

132

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1915

Were The Pioneers Parasites?

By John Lewis

Britain's Intellectual Greatness

By C. Lintern Sibley

Riel Before the Jury

By B. B. Cooke

Through Brittany in War
Time

By Paul A. W. Wallace

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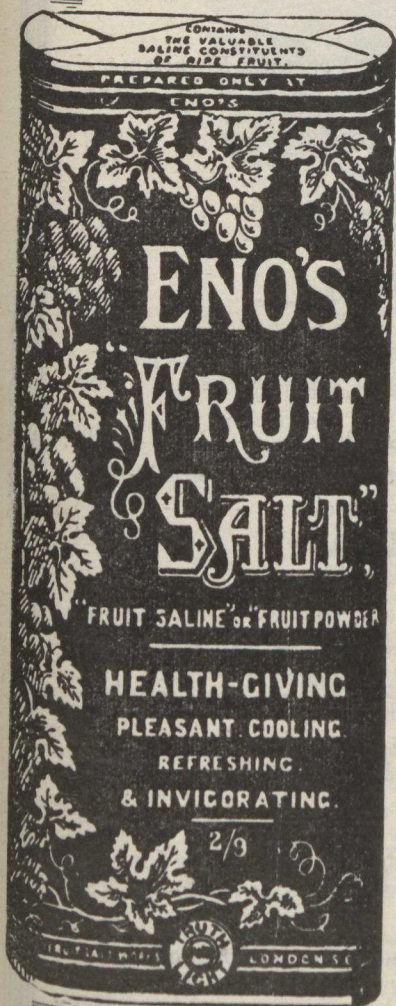
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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLIV Contents, April, 1915

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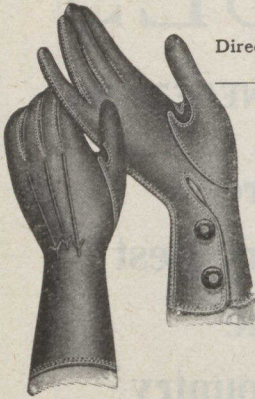
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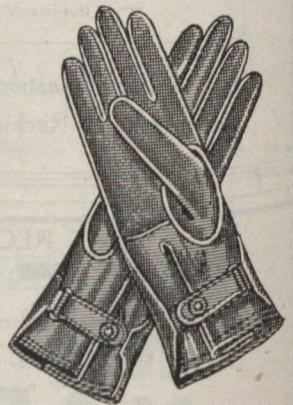
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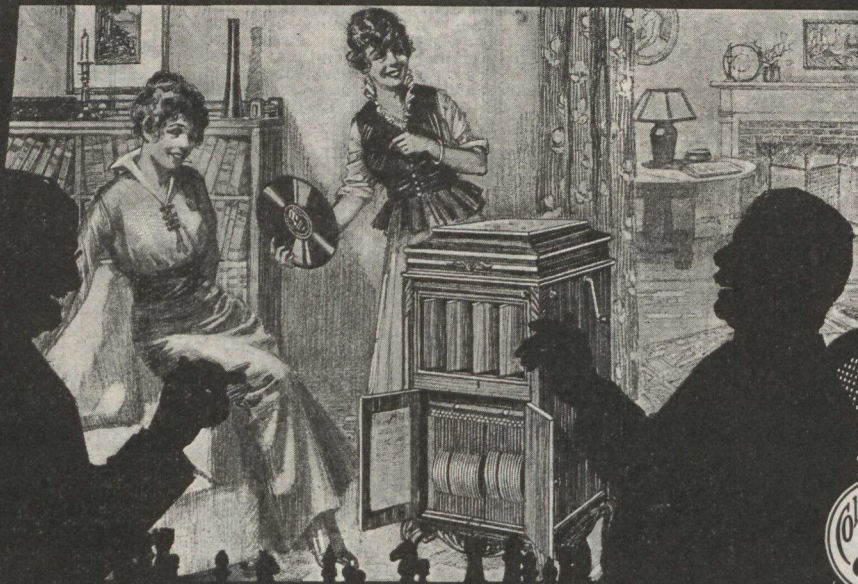
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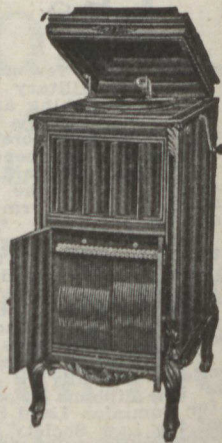
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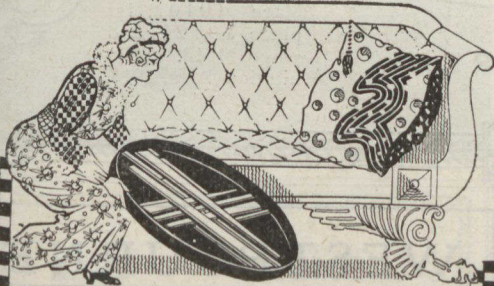
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has served the women of two continents for nearly three quarters of a century. Its popularity recommends it to you as the supreme liquid face cream—greaseless, purifying and healing. Get your bottle and watch the mirror.

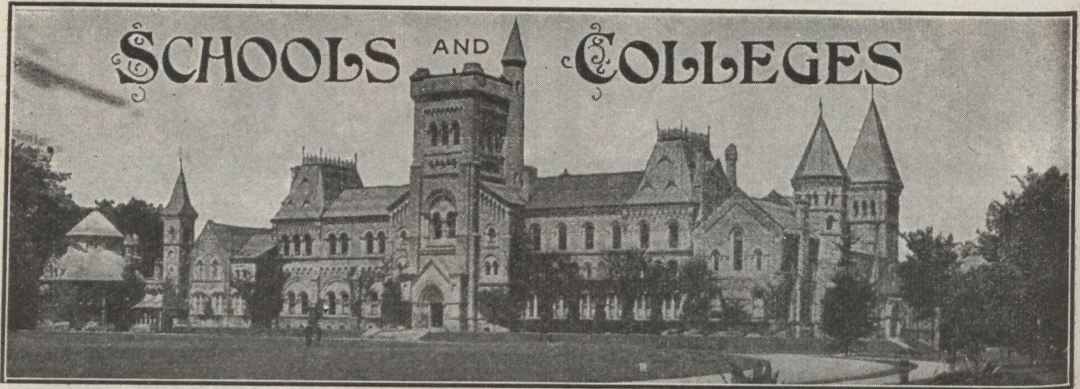
FREE! Send now for Gouraud's Complexion Chamois and a booklet of powder leaves. Enclose 15c. to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

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place 1910, 1st
place 1912, 2nd
place 1913, Ex-
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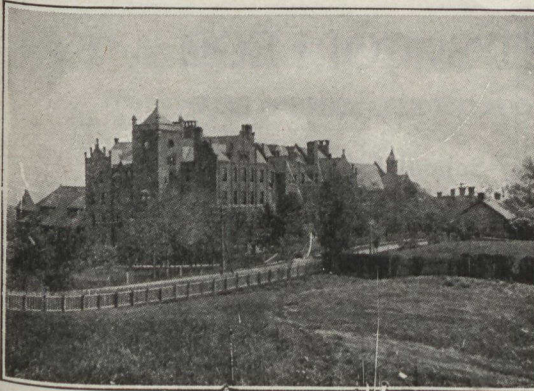
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Academic Course, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.
Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education—Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball,
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Bishop's College School

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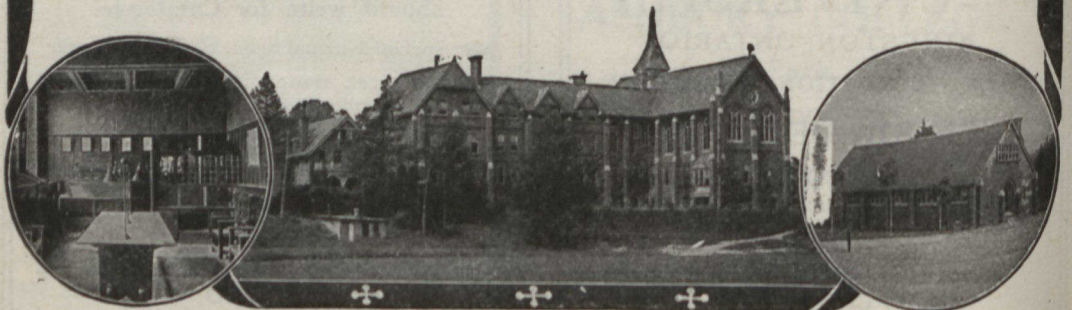
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Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

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Every educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation.

Music, Art and Physical Education.

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Preparation for the University and for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Young children also received.

Fine location. Outdoor games and physical training.

The Musical Department (Piano, Theory and Harmony) will be under the direction of a Master, and of a Sister, who for twelve years taught in the School with marked success.

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Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, January 8th, 1915.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—72858.

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ST ALBANS



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Headmaster—A. G. M. Mainwaring, M. A., Trinity College, Camb. S.

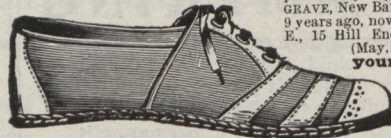
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Recent R.M.C. Successes:—1913, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 13th places. 1914, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th places.

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Colour—Brown, Black or White.

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- PATENT SHOE COMPANY, Cumbernauld Road Stepps, near Glasgow.**
25c postage does 2 pairs. Send M. O. direct. Established 28 years.

Jute Soles last longer than any others Easiest for House, Shop or Factory. Cheapest for School Drill, Asylums, Institutions. D. F. Reading: "Last pair nearly 10 years in use. W. BYGRAVE, New Barnet: "Got last pair 9 years ago, now quite worn." Mrs. E., 15 Hill End, Droitwich, says: (May, 1913), **Have used your shoes for 20 years, cannot do without them.**"

Enclose length of Walking Shoe.

Prices (add 25c. for postage.)

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French Organdie - Linen Finish
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Note Paper and Envelopes

MADE IN CANADA

Ask your stationer for these papers, they are dainty and exclusive.

If your Stationer does not carry these, write to us and send his name.

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These
Gloves Fit.”

THE dies from which they are cut are as perfect as human skill and experience can make them. Machinery of the latest improved type, in the hands of expert operators, amply provides for the maintenance of a very high standard of fit and excellence



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If you have difficulty in supplying your needs write us for the address of your nearest "Queen Quality" Shop.

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Makers of "Queen Quality" Italian Silk Lingerie

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Capital paid-up \$15,000,000
Reserve Fund 13,500,000

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With branches situated in all the important towns and cities in Canada and with direct representation in New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Ore., London, Eng., Mexico City and St. John's, Newfoundland, this Bank offers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every description of banking business.

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Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention given to every account. Accounts may be opened by two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

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Capital Paid Up - 11,560,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 13,174,000
Total Assets - 180,000,000

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DIRECTORS:

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W. B. Torrance, Supt. of Branches
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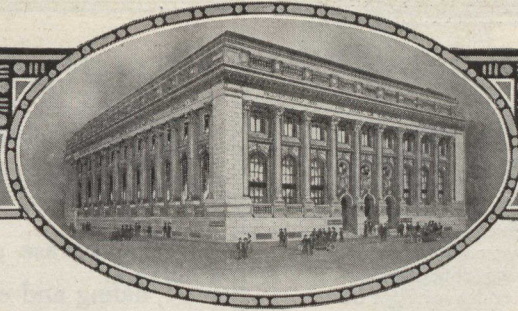
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Capital	-	-	-	\$5,000,000
Reserve Funds	-	-	-	6,402,810

INCORPORATED 1855

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HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO - CANADA

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in operating an account with this Bank. What many expect to find a task requiring experience is in reality a simple affair. Children conduct their savings accounts here quite as readily as their elders. To give pleasing, courteous service is our constant endeavor. This Bank has been in business for 83 years and our depositors enjoy the protection of a Reserve Fund nearly double the Capital. We invite deposits.

The Bank of Nova Scotia

With which is united
The Metropolitan Bank

PAID-UP CAPITAL - - \$ 6,500,000
RESERVE FUND - - 12,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES OVER 90,000,000

BRANCHES OF THIS BANK
in every Canadian Province, and in Newfoundland, West Indies, Boston, Chicago and New York

"The whole situation inspires confidence that large and progressive dividends to Policy-holders are well assured."

THIS phrase concludes the illuminating and extremely satisfactory statement by Mr. Geo. King, F.I.A., F.F.A., Consulting Actuary, of London, England, in reviewing the 1914 business and present position of

THE
Great-West Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE:—WINNIPEG

Full Statement appears in the
1914 Report. Ask for a copy.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Furnishes
a Complete
System of
Insurance

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

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

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000

Total
Benefits
Paid
42 Million
Dollars

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FRED J. DARCH, S.S.

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

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7%
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**THIS INVESTMENT
HAS PAID 7% PER ANNUM**

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half-yearly, since the Securities of this corporation have been placed on the market 10 years ago. Business established 28 years. Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole at any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage. Write at once for full particulars and booklet.

National Securities Corporation
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CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING - TORONTO, ONTARIO

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You can make sure provision for your loved ones by a policy in



THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Our Monthly Income Policy will give your beneficiary

A Guaranteed Monthly Income for twenty years after your death.
HEAD OFFICE:—TORONTO, CANADA

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Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.

Yield 4% to 6%

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

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TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG



For ornamental and shaded writing, Esterbrook's Extra-fine Elastic No. 128 is an ideal pen. Its fine point and wonderful elasticity make it particularly adapted to this style of penmanship.

There's an Esterbrook Pen to suit every writer.

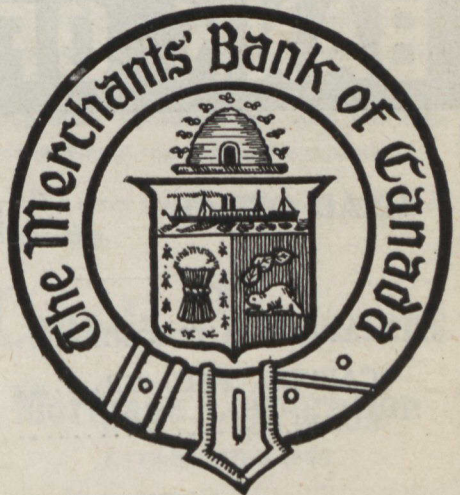
SEND 10c. for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
Camden, N.J.
New York

BROWN BROS., LTD.
Canadian Agents, Toronto

Esterbrook Pens

250 styles



Paid-up Capital - - \$7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - 7,248,134

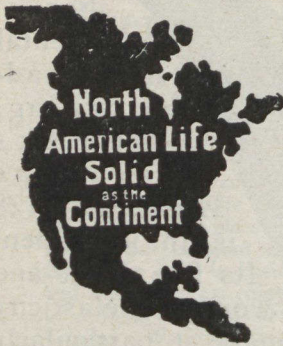
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If that grey bearded old man of the scythe were going to cut you off tomorrow, would you listen to a proposition whereby, for a moderate sum deposited with the North American Life, your wife would be assured a substantial annual income as long as she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

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

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

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

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Head Office

TORONTO, CAN.

BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE

HAMILTON

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED..	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....	\$3,000,000
SURPLUS	\$3,750,000

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BRANCHES



That Satisfied Feeling

that comes to one when an investment turns out better than expected is the daily experience of Policyholders in the

London Life Insurance Company London Canada

Actual results under present rates exceed estimates by one-third. It is pretty safe to insure with such a Company, is it not?

Protection and provision for old age are wonderfully combined under our Endowments at Life Rate.

Write for pamphlet.

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"GOOD AS GOLD"

During Recent Months

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Savings which are deposited with this Corporation are available, with the accumulated interest thereon, whenever called for; while those who have invested in our Debentures know that they will receive the full amount of the investment when the Debenture becomes due, and the half-yearly interest regularly in the meantime.

We invite you to call or write for further information.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

ESTABLISHED 1855

Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund
TEN AND ONE-HALF MILLION
DOLLARS

Toronto Street - Toronto

Setting the pace in pencils

Blaisdell Pencils are bought in great quantities by such standard organizations as:

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City of Chicago
City of New York
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There is a profitable lesson in the fact that many of the largest corporations in the world use Blaisdell Pencils *exclusively*.

Buyers of pencils in bulk will appreciate this most keenly.

Blaisdell 151 is the "Royal Blue" of the world, outselling all others combined. Order by number from your stationer.

Sold by all progressive Canadian stationers

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

To Our Mutual Friends

WE have in force today over fifty-four thousand policies, on the lives of about forty-four thousand members.

The homes we represent are to-day protected against the contingency of death to the extent of \$94,477,360.

Each member should endeavor to induce at least one friend to join the society during 1915. Why not?

It is *our* Company. We are interested in its expansion. We know it is a privilege to be one of its members.

We could not do a friend or neighbor a greater favor than to induce him to take a policy in

THE MUTUAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

101

Federal Life Dividends

can be had at the end of the accumulation period, when your Policy matures. They can also be taken every five years in cash, or used in the reduction of future premiums. We are working for our Policyholders best interests. Take a Policy with the

THE

Federal Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONT.

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QUALITY GUARANTEED
PRICES ARE RIGHT

WE MAKE HIGH-CLASS TELEPHONES

For the CITY
For the TOWN
For the RURAL LINE
For the FACTORY
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For the SCHOOL
For any SERVICE



No need to buy a Telephone that is not made in
Canada no matter for what service you need it.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co.
LIMITED
TORONTO



CANADA

Put Your Hand To The Plow!

Every fresh furrow means greater success for you, added prosperity to Canada, increased strength to the Empire and surer victory for the Allies. The farmers of Canada are today playing an all-important part in the European conflict.

Hon. W. T. White, Canadian Minister of Finance, says: "In order to meet our interest payments abroad, sustain our share of the burden of the war, and promote to the greatest possible degree prosperity throughout the Dominion, it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to co-operate in producing as much as possible of what can be used or sold. For Canada at this juncture the watchword of the hour should be production, production, and again production."

For full information regarding farming opportunities in Canada write to:—

W. D. SCOTT, Esq., Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

or

**J. OBED SMITH, Esq., Assistant Superintendent of Emigration,
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CLEANS
WITH DETERMINATION
SCOURS
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POLISHES
WITH DESPATCH



WORKS WITHOUT WASTE



IF YOU ARE A STRANGER

to E. D. S. products, buy a glass, jar or bottle as a means of becoming acquainted. Then you will know you are getting the very finest quality at reasonable prices.

**JAMS, JELLIES, PRESERVES, MARMALADES,
CATSUP, GRAPE JUICE and RASPBERRY VINEGAR.**

All these goods are absolutely pure and made with extreme care, and

Selected for Quality

All good grocers everywhere in Canada sell E.D.S. products.
Look for the Triangle Mark, our guarantee of purity.

E. D. SMITH & SON, Limited - WINONA, ONT.

Mrs. Wiseneighbour says :

“I should have told you the other day when I was speaking of **“EDDY’S”** Washboards, that it is just as necessary to have an indurated fibreware tub, in which to wash your clothes, if you want to make a success of washday.”

Mrs. Newlywed says :

“I’ve heard of **Eddy’s Indurated Fibreware**. What’s the difference between fibre and woodenware.

“Fibreware is made from compressed fibre, baked at extreme heat. All in one solid piece, it cannot warp or fall apart. No chance of splinters—wears much longer—looks better—and is light to carry. The latter point you should always take into consideration,” concludes Mrs. Wiseneighbour.



AN INDIAN BRAVE

From the model by A. Phimister Proctor, N.A.



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, APRIL, 1915

No. 6

WERE THE PIONEERS PARASITES?

BY JOHN LEWIS

CANADA is now spending a great deal more money for military purposes than she did some years ago. Before the war in Europe the expenditure on militia and defence had increased from a little more than a million dollars in 1896 to a little more than nine millions in 1913. The estimates for 1914 were ten and a half millions, and for 1915 almost eleven millions. Upon the outbreak of the European war Parliament voted fifty millions in a special session, and another hundred millions will be voted in the present session. There may be more grants for the same purpose, and there is a general disposition to give cheerfully all that is required.

There are some, however, who say that this large increase in military expenditure is due to belated realization of duty. They say that while we are now approaching the proper standing, we are emerging from a condition which ought to fill us with remorse. The contention is that during the nineteenth century Canadians were "parasites," that they were living sheltered and artificial lives.

This is an accusation not so much against the present generation of Canadians as against their fathers, grandfathers, and more remote ancestors. These persons, it is inferred, were so neglectful of their duties that they bequeathed us a debt which we can never repay. We may be able to meet our own obligations from year to year, but we are told that it is almost hopeless for us to expect to clear off the arrears of debt piled up by our ancestors. We have been accustomed to cherish the memory of the pioneers of Canada, but it appears, according to the new doctrine, that we must substitute "parasites" for pioneers.

The question is interesting to students of Canadian history. Take the case of a man who emigrated to Canada about a hundred years ago, say, after Waterloo. He had a long voyage, in most cases in the worst part of a sailing vessel. Next came a long, toilsome journey from the Atlantic to the forests of Upper Canada. All the comforts and conveniences of civilization were left behind. A little patch of land had to be cleared, a log house

built, and some potatoes planted. While these were growing the settler and his family would live on the little store of food transported with enormous labour to the wilderness, and with such fish and game as could be procured. Gradually the potato patch would be enlarged, wheat would be sown, and the supply of live stock increased.

This does not strike one as a sheltered, artificial, or parasitical existence. A social parasite is one who lives in ease and luxury on the labour of others, giving no service in return. The backwoodsman, or frontiersman, was surely doing his whole duty to society. It was hardly a reproach to him that he was not sending cheques to England to cover the expense of naval and military protection. If anything, cheques ought to have been sent to him for the enormous service he was doing for Canada, for the Empire, and for the world.

Life in the forest was not only laborious, but lonely and even dangerous. To say nothing of the possibility of attacks by beasts of prey, there was constant danger to the settler, his wife, and children, from sickness with lack of medical aid, or long delay in procuring such aid. One need only mention the dangers incident to childbirth in these circumstances. The farmer used to be ridiculed for his liking for patent medicines and curative herbs. But it was quite natural that something in the form of a medicine chest should be kept when doctors were few and far between, when there were no telephones to call them, and no good roads for them to travel on. The settler and his wife had even to learn to set a broken limb.

Justice has never been done to the heroism of these lonely men and women, whose very names are forgotten. But surely the name parasites is hardly applicable, for there was no room for loafers. Everybody worked who was capable of working. We whose bread is delivered at our doors find it hard to realize what a piece of bread

meant to the early settler. The wheat had to be grown, then threshed, then carried a long distance to the mill. A Government official, whose evidence is appended to Lord Durham's report, says:

"In 1834 I met a settler from the township of Warwick, on the Caradoc plains, returning from a grist-mill at Westminster with the flour and bran of thirteen bushels of wheat. He had a yoke of oxen and a horse attached to his wagon, and had been absent nine days, and did not expect to reach home until the following evening. Light as his load was, he assured me that he had to unload, wholly or in part, several times, and after driving his wagon through the swamps, to pick out a road through the woods, where the swamps or gullies were fordable, and to carry the bags on his back and replace them in his wagon."

But it may be said that no one intends to throw a slur at the early pioneers, but that their successors were to blame for not realizing their obligation to pay for defence. At what period, then, did parasitism begin? Here it must be remembered that pioneering conditions, even in what we now call older Ontario, lasted until after the middle of the nineteenth century. In the sixties, in a part of what is now called old Ontario, men had to carry their grist to the mill and to wait their turn for one, two, or three days. They would carry their food with them and cook it in the open air, and sleep rolled in a blanket on the mill floor. It was also in the sixties that a man who had been absent at the mill several days returned and found his wife and two children frozen to death. It was indeed a sheltered, artificial, luxurious, parasitical life that the early farmers of Canada led, and their descendants must blush with shame as they reflect upon the neglect of these farmers to pay their share of the maintenance of the British navy.

The history of the pioneers of Canada, the real makers of Canada, has never been told. One gets a glimpse of it occasionally in some county or other local history. But it would ap-

pear that the conception of the farmer as a "rube" or a "hayseed," a rather sordid and ridiculous person, has found its way into literature and history.

Of course, in the period to which I refer, everybody was not engaged in farming. But nearly all Canadians were engaged in some kind of hard labour. The old books described Canada as a country of farmers, lumbermen, and fishermen. All these occupations are toilsome, and do not lend themselves to leisure or luxury. The population of the cities and towns in the old days was small, and there were few opportunities for acquiring wealth without work. In my boyish days a millionaire was pointed at as one of the wonders of Toronto. The salary of a principal of a Toronto school was seven hundred dollars. There may have been some loafers who managed to live without working, but the opportunities for leading a parasitical life were very few.

The error made by those who reproach Canada for its failure to contribute to Imperial defence until recent years is that their minds are too much fixed upon taxation, and especially upon taxation for war pur-

poses. In considering whether a man is to be ranked as a parasite or a useful member of society, we must consider not only his tax bills, but his whole life. On the whole, does he render to society, in service, as much as he receives from society? From this point of view it is ridiculous to talk of a community of farmers, fishermen, and lumbermen, blacksmiths and carpenters, and their hard-working wives as parasites. The parasitical classes thrive in old communities, where there are large cities and great accumulations of wealth. There we find families living on interest and dividends and waited upon by armies of superfluous servants. There we find also butlers, valets, and others, whose work, while honest enough, is of no real service to society. As the new world grows old and wealth accumulates, these conditions will come. They are already found in the United States, to some extent, and to a smaller extent in Canada. But they were almost non-existent in Canada until very recent years. So that, whatever parasites we may accumulate in the future, our Canadian conscience need not be troubled about parasitism in the past. There are no arrears.



BRITAIN'S INTELLECTUAL EMPIRE

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

NOW that there has come a universal awakening to the full worth and immense possibilities of the British Empire, it is instructive to inquire how the British came to exercise sway over so vast a portion of the earth. Was it, as General von Bernhardt would have us believe, by a series of fortuitous accidents, or was it by inherent qualities that marked the British out for leadership?

Those who have read Bernhardt's books will have remarked that he continually harps on the superiority of the German nation. He claims that the Germans are not only a civilized nation of the first rank, but *the* civilized nation. Here are two typical passages:

"The conviction presents itself upon us with inevitable power that a high, if not the highest, importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to the German people; that Germany is in social and political respects at the head of all progress in culture; that German science has held its place in the world in achievements of mechanics, industries, trades, and commerce, discharging the material duties of culture by improving the nation's livelihood and increasing the national wealth. . . .

"We Germans now claim our share in the dominion of this world, after we have for centuries been paramount only in the realm of the intellect."

Dogmatic assertions of this kind prompt one to inquire in what manner this intellectual leadership has manifested itself, and how it is that a people to whom the highest development of the human race is thus ascribed,

should in reality be so far behind the British in leaving their impress upon progress and civilization. If we look into social, national, and scientific history with these questions in mind, we shall, I think, be forced to the conclusion that the vast physical Empire which Britain has conquered for herself is but a counterpart of an equally vast intellectual Empire which she has made her own.

Let us concede, first of all, that Germany stands well to the fore, though not foremost, in evolving what Shakespeare calls "adversity's sweet milk," philosophy. Let us admit the genius of Goethe and the brilliancy of Lessing, Herder, and Heine. But strike out these names from the literature of modern Europe—strike out the name of every German author—and we have to admit that literature is, comparatively speaking, but little the poorer.

In the realm of music we will pay willing tribute to the towering genius of Handel, Beethoven, Wagner, Haydn, and Mozart.

But if we turn from music and metaphysics to the thoughts, the generalizations, the discoveries which have altered our vision of the world, if we mark off the epochs in civilization and progress in the light of great intellectual triumphs, we shall see that not the Germans, but the British, have been paramount in the realm of the intellect.

It has been the fashion of late years to talk about the wonders of German science, but as a matter of fact scien-

tific achievement in Germany has at no period been comparable to scientific achievement by the British. All the great physical hypotheses have been Anglo-Saxon in origin, and in physical science those achievements which have demanded the highest powers of the human mind—imagination, mathematical knowledge, and philosophical insight to plan crucial experiments—have been British for the most part.

Germany has nothing to show comparable to the epoch in the history of thought and of science established by Sir Isaac Newton, with his discovery of the law of gravitation. This was an instance of scientific generalization which showed the peculiar strength of the British mind. Another instance was Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, which enabled medicine to be reconstructed on a physiological and scientific basis.

Think also of the incalculable effect upon the life of humanity of Dr. Jenner's inauguration of cowpox vaccination as a preventative of smallpox. In all the civilized world there is not a town or a village where this discovery has not saved human life. Possibly there is no single discovery in the history of medicine which has laid the world under such a debt of gratitude. This discovery also inaugurated a new era in treatment for the prevention of numerous diseases.

In the matter of locomotion, Britain led the way in preparing for modern traffic through the efforts of two men, Thomas Telford and John Loudan Macadam, who evolved a system of road-making that reformed the world. We can hardly appreciate the enormous benefits which macadamized roads bestowed upon mankind, but if we call to mind that Macadam put a new word into the languages of the world, and that the modern automobilist has just as good reason for blessing his name as had the drivers of stage coaches in the olden days, we shall realize what an impetus he gave to those means of transportation

which were destined ultimately to revolutionize the world.

Another great step forward in transportation was the British invention of the railway, which, it should be noted, came prior to the invention of the railway locomotive. In the coal-mining districts of England vehicles were run upon wooden rails, the wooden wheels being shaped on the principle of the wheels on modern railway rolling stock. Then the invention of iron rails and wheels was the work of William Jessop, and eventually these were improved by British enterprise into their present form.

An invention which revolutionized not only transportation, but all forms of industrial enterprise was that of the steam engine by James Watt. It is true that other Englishmen, notably Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, and Thomas Savery, had anticipated him in the construction of what they called "fire engines," but Watt was the first to make the "fire engine" a commercial and practical essential to all commercial and industrial progress. He it was who not only made the steam engine practicable, but who evolved the "sun and planet" gear by which vertical motion was converted into rotary—almost as mighty an accomplishment as the harnessing of steam itself. It was Watt, too, who invented the fly-wheel, for steadying the impetus of the engine and carrying it over the dead centres.

Thus to Britain, and to Britain alone, is the world indebted for steam power applied to stationary machinery, for the locomotive, and for the steamship, since all these are but the outcome of Watt's inventions.

The first steam-propelled road carriage was constructed in England by Trevithick, and the first locomotives by George Stephenson. Who invented the steamship it is difficult to say, but certain it is that it was an Anglo-Saxon invention. It is true that the American Fulton was the first to

cause a steamship to go for a long distance (up the Hudson River and back), but his engine and much of his data came from England, and already he had seen a Scotch steamboat, the *Charlotte Dundas*, steaming along a British canal. And moreover the development of the steamship owes vastly more to Britain than to any other nation, for from the time of the advent of the steam-driven ship she has led the world in naval architecture. Who can measure the vast influence of these two inventions, the steamship and the locomotive, on the progress of civilization?

And while we are on the subject of steamships, it may be stated that that wonderful instrument of motive power, the propeller, was invented by an English farmer in the British colony of Nova Scotia, and developed in Britain, where it gradually replaced the paddle-wheel. Thanks, also, to British genius, single propellers gave way to twin, triple, and quadruple screws, and, by the way, the propeller ultimately proved to be one of the great essentials for solving the problem of conquering the domain of the air. Also, it was British genius which was responsible for the wonderful turbine engine.

Another astonishing impetus was given to progress by the British invention of iron and steel ships. For ages wooden ships had been sailing the waters, but when Britain put iron ships upon the sea, she was doing something for which there was absolutely no precedent.

Turning for a moment to naval matters, England's supremacy in initiative and energy is acknowledged. Even before the coming of steamships she had outstripped all other nations in naval inventions, and that she is still keeping to the fore is shown by the events of the past few years. A new standard of battleship was created by the British *Dreadnought*, which at a stroke rendered half the existing navies obsolete. The battle-cruiser and the super-Dreadnought have re-

peated this triumph. It is true that Britain got her idea of the submarine from America, and of the torpedo-boat from France, but she has improved both far beyond any other nation, and, furthermore, the great weapon which these two vessels use, namely, the torpedo, is the invention of an Englishman named Whitehead.

Let us now look at the cycle industry, and see what the British have done for that. The French used to amuse themselves with the hobby-horse, which was propelled by the rider's feet touching the ground. After a time the invention was discarded as useless. But it gave an idea to a Dumfriesshire blacksmith named Kirkpatrick Macmillan, who invented a rear-driven treadle bicycle. The French came out next with a bicycle which had cranks fitted to the front wheel. That had a vogue for a time. Then an Englishman named Cooper invented a wire-spoked suspension wheel; another Englishman named H. J. Lawson invented a rear-driven geared bicycle; another Englishman named Starley invented the safety bicycle; and finally, Mr. J. B. Dunlop invented the pneumatic tire, now of supreme importance not only for bicycles, but for automobiles. Nobody need be told what the bicycle and the pneumatic tire have done for the emancipation of mankind.

Now the invention which made automobiles and aircraft possible was the internal combustion engine. That certainly can be called an epoch-making invention. The British did not invent it. Was it, then, the product of the "paramount" German intellect? No. That idea came from Britain's greatest rival in the realm of intellect—France. And France, Britain, and the great English-speaking nation on the American continent have contributed more than any other peoples to the evolution and perfection of automobiles and aircraft. Germany's sole contribution in regard to the conquest of the air has been the Zeppelin dirigible balloon,

made possible by the French invention of the internal combustion engine and the English invention of the propeller. Up to the time of writing, by the way, the Zeppelin is spurned by other nations, and looks like the plodding production of an inventor not gifted with enough insight to see that the cardinal principle in the mastery of the air is to use heavier-than-air machines.

Consider now the application of intellect to the problem of clothing mankind, and the manufacture of fabrics for all manner of uses. Which is the nation that must receive the thanks of the world for the greatest advance along these lines? The British. It began with the British invention of rotary steam power and was followed up by the British inventions of the spinning-jenny (by Hargreaves), the Arkwright frame, the Crompton mule, and the Cartwright power-loom. The whole textile trade of the world was revolutionized by these inventions.

The demand for iron and coal consequent upon the British invention of power-driven machinery gave an impetus to mining, and here again the British have been pre-eminently the pioneers. It was the British who led the way in all the essentials of mining engineering, from sinking a shaft to keeping it ventilated, and it was the British who invented that wonderful safeguard of human life, the miner's safety lamp.

The British also led the way in the evolution of the iron and steel industries, so much so that it has been said quite truly that if one were to subtract from the world's knowledge of iron and steel all that Britain has taught there would be very little information left that would be of any real value. It was Fairbairn who first showed the wonderful capabilities of iron, Nasmyth who invented the steam hammer, Neilson who applied the cold blast to the manufacture of iron, Bessemer who improved the methods of dealing with malleable

steel and iron; and it was British engineers who, working upon British methods and discoveries, showed the world how structures like the tubular bridges over the Menai Straits and the old Grand Trunk bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, to say nothing of the Forth bridge and the Clifton Suspension bridge, were possible.

Look again at the immense power placed in the hands of mankind by the discovery of the hydraulic system for power purposes. That was an invention of Armstrong, of Newcastle.

Another of the greatest agents in the progress of civilization is the modern means of communication. William Watson first discovered how to send an electric shock across the River Thames, and Francis Ronalds, another Englishman, evolved the telegraph from this. William Fothergill Cooke and Professor Wheatstone made the telegraph applicable to railway work and subsequently to all the practical uses for which it has since been applied. The first newspaper report sent by telegraph was sent from Portsmouth to *The Morning Chronicle* in London, on May 8th, 1845. Submarine telegraphy was invented by the British, and the great cable concerns of the world were built up by them.

The telephone was invented by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell—another triumph for British brains, since Dr. Bell is a Canadian, and was born in Edinburgh. Wireless telegraphy was first introduced by Sir W. Preece, the engineer of the British Post Office, and about the same time by Marconi. The last-named has carried it to its present perfection. Even of Marconi it may be said that while his name is Italian, his mother was Irish, and all his experiments were carried out on British soil, with the help of British assistants.

The use of modern machinery and steam power for land cultivation was entirely due to British initiative. The threshing machine driven by steam, which succeeded the flail of our fore-

fathers, was invented by a Scotsman, and the reaping-machine and steam plough were both English inventions.

Britain and the United States are primarily responsible for the multifarious electric inventions of the present day, and it should never be forgotten that it was Faraday—a Briton—who made the discovery of induction, which led in its turn to the discovery of the dynamo and the motor and many another historic invention. Sir Humphry Davy was the first to discover and describe electric light, and Edison, who has carried electric lighting to its present perfection, to say nothing of canning the songs and music of the world, was born, not in Germany, but in the United States—of Nova Scotian parents.

As an aid to scientific investigation, the world is indebted to Britain for that most invaluable instrument, the microscope. Roger Bacon first conceived the idea of the telescope, and Sir Isaac Newton, Herschel, Faraday, and other British scientists perfected it. Each instrument gave the key to another world.

The barometer can be traced back to Galileo and Torcelli. But it was Boyle, in England, who completed the discovery, and Sir Henry Englefield who constructed a barometer expressly for the purpose, not of foretelling the weather, but of measuring the elevation of mountains. The latest use of this invention is to carry it on aeroplanes for indicating the height at which aircraft are moving. Likewise the evolution of the thermometer is due to an Irishman named Robert Boyle, a son of the Earl of Cork.

Turning for a moment to the realm of philosophy, long supposed to be Germany's own peculiar field, think what a revolution was caused by the investigations of the English naturalist, Charles Darwin. His "Origin of Species" marked not only an epoch in philosophy and literature, but in the whole history of human thought, regardless of nationality. He impart-

ed a new influence and impetus to history, ethics, economics, and psychology by his doctrine of evolution, and profoundly affected all studies of mankind, whether moral, physical, intellectual, or spiritual. From his doctrine sprang an altogether new science—that of Comparative Theology. Again, may we ask, where was the "paramount" intellect of Germany?

We have already seen that some of the giant basic contributions to the history of medicine and physiology were contributed by the British. Here are some others—the discovery of the antiseptic system of treatment in surgery by Lord Lister, a colossal boon to humanity, and the use of anaesthetics for alleviating pain, such as chloroform, the invention of which was due to Simpson, a Scotsman. What the British have done in the science of bacteriology is too great a subject to enter upon. But as one instance it may be said that it was the British which discovered that the African disease known as sleeping sickness was due to bacteria carried by the tsetse fly, and who in five years entirely stamped out the disease in a district where the toll of human life had been between 200,000 and 300,000 natives.

Regarding the great battle which science is now waging so successfully against microbes, let it never be forgotten that it was Sir Almroth Wright who originated the theory of vaccines, and who is still its chief exponent. Sir Almroth Wright is partly Irish and partly Danish, and began his active work in the British Military Hospital at Netley. He conceived the idea of smothering microbes with their own poisons. He cultivated disease microbes, killed them by boiling, and injected their dead bodies into a patient suffering from the disease they had caused. The results were miraculous. The living microbes were poisoned by the corpses of their comrades, and the patient recovered. Here was the key to the treatment of all bacterial dis-

eases. Here was discovered a new gospel—a gospel that has created a new school of scientific thought and practice. Its originator is destined to go down to posterity as one of the great benefactors of the human race.

One of the great triumphs of modern science has been the discovery of the important principle of the conservation of energy. This principle, which guides the theorist no less than the practical engineer, shows that heat and mechanical energy are mutually convertible. In boring a cannon, for instance, the amount of heat engendered exactly corresponds to the amount of energy exerted. This principle is applicable to all forms of energy, whether electricity, light, chemical action, or the powers of nerve or muscle. A given quantity of heat always corresponds to the same amount of energy. It was Joule, of Manchester, who first demonstrated this.

Another fundamental natural law was revealed by the discovery of hydrogen by Cavendish in England. The world thus got knowledge of those two all-important gases, hydrogen and oxygen. Priestly, an Englishman, was the first to prove the important fact that combustion is supported by oxygen, and another Britisher, John Dalton, announced the atomic theory, which enriched science by one of its grandest conceptions.

One of the greatest industries of which Germany boasts as a concrete instance of her scientific ability—that of the manufacture of dyes and scents from coal tar—were made possible by Sir William Perkins's discoveries in England of the method by which coal tar could be made to yield up aniline products.

Germany has done much in chemical science, but even in this she has nothing to show that will in any way bear comparison with Lord Raleigh's contribution of argon; Ramsay's discovery of neon, crypton, and other gases; or Ramsay's discovery of the change of radium into helium—a fact

which has profoundly modified scientific views with regard to the constitution of matter.

The work of English and French scientists, and not those of Germany, have also led to the great new science of radio-activity, which is based upon the electron. And the electron, the smallest particle known to science, was discovered and measured in England, those two great Britishers, Ramsay and Rutherford, leading in the work. Sir Ernest Rutherford was born in New Zealand of British parents, and laid the foundations of his great discoveries in the laboratories of McGill University, Montreal.

The discovery of the electron was in its turn due to the mathematical work of Stokes, in England, in regard to the internal friction of gases, or what is termed viscosity, and the importance of the discovery will be seen when it is realized how profoundly it affects our conception of matter. We have commonly supposed that inert matter is dead. According to this discovery nothing is dead. All matter is intensely alive, with a life whose meaning and potentialities we only dimly perceive. A rock is a solid mass of atoms. Each atom is a universe in itself—a universe of electrons forever revolving in planetary motion like the planets round the sun. Strike a piece of iron with a hammer and you engender heat. The heat is caused by the blow accelerating the planetary motion of the electrons. Put the iron in fire, and the heat will so increase the motion of the electrons that they will fly out of their orbits. That is what happens when iron melts and flows. All matter made up of innumerable planetary systems, and each planetary system contained in a particle so minute that it is forever invisible to the naked eye—that is the announcement of Britain's latest contribution to the domain of science, and well has it been described as the greatest exhibition of scientific imagination the world has ever seen.

Intimately connected with it is an-

other British wonder of science—Maxwell's electro-dynamic theory of light, which postulates that light and heat are electrical phenomena, and that electric waves differ from light waves only in length—a theory that makes electricity the most important physical agent in the world.

The foregoing is a record of the inventions and scientific achievements which have profoundly affected mankind by revolutionizing life and thought.

What Britain has done in the cause of liberty and social progress, in the cause of justice and good government, in voyages and explorations, in engineering work, in the improvement of agriculture and of the breeding of live stock, and in navigation would each make a formidable history, but these achievements are too numerous and far-reaching even to attempt to outline them.

Now all these achievements are not the result of fortunate accident. They are the result of training, of educa-

tion, of natural aptitude, and of the application of intellectual power. It would be ridiculous to claim that Britain has been pre-eminent in all lines of human endeavour. Certain races are peculiarly blessed with certain endowments and opportunities for special functions, and they perform these functions better than any other. History shows that to the Anglo-Saxon race has been allotted a position of profound responsibility in regard to the evolution of civilization, and history reveals that, despite all her faults and shortcomings, the Anglo-Saxon race has on the whole performed its task both nobly and for the general good of the universe. In other words, the British have won for themselves an intellectual empire commensurate with the vast breadth of their territorial domination. The British Empire is not a series of fortuitous accidents; this vast aggregation of self-governing communities is a symbol of the qualities of the mind as well as of the heart of the British race.

WHEN APRIL COMES

By R. C. READE

CLOUDS darken, soft rain falls
 In slow-dropping madrigals;
 Birds twitter, boughs awake,
 Hoarse brooks harsh murmur make;
 And Spring's palette paints the hills
 With the saffron daffodils,
 When April comes.

Earth quivers with the stir
 Of the seeds that grow in her;
 Flowers from drowsy winter beds,
 Lily and tulip, lift their heads,
 Banquet for brisk, small bee,
 Hyacinth, anemone,
 When April comes.

When April comes, when April comes,
 All things have voice, all things, in tune,
 Sing preludes unto unborn June,
 When April comes.

WHERE THE LINES MEET

BY FRANK X. FINNEGAN

THERE is a spot in the southwestern part of this country where a man may stand at one moment upon the soil of two States and two Territories; where, if he moves but a step in either direction, he may be entirely within the boundaries of one commonwealth, with another lying beneath his eyes and the two Territories so close that his shadow, cast by the noonday sun, may fall on both of them. In all the broad expanse of the United States, with its hundreds of State lines crossing one another, there is no other place where this is possible. It was toward this spot that a man on a jaded cow pony rode through a driving storm one April night. His broad-brimmed hat was pulled well down to protect his face from the beating rain and the reins hung loose upon the horse's drooping neck, for the cayuse knew the trail across the mesa better than its master in the blackness of the night.

To the rider's left the San Juan River, swollen to twice its normal width by the spring rains, roared and tumbled between its banks, and at times the horse splashed through a pool where the river had overflowed the trail, but the man paid little heed to the floundering footsteps of his horse and only pulled the collar of his rough coat more closely about his throat as he bowed before the increasing gale. At length the cayuse quickened its steps and raised its head as a twinkling light glimmered through the blackness far ahead. The man

roused himself in sympathy with the livelier motion of his horse, the light caught his eye and with an oath he brought his rawhide quirt down on the horse's flank as he stared through the darkness.

The surprised cayuse bounded forward with renewed energy and in a few minutes stopped before a rough shack, through the window of which the light was gleaming. The man threw himself from the horse, bounded to the door and flung it open. In the single room of the cabin he saw a heavily-built, forbidding-looking man seated near a table, smoking and vainly trying by the light of the smoky lamp to read a soiled fragment of a month-old newspaper. He looked up when the door was burst open and surveyed the intruder calmly.

"Hello, Bill," he said after a moment, during which the two men had stared at each other; "I was waitin' for you."

"I see you was," said the man at the door, "an' you seem to be makin' yourself at home while you're waitin'." In his astonishment he had forgotten his horse and he took a step inside the shack as if to escape the drenching rain and the wind which was roaring up from the southwest. Then he remembered that he had not yet given the animal shelter and he paused.

"Wait till I put the horse up," he said. "I'll be back."

"Oh, I know you will, Bill," said the man at the table lightly, "I ain't afraid you're goin' to run away."

The rain-soaked man at the door hesitated as though to speak again, started out, turned again toward the man at the table, who smilingly surveyed his every move, and at last stepped outside, closed the door and led his tired horse to the lean-to behind the shack, where he tethered it for the night. By the time he had again reached the door of the cabin his features had undergone a decided change and the surly look of defiance with which he had first met the smiling face of the other man had given place to an expression almost equally cheerful. He closed the door of the shack carefully, that the howling wind might not burst it open, crossed the room and seated himself on the edge of a tumbled bed near the western wall of the cabin. Watching the man near the table with a furtive smile he fished a blackened pipe from his pocket, rapped it on the edge of the bed, blew into it, and said:

"If you don't mind bein' obligin', I'd just as soon have a pipeful of that tobacco you're smokin'."

"Sure," said the man at the table, drawing out a greasy pouch. "Come an' take all you want."

The man on the bed eyed him narrowly a moment, knocked his pipe against his horny palm once or twice, and said:

"I'd rather you'd toss it over."

"What's the odds?" asked the man at the table, lightly, but he tossed the pouch over and his companion filled and lighted his pipe. When the blue clouds were adding their mite to the closeness of the atmosphere, the man at the table turned sharply to the man on the bed.

"Bill," he said, "I don't s'pose it'll take much talk from me to explain what I'm here for. I been lookin' for you for a month all over Montezuma County, an' I said to the boys I wouldn't come back without you. I sort of lost track of you for a spell until a cow-puncher up near M'Elmo told me you had built this shack down here near the San Juan

an' I come right on here to get you. Not findin' you at home, I made myself comfortable, knowin' you'd come sooner or later. Do you want me to tell you what I come for?"

"Sure," said Bill. "I know I never sent for you. Tom M'Kinney, an' I'd get along here powerful comfortable for a long time if you didn't make it no point to drop in on me."

"Well, maybe so," admitted M'Kinney slowly; "but you see, Bill, my comin' ain't what the folks back in the States refer to as a social call. It's more connected with business, you know, Bill, seein' as how I've got in my pocket a warrant for the arrest of one Bill Gordon for the crime of horse stealin', contrary to the peace an' order of Montezuma county, Colorado. I reckon you won't deny that you're Bill Gordon, leastways not to me, that has knowed you for twelve years, an' I don't expect you're goin' to cut up rough about it, because you've knowed me the same length of time."

Bill Gordon smoked thoughtfully a few moments, with the shadow of a smile on his features.

"No. Tom," he said at length, "I ain't goin' to deny that I'm Bill Gordon, but I'm sorry that you've come all this way in such bad weather just to tell me that, because you'll have to leave your warrant in your pocket an' go back without me."

The smile vanished from M'Kinney's face, giving way to a fierce glare which no whit dismayed the complacent Bill Gordon.

"I'll have to go back without you?" repeated M'Kinney. "Don't you reco'nize me as the sheriff of Montezuma County, State of Colorado?"

"Surely," said Gordon calmly, blowing a big cloud of smoke into the air.

"Then I place you under arrest," thundered M'Kinney, rising with a hand upon the butt of his revolver as though in expectation of resistance.

Bill Gordon still continued to sit

on the edge of the bed and smoke and he even smiled at the warlike move of the sheriff.

"No, you don't place me under no arrest, neither," he finally declared, looking fearlessly into the sheriff's eyes.

"Why don't I?" asked the surprised M'Kinney. Resistance he was ready for, but this calm and unmoved refusal of Bill Gordon to be arrested staggered him.

"Because," answered Gordon, with a final smile of triumph, "I ain't in Colorado!"

"You ain't *what*?" thundered the sheriff.

"I ain't in Colorado," repeated Gordon, with the same calm smile of assurance. "You are," he went on hastily, seeing that M'Kinney evidently thought he was insane, "but I ain't. You see, the line runs right through my shack. Bed's in Utah, chair is in Colorado. That nail keg over there is in Arizony, and that old saddle in the other corner's in New Mexico. I'm on the bed, so I'm in Utah, an' you can't serve no warrant in Utah, Tom. You'll admit that?"

"Sure, I admit that," said Sheriff M'Kinney in a dazed and uncertain way.

"Well, then," continued the imperturbable Gordon, "your warrant ain't no good. All I've got to do is to stay over here in Utah an' you can't touch me."

"But—but how'd you know where the line was?" demanded the sheriff suspiciously. He had recovered from the first shock of surprise and was preparing for fight again. "How do I know this ain't a game you're puttin' up on me? I'd make a fine figure goin' back to M'Elmo with a yarn like that, wouldn't I? I'd be run out of town before I could resign."

"Lemme tell you about it," said Gordon, stretching himself comfortably on the bed. He was no longer in fear of the sheriff's warrant and was eager to expatiate upon his great scheme. "I seen it all set out in a

newspaper about a month ago about this here place. I was up to Monticello, up here on the Utah side, you know, an' I found a newspaper kickin' around there what had all this in it. It told how the State lines of Colorado an' Utah an' Arizony an' New Mexico all come together in a bunch an' how four cowboys could sit on their horses an' hold hands an' all be in different States. An' it went on about how the cowboys had built up a pile of stones to mark the spot where all the four lines come together an' it had a picture of the pile of stones an' four men on horses all holdin' hands."

Bill paused to refill his pipe from the pouch which still lay beside him and as he did so he was reminded of the incident of the evening.

"That's why I wanted you to toss me your tobacco," he said with a smile. "I didn't want to take a chance in Colorado for a minute."

"I wish I had knowed it then," grunted the sheriff. "I mightn't have been so obligin'."

"Well, I got to thinkin' about that thing," went on Gordon when the pipe was well alight, "an' I got to wonderin' if that wouldn't be a handy place to live. You know, lots of fellows build their shacks on the line between two States because they may not want to stay in one State all the time. There is occasions when many a man wants to move along a little an' he can do it by movin' across the room it saves lots of travelin'. But, thinks I, s'posin' a fellow has two visitors at once that wants to have a little chat with him, one from each State? Then what? thinks I. An' it struck me that if a fellow could live in about four States—not more than four—it might often come handy."

"There ain't no manner of doubt," interrupted Sheriff M'Kinney, "that it would for you, Bill."

"I thought about that things so much," went on Gordon, "that I came down here lookin' for that there pile of stones. An' I found 'em an' this

here is the place. I built this shack around that pile of stones just as square as them fellows that lays out the railroad lines could make it. I took down the pile of stones because they was in the way, but this is the place, Tom, an' you can take my word for it. The bed's in Utah, the chair's in Colorado, the keg's in Arizony, an' the saddle over there's in New Mexico. When I want to leave Colorado for a spell I mosey over an' sit on the nail keg in Arizony and I go to bed in Utah every night I'm at home. You can see for yourself, Tom," concluded Gordon with the utmost good-nature, "that the scheme ain't a bad one; for example, right at present."

"No, it ain't a bad one," assented the sheriff, "only there's this about it, Bill, you can't stay over there in Utah forever, you know. S'posin' I was to hang around here until you got hungry an' wanted to get up a snack o' somethin' to eat for yourself, you'd have to come over into Colorado to eat it an' then I'd nab you. You can't live on the bed, you know. Did you think of that?"

"Sure," said Gordon, with a quiet smile. "You see this window? It's on the Utah side of the house. I can go out this window an' go around to the corral an' get my horse without ever leavin' Utah, an' I can ride from there up into Utah or down into Arizony or around the front of the house into New Mexico an' you can't lay a hand on me, Tom. I can keep in one o' them places, you know, until you get tired an' go home. Oh, I've got it all thought out."

The Colorado sheriff was silent for a few minutes, wrapped in deep thought on the perplexing problem with which he was face to face. The storm still raged with unabated fury, the rain beat upon the flimsy roof of the cabin and the wind roared around the door and windows. Bill Gordon smoked steadily and regarded the sheriff with satisfied amusement until both men were startled by a hail from without.

"Hello, the house!" called a stentorian voice above the storm. Bill Gordon looked uneasily at the sheriff.

"'Pears like there's somebody out there in the rain," said M'Kinney.

"I ain't lookin' for no visitors," answered Gordon. "This ain't no hotel."

The calls from without were repeated and finally succeeded by a sturdy rapping on the door of the shack. Gordon arose reluctantly, being careful not to cross the line passing through the centre of the little cabin, and unfastened the door. In a gust of wind and rain two bedraggled men stepped inside. Coming out of the pitchy darkness of the stormy night, they were dazzled for a moment by the lamplight and peered around the shack with winking eyes. Gordon took advantage of the circumstances to slip over into the corner and seat himself on the nail keg.

"Hello, Tom," cried one of the newcomers in surprise as he made out the features of the Colorado sheriff in the lamplight; "what you doin' here? We expected to find Bill Gordon. You waitin' for him, too?"

"There's Bill, in the corner," replied Sheriff M'Kinney, and the two strangers turned in the direction indicated. Gordon was rocking himself lightly to and fro on the nail keg, still enjoying his smoke and with the same inscrutable smile on his features with which he had regaled the Colorado sheriff before acquainting him with his novel scheme for evading the law.

"Evenin', Jack," he said as the two turned toward him; "evenin', Buck. What brings you folks this way? Nothing' going wrong, is there?"

"Well, I'll put up our horses while Jack tells you about it," said the man addressed as Buck, and he disappeared into the rain again. Jack looked rather awkwardly from one to the other of the men as though he did not exactly relish the situation in which he found himself.

"Before I say anything more," he began, addressing himself to Sheriff

M'Kinney, "I want to know if Bill here is your prisoner. You got here first an', of course, if he's under arrest, he's yours, an' we ain't got anything more to say."

"Well, no," said Sheriff M'Kinney; "to tell the truth, he ain't my prisoner."

"Good," said the drenched newcomer; "then we ain't had our trip for nothin'."

At that moment the man who had gone out to care for the horses returned, and Jack greeted him gleefully.

"It's all right, Buck," he said. "Sheriff M'Kinney says he hasn't arrested Bill; so one of us is sure to get him. You can take him if you want, because I know I can get him when you're through with him. Bill," he continued, turning to Gordon, who was listening with the same bored smile on his face, "I've got a warrant for you for runnin' off Dad Walters's three colts, and Buck here has got another warrant for you for a case down in his county. Now, we both been lookin' for you for a long time an' when we heard you was located in a shack down here, we decided to come after you together. Here you are an' here we are, an' I don't s'pose you're goin' to make any fuss about it, are you, Bill?"

"No, I ain't goin' to make any fuss about it," said Gordon, with a sly wink at Sheriff M'Kinney; "only I ain't goin' with any of you."

"You ain't?" repeated Jack fiercely, laying his hand upon a ponderous revolver. "We'll see about that!"

"Wait a minute, Jack," said Gordon in a soothing tone; take it easy. You're sheriff of San Juan County, Utah, ain't you?"

"Certainly I am," replied Jack impatiently.

"An' Buck there is sheriff of San Juan County, New Mexico, ain't he?" went on Gordon.

"Oh, we all know that," said Buck, starting forward. "Let's stop this foolishness."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute,"

warned Gordon, while M'Kinney industriously cleaned his pipe. "Now, neither one of you two sheriffs ever thought he had any right to serve warrants in Arizony, did you?"

"Arizona!" exclaimed Jack "What are you talking about?"

"Only this," said Gordon, settling back against the wall, "that I'm in Arizony. Ask M'Kinney. He knows about it. Bed's in Utah, chair's in Colorado, keg's in Arizony, and saddle's in New Mexico."

"What's all this about?" demanded the Utah sheriff, turning to the Colorado sheriff.

"I guess Bill's right," said Sheriff M'Kinney, "if he's tellin' the truth, an' I ain't got much reason to doubt that. We all know the State lines all cross down here somewheres an' Bill allows this is the spot. He found the pile of stones the fellows put up to mark it an' he built his shack around 'em. I guess he's got the best of it while he stays on the nail keg."

The two outwitted sheriffs glared at Gordon, at M'Kinney, and at each other in turn, and in the silence the storm could be heard roaring with redoubled fury. At length the New Mexico sheriff started impatiently.

"This is all nonsense," he said sternly. "Here we are, three sheriffs, each with a warrant for this fellow. Any one of us can arrest him by main force. Are we all going to be bluffed by this yarn about the State lines?"

"You wouldn't want to do an illegal act like that, Buck," ventured Gordon winningly. "Not you, Buck, in front of two witnesses. You know if you dragged me out of Arizony, where I'm sittin' so comfortable, an' took me away off into New Mexico, I could summons these two reputable officers to testify about it, Buck, an' they'd have to tell the truth, you know, about how you served your warrant outside your own State. It wouldn't do, you know, Buck," concluded Gordon, with exasperating impudence. The three sheriffs looked at one another in silence once more.

"No, I guess he's got us stalled," said Buck, at last, and Jack and M'Kinney solemnly shook their heads.

"I suppose we could stay here and starve him out," suggested Jack. "He'd have to come out of Arizona some time."

"I want to get back when court opens to-morrow," said M'Kinney. "I've fooled away three weeks on this thing now."

"We might—" began Buck, when something happened. The howling

blast struck the light shack with tremendous force, tore it from the earth and poised it on end for an instant, then hurled it to the north and east. The men fell in a heap with the table and the bed on top of them, but Sheriff M'Kinney had his eye on Gordon at the instant of the upheaval and had his hands on him as they all lay, half-stunned, in the wreckage.

"Bill," he breathed hoarsely into Gordon's ear, "we're in Colorado now. You're my prisoner!"

THE CABIN ON THE PLAIN

BY CARROLL AIKINS

"THE Spring will come! And then, and then," they said,
 Those blue lips babbling ever of the Spring.
 But through the cabin door the windy sting
 Of prairie winter swept the pillow'd head.

"The Spring will come!" Life's stealthy afterglow
 Brightened the worn young face. "With flowers of May!"
 But the encircling prairie crept away
 In level wastes of shadowless white snow.

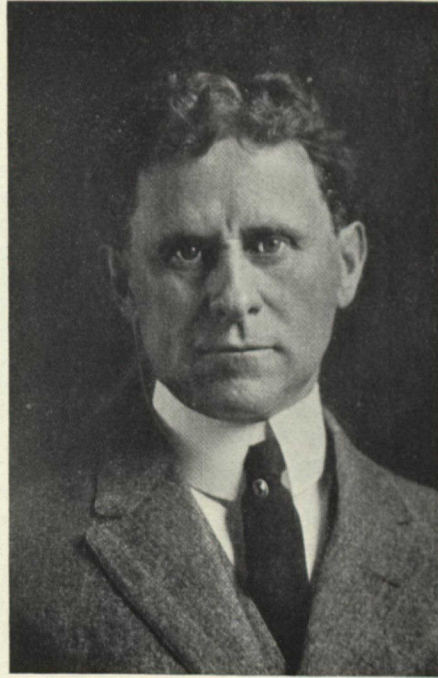
"And when it comes . . ." The hopeful, childish breath
 Broke in a shallow whisper, hard and dry,
 The stainless depths of the incurious sky
 Were blue and vacant as the eyes of death.

The spring wind whispers in the fields of grain;
 The birds sing, and the first faint flowers come out,
 Grow bolder, brighter, garland it about . . .
 The little empty cabin on the plain.



IDLERS

From the Drawing by Edward Jackson Dinsmore



MR. A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR, N. A.

A Canadian who has won a place of great distinction among contemporary American sculptors

PHIMISTER PROCTOR: CANADIAN SCULPTOR

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

“HE is joined to his idols, let him alone.” The prophet in uttering this dictum regarding Ephraim might have applied it with equal significance to Phimister Proctor, who at this moment is foregathering with redskins, stalking big game, and otherwise disporting himself far away from our machine-made civilization. Indians, savage beasts, fowls of the air, fishes of the stream are verily his idols, and his ambition is to study them and be left alone with them. The Emperor Diocletian loved at times to withdraw to the country and grow cabbages in soli-

tude and calmness; the early Chinese, those who possessed real souls, were wont to retire from cities and seek the dread silence of primæval forests for purpose of prayer and meditation; Proctor feels the same necessity, though in his special case prayer and meditation are largely superseded by the attraction of gun and rod.

“Let us probe the silent places, let us see what luck betide us,
Let us journey to a lonely land I know;
There’s a whisper on the night wind,
there’s a star a gleam to call us,
And the wild is calling—let us go.”

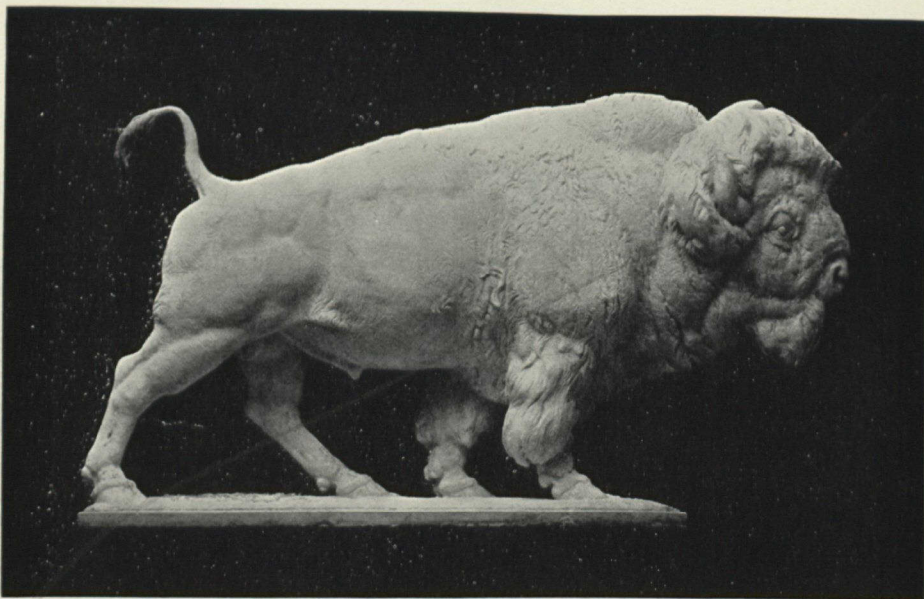
This call of the wild is the keynote

to a proper understanding of Phimister Proctor to-day. It was no less insistent some thirty years ago when a mere lad he accompanied his parents to Denver, whence he made frequent incursions into the Rockies, and when scarcely in his teens earned undying kudos and the surprise of the local sports by accounting for an elk and a grizzly during an afternoon's hunt, by himself, with no other assistance than a stout heart and a more or less trusty gun of antique pattern. No mean record this for a sapling! Such saplings grow into fine forest timber. With this experience he learned the habits of different animals, assimilated their very sap and essence. He observed them by day, and at night he dreamed of lions and Indians. All this time he was busy with his sketch-book and whittled all manner of forms out of chunks of wood.

Thus the still small voices of the art sirens whispered their alluring message, but in the eighties there was little to inspire an ambitious youth

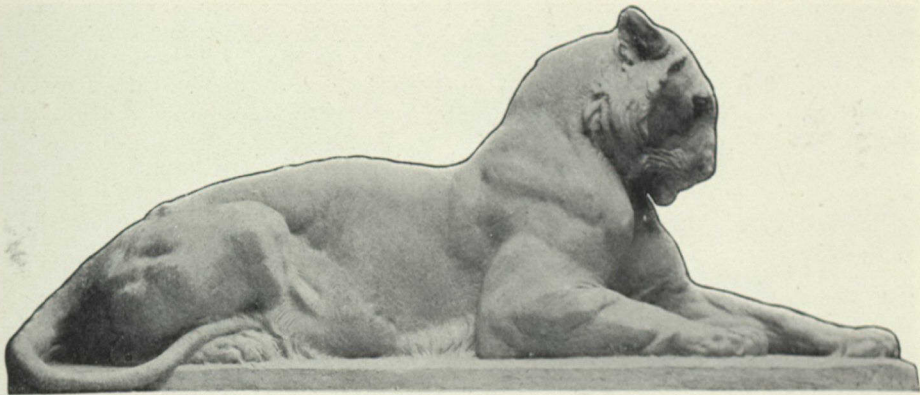
in any city of the West, unless forsooth the painted wooden effigy of an Indian chief at the portals of a tobacco store. So it chanced that the family moved to a wider field of encouragement, to New York, and here the lad put in the hardest work at his chosen profession, visiting the National Academy of Design during the winter months, but with the summer solstice the call of the Rockies would each year make its irresistible appeal, and once more "Old Roary," his pet gun, or probably a more reliable successor, would make the welkin ring to the accustomed melody. There was method, however, in his slaughter, he was not merely "out for the bag"; each specimen obtained was sketched, dissected, and sketched again; his spoils yielded the structural knowledge he craved, and every thew, sinew, and muscle was felt and prodded until he knew its exact shape and function.

It was this splendid ground-work that stood him in such good stead in after years, and which has contri-



BISON FOR Q STREET BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

From the model by A. Phimister Proctor, N. A.



ONE OF THE TIGERS AT THE ENTRANCE TO PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

From the original model by A. Phimister Proctor, N. A.

buted so largely in helping him to a very high and unique position among American sculptors to-day and among animal sculptors the world over. It stands to reason that the animalier (oh, hateful word!) who sits tamely on his little folding chair, patented in Paris, before the bars of some denizen of the zoological gardens, cannot get at the spirit of the beast (if, indeed, any be left!), in the same measure and degree as the man who has observed his beast in the open and maybe tracked it to its lair. Far be it from the writer to decry the very excellent habit of repairing to the nearest menagerie or circus to record impressions; such notes prove of immense service, though they can never supply all that is requisite in the make-up of an animal painter or sculptor. Proctor, too, has haunted cages on wheels and stately lion houses, but what he has effected there has only supplemented the real knowledge acquired in the wild places which swallow him up during the frequent periods of his wanderlust.

No lover of cities, he regards them more in the light of a workshop and convenient meeting-place for friends and patrons, a necessity, in fact, of his calling. Stiff hats, boiled shirts and collars, in a word, the investiture of conventional life, seem less essen-

tial in his equipment than breeches and leggings, lariat and revolver, Winchester and fishing-tackle, which are as much his emblems as mountains and forests are his favourite habitat. A charming episode of early days in Chicago reveals that latent wildness which permeates his being. It was evening in the city, and the lights were lit. Proctor fidgeted a while and then suggested that the lights be lowered or at least the shutters be drawn; his roving eye and knowledge of savage warfare quickly perceived the immense advantage that an enemy would derive from seeing the forms of himself and family so temptingly silhouetted. The fault was at once remedied. This latent wildness lends additional charm to a man gifted with numerous fine qualities which have no place in this note.

Every successful artist looks back to some small beginning, some pivotal event from which the approval of the public has resulted. A timid, ungainly fawn, balancing itself with the poise of an inebriate upon unsteady props, evinced such excellent modelling when seen accidentally in a New York studio by critical eyes that the subject of this sketch was invited to model some animals for the World's Fair. Here was his opportunity and here he won his spurs. Chicago



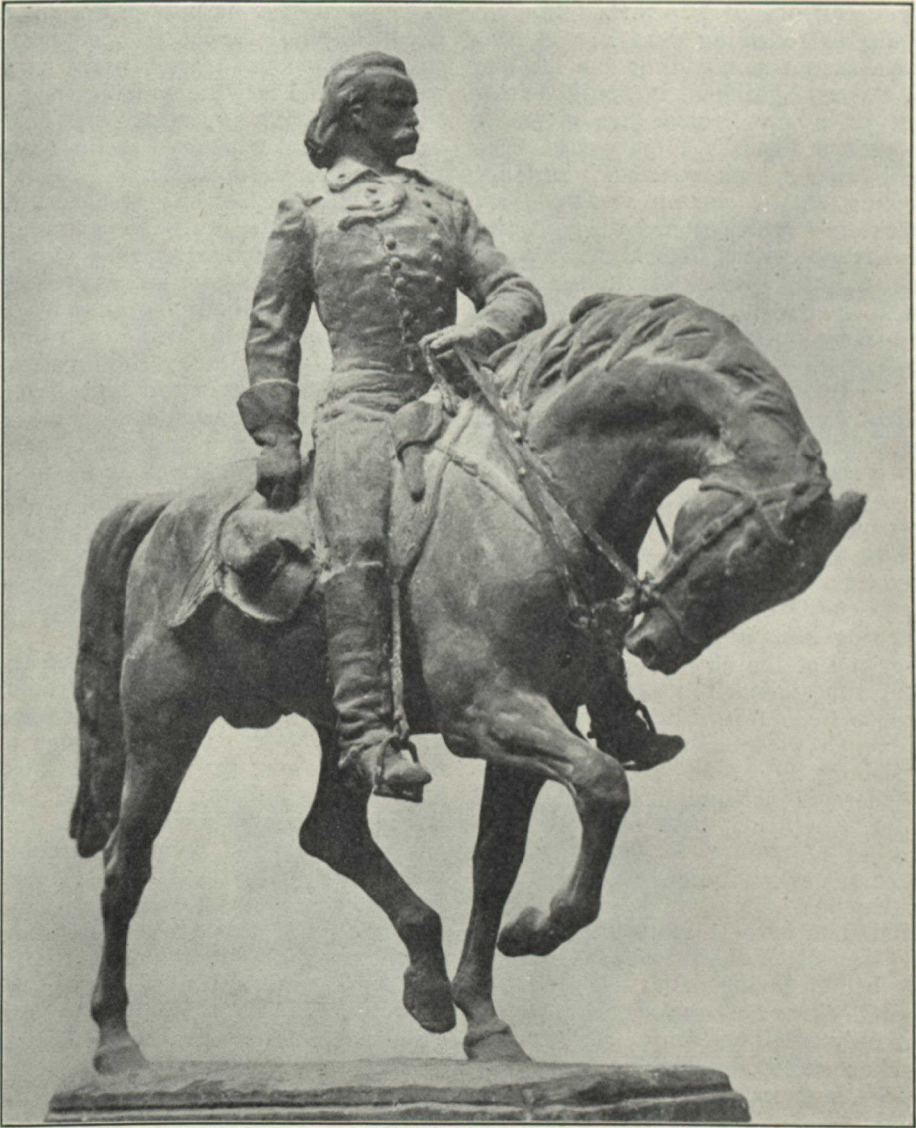
MOOSE IN BRONZE, FOURTEEN INCHES HIGH

Bronze cast from the model by A. Phimister Proctor, N. A.

brought him recognition and a bride all in one fell swoop, and here it would not be out of place to record that Mrs. Proctor, Marguerite Gerou that was, has been the greatest unlifting force conceivable. Herself devoted to art, she has given every thought and action to his artistic welfare, and the writer feels that no essay on Phimister Proctor could carry weight or distinction which did not pay tribute to the splendid influence which she brings to bear upon every piece of work that centres in his brain or issues from his workshop. So many artists married are artists marred, that where the benefit is so pronounced, the fact demands recording.

Nothing is more wearisome than plodding through chronological exploits and plethoric lists of awards,

prizes, medals, and all the little and large distinctions which adhere like sticking-plaster to the man of mark. With Proctor such stepping-stones to greatness count for very little, much less than his skill with revolver and lasso, not to mention his friendship for Irontail, a Sioux chieftain who won Proctor's perpetual friendship by handing over to him the scalp of a Crow Indian, with the simple understanding that when labelled in the Proctor collection, he, Irontail, and no one else, should be credited with the killing. Simple savage, brave and untutored, there was something in Proctor that went out to him by wireless and proved this white man deserving of his gift. Other things beyond his awards and prizes are his splendid mountain sheep and bear trophies,



SKETCH OF GENERAL CUSTER

From the original model by A. Phinister Proctor, N. A.

not to mention his entry into that famous coterie of big game shooters, the Boone and Crockett Club, which includes Mr. Roosevelt in its very limited membership.

To take Proctor's work at random, that which makes its urgent appeal is the man's wonderful knowledge of

the animal portrayed, not merely surface detail, but the spirit and mood, the elemental which that eminent English painter Arnesby Brown shows in his inimitable cattle. Both men are the antithesis of Landseer, they allow no human element to enter into their beasts. A French savant,

on seeing one of Proctor's buffaloes, made the following remark: "If America should at any time rue the loss of its last specimen, it would matter but little, for Proctor has given us a perfect type." High praise this, and from a high quarter. Another feeling assails one on viewing, say, his pumas which guard the entrance to Prospect Park, Brooklyn; it is his monumental sense which has come with the years, for it did not stamp his early achievements. Others have fashioned wild beasts with sincerity and with a knowledge born of hard scientific investigation, but it would be difficult to name any one who has out-Proctored Proctor in that rare sense which has won its place in nomenclature as monumental and which is so noticeable in the Princeton tigers; the Washington buffaloes upon the Q Street bridge; his heroic sleeping lions at the four corners of the base of the McKinley Monument, four times life size; as also the two bronze lions faithfully guarding the approach to the Frick Building, in Pittsburg.

There is nothing dramatic in his work, whether it be a mounted cowboy or an Indian in his warpaint; Proctor never wanders out of his way to compose some striking effect calculated to cause a sensation by making appeal to those who judge good art by its daring departure from accepted canons of sculptural taste. I can only recall one bronze of the many he has executed which is perhaps a trifle theatrical and which is also reminiscent of that wonderful Frenchman, Barye, who attained success when too old to appreciate it. I allude to the "Dog Devouring a Bone," an excellent study in canine anatomy, but revealing less individuality than his other works. Perhaps his most popular bronze, and deservedly so, is his stalking panther with a magnificent sweeping line from muzzle to tail-tip, stealthily creeping onward like inexorable Fate, and presaging a terrible end for the object of its solici-

tude. Another beautiful design is his "Leaping Tarpon," wrought in silver. Tarpons do not pause midway in their leap in amiable concession to an artist's necessity, but must be caught and transfixed in the brain like Rodin's *instantinées*.

It would be an injustice to this versatile sculptor only to expatiate upon his skill in rendering animal life. His Indian studies, at present only in plaster, betray great powers of characterization, while a recent study of Master Martin Biddle shows him to be a portraitist of high order. Young Biddle is astride a very serviceable-looking cob and has a good cross-country seat, which is the particular message which Proctor wished to deliver. To model a boy upon a horse in such a way as to show exactly the degree of horsemanship possessed by that boy is an accomplishment.

Furthermore, if the *media* of the sculptor were unobtainable, Proctor could rely upon his brush work for a living, his water-colour paintings of the fauna along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Alberta and British Columbia show him to be full of sentiment and imagination and fully possessed of the painter's vision. It would be easy to name a dozen other callings which he could follow up successfully, but as long as bronze and marble are available there is little reason to doubt but that he will continue to follow the career he has so deliberately chosen.

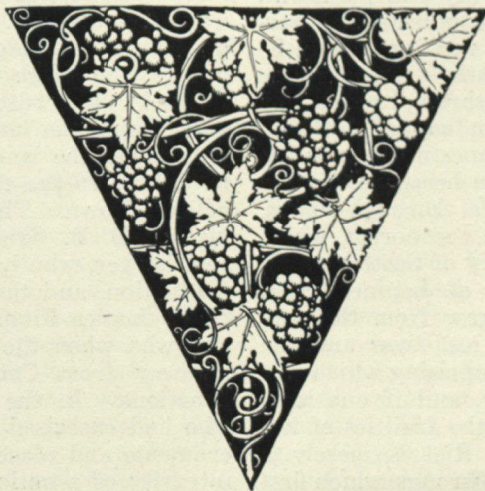
There are occasions, when in his anxiety to be absolutely true to the intimate modellings, he somewhat neglects the larger planes and loses bigness. One can be over-conscientious. It is also true that some of his models lack originality in pose and appear in consequence a trifle too conventional. The qualities, however, which have gained him fame throughout the United States and Canada are his intimate knowledge of animal life, his monumental sense and that feeling of intense life which character-

izes all his output. Other qualities could be enumerated, but these three alone distinguish him as a sculptor of unusual talents.

His art is beyond conscious ability, its vitalizing force is as intangible as a perfume. Prehistoric cavemen, the Egyptians, and Assyrians, displayed great skill in animal draughtsmanship. At Gwalior Hindu carvers made ingenious use of elephants' heads in treating corbels for balcony supports. Sarnath in India teems with examples of the decorative treatment of animals; the Japanese, too, have excelled in showing how fidelity to nature may be joined with decorative effect. Heir to these and twentieth-century traditions, Phimister Proctor is demonstrating to-day how beasts that are essentially American like the buffalo and the mountain

lion can become national totems in bronze and marble, commanding more interest in our parks and buildings than devitalized goddesses and symbolic figures which are in so many instances but a reflected and meaningless art wasted upon an unappreciative public.

It will be recorded that in 1899 Augustus St. Gaudens had the place of honour in the Paris Salon with his statue of General Sherman. Accompanied by the journalist Henry Russell Wray in a tour of the exhibition, the eminent sculptor stopped in front of the statue of an American soldier by Phimister Proctor. He looked it over with considerable interest and said: "That is very virile. You have just come over from America; follow that artist closely; he is the coming man."



FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

IV.—RIEL BEFORE THE JURY

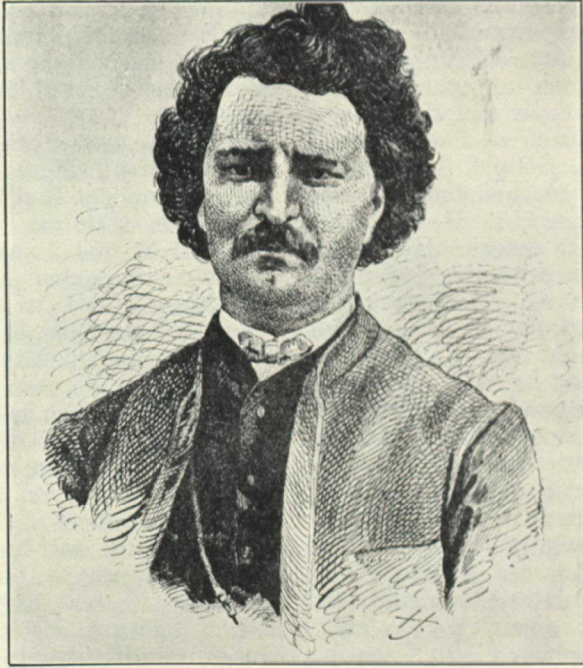
BY BRITTON B. COOKE

TO anyone looking into the records of Louis Riel's life, his deeds—misdeeds some would insist—his two rebellions, his surrender, his trial, and his punishment, it is difficult to know just how, in fairness, to regard the man. It is simple enough to accept the prejudices of that day, one way or another, and with those prejudices to take a fixed point of view toward the unhappy creature who went praying to the scaffold in the shabby yard of the Mounted Police at Regina. But that is scarcely wise. They still point out, when you visit the police headquarters in Regina, the window whence he stepped to his death. It looks like one of those doors through which hay is unloaded from a hay-loft. There Riel ended his tempestuous existence—I cannot say as a hero, yet neither should one say as a thorough knave. If one leave aside the horror which man felt at the story of Scott's execution at the hands of Lepine, Riel's tool, if one withdraw from the contemplation of the lost lives and the threatened Indian uprising which was laid at Riel's door, and if one have any sympathy for the frailties of human nature, then Riel is merely a pitiful figure. The wrongs which first stirred him to action have long since been righted, and that with no acknowledgments to him. That there were these wrongs and that they were too long ignored—not necessarily because a certain political party was in

power, but because all governments have to learn the art of handling colonies—must be admitted. But I think our attitude toward Riel should be a little kindly.

Six English jurymen and a local police magistrate sent to the scaffold the man who had twice led, or rather, roused to violence, the Metis and the Indians against the authority of the Canadian Government. On the twelfth of May, 1885, Batoche had been stormed; on the fifteenth Riel had surrendered, and on the sixteenth of November he was hanged. His trial was held in July. Unlike the trial of Lepine, the judge in this case was not of the High Court—he was a Colonel Richardson—and, on the other hand, the lawyers included the greatest in the land. The famous B. B. Osler was the chief representative of the Crown. The defence was led by Mr. E. B. Greenshields, a Montreal lawyer, who has since won other distinction, and the man who is now Chief Justice Fitzpatrick, of Ottawa, and who when the Governor-General is away from Canada exercises his functions. In the dock was a man who had exorcised the minds of governments and placed in jeopardy the integrity of a nation.

The trial, eleven years earlier, of Lepine, Riel's lieutenant and the nearest approach to a fighting leader ever known by the cause of the Metis, in those days, had not been dramatic. This of Riel was intensely so.



LOUIS RIEL

Behind the great lawyers, on the one side, was all the enmity and hate of a large section of the Canadian community—Orange Ontario. It had not forgotten the picture of Scott kneeling in the snow to be shot, or of the sons who had fallen at Batoche. Behind the defence was the mass of French-Canadian opinion, sympathetic with Riel and the cause he had led. On the one hand was militant Anglo-Saxon Orangism, and on the other hand French-Canadian Catholicism. Between them, statesmen trembled for the safety of their parties.

To Riel, standing their in the focus of their hate the affair was not national, but pitifully personal. Whether he was insane or not, at least he was a great egoist and believed that he had a mission to fulfil. He had seen great visions of the glory he was to earn. He was to have been a great man. People were to have hailed him as saviour. All these dear baubles were gone, and with them

those other things, obviously quite as dear to his sometimes simple heart, his wife, his children, his pious Catholic mother. One by one his great dreams had been cast by the board—his hope of success, of power, of fame. He was reduced now to a matter of life or death.

In the unpretentious Regina courthouse on July 20th, 1885, the clerk read the long indictment of Louis David Riel for high treason. There was no pleading. Riel's counsel took exception to the jurisdiction of the court, claiming that the presiding stipendiary magistrate was incompetent to try a case involving the death penalty. He urged that a trial be granted either in Ontario or in British Columbia. Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q.C., assisting Mr. Osler, replied with a request for eight days' adjournment in which the Crown would prepare its reply.

On July 28th the court again convened. Six jurymen were sworn in

—half the proper number. Riel, according to the reports of the *Toronto Mail* of that day, keenly watched every jurymen as he took the oath. B. B. Osler, who is already entered in Canadian history as the great and incomparable criminal prosecutor, rose in dignity to open the case. He re-read the indictment. He explained the nature of the charge. He recited the various successive steps of rebellion. He indicated the weight and the character of the evidence which would be brought before the court. There had been, he said, objections to the competence of the court: this was quite in harmony with Dominion laws. There had been another objection to the effect that no Grand Jury had been consulted: it was impossible, owing to the state of the country at that time, he explained, to obtain such a body of men. It had been said that six men were not enough for the jury. This, too, he explained.

One by one, he read the documentary evidence against the prisoner. Here was Riel's letter to Major Crozier, of the Northwest Mounted Police, in which he threatened a war of extermination against the whites. Was this, cried Osler, constructive treason? Was it not, rather, a treasonable plot to shed the blood of brave men? A scheme in which Riel was not led by a desire to help his friends in lawful agitation for the redress of their grievances, but by inordinate vanity and the desire for power and wealth? Here was another letter of Riel's, this time to General Middleton. Here was a letter which purported to set the terms on which he (Riel) would accept the surrender of Fort Carlton by Major Crozier.

"Will you not call this treason?" thundered the lawyer. "Is this not the same man who sends out a request that the half-breeds meet him, *armed*, at Batoche, on March 3rd, and there incited them to deeds of violence? Is this not the same man that on the eighteenth of that month sent armed men to make prisoner the In-

dian agent at Laurent, loot the stores and rob the freighters? Is this not the man who, ten days before the fall of Batoche, declared he would rule or perish?"

It had been said, the lawyer went on, that when actual armed conflict seemed imminent Riel appeared to be anxious to withdraw. It had been said that he had "meant well," and was to a large extent a victim of circumstances. Did it look like that when, at Duck Lake, Riel had ordered his men to fire upon the police, when at Fish Creek his men had used further violence, when he himself went to Batoche to direct the digging of the rifle-pits? Here was the letter to General Middleton threatening to shoot the prisoners if the women and children of the half-breeds were molested in any way! Here was a letter found in the tent of Chief Poundmaker, showing Riel's intention to cause an Indian war!

This, then, was the nature of the case which the Crown proposed to lay before the jury. This was the record of Louis Riel, renegade, murderer.

The court-room rang with its own tense stillness after the prosecuting lawyer had finished. He resumed his seat. Spectators felt that nothing more need be said. Riel was already condemned, condemned by the masterful arraignment and he marshalling of facts by Osler.

But there was yet much to be done. Dr. Willoughby, of Saskatoon, was the first witness for the Crown. He had had conversations with Riel in which Riel had made alarming statements. The old Fort Garry trouble was nothing to what it was going to be, Riel had said. The Indians were "only waiting." The United States would help. Riel had appeared very excited. Said he would issue a proclamation calling on the Indians to assert themselves and dividing the whole country into seven parts. One part was to be New Ireland. The rebellion of fifteen years before would not be "a patch on this one."

Thomas MacKay, a loyal half-breed, followed the Saskatoon doctor. He was a member of the volunteers from Prince Albert who were in Fort Carlton under Major Crozier after the last outbreak by the prisoner and his following. At a meeting with Riel in Batoche Riel had accused him of being indifferent to his own people, and of neglecting them. He wanted him, the witness, to turn rebel. The witness then went on to describe the actions of Riel during the encounter at Duck Lake. Riel appeared to be in active command. It was he who directed the firing of the guns against the Queen's men. Mr. Christopher Robinson, who was conducting his examination, laid stress on this point, and the defence, in cross-examination, accordingly made every effort to shake MacKay's testimony. Was he certain it was Riel he had seen? How did he know? Might he not have been mistaken? Was it possible at such a distance to tell Riel from any other, and if so, how could he tell that Riel was giving commands? Was not he, the witness, exercising his imagination too freely?

MacKay was obdurate.

As if that were not enough, a surveyor named John Astley, who had been a prisoner under Riel at Batoche, swore that Riel had acknowledged that he gave the orders to fire at Duck Lake. This ended the first day's proceedings.

It is recorded that on the second day of the trial the prisoner took more interest in the procedure than on the previous day. He sat, leaning forward in the dock, his hand passing to his face, nervously, every now and then. His keen dark eyes, as the newspapers of the time described them, roved from face to face, scrutinizing even the audience, and the faces of the women in the audience, for signs of hope. Near him sat a number of medical men from Eastern Canada, who were to give evidence as to his sanity.

The Crown brought forward still

other damning evidence. George Kerr, of Kerr Brothers, store-keepers at Batoche, swore that on the eighteenth of March Riel, in command of fifty men, sacked his store. Harry Walters, a store-keeper, testified that Riel had sacked his store also. The defence made some slight headway with this witness in securing a description of Riel's programme for dividing up the country, as he had mentioned it to the witness. Riel had said the land was to be divided into seven parts: one-seventh to the Indians, one-seventh to the half-breeds, one-seventh for churches and schools, and the rest to be Crown lands. This was believed to show insanity.

Thomas E. Jackson, a Prince Albert druggist, told how Riel had asked him to write of his movement favourably to Eastern papers. Riel, to him, had claimed that the Government of Canada owed him an indemnity of \$35,000. Riel had suddenly turned against him violently, accusing him of advising an English half-breed to desert. He, the witness, while a prisoner, had been appointed to carry a message to General Middleton, through Riel's lines, warning Middleton not to harm the women and children of the rebels, on threat of executing the prisoners.

"Is that the letter?" asked Mr. Osler, at this point.

"It is."

"You identify Riel's signature?"

"I do."

The witness then identified other pieces of Riel's hand-writing: his summons to Crozier to surrender, a letter asking Crozier to come for his dead after the battle at Duck Lake, a letter to his "dear relatives" at Fort Qu'Appelle, a letter to the Indians and half-breeds at Battleford, and a letter to Chief Poundmaker.

"But," objected the defence, taking up the examination, "these letters are signed 'Exovide.' How do you account for that?"

"That was Riel's signature."

"I see. Now tell me"—this by Mr.

Charles Fitzpatrick, now Chief Justice of Canada, "is it not true that Riel declared, and that you heard him declare, that he would gain the reforms which were needed, by constitutional agitation, whether it took five years or ten years to carry his point?"

"That is true."

"And there was nothing treasonable about that?"

"No. But Riel soon changed. He wanted more than that. He was going to be the Pope of Canada, the head of a sort of Liberal-Roman Catholic religion."

Next came General Middleton, Captain George H. Young, of the Winnipeg Field Battery; Major Jarvis, Commander of that battery, and Major Crozier, of the R.N.W.M.P. They told of their operations in the field against Riel. Then came Charles Nolin, an Irishman, who had to be examined in French by Mr. Casgrain. He was harried by the defence mercilessly.

"You are Charles Nolin?"

"Yes."

"You were one of the rebels?"

"I—well—I—"

"Answer!"

"I—"

"Is it not true that you started an agitation to bring Riel back to Canada after he had been living quietly in Montana, and that after you brought him back you abandoned him?"

"No, that is not true."

"What did Riel tell you about the way he was going to divide up the country?"

"He said, one day, that he had a book, written in buffalo blood. He had written it. He thought he was inspired. He was going to take England and Canada. He was going to give Quebec to the Prussians, Ontario to the Irish, and the Northwest to the Jews, Hungarians, Bavarians, and others."

About at this stage of the examination Riel rose in the dock protesting

that his lawyers were trying to make out that he was a lunatic.

"I am not a lunatic!" he declared.

"I am not a lunatic!"

Efforts to quiet him were of no avail. Minutes passed, and still he held the floor, storming and pleading with the witnesses. Finally the court adjourned in the midst of the disorder.

Next day, the opening of the case for the defence was marked by an able address from Mr. Greenshields, counsel for Riel. He referred to the history of the Northwest, the troubles of the Indians, half-breeds, and settlers, and the delays in correcting what undoubtedly had been wrongs. The defence would plead, he said, that the prisoner was of unsound mind and not therefore responsible for his actions. He was suffering, the lawyers hoped to show, from a form of mania known as megalomania, in which inordinate ambition was the chief characteristic.

The defence then called as its first witness the head of the Oblate Fathers in the district of Carlton, Father André. The gentle old priest said that for a long time Riel had seemed a sane and normal man in every respect, but when he began to talk religion "he frightened me." Many of the things Riel had said about the church and its doctrines had so disturbed the priests that they had discussed his sanity at a certain meeting and had agreed that the man was insane. Father Fourmand, a priest, of St. Laurent, confirmed this. Riel did not believe in the Holy Trinity. He believed there was only one God. The man had seemed sane enough at one time, but he had gradually changed.

"Did you ever see his book written in buffalo blood?"

"No. But I heard of it."

"Was he ever abusive?"

"Not to me"—with a smile—"the most he ever said to me was, 'You little tiger!' at a time when I had annoyed him."

The last stage in the defence was the offering of medical testimony as to the prisoner's sanity. Dr. Roy, of Beauport Asylum, Quebec, swore that the prisoner had been an inmate of his institution for nine months ending January, 1878. He was afflicted with what might be termed "ambitious mania." He was insane. Following Dr. Roy, Dr. C. K. Clarke, of Toronto, then head of the Queen Street Asylum, now head of the Toronto General Hospital, said there was no doubt in his mind, after examining Riel, that he was insane.

Mr. Osler: "It is not, really, doctor, impossible to say that a person like Riel, who is sharp and well-educated, is either insane or sane?"

"It is quite possible," retorted the expert.

In rebuttal the Crown called Dr. Wallace, of the Asylum at Hamilton, and Dr. Jukes, of the R.N.W.M.P., who contradicted the other witnesses.

"Riel knew the difference between right and wrong?" demanded Osler.

"He did," answered Dr. Wallace, "so far as I can judge."

Riel's address to the jury the next day was a strange affair. Nothing could be gained by reproducing it. It was hysterical and confused, yet lighted up now and then by startling pieces of clever argument. He made constant reference to the Diety and to the items of his faith. He wept. He stormed. He proclaimed his sanity. He prayed aloud for a blessing upon the court, upon the judge, jury, lawyers, audience, and reporters. The Northwest had been his mother, he said. Surely his mother would be indulgent and forget what he had done amiss. The Northwest was suffering. He had received a mission to fulfil

toward it, and now, only his spirit could fulfil that mission. Ladies wept. Men wriggled in their seats. The court looked impatient.

The impression created by this outbreak was quickly dispelled when Mr. Christopher Robinson rose to close the case for the Crown. Riel, he said, was neither patriot nor lunatic, but an ambitious man with a particularly sound mind. The court adjourned for the day, the last day of July, while Mr. Justice Richardson was still reading over the evidence to the jury. He finished the reading the next day and charged the jury. The jury retired at 3.15 in the afternoon, and in one hour brought in its verdict.

The clerk asked the usual question of the foreman, followed by the usual second question. The reply of the foreman was: "Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy."

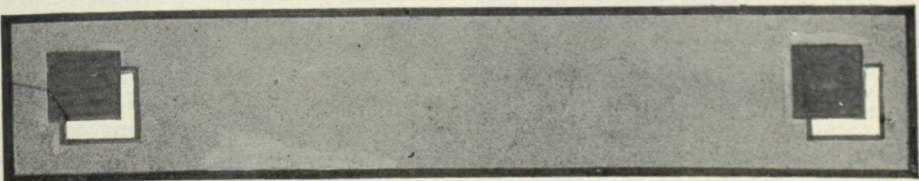
As he spoke, Riel was on his knees in the dock, praying. In a moment he stood up and smiled what is said to have been a curiously abstract sort of smile, as though the pronouncement had not affected him in the slightest. He bowed to the jury.

The last formalities of the court were then finished. Sentence was passed, to the effect that the prisoner should be hanged on September the eighteenth.

"Is that—your honour—is that on a Friday?" asked the prisoner, now very pale.

What answer he received is not known.

A new trial was applied for and refused. Several reprieves were granted, but on November 16th, at 8.23 in the morning, Louis David Riel was hanged, with the words of the Lord's prayer still on his lips.



THE TOWER OF TRAGEDY

BY HAROLD SANDS

FEW Canadians who visit London fail to make a pious pilgrimage to the great Tower which "on London town and all its hoard keeps its solemn watch and ward." As palace and prison this sentinel unliving and undying, as Sir William Gilbert described it, has been closely knit in the woof and web of Great Britain's national life. Once the dwelling-place of kings, and their stronghold when danger threatened, the Tower was later the prison and the tomb of many gallant hearts who performed the fateful journey from the dungeon to the block, from the scaffold to the grave. Many who met death with a smile were unjustly condemned, but the last prisoner executed there, a German spy, richly merited his fate.

In the garden of the Tower, a bit of green in a forest of gray stone, a block of granite records the last execution on that blood-stained spot. This was in 1747, when Lord Lovat, a Tory, was executed. That record has not lost its significance even though, in October, 1914, Carl Hans Lody, German spy, met his end within the Tower's walls. Lody was shot. Lovat laid his head on the block and was the last man upon whom the axe was used. Of that last execution Arthur Poyser, a Tower historian, writes:

"Lord Lovat, whom Hogarth had seen, and painted, in the White Hart Inn at St. Albans as the prisoner was being brought to London, was led to the block on Tower Hill on Thursday, April 9, 1747, and his was the last blood that was shed there. Just before his execution, a scaffolding, which had been erected at the

eastern end of Barking Alley, fell and brought to the ground a thousand spectators who had secured places upon it to view the execution. Twelve were killed outright and scores of others injured. 'Lovat,' as the account puts it, 'in spite of his awful situation, seemed to enjoy the downfall of so many Whigs.' Lord Lovat's head was, at one blow, severed from his body and Tower Hill's record of bloodshed was at an end."

Of the buildings which compose the Tower of London, the oldest, and perhaps the most interesting, is the White Tower, which dates back to the time of William the Conqueror. It is the very heart of the Tower buildings and in one of its apartments are preserved the block and axe used at the execution of Lovat. Here history records that Richard II. resigned his crown and vanished into the dark shadow that shrouds his end. Here also the two little princes were buried after being smothered to death at the instigation of that other Richard, he of the humpback. Henry VIII. had a fondness for confining in the White Tower those who displeased him, and the banqueting hall of the Keep was the scene of the trial of one of his ill-fated queens, Anne Boleyn. Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1601, watched the execution of the Earl of Essex from one of its western windows, and in its most gloomy dungeon Guy Fawkes was imprisoned after the Gunpowder Plot. He was confined in a small cell, called Little Ease, so constructed that he could neither lie down nor stand up with any comfort, but was compelled to adopt a cramp-

ed and stooping posture. With no fresh air to breathe and no glimmer of light to cheer him, Guy Fawkes passed his last days in this awful cell.

In the White Tower, also, there is a place of horror which has been spoken of as rivalling the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is a vault, with a single window high up on one side, in which hundreds of Jews were shut up in the reign of King John, falsely charged with "clipping" the coin of the realm. In those days no light of any kind entered this fearful hole. The earthen floor was carefully kept damp so as to inconvenience the unhappy prisoners the more, and rats infested the dungeon. Borrowing a Meredithian expression, Mr. Poyser says that in this cell men were "chilled in subterranean sunlessness."

Except for a few rather unhappy attempts at modernization, the great White Tower stands to-day much as it stood in Norman times. It contains in the Chapel of St. John what has been claimed to be the finest Norman chapel in England. And yet, in mid-Victorian days, it actually was proposed to turn that wonderful chapel into a military tailors' workshop! The Tower authorities wanted it "put to some practical use." Only the timely intervention of the Prince Consort prevented the desecration of the beautiful chapel in which thousands who aspired to knighthood had watched their arms at the altar, passing the night in vigil before the day when their sovereign should elect them to the noble order.

The famous Traitor's Gate dates back to the days of Henry III., who many a time had to take refuge within the Tower from rebellious subjects who howled at him from the slopes of Tower Hill. It was the only direct way of entering the Tower from the River Thames. Before the draining of the moat the gate was always partly covered by water and boats could go right up to the steps in front of the Bloody Tower. To these steps came Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Sir

Thomas More, the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Monmouth, and other victims of royal displeasure who died on Tower Hill.

The Bloody Tower, so named because Percy, the eighth Earl of Northumberland, committed suicide therein, has a notable history and one that fully justifies the name bestowed on it. The young princes who, as previously mentioned, were buried in the White Tower, were actually done to death in the Bloody Tower. Another black crime committed in this tower was the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury because he had condemned the marriage of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard. The Earl and his Countess hired a woman to pretend to nurse Sir Thomas, but really to put poison in his food. This poison acted so slowly that a pair of professional killers were hired to get Overbury out of the way. The two ruffians, imitating the feat of their predecessors who slew Edward V. and his young brother, smothered Sir Thomas with the pillows of his bed. So great was the public outcry that the lieutenant of the Tower, the woman who administered the poison, and the two men who suffocated the knight, were all put to death, and Somerset and his countess suffered a short term of imprisonment in the same room where Overbury was killed.

As the home of the Crown jewels, the Wakefield Tower attracts much attention. These jewels used to be kept in the Martin Tower, and Mr. Poyser gives a spirited account of the unsuccessful attempt of that audacious rascal, Colonel Blood, to carry away the regalia. This was in May, 1671. Sir Gilbert Talbot was Keeper of the Jewels at that time, but one of his old servants, a man named Edwards, was in immediate charge of the room in which the gems lay. Disguised as a parson, Blood visited the Tower on several occasions and so ingratiated himself with Edwards that he was invited to dine with the fam-

ily, which was composed of Edwards, his wife, and daughter.

"You have," said the cassocked colonel to Edwards, "a pretty young gentlewoman for your daughter, and I have a young nephew who has two or three hundred a year in land and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I'll bring my nephew here to see her."

The day that he chose to introduce his nephew was the day on which the colonel planned to steal more than a maiden's heart. At the time appointed Parson Blood arrived at the Tower with three companions, all well armed. Edwards was in the jewel room. Blood introduced one of the men as his nephew, but while he was doing this the other two slipped behind Edwards and gagged him. The pretended nephew was placed at the door as sentinel, while the other ruffians despoiled the jewel case of its more precious contents. Blood, as the chief conspirator, secured the crown and hid it under his cloak. Another villain secreted the orb, and the third man proceeded to file the scepter in order to get it into a small bag.

At this moment a dramatic event upset their calculations. A son of Edwards returned unexpectedly from Flanders. The sentinel tried to prevent him from entering. The noise alarmed Blood and his co-conspirators, who made off quickly with all the jewels they could secrete about them. Old Edwards managed to work the gag out of his mouth before his son found him, and lustily shouted, "Treason! Murder!" Young Edwards, assisted by warders, gave chase to the rapidly-retreating regalia. Blood and his three companions were captured and taken before Sir Gilbert Talbot, who swore a round oath or two and ordered them to be placed in a dungeon, while he hurried to King Charles II. and gave him an account of the escapade. The Merry Monarch ordered the prisoners to be brought before him at Whitehall and laughed so heartily over their story

that he endowed Blood with a pension of £500 per annum.

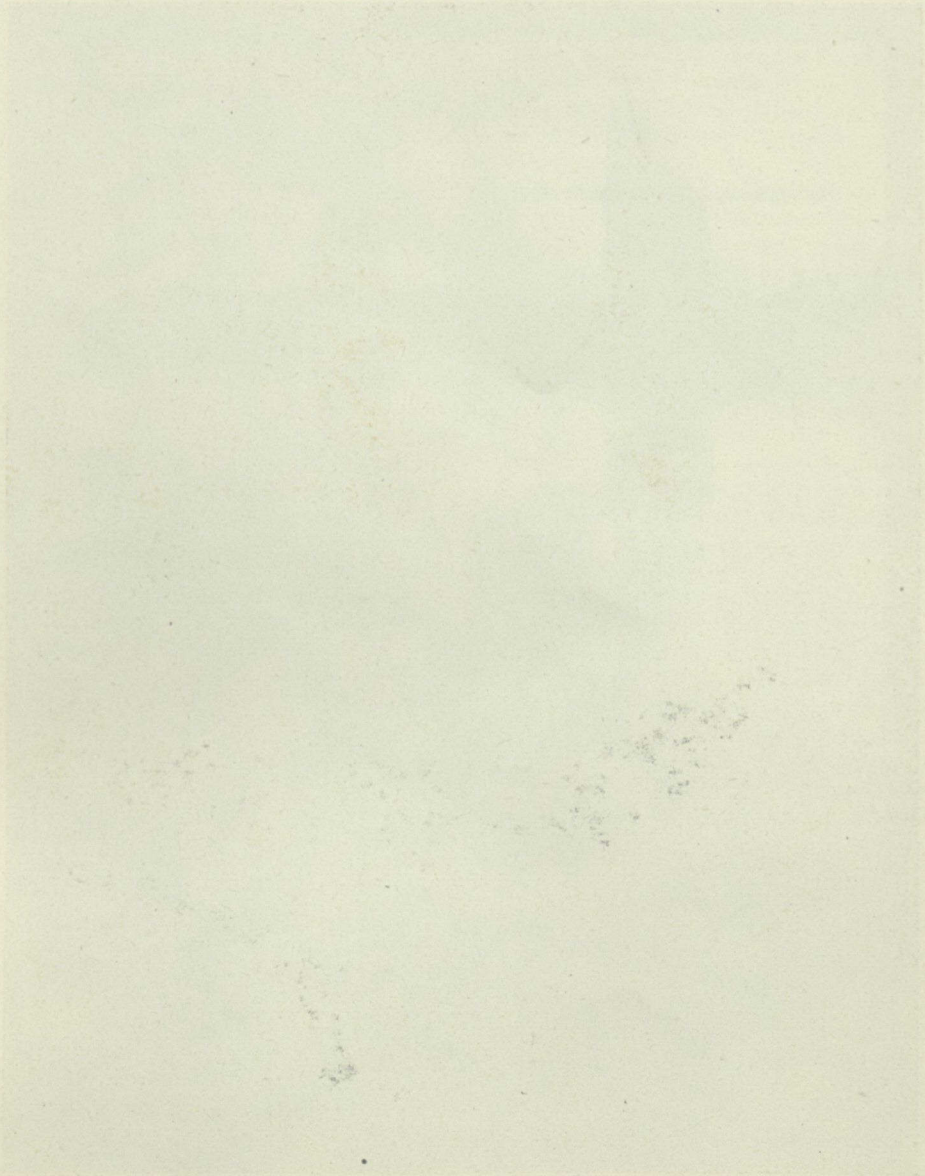
Few, however, are these lighter incidents connected with the Tower. For the most part its history was one of tragedy, especially in the days of the Tudors, when it was described as like some mighty monster whose craving for blood was hard to satisfy. A fantastic story is told of the execution of the aged Countess of Salisbury in the sixteenth century. She and two of her sons were accused of treason and taken to the Tower. The authorities did not want to behead her, but hoped she would die a "natural death," so they subjected her to unnecessarily harsh treatment. The old lady declined to second their efforts by dying in her bed. Finally, on May 28th, 1541, "the old lady was brought to the scaffold set up in the Tower, and was commanded to lay her head on the block." But she refused, saying, "I am no traitor"; neither would it serve that the executioner told her it was the fashion. So turning her gray head every way, she bade him, if he would have her head, to get it off as best he could; so that he had to get it off slovenly.

Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, was immured for illegally raising funds for the upkeep of the Tower. This was during the reign of Henry I., previous to which time the Tower had been a royal residence and not a prison. The Bishop had friends on the outside who were allowed to supply him with luxuries. They sent him a cask of wine in which a rope was concealed. With the wine he "fuddled" his keepers; with the rope he lowered himself down the outer wall of the White Tower, and, not at all alarmed at finding the rope too short and his arrival on the ground somewhat sudden, he was able to mount on horseback, ride to a seaport, and embark for Normandy." Subsequently he returned to Durham, where he completed the cathedral and built Norman Castle, in which Scott lays the opening scene of *Marmion*.



THE BASIN, QUEBEC

From the Photograph by M. O. Hammond



A PASTORAL LETTER

BY CARDINAL MERCIER

CARDINAL MERCIER, whose pastoral letter to the people of Belgium has made him famous the world over, was born in a little village near the battlefield of Waterloo sixty-three years ago. He was educated at Louvain, and for some time after his graduation he lectured there in philosophy, theology, and literature. It was during this period that the attention of Pope Leo XIII. was first drawn towards him, with the result that he was entrusted with the task of reviving interest in the Thomistic or non-scholastic philosophy. In 1906 he succeeded to the Archbishopric of Mechlin, and a year later he became a Cardinal. He is a great churchman, in sympathy with all classes of the people, and an advocate of all good reform. Before the outbreak of the war his ministrations affected about 2,500,000 Roman Catholics. It was to those of that great number who remained that he addressed the letter. But he was arrested by Germans and the letter suppressed. The result, however, has been that the letter has been printed in several languages and made public in many countries. The text follows:

My Very Dear Brethren,—I cannot tell you how instant and how present the thought of you has been to me throughout the months of suffering and of mourning which we have passed through. I had to leave you abruptly on the 20th of August in order to fulfil my last duty towards the beloved and venerated Pope whom

we have lost, and in order to discharge an obligation of the conscience from which I could not dispense myself in the election of the successor of Pius the Tenth, the Pontiff who now directs the Church under the title, full of promise and of hope, of Benedict the Fifteenth.

It was in Rome itself that I received the tidings—stroke after stroke—of the partial destruction of the Cathedral church of Louvain, next of the burning of the Library and of the scientific installations of our great University and of the devastation of the city, and next of the wholesale shooting of citizens, and tortures inflicted upon women and children, and upon unarmed and undefended men. And while I was still under the shock of these calamities the telegraph brought us news of the bombardment of our beautiful metropolitan church, of the Church of Notre Dame au delà la Dyle, of the episcopal palace, and of a great part of our dear city of Malines.

Afar from my diocese, without means of communication with you, I was compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart, and to carry it, with the thought of you, which never left me, to the foot of the crucifix.

I craved courage and light, and sought them in such thoughts as these: A disaster has visited the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and

Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down, within her fortresses and upon her fields, in defence of her rights and of her territory. Soon there will not be one Belgian family not in mourning. Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forgotten us? Then I looked upon the crucifix. I looked upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the Psalmist uttered in His name: "O God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear." And forthwith the murmur died upon my lips; and I remembered what our Divine Saviour said in His gospel: "The disciple is not above the master, nor the servant above his lord." The Christian is the servant of a God who became man in order to suffer and to die. To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian, which each of us honours at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign.

My dearest brethren, we shall return by and by to the providential law of suffering, but you will agree that since it has pleased a God-made-man who was holy, innocent, without stain, to suffer and to die for us who are sinners, who are guilty, who are perhaps criminals, it ill becomes us to complain whatever we may be called upon to endure. The truth is that no disaster on earth, striking creatures only, is comparable with that which our sins provoked, and whereof God Himself chose to be the blameless victim.

Having called to mind this fundamental truth, I find it easier to summon you to face what has befallen

us, and to speak to you simply and directly of what is your duty, and of what may be your hope. That duty I shall express in two words: Patriotism and Endurance.

My dearest brethren, I desire to utter, in your name and my own, the gratitude of those whose age, vocation, and social conditions cause them to benefit by the heroism of others, without bearing in it any active part.

When, immediately on my return from Rome, I went to Havre to greet our Belgian, French, and English wounded; when, later, at Malines, at Louvain, at Antwerp, it was given to me to take the hands of those brave men who carried a bullet in their flesh, a wound on their forehead, because they had marched to the attack of the enemy, or borne the shock of his onslaught, it was a word of gratitude to them that rose to my lips. "O valiant friends," I said, "it was for us, it was for each one of us, it was for me, that you risked your lives and are now in pain. I am moved to tell you of my respect, of my thankfulness, to assure you that the whole nation knows how much she is in debt to you."

For in truth our soldiers are our saviours.

A first time, at Liège, they saved France; a second time, in Flanders, they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais. France and England know it; and Belgium stands before them both, and before the entire world, as a nation of heroes. Never before in my whole life did I feel so proud to be a Belgian as when, on the platforms of French stations, and halting a while in Paris, and visiting London, I was witness of the enthusiastic admiration our Allies feel for the heroism of our army. Our King is, in the esteem of all, at the very summit of the moral scale; he is doubtless the only man who does not recognize that fact, as, simple as the simplest of his soldiers, he stands in the trenches and puts new courage, by the serenity of his face, into the

hearts of those of whom he requires that they shall not doubt of their country. The foremost duty of every Belgian citizen at this hour is gratitude to the army.

If any man had rescued you from shipwreck or from a fire, you would assuredly hold yourselves bound to him by a debt everlasting thankfulness. But it is not one man, it is two hundred and fifty thousand men who fought, who suffered, who fell for you so that you might be free, so that Belgium might keep her independence, her dynasty, her patriotic unity; so that after the vicissitudes of battle she might rise nobler, purer, more erect, and more glorious than before.

Pray daily, my brethren, for these two hundred and fifty thousand, and for their leaders to victory; pray for our brethren in arms; pray for the fallen; pray for those who are still engaged; pray for the recruits who are making ready for the fight to come.

In your name I send them the greeting of our fraternal sympathy and our assurance that not only do we pray for the success of their arms and for the eternal welfare of their souls, but that we also accept for their sake all the distress, whether physical or moral, that falls to our own share in the oppression that hourly besets us, and all that the future may have in store for us, in humiliation for a time, in anxiety, and in sorrow. In the day of final victory we shall all be in honour; it is just that to-day we shall all be in grief.

To judge by certain rumours that have reached me, I gather that from districts that have had least to suffer some bitter words have arisen towards our God, words which, if spoken with cold calculation, would be not far from blasphemous.

Oh, all too easily do I understand how natural instinct rebels against the evils that have fallen upon Catholic Belgium; the spontaneous thought of mankind is ever that virtue should have its instantaneous crown, and in-

justice its immediate retribution. But the ways of God are not our ways, the Scripture tells us. Providence gives free way, for a time measured by Divine wisdom, to human passions and the conflict of desires. God, being eternal, is patient. The last word is the word of mercy, and it belongs to those who believe in love. "Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me? *Quare tristis es anima, et quare conturbas me?*" "Hope in God. Bless Him always; is He not thy Saviour and thy God? *Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi, salutare vultus mei et Deus meus.*"

When holy Job, whom God presented as an example of constancy to the generations to come, had been stricken, blow upon blow, by Satan, with the loss of his children, of his goods, of his health, his enemies approached him with incitations to rebellion; his wife urged upon him a blasphemy and a curse. "Dost thou still continue in thy simplicity? Curse God, and die." But the man of God was unshaken in his confidence. "And he said to her: Thou hast spoken like one of the foolish women: if we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil? *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit; sicut Domino placuit ita factum est. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.*" And experience proved that saintly one to be right. It pleased the Lord to recompense, even here below, His faithful servant. "The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. And for his sake God pardoned his friends."

Better than any other man, perhaps, do I know what our unhappy country has undergone. Nor will any Belgian, I trust, doubt of what I suffer in my soul, as a citizen and as a Bishop, in sympathy with all this sorrow. These four last months have seemed to me age-long. By thousands have our brave ones been mown down; wives, mothers, are weeping for those they shall never see again; hearths are desolate; dire poverty

spreads, anguish increases. At Malines, at Antwerp, the people of two great cities have been given over, the one for six hours, the other for thirty-four hours, of a continuous bombardment, to the throes of death. I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese; and the ruins I beheld, and the ashes were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined. Other parts of my diocese, which I have not yet had time to visit, have in like manner been laid waste. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great numbers, are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of three hundred and eighty homes, a hundred and thirty remain; at Tremeloo two-thirds of the village is overthrown; at Bueken, out of a hundred houses, twenty are standing; at Schaffen one hundred and eighty-nine houses out of two hundred are destroyed—eleven still stand. At Louvain the third part of the buildings are down; one thousand and seventy-four dwellings have disappeared; on the town land and in the suburbs, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three houses have been burned.

In this dear city of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts, the magnificent church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendour. The ancient college of St. Ives, the art schools, the consular and commercial schools of the University, the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, professors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition and were an incident in their studies—all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic, and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labours of five centuries—all is in the dust.

Many a parish has lost its pastor.

There is sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man of whom I asked whether he had had Mass on Sunday in his battered church. "It is two months," he said, "since we had a church." The parish priest and the curate had been interned in a concentration camp.

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Munsterlagen, to Celle, to Madgeburg. At Munsterlagen alone three thousand one hundred civil prisoners were numbered. History will tell you of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom. Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot, and that there, under pain of death, their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes one hundred and seventy-six persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burned.

In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death. One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and, mid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of Heaven he would guard his parish, his diocese, his country.

We can neither number our dead nor complete the measure of our ruins. And what would it be if we turned our sad steps towards Liège, Namur, Audenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi, and elsewhere?

And there where lives were not taken, and there where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unrevealed! Families, hitherto living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a standstill; thousands upon thousands of working men without employment; working women,

shop girls, humble servant girls without the means of earning their bread; and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever, crying, "O Lord, how long, how long?"

There is nothing to reply. The reply remains the secret of God.

Yes, dearest brethren, it is the secret of God. He is the master of events and the sovereign director of the human multitude. *Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus; orbis terrarum et universi qui habitant in eo.* The first relation between the creature and his Creator is that of absolute dependence. The very being of the creature is dependent; dependent are his nature, his faculties, his acts, his works. At every passing moment that dependence is renewed, is incessantly re-asserted, inasmuch as, without the will of the Almighty, existence of the first single instant would vanish before the next. Adoration, which is the recognition of the sovereignty of God, is not, therefore, a fugitive act; it is the permanent state of a being conscious of his own origin. On every page of the Scriptures Jehovah affirms His sovereign dominion. The whole economy of the Old Law, the whole history of the Chosen People, have the same end—to maintain Jehovah upon His throne and to cast idols down. "I am the first and the last. I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside me. I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil. Woe to him that gainsayeth his Maker, a sherd of the earthen pots. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What art thou making, and thy work is without hands? Tell ye, and come, and consult together. A just God and a Saviour; there is none beside me."

Ah, did the proud reason of mankind dream that it could dismiss our God? Did it smile in irony when, through Christ and through His Church, He pronounced the solemn words of expiation and of repentance? Vain of fugitive successes, O

light-minded man, full of pleasure and of wealth, hast thou imagined that thou couldst suffice even to thyself? Then was God set aside in oblivion, then was He misunderstood, then was He blasphemed, with acclamation, and by those whose authority, whose influence, whose power had charged them with the duty of causing His great laws and His great order to be revered and obeyed. Anarchy then spread among the lower ranks of mankind, and many sincere consciences were troubled by the evil example. How long, O Lord, they wondered, how long wilt Thou suffer the pride of this iniquity? Or wilt Thou finally justify the impious opinion that Thou carest no more for the work of Thy hands? A shock from a thunderbolt, and, behold, all human foresight is set at nought. Europe trembles upon the brink of destruction.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Many are the thoughts that throng the breast of man to-day, and the chief of them all is this: God reveals Himself as the Master. The nations that made the attack, and the nations that are warring in self-defence, alike confess themselves to be in the hand of Him without whom nothing is made, nothing is done. Men long unaccustomed to prayer are turning again to God. Within the army, within the civil world, in public, and within the individual conscience, there is prayer. Nor is that prayer to-day a word learned by rote, uttered lightly by the lip; it surges from the troubled heart, it takes the form, at the feet of God, of the very sacrifice of life. The being of man is a whole offering to God. This is worship, this is the fulfilment of the primal moral and religious law: the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve. And even those who murmur, and whose courage is not sufficient for submission to the hand that smites us and saves us, even these implicitly acknowledge God to be the

Master, for if they blaspheme Him, they blaspheme Him for His delay in closing with their desires.

But as for us, my brethren, we will adore Him in the integrity of our souls. Not yet do we see, in all its magnificence, the revelation of His wisdom, but our faith trusts Him with it all. Before His justice we are humble, and in His mercy hopeful. With holy Tobias we know that because we have sinned He has chastised us, but because He is merciful He will save us.

It would, perhaps, be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required. Now, dare we say that the moral and religious standard of our people has risen as its economic prosperity has risen? The observance of Sunday rest, the Sunday Mass, the reverence for marriage, the restraints of modesty—what had you made of these? What, even within Christian families, had become of the simplicity practised by our fathers, what of the spirit of penance, what of respect for authority? And we, too, we priests, we religious, I, the Bishop, we whose great mission it is to present in our lives yet more than in our speech the Gospel of Christ, have we earned the right to speak to our people the word spoken by the apostle to the nations: "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ"? We labour indeed, we pray indeed, but it is all too little. We should be, by the very duty of our state, the public expiators for the sins of the world. But which was the thing dominant in our lives—expiation, or our comfort and well-being as citizens? Alas! we have all had times in which we, too, fell under God's reproach to His people after the escape from Egypt; "The beloved grew fat and kicked; they have provoked me with that which was no god, and I will provoke them with that which is no people." Nevertheless,

He will save us; for He wills not that our adversaries should boast that they, and not the Eternal, did these things. "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God beside me. I will kill and I will make to live. I will strike and I will heal."

God will save Belgium, my brethren; you cannot doubt it.

Nay, rather, He is saving her.

Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page in the national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

Yet when, on the second of August, a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close-ranged about their own King and their own Government, and cried to the invader: "Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is patriotism.

Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or of families inhabiting

the same soil, having amongst themselves relations, more or less intimate, of business, of neighbourhood, of a community of memories, happy or unhappy. Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organization to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding over its fortunes. And it is because of this general spirit that the people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together. Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of the philosophers of antiquity, held disinterested service of the city—that is, the State—to be the very ideal of human duty. And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the absolute. Whence, in truth, comes this universal, this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of cohesion and of insistence in face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom? Whence comes it that in an hour all interests were merged in the interest of all, and that all lives were together offered in willing immolation? Not that the State is worth more, essentially, than the individual or the family, seeing that the good of the family and of the individual is the cause and reason of the organization of the State. Not that our country is a Moloch on whose altar lives may lawfully be sacrificed. The rigidity of antique morals and the despotism of the Cæsars suggested the false principle—and modern militarism tends to revive it—that the State is omnipotent, and that the discretion-

ary power of the State is the rule of Right. Not so, replies Christian theology; Right is Peace—that is the interior order of a nation, founded upon Justice. And Justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God and of man with man. Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is the necessary means for securing peace. St. Augustine has said: "Peace must not be a preparation for war; and war is not to be made except for the attainment of peace." In the light of this teaching, which is repeated by St. Thomas Aquinas, Patriotism is seen in its religious character. Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of Patriotism, for that ideal is Right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of Right in national matters, and of national honour. Now there is no Absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to Right, to Justice, and to Truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty," or "We were bound in honour," they express the religious character of their Patriotism. Which of us does not feel that Patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?

I was asked lately by a staff officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such, to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the

hands of the executioner. But if I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honour, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valour, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Saviour, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain military honours, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity: it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It transforms a sinful man into a saint.

Assuredly a great and a Christian comfort is the thought that not only amongst our own men, but in any belligerent army whatsoever, all who in good faith submit to the discipline of their leaders in the service of a cause they believe to be righteous, are sharers in the eternal reward of the soldier's sacrifice. And how many may there not be among these young men of twenty who, had they survived, might possibly not have had the reso-

lution to live altogether well, and yet in the impulse of patriotism had the resolution to die so well?

Is it not true, my brethren, that God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice? And shall we not acknowledge that if war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and the extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification, a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness?

We may now say, my brethren, without unworthy pride, that our little Belgium has taken a foremost place in the esteem of nations. I am aware that certain onlookers, notably in Italy and in Holland, have asked how it could be necessary to expose this country to so immense a loss of wealth and life, and whether a verbal manifesto against hostile aggression, or a single cannon-shot on the frontier, would not have served the purpose of protest. But assuredly all men of good feeling will be with us in our rejection of these paltry counsels. Mere utilitarianism is no sufficient rule of Christian citizenship.

On the 19th of April, 1839, a treaty was signed in London by King Leopold, in the name of Belgium, on the one part, and by the Emperor of Austria, the King of France, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, on the other; and its seventh article decreed that Belgium should form a separate and perpetually neutral State, and should be held to the observance of this neutrality in regard to all other States. The co-signatories promised, for themselves and their successors, upon their oath, to fulfil and to observe that treaty in every point and every article without contravention, or tolerance of contravention. Belgium was thus bound in honour to defend her own independence. She kept her word. The other

Powers were bound to respect and to protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath; England kept hers.

These are the facts.

The laws of conscience are sovereign laws. We should have acted unworthily had we evaded our obligation by a mere feint of resistance. And now we would not rescind our first resolution; we exult in it. Being called upon to write a most solemn page in the history of our country, we resolved that it should be also a sincere, also a glorious page. And as long as we are compelled to give proof of endurance, so long we shall endure.

All classes of our citizens have devoted their sons to the cause of their country; but the poorer part of the population have set the noblest example, for they have suffered also privation, cold, and famine. If I may judge of the general feeling from what I have witnessed in the humbler quarters of Malines, and in the most cruelly afflicted districts of my diocese, the people are energetic in their endurance. They look to be righted; they will not hear of surrender.

Affliction is, in the hand of Divine Omnipotence, a two-edged sword. It wounds the rebellious, it sanctifies him who is willing to endure.

God proveth us, as St. James has told us, but He "is not a tempter of evils." All that comes from Him is good, a ray of light, a pledge of love. "But every man is tempted by his own concupiscence. . . . Blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love Him."

Truce, then, my brethren, to all murmurs of complaint. Remember St. Paul's words to the Hebrews, and through them to all of Christ's flock, when, referring to the bloody sacrifice of our Lord upon the cross he reminded them that they had not yet resisted unto blood. Not only to the

Redeemer's example shall you look, but also to that of the thirty thousand, perhaps forty thousand, men who have already shed their life-blood for their country. In comparison with them, what have you endured who are deprived of the daily comforts of your lives, your newspapers, your means of travel, communication with your families? Let the patriotism of our army, the heroism of our King, of our beloved Queen in her magnanimity, serve to stimulate us and support us. Let us bemoan ourselves no more. Let us deserve the coming deliverance. Let us hasten it by our virtue even more than by our prayers. Courage, brethren. Suffering passes away; the crown of life for our souls, the crown of glory for our nation, shall not pass.

I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in the soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience.

The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.

Thus, the invaders' acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the general interests, and this ratification, and this only, gives them juridic value.

Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Nevertheless, the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is compelled to endure. The greater part of our towns, having surrendered to the enemy on con-

ditions, are bound to observe those conditions. From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army. That instruction remains in force. It is our army, and our army solely, in league with the valiant troops of our Allies, that has the honour and the duty of national defence. Let us entrust the army with our final deliverance.

Towards the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended, and are still defending, our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our situation, and to help us to recover some minimum of regular civic life. Let us observe the rules they have laid down upon us so long as those rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery.

You especially, by dearest brethren in the priesthood, be you at once the best examples of Patriotism and the best supporters of public order. On the field of battle you have been magnificent. The King and the army admire the intrepidity of our military chaplains in face of death, their charity at the work of the ambulance. Your Bishops are proud of you.

You have suffered greatly. You have endured much calumny. But be patient; history will do you justice. I to-day bear my witness for you.

Wherever it has been possible I have questioned our people, our clergy, and particularly a considerable number of priests who had been deported to German prisons, but whom a principle of humanity, to which I gladly render homage, has since set at liberty. Well, I affirm

upon my honour, and I am prepared to assert upon faith of my oath, that until now I have not met a single ecclesiastic, secular or regular, who had once incited civilians to bear arms against the enemy. All have loyally followed the instructions of their Bishops, given in the early days of August, to the effect that they were to use their moral influence over the civil population, so that order might be preserved and military regulations observed.

I exhort you to persevere in this ministry of peace, which is for you the sanest form of Patriotism; to accept with all your hearts the privations you have to endure; to simplify still further, if it is possible, your way of life. One of you who is reduced by robbery and pillage to a state bordering on total destitution, said to me lately: "I am living now as I wish I had lived always."

Multiply the efforts of your charity, corporal and spiritual. Like the great Apostle, do you endure daily the cares of your Church, so that no man shall suffer loss and you not suffer loss, and no man fall and you not burn with zeal for him. Make yourselves the champions of all those virtues enjoined upon you by civic honour as well as by the Gospel of Christ. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things." So may the worthiness of our lives justify us, my most dear colleagues, in repeating the noble claim of St. Paul: "The things which ye have learned, and received, and heard, in me, these do ye, and the God of peace shall be with you."

Let us continue then, dearest brethren, to pray, to do penance, to attend Holy Mass, and to receive Holy Communion for the sacred intention of our dear country. . . . I recommend parish priests to hold a funeral service on behalf of our fallen soldiers on every Saturday.

Money, I know well, is scarce with you all. Nevertheless, if you have little, give of that little, for the succour of those among your fellow countrymen who are without shelter, without fuel, without sufficient bread. I have directed my parish priests to form for this purpose, in every parish, a relief committee. Do you second them charitably and convey to my hands such alms as you can save from your superfluity, if not from your necessities, so that I may be the distributor to the needy who are known to me.

Our distress has moved the other nations. England, Ireland, and Scotland; France, Holland, the United States, Canada, have vied with each other in generosity for our relief. It is a spectacle at once most mournful and most noble. Here again is a revelation of the Providential Wisdom which draws good from evil. In your name, my brethren, and in my own, I offer to the Governments and the nations that have succoured us the assurance of our admiration and our gratitude.

With a touching godness our Holy Father Benedict the Fifteenth has been the first to incline his heart towards us. When, a few moments after his election, he deigned to take me in his arms, I was bold enough then to ask that the first Pontifical Benediction he spoke should be given to Belgium, already in deep distress through the war. He eagerly closed with my wish, which I knew would also be yours. To-day, with delicate kind-

ness, His Holiness has taken the step to renounce the annual offering of Peter's Pence from Belgium. In a letter dated on the beautiful festival of the Immaculate Virgin, December the eighth, he assures us of the part he bears in our sufferings, he prays for us, calls down upon our Belgium the protection of Heaven, and exhorts us to hail in the then approaching advent of the Prince of Peace the dawn of better days.

One last word, my dearest brethren. At the outset of these troubles I said to you that in the day of the liberation of our territory we should give to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin a public testimony of our gratitude. Since that date I have been able to consult my colleagues in the Episcopate, and, in agreement with them, I now ask you to make, as soon as possible, a fresh effort to hasten the construction of the national basilica, promised by Belgium in honour of the Sacred Heart. As soon as the sun of peace shall shine upon our country, we shall redress our ruins, we shall restore shelter to those who have none, we shall rebuild our churches, we shall reconstitute our libraries, and we shall hope to crown this work of reconciliation by raising, upon the heights of the capital of Belgium, free and Catholic, that national basilica of the Sacred Heart. Furthermore, every year we shall make it our duty to celebrate solemnly, on the Friday following Corpus Christi, the festival of the Sacred Heart.



A SLIGHT ADVENTURE

BY WILFRED L. RANDELL

MR. Pep, Experimentalist, was what is known in provincial parlance as "a bit of a character." He had made so many attempts at earning a living (the astute reader will note that we do not say earning an honest living), that space would fail us to tell of his exploits, experiences, and experiments. Born in a quarter of a large city where a certain shrewdness of intellect common to the inhabitants was not unduly hampered by a too rigid application of the laws of morality, even his early years were characterised by a slight confusion as to the rights of personal property, so that on one occasion, which marked, as it were, his professional *début* on the stage of life, an unfortunate proximity to an innocent-looking individual who proved to be a plain-clothes policeman had resulted in a trifling misunderstanding. At that time ladies had pockets in their dresses, and did not carry the dainty, embroidered satchels which offer such tempting morsels for the Peps of the present day; the policeman, whose eyesight was objectionably keen, had discovered, despite the crowd, that a particular lady's pocket contained a purse, a handkerchief, and the digital portion of Master Pep's hand. Whereon a large and hairy fist had gripped the arm of the experimenter, and a voice, hoarse but imperative, had whispered into Pep's ear the formula with which he was destined in later days to be somewhat familiar: "Now then, young fellow—you just come along with me; and

it'll be better for you to come quietly."

The brief period of meditative seclusion which followed this episode had, we regret to record, no beneficial effect upon the outlook of our hero, though for a short time he engaged in more legitimate efforts to sustain himself than the direct appropriation of other people's possessions. He became, for instance, a baker's assistant; but the craving for jam, as we might put it, upon his bread, led him to seek a less limited sphere for his labours. He tried driving a wagon; but that also became too monotonous for his cosmopolitan mind. Trade did not appeal to him; finance might have shown a temporary glamour—but he had nothing to invest; music and high arts charmed him not at all. Then, one evening, chance of fate threw in his way a temptation which proved irresistible.

He was passing pensively along a suburban road, chewing the end of a cigarette, inspecting the houses with his critical little eyes, and wondering what his next move should be, when a neatly-aproned servant-maid bounded suddenly from a doorway and canoned violently against him.

"Oh, I'm that sorry!" gasped the girl. "I tripped over the mat. Did I 'urt you?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Pep courteously. "It's a pleasure to be knocked over by—by such a pair of bright eyes," he continued, his metaphor somewhat entangled. "And," he said, as he dusted his cap, "you

'ave knocked me over, no error.'

Beneath his ardent gaze the girl wriggled and blushed. It was an emotional moment, and whether the twilight, or Mr. Pep's gallant manner moved her to such communication, we know not; at any rate Mr. Pep during the next ten minutes gathered that the family was away *en vacances*, that the girl had permission to visit her home for a couple of days, and that at the very moment when she had upset him she was going in search of a cab for her trunk and herself. Mr. Pep, pressing his advantage, begged permission to see her off; she acceded to his request, and allowed him to arrange a meeting with her for three days ahead. That appointment, for reasons which the logical reader will be able to discover and appreciate, was doomed to be a disappointment for one of the parties concerned, since, curiously enough, most of the portable and valuable articles 'belonging to that holiday-making family vanished completely that very night, and have not been heard of since.

So does fate—or chance—use the most inconsequent means whereby to shape our destinies. From that twilight evening dates the absorption of Mr. Pep in the study of the laws which regulate the disposal of property in this country, and he became an undoubted expert in his special subject. Not always did he pursue his path unscathed, as the reader will see; but he found life quite worth living.

On the night of our story, Mr. James Pep, having with great care tied up in a sack the very choice assortment of silver-plate and bric-a-brac which, in obedience to his advanced system of economics, he deemed it necessary to remove surreptitiously from Bononza House and turn into current coin, poured himself some whiskey from a decanter on the sideboard, nodded a "good luck" to his dim reflection in the huge mirror, and glanced round to make sure that he had not overlooked anything valuable. Pensively

pocketing a chased cream-jug and a couple of tiny bronze ornaments—more for a desire to do his work thoroughly and in a professional manner than because they were particularly costly—he adjusted the slide of his lantern and proceeded to vacate the spacious room in the same manner as he had arrived—by the window.

Once safely in the garden with his burden, he took off his gloves. He always wore gloves when pursuing this branch of his system; which was exceedingly considerate of him, for everyone knows how very annoying it is to a tidy housewife to find dirty finger marks about. Then, shifting the sack to a more comfortable position on his shoulder, he struck across country for the railway sidings of Bilton, a mile away.

He was just descending cautiously an uneven grassy bank which led to the lines when a figure silhouetted vaguely against the starlight gave him pause. It was unpleasantly close, disagreeably burly, and even in the gloom it bore a remarkable resemblance to a policeman—the most utterly useless and superfluous member of society, according to Mr. Pep, that could be named. He softly unshipped his load, lowered it into a hollow, crawled down to the wire fence, and crept between the two bottom strands.

Unfortunately in accomplishing this manœuvre one of the buttons of his coat caught a wire and twanged it, and at the deep rumbling note, which shook and rattled sympathetically the contiguous wires for yards on either side, the shadowy figure moved. Mr. Pep, wishing fervently that he possessed a cat's cushioned feet, and recorded a mental memorandum to the effect that on his next excursion buttons should be eliminated, stooped under two pairs of buffers, placed a foot on the axle of a wheel, and insinuated himself with great dexterity beneath the tarpaulin of a ten-ton truck. As he squirmed across the coal to get a better view of the subsequent actions of the policeman, there came a brief

whistle, a distant, husky cough, and the goods train to which Mr. Pep's hiding-place appertained started, carrying Mr. Pep along with it.

For a minute he dared not jump, as the train moved in the direction of his enemy; and by the time that danger-point was passed the speed was too great for a leap in the dark. Straight into the busy Bilton goods-yard the clattering trucks progressed, and pulling up in a blaze of electric arcs, to be dissected and shunted. Evidently Mr. Pep's best tactics were to wait, for here and there, all about, men were dotted, wagging lamps, shouting, examining the traffic.

Fortune favoured him. In about five minutes a heavy engine, No 21, clanked solemnly backwards just alongside the car which held his watchful form, and stopped. The fireman climbed down, and, according to a brief dialogue Mr. Pep was able to overhear, went off across the tracks towards the station in search of his midnight package of sandwiches; the driver also descended, and walked to the front of the locomotive, carrying an oil flare.

The tarpaulin heaved like some slumberous monster, and disgorged Mr. Pep. He landed noiselessly in the black shadow cast by the engine, and in another moment stood on the empty footplate. He was by no means an expert at engineering, but he knew—as does every schoolboy—the regulator handle; and he also knew that if you let on full steam too suddenly the wheels spin round without taking a grip on the rails, and nothing happens. So he banged over the reversing-lever, and pushed the throttle open about an inch.

The great locomotive jumped forward as if a spring had been released, giving a mighty thick exhaust, almost like a gasp of surprise. The driver, startled out of his wits, had just time to leap clear, for he had been standing in the front of the bogie, with one foot on the track; he yelled, and grabbed at the handrail

as it passed him—but the toe of Mr. Pep's boot shot out and made him drop like a stone, with his yell changed to a howl of pain, and his knuckles bleeding. In another half-minute his dim figure might have been seen sprinting over the rails towards the Bilton No. 3 junction signals, holding one hand bundled up in a spotted handkerchief, while Mr. Pep, his grasp well on the lever of the widely-opened steam-valve, was rumbling along on No. 21 through the echoing suburbs, smiling grimly.

By the greatest of good luck the track immediately in front of the engine happened to be free from traffic. After that first mile the amateur driver was well aware that every signalman on the main line would take very good care to give him a clear road. The thirteen-bell call (i.e. "Runaway on Wrong Line") would be flashed right along for as many miles as he was likely to go, and it gave him quite a delightful thrill to think that the mail from Exover, a swagger train, would have to shut down her glorious run and scurry out of the way into some country siding until he had roared past. What they might do to stop him—derail him, or switch him into a dead-end, or what not—he neither knew nor cared; for one crowded hour he had charge of the up main of the Great Southern Joint Railway, and he intended to give them a run for the money before he had finished. He might have stopped in the open country, and crept back to Bilton; once, as sad memories of the forsaken haul flittered across his mind, he thought he would return. Then it occurred to him that of course by this time the objectionable policeman, assisted probably by several enthusiastic friends, had discovered the sack and its contents, and was saving it up as evidence; also he remembered that quite a few unpaid accounts, so to speak, were "out" against him. It was wiser, he decided, to sprint away from Bilton—and how better could it be accomplished than on this providential-

ly provided engine? Besides, it was a new experience, and he began to enjoy it. What mattered a few months seclusion at his country's expense to Mr James Pep. Was he not inured to such things? In fact, on the whole, did he not almost count on these interludes, allow for them in his calculations, regard them, in short, as not unpleasant rests in a somewhat strenuous existence? So, pretty certain of capture sooner or later whatever he did, he drove on, and smiled. A true philosopher indeed was Mr. James Pep.

He found that in ten minutes No. 21 was rocking along at a tremendous rate, and he remembered that eleven miles out of Bilton a branch took off leading to Warleigh. To fly off the rails at those switches—supposing they were set for him—would be highly ignominious, to say nothing of the risk to his life, so he shut off steam. His ideas as to the steam-brake were somewhat chaotic; he tried turning one or two of the handles and only succeeded in squirting hot water all over himself and producing sundry rather awful noises. So he screwed down the tender brake, and managed to slow a bit; then when the jolting and gleam of a signal box assured him that he was well beyond the branch, he tore ahead again. They had *not* switched him to Warleigh, and Mr. Pep was having the time of his life.

The red signal eyes scowling at him every now and then made him laugh. What did he care for danger-signals? Perfectly well he knew that the line was safe for him as far as Exover. Once he lessened his speed in sheer delight, as he approached a wayside station, to glimpse the scared faces of the staff as they peered and roared at him from the platform; signalmen, too, were leaning from their cabins to see him go by. He kicked back the firebox doors, and clumsily flung on a few lots of coal.

For a truly charming twenty minutes he spun along comfortably, ad-

miring his own cleverness, wondering occasionally whether after all that policeman had discovered the "swag." Then, chancing to look back along the line he had traversed, he saw a speck of light—a speck that grew larger and larger. So! They were chasing him, were they? Again he thought they should have a run for their money. Just to see what would happen, he opened up the throttle wide, and "let her rip"

In two minutes the clamour of the huge machine, the thunder of her flight, scared him and at the same time fascinated him; the beat of the pistons and pounding rods became merged into one continuous, monotonous undertone, above which prevailed the loud, shuddering blast of the exhaust. He had to cling firmly to the rail to avoid being flung from side to side. It seemed to him that No. 21 must be hurling herself through space at one hundred miles an hour; but he did not understand that she had been built for hauling enormous loads, not for brilliant record breaking, and that her small driving wheels kept her down to about fifty or fifty-five. Nor did he know that behind him was racing the shapelessly "Vanessa," one of the new passenger fliers, the pride of the company—accustomed to slam across the country at spurts of seventy-five and eighty miles an hour with a train of shining, spick-an-span coaches—driven by Cotton and fired by Burke, two of the cutest men in the G.S.J.R. sheds. Against her seven-foot wheels and 225 lb. pressure, No. 21, bulky and strong though she might be, had no chance, in spite of the fact that her water was getting low, and her steam was blowing off furiously. The Vanessa flew up the track, overhauling Mr. Pep, and screaming, as if with delight, from her open whistle.

It was some time before she caught up; but when she began to draw near she bore down on him, towering trim and speedy, like a fiend, her exhaust one slumberous rush of sound, her cab

windows glinting like two immense, wicked eyes. And then, by the exquisite driving of Cotton, she touched buffers with No. 21—he felt the slight shock—and began pushing him on. Mr. Pep thought his end was come, so fiercely were they all whizzing through the cavern of the night. He wondered what would happen to him now.

He had not to wonder long, for a shout made him look round. Over a heap of coal shone the keen eyes of Burke, beneath his peaked cap, and the muzzle of a short, nasty-looking revolver glistened in a glaring ray from the fire.

"Shut down, you infernal fool!" yelled Burke, "or I'll shoot!"

Mr. Pep realized that his number was up. He had enjoyed the little diversion, and there was no need to spoil it by sheer pig-headedness. He nodded calmly and shut off steam, then went to the hand-brake and screwed it tight, watching interestedly while Burke clambered down and swung over the little upright handle of the steam-brake. Cotton also slowed the *Vanessa* proportionately; and as Mr. Pep glanced round, he found that it was just as well that circumstances had conspired to stop him, for they were sliding through *Ex-over* main station. If No. 21 had tried to negotiate that maze of switches and facing-points at anything more than twenty miles an hour she would have pretty well stood on her funnel with surprise.

The last signalman they had passed had realized that the danger was practically over, and set the line so that

the two locomotives took the side track leading to the sheds. He had better have allowed them to come to rest harmlessly on the main, for Burke could not quite pull up the ponderous goods-engine in time—the speed and weight were too great. The *Vanessa*, being more manageable and sensitive, stopped dutifully outside the station, but No. 21 ran slowly into the gloomy cave of *Ex-over* sheds, tripped over a small yard-engine that stuck in her path, swerved, went over the stop-wedges with a bump that nearly shook the pattern off the foreman's tie, barged into a brick wall, and brought up with a cough and a growl half in the open air, half under the roof.

"A very enjoyable little run," observed Mr. Pep pleasantly, as Burke screwed the mortar out of his eyes. The men on the night duty gathered round, gaping, and Cotton came running up, prepared to hold Mr. Pep down while the others bound him with wire cables. But he simply stopped and gaped, too. For Mr. Pep, smiling in the most genial fashion, was blandly offering him a cigarette from the very chaste and fragrant case which he had picked up at *Bonanza House*, an hour or so ago.

Mr. Pep's return to *Bilton*, accompanied by two gentlemen who had been detailed to escort him, was quite ordinary—in a third-class compartment, in fact. He is now, for a time, debarred from the active exposition of his economic theories; but he often smiles, as he tramps round the exercise yard, to think of the way he held up the line on the night he ransacked *Bonanza House*.





A FISHERMAN'S HOME

From the painting by
Eugene Le Sidaner in the
National Art Gallery
of Canada

THROUGH BRITTANY IN WAR TIME

BY PAUL A. W. WALLACE

"*Il est anglais, monsieur,*" shrieked the old Breton peasant, pointing a big hand in my direction. "He is English, sir."

The man on the bicycle cast a curious glance in my direction as he pedalled past. Then the old peasant sat down again on the grass beside me and feasted his eyes upon my form. Such a light illuminated his huge, round, wrinkled face as I have often seen among children at the zoo. It was a day of his life-time. To have discovered a foreigner, and an *anglais* at that, sitting eating its lunch on the grass by the road—to have discovered one and actually to sit down and talk to it—by all the saints of Brittany, it was almost too good to be true! The conversation was, it must be admitted, severely limited. He spoke with a thick, guttural, Breton accent, and I spoke with an accent entirely my own. I could not understand a word the old fellow said, short of three repetitions; and as for making myself intelligible, my use of the French language was so elementary that a mere child could not have understood it. Nevertheless, we conversed with some success. My friend shouted at the top of his voice in order to make his meaning as clear as possible. Then he paused to see what effect the outburst had upon me and, finding my face a blank, bawled his remarks again, louder, if possible, than before; after which I said, "*oui,*

"oui," with a hopeful smile. If he repeated his words, I changed my words to "*ah, non,*" with an exaggerated effort to look knowing. And if that did not fetch him, I interjected a remark or two of my own to turn the tables by rendering my friend speechless with bewilderment.

But there was another side to our dialogue that was extremely significant. When he roared, "*Anglais . . . frères . . . comme ca,*" and swept his arms together through the air and clasped them to his blue cotton shirt in an imaginary embrace, it took little wit on my part to understand what he meant. "The English are our brothers!" I soon became very familiar with that sentiment—too familiar, perhaps, for all Bretons did not satisfy their feelings with an *imaginary* embrace. The old Breton peasant was merely expressing the sentiments held by the whole French nation on the first of August, 1914.

The newspapers were a little cautious before August 5th, when Britain's participation in the war was officially announced. "*L'Angleterre, marchera-t-elle?*" was a typical headline during the days of tension. But the people were never in doubt for a moment. It was surprising to see, long before the British declaration of war, the confidence and the enthusiasm which the people of Brittany expressed for England. The Entente is

much more than a diplomatic artifice or a mere emergency friendship. It is as sincere and almost as deep a union of nations as the British Empire itself. It is based on sincere regard and confidence and it lives in the hearts of the people.

On August 5th, when news came that Britain had declared war, the people were not surprised. They laughed knowingly. "Ah, those stupid Germans," said the fat grocer of St. Gildas, when I called for my one-page war issue of the newspaper, "they will see, they will see. France and England can stand against the world." The newspaper that day, under the headline "*L'Angleterre marche*," reminded its readers that they were now fighting side by side with an empire against which no tyranny had ever struggled in the past without suffering catastrophe. In other words, England was not only a brother, but also a mascot. An empire which had beaten Napoleon, the great Frenchman, could beat anything. *Vive l'Angleterre!*

It was the same in town as it was in the country. I visited Vannes on the 3rd of August in the forlorn hope of cashing some money orders. The moment I opened my mouth to speak French, the shopkeepers said, "Ah, you English are our brothers." I had occasion to have my bicycle attended to, and after the work was done the proprietor of the business showed me a box of English tobacco and asked me what the trade-mark was in French. It was an ingeniously polite way of saying that he knew where *my* accent came from. Then he shook hands and bade me *au revoir*, and two strangers standing by also shook me warmly by the hand and said "*au revoir*," and the shop-boy lifted his cap, and they all showered renewed *au revoir* and *bon voyage* upon me as I mounted the bicycle and rode away.

Nearly everybody was drunk in town. Reports from other parts of France emphasize the sobriety of the

people. In this part of the country it was entirely lacking. The station was full of soldiers and the approaches were barred against civilians. Nothing passed the iron gates but liquor; it passed very freely. All the soldiers were reeling, singing, shaking hands, laughing, and generally having a pretty good time on the basis of "drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." There was not a sad face in the whole town. It was like a great fair. Old and young were out on the streets saying farewell, cracking jokes, and all enjoying themselves to the nines. Evidently Breton cider does not tend to melancholy. The only unhappy beings in town that day were two camels, property of a long-advertised Australian Circus, which had just come in. These dour-looking beasts were contesting with the gentleman who accompanied them a choice of thoroughfares on the way up town. He wanted to turn one corner and they, though not altogether decided between themselves, rather thought the other turning was open to fewer objections. Poor beasts! I felt a deep sympathy with them. They were fellow Britishers and not less anxious to get out of the place than I was. And yet we were all of us doomed to remain in Vannes indefinitely, for the train service was devoted to mobilization. Even after the first pressure of mobilization was relieved, no baggage was allowed on the railway except what one could carry with one in a compartment, and civilian travelling was restricted to a few rickety old compartment cars. Imagine a misanthropic camel travelling in a French railway compartment!

Travelling in Brittany during war time is intensely amusing for those who are not camels. Camels lack faith, hope, and charity, which are all essential on Breton trains. There are a good many discouragements to travel. You cannot move a foot without written permission from several officials, stamped and signed and *viséd*

and authorized *ad infinitum*. The first time I tried to get travelling papers for our party, I followed the advice of the President of the Republic, as contained in printed posters and corroborated by the Secretary of the Adjutant Mayor of the commune of St. Gildas de Rhuys. Whether the President was simply having a little joke at my expense, or whether my faulty linguistics read strange things into the text of the official notices, I am unable to say. At any rate, the President's posters were misleading. According to instructions, I rushed for the Capital of the Department, the ancient city of Vannes, and presented myself, with an interpreter, at the Prefect's office. The Prefect appeared in a gorgeous uniform and politely but summarily directed us to the *Commissaire de Police*. *M. le Commissaire de Police* directed us to the Mayor's Secretary, and the Mayor's Secretary was at lunch. It was an hour and a half before he was through his lunch, which I feared had choked him; and when he did at last appear I was sorry it hadn't, for he referred us all the way back to the Mayor of St. Gildas. This was too much, and I struck. I impressively informed him that I was *canadien anglais*. He could not understand anything I said except the word *anglais*. This, however, was sufficient. It was an Open Sesame that never failed, and it pulled me through this time. The Secretary, recognizing at once that I was his brother, kindly concocted a document with the aid of the *Commissaire de Police*—no official in France ever does anything by himself—and together they presented it to me with their fraternal blessing. When I got home, I discovered that the document was nothing but a *permis de séjour*, or, in plain English, a permit to stay right where you are and not move a foot in any direction—consequently quite useless for travelling purposes, as it didn't even allow one to visit the nearest village.

Later, I tried again, but I knew

something by this time. I could understand French at the rate of six words a minute and I had learned to talk with my arms. All Frenchmen understand English if you speak it with your arms. I went to the *Mairie* in St. Gildas and interviewed the white-haired Secretary to the Adjutant Mayor, who took half a sheet of exercise paper and made out a *laissez-passer*, or passport, valid as far as Vannes. This paper was presented for signature to the fat and middle-aged Adjutant Mayor, who spent his time sitting on his doorstep frowning in the sun. The Adjutant borrowed my fountain pen and nearly dislocated the nib in executing a complicated governmental flourish about his signature. We were not referred to the Mayor himself, because he was in the fields getting in his crops. I was sorry for that, as I should like to have seen the official who requires two deputies in a village of two or three hundred inhabitants.

In Vannes we tackled the *Commissaire de Police* again, who, with the assistance of a few secretaries and adjutants, made out another *laissez-passer* valid as far as St. Malo, and this in turn had to be taken to the Military Commandant to be examined before we could receive actual authority to make any use of it. The Adjutant-secretarial Assistant to the Military Commandant, or some such official, in handing me my final *autorisation*, remarked that we were brothers, and added something with a very engaging smile, which, of course, I could not understand because he only repeated it twice. So I said "*oui, oui*," and put on a smile as much like his own as I could manufacture at a moment's notice. Afterwards I ran over his remark in my head for a long time, and after a while I got it pieced out. It was not quite what one might have expected. "I hope," he had said, "*monsieur* has not yet been shot by mistake as a German spy?" Alas! why had I not been content to smile and hold my tongue!

Having secured permission to leave France, we were still far from leaving it. The train service was in its dotage. Nobody knew when a train would arrive or depart, or where it would go to, if anywhere, after its departure. The station agent could do nothing but fall upon my neck, to my extreme embarrassment, blubber out something sentimental about "brothers in arms," and retire for another drink. A soldier on duty advised me to come to the station early in the morning and sit down there until something turned up. He said some train usually came around in the morning.

So on August 13th, after three hours' sleep, we got the 5 a.m. local train once more for Vannes. The local train runs at ten miles an hour and nearly leaves the track at all curves. It is a sociable train because it throws people together so persistently. It threw us together with a drunken Breton sailor who taught us something of the psychology of his race. He was singing songs by himself when we ran into him, and after a while he tried to draw us into the festivities. We ignored him, partly because our grasp of the French language was unequal to a Breton accent swimming in liquor, partly because we did not want his company. But he was too happy to be anything but sociable and generous. He pulled a dirty piece of hard bread from his pocket and offered to share it with us. We frigidly declined. Then he produced a large, uncorked bottle of cider for our refreshment. We turned our backs. Undaunted, he rose, leaned over my shoulder, and jammed the bottle under my arm. I returned it. Then it dawned on him what was the matter. He had forgotten the Golden Rule: ladies first. His drunken old soul wanted to do the right thing, so he staggered forward, sprinkled the cider with a shaking hand over the ladies' dresses, and with a perfect bonfire of chivalry blazing in his face, offered his be-

loved cider with the words: "*Il n'y a pas de verre, mesdemoiselles, mais ca ne fait rien*—There's no glass, ladies, but, of course, you won't mind." There is something very likeable about these Bretons, in whom intoxication begets nothing worse than kindness and generosity.

We reached Vannes at 6.30 a.m. and presented ourselves (again playing into the hands of the humorous President of the French Republic whose instructions we innocently followed) before the *Chef Commandant de la Gare* for authority to board a train. The *Chef Commandant* burst upon us in scintillating uniform and informed us, with the utmost urbanity, that the customary procedure for persons proposing to travel by railway is to buy a ticket and take a seat. Somewhat discomfited, but on the whole much relieved at having escaped being referred to the Mayor's Secretary or the *Commissaire de Police*, or *M. le Préfet du Département de Morbihan*, for a few more documents, we took our places on the station platform and awaited the train.

At last it came. We heard it creaking and rattling at the far end of the little station, and in a few minutes it had crawled up to where we stood. We could tell when it had quite stopped by the squeal given by all its parts simultaneously at complete relaxation. We entered a kind of pigsty and waited. After a while the train started. We could tell when it was in motion by the shrieking of the axles. When it was stationary only the springs creaked. The train proceeded with caution. Little red and blue soldiers guarded the track at short intervals, but we were taking no chances, and proceeded just fast enough to prevent anything lying on the track behind from bumping into us, without running the risk of ourselves bumping into anything in front. Every few minutes we stopped for a drink. That is to say, the train being largely filled with soldiers, all sociably drunk, and all companion-

ably thirsty, soon ran out of cider—the chief of Breton victuals. When the train stopped, the soldiers handed out empty bottles to the conductor, who took and filled them at the nearest inn. As soon as the conductor returned and handed back the bottles through the windows, the engine emitted a gentle sigh, the brakes rattled and the axles squealed, the soldiers yelled "*Vive la France! Vive la France!*" and away we panted down the track with a puppy dog or two snarling and snapping at the engine wheels.

At Redon we changed for Rennes and saw the last of the little old troop train crawling away on its two-day pilgrimage for Paris. As it slowly drew past us, we watched the crowds of jolly, drinking, shouting, and gesticulating Bretons crowding off to the front. The exterior of the train was a mass of chalk inscriptions, such as "*Train de plaisir pour Berlin,*" and vigorous sketches of what the enemy would suffer on the morrow. At the windows were masses of blue coats and red faces. The good humour and courage of the little soldiers was splendid, and one readily forgave their intoxication. The Breton may get jolly drunk, but he does not get beastly drunk. So I burst out with as hoarse a "*Vive la France*" as I could master, hoping for once to conceal my Canadian accent with a lot of noise. But in vain! With a roar of enthusiasm, back came the refrain: "*Vive l'Angleterre! Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France! A Berlin!*" And the little train passed with magnificent clamour and a frantic waving of arms and caps and bottles on its wild career down the track for Paris and the battle-line.

We reached Redon at noon and left it by the first train—at 8.40 in the evening. We spent the interval in the cathedral—not, it must be confessed, from motives of piety, but simply to keep cool. It was a sizzling hot day, and the cathedral was the only comfortable spot in town. We

shall never again hear unmoved the Canadian complaint that French cathedrals are too chilly. Without some such refrigerator, we must have perished. We sat there undisturbed for hours. A very fat woman in black with a yard of white bread tucked under her arm, twice made the rounds of the aisles. I feared lest she observe that the volumes we were studying so intently were none other than *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Tartarin de Tarascon*. But she departed without even suspecting it.

When evening arrived, we made our way to the station and found our train. The engine, quite a respectable one in green paint, came solemnly up the track with the letters R E N N E S scrawled in chalk on the front of it—presumably for the benefit of the engineer, who, if he happened to forget where he was bound for, had only to hop out on to the fender and refresh his memory.

Nobody asked for tickets on that train. I suppose they had run short of conductors. The journey was a quiet one, all I remember of it being an occasional flash from a dim station lamp, a clatter of voices in a language that sounded like Chinese or Choctaw, and then the drowsy roar of the wheels for ten or fifteen minutes before the brakes shrieked again at the next stop.

We reached Rennes at 11.30 p.m. Then followed an interesting night in the station. The St. Malo train did not leave till 4.30 a.m. The intervening time was spent on the station platform beside the tracks, because hotels were out of the question and the waiting-rooms were in use as military hospitals. So the hand-baggage was spread out in the form of a couch and time was divided between dozing thereon and tramping the platform. It was a strange scene that the uncanny glare of the station lights illuminated that night—men, women, and children, boxes, valises, and bags all scattered and heaped in confusion. At either end, soldiers stood on guard.

Here and there lay a group of conscripts. Beside a heap of bundles, crouched a French family, with a couple of children playing about just as if they had not been awake for the last twenty hours. Here were a couple of ragged men, like professional tramps, sleeping at full length beside the water-tap. Near them, propped against a basket, lay an Englishwoman, with a refined and sensitive face; and next to her, a tall Englishman of sporting appearance, with a bottle-nose, was sitting looking up blankly at the lights. To one side a dapper official in the traditional blue jacket stood leaning against the wall eating a pear and discussing the war with a Canadian traveller. Three English girls marched briskly up and down vastly enjoying the unusual experience; and a few Frenchmen sauntered by and then hunched themselves up in a corner to look sleepy at least if they could not actually go to sleep. It was not cold, but concrete is a hard mattress for the night.

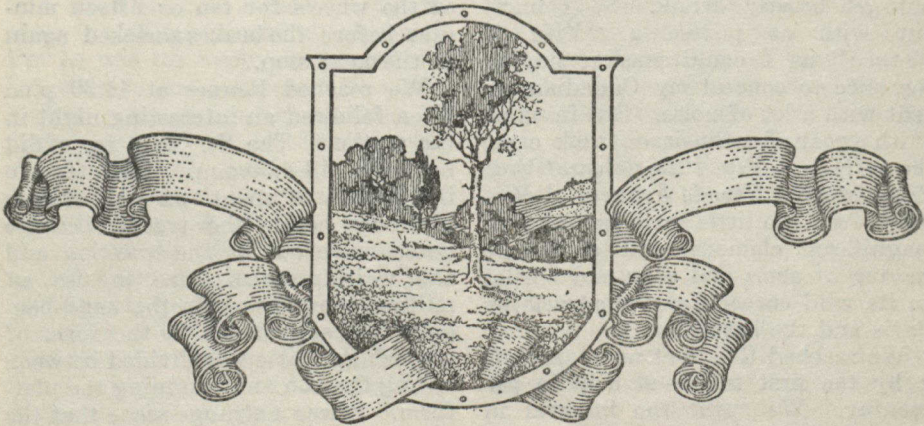
The hand of the station clock crept

round with surprising speed, and by and by a bit of gray dawn appeared at the end of the station. Then we found our train, bestowed some charity on an obliging station official, and with faith and hope steadily in the ascendant, settled down for the final run to St. Malo.

At St. Malo we seemed almost at home, for up on the city wall, looking out to sea, stood the statue of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada. We were thinking, when we remembered the many thousand soldiers that Canada was then sending to the war in Europe, that it was a pretty good day for France as well as for Canada,

“When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away.”

That was a voyage that bore fruit. The fleet that sailed from St. Malo for Canada was a small fleet and it sailed long ago. But the fleet that recently returned from Canada for France bore the greatest army that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean.



THE MEASURE OF COMPANY G.

BY WOLCOTT LECLEAR BEARD

“ORDERLY,” called Captain Radley mildly. There was no answer, so he repeated the call, still mildly, though a little louder.

The man appeared and stood slouching at his tent door.

“Well?” he asked. The tone amounted to an overt sneer.

Radley winced as though it had been an insult—which, indeed, it was.

“My compliments to Lieutenant Barham,” he said. “Ask him to come here.”

The orderly turned and shambled away. So marked was the lack of anything like military precision in his bearing and gait that it seemed, and very likely may have been, a matter of design.

Captain Radley heard the man’s shuffling footsteps until they stopped at the lieutenant’s tent, only a few feet distant; also heard him speak in the same tone he had used before.

“Say, lieutenant, the captain wants yuh.”

“Standattention!”

It was only one word as Lieutenant Barham rasped it out, and in it there was an element of harsh command, certain of itself, that from the bottom of his sore heart poor Radley envied.

He knew, as well as though he could see through the canvas walls, that the orderly’s slovenly attitude had given way to another, probably still slovenly, yet roughly approximating that which the regulations require.

There was a slight pause to allow

this change to take place; then he heard Barham’s voice again.

“Haven’t you been taught to salute an officer when you speak to him? There—that’s better!”

“Now, what do you wish to say?”

“The captain wants yuh,” was the sullen reply.

“Are those the words he used?” rejoined Barham, more sharply still.

“He sent his compliments.”

“Very good. The next time, deliver a message as you get it. Otherwise you’ll be apt to find yourself in the guard-house, looking forward to a G. C. M.

“Do you know what a G. C. M. is? No? The letters signify ‘general court-martial.’ Commonly the abbreviation is used only by soldiers, so it’s natural that you wouldn’t know.

“Hereafter, though, you’d better bear in mind what I’ve said. That’s all for the present.

“Halt, there! Salute again, man! Good. You may go.”

Captain Radley heard the man return, breathing hard from futile rage. Radley would not have dared do what his lieutenant had done; yet he did not believe himself to be a coward, in the ordinary sense of the word.

He didn’t believe himself to be, but he wasn’t sure. He dreaded many things of late, it is true, but so far as he knew, physical danger was not among them.

On the other hand this meeting with his one lieutenant was among them, but he had made up his mind to go through with it, notwithstand-

ing. Lieutenant Barham had been taken from the regular army, raised one grade, and assigned to Captain Radley's company just as it was ordered to the forsaken little Philippine town of Palongán, only a few days before.

Radley felt sure that his lieutenant looked down upon him—and he was right.

As a matter of fact, from the uttermost depths of his soul Lieutenant Barham loathed and despised Company G and everything connected with it.

He despised even the bars on his shoulder-straps because, while they denoted his present rank of first-lieutenant, they also implied that he should wear the letter "V" after the "U.S." that adorned his collar, thus marking him as a volunteer, not a regular.

Or, as he put it, an amateur; not a professional.

Moreover, "G" was infantry. Lieutenant Barham cherished an abysmal contempt for that arm of the service. He was an artilleryman.

He did not in the least wish to see Captain Radley. There was no help for it, however.

With a sigh he buttoned his blouse and presented himself at the tent of his superior.

"You sent for me, I think, captain," he said with cold, official courtesy.

"Yes; I wanted to speak with you for a little," Radley replied. "Come in and sit down. But first tell the orderly that he may go and then drop the flap, won't you, please, lieutenant?"

Barham's tone and movement were both impatient as he complied with the requests.

In the army it was not customary to use the title of "lieutenant" when officially addressing an equal or subordinate. The proper form is "Mister." To Barham it seemed as though even a rank amateur ought to know that much.

Seating himself, he waited for Captain Radley to speak, but the latter, elbows on knees, his chin resting on his palms, seemed for a while unable to find words.

Barham glanced around the tent.

Had any evidence been needed, that interior would have stamped poor Radley as the amateur that he was.

It was not that the embroidered trifles hanging on the canvas walls and pretending to serve as pockets and the like plainly were the work of feminine hands; it was not even that portraits of an attractive young woman, in many different poses and costumes, met the eyes of a beholder on all sides.

It was the bulk of the former articles and the weight of the massive silver frames in which the latter were enshrined that told the tale.

Such bulk and weight could ill be spared for sentimental purposes from the meager baggage allowance of an officer of Radley's rank when in the field.

Also, the lieutenant noted, there stood on a folding-table several bottles and some glasses, the first full, the latter unused.

He wondered rather at their presence there; he had not thought that the captain was a drinking man.

Glancing up, Radley saw Barham's eyes resting upon them, and this seemed to give him the cue that he sought.

"Barham," he said, "I didn't call you in here officially. I want to ask you some questions, and also I want you—I ask it as a favour—to answer them frankly."

Barham's square-jawed face, topped by red, close-cropped curls, softened a little.

He was not nearly so hard-hearted as he liked to regard himself as being, and Radley was in distress; that fact shone forth plainly enough.

He saved the necessity of replying, however. Radley went quickly on, as though determined to free his mind and have done with it.

"You knew that to-day's my birthday; I said so in the note I sent you asking you to a little celebration in honour of the event. You declined to come. I know you had a right to decline; I'm not questioning that. But—as a favour, I say—I wish to know exactly why."

Barham frowned, and for a moment stared hard at the ground. He did not wish to answer this question; still less did he wish to refuse.

Once more, however, he was spared the necessity of putting his reply into words. The tent-flap was unceremoniously thrust aside, revealing the first sergeant, who addressed the captain.

"Say, Jimmy, are we going to have tattoo roll-call?" he demanded. "The boys think we might as well pass it up, seeing how festive the occasion is."

Barham's face hardened. Radley looked at him questioningly, as though seeking advice.

He got none. The sergeant spoke again.

"Well—how about it?" he asked. "Shall we pass it up?"

Crimson with mortification, Radley nodded. Turning on his heel, the sergeant dropped the tent flap behind him and went away whistling.

Radley turned again to his lieutenant.

"Will you please answer my question, Barham?" he begged. "I really wish to know. I need to. You'll understand why, afterward."

"That was the answer," replied the lieutenant shortly, with a wag of his head toward the tent flap.

"You mean because Billy Ronan—Sergeant Ronan, that is—would have been here as a guest?" asked Radley.

"Wouldn't he?" asked Barham, in return.

"Yes," admitted Radley bitterly. "He'd have been here, and so would all the other sergeants. I've known them all since we were boys."

"And then, you're new here, and I thought it would be a good way to

let you get acquainted. I know that such a thing wouldn't be done in the regular army—but we're different, you see."

"Very different," agreed Barham, with pointed meaning.

Radley coloured again.

"I don't believe you quite understand," he said quickly. "In our town we were the principal social organization there. We won no end of drill competitions, too. You know we put up a good drill."

"In parade formations you drill well," readily granted the lieutenant. "Your extended order drill leaves something to be desired, however."

"The extended order drill was difficult to give; there wasn't room for it on the floor of our armory," apologized the captain of G Company.

"But, as I was saying, when we were off duty, we all were alike, socially. I wasn't the captain, then. I wasn't even an officer. When we were called into the service, the officers couldn't go, so we had to elect new ones. Ronan expected to be elected captain, but he wasn't. He has resented that fact ever since, and so have some of the others.

"The first and second lieutenant were among them. They resigned. Then you were appointed; I don't know why. But I'm glad you were, now."

Lieutenant Barham could have told him why. It was through an uncle of Radley's.

This uncle was a Congressman, and an influential one. So many years had he been in the House that it was he who had secured for Barham the latter's appointment to the United States Military Academy, more generally known to the laity by the name of its habitat, West Point.

Congressman Radley had served in the Civil War. Also, he was acquainted with Company G. Therefore he knew many things.

He had kept his eye on the competent Barham. He could think of no one better suited for the thankless

task of acting as a strong lieutenant under a weak captain.

Hence the appointment. Barham said nothing of this, however, and Radley went on.

"Ronan is trying to work up sentiment against me—he has been at it ever since. Company politics. You must know what they are."

"I'm afraid I don't," replied the lieutenant grimly. "You see, we don't have any such thing in the army—anyway, so far as the officers are concerned. Still, I can imagine. What happened?"

"Things reached the limit to-day," Radley went on slowly. "Or at least, I think so. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to show you. I would be, only I'm past caring, now. You may laugh, if you like. I shan't mind."

Reaching under the blankets that were spread on his cot he brought into view an object which at first Barham was at a loss to identify.

It looked something like a sword, yet it evidently was not a sword.

Its hilt was made of pale, pink ribbons, tied in elaborate bows; its scabbard of pea-green satin.

Taking it from Radley's hand, Barham drew it forth. The blade was a yard-stick.

The lieutenant looked up, frowning angrily.

"My people are in the dry goods business, back at home," explained Radley simply. "They own the biggest store in town. That's why Ronan and the others sent me that thing. Of course, it was intended as a joke—ostensibly. I told you that you could laugh, if you wanted to."

"I don't want to laugh," replied Barham, as he laid the thing back upon the cot. His face left no doubt in Radley's mind as to the truth of his words.

Somewhat to his own astonishment, Barham found himself liking Radley.

Radley was not a soldier, it was true. Outside the drill regulations which, after all, contain but a very small part of a soldier's trade, he was

almost as ignorant of his present avocation as when first he came into the world.

But then, he made no pretensions. He was honest. Honest himself almost to a fault, Barham valued that quality in others.

Moreover, no matter who held it, a commission, in his eyes, was a sacred thing. He was all on Radley's side.

"What are you going to do?" he asked quietly.

Radley was about to answer when someone scratched at the tent flap. It is the recognized method of requesting admittance; to knock is an obvious impossibility.

Radley flung open the flap. The *presidente*—that is, the mayor—of the town of Palongán stood in the doorway, bowing low.

He was an elderly native with beady eyes and expressionless face, clothed in spotless white. He kissed Radley's hand, to Radley's great embarrassment, and laying at his feet a gift of wine and choice fruits, made a speech.

Radley was innocent of the slightest knowledge of Spanish. Though he had studied that language during his Academy days, Barham was not much better off when it came to hearing it rapidly and colloquially spoken.

Still, he — Barham — caught the words "*cumpleanos*" and "*amistad*," together with the name of the town, and a wave of the speaker's hand toward the convent, which loomed dominating the squat houses of cane, only a few yards away.

When the speech was concluded, and Radley looked at him helplessly, Barham was able to make a fairly accurate guess as to the meaning.

"He's wishing you many happy returns of your birthday, begging you graciously to accept those offerings, and assuring you of his friendship, and that of the town of Palongán," he said.

Radley looked at his lieutenant with increased respect and admiration. He always had admired Barham.

"Will you please thank him for me?" he requested.

Barham frowned more deeply than ever, thought hard for a moment; then spoke:

"*'Mil gracias,' dice el senor capitán,*" he said.

"I told him that you thanked him a thousand times, Radley. It wasn't much of a speech, but it's the best I could do at such short notice."

The speech seemed to answer every purpose, however.

Gushing forth a stream of florid compliments, the *presidente* seemed propelled by their recoil as he backed himself out of the tent. Barham's eyes followed him resentfully.

"I wonder how in blazes that old goat got by the guards," he said, half to himself. "I gave orders that no native should be admitted to the camp without first having been reported to me, and receiving permission. And I don't trust that one. He's as slimy as an eel, and treacherous as a snake, if I mistake not."

"Oh, he's all right; I think it was rather nice of him to remember my birthday," replied the captain.

"You see, Barham, perhaps I was wrong, but I tacitly consented to a relaxation of discipline for to-day. We're only a one-company post, it's true, but there seems to be no foundation whatever for the reports of insurrectos in the vicinity that got to headquarters.

"So in a time of profound peace I couldn't see that there was any occasion for all this strictness, except for discipline's sake—for practice, you know. I intended to make sort of a gala day—until this happened."

With a gesture of disgust he laid his hand as he spoke on the pink- and-green object lying on the cot.

"But when this came, I reconsidered my intention of asking the others in," he ended. "I can't take that as a joke."

"I should think not," agreed Barham drily.

"You asked me what I was going

to do. I reply that I don't know what to do. I want your advice."

"Do? Good heavens! Can there be any doubt? How many of the non-commissioned officers were concerned in the scheme to send you this thing?"

"All of them. A card came with it which said so. Ronan brought it."

"Then order 'em into close arrest, in one tent. I'll pick out the sentries to put around that tent. Charge 'em with conspiracy. Also with violation of the Sixty-Second Article of War," snapped the lieutenant, without hesitation.

"If the first charge won't stick, the second will. 'Conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline,' you know, bringing with it 'such punishment as a court-martial may direct.'

"The other officers at headquarters may chaff you a bit, Radley, about 'the measure of Company G,' or some rot, but there's no doubt about what those jokers will get."

"Barham, the fact is that I hardly dare do that," replied Radley slowly, his face more troubled than ever. "I'm afraid of the consequences."

"Consequences!" returned the lieutenant scornfully. "The consequences will be that you'll get rid of these non-coms of yours, who have made the company a thing to laugh at.

"There are old soldiers among us—re-enlisted men who have joined since you left home. We'll give them the warrants.

"Then, with the others knowing that their former ringleaders are either doing time in a Federal prison or with nothing to look forward to but dishonourable discharges and everlasting disgrace—"

"That's just it," the captain interrupted. "I know, Barham, that I took an oath, when I accepted my commission, to uphold the Government, and the regulations, and all that. And I'll do it, as well as lies in me. I'll do even as you suggest, if there's no other way out.

"But I don't want to. I have a strong reason for that. Almost the strongest that a man can have."

"I don't understand," said Barham, puzzled.

Radley allowed his eyes to pass from one to another of the portraits that adorned the walls of his tent, until they had rested on all.

"I'm not engaged to her exactly," he said, colouring once more. "There's an understanding, but it hasn't been announced, so Billy Ronan hasn't by any means given up hope. That's the principal reason for his antagonism to me.

"Don't you see how things are? If I take no notice of this 'joke' of his, he'll write home a ridiculous version of the affair, implying that the army measured me by that yard-stick, and all that sort of thing. He can do it, and do it well—and he would."

"Not if he's in jail," observed Barham.

"No. Then it would be worse yet. He and the others would be martyrs. Their families are all influential.

"I'd be flayed alive for eternally disgracing friends with whom I'd been brought up since babyhood, when they were guilty of nothing but an innocent joke. I doubt if even my own family would stand by me.

"Can't you see what that would mean?"

Barham nodded. Then followed a pause, which at last he ended.

"I see," he said slowly. "Radley, I think that for a little you'd better be sick, and apply for leave. You'll get it, and be sent to headquarters for treatment. Then *I'll* be in command, and—"

There was a crack, like that of a rifle, muffled and faint in the distance.

Barham sprang to his feet, listening intently.

In a moment other reports could be heard, nearer and coming irregularly, as fire-crackers sound when let off by the pack.

Darting from the tent, Barham returned in an instant, buckling on his

belt with its sword and six-shooter. Radley smiled.

"Somebody's burning bamboo," he said.

Now, it is true that bamboo, when flames heat the air within its compartments sufficiently for the woody shells of those compartments to explode, will make a sound so like to that of distant rifle-fire that even experienced ears cannot always tell the difference.

Barham's ears were not experienced; there had not been time for them to become so. Yet there was no doubt in his mind.

"That's not bamboo—can't you tell?" he snapped. "It's too sharp, too close, and then—Hear that?"

As he spoke the convent bell boomed sullenly. A second later it boomed again, and, almost instantly, a third time. Bullets were striking it; nothing else could make those sounds in that way.

Radley rose to his feet with deliberation. His face was pale, and he struggled visibly with himself for calmness.

"Is it a fight, do you think?" he asked, with an attempt at a smile. "Have they attacked the outpost?"

"Not yet, but they will in a minute," was the quick reply, made in a hissing whisper so that none other could hear save him for whom it was intended.

"Quick, man! For the sake of your own credit, yell at that d——d first sergeant! Order 'To arms!' sounded!

"There goes the outpost; there's little time now. Quick, I say!"

The outpost, stationed at the end of a bridge by which alone the camp could be reached, was composed almost entirely of old soldiers; Barham had seen to that.

Now its rifles added their venomous snapping voices to the rattling chorus.

Something with the note of an angry hornet whined along the company street and ripped through the cap-

tain's tent a few inches from its proprietor's head.

Throughout the camp there was a confused murmur.

One of the men came running from his tent, rifle in hand and fully accoutered.

There was the vicious little "spat" which a bullet makes when it strikes flesh, and with a clatter of metal the man fell sprawling, never to rise again.

Still struggling hard to maintain the standard of conduct which he evidently had set for himself, Radley stooped and picked up—not his sword, which was hanging on a tent-pole, but the beriddled yard-stick, never knowing the difference, so set was his mind on its one task of self-control.

Then, with exaggerated calmness, he addressed Barham.

"See that the company falls in at once," he said.

Like a flash Barham flung out of the tent, a command rasping from his lips even as he did so.

It was addressed to the first sergeant; but the words fell upon unhearing ears.

Sergeant Ronan's hands were clenched, his face ghastly.

His eyes were fixed, as though held there by some hypnotic fascination, upon the form of the man lying prone on the turf of the company's street, with a tiny, bluish hole in his temple, from which a few crimson drops had trickled.

With a curse, Barham passed him by.

"To arms! Sound to arms!" he shouted; and a badly rattled bugler, catching with delight at anything which laid out a definite line of conduct for him, obeyed.

In an instant the bugle was shrieking madly, so that the hot, moist air was vibrant with frantic entreaty and command.

"To arms! To arms! To arms! Come quickly! Come quickly; Oh, come quickly!"

That bugle seemed even to yell the words which sometimes are set to the call.

There is something wonderfully compelling about those notes. They seem to contain an occult quality which makes a man's body spring to its post before his brain is aware of having given the impulse.

So, thanks to the drill which for so long had been the pride of Company G, it was in this case.

Still, it was a very shaky company that stood there.

Not that the men were a set of cowards. They were not.

For the most part they were of the material from which the best possible soldiers could be made; but they were not soldiers yet; they had only played at being.

Moreover, surprise will shake the nerve of men whose experience has extended through many battles.

Yet these militiamen fell into their accustomed places, and Sergeant Ronan tremblingly fumbled at the roster, which from force of habit he had tucked into his belt.

Lieutenant Barham smiled as he ordered the roll-call omitted.

Captain Radley stepped stiffly to his post.

Before he had reached it the second sergeant leaped high in the air and lay writhing at the right of the line on the ground, where his feet had been but a second before.

The line wavered. Radley turned whiter even than he had been before—but stood more stiffly.

Some one caught sight of the object that he bore in his hand, and snickered hysterically. The snicker passed down the line. That saved them.

For the moment it saved Ronan, who took heart of grace and hissed, but only to fall silent and trembling again at the sound of Barham's savage imprecation and the fervently severe threat that accompanied it.

It stiffened the men, and, most of all, it brought Radley to himself.

His face flushed for an instant; then paled once more.

With a faint smile he snatched off the green satin scabbard, cast it to one side, and brought the yard-stick to a "carry."

He barked forth his orders, and in his voice there was the rasp of command that he so had envied in Barham.

He found that it came naturally and easily, so that note became more assured with each order that he gave.

Instinctively the men knew it, too, and obeyed him.

Breech-blocks rattled as the rifles were loaded; bayonets flashed like the shimmer of summer heat-lightning, and were snapped into place.

The company swung into a column of squads and, breaking into double time, left its street.

Ronan hesitated. Without speaking, Barham drew back his sword and dropped its point to the horizontal.

With a groan the first sergeant ran stumblingly on with the others.

A natural hedge of bamboo screened the bridge, together with the deep but sluggish stream that it spanned, and the village behind it from the view of the camp.

Now, though the air was still, those bamboos whispered as though a gentle breeze were passing through them.

No gentle breeze, however, could cause the slender leaves to flutter down in a green shower, mostly from high overhead.

Nor could such a breeze make a sound that formed a sort of whimpering treble to the roar of the rifles, which now had become continuous.

Once more Radley barked forth commands. The company swung left front into line, and as it reached the bamboos its bayonets flashed down to a level.

It was not the thing to do. It was a crazy thing to do. Radley should have deployed it.

From his place in the file-closers

Barham raced around the line to tell him so. It seemed hours before he could overtake the captain.

It seemed weeks, he reflected as he ran, since the first shots had been heard; yet he knew that not two minutes could have elapsed.

And when he did arrive within speaking distance of Radley he was too late.

Twelve of the sixteen members of the outpost still lay in their rifle-pit, a hundred feet from the end of the bridge.

The fire of the enemy, vile as the shooting of Filipinos always is, had not been able to dislodge them.

Now, probably driven to desperation by the sound of that call to arms, which told them that their chance of surprise was going, if not already gone, the brown men had betaken themselves to the cold steel.

They are believers in cold steel—when applied to others. Now they were to meet what they brought.

Radley with his yard-stick pointed to the enemy. "Charge!" he shouted.

And Company G charged. Barham never did remember collectedly what happened after that; it was only certain scenes that stood forth in his mind.

He knew that there was a yell of dismay as the company appeared and that the crowd of natives turned and would have retreated, but could not at once.

The crowd had spread out fanwise after it crossed the bridge, and in attempting to re-enter its narrow gorge they jammed it.

Therefore the hindmost faced about and fought as cornered rats will fight.

And foremost among them was the *presidente*.

Barham remembered making a *dé-tour* in order to avoid the rifle-pit and also seeing its living occupants scramble out with shouts of joy and join their fellows, fixing their bayonets as they came.

He remembered vaguely firing his pistol full into evil, brown faces, and

of seeing that the men, now filled with the lust of slaughter to the exclusion of all other thought, were using their steel savagely.

With astonishment he saw that his own sword was reddened, but could not in the least recall how it became so. Then followed the scene that stood out beyond all else.

The *presidente*, rushing desperately forward upon Radley, raised his bolo. Barham levelled his pistol and pulled the trigger—and felt his heart sicken as the hammer fell on an empty shell.

He saw the captain instinctively raise the yard-stick to guard. It was shorn through, allowing the weapon to fall heavily on Radley's head so that he dropped limply and lay still.

Then a rage that he himself wondered at took possession of the lieutenant.

A native stood between him and the *presidente*.

He flung his pistol in the face of that native, and passed his sword through the body of another.

He saw the *presidente* turn to face him, his bolo once more raised.

Barham made no attempt to parry it. He struck instead, and saw the halves of his opponent's head lop sidewise; yet he never could recall feeling any resistance to the blow.

He remembered shouting to the men, and that his voice sounded like the voice of somebody else, a long way off.

He knew that the men answered him with a yell.

The next thing that he knew he had crossed the bridge, and they were close behind him.

The rest was a confused medley of running fugitives, of snapping shots that brought them down like rabbits, and of crackling flames that merged into a roaring, fiery sea as Palongán was forever wiped from the insular map.

Then Barham collected the shattered company and led it back to the peaceful camp that it had left an hour before.

Its peacefulness somehow jarred upon him; it seemed profane that which just had passed.

This was the blooding of Company G—the birth of soldiers into the world. Therefore to Barham it was a sacred thing.

Then there was work to do—hard and prosaic work which, above all else, will serve as a medicine that restores men to their normal minds.

"Taps" did not sound until late that night on this account. It was nearly finished, however, and Barham was getting on with his report.

He grinned delightedly as he turned from readjusting the bandages on Radley's head to continue penning certain words.

The charge was a complete success. The enemy was utterly routed and his village destroyed. I regret to state, however, that Captain Radley, while leading his men with desperate bravery, was badly wounded by a native, who directly afterward lost his own life.

Together with the other prisoners I forward Private (formerly first sergeant) William Brayley Ronan. He was found skulking in his tent after having showed marked cowardice—

There was a scratching at the tent flap. Barham drew it aside. One of the sergeants stood at rigid attention, saluting.

"I beg the lieutenant's pardon," he said. "Some of the men asked me to come and ask how Jimmy—how Captain Radley—was getting on."

"He'll recover, tell the men, sergeant," replied Barham kindly. "Superficially there's only a bad scalp wound; whether or not there's danger of concussion I can't say until a doctor has seen him; but I don't think there is. That yard-stick partially turned the bolo, you see."

"Thank you, sir," replied the sergeant, then hesitated. With some confusion he went on:

"That's another thing I wanted to see you about, sir."

"See about what—the yard-stick?" demanded Barham frowning.

"Yes, sir—the yard-stick, or what's

left of it," replied the sergeant doggedly. "One of the boys picked it up, and he thought—we all think—that we'd like to keep it. Keep it as a company mascot, sir. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do. I can't promise it, you know; it isn't mine. But I'll put your request before the captain when he's well enough," said the lieutenant heartily. "In the meantime I leave it in the charge of you men. Is that all?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you," answered the sergeant as he withdrew.

For a moment Barham stood looking after him, then he turned and filled one of those unused glasses which still stood on the table.

Smiling, he raised it to the portraits, one after the other.

"My dear Whatever-Your-Name-Is, I congratulate you!" he said aloud. "I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart!"

He drank and then, setting down the glass, returned once more to his report as the sweet notes of taps announced that the soldier's day's work was done.

KNITTING

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

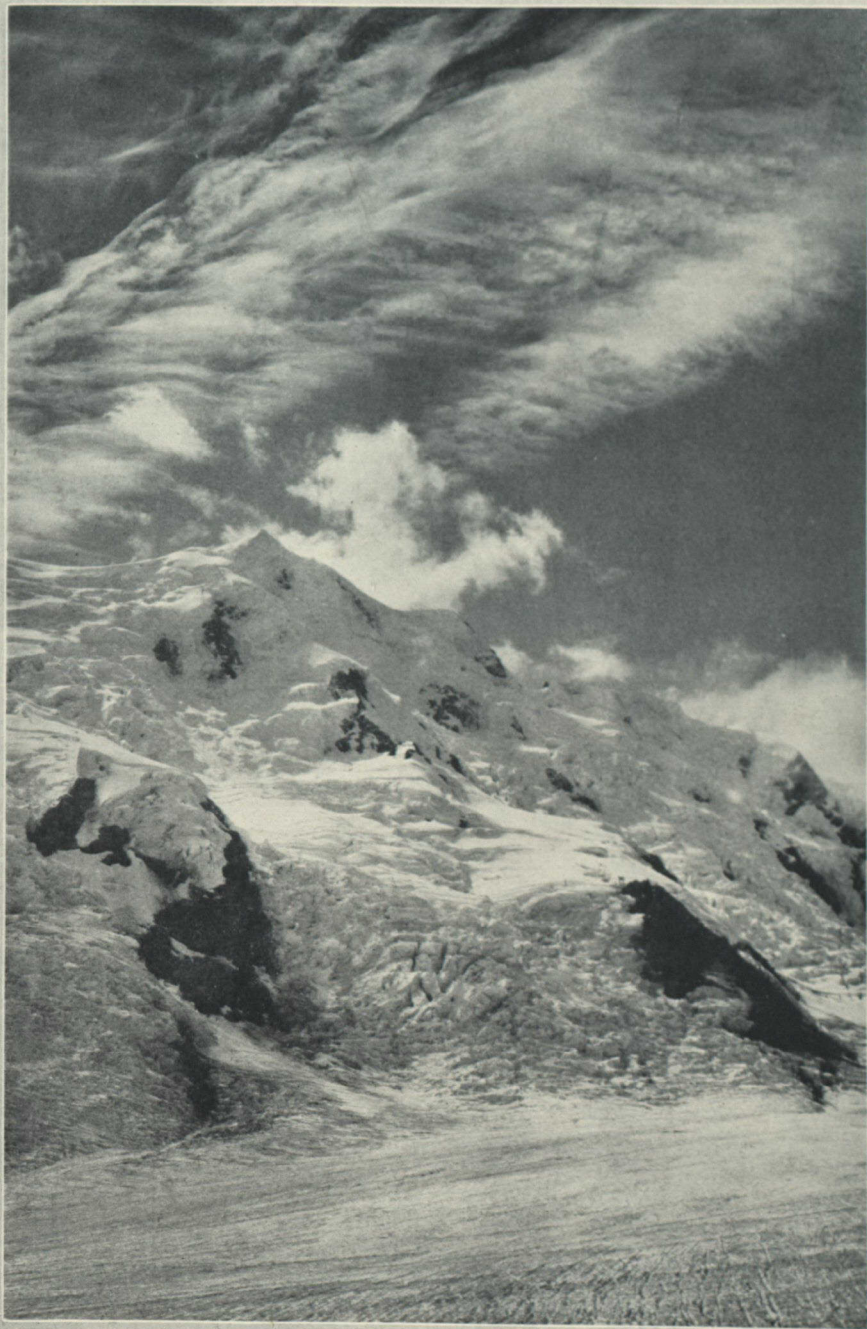
"THE troop train leaves at ten o'clock to-morrow, mother dear,
And is the box of comforts finished quite?"

"Wind another ball of yarn, Anne; put it beside me here,
For I must finish this last sock to-night.

"The Balaklava cap is here, the wristlets, and the belt;
The muffler—set the candle nearer, so.
Where is the darning-needle? Knots are certain to be felt,
And no one knows the road that these will go.

"Across and back, and half again, and five to turn the heel:
A dozen socks, and one more pair to go.
Extras? He'll want to answer to some needy lad's appeal,
So lay them in while I bind off the toe.

"At ten o'clock!—put on the kettle, daughter dear, for tea.
The box is packed, and soon we'll hear his knock.
You wound the last wool, did you say? Then get some more for me—
To-morrow morning, child, at ten o'clock."



Photograph by H. Otto Frind, F.R.G.S.

AN ALPINE SUNSET
Showing the Great Tasman Glacier in the New Zealand Alps

THE FOREST FIRE

A NATIONAL DANGER AND ITS REMEDY

BY H. R. MACMILLAN

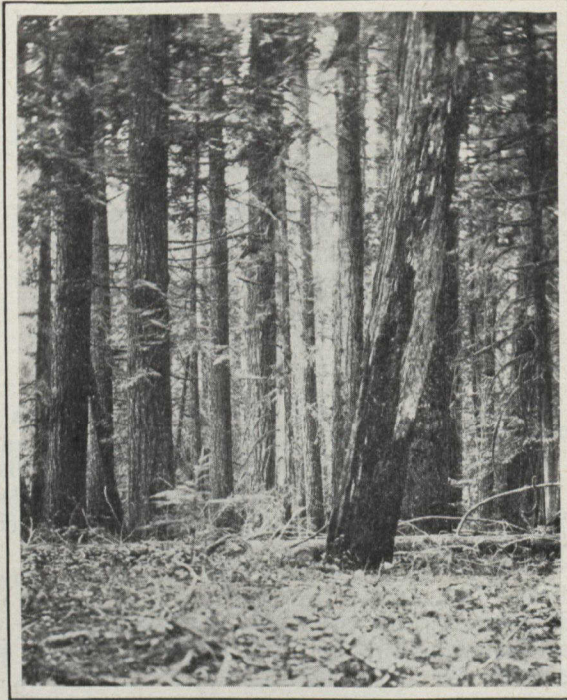
THE time will soon be at hand when Canada loses yearly thousands of dollars owing to the thoughtlessness and contempt of the many who traverse the great forest stretches or settle upon the outskirts. Woodsmen know that forest fires are not incendiary fires. They are due to carelessness and ignorance; the carelessness of the settler or railway contractor clearing land; the ignorance of the camper, prospector, or fisherman who indifferently neglects to deaden the camp-fire he ignorantly built on duff or against log or stump; the failure on the part of the railroad official or logger to insulate spark-casting locomotive or donkey.

The chief work of fire protection therefore is not a police work. In British Columbia effective police work would be impossible. There is a population of 450,000 far scattered over 200,000,000 acres of timber, exploring, surveying, land-looking, timber-cruising, prospecting, building roads and trails, running pack-trains, working on railroad grades, clearing land, developing mines, running logging operations, all of them engaged in occupations which keep them in the timber and require the constant use of fire. In no other Province of Canada is such a proportion of the population yearly under canvas in the timber. These men light fires every day in the timber; even when the duff is dry as tinder and the mossy evergreens are ready to spring into blaze

they light three fires daily, for men must eat. You cannot effectively police these men. The most direct method of ensuring their co-operation is by appealing to their pride of citizenship.

The uninitiated may harbour a belief that men as wise to the woods as are the woodsmen of British Columbia do not set fires. The face of the Province is proof to the contrary. Forest fires began with the heroes of the Northwestern and the Hudson's Bay Company, who burned their way through Tete Jaune, down the Canoe, the Columbia, the Thompson, and through Cassiar, Cariboo, and Atlin; again in 1860 the forests blazed, lighting the way of the placer miners up the Fraser, the Kootenay, and a hundred other streams. The prospectors who uncovered the mines of the Boundary District wrecked the forests of the region. During the first sixty years every valley has felt the effects of fire; in this period the Province of British Columbia has lost by fire about seven hundred billion feet of merchantable timber, more than now exists in the whole of Canada, enough to supply the whole Canadian domestic and export demand for over one hundred years. There is no record in history of such a loss as the fire loss of British Columbia during the past two generations.

When tremendous loss hits the pocket of the citizen he will be careful with fire. No opportunity is lost to



AN ACRE OF TIMBERLAND LIKE THIS WILL FETCH
\$200 TO THE PROVINCIAL TREASURY AND
\$1,500 TO THE COMMUNITY

show the residents of the Province that they are now suffering from the forest fires of the past, that they will suffer further with each new fire. The roads and trails are lined with mile-posts bearing such legends as the following:

Every Forest Fire endangers somebody's Home or Property.

Did you leave your camp fire burning? Smokers! Be sure to stamp out cigarette and cigar butts and pipe ashes.

The Forest Industry distributes \$30,000,000 in B. C. each year. You share it.

Campers and Travellers set 250 fires last year. None of them intended to.

Small fires cost nothing to put out. Big fires cost money—your money.

Keep fire out of our Timber Farm and it will support 1,000,000 people.

It takes 100 years to grow a crop of timber; an hour for fire to destroy one.

One tree makes thousands of matches—one match will burn thousands of trees. Watch the match.

The Forests paid \$7.00 of your Taxes

last year. Protect them and they will pay more.

Our forest industry, though only thirty years old, supports 150,000 people.

Put out your Camp Fire. It only takes a minute.

No man can get into the woods without reading these signs. When a man realizes that one-third of his taxes are paid by forest revenue, when he realizes that every third dollar coming into the Province is brought by timber, that his roads, his schools, his wharves, his bridges are made possible by the sale of public timber, when it strikes him forcibly that he owns a part of this forest, he will be careful with fire.

The school children are being reached. Every school is receiving a package of forest pictures strikingly illustrating a camper carefully extinguishing a fire. The moving pic-

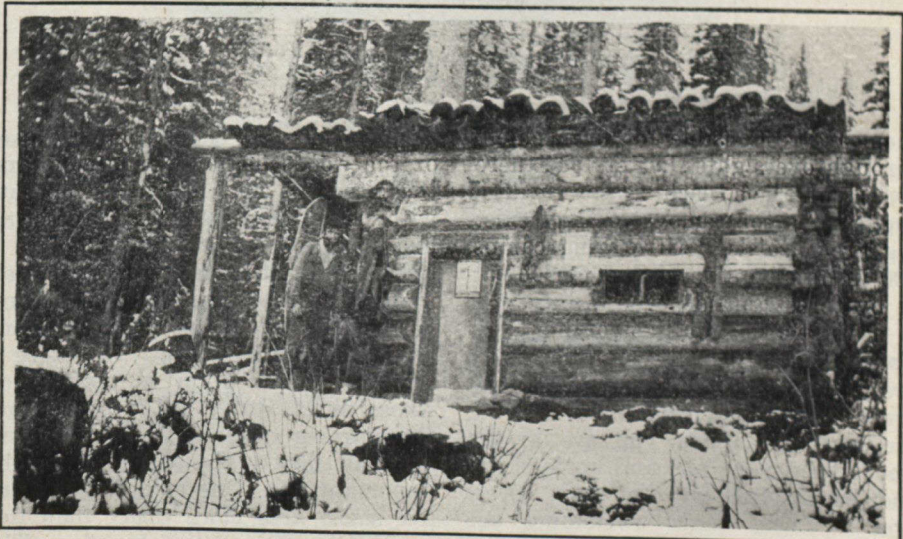


A FOREST GUARD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

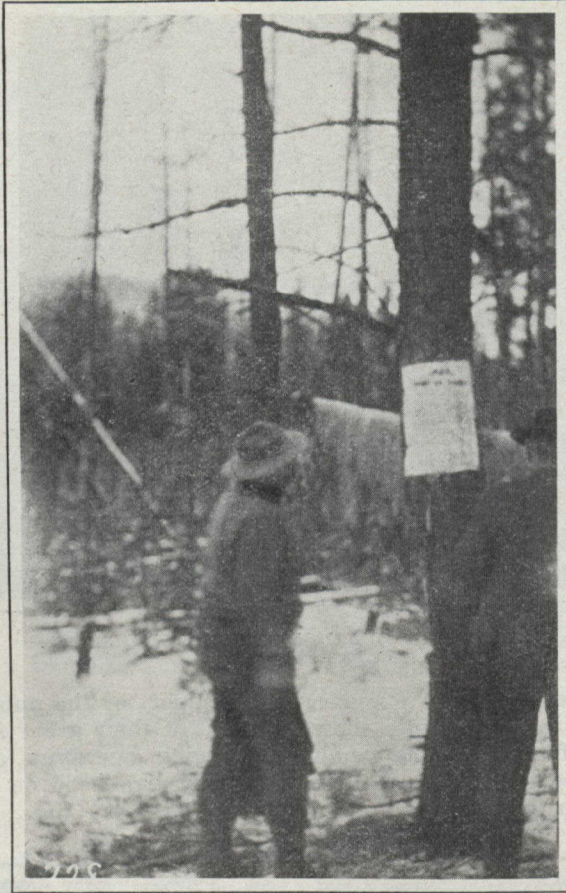
ture houses throughout the Province are being supplied with slides showing the value of the forest as a public asset, playing up the terrible destruction due to fire and calling for

the support of the public in the protection of their great asset.

Logging operators are dependent for their livelihood on the protection of timber from fire. Yet many of



TRAPPER'S SHACK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, WITH A FIRE WARNING ON THE DOOR



WOODMEN READING A FIRE NOTICE IN
BRITISH COLUMBIA

them are responsible for fires, chiefly through oversights. Letters are therefore sent them each season making suggestions for removal of any existing fire hazards. All logging camps, 800 in number, are visited periodically by forest guards, whose duty it is to assist the logger in avoiding fires. Camps are liberally supplied with fire warnings; the loggers themselves are supplied with whetstones bearing the legend, "When you are in the woods keep your axe and knife sharp and be careful not to start forest fires." These same whetstones are supplied by thousands to campers, travellers, and patrons of sporting

goods stores. It is felt that the user of the woods has only to understand the situation and he will co-operate with the Government in protecting his own timber.

Protecting timber in British Columbia is ninety-nine per cent. preventing fires from starting. But some fires are sure to start. Therefore a skeleton organization is maintained whose chief duty, after preventing the starting of fires, is the stopping of small fires. The small fire is the important fire. One man can put out five small fires more easily than five men can put out one big fire. The man has not yet been discovered

who can tell unerringly whether the small fire will stay small or not.

The skeleton organization consisted in 1913, in addition to superior officers, of about 400 forest guards, covering on an average 750,000 acres each, equal in area to a block thirty-one miles by thirty-seven, and every mile a mountainous forest.

When fires start time is precious. A difference of a day in getting fire-fighters to a fire may make a difference of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the value of the timber destroyed. The timber areas are therefore being made accessible by the Forest Branch. About thirty gasoline boats were used to maintain communication in 1913. Over twelve hundred miles of trail were built, several mountain lookouts established and

nearly five hundred miles of permanent telephone constructed. The telephone line is a record-breaker; it is the highest and the lowest in Canada, one line reaching a mountain elevation of 7,200 feet, another dropping between two islands to a depth of 1,200 feet beneath sea level.

The fire protection force in British Columbia has the support of the best fire law in the Dominion. But the most important support is the support of the citizen. The citizen supports fire protection, not only because of his dollar, but because, living constantly in a forest country, he knows the forest clothing the mountains, makes the land liveable, it beautifies the country, mothers the streams, and is an essential element in all life and activity.

PRIVATE NORTH

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS
(LIEUTENANT, 12TH BATTALION, CANADA)

HUNCHED in his greatcoat, there he stands,
Sullen of face and rough of hands,
Ready to fight, unready to drill,
Willing to suffer and ready to kill.

He isn't our best; he isn't our worst;
He won't be the last, and he wasn't the first.

What does he offer to you, O King?
Himself—an humble and uncouth thing.
What does he offer you fit to take?
A life to spend, a body to break.

His brow is sullen, his ways are rough;
But his heart, I'll warrant, is true enough.

I've seen his shack, low-set and gray,
In the black woods thousands of miles away,
Where he lived, from the mad, loud world removed,
Masterless, eager, and greatly loved.

Hunched in his greatcoat, there he stands,
Offering all with his heart and hands.

He offers his life to your needs, O King!—
A sullen, humble, and untrained thing—
And with it, for chance to spare or take,
A woman's spirit to wring and break.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

WITH less than a third of their effective strengths in the field the Allies, after eight months, are now bracing themselves for the general advance in irresistible numbers for which Britain especially has been preparing since the outbreak of the war. Napoleon prayed not more fervently for the hardening of the rain-soaked field of Waterloo than Kitchener for the coming of spring's warm sunshine. In Napoleon's case the delay in commencing the attack until the ground was firm enough to admit of artillery and cavalry operations proved fatal. Had there been no rain on the eve of battle in all human probability Waterloo would have proved another Quatre Bras for the Allies. With the coming of spring indications already point to a concerted forward movement by all the Allies. Kitchener's army, which has been in training for seven months in the British Isles, is now in France awaiting the moment when the cry "To Berlin!" will pass from trench to trench.

It is estimated that Russia's great victories over Austria and Germany on a front extending from the Baltic to the Roumanian frontier have been achieved by a fighting force of only three million men. This inferiority in numbers, coupled with a defective railway system, has handicapped the Russian commander so far, but he is steadily adjusting the balance in his favour, and it is safe to conjecture that when the great advance comes the Grand Duke Nicholas will have at

least eight million men at his disposal. Once again Russia has proved her military superiority over the combined forces of the enemy. By a masterly retreat in East Prussia and Bukowina the Grand Duke drew the Austro-Germanic forces from their bases and strategic railways, and then fell upon them with a concentrated fury that turned Hindenburg's much-vaunted victorious advance into a costly and disorderly retreat. The losses of the enemy have been enormous. The German concentration in Northern Poland did not save the Austrians from a crushing defeat in the Carpathians and Bukowina. Fighting in mountain passes several thousand feet above the sea level, the sufferings of the troops operating in the Carpathians have been intense. Hundreds lay down in the snow never to rise again, frost-bitten and exhausted by privations terrible beyond human endurance. The smiling valleys, spangled with wild hyacinths, deep ravines and wild moorland covered with heather, and virgin forests with tangled bracken and wood anemones will soon awaken to the delights of spring where now under a shroud of snow sleep thousands of brave men, the fathers, and husbands, and brothers, and sons that will never again return.

Hindenburg's advance from the Mazurian lakes region in East Prussia right up to the guns of Grodno fortress in Russian Poland was over ground familiar to the German commander. East Prussia has been Hin-

denburg's special study, and over and over again, at military manœuvres in days of peace he had defended this region with conspicuous success against all comers. But he has a tougher nut to crack in the Russian commander, the uncle of the Czar. German plans have again miscarried on the eastern front. The object of the new German offensive was to secure such favourable positions on the enemy's soil in Northern Poland, on the Warsaw front, the line of the Vistula, and the Carpathians, as would enable the Kaiser to prosecute a vigorous spring campaign in the western theatre of operations, and to hold Serbia and threatening neutrals in check. The failure of the winter campaign in Poland and Galicia has added immeasurably to the anxieties of the German general staff in the western zone, as they can no longer expect to draw troops from east to west. Terribly concerned about the future, thousands of German soldiers have been wantonly sacrificed during the past two months in an effort to snatch victory from defeat. General von Hindenburg at time of writing is retiring along the whole front, the Russians once again sweeping westward.

A Yankee who visited the headquarters of the German army in the east returned to Amsterdam with the following amusing picture of the terrible von Hindenburg:

"Hindenburg has two passions—dogs and tobacco. He smokes incessantly, especially when he is sleepless. He then smokes out his plans, and when he has beaten the Russians in thought he dozes off. Only the other day a convoy of choice dogs left the front for Hanover, where Hindenburg lives, under escort of an orderly, with a special passport, signed by the Field Marshal himself. If he has two loves Hindenburg has also two pet aversions—Austrian generals and Prussian Ministers. As to German bureaucrats, he hates to have any of them near his headquarters. Lately

two under secretaries arrived from Berlin, but after giving them an icy reception Hindenburg thought of a grim joke at their expense. He invited them for a drive in his motor car, and drove them right into the line of the Russian fire, until they begged to return. Three days afterwards he received a proposal to decorate the two secretaries with the Iron Cross of the first class for conspicuous gallantry under fire, with a request for his approval, which he refused. Nevertheless, the two gentlemen received their Cross from the Kaiser."

The fighting in the western theatre is of greater interest to Canadians, for here Dominion troops have had their baptism of blood in the Great War. The casualty lists bring home to Canadians a keener realization of the grimness of the conflict, in which every unit of the Empire is so deeply concerned. The new taxes also help to remind the man in the street that he, too, must make sacrifices on behalf of liberty. Steady progress has been made in the west, and French troops already are training their guns on the Rhine defences.

The blockade of the British coast by German submarines has proved a complete fiasco. Seven small vessels were sunk by the submarines, but the loss to the Germans has been at least seven submarines up to date of writing. Germany has been surprisingly unlucky in every undertaking designed to stagger humanity. The Zeppelins and submarines have failed to live up to the expectations held out. Judged by every known test the failure of Germany in every field of military activity has been complete and irrevocable. The spirit of the British people rises higher as days lengthen into months, and the enemy is everywhere on the defensive. The throttling activities of the British navy are reflected in the siege rations now doled out in Austria-Hungary and Germany. The starving out of the enemy is a less costly undertaking than a vigorous advance in which the attack-

ing forces must be constantly exposed to the deadly fire of a concealed enemy. Two factors will, however, determine the Allies to advance in force against the enemy, braving all risks. The enemy must be beaten, if possible, before another harvest comes to relieve his necessity. Another pressing reason for an early advance is the danger to the Allied troops from the putrefying bodies of men and beasts that lie unburied. The enemy at present refuses to allow the dead in front of the trenches to be buried, and with returning warmth the danger of a plague is very real. The general advance, therefore, may come any day.

The German challenge in Turkey and Egypt has been effectively answered by the bombardment of the Dardanelles by an Allied fleet. Already several of the forts have crumpled up under the terrific fire of the British thirteen and fifteen-inch guns. With the advance of the Allies from both sides the Sultan has made hurried preparations for departure, and the greatest excitement prevails in Constantinople, now within sound of the heavy guns. It is generally conceded that Russia's ambition for a southern port will be satisfied by the Allies, and that Constantinople will likely pass under Russian sway, subject to some plan of internationalization of the Dardanelles. With the fall of Turkey imminent, the Balkan States are scrambling for the spoils. The Greek Government and King Constantine are at loggerheads over the neutrality of Greece, the Cabinet and the country demanding war. With Greece in the field, Italy and Roumania, now neutral, may be forced to enter the conflict in order to qualify for a share when the partition of the Ottoman Empire takes place. The forcing of the Dardanelles and the fall of Constantinople will have a tremendous moral effect throughout the Near East. The strategic advantages in the final dash for Vienna and Berlin are also very great and will

hasten materially the close of the war.

Most important of all is the release of grain and other supplies bottled up in Russian ports. The release of the grain will have a modifying effect upon prices. Chicago May wheat, which went up to \$1.64 $\frac{5}{8}$, is already tumbling with every crash of the Allied guns on the forts of the Dardanelles. Speculators have been badly hit, as they looked for two-dollar wheat, but no one will have tears to spare for those whose chief interest in the war lies in the artificial exploiting of food supplies. In the United Kingdom a serious strike has been averted by the strong action of Mr. Asquith. At first sight the demands of labour looked like blackmail, but a closer scrutiny of the conspiring causes of the agitation for higher wages revealed the fact that the demand is not wholly unreasonable. The manufacture of the munitions of war is bringing much grist to the employers, but there does not appear to be any corresponding advantage for the worker beyond the certainty of steady employment while the war lasts. One of the necessities of life in regard to which the poor have no compensating advantage over the wealthy is in the provision of food. Eggs, milk, and other necessities of life often cost the poor more than the rich, as the latter can buy in quantities and their credit is always good. The worker earning two pounds a week pays as much, if not more, for food as his employer, who is buying his way into the peerage. The war was bound to have a hardening effect upon prices, and prices have gone up to a level that makes a serious drain upon the slender incomes of the working classes. A comparison between prices this February and last shows the following increases: The price of wheat has increased by seventy-two per cent. over last February, and by sixty-six per cent. over the average. Flour has advanced by seventy-five and sixty-six per cent.; sugar by seventy-two and fifty-three per cent.;

and coal by fifteen and fourteen per cent. Meat shows the smallest rise—six and twelve per cent. in the case of British, and twelve and nineteen per cent. in the case of the foreign article. These figures are formidable, and are largely due to the enormous increases in freights owing to the shortage of available tonnage. The wiping out of the German mercantile fleet, for instance, removes from the high seas fourteen per cent. of the total tonnage. In addition the British Admiralty have commandeered at least ten per cent. of the total mercantile tonnage for military purposes. The opening up of the Dardanelles will cause a decline in prices and ease the labour situation in Britain. The demand for more wages by the shipwrights of the Clyde and Mersey will, it is hoped, be met in a spirit of sweet reasonableness, for the working classes of the United Kingdom have not shirked the sacrifices which war demands.

What of the future of Germany? There are some absurd people who imagine a nation of sixty million people can be trampled out of existence. It is more likely that Germany will find salvation from within, and that when the truth is fully known popular government will come on the wings of revolution. Nor will it do the world any good to destroy Germany com-

mercially and industrially. Germany has a future, and the more progressive and prosperous she proves to be the better for Europe. Prussian domination, however, is apparently doomed. According to a story that has appeared in European newspapers the German Emperor recently had a violent quarrel with the King of Saxony and, in his excitement, broke a mirror, an unlucky omen, say the superstitious. Saxony and Bavaria both sided with Austria against Prussia in the war of 1866, and up to the last moment it was doubtful whether Bavaria would fight France in 1870. The "particularist" sentiments of the minor German kindoms have not wholly died out. In spite of the splendid sacrifices of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, the Prussian war-lords have failed to achieve victory. If Prussian military prestige goes, what cement will hold the fragments of Empire together?

Until German territory is definitely occupied by the Allies it were vain to build too confident hopes on the speedy downfall of the German Empire. Sooner or later enlightenment as to the failure of Prussia must come to the people, and with it, perhaps, a sudden and dramatic disintegration of the fabric which was consolidated in the Hall of Mirrors, Versailles, on January 18th, 1871.



The Library Table

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER

By D. H. LAWRENCE. London: Duckworth and Company.

THIS is a volume of short stories by a man who has attracted a great deal of attention by the grim forcefulness of his writings. Some of his stories might be regarded as brutal, and indeed no one can deny the brutal aspects of the story that gives title to the book. "The Prussian Officer," we suspect, was written before the outbreak of the present war; but, even so, it fits in well with the present British opinion of the average Prussian officer. It is a study, actually, in hate. A certain Prussian officer conceives as a matter of course a violent dislike to the man under him, the man who blacks his boots and brings his coffee in the morning. There appears to be no good reason for the dislike, except perhaps that the man is of humble birth, yet of fine physique and bearing—a splendid type of manhood. Because of some trivial offence, the officer kicks the man down the stairway, an act which inspires a counter hate in the breast of the servant. The servant's hatred increases until the desire to crush the officer becomes a veritable passion. And the opportunity comes when one day during manœuvres in the forest the two are left alone. The man, simply by exerting his strength, breaks the officer's neck. It is a brutal story, yet it fascinates one, because one feels that the end is inevitable. The description certainly is impressive:

The spur of the officer caught in a tree-root, he went down backwards with a

crash, the middle of his back thudding sickingly against a sharp-edged tree-base, the pot flying away. And in a second the orderly, with serious, earnest young face, and underlip between his teeth, had got his knee in the officer's chest and was pressing the chin backwards over the further edge of the tree-stump, pressing with all his heart behind in a passion of relief, the tension of his wrists exquisite with relief. And with the base of his palms he shoved at the chin, with all his might. And it was pleasant, too, to have that chin, that hard jaw already slightly rough with beard, in his hands. He did not relax one hair's-breadth, but, all the force of all his blood exulting in his thrust, he shoved back the head of the other man, till there was a little "cluck" and a crunching sensation.

*

YOUNG EARNEST

By GILBERT CANNAN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE second recent novel by this author, we can readily pronounce it an advance on the other. But that need not mean that it would be enjoyed by most readers. It ought to be enjoyed for the author's manner of writing, but there is very little that is admirable or likeable about the man Young Earnest. He is the kind of egoist who adds colossal selfishness to his egoism. A woman admires him because she thinks he has eyes like Schiller's. He forthwith marries her, and then presently, when he discovers that she is not just what he thought she might be, he goes away and leaves her. He has a magnificent idea of the importance of his own freedom. He soon falls in love with number two, but as he cannot marry her, he throws her over callously and

proceeds on his merry way. The way leads him to number three, and this third union, because it is irregular, becomes sacred in his eyes. The lady is confident of her power to hold him, and although it is not vouchsafed to the reader to know whether or not these two fare well together, there is a feeling that the lady is booked for disappointment because of the ingrained, even if refined, brutality of the man to whom she has joined herself.

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ESSAYS

BY ALICE MEYNELL. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS volume is the work of a remarkable woman. Not only is Mrs. Meynell a poet, as she is known by her volume of "Poems" to be; she is a philosopher as well. In this volume of miscellaneous essays one discovers refreshing ways of looking at many of the common experiences of mankind, and one realizes that one is in company with an extraordinary mind, a mind capable of subtracting itself from its own activities and considering them and its own poise as a physician might consider his patient. She has discovered that much of what we regard as the effect of things and events on us is in reality our effect on them. It is, for instance, a fine day only in so far as we permit it to be fine. In "The Rhythm of Life" she observes that "life looks impossible to the young unfortunate, unaware of the inevitable and unending refreshment. It would be for their peace to learn that there is a tide in the affairs of men, in a sense more subtle—if it is not too audacious to add a meaning to Shakespeare—than the phrase was meant to contain." But this is only one of the many ideas expressed here in chaste English. Mrs. Meynell is the wife of Wilfred Meynell, author of the "Life" of Francis Thompson, and for years she was a friend of this great poet.

ERNEST DOWSON

BY VICTOR PLARR. London: Elkin Mathews.

AT last we have from one who knew him long and intimately a vindication of this great poet's life and character. While it is a vindication of the man, it by no means condones all that Dowson did. For Ernest Dowson was one of those rare individuals who seem to do nothing in the same way that others do it. He ate only when he was hungry, slept only when he was sleepy, associated only with those with whom he wished to associate. He had a dislike for women, became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, dissipated deeply at times, but so far as Plarr knew, was not addicted to anything perverting. He was extremely moody and at times was steeped in melancholy. He moved about a great deal, and was indeed a restless, yearning spirit that seemed never to be at ease. He was always looking for some agreeable position that would provide him with a competence and some leisure; but anything that he ever got he appeared to be indifferent about retaining. Above all else, he was a poet, but even as to the man himself and Plarr's recollections of him, the book is unusually interesting. It is an uncommon biography, if such it may be called.

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PRINCESS MARY'S GIFT BOOK

By a score of writers and artists. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

OF all the literary souvenirs of the war this, we venture to think, is one of the best. It brings together under one cover the names of men whose work has never before been seen in, so imposing an ensemble. There are contributions from Sir J. M. Barrie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Hall Caine, J. H. Fabre, the veteran French author; Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Charles Garvice, whose "Model Soldier" is a charming love

story of the present war; Sir H. Rider Haggard, Beatrice Harraden, the Bishop of London, A. E. W. Mason, the Baroness Orczy, author of the world-famous "Scarlet Pimpernel," who gives an entirely new Scarlet Pimpernel story; W. Pett Ridge, Annie S. Swan, Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

In addition to these stories there are poems by Ralph Connor, Lady Sybil Grant, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, John Oxenham.

All these stories and poems are illustrated in the most elaborate manner. There are fourteen plates in colour by the following world-famous artists: J. J. Shannon, R.A.; W. Russell Flint, A.R.W.S.; Charles Napier Hemy, R.A.; R. Talbot Kelly, R.I.; E. J. Detmold; Arthur Rackham, R.W.S.; Edmund Dulac; Norman Wilkinson, R.I.; W. B. Wollen, R.I.; Eugene Hastain; M. E. Gray; Carlton A. Smith, R.I., and more than one hundred other illustrations by C. E. Brock; H. R. Millar; Arch. Webb; A. J. Gough; A. Talbot Kelly, R.I.; Steven Spurrier, R.I.; R. J. Hartley; J. Byham Shaw, A.R.W.S.; Norman Wilkinson, R.I.; Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.; Claude A. Stephenson, A.R.W.S.; H. M. Brock, R.I.; Gordon Browne, R.I.; Lewis Baumer; Harold Earnshaw, and Edmund J. Sullivan, A.R.W.S.

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WHAT A WOMAN WANTS

By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. London: William Heinemann.

THERE is a peculiar fascination in the remarkable novels of this remarkable woman. One could almost affirm that there is in them no happy moment, except the pleasure one receives from the reading of the austere beauty of the prose. But, of course, pleasure is not happiness. Mrs. Dudenev's art is of a drab, sombre kind, yet it has delights that are not for the common taste. As to the merits of this novel in content and moral, if

one might use a hackneyed term, we have nothing to say. At all events, it is not a cheerful book. To those who are looking for cheer we cannot recommend it, but it were after all a better recommendation were we to urge it purely on account of its literary merit.

*

BRITAIN'S CASE AGAINST GERMANY

By RAMSAY MUIR. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

THIS book by the Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester makes out a strong case against Germany. Professor Muir contends that the present war had long been anticipated by Germany. He bases his argument largely on Prussian history, by which he shows that the policy of Prussia for two centuries has been opposed to the nobler and higher ideals of such Germans as Goethe, Stein, and Dahlmann. The volume contains an exposition of the events which led up to the war, the political theories by which Germany has been hypnotized, and the way she has conducted the present war; the history of modern Germany, showing how these ideas and policies came to win their ascendancy; the German constitution, and the threatening and aggressive policy by which Germany has aimed at world-dominion during the last twenty-five years.

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—"The Supreme Duty of the Citizen at the Present Crisis," which is the last message of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts to his fellow-countrymen, has been reprinted in booklet form by Williams and Norgate, London.

—"Which Temple Ye Are" and "He Restoreth My Soul," are the titles of two volumes of religious studies by "A. H. W. (Canada)". (London: Elliot Stock). The first is in the form of a series of sermons,

while the second deals with the hypothetical journey of a soul in the development of an individual life.

—"How Armies Fight." A cheap edition of this work, which was first published at the close of the South African War, has been published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, London. The author is an officer of the Royal Engineers.

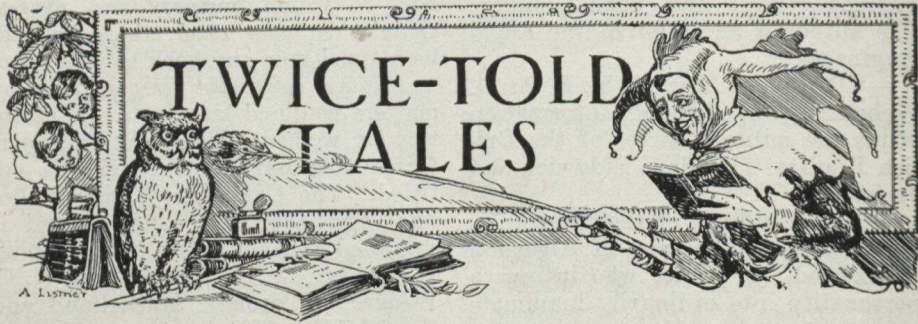
—"Britain in Arms," by F. A. M. Webster, gives detailed information about the military forces of the British Empire. (London: Sidgwick and Jackson).

—A new volume of short stories is appearing from the pen of Algernon Blackwood, the writer who infuses a personality into ordinarily inanimate objects of nature and makes them appear to have understanding and even weird evidences of discernment. To trees, for instance, he imparts an almost uncanny power over human beings, and likewise to cliffs, moorlands and the like. This his latest is not all concerned with stories of this character, but there are a number that carry on the Blackwood tradition. The

stories are: "The Regeneration of Lord Ernie", "The Sacrifice", "The Damned", "A Descent into Egypt", and "The Wayfarers". (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

—While there are a number of books of reference pertaining to Canada, to which business and professional men may refer, there has not been until now any book to which women may refer for information on matters confined largely to the attention of women. The book that performs this particular service is entitled "The Canadian Woman's Annual and Social Directory," and is compiled and edited by Misses Emily P. Weaver, A. E. Weaver, and E. C. Weaver. (Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild). To all women who are interested in child welfare, in the position of woman in the home, in her political status, in laws peculiarly affecting her, in hygiene, in regulations affecting the public health, and almost everything that one can think of that directly concerns women, this book should make a direct and immediate appeal.





WHO FINDS, KEEPS

At a dinner given by the Prime Minister of a little kingdom in the Balkan Peninsula a diplomat complained to his host that the Minister of Justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the Prime Minister, in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h!" cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I have got it back."

*

AGAIN THE DRESSMAKER

"It is vulgar to dress so as to attract attention on the street."

"Isn't it!"

"I saw Miss Knobby going down the street yesterday in a gown which caused every man she passed to turn and look at her."

"Sure enough! I wonder who is her dressmaker?"

"I asked her, but she wouldn't tell me."—*Houston Post.*

AMONG THE MILLET

A local art connoisseur tells of a colloquy that he overheard between two women who were viewing a copy of Millet's "Gleaners."

"How beautiful! How wonderful! What art!" exclaimed one. "Above all, how natural!"

Then, after a pause: "But what are these people doing?" Drawing near to read the title, she was enlightened. "Oh, now," she added, "I see! Gleaning millet!"

*

REAL APPRECIATION

Poet—"My dear man, how many cents will it take to send that manuscript?"

Postal Clerk—"It goes at two cents an ounce. It is first-class matter."

Poet—"Oh, thank you, sir! Thank you!"

*

GOOD INTENTIONS

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," said the mistress admiringly to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own."

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."

THE SPLASH

An old farmer and his wife drove to market one day. It had been a very wet day, and large pools of water had formed in the roadway between the farm and town.

On the return journey an old friend was met.

"And how are you to-day?" was the friendly greeting.

"Oh, very well, thank you," answered the farmer.

"How is the missus?" continued the friend.

"She's fine, fine," answered the farmer. "She's behind there," jerking his thumb toward the back seat.

"She's not there!" said the astonished friend. The old farmer slowly turned and looked over his shoulder, then coolly replied:

"Humph! That was the splash, then!"—*Unidentified*.

*

HEARTY APPETITES

A well-known novelist was aboard the steamship *Megantic* at Montreal, and just before the vessel left on her trip for Liverpool was watching the loading of an enormous quantity of Canadian cheese. A number of school-teachers were on the boat, bound for Quebec, and these young ladies were very much interested in the loading of the cheese. One of them asked the novelist how many there were.

"The *Megantic* takes on from fifteen to twenty-five thousand lots of cheese every trip," he truthfully informed her.

"How—how many people are there on board?" she asked.

"About twelve hundred on this trip."

For a moment the young lady regarded him in astonishment; then she looked at the cheese being loaded by the hundred. "It's truly wonderful!" she gasped. "I never would have believed it if I had not seen them with my own eyes! And only twelve hundred people! Goodness me, they must be fierce cheese-eaters."

JUST AS YOU SEE IT

Catherine Calvert, the actress, encountered a countryman and his wife during a visit to a suburb of Chicago who seemed peculiarly interested in her.

"We've seen ye, hain't we?" queried the man furtively. "Yer a professional, ain't ye?"

"Yes," admitted Miss Calvert.

"See!" exclaimed the interrogator triumphantly to his spouse. "I told ye!" Then turning back to the girl, "Where d'ye think it was?"

"Possibly in Chicago. I played in 'The Deep Purple' and in 'A Romance of the Underworld.'"

"Well, I don't recall names—I ain't no good at it—but I do git the titles of th' companies. Now, was this Bi'graph, Ess'ny, Vittygraph—"

"Sir," said the outraged woman, "I am on the stage—not in the picture business!"

The farmer looked blankly at his wife. Then he turned away, but la Calvert heard his disgusted murmur: "Let's be goin', Jerushy. Heck! She don't 'mount to nothin', after all!"—*Chronicle-Telegraph*.

*

A NICE JOB

Nat Goodwin tells an amusing story of how, while travelling in a Western American town, he was asked to take a Sunday school class in the absence of the teacher. Nat agreed, but great was his consternation when he saw he was to teach a body of beautiful maidens instead of a bunch of small kids, as he had expected. Still, he was game.

"Now, then, young ladies," said Nat, becoming more composed as he took a seat and picked up a lesson book, "I want to follow the procedure of your regular teacher to the letter. What does she do first?"

"Why, the first thing she does," demurely replied one of the pretty ones, "is to kiss each member of the class!"



Drawn by Arthur Young

"Dem Allies find dey're up against a 'big proposition!'"

—*Masses*

The prosecution had a strong case against Paddy. His hat, which all the inhabitants could identify, had been found on the premises. Paddy, however, denied all knowledge of the headgear and swore that he was not within a mile of the place at the time of the outrage, and so well did his witnesses corroborate his statement that he was able to prove an alibi.

Paddy was found "Not guilty," but seemed reluctant to leave the dock.

The magistrate, thinking he did not understand the verdict, explained: "Well, my man, you are discharged, you need not wait."

"If ye please, yer honour," replied Paddy, "I'm waiting for me hat."—*Exchange*.

HIS LEAST NEED

Oscar W. Underwood, at an al fresco luncheon in Birmingham said to a man who opposed all tariff changes:

"The way you'd treat the tariff, my good sir, reminds me of the poor duffer who, weak from hunger, collapsed in Market Street.

"A crowd gathered round, and then, as is always the way, three or four chaps began to shove back the crowd, yelling:

"Give him air! Give him air!"

"At this the sufferer raised his head from the sidewalk, smiled bitterly, and said:

"Air? Give me air? Why, gents, I've had nothing but air for the last three days.'"

*

GEORGE ADE ON ENGLISH

George Ade at a dinner urged a subtler use of words.

"Use words with delicate care," he said. "Observe all their subtle distinctions. Never write 'vision,' for instance, when 'sight' is what you mean."

"There's no difference between 'sight' and 'vision,'" interrupted the editor.

"No?" said Mr. Ade. "And yet, Billy, when you and I passed each other on Broadway yesterday afternoon, the girl I was with was a vision, while the one with you was a sight."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*

UP TO DATE

The American chorus girl, who is now invading London with great success, is nothing if not up-to-date. Mr. George Arliss, whose performances in "Disraeli" are arousing so much interest, illustrates this with a story. "You are behind the times over here," said a pink and pretty American show girl. "Why, I notice that 'Twelfth Night' is playing in one of the Strand theatres, and we had that two years ago on Broadway."

Build up the defensive forces of your body

Bovril is an essential "munition of war" for those at home. In addition to its own fortifying powers (it takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril), Bovril has the unique property of making the other foods you eat nourishing. It has been well said that "Bovril makes just the difference between your *being* nourished and your *not* being nourished by your food."

It must be Bovril

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

Of all Stores, etc., at 1-oz. 25c.; 2-oz. 40c.; 4-oz. 70c.; 8-oz. \$1.30; 16-oz. \$2.25
Bovril Cordial, large, \$1.25; 5-oz. 40c.; 16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), \$1.20.

"Spreads like Butter."



THE Ingersoll TRIO

Here is a delicious trio—prepared from the finest ingredients money can buy. Each has a characteristic flavor and can be used in innumerable dainty ways.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

is a *real* cream cheese—rich in cream—pure and nourishing—far nicer than ordinary cheese. 15c. and 25c. a package.

Ingersoll Pimento Cheese

Pure INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE and sweet Spanish Pimentos. Very appetizing. 10c. and 15c. a package.

Ingersoll Green Chile Cheese

Pure INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE with spicy California Green Chile. Piquant and tasty. 15c. a package.

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"Made in Canada."



How the Grecian Mother Bathed her Baby



Her method was not so different from that of the modern mother. Grecian babies were bathed with fine oils and pure tepid water. Now the little folks have PALMOLIVE, the famous Palm and Olive oil soap.

Valued through the ages for their wonderful cleansing qualities, these "fine oils" are combined for modern users in a most convenient and practical form.

The creamy lather of PALMOLIVE introduces you to luxury enjoyed by the ancients, but in a delightful form they never knew.

Palmolive Soap

Palmolive Shampoo
a Palm and Olive
Oil liquid soap
that thoroughly
cleanses.

Palmolive Cream
reinforces the nat-
ural oil that keeps
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Threefold Sample Offer

Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo, and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five two-cent stamps.



Repeated Blows

will bend and break the hardest iron.

Repeated doses of drugs will bend and break the strongest constitution. That is a fact for coffee drinkers to consider!

Coffee is not a food, but should be classed as a drug. Experiments upon animals have shown that 5 to 6 grains of caffeine (the amount of the drug in two ordinary cups of coffee) will kill a cat.

Caffeine is a cumulative drug, and its little blows repeated daily, are bound in time to cripple the efficiency of even the strong man or woman.

When one observes a tendency toward some disorder, it's time to stop coffee and use a pure food-drink such as

POSTUM

Made from selected wheat and a small portion of wholesome molasses, Postum contains no caffeine or any other harmful ingredient. Nothing but nourishing food elements, along with a snappy, delightful flavour.

Postum comes in two forms: **Regular Postum**—requires boiling. 15c and 25c packages. **Instant Postum**—the soluble form—made in the cup instantly with hot water. 30c and 50c tins.

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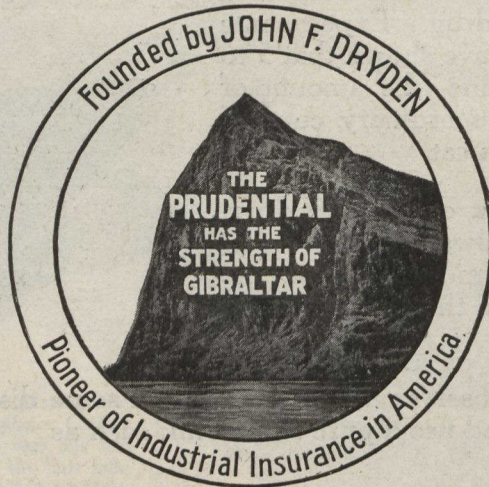


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\$518,963,821

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Table Salt
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It is the finest grain of the famous Windsor Salt—blended with a very small quantity of Magnesium Carbonate.

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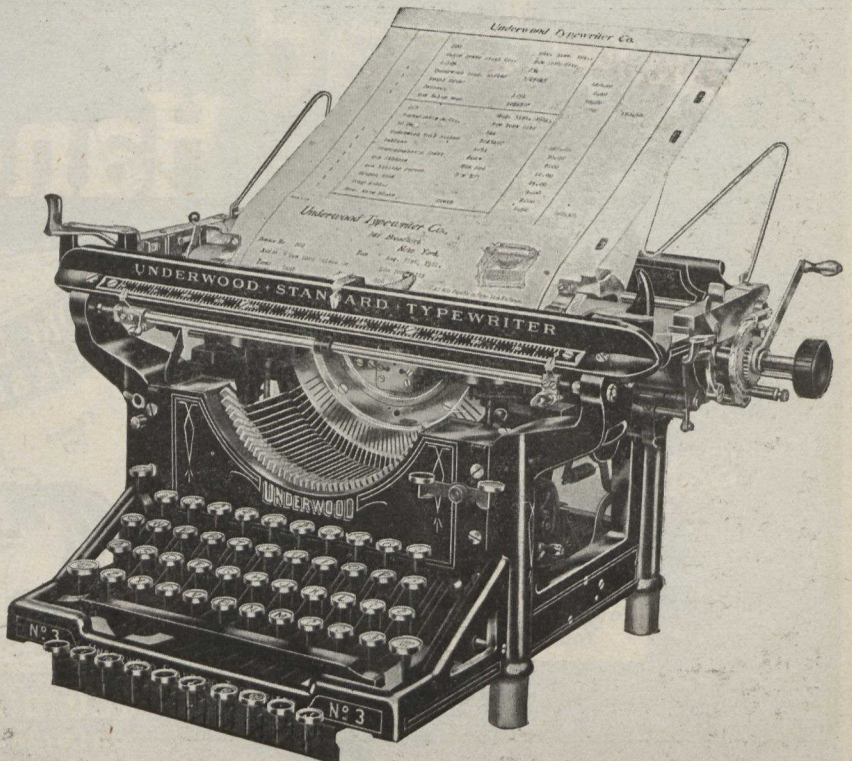
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Make Vim-Food Tempting

Let the Flavor Win the Child



It's a mistake to make oat food compulsory.

The right way is to make it inviting.

Serve only the luscious flakes. Make this the wanted dish. Then this energy food, which you know a child should have, will be the food it loves to get.

That's the theory behind Quaker Oats.

We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains, and our process brings out their aroma. We get but ten pounds of these flakes from a bushel, but all the charms of the oat are in them.

This rare dish, with all its extra fascinations, costs no extra price. It's a pity not to serve it when vitality means so much.

Quaker Oats

The Best-Loved Oat Food

In a marvelous way, Nature stores up energy in oats. Every dish contains a wealth of vim-producing power. Oats stand unique as animating food.

This is also the food for growth. It is rich in the elements of which brains and nerves are made.

Most mothers know this, and most children get it. But they rarely get enough. They know in but a small degree the spirit-giving power of oats.

That's why Quaker Oats is important for this dish. It leads to larger use. And millions of people, young and old, would benefit by that.

Try serving these big white flakes. Note how folks enjoy them. You will always get this super-quality when you ask for Quaker Oats. That is why this brand, all the world over, holds the first place among oat foods.

Large Package
30c

Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.

Regular Package
12c

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

(870)

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The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark
which identifies the best of cutlery

Look for it on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

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Clark's Pork and Beans



Plain Sauce Chili Sauce Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited

Montreal



Building Better Babies

BABY brings with him many problems. His wants are few. If you give him the right kind of food all other problems are simple. You have been eating Shredded Wheat Biscuit as a breakfast food all these years. You know it is good for adults—but did you know that nothing equals Shredded Wheat as a food for the baby? When mother's milk fails and cow's milk does not "agree" with him, just try

SHREDDED WHEAT BABY FOOD

One pint water, one-half pint milk, one Shredded Wheat Biscuit, one-sixteenth teaspoon salt, two teaspoons granulated sugar. Bring the water to a boil, then add the Shredded Wheat Biscuit and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and add the milk, salt and sugar, then strain through a fine cheese cloth. When ready to use heat the required amount to 98° F., and give by means of a feeding bottle.

Thousands of babies have been saved by this Shredded Wheat Baby Food and we have hundreds of letters expressing the gratitude of mothers. A baby will thrive on this food when its stomach rejects all other foods. It contains the life of the wheat in a digestible form. We tell you more about it in our new booklet, "Building Better Babies" which is sent free for the asking.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited
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Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East.



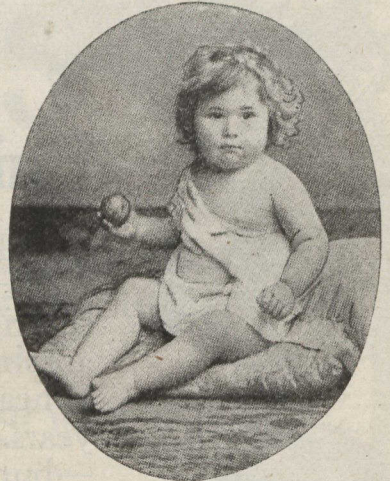
Robinson's Patent Barley

Is the ideal food for babies and children. It is nourishing, wholesome, palatable, and can be assimilated and digested by the most delicate child even when no other food can be retained.

A £50 PRIZE BABY

Mrs. Ethel Hodge, of Trafalgar Crescent, Bridlington, Yorks, writes, speaking about the boy whose picture is here reproduced:—

"He is a fine, healthy and strong boy, as shown by the photo, having been entirely fed on your "Patent" Barley and milk from three months old. He was entered in the "Daily Sketch" competition of last year, and came out top in his division, thereby winning a prize of £50.

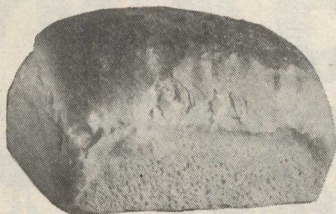


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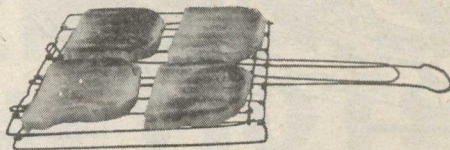
The best surprise is always Ganong's

Single Cooking

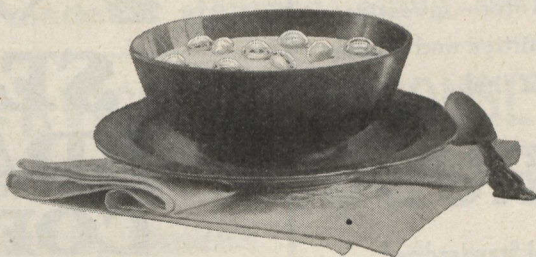


Sometimes wheat is simply baked, and in a moderate oven. That breaks up some part of the food granules. But those granules, of course, are mainly starch in any white flour product. Much of the wheat is omitted.

Double Cooking



When ease of digestion is wanted the baked bread is toasted. That breaks up more of the granules. That's why toast is suggested for breakfast. And why doctors prescribe it for maximum nourishment with minimum tax on the stomach.



Triple Cooking

Puffed Wheat is baked in super-heated ovens—at 550 degrees. It is toasted by rolling for one hour in that fearful heat. So it's baked and toasted in a matchless way.

Then it is steam exploded. A hundred million explosions—one for each granule—are caused in every grain. Thus every whole-

wheat atom is fitted for digestion as it never was before.

That's what Prof. Anderson's invention means in a hygienic way. And that's why millions of mothers serve Wheat and Rice in puffed form to their children. You will do it also when you know the facts, especially between meals and at bedtime.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

Thin, Airy, Flimsy Bubbles

These are enticing morsels. They seem to melt like snowflakes. The grains are eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread. The taste is like toasted nuts.

They are more than breakfast dainties. Use them as confections. Use them like nut meats

in candy or ice cream. Let children eat them salted, like peanuts, when at play. And by all means serve them in your evening bowls of milk.

Folks delight in these grains. All folks easily digest them. And every atom feeds.

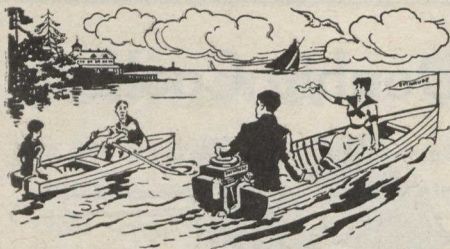
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Sole Makers

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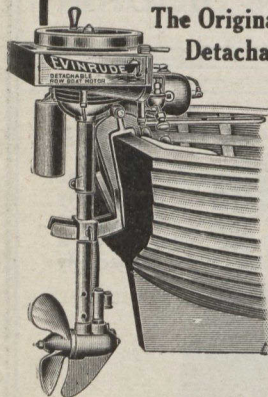


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This wonderful little motor is so simple, a child can operate it. Can be attached in a minute to a rowboat or canoe—starts with a swing of the wheel and develops a speed of from two to eight miles per hour.

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Ask your Grocer
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—Have this
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Never look rusty

Your Spring Overcoat will wear longer
and look better if the cloth from which
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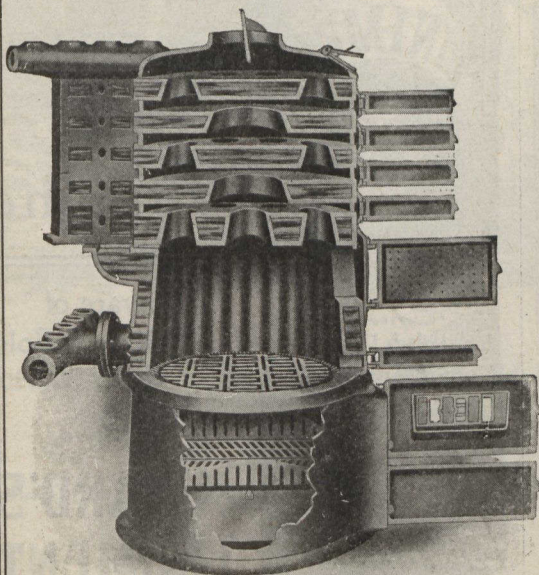
This name in gold along the edge every three yards.

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When your Architect, or the Builder of your new home, gives you the choice of any of the best boilers made, consider well the exclusive merits of the "Sovereign"—the boiler with the **larger first section** and the wide flared flues adapted for burning hard or soft coal or wood.

A little thoughtful inquiry will lead any person interested in the house heating problem directly to the "Sovereign." Ask your friends who are householders.

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The Hundred Ways Which Don't End Corns

Perhaps you say—"I've tried and tried, but found nothing that ends a corn."

You might keep trying for years, Madam. There are a hundred ways which don't. Most of them are very much alike.

But remember this:

There is one way which has removed 70 million corns. It is now removing half the corns that grow.

It's a plaster which contains a bit of wondrous wax. It ends the corn pain in a jiffy. It ends the corn itself in two days. It gently loosens the corn until it comes out without any pain or soreness.

When you merely pare corns—

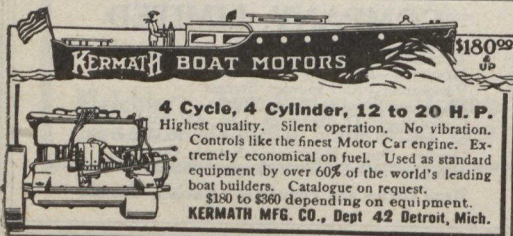
When you use some folderol—

Bear this in mind. There are folks all around you—users of Blue-jay—who never suffer corns. You are wronging yourself when you fail to do what they do.

Blue-jay Plasters

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
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Constipation How to Fight It

Constipation is man's deadliest enemy. It kills more people than war, pestilence and famine combined. It begins subtly and causes Colitis, Appendicitis, Bright's Disease, Cancer and other dread diseases. Yet—Constipation can be remedied by steady attention to daily habits, diet and exercise. This is explained in a book by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, who thus gives you results of his treatment of thousands of cases of Constipation during the nearly forty years he has been Superintendent of the great Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Dr. Kellogg is the world leader in "Preventive Medicine." He teaches you how to avoid sickness and stay well continually. Dr. Kellogg's books are not dry and technical, because—he has the happy faculty of making his writings intensely interesting and so clear and concise they can be understood by anyone. In his book on Constipation, Dr. Kellogg tells you how to rid yourself of this affliction and stay rid of it. The book is not large—only a little over 125 pages—but its contents are worth many times the price. In board covers, the price is \$1.50 but, to give the work widespread distribution, Dr. Kellogg has permitted a limited edition bound in library paper covers and, while these last, we shall sell them for **only \$1.00** postage prepaid.

Order at once, if you wish to take advantage of this offer. You take no risk sending money because, if you are not entirely satisfied, you may return the book for prompt refund. Order to-day and get relief from Constipation. Address—

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Baby's Needs Are Few

Fresh air and the right food are the principal ones. There is one golden rule in feeding Baby: "Keep as Close to Nature as Possible."

If Baby must be bottle-fed, do not rest until you have the **best** substitute for mother's milk. Let nothing but the best satisfy you!

Did you ever try to find out anything about Baby's **natural** food—its composition, and its proportion of cream? Do this, and compare the results with

Glaxo,

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and you will know why **GLAXO** is *The Best Food For Your Baby*.

GLAXO is perfectly pure. It is scientifically sterilized milk and cream, with the water removed. Add hot water and GLAXO is ready for use in a moment.

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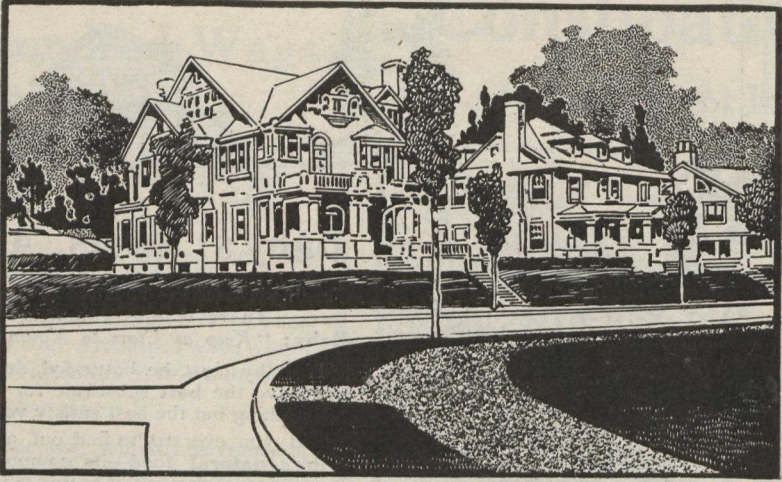
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Let's interest the man next door and the man across the street in this "Clean Up and Paint Up" Movement.

If *they* will do *their* share and go after *their* neighbors, you can all make a glorious success of this practical, helpful, sensible plan of civic improvement.

Whole-hearted co-operation is what is needed for

SPIC and SPAN WEEK

Do your part carefully and loyally. If the House looks dull, or the Porch is worn, or the Fence is scarred, a coat of "100% Pure" Paint will put your place in the Spic and Span class.

If there is any freshening or brightening to be done inside the house, Martin-Senour Paints, Stains, Varnishes and Enamels will do the work easily, satisfactorily and economically.

In fact our Dealer-Agents carry EVERYTHING you need to "Paint Up" with the good, old, reliable Martin-Senour Paints and Varnishes—MADE IN CANADA—and sold with our *personal* guarantee of satisfaction.

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Make every negative more valuable by permanently recording at the time of exposure the all important date and title. It's a simple and almost instantaneous process with an

Autographic Kodak

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MEAT
LOAF**



THIS LOAF IS MADE FROM "LEFTOVER" MEAT AND
KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 onion, grated, and stalk of celery to 1 pint rich stock, well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes, strain and pour over the softened gelatine. Add juice of a lemon, and when the jelly is beginning to set, mould in 2 cups cooked and chopped veal, chicken or other meats. Slice and serve on platter.



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Send for FREE Recipe Book

It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, and Pudding Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and your grocer's name.

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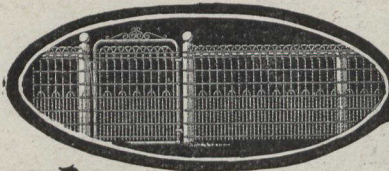
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**NON
RUSTABLE**
D & A
CORSETS

Did you contribute to the \$700,000.00 sent from Canada in 1913 to corset makers in the United States and to the \$245,000.00 paid in customs on them?

Keen Canadian Shoppers have for years bought the "D & A" and the "La Diva" Corsets in preference to the Imported, because they are better value. Justify our statement by comparing "D & A" and "La Diva" against foreign makes. Its only a few old style or prejudiced firms who do not sell these Made-in-Canada Corsets.



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Our Lawn Fence

is the highest grade fence on the market, heavier, stronger and closer spaced than any other—it is heavily galvanized and rust-proof, durable, and made by the exclusive **DENNISTEEL** method of weaving which makes it sag-proof.

Can be put up on wooden or iron posts; does not require an expert. It is self-adjusting to uneven ground; does not lose its shape.

COSTS LESS than inferior makes because it is made in enormous quantities in one of the biggest fence factories on earth.

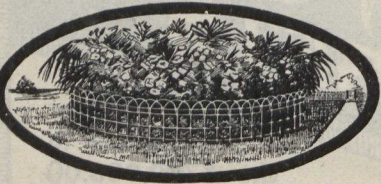
DENNISTEEL
LONDON - CANADA
Ornamental Fence Etc.

Is your home as well-fenced as it is painted? Is your front yard as attractive and as well kept as your front room?

A hundred people see the outside of your place for every dozen who get inside.

Accessories present a rare combination of **HIGH QUALITY** and **LOW** cost.

Fabric is of heavy rust-proof wires, interlocked in weaving; can never sag or slacken and is built in various attractive designs. Easy to put up on wood or iron posts.



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There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as **Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.**

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,
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There Was Only One Firm in the Whole of Canada that had *The Machines* to Make *Army Underwear Equal* to that which the *British Imperial Representative* Brought with him.

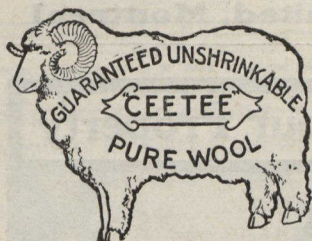
That Company was the
C. TURNBULL COMPANY

These machines are the machines that make the famous "CEETEE" Underwear that is knit to fit the human form. It is shaped in the process of knitting and it is a special process of manufacture that gives to "CEETEE" Underclothing the qualities that has earned its great reputation in Canada.

We have yet to hear of a dissatisfied user of "CEETEE" Underclothing.

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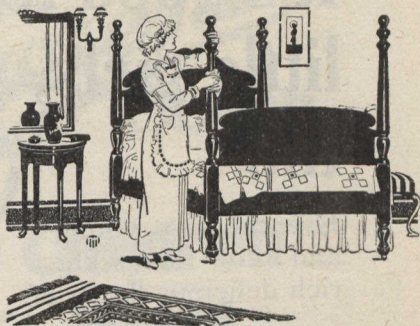
**"CEETEE"
UNDERCLOTHING**



not just because it is Made in Canada, but because you cannot buy better anywhere in the world.

**The C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited,
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Manufacturers of Turnbull's Ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children — "M" Bands for Infants and "CEETEE" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.



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OF FRESHNESS**

pervades the room after the furniture has been dusted and polished with

**I O C O
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Moisten a cloth with Ioco Liquid Gloss instead of dry dusting. It keeps the dust from the air, cleanses, polishes and disinfects. It makes old furniture and floors look like new and the whole house more livable. Ioco Liquid Gloss will polish any highly finished surface. Try it on your motor. It both cleans and preserves the varnish.

Dealers everywhere.

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It's good for
little girls,
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Everybody — young
and old — loves the
rich delicious flavor of



EDWARDSBURG "Crown Brand" CORN SYRUP

It is a daily treat—the perfect sweet. Just what the children should have on Bread—costs far less than butter or preserves. Delicious with Hot Biscuits, and Batter Cakes. Gives a new delight to Baked Apples, Blanc-Mange and Puddings. Makes the best Candy you ever tasted.

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Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless ornamental fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.

Send for free catalog. If interested, ask about our farm and poultry fencing. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

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Buy St. Lawrence Extra Granulated in bags and be sure of the finest pure cane sugar, untouched by hand from factory to your kitchen.

Bags 100 lbs., 25 lbs., 20 lbs., Cartons 5 lbs., 2 lbs.

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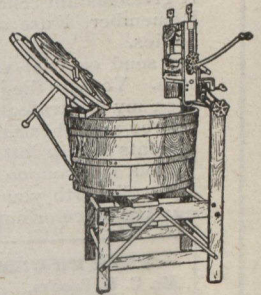
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St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

The spring house-cleaning makes ever increasing demands on the strength of the busy housewife—and the necessity of having such a convenient and useful, labor-saving article as the **CONNOR BALL BEARING WASHER**

to help out at this busy time is brought home very forcefully. Why not provide for the doing of the heavy washing in the easiest and most satisfactory way possible by writing us to-day for full particulars? We can supply a machine anywhere in Canada.

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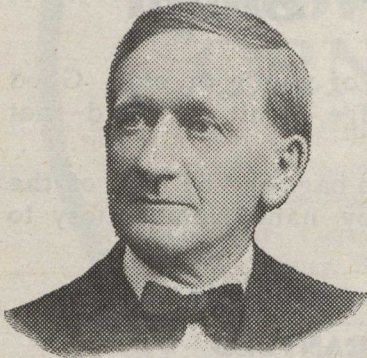
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We received the following recipe from a user of

MAPLEINE

Which she describes as "my best"

Dissolve 1 cup sugar in 1/2 cup hot water, add one teaspoonful of Mapleine.

Soak one heaping tablespoonful of Gelatine twenty minutes in 1/2 cup cold water, add 1/2 cup boiling water and stir in above Mapleine mixture; when cool stir in 1/2 cup whipped cream. Pour into molds.

After testing this recipe we offer it to you with this comment - IT IS DELICIOUS.

Grocers sell it

If yours does not, write



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Send 2c. stamp for Recipe Book



Canadian Beauty Electric Air Heater

This portable Heater is specially designed for the Spring and Fall months, as it will take the chill from the air in a good sized room in a short time, and even in moderately cold weather will heat an average sized room at little cost. It is very convenient for the bath room, nursery, den or library.

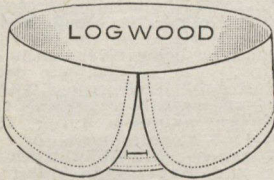
The Radiator is supplied with seven feet of Heater Cord and attachment plug and can be attached to any lamp socket.

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A medium height collar for conservative dressers
20C OR 3 FOR 50C

This collar has the perfect fitting and wearing qualities that distinguish the Red Man brand from all others. One of the most popular collars of the famous Red Man line.

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Makers of Troy's best product.



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Why accept a doubtful guarantee on roofing when you can get one signed by the largest manufacturer of roofing and building papers in the world, with a saving in cost in the long run?

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—our leading product—is guaranteed 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply and 15 years for 3-ply. We also make lower priced roofing, slate surfaced shingles, building papers, wall boards, out-door paints, plastic cement, etc.

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World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

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The Stout with the Fine Flavor

Not only pure and nourishing but it gives you a delightful flavor—free from bitterness. Order a case from any dealer. You will be convinced that no other porter can compare with Cosgrave's.

The ONLY Chill-Proof Beer.

For over half a century the Cosgrave label has meant the best in malt and hop beverages.

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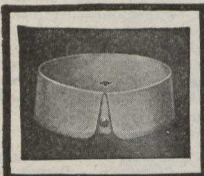
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a Symptom—NOT a Disease

"Neurasthenia," says Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, "is a symptom—not a disease—and may be relieved through correct habits of living." Speaking from the standpoint of nearly forty years as Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where he has had opportunity to observe, prescribe for and treat thousands of cases of nervousness, Doctor Kellogg is recognized as one of the foremost authorities of the world upon this subject. In his new book, "Neurasthenia or Nervous Exhaustion," Doctor Kellogg describes the different varieties of nervousness and tells how they may be successfully overcome through the cultivation of right habits of living. If you suffer from exhaustion—sleeplessness—or any other form of nervousness, you should read this book and find how you may obtain relief from such suffering. Doctor Kellogg's book is neither dry nor technical, but couched in terms which anyone may understand. Doctor Kellogg has the happy faculty of making his writings intensely interesting and most convincing. This new book contains over 250 pages, printed on fine book paper, with numerous full-page illustrations, diet tables and instructions as to relaxation, rest, exercise and sleep. The regular price of the book in board covers is \$2, but, to put the work within easy reach of all, Doctor Kellogg permits an edition in library paper covers for **only \$1 a copy.** Order to-day. We send the book promptly and fully postpaid upon receipt of remittance. You take no risk because, if you are not entirely satisfied, the book may be returned for prompt refund. Write for it to-day and find the way to relief from nerve weariness and exhaustion. Address—Goop HEALTH PUBLISHING Co., 7204 W. Main Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

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50 x 120 feet, side lane, very central, in heart of City, half block from Yonge Street, near City Hall. Ideal location for branch factory or warehouse. Reasonable Terms. Apply:—

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE - TORONTO CANADA

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 USE
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
 A SPLENDID REGULATOR
 PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

**A Perfume for the
 Most Refined Taste**



A leader amongst leaders.
 After being in use for
 NEARLY A CENTURY

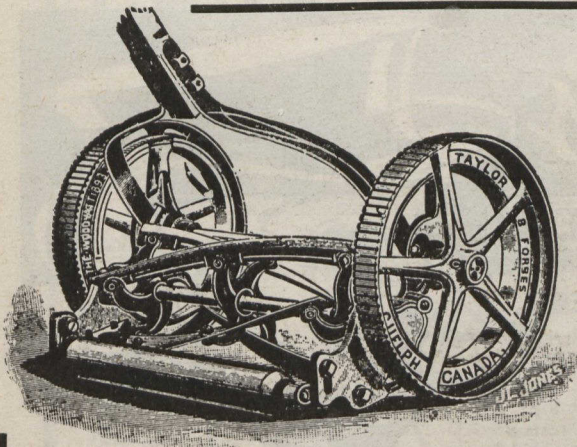
**Murray & Lanman's
 FLORIDA
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is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE,

IT is a Floral Extract of
 absolute purity and
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 it refreshes and revives as
 does no other Perfume;
 it is delightful in the Bath
 and the finest thing after
 Shaving: because it is, in
 fact, the most reliable
 and satisfactory Toilet
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Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!



Taylor - Forbes
 GUARANTEED
Lawn Mowers

Taylor-Forbes Lawn Mowers are sold by nine out of every ten Hardware Dealers in Canada and they are in

general use throughout the Dominion. There is also a large and steadily increasing demand for Taylor-Forbes Lawn Mowers in British and foreign countries where the tariff will admit of their competition with other makes of machines.

Made and guaranteed by the Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited, Guelph, Canada. For sale by nearly all the Hardware Dealers in Canada. The best known models are "Adanac," "Empress," "Woodyatt" and "Star." If your dealer has not in stock the size Taylor-Forbes Machine you want he may wire, or phone, at our expense, for immediate delivery.

**ESTABLISHED
 41 YEARS**

Are You Purchasing A Furnace This Year?

Before doing so become acquainted with the Kelsey System of Heating. The following letter speaks for itself. Read it.

Messers Jas. Smart Mfg. Co., Ltd.
Brockville, Ont.

SOREL, Que.
Jan. 15th, 1915

Gentlemen:--

I take much pleasure now in testifying to the excellent results given by the Kelsey System installed in my store and dwelling.

I had about made up my mind to instal hot water or steam heating, when your representative called on me and explained the advantages of the Kelsey over ordinary furnaces and also the fact that the Kelsey has three times as great heating surface as any other furnace with the same sized grate, and on account of its special construction, was able to warm far more air with a certain amount of fuel than any other heater; I made up my mind that Kelsey generators would be installed in my buildings.

There is no gas or smoke, and no dust escapes through the registers. The cellar is cool and the rooms are all well heated, with an amount of fuel which is surprisingly small.

If I was to instal a heating system again next year, I would certainly decide on the Kelsey.

If you have any prospective buyer in view, and would like to refer him to me for particulars re the Kelsey System, I will be pleased to give him my experience with it.

Yours sincerely,

A. LUSSIER.

Our booklet, on request, tells you all about it.

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED
WINNIPEG, MAN. BROCKVILLE, ONT.

O'Keefe's

PILSENER LAGER

"JOHN BULL" RETURNS TO BEER.

"What is the cause of the revival in popularity of Beer and Ale as table beverages?" asks the London "Pall Mall Gazette."

That there is a return of their ancient vogue in the restaurants of London is noted by Charles Pond, restaurant-owner. "Beer has been coming into fashion again for some time," he says, and the tendency is becoming more marked. I was dining in a West End restaurant last night and was surprised to notice how many men were drinking beer. People have found out, I suppose, that beer is one of the best and purest of foods, and realize its value as they have not before.

O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER

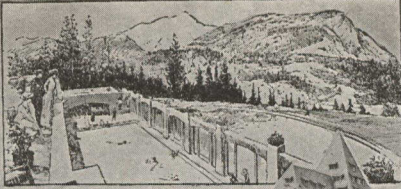
is Canada's favorite light beer. Rich in food values, delicious in flavor, mildly stimulating.

If your dealer will not supply you, phone us, Main 4202, and we will see that you are supplied at once.

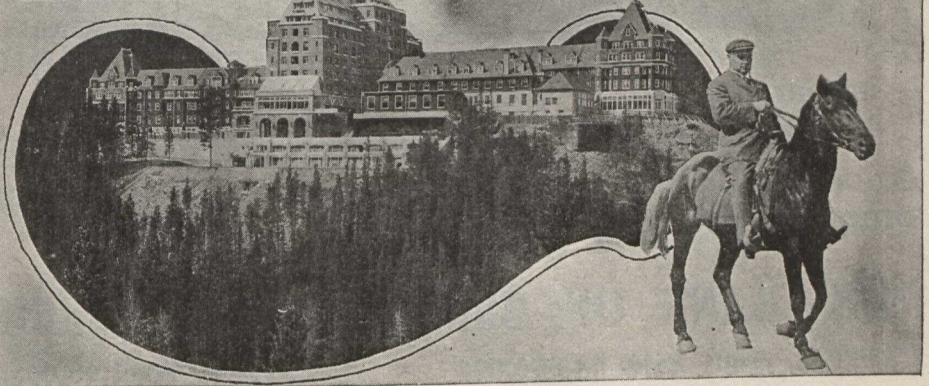
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O'KEEFE BREWERY CO LIMITED TORONTO



**Kill two birds
with one stone**



and travel via **THE**

CANADIAN ROCKIES

to the

PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION

If you are planning your 1915 trip to San Francisco, make sure your ticket reads via Canadian Pacific, otherwise you will miss the grandeur beauty of nature's most stupendous works—The Canadian Rockies.

BANFF LAKE LOUISE FIELD GLACIER

Are important tourist stop-over points on the Canadian Pacific Railway route to the Pacific Coast. These have excellent hotel accommodation, with opportunities for riding, climbing, swimming, boating and golf.

Agents will personally call on you to arrange your itinerary.

Write, phone or call on nearest C. P. R. Representative.

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WITH A HALF DAY IN OTTAWA**

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Lv. TORONTO 11.00 .. Ar. OTTAWA 7.40

P. M. A. M.
Lv. OTTAWA 11.00 .. Ar. TORONTO 7.30

(DAILY)

DAY TRAIN

A. M. P. M.
Lv. TORONTO 10.20 .. Ar. OTTAWA 7.05

NOON P. M.
Lv. OTTAWA 12.15 .. Ar. TORONTO 9.15

(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

DAY TRAINS LEAVE AT HOURS PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE TO LADIES, ALSO TO BUSINESS MEN WHO CAN ATTEND TO THEIR MORNING MAIL BEFORE LEAVING TORONTO.



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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
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☞ Where Canada's next contingent will embark ☞

Connection for Prince Edward Island, The
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Excellent Sleeping and Dining Car Service.

THE NAME BEHIND THE GOODS IS
YOUR GUARANTEE FOR THE QUALITY.



To Florida--
To Bermuda--
To California

No matter to what point you are arranging your winter trip you should plan to have the maximum of comfort and convenience as you go and while you stay.

RITE-HITE Wardrobe Trunks

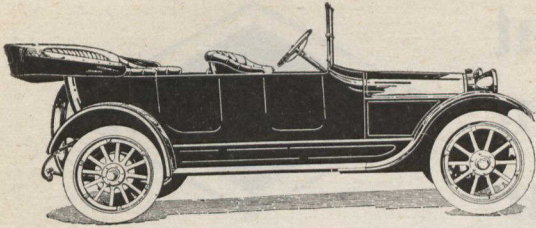
the most completely appointed and fitted trunk on the market to-day—great capacity—very compact and made for service. The prices are—
\$33, \$36, \$47.50, \$52.50, \$64, & \$70.

BERTH-HIGH Steamer Wardrobe Trunks

with a garment capacity nearly double that of any other trunk of the same size. Equally suitable for land or sea travel. The prices are --
\$32, \$36, & \$43.50.

Will be glad to demonstrate these trunks any day in our showrooms.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 King Street West, Toronto



You Want these Advantages.

Beauty of line and finish,—because you know “first impression’s” worth.

Power for every road.

Comfort, to make every mile unalloyed pleasure.

Convenience, to make motoring perpetual joy.

Economy of upkeep — low fuel and tire expense.

Service from Factory and nearest Branch, that your car may always be in first class shape.

A car Made in Canada, by Canadian experts, for Canadian roads. One that gives a dollar's worth of actual value for every dollar of its purchase price.

The Russell Six-30 Gives You All This—And More

Ride first in a Russell—
then in any other car.

Put them to identical tests. Compare their performance, point by point. Compare them in design, construction, materials, workmanship, appearance, equipment, finish.

The Canadian-built Russell is The Car
Price \$1750 f.o.b. Works.

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Russell Motor Car Company, Limited
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Branches: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg,
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“Silver Plate that Wears”



The Continental Pattern

The Continental is an example of the beauty that lies in simplicity.

Charming for its historical suggestion and most fitting to the line of

1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate—the trade mark which is an American institution.

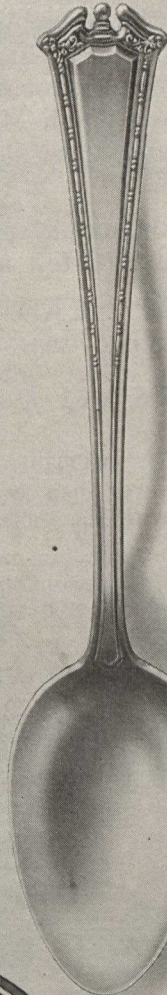
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The Company that Takes an Interest in You and Your Car After You Buy It.



Our interest in you does not cease with the closing of the sale, but extends to as long a time as you are in possession of the car. In other words we are not of the fair weather friend variety.

Every purchaser of a McLaughlin car is at all times within easy reach of a McLaughlin station. We have Agencies conveniently located from Halifax to Vancouver and in each one a McLaughlin owner is assured of prompt and careful attention to what ever his needs may be.

Every McLaughlin owner is regarded by us as a personal friend and is treated as such.

“VALVE - IN - HEAD” MOTOR

The installation and use of the “Valve-in-head” Motor in the modern McLaughlin car is but another instance of the company’s desire, not only to keep abreast but a little ahead of other manufacturers.

This “VALVE-IN-HEAD” MOTOR is guaranteed to produce and deliver more power than any other motor of equal size of ANY MAKE and with less gasoline.

The McLaughlin car is a Canadian car of which you can be truly proud to own. It is reasonably priced from \$1150 to \$2250. It would be a pleasure to demonstrate to you our new model.

Write, phone or call the nearest of our branches.

THE McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., Limited

Head Office and Factory : Oshawa, Ont.

Toronto showrooms : Cor. Richmond and Church Streets

Branches :—

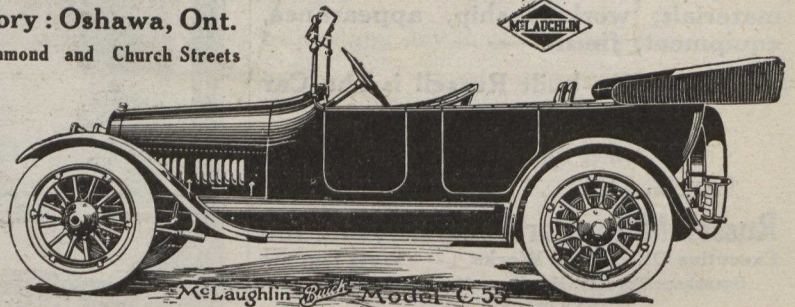
- ST. JOHN, N.B.
- MONTREAL, QUE.
- BELLEVILLE, ONT.
- TORONTO, ONT.
- HAMILTON, ONT.
- LONDON, ONT.
- CALGARY, ALTA.
- EDMONTON, ALTA.
- REGINA, SASK.
- SASKATOON, SASK.
- WINNIPEG, MAN.
- VANCOUVER, B.C.



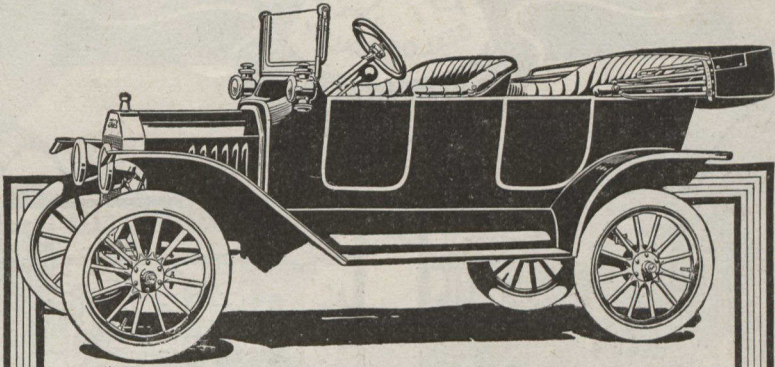
**MADE
IN
CANADA**

This Name
Plate on your
Car is your
protection
and the
Guarantee of
our responsi-
bility.

Literature
gladly
mailed
upon request



McLaughlin Carriage Co. Model C 55



"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car Price \$590

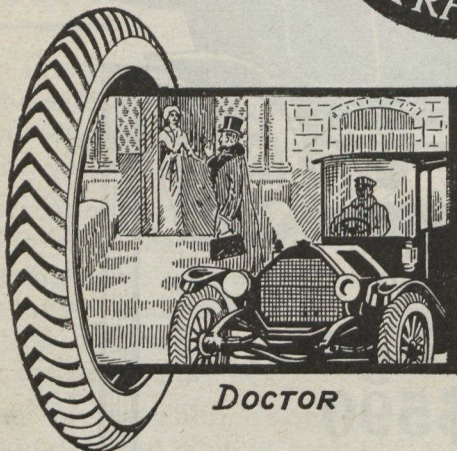
Prices of other Ford cars are :
Two - passenger Runabout \$540,
Two - passenger Coupelet \$850,
Five - passenger Sedan \$1150. All
cars fully equipped, including elec-
tric headlights. Prices F. O. B.
Ford, Ont. Buyers of all Ford cars
will share in our profits if we sell
30,000 cars between August 1,
1914 and August 1, 1915. Write
Ford Factory, Ford, Ontario,
for catalogue (E - 1.)



66
Cubic
Inches
Larger



Never
Did
Rim
Cut



DOCTOR



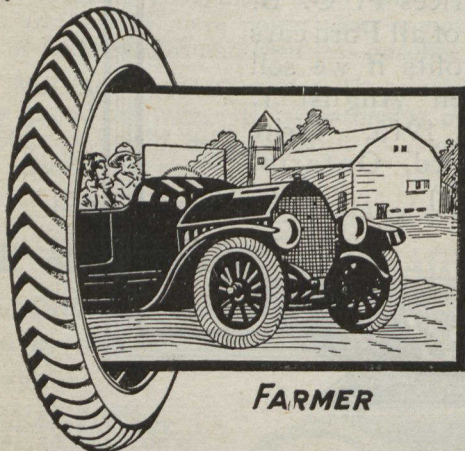
MERCHANT

It matters not who the car owner is, he wants two things: Safety, Service.

BECAUSE he gets these two and many others from Dunlop Traction Treads you find the car owner, whether he is Doctor, Merchant, Farmer or Manufacturer, one of the many seen driving cars equipped with the "Most Envied Tire In All America."

Speed for the Doctor.
Reliability for the Merchant.
Comfort for the Farmer.
Durability for the Manufacturer.
SAFETY-FOR-ALL

And these hosts of motorists not only travel in perpetual safety, but they never hear anything about rim-cutting, insufficient air capacity, etc., unless their acquaintances whose cars are unequipped with Dunlop Traction Treads tell them their tire troubles.



FARMER



MANUFACTURER

T. 94

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS COMPANY, Limited

Head Office: TORONTO

Branches in Leading Cities

Makers of Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Carriages,
Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling and General Rubber Specialties.

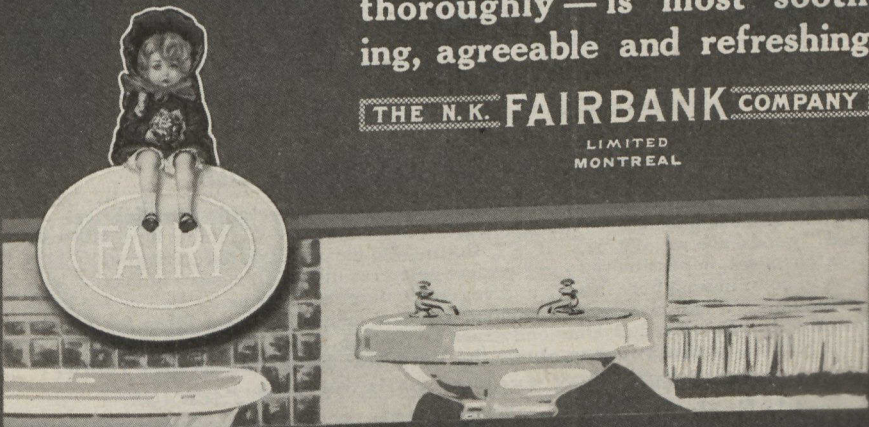


For a
Refreshing
Bath

FAIRY SOAP

is white and pure—made of choice materials. The cake fits the hand; it floats. Its rich, creamy lather, cleansing thoroughly—is most soothing, agreeable and refreshing.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL



“Have You a Little ‘Fairy’ in Your Home?”

Make the Clothes you don't like your Favorites.

DIAMOND DYES enable you to convert your clothes from displeasing garments into fascinating stylish ones that look like new.

The two women, whose letters are reproduced below, did this, and you can also use DIAMOND DYES with complete success.

Mrs. L. H. Crossman, writes:

"I send you a picture which shows my last season's suit, I recently dyed with DIAMOND DYES.

"It used to be mouse gray, and I quickly became very tired of it and felt that it was the most homely suit that I had ever owned. I dyed it a deep blue with DIAMOND DYES and now I think it is one of the handsomest suits I have ever worn.

"The operation of recoloring it was simple and easily accomplished. I shall use DIAMOND DYES frequently in the future."



Mouse Gray Suit Dyed
Blue

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them."

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water.

Mrs. S. E. Camerson, writes:

"I had a plaid gown that got on my nerves. You know how it is sometimes—things will just annoy you until they almost drive you frantic. I have often thought that I should have better sense than to let a garment effect me so. I was going to give the gown away, although the material in it was of very high quality, and it really was just as good as the day it was bought. I saw one of your advertisements, and it made me think how stupid I was not to dye the gown.

"I did dye it with 'DIAMOND DYES for Wool or Silk,' and it is now a very handsome solid black. You can publish my picture if you wish."



Plaid Gown Dyed
Black

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton and Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or "**Mixed**" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics. It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

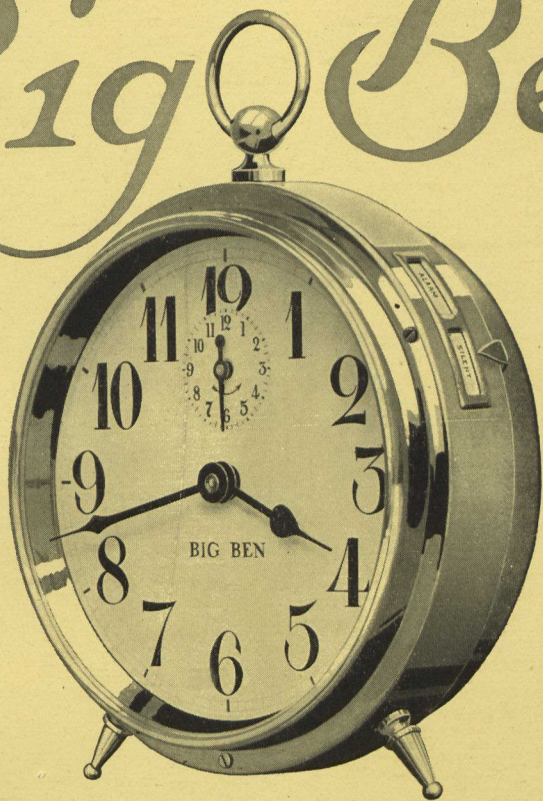
We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool or Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods** to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY Fabric.**

DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

Big Ben



For That Big Monday

RIGHT after that short Saturday—for a running start at that bunch of work Monday morning, and a prompt get-away at five-thirty to a hot dinner at home—Big Ben.

Set him for any hour you wish. He will have you at the desk at any time you say—with one straight five-minute ring that

can't miss fire or with ten gentler taps every other half minute for ten minutes.

Big Ben stands seven inches high with a clear, deep-toned bell, large black hands and bold numerals which show up clearly in the dim early light.

His price is \$2.50 in the States—\$3.00 in Canada. See him at your dealer's. If not there, a money order to his makers, "Westclox, La Salle, Illinois," will bring him to your address—postpaid.

After Once Experiencing

—the comfortable, well-fed feeling, and easy poise of the nerves that generally follow a few weeks' regular use of

Grape-Nuts and Cream

One does not easily forget it.

The exceptional flavor and crispness of Grape-Nuts were never better than now.

**"There's a Reason"
for Grape-Nuts**

Sold by Grocers everywhere

IT'S a clean shave
and a quick one
when you use

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER STICK - POWDER - CREAM

No "rubbing-in" with the fingers is necessary—and you have your choice of method—Stick, Powder or Cream. Always a plentiful, softening lather—always a comfortable shave with Colgate's

Send us 4 cents in postage for a generous trial size of any one.

COLGATE & CO. ³²⁰⁹

Dept. P
Drummond Bldg., Montreal

It's a long, long, way to
anything better than

Mackintosh's Toffee

Ask for Mackintosh's
the Toffee of Quality.

THE SEASON'S SPECIALS—

**Allied Toffee
Toffee de Luxe
Tipperary Toffee**

Made in England by

JOHN MACKINTOSH Ltd., HALIFAX

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32-34 Front St. West, Toronto

A Sample sent on Receipt of 7c.

Taylor's

**BLUE
BIRD
PERFUME**

DISTILLED IN CANADA
"THE PERFUME
OF HAPPINESS"
MEDALS 38 AWARDS
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.
TORONTO