED ONES SUFFER**

BY YOUR DELAY TO INSURE  
NOW WHILE IN GOOD HEALTH.



**THE  
EXCELSIOR  
LIFE  
INSURANCE  
COMPANY**

WILL PROTECT YOUR DEPENDENTS FOR  
MANY YEARS AFTER YOU ARE GONE.

Apply to-day for a monthly Income Policy

Head Office  
**EXCELSIOR LIFE BLDG., TORONTO, CAN.**



## BOND OFFERINGS

*Lists of bonds which we offer sent on application. Every Security possesses the qualities essential in a sound investment, combining SAFETY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST with THE MOST FAVORABLE INTEREST RETURN.*

**Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.**

**Yield 4% to 6%**

*We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.*

**DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED**  
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENGLAND

## These Two Calendars Are Ready for YOU

Of all the calendar designs submitted to us, this series excelled by a large margin. They are artistically reproduced in soft, beautiful colors, only close observation can distinguish them from the water color originals. Kindly enclose 5c. to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.



### The Beauty

of these subjects lies in the soft refined skin the artist has given them. They reflect the results obtainable with the use of

## GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream

Beautifies, purifies and protects the skin and complexion. In use for nearly three-quarters of a century.

*Send 10c. for trial size.*

**FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON**  
Montreal

## WILLING WITNESSES

**D**AY by day we are receiving enthusiastic testimonial letters from policyholders whose Endowment contracts are now maturing.

These are our willing witnesses who come voluntarily into court and testify to the good faith of The Mutual of Canada.

No wonder! For they are receiving from \$110.00 to \$190.00 for every \$100.00 invested in premiums, to say nothing of the protection they have enjoyed.

The amount of the return, of course, varies with the term of the Endowment. Don't speculate! Take an Endowment policy and share in the prosperity of

**THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**  
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

100

## 7% Investment

Embodying three essentials required by careful and shrewd investors,

### Safety, Profit, Money Back

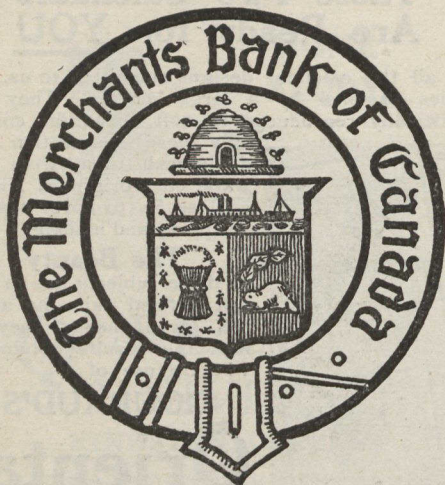
your attention is directed to an exceptional opportunity for investment in bonds that will pay you 7% interest in place of 3% that you are getting on your money.

These Bonds carry absolute security, a guaranteed interest of 7% per annum, and the privilege of withdrawing all or any part of your investment at any time after one year on 60 days' notice.

Bonds are issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$500 and \$100 each, and are absolutely non-assessable, and afford an excellent opportunity for the investment of large or small sums of money.

Write for full particulars to

**National Securities Corporation**  
LIMITED  
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING  
TORONTO CANADA



**Paid-up Capital - - - \$7,000,000**  
**Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 7,245,140**  
**206 Branches in Canada.**  
 Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.  
**Savings Department at all Branches.**  
 Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates.  
**General Banking Business.**

**The Continued Prominence**

of The Great-West Life tells its own story.

For the Ninth successive year The Great-West Life in 1915 stands first of all the Companies for new business in Canada.

Investigate the Policies that can earn such persistent favor.

*Rates on Request*

**THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**

**Head Office - Winnipeg**

**THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA**

Incorporated 1869

**Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000**      **Reserve Funds - \$ 13,174,000**  
**Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000**      **Total Assets - 185,000,000**

**HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL**

DIRECTORS:

SIR HERBERT S. HOLT, <i>President</i>	E. L. PEASE, <i>Vice-President</i>	E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C., <i>2nd Vice-President</i>
Wiley Smith	Hon. David Mackeen	G. R. Crowe
D. K. Elliott	Hon. W. H. Thorne	Hugh Paton
C. S. Wilcox	W. J. Sheppard	A. E. Dymont
		C. E. Neill

**Executive Officers.**

E. L. Pease, General Manager  
 W. B. Torrance, Supt. of Branches      C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

**340—BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA—340**

Also Branches in Cuba, Porto Rico, Dominican Republic, Costa Rica, Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, St. Kitts, Trinidad and Bahamas Islands, British Guiana and British Honduras.

**LONDON, ENG.,** Bank Bldgs., Princes St., E.C.      **NEW YORK,** Corner William and Cedar Sts.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT**      **AT ALL BRANCHES**

# Dividends Maintained!

That sounds better than the usual story of diminished profits, reduced dividends and unsatisfactory business conditions so commonly heard at the present time.

THE

## London Life Insurance Company

Head Office: London, Canada

continues to pay profits one-third in excess of the amount originally promised under present rates.

Sane management, Safe Investments and Solid Position enable the Company to meet all present emergencies without interfering with the liberal profits paid Policyholders.

Why not place your insurance interests in the hands of a Company that so carefully performs the trust imposed upon it

Policies—"Good as Gold"—Company

JOHN McCLARY    DR. A. O. JEFFERY, K.C.  
President                      Vice-President

J. G. RICHTER, F.A.S.    E. E. RED, B.A., A.I.A.  
Manager                      Asst. Manager & Actuary

# THE SAVING HABIT

It is easy to acquire the habit of saving if a deposit account be opened and deposits made regularly.

It is easy to open the account. A deposit of one dollar is all that is required with this Corporation. Deposits of one dollar and upwards may be made at any time. All will bear compound interest at

## 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ %

A growing balance at your credit is a great satisfaction. It is an insurance against the unforeseen emergencies that everyone has sometime to meet. If with this old and strong institution it will be always available when required.

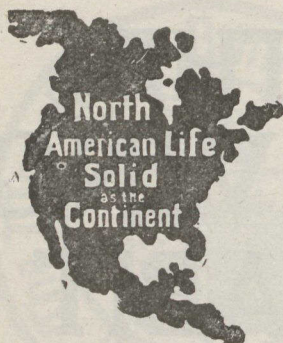
*Open an account today.*

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Paid up Capital and Reserve Fund  
\$10,750,000

**TORONTO STREET, TORONTO**

ESTABLISHED 1855.



## A Personal Matter

If that grey bearded old man of the scythe were going to cut you off tomorrow, would you listen to a proposition whereby, for a moderate sum deposited with the North American Life, your wife would be assured a substantial annual income as long as she should live? Of course you would.

Well you do not know the time, but the call is certain. Still we make you that proposition—an income absolutely guaranteed your widow every year as long as she shall live.

It will save you worry while you live; it will save the home when you die.

Get the little booklet "The Real Service" which explains it fully. You have but to ask

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**  
 Head Office TORONTO, CAN.

# BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

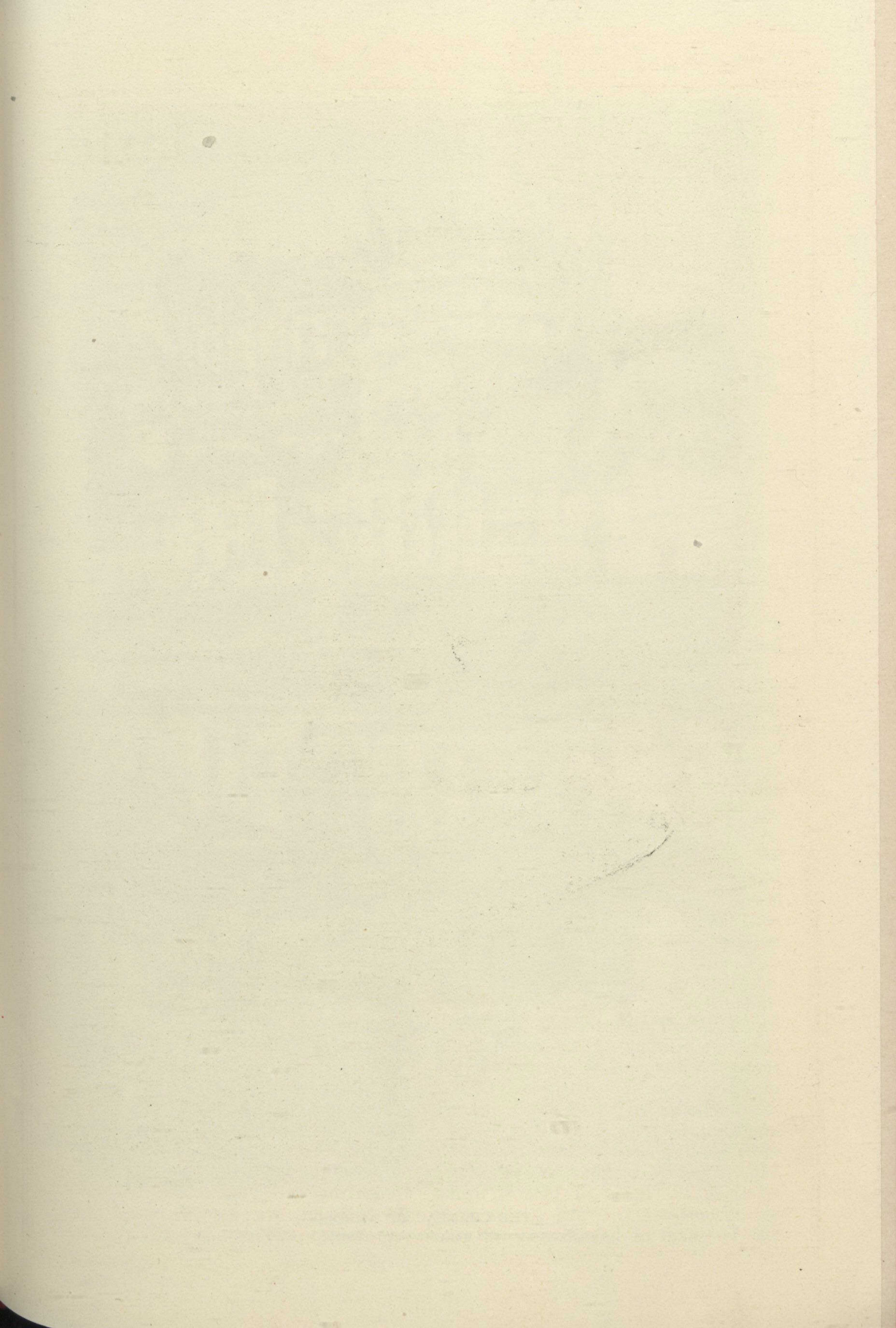
HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED.. \$5,000,000

CAPITAL PAID UP..... \$3,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
 BRANCHES







Amboise

Estelle M. Kerr

THE CHATEAU OF AMBOISE  
From a pen and wash drawing by Estelle M. Kerr



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 4

ROYAL CASTLES IN FRANCE

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

WHAT have become of the castles in France, the picturesque piles that serve to preserve its history? Are they hospitals, barracks, or military prisons? Assuredly they have given themselves to the service of their country in some form or other, now that the army of defence has routed the cosmopolitan hordes who, armed with red-bound guide-books of German origin, used to visit them daily and listen, open-mouthed, while aged retainers, jingling keys, recited in monotonous tones the thrilling tales of kings long dead.

History has acquired a new significance: fortresses, dungeons, and moats are no longer classed with enchanted princesses and dragons, but the gray old town of Loches, with its many-turreted castle set on a hill, looks like a picture from a book of fairy-tales. Modern siege guns would make short work of the fortifications which centuries ago were deemed impregnable, and the inhabitants of the mediæval town may live to regret that their houses are huddled so closely round the chateau which cov-

ers the hill on which it stands with a confusion of walls, roofs, towers and spires.

Loches has changed but little since the days when Richard Coeur de Lion stayed there on his way home from the Crusades, though many royal personages have left their imprints within its gray stone walls. Charles VII. of France with his lovely mistress, Agnes Sorel, lived there when the country was devastated by the hundred years war, and in the round tower is the tomb of the lovely Agnes surmounted by a statue which represents her lying with hands folded on her breast and a lamb at her feet. In this same tower is the beautifully-sculptured oratory of Anne of Brittany, wife of King Charles VIII. and later of Louis XII., where she prayed for the success of the political plans which prompted her marriage into the royal family. The walls are decorated with her graceful emblem, the ermine and the necklet. As the ermine is the emblem of purity, the motto is said to mean: "I shall be pure all my life". This same device may be seen carved in many of the



THE CHATEAU OF CHENONCEAUX, NOW A HOSPITAL FOR THE FRENCH ARMY

other chateaux as a reminder that Anne of Brittany lived there too.

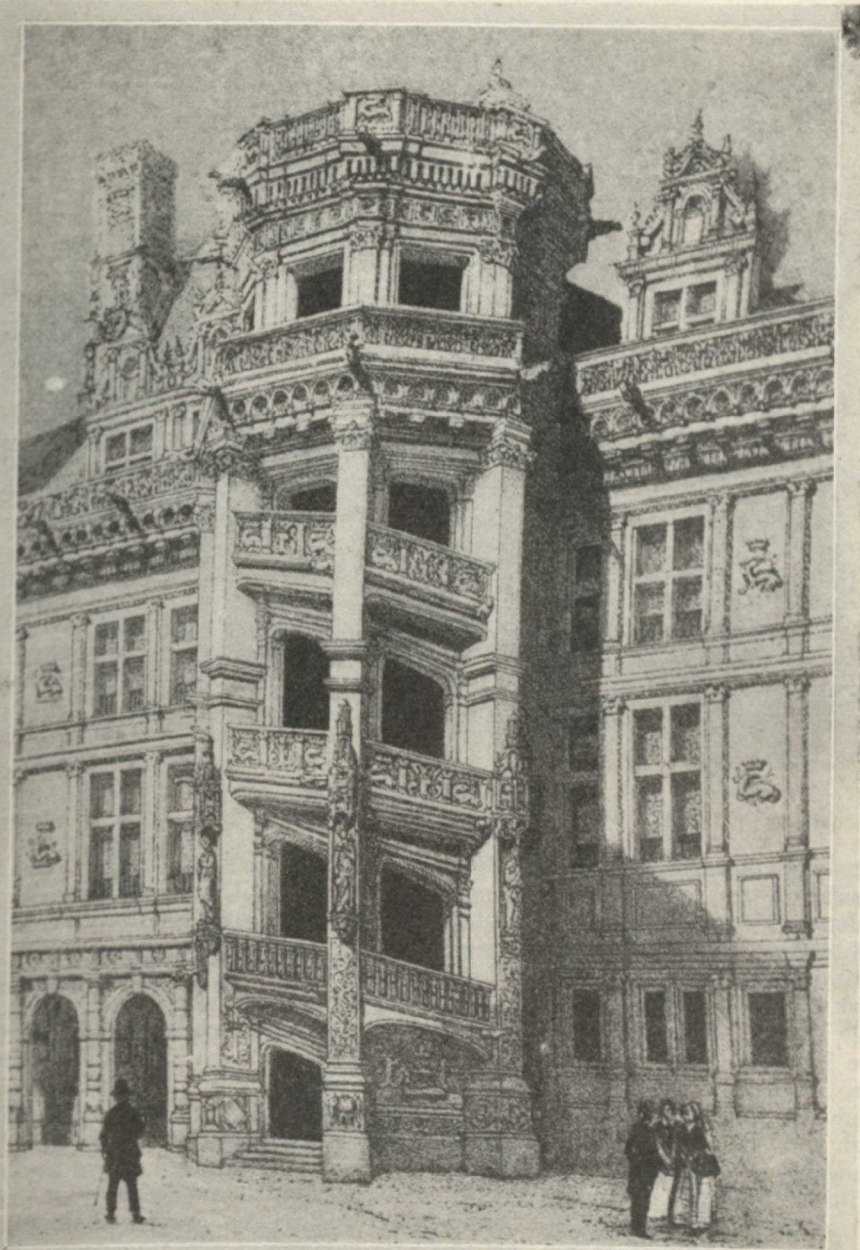
It is as a state prison that Loches is most celebrated, and is particularly notorious for the unscrupulous uses to which Louis XI. put its dreadful underground prison. A very graphic description of Loches in the time of that monarch may be found in Sir Walter Scott's novel "Quentin Durward". The iron cages invented by Cardinal Balue, the adviser of Louis, who became their first victim may still be seen, and the subterranean passage leading from the dungeons to the castle through which the cruel monarch came to mock his former friend and ask him how it felt to hang in a cage suspended from an iron hook—a cage too low for its inmate to stand upright and too short for him to lie down. There also may be seen the chamber and instruments of torture, black dungeons where the air never penetrated and the inmates died slowly for lack of breath; dark dungeons into which prisoners were thrust and remained until they fell

into a hole down, down, till they were dashed to pieces on the stones below. Here too were heavy iron collars chained to the wall which forced the victims to remain standing until at the end of three days at most, they fell from utter exhaustion and so strangled.

The occupants of the dungeons at Loches whiled away some lonely hours by inscribing their sentiments on the walls, and one of them has cut a verse in the stone testifying that in spite of his cruel destiny and the suffering he endured, there remained for him the pleasures of tender love and sweet hope. Truly an optimistic soul. Our boys in Germany don't talk like that in the letters I have read.

Another prisoner, Ludovic Sporza, constructed a simple sundial facing the window which enabled him to tell the time and mark off the nine years of his confinement. At the end of that time he was liberated and died, they say, from sheer joy, but the damp, chilly atmosphere of the





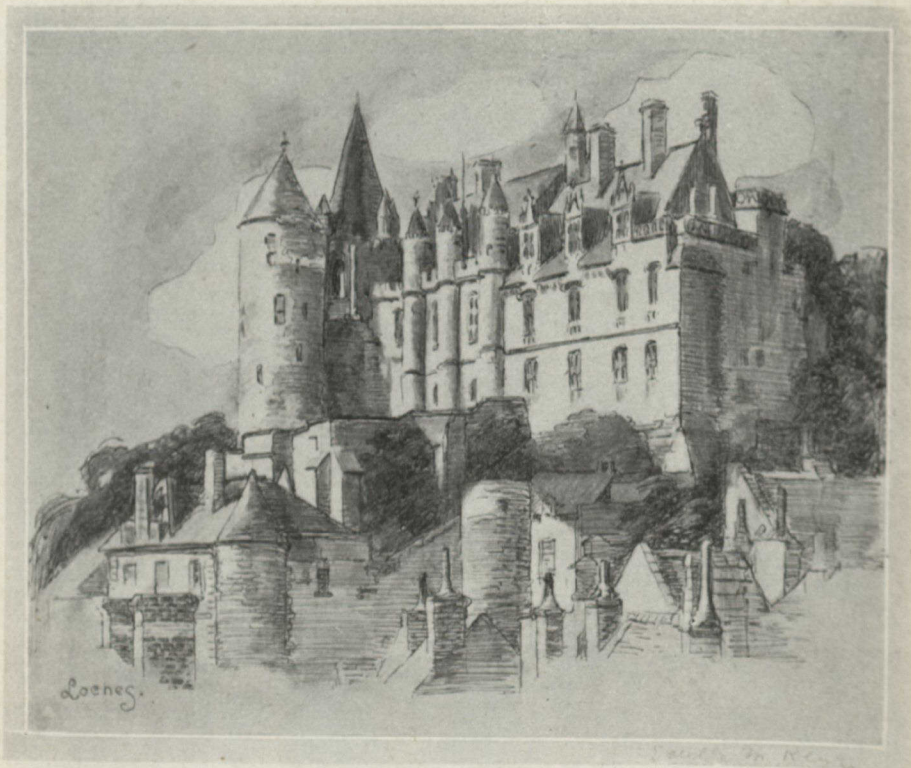
THE CHATEAU OF BLOIS

Showing the Stairway of Francois I.

cell leads us to believe that joy was not the only cause of Sporza's death.

Underground passages lead from the castle to the outer fortifications,

and there a great many poor people have made their homes, partly within the solid masonry of the fortifications and partly in caves hollowed



THE CHATEAU OF LOCHES

out from the cliff. These dwellings consist of two rooms; the outer with a door and a window, and the inner lighted only by an aperture between it and the front room, while behind, dark and dismal, the mysterious passage leads to the castle. It is almost like living in the trenches, but I am sure our poor soldiers would envy them the situation of their dug-outs, high and dry on the hillside and commanding a wonderful view, across red-tiled roofs, of the beautiful valley of the river Indre with its vineyards and fields of grain, for the Touraine is one of the richest agricultural districts in France. The women are accustomed to working in the field and they will have to do more than their share this year while their husbands and sons are fighting, not so very far away, for their homes and the beautiful land they love.

Near Amboise the river Loire is at its best, and the majestic feudal castle with its round white tower rises precipitously above it, so vast that you hardly notice the small town huddled at its base. The high-perched gardens which cover odd portions of the rock on which the castle stands make up in picturesqueness what they lack in extent. The grand terrace is embellished by the little chapel of St. Hubert where the hunting-mass was said to the royal party before they set out for their favourite sport, and over the doorway is a charming bas-relief representing the miraculous hunt of that holy man. Within the shrine repose the bones of Leonardo da Vinci, who is said to have died at Amboise in the arms of his royal patron.

On the other side of the castle is a terrace once devoted to the *jeu de*

*paume*, and at the end of an avenue of clipped limes is a low door in the wall where Charles VIII., when personally superintending the workmen who added the first renaissance details to the fortress chateau, is said to have struck his head and died. It was at Amboise too that his widow, Anne of Brittany, mourned his death before she became the wife of his successor, Louis XII.

It was here also that Francois Premier and his sister Marguerite were educated, and with their mother, Louise de Savoy, formed what Francois in his early days used to call "the trinity of love". Brother and sister spent many happy hours playing together on the terrace or trying their hands at sonnets, for Francois was no mean rhymester and Marguerite was given the name of "the tenth muse".

The great feature of the castle is the round tower of astounding size which contains, instead of a staircase, a wonderful inclined plane with a slope so gentle that a coach and four may be driven to the top. It is said to have been constructed by Francois Premier in order to receive Charles V. of Spain, who was unable to mount the stairs. Throughout the structure the suggestions of Francois's artistic instincts may be seen in the window framings and ornamentations which embellish the stern lines of the

original fortress and help to make it what it is to-day, a beautiful and harmonious whole.

Amboise, the most romantic of all castles on the Loire, is to my mind, indissolubly associated with famous Mary, Queen of Scots. Though her stay here was brief, the memory of one dreadful day when Mary and her young husband Francis II. were forced to witness the dreadful massacre of the Huguenots, eclipses all others.

The white stone of the castle and the absence of trees give the place a semi-tropical appearance when the sun shines, and as you cross the old stone bridge, it is not difficult to imagine the glittering procession of the sixteen-year-old King, Francis II., and his girl bride, with archers, pages and men-at-arms, as it rode across the same bridge. In their train was Catherine de Medici, the "queen-mother" of three kings, who, with the Duc de Guise and Cardinal de Lorraine, was the real ruler of the kingdom, and who, fearing a Huguenot rising, had hastily moved the court from the castle in the open town of Blois, to the stronghold of Amboise.

Francis rode in front, tall, slight and handsome, but very delicate-looking, with the lovely Mary at his side, not knowing why they had been summoned so suddenly from Blois.



ANOTHER VIEW OF LOCHES

They were escorted to a stately suite of apartments with windows reaching from floor to ceiling, overlooking the river on one side and the terrace where the dreadful massacre was soon to take place, on the other. The gallery was wainscotted in gilded oak and the lofty ceilings were emblazoned with heraldic emblems and monograms. Chandeliers, holding perfumed candles and hung with glittering pendants were suspended from the ceiling, and rich brocades and tapestries adorned the walls. Amidst these luxurious surroundings Mary and Francis rested while the Queen-Mother busied herself at state affairs.

A conciliatory edict had been drawn up asking the Huguenot chiefs to attend a council meeting at Amboise, but this was only a means of gaining time. The conspirators, emboldered by the edict, came towards Amboise, and the royalist soldiers captured them in straggling bands and held them for bloody public massacre. Every door of the castle was guarded and the gallery was full of troops. The terrace was turned into a camp, and on the appointed day all the prisoners were driven towards Amboise like sheep to the shambles.

After two thousand had been captured the Queen-Mother led the trembling King and Queen to a covered balcony hung with crimson velvet with seats for the royal party. Beneath this was a scaffold covered with a black cloth, before which stood an executioner in scarlet. The prisoners were ranged by the hundreds along the walls, guarded by archers and musketeers. The appearance of the royal party was the

signal for the butchery to begin. Prisoner after prisoner was hastily executed while the playing of a band drowned their agonized cries.

Speechless with horror sat the young sovereigns until, unable to look any longer, Mary fainted and Francis asked his mother's permission to withdraw.

"My son, I command you to stay," said Catherine. "Duc de Guise support your niece and teach her her duty as a sovereign. She must learn to govern those hardy Scots of hers."

Between the ranks of soldiers moved a line of bareheaded men, with bowed heads, whose prayers went up to heaven while they waited their turn at the gallows. When all the murdering was over, the bodies of the chief conspirators were hung in chains from the balcony; the remainder of the corpses were thrown into the river Loire a hundred feet below. The stench of the bodies became so great that Catherine was forced to take the young king and queen to Chenonceaux, but the shock was too much for the sickly Francis, for he died soon afterwards and left Mary Stuart a widow at eighteen, and obliged her to leave the pleasant land of France, where she had spent the greater part of her life, and set out regretfully for her native but unfamiliar Scotland.

An imaginative visitor at Amboise may see traces of blood mixed with the red rust on the iron bars of the balcony where the heads of the Huguenot conspiracy were hung, but it is difficult to believe in such ghastly deeds while gazing at the wonderful view, for in point of situation Amboise stands supreme.



Anne, wife of Louis XII.



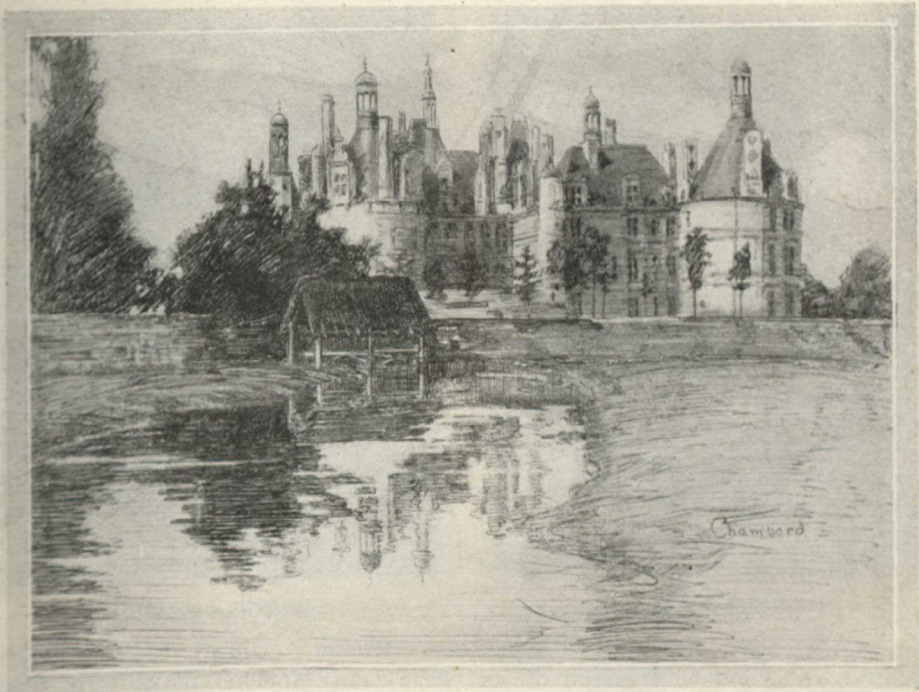
Louis XII.



Francois I.



Claude, wife of Francois I.



CHAMBORD

Francois Premier had a mania for building, but why he chose to place the castle of Chambord on the dry and sandy plains of the Sologne remains a mystery. It is said that he did so as a souvenir of his youthful passion for the Countess de Thoury, a fair chatelaine of that district, but the colossal magnitude of the castle does not suggest so sentimental an origin. It was more probably due to the fact that the country abounded in small game and Francois, who was a keen huntsman, grew fond of the place when he came here with his mother, his wife, and his beautiful and talented sister Marguerite, when Chambord was but a gloomy fortress on the swampy banks of the little river Cosson and barely large enough to accommodate the court. His inventive genius at once imagined the lovely river Loire turned from its course and the present castle, reared to its magnificent height, reflected in the shining waters—a pro-

ject that was never carried out.

Chambord lies four leagues from Blois and the road leads through flat uninteresting country whose soil was one supposed to be the poorest in all France. Now it is planted with vineyards, and from late September until December there is a constant harvest. The forest surrounding the castle, planted by Francois, has been cut down, so to-day there is only a meagre grove, and the great white chateau with its many turrets may be seen, framed by stunted pines, gleaming at the end of any of the alleys that lead through the park straight to the castle, like the spokes of a wheel.

The towers, chimneys, cupolas and gables that crown the massive structure look more like the spires of a city than the features of a single building, and the eight prodigious round towers, which are a specialty of Chambord, seem monstrous and extraordinary, but it is said to be the



CATHERINE DE MEDICIS



FRANCOIS PREMIER

greatest architectural triumph of its day.

The interior of the castle, stripped by the furies of the Revolution, looks cold and bare, very different from its aspect when the luxury-loving Francois, dressed in the richest and brightest of Italian velvets, with his little band of blondes and brunettes, used to frequent its halls. In its architectural embellishments are massed every device, decoration and eccentricity of his favourite style. Even his intriguing life is reflected in the doubly spiralled stair-case under the central tower, representing a gigantic fleur de lys in stone, the only one the Revolutionists did not succeed in destroying, where those who ascend are hidden from those who descend. There are doors concealed in sliding panels behind the wall-hangings, and many double walls and secret stairs. There are thirteen visible staircases and a room for every day in the year. On the ground floor is the guard-room from which one mounts by the great spiral stairway to a similar apartment which was used as a theatre, and

here many famous plays were first produced, Molière himself frequently appearing in them.

It was in Chambord that Francois first began to introduce the salamander in his device which may be seen, together with his crowned F, in most of the royal chateaux of France, for there are very few in which he did not leave his imprint. Francois had a marvellous appreciation for the beautiful. It was he who transformed the gloomy fortress homes that had been the abode of French royalty into elaborately decorated, luxurious castles. The grounds surrounding them, bare and foot-trodden enclosed with walls of defence, he changed to parks and gardens with avenues leading through them that showed vistas of river or open country. He purchased masterpieces of Italian painting and sculpture and brought architects and artists from Italy—even the great Leonardo da Vinci, through whose portrait of Francois in the Louvre we have become familiar with his handsome person and the longest nose in history. His many mistakes and



FRANCOIS II. AND HIS YOUNG WIFE, MARY STUART (QUEEN OF SCOTS)

vices will be forgiven because he made France what she still remains, the centre of Art for all the world.

Francois made Chambord his favourite residence and for some time before his death he lingered there with his sister Marguerite, Queen of Navarre. None of the other kings cared much for it. Louis XIV. used it occasionally as a hunting lodge, and Louis XV. gave it to Maréchal de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, who spent his old age there amid parades. Near by are the barracks built for the accommodation of the regiment of horse formed by the Maréchal: the exercising of this "little army" was the chief amusement of the old soldier. Later the castle was bought by national subscription and given to the Duc de Bordeaux, prospective King of France, whose heirs, taking the title of Comte de Chambord, are kept poor by the maintenance of the estate. The repairs of the roof alone absorb a large part of their revenue. This fact does not surprise you when you walk about the roof in a complication of galleries, through the multitude of chimneys and gables; itself a pro-

fusely ornamented castle in the air.

Altogether Chambord struck me as being meaningless and in spite of its pompous appearance it plays but a small part in the annals of history.

The turn of Blois was very recently the starting place from which gay motor-loads of tourists dashed out to visit other chateaux. Indeed they were very gay and very numerous, that I can testify, for my room in the little inn on the quay was economically situated above the garage, and even the small hours of the night were far from peaceful. Chambord, just eight miles away, was once a shooting-box belonging to the Counts of Blois, and an hour's drive in any direction will bring you in view of some architectural feature of historic interest. Now only automobiles of the army, filled with stern-faced warriors go past, and the people who derived their living chiefly from tourists are feeling their loss.

On the water-front the town looks bright and attractive, especially as I saw it at sunset when the many-arched bridge, with its cream-coloured stones, was turned to gold and re-

flected in the tranquil waters of the river Loire. It was disappointing to find that the castle itself is not beside the river, but rather overhangs the town which, apart from its waterfront, is rather dull. The castle, on the other hand, is not dingy enough. It is over-restored and presents such a complicated array of various forms of architecture that it loses its effect as an artistic whole. We cannot be too thankful that the architect who erected the most modern portion of the castle, the pavilion of Gaston d'Orléans, was not able to complete his plan of making over the entire palace on the stolid precise lines that were admired in his generation. Its contrast with the adjoining wing of Francois Premier, with all its exquisite extravagance of ornamentation, is astounding.

The castle is usually entered through the wing of Louis XII., the charming facade of which presents another architectural contrast. It is built of red brick, crossed here and there with purple, and has a high roof of purple slate with caps and arches sculptured with the porcupine of Louis or the ermine and cord of Anne of Brittany. The low door is crowned with a bas-relief of the good King Louis on horseback, a reproduction of the primitive statue destroyed during the French Revolution.

The wing erected by Francois Premier however greatly transcends the others in beauty and historic interest, and the surmount of elaborate workmanship is seen in the winding stairway, every inch of which is wrought over with chiselled ornamentation, the chief design being the heraldic salamander of Francois. The salamander is everywhere: over the chimneys, doors and walls. The cornice is like a bracelet, the windows of the attic are like shrines for the saints, and everything suggests the work of a goldsmith on some precious cabinet, rather than on a building exposed to the weather. The whole place abounds in secret stair-

ways, hidden doorways and deceptive panellings, and one feels that even now an assassin may lurk behind the tapestries.

One of the chief personalities that has left her stamp on the chateau is Catherine de Medicis, the wicked Florentine who married Henry II., son of Francois Premier, but it was during the reign of her three sons, and especially of Henry III., that she had her greatest influence. When residing at Blois she held her court on the first floor of the Francois Premier wing. Nothing could be more sumptuous than her great gallery with its diamond-paned windows and rich dark decorations on which Catherine's device, a crowned C. and her monogram in gold, frequently appears. There is also a great oval window, opposite which stood her altar, and a doorway, half concealed, leads to her writing-room, with its secret panels concealing a stairway through which her astrologer Cosmo Ruggieri could come to her whenever he was summoned.

Catherine had brought Cosmo from Italy, and he was the private demon on whom she could shoulder her poisonings and stabs, which kept him exceedingly busy. Wherever Catherine went, Cosmo accompanied her, and in Blois he was installed in the tower, on the platform of which a flat stone table was placed to form a foundation for his cabalistic instruments.

The apartments of the Queen-Mother were directly beneath the guard-room where the Duc de Guise was murdered by the order of her son, Henry III., and that event taking place while she lay on her death-bed could not have added to her peaceful demise. She had begged Henry to spare the powerful Duke, not for humane, but political reasons, but the hitherto effeminate Henry, who painted his face and wore earrings, would not listen to her.

"Mother," he replied, "you have never spared an enemy within your power, nor will I."



So, when the Duke had come to attend parliament at Blois, the murder was carefully planned. The guard was doubled, and a company of Swiss were posted around the courtyard and up and down the gorgeous staircase. As Guise entered the council-chamber he was told that the king would see him in his private room, to reach which he passed through the guard room, and the door was barred behind him. Then the guards, hidden behind the wall tapestry, sprang out and stabbed him in the breast, while Catherine, dying in the room below heard a rush of armed men, a dull thud, and a terrible cry, and knew that all was over, not only for the Duc de Guise, but for Henry who, doubly hated for this traitorous deed, was soon assassinated, and with him died the House of Valois.

It was under the régime of Gaston d'Orléans that the gardens of the chateau of Blois came to their greatest excellence, and a catalogue of fruits and flowers grown there at that time names the potato plant as a great novelty. The Queen Claude plums were considered delicacies, and the tomato had just been imported from Mexico. Even tobacco was grown in the gardens.

Blois was the last capital of Napoleon's empire and the chateau walls sheltered many prisoners. Perhaps Blois will again play an important part in the history of France now that it is no longer the favourite stalking-ground of tourists.

The cream-turreted chateau of Chenonceaux, built bridge-wise across the river Cher, is quite the most habitable of royal dwellings. It is more of a country house than a castle of state, and the memories that surround it abound in gaiety rather than intrigue; they are personal rather than political. It is the place where Francois Premier loved to fish, where the fascinating Diane de Poitiers danced, where Catherine de Medici

gave her Venetian water-fêtes, and where, when it had passed from royal hands, the kindly M. Dupin and his wife entertained their brilliant circle of friends.

Jean Jaques Rousseau writes in his "Confessions": "We went to spend the autumn in the Touraine at the chateau of Chenonceaux, a royal residence upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diane de Poitiers whose initials are still to be seen there, and now in possession of M. Dupin, the farmer-general. We amused ourselves greatly in this fine place; the living was of the best, and I became fat as a monk. We made a great deal of music and acted comedies."

Now the beautiful, pleasure-loving Chenonceaux has entered on another phase of history, for it has been transformed into a Red Cross Hospital for the French army, through the generosity of its present owner, M. Menier, the chocolate manufacturer. Not only has M. Menier given the use of the castle but he has also contributed a large sum of money for its maintenance and the employment of doctors and nurses. A lovelier spot for the sick and suffering could not be imagined.

Seen from the entrance gate, the castle looks surprisingly small, but very lovely, with its delicately finished facade of pale yellow stone. A charming little Gothic chapel that overhangs the water, is fastened to the left side of the house, but it is only when seen obliquely from the side that the building is seen to be unique.

To enter the chateau one must cross a draw bridge, for it is moored like a boat in the middle of the rapidly-flowing river Cher, which, twelve miles farther empties into the Loire. The magnificent park which surrounds it gives to this architectural gem a setting unequalled by any of the other castles, and from the opposite side of the river the mass of pointed turrets, glistening spires and

pillared arches seen through the trees, forms a picture that will linger long in the memory.

The main part of the château was built, on the foundations of an old mill, by Thomas Bohier, and is attributed to Pierre Nepveu, the daring architect of Chambord. After the death of Bohier the chateau was seized by the Crown and Francois Premier held the place till his death, when his son, Henry II., presented it to the charming Diane de Poitiers, called "the admired of two generations" because when her charms paled in the eyes of Francois, she turned successfully to his heir.

Diane, "the brightest ornament of a beauty-loving court," was said to have preserved her youth and beauty through the sorceries of the ring of Charlemagne. The Duchess d'Estampes was fond of reminding her rival that she was born on the day that Diane was married, and Catherine de Medici, the jealous queen, referred to her as "an old hag".

The gift of Chenonceaux to the hated Diane rankled in Queen Catherine's soul. She had greatly coveted this lovely woodland place, for with all her faults Catherine had an excellent taste in houses, so when the King lay dying, wounded in a tournament, Catherine sent a messenger commanding Diane to give up Chenonceaux. To which Diane replied:

"Is the King yet dead?" and when the messenger answered that he could not live a day, Diane replied:

"Tell the queen that I am mistress so long as the king lives."

It was Diane who caused the five-arched bridge to be built, forming a promenade from the castle, but it was Catherine who built the long gallery upon it and so made a spacious wing of two stories, with the long banqueting-hall below. This has four full-length windows on each side, looking up and down the stream. Now the white cots of the Red Cross line its walls, and the men who fought so valiantly to defend their country

will be lulled to rest by the gurgling of the river Cher.

Under Queen Catherine's régime, life at Chenonceaux was a series of fêtes and gorgeous pageants. Magnificent water fêtes were devised to suit the unique situation of the castle, and to remind the queen of a Venetian spectacle. The river banks were festooned with chains of swinging lamps, softly-coloured lights gleamed in the gardens and from the castle windows, while an army of Catherine's servants in their gold and black uniforms lined the drawbridge and avenues, holding flaming torches. The fountains sprayed perfumed waters, musicians filled the air with melody, and gorgeously-dressed pages distributed fruit and flowers from golden salvers.

On the river were silk-canopied gondolas and fantastic barques shaped like birds or butterflies whose glittering wings formed the sails. Gaily-dressed people, their identity slightly disguised by the small eye-mask which Catherine introduced from Italy, reclined in the boats that circled around a barge moored in the centre of the stream where the queen's musicians were stationed, while in the gallery above, a great banquet was served on silver and gold plate—peacocks, wild boars with gilded tusks, and tongues of nightingales.

A different fare is served to-day by the Red Cross nurses, but perhaps they tell the convalescent soldiers, stories of days gone by, so that they can hear the hunting-horn of Francois Premier sounding in the distance, or conjure up the fascinating Diane with her ermine and pearls, or the sombre Catherine in her black velvet and white-starched ruff, who used to direct the activities in the chateau so long ago.

We hope that the poor soldiers will be able to say with Rousseau: "We amused ourselves greatly in this fine place; the living was of the best and I became fat as a monk."

# BONDSLAVE OF THE WILDERNESS

BY JOHN BEAMES

HE said his name was Coe, and there was no particular reason to believe that he was lying. For the man was so hopeless, so spiritless, so generally broken down and ineffectual that he would hardly seem capable of going to the trouble of inventing even a name. Gower and Fored, freighting to Cross Lake with three teams, overtook him upon the trail, about eight miles south of Mink River. With the fellowship of the wild they hailed him, and he fell into step beside Gower. He was tall, narrow-chested, and bony, unshaven, and dressed like an Indian; that is, he wore overalls, coat, gloves, moccasins of buckskin, and a little fur cap, with a cloth bound about his ears and over the peak. His eyes were large, washed out, blue, and expressionless, except when they became anxious or wistful. He had a high, thin nose, rabbitlike front teeth, and his chin, covered with a scanty beard, slid imperceptibly into a long, scraggy neck, with a prominent Adam's apple. He had the slack-kneed, shuffling gait and the dangling hands of an Indian.

Gower, short, wiry, bushy-bearded and hawk-nosed, looked him over with a pale, hard, gray eye, and inquired whither he was bound.

"Me? Oh, I'm going home."

He waved a vague hand northward. His speech was a little halting, as if he was unaccustomed to speaking English. But his voice and the tone of his general conversation were those of a man of some education.

A little furrow appeared in Gower's brow, and Fored's eyebrows went up.

"Home?" queried Gower. "Trap-pin', eh?"

"Er, yes, I do a little trapping, but I—er—I live up here right along."

He hastened to get away from the subject.

"Where're you fellows going—Cross Lake?"

Gower grunted an assent, but was not to be put off.

"Are you workin' for the Company?"

"No—er—I was working for them, but I quit. I'm on my own now."

Fored, who had been silently observing the man, felt the suspicion in his mind ripen to a certainty. Said he:

"If you're livin' around here, maybe we could put up at your place, eh?"

"Sure," replied the other eagerly, "I'd be glad to have you. I—er—don't see many white men these days."

"Thanks," said Fored perfunctorily, and with a slight curl of scorn on his lip, and went to look after his own team, which was jingling slowly along in the lead. The furrow on Gower's brow deepened and the corners of his mouth drew down in disdain. He knew now what this man was doing up here: this was one of those despised outcasts who had cut loose from his own people, married a squaw and adopted the customs of his Indian relatives.

A silence fell, broken only by the

tinkle of the sleigh-bells and the grinding whine of the runners on the hard frozen trail. Coe had noted the expression and presently he began to speak in a tone partly apologetic, partly defiant.

"My place is just at Mink River. We'll be there in two hours, and I can fix you up and make you and your horses comfortable. It's pretty hard on big horses like them to be standing out this weather. It's pretty lucky I met you, isn't it, now?"

"Yes," agreed Gower, "it's all right to be able to get in some place out of the cold and be comfortable."

"You bet it is. I'm pretty comfortable myself here, though, about as comfortable as a man could be anywhere. Don't get many newspapers and that kind of thing, or mail; but then I've got nobody to write to me, anyway. I got my wife and family, and I don't have to do any work to speak of, and plenty to eat. Why wouldn't a man be comfortable?"

"Yes," drawled Gower, and the very tone was almost an insult, "I guess it's all right—for them that likes it."

A little pink flush rose in Coe's sallow cheeks, but he took no other notice of the remark, and went on talking.

Gower learned that he had worked in former years for the Company; that he had then married and had left their employ; and that he had since travelled about the north country, or lived at Mink River with his wife's relatives. He did not mention that his wife was Indian, but Gower understood, and Coe knew he understood, and the pink flush came and went in his cheek and he talked faster and faster, cynically, defiantly, pleadingly, or hospitably, but under it all ran the note of shame and remorse.

The short twilight had long faded into the ghostly dusk of a northern winter night. The towering black spruces that lined the trail stood up silent and grim in the deep snow. A few owls hooted dismally at varying distances, and some coyotes had

got up in concert and were baying the moon with fiendish glee and hideous outcry. Then the men came out upon the steep banks of Mink River, and a turn in the trail brought them full upon a little cluster of log huts. A whirl of snarling, yapping, Indian dogs swept about them, and a faint glow of light streamed from a quickly-opened door of the largest of the huts.

Coe shouted in Cree, and was answered from the hut in the same language. Two brown-skinned children came running to meet him and clung to his legs. He bent over them, and then lifted strangely appealing eyes to Gower's face. But the little man's eyes were flint hard—he disliked all children, especially halfbreed children.

Coe put the youngsters gently aside and gave the freighters a hand with their horses. He led them to one of the stables and turned several Indian ponies out into the snow. The big horses squeezed through the low, narrow doorway with a cleverness born of long practice and a cordial dislike of the cold outside.

Their animals housed—the first duty of every freighter—they lifted their blanket-rolls and their grub-box and made for the house, Coe leading the way. The place they found themselves in was about fourteen by twenty feet in dimensions, with eaves that were not six feet from the ground. The floor was of hard-packed earth, and a large fire burned in an open clay fireplace in a corner, and incidentally furnished all the light there was to be had in the place. In the flickering, uncertain light the place seemed to be full of people, especially of children, and the indescribable Indian smell was almost overpowering; it would have been altogether overpowering to one unaccustomed to the freight trail.

Without a glance at the Indians, Gower and Fred strode up to the fire and calmly appropriated it to themselves, after the usual manner of

the white man in contact with Indians. While they prepared and ate their supper, Coe sat beside them and talked. He did not introduce his wife, but pointed her out to Gower. He said the others were all relations of his wife's. The Indians, for their part, lay or sat about the room on their blankets and talked among themselves, with frequent repetitions of the word *monias*, a derisive Indian term for white man, meaning, literally, a know-nothing. Fored hardly opened his mouth all through the evening, but Gower talked to Coe with a sort of disdainful pity. In time the Indians, of whom there must have been nearly twenty in all, began to unroll their blankets and crawl into them, until the whole floor was covered with recumbent figures. The freighters began to spread their bedding on the floor also in the place of honour nearest the fire. It was then that Fored broke silence with a question.

"Any fleas here?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Coe, "quite a few. Do they bother you?"

"Like hell," growled Fored, and lay down.

They rose in the cold darkness a couple of hours before dawn, went out to tend their horses, and came in again to make breakfast. Coe had made his wife bake them some bannock. They provided the flour, which is a precious commodity up north. But Coe refused pay for the service, and asked if he might accompany them part way. Gower gave his assent, and thereby drew down the wrath of Fored.

"What d'you want that thing along with us for?" Fored growled, Coe having gone into the house.

"What's the harm?" said Gower. "Didn't he keep us all night, and make his squaw bake for us?"

"Yes, and I'm all eat up with fleas."

"Well, that don't hurt. We'll be coming back this way, and any place to stop at looks pretty good to me

in this weather. He can be pretty useful to us, and I don't mind him talking to me; I feel kinder sorry for the poor devil."

Fored's eyebrows went up in surprise; so weak a sentiment as pity in his hard-bitten, inflexible partner was the last thing he had expected. With a grin, he bent to hook a trace. Gower's acid tongue lashed out at him:

"What're you grinning for, you bally fool?"

"Nawthin'," drawled Fored, and just them Coe came up.

Coe accompanied them until nearly nightfall, talking to Gower, for Fored would not even look at him. He was full of curiosity about what was happening in the world and of quickly-checked reminiscences of by-gone years. He had not seen a railway train in fourteen years, he said; but whence he had come or what he had done before that time he did not mention, and Gower did not ask. On leaving them, he exacted a promise from Gower that he would stay with him overnight on his return.

They dropped their loads at Cross Lake, and came back light, stopping a night with Coe, who took the back trail with them as far as Lily Lake. There he took an almost affectionate leave of Gower, and pressed his hospitality on him should he make another trip.

It was about two weeks later that Gower, Fored, and their three teams pulled into Lily Lake post with another load. It was past eight at night when they arrived, and learned that a number of freighters going down were putting up at old Armand D'Arennes's stopping-place, and after they had seen to their horses, they were on their way thither, when they ran into Coe, who shook hands with Gower effusively, and asked where he intended to pass the night. Fored merely nodded his head with a grunt and passed on.

"I'm putting up at D'Arennes's. There's a bunch of fellows there," said Gower. "Come on over."

Coe shook his head. Then he spoke: "No, you come and stop with me; I'm over in a shack with a couple of other fellows."

"Indians?" asked Gower.

Coe nodded.

"To the deuce with them, I don't want to talk to Indians," said Gower scornfully. "You're a white man, too; come and talk to white men, and leave Indians alone for awhile."

Coe shook his head again.

"No, I don't like to. You come over with me."

"To hell with you and your comical ideas," exploded Gower and he strode away.

He thought he was rid of the man for good, but they were only a few miles upon their way in the morning when Coe overtook them and attached himself to Gower with the fawning, cringing air of a stray dog to a man who has patted him casually on the head. And just as such a man might tolerate such a dog, Gower tolerated Coe. He had genuine pity for this waif of circumstance and his own ineptitude—almost a liking, had it not been so tinged with contempt. Further, he was not without motives of self interest: Coe offered shelter for himself and his beasts, and the weather was very cold, and then there was the matter of Coe's squaw and her bannock. He intended this to be his last trip to Cross Lake, and the idea germinated in his mind of rescuing this bondslave of the wilderness and setting him free in civilization and the society of his own kind. He began to sound Coe, who received his crafty suggestions first with bewilderment, and later with shrinking fear and feeble protests. He said that he was out of touch with civilization and pleaded the immorality of leaving his wife and children. Gower did not press the point, just then, but he saw that the idea had taken root in Coe's mind, for he began to hold forth at length on the shortcomings of his wife's relatives. He was very mean and pitiful, and Gower's nose wrin-

kled with disgust, but pride of blood urged him more strongly than ever to save this man from lowering his colour any further in the eyes of the despised Indian. He could not refrain, however, from telling Coe some plain truths, and his victim flinched under the acid tongue, but made no attempt to fight back.

"Well," said Fored with an oath, later in the evening, "if anybody'd talk to me like that I'd take a shotgun to him. I don't see how he stands it."

"That's what I did it for," replied Gower. "If I can get him good and mad, there's some chance of making a man out of him."

"Fat chance of makin' a man out of that thing," grunted Fored.

They found very evident suspicion and hostility among Coe's Indian relatives that night; though there were no open insults, in their talk among themselves, the word "monias" and others, untranslatable by reason of their foulness, were spoken frequently and loudly, and followed by a derisive cackle. Gower and Fored, as usual, ignored the Indians utterly, and Coe affected not to hear them. His squaw came forward with sullen reluctance at his command to bake bannock for the freighters, and an old buck, his father-in-law, spoke to him sharply in Cree. He answered with some show of spirit in the same language, but Gower noted with wondering disgust that the man seemed afraid.

When he was for accompanying them in the morning there was trouble. The women chattered like magpies, the children yelled in sympathy, and the bucks seemed to be using threats. Coe almost cringed to them, and Gower's cold eyes sparkled wickedly.

"You come along and let them go to blazes," he said roughly. "Are you going to let a bunch of specified Indians boss you?"

Coe came, and Gower talked to him

on the way, unfurling the whiplash of his tongue and cutting through Coe's toughened hide to his few surviving sensibilities. His subject was the disgrace Coe was bringing on himself and on the white race in general by his conduct.

"First thing you know, you'll be dying up here, all alone among those black swine," he observed.

"No, no," protested Coe wildly. "I'm young yet. I won't die up here. I'll go back to my own colour when I think I'm going to die."

"Yes, *you* will," sneered Gower. "I know better than that—you haven't nerve enough. *You'll* die up here, you'll die up here all alone, just like a damned Indian."

The idea seemed to fill Coe with peculiar horror.

"You come down with me when I go," Gower went on, "and get shut of this business for good and be a white man again."

"But my wife and kids," parried Coe miserably.

"They'll be all right—the kids are only dirty little halfbreeds, anyway." Coe winced at the brutality of the remark, and even Fored shook his head, but said nothing. All day they argued, and at last Coe, bullied, brow-beaten, and crushed, submitted to the stronger will. But he was afraid to return to his family. He travelled the whole distance to Cross Lake and back with the two men.

Fored had maintained a steady silence most of the time, but now he felt called upon to remonstrate with Gower. Coe being out of earshot, he began:

"Say, what d'you want to mix yourself up in this business for, anyway, takin' a poor devil away from his wife and kids. A man ain't got no right to take a kid's father away from him: a feller'd do that oughter be pinched. You goin' crazy?"

"No," returned Gower shortly.

"Then what're you doing it for?"

"I'll tell you, though it ain't any of your business. It's because I got

no use for Indians, dead or alive, and I won't see a white man get down like that until he's afraid of 'em. Afraid of *Indians*, mind you—that's what gets me. Listen to the way they talked to him last time we was there, the—"

Fored's mouth twitched, for Gower was a past-master in the use of bad language, and he had almost surpassed himself.

"Yes," he said, "that's all right—I got no more use for Nitchies than you have. But suppose you get this guy away, what in hell'll he do with himself when he gets down to civilization? He ain't no use for anything that I ever seen, and he'd starve to death. He's a whole lot better where he is."

"Well, maybe he is, but I've made up my mind I'm going to get him away, and that's all there is to it."

Fored looked at the hard face, set in lines of unalterable resolve, and shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

As they drew near to his home, Coe grew more and more nervous and frightened, and Gower kept a wary eye on him, now and again prodding him with the barbed arrow of his tongue, to keep the man's resolution alive. They swung up out of the riverbed to the top of the bank, and came to a halt before the cluster of huts. The usual cloud of noisy curs enveloped them, and, on a sudden, the house vomited its contents into the open; men, women, and children in a body, all cackling and scolding at the top of their voices. Neither Fored nor Gower understood a word of Cree, but Coe cowered at the storm of evident abuse hurled at him. The crowd made a rush for him, and he slipped behind Gower. The little freighter planted himself firmly, his head thrust forward pugnaciously, and his heavy blacksnake whip gripped in his hand. The Indians wavered and halted, but continued to shout at Coe. Gower strode forward and cracked his whip like a pistol-shot.

"Get back in where you belong, damn you," he snarled, and Fored loomed up behind him.

The Indians retreated sullenly into the house.

When the horses had been seen to, Coe was for passing the night in the stable, and Gower swore at him for a coward. With cool audacity, he pushed open the door of the hut and marched in, Coe almost clinging to him and trembling like a leaf. The Indians made way without a word, and the three installed themselves in front of the fire. The Indians talked among themselves in low tones, and Coe kept casting glances of pure terror over his shoulder at them. He lay down between the two men that night, but it is doubtful whether he slept.

When they rose and went out in the morning, he followed Gower like a shadow, plainly afraid of being left alone for an instant. The horses were duly hitched up and they were about to start when pandemonium broke loose; the squaws shrieked and wailed; the children howled; and the bucks armed themselves and began to make threatening gestures. Coe's wife seized him by one arm, screaming, and tried to pull him back to the house. Gower gripped the other and jerked him back. There was an ugly glitter in his pale eyes, and he swore between clenched teeth. He pushed the limp squaw man into the back of the rack, and the women set up a louder wail than ever. The bucks started forward, shouting, but he whirled and faced them, and Fored, heavy-shouldered and powerful, was at his side. With the bucks shaking their fists and shouting in impotent fury, and the wail of the women ringing in their ears, they jingled off. The noise died away behind them,

and the silence of the winter forest settled about them.

"Now," asked Fored, with a half grin, "that you've been and made a dern fool of yourself, what're you going to do with that long streak of misery?"

Coe was lying, an inert mass, on the back of the rack.

"Don't know," said Gower. "Don't care," he added as an afterthought. His temper had been badly mislaid and he swung on Fored.

"None of your blasted business, anyway," he snarled.

"Guess not," said Fored; "I don't want to have anything to do with such craziness." He broke off: "Hey, Buck, Tommy, what the—"

He began to plough through the deep snow at the side of the trail, swearing viciously, for the leading team had contrived to get itself hung up on a stump. The teams came to a standstill while Fored jerked the stray beasts back on to the trail.

Suddenly Coe rose up and slid to the ground. Then he began to move off up the trail.

"Hey," cried Gower, "where're you going?"

Coe stopped and half turned before answering.

"Home," he said in a hopeless voice. "It's the only home I've got. I'm not a white man any more, and I never will be. Their ways ain't my ways, and I don't talk their talk. This here's the only place I've got now to live in and I guess I'll die here, too, when my time comes. There's no place in all the world that's my home, only this. Good-bye."

He began to shamble slowly back whence he had come, head hanging forward, hands dangling, knees slack, from behind in all aspects a worn-out, broken-down Indian.



# A STUDENT DUEL IN GERMANY

BY JOHN D. ROBINS

TO the German freshman in the university three things abide in life—his degree, his beer and duelling, and the greatest of these is duelling. To be sure, the eternal feminine exists, but it is primarily for the purpose of admiring the freshman in the last of his three rôles. It is a striking survival, this duelling. It is possible that the historian of the future, in estimating the characteristics and circumstances that have combined to make Germany the flaming sword barring the way to the Eden of international amity, will also thereby be solving the problem, perhaps not too remotely associated, of why Germany and Austria are today almost the only nations which have not abandoned duelling. It is true that in the Latin countries an irate officer or politician and an offending editor may still occasionally stand thirty paces apart with a brace of eighteenth century pistols and fire toward the intervening sky. It may even happen once in a while, for I do not keep sufficiently up with the American Sunday papers to speak with any degree of certainty on this point, it may happen once in a while that owing to the nervousness of the foes, one of them may be injured. A few rather heated fencing bouts with unbuttoned foils may still take place. In other words, the duel may have survived Mark Twain's description. But as an institution it has lost favour everywhere in Europe except in Germany and Austria. In June, 1914, in answer to an inquiry,

a German medical professor assured me that the number fought was actually on the increase in these two countries.

The great majority of German duels are student affairs, held under the auspices of the different fraternal societies. These exercise an extraordinary control over student activities, especially during the first two years. The young man who hopes to mingle in the social life of the university must join one. They are haughtily and mutually exclusive, and their name is legion. In Marburg, the little Hessian university town with which the writer is most familiar, with an attendance in 1913 of 2,374, there were thirty-two incorporated societies! They range socially from the ultra-aristocratic "Corps" down to the democratic Turner Unions, which frequently have a socialistic bias. The new member must be "active" during the first two years of his course, after which he joins the ranks of the *Alte Herren*—the Old Boys.

It is in connection with the active period of his membership in his chosen society that the freshman is initiated into duelling. Most societies (twenty-seven out of the thirty-two in Marburg) require as a condition of full membership that the candidate shall have satisfactorily fought a specified number, most frequently thirteen, of broadsword duels, or "Mensuren" as they are called. Roman Catholic students are forbidden to duel, hence the Roman Cath-

olic societies do not have these requirements. With this exception, the number of duels to be fought varies in most cases directly as the exclusiveness of the society. The aristocratic "Corps," which correspond more closely than most of the others to the American Greek letter fraternities, usually require in addition that three sabre duels be fought. Royal members are the only exceptions to this rule, and rumour has it that the present Crown Prince fulfilled his corps obligations in defiance of the law. A *sabre mensur* is much more serious than a broadsword one and must always be an affair of honour. As a matter of law—not of fact—it is illegal. In order, then, to become a full member of a corps, the candidate must either insult or be insulted. The result is the most elaborate system of recognized insults at present extant, a sort of graduated series of chips on the shoulder. Some little acquaintance with German students has convinced me that this codification was quite superfluous, for the average German youth, after eleven o'clock at night, is not given to making detours around the toes of anyone.

The German expects to be insulted. I remember how my own suspicions of this were confirmed one day when news came to us of a challenge following an altercation in the old Black Bear Inn. My host, a young fifth-year medical student, two months later a junior surgeon with the Eleventh Army Corps, turned to me.

"There must be an appalling number of deaths among American students."

"Why?" I inquired in astonishment.

"Because both your forms of duelling are so deadly, both the Western and the American."

I stared at him blankly.

"Please enlighten me. What are the Western and American forms?"

"Oh, I suppose that you haven't those names," he replied easily. "But

the Western duel is where the opponents just shoot each other at any time and without any formalities. What we call the true "American" duel provides for the drawing of lots, the loser being obliged to commit suicide. Is it not so?"

I think that I deserve some credit. I did not smile. I felt sympathetic, for I too had read thrilling stories of the gloriously lawless West, and had once believed that boys in Arizona went to Sunday school armed to the teeth. Then, I remembered a clever little German comedy and a popular French detective story which introduced very effectively the "American duel," quite as a recognized institution. So I intimated very gently that the western duel had never become really fashionable in Canada, and was almost out-of-date in the best society in the United States, while, as for the "American duel," it had no more connection with America, so far as I knew, than the German measles have with Germany. But I am afraid that in that hour the light that never was on land or sea faded away from his picture of America.

"Well, but," he went on, after the exclamatory period of his disillusionment had passed, "what do you do if you insult each other?"

"We don't insult each other, except in politics," I replied smugly.

"But Himmel! What if a man is drunk?"

"Why," I said sententiously, "generally a man doesn't get drunk, and if he does we have a comfortable and rational theory that a drunken man can no more insult you than an insane one can."

He gave it up.

"You are doubtless models of brotherly love, you Americans. But tell me, would you like to see a sabre mensur, my friend?"

"I sure would. Thanks very much indeed. When?"—For this was an opportunity that I had long been seeking. I had seen the ordinary "Schläger" mensur, fought with that

straight, broad blade which is the descendant of the old "cut and thrust" rapier, but this was always a comparatively harmless if somewhat gory affair.

"Oh, to-morrow, of course," said he. All duels are fought on Saturday, so as not to interfere with lectures. Now I have to be one of the medical assistants—Professor Dr. Koerner is the doctor in charge—and I'll call around for you about 2.30. This one is scheduled for 3.15. It ought to be a beautiful *mensur*, for both are excellent swordsmen."

Thus it came about that on the following afternoon—a hot day about the middle of June—I found myself on my way out to Ockershausen, a little suburb of Marburg. Through the narrow, crooked streets of the old town we hurried, along the *Wettergasse*, past the house where Luther had stayed during that momentous conference with Melancthon in the imposing castle of the princes of Hesse, still towering above us on the heights to our right, down Barefoot Street, with the gloomy old cloisters whence the Barefooted Friars may have watched the heretic monk in those days when Germans, too, fought for principle, then into the newer part, along *Wilhemstrasse*, past *Bismarck Street* to *Frederick Square*, where a coarse, sinister Prussian Vulture of Victory had been unveiled only a week before in commemoration of 1870, on down *Sedan Street*, past *Moltke Street* and *Ockerhausen Lane*, then out into the green, almost fenceless fields. The hay had been cut already, but rye and oats and barley and vegetables were still in the waving green of promised growth. From somewhere on the main road to the village came through the rustling grain and the trees the strains of the "Count of Luxembourg", played rather indifferently by a small brass band. Some student society was off for a "keg party" and had hired the Seven Ravens of Marburg to head the procession.

My conductor pulled out his watch. "We don't need to run so fast," he assured me. "We are in good time."

"Thank goodness!" I exclaimed fervently. "And now maybe you have time to tell me what this duel is about."

"Naturally, it is an affair of honour. Von *Trenckmann* comes from *Leipzig*, where he was active in the *Saxonia Corps*. He has associated here with the *Teutonia* and the *Hasso-Nassovia*. Also he has become betrothed here. Von *Trenckmann* thinks that the *Teutonia* has slighted the lady, so he has made some remarks rather derogatory to the offending corps. In effect this is a challenge to the corps, and the result is that in accordance with the regular procedure he has to fight a sabre duel with each of the three executive officers of the *Teutonia*. One of them he has already fought."

We continued on our way in silence, while I meditated on the peculiar qualifications of office holders in Germany and the dangers of long engagements.

The path we had been following led out to the main street of *Ockershausen*, dirtier and worse kept and narrower even than most peasant village streets in Hesse. Finally we reached the *Werner Inn*, the duelling headquarters of the *Hasso-Nassovia* corps. It was a low, rambling building, set in a garden orchard back from the road under the outflung branches of a half dozen gnarled survivors of the olden hardwood forests. In the big bare front court three or four automobiles and as many carriages were drawn up. The chauffeurs were gathered about and discussing the long touring car nearest the gateway. A girl in the quaint costume of the Hessian peasants was listlessly pumping a pail of water. In the wide archway which separated the human from the animal inhabitants of the inn, and through which one could catch glimpses of cool, damp grass plots and flowers and vegetables and

fruit trees, two dirty little boys in precariously attached overalls and bare feet were holding a stick just out of reach of an ecstatically yelping puppy. Three capped and banded students and a lieutenant came chatting gaily out of a doorway in the farthest corner. They saluted with their characteristic grave formality as we met them. Then we passed through the doorway and climbed a steep stairs. A low buzz of conversation and the occasional clink of a glass replaced the droning of the flies and bees outside. Across the landing at the head of the stairs we followed the buzz and clinking through another and wider doorway into the duelling room.

It was a hall perhaps thirty feet wide and forty-five feet long. A number of chairs, several long, bare tables, now shoved back against the wall, and two or three small ones at the nearer end formed all the furniture, except for a few prints along the walls. On the cleared space of about ten by twelve feet in the middle of the room a man was sprinkling sawdust. For this was only one in a succession of duels that had been in progress since five o'clock that morning. I think that only one other circumstance tended more to destroy the romance of the affair for me than did the sight of that servant scattering sawdust over the reeking floor, with the dark, wet stains of to-day's bouts, soon to be lost in the black discolourations of generations of student duels. I had expected that a golden haze of romance would be thrown for me over this, almost the sole survival in peace of those heroic feuds of the misty past. But the thought that actually did come to my mind was that the honest old fistfights that I had watched in far Canadian lumber and construction camps were after all far more ancient—and very much cleaner. I could not help contrasting their good Anglo-Saxon spontaneity—opportunism, if you will—with the systematic cold-bloodedness of this.

The other circumstance was the air,—the vitiated, the re-vitiated air. "We Germans fear God, and nothing else," boasted the grim old Iron Chancellor. It may have been true then. A modern version might well be: "We Germans fear fresh air, and nothing else". Next to the hatred of England comes the dislike of pure air, at least in any form which might conceivably be called a draught. The German whom I know will eat and drink and play and sing out of doors, but if he is indoors, whether it be in concert hall, railway compartment or dwelling, he must be as nearly hermetically sealed as possible. There was a sufficient number of windows in the room to have permitted of excellent ventilation, but two or three of them, raised timidly six inches for ten minutes at rare intervals, were presumed to supply sufficient oxygen. I had mistaken the haze. That blue mist was not the glamour of romance, but the smoke from relays of cigars, cigarettes and long pipes, puffed out on the beer-laden breath of successions of perspiring spectators.

Ah yes! The spectators! This particular mensur was attracting much interest, and the room was well filled. There were students in their colours and caps, gray-bearded elderly men, military officers in uniform (I even saw the crossed swords on the shoulders of one), and bandaged duellists of the previous week, wearing the black skull cap of the recently damaged. There were doctors and attendants, their long white coats streaked and spotted and stained, standing grouped about two of the small tables, these latter covered with bottles, bandages, cotton and other surgical accessories. Two or three ranks were formed around the cleared space. Behind these the men were standing upon chairs. Back of these were the bleachers, the long tables, already almost crowded. I turned in astonishment to my conductor.

"It seems to be very public. I thought that sabre duels were forbid-

den by law and had to be very secretly arranged."

"They are," he replied in the most matter-of-fact tone, "but the police are warned always so that they may stay out of the way. But if a man kills another in a duel he surrenders himself and is sent to prison—usually six months in a fortress. It is great sport if a fellow has money—this imprisonment in a fortress. But I must go. You had better climb upon that chair if you want to see decently. *Auf wiedersehen!*" And he hurried away into one of the two little ante-rooms that were fitted up as temporary operating chambers.

I was quite certain that I should be forced to retreat occasionally for fresh air, but I wanted to see the duel. Finally I did turn to take possession of the chair of which my host had spoken. It was already occupied. I hastily climbed upon one of the tables. There was no formality so far as the spectators were concerned. It was assumed that one came on the invitation of some one in a position properly to extend it, so no official paid the slightest degree of attention to any onlooker. Hence, unmolested, I managed to secure the position which best combined my two necessities, breathing and seeing. I stood close by a window, which I surreptitiously opened as much as I dared, while the fortunate lack of height of the men in front of me permitted an excellent view of the arena.

We had not long to wait. In about five minutes they came in. First, there was the "Unparteiischer," the representative from a third corps who was to act as referee and presiding officer. Next came the white-robed doctors and attendants, followed by the two witnesses, and by two very young freshmen—the Schleppefuchse, the Aaron and Hur of the respective combatants, whose duty it was to support the sword arms of their principals when not in action. The two seconds were next, armed with long blunt swords and swathed

and protected as if against an Arctic blizzard. Last of all came the two opponents. Head and face and breast and one arm were bare, while the neck was well protected and the sword arm partially so, for even the sabre mensur is not intended to be fatal. In some parts of Austria there are still fought duels in which the combatants are utterly unprotected, and trousers and footwear constitute the only clothing worn. It must be said, however, that these barbarous combats, with the horrible mangling which frequently results, were becoming yearly much fewer in number before the war broke out.

And now the two take their places, each with one heel on the chalked line drawn behind him. To shrink back over this line, even for a moment, means a dishonoured defeat. Each Schleppefuchs supports the sword arm of his principal in a horizontal position—and the glow of pride is on the boyish face of the one whom I can best see. One of the seconds states the occasion of the duel. The referee goes through the formality, meant to protect him from legal complications, of asking that a reconciliation be effected. I shudder to think of the dreadful shock that would follow an acceptance of this invitation,—like the horror of the moment when the bride would say No at the altar. The distance between the men is measured, one sabre length and the length of the two basket hilts. The swords are compared, long, curved blades, not so heavy as cavalry sabres, but heavy enough to do execution.

"Herr Unparteiischer, I request silence for a sabre mensur!" calls out one of the seconds. The silence prior to this has been as profound as that which succeeds a general invitation in a lecture room to answer a question. Still, however real war may be carried on, duelling must always be done decently and in good order.

"Silentium!" cries the Herr Referee. "Silentium for the passage of courtesy."

The passage of courtesy is the ceremonial prelude. The duellists place their caps upon their heads and face each other. Their swords cross once, twice, thrice, four times. Then the two step back. The passage of courtesy is over. The seconds raise the sword arms; the caps are taken off.

Now the crowd leans forward and the pipes and cigars and cigarettes are put aside. The real duel is about to begin; the two take position. The freshmen supporters drop to the rear. The seconds take their places between the combatants and step slightly back, their swords drawn, with points lowered to the ground.

"Silentium!" cries the referee, just as unnecessarily as before.

"Ready!" warns one second.

"Begin!" cries the other.

The swords glitter like silver lightning as they ring upon each other. Is there a clearer, purer tone than the ring of steel? The song of the sword is no metaphor. It is real and sweet and full of haunting melodies. There is nothing noisy or discordant in it. In the ring of an axe on hard timber, even in the vibrations of a saw in the open air, there is true music, rich, and full of memory-conjuring harmonies. These, strangely enough, are the thoughts that sing through my mind as I listen rather than watch.

"Halt!" cries a voice.

The two seconds strike up the swords of the duellists. A round has been fought. A round consists of the regulation number of passes—of blood. Sixty of these must be fought, unless one of the combatants be placed *hors de combat*.

This time neither has drawn blood. Position is resumed.

"Ready! Begin!"

Once more the music and the silver light.

Halt! Blood is starting from the temple of the man nearer me. The doctor examines the wound, which is but slight. An assistant washes the

blood off. The swords are wiped.

Position again.

"Ready!"

The two seconds spring back. The sword arms are released.

"Begin!"

But the music has ceased for me. The blood once drawn has wrought its work. The work of thousands of slow years falls away from my soul and primitive jungle instincts surge up. The love of rhythm and beauty has given way to a still more insistent passion, the tiger lust for red. My breath comes quickly as I watch eagerly, almost longingly. Two or three rounds are fought without result, for the two are very evenly matched, and both are fit. Then into the round there breaks again the sharp "Halt!"

The blood is streaming down the cheek of the farther man. The wound is stanchd, and a temporary plaster is placed over it.

One of the witnesses steps out.

"Has satisfaction been rendered?" runs the formula.

"It has not." This is the inevitable reply from the challenger's representative.

So I know now that the man farther away is Von Trenckmann, and the duel takes on a personal interest, for I have become a partisan. But by this time the air has conquered me, and, more than half faint, I climb down from the table and walk uncertainly to the door and down the stairs to the blessed sunlight. One or two stare at me, but only for a moment.

"Ready! Begin!"

The bright, pitiless music follows me down the stairs. Outside, how lazy and how peaceful it is! I sit down on the little bench behind the pump and look at the boys and the puppy crawling under one of the cars. In two or three minutes I start back up the stairs.

"Halt!"

I regain my old place.

"Ready! Begin!"

Again the swords gleam and ring.

But the men! Only by his position can I be sure any longer of which is Von Trenckmann. As I look at them, and see the dehumanized expression on their mutilated faces, and see the shambles of a floor, all the excitement and the glory of it depart forever. What though they do stand there and receive fresh wounds without the visible quiver of a muscle! What though they even smile grimly through their swollen lips during the pauses, in response to some whispered remark of a supporter! They are brave. They are displaying endurance such as one cannot find words to describe.

But this thing has become merely a brutal exhibition to me. In the light of events which have since taken place, I have sometimes even wondered if the prevalence of this custom, with its inevitable lowering of the sensibilities, among the classes in Germany that dictate her policies, may not bear some share of the responsibility, not only for the German attitude toward war in the abstract, but also for the lack of humane considerations in the actual conduct of it.

But I cannot see all this as I watch them, nor can I know that at this moment, among Von Trenckmann's papers at home, are the sealed orders,

issued long ago, which, before two months are past will send him to direct the fire of his howitzer battery against devoted Liege. I learn all that later.

"Ready! Begin! Halt!"

So it goes on, except when at irregular intervals the variation is added:

"Has satisfaction been rendered?"

"It has not."

One becomes accustomed to the harsh monotony of the reply, as if it had always been and must ever be.

The duel has been in progress for more than half an hour.

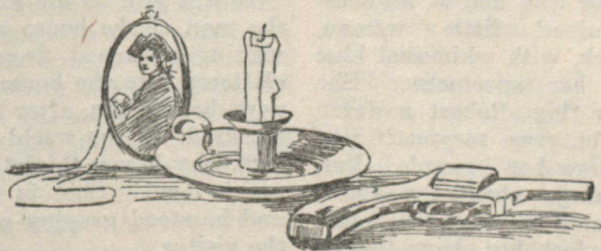
"Halt!"

There is a new note in the sharp warning.

"Silentium!"

Sixty rounds have been fought. Satisfaction has been rendered with honour. *Mensur ex! Silentium ex!*"

It is over. The buzz of conversation begins again, with more clinking than ever. The principals are led away to be sewn up; the seconds and supporters follow, as well as most of the spectators. The man comes in with his broom and sawdust. A rapier duel is scheduled to begin in fifteen minutes. But I hurry gladly down the stairs into the fresh out-of-doors, to wait for my host, the medical assistant.



# THE SHADOW OF STRIFE

BY LESLIE FLOYD

MRS. HARPER stood at the gate of the drive, looking after her retreating spouse mischievously.

"Robert," she called, "are ye not afraid of bein' too polite? Mind, I'm tellin' ye now, if ye don't come right back here and bid me good-by properly I'll go straight to lawyer Thomas. I will have my dues of courtin'."

The big man swung round, with a deep roar of laughter.

"There, you pernicious little woman," he said, bending over her. "Guess I must be getting absent-minded."

"Do ye?" asked his wife, with immense sarcasm. "To think of that, now. Though I'll not be denyin' I've suspected it, myself, now and then, in the last thirty year."

"But then it seems as if you were always with me, wherever I am."

Mary reached up to cuff him.

"Away with ye," she said.

Mary Harper was, and is, an energetic, determined little woman, slight and dark, with whimsical blue eyes behind her spectacles. She laughs at her big Robert a dozen times a day, but woe to you if you venture to follow her example. You may learn things about the Irish-Canadian vocabulary that will surprise you. In fact, her sharp tongue is the terror and delight of the neighbourhood, but I never heard that she was liked any the less for it, which curious fact is significant.

For some time she stood looking

after her husband. At first, her eyes were twinkling with quizzical affection. It was a sweet look, for all its mischief, the look of a good woman; and perhaps it went far to explain why she never lost a friend by her sharp tongue.

Presently, however, the look changed, and she sighed a little. Her thought had gone to another tall figure that should have been striding along at his side, carrying the tools and turning to shout provocative impertinence at her—Johnny. Her Johnny, now in far Flanders, striding on another errand and bearing other tools.

"Eh, well!" she said softly, "he's a man child," and, turning, set off for the house of a sick neighbour, where she was to spend the afternoon.

Poor Mary! She was to receive there a blow that might well have killed her, had she been of less tough fibre; and, even yet it gives her many a sleepless night.

It was late in the afternoon when the man of the house where she was visiting returned from town. He clattered into the house, shouting his news before him, after the manner of his kind, all the world over.

"What do you think? Johnny Harper is dead! Shot in the trenches," and he stood gasping at the sight of the visitor.

"But what did she say?" the farmer's wife was asked afterwards.

"Oh, she didn't say much. Just stood there, kind of pale. By and by she said, kind of scornful like, 'My



Johnny? Dead!' and then she gave a little laugh that would have broken your heart to hear. After a while she said, 'What will Robert say? No one must tell Robert but me!' and with that she ran out of the room. I knew better than to follow her; but I watched her most of the way home from my window, here; and if there's anything I didn't say to Tom about bawling it out like that, you can say it for me, that's all. Though, of course, he didn't know she was here, poor man!"

But to Mary Harper, hurrying home, like a hurt wild thing, the suddenness of the blow was not ungrateful. She was of the stuff that takes things standing. She asked no quarter of fate—for herself. Later, in the privacy of her own soul, there would be time for grief; but now her whole mind was taken up with the thought of her husband. Long before he had suffered from heart trouble, and the fear of a sudden shock had secretly clouded her life ever since. She was determined that no one should tell him but herself. The wood-lot where his work lay, was remote from any road. Their only paper came at noon. Before that time next day, she must tell him, but not that night. On that she had set her heart with unreasoning stubbornness. He should have one more happy evening, cost what it might!

Foolish? Perhaps. Callous? Ah, little you know her! Behind that valiant front she longed unspeakably to feel her husband's arms about her, to lean on his quiet strength. Her eyes smarted with unshed tears, but her little face was set like steel. Surely heroism is not less heroic, that it aims at something we think of little value!

Her first impression, as she entered the yard, was that her husband had not returned. There was none of the abstracted singing and whistling, usually to be heard where he was at work. Then she saw him attending to his team. He was bending over the

hoof of one of the horses, and seemed so busy that she passed him with a quiet greeting. As she entered the house, the whistling started up, cheery as ever, and with an unconscious sigh of relief she went on with her preparations for supper.

When Robert Harper came in for his meal, he walked to his place, and stood leaning on the back of his chair, looking at her, oddly. It might, she thought, be fatigue or the reflex of her own emotion, but there seemed a queer heaviness in his attitude, a sag to his shoulders, unfamiliar in her memory of him. However, a moment later he straightened up and took his seat, quite as usual.

"Well," he asked, "and how's Mrs. Brown?"

"Mrs. Brown's havin' a most enjoyable illness, thank ye kindly. She had a half-pound steak to her dinner, an' we must all hope for the best. Mebbe, in time, she'll recover her appetite, if they don't hurry her. A heavy day's work ye've had, I'm thinkin'."

An exclamation from her husband made her jump. From the cup in his hand, a stream of hot tea had poured over into his lap.

"Eh?" he said, mopping at it. "Oh, yes!—Yes, heavy enough! Heavy enough!"

"Babby!" she giped, "Is it a bib ye'r needin' or a pap-boat?" Then, in a changed tone, "What is it, Robert?"

"I'm—tired, mother. I've had a— a hard day. Oh, mother, but it's hard, it's mortal hard. And I'm an old man."

"My dear—hard?"

"Yes, my—my rheumatism! I'm not the man I was. This—this hot bread 's mighty good, mother."

His wife came across the room and filled his cup. For a moment she stood at his side, stroking back the hair where it was going gray on the temple.

"Ye're *my* man. There's not yer like in the world," she said. Then, suddenly: "We've ever been the world

an' a' to each other, haven't we, Robert?"

Robert looked up at her dumbly. He was, ordinarily, the least demonstrative of men; but now he reached up, and catching the little worn hand, drew it down against his bushy cheek.

"Yes, my girl, the world and all. And more than that!" he answered soberly, and added, a little shyly, "You've had many a hard blow that I would have spared you if I could, mother. You'll always remember that, won't you, whatever happens? I would have spared you if I could."

She turned hastily away, and was longer than usual in replacing the tea-pot on the kettle. When she returned to her place, however, she wore her old mischievous smile; and, for the rest of the meal, she plied him with a feverish rush of talk and witticism. Yes, and laughed at her own jokes, though her heart must have been breaking.

At last he pushed back his chair with a sigh, reached into his pocket and began to fill his pipe. Mary came across to him with a sulphur match of peculiar virulence fizzing in her hand. This she first waved under his nose until he sneezed, then held at such an angle that he must almost dislocate his neck getting the pipe under it. Then, suddenly, in the midst of her laughter, her head went down on his shoulder.

"Robert," she said slowly, "If—"

He turned so that their cheeks touched, and he felt that hers was wet.

"Why," he cried, "little woman?"

"'Tis the smoke," she answered, jumping up and beginning to pile the dishes together at record speed. "It got into the eyes of me. 'Tis a wonder that ye must ever be reekin' like a half-burned boot, whiniver yer wife comes near ye."

Robert took out the pipe and looked at it as if he had never seen it before.

"Yes, I suppose it does smoke."

"Smoke! A body'd think I was a ham."

She was at the sink, now, making great play with the soap save-all. Presently she looked over her shoulder. His pipe had gone out in his hand.

"Would ye look at that, now. Yer pipe's out."

"I know, mother. I don't seem to relish it to-night."

Mary turned in blank amazement; but instead of meeting her searching glance with his usual patient humour, he fidgeted uneasily, got to his feet; and, going to the door, stood with his hand on the latch.

"Guess I'll be going to the barn," he said clumsily, "I'm not just satisfied with the old mare's hoof," and, before she could answer, was gone.

Mary went slowly on with the work. Her hands moved deftly about the familiar tasks, and later she found that they were done as neatly as ever; but, within, she was shaken by the fierce conflict between her grief and her will. The opening of the door had shown her a ladder of black marks along its edge. There they had measured Johnny's height, each birthday. Any suspicion aroused by her husband's action was swept away by a flood of remembrance. The quiet room with its crowding memories became unendurable. She could no longer restrain her longing for her husband's presence, his mere physical nearness. Drying her hands hastily, she caught up a shawl and ran out into the night.

The cool air calmed her a little, and she stopped at the barn door to recover herself. Gradually she became aware of a strange noise from within, which at first was puzzling. Then, like a blow across the face, its real meaning came to her. It was that most terrible of all sounds of human grief, the weeping of a strong man. A grotesquely awful sound for anyone's hearing, what it meant to Mary Harper, as she stood there listening

to those hoarse wrenching sobs, no one will ever know. Months afterward she would wake in the night crying out that her man was in pain and that she could not help him. But, though she told the rest of the story occasionally, of this part she would never knowingly speak.

A moment she leaned against the wall, trembling, then jerked the door open and went in. The lantern hung upon its hook, casting a dim light about the place. There, in the far corner upon a shock of hay, alone but for his quiet beasts, lay Robert Harper. With a little cry she ran to him.

"Oh, my husband! What is it?"

At the sound of her voice he stumbled to his feet, mopping desperately at his face; but her arms clung about him.

"Oh, my dear, is it—Johnny? Do you know?"

He turned and swept a great arm about her.

"Did *you* know, mother? Oh, my poor girl!"

There was a strange sense of comfort in feeling the strong support of his body close to hers. It was as if the physical contact symbolized—as indeed it did—a moral and spiritual partnership in the things of life and death. It brought the wife the first ease she had felt since learning of her loss. The grief itself had not gone; but some of the lonely horror of it had been taken away. Her husband's

deep voice came to her, broken, despairing, but none the less, infinitely comforting.

"Dick Mills took a short-cut through the bush. He told me. Said I must bear up. Bear up! His son's alive!"

"My dear," his wife sobbed, "I know."

"And then I came home wondering how I was to tell you. And when I saw you coming up the drive I just couldn't. I tried to whistle and all that, as if nothing had happened, until I could think of a way. I was afraid of it's coming out sudden. Then I came out here to think it over, and—and—"

"Yes, yes," she whispered, "I did the like of that meself."

For a few minutes they clung together like frightened children. When he spoke again, however, it was with a sort of awful dignity, a grandeur that rose above his grief like a prophet in Israel.

"They must have men, Mary! They must have men! My great grandfather left all he had and came up into the wilderness for the sake of his country. His son was shot in 1812. Heart of mine, this world is an evil place; but it would be more evil if we could not sacrifice to better it."

His wife looked up through her tears.

"Yes, we must be brave, Robert, but—oh, my boy!—my boy!"



# MATCHING COLOURS

BY G. W. BARTLETT

“**T**HAT’s the old Scarlett place. You can see the chimney between the two beech trees on the ridge. Take the path to the left; climb the rail fence and—”

“Thank you, I know the way.”

Tom Scarlett thrust half-a-dollar into the hand of the farmer, who had given him “a lift” on the road from town, and struck across the hill, leaving the man to pursue his leisurely way much wondering who the “stylish stranger” could be.

Summer sunrise was tinting the maple tops when Tom strolled up the familiar lane. The house was unchanged—except older and more weather-beaten. No one was astir. A strange dog ran out to bark at him; the chickens flocked expectantly out from their pens; a hungry calf called plaintively from a near-by shed.

Tom looked about with critical eye, on the neglected garden, the old strawberry patch tangled and weedy, the grape-vines he had planted ten years ago—now branchy, overgrown, unfruitful, fast relapsing into the wild state. The old orchard, the chief charm of the Ontario farmstead, was unpruned and shaggy, and laden with small measured fruit which contrasted miserably with the rosy harvest apples of Scarlett’s boyhood memories.

Tom turned disconsolately from the inhospitable stillness of the sleeping house, and wandered down to the creek which skirted the border of the old sugar-bush. Of the bush, little remained but a desolation of stumps,

a tangled windfall, and a few forest veterans, sombre survivors of a happier era. The crystal stream had shrunk to a trickle of muddy water, its green banks trampled by the cattle, and an odouriferous hog-enclosure running down the bank to the old swimming-hole.

Everything seemed changed, for the worse; but Tom Scarlett knew that these minor matters did not account for the hunger in his bosom, which made him yield to the impulse to drop off the trans-continental and have a look, between trains, at the old home. The place would never be the same since she— But, hang it, the fault was all his! Well, he would see the place and go quietly away, bearing only a sweet, sad, fragrant memory—all that was left of the old life, which he had a right to call his own.

Scarlett climbed the riz-zag fence, and set off for the cross-roads village. The landscape had shrunk in ten years—the coasting hill was now only a dip in the pasture field; Squire Burke’s house was no longer a triumph of palatial architecture; the mill-dam had decayed and the mill-pond escaping, left only a slimy, weedy, flat, beside a patch of stagnant water. The logs of the mill-yard were gone, gone too the huge mound of sawdust. The sawmill had been taken out and the remainder of the mill, set upon a cement foundation, gloomed like a spectre of the happy past. What memories the old mill awoke, as he walked away!

The little cross-roads village had

come out half-way to meet him. The new electric train which screamed past him like a swooping eagle, had transformed the little hamlet into a substantial village of brick and stone. Parallel lines of new houses showed that the place had attained the dignity of two dimensions. Strange names were on the sign-boards; strange faces on the street. Only at the blacksmith shop—that wondrous realm of pyrotechnic effects of other days, the name of David Fraser still showed upon the rudely painted board.

The brawny giant did not recognize the young man, but was willing to talk to the young stranger from the west, for he had two boys there. Jim was somewhere in Montana last time he heard from him, and Angus was at Calgary. Yes, Angus had bought a big block of land and if things turned out as he expected, he would be worth half-a-million in a year or two. Yes, he remembered the Scarlett's. The old lady died two years ago, and the old man soon after. Fred, one of the boys, was in some business in Toronto, and the other lad, Tom, was in Manitoba. He had heard he was making a mint of money. A man named Allan was on the place now—no; not much account so far as he could make out.

Yes, he knew Billy Gray. He used to own the mill, but he had no business head, and lost everything—would have starved only for his girl, Doris, a fine girl, sir, as ever you saw. Well old Billy worked himself to death, and the old lady was now living with Doris in that cottage on the left, at the end of the street.

Tom could not trust himself to make further inquiry, though he felt some curiosity about Doris Gray's husband. After a few more general questions, he strolled on down the street paying little attention to the substantial homes, or the vine-clad summer villas of the city dwellers. He walked slowly past her rose-embowered white cottage nestling

among its flower gardens and blossoming shrubbery; but he dared not pause, till he had descended a dip in the road where a plank walk spanned a little spring rivulet. Scarlett remembered that he had made his first day's wages, fifty cents, helping to lay the planks, the year before he left home.

On the second plank from the end, he could still trace the nearly obliterated intertwined initials R. J., M. R., which Dick Johnson had carved so boldly ten years ago. Poor Dick lay buried at Bloemfontein, and Minnie Robson—married likely, by this time. He leaned on the railing and gazed down at the shoals of tiny minnows hovering above the gravel, then fitting panic-stricken at the shadow of a floating weed. A light step on the planks roused him from his reverie. He glanced up; she stood before him carrying an armful of wild lilies. Their eyes met in mutual recognition; then hers dropped with a confused blush.

"Tom Scarlett, where did you drop from?"

"I dropped off the Chicago Express for a few hours to look at the old place."

"You will find things much changed?"

"Very much changed!" assented Tom so meaningly that Doris hastily continued:

"I hear that you are doing well in the west."

"No, Doris, I made a bad hash of things on the start—an irretrievable mistake." She looked at him sympathetically, and he added: "Money is not everything. That sounds trite enough; but every young fool has to learn it over from bitter experience."

"You are too severe on yourself," she said gently.

"And you, Doris, what have the years been bringing you?"

"Music pupils and more lessons."

"Husband's no good," was Tom's prompt deduction.

"Come up and take breakfast with

us; mother will be glad to see you again."

"I must catch the 11.15 train for Chicago," protested Scarlett.

"Our tram-car runs every half-hour," said Doris calmly, pausing at the little gate.

While they waited for Mrs. Gray to come down, Doris showed Tom about the little garden, the hobby of her scanty leisure hours. They wandered up and down the trim paths and rows of shrubbery, quite oblivious of the opera-glasses in the windows of Widow Morgan's lodging-house across the way. They talked of the flowers, the fields the scenery; they recalled the old school days, and the old friends of the past. She seemed ready to talk of anything ex-

cept her husband, an entity quite evidently superfluous—the one blemish in an otherwise ideal scheme of things. Who the deuce was the fellow any way?

"Doris, you must pardon my familiarity, but that is the only name I know for you. I—er—do not—know—"

She looked up in a momentary bewilderment, then flushed slightly.

"I am still Doris Gray," she replied demurely.

Tom Scarlett's heart beat wildly.

"Doris, would you—er—change the Gray to a livelier hue?"

"You know, Tom," said Doris archly, "I was always fond of scarlet."

Tom did not catch the 11.15 express.

## GEMMA'S GRIEF

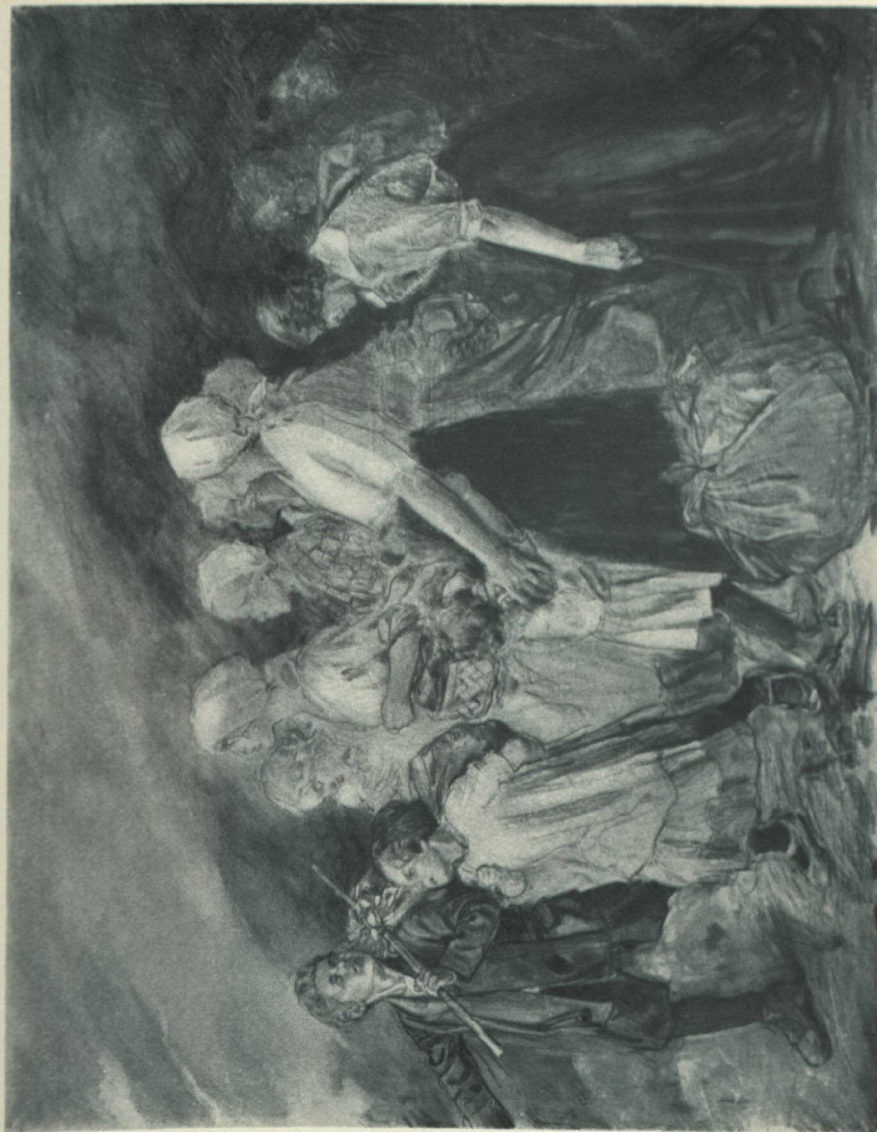
By MARY LINDA BRADLEY

SHE sat apart, her thrifty toil-creased hands  
Lay quiet on her knees; that sombre face  
Of Tuscan mould frowned on the day's demands.  
And still she sat, bowed in the hot, still place.

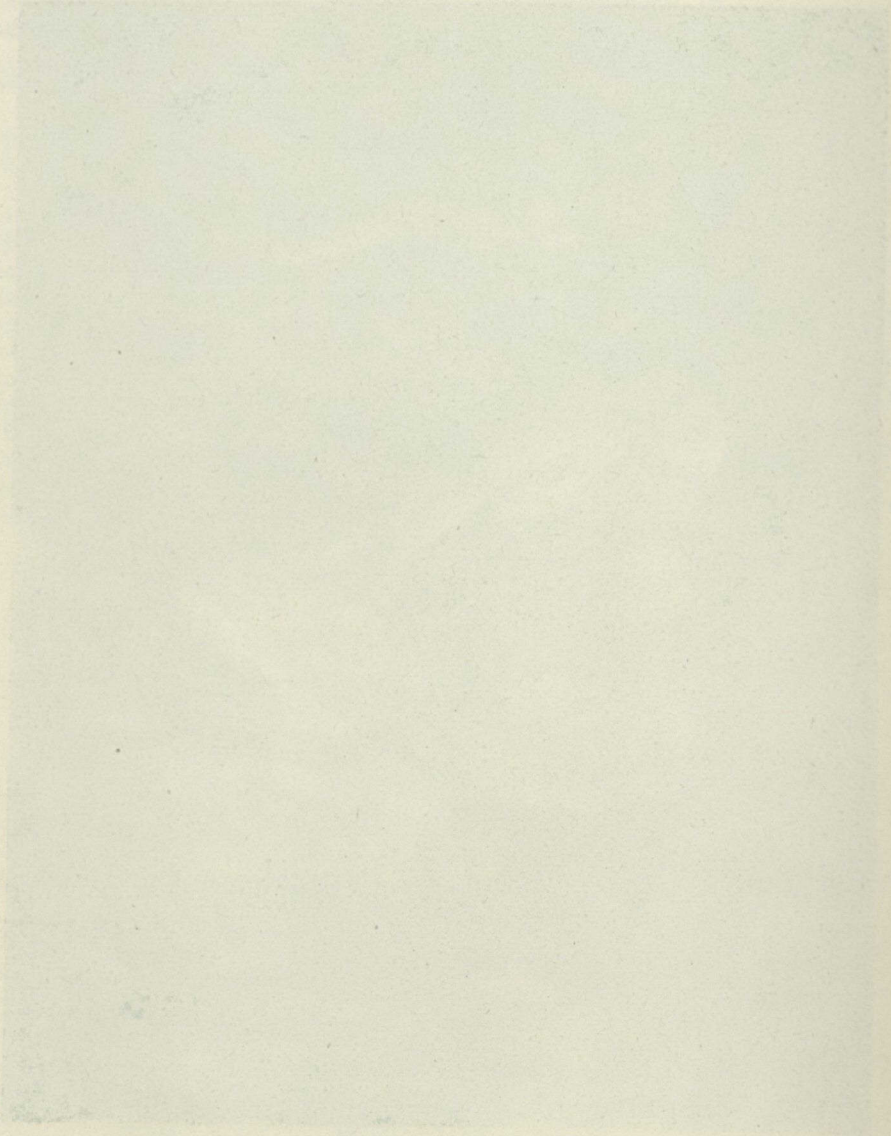
Eight days ago, three sons went to enlist.  
She took a letter to the priest that noon  
And came thence, stern, her mouth a bitter twist . . .  
Pietro and Luca, Mario—dead so soon?

At last a neighbour overcame her awe:  
"What of thy sons? The saints will give!"  
Then Gemma stood in tragic height. "The law  
Finds them unfit to serve, and *thus* they live.

"Pietro and Luca, Mario—each unsound!  
My strength, then, failed them and brings shame to me  
Thy sons must fight, and mine will bear no wound,  
And I—I made these men for Italy."



BELGIAN REFUGEES  
From the charcoal drawing by  
Andre Lapine





# OUR PORTION AT VERSAILLES

THE STORY OF HOW THE GRAVES OF CANADIAN HEROES ARE  
TENDED BY A YOUNG FRENCH GIRL

BY E. MONTIZAMBERT

VERSAILLES has always been a town of memories, a sort of pot-pourri of by-gone glories, but since the war it has been galvanized into impetuous life.

Gray, dust-covered motors bump over Louis XIV. cobblestones at a reckless rate. Long lines of transport wagons make a perspective full of import, and bustling adjutants dash through the sleepy streets startling the echoes out of the silence.

It is now a town of many contrasts. In the trim central square, the statue of General Hoche looks down from its pedestal on a new and strange order of things. Little more than a hundred years ago, the boy general, "soldier at sixteen, general-in-chief at twenty-five, dead at twenty-nine"—"*Mort trop tôt pour la France*"—defended Dunkirk against the attacks of the English. Now he sleeps in his grave in our enemy's country at Mayence, and English soldiers are buried in his native town who have fallen defending Dunkirk for France.

The very bareness and simplicity of the military cemetery at Versailles, where three Canadian soldiers lie buried, pervades the place with a poignancy that is enhanced by the chill gray of a dark autumn. Perched at the top of the rise which slopes gently up from the town, the graves of the British soldiers lie in a space apart. Below are the French civilian

graves, and the path winds up between typical Gallic monuments and tombstones covered with black, silver, and purple immortelles. The top of the cliff has been partially levelled, leaving as a background a little bank of sand a few feet high crowned by a grove of young trees. Under this cliff in several lines of yellow mounds lie the soldiers' graves. They are very simple. Each rectangular mound has at its head a slender wooden cross painted black, on which stand out in white letters the man's name and the name of his regiment. Here and there a German inscription catches the eye. The enemy's wounded who are picked up in the British lines are taken with our own men to British hospitals, and a number of German wounded have been brought to Versailles. One or two of them whom no care nor skill could save have died and been buried, with the same ceremony that marks the funeral of an English soldier, in the grave that fills the next vacant space in the slowly lengthening lines.

Those whose bitter memories are longer lived than ours would perhaps have preferred that the Germans should lie in a space apart. The colonel in command of No. 4 General Hospital has another vision. Once their fighting is forever stilled he allows no distinction to be made between friend and foe. German and Briton lie side by side in the peace



M LLE RENEE LEFEVRE TENDING GRAVES AT VERSAILLES

that is none of their making, and the colonel himself marked out the attitude which he thought should be observed by attending in person the funeral of the first German soldier buried at Versailles.

The graves of our Canadian heroes are beautifully kept. France, and especially the women of France, have taken into their keeping the tombs of the British soldiers who have met death in guarding their soil.



SOLDIERS' GRAVES AT VERSAILLES

When I first went to the Versailles cemetery, I found there, soberly sweeping the paths, a little solitary black-robed figure who unconsciously embodied that deeper meaning which lies beneath the bare political fact of

the alliance between France and Great Britain. When war broke out Mademoiselle Renée Lefèvre asked herself what she could do to help. She had no training as a hospital nurse, and she wanted to begin at

once. She found the answer to her problem one day as she watched the funeral of the first English soldier who died at the hospital opened in the Trianon Palace Hotel, just after the battle of the Marne. The thought that these British comrades of her own soldier brother had died so far from their homes and friends weighed on the mind of this girl with the mystic eyes and gentle voice.

All through the cold dark winter she went up the cemetery hill every day to tend the graves, planting little bits of evergreen on each one.

When spring came she bought clumps of forget-me not and a tiny artificial flower is placed in quaint French fashion, so that even if wind and weather destroy the plants there may still be something on the graves. All through the heat of summer and the chill autumn she kept steadfastly to her self-appointed task, tending each yellow mound with precise impartiality, as if they were her children. If any receive favour, it is surely the three graves which mark the last resting-place of Corporal Macdonald (623 P.P.C.L.), Sergeant Lilly (11197, 7th Can.), and Private Tarry (11151 4th Can.).

"They came from so far to help us," she said, "you must tell the peo-

ple of Canada that as long as I am here I will look after their dead."

She has been the sole guardian of that quiet spot for so long that it seemed almost like an intrusion when the Canadian colony in Paris went out to Versailles on All Saints' Day with the six magnificent wreaths ordered by the Canadian Commissioner with the funds placed at his disposal by his compatriots. The rain came down in torrents as the squad of soldiers from the military hospital placed the wreaths, one on each Canadian grave, one for the English, French, and Belgian sections. A great crowd had gathered to witness the simple ceremony, as well as to pay their own pious tribute to the dead. This year, the "Culte des Morts," so marked a feature of French religious life, has taken on a deeper meaning, and it was difficult to find one's way through the throng.

I did not see the little guardian of the graves. I fancied she was keeping in the background and waiting till she was alone again to lift the heads of the frail roses and read the golden inscription on the broad ribbons:

*"La Colonie Canadienne à leurs compatriotes mortes au champ d'honneur."*



# WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

BY HUGH S. EAYRS

WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL has thrown down the gauntlet. For a year he has seen that the attitude of a large section of the public of Great Britain and the Britains over-sea was almost an impeachment. Now, on his withdrawal from the Government for a time, in order that he may serve as a soldier, instead of living in "well-paid inactivity," he draws his glove sharply across the collective face of his critics. The challenger is now at the front, but doubtless he left his address, so that he may be notified whether the gauntlet has been picked up.

Churchill's forty-one years—his birthday is this very day I write—have been a series of occasions when he has thrown down the gauntlet. For he ever has been the attacking party. Even, as in this latest instance, when he defends he does so by attack. See how he does it. He is *en garde* sufficiently to parry the blow; then swiftly leaps to thrust his own steel.

"I won't have it said that this was a civilian plan foisted by a political amateur upon reluctant officers and experts." Then, in the next sentence, "It is true that I did not receive from Lord Fisher the clear guidance and firm support which might have been expected. If Lord Fisher did not approve of the operations, he should have spoken out at the war conference."

So it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. For if England

does not lose this manly youth and youthful man to a Hun bullet, let us make no mistake about it he will be back.

"Habit," said Wellington "is ten times nature." It is permissible to take that aphorism one way and argue that therefore the nature must be there. In Churchill's case it is there. His habit is to challenge, to call out the foe, a foe, any foe. "Challenger" is his noun in apposition.

To attack implies action. Whatever else Mr. Churchill is he is a man of action. There are those who say he is such a man because he loves the limelight. Let us admit it. He dearly loves to be in the radius of the footlight. There cannot be too much glare for him. And if the operators are missing he can be his own lime-light operator.

"In the public eye once more," said a friend of mine to Winston Churchill some years ago, when he bearded Mr. Chamberlain over the fiscal question. Churchill grinned, the broad, frank, hearty grin of the boy he was and will ever be.

"I've got to be in, if I have to tumble in!" he said.

That's it: Churchill has got to be in, whether he is wanted, whether there is room for him or not. To him it is never undignified to chase the beam and gleam which will reflect him. He has always done it up to now, and we open our daily papers with the continual expectation that a four-column head stretches across the front page, index to a despatch

that Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill has once more tumbled into the limelight, appropriating every ray, and has stood there making one more bow before a public that never wearies of him.

He was never part of the performance. He was the performance. The stage and the rest of the cast were always entirely incidentals; there to emphasize him, focus attention on him more certainly, limn him more sharply.

Churchill is the great protean. He can become at a moment's notice a newspaper man, soldier, anti-suffragist, economist, party politician, or statesman. He has learned all these parts. He can present himself in the Theatre of the Public Eye and play the whole seven in as many nights, and by way of matinee performance he can portray either the generalissimo or the novelist. As a "benefit" he might give a characterization of the thorn in the flesh.

He is, I say, eternally the man of action. A score years ago he finished with Harrow and its partial education ("O, damn these public schools" is the way he summed it up) and went to Sandhurst, by way of looking at textbooks on "How to be a soldier". Then he went soldiering. He was wise in his choice. He needed the discipline which a military life alone could give. And—tell it not in Gath—he still needs it! Perhaps this second taste may give it him. He served with the Spanish forces in Cuba at twenty-one, and came home with the Order of Military Merit pinned on his uniform. England was too "slow," to use an expressive colloquism, for this active, impatient youth. He joined the 31st Punjab Infantry in India. In 1898, as aide-de-camp to Sir William Lochart he again carried a rifle, and came home with another clasp on his chest, and shortly—for the nations of the earth were obliging—left for the Transvaal.

He was correspondent for *The*

*Morning Post*, which at this moment would see him in Jericho before it allowed him to represent it in the same capacity, but he kept one arm for soldiering. Of course, he got into the limelight. He accompanied Captain Haldane on an armored train. The enemy derailed the train. Two big guns and a maxim spat fire at the occupants. The war correspondent became a soldier on the moment. The fun began to get hot. As a lieutenant, he walked in and out of the mass of wreckage, and directed and helped in the firing. Suddenly the war correspondent in him bobbed up again.

"Keep cool, men," he cried, "think what copy this will make for my paper."

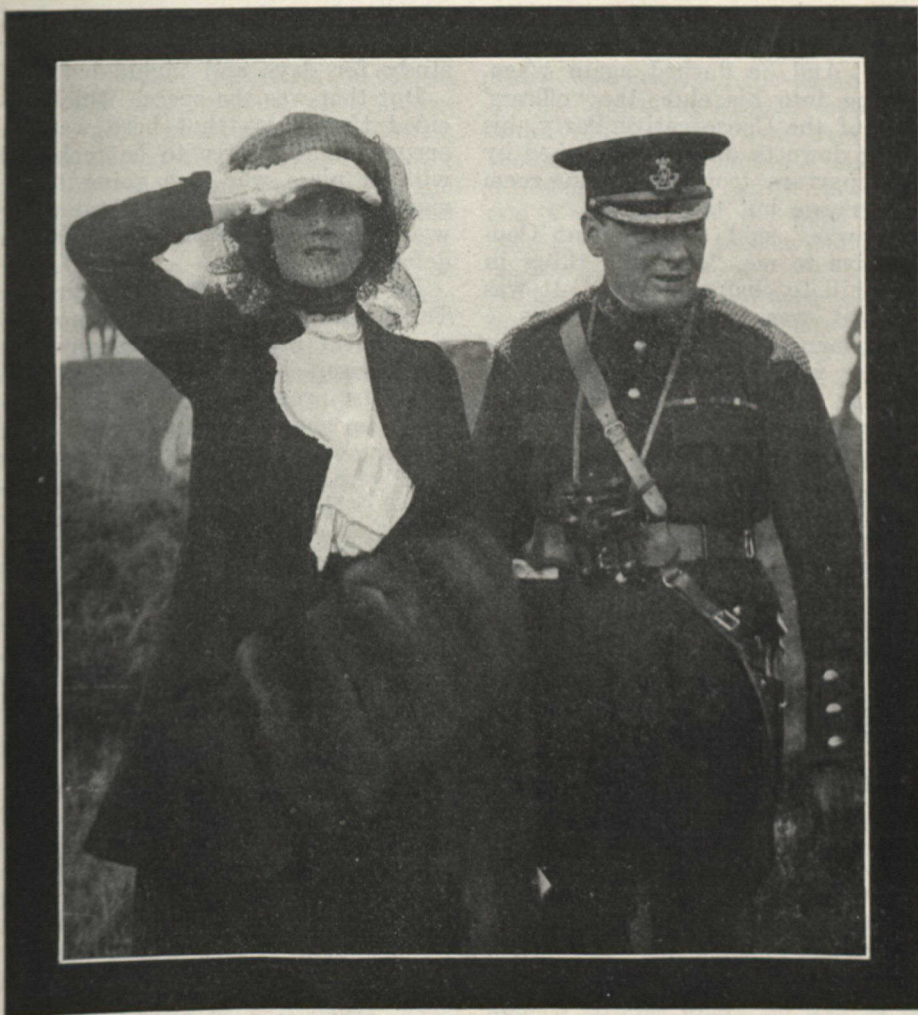
He was imprisoned. General Smuts held up the train which carried him away and saw the boy lieutenant grinning impudently at him and attacking again, if only by impertinence.

"May I have special privileges? I am a war correspondent?" he sang out with that *sang froid* which has always been part of his make-up.

He escaped from his prison and came home, when he had done his bit, with six more clasps—and a glorious share of the limelight.

Looking for fresh fields to conquer, this man of action (he was little more than a youth) glimpsed politics. He was the son of "Randy," and his entree was easy. He represented the Conservative interest in Oldham. That was in 1900. From the first, his activity was on the attacking side. A close friend of his, whose long friendship has been my privilege, too, told me of those early days. Churchill burst upon the House one night in an attack upon Mr. Broderick's Army scheme. Stuttering and lisping—for he had and still has an impediment in his speech—he spoke a good deal more daringly than he felt. Brandishing his sword, the mission of his constituents, so lately buckled about him, he pinked his foe.

"Randy again," said one member



MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL

to another. But Lord Randolph never had the force of this younger Churchill.

It was not long before he threw down the gauntlet to Mr. Chamberlain, the strong man of the Government. Only one other man in England dared assail Chamberlain, and he, David Lloyd George, is also a fighter. Churchill for some time had been breaking away from the Conservative fold. Patrician by birth and coming of a long line of patriicians, the seed of real democracy struggled with the *aristo* in him and

was gradually winning out. With the same bitter sarcasm, the same scathing ruthlessness and the same personal malice, he threw back Mr. Chamberlain's arguments, torn, broken and for the time being of no effect.

Thus he burned his boats. He crossed the floor and sat on the opposition bench. It was a daring, a brazen thing to do, for a young man barely turned thirty. He rose to speak from his new seat, and, headed by Mr. Balfour, his former allies, left the chamber in a body, muttering

"Turncoat." All the sign of it that this impetuous fighter gave was to flush. And he flushed again when, walking into his club, the "officers' tent" of the Conservative Party, his sitting down to dine was followed by the departure from the dining-room of everyone but the waiters.

"It was," said a prominent Conservative to me, "a daring thing in Churchill to change parties. It was more—it was brave. Here was a young man with a heritage of Toryism, for whom, despite many parliamentary disadvantages, great things were promised. His reputation was by no means made. He was, on the whole, still an indifferent speaker. And he had always shown himself an entirely undependable, awkward and uncertain quantity. His extreme youth, his leanings to impulsive, unreasoned action, his spasmodic incursions into activity all fostered the belief that he was not to be relied on. Yet he took the one step that has finished the political career of so many. It was—though I deplore it—a brave thing to do."

By 1906 it came to be recognized that Churchill stood for action. He was, even in those days, a strange admixture, a make-up of complexities. He was beginning to lose the look of liveness and health which were his as a soldier. He appeared to be very confident, but underneath he was a bundle of quivering, dithering nerves. When he spoke it was as though he was repeating a lesson, as indeed he was. In my teens I sat and listened to him one night when he told a few friends how he came to be regarded as a second Pitt or a second Burke.

"Outside," he said, "I was confident. I used my arms, my eyes, my hands to emphasize what I was saying. I talked for half an hour and the House applauded. But no one knew how I funk'd that speech." He paused, reminiscing and enjoying it. "No one knew that I was wondering, wondering, wondering, all the time,

whether I should forget the words I had written and rehearsed in my study for days and nights before!"

But that was the speech which decided the House that here was an arrival, a new force to be reckoned with, a piece who was going to be more than a pawn, whose best move would ever be in attack and not in defence.

He kept up a fusillade of fire on Tariff Reform. It was on this question that I first heard him speak at the House. I had met him on two occasions previously and I was anxious to compare notes. Mr. Lloyd George was leading. I remember vividly the mastery of mood he possessed. His eloquence was impassioned; for rich, sparkling oratory, from the heart of a man to the hearts of men, Mr. George has no equal. Mr. Balfour, looking as usual like a curate at a pink tea, followed him, and as usual he meandered through his amazing dialectics, remaining always charmingly thoughtful, innately diplomatic, nimbly elusive.

Churchill came next. I suppose—indeed I happen to know—that this particular speech had been sedulously and minutely rehearsed. The House woke up thoroughly, for Mr. Balfour had lulled it to somnolence. From the outset it was interested. Churchill's talk was sheer rhetoric. It was an attack upon Mr. Balfour and relied not at all upon the impulse of the moment. Churchill knew what he was going to say. He said it. He began by gentle prods, progressed by a series of rushes and digs, and finally jabbed the steel as he worked up to his point. He reminded me of nothing so much as a knight who jousted, and who intended to get home. His blows were clean, swift and certain. The light of his fertile mind and the fire of his faith that he had his quarrel just gleamed and flamed from the second he was up till the time he was down. He was fighting, attacking—for no other word is so apt—all the time. Hard



fact followed hard fact as blow follows blow. The only variation was a witty epigram which rather turned the steel in its wound, or a simile, petty and essentially nice, which exactly fitted the situation. There was no trace of nervousness, though this bundle of sensitized mental and physical wires was feeling every moment like a wet rag. He said so at a reception afterwards. But while he was speaking sheer will-power kept his agitation under. The speech stood out as an incomparable attack, in which the thrust of accusation, the jab of argument, the prod of persuasion and the press of truth composed the whole. It was a great effort of a great swordsman.

It is axiomatic that the man who attacks must be unafraid. He must be willing to risk something on the throw. Churchill did, when he changed his political coat. There is a vague, indefinite belief that a turn-coat, from the moment of his turning, is thenceforth good for nothing but to be trodden underfoot of men. Apparently Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman did not subscribe to such a tenet. Churchill, had risked much; "C-B" was equally willing to take a chance. He gave the renegade office, and muzzled him. Churchill became Under-Secretary for the colonies.

"I have often wondered," he once said to an intimate friend, "just what 'C-B' thought of me in those early days." Whatever he thought he recognized the value, as a politician, of Winston.

The rise of Mr. Churchill is too familiar and too recent to need anything but casual recollection. It was due more to a series of sallies and skirmishes than to any gradual growth. In due time, he became President of the Board of Trade, then Home Secretary. He continued his attacks on the Tariff reformers, and when Mr. Lloyd George introduced his famous Budget, Churchill's hand was to his sword again as

he sighted the latest enemy, the landlord. Holding aloft his banner, upon which was inscribed the motto of his father, "Trust the People," he lunged and did his best as a lieutenant of the Chancellor. The enemy secured reinforcements—the Lords, no less—and Churchill felt the edge of his foil, revelling in foemen worthy of his steel.

There were some amusing incidents during his Home Secretaryship. I have touched upon his gift as a lime-light operator. He used it over the Tonypandy Riots and over the famous—and ludicrous—Sydney Street siege. He made himself more than a little absurd in the latter business, as a commanding officer. The spectacle of His Majesty's Home Secretary directing the firing of the militia upon Peter the Painter was only equalled by the foolhardy way in which he got into the range of Peter's weapon again and again. We might indeed have lost our *enfant terrible* then. But even burlesque calls for footlights, and Churchill demanded the centre of the stage.

He was bitterly opposed to Woman's Suffrage for a long time, and misjudged the strength of the movement. Once more he attacked. Now and then the other side returned the blow.

I was one of a party that awaited him at Bristol where he was to address the famous Anchor Society. The train came into the station, and Churchill alighted. A young woman, evidently determined to assail with her hands the man who had delivered many wordy blows at the Cause, crept up and struck the Minister across the face with a dog-whip.

For a moment he was flabbergasted, then turned to one of the men standing there, who was a gentleman of the cloth.

"What do you say, Mr. E——," he asked slyly, "shall I turn the other cheek?"

He came, at last, to be First Lord of the Admiralty. From the first,

he took the offensive. He attacked red tape with the ruthlessness of firm resolve. He drove his lance of Reform swiftly and unerringly at hydra-headed officialism. The old order was nothing to respect, merely because it was old. He instituted a newer and a better, and he trod on the corns of innumerable people to do it.

Take Beresford, for instance. I sat in the gallery and heard Lord Charles, the old broom, slate Churchill, the new, for half an hour unmercifully. Churchill was sure he was right in the action criticized, and he had no deference to pay to experience. His counter-attack was probably the most scathing retort uttered in the Commons in our time.

"Before the noble lord gets up," he flung out, "he never knows what he is going to say. When he is up he does not know what he is saying. And when he sits down, he doesn't know what he has said."

It is generally conceded that Mr. Churchill's outstanding post was the Admiralty, and most persons would be prepared to say that he proved the most successful First Lord Britain has had. His regime was a series of needed reforms, which, whatever else they did, guaranteed that if and when the Navy was called on it was ready. He lived up to his self-imposed creed, confessed when he donned the cocked hat of office. This is it: "It is not for the Admiralty to mend the times in which we live. That is a task which lies in other and better hands than mine. But the task to which the Admiralty is pledged, the task which, with the ungrudging assistance of Parliament it can and will fulfil, is to carry this nation scatheless through any time, good or bad, which may be in store."

So it has done, so it is doing, and so it will do, till peace is signed.

There are those who believe that Mr. Churchill made some mistakes at the Admiralty. A section of the Canadian public believes that his mem-

orandum to Mr.—now Sir Robert—Borden was such. Whether it was or not is not mine to say in this paper. There is, however, one circumstance which forms an interesting commentary on the subject.

Some months after that memorandum came I was in London, and after playing for four or five hours at what someone has aptly referred to as "the new game of Whitehaling," I secured an interview with Mr. Churchill. The report of this interview appeared in *The Canadian Courier* of January 17th, 1914.

"I have come to tell you," he said when at last I got past all the sentries, and awaited him, "that I really cannot say anything about the navy question."

"But," I said, "I have come all the way from Toronto, Mr. Churchill, to ask you to give me a message to Canadians about this question, which is all-important to them."

"Well, all I have to say is that I do not think at this juncture it is wise for me to say anything in regard to the Canadian navy question."

"Why?"

"Why?" he said, "because I do not think I should say anything lest I seem to interfere with the movements of a self-governing Dominion."

I give that conversation for what it is worth. It would seem to indicate that the First Lord himself felt his memorandum to the Premier was a tactical error.

\* \* \*

We come now to a consideration of what Mr. Churchill's future will be. Until last week his reputation was, for many months, under a cloud. He was blamed for the Antwerp expedition, the loss of Sir Christopher Craddock's fleet in the Pacific, the destruction of the cruisers *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, and *Hogue*, and the failure of the Dardanelles attack. Not even the sportsmanlike way in which he took the position of Chancellor of the Duchy, the step to

which, from the Admiralty, was a great come-down, reinstated him in the good opinion of many thinking people. Last week he made his dramatic explanation. On the whole, he was well advised in so doing. He has gone to the front, and he cannot be certain that he will return. He therefore used what opportunity he had to clear himself of these several charges made against him. That such refutation as he made was ample remains to be seen. There may be words to be heard from Baron Fisher and Lord Kitchener, which would offset the result Mr. Churchill secured, namely, a correcting in the estimate of responsibility to be placed on his shoulders for these various acts. But, *pro tem*, he is again high in favour. Said the press despatch, describing his speech in defence:

"For months Mr. Churchill has lived under reproach. His entrance to the House to-day was passed almost unnoticed. As he rose, his supporters gave him encouraging cheers. Approbation increased in volume as he answered one charge after another, and he concluded amidst a hurricane of applause, while members of all political parties crossed the House to congratulate him.

"Mr. Asquith made a speech in which he declared he had always found Mr. Churchill 'a wise counsellor, a brilliant colleague, and a faithful friend'."

If he comes through the war safely, he will, in my judgment, come back to Britain to be a mighty force in British politics. We have come to regard Churchill as unsafe, not dependable, and even slippery. There has, I think, in the past been good ground for such an opinion. To begin with, he has undoubtedly appeared, again and again, to be playing for himself. His personal ambition is unbounded. He is a Marlborough. Young ambition's ladder has served him well, and by good luck, pluck, hard work and ceaseless striving he has mounted rung by rung to a place near the top. It may be that the climber-upward has looked into the clouds, grown something

giddy as he has reviewed the celerity with which he has thus far accomplished his journey, and seen a vision of what personal greatness might be his. But if this has been the case it is the common lot of young ambition. Mr. Churchill is just forty-one, and has more youth than is the portion of most men of that age. If, in the past, overweening ambition has been his, he has shown signs, these later years, of losing it bit by bit. His setback, in the shape of his more or less forced departure from the Admiralty, has done more, probably, to steady him than anything in his career. His experiences and lot as a soldier among other soldiers in the Great War may be warranted to continue the settling process. When he returns to active politics he will have lost much of that dare-devilry, that over-confidence which has characterized, in some sort, his early political life. He will return, I think, with just as much personal ambition as is necessary, and wholesome and helpful, and no more. When we see him again I believe the rashness, the *penchant* for hasty and under-judged action which have earned for him the adjective "precocious," will have disappeared.

He has, I venture to think, three attributes which will make him mighty and mightier yet as a statesman. He has, first of all, genius. He has the spirit of real democracy alive and thriving in him. And he has the power of initiative and the capacity for hard work needful to carry that which he initiates to matured success.

He has genius. He has infinite capacity for taking pains. He had not always, but always he had the seed of it and the development has taken place during the last ten years. His is the faculty of close and reasoned thinking, and his, too, the wide, wide vision. He does more than see; he perceives. That is what has made him, audacious and precocious as he has been upon occasion, the "wise counsellor" to which Mr. Asquith referred. He has enough

perseverance and large faith to see the enterprize born of his fertile mind through to consummation.

He has the spirit of real democracy alive and thriving within him. The people of England know it. They may have doubted the politician, but they have never doubted the democrat. Throwing overboard so early all the theory of class distinction and heredity which was the appurtenance of this child of the upper ten, his clear and prophetic vision and his power of abstract reasoning showed him the essential justice of certain claims of "the people." I remember him repeating, with the light of sincerity and gripping conviction in his splendid eyes, the lines of that great hymn "When wilt Thou save the people?"

"When wilt Thou save the people?  
O, God of mercy, when?  
The people, Lord, Thy People. . ."

"The welfare of the *great masses* of England is what I am concerned about," he said.

He has the power of initiative and the capacity for hard work. His mind is alert, bright, fresh, and his arm is ready to see through the work which his mind originates. He is, indeed, a tireless worker. "Churchill," said a British member to me, "is

a slogger!" He was always a slogger. Having set his hand to the plough, the labour, be it ever so great, is not shirked. Early and late, day and night, he worked, as First Lord, at the gigantic problem of the full preparation of the navy. It has been so with whatever else he has taken up. His energy is enormous; his zest and zeal are unflagging. No road is too long, no spell too protracted, for him to travel and for him to work. He would never hammer a nail half into the wood, and drop his hammer when the clock struck the hour of quitting. Whatever his hand finds to do, he does with all his might.

They say he may form a third party, if he comes safely out of the war. He may, though I do not, personally, regard it as likely. But whether he remains with the Liberal party in Britain, or whether he launches another, he will be a success.

He was about eighteen, I think, when he and another Harrow boy stood looking at the pile of buildings at Westminster.

"You see the House of Commons?" he said to his friend.

"I shall get there one day, and get to the top."

And great will be the force which will keep him down.



# LIGHT AND LIFE

BY PROFESSOR D. FRASER HARRIS, M.D., D.Sc.

IT needs no intimate knowledge of plants or animals to appreciate the exceedingly important part which light plays in the life of all creatures, with the possible exception of those which inhabit the abysses of the ocean. The green plant *must* have light; if grown in a dark cellar it shoots up pale and feeble—ætiolated—the vegetal counterpart of the anæmic and unhealthy dweller of the sunless courts and alleys of our cities. Without sunlight the chlorophyll will not develop, and without chlorophyll the plant cannot manufacture organic from inorganic material, a power which is its chief characteristic. But if the plants do not form starch and sugar, then an immense source of our food supply is cut off. The colourless plants—the fungi and bacteria—not only do not need light, but flourish best without it: mushrooms grow best in dark tunnels, bacteria flourish best in a sunless environment, the bacilli of tuberculosis, for instance, are active in sunless and ill-ventilated places.

Sunlight by means of its chemically active (ultra-violet) rays is distinctly inimical to bacterial growth. If one places over an active culture-plate a stencil with a letter cut out of it, and the plate be exposed to the sunshine for some time, then only that part which the light did not reach will have "colonies" of bacteria growing over it, and the letter stands out like a sunlit figure in the midst of shadow. Recently the sterilization of water on a large scale by admitting

violet light to it has been attempted.

Apparently light inhibits certain disease-producing organisms, as, for instance, the bacillus of lupus—the tubercular infection of the skin. Here the light can get directly at the lesion. The special application of this is the "Light Cure", devised by the late Professor Finsen, of Copenhagen. On the model of his clinique there, her Majesty Queen Alexandra founded the phototherapeutic department at the London Hospital. The light used is that from an electric arc, the heat rays being screened off by a special prism. There is much about the curative action of light that we are far from understanding; thus we do not know why it is that red light prevents smallpox from becoming virulent; patients kept in a room lighted only by red light never have such bad "pitting" as those who are not so treated.

This is not all that is curious about red light: it would seem that it is the chemically active rays at the violet end of the spectrum which are responsible for "sunburn". Now people who live in hot and bright sunshine wear, as we know, a red head-dress; the fez of the Turk and of the Egyptian is red. He has found out by experience that the red material protects him from sunburn better than any other colour. The red substance acts as a filter to separate the violet and chemically active rays from the others, so that it is impossible to get a sunburn in *red* light. The lady therefore who wishes to preserve the

whiteness of her skin will do so most effectively by using a red parasol in preference to one of any other colour. Lastly, there is something in red which is not in any other colour, as the "red rag to the bull" shows. What it is we do not know, but it must be very irritating; it has been suggested that the bull mistakes it for blood.

Biologists are all agreed that light is in many ways a stimulus to plants and animals; it might be interesting to take the evidence of this somewhat in detail.

In the first place, light causes movements of plants and animals. We know how certain plants close up their leaves and petals in a feeble light or in the dark, and open them up again in strong light; certain flowers "follow the sun", as it is said, one in particular turns or bends towards it so conspicuously as to merit the name of "sunflower". This turning towards the light is learnedly called "positive heliotropism"; it is a protoplasmic response to light as a stimulus. Some plants have made this turning to the sun such a habit that some of them will go on turning to it or opening and shutting their leaves even when they have been kept in the dark for a considerable time.

Certain animals exhibit phototaxis or affectability to light and to colours, changing their colours to suit that of their background, as has been specially demonstrated for some sorts of prawns by Professor Gamble, of the University of Birmingham. A large number of animals love the sun, turn towards it, bask in it, appreciate it. Those which do not love it are the least pleasant of the animal tribes—frogs, toads, snails, etc.

Mankind naturally delights in the sun. As Solomon long ago said in the Ecclesiastes:

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.

Light is a tonic to the nervous system; the brightness reflexly exhilarates the nerve centres, and we are

benefited by the light quite apart from the ozone and the antiseptic action which are inseparable accompaniments of sunshine. We see this heliotropism on a large scale in the way in which cities tend to grow towards the west—towards the setting sun. The vast majority of people are more concerned consciously with the setting than with the rising sun. Few people see the sun rise compared with the number who see or desire to see the sun set. The increased tone in the nervous system which light produces is a further proof that the light has exerted some real influence on the organism. Definite proof is afforded us by the fact that the milk of cows kept in well-lighted byres is richer in cream than that of animals kept in badly-lighted ones. The light has induced increased chemical tone in the cells of the mammary gland, the light has raised or stimulated the tissue-tone by having first raised the tone of the nervous system regulating the milk-gland. Similarly, animals excrete more carbonic acid gas in the light than in the dark, other things being equal. Even the lowly Alga, *Mesocarpus*, if placed in the spectrum of the solar light will evolve most oxygen at that part of the ribbon of cells which is in the brightest part of the light—the yellow-green junction. At this part there is an accumulation of certain oxygen-loving bacteria placed in the water for the purpose of detecting the place of the maximum production of that gas at the place of maximum light. Other evidence that light has a real effect on protoplasm is that those animals which change their colour according to their surroundings—frogs, chameleons, many fish, etc., only do so when their eyes have received the rays of light. Such animals when blinded or hooded do not change their skin colours.

Physiologists have long been convinced that the sense of light and the sense of colour are two distinct sensations, but it is only recently that evidence has been accumulating to show

that these senses have different peripheral apparatuses in the eye.

Some persons can perceive nothing corresponding to what we call colour; they are "colour-blind", to use a term devised by Sir David Brewster early in last century. Asked to say what they see when viewing the solar or electric light spectrum, they say they see a band of light differing in intensity in its different parts. These totally colour-blind people see forms, outlines, differences of light and shade, white, black, gray, but nothing else; they have achromatopsy. The curious thing is that the impression which the spectrum of daylight makes on them is the same as the spectrum of light of very low intensity makes on a person with normal colour-vision. On analysing the conditions which may be causal in these two phenomena—total colour-blindness and achromatic vision of light at low intensities—it appears that it is only the rods of the retina which are in each case stimulated. The notion is that the cones are for the colour sense, the rods only for the light sense. Thus in the totally colour-blind, the idea is that the rods are functionally active, the cones for some unknown reason being abnormally inactive.

In nocturnal animals, those which see very well in feeble light—cats, owls, bats, moles—the rods preponderate. At the extreme periphery of our own retina there are only rods, and this portion of the retina is colour-blind. Any given coloured light, if greatly diminished in brightness, becomes colourless before it fades away; it is supposed to be stimulating only the rods at this time. There are certain persons who cannot see in a feeble light, at dusk or in the twilight; their condition is known as night-blindness or nyctalopia. The notion is that their rods are chemically abnormal or deficient in the pigment which permeates the rods, the visual purple, the presence of which is essential to vision in low-intensity light.

Lastly, animals are not only susceptible to light, some of them can produce it. Many of us have seen the firefly; most of us have seen the woods on a summer night scintillating with the flashes from innumerable glow-worms. There is no more beautiful sight of its kind than to see the waves of the Mediterranean splash in light the bows of the steamer ploughing through myriads of phosphorescent Noctiluca. Certain lowly plant organisms—fungi and bacteria—are also luminous.

Recently an elaborate research has been carried out by two American workers on the production of light by the firefly (*photinus pyralis*). It appears that normally the light production is rhythmic or intermittent, but that by the action of many chemical substances it is converted into a continuous glow. They found that the photogenic material of the luminous organ could be separated from the animal and thereafter actually dried in vacuo without impairing its power to emit light when subsequently placed in oxygen and moistened with water. An atmosphere of carbonic acid gas soon extinguished the light.

A very curious piece of work on the luminosity of bacteria has been done by Professor Woodhead, of Cambridge, England. Professor Woodhead actually contrived to make the light from "Byerinck's phosphorescent bacterium" affect a photographic plate. After twenty minutes' exposure he obtained an image of a spot of the light passed through a small aperture. He then showed that dosing the culture plate with from seven to twelve per cent. of alcohol abolished the light altogether, while such a percentage as five lengthened the necessary exposure to two and a half hours. These interesting observations prove that luminosity is a "vital" affair, and that the function is therefore injuriously affected by a protoplasmic poison.

Some investigators believe that two substances are necessary for the emis-

sion of light in the glow-worm, one a substance luciferin to which oxygen is carried by a ferment luciferase. If this be so, it is one more example of the widespread activities of ferments (*enzymes*).

Another very remarkable thing about the glow-worm's light is that it is heatless. Light without heat! This has for long been something which man has greatly desired to have. Unless he can make use of the heat developed along with the light of gas or electricity, which he cannot always do, then that heat is wasted. But so far he has never discovered how to create light without heat. Nature,

however, did so aeons before he appeared upon the scene. Shakespeare had probably something of this in his mind when he wrote:

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

It is remarkable that light of animal origin should be confined to the more lowly members of the kingdom; it is unknown in the mammalia, for instance. The idea originated by Descartes that a cat can see in the dark by light emitted from its own eyes is quite a mistake, but like many fictions it has gained a credence refused to many facts.

---

## SONG OF THE SLEEPER

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

**S**LLEEPER, rest quietly,  
Deep underground,  
Lord of your kingdom  
Of murmurous sound,  
Hear the grass growing,  
Sweet for the mowing;  
Hear the stars sing  
As they travel around:  
Grass blade and star dust,  
You, I, and all of us,  
Deep underground!

Murmur not, Sleeper!  
Yours is the Key  
To all things that were and  
To all things that be.  
While the lark's trilling,  
While the grain's filling,  
Laugh with the wind,  
At Life's riddle-me-ree!  
How you were born of it?  
Why was the thorn of it?  
Where the new morn of it?  
Yours is the Key!

Sleep deeper, brother;  
Sleep and forget  
Red lips that trembled,  
Eyes that were wet.  
Though love be weeping,  
Turn to your sleeping,  
Life has no giving  
That death need regret.  
Here at the End of all  
Hear the Beginning call,  
Life's but death's seneschal—  
Sleep and forget!





JANUARY THAW

From the painting by  
W. E. Atkinson

Exhibited by the Canadian  
Art Club and bought for  
the National Art Gallery of  
Canada.



# OUR GREAT REVIVAL IN TRADE

A REVIEW OF THE PHENOMENAL CHANGE IN COMMERCIAL  
CONDITIONS IN CANADA

BY WILLIAM LEWIS EDMONDS

**A**LTHOUGH still under the shadow of a great war, industrially Canada is basking in the sunshine to an extent that even the most optimistic of us thought was impossible a year ago. On every hand there are unmistakable signs of returning prosperity.

When 1915 made its advent, the trade and commerce of the country was in such a parlous condition that fear, and not confidence, predominated. A bad harvest was behind us, and trade was at a lower ebb than had been experienced for many years. Capital was timid and refused to be tempted into its accustomed channels, and credit had no solid place in which to rest its feet. Manufacturers, merchants, and financiers, instead of planning for expansion, were carefully studying ways and means for curtailing their operations in order that they might fortify themselves against the attacks of hard times.

It was not that there was any deep-seated fear regarding the ultimate industrial future of the country, for those who gave sustained thought regarding the richness and possibilities of her natural resources could scarcely be gravely concerned about the ultimate destiny of the Dominion. The fear was only as to the immediate future.

To-day the conditions are the reverse of those which obtained a year

ago. It is optimism, and not pessimism, that abounds in the minds of the Canadian people regarding the financial and commercial condition of the country.

The financial and industrial strength of a nation, like the efficiency of its army, can only be ascertained after it has been put to the severest of tests. There is no mistaking the character of the test which has been applied to the financial and industrial strength of Canada during the past twelve to fifteen months. Not only was it severe, but it was more so than probably anyone anticipated.

But now that the test has been made, and the strain has been withstood, we have awakened to the fact that financially and industrially Canada is stronger than even the most optimistic deemed it to be.

"God," we are told, "helps those that help themselves." The experience of Canada during the past year would seem to establish the truth of this.

Shortly after the war broke out, when adverse trade conditions cast their shadow over the land, an appeal was made from press and platform to the farmers to apply themselves to the task of increasing the productiveness of the soil, and to the manufacturers to increase their export trade, and to study more closely the requirements of the home market with a view to supplanting merchan-

dise which had hitherto been imported.

The response was ready. Farmers and manufacturers set themselves, in their respective spheres of operation, with a will to the tasks assigned them. And as their efforts have been crowned with a measure of success far beyond that which the most optimistic could have anticipated, it is not too much to say that we enjoyed the favour and smile of a kindly providence. At any rate the fates were with us and not against us.

The farmers were urged by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa to make an effort to produce 250,000,000 bushels of wheat. That would have been nearly 89,000,000 bushels more than in 1914, or an increase of about 55 per cent. But they did a great deal better than that. They raised 336,258,000 bushels, an increase of 108 per cent. Of oats the soil yielded 481,000,000 bushels, an increase of forty-six per cent.; barley, 50,868,000 bushels, an increase of thirty-seven per cent.; rye, 2,478,500 bushels, an increase of 18½ per cent.; flax, 12,604,700 bushels, an increase of nearly forty per cent. The total increase in these five grains was 347,777,700 bushels, or sixty-five per cent.

In quantity the root and fodder crops were smaller than in 1914, but their value, according to the figures issued by the Statistical Bureau, was larger by \$4,152,000 than that of the previous year, being placed at \$230,379,000.

No official valuation of the grain crops has yet been made by the Bureau, but experts of the Department of Agriculture estimate that the aggregate value of all crops (grain, fodder and roots) will be \$250,000,000 in excess of 1914. If this estimate is correct, the total will be about \$888,580,000, compared with \$638,580,300 the previous year, a gain of about forty per cent.

The extent to which Canada was favoured by nature may be gathered from the fact that the average yield

of wheat was 25.89 bushels an acre, while in the United States it was 16.9 bushels.

But it is not in field crops alone that the farmer has been benefitted during the past year. His live stock and his dairy products have also been productive of more revenue. Just what that revenue may be is not at present ascertainable. But the receipts at the cattle markets show that the farmer is selling more cattle than formerly. And a Government statement issued in July, 1915, showed that there were on the farms of Canada at that time about 65,000 more cattle and 48,361 more horses than at the same time a year ago.

The latest figures we have regarding the value of the live stock sold and slaughtered by the farmers of Canada were those furnished by the census of 1911, which showed a total of \$177,635,000. The figures for 1915, if attainable, would undoubtedly show a much larger total than this; \$200,000,000 would probably be within the mark. Milk and milk products were in 1914 estimated to have a total value of \$123,000,000. The value of the eggs produced in the same year was placed at \$26,000,000.

From a glance at this brief summary, which does not include wool, fruits, vegetables, honey and other articles, which in the aggregate yield the farmers quite a little money, it will be readily seen that more than a billion dollars' worth of products was produced on the farms of Canada in 1915.

It is this great output more than anything else that is the root of the optimism obtaining in Canada today.

But it is by no means the only root. It may be the tap root. But there are other roots. And one of them is the orders for munitions and various supplies for the army and navy which have come to the country during the last fifteen months. That these in the aggregate amount to more than half a billion dollars

there can be no doubt. For war munitions alone orders to the extent of \$345,000,000 were placed by the Shell Committee. And this does not include those obtained by private companies direct from France and Russia, the amount of which is not ascertainable.

Altogether about 350 firms are now engaged in manufacturing shells, the monthly output of which is 1,100,000.

Then there are the orders for boots and shoes, clothing, and equipment of various kinds, not only for the 200,000 Canadian troops under arms, but also, although to a lesser extent, for the Russian and French troops as well.

These orders for munitions and equipment have by no means been confined, in the benefits accruing, to the industries immediately concerned. Others have benefitted as well. Some to a marked extent. The steel industry is the most outstanding of these. When the war broke out the steel industry, owing principally to the discontinuance of buying by the railways and the manufacturers of agricultural implements, was probably in a more depressed condition than any other of our basic industries.

When the original orders for shells were placed, it was thought that all the steel bars required for their manufacture would have to be imported, as the acid-made description was not being turned out by any mill in Canada, the open hearth process being the one employed here. Nothing daunted, however, one of the steel companies began a series of experiments with the open hearth steel and soon had an article which was acceptable to the British War Office. Later on another large steel plant inaugurated a series of experiments with a like result. To-day six plants are making bars of basic, and two of acid, steel, and although all are working up to their full capacity the demand exceeds the supply. The effect

of this development upon the future of the steel industry can scarcely be underestimated.

The stimulus which the orders for munitions has imparted to the machinery industry is scarcely less marked than that upon the steel industry. Owing to the general trade depression, manufacturers were buying little or no new equipment. Business was, therefore, almost at a standstill as far as makers of machine tools were concerned. But with the advent of orders for shells came a sudden and unexpected demand for machine tools. Within a few months it had become so great that it by far exceeded the supply. Instead of being inactive as they were eighteen months ago, the manufacturers of machine tools are now being employed to their utmost capacity.

Another industry which has had life put into it as a result of the shell orders that have come to Canada is that widely termed the wood-working industry. This comprises planing mills, furniture factories, box factories. And the cause of the activity which has been imparted to the wood-working industry is the demand for shell boxes, in the manufacture of which hundreds of plants in all parts of the country are busily employed. The development of the shell-box industry has naturally created a demand for wood-working machinery.

Before the orders for shells were received, Canada was without zinc and copper-making industries. But their necessity became so great that within the last few months these have been started under Government patronage. Plants for making the high explosives trinitrotolene and nitrocellulose have also been established.

The orders which have been received from the Canadian, British, French, and Russian Governments for clothing, boots and shoes, blankets, saddlery, harness and other kinds of military equipment have had a far reaching effect upon the respective in-

dustries engaged in filling them. For several months many of the plants have been running twenty-four hours a day. This has in turn reacted upon the textile industry, which, as a result, has enjoyed a good year's business.

Another factor which has helped to stimulate the textile industry is the demand which has come to it for materials which were formerly imported from Great Britain, Germany and France by manufacturers of clothing.

As a matter of fact, there is probably not an industry in Canada which is not to some extent manufacturing lines of merchandise for the supply of which we formerly wholly depended upon the foreign market.

That the financial and commercial situation, as a combined result of the bountiful crops and the war orders, is now being strengthened at a rate much more rapid than was a year ago thought possible, there can be no doubt. In every branch of trade a revival is being experienced. Certain industries are experiencing it to a greater extent than others. But all are sharing in it to some extent. To manufacturers in certain lines the improvement has developed so much more rapidly than was expected that they find themselves experiencing a demand that is greater than they can at the moment supply.

Of all barometers of trade there are none more reliable than the bank clearings and the railway earnings. The one is indicative of the financial paper that is passing through the banks. The other indicates the merchandise that is being transported to various parts of the country. A reading of both barometers shows that a remarkable change has taken place in the financial and commercial situation during the past few months.

In September there were reassuring signs that the downward tendency which had characterized the bank clearings all the year had been stayed. By October the tendency was

decidedly upward, the clearings being nearly ten per cent. larger than those of the corresponding month of 1914. But the November returns were significant for two things. In the first place, they were the largest ever recorded in any one month in the history of the country, and in the second place they were thirty-eight per cent. in excess of those of November, 1914.

The increase in the railway earnings during the last couple of months for which figures are available has been even more remarkable than that in the bank clearings. October gross earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway were the largest, with one exception, in the history of the company. The earnings of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern during October were also ahead of the corresponding month of 1914. Earnings in November of all three railways were ahead of the same month a year ago. Those of the Canadian Pacific Railway were seventy per cent. larger than in November, 1914.

Another very good indication of the improvement which is taking place in the trade and commerce of the country is the marked decrease in the number of failures chronicled in October and November. In the former month the decrease was eighty per cent. and in the latter 35.43 per cent.

The development which has characterized the export trade is one of the most remarkable features of the year. Owing in part to the heavy adverse trade balance against us, we have during the last few years been borrowing abroad to the extent of about \$300,000,000 a year. With the London market closed to us as a result of the war, it was necessary that we should on the one hand decrease our imports of merchandise and, on the other, increase our exports of the same. This we have so well succeeded in doing that the exports of merchandise for the seven months ending

with October of the present fiscal year were \$98,604,702 in excess of the imports, whereas at the end of the same period in 1914 the imports were larger than the exports by nearly \$100,000,000.

If this ratio of excess of exports over imports is maintained to the end of the fiscal year, the balance due Canada abroad will be more than enough to meet our interest indebtedness, which is estimated to be between \$135,000,000 and \$140,000,000. If so, it will be the first time in the history of the Dominion that the balance of trade in her favour has been even equal to the interest she has had to meet on money borrowed abroad.

One of the most reassuring features of the situation is the strength of Canada's financial position. The most striking proof of this is to be seen in the monthly Government statements regarding the chartered

banks of the Dominion. Some months ago, the deposits crossed the billion dollar mark and they are now the largest in the history of the country. The significance of this is the command of funds which it gives the banks to finance the crops and to provide accommodation for the manufacturers and merchants. In a time of business revival it is certainly reassuring to know that it will not be restrained for want of an adequate supply of funds. But that which is probably the best indication of the soundness and strength of the banks of Canada is the condition of their resources. According to recent statements, these are now larger than at any time in the history of the country. To put it another way, the banks were never as well fortified to stand a strain as they are to-day.

That Canada has good reason for facing 1916 with an air of confidence there can be no doubt.

---

## WAYFARERS

By MARY SUSANNE EDGAR

WAYFARERS we, with faces toward the sun,  
 Eager to follow to the glowing west  
 The winding highway of the heart's lone quest;  
 To swerve not from the path we have begun,  
 Ere the far goal of pilgrimage is won;  
 To greet the morn, and face the noonday test,  
 To kindle lives with our Godgiven best,  
 And share our vision till the day is done.

Ah, friend of mine, though you pass out of sight,  
 As to the crest we venture forth alone,  
 Upon my path has streamed your wondrous light;  
 In your clear eyes my soul has steadfast grown.  
 I am convinced that somewhere in the height  
 We two shall meet and know as we are known.

# FRAGMENTS FROM A MODERN POMPEII

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

IF I mention the name of the city where I saw what I am going to write about, this article will be "killed" by a censor. A first censor may pass it and a second censor may leave half of it, but before the last of that inquisition has sheathed his blue pencil there will be nothing left of the story. Canadian readers have heard the name of this city time and time again. In defence of it and in attacks round about it many a Canadian boy has lost his life. One could almost hold this against the city. One might be tempted to say, Why should a lad born three or four thousand miles from here run straight into the face of death in the defence of this city? What claim has it upon Canadians? But when you look you understand.

What became of all the people who used to walk up and down these gaping streets, laughing and giggling, making love and showing their fine clothes, buying and selling, marrying and burying? The stillness of the town is like the stillness of one dead—one whom one expects to find alive. In the midst of its silence, one is tempted, figuratively speaking, to call out "Wake! It is breakfast time and a beautiful day!" But it can't be waked. The water tower in shambling posture stands weakly beside the railway track at the crossing of the main road: It seems to sway if a mere breath of wind touches it. The city hall is a ruin. There

are no babies in the gutters or police twirling their moustaches, or maid servants giggling, or old women clicking the lace bobbins in the fronts of their houses. Here is a mansion represented by an occasional point or two of masonry standing like fangs in the jaw of an old man. The heat rising from the ruins makes the sky quiver. This is the rigour of death. Every three minutes, like the beat of a clock on the side of a wall, a German shell flies overhead, singing with elaborate simplicity, as if to disguise the nature of its errand.

"Just—er—cross this road—er—as quickly as you can," draws the officer guide. "Better go one at a time. Run if you like! It's a bit of a bad spot, this cross-road. . . . Everybody over?"

Traffic? None. But several miles from the crossing there are Germans with maps, and this crossing is so marked that they have only to mumble. . . . I may be able to find a funk-hole mander and a whiz-bang or a Jack Johnson or a Coal Box can be dropped on that crossing with ease and accuracy.

"You see," continues the officer, having counted heads, "there's a Taube hanging about, and if he saw half a dozen people crossing that spot all at once he might get panicky. He might think we were putting troops across and wireless his battery man to nip us. . . . Ah! . . . See him? . . . Just keep in the



shadow of this old wall here. . . .  
 That's it. . . . We seem to have  
 come in time for a bit of hating. . . .  
 . . . They are potting 'em all over the  
 place. . . . Silly fellows—what?  
 . . . just follow me will you. . . .  
 . . . I may be able to find a funk-hole  
 if they improve their shooting. . . .  
 . . . Ah! Look up! Do you see him?  
 . . . That's the Taube again. You  
 can tell him by the cut of his wings.  
 He's right over this street now. Get  
 back! Back! Get in under that bit  
 of archway till he's gone. . . .  
 That's better. Graceful spiral he did  
 then, wasn't it? Ah! See! Our fel-  
 lows are firing on him. Good shoot-  
 ing! Good shooting! . . . ” with  
 something like a sigh of regret. “Rot-  
 ten luck! Out of range.”

The archway where we took refuge  
 was really in a half decent state of  
 repair. The walls of this particular  
 house were still strong enough to  
 hold up the roof, but every window  
 was gone, and the inside of what had  
 once been a drawing-room was a mere  
 heap of debris. A gaudy chandelier  
 hung from the ceiling all bent and  
 twisted with the force of the same ex-  
 plosion that had blown in the win-  
 dows and pitched the heavy mahog-  
 any furniture to one side of the room.  
 Under my feet was a litter of papers,  
 some of them scorched and others  
 shrivelled by the unholly curiosity of  
 rain water. I picked up one—it was  
 sacrilege and yet this was part of  
 the story of the ruined city—and  
 found that it was a cancelled draft  
 for two thousands three hundred  
 francs, drawn on one of the forms of  
 the Credit Lyonnaise in Paris by a  
 Paris banker against one who was ap-  
 parently a private banker in this  
 modern Pompeii. It bore the im-  
 print of a rubber stamp certifying  
 that it had been accepted and paid  
 just two days before the first German  
 bombardment of this town. A piece  
 of cardboard bore an invitation to a  
 dance in the house of a certain—  
 number twelve in the Rue Houplin.  
 Poor little Rue Houplin! Our guide

pointed it out to us later: a mere  
 mark on the ground.

A third piece of paper was appar-  
 ently from a letter. Translated it  
 read: “. . . . No, Little Man. I  
 do not think that the freehold of the  
 Inn of the Arrival of Good Friends  
 is worth the money which you sug-  
 gest paying for it. It would not earn  
 the interest. It would be much bet-  
 ter since you are selling your Amer-  
 ican securities to keep your money  
 about you, in a little sack. There  
 are strange times coming. One might  
 need a little money. Marie's affair  
 (these names I have changed) with  
 the man Poulente is quite finished. Of  
 course we accept the situation, but it  
 makes your mother sorry to see Marie  
 so stubborn, for we hear that Poul-  
 ente was a good man, a very little  
 drinker, and able to rule Marie's tem-  
 per—which you will understand is  
 most important—though of course  
 that is not a recommendation of the  
 man Poulente which your mother or  
 I would venture to mention to our  
 Marie. . . .”

Beside this letter is a bill from a  
 dressmaker—a dress for Marie pos-  
 sibly—and on the bottom, in the same  
 hand-writing that accepted the Paris  
 draft, is a note, “*Voudriez-vous me  
 dire ce que c'est que cela?*”—an item-  
 ized account, please!

There is a baby's rattle made of  
 celluloid and partly broken by a  
 splinter of spent shrapnel that still  
 lies beside the rattle. Here is a pair  
 of heat-warped curling tongs.  
 Marie's? Where is Marie? Is she  
 still so stubborn? Where is the man  
 Poulente? Is Marie, in spite of her  
 stubbornness, secretly weeping for  
 him because he is at the war? Where  
 is her father? How does he live now  
 that his comfortable business is gone?  
 Is he one of those people one meets  
 living in Gower Street boarding-  
 houses on one meal a day and a six-  
 penny cake eked out with a bottle of  
 Canary sac bought at the corner gro-  
 cery?

A dance card! A child's rattle! A

woman's first aid to presentability! A shrewd business man talking to his son—I think it was his son—about the freehold of the Inn of the Arrival of Friends? And Marie! What of her?

Is it a flicker of amusement that seems to light the dull face of the street? Was that a cynical smile? Did a woman just go in at yonder doorway? Is the town really dead or only holding its breath and pretending? Empty-eyed and rigid it stares at the sky. The smile was the shadow of a cloud tripping lightly across the sky. The woman's figure merely a shred of a garment caught months ago on the side of the door from some frightened refugee's apparel and now blown grotesquely about by the breeze.

After a time the Taube satisfied his curiosity about the street we were in and sailed on to other parts of his beat.

"D'ye know w'ot we calls 'im?" said a sentry to whom we ventured a remark as we passed. "'E's Old Copper Belly Jack. That's w'ot we calls 'im. Y' cawn't mike the copper awt naow because 'e's flying levil. But w'en 'e tilts agin the sun y' can see the belly of 'is machine is red and shiny. 'E isn't a bad sort either. 'E spots us and we spots 'im, and its all fair fightin'. I think, sir, 'e's a married man, sir, bi the wye he drives. Yes, sir"—with a wink—"very reckless-like. I reckon he don't care much, sir."

Some of our party having more courage and less responsibility in Canada went to the very centre of the desolation and picked up souvenirs of a certain famous building. Others had a less exciting—but not altogether danger-proof—return to the automobiles. Blessed be big automobiles. They look like a shelter from whiz-bangs whether they are or not—chiefly not. From the running board, with glasses, we had a long stare at a certain section of the front line trenches. The usual two lines of

sand bags in a deserted field—an occasional savage flash, a cloud of smoke and a far-off roar!

He stands at the most important cross-road in this town. Call the town graveyard if you prefer. Ruins delineate the four sides of the square. On two sides are Germans. The spot where this sentry stands is marked on German maps—we know this from aeroplane maps we have captured—and one of these days two big shells will be placed in the middle of the cross-road just to block whatever traffic might happen to pass there. This is certain to happen, and when it does happen this sentry or his mate will report for duty somewhere out of the ken of human beings. Yet he arrives there at the end of his short beat, wheels right-about smartly, and tramps with a crisp clicking of heels to the other end. Seeing us coming he challenges, and then, heels together, head up, brings his rifle down from the slope and slaps the other hand across his breast and against the flat of the barrel. By his eyes I suspect him of a life of Saturday night riots somewhere back in the past. I doubt if he can spell as he can swear—if indeed he can spell at all—and I cannot be certain that he was always polite to his wife. But he does his trick here like a gentleman. Never a nervous glance at the sky. Never a falter in his step when he hears a big shell slobbering along the sky and knows it is as likely to drop beside him as not. Take off your hat to him, Mr. Employer, who "fired" him once for fighting in your shipping-room. Three men died on the same spot last week and on the same job he now holds with such dignity. But when you have acknowledged your debt—hurry. He stands on the hottest spot to be found in twenty miles this very day.

We were going along a certain street on our way back to the automobile when three whiz-bangs dropped so close to us that our guide did what

real soldiers are not supposed in the mind of fiction readers to do, but what a good soldier always does when he can: he took shelter. We scurried in through a toppling doorway and half fell, half ran down a stairway into what looked like a ruined cellar.

"Cheer-O!" shouted a strange voice as we arrived in a sort of hall at the far end of the cellar from the stairs. "I say—you are a merry lot. What's up?"

"Ah! Beg pardon," explained our guide, discovering that we were in the presence of another officer, and one who apparently exercised some sort of dominion over the cellar. "Are we intruding?"

"Intruding nothing," retorted our volunteer host. "What's up? Some straffing up above?"

"A little," said the guide, "I think it's over now. We'll be going. Thanks awfully."

"No. Really! Don't go. I say—" turning, "I say, Williams! Williams! Williams! are you there? Damn that man! What'll you have to drink? I'll get it myself."

Williams, the batman, showed his face in the door.

"What have you got?" asked his superior officer.

"The whiskey is gone, sir. Sorry, sir. There's wine, sir. A little of the red?"

"You'll have to drink red wine," reported our host, "and you won't get glasses, either. Sit down!"

We had tumbled thus by accident into the dwelling-place of three young officers who preferred to live here in a cellar of "Pompeii" than to trudge back to the safer region beyond the boundaries of the city. The place was furnished with the wreckage of mansions—mahogany and walnut, scarred and splintered in spots and sometimes held together by bits of string and wire. There was a carpet on the floor and an empty eighteen-pounder cartridge hung by a wire as a dinner gong.

"Been livin' here long?" queried our guide.

"Months."

"What are you?"

"Haven't you heard of us? We're the Rustlers—so-called because we rustle timbers out of fallen houses and build barricades of 'em. It's a beastly American name, but it's easier than our regular one," and he gave the proper name, a thing I dare not do in this article."

By-and-by his red wine came and some tall thick and while enamel mugs. We sipped the wine and we heard the story of life in a cellar in "Pompeii". The details of the equipment don't matter except perhaps in respect to the building of a bath in the cellar. It was easy enough to get a tub from a ruined house and easier to find water. But the real touch of luxury came when a small electric suction pump was discovered and connected with the electric wire—of which and its mysteries more anon.

"You see," exclaimed the Rustler, "now that it's fixed I go into my bath and Williams sets the motor running, with the suction end of the apparatus in our big hot water cauldron in the kitchen. When the bath is sufficiently filled with hot water I shout, and he changes the sucker into the cold water cauldron. I shout again when I have enough, and then—when I've finished—we reverse the pump, and pump the water out into the gutter of the street."

"But whence the electricity?" sniffed our guide, who was by way of being an entertaining story-teller himself and obviously disliked poor technique. "Whence the electricity, old Top?"

"Look!" said our host, and standing up turned on a Tungsten lamp over our heads.

"Love of heaven!" whispered our guide, "how the devil did you get that?"

"Hush! There is a power station as you know in the town just over

behind our good friend the enemy's lines? How or why we do not know, but this much is certain—" and he clicked the light off.

"I suppose this city once got its light from the other one?"

"Precisely. And still gets—a little."

There was one day a strange sight in this little town. Down the long deserted street came ten little nuns in black, looking to right, looking to left, for signs of their old habitation, their heels clicking on the cobbles. It was discovered still standing, though in bad shape, and the nuns were proceeding toward it when a shell burst between them and the old nunnery. A second and a third followed, and the frightened women cowered in a door-way, kneeling.

It was thus one of the three officers found them and led them to the cellar snuggery.

"They had come, y' know, to rescue some of their things from the nunnery," explained our host. "One of the sisters had left a piece of lace she was making for a bride, and another had lost the only picture of her mother. Each had come back to get some little thing out of the place. Poor little women. We gave them some tea. That bucked 'em frightfully. Then two of the other chaps and Williams here—they went over to the little old nunnery and fished out some trifles—the best they could get, and brought 'em back to the nuns. Poor little things. They were frightfully bucked. Frightfully bucked."

You know what "bucked" means in United Kingdom English?

I learned afterward that the nuns left with each of the young soldiers their "blessing". Each consisted of a little mother of pearl heart. The men to whom they gave the blessings were at other times unimaginative young Protestants with a long list of things they called superstitions—other people's. But one of these three officers since killed in the big ad-

vance wore the blessing round his neck. If it was not effective against shrapnel, it was effective in other ways.

As we stood on a hill overlooking the desolate town we thought of the last story we had heard concerning it. It runs like this:

Down this very hill one day before the Germans had bombarded the town, rode a Canadian on leave. He had heard of an estaminet where one might get a decent drink. In the estaminet, acting as priestess at the altar of bottles, he found a widow who cast upon him a "favourable eye". She gave him wine and then she cooked him chicken and sent him back to his "piggery" not only refreshed, but resolved to repay the hospitality.

With much intriguing for leave, with many runnings back and forth of messengers betwixt the estaminet and the "piggeries," it was arranged that on a certain afternoon the Canadian and two officer friends would arrive at the estaminet with such good things to eat and to drink—for food was already becoming scarce in the town—as they could collect. The widow was to bring in her two unmarried sisters and, for chaperone, the curé.

"Well," said the Canadian from whom I have the story, "we raided every mess we could get near until we had collected chickens, olives, celery, champagne, and potatoes. As each of us was in a different unit we had to work independently and travel to the town independently. I rode down with my own horse and one pack horse. I got to the top of the hill, and looked down. There were a few shells whanging around, and I noticed a good many buildings were newly down. The pack horse was nervous, but I kept hold of him and rode down toward the estaminet. As I got there a shell broke not far away and frightened the pack horse, so that he bolted with food and all. A whiz-bang got him before he was

three hundred yards away. The estaminet looked safe enough, but I says to myself: 'This is no place for a party,' and I turned back, riding like a streak, because things were getting hotter. There wasn't a soul in sight on the whole main street.

"I heard later what happened to the others. Bill, of the ——'s, he came after I had left, I guess, and got a shrapnel splinter in his left arm. He decided it wasn't healthy either. Marston, the third chap, he arrived after Bill—late as usual. All he could get was a pig from a farmer and some beer. He had laid his bottles inside the pig and the pig on his pack-horse. When the third man—Puddin' we call him—got there the shelling had stopped for supper time, so he rode straight up to the estaminet."

"So?" we said, supplying the desired pause.

"He found the mantel-piece and chimney still standing and the bottles on the little bar all in order—but that was all. The humour of the thing took Puddin' off his feet, and he left his card on the mantel-piece!"

"And the widow?"

"She and most of the towns-folk had escaped. We heard of her up —— way. She and her sisters had pitched camp in a deserted farm house, taken over the management, and are already laying the foundations of a fortune selling grub to one of our brigade headquarters. It will be hard to prove who owns that farm house when the war is over, and the original owner comes back to claim it."

---

## AUTUMN SUNSET

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THIS evening while the colour glowed and spread,  
 Working again that ancient wonderment  
 The which eternally incompetent  
 Is hand of man to imitate, was bred  
 Some yearning spirit only half suppressed.  
 The vast and cloudy pageant of the sky,  
 A host from some strange caravanserai,  
 That swayed in crimson, going down the west,  
 Stirred me. A great and silent loneliness  
 Smote in my heart its fever of affright,  
 A dumb fear grew, and all the shapen might  
 Of solemn grandeur made it more, not less.  
 Seemed that brushed by me, passing very near,  
 The awful cortege of the stricken year.

# THE REAL STRATHCONA

VIII.—A PRINCE OF BENEFACTORS

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

PERHAPS nothing was so remarkable in the career of Donald A. Smith as that after spending thirty years in the formative period of his life in the wilderness he should with the utmost facility enter into the highly organized society of city and national life. The young man of the wilds of Hudson Bay, Ungava, and Labrador was a natural-born civilian and courtier. He had withal a strong sense of obligation and of his duty to the most highly organized life interest as embodied in education, religion, charity, and culture. He was a most generous participant in every phase of improvement in the young society of Winnipeg.

He was at that early time, judged by present-day standards, not a rich man. He encroached seriously on his Labrador savings in his early western life. In newly organized communities personal benevolence is the only means of advancement and progress.

The writer who in 1871 was charged with pioneer work in education in Winnipeg remembers well the first subscription received from the Commissioner in his office in Old Fort Garry. Strange to say it was in connection with what was afterwards one of his hobbies—the education of women.

While the writer's chief business was supplying education for young men, he sought at the same time to provide in a humble way for that of

girls and young women in Winnipeg. So a call was made upon Donald A. in his office to head his subscription list. The Commissioner without hesitation began the list with £50 sterling, for at that time, which was shortly after the transfer to Canada, sterling money was still used in Red River Settlement. He then remarked: "Professor, always take your subscriptions in pounds sterling, for it does not seem so big, you know, as in dollars, and is more easily got."

Donald A. Smith was in 1873 a member of the first Manitoba College Board, and was the only other surviving member besides the writer of that first Board at the time of his death in 1914. His gifts to the College were numerous. He provided the first \$500 to begin the Laboratory of Manitoba College, which was the first chemical college laboratory in Western Canada. He contributed to the new Manitoba College Building of which the Marquis of Lorne laid the corner stone in 1881.

He was a constant donor to all new movements for social, athletic, and educational advances. In later years he gave to the writer as Chairman of the Faculty of Science in the University of Manitoba the timely sum of \$20,000 to organize the faculty. Other colleges and benevolent institutions were objects of his bounty and were helped by him before fortune had smiled upon him with great wealth. The Christian young women

of Winnipeg received from him \$10,000 toward the erection of their residence building. His bounty to churches of different denominations was notable. He never made his gifts indiscriminately. In reading his elaborate will, one is struck by the very wide possession of his lands in the Red River Valley. His Hudson's Bay Company Associations no doubt account for this. Many and many a church, and that of different denominations in the neighbourhood of these lands, is known to the writer, when being built, rebuilt, enlarged or restored to have received "Donald A.'s" contribution sent promptly and heartily.

While Lord Strathcona's national-ity precluded him from any charge of wasting his money, yet in his givings, his tastes, old connection or national association largely dominated him. The St. Andrew's Society, the Caledonian gatherings, and particularly the "Roaring Game" of curling never failed to be remembered. As illustrative of his kindness and remembrance of old friends, Donald A. sent regularly about Christmas time up to the year of his death a brace of pheasants, in cold storage, to the writer and each of about a dozen old associates in Winnipeg, from his British estates in token of his remembrance of the "old days," the "old memories" and the "old associations". His heart never became hardened by his wealth.

One of the distinctive fields in which Lord Strathcona delighted to bestow his bounty was in assisting colleges and universities. Though not a college-bred man, he nevertheless had a profound admiration for learning and learned men. As was very natural he took a great interest in the city of his largest residence—Montreal. For years its Chancellor, McGill University received many tokens of his interest. Sir William Macdonald, joining with him in a friendly rivalry, led to great things being done for Montreal's favourite

college. It was fitting that after Lord Strathcona's decease in 1914 Sir William should succeed him as Chancellor.

The side of the university that appealed most strongly to Lord Strathcona was the medical department, which he looked upon as a reliever of human suffering. He gave McGill its beautiful new medical building at a cost of half a million of dollars, and also endowed the two medical chairs of Hygiene and Pathology with \$50,000 each. It is notable that the Medical Research Society in London, England, housed near Russell Square, of which he was for years president and benefactor, should likewise show his strong sympathy for suffering humanity, as did also his legacy of a thousand guineas to Dr. Pasteur. The culmination of Lord Strathcona's bounty and sympathy in this direction is seen in his leaving an additional half million dollars in his will to the Royal Victoria Hospital, which had received a like sum from him when years before he collaborated with his cousin Lord Mount Stephen in building the hospital for the city of Montreal.

His devotion to the cause of educating women is in some respects the most complete and useful monument which he left behind. This is embodied in the beautiful building in the neighbourhood of McGill University, Montreal, known as the Royal Victoria College. In this building the women students of McGill University, from a competent staff receive their training for obtaining university degrees. This prominent site and the building erected upon it was supplied at a cost of \$400,000, and in his will Lord Strathcona left an additional million dollars for this pet of his fancy—sometimes known as Donalda College. It was also fitting that His Lordship left to his friend Principal Peterson of the University a legacy of £1,000 sterling. It is but just to state that in the healthy competition between the present and past chan-

cellors, Sir William Macdonald has to his credit several of the grandest buildings of the university and also the magnificent Agricultural College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

That sympathy for ignorant or suffering humanity was one of the chief motives of Lord Stratheona's life is seen by gifts bestowed not only in his own native land but in foreign lands as well. In 1906 he sent \$10,000 to the San Francisco sufferers; in 1912 \$5,000 for assistance to the survivors of the *Titanic* who belonged to the United States. In 1913 he forwarded five thousand dollars to the sufferers in the Ohio floods. These are but examples of a continuous flow of sympathy for unfortunate humanity. In his will we find entries simply typical of scores of others, as Leancoil Hospital, in his native town of Forres of \$50,000; London Hospital \$40,000.

Mention has been made of his great gifts for university education and general knowledge, chiefly in Montreal, but Lord Stratheona was also most cosmopolitan in his gifts. As much of his wealth came from investment in the United States he as feeling in duty bound left \$500,000 to Yale University. Filling the office of Chancellor of Aberdeen University, Scotland, for a chair in agriculture he left that body £5,000 for agricultural education, besides £1,000 to the Principal, Dr. George Adam Smith. Being an admirer of Cambridge University, which was in the region of his Debdon estate in Essex, Lord Stratheona left £10,000 to the university, to be added to a like sum given previously to that institution. To Canadian seats of learning other than those already mentioned he contributed \$100,000 to Queen's University, Kingston, and \$60,000 to endow the Principal's chair in Montreal Presbyterian College. For the benefit and comfort of the aged, retired ministers of the church of his fathers in Edinburgh, the Church of Scotland, he left £10,000.

To those who had been his agents, secretaries and faithful employees received in most cases the sum of \$1,000 each, and to a large body of relatives and friends handsome amounts in the shape of annual allowances were devised. He forgave many debts. To the nation his estate largely left to his family will give a very large legacy duty. In financial circles the total amount of the estate is made out to be \$28,000,000, though a portion of this may depend on the valuation of his Canadian property.

It was certain that one so successful, so noted, and so influential would not escape the tongue of slander. It is easy to say that human affairs are not properly arranged to make it possible—and indeed we may say so when all has been obtained legally—for a company's clerk to acquire, in three quarters of a century so enormous a fortune. To those who speak thus it gives some consolation to know that he bestowed vast sums in making humanity more intelligent, more happy, and more comfortable. The list of donations given and legacies left suggest that Donald A. Smith was a thoughtful, sympathetic, keen-sighted and generous man.

His critics say that Donald A. Smith lent money to politicians, government officials, young business men, trading companies, communities, and even those of higher station to obtain an unwonted influence in carrying out his plans.

The writer, having a very wide acquaintance in Canada, has taken the pains to inquire into a number of such cases.

(a) He lent money in the seventies to three young men who began a newspaper in Winnipeg. In course of time this newspaper wished to turn its advocacy against the Canadian Pacific Railway, with which the Province of Manitoba had a quarrel. The leading proprietor, visited last Christmas by the writer, said that he called on Donald A. and offered, though not very able, to pay back



the debt. Donald A. replied: "No! I gave that to you young men to help you: you can have the money as long as you need it. You can follow whatever policy you think right. I gave it to you to help you, not to coerce you." The debt remained unpaid for several years. Mr. P., now a well-known Canadian, declared Donald A. to be perfectly honourable.

(b) Another slander is that he tried to buy up *The Globe* newspaper by going to the proprietor's widow in Edinburgh. She, it was said, refused with scorn, though strongly solicited, to sell out. The financial agent of *The Globe* told the writer that this was nonsense, for at the time plenty of the stock could at that time be bought at a large discount. The story is untrue.

(c) The charge was made that he lent money to politicians likely to become cabinet ministers to influence their votes on his railway schemes. The writer has information from the highest authority that it was not the intention of his party to give the important office to the person concerned. The statement is a fiction.

(d) The statement that Donald A. planned to take advantage of the

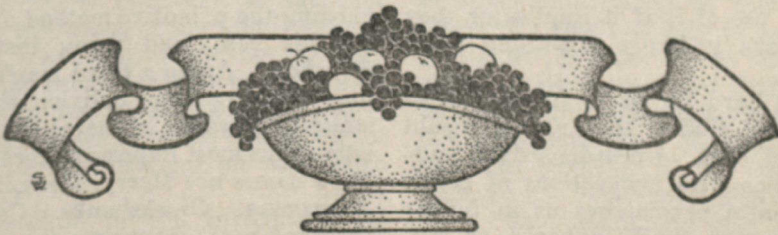
Dutch bondholders of the Minnesota Railway was declared to the writer by another director of that railway to be absolutely untrue.

(e) A frequently repeated representation, made in shady corners, that bribery, corruption and general untrustworthiness in Canadian public life was brought about by Donald A. Smith's malign influence, is not generally believed, is unproved, and to the mind of the writer is unprovable.

(f) The reiterated charge of Donald A. pictured as a ferocious wild beast, ready to spring on unwary financial victims, in public and business life, the writer is in a position to declare ridiculous and absolutely unsubstantiated.

The writer would ask, Is it possible or even probable that a man so large in his benevolence, so broad in his sympathies, so pitiful to the sick or unfortunate, so anxious to promote education and charity, so absolutely pure, temperate and domestic in his life could be other than a kind, considerate and high-minded man?

The writer, as his intimate friend, denies such a possibility with the utmost scorn.



# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY ISABEL SKELTON

THE list of guests at a large civic reception brings home to one the multiplicity and variety of names one's fellow-citizens bear. Where did they get those names? Had they ever any meaning? Was there once a time when Mr. Long was really tall, when Mr. White was fair, when neighbour Gull's reputation was less enviable than Goodfellow's, and when Gosling, Peascod, and Bull were more likely to be closely connected with agricultural interests than they are to-day?

Only happy accident ever makes a name in the twentieth century descriptive of its bearer. Yet when it happens, with what joy we seize on such a fitness. In election campaigns, for example, what an asset for the candidate is a name which bears an honourable interpretation. How quickly his friends will proclaim it an undeniable pledge for all that is good in character, while on the other hand his opponents will as readily make hostile use of it if it implies or they can make it imply something mean or bad.

It is hard for us to free ourselves from the feeling that names should be significant. Unconsciously a musical name with associations of credit and charm predisposes us in favour of a person, while a harsh or grotesque one as surely discourages such expectations. It is proverbially true that a bad name brings a dog to an evil end, while a good one will sometimes help him over a stile.

Yet, be a man's name what it will,

he resents deeply any tampering with it. It must not be mis-spelled or mispronounced. Although valuable no longer to others as descriptive of him, he values it highly as an heirloom from the past which he hopes in turn to hand down to his descendants with added lustre. A surname, when understood, is a record of family history more or less brief. Many are the things it may tell us and the glimpses into the past it may give. One man's name recalls the nationality of his ancestors: Dutch, French, English. Another's throws much light on the trades and customs of days gone by. What a fund of medical lore and history is recalled by the name Leach. The first Mr. Leach was unquestionably a physician who cured all humanity's ills by bleeding with the aid of his somewhat too eager assistant. Again, the name Mowcher must have been derived from an ancestor who created great amazement in his village by disregarding the primitive method of blowing his nose, and using instead a *mouchoir*. Again a third man's name may preserve from oblivion the outstanding physical or moral characteristic of his most important forefather. Such names are Merry, Meek, Shortt, Armstrong, Crookshanks, Cameron (crooked nose), Dempsey (arrogant), Brody (proud), Casey (valiant), Duff (black), and Daly (blind).

Firmly established as they now are, these family records are by no means ancient history. When we remember the number of years mankind has

been upon the earth it is surprising to recall for how many no surname was necessary to distinguish a man. The Book of Common Prayer, published but three and a half centuries ago, recognizes none. The baptism and marriage services know but one name. It is impossible to fix the date when men were born with a name as with a shadow. The custom stole upon them by very slow degrees, it might almost be said to have overtaken the majority unawares, so gradually did merely personal names become crystallized into hereditary surnames. Between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries our modern nomenclature established itself in the more populous and civilized European societies. It began with the nobility who in the tenth and eleventh centuries commenced to call themselves after their ancestral seats. By the thirteenth and fourteenth we find the citizens in the same way proudly adopting the names of their trades. A well-known authority says: "There was much greater propriety in making the names of occupations stationary family names than appeared at first sight; for the same trade was often pursued for many generations by the descendants of the individual who in the first instance used it. Thus the family of Oxley in Sussex were nearly all smiths or iron-founders during the long period of 280 years. The trade of weaving has been carried on by another Sussex family, named Webb (weaver), as far back as the traditions of the family extend, and it is not improbable that the business has been exercised by them ever since the first assumption of the term as a surname by some fabricator of cloth in the thirteenth or fourteenth century."

But while in the intricate social and commercial world at large, the necessity for a definite method of individualization had made surnames lasting and general in the sixteenth century, in many isolated districts the simple inhabitants realized no such

need and remained exceptions to the general rule. Iceland, as late as 1861, knew not a family name. Every man was known by his personal designation and as the son of his father. Mr. Baring-Gould says, "To the present day, in the western hills of Yorkshire, the people know themselves and are known among their comrades by their descent. A man is John a' Jake's a' Hal's, and a woman is Mary a' Tom's a' Bill's. Should there have been a moral slip, it is not forgotten; it is duly represented as Joe a' Tom's a' Katie's."

Our most numerous class of names, patronymics, were in their earlier forms and usages closely akin to just such a method of designation as this Yorkshire one. It is the rare man today who makes a name for himself, and in the good old days the rank and file of our ancestors had the same difficulty in distinguishing themselves to a name-conferring degree. They were simply the colourless sons of their fathers and were named accordingly: Thomson, Johnson, Jackson, Wilson, and the like. As these names are spelled now there has been a loss, for the original form was Thomas-his-son, John-his-son, William-his-son. A further abbreviation is found in such forms as Johns, Jacks, where merely the "s" of the possessive case remains. In names ending in "s" even this is dropped: Francis, James, Charles.

Surnames are as a rule easily understood and traced to their fountainhead. One has only to remember that most Christian names lend themselves to pet names and diminutives and that our ancestors were very fertile in devising ways of treating them so. The exigency of the case made them do it. When several neighbours were called John, and only John, it became absolutely necessary to vary the label of some of them to Jack and Ian. They sometimes added just as we do *ie* or *y* to the first syllable: Willie, Freddy. But they might also add the Saxon *kin* or *cock*: Martin and

Marcock (Mark); Simpkin and Simcox (Simon); Lambkin (Lambert), and Tancock (Daniel), Tomkin, Jefcock (Geoffrey); Perkins (Peter), and Hitchcock (Richard). These are a few examples of surnames to-day which preserve these old Saxon diminutives. Again, the Norman *et* or *ot*, *en* or *on*, provided another means for ringing the changes on the same names, and they, too, have given us many descendants: Dancet (Daniel), Gillot and Gillet (Giles), Gobbett (Godbert), Ellet and Elliot (Elias), Timmins (Timothy), Gibbon (Gilbert), and Luxon (Luke). There is apt to be uncertainty about the *on* suffix, for in many names it seems impossible to decide whether or not it is a part of the usual patronymic *son*.

The relation of sonship could also be variously expressed. Among the Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians the suffix *ing* meant sonship. Thus Jobson and Jobling are both sons of Job, and Godding (Godwin), Gibbings (Gilbert), Tapling (Thomas), and Willings (William), are similar formations. In Wales *ap* signified the son of. This form has been much corrupted, as the following examples show: Barth (ap Arthur), Bryce (ap Rice), Bowen (ap Owen), Prodger (ap Roger), Urobyn (ap Robin), Prichard (ap Richard).

*O'* in Ireland, and *Mac* or *Mc* in Scotland and Ireland, were the equivalent of the Welsh *ap*. So evident are the illustrations of these that we shall cite only a few where the significance of the Celtic name may have been forgotten: Macfarlane is the son of Bartholomew; MacPherson, the son of the parson, and MacNab the son of the abbot. He was the abbot of Glendockart, by the way, and lived between 1150 and 1180. MacLean (actually Mac-giolla-Ean) the son of the servant of John.

The Norman French prex *Fitz* was yet a fifth way of expressing sonship. There is a little story apropos of this: When Henry I. desired to

marry the wealthy heiress of the Baron FitzHamon to his illegitimate son, Robert of Gloucester, she scornfully replied:

"It were to me a mighty shame  
To have a lord withouten his two name."

And thereupon Henry gave him the surname of Fitzroy.

It is interesting to notice what a large number of family names are sometimes deduced from one original Christian name by the different combinations and permutations of the foregoing prefixes and suffixes. If we take Robert, for example, we find no fewer than the following fifty-one *bona fide* names in various registers: Bobbett, Bobbin, Bobby, Bobin, Babkin, Dobson, Dobb, Dobbie, Dobbin, Dobbins, Dobbinson, Dobbs, Dobby, Hobb, Hobbes, Hobbins, Hobbis, Hobbs, Hobby, Hobkins, Hobkinson, Hoby, Habkin, Hobkings, Hopkins, Hopkinson, Probert, Probyn, Robson, Robarts, Robb, Robbins, Robbie, Robbins, Robertson, Robert, Roberts, Roberthall, Robertshaw, Roberson, Robeson, Robings, Robinsin, Robinson, Robison, Robjohn, Robjohns, Roblin, Robshaw, Robson, Roby. Maybe the following names and their derivatives are fairer examples of such formations: Alexander gives us Saunderson, Saunders, Alkey, Sanderecock, McAlister and Palister; Henry has for his descendants Harrison, Harris, Hawson, Hawkins, Halse, Hawes, Hallet, Halket, Hacket, Alcock, Parry, Harriman (servant of Harry), Hall; John is father of Johnson, Jonson, Jenkins, Evans, Heavens, Jennings, Hanson, Hancock, Bevan, Ians, Hawkinson, Jevons, Joynes, McShane (MacShawn—Celtic, son of John); From Oliver comes Nollikins, Knollys, Knowles.

If the great majority of our surnames belong to the patronymics, those derived from occupations and trades make a close second, and whatever importance they lack in historical strength they make up in historical interest and suggestiveness. It

was in the days of feudalism in Europe that surnames were generally adopted. This system filtered through the whole social fabric from the emperor on his throne to the porter at the gate of the humblest manor. The ranks and officials between those extremes were legion and with very few exceptions are commemorated in our twentieth-century nomenclature. It is a pleasant pastime for a democratic people to consider how many of their present highest sounding titles sprang from these lowly offices.

The Stuarts or Stewarts were in the beginning the keepers of their masters' hogs, but gradually rose in rank until they became the chief officers in his household. An especially famous branch were the hereditary Stewards of the Crown of Scotland. The Marshalls were the stable-keepers who saw to the curry-combing of the horses. The Chamberlains were the most intimate servants in the seigniorial house. The surname Chamber also comes from this office. Blower and Horniman are descendants of the man who at a chase called the dogs together. Cleaver and Claver have for their forefather the clavinger or keeper of the keys. Butler, Carver, Cook, Dresser, Falconer (also Falkner, Faulconer, Faukner, and Fauconer), Harper, Napper (also Napier and Knapper), Parker, Shirriff, Stabler, and Usher are further examples of this rise in life and independence.

From these retainers of feudalism let us turn to the freeborn, prosperous, and independent craftsmen of the towns. In this age of machinery we are apt to forget the pride men took in their trades and handicrafts four or five hundred years ago. The trade guilds of mediæval Europe were important and imposing organizations. Every tourist has gained some dim idea of their former eminence and magnificence from the Guild Halls of Brussels and other European cities. In these the masters of the various guilds used to meet in coun-

cil to determine all matters affecting the interests of their industry. Each trade might have been called a close corporation. There was no climbing over the wall into it; it could be entered only through the door of long and worthy apprenticeship. Naturally what was so hard to win was highly prized. Men esteemed their trade. There were no Jacks-of-all-trades. Let us notice, according to Mr. S. Barling-Gould, how many specialists, who have descendants walking the earth to-day, were needed to convert a fleece of wool into a suit of clothes in ye olden times: "In the first place, when a farmer had wool to sell, the packer was sent for, to fasten it up in bales of a determined size and weight. These were then consigned to the stapler, who classed or sorted the wool. . . . After the sorting the wool goes to the manufacturer. When in his hands it is thoroughly scoured and dried. The combing portion is committed to the comber, and on leaving him is ready for the spinner, who in turn passes the spun wool or worsted, to the warper, to be made into suitable lengths. . . . The warp is then ready for the weaver, or webber, or webster, who has it put into his loom. The short wool is taken from the sorter to the willay, and it is then oiled and given to the carder, who combs it. It leaves his hands in the form of a rope, and passes to the mule-spinner. . . . On being cut out of the loom, the cloth is first burlled, and this burling is done by the fuller, who washes it with soap and places it in the stocks, where it is hammered till it shrinks to the required length and width. This was formerly done by trampling on the cloth with the feet, by the walker. The cloth then passed to the dyer, and from him went to the tenter, who stretched it to the width required. A lister was a comb-er. In the case of linen weaving the whistster was the man who saw to the bleaching. Another name for the fuller was a tucker. The tozer or

towzer was he who brought up the nap by going over it with teazles. But the cloth on reaching the tailor, or as the English called him, the shaper, went through the hands of the cutter. Then it was taken up by the seamer and run together. But even when fitted and adjusted the garment was not complete. The trimmer had to be called in to supply the ornamental laces, and the pointer to furnish the fashionable points without which no gentleman's dress was complete."

Our most common surname, Smith, is a trade appellation. The smith of the middle ages supplied a vast number of the most ordinary mechanical needs of the people, and he was everywhere. Consequently he has left the largest impression upon our nomenclature. We have seen that a man would be called Johnson when he had no distinguishing characteristic of his own to provide a name. But the man who was called Smith must have been otherwise. Of the four or five smiths in a countryside, the one who was singled out to be known by his trade must have been the one who plied it with the greatest energy and success. He was *the* smith. All honour to our trade-names then. Each one of them goes back to a man who did useful work with diligence and skill. There is no need to disguise the spelling of Smith or Tailor to claim superior descent. The ancestors of both in the majority of cases must have been superior men or they would not have built up their trade to a name-conferring height. Other such names are Cooper, Barber, Baker with its feminine forms Bagster and Baxter, Bloomer (the man who ran iron into moulds), Carpenter, Wright and its compounds Cartwright and Waywright, Clerk (the man who could read, hence our Clark and Clarke), Glover, Glazier, Holder (an upholsterer of mattresses, beds, and cushions), Sacker, Sadler, and Tubman or Tubbs.

The next broad class of names to

consider is place-names, and there is nothing very mysterious about them. That a man from Scotland who came to live in England would soon become known as John the Scot is only natural. And so many Scotts are to be found to-day all over the world one cannot help recalling the old saying that Scotsmen had to people other lands to avoid starving at home. At the same time we may remember that the two popular names in Scottish history bespeak foreign blood. Wallace means a Welshman (Waleys), and Bruce is a Norman place-name (de Brus).

Some Irish place-names are of unhappy origin. In 1485 an Act was passed entitled "An Act that the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Wriall, and Kildare, shall gae apparelled like Englishmen, and ware their heads after the English manner, sweare allegiance and take English surnames". This Act directed every Irishman whom it concerned to "take to him an English surname of a towne, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale, or a colour as White, Blacke, Browne; and that he and his issue shall use this name under payne of forfeiting of his goods yearly till the premises be done."

As our motherland has always been a haven of refuge for all sorts and conditions of men who could not get on happily in their own country; and as their old names were likely very unpronounceable for English tongues, a glance to-day through our vital statistics is not a bad substitute for a geography review. Some newcomers may have found it inconvenient to make public their former abode and were better pleased with the vague appellations of Strange, Stranger, and Newcome.

Naturally amongst British descendants no country is represented by so many place names as Normandy. Sinclair, Charteris, Montgomerie, Mowat (de Monte Alto), Muschet (de monte fixo), Hay (La Haye-de-Poits), Vance

(de Vand), Weir (de Vere), and many more are derived from lands and towns across the channel.

But other European countries sent their quota. From German (Allemagne) ancestors sprang the Lalle-mans, Dolmans, Almans, and Dol-mains. The ancestral home of Mr. Beamish was Bohemia; our two somewhat Irish-looking gentlemen, Messrs. Bullen and Cullen, came originally from Boulogne and Cologne. Breton or Britton, Fleming, French, Ger-maine corrupted to Jarman, Holland, and Veness require no introduction, although Legge, a merchant from Liege, may not be so readily recog-nized. The descendants of Joscelin, a place-name from Brittany, and of Pyscoed, derived from a village in Wales, are examples of an unfortun-ate company. They must often wish their names might be recast in the original mould and anathematize the culpable carelessness or ignorance of their forefathers who allowed their beautiful names full of history to be-come vulgarized into the trivial and meaningless Gosling and Peascod referred to in the beginning of this article.

Closely akin to these surnames of origin are those of location derived from a man's dwelling. They are more puzzling on the whole, as many of the Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Old Eng-lish, and old Norse words from which they were formed have dropped out of our modern vocabulary. An Anglo-Saxon expert is required to tell us that Mr. Bottle's forefather was not a bottle-necked, drop-shouldered in-dividual, but rather a man who lived in a very diminutive wooden house known as a botl or both. Harbottle, Newbottle, Bolton (tun containing a bottle), Bothwell, and Claypole (the bottle in the clay), are interesting compounds. Other styles of domestic architecture were the cot, the house, the bold (house of stone), and the scale (log-hut), and the following men are lineal descendants of the owners of each: Cotter, Draycott,

Coate, Aldus (old house), Malthus (malt house), Loftus (house with a roof), Newbolt, Scales, and Winter-scales. Such cots, bolds, and scales had an infinite variety of choice for natural surroundings. They might be at a Crag, Carn, Cliffe, Burg, Edge, End, Field, Grove, Gore, Thorpe, Stead, Well, Wood, Ton, or Tree, to mention but a few possibili-ties. Surnames derived from these began in some such circumlocution as Will-at-a-well. This in time became Will Attawell, or Athfield, Attaway, Bythell (*i.e.* by the hill), Bytheway, and Bythesea. In other instances the preposition alone remains: Athorn, Atmore, Atridge, Atton, Atress, At-water, Bycroft, Byford, Bygrave, and Byhurst. In others all but one letter is obliterated: Nash for at-an-ash, and Nangle for at-an-angle or corner. In by far the greatest number, how-ever, all signs of both proposition and articles has completely disappeared: Goodacre, Oldacre, Longacre, and Whitacre (acre meant cornland); Broadbent (bent was a high pas-ture); Deane, Oxenden, Sugden (sow-den), Dearden, Denman, and Denyer (Anglo-Saxon Den or Dean, a wood-ed valley); Beckett and Holbeck (beck, a brook); Moor, More, Muir, Blackmore, Delamore, Morton, Mor-ley, Moorhayes, and Paramore (an enclosure on a moor), are a few char-acteristic examples. Yet other men depended on the points of the com-pass, North, South, East, and West, or Norton, Northcot, Easton, and Weston, and many more such com-binations gave them their designa-tions.

When our forefathers turned from nature's hills and moors and fens to-wards their towns and cities, as soon as they passed Mr. Townsend's prop-erty on the outskirts another kind of landmark greeted their eyes. All along the streets above the shops and alehouses were swinging their signs. A hatter put out a Head; a hosier, a golden Leg; a shoemaker, a Foot; a goldsmith, a Rose, and so on. The

following lines from Pasquin show how in the seventeenth century people were identified by such signs:

First there is Master Peter at the Bell,  
A linendraper and a wealthy man.  
Then Master Thomas that doth stockings  
sell,  
And George the Grocer at the Frying Pan,  
And Master Timothie, the woollendraper,  
And Master Soloman, the leather scraper,  
And Frank the Goldsmith at the Rose,  
And Master Philip with the fiery nose.  
And Master Miles, the mercer at the Har-  
row,  
And Master Nicke, the silkman at the  
Plow.  
And Master Giles, the salter at the Spar-  
row,  
And Master Dike, the vintner at the Cow.  
And Harry Haberdasher at the Horne.  
And Oliver, the dyer, at the Thorne.  
And Bernard, barber-surgeon, at the Fidle,  
And Moses, merchant-tailor, at the Needle.

It is very easy to see from this how men acquired as surnames either the name of their trade or the sign under which they carried it on. Harry Haberdasher has chosen the former, while Frank has still his choice to make, and may be Frank Goldsmith or Frank Rose, and Peter may become Peter Dyer or Peter Bell. Indeed every one of these signs, excepting the Frying-pan, is now a surname.

Macaulay tells us that when common people became able to read and count, houses on a street became numbered and the gay shop-signs disappeared. They disappeared only as signs; in family nomenclature we shall always have Dolphin, Bull, Racket, Peacock, Lion, Lamb, Roebuck, Nightingale, Oliphant (Elephant), and many more to keep their memory green.

Many of our seemingly inexplicable names belong to this class. Shops which sold church and religious supplies adopted such names as the Cross and the Crucifix, the Keyes of St. Peter, the Chalice with the serpent issuing from it of St. John, the Lily of the Annunciation, an Angel, or a Rainbow, and peculiar though they were men came to be known by them.

Let us turn from this conglomeration of names descriptive of the man's abode to the comparatively few which describe instead the man himself. When the beasts were brought before Adam he gave them names according to the characteristics he observed in each. There has always been something of the old Adam in each of us. White, Black, Brown, Long, Little, and Small are names of obvious origin, but their Celtic equivalents are more puzzling: Bean, MacBean, Fin, and Finlay, of White; Dow, Duff, Duffie, MacDuff, Kiran, and Keiran, of Black; Dunn and Donnan, of Brown; McFadzean, More, Moore, Moran, and McMorran, of Long, and Beggs, of Little or Small.

Until the etymologist had sorted out our vast mountain of names many more were thrown promiscuously and apparently with every reason into this nick-name heap. Bull, Catt, Fish, Gull, Crabbe, and Peacock, for instance, were all cast on it. It was felt that the explanation that their original bearer and his namesake possessed so many attributes in common, was so simple there could possibly be no other. That the name should have been inherited from the first acquirer's shop-sign was surely far-fetched in comparison. But once more common sense had to bow to uncommon learning. And tantalizing though it is, many of our most truthful-looking derivations have to be given up for the same reason. Goodlad and Luckman mean not what they so plainly say, but rather good lathe, *i.e.*, a good barn, and a servant of Luke, respectively.

And so examples might be endlessly multiplied and an article indefinitely prolonged, for an investigation into personal names is a subject which cannot easily be exhausted. But it is a subject surrounded with very great interest, since, as Max Muller says of history, what "it has to teach us before all and everything is our own antecedents, our own ancestors, our own descent".



## CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

ONE of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the war was brought to a dramatic conclusion last month by the complete evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Official reticence veils from prying eyes the real truth regarding the operations in this inhospitable region, but enough is known to show that some of the officers commanding seriously blundered. Nothing, however, can detract from the heroism of the rank and file under almost impossible conditions. Censorship has robbed these men for the moment of the tributes which in other days their matchless bravery and endurance would have called forth. Nowhere have greater difficulties been encountered or more cheerfully borne. The list of sick—about ninety thousand—was equal to the total casualty list. On the firing line or resting they were always in the danger zone. Cut off from an adequate water supply and relying for everything on the regularity of the supply ships, they could nowhere escape the enemy's fire. Not an inch of the available shore was safe from the guns. In the distance a transport wagon is seen lumbering along. There is a puff of smoke, an explosion, and only the wagon remains, a battered wreck. Men and horses have been annihilated. A boat puts out to one of the transports lying off the shore. A cloud of spray hides it from sight. The eye searches in vain for the boat and its occupants. The shore it littered with the fragments of wrecks—

victims of the enemy's raking shell-fire that turns this beach into a veritable shambles. One thousand miles from its base, upon a barren and rocky peninsula, with winter setting in, and disease and death ever present, the evacuation was not wholly unexpected by those who understood the situation. To withdraw four army corps and all impedimenta in face of a vigilant foe with a total loss of two wounded is a feat which has few parallels in military history.

Chief interest has now been transferred to Saloniki, where the Allied armies occupy impregnable positions. Russia, which has played a most unselfish part in this war, created a diversion in East Galicia and Bukovina following the retreat of her Allies from Serbia. This new offensive was on a scale that could not be ignored and necessitated the rushing of reinforcements from the Balkans. Rumours of a Russian landing in Bulgaria proved to be premature. In Bulgaria great dissatisfaction is felt regarding the failure of Germany to supply the troops promised, and King Ferdinand's adventure is further hampered by the attitude of Greece. Meantime the Allies have been strengthening and fortifying the northern approaches to Saloniki, where, in the opinion of some, the enemy can be dealt a death-blow.

Little Montenegro has shared the fate of Belgium and Serbia. The capture of Lovchen, the fortified moun-

tain overlooking Cattaro harbour, led to the occupation by the Austrians of the Montenegrin capital, Cetinje. With a population of two thousand, Cetinje did not rank high among European seats of government, but it was the pulsating heart of a wonderful race of fighters. Here the picturesque figure of the present King, Nicholas I., might be seen in ordinary times as he strolled with perfect freedom through its streets, or sat by the fountain while some hardy and fierce-looking mountaineer poured into his ear some domestic or legal difficulty that pressed for solution. He is the last survivor of the patriarchal monarchs whose rule is that of benevolent despotism. And now, like King Albert and King Peter, Nicholas I. of Montenegro is driven from his home and his capital into the fastnesses of his mountainous country. By the capture of Lovchen, which dominates Cattaro, the Austrian navy, riding at anchor under the protecting guns of its naval base on the Adriatic, is safe from the Montenegrin guns which for weeks past have been raining high explosives on the town below.

It is clearly the intention of the Allies to disappoint the enemy in his attempts to divide and conquer them piecemeal. Concentration seems to be the keynote of the new plan of campaign. Serbia, Montenegro, and the Dardanelles must wait another day. This decision, the first fruits of the co-ordination of the Allied plans, will inspire greater confidence in the future movements of the Allied forces.

While military operations hang fire on the western front there is commendable activity in Eastern Galicia, where the Russians have made considerable headway. The capital of Bukowina is once again drawn into the vortex, fighting in this region having a wholesome effect upon public opinion in Roumania. The Russians are now well supplied with guns and

shells, having drawn largely upon the munitions factories of Japan. German officers captured along this front express a desire for peace. One officer, questioned by Professor Pares, the official British observer with the Russian army, admitted that Hamburg was a dead town, and that Germans were on short rations. His explanation of the war was that, "economically the struggle for life in Germany had become almost impossible. Some outlet was essential, and this England and the other Powers had united to prevent". Twice he referred to the war as a "catastrophe", and that the German policy which led to the catastrophe "could not as a policy be defended". The mood of the German troops on the eastern front is no longer buoyant and enthusiastic as in the drive of last summer. All the German soldiers are for peace, and this is the constant refrain also in the letters they receive from home.

The Russian generals frequently address their men, particularly the new drafts, pointing out the issues involved. At one point Mr. Pares listened as the general in command gathered his men around him and made them "a very vigorous little speech". He described how Germans had for several years exploited Russia, especially through the last tariff treaty, which was made when Russia was engaged in the Japanese war, and set up entirely unfair conditions of exchange. The German exploited and bullied everybody, and this the peasants and soldiers could confirm in their own experience. He concluded with a story by Gurko. Some of his men had said that the enemy would have to pass over their bodies, and Gurko answered, "Much better if you pass over his". He ended by telling them to "fight with their heads".

The conscription controversy in the United Kingdom has arrested more attention in Canada than it de-

serves. The situation has been greatly exaggerated in some of the despatches that have reached this side. The object of these correspondents apparently is to discredit Mr. Asquith and the British working man. The fact remains, however, that voluntaryism, not conscription, has saved the Empire. The number of unmarried men that have not responded to the call is infinitesimally small when compared with the gigantic proportions of the voluntary army that has been raised since the war broke out. A great wrong is done the British working classes by gross exaggerations and misrepresentations of a partizan press that has neither forgiven nor forgotten the social revolution accomplished by the British democracy during the past eight years. Take, for instance, the miners. These men enlisted in such numbers at the beginning of the war that coal production became a serious problem for the Admiralty, and numbers of them were sent back from the trenches to resume their civil occupations. In skilled labour, in the manufacture of munitions, the same thing occurred. Skilled mechanics, more useful in the workshop than in the trenches, were sent home from France to manufacture guns and shells and build ships. When a British Minister like Mr. Lloyd George makes a speech at Glasgow stating that he must have eighty thousand men at once for work in the munitions factories, that victory depends now on working men sticking to their workshops, it is forgotten that this demand for more skilled and unskilled labour in the munitions factories must be met by drawing upon men eligible for military service. A gross injustice has been done to the British workingman by "yellow" journalists, who would rather sacrifice truth than forgo the advantage of sensational headlines. Mr. Lloyd George's speeches are for local consumption. They present an entirely wrong view of the situation when cabled out to Canada in a national

instead of a local setting. It is forgotten that the United Kingdom is an old country which for centuries has had an open door for the stranger. The conditions are totally different in Canada, where immigration laws bar the feeble and unfit. After deducting those engaged in munitions factories, the physically unfit, and those whose family claims are as pressing as those of married men, the number of eligible single men who have not voluntarily responded is comparatively small. Were the Empire relying upon these to obtain victory the plight of the Empire would be bad indeed. Having made a promise that the married men would not be called upon until eligible single men had first responded in sufficient numbers, the Prime Minister is in honour bound to redeem his pledge. The alacrity with which all parties have fallen into line behind Mr. Asquith shows that the opposition was due to causes other than a desire to evade military service. The Labourites made it clear that their objections were based on the scarcity of labour for industrial factories that would follow a compulsory draft of all eligible men. Whatever glory there is in this war—and there does not appear to be much for the high officers in command—the British and Irish workingmen, in the Dardanelles and on the western front, have not been behind any class in the community in their bravery in face of the enemy and in the sacrifices they have cheerfully made for the cause of human liberty.

Canada is asked to contribute another half million men. It is a remarkable testimony to the strength of the Imperial tie, and Sir Sam Hughes will no doubt accomplish the task of equipping and training this large force in time to complete the mastery of the Allied nations in Europe.

Retrenchment and economy, if practised in private and public life, may help Canada to meet the gigan-

tie indebtedness of the war without involving its financial obligations upon posterity. In the United Kingdom waste and extravagance are frowned down in every direction. *The Publishers' Circular* announces in a recent issue that the title will henceforth be printed in black to avoid extra expense. The notice reads: "By request of the Government we are all to observe economy where possible; so, as our red heading is not a necessity, we shall drop it until the star of peace returns with our victorious forces". British newspapers generally have retrenched and some of the weeklies are publishing monthly instead. *The Athenaeum* has become a shilling monthly. It has done splendid service during its eighty-seven years of existence, and many will regret its temporary disappearance as a weekly.

It is a debateable question whether mere absence of expenditure is true economy. The saving of money unaccompanied by its circulation is harmful to the community. In war-time extreme thrift is justified only on the ground that the money so saved is being diverted from personal to public purposes. The ability of Britain to win in this war does not depend wholly on her military strength. It is the side that can put the last million reserves in the field and keep them there that will reap the fruits of enduring peace. Economy and retrenchment, if rightly understood, will carry Britain through.

But what is economy? The Honourable William C. Redfield discusses it as follows:

"Economy is not the absence of spending. A man who is able to spend ten dollars a week on his family for food, and

who does actually spend two dollars a week instead, is not economical, but wasteful. He is wasting the lives of his family and presenting the sure path to doctors' bills.

"The manufacturer who, having money available, lets his factory buildings run down and his machinery get out of repair because he does not want to spend money on either is not economical. He is foolish. He is laying up charges for the future larger than would occur if he kept the plant in proper condition.

"There was a good Irishman once who had a hole in his roof and kept it there, because, as he said, when it rained he could not mend it and when it did not rain it did not need mending. One might consider him witty, but hardly economical.

"If it is true, as some seem pleased to say, that there is a great deal of Government extravagance, it is also true that there is more Government frugality at times than should be. It is not the amount of money appropriated and spent, but the way it is spent which is real economy. We should cease judging any party or Congress by the mere aggregate of expenditures. If one Congress as compared with another has spent ten millions less, it may have done wrong and been wasteful. On the other hand, another Congress may have spent twenty millions more than its predecessor and still have been much more economical. The mere amount tells nothing of economy. The question is how the money was spent and what results were had for the expenditure.

"Economy is spending money wisely. It means spending much when needed, if much is available; spending little when little is needed, and none when none is needed. In other words, for a man to say that he spent one thousand dollars less this year than last and, therefore, saved that much or has been so economical is the merest foolishness. The fact may be that his failure to spend that thousand dollars may involve a much heavier expenditure in the future."

Mr. Redfield rightly distinguishes between frugality and economy. This war, it is to be feared, has been availed of by many to effect savings that cannot be classified as war-time economy.



# The Library Table

## ✕ PIONEER LIFE AMONG THE LOYALISTS

BY W. S. HERRINGTON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of the exhaustive and admirable "History of the County of Lennox and Addington" in this his latest literary work deals with a subject that hitherto has been sadly neglected. The early pioneer life in Canada, particularly in the section now known as Ontario, was full of romance, adventure, and humour of the highest order, and yet we have but few authentic records or interpretations of it. But this attractive book shows us the evolution of the homestead, the development from the log hut to the brick house, and the peculiarities of the common folk of a hundred years ago. Mr. Herrington writes:

"The life of the early settlers was not all work and drudgery. They had their hours of recreation, and what is best of all, they had the happy faculty, in many matters, of making play out of work. This was accomplished by means of 'bees'. There were logging bees, raising bees, stumping bees, and husking bees for the men, while the women had their quilting bees and paring bees. The whole neighbourhood would be invited to these gatherings. It may be that upon the whole they did not accomplish more than could have been done single-handed, except at the raisings, which required many hands to lift the large timbers into place; but work was not the only object in view. Man is a gregarious animal and loves to mingle with his fellow men. The occasions for public meetings of any kind during the first few years were very rare. There were no fairs, concerts, lectures, or other public entertainments, not even a church, school, or political meeting, so, in their wisdom, the early settlers devised

these gatherings for work—and work they did, but, Oh! the joy of it! All the latest news gathered from every quarter was discussed, notes were compared on the progress made in the clearings, the wags and clowns furnished up their latest jokes, and all enjoyed themselves in disposing of the good things brought forth from the corner-cupboard.

"Perhaps some special mention should be made of the logging bee, since it stands out as the only one of these jolly gatherings that was regarded as a necessary evil, particularly by the female members of the family. Perhaps the grimy appearance of the visitors had something to do with the esteem in which they were held at such times. The logging bee followed the burning of the fallow, which consumed the underbrush, the tops and branches of the trees, and left the charred trunks to be disposed of. In handling these, the workers soon became black as negroes; and the nature of the work seemed to demand an extraordinary consumption of whiskey. Anyway, the liquor was consumed; the men frequently became disorderly, and concluded the bee with one or more drunken fights. It was this feature of the logging bees that made them unpopular with the women.

"The afternoon tea now serves its purpose very well, but modern society has yet to discover the equal of the quilting bee as a clearing-house for gossip. To the credit of the fair sex, we should add that they rarely made use of intoxicants; but the old grannies did enjoy a few puffs from a blackened clay pipe after their meals. Both men and women were more or less addicted to the use of snuff.

"Whiskey was plentiful in the good old days, but the drinking of it was not looked upon with such horror, nor attended with such disastrous consequences as in our day. This difference was probably due both to the drink and the drinker. Some people will not admit that any whiskey is bad, while others deny that any can be good; but the whiskey of a hundred years ago does not appear to have had as fierce a serpent in it as the highly-advertised brands of the present day. It possessed one virtue, and that was its

cheapness. When a quart could be purchased for sixpence, a man could hardly be charged with rash extravagance in buying enough whiskey to produce the desired effect. It was considered quite the proper thing to drink upon almost any occasion, and upon the slightest provocation; and, if a member of a company received an overdose and glided under the table, it created no more sensation than if he had fallen asleep. As the population increased, taverns were set up at nearly every crossing of the roads. Some of these, especially the recognized stopping-places of the stage coaches, were quite imposing hostleries; and as the guests gathered about the huge fire-place on a winter's evening and smoked their pipes, drank their toddy, and exchanged their tales of adventure and travel, the scene was one that has no counterpart in our day. It was a form of sociability and entertainment that departed with the passing of the stage coach."

\*

### THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

By JAMES STEPHENS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of "The Crock of Gold", who is a poet as well as a novelist, here gives us in delightful verse form the adventures of one Seumas Beg. This is at least his fourth book of poetry. The others are "Insurrections", "The Hill of Vision", and "Songs from the Clay". There is a charm about all his work that is difficult to define. Being an Irishman, his fancy runs to fairies, goblins, witches, sounds in the wind, the terror of the void, and all the mystery and rhythm of nature. But it is better to give a sample of his work, as copied from the new volume:

#### IN THE ORCHARD

There was a giant by the orchard wall  
Peeping about on this side and on that,  
And feeling in the trees: he was as tall  
As the big apple tree, and twice as fat:  
His beard was long, and bristly-black,  
and there  
Were leaves and bits of grass stuck in  
his hair.

He held a great big club in his right hand,  
And with the other felt in every tree  
For something that he wanted. You could  
stand

Beside him and not reach up to his knee  
So mighty big he was—I feared he would  
Turn round, and trample down to where  
I stood.

I tried to get away, but, as I slid  
Under a bush, he saw me, and he bent  
Far down and said, "Where is the Princess hid?"

I pointed to a place, and off he went—  
But while he searched I turned and simply flew  
Round by the lilac bushes back to you.

\*

### THE QUESTION OF ALCOHOL

By EDWARD HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS, M.D. New York: The Goodhue Company.

THE author of this book, who formerly was associate professor of pathology in the State University of Iowa, sets out to show that some other method than the ordinary one called "Prohibition" must be devised before the consumption of alcohol can be materially decreased. "The crucial test of this," he affirms, "is found in the records of police courts, prisons, asylums, and almshouses. I have recently made an extensive investigation, the results of which are soon to be published, which has fully convinced me that the net effect of prohibitory legislation is to increase the prevalence of crime (including homicide), insanity, and pauperism. Illicit stills spring up in prohibition States; liquor of the worst quality is everywhere dispensed surreptitiously; and the easily-transported drugs, morphine and cocaine, supplement the effect of the bad liquor."

\*

### THE WAYS OF WOMEN

By IDA M. TARBELL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a very human book, worthy of being read by men as well as women. The opinions and ideas it expresses have "grown naturally out of the author's everyday life and observations". They are here combined,

not to solve the woman problem, but in an attempt to "interpret, informally, certain activities and responsibilities of the average normal woman." Miss Tarbell is esteemed for breadth of vision and sane thoughts. It is a relief to have her go below the surface and repudiate snap-shot judgments in regard to woman's present status and probable future development. It is a book of hopeful, cheerful thoughts. It makes an especial plea for the young girl, explains why she, naturally and with good results, acquired the reputation of being "talkative"; advises a practical training in domestic science, that women may bring to the business of life a trained mind; and, best of all, calls the reader's attention to the "young girl's thoughts" and the necessity for making them honest, pure, and healthy. It is a very human book, worthy of careful reading.

\*

#### THE CANADIAN IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRIES

By W. J. A. DONALD. Boston: The Houghton, Mifflin Company.

THIS excellent study of a particular phase of Canada's economical development is one of the Hart, Schaffner, and Marx series of prize essays in economics. Although the author believes that the iron and steel industries would have developed in Canada from small beginnings, without Government aid, he shows nevertheless how they have been built up by means of tariffs and bounties. It should not be inferred, however, that these methods of assistance are condemned. They are analyzed and considered in so exhaustive a way that the reader leaves the book feeling that he derived an intimate knowledge of the economics of a great country. Dr. Donald, the author, is connected with McMaster University, Toronto.

In the same series there is another volume—"The Means and Methods of Agricultural Education"—by a Canadian, Albert H. Leake, inspector of

manual training and household science in Ontario. The book deals with such subjects as the education of country children along agricultural and home-making lines, the training of the adult farmer in methods of soil cultivation and farm management according to scientific principles, the condition of the farm home and causes of drifting to the cities, and the development of sound business methods in all farming operations.

\*

#### PRINCIPLES OF ARGUMENT

By EDWIN BELL. Toronto: The Canada Law Book Company.

WHILE this book should appeal to all thoughtful laymen, one can scarcely imagine a lawyer who would not want to read it. A great many books have been written about logic, but this one discusses and propounds in an illuminative way the peculiar kind of logic that must be the basis of all good argument. In other words, indeed in the words of the author, the book aims to "facilitate the processes of thinking which are subservient to argumentation; to enable students readily to detect and expose fallacies; to simplify logical theory, and make it available for practical application in making and attacking arguments". It would make an excellent text-book, besides being of much service to the practising lawyer, and as well a guide to journalists and others who engage in the practice of argumentation. The style is concise, lucid, and not weakened by ornamentation.

\*

#### THE WAR AND THE JEW

By THE REV. S. B. ROHOLD, with an introduction by Prof. T. B. Kilpatrick. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE two outstanding claims made in this book for the Jews are that they are among the trusted servants of all the powers now engaged in

war, that they are loyal to the countries of their nativity, and that they are to be found, by the thousands, fighting in the armies of the various nationalities. Owing to this fact, men of the Jewish race are confronting one another as enemies on the battlefield. Then there are the terrible conditions under which Jews have lived in Russia. The book deals with these various Jewish problems in a broad yet sympathetic manner.

\*

### LAURENTIAN LYRICS

BY ARTHUR S. BOURNOT. Toronto:  
The Copp, Clark Company.

**T**HIS is a small brochure of poems, some of which have appeared previously in *The University Magazine*, *The Canadian Magazine*, and other publications. They display a fine sense of colour and a keen appreciation of poetical values. The following verses, written "To the Memory of Rupert Brooke," the superb English poet who died in service at the Dardanelles, are a sample of the work:

He loved to live his life with laughing lips,  
And ever with gold sunlight on his eyes,  
To dream on flowered uplands as they rise,  
O'er which the moon like burnished metal slips;  
To hear the gypsy song in sails of ships,  
And wander o'er the waves 'neath azure skies,

Seeing the splendour of tired day which  
dies  
And into lone oblivion slowly dips.

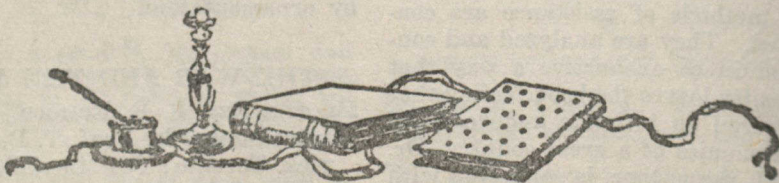
But suddenly his country clashed in arms,  
And peace was crushed and trampled like  
pale bloom,  
Beneath the careless feet of man and  
beast—  
The world was turmoil, stirred from west  
to east,  
And song and gladness had no longer  
room,  
For drum and bugle called with loud  
alarms.

\*

### THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY

BY WILLIAM FREDERIC BADE. New  
York: The Houghton, Mifflin Com-  
pany.

**W**HAT shall we do with the Old Testament? This is a question that confronts many men and women to-day. We cannot say that Professor Badé answers the question conclusively, but the book at least attempts to solve as untechnically as possible the difficulties of those to whom the Old Testament is still a valuable part of the Bible, but who find it "an indigestible element in the Biblical rationale of their beliefs". He admits that in his own case a frank evaluation of the morals of the Old Testament in the light of historical criticism has proved to be the only effective solvent. The book is a scholarly study of Old Testament history and literature and of Jewish ideals and practices.







#### A PASSPORT

The Archbishop of Canterbury was to officiate at an important service in London. The main entrance to the Abbey was opened, and a great space roped off so that the dignitaries might alight from their equipages unmolested. When a dusty four-wheeler crossed the square, driven by a fat, red-faced cabby, bobbies rushed out to head him off.

"Get out of 'ere," one of them called briskly. "This entrance is reserved for the Archbishop."

With a wink and a backward jerk of his thumb the irrepressible cabby replied cheerfully:

"I 'ave the old duffer inside."—*Christian Register.*

\*

#### PROWESS

Apropos of the Russian officer who, according to yesterday's official *communiqué*, "received in a very short space of time ten thousand bombs on his front," there was a report of the battle of Santiago, published by an American paper, in which it was stated that "Admiral Sampson had a very narrow escape. He was hit on the brow by a six-inch shell, which bounded off."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

#### ILL-TIMED HOWL

The fare at a certain boarding-house was very poor. A boarder who had been there for some time, because he could not get away, was standing in the hall when the landlord rang the dinner-bell. Whereupon an old dog that was lying outside on a rug commenced to howl mournfully.

The boarder watched him a little while and then said:

"What on earth are you howling for? You don't have to eat it!"—*Tit-Bits.*



Unprepared

—*The Columbia Dispatch*

SCOTCH THRIFT  
(From the Argonaut)

An Englishman, Irishman and Scotchman made an agreement among themselves that whoever died first should have five pounds placed on his coffin by each of the others. The Irishman was the first to die. Shortly afterward the Scotchman met the Englishman and asked him "if he had fulfilled the agreement. "Yes," said the Englishman, "I put on five sovereigns. What did you put on?" "Oh, I just wrote my cheque for ten pounds," said the Scotchman, "an' took your five sovereigns as change."

\*

## A NEW ATTACK

"Excuse me, sir," said the panhandler, shuffling up to Dubbleigh's side, "but you couldn't let me have fifteen dollars, could you?"

"Fifteen dollars?" echoed Dubbleigh, "Great Scott, man; do you for one moment suppose I'd be fool enough to give you fifteen dollars?"

"No, chief—I didn't," said the panhandler, "but I sort o' hoped you'd regard it as a kind of personal assessment and swear off fourteen-ninety, leavin' me with a dime to the good!"

He got it.—*Chicago Herald.*

\*

## NOT BACKWARD

Country School-Teacher: "You notice that boy who stands at the foot of his class? Well, last summer he was the brightest boy in school."

Committeeman: "He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove."—*Puck.*

## SOME HERO

"This is one of my ancestors," she said, pausing before a portrait. "He fell at Waterloo. Have you any ancestors?"

He suddenly remembered an uncle who had sole charge of the front of a cinema show, and murmured, "Er—yes, one."

"Did he fall anywhere?"

"Not exactly; but I remember being told how, clothed in full uniform, but unarmed save for a light cane, he stood before an Eastern palace and kept a howling, surging mob at bay single-handed."

"Really! How splendid!"

"Oh, he thought nothing of it. Did it every night for years."—*Tit-Bits.*

\*

## LESS THAN HUMAN

Tom, the country six-year-old, presenting himself one day in even more than his usual state of dust and disorder, was asked by his mother if he would not like to be a little city boy, and always be nice and clean in white suits and shoes and stockings. Tom answered scornfully: "They're not children; they're pets."—*Harper's Monthly.*

\*

## IMPECUNIOUS

Mrs. Newriche: "I believe our next-door neighbours on the right are as poor as church mice, Hiram."

Mr. Newriche: "What makes you think so?"

Mrs. Newriche: "Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano-players; the daughter is taking lessons by hand."—*Puck.*



How the Count Invented the Zeppelin

—Le Rire (Paris)

# WHAT IS AUTO-INTOXICATION—AND HOW TO PREVENT IT

BY C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest—

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow—

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Languor, Headache, Insomania, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostration, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Ekin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon, caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in

the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dormant sensation which biliousness creates? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication way above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them—

But they are at best only partially effective and temporary in their results, and if persisted in soon cease to be effective at all. Their effect is, at best, the forcing of the system to throw off a noxious element, and they therefore "jolt" nature instead of assisting her.

There is, however, a method of eliminating this waste, which has been perfected recently after many years of practice and study, which might be aptly termed a nature remedy. This is the cleansing of the colon its entire length, at reasonable periods, by means of an internal bath, in which simple warm water and a harmless antiseptic are used.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that it is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is

called, nothing but a bath, scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths, and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

The physician who has been responsible for this perfected method of Internal Bathing was himself an invalid twenty-five years ago. Medicine had failed and he tried the old-fashioned Internal Bath. It benefited him, but was only partially effective. Encouraged by this progress, however, he improved the manner of administering it, and as this improved so did his health.

Hence, for twenty-five years he has made this his life's study and practice until to-day this long experience is represented in the "J. B. L. Cascade." During all these years of specializing, as may be readily appreciated, most interesting and valuable knowledge was gleaned, and this practical knowledge is all summed up in a most interesting way, and will be sent to you on request, without cost or other obligation, if you will simply address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 536, 257 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Canadian Magazine.

The inclination of this age is to keep as far away from medicine as possible, and still keep healthy and capable. Physicians agree that 95 per cent. of human ailments is caused by Auto-Intoxication.

These two facts should be sufficient to incline everyone to at least write for this little book and read what is has to say on he subject.

---

## NORMAL SIGHT NOW POSSIBLE WITHOUT EYE-GLASSES

Because your eyes are in any way affected, it no longer means that you must look forward to wearing glasses for the balance of your life.

For it has been conclusively proven that eye-weaknesses are primarily caused by a lack of blood circulation in the eye, and when the normal circulation is restored, the eye rapidly regains its accustomed strength and clearness of vision.

The most eminent eye specialists are agreed that even in so serious a condition as cataract of the eye, an increase in blood circulation is most beneficial.

It is now possible to safely give the eyes just the massage (or exercise) which they need, to bring them back to a normal, healthy condition of natural strength, and this method has been successful in restoring normal eyesight to thousands and making them absolutely independent of eye-glasses.

It does not matter what the trouble with

your eyes may be; for old-sight, far-sight, near-sight, astigmatism, and even more serious eye troubles, have yielded to this gentle massage, which is extremely simple, entirely safe, and takes but a few minutes of each day.

If you will write to the Ideal Massour Co., Room 537, 257 College St., Toronto, you will receive free on request a very enlightening booklet on "The Eyes, Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which is a scientific treatise on the eyes, and gives full details about this Nature treatment and its results. All you need do is to ask for the book and mention having read this in Canadian Magazine.

There are few people who consider that eye-glasses add to their appearance, surely they add to no one's comfort, and if you prefer not to wear them, this free book will inform you how many others have accomplished this result safely, successfully and permanently.

# Dollars saved by Bovril

Bovril used in the Kitchen means dollars saved in the Bank.

It makes nourishing hot dishes out of cold food which would not otherwise be eaten. But see that you get the real thing. If it is not in the Bovril bottle it is not Bovril. And it *must* be Bovril.

S. H. B.



## THE Ingersoll TRIO

MADE IN CANADA

*Delicious and Appetizing*

### Ingersoll Pimento Cheese

Consists of Ingersoll Cream Cheese and sweet Spanish Pimentos. Very appetizing. In packages 10c. and 15c.

*Ask Your Grocer*

### Ingersoll Cream Cheese

—is superior to any ordinary cheese—in flavor—in rich creaminess—in nutritive properties. It spreads like butter, never loses its freshness and is highly economical. In packages 15c. and 25c.

### Ingersoll Green Chile Cheese

Ingersoll Cream Cheese blended with California Chile. Piquant and delicious. In packages 15c.

07

“Spreads like Butter” The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd. Ingersoll, Ont.

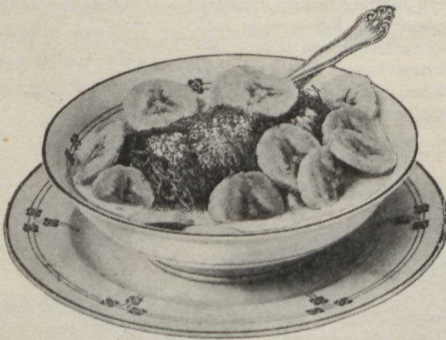


# Have You a Boy Problem?



The best boy ever born is a serious problem. The brighter the boy the greater the problem. And you can't solve it by arithmetic, algebra or geometry. It is largely a question of food, hygiene and exercise. The food problem is easily solved with

## Shredded Wheat



the most perfect ration ever devised for growing boys and girls. It contains in proper proportion all the elements for building muscle, bone and brain and in their most digestible form. The crispness of the shreds encourages thorough chewing which develops sound teeth and healthy gums.

For breakfast heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; pour hot or cold milk over them, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. A warm, nourishing meal to study on, to play on, to grow on.

**THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.**

Toronto Office; 49 WELLINGTON STREET EAST



## Wasted Energy

There's a big difference between the well-directed energy of natural nerve force and a "nerve explosion." The man with poise and reserve energy, who expends his nerve power wisely, enjoys life and gets furthest.

The common habit of tea or coffee drinking tends, not only to irritate and upset the nervous system, but also to undermine general health.

Tea and coffee drinkers take into the system a cumulative drug with its resulting harmful effects upon body, nerves and brain.

When the nerves of a tea or coffee drinker cry out, it's time to quit both tea and coffee and use

# POSTUM

(Made in  
Canada)

This pure food-drink is absolutely free from the drug, caffeine, or any other harmful ingredient.

Ten days off tea and coffee and on Postum shows one way to conserve energy and be rid of both tea and coffee troubles.

**"There's a Reason"**

# The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



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

*Look for it on every blade.*

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

## Clark's Pork and Beans



Plain Sauce    Chili Sauce    Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.


Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited

Montreal





# 125 Million Food Cells In that Grain of Wheat

Many sorts of food cells—about all we need.

But some valuable elements which we can't do without lie mostly in the outer coats.

That's why food experts advocate whole wheat.

Those food cells must be broken to digest.

That's why wheat is cooked or baked. And, to break more cells, you toast it.

But toasting, even, hardly breaks up half.

## Now We Explode Them

That's the fault which Prof. A. P. Anderson corrected by steam-exploding wheat.

Each food cell, he found, holds a trifle of moisture. So he puts the wheat kernels in guns. Then revolves those guns for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. That converts all the moisture to steam.

The guns are then shot, and the steam explodes. Each food cell is blasted from within. Thus every element in every coat of the grain is fitted for easy, complete digestion.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat. But, more than that, it is whole wheat made wholly available. That was never done before.

Puffed Wheat	Except	12c
	in	
Puffed Rice	Far	15c
	West	

Puffed grains derive from the fearful heat a most fascinating taste. The puffing makes them bubbles, eight times normal size. The walls become thin and fragile, ready to melt in the mouth.

The grains are flaky bonbons—food

confections—seemingly too dainty to be eaten by the bowlful. But they are only grain.

Serve them as your morning cereals. Serve them in your bowls of milk. Mix them with your fruit.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask.



©-1

# ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY

---is the Ideal Food for Baby.

The large majority of the illness attending the early life of a child are due to under-nourishment, the result of improper feeding. Baby may apparently have a good appetite but the food it takes fails to nourish, and baby is peevish, cries constantly, is irritable, etc.

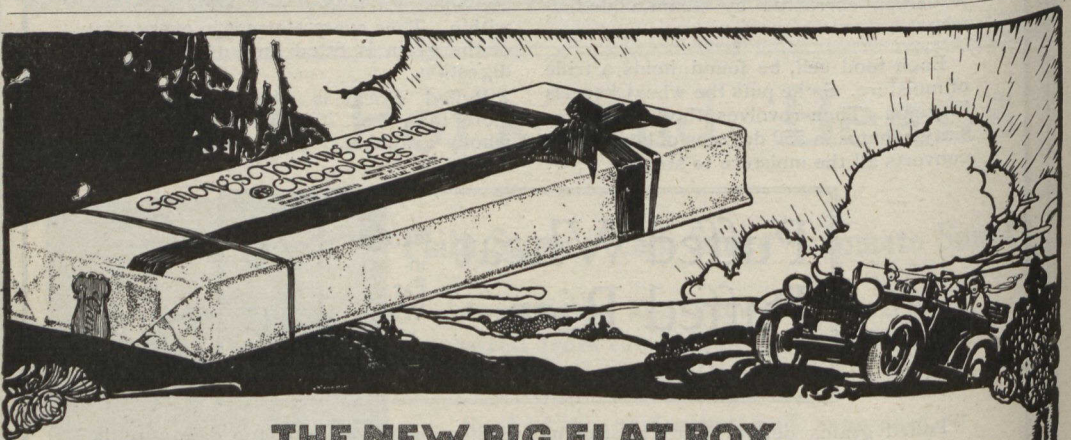
Robinson's "Patent" Barley is the ideal food for baby. It will be digested and assimilated when no other food can be retained, and is wonderfully nourishing. It is recommended by leading doctors and nurses everywhere.

Every mother should have a copy of "Advice to Mothers"; write for it today.

Magor, Son & Co., Limited,

Sole Agents for  
Canada

191 St. Paul Street West, MONTREAL  
30 Church Street, TORONTO



THE NEW BIG FLAT BOX

## Ganong's Touring Special

An Assortment of Chocolate Covered—Brazil Nuts, Burnt Almonds,  
Nougatines, Milk Chocolates, Almontinos and Maple Walnuts

Ganong's  Chocolates

# KNOX

## SPARKLING GELATINE

(*Granulated*)

Where can you find so attractive and tempting a dessert as this Snow Pudding made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine?

Recipes for this and other dishes in every package, or send for our new

**1916 Recipe Book FREE**

for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHAS. B. KNOX CO., INC.  
Dept. A 180 St. Paul St., West  
Montreal, Canada



BUY  
MADE-IN-CANADA  
CORSETS



NON  
RUSTABLE

**D & A**

CORSETS

Did you contribute to the \$700,000.00 sent from Canada in 1913 to corset makers in the United States and to the \$245,000.00 paid in customs on them?

1-15

Keen Canadian Shoppers have for years bought the "D & A" and the "La Diva" Corsets in preference to the Imported, because they are better value. Justify our statement by comparing "D & A" and the "La Diva" against foreign makes. It's only a few old style prejudiced firms who do not sell these Made-in-Canada Corsets.

No 609

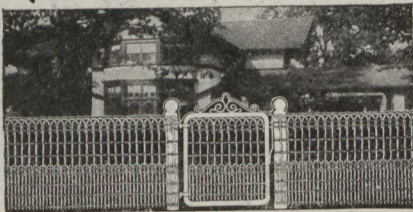
## PEERLESS LAWN FENCING

### Enhances Property Values

A BEAUTIFUL lawn fence gives any piece of property that symmetrical, pleasing, orderly appearance that not only affords its owner a keen sense of pleasure and satisfaction while occupying the premises, but when offered for sale, it brings a better price. It's an investment—not an expense.

#### Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless Ornamental Fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.



Send for free catalog. If interested, ask about our farm and poultry fencing. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.  
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.



Mailed FREE to any address by the author.

### Book on DOG DISEASES

and How to Feed

H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S.  
118 W. 31st Street N.Y. U.S.A.

**MAGIC**  
Let us send you two clever card tricks—puzzling to your audience, yet easy to do. Also booklets illustrating



**TRICKS**  
numerous Magic and Card Tricks. 10¢ All For  
We have a selected number of new Card Tricks Sent for \$1.00 postpaid  
13N. 13th St. Phila., Pa.

THE MAGIC SHOP

# VICKERMAN'S

## Flying Colors

The ship that hides its identity is looked upon with suspicion. Its nationality must be declared by colors flown from the masthead. To the passengers on board ship, too, the flag under which they sail means much, for behind it stands the protection of the nation to which it belongs. It inspires confidence and assurance of a safe passage.

When you order a suit of clothes do you ask to be shown the flag (the Trade Mark) under which the cloth sails? Those who have worn VICKERMAN'S cloths do this because they know that the Trade Mark



is a guarantee of satisfaction.

For a century and a quarter VICKERMAN'S cloths have been the best, and in spite of the difficulty in securing dye wares their Blues and Blacks are being sold to-day "Wear and color Guaranteed."

**The VICKERMAN Trade Mark inspires confidence. The cloth to which it is attached will not disappoint.**

**NISBET & AULD, Limited, TORONTO**

Canadian Selling Agents

**BLUE                      BLACK                      GREY**  
**SERGES      AND      CHEVIOTS**

Canadian  
Made

# Telephones



Presto-Phone Desk Telephone

**W**E make Telephone Equipment for any Service, and we make it for any person at a reasonable price, and without any conditions attached except that if it does not work satisfactorily we will replace it. **6102**

Why not support the manufacturers who invested their money in the telephone business and made service better, telephone equipment lower in price and made it possible for you or anyone else to buy telephones if you wanted to use them.

**Telephones for the Home, the Factory, the Rural System or the Town and City.**



Best Bridging Telephone Made

We can take care of your wants. Information will be supplied promptly.

No 3 Bulletin tells how to build rural systems. No. 4 Bulletin describes the telephones for such systems.

No. 5 Bulletin illustrates the Presto-Phone, the latest and best system for private service.

Write us for Telephone information.

**Canadian Independent Telephone Co.,**

LIMITED

263 Adelaide Street West

Toronto, Ont.

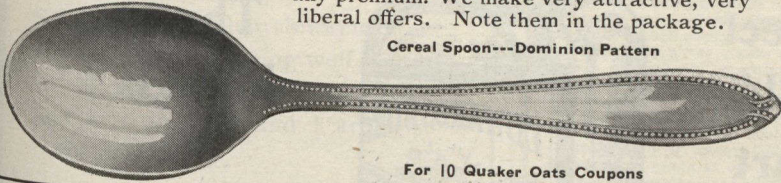
## QUAKER OATS PREMIUMS



We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.

Silver Plate  
Jewelry  
Aluminum



Cereal Spoon---Dominion Pattern

For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons



## Vim for a Week In That Package

### Power for a Thousand Tasks

Think what intensive driving power is concentrated in the oat.

A large package of Quaker Oats contains almost enough energy to supply a human machine for a week.

To do all the work of a week. Or to start every day in a month, for one person, with vim-food in abundance. The oat is a food for high spirits. It is for those who seek bubbling vitality.

For those who would "feel their oats." That is why we urge you to make oat-food inviting. This dish, above all others, should always be served at its best.

# Quaker Oats

*The Delightful Energizer*

To some oats Nature gives a fascinating flavor. With some oats she omits it.

Some oats are rich and plump. Some are starved and puny.

In Quaker Oats we never mix those grades. All but queen grains are discarded in making this brand—all but ten pounds per bushel.

That's why these flakes are always large and luscious. That's the reason for their flavor and aroma.

You get the cream of the oats—the cream only—when you ask for Quaker Oats. And you pay no extra price to get it.

Please remember that.

Regular Package, 10c

Except in Far West

Large Round Package, 25c

Peterborough, Ont.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Saskatoon, Sask.

### NEW ROUND 25c PACKAGE

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 30c package with china. Also our 10c package.

[1196]

“Perfect  
Seal”  
Quart  
Jar.



Three  
Pounds  
of  
Syrup.

## In 3 pound Glass Jars

Your grocer has “Crown Brand” Syrup in these new glass jars—or will get it for you. And be sure and save these jars for preserving. “Crown Brand” is also sold in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

143

**THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.**



**MADE IN CANADA**

Write TO-DAY for illustrated Book-let “A” describing the various styles and sizes of “Elite” and “Peerless” Folding Tables. It’s FREE.

### BEHIND THE DOOR

ALWAYS ready when you want it—  
for cards—luncheon—sewing—  
writing. New uses are found daily for  
the light, strong, compact



**ELITE**  
FOLDING TABLE

Everyone who sees one, wants one. The finest thing ever invented for apartments and small houses. Never in the way. Costs but a trifle, and yet you would not part with it for love or money if you couldn’t get another. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

**HOUD & COMPANY, LIMITED**  
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers.  
London, Ontario



"My baby was so sick that both she and I were almost dead—my mother prevailed on me to use your—

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

She had raised her children on it. My baby is now doing well, sleeps as sound as anyone, is cutting her teeth and she and I are both comfortable.

MRS. LUELLA KELLIHER,  
Woodland, California.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For Children Teething**

SOLD EVERYWHERE



We want every business man and every stenographer to know how notably superior MultiKopy is to other kinds of carbon paper.

MultiKopy gives copies of *permanently lasting legibility*. There's no "guessing" about MultiKopy copies. 5-10-20 years will find them still clear, sharp and legible.

Often MultiKopy gives copies which rival the originals. In black or blue, MultiKopy *never* fades.

MultiKopy is unequalled for manifolding—20 copies often being made at one writing. MultiKopy is easily the most economical of all carbon papers.

Write us on your letterhead and we will gladly send you a Sample Sheet FREE.

TRADE MARK  
**MULTIKOPY**  
Carbon Paper

Canadian Distributors:  
UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., 135 Victoria St., Toronto, Can.  
F. S. WEBSTER CO., 363 Congress St. BOSTON, Mass.  
*Makers of the famous STAR BRAND Typewriter Ribbons*

**GOLD EDGES 50¢ PLAYING CARDS CLUB INDEXES 25¢**  
**CONGRESS BICYCLE**



SELLING AGENTS IN CANADA

**For Social Play**

Dainty, beautiful art backs in full color. Many new designs. Send for sample folder.

Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

**HOYLE UP-TO-DATE THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES**

SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS

ISSUED YEARLY

MADE IN CANADA  
**For General Play**

Millions of players in all parts of the world use Bicycle Cards because of their matchless qualities.

Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

**THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., TORONTO, CANADA**

**DRAWING FOR MONEY**



Are you fond of Drawing? Fondness means talent. Turn your talent into money-earning channels by learning how to illustrate.

A few months of your spare time will fit you for this profitable work.

Our courses were prepared by 6 of the ablest Artists on the continent.

We have successful graduates everywhere. One of our recent graduates in Fashion Drawing was placed in an excellent position at a good salary.

We can do the same for you—fill in name and address—cut out this Ad. and mail today.

Name.....

Address.....

**SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
393 YONGE ST., TORONTO.**

**STAMMERING**

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature.

**THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE  
BERLIN, - CANADA**

**WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE  
TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic

Tubes. 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

# The Washing done before the day's begun

The washing is done and out on the line before the day gets started. *The Maxwell "Home" Washer* saves such a lot of time. Just 10 minutes for a big tubful of clothes. Washing and cleaning thoroughly. No rubbing and scrubbing. The Maxwell does all the hard work. *You'll* feel fresh and bright—ready for ironing the same day.

## Maxwell

### "HOME WASHER"

Makes wash days easy. **Insist on seeing the Maxwell "Home" Washer at your dealers.**



Write to-day and we will send you free this interesting booklet "If John had to do the washing."

**MAXWELLS LIMITED,  
Dept. G., St. Mary's, Ont.**



## LITTLE THINGS COUNT

Even in a match, you should consider the "little things"—the wood, the composition, the "strikeability", the flame

# Eddy's Matches

are made of strong, dry pine stems, with a secret, perfected composition that guarantees "every match a lighter". Sixty-five years of knowing how—that's the reason!

All EDDY products are dependable---Always



# OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe  
smokers, than any other  
tobacco smoked  
in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES  
"OLD CHUM"

**"P. & W.  
Co."**

**SMALL TOOLS**

**PRECISION  
QUALITY  
DELIVERY  
GUARANTEED**

**IF YOUR JOBBER CAN'T SUPPLY YOU  
WRITE US DIRECT**

**Pratt & Whitney Company  
of Canada, Limited**

**DUNDAS, ONTARIO, CANADA**

**MONTREAL**

**VANCOUVER**

**723 Drummond Bldg. 609 Bank of Ottawa Bldg.**

**WINNIPEG**

**1205 McArthur Bldg.**



HOT WATER



STEAM



STOVE



KELSEY WARM AIR

## THE TEST

of your furnace is now when the weather is cold.

Is your house warm? Can you regulate the heating of it? One of the most necessary functions of the furnace is to keep the house at the same even temperature all the time—on cold days and mild days.

# The Kelsey Warm Air Generator

will keep your house at the same even temperature every day of the winter months and will give less trouble than any furnace made, besides cutting down your coal bill 30%.

Now is the time when your furnace is being put to the test to decide whether or not it is satisfactory.

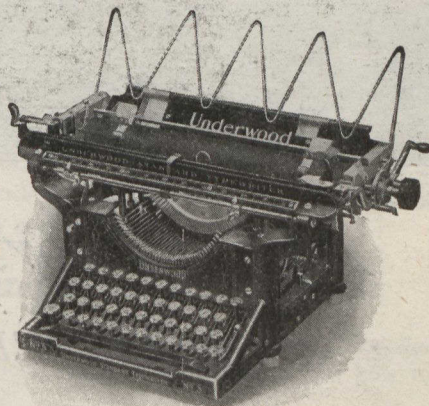
If your furnace is not giving entire satisfaction, we would be pleased to have you consult us. Our Service Department is at your service.

A postal card will bring our booklet describing the Kelsey System.

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited  
BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO.

## THE Underwood Typewriter

has won the highest award for mechanical excellence at all the International Expositions (including the Panama-Pacific.) It has won also, all world's championship contests for speed and accuracy. The present record of 136 net words a minute for one hour's writing was made on the Underwood in October, 1915.



United Typewriter Company, Limited

Underwood Building

135 Victoria Street, Toronto



*All out-doors  
invites your Kodak.*

No trip too long, no conditions too rough for a Kodak outfit.

You can take, title and finish the negatives on the spot by the Kodak system. You can make sure.

*Kodak catalog free at your dealer's, or by mail.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.



## WELL-KEPT RECORDS

MEANS A FREE MIND FOR BUSINESS

It is better to have each business record in your office in an Office Specialty File in classified order, where they can be located the moment they are required, than to allow uncertain, loose and find methods to prevail, because of the lack of devices that will keep them in business-like order.

Get an "OSCO" File in the interest of your business

We make and sell through our own System Stores, Filing Equipment and Supplies to file and record every kind of business information. And more, we show you how to keep your records RIGHT.

Let us put you right in Filing Systems.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS  
**OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
 LIMITED  
 AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD  
 CANADA

*Largest Makers of Filing Devices in the British Empire*

Head Office and Factories: - - - NEWMARKET, Ont.

OUR OWN FILING EQUIPMENT STORES:

Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver



# CANADA

## Put Your Hand To The Plow!

Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watch-word of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

**W. D. SCOTT, Esq., Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.**

or

**J. OBED SMITH, Esq., Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,  
11-13 Charing Cross, London, S.W., England.**





There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as **Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.**

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

*Ask your Grocer for*

**Fearman's Star Brand**

Made by

**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,  
Hamilton.**

**A TOILET TREASURE**

**Murray & Lanman's  
FLORIDA  
WATER**



Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

**I**N the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful: after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!

The  
**Original**  
and  
only  
**Genuine**



Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**

# Pimples Go Quick, Sure

**Stuart's Calcium Wafers—Quickest Blood Purifier and Skin Beautifier Ever Known.**

### TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

Thousands of people throughout the country owe the beauty and attractiveness of their complexions to Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Why not gain for yourself the blessing these have obtained?

Skin disorders—except those caused by parasites—are also blood disorders. Purify the blood, and at the same time you drive out the pimples. Calcium sulphide, the chief constituent of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, is the greatest of blood purifiers, and is recommended by all physicians. It converts the poisons in the blood into gases that the pores can easily eliminate. Stuart's Calcium Wafers will cure the most acute case of pimples, brash, blackheads and liver-spots in three or four days.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain nothing harmful to the system. You will never know how glorious it is to live until you have a pure, vigorous, abundant blood supply coursing through your veins. There are not only good looks, but health and happiness in every box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are convenient to carry and pleasant to take. Get a 50c box of your druggist. Mail coupon below for free trial package.

### FREE TRIAL COUPON

**F. A. STUART CO., 318 Stuart Bldg., MARSHALL, Mich.** Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name .....

Street .....

City.....Prov.....



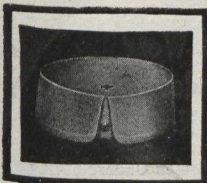
## GENUINE DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. Terms 20% down, \$1, \$2 or \$3 weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality.

**Write to-day for catalogue, it is free.**

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection, at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly.

**JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers,**  
Dept. E, 15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Canada.



### CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Waterproof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

**THE ARLINGTON CO.**  
of Canada, Ltd.

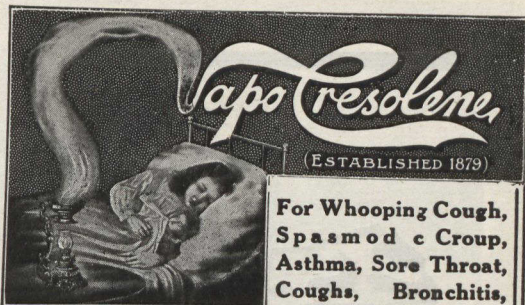
58 FRAZER AVENUE  
TORONTO



## PLAYS

Large List of New Professional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Stage Monologues, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Musical Pieces, Recitations, Dialogues, Make-up Goods, etc. Catalog free.

**T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 83 - - Chicago.**



(ESTABLISHED 1879)

**For Whooping Cough,  
Spasmodic Croup,  
Asthma, Sore Throat,  
Coughs, Bronchitis,  
Colds, Catarrh.**

*"Used while you sleep"*

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

### For Sale by all Druggists.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

**The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,**  
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

# The Light Beer in the Light Bottle



# O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager

Purest and Best *"Made in Canada"*

403



# SEAL BRAND COFFEE

## Irresistible!

In  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1 and 2 pound cans.  
Whole—ground—pulverized—  
also Fine Ground for Percolators.

**CHASE & SANBORN,**  
MONTREAL.

165

# CEETEE UNDERWEAR

Don't Wear  
Heavy Underwear—  
it is Not Necessary

Get Good, Pure Woolen Underclothing  
of Lighter Weight

“CEETEE”  
UNDERCLOTHING

All Pure Wool—Guaranteed  
Unshrinkable  
Means Economy plus Comfort

Light weight is one of the many  
reasons for the popularity of  
“CEETEE” Underclothing.

A “CEETEE” garment will keep  
you warmer and more comfortable  
than a coarser though much heavier  
garment.

It is knitted on spec a machines,  
the only machines of the kind in  
Canada.

It is knitted from the finest, purest  
and longest wool obtainable, (Aus-  
tralian Merino).

It is “economy” to buy “CEETEE.”  
Better to spend \$5.00 once than  
\$3.50 twice.

Worn by the Best People—Sold by the  
Best Dealers

In all sizes, for Men, Women and Children  
Made in Canada from all British Material by

**The C. TURNBULL CO.**  
of Galt, Limited  
GALT, ONTARIO

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP  
ON EVERY GARMENT





A famous Boston jewelry store of over half a century ago.

*"That's the make of silver-plate that we received when we were married, and we still have some that was mother's"*

*Continental Pattern*

**A**t the best stores you will be offered to-day as the leading brand of silver-plate the same make that merchants of fifty years and more ago recommended to their customers.

It is quite the proper thing to start housekeeping with **1847 ROGERS BROS.** "Silver Plate that Wears". Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

At leading dealers. Send for illustrated Catalogue "F-23"

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited**

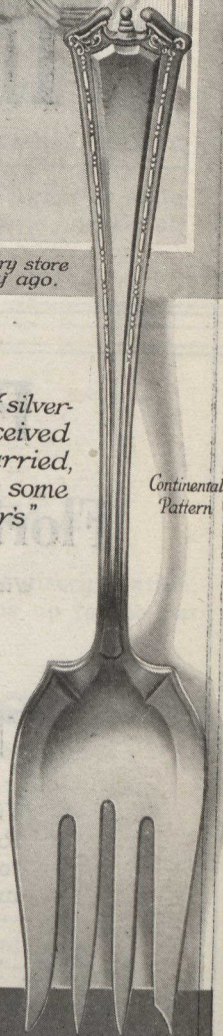
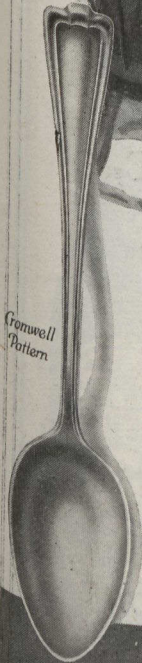
MERIDEN, CONN. HAMILTON, CANADA  
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

**1847 ROGERS BROS.**

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

*Gronwell Pattern*





The  
DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE

Service  
Safety  
Speed

Comfort  
Courtesy  
Convenience

# WINTER TOURS

TO

## CALIFORNIA

AND ALL

### Pacific Coast Points

Florida, Texas, New Orleans, etc.

Winter Tour Tickets now on Sale. Stop-over privilege allowed.

---

## The NEW WAY WEST

Via the Transcontinental and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway affords new scenery, new interests. Write to any agent of the Company for advertising matter, rates and all particulars.

**G. T. BELL**  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
Montreal

**W. S. COOKSON**  
General Passenger Agent  
Montreal

# CANADIAN NORTHERN

Coast to Coast Service

## Toronto to Vancouver

Via PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM, SASKATOON AND EDMONTON

Connections at Winnipeg Union Station for Calgary Prince  
Albert, Regina, Brandon,

and all important points in Western Canada and the Pacific Coast.

**LEAVE TORONTO 10.45 P.M.**

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday

ALL MODERN EQUIPMENT

RELIABLE EXPRESS SERVICE

Through tickets to all points, and berth reservations from Local Agent or write to General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. East, Toronto, Ontario, or Union Station, Winnipeg, Manitoba.



"MADE IN CANADA"

THE BEVERAGE  
of a GENTLEMAN

You cannot help feeling that it is a mark of discrimination, judgment and good taste when a gentleman steps up to the bar and orders a glass of

**COSGRAVE'S**  
(Mild Chill-Proof)  
**PALE ALE**

In pint and quart bottles everywhere.

As light as Lager,  
but better for you.

For over half a century, the Cosgrave Label has meant the best in hop and malt beverages.

(2-U)

## "JULIAN SALE"

The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

# WARDROBE TRUNKS



By the time you are reading this many people will be arranging for the after-Holiday trip to Bermuda, Florida, or San Francisco, to avoid the rigors of a Canadian winter, and a part of the luxury of the journey will be the convenience and comfort in which you travel. A good introduction to it will be in having the right travelling requisites, and amongst these the wardrobe trunk would seem to be almost an

indispensable. And we have a right to claim for the wardrobe trunks we sell that they are the best on the market today in points of appointments, capacity, convenience, strength and appearance, and we would like to have you write us for a copy of the special Wardrobe Trunk Booklet, telling about them.

The 'Rite-hite' Wardrobe Trunks . . . . \$33.00 to \$75.00

The 'Berth-high' Steamer Wardrobe Trunks, \$30.00 to \$50.00

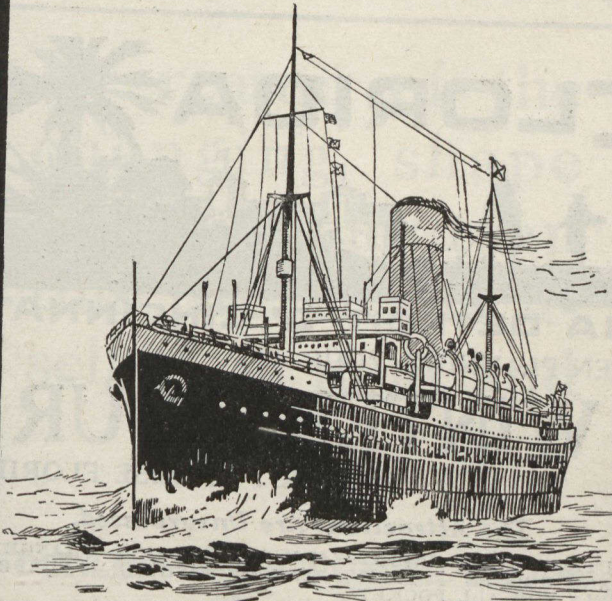
**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.**

105 King Street West, Toronto



# R·M·S·P

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS TO



# WEST INDIES

FROM ST JOHN, N.B. & HALIFAX, N.S.

APPLY TO

**THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO**

OR PICKFORD & BLACK, L<sup>D</sup>. HALIFAX, N.S.

57-9 Granville Street, - Halifax, N. S.

*Our new booklet*

**"Winter in the West Indies"**

*is interesting. Send for it.*



VIA DETROIT & CINCINNATI  
WHEN PLANNING YOUR

## WINTER TOUR

WHY NOT CHOOSE FLORIDA?

*The Attractions Are Unsurpassed.*

BEAUTIFUL PALM TREES—WARM SEA BATHING—ORANGE AND BANANA GROVES — GOLF — TARPON FISHING — LUXURIOUS HOTELS FOR ALL POCKETS.

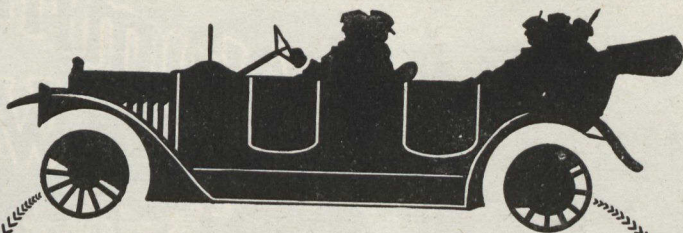
**TWO NIGHTS ONLY FROM TORONTO.  
WINTER TOURIST TICKETS NOW ON SALE.**

FAST TRAINS FROM TORONTO DAILY VIA

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

Making Direct Connection at Detroit.

PARTICULARS FROM CANADIAN PACIFIC TICKET AGENTS OR  
WRITE M. G. MURPHY, D.P.A., TORONTO.



By reason of the  
changing shape  
when in motion  
this tire cleans it-  
self of all mud and  
slime.

**DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS  
CO., Limited**

Head Office - - TORONTO  
Branches in Leading Cities

Makers of Tires for Automobiles, Motor  
Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Carri-  
ages, Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose,  
Heels, Mats, Tiling, and General  
Rubber Specialties.

T102B



# Keeps Aluminum Ware

"Bright as New"



Avoid preparations containing caustic, alkali, acid, ammonia etc., which discolor and damage aluminum.



MADE IN CANADA

# Big Ben

## baby Ben



—to ring off your sleep

**B**IG BEN for the man who gets up in the morning to keep his date with his job, who likes the clear, deep toned, manly call that's punctual as a factory whistle.

baby Ben for the woman who wants a clock that's feminine in its daintiness, businesslike in its performance, with an alarm whose gentle call reaches *her* ear only.

baby Ben learned his trade from Big Ben and knows it well. Both are handsome, well designed, well made, well finished. They're as carefully made inside as out, keep excellent time, and call at the hour set.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, has  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inch dial, rings you up with one steady five-minute call or ten half-minute calls at thirty second intervals. Wind him every night, give him reasonable treatment, and he'll last years.

baby Ben is just as near Big Ben in quarter size as anything could be. Stands  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches tall and does every stunt his big brother does.

Big Ben or baby Ben, \$2.50; in Canada \$3.00. You'll find them at your dealer's. If he does not stock them a money order to the factory will bring either to you postpaid.

Western Clock Co.

La Salle, Ill., U.S.A.

Makers of Westclox

**The Average Man  
Can Go  
Higher**

If he keeps his body strong, his brain clear and —thinks!

**Grape-Nuts**  
FOOD

contains body- and brain-building material from Wheat and Barley scientifically prepared—a food for thinkers!

**“There’s a Reason”**



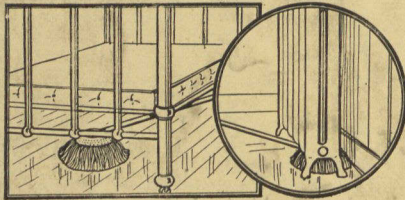
*Taylor's*

**TOOTH PASTE**

**Delightful — Refreshing  
Cleansing — Antiseptic**

MEDALS 38 AWARDS  
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.**  
TORONTO



**Those Hard-to-get-at-Places**

Are no longer hard-to-get-at if there is an O-Cedar Polish Mop in your house. It gets into every corner and leaves not a speck of dust behind.

THE

**O-Cedar Mop**  
Polish

(Made in Canada)

cuts housework in half. Its long handle enables you to reach anywhere, high or low, and it picks up all the dust and holds it. It is easily washed and renewed with a few drops of O-Cedar Polish.

Prices 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50,

Your Dealer Has It

**CHANNELL. CHEMICAL CO., LTD.,**  
369 Sorauren Ave. - Toronto, Ont.



*Taylor's*

**BLUE BIRD  
PERFUME**

DISTILLED IN CANADA  
**“THE PERFUME  
OF HAPPINESS”**

MEDALS 38 AWARDS  
**JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.**  
TORONTO