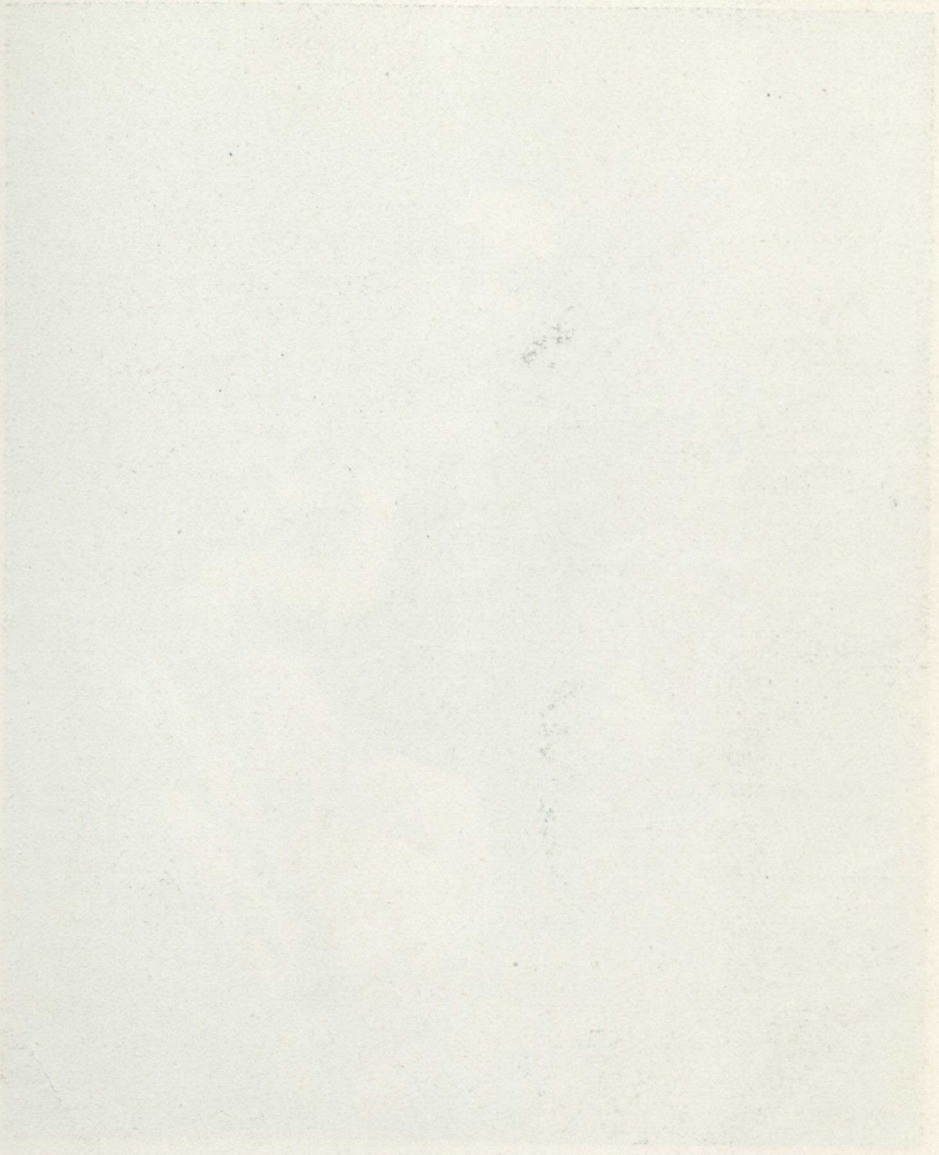


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MATERNITY

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SHOULD WE SPARE THE ROD?

BY W. L. SCOTT



THE work of the Children's Aid Societies in Canada is two-fold: (1) the care of neglected children, under the Children's Protection Acts, of which there is one in almost every Province; and (2) the treatment of delinquents under the Dominion Juvenile Delinquents Act and the various Provincial

Juvenile Courts Acts.* It is of the work with delinquents that I propose to speak.

Quite apart from humanitarian and altruistic considerations, the methods to be pursued with respect to Juvenile delinquents are of great importance to the community; for the potential criminal if left to himself will become the hardened repeater of the police

*Juvenile Courts are established under the Juvenile Delinquents Act passed by the Dominion Parliament in 1908, though in most of the Provinces there are also provincial Juvenile Courts Acts supplementing the federal legislation. The Dominion Act is not, however, in force universally, but only where it has been put in force by proclamation following a demand for it in the locality and assurances that proper facilities have been or will be provided for the due carrying out of its provisions. Alberta and Saskatchewan are the only provinces in which it is universally in force. The portions of the other provinces in which it is in force are as follows: In British Columbia, the Cities of Vancouver, and Victoria; in Manitoba, the City of Winnipeg, the Dauphin Judicial District and the Eastern Judicial District; in Ontario, the Cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Stratford, Kitchener, Brantford, and Galt, the town of St. Marys, the Counties of Perth, Waterloo and Brant and the Judicial District of Timiskaming; in Quebec, the City of Montreal; in Nova Scotia, the City of Halifax and the County of Pictou, and in Prince Edward Island, the City and Royalty of Charlottetown. The system should be more widely adopted, particularly in the Province of Ontario, where the Children's Aid Societies are so many and so active.

courts. Do we ever think of what a vast number of people there are in jail and what a great loss and an enormous expense their being there means to the State? The cost of catching, prosecuting and supporting criminals is one of the largest items of public expenditure, to say nothing of the far greater loss involved in the withdrawal of these men from useful citizenship. We are inclined to look on crime as inevitable, but it is very largely, if not entirely, preventable. Criminals, unlike poets, are made, not born, and they are for the most part made in childhood. Criminal careers begin in childhood. The characters of adults are fixed by time and habits. Trained in honesty a man remains honest. Habituated to crime he is an unreformable criminal. Children are plastic, men are malleable. A child is a lump of putty, soft and easily moulded, and taking its character from its surroundings. Gradually its actions harden into habits and habits shape its destiny.

Despite the undeniably great influence which heredity exerts on the individual both mentally and physically, it has no *direct* effect on his moral character. His morals are primarily the result of his environment. *Indirectly*, as we shall presently see, heredity is often a very important factor. Inherited mental and physical characteristics often determine the extent to which a person is affected by environmental influences, good or bad. But morals are not themselves inherited. A child comes into the world neither moral nor immoral but simply unmoral. Right living is something that must be acquired. The idea that babies are born as criminals, once popular, has been found to be false. It is as impossible that a child can be born a criminal as that it can be born with a knowledge of the Greek language. That a criminal could be recognized by certain physical characteristics or stigmata was at one time a common opinion. That is not true. These indications point, not to criminality, but to defec-

tive mentality. A person of abnormal mentality is not necessarily a criminal but he is much more likely to become one than a person of average intelligence, because in the first place he has not sufficient intelligence to apprehend that happiness depends upon well doing and, secondly, he has not sufficient power of self-control to enable him steadily to pursue an adopted course of action. Epilepsy is often accompanied by anti-social tendencies which frequently occasion the most revolting crimes. Low or abnormal mentality, feeble-mindedness and epilepsy are all hereditary and when these conditions are accompanied by crime the only effective remedy is usually permanent institutional care. These cases are the despair of the Juvenile Court, and while the percentage of them among first offenders is small, they account for a much larger proportion of the repeaters.

In the case of a certain number of children, delinquency is due to physical defect. Adenoid growth or eye strain or ear ache robs a child of nervous force which is required for carrying on the ordinary functions of the body and an abnormal condition is brought about which results in extreme irritability, lack of self-control and consequent delinquency. We had a boy in Ottawa who could not be kept from stealing. He had a crooked neck due to a slight spinal curvature. We straightened his neck and he stopped the thieving. A straight neck kept him straight. He is now fairly launched on a useful and honest career.

Apart from these abnormal cases, which do not together account for more than from five to ten per cent. of first offenders, the child delinquents are ordinary normal children and their unfortunate moral condition is attributable to environment. They are just what your children or my children would be if similarly situated. And it is from these as well as from the abnormal that our criminal population is being constantly re-

cruited. What, then, are we doing to stop this criminal stream at its source? What are we doing to save these children? Until a bare quarter of a century ago we were treating such children in the same way as adult criminals. The law prescribed punishment: punishment was not a remedy; and from generation to generation the making of criminals rather than the prevention of crime was the result. The last twenty years, however, witnessed a most remarkable change. The evolution and gradual spread of the Juvenile Court and the Probation System for Children have proved the validity of their underlying idea.

The Juvenile Court is far more than a separate court for children. It has a spirit and a view-point and methods the very opposite of those of the Criminal Court. The chief characteristics of the Court are, first, its realization of the great value of the child both for its own sake and for the sake of the State; second, its recognition of the fact that delinquency is due to environment, and third, its abandonment of the idea of retributive justice. The Juvenile Court inflicts no punishment on children. A child may be committed to the Industrial School, but he is committed not for punishment but for training. The Criminal Court asks, "What has this child done and how is he to be punished?" The Juvenile Court asks, "What is the condition of this child: in what respects does he need help; and how best can he be helped?" I have sometimes heard persons unfamiliar with the spirit of the Juvenile Court suggest that the Court ought to resort to corporal punishment. I have always answered in the words of Ellen Key, the Swedish Socialist: "When people use their hands to train children, it is because their heads are not equal to the task".

In the Juvenile Court the offence committed is looked on merely as a circumstance, to be taken with other circumstances, as throwing light on the condition of the child. This is

well illustrated by a story told of Judge Lindsey of Denver. A gang of boys had stolen a number of bicycles and the Judge and the Chief of Police were having an argument as to what disposition should be made of the case. Finally the Judge said, "Chief, the difference between us is that you are thinking of seven valuable bicycles, while I am thinking of seven invaluable future citizens". Briefly, the fundamental idea of the court is paternalism, the assumption by the court of the position of parent to the child.

When a child enters the Juvenile Court, it is never due, as some might think, just to pure cussedness. There is always a reason. And the first care of the court is to endeavour to find out the cause of the trouble. Once this is ascertained the next step is to apply the appropriate remedy. It is just as in the case of a medical practitioner. The two essential elements of success are, first, a correct diagnosis and second, the application of an appropriate remedy.

A correct diagnosis is extremely important. But it is often a matter of very great difficulty. Where practicable, the first step should in every case be an examination for mental and physical defects, which are often of such a nature that the unprofessional observer would fail to detect them.

Then the home and the environment should be carefully studied. Most important of all, the child should be approached as a friend, and every effort made to know him and to get at his point of view. The point of view of a child is frequently very difficult for an adult to discover or appreciate. Some times a very little inquiry places the offence in a new light. Sometimes of course mistakes are made. One evening during a vacation which I spent in a Maritime Province town, just after the shops had closed their doors for the night, a boy about nine or ten years old picked up a stone from the street and deliberately smashed a plate glass window. The boy was locked up as a dangerous

criminal. Investigation, however, revealed that the child's mother and father were respectable people and that for the offence there was a very simple explanation. About shop-closing time the mother had discovered that she wanted something very urgently and she sent the boy off in a great hurry to get it, and in order to emphasize the necessity for haste on his part she said, "If the shop is closed you will have to break in through the window, because I simply must have the article to-night". The boy took her literally and the broken window was the result.

Of course, I don't mean to say that all juvenile delinquents are as innocent of evil intention as this young window breaker. But in every case it is necessary to understand the child, as well as to study the environment, in order to get at the cause of the delinquency. This may be found to be a bad home, or a neglectful or indifferent home; the parents may be found to be over indulgent or over severe; or it may be the "movies" or bad companions or bad literature; or it may be a combination of these and other things. But whatever the cause, unless we can arrive at a correct diagnosis, we cannot expect or even hope to succeed.

Even an apparently good home may not be a good home in its relation to the child in question. An American probation officer, some time ago, gave a classification of homes which though not apparently bad in the ordinary sense, were not good homes for the children concerned. It was as follows:

1. The Puritanical, I'd-rather-see-my-boy-dead-than-with-a-card-in-his-hand family, that drives even a good child, who is human, to desperation and calls intolerance religion.

2. The unduly trustful kind that "knows there is nothing the matter with their child" and refuses to acknowledge the facts.

3. The callous, *laissez faire* family, that just leaves the door open at night for their boy to come in as he

pleases and seems to think that it can wash its hands of all responsibility.

4. The unduly grown up family which has forgotten it was ever young and considers a boy when he improvises a sleeping tent of quilts in the back yard and digs for buried treasure under the hen house as a subject for either the insane asylum or the lock-up; and which regards the trivial un-moralities of children as evidence of a dark degenerate viciousness.

5. The fond and foolish family that "babies" a boy until he flies to the opposite extreme and plays the "dead game sport" at every chance in, as he thinks, the necessary assertion to his fellows of his virility.

6. The (not so rare) hysterical kind, always in an uproar, exaggerating every petty fault a child has and living in perpetual excitement that wrecks self-control.

7. Last, but certainly not least, the belligerent "hands-off-my-kid" family whose child is a terror to the neighbourhood because supported at home.

A most important thing to determine is, what are the child's moral standards? This is a branch of investigation that is most frequently overlooked. The attitude of the average official, even a Juvenile Court official, towards a delinquent boy is to assume that he knew perfectly well what was right and that he simply did not do what he knew he ought to do. But this is an assumption which is in many cases quite unwarranted. It is quite wrong to attribute the psychology of an adult official to the boy. No doubt in most cases the answers to formal questions would disclose a knowledge of conventional moral standards, but it by no means follows that his answers represent what the boy really thinks. We can never discover the true thoughts of a boy by asking him a few set questions. It is only by getting him to talk freely and without restraint, that one can learn the defects of his moral character, a thorough knowledge of which is a prerequisite to remedying those defects. To give one example, if a boy

has the idea, gathered perhaps from the dime novel or the "movies" that burglary is manly and heroic, and that breaking into a shop is a thrilling adventure, obviously no progress can be made with him until that moral standard has been entirely changed.

Having ascertained the cause of the delinquency, equally important is the treatment prescribed and carried out. This may be commitment to an industrial school or other institution. But in the great majority of cases it will be release on probation, in charge of a probation officer. The probation officer, after careful study of the case, should decide on a definite plan of action for the elimination of the evil. Whatever is bad in the environment should be got rid of. If the home is at fault it must be improved. If it cannot be improved the child should be removed from it to a foster home.

Above all, the probation officer should exert his influence upon the child himself. He should see the child frequently. At first it should be every day. His idea is not so much reformation as formation—to form the character of the child, still in the formative period. I have likened a child to putty gradually hardening and taking the marks of the pressure applied to it. It is the work of the probation officer, by gentle, continued effort, to efface the mark impressed by evil surroundings and to replace them with lines of virtue and honesty and truth. It must always be remembered that probation is not mere supervision or watch-care. It is much more than that. It is constructive work. It means character building and home improving.

In dealing with a delinquent child it is obvious that you must use either moral force or physical force. But physical force, brutality, the lash, the lock, are now thoroughly discredited. Even in insane asylums treatment is moving farther and farther away from that. Success undoubtedly depends on our ability to apply moral force successfully. We must learn how to produce moral characters by

establishing right ideals and by generating the capacity for self-control. We must learn to impress upon the child the necessity and the advantage of right conduct.

Moral treatment means the implantation of ideas, and there are two ideas to the implanting of which a special effort must be made. One of these is, that no matter who else may be to blame, the boy himself is primarily at fault for doing what he knew to be wrong. No doubt his delinquency is to a great extent the result of his environment; but he must be made to realize that no combination of circumstances can constitute a valid excuse for wrong-doing. The other idea is that the future rests with himself; that he has free will and can do whatever he decides to do, if he will but make the effort.

We are apt, while studying the causes and influences which have brought about delinquency, to minimize unduly the element of personal responsibility. But however true it is that the delinquent has been largely the victim of circumstances, the product of his surroundings, those considerations are not for him, but solely for the investigator. With the delinquent himself the element of personal responsibility for the past as well as for the future cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

He must be taught to say, even though in less poetic or symbolic language:

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the
scroll,
I am master of my fate:
I am captain of my soul."

The most powerful weapon of the probation officer is suggestion. Suggestion, as has been recently pointed out by a popular writer, is one of the most potent of all influences determining human behaviour. This is true even of adults and how much more powerful is its influence in the case of children. Suggestion is the explana-

tion of successful advertising, it is the secret of the power of a good salesman. It has even much to do with the influence of a religious leader.

It is surprising how frequently those who have the care of children not only fail to make use of suggestion to accomplish what they aim at, but even employ it to their own detriment. For instance, a parent will keep telling a child that he is naughty, or a bad boy, a liar or a thief. Now what is the effect of this? It is to induce the boy to believe that he is what he is said to be. And all unconsciously he will conform readily to his asserted character.

The same writer points out that there are certain rules governing suggestion. First, its effectiveness depends on the confidence inspired by the suggester in those whom he desires to influence. Hence the importance of the probation officer's winning the confidence and respect of his charge.

Second, the assumption towards the person sought to be influenced of an antagonistic or coercive attitude will defeat the purpose aimed at. You will never make a child good by scolding and commanding. At times it is necessary to command, but commands have in them no suggestive value. They do not secure the involuntary automatic assent which is the prime aim of suggestion. Instead of exhorting a child to be good, he should be led indirectly by conversation and little stories into a goodness-desiring

attitude. This should be done repeatedly, but always through new settings or with new stories, for a third rule of suggestion is that while repetition increases its force, the repetition should not be so continuous and unvaried as to become monotonous. For monotony breeds indifference and even antagonism, and these in turn inhibit the influence of suggestion. The probation officer will do well to study suggestion carefully, for he will find no greater help.

I have said that his work is constructive. Unless the probation officer can feel that he has by his influence made a lasting change for the better in the character of the child and left the home and the environment in general better than he found them, he cannot claim to have succeeded even though the probationer does not return to the court under charge of a further offence. The probation officer should be sympathetic, tactful and resourceful, and should possess a large fund of optimism, balanced by good judgment accompanied by firmness. The work is by no means easy. Many cases bristle with difficulties. But a good probation officer will not be deterred. He will look on such a case as a test of his own ability and of his fitness for the position. He will recognize that failure is his own failure, just as success is a personal triumph for himself. For, after all, the test of a good probation officer is the number of his successes.



THE SLAVE IN UPPER CANADA

BY WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL



It was the boast of the Englishman that slavery did not, and could not, exist in his land. Cowper sang: "Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free; they touch our country and their shackles fall." And Cowper had solid ground for the boast, for about a dozen years before he wrote "The Task" Lord Mansfield with his Court of King's Bench had set free the negro, James Somerset, who, a slave in Jamaica, had been brought by his master, Charles Stewart, to England to "attend and abide with him and to carry him back as soon as his business was transacted".

It is true that the reasons given for the judgment would hardly hold water now. The court considered that villenage was the only form of slavery known in England in early time, and as villenage was abolished by Act of Parliament on the return of King Charles II. from exile, slavery could no longer exist.

More recent research has made it clear that the villein was in much the same case as a serf; but that at least as late as the middle of the 12th century there were slaves in England, actual personal slaves, bought and sold as in the Southern States before the Civil War, and quite distinct from villeins or serfs.

But while the reasons for the judgment might be bad, the judgment was considered law and has never been overruled. Slavery is so odious that nothing could be suffered to support it but positive law, and no such positive law could be adduced.

But the Court of King's Bench was speaking for England, and recognized that in the American Colonies and elsewhere slaves were, or might be, goods and chattels, and as such saleable and sold.

At the time of the conquest of Canada in 1760 there were slaves in that colony, both Panis (Indian slaves) and negroes; and when the United Empire Loyalists came into the upper part of the country (afterwards Upper Canada), some of them brought negro slaves with them.

The Province of Quebec, formed in 1763 by Royal Proclamation, was divided in 1791 into two Provinces, Upper Canada and Lower Canada. Slavery certainly existed in both Provinces at that time. Moreover, the Imperial Parliament in 1790 passed legislation enabling the Governor to grant a licence to import negro slaves into Canada. Col. John Graves Simcoe, who was the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, loathed slavery and had spoken against it in England; and it was not long before his attention was called to its horrors in his new Government. At a meeting of the Executive Council held at Navy

Hall at Niagara (which Simcoe had renamed Newark) on March 21, 1793—he had arrived in Upper Canada just the year before—at which were present the Chief Justice, William Osgoode (after whom Osgoode Hall, Toronto, is named) and also Hon. Peter Russell (the Receiver-General who gave his name to Russell Square in Toronto), appeared Peter Martin, a negro in the service of Col. Butler, of Butler's Rangers fame. Martin produced one William Grisley (or Crisly), who told a shocking story of violence. He said that, March 14, one Fromand, or Frooman, had told him that he was going to sell his negro wench Chloe to someone in the States, and that on that evening, Fromand, his brother and one Van-every had forced the poor girl, tied with a rope, into a boat, had taken her across the Niagara River and delivered her to a man on the bank, the girl screaming violently and resisting to the best of her power. Grisley said that he saw another negro at a distance tied in the same state and that he had heard that many other people meant to do the same with their negroes.

The Council was horrified. It determined to take immediate steps to prevent the continuance of such violent breaches of the public peace, and for that purpose it directed the Attorney-General to prosecute Fromand.

The Attorney-General, John White, was a sound lawyer: he knew that by the old law of Canada the slave was the absolute property of his master, and that the introduction of the English law into the Province in 1792, in lieu of the former French-Canadian law, had made the condition of the slave if anything worse than before. For, strange as it may appear, while the civil law of Rome and the laws derived from it recognize the status of slavery and accordingly give the slave certain rights against his master, the English law having no room for slavery as a status, and having therefore no law for the slave, when it is com-

pelled to deal with slaves, considers them as mere property, chattels with no more rights than a horse. Nothing came of the order to prosecute Fromand, nor could anything come of it—Fromand had the same right to tie, export and sell his slave as to tie, export and sell his cow.

But it was determined to put an end to slavery in the Province as soon as possible and to as great an extent as was possible without violating private property.

Accordingly, in the session of 1793, beginning May 31, a bill was early introduced and rapidly passed through the two Houses, receiving the Royal Assent July 6, and thereby becoming law.

This Act repealed the Imperial Act of 1790 so far as Upper Canada was concerned, forbade the granting of licences to import slaves and enacted that no negro or other person who should come or be brought into the Province should be subject to the condition of a slave. It also voided all contracts for voluntary service for longer than nine years—these, of course, might be utilized to evade the Act under a pretence of voluntary hiring.

By this Act all lawful owners of slaves in the Province were confirmed in their ownership; but any child thereafter born of a female slave was to become free at twenty-five, the master to give "proper nourishment and clothing" to such child in the meantime, but to be entitled to put it to work. To prevent emancipation from an improper motive, everyone who should free a slave was required to give security against the freedman becoming a public charge.

This Province thus had the proud satisfaction of being the first British possession to abolish slavery from its territory.

The legislation did not long remain without attack. In June, 1798, Christopher Robinson, a United Empire Loyalist, Member of the House of Assembly for Addington and Ontario

(father of Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson and grandfather of the celebrated lawyer, Christopher Robinson, K.C.), moved in the House, seconded by Edward Jessup, also a United Empire Loyalist, Member for Grenville, for leave to bring in a Bill to enable persons "migrating into this Province to bring their negro slaves into the same". Leave was granted, the Bill was introduced, and finally passed by a vote of eight to four. In the Legislative Council, however, it received the three months hoist.

The opposition to the Act of 1793 and the support of this emasculating Bill of 1798 were based on the very great scarcity of labour which all writers of the time speak of. It was argued that the prohibition of negro slavery would prevent immigration, as well as hamper the work of settlers already in the Province. The opposition to the Bill of 1798 in the House of Assembly was led by Robert Gray, a young member and the first Solicitor-General of Upper Canada.

Gray himself owned slaves until his death in 1804. He was drowned with Mr. Justice Cochran, the High Constable of York, an Indian prisoner, interpreters, witnesses, Angus Macdonell (the Indian's lawyer) some York merchants and the captain and crew of the Government schooner *Speedy*, sailing from New (Toronto) to Newcastle (now Presqu' Isle Point, near Brighton) for the trial there of the Indian for murder. By his will, he manumitted his female slave Dorinda and her children, leaving a fund of £1,200 (\$4,800), of which the income was to be paid to Dorinda, her heirs and assigns for ever. His black servant, John Baker, Dorinda's son, he also left provision for, leaving him £50 and 200 acres of land in the Township of Whitby. Baker afterwards entered the service of Mr. (afterwards Chief) Justice Powell; but every time he got drunk, which was by no means infrequent, he enlisted in the army. At last Powell got tired of begging him off, and

Baker marched away a regular British redcoat. He is said to have been in the battle of Waterloo and certainly returned to Canada. He was a well-known character in Cornwall, Ontario, until his death, in 1871, the last of all who had been slaves in Upper Canada or the old Province of Quebec.

After this legislation of 1793, this Province became a longed-for Paradise for the negro slaves of the land to the south. The "underground railway" brought hundreds of unfortunates toward the North Star. I have heard a negro of high standing say of his own knowledge, that it was not uncommon for dying slaves to express a hope to meet in Canada.

There were many settlements—still existing—of former negro slaves near the border, and many of them settled sporadically in other parts of the Province.

But the slave was not always safe even after reaching the shores of Canada. Sometimes there would be a kidnapping, though this was very rare. More often the law was appealed to, and sometimes with success.

For long it was the doctrine that the Executive had the power, without treaty or statute, to deliver up fugitives from justice of foreign countries, and in 1833 the Legislature of Upper Canada passed an Act expressly authorizing the delivery up of any person who escaped into the Province charged with murder, forgery, larceny, etc. Then came the Ashburton Treaty with the United States in 1842 to much the same effect.

Under the common law before 1833, and under the Act of that year or the Ashburton Treaty which superseded it for the United States, escaped slaves were charged with stealing or even more serious offences, and some were extradited to the land of the free and the home of the brave, where for them to be brave meant torture, and death alone could make them free.

These proceedings were not always successful. An instance or two may be of interest.

In 1837, a slave, Solomon Mosby (or Moseby), escaping from Kentucky, took his master's horse to help him on his way. He came to Niagara-on-the-Lake, but was followed by his master. He was arrested and placed in gaol while an application was made for his extradition on the charge of larceny. This was successful, and an order was made for his delivery up. But the negroes of the district knowing well that the charge was a mere pretext to procure the poor black's return to his master, determined to prevent his extradition. Under the leadership of Herbert (or Hubbard) Holmes, a coloured teacher and preacher, they lay in wait day and night near the gaol, some hundreds in number, and, when the prisoner was brought out in a wagon to be carried to the ferry, they attacked the sheriff's posse and military guard. Holmes and Green (another coloured man) seized the reins. Holmes was shot and Green bayoneted dead by the soldiers, but Mosby leaped from the wagon and escaped to Montreal and afterwards to England. Later he returned to Niagara and was joined by his wife, who also made her escape from slavery. The Deputy Sheriff, who had given the orders to fire, was acquitted by the coroner's jury, who found "justifiable homicide", which indeed was the only verdict which could rightfully be found on the facts.

Public opinion was divided over this occurrence. While there were exceptions, it can be fairly said that, as a rule, the Radical followers of William Lyon Mackenzie approved of the conduct of the negroes, while the Conservative element considered it mere mob law.

Another and an even better-known case was that of John Anderson in 1860-61. Anderson, then known as Jack Burton, was the slave in Missouri of one McDonald and had a wife, also a slave, living some thirty miles away with one Brown. Seneca T. P. Diggs, a Missouri slaveholder, finding Anderson, in November, 1853, near Brown's place, became suspicious of him and

ordered his four slaves to capture him. Anderson fled, pursued by Diggs and his slaves, and in the pursuit Anderson stabbed Diggs in the breast. Diggs died in a few hours. Anderson escaped to Upper Canada; he was arrested in 1860 in the County of Brant and placed in the Brantford gaol. A writ of habeas corpus was granted and the matter was argued before the full Court of Queen's Bench. Two of the judges, Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson and Mr. Justice Burns, were of opinion that the prisoner was liable to be surrendered under the Ashburton Treaty, and that, while the warrant of commitment was defective, it could be amended; Mr. (afterwards Chief) Justice McLean dissented.

The decision was a great disappointment to the many negroes who had congregated in front of Osgoode Hall on the day set for the giving of judgment, but their counsel, Mr. Samuel B. Freeman, Q.C., of Hamilton, addressed them quietly and impressively, saying, "It is the law and we must obey it"; and they went off one by one in mournful silence.

But Freeman did not despair. In those days a prisoner could go to every superior common law court and judge in turn, and the refusal of any court or of any judge to grant a writ of habeas corpus was not conclusive; the last applied to might grant a writ refused by any or all of the others. Freeman obtained a writ from the Court of Common Pleas and asked for Anderson's discharge by that Court. The Court, Chief Justice Draper, Mr. Justice Richards (afterward Sir William Buell Richards, Chief Justice of Canada), and Mr. Justice Hagarty (afterwards Sir John Hawkins Hagarty, Chief Justice of Ontario) were unanimously of the opinion that the warrant of commitment by the Brant County magistrates was insufficient and that they could not amend it, nor had they any power to remand the prisoner so that the warrant could be amended or a new one made out by the magistrates. Anderson was discharged

and no further proceedings were taken against him.

There were some instances of the slave being brought by his master into Canada with the intention of taking him back again, as was the case with James Somerset in England. Sometimes the slave became aware of his rights and refused to return. There were also many instances of slaves who had been brought by their masters to the side of the Rivers Detroit, Niagara, and St. Lawrence, effecting their escape across the river and becoming free.

One peculiarly shocking case had to do with a free person of colour. One Mink, a well-known livery-stable proprietor on King Street, Toronto, and a man of considerable means, gave

his daughter (who had little observable trace of negro blood) with a large dowry, to a white from the Southern States. The groom took his bride to his Southern home and promptly sold her as a slave. The father was forced to go to great expense to bring back to freedom and safety the outraged woman who in her marriage had experienced the perfidy of man to the uttermost.

It may be added that slavery ceased to exist in Upper Canada very shortly after the beginning of the 19th century. Public opinion was effective to cause the emancipation by will or deed of most of those who were held in slavery under the terms of the Act of 1793, and death set free the few remaining.

SONG

By H. GORDON

SONGS are all for yesterday,
 Grief is on the morrow;
 Then let us sing of vanished play
 And heed not any sorrow.

Grief with all its tears and pain,
 Grief there's no denying,
 Lies before with days of rain
 And a cold wind sighing.

Then let us sing of yesterday
 And the children's laughter;
 Pleased again with old-time play,
 We care not what comes after.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



HE Candons had gone to France for their holiday and were staying at St. Dizier. It was the first real holiday since the honeymoon, and they were enjoying it.

Candon had recently been elected to the chair of Physiology at the McGill university in Shrewsbury.

It was a sure thousand a year and a certain lead to higher things, and this continental holiday was, so to speak, the sigh of relief after six years of struggle, hardship, and even sometimes — privation. He was a fine-looking, jovial, upstanding man of the new type of scientist.

Julia Candon was a little woman, gracile and quiet as a mouse. Not unlike a mouse—if you can fancy a mouse with large gray eyes.

She had been the making of Candon, and she had that wonderful and intimate knowledge of his character which love alone can give and women alone possess.

They had no children.

Children are extra padlocks on one's treasure chest, and Julia, who had always been praying to Heaven for one little baby for the sake of the baby, would have welcomed a dozen, not only for their own sakes but for that of her treasure.

"Jack," said she one day, a week before their return to England, "I wonder ought we to go?"

Jack, through the mediumship of the English Tennis Club, had made the acquaintanceship of the Duc de St. Die, whose estates lie to the westward of St. Dizier. St. Die had taken

a fancy to Jack and Julia, introduced them to his wife, and invited them to his place for a couple of days.

"Why not?" asked Jack, who was packing a suit case in his shirt sleeves, and with a cigar in his mouth. "They're really jolly people, and you won't have the chance of seeing a real old French château again in a hurry."

"I don't know," said Julia. "They are such grand people and we are so small — and I have no evening frocks."

"No evening frocks!—why you have two."

"Only old things," said Julia. "Still, I don't want to spoil your pleasure."

St. Die's motor car was to call for them at four, and at four precisely the gorgeous limousine arrived at the hotel.

The way lay through a forest where the road was carpeted with pine needles, and here above the faint hum of the almost silently running car they could hear the bark of the fox and the call of the jay from the green gloom that seemed to hold all the creatures of Grimm and Andersen.

The forest fascinated Julia, but the park of the Château made her forget the forest, it seemed leagues in extent: Leagues of sunlit grass-land browsed down to velvet by the cattle, broken in the far distance by bosky groves, and studded with solitary oaks—vast trees each standing in the pond of its own shadow.

Then the Château made her forget the park, and the Duc made her forget everything else, for he was standing on the steps to receive them.

Only for royalty would he have done what he did for these inconspicuous people, strangers in a strange land, and Julia did not recognize that she was under the spell of an exquisite art, the product of centuries of culture and rule, she only felt at ease as she came up the steps with this man, so ordinary, easy-going, and friendly, and withal apparently so commonplace.

For them he robbed the great hall of the Château of its vastness, and made the suits of ramour seem vaguely the shells of their own ancestors, the stiff men-servants their own attendants.

Under the pretence of shewing them the tapestry on the stairs he managed to lead them to the doors of their own rooms on the first floor, twin bedrooms intercommunicating, where a valet and a maid were putting things in order, or pretending to do so, whilst waiting to receive the visitors and do their bidding.

When they came downstairs again, St. Die, who was not waiting for them but who chanced to meet them all the same, led the way to the drawing-room where afternoon tea was in progress.

His wife received them. There were twenty-five or thirty people in the room, the windows were open to the western terrace, which was lit by the late afternoon sun, and Julia, handed over by her hostess to a stout young Englishman, found herself discussing horses with a volubility and an interest quite alien to her nature, and finding out the fact that it is not till we have to make conversation that we find how much we have to say on topics that we imagine we have never considered.

An hour later Jack Candon, who had quite lost sight of his wife, found himself in the sunken garden of the Château with his host. They had come out on the terrace for a smoke, and had wandered through the gardens deep in a philosophical discussion, and absolutely blind to the beauties around them.

St. Die was laying down his theory of the origin of life, and Candon, violently dissenting, was about to attack the St. Die theory, when, glancing up he saw Julia at one of the windows of the first floor.

St. Die, looking up also, bowed, and Julia with a smile and a little nod to the two men vanished.

"It is the nursery," said St. Die, "my wife has taken your wife to see the children. "Ah!" he broke off, turning to a rose tree on which a careless gardener had allowed some withered roses to remain, "this is what I hate to see."

He began to pluck the dead roses off, and Candon, glancing up at the window on the chance of Julia looking out again, saw, not Julia, but someone else.

A girl had come to have a peep. A girl more lovely than any of the roses in the garden. She was dressed in brown, a very sober and Quakerish garb, hinting of the governess, and her eyes were fixed on Candon.

Then she turned away, but as she turned she glanced back at him.

"So you see," said St. Die, finishing with the rose tree, "my theory may be said to be like the theory of Arrhenius—but with a difference."

"Yes," said Candon. "I see what you mean."

The words came mechanically. The theory of St. Die's as to origin of life strutted and spread its tail unharmed, the stone he had picked up to fling at it fell from his hand; that long fatal glance was like the long pull of the bowman that sends the arrow deep into the victim, bedding it up to the feathers.

Throwing away the stump of his cigar, Candon turned with his host and strolled back to the terrace.

Entering the house by way of the drawing-room he went upstairs.

Julia was in her bedroom looking over the frock she was to wear that evening, singing to herself.

She had discovered the fact that great people are just as nice as small, and far easier to get on with as a

rule, that among them your wealth and your birth are absolutely of no account, so long as you yourself are not objectionable.

She had dreaded the women she might meet, yet they were all amiable, uncritical, and pleasant, and the dowdiest were the greatest. The stout young man who had talked to her about horses was the Duke of Suffolk, and a plain old lady who had evidently taken a fancy to her, was the Princess of Gratzenberg. The visit to the nursery had completed the charm.

"Well," said Julia, "how have you been getting on? Aren't they delightful people? So simple and homely. I'm not a bit ashamed of my poor old evening frock any more. I've been to see the children in the nursery, they are perfect ducks."

"Yes, they are nice people," said Jack, stretching himself on a couch and lighting a cigarette.

"I saw you at the window and someone looked out, the governess, I suppose?"

"She's a dear," said Julia. "The children seem to love her, and I don't wonder."

She had resumed her work on the dress she was altering, and said nothing more for a while, whilst Candon, lying on a couch smoking his cigarette and looking at her, felt as though a strong and honourable man were standing at the end of the couch looking at him with scorn, and saying: "You cheat!"

The strong man was himself, the Jack Candon he had always known, the Jack Candon who had never dreamed of any other woman than Julia.

Then the strong man vanished for a moment, and right between the couch and Julia the girl in the brown dress presented herself, framed in a window space. Absolute loveliness saying to him with that terrible backward glance: "You please me—I am yours!"

He rose from the couch and walking to the window looked out at the view.

He was himself again. The act of rising from the couch had dispelled his dreams and fancies, and the absurdity of the position appeared before him fully in all its harlequin dress. A steady-going married man stricken by the glance of a governess! Cupid darts at forty!

Then, leaving the window, he walked over to where Julia was working, and bending down kissed her on the neck, whilst Julia, looking up with a smile, held up her lips to be kissed also.

Eased in his conscience he took his seat, this time on the side of the bed, and sat watching her as she put the last stitches to the frock.

After dinner a band of wandering musicians, who had arrived at the Château, struck up in the gallery of the hall, and there was a dance which lasted till midnight.

At half-past twelve Candon went to bed tired out, happy, and with no thought at all for anything but the festivity, the sounds of which were still ringing in his ears. He awoke at eight o'clock and his first thought was of the beautiful girl to whom he had almost lost his heart.

The vision scarcely disturbed him. He had mastered its power, and he no longer felt self-reproach for the momentary foolishness that had overcome him. The girl had looked at him—well, what then? There was nothing in that. And he might be very well assured that she had not cast that glance at Jack Candon. Seeing him with the Duc she had fancied him, no doubt, one of the great people who frequented the place. She had fancied she was fascinating a Lord or a Duke. She was a governess with ambitions, a forward hussy—aye—but how pretty she was all the same!

He was considering the latter fact when the valet, entering with hot water, disturbed his meditations. The valet looking about for his dressing-gown—which he had not brought—quite put to flight all ideas of everything but the poor figure he must be

cutting in the eyes of the servant. He went to his bath in a borrowed dressing-gown, and he went down to breakfast with the dressing-gown pursuing him phantom-wise.

The programme for the day was a picnic to Chaumont, a wonderful affair in which a whole fleet of motor cars took part. They arrived back in time for dinner, and as there was no dance that night, Julia retired at half-past eleven, whilst Jack remained for half an hour longer smoking and chatting with some of the men.

*

As he came up the stairs heavy-footed from the day's enjoyment, he thought regretfully of the fact that they were leaving on the morrow. On the first floor landing he was turning down the corridor to his room when his eye caught sight of something moving in the left hand corridor.

It was the girl.

She was half-way down the passage which ended at a crimson curtain, and the softly-burning electric lights showed her distinctly. She had seen him too. As she passed along she looked back, and when she reached the curtain she looked back again, paused for half a second, and then vanished, the curtain closing behind her.

Candon hesitated, then he came down the corridor walking swiftly, drew the curtain aside and looked. Before him lay a continuation of the corridor lit by a single electric lamp, and as he stood listening and watching he heard the voice of a child complaining, just as children complain when awakened from sleep.

He knew the reason of the curtain now, it divided the children's quarters from the rest of the house.

The voice of the child had brought him to his senses, and, releasing the curtain which he had drawn aside, he retraced his steps.

He turned on the electric lamp in his own room and then peeped in at Julia. There was just sufficient light to see her as she lay sound asleep, motionless as a tired child.

Then he undressed hurriedly, got into bed and switched off the light.

He had followed her—and every step down that corridor had been a deeper betrayal of the woman who loved him. More than that, he knew in his heart that had she continued to lead him he would have followed her—anywhere.

He was still under the spell, yet he could not think clearly on the matter and feel the shame of his action.

He, a married man, had fallen in love with the Duc de St. Die's governess! That was the fact that he had to reason and find the reason for, whilst shame, sitting on his chest kept him awake till dawn, and then chased him into night-mare land.

Next morning about eleven o'clock he was crossing from the smoking-room to the picture gallery with his host, when he saw three children going up the stairs accompanied by a young florid-looking girl, a Hollander to the tips of her fingers.

"Ah! there go the children," said St. Die, "they have been out with the governess." He waved his hand to them and passed on into the picture gallery, Candon following.

"Is that their governess?" asked Candon.

"Yes," said St. Die, "that is the governess."

"But have they not another governess?"

"No—why do you ask?"

A chill coming from heaven knows where stole over the heart of Candon.

"I saw a young lady dressed in brown," said he, "whom I mistook for their governess."

"Ah!" said St. Die, who was looking at him curiously. "You saw a young lady dressed in brown?"

He said nothing more on the subject, but talked of the pictures as they walked along, pointing out this one and that till they reached a little curtained alcove, where he paused for a moment as if undecided. Then, as if making up his mind, he turned to the alcove and quickly pulled the curtain aside.

"Was that by any chance the lady you saw?" asked St. Die. Candon found himself face to face with the girl in brown.

"Good God!" said he.

"It is a good picture," said St. Die, "though the painter is unknown. It is Julie de St. Die, and she died two hundred years ago by the hand of the man she ruined. You have had an experience given to few. Very few people see her—she is shy—very shy—. But if a happily married man chanced to be here he might see her—or any really happy person whose happiness might be broken—she was that sort," he finished rather

bitterly, releasing the curtain and stepping aside.

"Julia," said Candon later in the day, as they were being conveyed back to St. Dizier. "That place was haunted."

"What place?" asked the startled Julia.

"The Château. I saw the ghost. It was a girl. I saw her the evening we came, and I saw her again last night."

"Oh, Jack!" cried Julia, nestling close to him, "why didn't you tell me?"

"I—I didn't like to," replied Candon.

FRUITS

BY CLARA MAUDE GARRETT

HEAP me a basket with bloomy fruit,
 With yellow pears and mellow nectarines,
 And here and there the rich enamelled greens
 Of apples, and the delicate blue suit
 The ripe plum wears. There are no flowers that flute
 The ruffled fields, no garden love that leans,
 And lends a laughing eye to quiet scenes
 More beautiful: the rose herself is mute.

This berry speaks of June and bees and maze
 Of blossoms blown; this grape of amethyst
 Is silvered with the frost of Autumn's tears.
 Then heap my basket high so I may gaze;
 So sate my soul with perfume glow and mist,
 I shall be one with joy and ride the years.



THE RED OAK

From the Painting by
Homer Watson.

Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

EDUCATIONAL SECURITY OF MINORITIES

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN

IT is well that all Canadians should remember that one of the happiest and most vital things in that great Charter known as the Act of Canadian Confederation, which has bound in one dominion the scattered provinces of Canada, is the provision which is made for the educational security of the minorities in two of the provinces.

There is not indeed better evidence of true statesmanship in any country than the wisdom which guides legislators in their watchfulness that no act may be passed clashing with the divine prerogative of individual conscience as the monitor of the soul. This it is that is the supreme test of good and just government in every instance, as regards the freedom of the individual. Let it be recognized, too, at the outset, that the child belongs primarily not to the state but to the parent—and that upon this parent devolves the sacred duty of fostering and educating the child.

The state has a duty in seeing that it has an enlightened and educated citizenship, and therefor it is incumbent upon it to make provision for an adequate education of its people; but the kind and character of education which the child is to receive is a question that belongs entirely to the individual parent, and this freedom of choice on the part of the parent cannot and should not under any circumstance be contravened by the state.

It should be remembered, too, that education is something far more than a sharpening of the intellectual faculties. It is the triune development of the child fitting it as well for its moral as its civil obligations.

Let me state here, also, that though the term secular or non-sectarian is widely accepted in connection with schools, in my opinion there is no such a thing as a non-sectarian school. It is generally considered that a school in which there is no formal teaching of religion is a neutral or non-sectarian school. But this is far from the truth.

There are three things that fix the character of the school: the teacher, the text-books and the pupils. For instance, suppose there was no formal teaching of religion to-day in the schools of Quebec, would these schools cease to be Catholic schools? Indeed they would not. Again the school of the majority in Quebec is quite as much a public school as is the school of the majority in Ontario. It is built and equipped to meet the needs of the general public in Quebec just as the public school in Ontario is intended to meet the needs of the general public. The only difference is that the general public in Quebec happens to be Catholic while in Ontario it is non-Catholic.

When the Fathers of Canadian Confederation sat in council, discussing the problem of binding together the scattered provinces of Canada,

they found it necessary to give heed to many delicate and pressing questions that grew out of the great project under consideration. Amongst these was the question of safeguarding the educational rights of the Quebec and Ontario minorities.

Already Quebec, long even before the Act of Union in 1840 had conceded to the English and non-Catholic minority their Separate or Dissident Schools and had so permitted their full development, that at the time of Confederation in 1867 the minority in Quebec possessed a complete school system of their own, from the primary school to the university—elementary schools, academies, a normal school, inspectors and a committee of the Council of Public Instruction.

So Sir John Willison in his "Reminiscences Political and Personal",* is entirely astray where he says touching on the question of dissident schools in Quebec at the time of Confederation:

"In Ontario if a school section contained a single Roman Catholic child it could attend the Public School without impediment or embarrassment. In Quebec there were and there are still whole counties where absolutely no provision exists for the education of isolated Protestant families."

It is not possible that Sir John Willison has read the school laws of Quebec, otherwise he never would have made such a statement as the above. If Sir John's statement is true, how comes it that we learn from the Report of the Superintendent of Education for Quebec for 1916-17, page 14, that nine hundred and seventy Protestant pupils frequented the Catholic schools of the Province and two thousand and sixteen Catholic pupils attended the Protestant schools for the same year?

The fact is that in Quebec, according to the school laws, the minority even should it be a single family can declare themselves dissentients or remain with the majority and send their children to the school of the majority.

Sir John Willison says further that the Protestant teachers of Quebec, on the eve of Confederation, while the delegates were in London, sent a petition to the Throne asking for a redress of their educational grievances. Well I have already indicated that the English non-Catholic minority of Quebec, at this very time, possessed a complete School System of their own and had absolute control over it while the Separate School System of Ontario, at the same time, was simply elementary possessing neither a normal school, high schools, inspectors nor a committee of public instruction.

What could the English non-Catholic Teachers of Quebec who petitioned the Throne on the eve of Confederation have desired? Here is their grievance as set forth in their petition: "Your Majesty's subjects professing the Protestant faith are subjected to serious disadvantages: first in being deprived of the benefits of a general system of education similar to that enjoyed by their fellow-subjects in Upper Canada."

In a word the minority in Quebec though possessing a complete School System of their own and having full control of it desired to impose their views on the majority. That is really what the petition meant.

May I cite at this point a witness to the generosity and liberality with which the majority in Quebec treated the minority during the years preceding Confederation. Sir John A. Macdonald in his discussion of the Taché Separate School bill of 1855 we learn from his Memoirs, vol. I, page 170, while contrasting the Ontario and Quebec systems of education said: "The system in vogue in Quebec is more liberal than ours in Ontario in that it not only permits the establishment of Protestant Schools for Protestant children but allows the whole municipal machinery to be employed to collect the rates to maintain them."

All this time the Catholic minority of Ontario, with the Catholic Bishops

*Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

at their head, were struggling to secure the Separate Schools, and according to Dr. J. G. Hodgins in his "Legislation and History of Separate Schools in Upper Canada—1841-1876" his chief, Rev. Dr. Ryerson the then Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, was greatly disappointed and incensed because the Catholic minority did not accept these few concessional crumbs as a final settlement of the Separate School question in Ontario.

By the way, Sir John Willison states further in his "Reminiscences" that "Sir A. T. Galt was distrustful too of the Quebec Legislature as regards safeguarding the educational rights of the Protestant minority."

Well, let us see what grounds there were for this apprehension. Hon. John Rose, representing Montreal Centre, speaking in the Legislative Assembly in 1865 when the question of the educational rights of the minorities was being discussed, said: "Now we, the English Protestant minority of Lower Canada, cannot forget that whatever right of separate education we have was accorded to us in the most unrestricted way before the union of the Provinces, when we were in a minority and entirely in the hands of the French population. We cannot forget that in no way was there any attempt to prevent us educating our children in the manner we saw fit and deemed best; and I would be untrue to what is just if I forgot to state that the distribution of State funds for educational purposes was made in such a way as to cause no

complaint on the part of the minority."

Hon. Mr. Rose is a witness to the educational justice meted out to the minority in Quebec in 1865—let me cite as a witness to the educational justice meted out to-day to the minority in Quebec the words of Mr. J. C. Sutherland, an Ontario man, now Inspector-General of the Protestant Schools of Quebec. It was at the meeting of the Dominion Educational Association held at Ottawa, February, 1917, that Mr. Sutherland when speaking of the School System of Quebec said: "There has never been a particle of friction between the Catholic majority and the Protestant minority in the Education Department of Quebec since Confederation or before that date. . . . We, the Protestant minority, have wonderful freedom and whatever is needed is given. We never have any trouble. . . . We have a complete system of reporting for the census and also for the school attendance."

I regret that Sir John Willison, a trained journalist and publicist, has fallen into the error into which he has in dealing incidentally with the "Dissentient Schools of Quebec", Sir John writes always in a most judicial tone characteristic of an old-time journalist, but no apparent moderation in tone can make up for the absence of facts.

One who has at heart the peace and progress of our country will agree with me, too, that the bridge that spans the widening chasm between the two chief races of Canada should be supported by piers of solid truth.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE EXTRADITION TREATY

A MAN named McHolme had failed in business in England, and having appropriated money which should have been handed over to his creditors absconded to Canada. After some time he was discovered here, and arrested, and brought before me for investigation and for authority to take him back to England for trial.

When the officer arrived from England with the warrant for his arrest, and with the evidence taken before the English Magistrate, I was doubtful as to whether the evidence was strong enough to commit him on the charge of theft, although the evidence was clear that he had committed an offence against the Bankruptcy Act.

McHolme insisted that the charge of theft was trumped up, to get him to England, in order to try him under the Bankruptcy Act. I told him they could not do that, because the British Government held that a man extradited could only be tried on the exact charge on which he was sent back. He and his lawyer both insisted strongly upon this, but I pointed out that the British Government only a few months before, had broken off the Extradition treaty with the United States, and were refusing to extradite any more, on account of the United States having taken that

course in one case, and I told the prisoner in the dock, that if they attempted to try him on the Bankruptcy charge, to tell the Judge what I said about it, and to refer him to the case in the United States, and the British Government's action thereon.

McHolme was taken to England, brought up for trial, and, as he expected, was charged under the Bankruptcy Act. Either he or his counsel told the Judge my message, that he could not be tried on any charge but that on which he had been extradited. I can fully appreciate the horror and indignation of a Judge of the High Court of Justice of England at receiving a message from a Colonial Police Magistrate. He took no notice of my message, tried the man promptly, and committed him to penal servitude for five years.

I had told McHolme to let me know if this happened, and his lawyer promptly sent a full account of the matter to the Counsel that McHolme had employed here. I was at once informed of it.

I wrote a full report to the Governor-General asking him to forward it to the Home Secretary, to have the matter put right. I did not hesitate to express my views in easily understood terms. Not long afterwards one of our detectives was in England, and asked what had happened to McHolme. He was told that he had got five years, but had been released in

six weeks, through some influence from Canada.

It was all the better for McHolme, for he was then free to remain in England, and as we had recovered almost all the money for his creditors, no harm was done.

*

WELLWOOD ROBBERY

ON the evening of May 1st, 1908, W. B. Wellwood who at that time kept a fruit and confectionery shop at 161 Yonge Street went home for supper, leaving Ethel Sketch, a girl clerk in charge and alone. When he returned a little before 7 o'clock he found her lying in a pool of blood at the back of the shop, with her face and head a bloody mass of bruises. A doctor was called in at once and temporary treatment given. She was then removed to her home. The Police headquarters were then notified by telephone, and detectives Tipton and Wallace were put on the case. They went to the shop and got all the particulars regarding the surroundings, and also obtained the information that nothing had been stolen, although at the time the cash register contained a considerable sum of money. This left the crime without an apparent motive, which is usually the most unsatisfactory kind of a case to work on.

After everything possible was learned at the scene of the brutal assault, Miss Sketch was seen at her home, lying in bed, with her head swathed in bandages, and so weak from the recent experience and loss of blood, that it was impossible to get an exact account of what had happened from her. Hope of recovery was very doubtful. The two detectives, however, visited her on the following day, and were delighted to find her somewhat stronger, and more rational and able to give an excellent account of what had happened on the night before.

Shortly after she had been left alone, a man of whom she gave a very good description, entered the shop and asked to buy a pound of biscuits. The

biscuits were kept near the back of the shop, and not far from the cash register. When she stooped over to get the biscuits, she got a heavy blow on the head which sent her face against the jagged edges of the tin which contained the biscuits. This blow, strange to say, did not knock her unconscious. She struggled and called for help, but no help came, and she was soon beaten and strangled into the condition in which Mr. Wellwood found her.

She stated positively that she would know the brute anywhere, if she could ever get her eyes on him. Another very important thing she remembered, was, that while being smothered to stifle her cries, she had got one of the man's fingers in her mouth, and bit into and held on to it until she fainted away.

Shortly before this outrage, two women belonging to the unfortunate class, one living on Adelaide Street, the other on St. Patrick Square, reported that they had been held up in their homes, in broad daylight by a man with a revolver, who robbed them of whatever money they had. And shortly after it a man named Duncan, who kept a grocery shop on Adelaide and John Streets, was also robbed one night just as he was about to close his shop. This robber also had a revolver.

At the time I refer to four crimes of a serious nature had occurred within a few days, and nothing had been done.

Some of the newspapers had made sketches of the City Hall, and of Wellwood's shop, and gave the number of yards that separated them.

On occasions of this kind, members of the police department who have any pride in their organization, feel worse than any citizen, and the general public know but little of the strenuous work involved in keeping a city clean of dangerous criminals.

A few days after the affair at Wellwood's, information came to the department, that a man who had been from the city for a great number of

years, had recently returned after having served out a sentence in a United States Prison.

This man was known to be capable of almost any act of viciousness but he had been absent for so long, that no one in the police force knew much about his appearance.

Inquiries soon revealed where he was living, also that since his return home he had joined a hockey team. It was further learned that this hockey team had their photographs taken by a Yonge Street photographer recently.

A little careful negotiation soon put the police in possession of the group picture. It was taken at once to Miss Sketch, and at first glance she placed her finger on the man suspected, although there were about twenty in the group, and all wearing sweaters which gave them an appearance of sameness, and said "that is the man".

That night Tipton and Wallace secured a quiet spot where they had full view of the house where the suspect was supposed to live. Next morning about five o'clock they took up their watch. It was about seven before any one came out and between that and 8.30 four had left the premises, but none of them quite answered the description of the man wanted. A false move at this point would have spoiled everything.

Just a little after nine another man came out who filled the bill fairly well. He had both hands in his pockets and kept them in that position until he got a block and a half away from the house. Then he pulled out his left hand which held his pipe and in a few more seconds pulled out the right with a match to light it. As he reached out the hand to strike the match against a telegraph pole, a white bandage was quite noticeable on one finger; one of the detectives walked up on the left, the other on the right. Both arms were caught at the same time. He was supposed to have a revolver in his possession, and there was to reason to think that he would hesitate to use it. He, of course, denied

all knowledge of the charges preferred against him, but Miss Sketch, Mr. Duncan and two others who saw him running from Duncan's door after the robbery, as well as the two women who had been robbed, positively identified him. Then there was the silent witness of teeth marks well into the bone on both sides of one finger. I committed him for trial and while awaiting the sitting of the Sessions Court, he with a number of others made a most sensational escape from the jail. He was rearrested in Huntington, West Virginia, a few months afterwards and brought back to Toronto for trial.

The evidence was very clear in all the cases, and he was found guilty and sentenced by Judge Winchester to imprisonment for life in Kingston Penitentiary. Miss Sketch recovered in time.

Robbery was undoubtedly the motive of the brutal assault, but in some way he decided that it was wise to make good his escape before he had accomplished his purpose. The name of the prisoner was Alexander Rose.

*

TURNER MURDER CASE

A section man in the New York Central Railway was walking along the company's track about three and a half miles north of Niagara Falls, when he noticed a parcel (which had been thrown out of a passing train) rolling down the embankment. He followed the parcel to the edge of the river and found the dead body of a new born child tied up in a shoe box. He at once notified the Coroner at Niagara Falls, who ordered its removal to the undertaker's, where an inquest was held. The inquest showed that the infant had been murdered by strangulation, and that a corset string had been used for the purpose. It also revealed the fact that the child had been born in a hospital or maternity home, as there was a piece of adhesive plaster bearing the name "Authers" stuck on the back. The Coroner's jury returned an open verdict and the body was buried.

A short account of the case appeared in a Niagara Falls paper and was copied by a Toronto paper, and read by a man on Booth Avenue who had a woman named Authers occupying rooms at his home. She had left to go to the General Hospital for her confinement about ten days before. He knew that this woman had been negotiating with some one for the adoption of her child, and that papers were to be made out and possession transferred soon after birth. These facts were given to the police, and an investigation started. It was found that Mrs. Authers had given birth to her child, that it had been adopted, and taken away a day or so after birth by a woman supposed to be Mrs. Turner, the wife of a commercial traveller from Niagara Falls, N.Y., the mother of the child paying two hundred dollars to the woman to whom she had given it.

The investigation further led to the arrest of a Mrs. Miller who was living in a house on Wood Street.

This Mrs. Miller turned out to be Mrs. Turner, who had adopted the Authers baby, the object being to get the two hundred dollars. She strangled it the night she brought it home.

The body was exhumed, and brought back to Toronto and a second inquest was held, and the woman was found guilty of murder by the Coroner's jury. Evidence in the Police Court, and at the Assizes showed that the morning after the murder, she left the house carrying a parcel, that she was seen getting on the Niagara boat with same parcel, and also seen getting off the boat at Lewiston, with the parcel, and getting on N. Y. C. train with it. She was also seen getting off the train at Niagara Falls without the parcel, and this was the same train from which the section man saw the parcel thrown from the window. A new pair of boots was found in Mrs. Turner's bedroom, with a certain number stamped inside; a corresponding number was found on the shoe box which contained the infant's

body, although an attempt had been made to obliterate it. The sale slip with the same number was found on file in Eaton's office, and also on the driver's sheet who had delivered the boots, and Mrs. Turner was identified by the saleswoman who had sold her the boots. The tag on the baby's back had been preserved, and the nurse who had attended Mrs. Authers identified her own handwriting on the tag. The tag and handwriting were both identified by another nurse who had been assisting and had stuck it on the baby.

Mrs. Turner was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to fifteen years in Kingston Penitentiary.

*

JOSEPHINE CARR

AN extraordinary and tragic case was that in which Josephine Carr, a girl of about eleven years of age, was tried for murder. A young married woman left her little baby not yet a year old, in a baby carriage in front of Eaton's on Queen Street, and went in to make some purchase. When she came out the baby carriage and baby had both disappeared, and she could find no trace of either.

It appeared afterwards that Josephine Carr had taken the carriage and the baby and had gone east and at some distance from the built up portion of the city, had killed the baby, and hidden its body in a culvert, where it was found not long after. It was a stupid and unaccountable murder. The girl was tried and convicted, and sent to prison, and I understood that she died not long after.

*

THE MURDERER OF GEORGE BROWN

ON the 19th of March, 1880, I had among the list of prisoners on my calendar one George Bennett, charged with non-support of his wife. I arraigned him and heard something of the charge, remanded him for a week on his own bail and let him go. As he went out I said to Mr. Nudel, Police Court Clerk, I am sorry I had to let

that man go, as he is one of the worst men that I have ever had before me. Nudel said that he had not noticed him. I remarked, "that man fears neither God, man or devil".

Before the week's remand was up, this man, who was employed in *The Globe* office in some capacity, went into the private office of Hon. George Brown, who was the Editor of *The Globe*, and after a short altercation drew a pistol, and shot Mr. Brown through the thigh. Bennett was arrested and brought before me on the morning of the 27th March, charged with shooting with intent to kill. He was remanded from week to week to await the result. Mr. Brown lingered for some weeks and died on the 9th May from the effects of the wound. The Coroner's jury on the 11th May brought in a verdict against the prisoner, and Coroner Johnson committed him for trial on the charge of wilful murder. After a careful trial in which he was defended with great ability by the late Nicholas Flood Davin he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

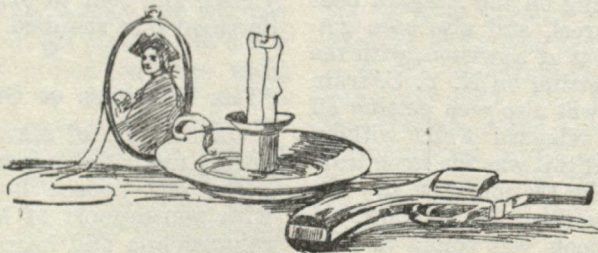
He was hanged on the 24th July, 1880, and the day before, the late Major Draper, our then Chief of Police, told me he was going the next morning with other officials to the jail, to see the execution, which even then was prohibited from taking place in public.

Remembering my impression about Bennett before the murder, I asked

Major Draper if he would pay close attention to the man's demeanour on the scaffold, and let me know whether he showed any signs of fear or trepidation, for I believed that he did not fear anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath. The next morning Major Draper told me that he never wanted to see another execution, that Bennett was cool and collected, showed no sign of fear, and was in fact the most unconcerned man of all those who were present. He asked permission of the Sheriff to speak to the assembled officials, and made a speech of about ten minutes in length, in a calm and self-possessed manner, and then turned to the trap door to be hanged.

The next morning in the *Toronto Globe* of the 25th July, there was a very full description of the whole affair, and I quote the following extracts from it:

"Immediately after the commission of the crime, and indeed until very lately, the prisoner spoke about the deed, and acted in the most nonchalant manner. His air at the coroner's inquest had a certain amount of bravado about it, and since then he has frequently expressed to fellow prisoners, and to his keepers, his utter indifference to his fate. . . . His last artistic effort being a picture of himself dangling at the end of a rope. This last incident will serve to illustrate the flippant manner in which he regarded the awful doom whose consummation was but a few days off He walked with a firm tread."



MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

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

CHAPTER XVI



MILHAMPTON folk are a leisurely lot. They do not, as a rule, catch early trains; nor does the fast express time itself to suit the town's convenience. David, catching the 6 A.M. flyer, found the station almost deserted. The platform was still wet and shining from a shower which had fallen during the night and the only people to be seen were Mickey the baggage-man and a girl who stood beside her suitcase in front of the station door. David's first impression of her was one of tall slenderness which on closer view became modified by comparison with his own height. She was not really tall, he found, but so straight, so alert that the illusion of height persisted.

It was an Autumn of tight skirts and the girl's slender figure was charming in its narrow breadth of Alice-blue serge, rounding neatly above delightful ankles and trim buckled shoes. A white blouse and Oxford coat completed the costume and on her head she wore a white tam-o'-shanter pinned with a silver pin. David noted all these details, partly because there was nothing else on the platform to notice and partly on account of the girl's hair which was unusual to a degree.

"Spun bronze," said David to himself with involuntary admiration. It was so pleasant to look at that he hoped its owner wouldn't turn around and spoil the effect.

"Mornin', David!" Mickey lumbered up with an empty truck. "Going

back to the City? Sure it's the early bird that'll be having pleasant company." A grin and a jerk of a rather dirty thumb in the direction of the bronze hair made his meaning clear.

David laughed. Mickey knew all Milhampton and was a privileged character.

"Too bad I don't know her, Mickey. She's a stranger, isn't she?"

"Stranger—her?" The old man's surprise was shrill. "Bedad, that's a poor joke," and before David could stop him he had raised his cracked voice and was calling to the girl. "Hi, Miss Rosme! Here's David Greig, disgracin' himself by saying he doesn't know ye at all."

The girl turned and David saw at once that he need not have feared the turning. Her face was even more attractive than her hair had been. It was vaguely familiar, too—where had he seen before those long, narrow eyes, the warm whiteness of the oval face, the smile which vanished mockingly into a dimple? It was all familiar as a dream is familiar. Yet, surely, any one who had ever seen this girl would hardly have forgotten her!

She moved toward him, a friendly hand outstretched, and memory, seizing upon that frank yet gracious gesture, swept the connecting links together. "Why, of course I know you," said David delightedly. "You are the little girl in the garden who had never played Pirates."

"And you," said Rosme, "are the little boy on stilts who came over the wall."

"Now thin," said Mickey benignly, "sure, I knew the two of ye was friends and all. Stranger, is ut? And her the purtiest girl this side of Ireland!"

"Well, you see," explained David, "it's a long time since we saw each other and time has played some tricks."

"Your fault entirely," said Rosme, "for you never came back."

"But I did come back; and it's your fault entirely because you weren't there."

They both laughed and David became aware that he was retaining a hand which did not belong to him. He dropped it precipitately, hoping she hadn't noticed.

"Are you—er—going away?" he asked awkwardly.

"Yes. At least, not away, but back. I have been spending the week end with my cousin. I live in Toronto. Do you remember Frances?"

"Frances? Was that the tall, pale girl who came to call you in to supper? Yes, of course I remember her. I disliked her very much. She spoiled our game."

Rosme smiled. "I thought that perhaps you might have met her since. But you have been away from town even more than I have. She married Dr. Holtby. They have two children."

"And to think that these wonders have all happened over night."

"It does seem like that. And see how big and tall we've grown. We must have nibbled the wrong end of Alice's mushroom. There isn't the tiniest change in the garden for I peeped in yesterday."

"Peeped? Doesn't your Aunt—oh, I say, I'm clumsy. I remember hearing of her death some time ago—"

Rosme nodded. "Two years ago. The house is rented until a purchaser can be found."

"It was too big for you, of course."

"Me? It isn't mine. Or Frances's either. Aunt left everything to the church and to foreign missions."

Again an illusive memory stirred in David's brain.

"Did she? That's funny—I remember hearing some one say she would do something like that. And I wanted to tell you. I was quite worried—oh, I say, here's our train! May I take your suitcase? Will you let me find a seat for us together?"

"Do," said Rosme cordially.

David noticed, with a passing sense of wonder, that she betrayed no hesitancy. She did not blush or stammer or look down. Her acceptance of his company was as frank as her handshake. She settled into her seat beside him quite as a matter of course and took up the conversation exactly where he had stopped it.

"It is odd, your wanting to tell me that. And it is odder still that you did tell it, in a way. It was your going away to school and the remarks which were made about it which first made me realize what a haphazard sort of education I was getting and afraid—afraid of things which might happen if I grew up dependent upon Aunt."

"But surely your Aunt—"

"That's what every one said, 'surely your Aunt,' but somehow I felt sure she wouldn't. When Frances defied her and got married I saw the positive pleasure she had in cutting her off. And, of the two, she liked Frances better. So I wanted to be ready. From that time on I wanted only one thing, to be independent. You can't realize it, of course, but children know the bitterness of dependence quite as much as grown-ups. So I kept on at school until I got my teacher's certificates and while I was still at Normal, Aunt died. She left me two hundred dollars."

"You're joking?"

"No. Although it was rather a joke. I often wondered why she did it. A shilling would have been so much more artistic. But Aunt never cared for art. The two hundred came in very handy. I finished my year at Normal and took a country school."

"You were a school-teacher?" in surprise.

"The certificate said so."

"Well—er—I'm sure the children were pleased. Lucky kids!"

"They were." Rosme displayed her tiny dimple. "It was the trustees who weren't!"

They both laughed.

"What was the matter with them?" asked David belligerently.

"Um-m, can't say, I'm sure. I think they had silly ideas about efficiency. So, in the words of the story-teller, it became necessary for me to find another situation. Do you like chocolates?"

David didn't like chocolates but he took one from the box she offered him gratefully, and ate it without flinching. Was it possible, he wondered, to see right into a girl's eyes without seeming rude?

This girl's eyes were so curious, he would like to be sure of their colour. They were long eyes, beautifully shaped, but their colour eluded him. What colour is supposed to go with bronze hair? And what hopeless chumps those school trustees must have been! It wouldn't be every day that they'd find a girl with eyes like that willing to teach in their old school.

"It's a shame!" he burst out, "you shouldn't have had to teach at all."

Rosme looked up from choosing a chocolate. Her eyes opened wide and looked directly into his. He could see their colour! At least he might have, if he hadn't been too confused to look.

"What an idea!" said the owner of the eyes. "Why shouldn't I teach? Don't be silly."

But in David's mind an ingrained prejudice, combined with visions of a drooping Miss Sims and her fight against a hard world, caused him to shake his head. "It isn't right," he declared, "women and girls were never intended for that kind of struggle. It's too hard."

"It isn't hard at all," said Rosme calmly. "Have another chocolate?"

David had another chocolate. It was ginger and he hated ginger. But he ate it.

"You talk," resumed Rosma kindly, "as if you had just wandered in from the eighteenth century. A kind of left-over, so to speak. Where were you when women picked up their hats and walked out?"

"Did they walk out?" asked David. "I hadn't noticed it."

"You wouldn't. It didn't make much difference to anybody, except the women."

"Did the little girls go, too?"

"Meaning me? Certainly."

"But where did they walk to? And did they take their Sunday hats as well as their every day ones? I ask for information."

"You won't get it as long as you ask in a spirit of levity."

"Seriously, then? Don't think I don't believe in women's rights. I do. I think a woman ought to have everything she wants. Right on the spot. All she has to do to get what she wants is to ask me"

"Exactly," said Rosme, "that is the whole point at issue."

"What is?"

"The asking you. Supposing a woman doesn't want to ask—you?"

"That," said David, "is barely conceivable."

Again their eyes met and again they laughed.

"I'll have to be educated, that's evident," admitted David. "I don't mind. There is still room up aloft for a new idea or two. But honestly, I have always thought it a hardship for girls to have to work."

"Perhaps some girl made you think so?"

This was so near the mark that David blushed and, being furious with himself for blushing, blushed more. Rosme watched the blush with much enjoyment.

"Perhaps some girls do find it a hardship," she admitted magnanimously. "But most of them like it. I do."

"Is it literary work?" ventured David. He had noticed a note book and pencil in the bag with the chocolates.

"Literary work?" Rosme reflected a moment and her dimple stole out. "Why, yes. I suppose you might call it literary work. There's a lot in a name."

"A journalist?"

"Not *exactly*. Although some of my efforts appear in the daily press."

David, who, in common with many people who do not write, had a vague respect for the printed word, began to feel properly impressed.

"I should think you'd be very good at it," he told her generously.

"Oh, I am! Some of my things are lovely. Only," with a sigh, "they never will use the loveliest."

"Why?"

"They seem to like the practical every day things best. Inspirations are hardly ever practical. Madame Rameses is the only one who appreciates mine. She does it by the aid of her subconscious mind."

"Really! Is she a literary person, too?"

"No, she is a spiritualist."

"Great Scott!"

"You don't approve?" sweetly.

David stammered that he didn't know anything about spiritualists.

"Oh, you don't need to know anything about them in order to disapprove! You do it on principle."

"Well then, on principle, I do."

Rosme looked at him out of the corners of her long eyes and laughed.

"I thought you would. But in reality, you'd like Madame Rameses. I do. She's a dear. It's a nice name, don't you think—Rameses? One can get such suitable names when one chooses them oneself. Madam's real name is Mrs. Plumber. Quite impossible. She said it made her clients think of drains. There is no psychic suggestion about a drain. But Rameses makes them think of Egypt and the Pharaohs, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see. But I hope——"

David found himself unable to put his hope into suitable words. So Rosme, serenely interrupting, went on.

"She is a most interesting person. Really interesting, not just on the

outside. I live with her, you know. She intended keeping a boarding-house but it ended by her keeping just me. The spiritualism is a side line. I love her. I read her all my things which they won't have at the office. Do have another chocolate."

"Thanks. I think it would be wiser not."

"Don't they agree with you? Madam Rameses says I may eat all the chocolates I wish. They have no effect at all, she says, on my astral body and that is the only thing that matters. Astral bodies never get fat."

But David didn't join in her laugh this time. Already his interest in his young companion had become so—so brotherly that he felt worried.

"It doesn't seem to be just the best kind of place to board," he murmured uneasily.

"No! But then, you don't board there."

David, perforce, grew crimson under the delicate snub.

When he regained his composure she was talking of indifferent subjects and continued to talk of them until the approach of the city suburbs told them that their journey was nearly at an end. Then they both felt sorry that they had wasted their time. David, especially, remembered with a start that he didn't even know the colour of her eyes, or her address, or even her whole and proper name. Why had he been so foolishly officious? No wonder she had felt offended. The case was desperate.

"I board," he said hastily, and apropos of nothing, "with Mrs. Carr at 9 Arbutus Street."

"I hope," replied Rosme, "that Mrs. Carr is a proper person."

"My Cousin Mattie chose her," said David meekly.

Rosme permitted her dimple to return.

"How nice! But being a man, you would naturally need some one with discretion to choose for you. Do you expect to be met?"

"Met?"

"At the station?"

"Oh, I say, don't be hard on a fellow. Mayn't I carry your suitcase?"

Rosme drew on her gloves and appeared to weigh the matter, or, perhaps, the suitcase.

"It's a heavy one," she decided. "Yes, you may carry it to the car."

"And may I come some time to see—Madam Rameses?"

This was handsome reparation. Rosme smiled.

"The Madam never turns true seekers away," she replied demurely. "Her private circle is held on Wednesday at eight."

"And the address?" eagerly.

"To—ron—to!" shouted the brakesman. It was the third and last call. The train slowed rapidly. Passengers stood up, dusted themselves and lifted their hand baggage down from the holders. His question was engulfed in the confusion of arrival.

"I take the car from the upstairs entrance," said Rosme. "Come along."

They hurried down the steps and up the steps and into the big waiting-room of the station. David hoped that here she might pause a moment. His whole mind was now upon the matter of the address. But Rosme appeared, most unkindly, to be in a hurry.

"It's just nine o'clock," she said over her shoulder, "I shall be able to be down at the office by ten."

"Where is the office?" began David. And just then the catastrophe happened.

Two people detached themselves from the crowd in the waiting-room.

"Oh, there he is!" thrilled a vibrant treble voice and Miss Clara Sims, supported closely in the rear by Mr. William Carter Fish, advanced with every sign of pleasurable emotion upon the astonished travellers.

"Oh, David!" exclaimed Miss Sims with a break in her much too audible voice, "I am so glad."

The blow was staggeringly complete. David dropped the suitcase! Any remark which he may have made was fortunately drowned by its rattle on the pavement.

Rosme, who had paused in polite wonder, needed no more than a second to see—what was so very apparent.

With a murmured word of thanks and a charming nod of her white-capped head, she picked up the ill-used suitcase and slipped away.

"We thought we would surprise you!" said Silly Billy beaming.

XVII

"Do you mean to tell me," said William Carter Fish, seated, in judgment, upon David's one comfortable chair, "do I gather from your remarks that the whole thing is a frame-up?"

"You do not," said David indignantly. "I never suggested such a thing. What I want you to understand is that there has been an annoying mistake."

"That," declared Billy definitely, "is impossible. Nothing could be quite so infantile as to make a mistake about their being engaged. One either is or one isn't. I've been engaged and I know. Please remember that you're talking to a man of experience. Believe me, old scout, it's either a true bill or a frame-up."

"Then who framed it?"

"Ah," cried Mr. Fish dramatically, "let the villain declare himself!"

"I have told you my story," said David doggedly. "There's positively nothing more to it. The girl was frightened on the night of the storm. She ran in here and Mrs. Carr saw her and for some occult reason turned decidedly nasty. We were on the edge of a scene when Miss Sims, on the spur of the moment——"

"You're sure about the spur of the moment?"

"What else is possible?"

"You are very simple, my young friend, but proceed."

"Well, she just said that we were engaged. As a reason, you see, for coming to me. I thought it was very smart of her to think of it and it had a miraculous effect on our respected landlady. Lambs could not have been milder than she was after that."

"Quite so."

"Next morning I wanted to explain the whole thing——"

"What did you hope to accomplish by that?"

"I thought Mrs. Carr would be more reasonable in the morning."

Mr. Fish shook a wise head.

"Not ashamed," he decided. "They never are."

"But Miss Sims—well, she seemed to agree with you. So I thought the only other thing to do was to sit tight and let the whole thing die a natural death. People have been engaged before and got over it."

"They have," Billy's voice held deep feeling, "but only if the lady recovers first."

"You mean?"

"I mean that it's as plain as the nose on your face that your party of the first part didn't wish to get over it."

"But the whole thing was a— a makeshift. There was never any intention——"

"Not on your part, son, but on hers, yes. Believe your Uncle Billy."

"I can't. It's preposterous. Why, we had never spoken a word to each other beyond the ordinary give and take, a walk or so, an occasional evening at the theatre——"

"Is that as true as all the rest of your evidence?" in Billy's best judicial manner.

"I swear it!"

"The witness is sworn. But all that doesn't make any difference anyway. You did flirt with her a little, you know. Very mildly. Or she thought you did. The fact is that you can't say 'good-day' to a girl of that type without flirting. You can't say I haven't told you all this before. The benefit of my experience has always——"

"Oh, shut up!"

Billy arose, the picture of dignity under insult. "Consider me shut. I shall now retire."

The grace of his retirement, however, was considerably marred, as it had been once before, by a collision in the doorway.

"I don't see why you are always coming in when I am coming out," fumed Billy belligerently.

"Were you going out?" asked Willard politely. "Don't let me detain you. Hello David! I heard you were back. Terribly sorry to hear the bad news. Very sudden wasn't it?"

The two shook hands with the embarrassment common to all Britons where serious grief or joy is the matter in question.

"It was sudden to me," said David, "because he would not allow me to be told how serious it was until the last moment."

"Hard luck!" said Willard quietly. And with that and the exchange of a glance they both felt that generous sympathy had been tendered and appreciated. Then with a look toward Billy, which seemed surprised to find him still there, Willard settled himself comfortably in the freshly vacated chair and helped himself to a cigarette. With the first puff he looked keenly at his friend who, seated forlorn on the edge of the bed, seemed anything but glad of his scrutiny.

"Don't go away mad, Billy," said David. "Have a chair. I mean have a table!"

"Thanks. I'll have a radiator. As I was saying when Mr. Buttinsky interrupted——"

"No, no!" exclaimed David hastily.

"What? Oh, don't worry, he knows. Everybody knows. I have been trying to tell you that for the last half hour."

"Was it supposed to be a secret?" asked Willard.

"It wasn't supposed to 'be' at all. Murray, it looks as if I were in the deuce of a mess. Tell him, Billy, and cut it short, for the whole thing makes me sick."

Thus adjured, Mr. Fish used to the utmost his powers as narrator and succeeded in giving the newcomer a fair statement of the case and a summary of the discussion up until his arrival. When he had finished, a thin smile played about Willard's well-cut but sarcastic mouth.

"Clever girl," he remarked briefly.

"Just what I said," affirmed Billy cheerfully.

Willard, who habitually ignored Billy without any perceptible injury to that person, paid no attention to this observation.

"I remember her," he said to David. "Saw her on the stairs one morning. Quite striking—only a little too much of everything, especially eyes. You aren't a millionaire by any chance, are you, Greig?"

Poor David only looked the more bewildered.

"If you had money it is easy to understand her game. But as you show no signs of undue affluence there must be another reason—your *beaux yeux* perhaps."

"Not for Clara!" put in Billy. "Something more substantial, please."

"It must be that the lady has foresight and believes that you are a coming man. I shouldn't be surprised, either," continued Willard, thoughtfully with a glance at the littered table, "if you did come along a bit—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" cried the miserable David.

"Yes, of course—modesty and all that. Great minds are always simple."

"Cut it out!"

"With pleasure. But you can see, can't you, that this thing has been engineered deliberately. In the first place it is very evident that there was no burglar in her room that night."

"Why?"

"Because burglars do not burglar in great storms. Too dangerous, every one awake. But, if by chance that rule were disregarded, with all that flood of rain there must have been marks of his feet and drips from his clothes on the carpet. Mrs. Carr appreciated that point. So, if we dismiss the burglar, why the lady's agitated entrance?"

"She may have been just frightened of the storm, and seeing by the light under my door that I was still up——" David paused distractedly.

The memory he had of Miss Sims's visit did not seem to tally very well with this explanation.

Willard, the acute, shook his head.

"No. In that case she would have gone into one of the women's rooms or hid her head under the bed clothes. Another point: you say it was only a minute from her coming in until you opened the door and ran into Mrs. Carr. Is that correct?"

"Yes, two minutes at the utmost."

"Then when she ran into your room, Mrs. Carr was already at the head of the stairs and Miss Sims must have known it."

"By jove, you're right!" gasped Billy. "She makes enough noise for a regiment of infantry, and the stairs squeak."

Willard paid no attention. "Point three," he continued, "why the embarrassing dumbness at the beginning of the interview? Miss Sims is not a child and she is not shy. If her story had been straight, or for that matter if it had been crooked and she had wished to make Mrs. Carr believe it, she would have acted quite differently. Can't you see that, David?"

David, who subconsciously had always wondered about this point, found nothing to say.

"I think it is plain enough that she was not averse to the little scene which followed. And her pat little speech about the engagement was not an inspiration of the moment——"

"Exactly what I said!" from Billy.

"—but a rehearsed effect. By the way, where was the roommate?"

"Away for the night with a friend."

"Just so. Everything tallies. I'm afraid you have been 'had', David."

"And that is the verdict of the court and jury in open court assembled," said Billy solemnly.

David's hair was ruffled and his face was rather white.

"Well," he spoke slowly, "I can't agree with you. There are points that I do not understand. But I don't believe the girl capable of a low-down, premeditated scheme like that. There's no motive, for one thing. I

believe she acted and spoke without thinking and, before she realized what had happened, had got so tangled up that she couldn't get out; and I was not here to help her. So she took the easy way and let everyone say what they liked. It's evident that Mrs. Carr told the whole house that we were engaged and the whole house told everyone else. How did you hear it, Murray?"

"Dropped into a lecture. Every one down there knows it."

"I didn't!" declared Billy as David's accusing eyes sought him out.

"What is the mistaken lady's attitude now?" asked Willard with his thin smile.

Mr. Fish began to giggle and turned it off with a cough. David grew very red.

She—she came to the station," he stammered.

"Yes," burst in Billy. "She got an hour off from the store to do it, and asked me to go with her. Gadzooks! had me on toast. I believed every word she said. She was so sweet, so shy and yet so eager——"

The pillow, thrown with deadly aim by David, temporarily obscured the fishy ones further remarks.

"I gather that she is taking it seriously, then?"

"Apparently so," said David with effort. "I tell you, Murray, I feel like a hateful cad."

"Well, it seems to me that the situation is simple. You must allow us to pass on your explanation that the whole thing is a mistake. Then you simply leave this boarding house and drop the girl. People will draw their own conclusions."

"Yes," David's lips shut tightly, "and in a case like this their conclusions wont help the girl any."

"You can't prevent that."

"I've got to."

"Don't be absurd, Greig! Do you want to tie yourself to a girl who has manipulated a trap like this? Do you

want, at the present stage, to tie yourself to anyone?"

"No I do not."

"Then what can you do?"

"I can do what I intended to do before I went away. I can wait a week or so and then, by mutual consent, our 'engagement' can be terminated."

"David," said Willard, "you may as well face it. This engagement will never be broken by mutual consent and every hour you permit it to continue you are making the repudiation of it more impossible."

The two looked at each other in silence. David knew the value of his friend's keen and selfish mind. He knew that as far as his own interests were concerned, he was getting good advice, yet he knew, just as surely, that he couldn't take it. As for Willard, he was, for a wonder, sincerely concerned. If he cared for any one in the world outside of himself he cared for David Greig. What the attraction was, he could not have said. But there was an attraction quite outside of any combination of good qualities which David may have possessed. As a matter of fact he was often impatient of these same good qualities. He was impatient of them now. It seemed incredible to him that David should hesitate for an instant in a matter so vital. What did a girl matter? Especially a scheming girl like this one? She could, he felt, be disregarded with perfect propriety.

"I think we are making too much of it," said David with forced lightness. "But even if we're not, I can't let a girl down like that."

Willard shrugged his shoulders. "Well, every man has my leave to go to the devil in his own way. See you to-morrow. By the way, how is old John?"

John Baird, referred to by the disrespectful epithet of "Old John", was the strongest link in the friendship between David and Willard.

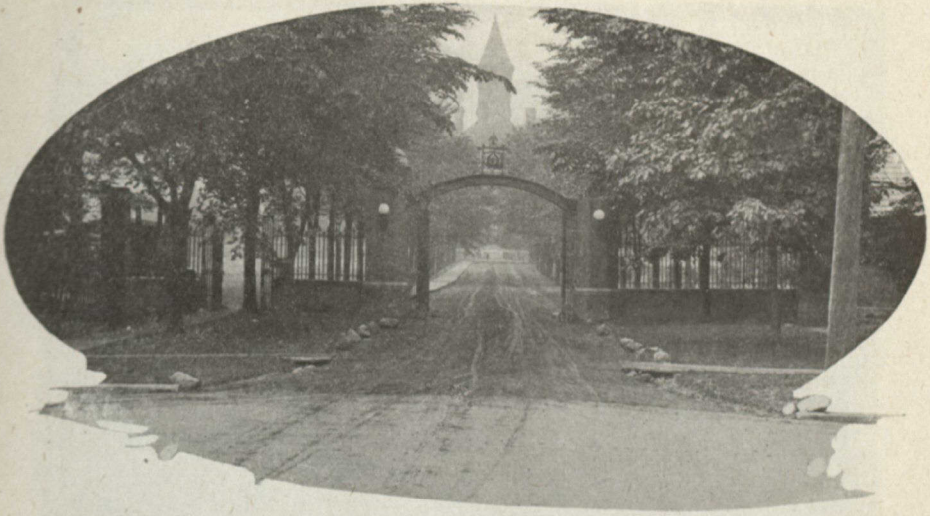
(To be continued).



PASTURE

From the Painting by
Fred. S. Haines.
Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.





The entrance to Upper Canada College

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

ITS BOYS AND OLD BOYS

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

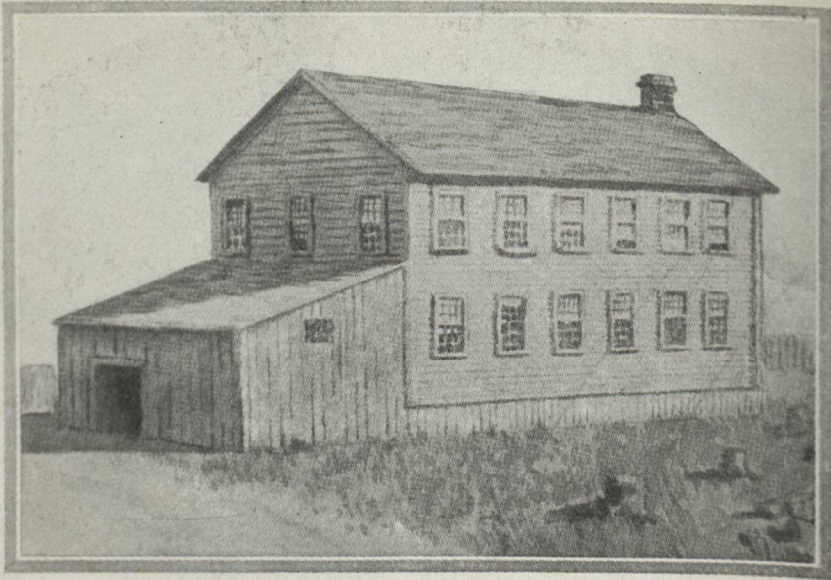


THE story of Upper Canada College—"the oldest residential school for boys west of Montreal"—throws many interesting sidelights on the history of Canada. We may indeed go further and say that it is itself a full and significant chapter of the nation's history.

It was founded ninety years ago by Sir John Colborne (afterwards Field Marshal Lord Seaton) one of the long list of provincial governors, who stands out, amidst many vague and shadowy forms, as a man of force and action, knowing his own mind and having the courage of his convictions.

Born at Lyndhurst in the New Forest in 1778, he entered the army as an ensign in his seventeenth year and "won every step of promotion without purchase". At twenty-six he had attained the rank of major and was military secretary to Sir John Moore who, at Corunna with his dying breath, requested that Colborne should be given a lieutenant-colonelcy. He was seriously wounded during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, his right arm being shattered by a cannon-ball, and he played a notable part at Waterloo, when he routed a body of Napoleon's "Old Guard". In 1825 he was promoted major-general and became Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, where he was instrumental

See the souvenir book descriptive of Upper Canada College, published in 1904, under the title of "An Epoch in Canadian History". To this, to certain M. S. articles, and to "The Roll of Pupils of Upper Canada College", edited for the Old Boys' Association by A. H. Young, M.A., D.C.L., the writer is indebted for much of the material in this article.



The "Blue" School, forerunner of Upper Canada College

in the restoration to its original usefulness of Elizabeth College, founded in 1563 by good Queen Bess. In 1828 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, succeeding Sir Peregrine Maitland.

As in Guernsey, he interested himself at once in the difficult problem of education. However, a good beginning had already been made for, as early as 1826, there were in existence three hundred and fifty common schools, attended by some 8,000 pupils and eleven district or grammar schools with an attendance of about 300 pupils.

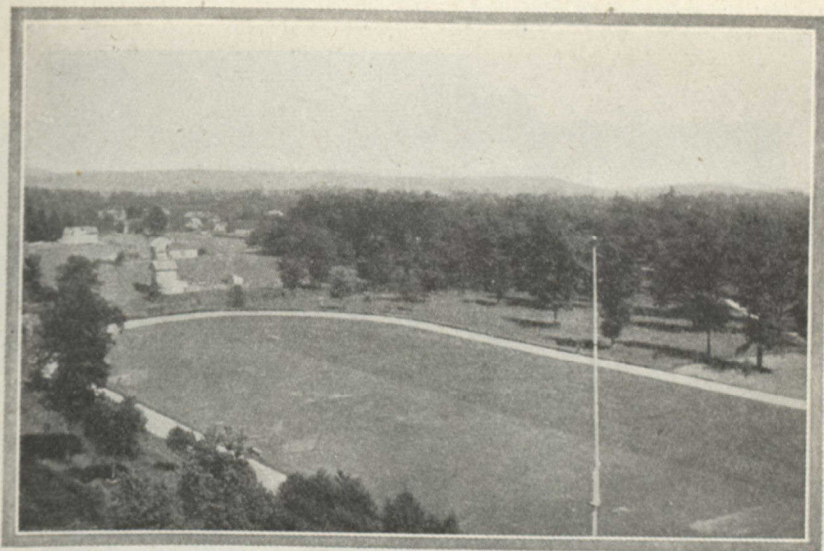
Colborne did not think the province "ripe for the University which had been contemplated", but "proposed the establishment of a minor college on the lines of his own Alma Mater, Winchester, introducing at the same time some of the improvements which he had employed in his reconstruction of Elizabeth College".

He acted in this matter with his accustomed decision and, on May 2nd, 1829, an advertisement appeared in *The Loyalist* newspaper, published at York, inviting tenders for the erec-

tion of a school-house and dwelling house for the proposed "Minor College".

Pending the erection of these buildings, the Lieutenant-Governor proceeded to the even more important matter of providing for his new foundation such an efficient head and staff of teachers as would ensure success. In *The Upper Canada Gazette* of December 17th, 1829, appeared the following announcement:

Upper Canada college established at York. Visitor, the Lieutenant-Governor for the time being. This College will open after the approaching Christmas vacation, on Monday the 8th January, 1830, under the conduct of the masters appointed by Oxford by the Vice Chancellor and other electors in July last. Principal, the Rev. J. H. Harris, D.D., late fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge. Classical Department, Vice Principal, the Rev. T. Phillips, D.D., of Queen's College, Cambridge; First Classical Master, the Rev. Charles Matthews, M.A., of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; Second Classical Master, the Rev. W. Boulton, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford; Mathematical Department, the Rev. Charles Dade, M.A., Fellow of Caius' College, Cambridge, and late Mathematical Master at Elizabeth College; French, Mr. J. P. Delehaye; English,



Athletic grounds, Upper Canada College

Writing and Arithmetic, Mr. G. A. Barber and Mr. J. Padfield; Drawing Master, Mr. Drury.

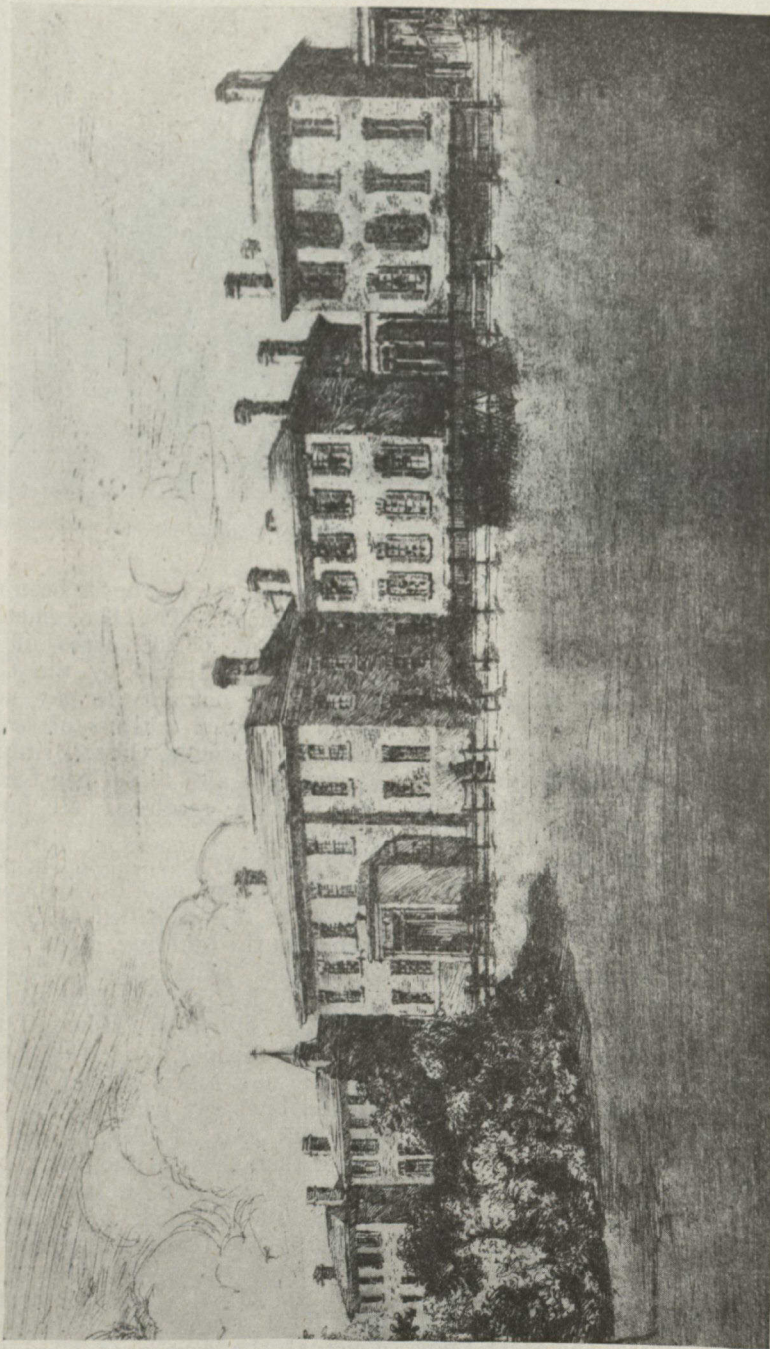
G. H. MARKLAND,

Secretary to the Board of Education.

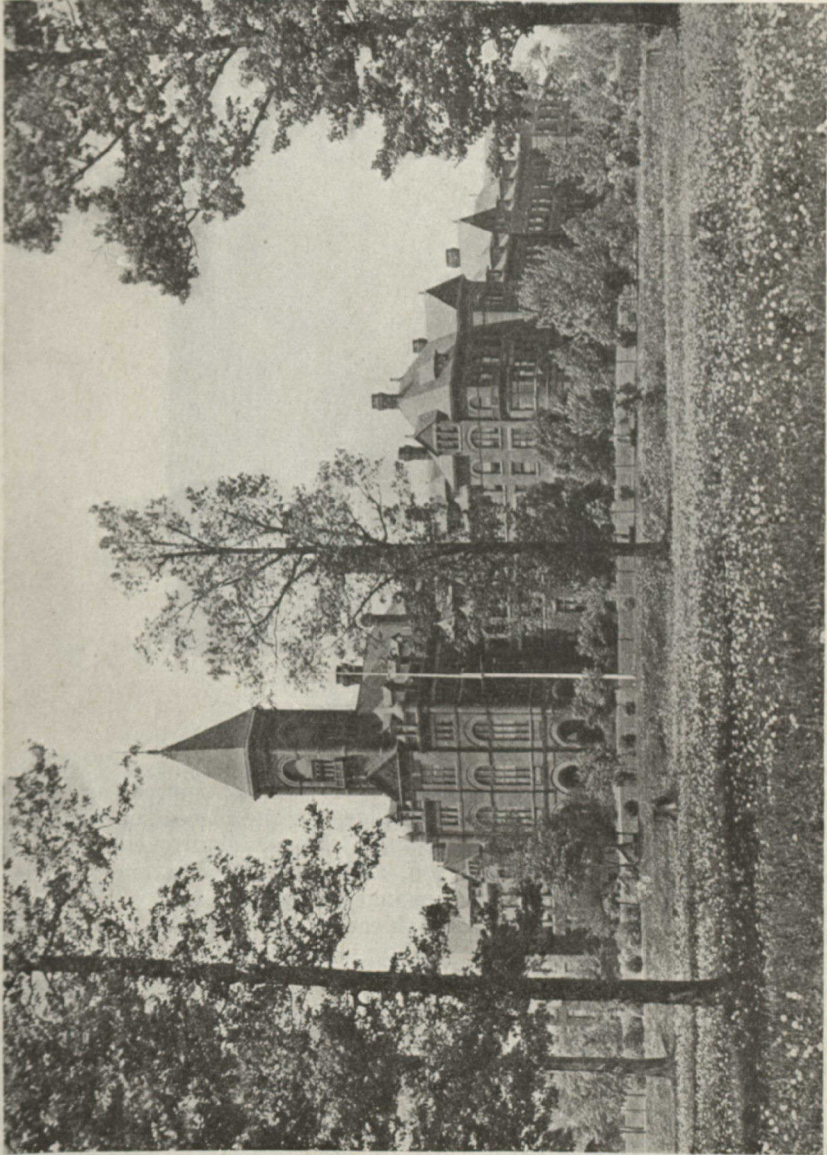
The ideas both of the Lieutenant-Governor and of the Legislature were advanced and liberal; the college was at once put on the footing of a great public school, with four separate houses; in charge of each was a master at a salary of \$1,500, and a house, so that in view of the purchasing power of money at that time, the college was in a position to command the services of men of distinction. Permission was given to add to this by taking boarders. The salary of the Principal was fixed at \$3,000. From the first, day boys were included, but though this differentiates U.C.C. from Winchester or Eton, and makes her more like such great English foundations as Westminster or Clifton, the college has always been able to uphold the high traditions of character building which are the noblest side of the great English Schools, and has never wholly lost sight of education in mere instruction. Unlike some of the Eng-

lish schools, she has never been a rich man's school. The Government endowment of 63,268 acres of land, given her in 1832-5 by the Crown, enabled her not only to pay salaries which attracted masters of the first class from Canada, Great Britain and France, but also to set her fees at a level within reach of all but the poorest.

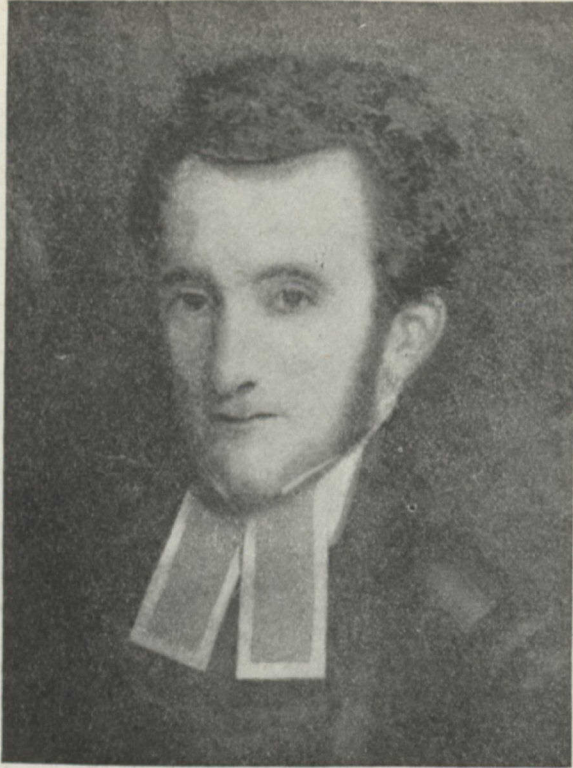
On January 8th, 1830, the Upper Canada College and Royal Grammar School, as it was called at first, was opened in the building, often referred to as the "Blue School" from the colour of its paint. This had been occupied by the "Home District Grammar School". It was intended that the new school should supersede the old one, but when it was found that the fees of the former were higher than those of the latter and its scheme of instruction less practical, the people of York felt aggrieved. Presently the District School was restored and, under its modern name of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, is still at work. The Blue School stood at the corner of Church and Adelaide streets, where the Central Circulating Library now stands. In those days there were many pine-



Old Upper Canada College



Upper Canada College as it appears to-day



Rev. Joseph Harris, D.D.
The first principal of Upper Canada College

stumps in the block, which was the boys' playground.

On January 4th, 1831, the school took possession of the new brick buildings, which were very large, fine and substantial for the time when they were erected. They were situated on the block, then called Russell Square, bounded by John, King, Simcoe and Adelaide streets. For sixty years these buildings were the home of the great school, sometimes called "the Canadian Eton", but were enlarged during the seventies by the addition of a new wing to the boarding house, Mansard roofs to the masters' houses and a new hall, with classrooms below it forming a much more imposing front to the old school-house.

By the end of the next decade the city had grown thickly around the

old site, causing increasing disadvantages for the successful care of the pupils. Modern equipment was needed, and other circumstances made a change necessary.

Meanwhile a thrifty government minimized its gifts to the provincial University, and an agitation was set on foot to do away with Upper Canada College, and to turn the endowment over to the provincial university. The crisis came in 1887 and the college was threatened with extinction, but at a meeting held in the Prayer Room under the chairmanship of Chief Justice Matthew Crooks Cameron, the startled government found that the "Old Boys" of U.C.C. had no mind to let their Alma Mater perish. A compromise was arrived at by which the King Street site, which had become commercially



Major W. L. Grant, M.A.
The present principal of Upper Canada College

valuable but educationally unsuitable, was sold, and the proceeds together with the original endowment, given to the University, while in return the college received thirty acres of its present site just within the city limits, its present main building and an endowment which finally amounted to about \$30,000. The move from the old site, endeared by so many traditions, to what was then a farm in the county of York, was made in the summer of 1891.

In 1891 the Old Boys' Association was definitely organized with W. T. Boyd as President and W. J. McMaster as Secretary-Treasurer and it was largely owing to its action that certain last vestiges of Government control were shaken off, and that, by an Act passed on April 30th, 1900, the College was placed under its pres-

ent Board of Governors, seventeen in number. Of these, four are representatives of the Old Boys' Association, other Old Boys have been elected Governors and the result is that the institution is managed to a large extent by ex-pupils. The first Chairman of the Board of Governors was Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Denison, who had succeeded the late Judge J. J. Kingsmill (another indefatigable friend of the old school) as Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Hanging on the walls of the corridors and hall are lists of the winners of scholastic honours, of cricket elevens and of teams in other athletic sports. At the top of the long roll of Head Boys, comes the name of Henry Scadding, which was also first on the register in January, 1830, and is associated in College annals

with "everything good, gentle and manly".

list, standing for statesman, bishop, author, soldier,—as the case may be—is now honoured far beyond the school walls. The same may be said of the holders of the Mason medals, awarded by the joint decision of masters and comrades.

U.C.C. boys have always been to the fore in times when the country seemed in peril. They wanted to fight the rebels in 1837 and the Fenians in 1866. Old Boys helped to suppress the Northwest Rebellion in 1885 and fought in South Africa in 1899-1902, when one of their number, H. Z. Churchill Cockburn, (son of the fifth Principal), won the Victoria Cross. Nearly half a century earlier another Old Boy, Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Dunn, had won this greatest of all British military distinctions in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

With such traditions it is not wonderful that when in 1914 the Empire was plunged into a life-and-death struggle, masters, boys and old boys should offer for service. During the war 1,121 went overseas. Of this number 233 won naval or military decorations, and the names of 174 fallen heroes are inscribed on the last roll of honour.

Were it not for lack of space much might be said of the masters of U.C.C. Amongst them have been such notable men as John G. Howard, the early drawing master, who afterwards gave High Park to the City of Toronto; the writers "Ralph Connor" and Stephen Leacock, and the three classical masters William Wedd (affectionately called "Billy") who served forty years; W. S. Jackson (known as "Stony") with an equally long record of teaching, and John Martland (called "Gentle", though feared and respected as well as loved) who taught for almost thirty years.

The first of "Upper Canada's" ten principals, as already mentioned, was Rev. Joseph Harris, D.D., who by his marriage with Lady Colborne's

sister, Miss Yonge, was closely connected with the founder. In his day the college set a high standard of scholarship, especially in classics and mathematics, and for a year or two even granted degrees.

Next came the brilliant Irish classical scholar, Dr. McCaul, afterwards President of the University of Toronto. His work was carried on by F. W. Barron, yachtsman, cricketer, boxer, Cambridge "Blue" and classical scholar. He was of the Old School, very strict, but very just. He took part with the boys in all their games, especially cricket, and was a good boxer and fencer, and an expert oarsman.

The fourth principal was Rev. Walter Stennett, M.A., the first Canadian and only Old Boy to hold the office. The fifth, Mr. George R. R. Cockburn, who ruled the college for twenty years, was "a shrewd and sturdy Scot who by canny investments increased the value of the endowment and after his retirement became a Member of Parliament and President of the Ontario Bank". He was succeeded in 1881 by Mr. Buchan, born in the United States but educated in this country; then, for ten strenuous years, during which the move was made to Deerpark, Mr. George Dickson was Head Master.

In 1895 Dr. (now Sir George) Parkin became principal. During his seven years' rule not only was the change, already referred to, made in the government of the school, but the grounds were enlarged and beautified, so that the rough and muddy desert to which the school had moved in 1891 became the beautiful estate of to-day, with stately avenues of trees and broad stretches of green sward. In 1901 was laid the corner stone of the Preparatory School. Under the ninth Principal, Mr. H. W. Auden, the swimming bath was enlarged, the new gymnasium built and equipped and new playing fields laid out.

The present Head Master, Major W. L. Grant, was at U.C.C. from 1898 to 1902 as a master under Dr.



Sir John Colborne, founder of Upper Canada College

Parkin, and in his inaugural address, on December 18th, 1917 (the day after the election when the Unionist Government was returned to power), he said that "to Dr. Parkin I owe a stimulating and a quickening of my vague ideals, a fulness of belief that we owe our all to our work and to Canada, a belief that we must be lavish of ourselves, not niggardly, for which I shall always be grateful to him. . . . We learned from him to think nobly of Canada and nobly of our calling".

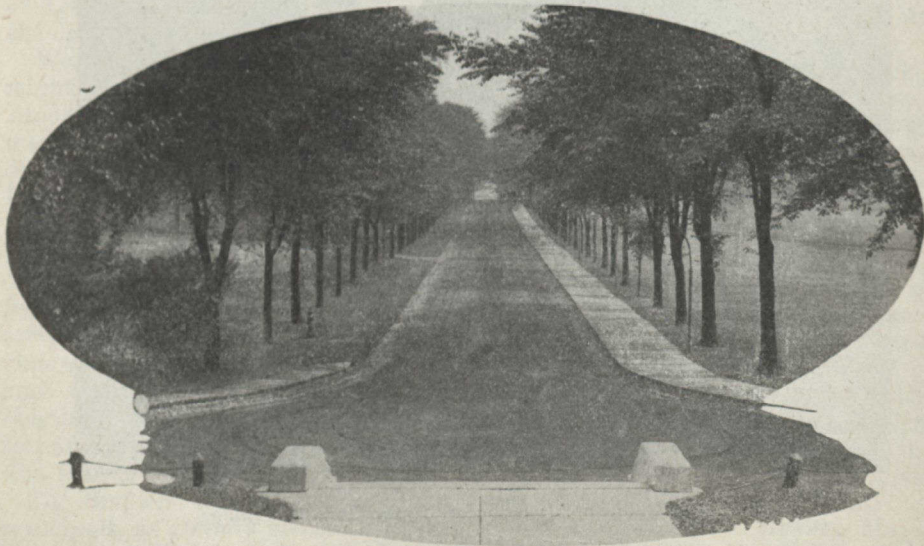
Major Grant is the son-in-law of Sir George Parkin and the son of that other distinguished Canadian the late Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. Like them, he has done valuable literary work, writing chiefly on Canadian subjects. The first published of his books was the life of his father, "Principal Grant: A Biography", in which he collaborated with a well-known journalist, C. Frederick Hamilton.

He has had the advantage of broad education, having studied successively at Queen's University, at Oxford University and at the University of Paris, and of varied experience in his chosen work and in life itself. After

lecturing for some eight or nine years on colonial history, first as Beit Lecturer at Oxford, afterwards as Professor in his Canadian Alma Mater, Queen's, he volunteered for service with the C.E.F. and having been a lieutenant in the 48th Highlanders, was appointed captain in the 59th Battalion, and was promoted to the rank of major in December, 1915.

Major Grant was overseas when asked to become Principal of the College. He felt that while he had health and strength his duty lay in France, but General Turner personally ordered him back on the ground that his work in England and France, satisfactory though it had been, was less important than that which a suitable headmaster could do at U.C.C.

Major Grant lays stress on the necessity of adequate pay for teachers, and says: "We must give our young Canadians a higher and a wider conception of what love for Canada means. . . . We must . . . teach our youth that Canada demands our sacrifices in peace as well as in war". In brief the great task to which the old school must set itself "is the education of the complete citizen".



View from the front steps of Upper Canada College

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

VIII.—SIR JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU



JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU was born in the village of St. Therese de Blainville, in Quebec, on the seventh day of November, 1840. His parents not only could boast of social standing, but also enjoyed the advantage of having experienced an unbroken connection with that locality for a period of more than two hundred years, their ancestors having settled on the soil close to St. Therese as far back as the year 1683. Chapleau's youth was uneventful, as are the early years of all save a very few of earth's great heroes. Birmarek fought twenty duels before he attained his majority. The aged Morton said of Thomas More, while yet a child in the illustrious Cardinal's residence, and long before the panoramic pageantry of a Utopia had ever illuminated the future dreamer's mind, "Whoever may live to see it, this boy now waiting at table will turn out a marvelous man". The battles of most men, and the precocious displays of wisdom, however, are reserved for a later period of life. Young Chapleau exhibited a very pronounced taste for advanced learning, and it was resolved while he was still attending the higher classes of a common school to fit him for one of the professions.

As law then, as now, was the first in importance of the secular callings, so Chapleau's education proceeded with that profession in view. After leaving the primary school, he entered Terrebonne College, and later the coll-

ege at St. Hyacinthe. In both these seats of learning he distinguished himself in all his classes. From the latter college he graduated while he was still a minor. He then went to Montreal and remained under articles until he was called to the bar, at which time he was taken into partnership by the gentleman with whom he studied his profession, and through them was introduced later to his earliest successes in the enticing yet treacherous arena of public life.

It may be elementary to assert that in law the voice is one of the master keys to success, and that to attain that success, very often the commencement is everything. Chapleau had an excellent voice, rich and resonant, and requiring but little training to enable him to use it with great and permanent effect. At the very threshold of his career, he began to use with skill and caution this great asset which lay in his possession. More people are impressed by sounds than by logic; and it is no reflection upon Chapleau to say that his voice attracted to him great numbers of people from the very first. At a later period came that wisdom, which was not entirely absent from the commencement, but which grew with the passing of the years, and which of course is indispensable in preserving the fame that the sounds inaugurate. This fame, in the case of Chapleau, gifted as he was with many talents and professional promise, was only the matter of a little time in arriving.

Soon after beginning to practise Chapleau was fortunate in being re-

quested to defend before a jury an entire family accused of murdering the youngest born of the parents of the family. The story was painfully sordid. Poverty, necessity and undoubtedly ignorance, figured as factors in the melancholy transaction. Sympathy with the unfortunates existed, but it was overcome by the deep-seated horror which everywhere was felt because of the callousness of the crime. One of the fundamental yet too frequently neglected functions of the lawyer's work is to ascertain in what quarter these human sympathies are naturally to be found at the time of the occurrence and when the case is ready to be presented to the jury. Having ascertained this, then if the feeling be favourable, it must be employed with wisdom, or if it be adverse, it must be cautiously overcome. Often, and more particularly when a woman or a helpless person is the victim of an offence, the sentiment becomes widespread and difficult to allay. Particularly is this so when the sympathy becomes transformed into prejudice. In the case which Chapleau undertook to defend, he used a degree of skill and ability which a leader in his profession might justly have envied. At the close of the trial he poured forth to the jury a melting oration, delivered not with inexperienced vehemence or audacious superficiality, but with a thorough understanding of the extreme delicacy and seriousness of the situation. This oration sank deeply into the hearts of the jurymen, and no doubt continued to captivate their passions and sway their judgments after they had sought the seclusion of their room to consider the evidence and their verdict. As a result of the defence counsel's supreme and brilliant effort on behalf of the prisoners, he secured their triumphant acquittal of the serious charge which was hanging so heavily over them.

In 1867 Chapleau contested the electoral district of Terrebonne, and in company with Hon. Louis Masson, was elected to the first Legislative

Assembly of Quebec, which was called to meet after the passing of Confederation. His eloquence by this time was famous over a large territory, and he was chosen, because of his possession of this gift, to move the formal address, in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

This speech in those days was a more important deliverance than the shallow formality it has developed into in our day. At the present time the address is moved by anyone, generally a newly-returned member, who has intelligence enough to quote a line or two of poetry, and life enough to keep the assembly from falling asleep for ten or fifteen minutes. His effort consequently is about as eloquent as an advertisement and from the standpoint of style is about as finished as a time-table. Fifty years ago the most eloquent orator in the legislative halls was accorded this responsibility. He generally performed his task in such a brilliant manner that the arches of the parliamentary chamber rang with a wealth of splendid rhetorical periods and at the very opening of the assembly, a high standard of oratorical excellence was established below which ambitious men aimed not to descend during the remainder of the session.

In February, 1873, Chapleau was appointed by Premier Ouimet to the post of Solicitor-General, which office he held until the fall of the ministry on the eighth of September, in the following year. The overthrow of the administration was occasioned by a commercial transaction in which an exchange of Crown lands by a ministerial colleague evoked suspicion, and seriously reflected upon the Government's integrity. No stain in that, or indeed in any other, undertaking, was ever left upon the hands of Chapleau, and although he retired temporarily from office in company with the other members of the administration, he passed into opposition, retaining the honourable confidence of the people of Quebec.



SIR JOSEPH ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU
A Great Canadian Orator

About this time his name was heralded over Canada by reason of an event of nation-wide importance which had transpired a few years earlier. Louis Riel had assumed the government of the far western districts of Canada, and, with the aid of a council elected partially by the passive consent of the Canadian Government, and partially as a deliberate act of rebellious usurpation, proceeded to dispense a tyrannical military law to the twelve or fifteen thousand

people who had settled in the districts of the Red River and Assiniboia. A part of Canadian history now is the tragic story of the cruel murder of Thomas Scott, which occurred in 1870. Scott was brutally shot by six half-breeds upon the order of Riel, after having been arbitrarily adjudged guilty of a trifling offence which involved matters rather of manners than of crime. After this wanton act of inhumanity, which Lord Dufferin, at that time Governor General of Can-

ada, characterized as "an inhuman slaughter of an innocent man, aggravated by circumstances of extraordinary brutality". Riel and his confederates became fugitives from justice. The leader's conduct in connection with the murder has long since been thoroughly canvassed by historian and politician alike, although for very different purposes, and has met with neither apology nor defence. Three years after the crime, lured back to Canada, by political expectations, by a suspicion that the deed had been either forgotten or merged in some larger transaction, and perhaps by that nameless influence, which is said to induce murderers to haunt the scenes of their crimes, Riel, and his Minister of Militia, Ambrose D. Lepine, reappeared in Manitoba, after their temporary exile, and were arrested upon the charge of murder. Lepine, whose part in the slaying of Scott was subordinate to that of Riel, was placed on trial for his life in the City of Winnipeg. He was defended by Chapleau, assisted by another eminent French lawyer, Joseph Royal, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The case attracted universal attention, and the defence was conducted with a masterly ability which was all Chapleau's own. At the close of the trial he addressed the jury in an oration which was one of the most eloquent and dramatic ever heard in a court of justice west of the Province of Ontario. There in that far-away court-room, before the jury, Chapleau stood, a strange light burning in his flashing eyes, a sublime inspiration, a consuming passion glowing on his noble countenance. From his lips there poured a fiery flood of utterance, a tide of matchless eloquence, in a mighty effort to free from his punishment the pale-faced prisoner over whom the avenging sword, visible perhaps to the eyes of a few, swung suspended.

The guilt of the prisoner, however, was all too apparent, and what is perhaps more, public sentiment had been fanned into a fever heat over the mur-

der of a man who was guilty of no offence except the offence of righteously repudiating the authority and emphatically protesting against the mad acts of the Western usurper. A verdict of "guilty" therefore was inevitable.

Both as a lawyer and as a statesman, Chapleau, from now on, was lifted rapidly upward to further usefulness and success. He held many briefs for the Crown in criminal cases. On each occasion, while his superb eloquence was always present on behalf of the accuser, his humanity was always available for a prisoner. The mercy and sympathy which, as a beginner, he frequently invoked in the interests of his own clients were part of his nature, and he could not help but permit those vast and inevitable virtues to unconsciously assert themselves whenever one of earth's unfortunates, ignorantly driven to criminal extremities, suddenly found himself friendless and resourceless and confronted with his fate. At the same time he did his duty at all times with conscientious fearlessness, and with a perfect indifference to results. His eloquence also arose to even greater heights than ever. Some of the addresses which he delivered to juries in Quebec and Montreal, rank among the peerless efforts of the very first orators of this continent.

Chapleau held office under various premiers in Quebec, and was Provincial Secretary on the occasion when Lieut.-Governor Letellier in 1876 dismissed his entire cabinet from office and precipitated that famous political crisis which has been the subject of many constitutional as well as party treatises. The real situation, which has escaped many of Letellier's opponents, is that Sir John Macdonald was unexpectedly returned to power in 1878, and of course speedily retaliated upon the unfortunate Governor, who had expelled Sir John's provincial friends from power. Constitutional writers, in their desire to view history from the standpoint of constitutional consistency have overlook-

ed the fact that it was might, rather than right, which dictated the closing scenes in the downfall of the luckless Letellier, and that the constitutional question raised by the Governor's dismissal of his cabinet has received no solution whatever from the lengthy controversy which this incident engendered.

In October, 1879, Chapleau became Premier of Quebec, and also assumed the office of Minister of Agriculture. He had earned this dignity by his gifts of eloquence and leadership, and likewise by virtue of the ceaseless and constructive opposition which he offered to the unprogressive measures of his official predecessors.

Chapleau's administration, though brief, was a thing long to be remembered. He held office for nearly four years, during which time he strove to make his Province a proud part of the great Dominion of Canada. Quebec had laboured under a grievous indebtedness for some years, and he made every possible effort to relieve the taxpayer of his burdensome and oppressive obligations. He sold to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the North Shore Railroad, which had long been a source of heavy outlay by the Province. Although the sale price for the road was lower than its cost, the transaction was a profitable one for the Province, inasmuch as the indefeasible doctrine of Public Ownership had not yet become a permanent possession of statesmen and politicians; and the railway had not only long since ceased to show a surplus, but was actually absorbing, in its operation, public money every day. He also made a laudable effort to stimulate a greater activity in agricultural pursuits than had yet marked that pioneer enterprise along the fruitful banks of the St. Lawrence. He also set in operation a movement to bring money into the Province, and established several financial institutions which placed at the disposal of the borrowing public English money, and produced alike benefits to French-Canadian farmers and British capitalists.

By contributing a little intelligence to politics he succeeded in making the position of Prime Minister a post of service to his country as well as of honour to himself.

Sir John Macdonald, never slow to perceive and recognize genius, cast his eyes in the direction of this brilliant man, and resolved that he must take a share in the responsibilities associated with the wider sphere of service in the Government of the Dominion of Canada. Accordingly, Chapleau abandoned the premiership of Quebec, to take a seat in the Cabinet at Ottawa. In July, 1882, he entered the Dominion Parliament, and was at once appointed Secretary of State for Canada. Laurier's rich tones had not yet begun to charm the hearts of the two great leading races in this Dominion, nor had his magic potency yet commenced to cast its spell over two vast and unfused races, and over two widely-divided religious denominations in this country, as it afterwards was fated to do. There in that wider assembly, and faced by men of the experience and authority of Blake, Cartwright, Mackenzie, Holton, Cauchon, Dorion, Huntingdon and Fournier, he came speedily to be regarded as one of the leading French Canadians in the Federal Parliament.

It is at this point, perhaps, that Chapleau's fame had reached its zenith. He was now forty-five years of age. He had reaped rich harvests of honours and successes. He had gained a first place in his profession. He had been made a Cabinet Minister. He had become a leader of the French Canadian people. He was esteemed in the English-speaking parts of Canada. He was among the very foremost of the orators of the land. And this dizzy pinnacle did not prove to be the summit of his career, because of his future failure to ascend to greater heights than before. It was reached because during the remainder of his life no great public issues arose to call forth his powerful talents. He was still a power among the people, and in election campaigns was relied

upon by Sir John Macdonald to carry the whole Province of Quebec in the interests of the Conservative administration. His eloquence still silenced many an opponent, and steadied many a wavering voter, who, had Chapleau's silvery voice not been heard, might have brought to bear a powerful influence against the Government.

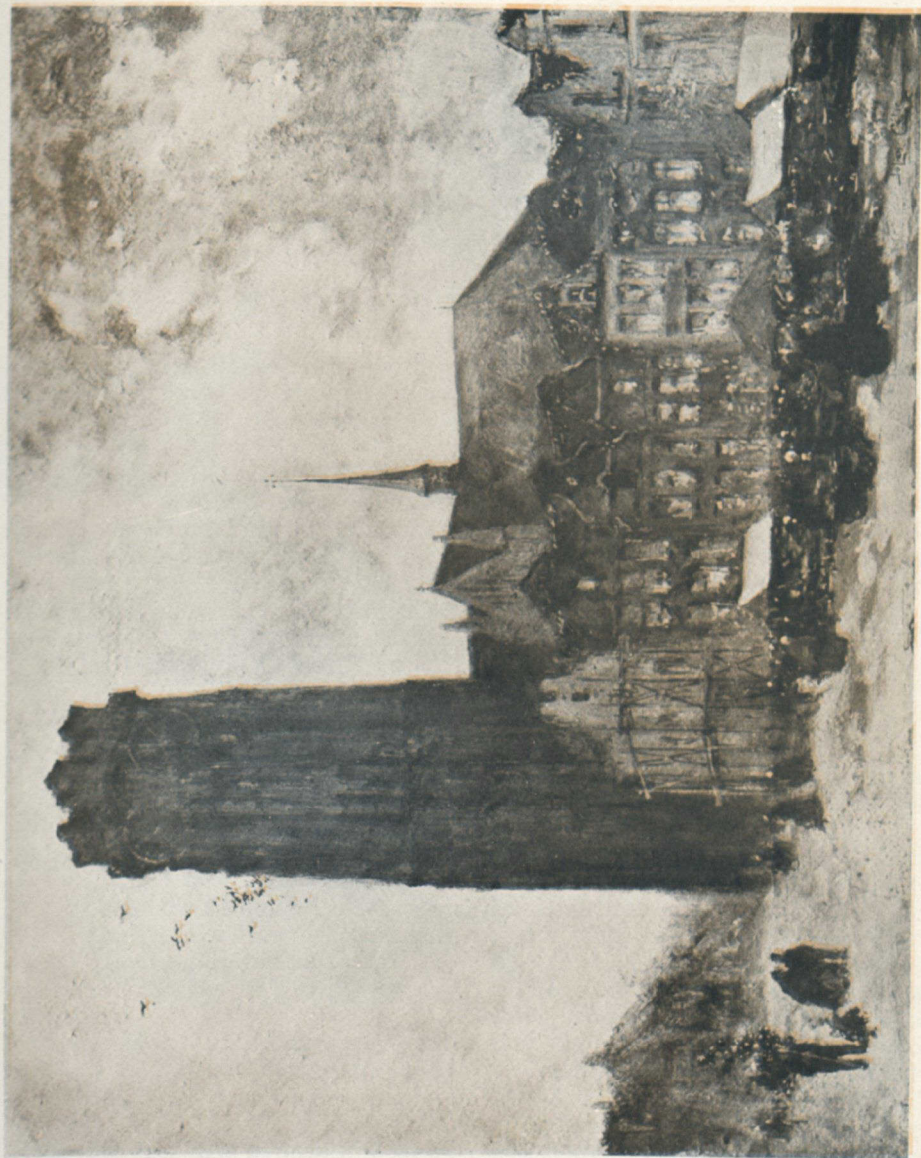
In December, 1892, Chapleau was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, and a little later he received the dignity of knighthood. In 1897, just as had ended the term for which he was appointed to rule his native Province, he was suddenly stricken with a fatal illness. Although he had accomplished much, he passed away while he was still in the meridian of his days.

Many pages might be written about Chapleau's influence upon his own French Canadian fellow-countrymen, about his influence upon Canada, about his place in history, about the tremendous impression he would have made upon Quebec in favour of that freedom which he loved, had he been living during the sometimes dark and perilous days which seem to be eclipsing all the past, and almost blotting out all the lessons which thousands of years of history have taught. It may be sufficient in that regard to say merely this, that his influence was far-reaching, and yet there was something which prevented it extending, as it might have extended much wider still. Had he been living now, and his powers been as they were in 1875, it is possible a spirit of patriotism might have been the proud possession of Quebec, as it is the proud possession of the children of the boulevards of Paris. It is with his oratory, however, that these pages have concern. Therefore though the study of the many important questions suggested by his life may be insistent, the thought must reluctantly turn away from them, and be directed to those Ciceronian qualities which he possessed, and which meant so much for his

countrymen during a generation.

In what respect did Chapleau's eloquence differ from that of other great orators of Canada? He had not the celebrated thunder tones of Douglas, nor the insinuating magic of Osler. He had not the always visible literary precision of Punshon, nor the unbending judicial dignity of Blake. But he had in a superlative degree, perhaps to a greater degree than any other Canadian in these pages considered, the one transcendent essential of the man who from the public platform seeks to touch ten thousand hearts—that divine fire, or contagious enthusiasm, which flows, although invisibly, yet in a consuming flame, from one burning soul to another. He used splendid language, not quite purple with vivid verbal imagery, yet brilliant beyond the average parliamentarian, and his thought was as profound and original as his numerous other qualities were engaging and unique. He was possessed of a commanding presence upon the platform, and during the course of his delivery, moved about upon it with the grace and activity of a finished actor. His voice was rich, deep, penetrating and silvery. He knew that voice and tone, style and language, gesture and cadence must be blended harmoniously together, to give the utterance life, and interpenetrate the speech with that mystical and subtle spiritual substance, which so far has eluded the definition of the lexicographer and escaped the category of the logician, but which mortals call the "soul". Such was the architecture of the many orations of Chapleau. Such were his speeches during a quarter of a century, when he stormed, like an advancing conqueror, the court-rooms and platforms of the land. Others have had other charms: others have possessed different powers. But with all his competitors, in a land which produced not a few, he will stand to posterity as the Cicero of Quebec.

The next article in this series will discuss the great pulpit oratory of Rev. William Morley Punshon.



MARKET DAY AT MALINES

From the Painting by

Julien Celos.

Exhibite at the

Canadian National Exhibition

THE MATCHBREAKERS

BY INEZ HAYNES GILMORE



HE noticed him with a thrill of blurred recognition, the moment she entered the car. But he, apparently, did not see her until she had seated herself. He stared for an immeasurable part of a second. Then his whole face broke into a smile charged electrically with delight. He pulled off his hat with a swift, vigorous gesture. With his head bare, he looked appallingly alien.

This is the formulæ of her thoughts for an infinitesimal interval:

"Oh, dear, I haven't the remotest idea who he is. I know I've never seen him before in my life. I'm sure I'd remember a man that looked like that. I won't bow. I'll simply glare at him until he slinks out of the car. But I can't cut a man with a whole crowd standing round to watch the massacre. Maybe he's made a mistake.

"I will bow. But suppose he's calculating on my not daring to throw him down—before people—suppose he takes advantage of my kindness to come over and talk with me. I won't bow."

She bowed.

"I know as well as I know *anything* that I never met him in my life. I never saw such a girl as I am for seeing people that look like somebody I can't remember. Perhaps he did it just as an experiment to see if I would. Perhaps he thinks I'm the kind of girl that—Perhaps this feather is too long—New York hats always look so queer elsewhere. But I

have always thought if there was anything that could be said to my credit—it was that I looked like a lady.

"I'm sorry I bowed.

"Probably I have met him somewhere. Where was the last place I went before going to the West—oh, I know, that evening at the Gordons' there were slathers of new men there. That's where I met him. Wouldn't it have been awful if I'd cut him! I wonder if the dot on my veil has worked onto the end of my nose. I'll get his name in a moment.

"I'm glad I bowed."

She stole a sideways glance in his direction when her sixth sense told her he was looking away.

No, it was impossible that he could be a mere vulgar villain. He had all the stigmata of the thoroughbred. He had a long, sinewy body that broadened into shoulders that cut off the whole view from the window at his side. He had the kind of chin outline that she particularly liked—cleft, too, not dented. The hand that grasped a bag full of golf sticks was slender, muscular, full of character. There had been in his eyes, when he bowed, that straightforward, pleasant look that much travelling had led her to believe was characteristic of American men alone.

Of course after that she stared straight ahead.

It was a magnificent day—a wild March wind rampaging through the mildness of late April. They sped up Boylston Street. The green vistas of Commonwealth Avenue and of Beacon Street flittered by. Then came

the ruffled Charles, beating from under Harvard Bridge to where, on Beacon Hill, the houses piled up to the golden dome of the State House.

"Now let me think of the men I met at the Gordons"—there was the one that had the walrus mustache—the one that looked like a peanut—the one with the fuzzy English accent—the pink-looking one with the mauve eyelashes. Then there was that nice Western boy who told me I was easy to look at. Oh, I know! This one must have come with that crowd of real men who stopped at the door in the automobile with Charley Gordon. Charley Gordon insisted on dragging them in. They were all in those cubby-bear coats and of course men never look remotely human in goggles. It's out of the question trying to remember his name.

"Wouldn't it have been dreadful if I hadn't bowed?"

On the other side of the bridge the car began to empty. There was a vacant place at her side presently. She knew the exact moment when he arose. She did not move an eyelash as she felt him drawing nearer.

"Have you seen the Robinsons lately?" he asked pleasantly as he seated himself at her side.

Oh, it was at the Robinsons' that he had met her then. That was a different thing. It was as if he had been marked "sterling". There were never any "seconds" at the Robinsons'.

"Not for two weeks, I think," she said with her prettiest air of graciousness. "How are they all?"

His face grew serious. "Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard?" She turned directly to him and her eyes went wide with alarm.

"Of Mrs. Robinson's accident? Please don't look like that!" He went on reassuringly: "She's not dangerously hurt. She was thrown from an automobile two or three nights ago—she's all right now—there were no bones broken."

"How dreadful!" Her soft brows

gathered into a furry plexus. "Are you quite sure she's all right? Have you seen her?"

"No. But I called last night. And they assured me that she was quite herself again; that she had, in fact, taken a short drive in the afternoon."

She knawed perplexedly at her under lip. "I can't see why they didn't tell me. But I have just this moment returned from New York. I suppose they wouldn't alarm me unnecessarily while I was there and they haven't had a moment since. There was an important letter taking me away the moment I got into the house."

This was half reverie and he did not say anything. But his look was sympathetic. His face was even nicer, she thought, in its serious aspect.

"It would be awful to have anything happen to Mrs. Robinson," she went on. "She's such a dear. And such a wonderful woman too. Wherever she is things happen—don't you think so? And you always meet such charming people in her house."

"I have—certainly," he acquiesced with enthusiasm.

"What car are you taking?" he asked as they both arose at Harvard Square.

"An Arlington car. But I want to run into the station and telephone first."

"I'll hold the car for you," he offered. "I'm going to Arlington too."

"I tried to get the Robinsons," she said on her return, "but nobody answered the 'phone. But I got Marvin and ordered some flowers to be sent out to her. I——"

"There's our car now," he interrupted.

"Who was with Mrs. Robinson at the time of the accident?" she asked as they seated themselves. "Or was she alone?"

"No, I believe Dora was with her."

"Dora?" she repeated questioningly.

"Dora?"

"Yes, her daughter."

"But Mrs. Robinson has no daughters."

He stared at her. "She has two daughters."

"Two daughters." She returned his stare. "What Mrs. Robinson do you refer to?" she asked after a perplexed pause.

"I mean Mrs. Marmaduke Robinson of Belton Roads, Cambridge."

"I've been talking about Mrs. Aston Robinson of Brookline. At least," she went on haughtily, "it was to her that I had the flowers sent with a most affectionate message of sympathy for her accident."

He roared.

"Perhaps you'll be so good," and her cutting tone broke his laughter short, "to tell me where you met me."

"Why, at the—" he began confidently. Then he began to stammer. "I—I thought I met you at a tea given by Mrs.—Mrs. Marmaduke Robinson—three weeks ago. There was a girl pouring tea—no, she was ladling out that cold slushy stuff they give you at teas. Anyway she had a feather that dripped down over the side of her hat just like yours." He looked encouragingly at her as if this alluring description must jog her memory.

"As I don't know the Mrs. Robinson to whom you refer, I could not possibly have met you. It's not necessary for me to remind you that we don't know each other."

He arose instantly. "I beg your pardon," he said simply. "It was all my fault."

She bowed with dismissive haughtiness. "And, incidentally," her voice took a tone of elfin sarcasm, "I don't wear a hat when I pour at teas."

He raised his hat. He retreated to a seat in the farthest corner where he sat with his arms folded, looking away from her, out the window. Once she saw his shoulders shake. She knew he was thinking of the flowers. Her own shoulders took a loftier pose.

They were getting out toward Arlington and the wind had become a gale. The sky was a polished blue bowl on whose smooth sides the whipped-cream clouds tried vainly to get aground. In the east, a mass of

them, huge, puffy, overblown, huddled against the horizon line. The trees were all bent double in their efforts to withstand the onslaught. The flapping garments on the clotheslines across the street were distended into bloated, gargoyle-like parodies of the human figure.

He saw none of this.

He was thinking what an ass a man is anyway. But if girls only knew how different they looked when they were rigged out for an afternoon tea in dewdabs, dingbats, wassetts, and fluffy-doodles from afterwards on the street when they wore real clothes. That girl at the tea was a dead ringer for the one in the car. It was enough to dare any man. He would like to put them side by side and let their own mother pick them out. When he came to think of it, though, the girl at the tea had a wart or a mole or a wen or something on the side of her chin. And her eyes were brown. The girl in the car—idiot that he was—had gray eyes—luscious lamps they were too. He groaned mentally. Anyway they both wore the same kind of feather—one of those spaghetti feathers that keep blowing into a man's eyes and mouth—he could swear to the feather!

At Arlington Center everybody in the car but the girl and himself changed for Winchester. With a comfortable sense of being immune from discovery, he stole glance after glance at her during this process.

She certainly was a "looker". He decided that, better than any other style of girl, he liked a long slim one in a three-quarter coat. She was all in black, and from the bows on the pumps that revealed the beginnings of slender ankles to the carefully adjusted veil, her appearance held that note of jaunty trigness that, beyond any other, pleases the masculine sense. Through her veil glimmered a roll of brown hair, burnished softly with gold, gleamed eyes that shone with a virginal calm, sparkled teeth fretting in a pearly line at proud red lips.

She had not, all this time, looked once in his direction. But, suddenly, something outside caught her attention and she flashed about on the seat. The comb, that held the soft tendrils of her hair at the back, fell with a clang, disappearing behind the seat. He started to rise, but she had already noticed her loss. She stood up and investigated. He realized that the comb had dropped into the slot which received the shutter when lowered. But before he could find the courage to address her again, she had beckoned the conductor into the car.

"I've lost my comb down that place—there—" she explained plaintively. "Do you think you can get it for me?"

The conductor stared stupidly. "Get that hook that you use when the trolley's off the wire," she commanded. Returning, he fumbled with it in the slot, but unsuccessfully.

Two men stopped the car and held the conductor for a moment's conversation before they decided on another route. In his absence the girl poked without avail at the narrow opening.

"I must get it," she said when the conductor returned. "It's set with jade and was made in Japan. I should feel heartbroken if I lost it."

"Well, I guess they can git it for you at the car station," the conductor drawled. Then again he left her abruptly to help aboard the kitty-faced old lady who, after a voluble interval, elected to take a later car.

The man in the corner got up and strolled to the girl's side. "Let me try," he entreated.

"If you will be so good," she permitted frostily after an icy pause. She held out to him the instrument of her own defeat. •

"Please don't give me the hook again," he asked humbly. He took one of the sticks from his golf bag and, breaking it at its jointed middle, transformed it into a fishing rod. He attached a hook to it and began to fish.

The girl stared in amazement. Then she exhibited a smile. She watched,

"The trouble is that you haven't any bait," she suggested after several moments of unsuccessful angling. "If we only had a copy of 'Izaak Walton.'" Her voice had become very soft. He snapped the rod together and returned it to his bag.

"I'd advise a mashie," she volunteered.

But he ignored her suggestion. Seizing a putter he went at it again. By degrees his face assumed a look of intense concentration and then suddenly his right arm shot up and the comb flew out of the opening. He caught it adroitly and handed it to her.

"I lofted it," he said in a tone of great satisfaction.

"Thank you!" She adjusted the comb firmly in its proper place. Then she pulled the edges of her veil together and pinned them firmly over it.

He started irresolutely to return to his corner again.

"I don't suppose," she began, "that I would have cared such an awful lot for the mistake. But no girl likes to be taken for another girl."

"It was all the fault of that feather," he protested with eager fluency. "I give you my word of honour now that I look at you"—he fixed her with so enthusiastic a scrutiny that she turned her face away—"that that girl doesn't look any more like you than my grandmother does. I don't know who she is—or what she came from—or where she's gone, and I don't want to slam her. But honest, I pity her from the bottom of my heart for having all the beginnings of beauty and then falling down at the last moment. You've got her played to the gaff, whipped a mile—backed onto the fire escape. But I'm glad she came ahead and prepared the way, for I know I never could have stood the full blaze at once. Why I'm getting all this out of my system is to prove to you that I shall never make this same mistake again. No, not if you wear forty feathers. Do you mind if I sit on the other side of it?—it obscures the view."



"Seizing a putter he went at it again"

When she caught her breath she merely said: "It's immaterial where you sit. I get out in a half minute at the Arlington Heights Station."

"So do I," he averred humbly.

"You said you were going to Arlington."

"So did you."

"But I'm going beyond to Lexington."

"So am I."

She bit her lips. "As a matter of fact," she announced sweetly, "I'm going to Concord."

"I don't expect you to believe me, but so am I."

She looked at him in silent exasperation. While they waited for the Lexington car, she made one remark. "I suppose you're from the West." When he admitted it, her answering gasp seemed to say that that accounted for a good deal.

"May I sit beside you again?" he asked when they boarded the Lexington car. Without waiting for a reply, he put himself on the side opposed to the feather.

"Well," she said in a tone that indicated that she had given up some sort of struggle with herself, "inasmuch as we seem doomed to travel to the

Pacific coast together, and as the rest of the world seems to avoid us as if we were a leper colony—" Her eye fell on the gilt letters that proclaimed the ownership of the card case he was just opening. "Are you Robert Ardsley?" she demanded.

"Yes."

She jumped and then shrank away from him. "Good heavens, I'm glad I found that out." She added with a stiffness, "I'm Barbara Bennett. That's why you looked so familiar. I've seen dozens of pictures of you taken with Dick."

"Barbara Bennett!" He stared open-mouthed. "Of course! That picture of you and Rhoda hung in our room in college for two years."

She straightened herself up, and her face, turned directly to him, was freezing in its look. "And of course as Rhoda Wrentham's best friend, I must refuse—absolutely—to have anything to say to the man who is responsible for her unhappiness."

"I responsible for her! I don't know what you're talking about, Miss Bennett. I had nothing to do with their broken engagement. Dick talked the matter over with me—the way a man talks things over with his chum—and I gave him my advice when he asked it. But as for being responsible for their broken engagement—you're quite mistaken! Upon my word you are, Miss Bennett."

"Unfortunately," the lady's tone had all the clearness and coldness of an icy mountain stream, "Dick happened to quote to Rhoda some of the things you said. She came straight to me with them. I heard the whole story in silence. But of course she got down on her bended knees and asked my advice, I couldn't withhold it from her."

"So I understand. Dick is strongly under the impression that if Miss Wrentham had not been tampered with—by outside forces——"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you, if you wish—that their engagement would never have been broken."

"Of all things! Why, I maintained so judicial an attitude through it all that I nearly exploded. And all the time I was simply dying to tell Rhoda just what I thought of Dick Yerrington. A man who while he is engaged to one girl goes off automobiling in a party that contains another girl to whom he has been markedly attentive in the past, and to simply load that girl with attentions until everybody in the party was talking about it and coming home and hinting and alluding to Rhoda—and pitying her. Well, I've my opinion of him."

"Miss Bennett, that's simply ridiculous. You know that Dick would never have gone off with that party if Rhoda—if Miss Wrentham had not gone to the Ryders' week-end when Bob Harmon was a member of the party. Everybody knows that Bob Harmon was desperately in love with her, and that he said he never would give her up until she was married to Dick. No man wants his girl skylarking with a man like Harmon."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Bennett hotly. "Well, when people think they know so well what is good for other people, and the other people know they are perfectly competent to take care of themselves, and the people keep restricting the other people's liberty by their silly, offensive, and unmanly jealousy, and the other people are as patient, forbearing, and decent as they can be—and still other people keep interfering with the people and the other people—it's about time, I say, for the people to break their engagement with the other people."

With a corrugated brow Mr. Ardsley considered this for an instant. Then he roared. "What's the answer?" he asked finally.

She turned from him with a movement full of the rage that she was trying to repress. "It's not necessary for me to say again, I hope, that I absolutely decline the honour of your acquaintance."

His face grew serious. "Certainly not!" he said with emphasis. Lifting



“That girl doesn't look any more like you than my grandmother does!”

his hat he strode down the car to a seat in the corner. There, hunched against the window, he stared out at the approaching scenery.

The gale had by no means gone down—rather it had increased. The car was going at top speed. It bounced up and down the tracks, jerked around corners, and seemed occasionally to vault the crossings. Doors rattled and windows shook. Miss Bennett and Mr. Ardsley continued to occupy it in frigid silence and isolation. Because of his superior weight, he was able to present a dignified appearance, but the girl was thrown back and forth in her seat. The fresh Massachusetts country slid by like a moving-picture show. The trees,

mere green blurs, marched with the flying car. The hills seemed to be playing a dizzy game that confused the background. Memorials to American patriotism slipped into the picture and were lost out of it.

Suddenly Ardsley jumped. “I think I ought to tell you, Miss Bennett,” he called over the hubbub, “that I'm going out to the Paul Revere House in Concord to meet Dick Yerrington. He came on unexpectedly for a day or two and he invited me out for a game of golf. I thought you might wish to avoid him. I'll do my best to keep him away from the places that you're going if you'll only tell me where they are. What's the matter?”

Miss Bennett was staring at him, affrighted, her eyes big with excitement of some kind, her soft lips parted. "Oh, Mr. Ardsley," she exclaimed. Her voice had lost all its chill. It was sheerly a girl's voice, low, tremulous, appealing.

He left his place in the corner and took a seat again at her side. "Tell me what's the matter," he commanded.

"Oh, Mr. Ardsley, it's too perfectly dreadful for any words. Listen, I am going to the Paul Revere House, myself, to meet Rhoda. There was a note from her waiting for me when I got back from New York, telling me that she was only going to be here for a day and a night and begging me to come to her as soon as possible. Oh, we must keep them apart. You can't realize how embarrassing it would be if they met. I know they haven't laid eyes on each other for six months."

"What shall we do?" he asked, immediately sympathetic.

She considered the question, her lids downcast, reverie lying like a shadow over her face. "Oh, I'll tell you." Her whole look bloomed in the smile of her sudden triumph. "I'll pretend to be sick and I'll make Rhoda stay with me every blessed minute. Not that it will be hard, for she's such a devoted dear when there's anything wrong. I'll pretend not to be able to go downstairs to eat, and we'll have dinner and breakfast served in our room. Then I'll get her home to my house the first thing to-morrow morning. If you keep Mr. Yerrington away all the afternoon, golfing—there isn't the slightest possibility of their meeting."

"You don't think it would be desirable for them er — er to see each other," he said tentatively.

She stiffened immediately. "Certainly not. Nothing but pain for them both could result from such an encounter. Besides there's no knowing what ideas it might put into their heads. And they're the last people in the world who ought to be allowed to marry. They're not one least little

atom in the world suited to each other. Don't you think so?"

"I—I don't know—I don't see why not," he stuttered weakly.

She gave him a glance of ineffable scorn. "It would be spiritual suicide." She brought the last words out with appalling distinctness. "Thank you," she added.

Somehow he felt dismissed.

He arose forlornly and retreated again to the corner of the car.

They had passed through Lexington and again they plunged into open country on their way to Concord. He looked in her direction once or twice, but she had turned her head and was resting it against the arm which extended over the back of the seat. He could see the round of one cheek, over which her eyelashes hung, long, shadowy. Her upper lip protruded a little beyond the lower one, forcing it into ripples that ended at the corner of her mouth in a pool of soft shadow. Even as he slyly studied her, she jumped to an upright position and her eyes fixed themselves upon him. "Oh, Mr. Ardsley!" she called wildly.

Obediently he arose and walked to her side.

"I've been thinking about it all. It occurred to me that maybe Dick Yerrington may have heard that Rhoda was in Concord, and came out to see her. They may have met. How can we keep them apart?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so. He's been up here for two or three days, but he didn't mention her in his letter to me. Perhaps Miss Wrentham heard that he was here and—" He stopped overpowered by the blaze in his companion's eyes. "I think he would have mentioned it to me if he expected to see her," he ended lamely.

Miss Bennett sighed. "Oh, dear, I am worried," she admitted wistfully.

"Don't worry," he begged, dropping his voice until it was full of tenderness. "I don't think there's any need of that."

"But—" She bit her lips and did not go on.



"I'm so glad, dear. I hope you'll be terribly happy"

"We shall reach the Paul Revere House in another moment," he warned her.

"Oh!" She arose and walked to the other side of the car. He followed her, and, together, they stood, looking out. The tendrils of her feather played a soft tattoo on his cheek, but he did not mind it now.

The big Colonial hotel came into view. Two figures—a young man and a young girl — came rushing down to meet the car.

Miss Bennett began to tremble. She seized her companion's arm in a grip that testified to the development of muscles, unexpected in a girl. "It's an appointment," she breathed.

The car stopped. He helped her out.

"Barb—dear—oh, Barb," the girl cried. "I've got such news for you." She was a little brunette creature, slender, sparkling.

"I know," Miss Bennett said "you're married to Dick. I'm so glad,

dear; it's perfectly lovely. I hope you'll be terribly happy."

Then she burst into tears.

Miss Bennett and Mr. Ardsley were returning to Boston over the same road that they had taken in the morning. This time they were in a motor-car.

It had been a long day full of pleasant companionship and the beauty of out-of-doors. Now they had just come from seeing the bridal pair off to their honeymoon.

The wind had infused Miss Bennett's eyes with a soft brilliancy. It had whipped into her cheeks a velvety flood of colour that ran from her lashes down to the shadowy pits at the corners of her mouth. Her hair, a tangled iridescent mesh, was a swaying background for all this colour.

"We shall be in the city in another ten minutes." His manner was full of regret. "When am I going to see you again?" His tone was leavened with an element of proprietorship.

"Really, Mr. Ardsley, I don't know," Miss Bennett said languidly. "Is there any necessity for our seeing each other again? I can't see how people with such peculiarly diverse ideas on things could ever take any pleasure in each other's society."

"Am I to understand," he demanded in an aggrieved tone, "that you refuse to let me call on you?"

Perhaps she had not expected this. She thought for an instant. "Yes," she said finally with an air of decision.

"Oh, very well. But of course I shall see you again."

"Where?"

"At the Yerringtons'."

She laughed triumphantly. "You'll never be invited there. You know what—proverbially—happens to the bachelor friends of the groom, especially when they were the means of breaking the engagement once."

"I had nothing to do with the broken engagement, as nobody knows better than yourself. But I fixed that. I've got Rhoda dead to rights." He turned to her a face that radiated

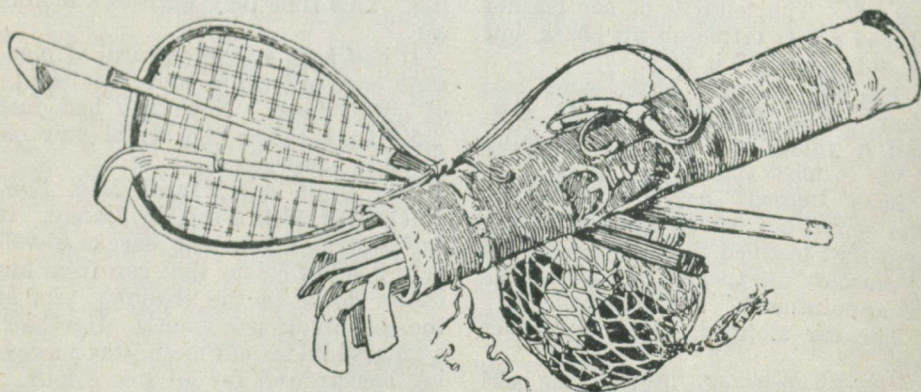
mischief. "She's actually invited me to come and live with them next year, and I'm going to accept. I don't think you'll let me have the triumph," he insinuated craftily, "of believing that you don't dare to come to see your best friends on my account."

Conflicting emotions, accompanied by exquisite gradations in colour, warred in Miss Bennett's cheek. Ardsley watched the display with approval.

Curiosity triumphed. "How in the world did you manage that?" she asked in a baffled tone.

"I appealed to the instinct that is stronger in woman than death. I told Rhoda that she could certainly marry us off if she'd only provide me with a chance to get to you. Now come," he wheedled. "Be a sport! Give me a fighting chance! Let me come to-morrow night."

For a moment Miss Bennett stared at him, her lips compressed, her nostrils quivering. Then something in his gaze got the better of her. She laughed. "Yes, you may come," she said.



THE ROMANCE OF BASRAH

BY R. A. MacLEAN

"The stars are setting and the caravan starts for the Dawn of Nothing"



OR one who has lived all his life in the Western Hemisphere, until its modes of thinking and of being have sunk into his very soul and become part and parcel of his existence, it is a contrasting but educative change to find oneself, even when ushered in by the whirlpool of a great war, in a country round which such a wealth of history and romance still lingers, and about which so little as far as the Westerner is concerned is in any real sense known. Mesopotamia, to which I refer, is such a land, and Basrah more truly than any other city in Mesopotamia, not even excepting Bagdad, is a city of romance, taking us back as it does to our early days, when with Sinbad the sailor we encountered marvellous adventures, or perhaps in our imagination we listened to the music of the nightingale, the music of a voice that once charmed magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in færy lands forlorn.

But before delving into the past or touching the springs of imagination and romance which lie beneath the huge mass of material which a great war has thrust upon the country, perhaps it will not be without interest to the reader if I attempt to give a present day picture of the city once the great trade emporium of the East.

Some sixty miles from the Persian Gulf, situated on the Shatt-el-Arab, a noble river which carries the joint waters of the Tigris and the

Euphrates to the sea, lies the city of Basrah, if a disorderly collection of broken-down houses and huts might be dignified by such a name. The approach to the city from the head of the Gulf is much finer than one's anticipation of it. The banks of the city are lined with groves of palm trees which stretch in long regular lines several miles back from either side of the river. These embowered groves of pillared palms, beautiful and impressive as they are to the eye, have a value for the Arabs far different from the æsthetic. They constitute the chief source of wealth for all Mesopotamia. Basrah, which formed the base for the Indian Expeditionary Force to Mesopotamia is, strictly speaking, divided into two parts—Ashar, the port stretching for several miles along the river front, and Basrah, the old town which lies about two miles inland. These two divisions of the town are connected by the Ashar creek, a fine stream when the tide is high, but a sluggish rivulet with slimy banks, when the water is low. On its waters Arabs in their picturesque dress ply the native *belem*; women come down to the water's edge and fill their bottles; boys bathe in the stream; the sewage of the town is carried away on its full tide, and when its waters have been employed for every other necessity of the natives, then it is used for drinking purposes. Running parallel to the creek is the Strand, and intersecting the Strand are Oxford and other streets of classic name—a device



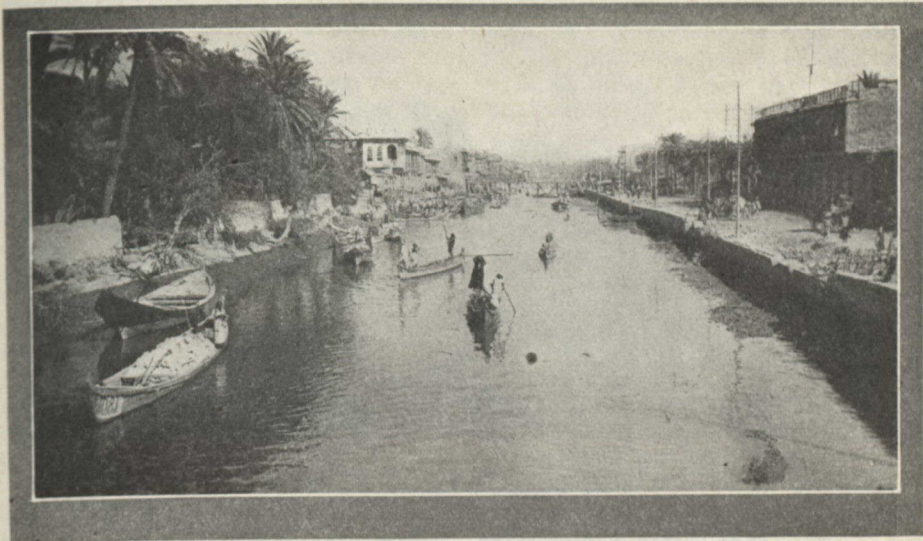
A typical Coolie woman of Basrah

in nomenclature for imparting to streets a dignity which they do not in reality possess.

The port of Ashar during war time gave an impression of bustling activity. Munitions of war and all the other paraphernalia strewed the left bank of the Shatt-el-Arab for miles. Offices of administration, ordnance stores, huts, barracks and hospitals, all lay huddled together, and quite recently the river front was dignified, although its old-time charm partly destroyed, by the erection of a fine hotel. In Ashar there are a few bazaars and native theatres, but these are best seen in Basrah, where Oriental silks and Persian rugs, not always genuine, are offered for sale, or to speak more correctly, where the credulous Westerner parts from fabulous sums of money for the privilege of carrying back to England or to

America some merchandise or curio of doubtful value.

But to dwell on what one sees with the physical eye in a casual tour about Basrah gives but a very imperfect, even a wrong impression of the city and its people. If you would know something of the city's former glory, and gain access to the inner thinking of the Arab's mind, you must associate with the native, you must acquaint yourself in some measure at least with his language. Then perhaps something of his genius will at odd moments dawn upon you, and as you walk up and down the dirty streets and listen to the strange jargon, you may see and hear things which have come to have some significance for you. At all events you will derive more pleasure from your daily round, and in seeing as you will that East is East and West is West, you may



Ashar Creek, Basrah

also discover that no one country possesses a monopoly of all the arts of civilization.

So some fine evening when the sun has set, and the shades of night help to conceal the city's squalour, come for a tour round old Basrah. At Whitely's bridge we engage an *arabana* (carriage) for the evening, and as it is necessary to keep on good terms with the driver, we say to him *arid aruh illal Basrah* (I want to go Basrah), and off we go in a rickety two-horse carriage down the Strand. Or if the roads are bad, as they usually are, it will be necessary to have four horses. Even with this addition you will be lucky if you reach the entrance to the bazaar without having to dismount.

We have at last arrived. The *arabachi* (driver) is told to wait till we return from a tour on foot through the bazaars and quaint narrow streets of El-Bussorah. Tourists to Dublin say that one of the sights of that city is the smell of the Liffey. On the application of this principle to Basrah, there are sights more numerous and varied than one can "inhale" in any single evening. To graduate them properly, there are the perfumes

of the spice bazaar, the odours of the vegetable market, the smells of the sheep and cattle mart, the stinks and the rank abominations of filth which thrust themselves upon your nose and eyes almost everywhere without any positive action on your part in searching for them. But to proceed.

The streets are in total darkness save for the presence of a few lanterns which the native population use to guide them to their homes or to the theatres. As we walk along narrow lanes, low voices are heard behind latticed windows above us, and an occasional light reveals sights not intended for men's curious eyes. The women of the East may see but may not be seen. They are jealously protected behind curtained windows, and when they walk in the streets behind their lords and masters, their veiled faces and their subdued demeanour are a striking testimony to the non-emancipation of the women of the East. Farther on is a coffee shop. We say *salaam aleykum* to those present, and in respectful fashion the Arab denizens all stand up and say in reply *wa aleykum es salaam* (and upon you also be peace). We take a seat, order



Whiteley Bridge, Ashar Creek, Basrah

some coffee, then, after a few more formalities, we are looked upon as true guests. From this time on till our departure the sacred laws of hospitality are binding upon our hosts even to the preservation of our lives should we encounter any danger. The modern Arab, like his ancestors, may be a villain, a robber and a cut-throat, but at any rate he bears the outward marks of respectability, courtesy and affability. He is aristocratic in his bearing and dignified in his manner. In his own house he is a real host. When you enter he says, *beti betak* (my house is yours). If you admire any of his possessions, provided he is a true aristocrat, he will tell you to take the object of your admiration. But you soon learn not to put too literal an interpretation on his words, and when you become better acquainted with his mode of hospitality, you are divided in opinion as to whether you should admire his courtesy or abominate his hypocrisy. But the mind of the Easterner is generally interpreted the truest when one does not cast a too ungenerous reflection upon its thoughts.

It is now ten o'clock. We meet some richly jewelled dancing girls going to the theatre. Their silk gowns and satin slippers form a striking

contrast to the dirty grimy streets, through which they pick their steps. One of the girls, to judge by her appearance, is a Jewess, one a native Arab, and the third a Circassian, who in contrast with the painted faces of the other two uses no artificial aid to add to her beauty, which is typical of the beauty of that sadly persecuted race from which she comes. A little later on we meet some Armenian women. They are dressed in the long *aba*, which is so familiar in the East. But their faces are not veiled. They are young and beautiful to behold, nor do they bear any of the marks of oppression which has been the lot of this unfortunate people even from Roman times.

In Basrah there are a good many Armenians. In fact there are people of almost every race and creed. And strange though it may seem, it is the Englishman with his Western ideas and Western manners, or the American missionary with his evangelistic zeal who seems most out of place in Basrah. It is difficult for an Arab to understand why an Englishman living in the East should dress in closely fitting garments of such a sombre hue. And there is some reason in his philosophy. Clothes are after all in some degree the measure of the man. The Westerner in the

picturesque Arab language is "the father of coats", and his outward garb, so unsuited to the East, prevents the native from getting access to the wearer's inner soul.

But the hour is getting late, so we move on down a narrow lane until we are arrested by the sound of music and dancing. There are no lights about and where the sounds come from is difficult to determine. But by following them we soon find ourselves in a native theatre. Here there are some two hundred persons, all men except the three girls on the stage, the very same three whom we had met on the street a short time before.

The building is simple in structure, with a gallery running round three sides. There are vacant boxes, but we prefer to sit down on the front seat along with some aristocratic Arabs, and join in their conversation. Cigarettes and monkey nuts are drunk and chewed. The Arab always says *tishrub jigarra* (will you "drink" a cigarette). So we exchange cigarettes—English for the long Arab kind about six inches in length.

The stage performance, which consists chiefly in singing and dancing to the accompaniment of the monotonous droll of an Arab playing an instrument like a mandolin, is as weird as it is incomprehensible. The singing is of the piercing high-toned variety, and as to the dancing I doubt if even Terpsichore herself could mould her form to her desires in such a variety of ways, more gracefully than did the richly-jewelled, dark-eyed girl of Ras-el-ain. Nor was the Arab girl to be robbed of her palm of glory. With an enterprise worthy of an artiste of a London music hall, she sang with much gusto for our special benefit, "Tis a long way to Tipperary".

Such is the modern touch in far-off Basrah. But the hour is late, and it is time to return to our billet. The *arabachi* impatiently and drowsily awaits our return at the entrance to the bazaar, and soon we are rattling along the Strand under a veil of darkness, which wings the imagination back to other days and other times.

On the following day we loaf languidly about in keeping with the place. At ten a. m. the thermometer



Coffee-shops in Basrah



An Arab family, near Basrah

stands at one hundred and five degrees in the shade, and a drowsy feeling steals over the land. It is only by the broad-flowing Shatt-el-Arab that there is any freshness in the air. Here the shallop still flits silken-sailed as of yore, driven by a slight breeze, and the round *guffahs*, and all the other antediluvian craft upon the river take one back to the days of Sennacherib and the Assyrians and all the ancient culture of the past. In few places in the world has time made a less impression than in Mesopotamia. To this very day you may see anywhere upon the Tigris or the Euphrates the *kellek* (skin inflated rafts) such as one may see pictured in stone in the Nineveh Gallery of the British Museum, and the aristocratic Arab as he walks about in princely fashion, with his long-flowing silk robes, might well be one of the patriarchs described in the Old Testament.

Yes, in this dreamy lotus land all things always seem the same. In the coffee shops the current gossip and politics of the day are discussed over coffee-cups and cigarettes. The hot

dry winds and sun-baked plains of the desert develop all one's innate germs of laziness and indifference to life's joys, and disease of all kinds stalks rampant as the will of Allah. The fatalism of the East everywhere manifests itself, and reason is dethroned. The frenzied life of the West is a thing unknown. The Bedouin of the desert seems to have solved the problem of the high cost of living. With the camel, which supplies all his own wants and those of his family, he wanders about free from life's worries. This wonderful beast furnishes him the means of transport, its milk gives him sustenance, its hair is woven into his tents and clothes, its very dung is steeped for medicine, and then used as fuel to cook his food and warm his tent. A camel steak, I am told, is very good eating, and in the matter of by-products of a carcass, even the enterprising Chicago packers might learn something from the wandering Bedouin of the desert.

Various writers at various times have struck true notes in the music of the East. Doughty's "Travels in



Arab Craft on the Shatt-el-Arab

Arabia" form delightful reading. Mrs. Wilkins in "By Desert Roads to Bagdad", has made a valuable contribution to the literature of the desert. Miss Lowthian Bell, late of the Political Service in Bagdad, has, in my opinion, written of the East with a charm and insight which few modern writers on travel possess. It is a pity that books of hers such as "Amurath to Amurath" and "The

Desert and the Sown" are not more generally known and more widely read.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out, the Shatt-el-Arab rolls noiselessly on, and ancient Bussorah, with her one road to the desert and the other to the sea, remains true to her old traditions, undisturbed by the tramp of armies or the dawn of a newer day.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Resignation
and reward

THREE representatives of the United Farmers who were returned to the Ontario Legislature in the general election have resigned the seats in which they never sat in order to make vacancies for Mr. Drury and two of his ministers. It is explained with much fervour and apparently with complete candour that the members who resigned are not to receive offices or any other valuable recognition or emolument. The gods may provide, but there is no understanding with the gods which could be interpreted in an earthly atmosphere as a bargain.

Looking backward to Confederation, and beyond, one recalls many instances in which members resigned to accommodate defeated ministers or through other urgent political exigency. But never was there any admission that the member would be rewarded. It was always positively asserted that there was no promise. But it always happened that the resigning member dropped into a life senatorship or some other comfortable position. One cannot think of a single failure in half a century nor a single instance in which it was admitted that there was a promise. In all the history of the tribes of men there is no other such remarkable illustration of faith and its certain reward.

One will follow with curious interest the future experiences of the elected farmers of Halton, East Kent and East Wellington who resigned for Mr. Drury, Mr. Doherty and Mr. Raney and unless they fail to receive "recognition" in the happy future a new chapter will be written in Canadian history. Whether they are rewarded by faith or by contract the people expect that the members who made way for the ministers will not be neglected".

II

Depreciation
of the dollar

IN references to the depreciation of the Canadian dollar in the United States there is often a hint of anger with the American people. But Americans are not animated by hostility to the dollar any more than they are trying to destroy the British pound or the German mark or the French franc. The chances are that exchange will operate tremendously against United States exports and compel other countries to develop their own natural and industrial resources. It is for this reason no doubt that Great Britain has been reluctant to incur fresh obligations in order to

stabilize exchange. To borrow in the United States would stimulate United States exports to Britain and aggravate rather than relieve the British financial and industrial situation. Ultimate relief must come by saving and producing and not by borrowing and spending. It is conceivable that sooner or later the European nations will have to establish a system of barter or at least a new basis of international trading until debts have been reduced and the long strain of the war measurably relieved.

For the time, however, exchange bears heavily upon Canada. Every month we buy goods in the United States to the value of \$60,000,000 or \$75,000,000. An additional twelve or fifteen per cent. is added for exchange. To original cost, to exchange and to freight paid to American railways the Canadian retailer adds his regular profit. Every family in Canada, therefore, is paying between \$1.50 and \$2 every working day to United States capitalists and workers for American products as against eight cents a day paid by every family in the United States for Canadian products. Upon American purchases Canadian consumers are paying in exchange alone at the rate of \$100,000,000 annually above the amount paid for equal purchases before the dollar fell from 12 to 15 per cent. below its par value.

It is clearly essential, therefore, whatever may be one's fiscal faith or political connections, to buy less in the United States and more in Canada, to find as far as is practicable substitutes for American articles, to avoid purchase of luxuries across the border, and even to lose a season at Atlantic City, in the South or in California. This is merely the law of self-preservation. Abstention from purchase of American goods and products, as has been said, is not dictated by any feeling of hostility to our neighbours. Nor is concern for Canadian industries necessarily the dominating motive. We cannot afford to increase our huge war obligations by an excess payment of \$100,000,000 to American manufacturers and workers. A heavy payment we cannot escape for we must have coal, ore, cotton and other raw materials. But we can go a great distance to balance the account. The situation imposes upon Canadian manufacturers a special obligation to supply the home market at reasonable prices and to increase exports to the utmost. A special obligation lies also upon leaders of organized labour to impress upon workers the necessity for co-operation with employers to produce "goods made in Canada" adequate to the demand and of quality that will hold the market in future.

III

FIFTY-SIX years ago the American greenback was quoted at thirty-nine or forty cents in Toronto. During the Civil War there was heavy buying by United States army contractors in Canada until prices very like those which now prevail were paid for many farm products. Although the North financed the war with skill and courage the years which followed witnessed the plottings of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk and demonstrated that a great general was not neces-

Buy less in the
United States

The greenback
in Toronto

sarily a wise president. Henry Adams, whose absorbing autobiography was published only a short time ago, has told the story of the "gold conspiracy" although at the time he could not get publication in his favourite British magazines.

Back in
Sixty-four

Mr. C. C. Taylor, author of "Toronto Called Back", extracts from whose book are quoted by *The Home Bank Monthly*, explains that in 1864 American gold poured into Canada, farmers and merchants reaped a golden harvest and fortunes were accumulated by many traders and speculators. Mr. Taylor had a friend who took \$40 to a broker on King Street and received \$100 in American currency. "The fare to New York, which from Suspension Bridge was \$10, was to us only \$4, while the charge of \$4 at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, was to us just \$1.60 a day." Mr. Taylor tells also of a visitor from the United States who bought an article on King street for twenty-five cents and got fifteen cents change out of an American dollar. Neither the Canadian dollar nor the British pound are yet in such low estate among Americans. But the prophets grow cautious. These are days in which any man is as wise as his neighbour and the economists only confound one another.

IV

The situation
in Russia

It is stated that the Russian Soviet Finance Commissariat has begun to issue a new series of notes, including denominations of 5,000 and 10,000 roubles. The Government's dependence upon the printing press is absolute. Between January, 1918, and December, 1919, the budgets totalled 197,000,000,000 roubles. As against this expenditure the Finance Commissariat has received since January, 1918, only 32,000,000,000 roubles. At par of exchange the Russian rouble is worth 51.5 cents in Canadian currency. It is now quoted at slightly over three cents. But since there is practically no trading the quotation is merely nominal. It is not easy to ascertain how much paper money has actually been issued by the Soviet Government. One estimate, regarded with respect, is that down to December, 1919, the total was \$34,000,000,000 which at par of exchange is roughly equal to 66,000,000,000 roubles. A statistician declares that this amount in average denominations of 100 roubles, would reach five times round the globe.

If ever there was a situation which called for the intervention of a League of Nations it is that which exists in Russia. Yet murder, pillage, famine, and every sort of evil visitation which can come upon man sweep across Russia and the world stands aside. During the first two years of the war Russia made immense sacrifices for the common cause of the Allies. To-day the Allies do, perhaps can do, nothing. Unfortunately all history demonstrates that outside interference drives the people of any country together but despite that warning it is difficult to reconcile oneself to patient waiting for the Russian people to settle their destiny by murder, outrage and starvation. The time may come, however, when other nations can do something to assist Russia, and the British Empire may have opportunity to show that it is not

less concerned than Germany for the welfare of the Russian people. It is alleged by the professional Bolsheviks that "a capitalistic press" conceals the truth about Russia. One would like to think so. There is danger that if all the truth were told the world would be driven to the verge of madness. It takes more than a phrase and costs more than a throne to make the world safe for democracy or safe under democracy.

V

THE MONTREAL DAILY STAR of January 8th and these three advertisements:

WINDOW CLEANERS WANTED—We pay from \$35 to \$40 a week. Apply New York Window Cleaning Co., Toronto. We will return your fare if you remain with us.

PRESSERS on men's coats; steady work; salary, \$40 to \$48 a week. Write Box 1221, Star Office.

PROTESTANT TEACHER wanted for Cote St. George School, County Soulanges, holding first-class diploma; salary, \$40 per month. Duties to commence at once. Apply to John J. Dewar, St. Telesphore, Que.

The burden
bearers of
democracy

The time was when \$40 a month was regarded as a decent salary for a teacher, but it is a pitiful amount as living now goes. There are, however, thousands of teachers in Canada who receive less than Cote St. George school offers. All over the Dominion and indeed all over the continent teachers are restless and bitter under a sense of injustice. They learn of strikes among workers for wage increases and often of the intervention of Governments to force employers into submission. They read that the minimum day's pay of unskilled labour in the United States Steel Corporation is now \$5.08. They know how railway wages were forced upward in the United States by President Wilson. They have knowledge of Industrial Conferences at Ottawa and Washington to improve relations between workers and employees and incidentally to maintain or increase wages. But they find themselves comparatively neglected, forced to be content with small advances, or required to incur public disfavour by organization, appeal and protest.

In the West there are hundreds of school sections where teachers cannot be obtained and many schools all over the country are in the hands of teachers without adequate qualifications. In the past we have looked to teachers, professors and ministers for sober counsel and the inculcation of reverence for authority and order. The temper of democracy is fashioned by church, school and press. If we treat the leaders with callous neglect, and feed them on the mere crumbs from other people's tables, can they give the best service and the best counsel? Not many men are divine enough to suffer and be grateful. The truth is that in this as in other "democratic" countries we give least to those whom we need most and we are still so far from any decent recognition of our obligation to ministers and teachers that one fears the Kingdom will not come until it comes by violence. Democracy with all its profession and pretension is a hard taskmaster and a shabby paymaster. It is not true that the masses of workmen despite

Dearth of good
teachers

higher wages are worse off than they ever were through the great increase in the cost of living, but it is true of a multitude of teachers, professors and ministers of the Gospel.

VI

The confusion
in politics

IN North Ontario the candidate of the United Farmers had overwhelming majorities in the townships but was beaten by four to one in the towns and villages. It cannot be established that there is any such conflict of interest between the towns and the townships as the voting suggests. There is no general hostility to farmers among the urban population. Indeed there are the most intimate personal and social relations between the people who voted so strongly for the Unionist candidate and those of the townships who polled as decisively for his opponent. For the moment, however, antagonism has developed and class and local considerations determine the attitude of multitudes of electors.

Through the organization of the Union Government the old party loyalties were vitally disturbed. The death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier affected thousands of voters whose devotion to the Liberal leader was personal, even before it was political. There is an element among Conservatives which believes the old party divisions should be restored and which at best only tolerates Union Government. The disappearance of patronage has affected the allegiance, or at least the enthusiasm, of many voters, while the long absences of Sir Robert Borden from Canada have impaired the cohesion of the Unionist forces.

During the war attention was necessarily concentrated upon war issues. Ministers could not go before the constituencies in defence of their general administration and policy. The political education of the people was necessarily neglected and to a degree we had what has been described as government by explosion. Organized minorities in Parliament were very powerful and important measures were adopted upon which the people were not or could not be consulted. Since the armistice the United Farmers and the Liberal party have each formulated a definite political programme. But the Unionist party, if there be such a party, has no definite national policy, and it is suspected that upon vital questions the Government, which is the only mouthpiece of Unionists, is divided. The extent of the division is probably exaggerated, but at least there is uncertainty, which produces instability of opinion in the country. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that the by-elections have resulted unfavourably to the Government, and that the country is demanding a definite programme and aggressive leadership from the Federal ministers and reliable assurances that they are in essential agreement upon questions of public policy.

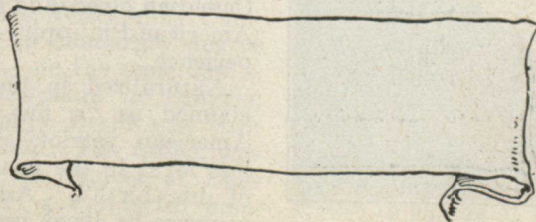
It is doubtful if the old party divisions can ever be restored. Some of the old political practices are in disfavour. Some of the old traditions no longer appeal. The Unionist Government cannot survive by continual compromise between the Conservative and Liberal wings. The country is not con-

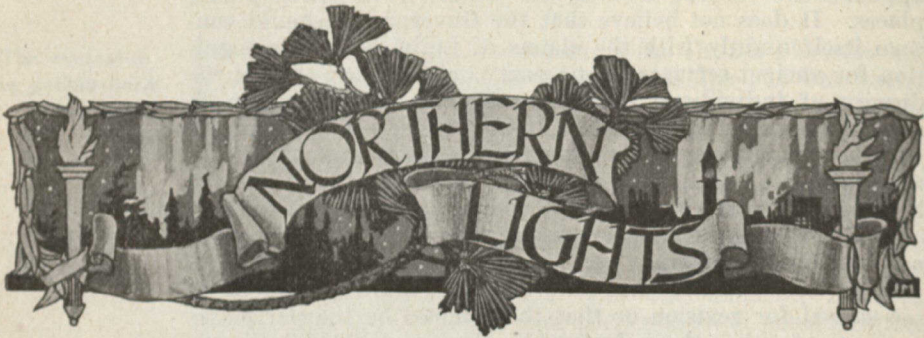
Compromise
will not do

vinced that there must be an equal balance in the Cabinet between Conservative and Liberal ministers or that there must be an exact division between Conservative and Liberal appointments to the Bench, the Senate, and other public places. It does not believe that the Government should concern itself unduly with the claims of individuals to recognition for ancient services to one party or the other, or that the dignity of individuals should be the chief consideration in reorganization of the Cabinet. It wants heads of departments who have experience and resource and a national outlook. If they have no "claims", so much the better, and so much the better if their training in the old political schools was neglected. But they must have a common national faith and a common national platform.

It is not essential that they should regard the tariff as too sacred for revision or that they should be the particular servants of either the industrial or the agricultural interests. But they must recognize that Canada requires a constructive policy, that her natural resources should be energetically developed, that settlement must be encouraged and agriculture stimulated, that East and West cannot wisely war "in the bosom of a single state", that racial and sectional quarrels must not be permitted to bedevil the country in future, that class government is divisive and disruptive while group government produces personal and political trading and feeble administration, that agitators from other countries who would exploit their inherited grievances in the free air of Canada are unworthy of Canadian citizenship, and that Labour should have a direct voice in the public councils. In short, we want a government with a programme which the people can understand, upon which they can pronounce judgment with knowledge and intelligence, which has courage enough to put the common national interest before all class and sectional consideration, and which will determinedly resist all those who would make mischief between the Dominion and the Mother Country, and vigorously support every rational proposal for commercial and political co-operation between all portions of the British Commonwealth. We have had such Governments. We may have such Governments again. If we fail to get what the country deserves and demands it will be in great degree because the political leaders, through lack of vigour, lack of courage, and lack of vision, give the people no fair opportunity to express their devotion to Canada when a new Parliament has to be elected.

Kind of
Government
needed





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

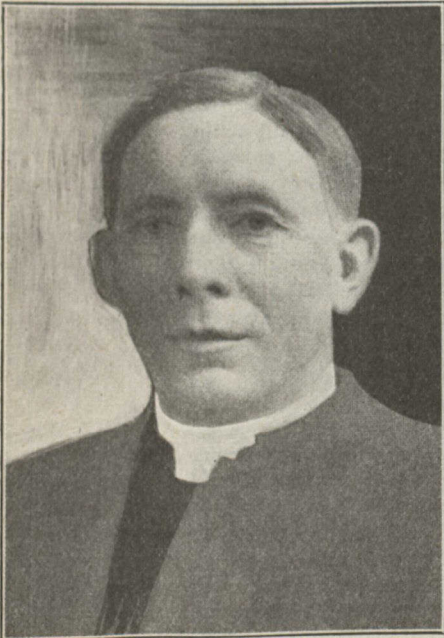
AN APOSTLE OF UNITY

SPEAKING in Toronto a few weeks ago in the interests of the Forward Movement, that famous Canadian, Bishop Brent, formerly of the Philippine Islands and now of Western New York, had much to say of links and ties and bridges; of the spirit of com-

radeship between nations; of "the Kingdom of God on earth and of God's Universal Church". The message of unity—not a new one from his lips—comes with special force because he has lived it as well as preached it, not only labouring to bring about closer co-operation between Christian bodies on the grand scale, but witnessing to his belief by speaking in the churches of other Christian denominations than his own. Circumstances have perhaps helped to realize the need for the breaking down of the walls of partition dividing man from man, nation from nation, church from church.

He put the case somewhat quaintly. After speaking of the visits of the King and Queen of the Belgians, Cardinal Mercier and the Prince of Wales as increasing "the security of those ties that bind the old to the new", he added: "I, in a very simple way and in a very lowly way, may aspire to be an international bridge because of my Saxon-Scotch-Irish-Canadian blood, and added to that my American-Philippine-European experience."

Naturalized in the United States, claimed as "a fine example of an American patriot," he is "none the less loyal to the country and people of his birth". Asked once which country he liked best of all he had



Bishop Charles Henry Brent



CHAMPION HORSEWOMAN

Miss Hilda E. McCormick, noted Vancouver horsewoman, champion of the Pacific Coast for high jumping, with a record of six feet one inch by her thoroughbred hunter, *Tank*, made two years ago in Vancouver and easily retained at San Francisco's International Live Stock Show against half a dozen competitors who fell out. On this occasion *Tank* made a magnificent clearance of the five-foot eleven hurdle. Miss McCormick has been riding horses since she was five years of age.

seen, he answered with loving recollections of his earliest home, "Newcastle!"

And Canadians are proud to remember their claim on him. In 1910, after he had attended the Church of England bi-centennial celebrations in Halifax, he visited King's College, Windsor, (that oldest of Canada's universities recently destroyed by fire), to receive the honorary degree of D. D. Incidentally it is of interest that his aunt, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, received an honorary degree—that of D.C.L.—on the same day.

It was at Newcastle in Ontario, that Charles Henry Brent was born on April 9th, 1862. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, his mother, a wonderful musician, and the Bishop inherited her

love of music as he has followed his father's choice of a profession.

He took a brilliant course at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and after graduating from Trinity College, Toronto, was ordained deacon in 1886. He offered for work in his home diocese, but the way was not open, and, after a brief period in Buffalo, he became an inmate of the Clergy House of the Society of St. John the Evangelist in Boston. Here he showed a remarkable gift for ministering to people of different creeds, classes and races and "St. Augustine's Church is a memorial of his zeal for the coloured people". In 1891, when Phillips Brooks became Bishop of Massachusetts, he placed Charles Brent and a friend in charge of the Church of St. Stephen. Here Brent laboured till he



Lady Dorothy Cavendish,
daughter of the Governor-General of Canada, whose engagement to Capt. Harold
Macmillan has been announced

was elected First Bishop of the Philippine Islands in 1901, about thirteen years after he had come, young and unknown, to work amongst the poor of Boston.

When he left a writer in *The Outlook* had this to say: "In him churchmanship takes its most attractive form. It compels him because he so clearly sees the glory and dignity of the corporate body to think humbly of himself. . . . No fear that the episcopate will spoil his simple rugged nature, he thinks too highly of the office of a Bishop in the Church of God to use it for personal ends. . . . He will be the implacable foe of every evil that, under the protection of the flag, would exploit these people. . . ."

He is a cautious and judicial man, one can depend on what he says. He is a brave man and no fear of inconsistency will lead him to keep back the truth. As a man, as a churchman and as a citizen Bishop Brent deserves honour."

His attitude towards the Philippines is illustrated by his taking to his own school at Port Hope "Hilary", the son of a "head-hunting savage". The little fellow used to steal to the window of a mission school to watch the lads within at work or play. Bishop Brent took Hilary with him round by England and so great was the boy's intelligence and "bump of locality" that he ventured to send him sightseeing in London on his own ac-

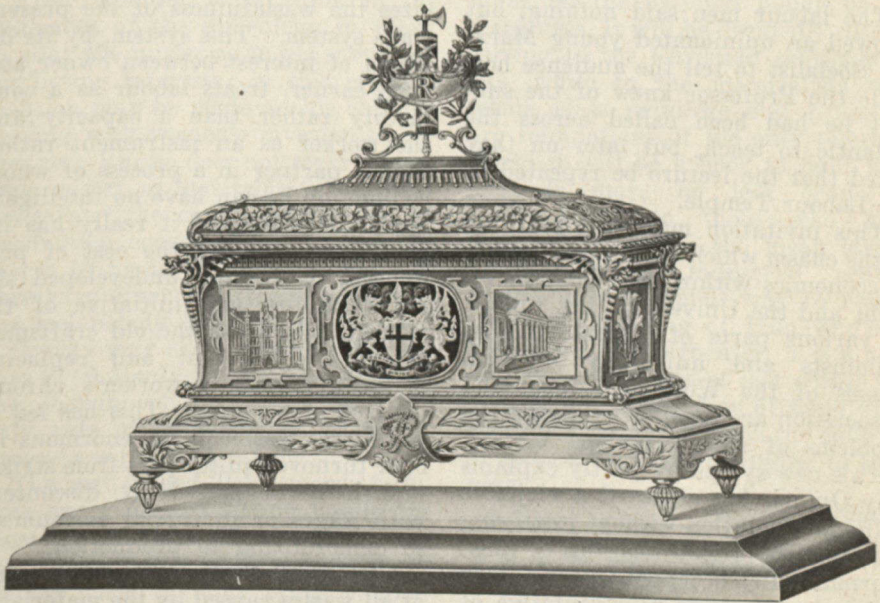
count. At first the boys at Port Hope showed some tendency to guy the dark-skinned stranger, but when he took part in a game of football he showed such prowess that they changed their minds and lionized him. He is now a physician in Manila.

Bishop Brent was the chief mover for the appointment of the Philippine Opium Commission, of which he was a member in 1903-04, and soon became a leader in the international crusade for the suppression of the evil. In 1911-12 he was President of the International Opium Conference which met at the Hague, and was followed, in the United States, by the passing of the Federal Anti-narcotic Law. This came into force in 1915.

When General Pershing was put in

command of the American Army destined for service in Europe, he promptly asked Bishop Brent, by whom he had been confirmed when on military duty in the Philippines, to become head of the chaplains. He accepted, choosing as his aides, a priest of the Roman Catholic Communion and a Congregationalist minister. At his desire, the chaplains wore the uniforms of privates and were distinguished only by a small cross on the collar.

Twice Dr. Brent has refused to become Bishop of Washington, D.C., and once to become Bishop of Rhode Island, but, when on his way to France, he accepted the smaller and less important diocese of Western New York.



Designed and manufactured by The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, London, Eng.

A GREAT CITY'S TRIBUTE

A representation of the gold casket presented by the corporation of the city of London to M. Raymond Poincare, President of the French Republic. The casket is entirely of eighteen carat gold, wrought by hand and decorated in the style of the late Renaissance

THE LIBRARY TABLE

LABOUR IN THE CHANGING WORLD

BY R. M. MACIVER. Toronto: J. M.
Dent and Sons.



Two years ago I sat behind a row of Toronto labour leaders listening to Prof. MacIver lecture before the Canadian Institute on "Capital and Labour". I wondered what was happening to their cherished conviction of political science faculties as apologists for the "predatory rich".

The labour men said nothing, but allowed an opinionated young Marxian Socialist to tell the audience how little the Professor knew of the subject he had been called across the Atlantic to teach, but later on they asked that the lecture be repeated in the Labour Temple.

This invitation marked a bridging of the chasm which separated students of economics within the labour movement and the University, till, to-day, in various parts of Toronto Trades Unions and university men in classes of the Workers Educational Association are together studying the problems of reconstruction.

This new sympathy partly explains why Ontario has achieved a veritable political revolution without justifying the alarmist prognostications of those journals which accepted Queen's Park agitated oratory as representative of labour's soberer mind.

By his close association with these classes as well as his experience as vice-chairman of the Dominion Labour Commission, Prof. MacIver has had opportunities shared by few economists of feeling the pulse of labour, which gives him the right to write with authority.

Since the "economic foundations are laid in the heart of humanity" Prof. MacIver is not alarmed by the shaking of the superstructure, provided society can be persuaded that we are in an era of reconstruction not re-action and are framing a new industrial organization to house the new life to which the recent cataclysm has given birth.

Beginning with the axioms of the scientific economist, that all wealth is produced by human labour and is meaningless save as a contribution to human welfare, Prof. MacIver criticizes the wastefulness of the present wage system. This system, by its division of interest between owner and wage-earner, treats labour as a commodity rather than a capacity and the worker as an instrument rather than a partner in a process of whose completion he can have no intelligent comprehension, and it really has increased enormously the cost of production by leaving undeveloped the native ability and initiative of the worker, killing all the old craftsman joy in achievement and replacing it by the modern worker's chronic "hatred of his job". This has led to the direct waste of the enormous labour turnover quite apart from strikes and lockouts caused by discontent with wages or industrial environment so demoralizing to production.

Last of all there is the most tragic of all wastes caused by the materialistic standards of a plutocracy in which rich and poor alike squander life for "that which profiteth not".

Marxian Socialism is criticized for failing to reach through class consciousness to community consciousness and aiming to replace the control of one order by another. I. W. W. and other extreme revolutionary move-

ments are regarded as councils of desperation in districts where repressive measures have been in force and where organized labour has not reached a high state of development.

Prof. MacIver criticizes the Rockefeller plan for cutting across trade unionism, which he believes as well as the wider co-operation between employers as essential to that final co-operation between both. He believes that the wage system must ultimately be replaced by co-operation in management, ownership and control, so that "labour ceases to be merely labour and capital merely capital" both contributing to the common welfare of the community in which both realize themselves not as antagonists but fellow citizens. Meanwhile every plan which secures consultation between the various factors in production brings nearer that ideal.

Prof. MacIver is as frank in his statement of the difficulties in plans to allay the unrest as in his survey of conflicting interests; in this relation mention may be made on his chapter dealing with women's invasion of industry. But he does not regard economic misery as inevitable. Vital statistics and the enormous increase of production consequent on the application of modern science to agriculture have discounted the doctrines of the melancholy Malthus.

Society may choose not to progress, says Prof. MacIver, but he reiterates the doctrine of his earlier book the only rule of economic, as of social, progress is the golden rule.

The writer had the somewhat unique experience of sitting beside the most representative, as he is also the most conservative, of Canadian labour leaders when the only other comprehensive plan evolved by any Canadian publicist was outlined and getting his direct criticism. This was more frank than commendatory.

When the majority of the people in a country is discontented—and surely the farmers and industrial workers together form the majority, *are* the "public" more than any other classes

—then change is inevitable and the plans for change must be those in which the majority have some confidence. Some plan is better than no plan. To quarrel with majority rule is to quarrel with democracy which has chosen to learn by mistakes if you will, but by the mistakes of a ruling *people*, not a ruling class. Thus Prof. MacIver's book performs a timely service, whatever we may think of its social doctrines. It also gives the scientists negation to any further necessity on the part of the Christian church of harmonizing economic pessimism with its religious gospel by his quiet acceptance of the stern doctrine of human brotherhood, as essential to the realization of earthly as well as spiritual riches.

"Labour in the Changing World" will be certainly an alarming book to those whose faith is built almost as much on the national policy as the scriptures. It will be decidedly disconcerting to the Christian sentimentalists, while to the materialists with whom class privilege and prejudice are foundations of the only tolerable world it will be a book to fight with methods more or less crude or subtle. But to those who have tramped for years the mean streets of our great industrial centres trying in some small way to realize there the teaching of Him who was both King and carpenter, it is a book of cheer. It opens at last within the "dismal science" a door of hope upon a sunny road down which the children of to-morrow may go singing to their play.

ISA M. BYERS.

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THE VITAL MESSAGE

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Toronto: Hodden and Stoughton.

IT is a well-known fact that many persons who are adjudged insane appear to be sane and logical on all but one subject. In other words, many insane persons talk along and almost convince of their sanity until quite unexpectedly they make some absurd

and irrelevant observation. It is much the same with this book; it moves along in a way that is convincing as to the author's normality and sincerity in discussing spiritualism and recording psychic phenomena. Then this paragraph confronts the erstwhile credulous reader:

In a recent case I was called in to check a very noisy entity which frequented an old house in which there were strong reasons to believe that crime had been committed, and also that the criminal was earth-bound. Names were given by the unhappy spirit which proved to be correct, and a cupboard was described which was duly found, though it had never been suspected. On getting into touch with the spirit I endeavoured to reason with it and to explain how selfish it was to cause misery to others in order to satisfy any feelings of revenge which it might have carried over from earth life. We then prayed for its welfare, exhorted it to rise higher, and received a very solemn assurance, tilted out at the table, that it would mend its ways. I have very gratifying reports that it has done so, and that all is now quiet in the old house."

We do not know what is meant by "tilted out at the table", but in any case exhortation is a new way of disposing of ghosts. The shotgun used to be effective.

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GEORGIAN POETRY, 1918-1919

Edited by E. M. London, 35 Devonshire Street: The Poetry Bookshop.

THIS is the fourth volume of this series, which for nine years has gathered together some of the vagrant poetry of the younger spirits in England who are speaking in at least new voices and with some departure from tradition. Poets whose works are now well known are here represented—Lascelles, Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, William H. Davies, Walter De La Mare, John Drinkwater, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, D. H. Lawrence, Harold Monro, and several whose poetry is not so well known and who appear among the Georgians for the first time. One of these is J. D. C. Pellow, of whom the editor confesses he knows

nothing. We quote his poem, "The Temple":

Between the erect and solemn trees
I will go down upon my knees;
I shall not find this day
So meet a place to pray.

Haply the beauty of this place
May work in me an answering grace,
The stillness of the air
Be echoed in my prayer.

The worshipping trees arise and run,
With never a swerve, towards the sun;
So may my soul's desire
Turn to its central fire.

With single aim they seek the light,
And scarce a twig in all their height
Breaks out until the head
In glory is outspread.

How strong each pillared trunk; the bark
That covers them, how smooth, and hark,
The sweet and gentle voice
With which the leaves rejoice!

May a like strength and sweetness fill
Desire, and thought, and steadfast will,
When I remember these
Fair sacramental trees!

One of the new writers, Robert Nichols, has a wonderfully beautiful poem in "The Sprig of Lime", part of which we quote:

Sweet lime that often at the height of
noon
Diffusing dizzy fragrance from your
boughs,
Tasselled with blossoms more innumerable
Than the black bees, the uproar of whose
toil
Filled your green vaults, winning such
metheglyn
As clouds their sappy cells, distil, as
once
Ye used, your sunniest emanations
Toward the window where a woman
kneels—
She who within that room in childish
hours
Lay through the lasting murmur of
blanch'd noon
Behind the sultry blind, now full, now
flat,
Drinking anew of every odorous breath,
Supremely happy in her ignorance
Of time that hastens hourly, and of Death,
Who need not haste. Scatter your fumes,
O lime,
Loose from each hispid star of citron
bloom,
Tangled beneath the labyrinthine boughs,

Cloud on such stinging cloud of ex-
halations

As reek of youth, fierce life and sum-
mer's prime,
Though hardly now shall he in that dusk
room.

Savour your sweetness, since the very
sprig,

Profuse of blossom and of essences,
He smells not, who in a paltering hand
Clasps it, laid close his peaked and gleam-
ing face

Fropped in the pillow. Breath silent,
lofty lime,

Your curfew secrets out in fervid scent
To the attendant shadows! Tinge the air
Of the mid-summer night that now begins,
At an owl's oaring flight from dusk to
dusk

And downward caper of the giddy bat
Hawking against the lustre of bare skies,
With something of th' unfathomable bliss
He, who lies dying there, knew once of
old

In the serene trance of a summer night
When with th' abundance of his young
bride's hair

Loosed on his breast, he lay and dared not
sleep,

And drinking desperately each honied
wave

Of perfume wafted past the ghostly
blind

Knew first th' implacable and bitter
sense

Of Time that hastes and Death who need
not haste.

Shed your last sweetness, limes!

But now no more.

The fruit of that night's love, she heeds
you not,

Who bent, compassionate, to the dim floor,
Takes up the sprig of lime and presses it
In against the stumbling of her heart,
Knowing, untold, he cannot need it more.

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CANADIAN SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS

BY EDWARD S. CASWELL. Toronto:
McClelland and Stewart.

WITH this book, which is a de-
parture from the usual anthol-
ogy, and which, indeed, is not an
anthology in the broadest meaning of
the word, Mr. Caswell has done more
perhaps than any other compiler to-
wards familiarizing Canadians with
some of their most popular poets. It
is something to know what a poet has
written, but it is much more, in addi-
tion, to know what the poet looks like

and the peculiar chirography that dif-
ferentiates him from other poets. Mr.
Caswell has succeeded in obtaining,
poems, in the authors' own handwrit-
ing, of many of our best known poets
from Charles Sangster to John Mc-
Crae. The collection is astonishingly
comprehensive, especially in view of
the fact that a number of the poets
represented have passed away, mak-
ing it difficult, and in some cases al-
most impossible, to procure any of
their poems in their own handwriting.
But undoubtedly this collection is the
result of a labour of love extending
over many years.

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WAR VOICES AND MEMORIES

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD. New York:
James T. White and Company.

TWENTY years ago the author of
this volume was known to readers
of American magazines as a poet with
a fine sense of rhythm and music, a
nature poet whose metre was true and
colour abundant. He was an out and
out lyric poet and showed no inclin-
ation towards free verse. His fancy
ran as he himself expresses it in "The
Song Valiant", the first poem in the
table of contents in this book, where
he says:

"Give me to sing a valiant song, I pray,
Without a note that shall its cadence mar".

The reader is informed that the
book is composed of verses written
during the years 1917 and 1918. One
would judge that he has not been
moved greatly by the so-called free
verse—the production of poets of this
day who look with scorn at anything
that rhymes. But we do find one
number in blank verse, only one—
"The Cock of Tilloloy". We quote
from it so that it might be compared
with one other in his usual style:

For years unknown the Cock of Tilloloy,
Of ancient Tilloloy in Picardy,
Stood staunch on guard upon the old
church tower,
Whirled with the whirling winds, and,
many deemed,
Sounded a shrill reveille when the morn
Flowered in the east like an aerial rose.

After a thousand thousand rains and
 snows
 Had beaten on it, sanguine battle came
 And smote the rod which held it. Down
 it fell,
 Clashing and clanging on the lichened
 tiles,
 And thence to earth. In the diaphanous
 dusk
 Of early June, what time it poised and
 plunged,
 A Poilu, wandering in the dim church
 close,
 Saw the descending vane and caught it up,
 The ancient iron Cock of Tilloloy.
 Somehow it seemed a symbol and a sign,
 And so he bore it with him. At Verdun,
 And too upon that red intrenched line
 Along the Somme, it crowned the barrier,
 And 'twas as though it crowed the
 clarion call
 To Victory, though the shrapnel clipped
 its comb
 And rent it's slender body. The Poilu,
 Fain on his furlough after days that
 reeked
 With shock and slaughter, took the bat-
 tered Cock,
 The ancient iron Cock of Tilloloy,
 And hid it.
 Now that kindly hearts and hands,
 Hearts, wherein burn the flame of love
 for France,
 Are to remould and fashion wall and
 tower,
 Again upon the crest the radiant vane,
 Unvanquished by the onset of the Huns,
 In reverence raised from its safe hiding-
 place,
 Will greet the morning as in elder time
 When winds of Peace blew over Tilloloy.
 Such is our dream—and may the dream
 come true.

IN JUNE

The crimson roses tell me it is June;
 I know it by the wind that never
 grieves,
 And by the radiant rondure of the moon,
 And by the emerald shadows of the
 leaves.
 The fireflies with their tenuous golden
 skeins
 They too reveal it, and the oriole,
 Flame-breasted, says to me that Junetime
 reigns
 By the unburdened rapture of its soul.
 Yet sometimes I am barren of belief,
 And whisper to myself it cannot be,
 With all the nations in the grasp of grief,
 And all the world so wrenched with
 agony.
 June is for joy, yet horror stalks abroad,
 And he who wrought the crime blasphemes
 to God.

RICHARD COBDEN: THE INTERNATIONAL MAN.

By J. A. HOBSON. Toronto: J. M.
 Dent and Sons.

ONE would judge by reading this
 book, which is the work of one of
 the foremost economists of the day,
 that had Cobden's ideas, especially
 his idea regarding internationalism
 and in favour of free trade been
 adopted, not only by Great Britain,
 but also by the other great powers
 of Europe, there would have been no
 such war as we have just witnessed.
 Cobden condemned protective tariffs
 and other impediments to trade, not
 only because they made food dear
 and otherwise impaired the produc-
 tion of national wealth but because
 they interfered with free and friendly
 intercourse of different nations, bred
 hostility of interests, stimulated hos-
 tile preparations, and swallowed up
 those energies and resources of each
 nation that were needed for the culti-
 vation of the arts of peaceful pro-
 gress. Cobden believed that non-in-
 tervention was the only safe and sure
 condition for the play of the positive
 forces of human sympathy and solid-
 arity between the members of dif-
 ferent political communities. Peoples
 themselves, if governments would
 cease to interfere; would discover and
 maintain friendly intercourse, first
 in the mutual interchange of goods
 and services for the satisfaction of
 their common needs. Then in grow-
 ing co-operation for all the higher
 purposes of life. Mr. Hobson's ap-
 preciation of Cobden as an interna-
 tionalist, made possible by access to
 material hitherto unpublished, places
 the subject in a new light, removes
 him from the isolation of purely
 British politics and makes him one of
 the great modern political reformers.
 The book, therefore, is an intensely
 interesting study of one who while
 devoting his energies to the allevia-
 tion of conditions of living in Britain,
 looked farther afield in the hope of
 applying his theories in a practical
 way elsewhere.