

JANUARY, 1913

THE *Editorial*  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

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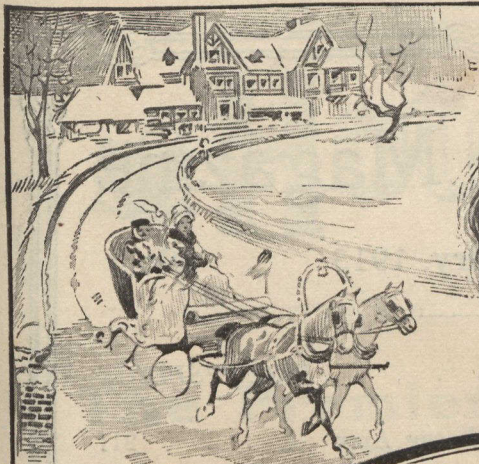
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Vol. XL.

Contents, January, 1913

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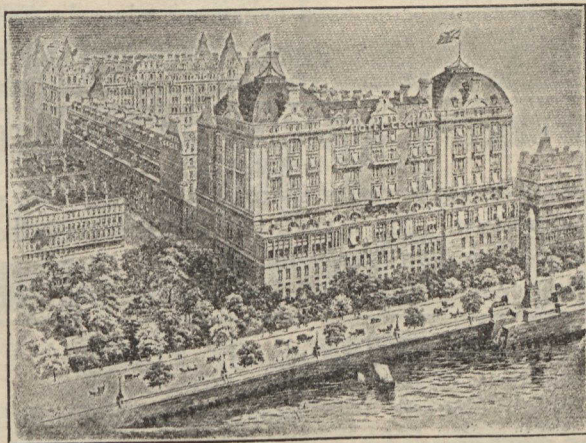
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Mr. Carman finds in the Archives at Ottawa material for inspiring a national spirit, and he shows the great work that already has been done in collecting and preserving records of immense public and national interest.

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BY CLIFFORD WATSON BROWN

This is a stirring account of the capture of a fine specimen of the Monarch of the Rockies. There are excellent reproductions of photographs.

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## A DECADE OF CANADIAN POETRY

BY J. D. LOGAN

Dr. Logan, not inaptly, has chosen the sobriquet "The Vaudeville School," which he applies, without derision, to the great majority of the poets of this period. His Essay will be read with profound interest.

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## THE SHELL MINES OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

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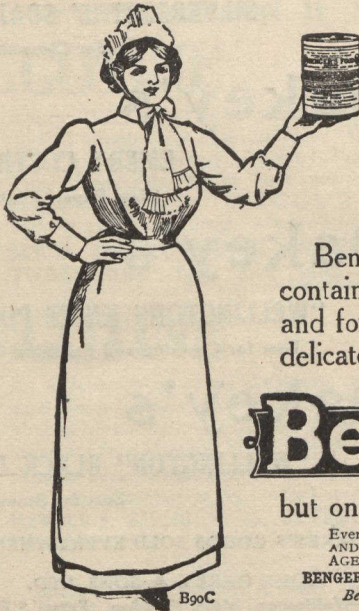
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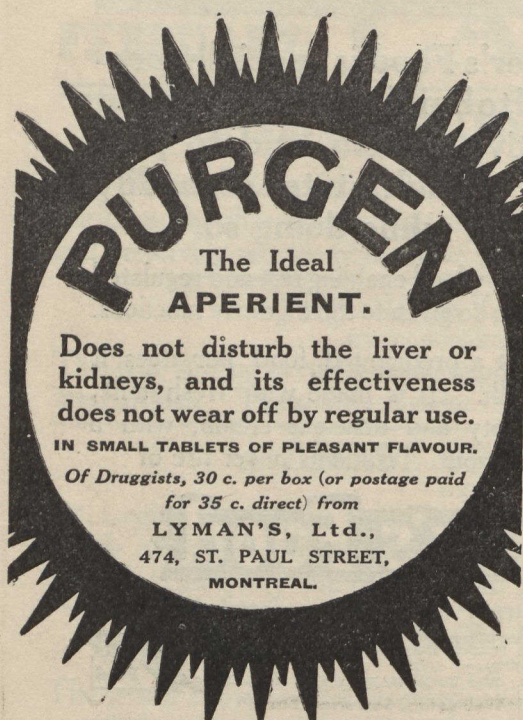
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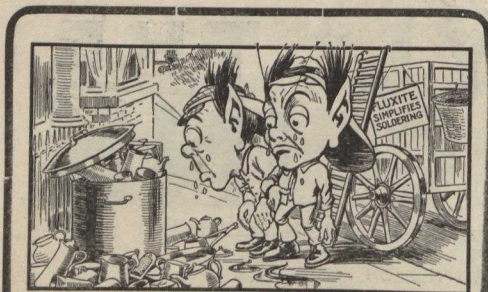
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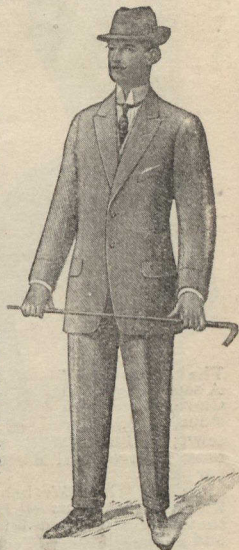
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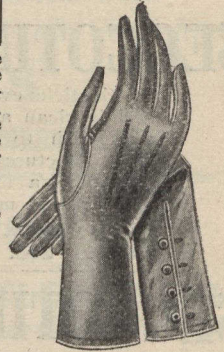
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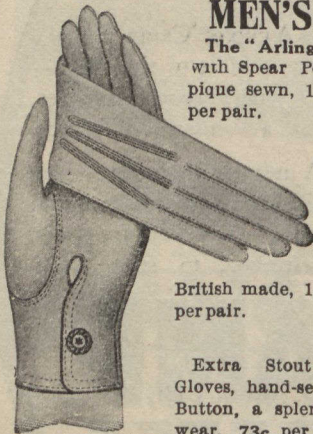
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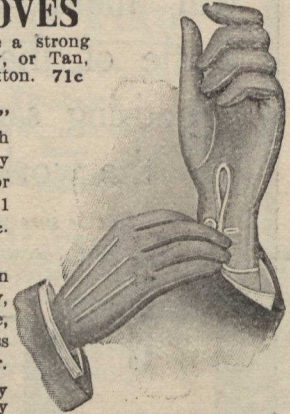
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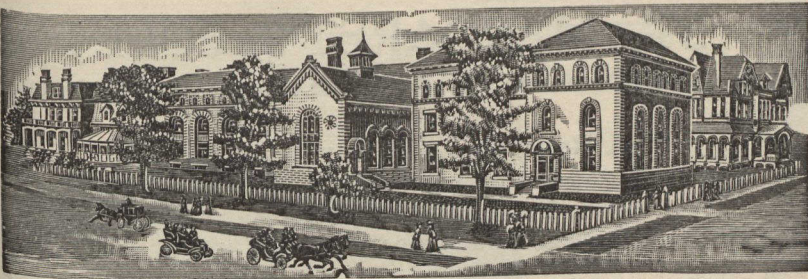
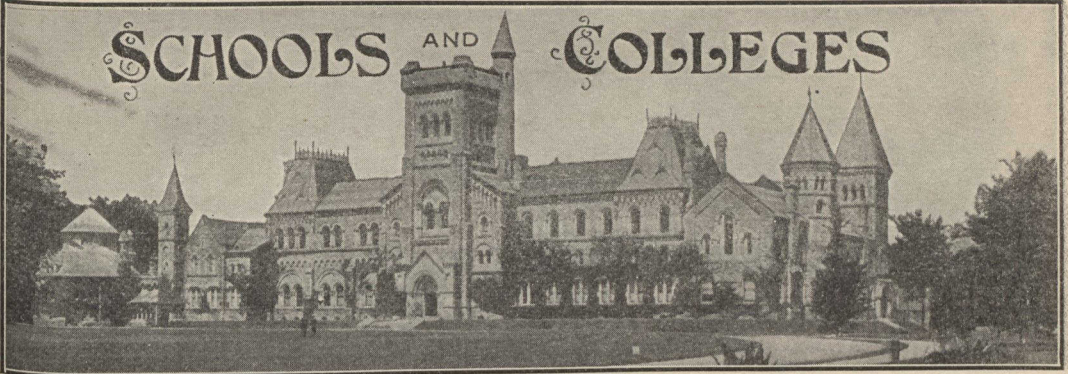
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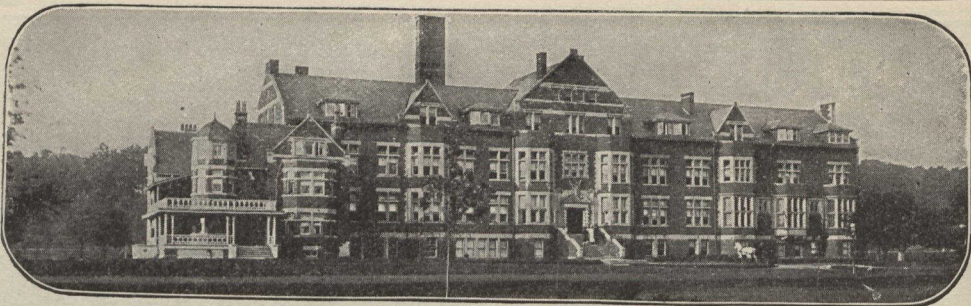
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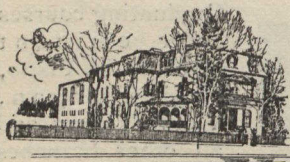
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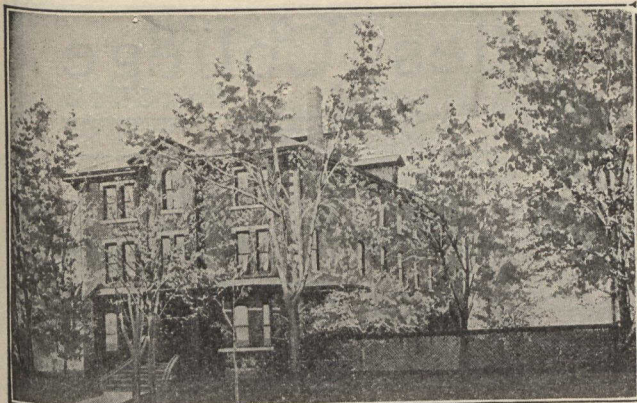
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Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training throughout the course special attention given to younger boys.

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# Bishop's College School



**LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.**

**Head Master: J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.**

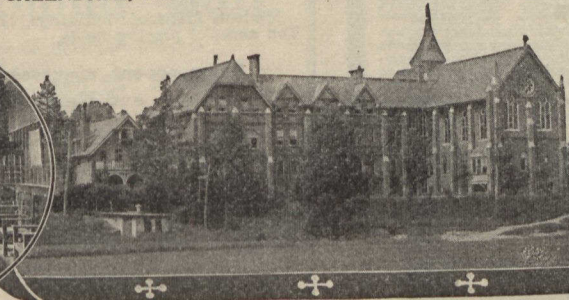
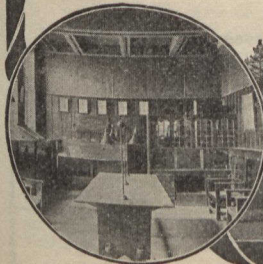
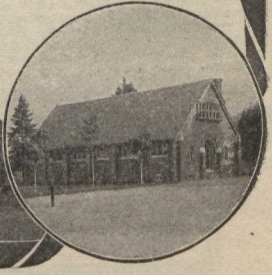
Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business, have been educated at Bishop's College School.

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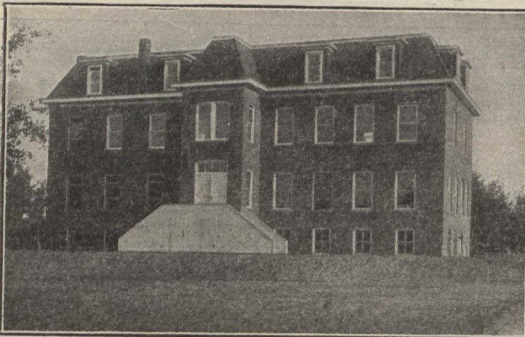
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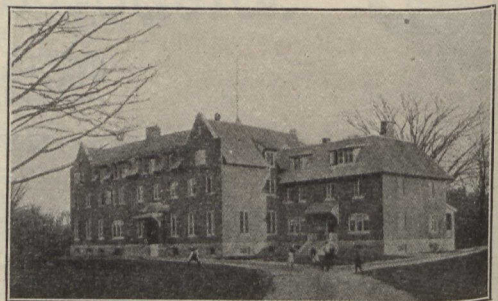
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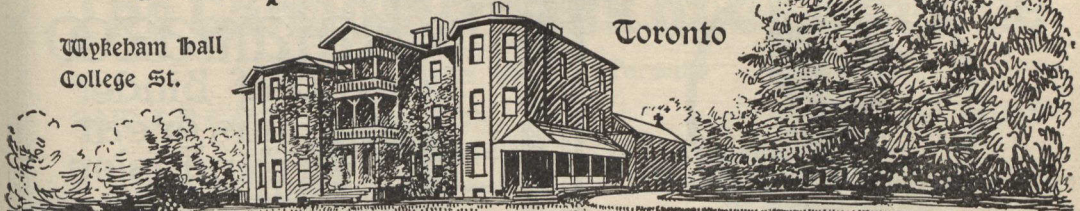
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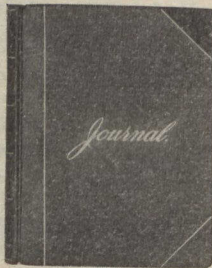
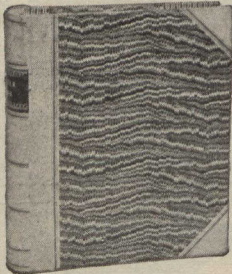
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has great expansion

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# The Canadian Bank of Commerce

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PAID UP CAPITAL \$15,000,000

REST \$12,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C. V. O., D. C. L., LL. D., President

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager

JOHN AIRD, Asst. General Manager

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce by reason of its large number of branches in every Province of Canada with direct representation in London, England, New York, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Oregon, Mexico and St. John's, Newfoundland and with Agents and Correspondents in every part of the world, is able to offer unsurpassed facilities to the travelling public, enabling them to obtain money in the simplest way at any point on their journey the world over. The Travellers' Cheques and Letters of Credit issued by this Bank overcome the annoying difficulties of obtaining funds abroad, especially in places where identification is difficult.

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# BANK OF HAMILTON

HEAD OFFICE:

HAMILTON

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

RESERVE AND UNDI-

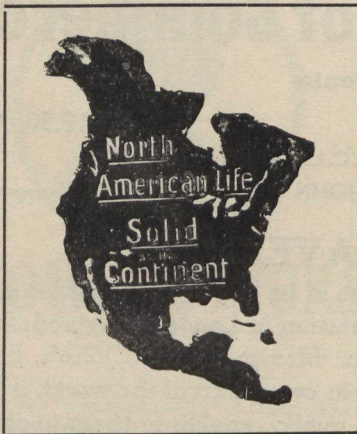
VIDED PROFITS ... 3,500,000

\$6,500,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$45,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL  
BRANCHES





## What Shall I Give?

Christmas brings with it the gift-problem. Like every other man, you are puzzled to know exactly how to spend your money to best advantage.

Let us make a suggestion.

Why not present your wife and children or your father and mother with a sound, fully paid-for Life Insurance Policy?

Other gifts may be more ornamental; few would be more acceptable. In the event of your death, such a Policy might stand between your loved ones and poverty.

North American Life Policies cover the whole range of Insurance needs. They give maximum protection at a minimum cost.

Consult a representative of the

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Are you a systematic saver? These are times of great prosperity. Anyone can earn a good income now. But it is in times of prosperity that the prudent man lays firm the foundations which will resist the waves of adversity when they come. You will never have a better chance of putting a buttress of savings between you and the wolf of hard times than in the year 1913.

### Will you avail yourself of the Opportunity?

There is no better way than to regularly and systematically deposit a portion of your income each week or month. This old-established, strong, sound institution is a convenient and unusually safe place in which to make such deposits. It has been and is the custodian of the savings of many thousands of well-satisfied depositors.

It receives deposits of one dollar and upwards and allows interest at

### Three and One-Half per cent.

per annum, compounded twice a year.

By law Executors and Trustees are authorized to deposit Trust Funds with this corporation.

Begin the New Year by opening a deposit account with

### Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street, - Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1855.

# The Uncertainty of The Future

Actual statistics show that only six per cent. of those who reach old age accumulate sufficient funds to maintain themselves in comfort without the aid of relatives and friends.

And yet this contingency is one that can be readily met by the exercise of a little self-denial in using a comparatively small part of each year's income to purchase one of the attractive Endowment policies of

## The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - - WATERLOO, ONT.

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

with which is united The Traders Bank of Canada.

Capital Authorized - \$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up - 11,500,000

Reserve Funds - \$ 12,500,000  
Total Assets - 175,000,000

## HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

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D. K. Elliott	W. H. Thorne	T. J. Drummond
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C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

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**The Reason** the Company has been able to pay satisfactory profits is because it has been continuously foremost in those features from which profits are derived.

In 1911 Interest Earnings 7.33 per cent.  
Death Rate 34 per cent of expected.  
Expenses decreased 2.50 per cent.

**Agents Wanted:** to give either entire or spare time.

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Incorporated In 1851

ASSETS,	\$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES,	469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company  
\$54,069,727.16

**DIRECTORS:**

Hon. GEO. A. COX, President  
W. R. BROCK, Vice-President  
W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director

Head Office: - Toronto

# Esterbrook Steel Pens

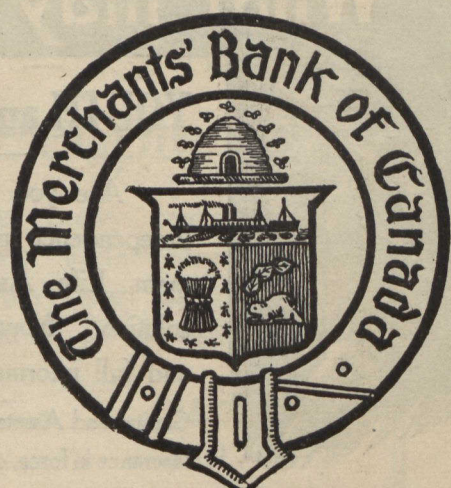
250 Styles

The fact that pens have a real and appreciable effect on human efficiency and comfort, recommends the use of only the best --Esterbrook Pens.

The standard of the world.

Smoothest writing, longest wearing. At all stationers.

Write for illustrated booklet.  
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Works: Camden, N. J.  
Brown Bros., Ltd., Can. Agts., Toronto



Paid-up Capital - - \$6,700,000  
Reserve Funds - - 5,900,000

186 Branches in Canada.  
Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

**Savings Department at all Branches.**

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates

**General Banking Business.**

# THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	- - -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- - -	138,046.68

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager

A General Banking Business Transacted.

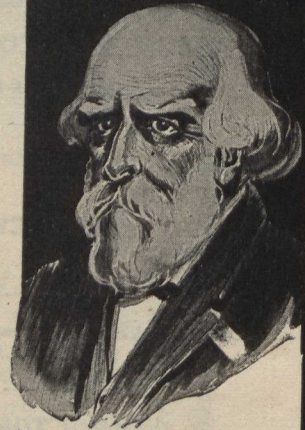
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### YOUTH and OLD AGE.

Are you providing for your independence in old age — Endowment Life Assurance offers the solution. May we send you rates and full information.

Capital and Assets - \$ 4,513,949.53  
Insurance in force, over \$21,000,000.00



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HEAD OFFICE . HAMILTON, CANADA .



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Head Office—TORONTO—January 1913

## Incorporated 1855

This Bank has for over 57 years provided for both business and private accounts a satisfactory and continuous banking service.

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may deposit and withdraw money at any time. Our Assets of over \$58,000,000 give assurance of unquestioned safety, and Interest is added to balances twice a year.

## Business People

are offered the advantage of our many years of experience, our ample resources, wide connections, complete facilities in every department, and careful consideration of their best interests at all times.

Capital,	-	-	-	\$5,000,000
Reserved Funds	-	-	-	\$6,176,578
Assets	-	-	-	over \$58,000,000

116 Branches in Ontario, Quebec and the West

# 1912

**THE**  
**NORTHERN**  
**Life Assurance**  
**Co. of Canada**

**HEAD OFFICE**  
London, Ont.

**JOHN MILNE**  
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The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

Corresponding gains in every department.

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These Results show what "the best in Life Insurance" really means.

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Over \$82,000,000 in force

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WITH DETERMINATION  
**SCOURS**  
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WITH DESPATCH



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ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS COMPANY  
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

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Demand pure fruit products—fruit gathered, selected and conveyed to the factory under strict supervision, where it is then prepared and cooked in absolute cleanliness.

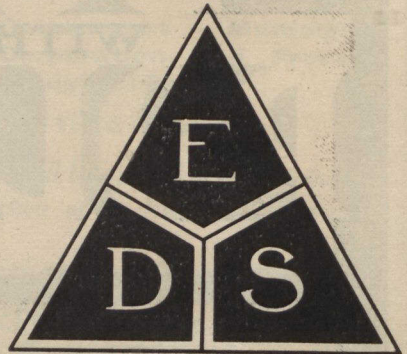
# E. D. S. PRESERVES

meet these strongest requirements to the last degree. They are 100% pure and have the luscious, fresh ripe, fruit flavor, which is often lost in other brands, not so well cared for, and by the addition of coloring and harmful preservative preparations. E. D. S. Brand Preserves, Jams and Jellies do not contain a vestige of any sort of preservative.

SEE THAT YOUR GROCER GIVES YOU  
E. D. S. BRAND

Made by

**E. D. Smith** at his own  
fruit farms **Winona, Ont.**



## The Royal Military College

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

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

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





Dordrecht '90.

*J. M. Barsley*

Drawing by J. M. Barsley

AT DORDRECHT, HOLLAND



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XL

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1913

No. 3



BOHUNKS ON THE WAY TO WORK

## THE LIFE OF THE BOHUNK

BY W. LACEY AMY

DEEP in the Northern Rockies, five hundred miles from a moving picture show, a bakeshop, or a brass band, seven or eight thousand men toil slowly onward, each foot of progress taking them farther from civilisation, but cutting the way for civilisation that will follow closely on their footsteps. There are three gangs, two of them ever tramping—one going in, the other coming out—

and the third at work, blasting, digging, hewing, hammering.

Next week the personnel of the gangs is changed. The workers of to-day are tramp-tramping out through the mountain passes; and their places are taken by those who were plodding westward.

The bohunk is a species, the tramp of the industrial world, the *ennuied* new-rich of the labouring classes. His



HOW THE BOHUNK TRAVELS AT ONE CENT A MILE

feet and hands are his sole items of capital, and he uses them alternately, now digging, now walking, neither content to give way for long time to the other.

Out at Edmonton the bohunk lounges into one of the score of employment offices that crowd the streets around the railway station, makes a few inquiries about wages, signs a paper that adds nothing to his obligations as he conceives them, boards a Grand Trunk Pacific train at a cent a mile—if he is fortunate enough to have the money—and a couple of days later jumps stiffly into the heart of the mountains and looks around for the work he has come to perform. If he has not been able to purchase a ticket to the End of Steel, he rides as far as he can afford and then trusts to his feet. Fortunately the need of men in that provisionless country is so great that the contractors allow few to walk westward. Eastward it is different.

A hundred bohunks, loaded with bundles, from a bandana handkerchief to a trunk, tumble from the train at Fitzhugh, which is officially the End of Steel. Another train of flat and box cars is waiting there for the tedious, dangerous climb to the summit and the glide down the fifty miles beyond. Over these cars they distribute themselves where comfort offers most, and ten hours later are glad to strike the solid grade again at Mile 52, B.C. Here a siding has been built, and on it stands a long row of box cars converted by the most simple process into bedrooms and dining-rooms that fulfil all the requirements for rest and refreshment for the night.

A mile farther on, at the real End of Steel, where the Fraser River broadens into navigation for the long trip of three hundred miles down to Fort George, stands the main camp of the big contractors of construction. A labour office is there, and those





THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE TRACK LAYERS

who have not already signed their contracts push their way to a wicket and make their mark. Italians, Hungarians, Swedes, Russians, Poles, and a few Englishmen pass this wicket by thousands, to find work awaiting them at any time.

Those who are making for the grade where the "grade gang" stretches out over the next hundred miles of wilds, find their way there by following the freshly constructed grade, or are taken down in scows or gasolene launches. The other two



THE BEGINNING OF NAVIGATION ON THE FRASER RIVER

gangs of construction, the track layers and the finishers, pick up their reinforcements as the men pass through to the larger crowd on grade.

All through the trip in from Edmonton a few big, impressive men have been moving among the crowd of incoming bohunks, encouraging,



READING TENT IN A BOHUNK CAMP

## THE LIFE OF THE BOHUNK



THE HEAD CAMP AT MILE 53, BRITISH COLUMBIA

answering questions, picturing the pleasures of the life ahead and the profit of the work. At every stop beyond Fitzhugh another of the same kind adds a word. To the bohunk the coming life is to be one of easy work, grateful consideration from

the bosses, and lots of money to make one grand spree of the next trip out. These "man-catchers" know their work and the men with whom they deal.

It would be expected that away in there so far from redress the for-



BOHUNKS RESTING DURING LUNCHEON HOUR



THE BOHUNK'S MORNING ABLUTION

eigners would experience a rude awakening. They do awaken; they do change their minds and long for the outer world once more. But it is seldom the fault of the contractors, the big firm of Foley, Welch and Stewart, or of the sub-contractors who have taken over the work in small pieces. A bohunk would tire of a couch beside a dining-room table.

His wage runs from \$2.75 to \$3.50 a day, with a deduction of one dollar for meals and sometimes a dollar a month for hospital attendance. The rest is clear profit if the bohunk wishes it. His table fare surpasses anything he will ever taste elsewhere, and his bed is as comfortable as he would know how to use. The work is steady and never strenuous. The hours are from seven to six, with

the time for luncheon that is required to get him to camp, give him an hour there, and carry him back. As the camps are sometimes six or eight miles from the work the luncheon hour spins into two or more, with a ride on a flat car each way.

The providing of food for these thousands of men reveals more clearly than anything else the completeness of the system of railway construction. Hundreds of miles from the prairie into the mountains herds of cattle are driven and kept there under the charge of cowboys wherever grass can be found. A herd of hundreds of fat steers wanders through the valley at Tete Jaune Cache, with two or three cowboys rounding it up at night and cutting out those required for slaughter. Un-

til the railway reached navigation every pound of provisions had to be carried in over the tote road built by the contractors for this purpose. The road will soon be lost and forgotten in the twists and turns of the new railway or covered up by the mountain slides, but its construction through the Yellowhead Pass was only a smaller bit of engineering ingenuity than the railway grade itself.

In the food they provide the contractors realise that they possess one of the strongest inducements for steady work. Nothing but a railway contractor could afford the table of the construction camp. For days I ate the same fare as the bohunks all around me—hundreds of us under the same roof—and in variety of food, in quality of cooking, in abundance there was nothing lacking. A camp chef receives his hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, and at fifty dollars a month he has all the assistants he desires. It is a matter of preference with most of the chefs that they are not at some large city hotel. In the kitchens a battery of four or five large ranges flanks the wall, long, tin-covered tables fill the centre of the room, and every tin and pot known in cookdom is there. Hot water is provided by a pipe running from the stoves into a couple of large barrels. In the matter of convenience there is nothing to prevent meals that would be served elsewhere in French on an embossed menu card.

A representative meal, such as I was served in several camps, commenced with soup—and not restaurant soup, either. In the wilds they would not stand for that. Beef and ham were the meats, and often eggs as well, the beef usually cooked in two ways. Invariably there were two vegetables, one of them being potatoes, natural, if they could be obtained, or desiccated if the supply ran out unexpectedly; the other vegetable was usually turnips, tasty, well-cooked turnips. For desert there

was a milk pudding and two kinds of pie—apple and cocoanut—as well as a couple of varieties of cake or cookie. Morning, noon and night tea and coffee were served, bread and butter, the latter canned, but as good as fresh; and on the tables were pickles, catsup and sometimes chili sauce. In general the three meals of the day vary little, except that for breakfast there is a cereal, and for supper two kinds of canned fruit. Right in the midst of the mountains I have eaten ice cream, lobster salad, pie with whipped cream, raspberries with cream, and cake with ornamental icing; but they are not usual on the bohunk's bill of fare; he would scarcely give thanks for them.

In the dark granite dishes there are few chips, and never is there a shortage of cutlery, cups or plates. On the tables large pots contain the tea and coffee, distinguished only by their odor. Behind each long table stand a couple of "cookees" or "funkies," whose duty is to fill the plates and pots as they empty, and to clean up each place as soon as it is vacated. The meat house outside is a netting-covered shack; in that air the meat keeps thus for days. Although the lakes around teem with trout it is only by dynamiting that sufficient can be captured to feed a large camp—a fracture of the law which many a chef and cookee risks.

The men purchase tickets for their meals and must present them at the door of some camps to enable the cookee who stands there to protect the camp from the wandering labourers. Anyone but an employe must pay fifty cents a meal or present a letter from the contractor. At Mile 53, the main camp of the Pass at the present time, a narrow gangway like a platform for loading cattle runs up to the "grub-house" door, and through this each of the three hundred bohunks must pass single file and show his ticket.

The bunk-houses are shacks of logs with canvas covering, in which the

bunks are built along the sides. On these boughs or dirty straw form the mattress; the bohunk supplies his own blankets. It is not the royal suite of a high-class hotel, for the bohunk supplies many other things besides his blankets, but it is better than he lay in last month and may be looked back to with longing next month. Over his head is canvas, sometimes a very tough, waterproof material, called buckyre, and sometimes the home-made shingles that locally go by the name of "shakes." On the many beautiful nights of the mountain summer, there could be nothing better than the ground outside.

At six in the morning the first bell rings. A camp bell is a six-foot drill bent into a triangle. On this the cookee clangs with another drill, or, where real music is appreciated, such as in an engineers' camp, with a wooden stick. That first bell never seems to fulfil any purpose in a construction camp except as a reminder that there is but a half-hour's sleep longer. Nobody rises. All the awakened sleepers do is to curse in their respective languages at the overzealous efforts of the cookee. At six-thirty the last ringing alters things. The bohunk pushes aside his blanket, pulls on his boots, and is in the dining-room three minutes later. Some of them wash for breakfast—that is proven by the illustration; but the three bohunks pictured had just come into camp and still had a towel and a past.

At the table they never talk. Most of them would not be able to make themselves understood by their neighbours. They just eat, earnestly, seriously, quickly, and plentifully. Invariably I was the last to leave the table, and Fletcher is not a personal friend of mine. While I would be helping myself to my first piece of pie the last bohunk would straggle out, leaving me to the hurrying glances of a dozen cookees impatient to commence preparations for the next meal.

The day's work commences when the bohunk presents himself at grade at seven, ready to walk or be carried to the place of operations. It may be an hour later before he wields a shovel—and when he does it requires some imagination to discover where he earns his three dollars a day by his work. Some time before noon he quits work for the journey back to camp, where an hour is always allowed him, however long the trip takes.

At night, unless there is a demand for special work (for which he receives extra pay), he is free to do what he likes. In that northern country there is daylight in the summer until ten-thirty, and the bohunk is not the weary labourer of popular imagination. His evening he fills with a visit to the end-of-steel village, or he loafs around the camp with another bohunk with whom he is able to converse.

In his fights he is more strenuous than in his work. An Italian and a Pole seldom see eye to eye when they happen to be sufficiently interested in each other to try it; and both exhibit little reluctance in filling up the chasm of conversation with a knife or pistol. The Swede prefers his fists, the Italian a knife, the Pole and Russian a revolver, and the Hungarian uses anything from a rock to his teeth. Whichever is at hand is utilised solely with the idea of speedily ending the engagement. The only sign of defeat is a *hors de combat* condition. Without these fights the life of the bohunk would be a wearisome existence.

At the end of his month—or perhaps he remains two months—the bohunk is possessed of one idea. Railway construction, or, at least, construction in that particular locality, is the worst job he has ever toiled at, he thinks. And the next day finds him shouldering his baggage for the long tramp out. Endless lines of departing labourers dot the grade eastward or trail along the

tote road high up on the mountain sides. Loaded with valises or trunks, fore and aft, they move in twos or threes or half-dozens, quiet, solemn, dogged, looking forward only to getting away from the old life. Weeks and sometimes months they plod along right back to Edmonton and uncertainty. Any kind of clothing satisfies, any kind of gait, any place to sleep, any load of luggage makes no difference. If they have fulfilled their contract they may possess a letter from the contractors that will provide them meals at the construction camps they pass; if not, they must trust to luck and what little money they may have saved from the end-of-steel village.

One sturdy bohunk at the head of a string of six ploughed past me under a load of a trunk and a suit case in front and behind; and those trunks were larger than steamer trunks. Behind him came one wearing two hats and two coats. One day a bohunk came stolidly along minus his trousers. As he could speak a few words of English he explained that, being warm, he had removed his trousers and had tied them on the stick at his back with his suit cases. When he came to look for them on approaching Mile 29 they were not there. As there was a store right ahead and little chance of finding the trousers had he gone back for them, he decided to purchase a new pair. The old ones had probably served their time. All along the tote road dirty underclothing and overalls and hats, some of them neither old nor ragged, adorn the trees. When an undershirt really demands washing it is simpler when on trail to throw it away; and it lightens the load.

Frequently the returning bohunk clamours at the injustice of paying four cents a mile out when he went in at one cent, but the contractors leave no doubt of their desire to place every obstacle in the way of the departing workman. Even at the four-cent rate hundreds use the flat cars

or colonist cars that are precariously run over the uncompleted track.

Returning one Sunday from the End of Steel I had for companions five colonist cars packed with bohunks. More than four hundred men were taking advantage of the train to leave the work, and the train agent was seizing the opportunity to make a few dollars for himself. From every check that was presented, save those of the Grand Trunk Pacific, he deducted five per cent. for cashing it. Since there is little cash in the Pass, almost every bohunk was forced to pay by means of his month's check. In the baggage car I watched the agent counting out a pile of checks he could scarcely hold in one hand. He was willing to admit that it was one of his profitable days.

Part of what was left of the bohunk's check was finding its way into the bank account of the news agent. On this train there is no provision made for feeding the fleeing labourer, and the newsy undertakes to fill the need—without much sacrifice to himself. A sandwich costs twenty cents, a small tin of sardines or canned beef or a pound of dry soda biscuits twenty-five cents, a piece of apple pie that has forgotten its crisp period ten cents, a dozen apples seventy-five cents, and a dozen oranges a dollar. The jolly voice of the newsy as he shouts through the cars, "Yellowhead apples, Fraser oranges, Tete Jaune bananas, good cigars and bum cigars," is proof that he is not dissatisfied with his lot. Never yet has he carried back to Edmonton any part of that with which he started, and his sandwiches last only part of the way to End of Steel. The previous newsy is now on a trip through Europe, and the present one has an assistant whom he allows to do the real work.

Should the bohunk select the westward trip down the Fraser as his direction of exit, he must risk his life on a raft or a scow, or pay to Foley, Welch and Stewart fifteen

cents a mile, seventy-five cents a meal and a dollar a night for the privilege of using one of the overgrown steamers that ply as far as the Canyon.

The lack of cash in the Pass is the cause of frequent embarrassment. Almost every day someone was offering me checks to cash, and they usually were not bohunks. As a protection to the careless men, some contractors refuse to cash checks not presented by the owners themselves. Trainmen running to Edmonton go out with their pockets full of checks and return loaded with money. The discount is of little importance when a man has been gazing for weeks at a bit of paper that is worth nothing to him in that condition.

When the bohunk sickens there is a hospital near for the treatment he requires. All through the Pass deserted hospital buildings mark the location of former large camps, and farther along near the active camps the new hospitals have been established. Experienced doctors are in charge, with younger men and nurses under them. Operations are performed and diseases fought under conditions that would not disgrace a city hospital. The head doctor has been on construction work for many years. On his little white pony he rides along the line inspecting the work of his corps and locating the new hospital sites as the camps move onward. Typhoid fever and pneumonia are the principal diseases, but the accidents are as varied as dynamite, mountain slides, careless work and fights can provide.

And the bohunk is not neglected even when dead, for his friends are immediately notified, if their addresses have been given, and if the body is not claimed it is interred in one of the cemeteries demanded by law.

Of course, in this world of labour the unions have attempted to secure control. Once a party of union officials visited the camps incognito, in-

fluenced by the gossip of poor fare that had reached the outside world. After a few meals they struck back for civilisation as quietly as they came, envious of the bohunks who were served such meals. The organisation known as the Industrial Workers of the World has been influential among a few of the camps on the Pacific end of construction, but when they attempted to interfere with the work through the Pass, the contractors promptly shut down their camps, and the walking delegates were glad to get away where they could get a place to sleep and something to eat, and where the hungry bohunks were not so threatening.

The life of the bohunk up to the End of Steel is no summer holiday, but it is as near an approach to it as most labourers attain. He must live under conditions that might shock the over-sensitive reformer, but the provision for his comfort is the surprise of construction. That such food can be served so many hundred miles from its source is an education in the system of supply. Just what are the conditions in the financial end of the connection of bohunk and contractor, and how well the latter lives up to his promises, it is almost impossible to discover. The contractors can scarcely be expected to expose themselves, and the few bohunks who can speak enough English to be intelligible are not reliable. Tales are told of worse conditions of life and treatment on isolated sections of the grade, and their persistence may show that there is some thing to criticise, but up to the End of Steel and a few miles beyond the bohunk is his own worst enemy, and most of the unpleasant conditions of his life are of his own making.

A bohunk is an interesting bit of machinery, but, being human, he demands all that can reasonably be done to make his life in the heart of the Rockies comfortable and profitable.



# A SUMMER NIGHT IN MY LODGING-HOUSE\*

BY KENNETH DOUGLAS

I HAD tossed upon my bed for hours, it seemed, in perspiring misery. It was during the last week in August and the end of the sixth day of a blasting merciless heat wave in which scores of men, women and little children had dropped over the brink of Eternity with little more notice than if they had been merely so many drought-bitten sheep deserted by their shepherd. In accordance, also, with the law of supply and demand the price of ice had soared as high as fear of public opinion would allow its vendors to boost it. The few charitable citizens were endangering their health and breaking their hearts in their efforts to alleviate the misery of it all. The many careless and indifferent were away seeking cool resorts—fleeing the city as if it were a plague spot.

The days in Nemo street were fierce periods of seemingly endless agony in which the pavements blinded one with their brilliance of reflection and everything that one touched blistered one, but the nights were foretastes of Hades, with all the heat of the day aggravated by the slimy, sticky, clammy air that it seemed one could grasp in handfuls.

To add to the horror of it all the moon was at full. On this night, too, every star blinked calmly down in cold, disdainful array, upon a gasp-

ing humanity. In the high, white light every sordid detail of the neighbourhood stood out to sight with horrid distinctiveness. The brooding calm of it all seemed to lend force to the murmurings of complaint and pain; the clamour of revelry in which many of the people were striving to forget their condition.

Out from many of the windows across the street I could see women and children leaning in the hope of some vagrant cooling breeze, great beads of perspiration standing upon their hopelessly dejected and grimy faces. In a room directly opposite mine an almost naked woman dragged herself to and fro past the uncurtained window with a nude infant wailing unceasingly in her arms. From the room below, and into mine, drifted the tortured cries of little Jimmie Dugan wrestling with the pain of the consumption, fearful in its last ravages, his misery rendered ten-fold more dreadful by the weight of heat. At times, when his complaint became more heart-rending, I held my ears closed, that I might not hear his thin, piping, feeble voice begging for the death that for months he had dreaded.

The air was clamorous with many other cries of pain, scoldings and bitter, ignorant complaint of God. Every now and then it was stilled

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Author's Note:—This account is based on actual personal experience. It is not exaggerated. The environment can be duplicated in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg.

into silence by some acuter, shriller cry of pain or fear brought by the action of some overwrought and drunken man-brute or a tortured, impatient mother. Behind all these inhuman sounds ran the incessant purr-purr and gurgle down vent pipes of the water from scores of faucets, left continually open in the vain hope that it might at last run cool.

The air was pregnant with the vile odours of the yard closets; the accumulated filth of the back-yards and the sweating of the sputum-soaked stairways and hall-ways, added to that of hundreds of neglected, unwashed bodies. From over the house-tops there seemed to come to me a sort of quivering rumble of continual murmuring of the pain of the great city beyond.

Of a sudden the sounds of the street were thunderbolted by a new and harsher clamour. I glanced at the calm, lighted face of the great city hall clock. It seemed the only unheated thing in all the world.

It was the trouble hour of Nemo street. The saloons were turning out their victims. It was a jumble of husky voices raised in nasty oaths, laughter, quarrel and ribald song. From either end of the street the men came lurching and shuffling to their dens with wives and children waiting in dread of their mood. I marked the slow, drunken, oath-mouthing passage of the man into the rooms above me. As he crossed its threshold he crashed to the floor and lay there muttering in drunken stupor. Just below my window a group halted in angry, grotesque discussion of the destiny of an Empire going to the dogs by reason of its oppression of the workingman.

Then there came, more dreadful even than all that had gone before, the sound of a fearful screaming having in it all the fierce impotent frenzy of a wild beast struggling to death in the hunter's trap. Fascinated into curiosity, I leaned out of

my window to look into the street below. It was "Mike, the Dope," so-called, who had but that day been released from jail. The rumour of Nemo street had it that he had one time been a prosperous lawyer in the city. The wreck that the men below were beating into silence was a fearful and noticeable travesty of manhood even in Nemo street. His last cry as he subsided into unconsciousness, was a pitiful prayer for "morphine."

It all became so horribly unbearable that I felt I should go mad if I were compelled to stay there longer. I rose and dressed hastily, each article of my clothing already wet before it settled upon me. I would have begged myself, almost, for a bath at that moment, but in all the length and breadth of Nemo street there was not such a thing.

In the hallway below, and upon the steps outside, women and little children lay gasping and twitching restlessly, some sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, others awake and utterly regardless of the observance of the passers-by of their almost nakedness, constituting a fearful moral danger from the presence among them of many drink-sodden human brutes. I was hardly able to thread my way among them without stepping upon their limbs and I hurried away with the echo of women's and even children's curses in my ears.

The moonlight accentuated pitilessly the pain of the suffering and the beastiality of the drunken as I passed. For a moment I caught myself wondering what God thought of all this around me and whom He was holding responsible for their condition.

As I turned out of the street I met Pat coming listlessly home, his soaked shirt gaping at the collar, coat and hat held on his arm.

"God, what a night!" he exclaimed at sight of me. "I've just come away from the office. The news of death is pouring in there over wire

and telephone. It's the worst yet. We can't stay here to-night, lets—"

He was interrupted by an even louder volume of sound from back in Nemo street. In the noise of the raised voices that reached us there was an omen of a something that made me shudder involuntarily. It reminded me of the sullen roar of a crowd of mutinous convicts that I had once seen penned in a corner of their prison yard, surrounded by a detachment of state troops. Pat, ever ready to grasp the significance of things, bolted hurriedly away toward the scene of the new disturbance. I followed, close at his heels. On the curb in front of 37 two men were struggling in a press of other men and some women, shouting, screaming, cursing. As we reached them, Moriarity staggered back from his opponent with a gurgling groan, half-scream, his hands clasped to his stomach through the fingers of which there spurted a sickening, red stream. He staggered back a pace or two, reeled once, completely around, and then fell heavily upon a neglected child which had slept with exhaustion even through the din. Its screams sounded oddly puerile in the midst of the sudden hush which fell upon the crowd of men and women now staring fearfully and silently upon one another.

Moriarity gave one last convulsive shudder and then stretched out crookedly in the moonlight, his mouth lolling open and tongue falling into a corner of his already flaccid lips.

"It's my Lizzie," shrieked a red-haired, half-naked woman, rushing toward the body, fearless of its horror, in the late thought of her child, "Here, some of you, help me move him," she commanded of the men who had crept silently close. As they drew the body aside a little, muttering: "We ain't got no right to touch him till the cops come," and the woman rescued the screaming, frightened, blood-stained child, a huge, flabby, half-drunken woman thrust her way

into their midst and stood looking down at the silent figure on the pavement at her feet. She remained thus, stupefied for a moment, blinking into the glazed eyes staring up at her with the terror of the last moment still perceptible in their fast glazing depths. Then she uttered a horrid scream and drooped down over the figure, her unbound, scanty gray hair shrouding his face.

"My God! It's Jim, an' him croaked," she muttered, raising her head and searching the faces around her with incredulous eyes. Then she rose to her feet heavily and stood lurching for a moment with the combined action upon her limbs of fright and drink.

"Who did it?" she demanded.

No one answered her. But the men and women weaved back leaving a little lane between her and Flynn, who stood dazed, but sobering rapidly to a full realisation of his plight, with the dripping sheath knife still held convulsively in his right hand. He leaned against the light pole, his face ghastly pale and working with the excess of his emotions.

From among the children on the stoop one now ran forward rubbing its eyes with a tiny, grimy fist and crying: "Take me to mammy, daddy." It clasped its thin naked little arms around the legs of the murderer, but he gave it no attention and continued to stare vacantly out into the street. The child's cry broke the tension.

"My Gawd!" exclaimed one of the women, "him a murderer an' his Mary lyin' upstairs cryin' for him, an' the midwife with her expecting a child any minnit." A babel of sound, some pity, some execration, broke forth.

Out of the group strode a rough, middle-aged man who advanced to Flynn with his hands raised threateningly. "He was my mate, I'll do for you, you—"

Then Silent Kate, who had stood silent, pale of face, upon the edge of

the crowd, comforting a child she had picked up from among the feet of the throng, pushed her way through it and stood between the two men.

She thrust the child she held into the aggressor's arms with the terse command; "You'd better 'tend to your own affairs, Sullivan—here's one of them."

He paused and stared at her and her burden for a moment. The girl's resolute face and the child's outstretched arms conquered. His anger oozed away. He took the child into his own arms, without a word, and passed out of the crowd. Kate turned to Flynn and took his rough, callous hand in her own.

"God have mercy on you, Mike," she said. "It wasn't you that did it, it was the rum."

In answer and at her touch the man suddenly choked with hard, dry sobs. He cast the knife from his hand and tore his way through the mob, of which no man tried to detain him.

Kate turned to the men around her.

"You see," she cried in a shaking voice, tears standing in her eyes, "you see what the drink does for you. But most of you will be at it again in the morning. God help you, if you won't take lessons like this."

Pat elbowed his way to her side.

"It's horrible, isn't it? What was the name of the dead man?" Kate told him.

"Yes, it's horrible," she said with a shudder; "but the worst part of it all lies upstairs on the third floor. That's poor Mike's wife with her five little ones and the one that's coming so soon and will never know its daddy. The man that's gone was a brute. He provoked the quarrel, they tell me. And Mike, who's lost to his family probably forever, was the kindest-hearted and gentlest man on the street when he was sober. But I must go and try to keep this from Mrs. Flynn. I don't know what I'm going to tell her, though, when she asks for Mike."

The girl stopped to pick up Flynn's child, sobbing quietly where it had fallen on the pavement as he rushed away, and then turned wearily away into the doorway as Pat plucked at my sleeve.

"Come on with me to the office," he said. "I'll have to go and turn this story in—it'll be a front page one. Talk about human interest," he whistled. "Perhaps I haven't got a chance to work in some heart throbs with that girl's sentence sermon."

I shook my head dispiritedly.

"No," I answered, "I'll wait for you upstairs. I'm beginning to think, old man, that there will be other and greater stories for us to tell here."

The street again raged with a fever of gossip and excited comment into which soon charged two belated policemen and an ambulance. I had sickened and, forgetful of the heat, went up the stairs again to my room. On my way I met little Tina Flynn. Even in the dimness of the hallway, lighted only by a kerosene lamp smoking vilely, adding its rancid odour to the general uncleanliness of the air, the fair, delicate beauty of the little sixteen-year-old girl struck me. Looking at her, I remembered the story of her older little sister, whose beauty was one of the histories of the neighbourhood and who had fallen before she had learned well how to stand.

"Is there anything that I can do, little girl?" I asked, standing directly in her way.

Tina shrank back from me and against the wall, her hands clasped over her boyish breast, scantily clothed in her hurry. For a moment she regarded me with questioning eyes in which, child though she should have been, there seemed all the cynicism of some of the word-stained women that I had met. I could see that the lesson of the fall of Rosie and the grave in Potter's Field had fallen heavily upon the heart of little Tina.

"I didn't remember," she said. "You are the new lodger?"

I nodded. "Yes," I answered. "Is there anything that I can do for you or your mother?"

She covered her face with her hands for a moment. "Have they—have they?"

"They are taking it now," I answered, trying to convey the sympathy she aroused within me in my tone.

Tina broke into a fit of weeping and handed me a slip of paper on which was written a list of articles. With it she held also a dollar bill. I took the list, but refused the money and turned away.

"I'll bring these back in a minute or two. You go back upstairs," I said, "and try to see to it that your mother is kept in ignorance of it all until her danger is over, if you can. This woman, Kate, is up there, isn't she?"

The girl's face brightened for an instant. "Yes," she answered. "I don't know what we'd do without her in this house."

I was half-way down to the door when Tina called softly after me:

"Mister—"

"Manning," I supplied.

"Have they got father?" she faltered.

I shook my head. "No. Try not to worry—we'll talk about that later on."

The sigh she uttered as she turned away tore into my heart, and I marvelled that so frail a little girl, bearing so great a burden of sorrow, should yet bear it all with such brave composure. I had yet to learn that even the little ones of Nemo street became so inured to grief and pain that they were, for the most part, unconscious philosophers.

I had literally to force my way through the mob outside. The first awe of the tragedy had worn away and here, at least, it seemed not the custom to praise the dead irrespective of their worth. On every side I heard drastic comment of the dead man.

"Look at 'er a'carryin' on about 'is takin' orf," said a slatternly woman, clad in what had once been a pink, and presumably a dressing gown, pointing to Mrs. Moriarity, sitting on a door-stoop, facing the huge bloody patch which loomed up darkly and reflected sinisterly upon the pavement. There was immense disgust in the woman's tone as she added: "She'd orter get down on 'er shanks an' thank Gawd. 'Taint no more'n a month since he like ter croaked 'er an' the doctor had ter put 'leven stitches on 'er block."

I paused for a moment to watch the newly-made widow. As I did so a gray-haired, almost toothless old woman, clad only in a nightgown, over which she had drawn a frowsy skirt, fastened loosely at the waist and dragging so that her feet were hidden, was offering Mrs. Moriarity more of the consolation from which she had already drawn copiously.

"Take a little more of this, my dear," she wheezed in a husky voice, as unlike that of a woman as anything that I could imagine. "It'll do ye good."

Nothing loath, Mrs. Moriarity ceased to sob and wail for a moment, and, pushing her hair from about her face with one hand, raised the bottle to her lips with the other, swaying drunkenly from side to side upon the step, and allowing the liquor to dribble over her nerveless lips and double chin as she did so, coughing, sputtering and making grimaces, to the apparent pleasure of the aged one who appeared to have constituted herself chief assistant mourner.

I turned away with a shudder of disgust. The place seemed a very Gehenna of crude and horrid emotions. Nemo street was now crowded with outsiders, causing it to assume an unusual importance in the eyes of its dwellers. Ordinarily kind-hearted to one another, they had forgotten the plight of the wife and mother upstairs and were eagerly retailing the horrid details of the crime to those

late-comers who seemed to esteem themselves unfortunate in that they had not seen it. As I proceeded on my errand a hand was laid upon my shoulder and I turned to look into the eyes of Burke, a headquarters detective.

"What you doing here, Manning?" he queried. "Someone told me that you had gone out of the newspaper game."

"I have," I answered, "I just happened along with Pat. He's gone to turn the story in."

"That bloke saw it all," stuck in an officious bystander.

"Not on your life," I answered, anxious lest I should be dragged into the case and my whereabouts revealed to the public. I wanted to be left to pursue my slum studies in peace. "On the square, Burke, there's lots of these people here saw more than I did."

"I can't get anything out of them," growled Burke. "They're all on the side of the fellow that did the trick—Flynn."

"From what I can gather," I answered, "it was a drunken row, and Moriarity seemed to have been the aggressor."

"It seems that way," Burke acknowledged. "Moriarity's been bagged a dozen times or more for just that kind of thing. Well, I won't bother you if you don't want me to. I guess I'll get along and send out a general alarm for Flynn."

As we walked down the street, the heat again seemed unbearable. But, trying to forget it, I told Burke about the plight of the family in the third floor back rooms. The big fellow's eyes filled with tears as he listened. "God!" he exclaimed. "It's fearful. But it's always the same. It isn't the actual culprits themselves that suffer—it's those dependent upon them—those that care for them that have to bear the brunt of it all. If there's anything that I can do to help them, Manning, let me know, will you?"

I stood and watched Burke walking away after he left me at the corner of the street. He was of the type of policeman that I have never ceased to wonder at and admire. He was gruff, rough-spoken, all bark, with very little bite, except such as his duty forced him to. In my police court days as a reporter I had seen him and his fellow detectives perform countless kindly actions for the benefit of those in trouble and their families. Burke, like many of his pals, seemed always to be thinking, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Burke."

When I returned to 37 and the third floor I found Kate sitting on the steps outside the Flynns' room with a little Flynn in her arms, and fanning it and herself by turns. She nodded a silent greeting and pointed to the half-opened door. As I entered, Tina came forward, took the package I had obtained at the drug store, and disappeared with it into an inner room. Three children lay huddled on a mattress in a corner of that in which I stood. They were sleeping noisily in the midst of the heat and the filth, perceptible even in the dim light that flickered from the one lamp in the room. One of them lay with its face within an inch or two of the coal box which alone separated their bed from the rusty cook stove. A peculiarly sickening odour permeated the air of the room. Afterwards I learned that it was partly due to the countless successions of washings of unclean clothing, all of it washed there, and some of it dried, with the aid of which Mrs. Flynn had sought to augment the uncertain family income brought to her by her husband. At such a task the woman had laboured until within a day or so of the time of her travail.

There was, in addition to the wash-tub, constituting so important a part in the economy of the place, a rough table, three or four rickety chairs, a number of boxes evidently used as

seats, a sink in the corner in which dishes were washed and the family toilets performed and a litter of unclean cooking and other utensils. In the wash-tub there still remained the dirty soapy water of the last washing.

"It's fearful," I muttered.

"I agree with you," answered a deep, musical voice from a corner of the room. I had thought myself alone with the children, and turned in astonishment to meet the sad gaze of a young man sitting on a box. He rose as I faced him and extended his hand.

"My name is White," he said. "Yours, they tell me, is Manning?" You are living here?"

"Yes, I'm living here," I answered. "I came here for quiet, but I'm beginning to find it strenuous."

"You'll find it all of that," he answered, "all of that. But we must get acquainted. I'll come and see you, and you must come and see me. I'm at the mission just around the corner. If there's anything that I can do for you—I'll do it. That's what I'm down here for."

"That's mighty good of you," I answered. "But how did you come to know about me?"

White's face grew suddenly sombre. "I heard some of the people down here speculating about your coming here," he answered, "and I looked you up for the sake of such little ones," he pointed to the door of the other room. I understood, somehow, that he meant Tina.

I did not grasp his meaning for a moment and looked at him with a question in my eyes.

"This is the devil's stamping-ground," he answered. "His agents, the white slave traffickers, are continually looking around for their poor little victims. We are not able to save many of them, I'm afraid. There are so few of us for the work and they have much money and power and backing. But I have my eye on this home, especially because they

have already taken one victim from it.

My old newspaper habit made me size the man up. I don't think that I have met a handsomer one nor yet one more sad. It seemed to me, at that moment, that he was carrying the anguish and sorrow of the room beyond; of Flynn guiltily fleeing from justice; of the little ones snoring in the corner, and of many others besides.

He read my thought and smiled at me with his expressive brown eyes and splendid teeth working together in a flash of a lighter mood that won him the instant favour of any upon whom he bestowed it.

"How is it with the woman?" I asked.

"She is well, I believe," he answered. "I've brought one of our nurses with me. She was out a moment ago and said that there are two more little ones inside there. They are all doing as well as may be." His face clouded. "But what a future for them," he exclaimed, and smote his hands together in a sort of agony. "What terrible ignorance we have to face day after day; ignorance on the part of those who could, but will not help, ignorance on the part of these poor people down here. Ignorance of God. Ignorance of natural laws. The people who might help to relieve the situation, even the people of our churches, say that it is no use trying to do anything for people like these. That whatever is given to them will go for drink. It's true, partly, but what are we doing to do away with the drink? And a large part of the suffering is on the part of those who have done nothing to deserve it. Look at this family here. Think of a woman that we were called to, in a house a few doors away, earlier in the evening. We got there and found that she had given birth to a child on a filthy mattress for which she had no covering. Everything that she had in the world she

had pawned. The child came to her without the presence of any other human being. There was no clothing for the little one. Her husband was sent to jail a month ago. She knows no other person in Canada." He paused a moment and then added: "Come, let us go, Manning, we can do no more here."

At that moment Tina slipped back again into the room. He patted her head gently. "You must lay down and get some sleep, little girl," he said. "I suppose that you will have to go to work to-day." He looked at his watch. "It's two o'clock now. Perhaps I can find a corner for you at the mission."

Tina shook her head.

"No," she answered; "I can't leave mother, and I might oversleep myself and be late for work. If I'm not there on time, I'll lose my job."

"Well," said White, "don't forget that although you may be tempted to think otherwise, sometimes, and though it may appear so to-night, God has not forgotten you. Ask Him before you sleep to help us all, will you?" And he smiled another of his rare smiles as we turned away.

Outside, for a moment, he stopped to talk with Silent Kate, who still was nursing patiently the fretful child. "The nurse will stay for the present," he said. "Don't you lay yourself up?"

Kate placed a warning finger to her lips and continued to croon her slumber song.

On the landing below, White paused for a moment to look out of the window at the end of the hall, and try to get a breath of fresh air. All was now quiet in the street below, but we could see a couple of plain-clothes policemen in the shadows of a house across the street, waiting, doubtless, on the chance that Flynn might return to his home.

But the missionary's thoughts were apparently not with them, for he

turned around to me and asked:

"Have you ever seen a saint, Mr. Manning?"

"No," I answered.

"Then watch the work in this neighbourhood of the woman sitting up there on the stairs—she's one. I'm telling you this because it may be an inspiration to you. Four years ago she was one of the notorious prostitutes of the town. When she was on the verge of suicide she wandered into one of our services one night. You see what she is now. God never sent a greater heart into the world, or greater love. She works during the day in a factory. All that she can spare from her wages she devotes to the people down here. Just now I feel that, in spite of the misery and sin of the world, after all, God is here with us in the midst of the grime and filth of the lodging-house just as surely as He is in His heaven above." And White pointed through the window up to the still brilliant and brooding sky above.

I invited him into my room, but he declined, saying that he would look me up in a day or two. As he turned down the stairs I passed through my door. I found Pat returned and lying upon the bed. For a moment I did not detect the strong odour of whisky in the room, but I soon noticed the half-emptied bottle upon the mantel-shelf. My stomach turned cold within me. Pat had broken out again. The thought sickened me.

"How could you? How could you?" I cried aloud. "After such a scene as that of to-night."

And then the thought came to me that if men of Pat's mental calibre gave way to the terrible stuff, how could one blame the ignorant people by whom we were surrounded?

I hurried out into the street and beyond. Morning found me far away from Nemo street and out in the country, where the air, even if warm, had a fresh, clean tang to it.



# A LABRADOR ADVENTURE

BY DR. WILFRED GRENFELL

NOVEMBER had already come in, and my small hospital steamer had gone south to be laid up for the winter. We had let her go rather early this year, in order to cut down expenses a bit, and also because the early frost in the fall threatened to make a delay risky.

But she had scarcely left when the weather slacked up; a warm wave dispelled the ice which had already begun to form in the harbours, and we felt free to risk the final series of visits among our friends scattered along the southern coast of Labrador and the north shore of Newfoundland. Motor-boats were still comparatively new everywhere, but with us in the extreme North were absolutely novel. We had purchased one from a party who had come to visit the coast in a large cruising yacht. They had parted from it as they passed homeward. We had not expected to use it until spring, and the new toy was already on improvised ways, ready to be hauled up above the reach of the rough "ballicater," or barricade ice.

But the desire to test her, the "warm spell," and a somewhat urgent call for help decided us to risk a voyage. Moreover, one of my colleagues, Dr. Wakefield, an Englishman from Kendal, had to catch the last mail boat leaving the Labrador coast in order to get to Canada.

Our little craft, an open thirty-footer, was well loaded down when at last we rounded the heads, every available space being crowded with spare supplies of gasolene, as none

could be procured on the journey, and we had at a minimum two hundred miles to travel. With our own supplies for a week, guns, spare gear, medical outfit, not only was there barely room to move about, but a large pile was lashed out over the cuddy and covered with a tarpaulin. My engineer was a volunteer student of McGill University who had studied mechanics, and was the only one of us who had ever seen a gasolene engine.

All went well until evening; so well, indeed, that near Cape Bauld, the mighty cliff which, jutting away out into the Atlantic, marks the southern entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle, we were tempted to spend a little time in chasing a few ducks, which would be a welcome addition to such meals as we could at best expect on our journey. Calculating that our boat would run well for at least one day, we had left ample time to reach a harbour by dark, and were merrily travelling past the feet of the great cliffs that flank the seaboard for the last ten miles before our destination, when suddenly something went wrong. The engine stopped and absolutely refused to start again. For the first time we noticed now that a wind was rising which was blowing directly on shore, and that we were being rapidly carried into the heavy surf, which was breaking on the rocks. To get the sweeps out from underneath the baggage was no easy matter; to find room to row, even enough to keep us from drifting shorewards, was almost worse, and

the sea was far too deep to dream of anchoring. We could no longer even keep our bow head to wind, and the rising lop made us crawl along at an angle of 45 deg. with the cliffs, with the wind driving the spray over us, and the prospect of an exceedingly bad time ahead. In addition, it was getting dark, and our amateur engineer, who had by now pulled the engine into most of its component parts, was finding some difficulty in putting it together again.

It was a thick night, and darkness found us still pulling at the sweeps, to all intents and purposes in the same place in which we started with them. Indeed, we were unable to feel certain that we were making any headway whatever. On the off-chance of someone hearing us, every now and again we fired a couple of shots, but it is a very lonely part of the coast, and almost as we had expected, nothing happened as a result. At length, however, a white light suddenly appeared away toward the horizon, and by its bobbing up and down, and its evident progress over the water, we judged it was a local coasting schooner, beating up the Straits. Some of these boats are careless about such trifles as sidelights after the fishing fleet has gone south.

With the high cliffs behind us as a reflector, we hoped that the sound of our firing would reach her. Indeed, we felt sure of it, for the light came nearer and nearer—while we pulled and strained at the oars to try to head her off. We had now lighted our hurricane lamp, and as we doubted whether they could tell whence the sound came, every now and again one of us left his oar for a second to jump up and down and wildly wave the bright white lantern.

Straight on came the light. We had already begun to banter and chaff our engineer, who was still struggling with the greasy fragments of the engine, giving him our free and unasked opinion of his capacity, his utility,

and even his personal appearance. At last we judged that the schooner was so close to us that we actually tried to hail her, shouting in unison, "Schooner ahoy! Schooner!" when, without a moment's warning, the advancing light suddenly disappeared, and disappeared not to return. We fired and fired our gun and waved our lantern; we strained our eyes into the darkness, and nearly drove ashore by forgetting to keep our oars going.

All to no purpose. The light had gone. The only explanation which we could conceive was that it must have been a ghost which we had seen. We had heard stories of these gloomy cliffs before; of vessels which had been lost in the old times; of pirates and their victims who had perished together, as they fled to their strongholds among these intricate and uncharted passages on both sides of us. Right close to this spot Jake Cornish was even now using as sinkers for holding his trap nets, two old cannon which he had spied with his fish glass, lying on the bottom, as he was searching for bait. Though none of us believed in ghosts, we were utterly at a loss to account for the strange light and its unearthly disappearance. Surely, if it was on a schooner, she must have seen our light and heard our guns. It could not be that we were crazy, and were already "seeing things"! The only relief to the situation was the cheerfulness of Dick, our engineer, who went on placidly struggling with his fragments, and even found time to chuckle at us for getting left.

He pretended not to be in the least interested in our consternation, and took absolutely no notice of us whatever. He just went on tinkering with his miserable collection of uselessness till, if it had not been for his newly enhanced value, of which he was quite conscious, he certainly would have been in danger of a stir-up from the oar handle.

We hated to come down first, and

just sat "tight" for a while, rowing and rowing away. No one would mind that. We could, and had before now, rowed all night. But it is a different matter when you know you are getting nowhere; and Dick knew that we dare not ask him to leave his scrap-heap and give us a spell. It is always additionally irritating to have a hearty, strong man doing nothing to justify his weight in the boat, when you have already done more than double your share. Dick aggravated us even further now by lighting his pipe, and wiping the engine round with a handful of waste, as if he were going to put her in for a prize competition.

At last even we could stand it no longer, and had to insist that he must either get the thing started, or come and take a spell at the oars—as we should surely be drowned if we stopped working.

"She's been ready for half an hour," he replied; "I was only waiting for orders," as cool as a cucumber.

True, he was young, and had supreme confidence, also he was probably not born to be drowned; but for my part it was with no small anxiety that I watched him crank the engine and try and start her. We had some miles to go, and the wind might increase, and if it did we should most assuredly drive ashore on the cliffs in the darkness. Bang, bang! went the charge in the cylinders, as if they highly resented being pressed into service again. Bang, bang! and away we went at the topmost speed of the engine.

We headed straight out to see to give ourselves as much searoom as we could get in case any other accident overtook us. Indeed, it was well we did, for after about three minutes at full speed there was an ominous gur-r-r-r again, and once more we lay broken down and at the mercy of the waves. Once more we had to get out the oars to try to hold the ground which we had gained, while

Dick went through his pantomime all over again.

This time, however, Dick volunteered his diagnosis somewhat sooner. One cylinder was suffering from an incurable ailment, but if we were willing to try running on our battery, and so spoiling our trip, he thought we might crawl along to the harbour, if it was not too far away.

We were more than willing to try anything. All we wanted was to reach shelter, and get out of the scrape for it was bitterly cold, and we were already soaked through. So we fell to encouraging Dick; explained how mistaken we had been in our estimate of him, and gave him all the psychological treatment of which we were capable. To our infinite satisfaction we were soon poking along, puffing and wheezing and blowing, as if the engine were suffering from double pneumonia.

Twice again it gave out before we rounded the last headland. But we had pushed away out to see in spite of the increasing lop, and so each time we were able, by hoisting an improvised sail on the oar and stretcher, to keep her heading in for our destination.

When at last we were in quiet water, we found it too deep to anchor, and spying a tiny light on the water, we pulled over to it, and discovered that it was issuing from the hatch of a small schooner. So we tied on and went aboard.

"Where are you from?" came a gruff voice as we hauled the cover off the companion previous to making a descent upon the occupants.

"We? We are from sea, and are going to get beds ashore, if we may tie our boat on?"

"Come on down," shouted the voice. And then someone struck a match, and rolled out on the settle from a bunk.

"Which way did you come from? From east or west?"

"What makes you ask?"

"Well, us just comed in ourselves

from t'east. You'se didn't see nor hear no craft as you passed down, did yer?" he asked, peering at me intently as he spoke.

"No, we didn't see any vessel. But we saw a light come right up alongside of us, and then disappear."

I noticed towsly heads poking out of the other two berths as I spoke, evidently keenly eager not to miss a word of the conversation.

"I know'd as much," said the skipper, "I seed it there myself once before. Mary, she always did 'low us should give them Deadmen's rocks a good berth. And maybe they do know a thing or two," and the skipper lapsed into a silence and a cloud of smoke, the blowing out of which seemed to afford him some solace.

There was silence for a moment, and then the skipper began again.

"You'se didn't hear no noises, did you? Seemed to us there was folks shouting. They do say they hears some of them folks on times what's been lost there—maybe murdered. It was our Dave's watch last night about ten o'clock. He's always kind o' skeery, anyhow, and he was fair clemmed to death this time."

"What did he do?" I asked, beginning to take in the situation.

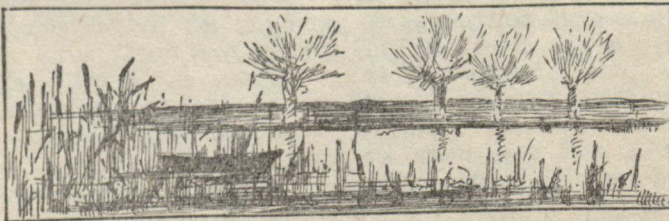
"Why, he doused the deck light, and put her about for the open. And that's how us came to be in here."

Here was an explanation in full of our own desertion. I looked round and saw the staring eyes of Dave fixed on me like a mesmerised rabbit.

I said: "Well, Skipper, an old

friend of mine called Daxe Jim was like Dave once. He believed in ghosts, too, he said. But he doesn't any longer. He told me he was on watch one night alone. It was just after midnight, black as ink, and blowing a two-reefer. They were 'hove-to,' waiting for daylight. He was standing aft under the shelter of the mizzen, jumping up and down to try to keep warm, when he saw a bright light for'ard by the cathead. Suddenly it began to move slowly aft towards him, and he was so frightened that he hid behind the companion. Well, the light came right on, and then he knew it was a figure walking. At last he saw it was his wife. When she came to the ship's quarter, she just climbed up on the rail, and with a loud shout she jumped over into the sea. Of course, Jim thought that meant that she was dead, and he told the crew he ought to run the vessel home. But that was all put on, really, for Jim's wife was famous for the dance she led him, and quite possibly Jim wasn't a bit worried at the news. But the trouble was, he told me, that when he got home, there was no such luck. 'Why, Doctor,' said he, 'I found the old lady waiting for me with the broom-handle just as usual. So I give up believing in ghosts.'"

Then I told Dave all about our shouting and firing and waving the light under the cliffs. And before I bade him good-night I advised him the next time he was in doubt to call the Skipper.



# MECHANISMS BEFORE METALS

BY PROF. D. FRASER HARRIS, M.D., D. SC.

POSSIBLY those who have given no special attention to the subject have not the slightest notion how many of the devices used in machinery made by men pre-exist in principle in the animal body. Probably at no time has man not envied the power of flight possessed by the birds and insects, and felt how hopeless it was to imitate in metal the beautiful living mechanisms in muscle which attain such splendid results by such apparently simple means. As we know, man has recently achieved the incredible success of literally flying in a machine heavier than air. Both wings and motive power are common to nature's and to man's own flying machines. In aviation, at least, man knew that he had been forestalled in the realms of animate nature, he was consciously and deliberately trying to copy the living machinery designed for flying.

Similarly, he was forestalled in the matter of submarine boats, for the fish sinks and rises in the water by the employment of the same principle—diminution and increase of volume of the gas within it (in its "swim-bladder").

It is a sober fact that all the chief mechanical principles—the lever, the pulley, the valve, the universal joint, the converging lens, the camera obscura, the organ pipe, the electric battery—are to be found in the animal body.

With regard to the lever, perhaps one of the earliest utilisations of a mechanical advantage that man has

discovered, it is very interesting to know that all its three types are to be found somewhere in the animal economy. There are three and only three types of lever mechanically possible, all of these are discoverable in the human body.

The lever of the first order is that in which the fulcrum is between the power and the resistance (weight), the nearer the fulcrum to the resistance the greater the "mechanical advantage." This is the type of lever used in prying things open. A burglar's "jemmy" is such a lever. Now the principle of this lever is employed in the body to balance the head on the vertebral column; the fulcrum, the joint between the head and the neck, is situated between the weight, acting along a line passing somewhere through the tongue, and the power which is applied by the muscles at the back of the head to prevent it falling forward, as I. in Fig. 1. shows.

Another example of this lever may be taken in the case of the foot when it is made to actuate the pedal of a sewing machine or harmonium. Here the fulcrum is the ankle-joint, the weight is the resistance of the pedal at the "balls of the toes," and the power is applied at the heel-bone. (II., Figure I.) Extending (opening) the elbow-joint is another example of the use of this lever. A pair of scissors is an example of a *double* lever of the first order; but of this double form there is no example in the humanitarian body.

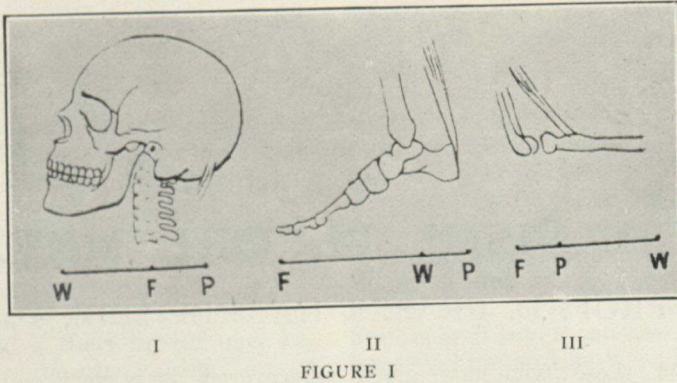


FIGURE I

In levers of the second order, we have the fulcrum at one extremity, the weight being between the power and the fulcrum. A good example of it is an oar propelling a rowing-boat; here the boat is the weight, the fulcrum the place where the oar dips into the water, the power is exerted at the handle of the oar by the rower. Nut-crackers and lemon-squeezers are examples of double levers of the second order.

Now in the body the mechanism used in standing on tip-toe is a good example of the employment of the lever of the second order. The fulcrum is the balls of the toes, the weight to be raised is, of course, that of the body acting vertically downward through the arch of the instep, the power being applied at the heel-bone through the tendon Achillis pulled on by the contraction of the great muscles of the "calf." (II., Fig. II.)

Examples of the lever of the third order are very numerous in the body. In this lever, as in the last, the fulcrum is at one end, but the power is between it and the weight, that is, the weight is at the other extremity. The sugar tongs is an example of a double-hinged lever of this order. When by means of the biceps we bend the forearm at the elbow-joint, we use the third order of lever. The weight may be supposed to be concentrated in the hand, the biceps is inserted somewhere between it and

the elbow, which is the hinge fulcrum (see Fig. III.) There is in this lever a large expenditure of power, but the range of movement, as well as the rapidity of it developed is considerable. Bending the leg at the knee-joint is another example of the use of this lever. The familiar action of swiftly bringing forward the arm with a tennis-racquet held in the hand to strike a ball is still another example of the use of the mechanism of the lever of the third order. The great pectoral muscle is the chief muscle employed; it is inserted between the fulcrum (head of the humerus in the shoulder-joint) and the weight or resistance which is at the other extremity of the lever. Thus ages before man discovered the mechanical advantages of the lever, and still longer before he classified levers into their three orders, nature had employed the principle of all three in the movements of bones by the muscles of the animal organism. (Fig. IV.) Pincer mechanisms are common in the crab and lobster group.

Before leaving the subject of joints, we might notice the way in which nature smoothes surfaces where friction would be detrimental to efficiency. The opposed surfaces of the bones forming the joint are exquisitely smooth, the rough bone being here covered by a plate of very smooth cartilage, lubricated in its turn by the synovia or natural fluid of the

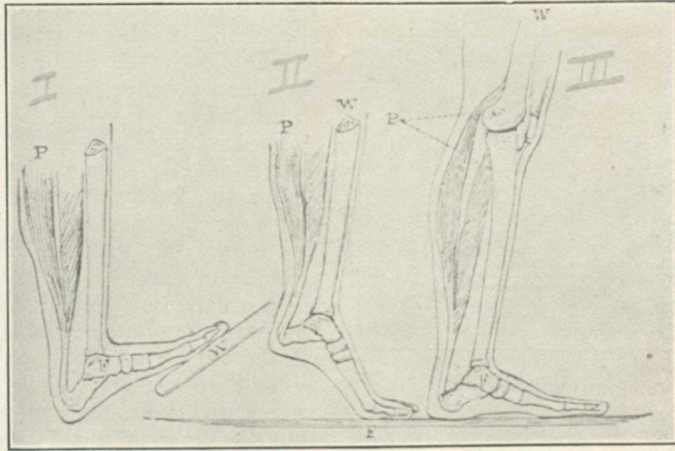


FIGURE II

joints. Thus lubrication is as perfectly provided for as is necessary. One need scarcely remark that the so-called universal or swivel joints of the instrument-makers were all anticipated by the mechanism of the head of the arm-bone in the shoulder-joint, and the head of the thigh bone in the hip-joint.

All joints do not permit of free movement; some are intended to be merely more or less elastic unions of bone with bone. The line of union of a bone of the skull with other bones is an example of this. These slightly curved bones are so dove-tailed into each other along their edges that a certain amount of movement is possible, and yet the bones cannot without enormous force be pulled asunder. In fact, this dove-tailing is of the same order as the carpenter's, but altogether more complicated and ingenious. Before wood was worked by human hands, bones had been most skilfully dove-tailed.

The principle of the lever is used in still another region of the body, namely, the middle ear. The order employed is the first, and in such a fashion that a very slight pressure acting on the drum-head and being transmitted to the chain of small bones known as the auditory ossicles is converted into a pressure relative-

ly of some considerable magnitude. The chain of bones is arranged as a bent lever of the first order. It has been calculated that owing to the mechanical advantage the energy of the thrust of the small bone (stapes) at the end of the short arm into the inner ear is thirty times as forcible as was the agitation of the drum-head when the sound-waves fell on it originally. This adaptation of the principle of the lever for the purpose of intensifying sounds for us is worthy of all admiration; it seems to be very little known; like all the devices found in animate nature it is very beautiful. It is interesting to know that it is only the higher animals which possess this device; the frog and the bird, for instance, have no such bent lever in their ears; a single bone like a minute stethoscope (columella auris) is all that transmits unchanged the energy of sound-waves into their organ of hearing.

Passing on to the mechanism of the pulley, we find man once more completely forestalled. A pulley is the mechanical device of a wheel used for changing the direction of a force. (Fig. V.) Its use is so universal that instances of it will occur to everyone. When we see the beer-barrel being hoisted out of the cart by a rope, in nine cases out of ten

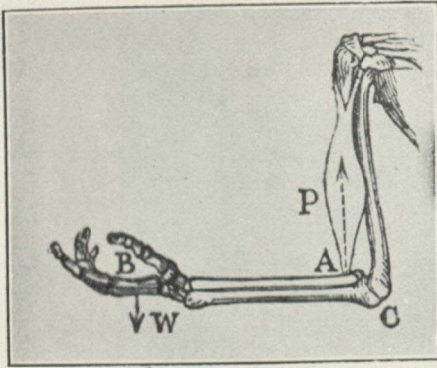


FIGURE III

that rope passes over a pulley before reaching the hands of the man who, on the ground and below the level of the barrel, can thus exert a lifting force on the barrel. There are in our bodies two excellent examples of the use of the pulley in changing the direction of the pull of a muscle; one is in the orbit (eye-socket), the other is in the middle ear. The muscle alluded to in the orbit has its direction of pull so completely changed that instead of moving the eyeball backwards and inwards it actually pulls it downwards and outwards. (Fig. VI.) Similarly the muscle in the ear, unless the direction of its pull were very much altered, would never even reach the drum-head, whose tension it is its duty to regulate. Thus ages before man ever cut the sheaves of a pulley, nature had utilised its principle.

The next mechanism we may notice is that of the valve; possibly none has had greater influence in the evolution of engines of all sorts and of steam-engines in particular. What would modern civilisation be without the device of the valve?

Now almost everyone knows that the animal body possesses some exquisite examples of very perfect valvular action. In the interior of the chambers of the heart are valves of high efficiency permitting a flow of blood in one—the “forward”—direction only. One set of valves pre-

vents the blood returning from the right side of the heart to the veins of the body, the other set prevents the blood passing back from the body to the lungs.

These valves act in the vascular system exactly as man has made them act in the various ingenious contrivances he has devised in which they are employed, viz., to allow of the passage of fluid—liquid or gaseous—in one direction only. Not only are the four chambers of the heart guarded by valves whose flaps come into perfect apposition, but there are valves in the veins so constructed that the flow of blood is possible towards the heart and not at all in the reverse direction. The principle of the valve is used in other regions of the body also; there is a valve between the great and the small intestines to prevent any return to the latter of material in the former.

The so-called “false vocal cords” are air-valves designed to prevent the too rapid escape of air under pressure from the thorax. They are of service in fixing the chest for muscular exertion, and are accordingly well-developed in those animals which climb trees or in those which strike down their prey by a sudden blow. There were perfect valves in use millenniums before metal valves or valves of any other kind existed.

One other mechanical difficulty has been beautifully solved in the body, namely, the transmission of vibrations through an incompressible liquid to a vibratile apparatus beyond the liquid. This is in the internal ear, where the problem is to transmit across the lymph of the ear the vibrations (originally sound-waves) coming in from the drum-head. The lymph of the inner ear is not only incompressible, but is enclosed in a rigid, bony case. No vibrations could be transmitted to a liquid under such conditions. But in the present instance, one spot in the rigid wall consists of elastic membrane, so that as the several con-



densations and rarefactions are transmitted to the lymph, the membrane is pushed out and pulled in alternately to permit of vibrations passing across the liquid. It is a singularly beautiful adaptation discovered ages before man made elastic membranes or studied the transmission of vibrations through incompressible liquids. In the simple device of the nail even, nature has forestalled man, for we find the membrane covering the bone fixed to the bone below by calcified fibres, acting exactly like nails.

Speaking of the heart, leads us to notice that ages before man made force-pumps, both types of pump had existed in the animal body. When the ventricles of the heart contract strongly, as they do on their contents, they are acting as force-pumps, for the blood is being driven with considerable force under pressure so great that it is enabled to flow on into a system of tubes of ever-narrowing diameter. But, on the other hand, when the cavities of the heart openly (diastole) to receive blood from the veins, then a "negative" pressure, as it is technically called, is created whereby the blood rapidly enters the heart-cavities by being sucked inwards. Thus the heart behaves as a force-pump and a suction-pump alternately.

Apropos of the mechanism of the blood-flow (haemodynamics) we should notice that nature has solved the difficult problem of maintaining a continuous flow of blood through the arteries although the central pump (heart) is working intermittently. The elasticity of the arteries is the mechanical means whereby this is achieved; of course, the flow is pulsatile, but it never stops altogether, and in the capillaries and veins it is not even pulsatile.

Passing now from dynamical arrangements, we might notice what nature did as regards optics untold ages before the discovery of glass or lenses. The vertebrate eye is the solution of more than one problem in

optics, namely, how to make a solid substance transparent, to focus rays from distant objects on a sensitive surface, to focus rays from objects at different distances, to correct refractive errors in lenses, and finally to ensure the absence of reflections in the interior of the optical apparatus. The making a solid substance transparent must have cost man a great deal of trouble, whether glass was or was not accidentally discovered as vitrified sand. In our own day we know the immense labour which the discovery and manufacture of the "achromatic" glass at Jena cost the experimenters subsidised by the Prussian Government. In the cornea and lens of our eyes we find the problem solved in terms of living matter. The living cornea, composed originally of cells very like their opaque neighbours, and the living lens, also originally opaque, are so modified that in their postenchydronic state not only are they perfectly transparent, but the cellular remains in them throw no shadows whatever on the sensitive retina. The cornea and the lens with the co-operation of the two "humours of the eye," the aqueous and vitreous, bring rays from external objects to a focus exactly on the retina, so that, optically speaking, mankind already possessed double convex lenses at the very time that he was struggling to obtain them in glass. (Figs. VII. and VIII.)

Optically, our eyes are instruments for producing on the retina which

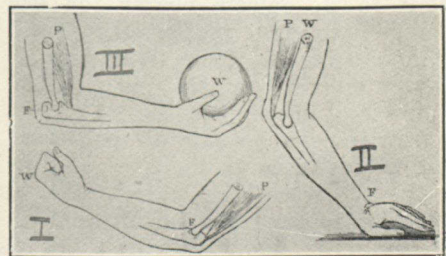


FIGURE IV

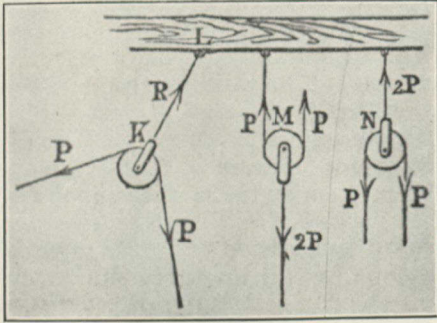


FIGURE V

is close to the lenses, real, minute images of objects at all possible distances. Since the part of the retina used for receiving the image is very much less than a square inch, it follows that if I am to have thereon the image of a six-foot man six feet away, or of St. Paul's Cathedral viewed from St. Paul's churchyard, the image must be exceedingly small. Our eye-lenses are diminishing lenses, but the images they give are "real" in an optical sense, that is, they could actually be received on a screen placed where the retina is. Our eyes are the converse of the compound microscope; the microscope gives large images of very small objects, our eyes give very small images of objects of all sizes. But not only do objects give images on the retina; objects at different distances can be successively focused with the utmost precision by the alteration of the curvature of the anterior surface of the lens. This is accomplished by muscular exertion; there is, of course, limit to it, objects nearer the eye than ten to eight inches (the "ear" point) cannot be focused by any effort whatever on the part of the "muscle of accommodation."

Now in common with all man-made optical instruments the eye requires to be blackened inside in order to prevent the occurrence of internal reflection. We know that the tubes of our telescopes, field-glasses, opera-glasses, microscopes and photographic

cameras all need to be blackened. Unless this were done there would be a glare from some of the rays of light being repeatedly reflected in the interior of the instruments.

But ages before man found out that he had to blacken the insides of his optical instruments, nature had done so in the case of her own beautiful optical instrument the mammalian eye.

Lastly as regards lenses before glass, they are subject to just the same infirmities as lenses "made with hands." The lens of the eye exhibits both the errors of refraction known as spherical and chromatic aberration. The former depends on the physical inability of any double convex lens to bring to one focus both central rays and rays entering at the circumference of the lens. The result of the inability to correct this error would be that we should have a blurred image every time we looked at a tolerably near, brilliant object. But nature, recognising this "error" inherent in all double convex lenses, has provided a correction in the shape of a black or very dark circular curtain—the iris, which by a most beautiful mechanism concentrically narrows down the size of its central aperture, the "pupil."

So perfect in this device for stopping down the aperture in front of the lens, with the purpose of cutting off the peripheral rays responsible for blurring the image, that man has found that he cannot do better than accurately imitate it. This he has and as everyone of us knows, the finest microscopes and photographic cameras are all provided with an "iris diaphragm"—an exact reproduction in vulcanite of nature's own contrivance in protoplasm.

Turning now to the immense subject of electrical phenomena, which play so important a part in modern life, we find that even here to a certain extent man is anticipated.

Doubtless the scale on which electrical operations are conducted in the

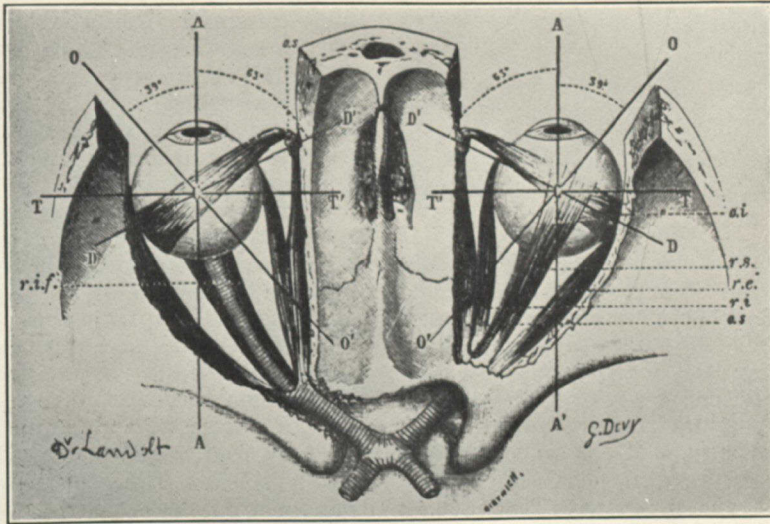


FIGURE VI

animal body is vastly less than that on which man works with this mysterious form of energy, but it is quite certain that electrical disturbances are associated with the activity of living matter. While the electric discharge which is associated with the activity of many kinds of living matter is very slight and can only be demonstrated with the aid of delicate instruments, yet some of the so-called electric fishes are capable of developing a current amounting to as much as 180 to 200 volts of electromotive force.

The fishes known as *Torpedo Galvani*, *Gymnotus Electricus*, and *Malapterurus Electricus* can kill their prey by the intensity of their electric shocks.

Special nerves in the fish set the battery off, the electric organ under the skin being highly modified muscle. A fresh torpedo can emit as many as 200 shocks a second, though fatigue of its nerve centres soon brings the rate down to twenty.

*Gymnotus* can easily kill frogs and fishes, or throw a man to the ground. Thus ages before Galvani or Volta had their famous research-producing controversy, nature had evolved the

mechanism of the electric battery without metals or wires or binding-screws or acids.

The mention of electricity reminds us that nature had insulated conductors long before man devised them. The living nerve-fibres are perfect conductors of their kind and certainly *can* conduct electrical disturbance, though it is probable that the nerve-impulse is not in itself identical with a flow of electricity. The cores of the nerves, known as medullated, are perfectly insulated from each other by fatty sheaths, a large number of these fibres bound together constitute a nerve-trunk, which is as like a telegraphic cable as any portion of living tissue could possibly be.

Prominent amongst the mechanisms of human devisings are those in which kinetic energy is derived from the transmutation of potential energy stored up somewhere. In the various forms of engines, especially steam-engines, this is what is aimed at. From the potential energy of coal is derived the heat which by expanding the steam is the motive power for the engine and which finally appears as useful work. Now the more heat

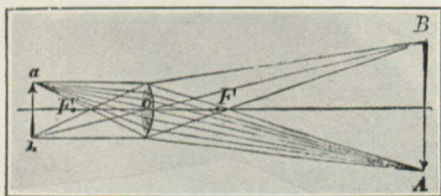


FIGURE VII

turned into useful work which can be got out of a given weight of coal consumed, the more economically will the engine be run. Engineers have not yet contrived to obtain more than about 12 per cent. of the potential energy of the coal as useful work. But the muscle of the warm-blooded animal is a much more economical energy-transformer than that, for in it no less than 25 per cent. of the original energy of the body is obtainable in the form of external work.

Muscle shows its inherent power of economical transformation of energy in still another direction which makes it not only more efficient than any steam-engine yet devised, but altogether more economical than any machine of human contrivance. In ordinary circumstances a muscle, under the influence of increasingly strong stimuli made to lift the same weight time after time, will give out more heat each time until fatigue sets in. Here its work-producing power remains constant while its heat-producing power is increasing. Now since it is absolutely necessary for the muscle to lift the weight each time, and as the store of potential energy is limited, it contrives to lift the weight to the same height as before, but the heat set free each time becomes less and less. Thus the muscle can distinguish between work-output and heat-output; it is abso-

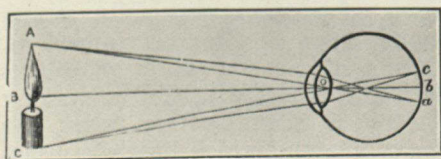


FIGURE VIII

lutely essential that work be done, but the heat-output *can* be dispensed with and accordingly is. There is nothing comparable with this interesting power of distinguishing between work and heat in any machine of human devising.

Where man needs a vast amount of quarrying and mining and smelting to achieve a mechanism, nature is already in possession of it by procedures that betray no effort. There were pre-metallic mechanisms of perfection and beauty in the bodies of those animals which, twelve to fifteen millions of years ago, trampled down the luxurious vegetation of the primeval forests whose remains are the coal we are bringing to light to-day. Where man needs strong acids and alkalis, a high temperature and great pressure to effect the solution of certain substances, our food-materials, for instance, nature effects the same result at body-temperature, at the ordinary pressure, and by minute quantities of very active ferments.

Ever so long before man made a musical instrument, the larynx and vocal cords existed. In only some of man's musical instruments can he rise in pitch by insensible gradations, in violin and organ, for example, but not in the piano. In the case of vocal cords, a rise in pitch by insensible gradations can be produced with ease. It is considered the height of perfection in man's organ-building when his "vox humana" stop is indistinguishable from the notes of the human voice.

In conclusion, let us take one illustration more: light without heat! the great desideratum of artificial illumination. Man has not yet got it; but each night that the glow-worm's scintillations sparkle in the summer woods, each wave that dashes its myriads of Noctiluca on the shingle, nature is showing that the problem of light without heat was long ago solved in her great laboratory. Aeons before luminous paint, nature had made a phosphorescent tissue.

# CANADIAN WOMANHOOD AND BEAUTY

AN ESSAY IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

J. D. LOGAN, PH.D.

**M**OST literary appreciations, as distinguished from scientific studies, of Woman are either frivolous inductions, hastily made, or copy-book truisms, quoted without respect to their context, from poets and cynical essayists. Save for the serious investigations of human nature by such students of anthropology and comparative psychology as Mr. Havelock Ellis and Professor Lloyd Morgan, the writings both of men and of women about Woman—if we ignore the infrequent pseudo-gallantries of some popular essayists—have conspired to perpetuate a two-fold superstition. Woman is made to appear, in Tertullian's phrase, as *janua diaboli*—"the gateway to hell," or as the guiding, refining, spiritualising—the "saving"—agency in Man's life.

For the *locus classicus* of the first view we must recall Homer's immortal epic tale of the Lady Helen, whose ravishing beauty, in Marlowe's equally immortal apostrophe,

"———launched a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium."

For the most distinguished repositi-

tory of the other view we must turn to the concluding lines of the Second Part of Goethe's "*Faust*"—

"Das Ewig-Weibliche  
Zieht uns hinan."

—"the eternal woman-soul draws us ever upwards and on."\*

That Woman is *par excellence* the procuress to hell, is a too hasty empirical induction; that Woman is Heaven's earth-born angel of spiritual grace is a too dogmatic piece of poetic metaphysics; and both views are unworthy of critically-minded men who are pledged to strict scientific interpretation of fact. The conventional views employ a method which either avoids the real problem or begs the question. A genuinely philosophical and just appreciation of Womanhood must base itself on some fundamental biological, psychological, and social verities in the nature and history of the feminine sex. In this essay, I will confine myself, first, to remarking these verities; and, secondly, to ditinguishing, by the aid of them, the essential characteristics of Canadian Womanhood.

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\*The popular view of woman as an "angel" of sweetness and light must be distinguished from Goethe's. These lines signalise the metaphysical function of the feminine element in the universe, not of mere woman as such, namely, the spiritualising power of Love. God is Love, and in Woman, more than in Man, is revealed the divinity of Love. As God is eternal, so is Love; and Woman is the most subtilising and pervasive agency for drawing men on to the love and pursuit of the ideal. This constitutes her inviolable right to freedom for full development of her individuality.

My first postulate is this: All those vital, physiological functions, and physical and temperamental variations in Woman which distinguish her from Man must be regarded strictly as *differentiae*, not as inferiorities. This is a biological verity which may not be gainsaid without thereby perpetuating the ancient superstition that Woman *per se* is the "weaker" sex.

All such innuendoes as that Woman is "undeveloped man"—that she is weaker than he, that her mind is shallower than his, that her ways are impenetrable ("not because," as Gavarni says, "she is deep, but because she is hollow"), that when she exhibits creative genius (as, for instance, in the case of George Eliot), she is essentially masculine, that she is not fitted for intellectual strain of hard study, that she is as elemental as a child, emotional, flighty, deficient in sensibility (bearing pain and anguish with the dumb resignation of the lower animals), and that she is unæsthetic and unscientific—all these aspersions on the feminine sex *per se* are but the cynical or vainglorious claims of men, and have no scientific truth, method, or warrant. The only true sense in which Woman may be regarded as "weaker" than man is in bone, sinew, and brute-power (horse-power, if you like)—or, briefly, in physical supremacy.

Woman, I submit, is not man at all—neither such structurally, functionally, nor temperamentally. In physical origin she is animal and human, as man is; but in native faculty, capacity, and variational tendency so differs from man as to be unique in kind, self-contained, self-poised, and when left unhampered to control her place and function in the "social organism," self-expressive in a nobly original and constructive way.

All this, I suspect, will appeal to men as only fine gallantry on my part, until I orient the two fallacies

which lie at the basis of the conventional view of Woman as "undeveloped man," and of the negative attitude which men take towards her right to full enfranchisement and development. At the outset I said that if we employed the hasty empirical methods of the poets and the popular essayists in attempting a fresh appreciation of Woman, we should either miss the real problem or beg the question. Now, in that phrase "undeveloped man" is hid a little nestful of logical and ethical fallacies.

First of all, the two terms of the phrase contain ambiguous meanings. Except in animal and human origin, Woman is not Man. That is axiomatic. Zoologically (and psychically) she is to be classed under the genus "Man." But in individuality—that is, in natural faculty, capacity and variational tendency—Woman is a creature of her own type and potentiality. To employ a generic epithet which distinguishes her zoological origin or class for an epithet which should distinguish Woman's precise species or individuality, is hardly to make a good start in logical definition. It is true that Woman, zoologically (and psychically) viewed, is of the genus "man"—she is neither brute nor angel—and that she is not fully perfected in body and mind, but there is no logic in making this fact the ground for defining woman as man undeveloped. In the generic sense of the term, both men and women are "undeveloped man." Whosoever invented that descriptive phrase for woman's individuality uttered a truism and begged the question.

Again; the term "undeveloped" is used without having its meanings and application distinguished. If those who describe Woman as "undeveloped man" mean that, aside from the functions of maternity, she is in body and mind a less efficiently-organised male, as if fashioned from the poorer left-over clay, after the

male had issued perfect from the primordial mould, then they are employing the term "man" in an impossible specific sense, and the term "undeveloped" with a meaning which has no scientific or evolutionary warrant, but which is only a recrudescence of the Biblical story of the solicitous after-thought of the Diety in making a female companion for Man out of the most meagre and sapless part of his anatomy, and thereby starting her on her mundane way eternally indebted to Man for the "scrub variety" (to use a horticultural metaphor) of her body and mind and her secondary function in the advancement of civilisation. If, on the other hand, those who describe Woman as "undeveloped man," mean that the development of her potential nature has been, as the evolutionists say, "arrested," then they are employing the term "man" in its generic sense and the term "undeveloped" with a meaning which implies that Woman has a specific individuality, quite different from Man's, and which, therefore, reduces the phrase to a truism or to nonsense. In short, the doctrine that Woman is "undeveloped man" smothers the real truth in a cynical platitude or begs the question. And so we have safe in our hands our original postulate, that Woman is not inferior to Man, but, rather, *different* from him in native faculty, capacity and variational tendency.

As to the ethical fallacy in the negative attitude to Woman's right to full enfranchisement, and to development of individuality, we may learn its nature and origin by asking, How did it happen that Woman's evolution has been immemorably "arrested"? The fallacy is another expression of the sophistic doctrine that Might is Right. In the history of civilisation, which involved the subjugation of nature and the subjection of one race or people under another, Man's brute power—usually phrased magniloquently as

Man's "splendid fighting qualities"—has been given chief place and highest honour. The physical supremacy of Man over Woman, his militant powers and tasks—in a word, his might—constituted his right to subject or subjugate inanimate and animate nature, including Woman, to the furthering of his purposes. Thus was the development of Woman "arrested" by might, not by natural right; and thus is our civilisation to-day a masculine civilisation—also by might, not by natural right. The fallacy in the male attitude to Woman's enfranchisement and development, a fallacy still stubbornly operative, was itself an inevitable outcome of a necessarily masculine civilisation. As the too frequent recounting of a lie will work such a psychological change in the mind of a liar that what he once recognised as a lie on his part comes to be believed even by himself as actual fact; so the immemorial accidental relegating of Woman to secondary—or worse—place and honour in civilisation has wrought a change in the moral imagination of Man, until he now believes, as he has for centuries believed, that because our masculine civilisation is what it *is*, it is what it *ought* to be. In other words, because the march of civilisation made it necessary that the evolution of Woman should be "arrested," Man has come to believe that a masculine civilisation, in which Woman still remains in secondary place and honour, is best, and that he ought to see to it that thus she shall remain throughout the coming ages.

Such, I believe, is the social origin of the fallacious doctrine that Woman is "undeveloped man." Had not the practically necessary ascendancy of man blinded men's vision of the original and unique equality of Woman in her kind with Man's in his kind, men would have long ago realised that the free and equal operation of the feminine and masculine elements in life and civilisation was

implicit in the very constitution of humanity and society. This is the biological and psychical verity which Goethe phrased metaphysically in his conclusion to the Second Part of "*Faust*"—"the eternal woman-soul draws us ever upward and on." But Goethe's doctrine is a pure speculation—a philosophical intuition of the ultimate redemptive power of the Divine Love (revealed best in finite form on earth in the love of Woman), and applies solely to the strictly moral sphere; whereas, on the other hand, our doctrine has a general biological scope and is based on scientific fact. I turn now to the statement and explication of our second verity.

It is this: The natural expression of the variational tendency of woman is now, as it has been for some time, a world-wide movement. Anthropologists tell us that the "arrested" individuality of the feminine element (which is something greater than woman's personality) has become operative and is indubitably metamorphosing man as well as woman, the structure of the social organism as well as the face of the earth. They say that in spite of the militant ascendancy of man and of the masculine element, which still profoundly obtains in civilisation, a transmutation of the two sexes themselves is slowly but surely going on, as if each, under the evolutionary process, was seeking to become the other. If we remember that the change observed by the anthropologists is not one of real spiritual and animal substance but of mental and physical expression, we may phrase the fact in a simple proposition: The two sexes are converging—woman becoming more masculine and man more feminine.

This, however, means only that men are becoming more refined, gentle, tender, considerate, thoughtful, æsthetic or sensitive to beauty of person, physical surroundings, and companionship—in a single phrase, more

human and civilised; and that women are becoming more robust in physique, more athletic in form and tastes, broader in perception, firmer in judgment, more constructive in the self-expression of voluntary tasks and ideals. Woman, in short, is evolving her native potentialities without a whit losing, but rather increasing, her thrall of man, her physical loveliness, and her distinctive womanliness, which make her companionship with him the perfection of his existence and the inspiration, on his part, to fine deeds. Here, once more, we may note the biological verity which Goethe expressed metaphysically—"the eternal woman-soul draws us ever upwards and on."

Of Woman's convergence to the line of the masculine what empirical proofs have we? Anatomically considered the convergence is observable in the increased size of the skeletal area of modern women's frame and cranium. Women to-day are taller than their ancestors; their chests are broader, their hands are larger, and, *horrible dictu*, their feet have increased in length and in width. Just as women's hands and feet are larger to-day than formerly, no longer being like little mice, as Sir John Suckling daintily pictured them, that steal in and out beneath petticoats; so the waist and torso are not now wasp-like, and the cranial formation has the expressive contour and expansion of a big brain active within the bony casing. It is worth while observing, in passing, that these anatomical changes in the women of to-day are due partly to the franker association of the sexes, and partly to the spread of social democracy in all lands; for chiefly these two have removed the bands which caused that unnatural derangement of women's bodies and the repression of their physical aptitudes and tastes which, in the past, reduced women to the condition of animate bric-a-brac or, at best, dainty automata. The day of the doll-woman has for-



ever passed. Even men wish to see women robust and athletic, and the women of to-day, aside from men's wishes in the matter, are taking care to indulge their native physical powers and athletic tastes to the full. They seek outdoor life, ride, motor, skate, swim, row, box, wrestle, play tennis and golf, and excel in these sports as notably as they do in cooking, sewing, playing the piano, and in literary and æsthetic criticism. In short, the women of to-day, relatively to native capacities and freedom in physical exercise, are as much men athletically as they are women functionally and temperamentally.

Another empirical proof of Woman's convergence towards the line of the masculine is observable in an increase of her vital, mental, and creative energies. The women of to-day have recovered the pristine youthfulness of their sex. Vitally, this is marked by the fact that the line and mould of their torso grows old and amorphous hardly before the heart, and that, despite the cost to the present-day women in loss of beauty of form and of the unhampered enjoyment of social, intellectual, and æsthetic pleasures, a loss that is supposed naturally to be involved in the functions of maternity, women to-day, as a class, have effected no really appreciable diminution of the birth-rate, but, on the contrary, exhibit a very wistful willingness and desire to fulfill the functions of motherhood\*. Also, the women of to-day stand all sorts of physical strain relatively as well as men; not only do they play with the same relative strenuosity and

zest as men, but also they work for their living in the trades, crafts, and professions with the same relative untiring energy.

Mentally viewed, Woman's increase in energy is marked by the fact that she exhibits positive intellectual powers and creative genius. Women to-day not only stand the strain of intellectual study as well as men, but also carry off the great prizes in university courses relatively as frequently as men, fill university chairs and, notwithstanding Mr. H. G. Wells, carry on original research in the sciences as brilliantly as men, and engage in the professions and in business as successfully as the males, who once had all these functions reserved exclusively to themselves. Finally: I remark, without waiting to prove the fact by statistics, that the number of women who possess and exercise positive creative genius in literature, in the fine, applied, and interpretative arts, and in pure science is to-day legion as compared with the few isolated instances of women of creative genius in the past. Moreover, what is most significant is not the fact that the number of women of genius to-day is greater than in the past, but that they are in the very vanguard of intellectual, artistic, and moral progress—not only producing the fine entertainment and embellishments of life, but also creating the advances in science and social evolution.

In short, the native temperamental force of Woman—the feminine element in life and civilisation—is to-day in world-wide operation. Woman in this century has become more pre-

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\*Dr. George Draper, of the Rockefeller Institute, discussing this aspect of women's work in the world, illustrated his point thus: "Two women sat one day on a wind-swept ocean pier. The first had three beautiful children; the other was childless. The childless woman, gazing wistfully out over the tumbling blue water, said: 'I'd give ten years of my life to have three such children as yours.' The other woman answered gravely: 'Well, three children cost about that.'" Dr. Draper must have been ignorant of certain social statistics and of the play of the law of compensation, as Emerson called it, in the universe, or he must have wished to indulge his gift of "smart" wit, else he would not have employed in a serious scientific lecture such a cynical and untrue anecdote. For that type of cynical mother is to-day, in view of the increase in women's vital energies, practically obsolete, or at least obsolescent.

cocious than she was in the past, more curious, more alert, more self-analytical, more susceptible to subtleties, broader in sympathies and outlook, firmer in judgments of will, steadier in purpose, and more positive in accomplishment in spheres where once she was nugatory or abortive. Withal, even in our masculine civilisation, men accept her as a dearer and more indispensable companion, both because she is better begotten and full of health and energy, and because she is nearer him, as the old Scots psychologists phrased the distinction, in active powers of the mind, without a whit diminishing her peculiar functions and worth as sweetheart, wife, mother, and spiritual associate.

In no other age has woman been so comely and so distinguished by social and spiritual grace as she is to-day. If to the cynical she is still *janua diaboli*—procures to hell, and if to others she is, in Goethe's poetic mysticism, the angel of God, who is Love, to modern men who have pre-science of her rights to a self-evolved destiny, equally and conjointly with him, and who are thus united with her in ideal and means of self-realisation, Woman is Man's earth-born co-partner who, when he is young, adds zest to his pursuit of happiness and, when he is old and decaying in energy and the mere lust of life, comforts him with a large and tender peace. For whether men are over-matched with petty cares or await the inevitable end, woman's loveliness and companionship—her warm sympathy, inexpugnable faith, and genial strength—affect the hearts of men and the moral imagination with the gently subduing power of the translucent, calmly-shining stars, whose placid beauty, as Dr. Richard Burton so finely says of the far-off golden spheres,

“make mortal fret seem light and temporal.”

With womankind in general thus rightly appraised and dignified by a

philosophical adjustment of her place and function in life and civilisation, I turn to my special task of distinguishing the peculiar qualities of Canadian Womanhood and Beauty. At the outset it must be understood that I am considering species or types, not individuals or races. Here again, as before, in my argument I must employ only indisputable biological, psychical, and social verities.

First, the English-speaking branch of the present-day Canadian women (the French-Canadian women—“*ces étoiles du nord*,” as a discriminating countryman of theirs once truly and gallantly called them—would require an essay to themselves) are a distinct variational type of the Anglo-Keltic species of womankind. It is an axiom, rather than a postulate, that the Canadian women of to-day have as peculiar and distinctive qualities of body and mind, and as peculiar and distinctive modes of thought and practical action as have the women of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, or, in truth, of any other country. Further: in their own country, present-day Canadian women differ from their great-grand-sisters of the early decades of the nineteenth century; and in the next quarter of this century, or the next half of it, as a result of the inevitable mixing of non-Anglo-Keltic blood, temperament, and mentality with the native Anglo-Keltic strain, the Canadian women of the generations born twenty-five or fifty years from now will differ appreciably in body and mind from the type of to-day. For it is indisputable that immigration and the geographical redistribution of the indigenous population of Canada, which is now going on throughout the total expanses of the Dominion, must eventuate in the marriage of natives with aliens, and thus, through the fusion of various bloods and of various cultural, social, and political ideas, transmute the physique and mental genius of the

future generations of Canadian women—and men—into a type notably distinct from the present type.

Again: in the early nineteenth century ancestry of the present-day Canadian women, in the evolutionary history of their progenitors, lie all the conditions and active causes of the peculiar characteristics which differentiate the Canadian women of to-day both from their great grand-sisters and from the women of other lands. A rapid review of the ancestral history, and of the evolution, of the present-day Canadian women will discover to us how they have come to possess, as no other women possess, a singularly self-contained temperamental force. This temperamental force they express in three distinctive ways; namely, in a peculiarly placid mental attitude to all the facts of existence; in a ready social adaptability; and in a sane, well-controlled desire—not an irresponsible passion—for fully active physical and creative life.

Turning now to these matters, I remark that the ancestors of the present-day Canadian women comprised two classes of immigrants: first, the families of United Empire Loyalists who, after the Declaration of Independence, migrated from the Atlantic colonies into Canada; and, secondly, the families of the discharged British (English, Scots, and Irish) soldiers who had fought in the Napoleonic wars, and who, after the battle of Waterloo, having no means of livelihood, sought a home in Canada. It is important, however, to remember that these two migratory movements did not bring into Canada solely the finest flower of the United Empire Loyalists and of British soldiery, but rather very mixed, miscellaneous classes of immigrants,

among whom were to be found farm hands, artisans, craftsmen, and tradesmen, for whom there was no employment after the close of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars; also many restless adventurers, and not a few social misfits and n'er-do-wells, corresponding to the "remittance men" of our own times; and, finally, a "fringe containing odds and ends of all grades," as Professor Adam Shortt puts it, but containing "some gems of rare worth; men who here and there kept the lamp of knowledge burning in the wilderness, men of broad ideas and high aspirations, which they communicated to a few disciples who were found worthy."\*

Now, it is obvious that these European and American immigrants, settling, as they did, amongst the pioneer inhabitants of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario, came amongst people who, like themselves, were British in natural capacity and in thought, and who were chiefly concerned with getting a bare existence from the Canadian wilderness and waters. In Canada, then, in the early nineteenth century the population was essentially British in physique, mentality, and virtues; and all classes were occupied with obtaining material possessions. They lacked, however, the saving presence, as well as the sphere, of British culture and refined social life. Again, amongst the finer breeds of this population were, as we noted, miscellaneous elements of the British and American middle and lower classes whose cultural and moral ideas tended to fall below zero. Further, the environment and the material tasks of that population, as well as the presence of American economic, political, and social ideals, necessitated the

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\*Quoted from "Some Aspects of the Social Life of Canada," (by Professor Adam Shortt, in *The Canadian Magazine*, Vol. XI, No. 1, May, 1898.) Dr. Shortt's essay is a sincere, sane, constructive article, and besides pointing out the futilities of our over-boasted educational system, signalises the fact that what is most needed in Canada is intelligent self-criticism and emancipation from that pseudo-patriotism which conceives everything of British origin to have Divine and immutable warrant.

frankest association both of all classes and of the sexes. How, then, did it happen that the ancestors of the present-day Anglo-Keltic Canadians were saved from reverting to absolute materialism, if not semi-barbarism, in thought and conduct?

Working against the uncultural and immoral tendencies immanent in the environment, tasks, and social exigencies or customs of the early nineteenth century were two saving conditions, which the ordinary historian may readily observe, and a third redemptive condition which I have not yet seen signalised in the pages of the historians, but which was the most constructive agency in the evolution of the chief distinguishing quality of the present-day Canadian women. The first of these antidotal conditions was the presence amongst the European and American immigrants of some finer spirits—"men who here and there kept the lamp of knowledge burning in the wilderness, men of broad ideas and high aspirations, which they communicated to a few disciples who were found worthy." The second antidote to the tendency to semi-barbaric life in Canada in the early nineteenth century was the leaven of the American faith in social democracy, the chief concept of which was not the meaningless article of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are born free and equal, but the thoroughly human idea, which is basis of all individual initiative, aspiration, and progress, namely, that

in the conduct of life there shall be no invidious system of caste or privilege, but always equal and frank association amongst classes and sexes, and that only the perfection of native capacity and of genuine moral worth shall entitle one individual, irrespective of social origin, status, or wealth, to be regarded as "better" than another, and to have a "right" to the highest distinctions and honours within the gift of his fellows.\* In spite, then, of the frank and equal association of the classes and the sexes amongst the early nineteenth century Canadians, this democracy resulted, in Professor Shortt's apt phrase, in a "general levelling up" of pioneer Canadian society, and in the sowing of the seed which, as we shall see, bred a species of women, as well as of men, strong in physical and moral fibre and energy, full of faith in themselves and of practical courage, and intellectually alert amid surroundings not favourable to culture or to high thinking. In short, in the environment of the ancestors of the present-day Canadian women, as never in the environment of their sisters in England, lay all the incitements to the free expression of their British elemental energy, practical thought, independent volition, and capacity for knowledge.

Now, there was one aspect of the Canadian pioneer environment which our historians seem not to have observed, but which was the most important factor in the evolution of the typical characteristics of the

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\*For a full interpretation of the true ideals of social democracy, see the writer's "Democracy, Education, and the New Dispensation," (published by William Briggs, Toronto.) The so-called democracy which neglects proprieties in dress and manners, refinements in feeling, thought and conduct, is semi-barbarism. Genuine democracy is an inspiration to every individual, no matter how lowly or obscure his origin, to become a "gentleman" in personal appearance, deportment, and in intellectual, aesthetic, and social preferences. Its psychological basis is fine good sense; and its moral warrant is the intrinsic worth of cultured and gracious personality as a pure spiritual possession. The world's noblest exemplar of genuine democracy was Jesus, who taught us, more by his life than by his addresses, that there is a divinity in man, but that it shines through only when men "purify" themselves from the unclean in person and thought. He dignified labour by dignifying it with cheerful acceptance of duty, fine workmanship, and respectful observance of social forms and of the statutes. The "level" of democracy is not down towards the barbaric, but on the upland slopes of life.

## CANADIAN WOMANHOOD AND BEAUTY

present-day Canadian women. This was the "loneliness" of the early pioneer Canadian woman's environment—the utter loneliness of the wilderness and the backwoods. To the forest primeval the European and American immigrants brought their knowledge of the standards of British civilisation, but the concrete civilisation itself was absent. Thus it happened that while the Canadian women of the early nineteenth century were compelled to busy themselves with practical duties, they were so separated from the cultural sustenance and refreshment of the old land that the very loneliness of their Canadian environment caused their intellectual life to become one of *pure thinking*—of abstract reflection on, say, the paltry few books they possessed, on the discussions which they overheard, or in which, as a result of the free association of the sexes, they took part, concerning British civilisation, and on the changes in social manners, political ideals, practical government, and intellectual standards which inevitably eventuated in a land where society would have no privileged classes or no invidious distinctions of caste. In short, pioneer life in the Canadian forests or wildernesses was singularly fitted to induce original critical reflection on society and destiny, and thus to develop in the women of the time a forthright temperamental force and unique powers of imaginative and constructive thinking.

As time went on and Canadian native civilisation progressed, this variational tendency developed into a positive faculty, so positive indeed that the Canadian women of to-day are distinguished by the constructive way in which they view life and work out, with self-confident independence, their existence, ideals, and destiny. Let us now observe how the present-day Canadian women peculiarly express their bequeathed originality of temperament and of constructive thought.

I remark, first, that the Canadian woman of to-day is distinguished by a placid independence of thought. She faces all the facts of existence with fronting eyes, being neither affrighted nor transported. Like her ancestors, she is too genuine a Child of Nature—companion of the vast forests, unending prairies, sublime mountains, mighty waters and empyrean expanses of her country—to be anything else than elemental and calm, with uncommon good sense, in her attitude to the facts of existence, the metamorphoses of society, and the vicissitudes of destiny.

Hence her cool-headed inquisitiveness about life in all its phases—about the "news" of the day and about public order and social movements. She seriously reads the public prints, not from vulgar or frivolous curiosity, but from a sincere desire to get all the facts of existence that she may reflect on them and independently make up her mind as to what is of vital importance and dignity in practical conduct and in the spiritual enhancement of life. Hence, also, her native intellectual independence—her "personally conducted tour"—in self-cultivation. To point this fact adequately would require an essay in the history of culture in Canada and a special orienting of the part women have played in the development of native literature, music, art, and education. I shall employ only brief reference to a single field.

Anyone decently acquainted with the literary history of Canada must be impressed with the important part which women have taken in its development, especially in the way of creative self-expression (which, it should be noted, is a much more positive factor in self-cultivation than is the acquisition of knowledge.) I once heard a gentleman of literary gifts and tastes observe that "Canadians do not read poetry; they write it." I should amend and enlarge that remark, so as to recall the social and psychological conditions which

give the observation truth and point; and say that when the ancestral Canadian women, for lack of intellectual and imaginative sustenance, hungered for poetry and fiction, they did not wait to import these species of literature, but, with confidence in their own creative powers, sat down and wrote verse and prose entertainment for themselves. Only those who lack critical or scientific insight will remark the crudity of early Canadian letters, and point—as, alas, those polite literary detectives who occupy the chairs of English literature in our universities point—the finger of scorn at the verse and prose of the pioneer Canadian women. These critics respect not the crude beginnings of the native literary spirit in Canada, because they observe only the bare outward phenomenon, the mere fact, of letters, and fail to see shining through the fact the first stirrings of creative genius or the potencies and promise of the authentic literary art of such native-born Canadian women of to-day as Mrs. Elizabeth Ecclestone Mackay, whose poetry possesses an indigenous freshness of sentiment and of music and a Keltic subtlety of fancy, and Miss Marshall Saunders, or Mrs. Lucy M. Montgomery-Macdonald, whose prose romances and tales are, in inspiration and readability, quite deserving of the universal appreciation which their work has received, and, structurally viewed, are as satisfying to the æsthetic sense as the work of the leading British and American fictionists who now have popular vogue.

The significant matter, then, is not the quantity or the quality of pioneer Canadian letters, but the fact that the creative literary spirit was early and independently alive amongst the ancestors of the present-day Canadian woman, and that it could not have been thus alive had not the “backwoods” Canadian woman, despite her rude environment, been a singularly reflective creature

—a “thinker”—and deeply interested in self-cultivation. Self-expression was the most natural and ready means of self-cultivation. The external environment of the pioneer Canadian woman—or, to use Mrs. Moodie’s phrases, life in the “Bush” and life in the “Clearing”—was of such an uncultural kind as to cause her to tend to revert to materialism and barbarism. That she escaped this condition and cultivated her mind and imagination as best possible is to be explained only by her possessing some acquired insight into the paramount value of culture, however rudimentary, by the vision, in short, developed in her hours of lonely thinking amid the wilderness or backwoods, that saving grace could be vouchsafed to her only by her own independent efforts, namely, by self-expression in lieu of imported means of culture. And so, historically considered, there is every justification for the remark that when the pioneer Canadian woman wished to read a good poem or tale or essay she set to work and wrote it. This seemingly smart epigram signalises how, in her case, necessity became the mother of invention. For out of spiritual needs and the uncultural loneliness of the wilderness and backwoods arose the importunity which compelled the pioneer women of Canada to develop within themselves the qualities that now distinguish the Canadian women of to-day, namely, an original temperamental force expressed in a peculiarly placid attitude to the facts of existence, in unique powers of imaginative and creative thinking, and in appreciations, which, in distinction from those of their more favoured English sisters, are never vicarious, but native to themselves and independent of tradition.

The second distinguishing characteristic of the present-day Canadian woman is her social adaptability. This is due to her frank association with the male sex, to freedom and

equality in education ("co-education") and to the idea, inborn in her by her vast natural environment, that, irrespective of mere physical supremacy of the male, she is not, in Canada, regarded by the other sex as the weaker creature. External nature in Canada, and the absence of invidious caste distinctions, have made impossible to her mind the consciousness of the superiority of the male sex, or of the right of the physically stronger sex to dominate her thought and conduct. In England there is a demand for the elimination of the word "obey" from the marriage vow. In Canada such a demand has not arisen, and will not arise, for the reason that in the Dominion the invidious concept of woman as man's chattel has never been part of the Canadian social consciousness, and is never mentioned except when perfunctorily resurrected by some clergyman or Justice of the Peace mumbling the formulas of antique and obsolescent law. In English homes the brother dominates, and the husband domineers. The latter is "the master," not only of the servants, but also of the wife and daughters. In Canadian homes the wife and daughters are not made to feel that they are in anywise subordinate to the husband and brothers. Within the family in Canadian homes no caste system obtains; each member, irrespective of sex, is regarded as a unique individual and is allowed all decent freedom to express his or her individuality as each personally determines. This domestic democracy makes it easy for the Canadian girl or woman to adapt herself—just as a matter of course—to her place and function in the household, with no sense of loss in dignity or independence.

This same easy, calm democracy, observable in the Canadian girl's or woman's home life, obtains in her attitude to the public affairs of her country. In these matters she shows her fine good sense and adaptability;

she is quite willing to leave to the male sex what has been immemorably regarded as men's special practical functions. In Canada, if women do not seek co-equal share in political suffrage, it is because they have not felt a real necessity for it, and because they know that if they sincerely want, and demand, full suffrage, the men of the country will be not only gallant enough, but also human and sensible enough, to see that the perfunctory legislation required to give Canadian women the formal right to a voice in municipal, provincial, and federal affairs shall be effected. The truth is that in Canada where there is the frankest association of the sexes, where women have absolute freedom of choices, and where they have all essential dignities and privileges, the Canadian woman has not troubled her mind about demanding the further privilege of equal suffrage in government. In short, to the Canadian woman, conscious of already possessing essential equalities with the male sex, and having, as she really has, an inviolable trust in the good sense of her countrymen to effect, as expediency may require, all needed reform, a full part, equal to men's, in promoting public order and political progress does not seem worth striving for. She is not, as some have alleged that she is, indifferent to the conduct of public affairs, or incapable of taking an intelligent share in the suffrage. The right view is that her genius for adapting herself to the social order of her times, her virtual equality with her countrymen, and her faith in their genuine humanity, cause the Canadian woman to show only a placid interest in her country's destiny; and keep her optimistic, but sane, calm—and, it must be said, grateful.

Again: the Canadian woman's keen perception of values, which is the source of her democratic adaptability in her own country, is displayed in her conduct in foreign lands. In

adopted spheres, she never submits to being a mere "social adjunct," but adapts herself to her new sphere and environment, so as to be positive in her relations to society, and constructive in her thought and conduct. The proofs of this are legion. If a Canadian woman marries an American millionaire or an Englishman of high birth, thereby stepping out of her own social grade, as, for instance, to take familiar examples, Mrs. George Gould (née Kingdon), Mrs. Cheney (née Arthur), Honourable Mrs. Cecil Edwardes (née Martin), and the Marchioness of Donegal (née Twinning) have done, she carries to her more aristocratic sphere her native sense of equality and spirit of self-reliance; and invariably makes a conquest, without employing, be it noted, either invertebrate condescension or arrogant self-assertiveness. Or, if the Canadian woman goes abroad and competes with foreigners in the arts and professions, as, for instance, Miss McIlwraith, or Mrs. Cotes, in letters; Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, in painting; Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenny, in musical composition; Miss Anglin, in drama; Miss MacDonald, in light opera; Madame Edvina, in grand opera; Miss Birchall, in literary journalism, and Miss Ritchie, or Miss Stewart, in university teaching, she adapts herself intellectually and socially with such ready ease, self-reliance, and sense of values that she makes a conquest quietly, but unmistakably. She neither toadies to official superiors, nor domineers over inferiors, but with due regard for proprieties, with frank mind, yet with essential good breeding, she essays any "work" in the consciousness that womanly independence is a virtue and dignity paramountly worth while. She asks for what she wants, not with the brusque "nerve" which feazes an official superior into granting her demand, but with a womanly directness which makes her admired and gains her end. Abroad, as at home, the Canadian woman is

neither demure nor self-assertive. Genuine through and through, and a woman of unique equipoise, she is respected for her sound virtues of body and mind, and desired for her perfectly adaptable individuality.

Finally: the third distinguishing characteristic of the present-day Canadian woman is her well-controlled desire for a fully active physical and creative life. For such a life she has been prepared both by her pioneer ancestors and by her girlhood tastes and conduct. Whatever be the evolutionary function of personal beauty, whether merely decorative or sexually selective by its power over the senses and imagination of the male, the Canadian girl, like any other girl, naturally wishes to become a beautiful woman. But whatever be her thoughts and desires in the matter, Nature and her social environment and ancestry have conspired to make her a creature, who, in her choice of physical beauty, sensibly prefers the always pervasive and lasting beauty of sound physique and of vigorous, fresh-blooming health.

I have no respect for those magazine essayists, or for those pictorial illustrators, who picture in words or with pigments the Canadian girl as if she were a vermilion-hued, ever-laughing or smiling, irresponsible nymph, and the Canadian woman as if she were a new and physically lovelier breed of Amazon. These literary and pictorial representations of the Canadian girl or woman are a profound lie, because they have the plausibility of half-truths. In themselves these representations are aesthetically winning; they delight the senses by their sensuous colour and suggestions of freedom, vitality, and happiness, and thus they seduce the fancy into believing that a girl or a woman so elementally winsome, as the Canadian girl or woman is represented to be, must actually exist in Canada. Again; these representations have an *a priori* plausibility



because they picture the Canadian girl or woman as having the kind of physical beauty which the climate of Canada and the out-door, athletic life which the Canadian girl or woman is supposed to live would likely give her face and form.

The truth is that there are few Canadian women who in the portrait-painter's sense of the term are really beautiful—who have, that is, finely modelled heads, glorious eyes and hair, delicately-bowed lips, red as rowan berries, damask cheeks, necks and shoulders white as ivory and more graceful and flowing in line than the swan's. But if the Canadian girl or woman has not conspicuously the beauty which is only skin-deep, she engages the senses by her well-begotten physique and form; and the imagination, by the spiritual expressiveness of her face and movements. Her beauty is uniquely the beauty of a well-rounded, well-muscled, firmly-nerved, and mentally alert and vigorous creature. Consider her a Child of Nature, if you will, ruddy as the rose, robust, hardy, and athletic; yet must she not be conceived as an irresponsible nymph, or as a new type of Amazon, but as a "womanly woman" in whom all the fresh beauty, open-air charm, of her country is incarnate, and is expressed vitally in her form and mind. If, then, I were asked how should I signalise, in a single phrase, the peculiar or distinctive quality of the beauty of the Canadian woman, I should reply that the vitality inherited from her ancestors, and her own active life, physical, social, and mental, have endowed her form with the bloom of health on nobly-moulded limbs, torso, and head, and her face with the beauty which is eloquent of a personality forceful but self-poised—in a single phrase, *with beauty of spiritual expression*.

As the Canadian woman is distinguished by a fully active physical life, so does she desire, and engage in, a strenuous creative life. In no

other country having such a short history, such a sparse population, and such a derivative civilisation as has Anglo-Keltic Canada are there so many women who possess innate creative gifts, or who essay a creative life—in short, so many *Women of Genius*. I observe that Canada, and not the United States, is now being hailed as the Land of Opportunity. In abstract possibilities this is, no doubt, true; but I am not dealing here with abstractions or mere possibilities. And so I point to indubitable fact; that Canada is a land where women of genius who desire individual creative careers are absolutely free to engage in them; nay, more, are encouraged and assisted to engage in individual careers, and, be it remarked, in such wise that they neither suffer loss in spiritual and social dignity, nor are compelled to frustrate the vital functions and the variational tendencies of their sex. In the sense of being, as it were, a kindly foster-mother of women of genius, Anglo-Keltic Canada has always been, and is to remain, pre-eminently for the feminine sex a land of opportunity.

I am not going to offer any statistical proofs of these claims; for quantitative proofs can always be matched or annulled by qualitative disproofs. I remark, however, that in the making of the literary history of Canada, both pioneer and latter-day Canadian women have had a conspicuously constructive part; and in the fine arts, nay, even in the structural arts, such as architecture and engineering, as well as in the laboratories and professions, they are displaying constructive genius quite the equal of their creative countrymen. At once I run against some of those myopic detectives of literature, who in their essays at criticism and imaginative creation are nothing better than "literary butchers," and who object with the shibboleth that Canadian women have shown considerable tal-

ent but no genius; or with the qualitative argument that Canada has not produced such examples of real feminine genius as Sappho, Erinna, Aspasia, Hypatia, Elizabeth Barrett (Browning), Mary Wollenscraft, the Bronte sisters, George Eliot, Christina Rossetti, Rosa Bonheur, Miss Herschel, Clara Schumann, Elinora Duse, Mrs. Beach, or Jane Addams.

Certainly that is a galaxy which, in the abstract, cannot be paralleled amongst Canadian women. It is, however, absurd to compare the women of one country with the women of genius of several countries, and thus conclude that the former have not creative genius. Further; the distinction between talent and genius is relative to the passing of time and the number of persons who attempt creative work in a given age or epoch. In former ages very few men, and relatively almost no women, attempted the creative life; but in our age, with the universal spread of education and culture in democratic countries, such as the United States and Canada, men and women of genius are so numerous that when the different centuries are compared, the far-off glory of the men and women who achieved distinction in former ages creates the illusion that, qualitatively viewed, the work of the poets, novelists, painters, composers, philosophers, and so on, of the 20th century is the product of talented minds and not of genius. But allowing for this illusion, and granting due difference in quality, I point with confidence and pride to this little galaxy of Canadian women of genius in my own generation: Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay and Mrs. Virna Sheard in poetry; Miss Marshall Saunders and Mrs. Lucy M. Montgomery Macdonald in romantic fiction; Miss Laura Muntz and Miss Florence Carlyle in painting; Lady Ross (née Peel) and Miss Katherine Wallis in sculpture; Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenny in musical composition; Miss Marjory MacMurehy

in literary criticism; Miss Jean Graham in literary journalism; Miss Kathleen Parlow in instrumental virtuosity; Dr. Eliza Ritchie in constructive metaphysics; Dr. Helen MacMurehy in scientific humanitarianism; Miss Margaret Anglin in drama; Miss Christie MacDonald in light opera; Mme. Edvina in grand opera; Mrs. Adam Beck in adroit sportsmanship and in social leadership. These are but a very few of the names of the Canadian women who, within a decade, have given distinction not only to their own sex, but also to Canadian culture and civilisation.

In conclusion: I should be an unworthy countryman of these Canadian women, if out of all the philosophy and criticism which have preceded, I could not bring forth some constructive principle or verity for the ideal evolution and enhancement of social life in Canada. I shall state these principles in the form of propositions, as follows:

*The crux of a civilisation is not the mere social and political dignity of its women, but, be this equal or unequal with that of its men, and despite either condition, the types of women of genius it breeds and sustains;*

*The greater the number of types of women of genius, and the finer the quality of the feminine genius, in each succeeding age of a given country, the sooner will its civilisation reach perfection of intellectual, aesthetic, social, and spiritual life.*

To any man who objects that I am mistaking a symptom, sign, or coincident for a *vera causa*, I reply that in whatever ages or epochs women of genius, whether in our modern philistine view they may be regarded as paragons of moral virtue or not, were freely allowed to develop and express their innate individuality and variational tendencies, civilisation in those times was notable for its relative social and spiritual perfection. He who reads the history of the Orient,

of Greece and Rome, and even of England, with critical insight, will observe that civilisation rose to a high estate and fell to a low estate with the rise and the passing of women of genius. And naturally so; for to the student of anthropology and of comparative psychology it is plain that woman is more precocious than man, more rapid in vital and spiritual growth, and more quick and keen or subtle in the perception of essential values; and that, therefore, to let woman freely develop and express both her personality and her individuality is to increase, refine, and enhance the quality of civilisation.

Evolutionally viewed, the physical supremacy of man may be allowed to count only for as much as it is worth in civilisation. Woman's native precocity, finer organisation, keener perceptions of values, and more rapid development, entitle her individuality to the maximum of freedom and opportunity for the fullest growth and self-expression. Thus we derive this fundamental verity: The masculine and the feminine elements in humankind, and in civilisation, must be not only allowed, but also assisted, to develop and express themselves equally, according to the individuality and variational tendencies of each. So shall they evolve

and conserve a single spiritual economy; and in that economy, with the masculine and the feminine constantly converging towards the line or level of each other (see pp. 244-5), the peculiar sensitiveness of woman to beauty of thought, sentiment, and conduct, and her genius for love, faith, and spiritual aspiration, will always be found to be the subtler and more pervasive constructive agencies in enhancing mundane existence.

In all that I have said in this essay there must be some elements of over-fervid or over-positive statement; but that is a human, not a logical, fault; and, logically viewed, my philosophical and critical principles are not to be gainsaid. When, then, I think of the rude, narrow, churlish pioneer life out of which the splendid, virile, clean civilisation of Canada to-day has evolved, and when I recall the noble part which Canadian women have taken in the making of that civilisation, I am overcome with admiration, and I find no language adequate to express my admiration of them, save that fine and gallant metaphor of my French-speaking countryman, who signalled their self-poise and beauty and charm under the apt figure, "*Ces étoiles du nord*"—those fair-shining Stars of the True North.

*To the February Number Dr. Logan will contribute a critical essay entitled "A Decade of Canadian Poetry."*



## FATE'S DICTA

By MARY CORNELL

**B**EHOLD me bent and grazed, confined and old,  
 A sorry prisoner in a sorry jail,  
 Bending on hopes and dreads, now past and gone,  
 And on the miseries cooped with me here,  
 More sombreness of mind than would have once  
 Sufficed to make me honoured among men.  
 For I had thoughts, ideals and mighty aims;  
 Withal a steadiness and strength of limb,  
 That had my being constantly maintained  
 Its loftiest poise and held its rod of state,  
 Might have accomplished—well, enough at least  
 To let me sink down peace ful to my grave.  
 But there's a hitch, a something that will come  
 In unprepared moments, or, prepared,  
 Will swoop within its overpowering toils  
 The state of preparation clear away;  
 A dizziness of nature that, taking sway,  
 Allows untutored passions to command  
 The walls of reasoned purpose built within,  
 Wall carefull up-wrought so many days.  
 I longed, I sought, I struggled into light.  
 The heights about were frowning silver flame,  
 I felt the deep blue dancing at my feet,  
 I could have bent and painted on the sky;  
 And then again some tricking bodkins point  
 Would prick the spleen, and earth come thundering back.  
 Is there no hope for man who climbs and falls?  
 Who builds and builds through years his rounds of towers,  
 To but behold within a single night  
 A silly breath the structure sweep away?  
 Tell me no more of fate our hands can curl!  
 'Tis from without come those great coils of light  
 That make us blessed and strong in God's bright hours;  
 And from without demoniac fingers pinch  
 The glory to infinites'mal size.  
 I know not whether most to cry the good  
 To Heaven's shining throne, or to shunt down  
 To Hades all the failure and the blight.

# PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN WEBBER

ALL that glitters in Bernard Shaw the dramatist may not be gold, but no one is less deceived in the quantity of alloy than Shaw himself. In fact, the real critic of Shaw is Shaw. For among all his critics—and they are legion—none is such a master of the critic's craft, the technique of it and the spirit of it, as Shaw himself. The proof of it lies in all that Shaw has written about himself—written with perfect artistic detachment and with such lucidity that he who runs may read. It was proved in "How He Lied to Her Husband," a play which he wrote to lambast one of his own plays, because a fool public had insisted on sentimentalising over it.

Shaw's latest work, however, "Fanny's First Play"—a comedy of scintillating wit and characteristic whimsicality—goes all these critical examinations one better, giving us in the same picture Shaw the dramatist, Shaw the critic, and Shaw the critic of dramatic criticism.

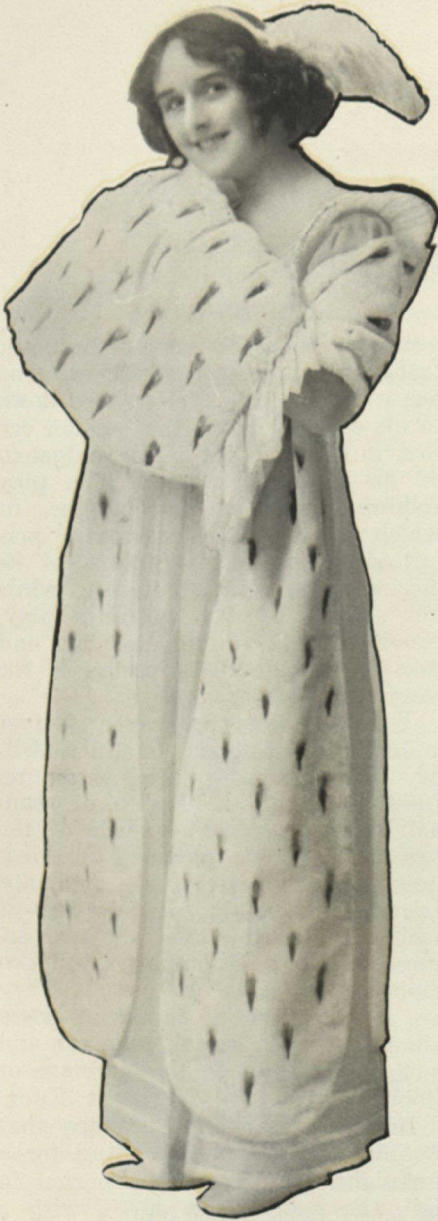
British middle-class narrow-mindedness, snobbery and hypocrisy are as usual the familiar butts of Shaw's ridicule. But the keenest edges of his satire are reserved for the dramatic critics. For them he has invented the most brilliant episode in the play. For them he mounts his jester's throne with a mental agility and nimbleness of wit that leaves his purpose wholly undisguised—if anything so deliciously whimsical can be called purpose.

The form of the play is also more or less an innovation. This was

necessary. In the introduction, the father of a young authoress, who has written a play, has invited down to his country house the London critics, in order to get a fair judgment of his daughter's work. The play follows, and then an epilogue, in which the London critics are permitted to air their opinions of its merits. The form, therefore, while not strictly a play within a play, provides a beginning and an end that lie outside the progress of the story.

The play proper concerns two middle-class English families—Gilbey and Knox—into whose respectable homes no breath of scandal has entered. The heads of the two families are partners in business, and the wives, are intimate friends. Twice a week they dine at each other's table, so they are assured, as Mrs. Gilbey says, of two nights of pleasure each week. They are looking forward to a still closer alliance of their social, religious and business interests in the marriage of Bobby Gilbey and Margaret Knox.

In the first act it develops that Bobby, who has been missing for a fortnight, has spent that period in jail, the result of a spree, with a young woman of the Music Halls, "Darling Dora" by name, who comes to get money from the father to bail him out. In the second act Margaret returns from a similar period of incarceration, accompanied by a lieutenant in the French navy. From this point, the play leaps into humorous complications, Bobby



MISS ELIZABETH RISDON  
In "Fanny's First Play"

pairing off with "Darling Dora" and Margaret with the Gilbeys' butler, who turns out to be the brother of a Duke.

This picture of the middle-class English home, into which new ideas

of progress—our own times of agitation and reform—are introduced by the son of one house and the daughter of another, is delicious. To those who know the atmosphere of middle-class England and its respects for tradition, the horror of the two estimable couples for their unregenerate children is the acme of whimsical humour. That these bright young blades had both spent a fortnight in jail and did not lose a wink of sleep over it was too much for the deadly respectability of the prosperous tradesmen. It was the end of all things, the deluge, and swept the pillars clean from under the house. That the heroine was in love with the butler would have completed the wreck had it not been for the discovery of his noble lineage.

There is also not a form of drama which Mr. Shaw has not burlesqued in this his latest play. We have the melodramatic father, threatening to cast off his daughter, forgiving her when the religious mother declares she will go out with her, then imploring her on bended knees not to bring dishonour to his gray hairs by telling the world her adventures. From burlesque the author advances to the most acrobatic farce, with the heroine throwing her affianced on the table and mauling him in true athletic style. The epilogue, already referred to, is most delicious fooling with all the questions of the stage and its critics.

Naturally, Mr. Shaw knows just what to make his critics say. He himself followed the gentle art of damning plays for many years and proved himself a past master in the profession. The four critics called upon to deliver their opinion to the dotting father, provide Mr. Shaw with a means to expose the weakness of the critical attitude. One critic refuses to commit himself until he hears the name of the author, another accuses Granville Barker of having written the play; Barrie is exonerated because the play does not

end happily, and so on. Then, of course, there are the inevitable platitudes of criticism, among them the popular wheeze whether it is really a play, all of which the author varies with consummate brilliancy. Never, in fact, has he exhibited greater virtuosity and variety in his wit.

Mr. Alfred Sutro's new play, "The Perplexed Husband," lightly satirises certain phases of the feminist movement with its platitudes of sex equality, spiritual development and other popular foibles of half-baked disciples. The opportunities of such material are self-evident, and Mr. Sutro has skilfully woven them into a comedy of rare charm, entertaining in the writing, and while lacking the rollicking action of a French farce, has that deftness of touch which we ordinarily associate with the best writers of this form.

A distinct literary flavour, touched with the smartness of a London drawing-room, suggests the social atmosphere of the piece. Thomas Pelling, a normal, average man, returns home from a long trip to find his pretty and rather insipid little wife in the toils of a philosophic fakir and an aggressive suffragette with a "mission" to her suffering sisterhood. Mrs. Pelling, in her husband's absence, had been to see that convenient old trouble-maker for dramatists, Ibsen's "A Doll's House." Under the spell of the play and the spiritual guidance of her feminist friend, the little wife began to regard herself as another Nora in another Doll's house. Here the old device of exciting jealousy—accepting the creed of the false prophets at its face value, and awaiting results—is adopted. But the freshness of the invention in handling a familiar motive is one of the plays greatest charms. The "remedy," suggested by a very wise, matter-of-fact sister, is a discharged stenographer, a young woman who worships "beauty," who dreams of Greek statuary



MISS MARTHA HEDMAN

In "The Attack"

and is a lover of Swinburne and Browning. "It is a very beautiful desire," she exclaims, "for you to be trying to get back this beautiful



JOHN CROMWELL, as John Broke.

ALICE BRADY, as Meg.

In "Little Women"

wife." To her, whatever is beautiful is good, and vice versa. She had been an artist's model, but forsook her profession because the paintings were bad. In contrast, also, to the extremely emancipated doctrines about her, she ventures the opinion that woman is to man like moonlight reflected on the waters. So hand-in-hand with the husband, she works for the wife's redemption. It comes in the third act, with a passionate kiss full on the vestal lips of the erect beauty. Mrs. Pelling, for some reason, suddenly relents, renounces the "movement" and throws herself into her husband's arms.

John Drew, in the character of a well-groomed Englishman, the central figure in an English comedy, is a familiar sight. He acts in that easy way which his audiences know

and admire. But our real interest lies in apparently subordinate characters which circle round him. "The Perplexed Husband" has just enough seriousness to give point to its humour and the lesson is driven home in the skilfully drawn and admirably contrasting types of femininity. These are all admirably portrayed. Margaret Watson, as the martyrdom-seeking suffragist. Alice John, the normal, sensible type of woman who keeps an even keel. Nina Sevensing, the little half-baked, sentimental wife with no sense of values, and, most admirable of all, Mary Boland, a worshipper of the beautiful, whose own work continues steadily to advance in beauty.

The "Mind-the-Paint-Girl" is not worthy of Pinero at his best. It is highly artificial in construction,



theatrical in subject and theatric in exposition. And the undercurrent of real humanity that runs through his earlier play of the theatre, is strangely lacking in this. The theme, in fact, seems no longer to the taste of the titled playwright. His text is the improvement of the aristocracy through marriage with members of the chorus and music halls. But in spite of his knight's armour—or because of it—he fights the battle of his heroine very timidly. Shaw, of course, would have made the marriage of young Lord Farncombe and Lily Paradel a *mésalliance* for the chorus lady. True, Lily's mother suggests this viewpoint when she exclaims, "Just think what you are doing for the aristocracy." But Pinero permits the marriage only after Lily has proved herself unspotted as the snow on the virginist peak of the Alps. In fact, the worst that can be said for the chorus lady is that she is plebeian in origin, has a spiciness of temper and that her mother drops her aspirates. Pinero makes Farncombe forgive all these things, give her the benefit of the doubt even when appearances are dead against her—for instance, the interruption of their love interview by an old admirer, who enters the flat with a pass key. But the burden of protecting aristocracy against itself is put on Lily's white shoulders all the way through. She urges on Farncombe her humble origin, his duty to posterity, and finally presents him with an exhibition of her temper that will surely disillusionise him. Lily's confession, however, has no such effect—how could it have without making Farncombe the smallest kind of cad—not even when she calls one admirer a "damned coward" and another a "pig."

The story is too thin to make its telling in detail worth while. The heroine is herself a beautiful butterfly, impaled on the boards of a London Musical Show. The daughter of a small grocer, she is at the zenith of



MISS FLORENCE REED

In "The Master of the House"



A scene from "Oh! Oh! Delphine"

her success as the leading actress of the Pandora Theatre when the play begins. All that life can offer the beautiful, talented young heroine, her admirers are laying at her feet. Among them are the youthful Farncombe and a certain Captain Jeyes, who has resigned his career in the army for her sake and is hanging about like a faithful dog. She wavers between the two, but in the end capitulates to the youthful viscount's urgings.

The first two acts are spent in carefully sketching in the characters, action being withheld until the third act, which rises suddenly to emotional intensity. This is the scene of the viscount's pleading, interrupted by the insanely jealous captain, with the practical proof of Lily's frightful temper, already referred to, and from which she almost faints in shame and humiliation. The love story is prettily set in an atmosphere of careless gaiety, and Billie

Burke as the reigning beauty of the Pandora is all that heart could desire or the most exacting artistic requirements demand of the part. Pintero may have disappointed us, but Miss Burke has been a delightful surprise.

Is Graham Moffatt a one-play writer? And is "Bunty" the complete and final expression of his genius? These are quite natural thoughts on viewing his new play, "A Scrape o' the Pen." Again are the naïveté of Scotch character, the vestiture and village life of Scotland set forth for our beguilement. Like "Bunty," too, the play is episodic, depending for its entertainment on separate scenes rather than on the dramatic narrative. The most appealing of these, and one of the best comedy situations seen in a long time, is a Bible reading scene, with a loving but wrangling husband conscientiously reading from the long chapter of "begats," while his wife



MARY BOLAND

Leading lady with John Drew, in "The Perplexed Husband"

sits bored and impatient for the verses to come. A skilful transition from comedy to pathos also occurs in this scene, when the two old people, left alone by the rest of the household, begin to talk of their children (their begots). Here a human chord is reached that dominates the other elements of the play. It is in such touches and the handling of such scenes that the charm of "A Scrape o' the Pen" lies. For the thread of plot that runs through the little piece is more slender even than "Bunty's."

Farmer Inglis has a son who took in Scotch marriage one Jean Lowther. He immediately deserted her, going to South Africa to make his fortune, while she in turn finds another husband. Her lack of faith in

the departed Alec had been influenced by his earlier betrayal of another girl. When Alec eventually returns to Honeyneuk he is confronted by the question whether he shall allow Jean to dwell in peace with her later husband. The only proof of his marriage to Jean is a bit of paper (a scrape o' the pen) now in possession of the old couple. He makes the sacrifice after a struggle with himself, destroys the evidence, and makes restitution to the earlier object of his affection, who has meanwhile, with her child, and Alec's, taken up life with Jean.

The verisimilitude of the farm kitchen, and of the carefully drawn characters that pass in review, is most convincing.



The assassination scene in William Faversham's all-star production of "Julius Caesar"  
 Showing from left to right: TYRONE POWER, ARTHUR ELLIOTT, FULLER MELLISH,  
 BERTON CHURCHILL, and FRANK KEENAN

"Milestones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, was the dramatic novelty of London last season and has been brought to America in its entirety. The underlying idea of the play is the eternal struggle between the old order and the new, between the spirit of progress and conservatism. The story of this unconventional play covers three generations of one family, told in three acts and covering a period of fifty-two years. The first act takes place in 1860. The question of iron as a substitute for wood in ship-building has divided the old firm of Sibley, Rhead and Sibley. John Rhead, who sees farther into the future than his partners, breaks with the firm. Whereupon Sibley refuses his consent to his daughter's marriage with Rhead, and Gertrude Rhead breaks off her en-

gagement with another Sibley. The next act, in 1885, finds John Rhead grown conservative and taking the same stand as old Sibley twenty-five years before. Steel has come to replace iron, and Rhead's daughter wants to marry a steel inventor. Rhead refuses and the daughter marries otherwise. The third act takes place at the present time, with the daughter, now a widow, refusing to allow her daughter to marry a rising engineer, who wants to move to Canada. The three separate romances in each act are similar, and the action repeats itself several times. But the playwrights handle their subject with such deftness and variety that no anti-climax occurs, while the delicate touches of sentiment soften the sterner moments of conflict. As a problem play, "Milestones" proves

nothing, and the poetic ending sends one home satisfied but not convinced. But as a series of striking episodes, showing human nature in some of its characteristic perverseness, the play is a powerful document, succeeding by sheer force of its truth and simplicity. Acting of a rare order marks the production, with the variety, make-up, manner and characterisation that only a London company at its best can bring to such a task. "Milestones" cannot be too highly commended to the discriminating playgoer.

The Little Theatre enters on the second season of its endeavour after the finer things in drama, with a production of "The Affairs of Anatol," by the brilliant Viennese author Arthur Schnitzler. This is not a play in the ordinary sense, but a series of five independent episodes in the amatory adventures of a modern Don Juan. These episodes are entirely unrelated to one another except by the personality of the hero, and the man friend who performs the services of an explanatory chorus.

In the original, the piece has no doubt many qualities which, in deference to our prudishness, have been modified in the English adaptation. At least its aims to be smart, flippant, cynical, and delightfully indecorous must have been more successful in the Continental version, for abroad the piece is said to have been vastly popular. The name of Mr. Granville Barker, as translator, is sufficient guarantee that the literary qualities have been successfully preserved. The main idea is at least original and permits five pretty and attractive actresses to occupy the stage in turn. Miss Marguerite Clark impersonates a sweet ingenue type; Miss Gail Kane, a robust voluptuousness; Doris Keane, an amusing type of chorus lady with an inordinate appetite; Miss Isabella Lee, a "real lady"—as evidenced by her tantrums when Anatol succumbs to his own fate in marriage and she is

left in the lurch—and a might-have-been coquette, played with discretion by Miss Katherine Emmett. Mr. John Barrymore as the Anatol in these "affairs" must have missed a good deal of the subtlety of Schnitzler's character. His performance is easy and smooth, but lacks variety in its total achievement and suggests little beyond a healthy chap with an inordinate fondness for the other sex.

"The Attack," by Henri Bernstein, in which Mr. John Mason is "starred," derives its title from the experience of a French senator whose political enemies have discovered a discreditable episode in his early career. How to maintain his political leadership and at the same time keep from the woman he loves facts which the threatened exposure would make common property, provides the dramatic theme. He sets about first to conquer his enemies and then make a clean breast of the episode.

In spite of the theme and authorship, "The Attack" is neither stirring nor sensational. In fact, it contains much more talk than action throughout, and the last act is practically a monologue, in which the hero tells the woman, very quietly and dramatically, his life's story, of the privations that caused him to yield to temptation, and through what sacrifices and pain he succeeded finally in making restitution. This recital is a great test of an actor's power to hold his audience and only an actor of the authority, force and splendid diction of Mr. Mason could have succeeded. Miss Martha Hedman, a young Swedish actress, who has just come to America, has an excellent stage presence, and proved effective in the rôle of the woman.

Coming to native American plays, three at least of the tried dramatists of other years have had disastrous experiences in this. Edward Knoblauch, author of "Kismet" and "The Faun," failed with "Discovering America," bringing Mr. Lewis Waller's second season in New York to

an early close. Mr. George Broadhurst came a cropper in his new farce, "Just Like John"; while the dean of American playwrights, Mr. Augustus Thomas, met a similar fate with "The Model."

But if the veterans have had reverses, and if English and foreign drama dominates the boards, both in quantity and artistic excellence, one of the younger American playwrights, Mr. Bayard Veiller, has scored the overwhelming popular success of the season in a new play, "Within the Law." This is the most thrilling plot play produced here for a long time. The structure is intricate and firm, there are breathless moments of suspense and surprise, and the basic theme is timely in the extreme. The play amounts to a vigorous arraignment of our entire legal system. The iniquities of our police methods are attacked. And what is called "justice" in the legal jargon is proved to have little or no basis in equity. It seethes with revolt against social conditions which make these and other things possible.

The heroine, Mary Turner, is a shop girl employed in a department store at six dollars a week. She is accused unjustly of a theft and, despite her innocence, the attorney for her employer, Edward Gilder, is able to secure a conviction. The question of guilt or innocence is a minor matter with the store owner. He needs to make an example and does it. Before going to prison the girl has the opportunity to deliver a ringing tirade against department store life—the long hours and low wages furnishing the precise conditions on which, in her mind, white slavery thrives.

By the end of her term, the heroine has conceived a fixed fanatical idea of avenging herself on both the employer and the system that have been responsible for her downfall. She gathers about her a little band of former convicts and crooks, teaches them to make money dishon-

estly—without technical violations of the law, however—and is soon in possession of the power that capital brings. To wipe out the personal grudge against her old employer, she lures his son into a clandestine marriage with her.

In order to break up the gang, against whose operations they have hitherto been powerless, the police finally resort to a trap to catch one of its members in an overt violation of the law. A "stool pigeon" is employed to tempt him into a robbery of Gilder's house. Mary happens quite naturally to be in her father-in-law's house with her husband at the time set for springing the trap. When the gangster discovers that his supposed pal is a police tool he shoots him dead and hands the smoking pistol to Mary's husband. When the police arrive and find the dead body on the floor, Mary explains that her husband has shot him. As the dead intruder was a burglar the killing is "within the law."

The last act furnishes proof of Mary's innocence of the original crime, and she is free to commence life on a new basis with a husband she has grown to love. Jane Cowl plays the heroine with telling effect, while Florence Nash contributes a character part of photographic fidelity.

Miss Alice M. Bradley's "The Governor's Lady," another substantial success of the season, must also by virtue of the author's established residence here and the pronouncedly American quality of the play, be included in the American list. Miss Bradley is, however, unmistakably English and a sister of Mrs. Madeline Lucette Riley, author of one of Forbes Robertson's successes, "Mice and Men." The highly sympathetic interpretation of American life and character presented in "The Governor's Lady" proves how well the author has absorbed the spirit of her adopted country.

A husband risen from poverty to

wealth and influence, with keen political and social ambitions; the wife who shared his humble beginnings, left behind in the social march, provide the dramatic conflict that wages through four acts of the play. The conclusion leaves the question of responsibility still in the air and only proves that the world is still ruled by sentiment. Dan Slade and his wife have begun life together twenty years before in a Western state. The wheel of fortune has finally turned in their favour and when the play opens, Slade has built himself a stately mansion in his native city, and is aspiring to be governor of his State. The simple-minded wife, ill at ease in the palatial setting, views with deeper terror the forthcoming social functions, which she has neither the taste nor inclination to guide. Just as this juncture Slade becomes acquainted with the brilliant and politically ambitious daughter of Senator Strickland. She has all the graces of education and social experience which will help Slade's ambition, and he decides to divorce the wife and marry her. Mrs. Slade retires to the simple cottage on the outskirts of the town where the early years of their struggling life had been passed. Here a scene is arranged between the two women. Confronted by the homely appeal of Mrs. Slade's character the ambitious girl soon breaks down, renounces Slade and decides to marry a young lawyer to whom she had formerly been engaged. Slade enters at this point and perceiving the turn affairs have taken, attempts a reconciliation with his wife, which she stubbornly refuses to consider. With this scene the drama proper ends. But an epilogue has been added with its scene laid in a Child's restaurant, where the couple meet by accident two years later and are melted into a reconciliation.

The play is admirably staged, with all that fidelity to detail for which the Belasco productions are famous.

The cast is also one of the most capable seen in a long time. Emmet Corrigan invests the character of Slade with his customary force and authority; Gladys Hanson provides a handsome and skilful portrait of Miss Strickland, and Emma Dunn, as Mrs. Slade, contributes a characterisation that confirms her position among our best emotional actresses.

"Little Women" in the dramatised version, offers something of a counterpart to "Milestones," among the American offerings. Each dwells on old scenes, old sentiments, old faiths; each conveys a sense of far-off things, each is a sweet, a lovely, a welcome thing. But in "Little Women" there is no conflict between old and new. Old Concord, with its sitting-rooms adorned with flowered wallpaper, quaint old prints and snug with cosy corners and cushions, is a picture of New England content. In one of these, the March house, we have the scene of Jo's first literary efforts, with a passage or two of stress, Mr. March ill in Washington, Mrs. March hurrying away to nurse him, Aunt Marsh blustering in and out, and declaring she would not supply the funds—and then leaving a bank book and check book behind as she hurries off. Later there are the general rejoicings when the tomboy author has her first story published, even though it was in the abominable "Spread Eagle."

This stage version of Miss Olcott's classic for girls, shows a good selective scene on the part of the dramatist. Not all the book has been brought to the stage, of course, but a surprisingly complete sense of it is created, with the first act bringing the incident of Jo's sacrifice of her beautiful hair; the second, Meg's love affair with John, to which there is a happy conclusion in spite of Jo's strenuous objections; the third, a tender suggestion of the days of motherhood. The final episodes are carried forward in a truly beautiful scene, the apple orchard at Plumfield, on a

golden afternoon. The make-up, costumes and atmosphere of the play all seem exactly right, the production on the whole visualising the book, the characters and the period with entire satisfaction.

Two successful farces of the season, "Little Miss Brown," by Philip Bartholomae, and "Ready Money," by James Montgomery, also subscribe to American authorship. "Ready Money," the most entertaining of the year, humorously postulates the theory that to make money it is not necessary to have money. It is only necessary to make people think you have it. The hero is down to his last quarter, when a counterfeiting friend, with the above philosophy, suggests the expedient of flashing fifty, one-thousand-dollar counterfeit bills in the presence of his friends. This they at once accept as tangible evidence of the success of certain mining properties in which he is interested, with the result that whereas before he could not get capital enough to develop the mine, his friends are now tumbling over each other to buy shares. Fortunately a rich vein of gold is discovered and the investors reap their reward. There are a number of humorous twists and complications, and at one point the farce ascends to

the mood of melodrama. Mr. William Courtney is hero both in the cast and in the acting.

On account of their number and variety, extended review of many really worthy offerings must be deferred. "The Daughter of Heaven," for instance, Pierre Loti's gorgeously spectacular Chinese play at the Century Theatre. "Broadway Jones," a serious effort in playwrighting and acting, which even his most ardent admirers had not credited to that former hero of youthful precocity, George M. Cohan. Then in musical comedy efforts, we have "The Merry Countess," dripping with melody, and one of the most important in years; "The Count of Luxembourg" and "Oh, Oh, Delphine," both of them gay, tuneful and pretty.

The noble efforts of Sothorn and Marlowe to present Shakespeare in a worthy manner have been supplemented in two directions. The failure of "Discovering America" gave Mr. Waller an opportunity to appear for a short season in his famous presentation of Henry V., while Mr. William Faversham's sumptuous production of "Julius Caesar," with a notable cast, including such names as Tyrone Power, Fuller Mellish and Julie Opp, will long be remembered with gratitude.

## WINTER IN CANADA

By J. C. M. DUNCAN

**S**PIRIT of winter, breathe thou thro' my song,  
 I sing not to upbraid as some have sung,  
 Nor lift I up the puny pipes of scorn  
 Against the utterance of thine iron tongue.  
 I am thy child; I boast that I was born  
 Upon thy threshold, and have drunk thy wine,  
 And in thy wilds been nurtured and made strong,  
 To match my strength with thine.

Season of quickening joys and sharp delights,  
 They love thee best who meet thee face to face,



In thine own fields, and on thy channelled heights,  
 Or on the shining floors of open space  
 Breast thine assaults, and shun  
 The shelter'd skirmish for the open raid,  
 And take into their blood the draughts of sun,  
 That add a biting lustre to thy blade.

Sternest of all that serve the sun's own moods,  
 Yet most we love thee when thou dost unfold  
 Thy majesty in storms that put to rout  
 The hills and fields and woods;  
 When day, like a lost star, is whirled about,  
 And the old earth rocks and reels,  
 With the mad skies at its heels,  
 O then our spirits grow strong as thine grows bold.

Yet art thou rich in days of perfect peace,  
 And sometimes gentle in thy moods as May;  
 Thy mornings rise like mirrors that draw down  
 Out of the heavens the crystal depths of day,  
 Day that still gathers light with its decrease,  
 Till hill, and field, and town,  
 In all the many colour'd splendours shine,  
 Wherewith the sun doth pave the path of his decline.

The silver flutes of Summer at thy breath  
 Grew mute, and the last flower  
 Took from thy lips the icy kiss of death;  
 The roving tides stood still when thou didst set  
 Thy foot upon them in an iron hour;  
 Thy hungry wolf-winds out of East and North  
 Glutted themselves, and do not now forget  
 The feast of plenty in the autumn bower,  
 Blaring thy martial music they go forth,  
 Where long the heart of Summer hath lain dead,  
 And the last song to Autumn's ear was lost;  
 A milder music hast thou too, instead.  
 The many myriad sparkling bells of frost,  
 That ring their crisp chimes to the passing tread.  
 And when the sun abandons thee to night  
 Under the weaving spell of star and moon,  
 The dews of thy white spirit are shed and spun  
 Into froze flowers and foliage, steeped in light,  
 That are before the clear unshadow'd noon,  
 Regather'd to the garden of the sun.  
 They know not thee who cannot comprehend  
 Thy spirit in all its moods of calm and stress,  
 Nor to what purpose all thy strivings tend,  
 For thou dost minister to the rounded year  
 In things that lead to blessing and to bless;  
 And they who doubt shall understand at length,  
 Thy vestiture is woven of hope, not fear.  
 And thy true gifts are life, and joy, and strength.

# "THE SETTLER'S GUIDE"

THE ATLANTIC CROSSING OF SIXTY YEARS AGO

BY BRAIN BELLASIS

WHENEVER a paragraph appears about Lord Strathcona it is safe to say that it will mention the fabulous number of times he has crossed the Atlantic. The writer was reminded of this the other day when he came across a little old book in which there was much practical advice to those about to cross the Atlantic sixty years ago.

Toronto, the book speaks of as the "Capital of Western Canada." It mentions with pride the operation of a dozen different little lines of railway—the "Great Western Railway from Niagara to Detroit . . . traversing the most fertile parts of Western Canada." It makes many forecasts of the future of the country, but in them the prairies have no place. Railways from coast to coast, farms where the Hudson Bay flag fluttered over lonely forts, orchards in the virgin valleys of the Rockies were dreams too distant for this very practical little book to notice.

Its timidest forecasts are now so true that it is difficult to credit a time in which they were not accomplished facts. The pictures it draws and implies of struggle and hardship read like somewhat overstated fiction. Few works of fiction or even of history could give an idea so graphic of the trials of our fathers and grandfathers as this little "Canadian Settler's Guide," published in Toronto fifty-five years ago.

The advice to intending emigrants with reference to the voyage is part of the "considerable enlargement" of

the seventh edition of the little book and is extracted from another work. It guides the emigrant from the moment of his arrival in Liverpool till he sets foot in New York or Montreal.

First it directs the emigrant to be particularly careful in his choice of a ship. It must have bulwarks at least six feet high at the side of the outside deck. It should have only one sleeping deck, and the emigrant must be careful that "you not only can walk upright on this deck, but that it is at least seven feet from the deck above."

Having chosen a ship which fulfills the ideal conditions, he is directed to be very careful whom he employs to show him to a shipping office—the "poor man's picture gallery" on the boardings seldom leaves any need for direction nowadays—and to ask no questions in the street since "each such question may cost you five or ten shillings or more;" the reason being that the worse the ship the higher the commission paid to touts to induce emigrants to take passage thereon.

Then the Guide enumerates "the quantity of provisions by British and American law which each passenger fourteen years of age gets, or, rather, is entitled to"—a significant reservation—"without extra payment," and details the additional provisions which the traveller should carry with him.

These it is worth while quoting at length for the benefit of those who

grumble at the bill of fare of a modern liner and who peevishly complain of the discomforts of a five-day voyage. The list is based on “my voyage in the ‘Washington’ from Liverpool to New York, which occupied thirty-seven days.”

“Wheaten flour, 1½ stone, 6 lbs. bacon, 2½ lbs. butter, a 4-lb. loaf *hard-baked*, ¼ lb. tea, 2 lbs. brown sugar, salt, soap, and baking powder. These extra provisions cost 10s 6d. I consider them to be plenty, so far as necessary articles are concerned. A ham, a cheese, more butter, more flour, some potatoes and onions, and in case of children, many little extras, such as sweet preserves, suet, raisins, preserved milk, treacle, lemons, etc., would be palatable and desirable additions, particularly during the first fortnight, until the stomach gets inured to the motion of the ship.”

The first fortnight! Ye gods!

“ . . . I also took the following articles for the use of myself and messmate—of the commonest kind quite good enough for so temporary a purpose. Tin water can, hook saucepan or boiler, frying pan, tin dish or wash basin, tin kettle, tin tea or coffee-pot, tin plate (deep so as not to spill easy), pint mug, knife, fork and spoon, treacle can, barrel and padlock to hold provisions, small calico bags to hold ship’s weekly flour, oatmeal, rice, biscuits, tea and sugar, towels and rubbers, blankets, rug-sheets. Instead of buying a mattress it would be better to bring an empty tick from home and fill it with straw at Liverpool. . . . Families would do well to take with them a tin slop-pail, broom and small shovel. . . .”

What a picture is sketched in these simple, seriously written details. Five, six, seven weeks of makeshift house-keeping in the North Atlantic. Crowded in the seven-foot sleeping deck how many poor emigrants found that even in a fortnight their stomachs did not “get inured to the motion of the ship?”

But another quotation is necessary to complete the picture. It gives life and movement to an outline sketched in pots and pans. Says the guide:

“The weak among my readers should be careful to select, if possible, a ship in which they are not required to cook for themselves, but are engaged to be supplied daily with enough of cooked provisions. To the richer passengers who can bribe the cooks with half a crown, to pretty women who can coax them with their smiles, or to strong men who can elbow their way with their broad shoulders, such advice is not necessary, as they have access to the crowded cook-house at any time, and any number of times daily; but the others have to wait for hours in the wet, or even all day, to cook a single meal, and the caprice of the cook seldom allows them even then to get a meal properly cooked. They are pushed off to make way for others till the time allowed for cooking is over, or a storm arises to prevent it. The want of properly cooked food especially, and of proper ventilation, are, I believe, the principal causes of diarrhoea, dysentery, typhus fever, and cholera on board ship.”

Think of the struggling mass of emigrants around the galley. Brawny Irish dames, half blarneying, half fighting their way to the side of the capricious cooks. Poor ladies of gentle birth standing forlornly on the outskirts of the throng, their tin dishes drooping despairingly from their hands. Strong men ruthlessly pushing their way through the press and holding their places at the stove with threats and blows. Above all lowers the gray North Atlantic sky; spray dashes in clouds over the six-foot bulwark; the ship lurches, and some poor unfortunate sprawls across the wet deck, meat and potatoes splashing into the scuppers with their clanging tin dish in clamorous pursuit.

What must it have been like on the worst of the emigrant ships?

There were many, until the tardy law came forward with stringent regulations and equally stringent enforcement of them, which put to sea crammed with double the number of people for whom they had accommodation. For days, almost weeks, at a time they were kept herded in their suffocating sleeping decks with hatches tightly battered down with no cooked food at all and very little fresh water. Truly, the people who could face the Atlantic passage even under the best conditions half a century ago were of rugged stuff well fitted to withstand the hardships of the "Back Country of Addington and Hastings," where the little book advised them to go.

Some of the advice in the book is almost as applicable to-day as it was in the 'fifties. For instance:

"Emigrants should leave the overcrowded cities on the sea-coast as soon as possible and go up country, the further the better, and, leaving the main lines of travel where emigrants are in each other's way, scatter right and left, enquiring for work on any terms. The propensity of emigrants to remain about large cities . . . is very much complained of."

The warnings against thieves and swindlers who prey upon the emigrant also have a certain force to-day.

"Do not listen to any of the numerous persons saying that they are the agents of the Government, or of this or that benevolent society . . . or telling you that the person you are asking for is dead, or the office closed, and the owners bankrupt. . . . Be on your guard against extortionate charges, against the purchase of false travelling tickets, or payment of extortionate charges for the conveyance of yourself and baggage into the interior."

But the latter-day emigrant is pretty well looked after in this respect—at this end of his journey at any rate—as well as being fed and housed and watched and coddled and made

a good deal more comfortable than was a first-class passenger of fifty years ago.

"Pins, tape and needles should be brought, as they take up little room and are extremely dear in Canada" is another pearl of advice—and one, by the way, which the writer found an English friend still religiously adhering to only a few months ago. "Not many dresses or bonnets should be brought, as the difference of their style from those worn in America may cause them to be laughed out of use and the money paid for them will have been wasted." There was reciprocity in fashions between the United States and Canada in those days, at any rate.

And there are men still alive (Lord Strathcona is one of them) to whom such a little book as the "Settler's Guide" was once full of matters of everyday import and usefulness. It is difficult for the mind to grasp all that this means; the ceaseless work and effort, the never-ending struggle for improvement, and a struggle still continuing to-day, even after such a fifty years of progress.

The emigrant of to-day may read the "Settler's Guide" and console himself for the discomforts of a six-day passage in a four-berthed cabin with a spring mattress and four several-course meals daily. His forerunner had the following paragraph as consolation:

"The emigrants of the present day (fifty years ago) can hardly now meet with the trials and hardships that were the lot of those who came to the province twenty years ago, and these infinitely less than those who preceded them at a still earlier period. When I listen, as I often do, to the experiences of the old settlers of forty or fifty years' standing . . . then my own trials seem to sink into utter insignificance, and I am almost ashamed to think how severely they had been felt."



SCENE FROM CHRISTMAS STEPS, BRISTOL

## CANADA'S CRADLE

THE BRISTOL OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY H. M. CLARK

A THOUSAND years of shipping warping to the wharves, ten centuries of freighters "entered in" and "cleared out"! Few ports in the world, alive and prospering to-day, can boast the like. Yet Bristol, a thousand years a port, does not boast of the earlier of these years when she traded with Ireland, fought pirates and supplied ships to fight against France. She is proud rather of the later years that saw the inception and realisation of her constructive work — when "Ship-shape and Bristol fashion" became

the standard of maritime efficiency, and when effort, adventure and daring created world-fame for her ships and seamen, and world-markets for her merchants.

Those were the days of bold enterprise and reckless adventure, but no hope forlorn seemed more hopeless than the famous expedition of John Cabot. He who, in command of the *Matthew*, with a crew of Bristol men, dropped down the Bristol River on the ebbing tide, steered his tiny craft westward into the unknown, and maintaining a resolute hope



HOUSES AND SHOPS OF THE SMALLER BRISTOL MERCHANTS IN PRIVATEERING DAYS

through many storm-tossed weeks, discovered the mainland of the American continent a year before Columbus sighted it.

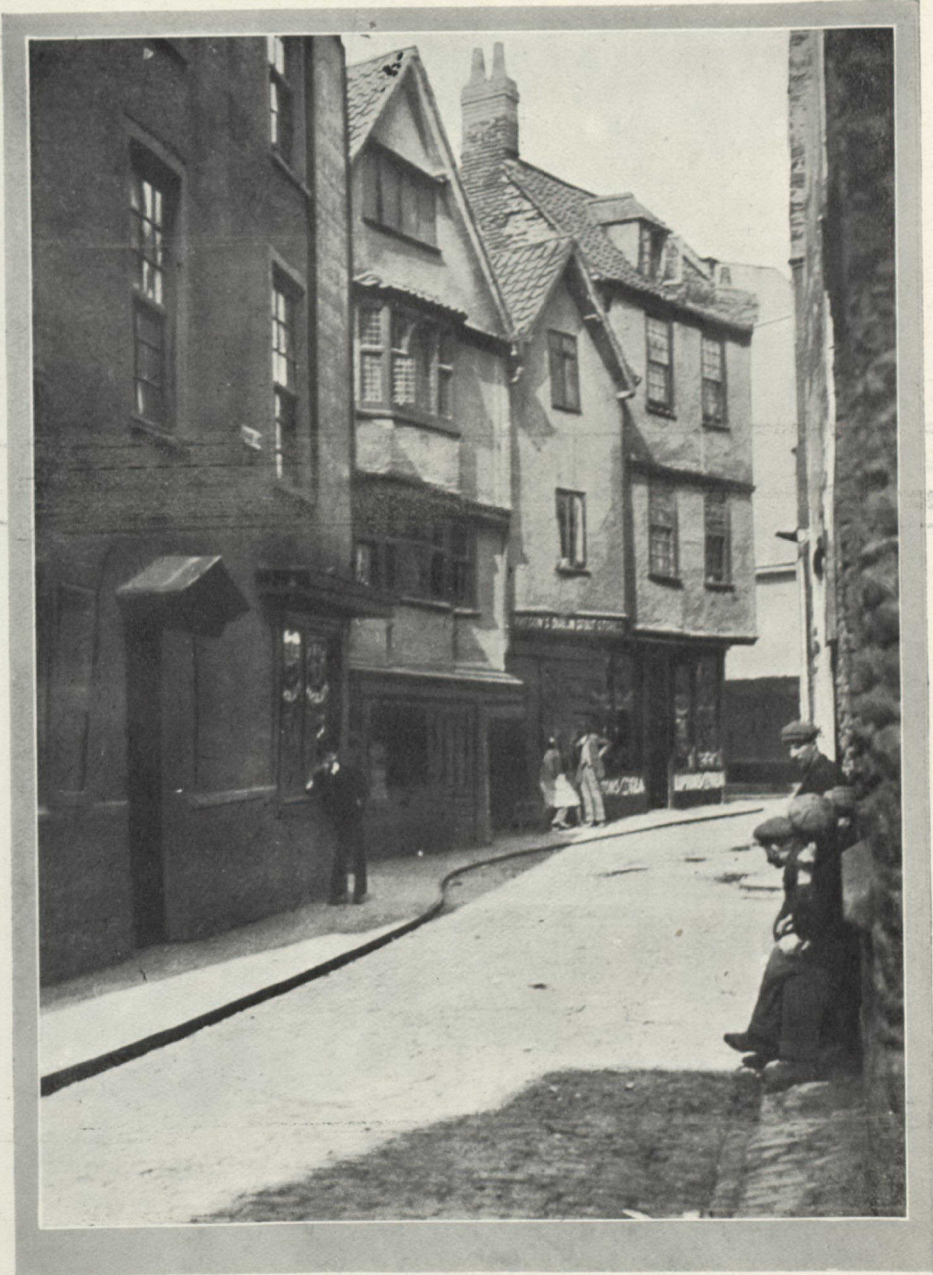
In trailing the trackless ocean, Cabot acquired but sparse knowledge of the strange land, but his great definite fact was the proved existence of a new country and to those Bristol merchants, a new country meant a new market. To them distance was a matter of freight-rate.

They thought of a land beyond the Atlantic to be peopled by men of their own race, who should develop the riches of the country and barter them for goods shipped by Bristol merchants. Warfare by land and sea engrossed their thought and diverted their attention, but the idea was conceived and fostered. Ever seeking new markets, they sent a Bristol expedition under Captain Thomas Jones to search for the Northwest

Passage which surveyed a considerable portion of Hudson Bay; and Bristol merchants colonised Newfoundland. Bristol became the birth-place of a British Overseas Dominion, the Cradle of Canada.

The relations of the Port with North America were created by adventure and maintained by commerce; a trading voyage which we clothe with reckless daring was to her merchants a matter of Charter-party and Bills-of-lading.

Those were the days of the Merchant Adventurers, for when hostile Spain was the world's maritime power—when trade routes were unguarded by the White Ensign and when pirates and privateers swept the Seven Seas, the export trade necessarily presented adventure and—choice speculative possibilities. And certain merchants in English ports—rare spirits who combined with



WINDING STREET AND MEDIEVAL HOUSES, BRISTOL

their commercial instincts the art of "taking chances"—of risking vast capital in a "venture"—Merchant Adventurers in name and deed—were not slow to see the opportunities.

They laid their plans, appointed a commander and backed their judgment, but the success of the venture and the weight of the dividend lay with the captain.

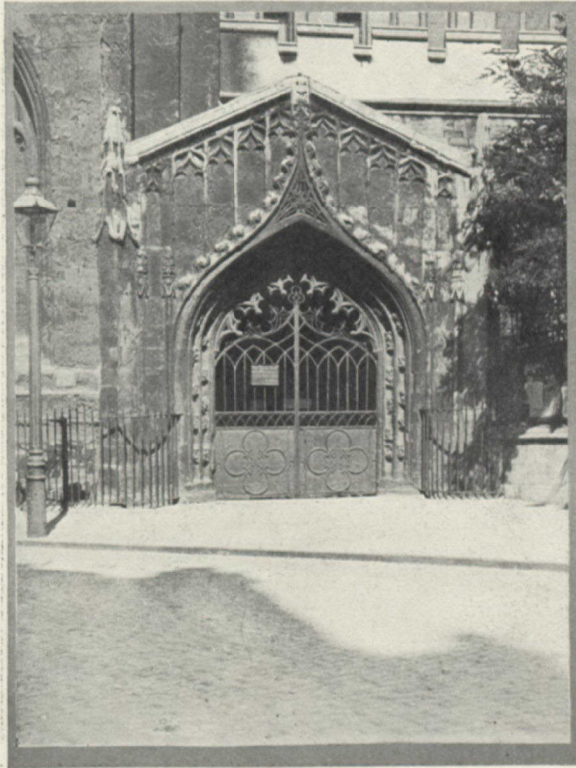


A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH HOUSE, BRISTOL

One can but admire the judgment which selected him, for the successful privateer captain was, perforce, a man of parts. In a ship the size of a

Quebec ferry-boat, he disciplined a cut-throat crew and navigated uncharted seas. He lay in wait for Spanish admirals and pirates afloat,





THE PORCH OF A BRISTOL CHURCH

and Spanish soldiers or Indians ashore—one day ransoming prisoners, quelling mutinies or exploring the unknown; the next, bartering with peaceful natives, or plundering the warlike. Fighting frost-bite in icy gales off Cape Horn or fever on the Equator; knowing always that success meant profits—and failure—death, torture, or a life's labour in Spanish mines in Peru, but steering always for the ship or shore which promised wealth. Tireless, fearless, resistless, he was soldier and sailor and commercial traveller, too.

The commerce of past centuries becomes the romance of to-day, for romance rests upon a Port whose waters have been furrowed by trans-Atlantic keels for four centuries. And the thriving commerce of modern Bristol fails to remove it. If you doubt it, stand at the top of Christ-

mas Steps. On your right is a picturesque fifteenth-century alms-house, and before you the street dips and slopes and curves past houses equally ancient. A graceful church-spire springs from a maze of irregular, many-coloured roofs. Downwards still farther, the steep slope gives way to steeper steps and the narrow street becomes narrower until you emerge into a winding lane of mediæval houses with over-hanging floors and gables and mullioned windows.

Testimony to shrewd investment and commercial opulence are the quaint alms-houses founded by one, Colston—a wealthy shipowner of the fifteenth century—who “never insured a ship and never lost one,” though his vessels carried pilgrims and freight to the far-off ports of Spain and Italy and Palestine. His



A BIT OF OLD BRISTOL

coat-of-arms, which you see on the entrance gates, bears a Dolphin because "one of these fish entered a hole in one of his ships, thus stopping a fatal leak."

The tall masts of shipping lead you to the docks. Yonder group of old, timbered houses is a survival of the days when the small merchant lived over his warehouse. Within a few feet was the wharf, where ships from the seven seas discharged his goods. Overhanging eaves gave protection from rain, and iron sockets held torches for work at night, while the goods were delivered into the basement through the door beneath the shop-window. These houses belong to the privateering days when Bristol merchants organised "expeditions" and when every invoice clerk and barber had an interest in some "venture." Nearby, in Queen's

Square, were the homes of the wealthy merchants. These opulent houses, some 250 years old, still stand, the exteriors unchanged, but within them, to-day, you find the business offices of steamship companies, lawyers, grain brokers, and the like. Not even the click of the typewriter can dispel the atmosphere of romance. For here dwelt Captain Rogers, the ideal privateersman. In command of two small ships, the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, equipped by Bristol "merchant-adventurers," he sailed from Bristol two centuries ago, and within the brief space of two years, he doubled Cape Horn, rescued Alexander Selkirk—the original of Robinson Crusoe—stormed Guayaquil and compelled the Spaniards to ransom themselves for "thirty thousand pieces of eight," and after capturing various galleons and a Manilla trea-



IN BRISTOL HARBOUR

sure-ship, returned to England with \$850,000.

Was Captain Rogers satisfied? By no means. He informed his chiefs that the success and profit might have been greater, while his friends listening to his relation of his experiences could not have failed to notice an undertone of regret throughout. There was that disappointing affair at Guayaquil. The plunder included, in addition to thirty thousand pieces of eight, six thousand dollars in plate and ear-rings, fifteen jars of oil and 160 jars of "other liquor," but Captain Rogers explained that if he had attacked at first he had great reason to believe that he might have made two hundred thousand pieces of eight in ready money. And again, having cruised about on the watch for "a French-built ship from

Panama, richly laden, with a Bishop aboard," he duly captured the vessel, but "the Bishop was not aboard, they had set him ashore where they last touched." Who shall measure the worth of the loss? A ransom, a Bishop's ransom, paid promptly by the faithful.

We can picture him describing in simple sentences the prayers of the Ships' Company before attacking the enemy—the arrival alongside of "a French boat laden with five butts of wine," or the capture of a galleon "with Pattereroes all brass," while his statement that his maps, from the best Spanish manuscripts, were "taken" in the South Seas, must have seemed almost superfluous. Just a trace of enthusiasm he displayed when narrating that Mr. Fry returned quickly with the joyful news that



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, BRISTOL

It stood on the old city wall over the gate, and now the street runs through it

the Manilla ship for which he had waited so long was in sight. But what availed it? This long-awaited "Manilla ship" he failed to capture. Hopelessly outnumbered and out-gunned, after desperate fighting, Rogers and his men were compelled to withdraw. The bitterness of defeat was not sweetened for this commercial captain when his prisoners informed him that "it is no uncommon thing for a Manilla ship to be worth ten million pieces of eight."

Prayerful, plundering Captain Rogers, I cannot conceal it, I admire you, whether you are "trucking fowls for knives" with the natives of Batavia or penning caustic comments on your liquor-loving crew, I understand your ransoming of prisoners and your slave-dealing; and I almost

share your annoyance at missing "the Bishop," but I would fain have heard more concerning the "*Nostra Seniors de la Incarnacion Dife-ganic*" which galleon you captured, and more concerning her commander, the picturesque Chevalier Jean Pitch-berty, who in ransom so readily gave his bills payable in London for the round sum of six thousand pieces of eight. Almost indelicate is my curiosity as to whether those bills were met.

And e'er we condemn this method of "trading," let us remember that we owe to it a book—the delight of children, the joy of youth—a world-classic. Alexander Selkirk, a young Scottish sailor, was the solitary cast-away on the Isle of Juan Fernandez for four years and four months. The

reason of his being left there was "a difference between him and his captain." Captain Rogers found him on the island and brought him back to Bristol.

Selkirk also made his home here in Queen's Square and at a neighbouring inn foregathered with "the famous Mr. Daniel Defoe," to whom he handed his papers to digest for publication. All the world knows that Defoe stole the story, signed his own name to "Robinson Crusoe" and defrauded Selkirk of all recompense. One pictures the nightly scene—the bottle, the mahogany, the glasses, the writer intent on "copy," and the liquor-plied Scotchman unwittingly embellishing his lost masterpiece.

This inn was the *Cock and Bottle*, and the signboard bore the convivial motto:

"Nor leaves his bottle till the cock doth crow,"

a habit which Defoe made his own and which won for him a term of incarceration in the Pillory, whereof he wrote bitterly, but in chastened mood:

"The fools look out,  
The knaves look on."

Commerce past and present pervades the City of Bristol. You leave the homes of navigators and privateers and wander past a tireless grain elevator to a roadway which tunnels a fifteenth-century church. The noon-tide throng crowds the pavement and carries you beneath the belfry tower ere you realise that this Church of St. John straddles a gateway of the ancient city walls. Beyond at a busy corner, the old, timbered Dutch House overhangs the pavement and retail stores still display the signs of the merchants within—relics of the days when errand-running "prentice boys" could neither read nor write. Within a hundred yards you pause again before the door of a Gothic church, famed for its ancient bells and "Guild of Ringers." Men of

piety and of taste were these unassuming merchant-adventurers, for the broad field of ecclesiastical architecture shows few porches more graceful than this exquisitely-proportioned doorway.

The Cathedral, the Norman gateway through which you walk to College Green, beautiful St. Mary Redcliffe church—which held prisoned fifteen Dutch sailors after the sea fight in which Van Tromp, the arrogant Dutch admiral, whose mast-head broom was to "sweep the English from the seas"—had met the English Admiral Blake, and where in the muniment room, Chatterton, the boy-poet, "discovered" the Rowley manuscripts; these and the peaceful grandeur of Tudor domestic architecture are among the greater charms of Bristol. Yet they cannot efface the delights of the narrow side streets and the unexpected glimpses of the mediæval.

From some dark, stone archway you note the rush of street cars and the whirl of automobiles, and, turning, you explore the stone-paved courtyard beyond, watching the play of light and shade on the weathered walls that frame the side entrance of a mansion, the home of a merchant-adventurer. The Tudor doorway, railed off and lamp-lit, the leaded window panes, even the shadows cast by the sunshine, create an atmosphere of opulence and mystery. You picture the scene within those walls in centuries past: the kitchen, the roasts on the turnspit before the huge fire; and in the great hall the merchant and his guests dining, his household sitting "below the salt"; and you wonder whence came his wealth. Carrying freights to the Baltic or to the Levant, palm-oil, perhaps, from Africa, or cargoes of "black ivory" to Virginia. More than one great West of England fortune was founded on the slave trade, for merchant-adventurers bought the slaves and Bristol ships conveyed to America the negroe parents of a

Problem. Consider the cost of "striking the shackles" in the United States, of the Civil War, of "Jim Crow" street cars and of a "Ward that is dark at one end" and compare the total with the cost of introducing the negroes to the plantations in the "South" from their West African homes. You can get the exact figures in Bristol, and if you doubt Bristol's share in the traffic, go, examine in the cellars of a house in the Port, the fetters and chains which shackled the slaves during their stay in the Port, to "recuperate" after the long sea voyage and prepare for the trip to Virginia.

The call in England was omitted later when the business was at its height, and specially-built slave-ships were found more profitable. In the regular trade, vessels then left Bristol loaded with iron for the west coast of Africa. The value of a slave was expressed in bars of iron, the average price on the Calabar Coast being about seventeen bars, at three shillings a bar—say \$13 a slave. When the bartering was terminated and the negroes loaded, the ships sailed direct across the Atlantic to Virginia. Here the slaves were sold and products of the American colonies, sugar, spices, tobacco, were purchased and laden, with which the vessel completed the round trip home to Bristol. Thirteen dollars a head! a fraction of the monthly wages of a Pullman porter. Think of it as he flicks your neck with the whisk and pockets your quarter.

To-day all men are free and equal. "Black ivory" no longer figures in commercial transactions; and palm oil—well, it rarely appears on freight bills or invoices. We have become decorous—but no false honesty hindered the methods of the British Government of those days, when Bristol

ship-owners clamoured for action. Consider, for example, their treatment of the troubles of one, John Sturmys. A vessel belonging to Sturmys was plundered in the Mediterranean by Genoese pirates. He complained to the Foreign Office, The solution of the difficulty reveals the startling fact that a British Government possessed, not only a sense of urgency, but also a sense of humour. Was the settlement of the matter delayed whilst the Ambassadors of the respective Governments exchanged "notes" or resumed "conversations"? By no means. All the Genoese merchants in London were promptly imprisoned and their goods seized until they gave bonds for the amount of Sturmys' loss.

You wander through the elm-shaded streets and over acres of gorse-strewn downs—the citizens' playground—to the exquisite Gorge of the Avon. No city can show a more beautiful setting. As you watch the waters flowing to the setting sun, you recall the active commerce of modern Bristol; commerce which emphasises the enterprise of citizens past and present; from the tobacco industry—founded and famous in slave-trading days—to the aeroplane factory, founded but yesterday and world-famous for its product to-day. And then you think again of Cabot and realise that the History of Bristol is a history of shipping and of enterprise and of commerce. The chapters are graven in Bristol's records, from Cabot's tiny trans-Atlantic *Matthew* to the regal ocean liners of to-day. And the shipping in the Port shows that the commerce with Canada, the land which Bristol navigators discovered, and which Bristol merchants exploited centuries ago, to-day is largely shared by Canadians.

# A CAST OF DICE

A TALE OF 1812

BY THOMAS STANLEY MOYER

IT was a night without stars, and the rain was falling. Very starless and very wet, indeed, and the proof of it was that a sombre cavalier, spurred and sabred and cloaked, after the mode of the stout Lincoln Dragoons, had now arrived at the inn of the *Five Pines* at a pace which was not a gallop nor even a canter, but only a searching spectral walk.

Rain-washed corduroy in the forest darkness plays fast and loose with nervous chargers, and, besides—but here he was, emerged into the tiny clearing, swearing silently because Jan Zeller's lights were out, and halting once, well muffled about the face and standing very close to the side of his charger, intently listening.

He was still well muffled about the face, when after a time he strode up to the door of the inn and thumped cabalistically a certain number of times upon its thick panels with his sabre hilt.

While waiting after the second rapping, the cavalier put his hand to a holster and drew a pistol, softly cocking it to assure himself of the priming.

"If they have placed Jan *hors de combat* and think to ambuscade me I owe them the compliment of a ball or two," he muttered. He also loosened his long sabre in its sheath, this time applying his heavy boot to the door.

With the third sepulchral echo, however, there was a great rumbling of bolts and bars, and a voice came forth first, followed by a head.

"Donner and blitz!" growled Jan. "I heard, I heard, Aber die verdamute Yankees! Sie ritten—ritten—ritten—"

"Bah! so many of them, Jan? But talk English. I am wet and cold and angry. Take care I do not remove your head in place of the one my general seems to prefer. And tell me, Jan, what guests have you? No stray Yankee dragoon, eh, Jan? Jan, my word on it, when I catch him there will be a pretty time. No one here?"

"Nien! ach! aber 'no.'"

"No, not here! Well, it is too bad. You would have seen me at my best Walter Raleigh style, and they say this Miller is the very devil of a sword himself."

The heavy door was closed and bolted again, and now Jan lit two candles and stirred the embers in the hearth. From without, the pattering of the rain was audible in a sleepy monotone. Within the weary Dragoon leaned heavily on a little table, listening to the unceasing sound, while Jan hastened to prepare some hot spiced wine. The crane already held a small kettle.

"Jan, my dear fellow," began the cavalier, when he had moistened his parched soldierly throat, "Jan, your mention a great deal of riding 'ritten'—'ritten.' Well, why the deuce don't you tell me? Who ride, eh, Jan? Solitary horseman? And how long ago?"

"Donner!" exclaimed Jan "How many? Not alone, wie mein Herr,

aber thousand! Food soldier! Guns!"

The dragoon frowned and pierced Jan with a look. Jan, in turn, not being able to return its intensity, looked at the heavy beams of his ceiling instead.

"Guns?" murmured the other.

"Jan, how many guns?"

"Ich weisz nicht!"

"The devil you don't?"

Jan gazed towards heaven again, rather more perpendicularly this time.

"I shall have you hung for high treason, you slothful wine-bibber."

Then the dragoon lapsed into a sombre reverie. His fine aristocratic face grew whiter as he thought of the few hours that remained. He was captain of the dragoons, and he knew his brave lads as he knew his own soul; knew their sweethearts. Ah, God! A few flying hours! Then flame and fire and death in the terrible forest silences! There would be some of his lads' sweethearts who would gaze with shaded eyes and torn bosoms into the highways for big brave dragoons that would not come to them. His lads! And then, too—

"Jan!"

The honest host jumped.

"Jan, let me do you the compliment to say that, though you have failed to count guns, still you are a man, of some sense, and hate the 'verdamate' Yankees. Think now, Jan. Has there been no solitary cavalier of them passing this way within a few hours past? Jan, I was very faithful watching and I swear by the best dragoon I have that the fellow I want did not escape me before sunset. After that it rained like the devil, and the darkness was too friendly altogether to the 'verdamate' Yankee. Yet he would come this way. He would be wet, I swear, and some of this excellent wine, Jan, would be just what he—"

But Jan's eyes had come quickly down from heaven. The dragoon had calmly drawn and cocked the pistol again and had laid his naked sabre

across the table in front of him.

"Jan, answer that knock!"

"Yankees!" murmured Jan, with a paling face.

"I have no doubt that it is Beelzebub himself; nevertheless, it would be inhospitable not to open. Besides, Jan, I have an idea—"

Jan rose with a sudden flash of daring, strode to the door, removed the bars, and then paused at the last bolt.

"Who goes?" he cried loudly.

Through the thick planking came a muffled word, "Niagara."

"Ah!" beathed the dragoon, raising his pistol imperturbably. "That is strange!"

Jan unbolted, stepped aside, and a tall figure, muffled and wet and impatient, stepped into the candle-light—three steps! Then he stopped, grumbled a startled oath, and finally laughed. The dragoon's pistol was straight over his heart.

"You are less cautious than I," exclaimed the dragoon, "I entered with a pistol."

"Yes, and still have it," laughed the other with admirable coolness.

"If you had done the same, it would have spared us a devil of a nuisance. I should have shot you, and my business would have been furthered somewhat."

"Yes, as for you!" commented the newcomer gently. "But that is the precise reason why I entered unprepared for a pistol duel."

"You make me a profound compliment; but all the same I was sorely tempted to shoot. Not through the heart, perhaps, but through that excellent sword arm of yours, Captain Miller."

"Ah, ha! We need no introduction, then, Captain Gordon!"

Jan stared incredulously at the two and then kept turning his eyes from the dragoon's naked sabre to Miller, as if he expected it to transform itself into a fiery serpent and fly at the Yankee officer's throat.

"That much is settled," exclaimed



ed Gordon. "Pray sit down, I see you are very wet. Jan, more wine—hot wine!"

Jan, lost in wonder, obeyed with strange new sensations of terror. It takes the calmness of the human soul facing death to inspire the highest awe and fear, in the third party. If the dragoon would only swear a little and laugh less. If his face—but Jan could not look long at that face without further nameless terror.

"You have our countersign, as I observed a little ago," said Gordon, when both had punctiliously clinked glasses, "And, besides, you have, no doubt, the number of our dragoons—my dragoons, Miller, mark that!—and the number of our guns, which I confess I do not know of your army; partly because of my own fault, partly because of the d—— stupidity of our good host here."

Jan retreated to the remotest corner of the room, sat down without a sound and listened with profound respect and solicitude. He was sorry he had not placed more wine upon the table.

Outside the rain pattered its weary monotone, the leaves dripped, the pines moaned into the dark quietude like the sighs of risen dead aimless and wandering in the night.

Within, the cavalier gazed at the flickering light of the candle playing upon Gordon's blade, and they emptied their glasses to the dregs in utter silence. A crackling sound of warmth came from the hearth, and Jan's repressed breathing was audible at times.

"More wine, Miller?" asked the dragoon.

Jan trembled.

"No, I thank you, Gordon. I think I prefer to talk. In fact, we are in an embarrassing position, are we not?"

"We are, by George! I want to kill you and, Captain Miller, I am going to do it. You are a splendid spy. But you made the very deuce of a mistake by stopping at the *Five*

*Pines*. Jan will tell you as much. And then, too—"

But Jan did not. He looked at the ceiling, breathing painfully.

"A mistake," interrupted Miller. "Perhaps, then, you think I blundered in here like a bumpkin on his first reconnaissance? Pah, Gordon, you know better."

The dragoon drummed on his broad sabre blade with his nails.

"Nevertheless, it changes nothing. You are here. I wanted you, You shall get no farther. You have too many guns, too many sabres, too many bayonets in your head. They, particularly the sabres, as I said, belong to me! The solution is to remove the head. Or, at least, to puncture it with this pistol. And as to Miss Forsyth—"

Captain Miller suddenly became very earnest. The smiles died from their faces, and the stern lines of rising passion hardened both jaws. Miller rose.

"Jan, as I believe you call him, might hold a light for us. Outside it is so confoundedly wet," suggested Miller.

"And dark, besides. We should waste powder and ball or else perform the most absurd swordsmanship. Will you oblige us, Jan?"

Both looked in the direction of mine host, and both smiled. A door was slightly ajar. Jan had vanished unnoticed and unheard in the midst of the subdued roar of the dark wilderness from without.

"That is discourteous in a host," commented the dragoon in a level voice, stifling his quickening anger. "Discourteous, and how the devil are we to—"

But Miller had begun pacing the floor, fingering his sabre hilt and the butts of his pistols.

"Captain Gordon, do me the honour to put an end to your devilish courtesy. I have come here with everything that a soldier and a man values highest wholly at stake. The safety of our army, whom your forces

intend to surprise before daylight, is one thing. It is a deep concern, Gordon. But there is another—ah, you know it!—a man with the disconcerting fire that burns in your rather fine eyes knows very well what I mean. A woman's touch, the near gaze of her searching eyes, the breathing of her close-held bosom, her whispers—in short, her love!"

He paused, seemingly struck with the something that had gradually crept into Gordon's whitening face, and then added with cold deliberation:

"Belle Forsyth lives less than a mile from here. When I have killed you, I shall ride to her, arrange flight (she will go with me), and once I have warned the army, we shall cross the frontier together."

But Captain Miller had crossed a certain taboo. Insult a man's inner sanctity and, in the bursting of his soul, strange ineffable fires flash forth. There was a sudden terrible oath, the crashing of a table, one magnificent tigerish bound, and Captain Miller was pinioned to the wall, the dragoon's quivering hands tight about his throat.

Jan, returning at the sounds within, stood gaping in the doorway and trembling uncontrollably. He prayed aloud.

"No, by heaven," ejaculated the dragoon, between his teeth. "It is possible, curse you, that Belle Forsyth does care for you. Besides, this is not a man's way. While you have been talking I have been thinking. If I kill you here, Jan, who is an honest man and my friend, will be shot for murdering you, and I have no time this night to remove a dead captain of cavalry to its proper destination. Therefore—"

The dragoon, pistol in hand, stepped back warily to the hearth, reached to a shelf above it and returned to the little table, which Jan had found courage to set upon its legs once more.

"Therefore, I have formed a plan.

As you say, Miss Forsyth is less than a mile distant—on the road to your army, not mine. We have chargers, sabres, pistols. I am anxious to know which of us Belle Forsyth expects most. So are you. One of us must start first, but on the way any tactics are permissible which are within military honour. Pah! Does it suit you Ah, then shake these first, Captain Miller. The better caste rides to the edge of Jan's clearing before the second mounts."

Captain Miller took the box of dice without a word, shook it, cast his throw upon the board, and shrugged.

"Nine!" he breathed. "You ride first, Captain Gordon, but I shall overtake you."

The dragoon replaced the dice, shook them and cast without replying.

"Ah, ha! Seven! It is rash to foretell a dice cast. It is I who shall do the overtaking."

"Perhaps."

And without a further word the two stalked into the clearing, and found their wet and restless chargers in the exact places where they had been left.

Miller mounted. Gordon led his animal to the door of the *Five Pines*, in which Jan stood, still trembling, silhouetted against the light of his candles.

When Miller was halfway to the forest wall the dragoon turned to Jan.

"Jan, if I do not return by two in the morning, get on your mare, ride to our lines like Satan himself, tell Vincent to turn back, and give him this."

He placed his own ring on Jan's finger. "Jan, don't sleep! for, on the word of an officer, if you do you will be shot in your tracks when Vincent sees that ring. Good-bye!"

Miller had disappeared and the rapping of hoofs was the only evidence of his course.

"Oh, what next!" murmured Jan, calm at last and with a strug-

gling lump in his throat at this trust bequeathed by his most adored draagoon.

\*

The rain still fell, driven by harsh boisterous winds that filled the forest with a moaning as of the interminable seas.

The cavaliers were scarcely fifty yards apart, but no vestige of horse nor man was visible to pursuer or pursued. Nothing but the wild ceaseless sighing of the pines and the broken rattle of hurrying hoofs on the corduroy. Miller had ridden out of the clearing at a gallop, but now his pace was an alternating walk and canter—a weird eloquent sort of thing to the burning spirit that followed hard upon his heels, for in those successive haltings and short crashing flights into the sepulchral darkness, risking life and limb, he felt a tingling answer to his own surging passions.

“Devil take the dice,” murmured Gordon into the ears of his plunging charger. “I shall break your handsome neck, my beauty, at this pace, and all for the—”

Like a flash he bent low and spurred into a ditch. Ahead of him, simultaneously with an abrupt break in the hoof beats, came a sharp flash and report. A ball ripped the foliage above him.

“Pah! Blow peas, Miller!” Nevertheless, quick as thought, he drew and sent a shot back in answer.

Miller’s charger reared with an eloquent response, and Miller himself cried, “Thank you!” firing a second pistol with the rapidity of lightning. Gordon flinched a little. A strip of flame seemed to have seared his cheek and there was another ripping of foliage.

“Ah, ha!” cried he. “I am obliged to you for taking care of my horse.” He fired again also. “Deuce take this pistol practice. Now—curse you—I think these toys of ours are empty. I propose to cut you down with my sabre. There is, I think, still half

a mile before we reach—”

He did not name that name. A hot tumult flew into his throat and head with the image of her face before him, and there was a dim background of stalwart, beardless lads charging like avenging furies through the forest aisles suddenly flaming red with battle. His lads!

No, just heaven! It should not be. If she no longer cared? The thought poisoned and maddened. But the love of those lads! No! Miller must die! Now! And the moments were flying.

A long, glittering, living blade of steel leaped forth then, and the spurs went home.

The spurs! Yes, hard into her delicate flanks, the first cruel, fiery pricking she had ever felt.

“God forgive me, beauty, but this is the hour!”

“Draw, Miller!” cried he with terrible exultation. “Draw! for death and the devil are here at last. Draw! Not all the darkness of Hades would stop me. You would cheat me of my love. You would cheat me of my lads—you and your cursed army!”

The wild anathema rang out like the curses of a crazed soul. His beauty’s terrific crashing and rapping was lost in the sound of it. He slipped his hilt strap over his wrist and waved the long, whistling blade high above his now hatless head in a supreme frenzy of hate and triumph.

As if spellbound by the fearful outburst, Captain Miller spurred on without a single answering taunt. His naked sword beat hard upon his charger’s flanks, and his spurs, too, went home.

“Ha! We have less than a quarter-mile, Miller! Miller, are you praying? Ha! Ha! It was the devil of a mistake to count my sabres, and—and—well, let us reach her clearing. Yes, hers, you lying, cheating spy of Satan. I have a fancy to show you to her with a sword tattoo on that handsome face of yours. Ah, yes!

Ha! Ha! This is madness! But I, too, love. I, too—I—”

A flash and a report! This time there was no ripping of foliage. Miller, stung to frenzy, had drawn pistol again and fired. Blood spurted from Gordon's neck, and spattered his tunic at the very instant when they flew into the clearing.

“Good heavens, Miller! And this is how you present yourself to her. Pah!”

Then in the stormy darkness the swords rasped together, darted blindly, and beat upon each other like the ringing of anvils.

It was brief, terrible, triumphant! In a short Titanic struggle, Gordon was slashed twice, and then Miller went crashing to earth, his charger careering off with the impulse of instinct and terror towards the hostile lines.

“Mordieu!” murmured Gordon. “It seemed lighter here. And yet—yet—Belle—Ha! my lads, boot and saddle! Ha! Ha!—Belle!”

Very dark, indeed, and with profound resignation the good cavalier ceased to murmur.

When he again opened his eyes he saw with strange feeling of wonder two figures and a candle upon the crude piazza of the house—her house!—yes, ah, yet! Dice, and Miller, and Belle!

He staggered to his feet and ran

wildly towards her, falling twice, but rising again and running

His beauty champed her bit and followed faithfully.

Then in a moment he saw. Saw and laughed wildly and cursed to the primeval stillness.

Something rested in her arms.

“Pah! It is a mistake to throw dice,” cried he, staggering to his charger, mounting, and spurring blindly once more—away—away!

“Ah, my lads, my love, my dear good lads. Ha! Ha! My lads, they will take their captain back to them—they—”

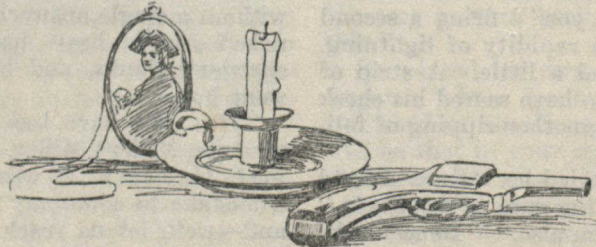
But a shrill wailing cry came echoing over the darkness and pierced his soul to a strange calmness and a strange contentment. He put his hand to his neck and sank slowly to his charger's mane.

Something light and flitting was beside him—tremulous and very near to him. Something warm and clinging soothed his burning wound with an infinite soothing. In his sighing wonder a sweet, flute-like voice spoke with the speech of sobbing.

“Oh, Dick! Your lads—of course they love you—and Miller—”

The cavalier tried to straighten.

“Miller,” she murmured, “he is dead. He wanted me to say that he thought you, too, had a third pistol. But, Dick, it is you I want. It was always you.”



# SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

BY PROFESSOR W. L. GRANT

IN the death of Sir Richard Cartwright, Canada loses her only parliamentarian who loved letters in and for themselves, to whom words were things of beauty, to be manipulated as works of art. Sir Wilfrid Laurier can indeed, with unsurpassed skill, use words to express or to conceal his thought; Dr. Clark, of Red Deer, the Finance Minister, and a number of others can make lucid and witty speeches. But to play with words for the mere delight of showing mastery over things of such beauty and variable charm, belonged to Sir Richard alone. His love of words was in some ways a weakness. More than once it could have been said of him that "he had his jest," but his political opponents "had his estate."

Thus in 1891, when Ontario and Quebec gave a majority for the Liberals, but the Conservative Administration was saved by the votes of the Maritime Provinces and of British Columbia, Sir Richard dubbed the majority so obtained "a thing of shreds and patches." The aptness of the Shakespearean quotation was indisputable; but it cost the Liberal party the votes of hundreds of good Nova Scotians, who could not brook such a scoff from a mere Canadian.

Another admirable jest, which did not endear him to his fellow Kingstonians, was made shortly after the death of his personal and political enemy, Sir John A. Macdonald. A fund was being raised to erect the very fine memorial to Sir John which now graces the city park. The treasurer of the fund, greatly daring,

ventured to ask Cartwright for a subscription. Sir Richard drew himself up haughtily. "No, sir; no, sir," he said. Then suddenly a grim smile broke out and spread over his face until the very tips of his whiskers and moustache were a-twitch with the thrill of the coming jest, "Unless, sir, you will permit me to write the epitaph."

Sir Richard's speeches are models of polished diction; "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech." I have been told by those who sat in the Press Gallery that no man in the House was so hard to report, because if a word was lost, with it went the whole sentence, into which that word had been so deftly fitted by the artist. It is characteristic of this love of letters, that one of the few times when the old campaigner rose to protest that he had been misreported, was when Hansard ascribed to Peter Mitchell a quotation which Sir Richard had made from Themistocles. As a rule, his attack was in front rather than in flank; his literary allusions well-chosen rather than far-fetched; his taunts direct rather than subtle. Yet he did not disdain the unexpected. In September, 1911, speaking in Kingston on the reciprocity issue, in the course of rather a rambling speech he suddenly pulled himself together. "The grand old Conservative party," he said, "of which I was once a member, has fallen upon strange times, and upon strange leaders. Its destinies are now controlled by Mr. R. L. Borden, a dull fellow, but honest withal; and by Mr. Clifford Sifton,

who is—neither.” The pause and the pretence of clearing the throat before the last word were irresistible.

In his recently published “Reminiscences”\* he tells of an exchange of witticisms with Sir John Macdonald, in which on the whole Sir Richard’s was the shrewdest thrust. He had asked Macdonald to tell him how, if given freedom, he would choose his ideal Cabinet. “Oh,” he said, “if I had my way, they should all be highly respectable parties whom I could send to the penitentiary if I liked.” “Many years after,” says Sir Richard, “I took occasion to congratulate him on having nearly attained his ideal in the composition of his Cabinet, bar the respectability.”

In this long quarrel between the two Kingstonians, it is often forgotten that Cartwright was by no means always the aggressor. The difference was that whereas Macdonald poured out flouts and jeers with a twinkle in the eye and a jaunty toss of the head, and would have been perfectly willing next day to swap stories or have a drink with the antagonist of the night before, Cartwright hissed them through his teeth, with more than a touch of fierceness. Yet his most famous quip was essentially good-natured. A certain J. Collins, who had written a biography of Sir John, had received as part of his reward some work in a Government office, and the matter was brought up in the House. “It is happy association of ideas,” said Sir Richard to the convulsed House, “and an example of what a lamented friend of mine called the eternal fitness of things, that a gentleman who has in his life done justice to so many John Collinses should at last find a John Collins to do justice to him.”

But to the average man Sir Richard’s manner was haughty and repellent, and it is curious to find him blaming Edward Blake for his own most obvious defect. Mr. E. B. Big-

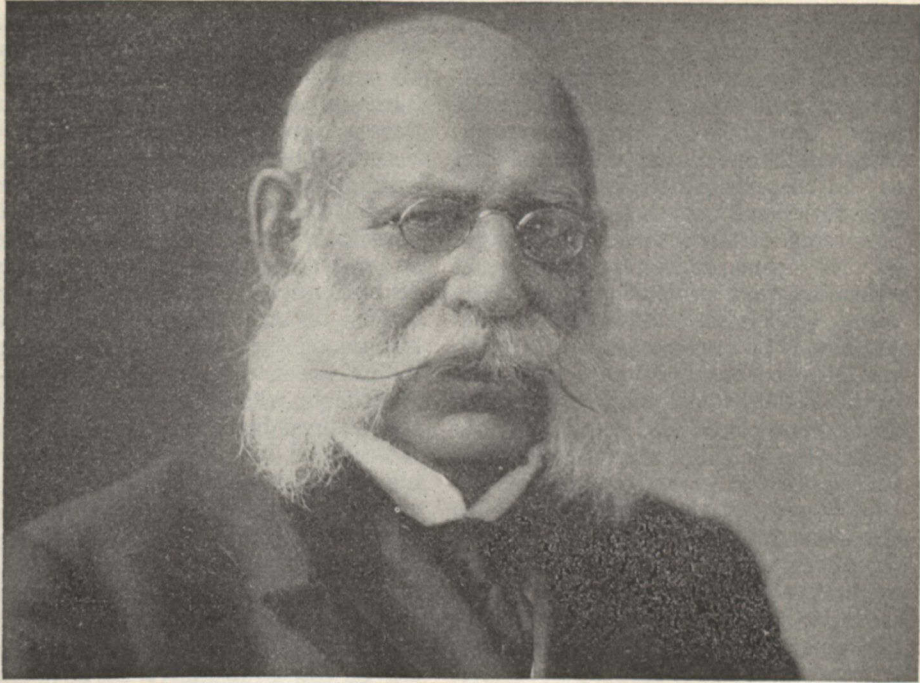
gar tells a characteristic story in his “Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald”:

“When the late David Thompson was sitting for Haldimand, in the days when the record of the riding was an unbroken series of Liberal victories, he was laid aside for nearly a whole session through illness. He got down to Parliament at last, and told the story of his reception as follows: ‘The first man I met on coming back was Blake. He passed me with a simple nod. The next man I met was Cartwright, and his greeting was about as cold as that of Blake. Hardly had I passed these men when I met Sir John. He didn’t pass me by; but grasped me by the hand, gave me a clap on the shoulder and said, ‘Davy old man, I’m glad to see you back. I hope you’ll soon be yourself again and live many a day to vote against me—as you always have done.’” Now, continued Mr. Thompson, with genuine pathos, I never gave the old man a vote in my life, but hang me if it doesn’t go against the grain to follow the men who haven’t a word of kind greeting for me, and oppose the man with a heart like Sir John’s’”

The history of Canada might have been very different had either George Brown, Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake or Richard Cartwright possessed a spark of *bonhomie* in his ordinary manner. Those who knew Blake best knew that beneath his austerity was a fund of almost womanly tenderness. Mackenzie and Sir Richard were in their family life and to their intimate friends men of exceptional charm; but they lacked the wide human sympathies of Macdonald, and to the great Conservative Canada pardoned much, for he loved much.

The “Reminiscences” of Sir Richard, which appeared in November last, should be read by everyone interested in Canadian history or politics. Of his account of Sir John Macdonald perhaps the most interesting part is the fascination which the older man obviously exercised over the younger. Not only has he in his book an obvious artistic desire to be fair, but again and again, even when

\*“Reminiscences,” by Sir Richard Cartwright. Preface by J. M. Courtney. Toronto: William Briggs.



THE LATE SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

pointing out Macdonald's defects, the fascination exerted over him breaks through. Still more valuable are his estimates of his colleagues, especially of Blake and Mackenzie. The book bears no mark of that use of the blue pencil which is the bane of the historian, and which has made the truth so hard to come by in many incidents of Canadian history. Having myself written a biography, I know the pressure which must have been put by both friends and publishers to bring about the excision of certain portions, and I am correspondingly grateful for the moral courage which held Sir Richard's literary executors firm. The present memoirs stop short at 1896, but it is said that a volume is now in the press dealing with his fifteen years of office. In publishing this I hope that the same courage will be shown. If Sir Charles Tupper will only follow the example, and tell us with equal candour what he thinks not of the Grits, but of his Conserva-

tive colleagues, alike in Nova Scotia and in the Dominion, all historians will clap their hands.

Sir Richard Cartwright's position in Canadian politics was peculiar. Perhaps it might be summed up by saying that like Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, "he was more honourable than the thirty, but he attained not unto the first three." He was never an obvious Prime Minister, but he was always obviously of Cabinet rank. He further resembled Benaiah in coming of good stock, for his grandfather was "a valiant man," a devoted member of the Church of England, of fervent and quenchless loyalist, who yet had the courage to resist the unjust claims of his church and of the Loyalists. John Graves Simcoe, the first Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, was a well-meaning man, of indefatigable activity, but the American Revolution had given him a horror of democracy and of all religion other than that of his own

church, and his endeavours to favour aristocracy and episcopacy made him singularly unfitted to guide the affairs of such a colony as Upper Canada. Richard Cartwright, grandfather of Sir Richard, withstood him to his face with all the courage of his grandson, and with more suavity.

Coming of such stock, with ample private means, adding an Old World education to New World vigour, the young Cartwright early entered Parliament. His first session was in 1863, and he was thus in time to take part in the Federation struggle. On this he throws new light and admirably describes the B.N.A. Act as "a war measure," but one wishes that he had included more of the address which he gave two or three years ago to the Canadian Club of Ottawa, and that he had not slurred over the great services rendered to Federation by Sir John Macdonald in its later stages. It is true, and he does well to point out, that in the early stages the risks were taken by Cartier and Brown, and that Macdonald came in unwillingly; but it is also true that once Macdonald came in, he took command by sheer force of personality, and not once, but a dozen times, kept the ship off the rocks. This side of the great coalition Sir Richard does not wholly omit, but on the whole he does less than justice to Macdonald.

Between 1870 and 1873 he swung over to the Liberal side, and early in 1874 accepted the portfolio of Minister of Finance in the Liberal Administration of Mackenzie. The popular belief ascribed his action to pique at the appointment of Sir Francis Hincks as Finance Minister in 1870. Whether Macdonald had definitely promised the portfolio to Cartwright, and then thrown him over, is a point on which the "Reminiscences" throw no light. Sir Richard says frankly that it was the appointment of Hincks which first led him to think of changing; and dwells on the unsuitability and inconsistency of the appointment. How far, if at all, personal

pique came in, he himself could probably not have told us. The change of party was in any event natural. Although Gritism was in the main a Scotch product, the off-shoot of Scotch Radicalism, Cartwright had emphatically the Grit mind. It was a mind with more enthusiasm for principles than for persons. Alexander Mackenzie or Cartwright could be enthusiastic for Free Trade, but hardly for a colleague. It is characteristic of the Grit that though the "Reminiscences" are dedicated to Mackenzie, whose unbending integrity Sir Richard justly praises, more space is occupied in blaming the tactics of his leader than in praising his honesty. It was also a type of mind which had small relish for constructive statesmanship. From Scotch Radicalism it had inherited a belief in the virtue of the individual, and was chary of Government interference. Free Trade, Disestablishment, the over-throw of the Hierarchy, rigidly economic administration of such matters as were within the province of government, these were the ideals of the Grit, and these were the political creed of Cartwright. For the constructive opportunism of Macdonald and Cartier he had little real sympathy.

Yet it is interesting to note that Sir Richard had at least a flirtation with protection. In 1876 the Government was faced by a heavy deficit. "The Opposition was well aware, and I break no Cabinet secret in saying so, that there was a sharp division of opinion as to the action we ought to pursue, and they were quite aware that I, in my capacity of Minister of Finance, was pressing strongly for the imposition of further additional taxation to prevent any further deficit." This extra taxation, Sir Richard is careful to assert, would have been based on the soundest Free Trade principles, though he admits that it would have been "difficult to prevent some incidental protection." Had the tariff been raised to 20 per



cent., the manufacturers would doubtless have disregarded the banner. Sir Richard was overborne by the purism of Mackenzie, and by the clamours of the Nova Scotia delegates, who claimed that the Maritime Provinces would never stand it. He offered his resignation, but was prevailed on to withdraw it, and paid the penalty of his mistake by eighteen years of "tossing up and down in Adria." Sir Richard adduces the evidence of Dalton MacCarthy that the Conservatives had determined, if the duties were raised, to go in for a policy of Free Trade. It is a thing the imagination boggles at.

In opposition Sir Richard was at his best. Unfortunately for himself and his party, in 1888-91 he induced the Liberals to support Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States. Had they stuck to their old cry of retrenchment, and an increasing measure of Free Trade, it is not an unlikely thing that the election of 1891, held amid profound depression, would have verified Principal Grant's prophecy, made after the election of 1887, that "the N. P. has won its last victory." Sir Richard did not desire annexation; against armed invasion he would certainly have fought as gallantly as his ancestors had done in 1812; but his economic mind quailed before the desperate economic situation, and led him to adopt a policy which gave Sir John Macdonald just the chance he knew so well how to use. In 1891, patriotism triumphed

over economic needs, as Macdonald well knew it always does.

With his literary gifts Sir Richard Cartwright might have been a great historian; his acute mind and purely intellectual imagination might have made him a great professor of economics or of science. But he preferred to place his powers at the service of his fellow countrymen. For the rôle of politician in a democratic country he was in some ways unfitted; but it is greatly to his credit that he recognised the limitations of his temperament, and to the last played the game of High Politics, and held haughtily aloof from the appeal to the "bhoys" and to the marketplace.

Of constructive statesmanship the reader of his "Reminiscences" will find little, save a plea for proportional representation. Yet in a sense to strike off shackles is to construct. He loved economy, he loved freedom, he loved peace. In Cataraqi Cemetery he sleeps not far from his great antagonist, and without attempting further to appraise him, we may well take to heart the saying of Goethe. Once, when some busy-body tried to set Goethe and Schiller by the ears, the author of *Faust* wrote to his friend that Germany needed not to distinguish. She might well be proud of "zwei solche kerle." Kingston has long ago enshrined Sir John Macdonald in her heart; she will not refuse an honoured place to Sir Richard Cartwright.



# TENNYSON AND BROWNING

A DEFENCE OF THE IDEAL

BY MARIA E. A. STIRLING

PROFESSOR GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE'S "Browning and Tennyson, a Browning Centenary Study," in *The Canadian Magazine* for June, 1912, has proved extremely interesting reading. It is the work of a master in his art, who is evidently a lover and keen appreciator of "that subtlest assessor of the soul in song," as Browning has been called by a contemporary writer.

One or two sentences struck me with peculiar force; for instance, "Literature is large and catholic; it is in its essence a mystery, incapable of precise scientific analysis; it is an unquenchable spiritual impulse and adventure realised in words," and "His [Browning's] mood is like Shakespeare's, an age anticipation, or rather, it is not of an age, but for all time. Virtually all his heroes are rebels of some kind or another, and he suggests everywhere the modern feeling of *rebellion against an authority of antiquated or crippled credentials.*"

In three or four words, I should say that Browning's virility, sincerity and intense humanity are the prevailing characteristics of his writings, and if it is only recently that they are becoming "popular," in the common acceptance of the term, that is the fault of his admirers rather than his detractors. Browning might well have prayed, "Save me from my friends," the critics, who represented him in his lifetime as being "palpably obscure," capable of being ap-

preciated only by the initiated and cultured few, and so prejudiced him in the eyes of the public at large (who are likely to be suspicious and intolerant of anybody or anything admittedly above or beyond their mundane comprehension), therefore failing to appeal to them superficially. Tennyson well expresses this in Guinevere's farewell to Arthur:

"To whom my false, voluptuous pride  
that took,  
Full easily all impressions from below,  
Would not look up, or half-despised the  
height  
To which I would not, or I could not  
climb."

To my mind, Tennyson and Browning were men of equal genius, the difference between them being simply that of temperament. All poets are essentially temperamental, as they are transcendentalists by nature. But there are some persons who understand and appreciate one phase of "transcendentalism" and ignore or despise another. In reading Tennyson I always mentally substitute "Britain" and "British" for "England" and "English," and then his "insularity" ceases to exist for me. It says in the Bible that "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory." Browning and Tennyson were indubitably the two great poets of the Victorian era, each supreme in his own sphere, separate and distinct as that of the

sun and the moon, one not encroaching upon that of the other. It must be remembered that there are many persons who are dazzled and rendered uncomfortable by the strong and brilliant blaze of the noonday sun, but who take a delight in rambling at eve in the soft and silvery light of the moon; and I do not think anyone can deny that Tennyson was a gentler poet, "whose songs come from the heart," or that his popularity was due to the fact that he was "the simpler, sweeter, clearer, more finely beautiful" of the two. I must confess that the late Laureate is my own favourite poet, though Browning's "heroic rebels" also appeal to me with a peculiar degree of intensity.

Then, again, it should not be forgotten that while Tennyson had lost his twin soul in Arthur Hallam, Robert Browning had found his in Elizabeth Barrett, and they were not only wedded lovers, but comrades in their chosen art. Both poets had invalid wives (if I remember correctly) to whom they were tenderly devoted, and that may, in a measure, have accounted for the Laureate's "characteristic aloofness" and settled melancholy of countenance, which, however, did not detract from the popularity of his writings, inasmuch as poetry is more generally read and appreciated by women than by men, and Mrs. Browning's poems were vastly preferred by the majority of her own sex to those of her gifted husband. Robert Browning is essentially a man's poet, but to read his writings and ignore those of his wife is like "playing Hamlet with Hamlet left out," for one was the complement of the other. Tennyson, on the other hand, was one of those dual natures. He understood and appealed to women in general, as Browning never did, until "the one woman in all the world" has passed into the Great Beyond; and if I were seeking a parallel for Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" in Browning's poems, I should not have selected the Epilogue

to Asolando, but rather the closing lines of one of his addresses to his wife in Heaven. (I refer to "Prosopice") telling how "all fear of pain and darkness, and cold."

"Shall change, shall become first a peace  
out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O, thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp  
Thee again,  
And with God be the rest."

Tennyson was leaving his dearly-loved wife behind him, and I believe it was she who set to exquisite music his words of pathetic farewell, in "Crossing the Bar," for, like St. Paul, he must have been "in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," yet feeling "nevertheless to abide in the flesh was more needful" for her.

I have heard numbers of Tennyson's songs sung; I do not recollect ever having heard one of Robert Browning's. Evidently, with the exception of the ballad of "Evelyn Hope" they are lacking in adaptability to a musical setting, yet some great man begged "to be allowed to make the songs of a nation, and he cared not who made its laws."

Without presuming to set myself up as a critic of Professor Clarke, I must confess that I consider him rather unjust in calling Tennyson "a faultily faultless stylist, a consummate artificer in style, characteristically, rather than an artist, and at the same time saying that "Art seeks to interpret human life lastingly through the most felicitous symbols it can employ, through musical tones, through tints and pigments, through chiselled stone and faith wrought tower, through words and silences. Like the other great words of humanity, "life" and "death," and "eternity" and "soul" and "love," "art can never be adequately defined, and the essence of poetry, the highest and noblest of the arts, is perhaps the most difficult of all to set forth in a sentence, and this because

it is the most protean." I consider "the subtle assertion of the soul in song" to be an excellent and epigrammatic definition of poetry and only regret that I do not know who coined the phrase originally. It sounds like Browning himself.

Whatever may have been the case in "Maud," which I dislike more than any of Tennyson's works, I do not agree with the professor that in "In Memoriam" (his masterpiece) the late Laureate is "seeking after an embittering experience, the difficult restoration of the minimum of faith." On the contrary, I consider that with sublime trust in the unfailing goodness and mercy of God, he is reaching out after the maximum, having passed through the purifying and refining fires of pain. Neither do I agree with Sybil, in "Dr. North and His Friends," when she says, "I go with him, but somehow he has not got hold of my hand."

Tennyson was mourning the loss of his beloved college mate, who was also "the brother of his soul," for whom his affection, like that between David and Jonathan, "was wonderful, passing the love of women."

To my mind, the poet was simply "thinking out loud" (to use a childish expression) wrestling alone, in the agonies of his spiritual bereavement, with the mighty and abstruse problems, which he and Arthur Hallam, evidently both young men of a deep and fervent religious nature, had doubtless discussed together, with all the ardour of their youthful enthusiasm and intense loyalty to the faith of their fathers (theirs by a precious right of inheritance, if not as yet through personal "experience of religion," as the phrase is commonly understood) which they felt impelled to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty" and defend to the death, as a matter of conviction, against the bitter and ruthless attacks of agnosticism, then being hurled with relentless fury from all quarters upon the religion of Jesus Christ.

At the close of one of his lectures at the Lowell Institute Course in Boston, when I asked him: "Tell me where God comes in, in this scheme of evolution. I don't understand by what process a protoplasm can evolve itself with an immortal soul. I might swallow the beast if that was the high water-mark, but this sticks in my crop, what makes the protoplasm in the first place? Does it evolve itself out of its own inner consciousness? Where does it get the power of evolution? I prefer the "Eden myth" that the Lord God breathed into the nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul, transmitting that subtle essence of immortality to his posterity. A man might degenerate into an anthropoid ape, but no one will ever make me believe that an anthropoid ape could evolve himself into a man, made in the image of God. My ideas may not be scientific, but to me they are common-sense and Scriptural also." Drummond replied, with his rare, whimsical smile: "They are scientific and scriptural also. It is God in the protoplasm that causes the protoplasm to evolve into man, and man to evolve into God. All power is of God. God is at the centre of the universe, and at its circumference also. From Him all things had their beginning and He is their ultimate end. 'In Him we live and move and have our being,' as Paul said when he quoted the Greek poets to the Athenians. Evolution is simply the movement of all animate and inanimate creation towards God."

It seems to me that Tennyson is simply paraphrasing Drummond when he speaks in "In Memoriam":

"One far-off, divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

and declares his optimistic belief,

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete."

Tennyson, as Poet Laureate, was,

above all things, the apostle of the pure ideal. In the introduction to "The Idyls of the King," that touching dedication to our late beloved Queen Victoria in her bereavement, he speaks of the deceased Prince Consort, whose death had left the Crown a lonely splendour," as

"Scarce other than my King's ideal knight,  
'Who revered his conscience as his King.'"

And every mother throughout the Empire thanked God that we had a Poet Laureate who held up Sir Galahad as the ideal of young, stalwart, vigorous and enthusiastic Christian manhood:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure."

Yet, I believe, in a recent comparative criticism of "Marie Claire," and one of Florence Barclay's novels (I think it was "The Following of the Star") a contemporary of *The Canadian Magazine*, which I presume is considered to share with this publication the censorship of popular opinion in the Dominion, saw fit to sneer at Sir Galahad's sayings as "maukish sentimentality," to the disparagement of the author of "The Rosary," and the glorification of the Paris shop girl and graduate of the ateliers, and it is not a French publication, either.

The trouble with "In Memoriam," as published, it seems to me, is lack of proper editing, so that it suffers from an anti-climax. It is true that, as Dr. S. Wier Mitchell says, "It was written in portions, at long intervals, and in many moods," but any poem beginning with such noble lines as,

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,  
Whom we that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith and faith alone embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove."

should be treated as a whole, and its chief gems placed in the proper setting to enhance their brilliancy. It is not a question of changing the text, simply a matter of proper ar-

rangement of the parts so as to produce the fullest and most complete harmony, when such a triumphant keynote is struck. The chord of the dominant seventh rings out, again and again, now plaintive,

"So runs my dream, but what am I?  
An infant, crying in the night,  
An infant, crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

Now piercing in its poignant anguish:

"They called me, in the public squares,  
The fool, that wears the crown of thorns."

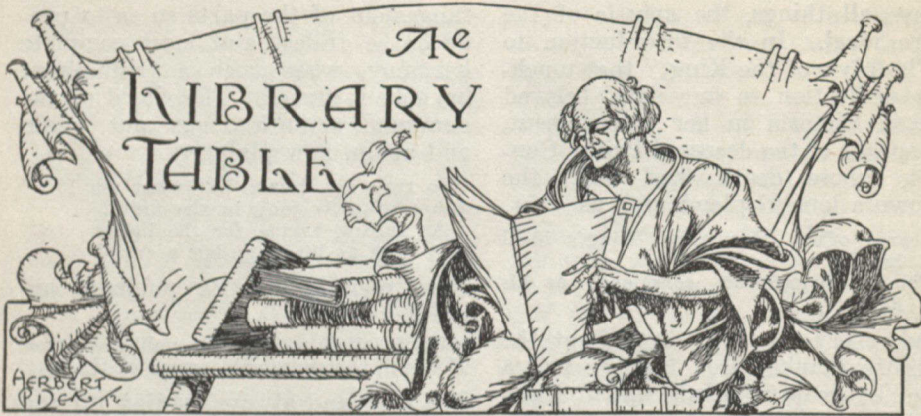
But ever and always leading up and looking forward to, suggesting and anticipating that resonant note of rapture, announcing the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, "the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "If we suffer, we shall reign with him," and a well-known church hymn declares:

"The head that once was crowned with thorns  
is crown with glory now,  
A royal diadem adorns the mighty Victor's brow."

Were I getting out a new edition of Tennyson's works, I should certainly take the liberty of transposing a few stanzas of "In Memoriam," by bodily lifting those beginning, "Ring Out, Wild Bells," from their present environment, and placing them in their proper position of logical (not chronological) sequence at the conclusion of the whole poem, reserving for the grand finale that jubilant peal of joyous exultation:

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

For Tennyson, as surely as St. John the Divine in the Apocalypse, had glimpses of the Vision Beatific, and heard the great voice, as of a trumpet, saying: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."



### CORPORAL CAMERON

BY RALPH CONNOR. Toronto: The Westminster Company.

RALPH CONNOR continues to pretend to write novels of the Canadian West. His novel published a couple of years ago, entitled, "The Foreigner: A Tale of Saskatchewan," deals mostly with the slums of Winnipeg; and now to "Corporal Cameron of the Northwest Mounted Police," his latest book, there is the subtitle, "A Tale of the Macleod Trail." The reader might wonder why he did not name it "Half-back Cameron," or "Hired-man Cameron," because Book One (the volume is divided into three books) sketches the life Cameron led while attending college at Edinburgh, a life that was devoted mostly to playing football and befuddling his brains with a brew that has made his country famous. Of course, he would not be a Ralph Connor hero unless he had opportunity to prove it. The author, therefore, imposes Book Two, in which he transports his hero to Ontario (with a stop-over in Montreal long enough for him to thrash an overbearing head man in a cartage company's counting-room) and obtains for him employment on a farm. The Scot wins the admiration of the farmer's daughter, for he is fine at the pipes and is able to beat all competitors at the

picnic games. This admiration, however, is galling to the other hired man, who nearly commits manslaughter, but Cameron is well able to defend himself and also to go away and give the girl cause to forget him. Thus, almost at last, in Book Three, we find him in the West. But he is not yet a policeman. We have yet to see him go out with a surveying party, lose his melodramatic way in a blizzard, be captured by an Indian and a whisky runner, escape death several times when we think his audacity has finally cost him his life, be arrested as a member of the notorious Raven gang, and then be sworn in irregularly as a constable because he wants to be and because the sergeant thinks he was born to the work. All now that is necessary is for him to do an act of daring (in the course of which one is supposed to see behind the machinery of the Northwest Mounted Police before the Canadian Pacific Railway superseded the Macleod trail), to be almost killed in the performance of duty, to fall in love with the nurse (the girl from the farm back in Ontario) and, while convalescing, to receive the news of his elevation to the rank of corporal. This novel should not claim to be a "Tale of the Macleod Trail." The rest of the title, "Corporal Cameron of the Northwest Mounted Police," is misleading. The

jacket, which presents a lone rider on the Western plains, with cactus bushes in the foreground, is misleading. The decorations inside, showing either a police post or a ranch headquarters, are misleading. But perhaps we would not notice these things if we were distracted by genuine merit in the novel itself, instead of having to lament a succession of commonplace heroics and incidents of ordinary prowess. Ralph Connor could do better work than this, and the public should not be misled. When so representative a writer as he is sends out a book like this the reputation of our literature suffers. And that reputation suffers more when we humbly submit to it.

\*

### FLINT AND FEATHER

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON. Toronto:  
The Musson Book Company.

IT is eighteen years since John Lane of London, published for Pauline Johnson her first volume of poetry, which she entitled "The White Wampum." Nine years later the George N. Morang Publishing Company, of Toronto, published her second volume—"Canadian Born." Now a third volume appears under the title "Flint and Feather." This third volume embraces the contents of the first two, as well as a miscellaneous collection of twenty-four later poems. Apart from the genuine merit of her writings, Miss Johnson is noteworthy in as much as she is, we believe, our only poet of distinction who can boast Indian blood. Her verse pulsates with utterances sympathetic with the primitive grandeur of the red man and his subjection to the white. But while thousands of persons all over Canada (and, indeed, abroad) recall Miss Johnson's rare gifts of dramatic voice and gesture, it is upon her written words that her reputation must finally rest. It would be misleading to ignore the lustre and power that her own personality added to her

verse compositions, and it is safe to predict that no person will ever again repeat with equal significance "A Cry From an Indian Wife," or "The Cattle Thief." For Miss Johnson was impregnated with the spirit of her lines, and she was able to win the sympathy of her audience by sheer force of artistic and dramatic excellence. For she combined two great arts, and only those of us who have heard her render her own composition can have a full appreciation of her powers. While her poetry loses in impressiveness when detached from her own personality, and as such it must be judged, there are in it certain qualities that are not found in any other Canadian writings, such qualities, for instance, as a haunting rhythm that seems to impend the tragedy of the Indian race, and such figures of speech as one might associate with the red man in his natural environment. What tremendous canvas is here presented in "The Corn Husker."

Hard by the Indian lodges, where the  
bush  
Breaks in a clearing, through ill-fash-  
ioned fields,  
She came to labour, where the first still  
hush  
Of autumn follows large and recent  
yields.

Age in her fingers, hunger in her face,  
Her shoulders stooped with weight of  
work and years,  
But rich in tawny colouring of her race,  
She comes afield to strip the purple ears.

And all her thoughts are with the days  
gone by,  
'Ere night's injustice banished from  
their lands,  
Her people, that to-day unheeded lie,  
Like the dead husks that rustle through  
her hands.

Undoubtedly Miss Johnson's most popular poem is "The Song My Paddle Sings." Some of the best poems which have not appeared before in book form are: "The Homing Bee," "The Trail to Lillooet," "The Indian Corn Planter," and "The Cattle Country," and there are as well

her already popular poems, "The Cattle Thief," "Wolverine," and "The Legend of Qu'Appelle."

\*

### THE BLACK CREEK STOPPING-HOUSE

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS novelette of 100 pages gives title to a small volume of short bits of fiction by a Canadian writer whose "Sowing Seeds in Danny" has been widely read with pleasure. While some of these tales have appeared to advantage in periodical publications, we can scarcely compliment the author on their appearance in a volume whose first bid for approval is made by the story that provides the title. "The Black Creek Stopping-House" is noteworthy only because of the soundness and goodness of character it creates and maintains in Maggie Murphy (presently Mrs. John Corbett) who is first a Salvation Army lass and then the mistress of the stopping-house. The tale is too much divided to be sketched here. Others of the collection, particularly "A Runaway Grandmother," are better pieces of work.

\*

### RHYMES OF A ROLLING STONE

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE. Toronto: William Briggs.

THESE columns were unable to admit much praise for Mr. Robert W. Service's "Songs of a Sourdough." Much less were they in sympathy with "The Ballads of a Cheechacko," and they gave place to an utter condemnation of a novel by the same author, "The Trail of '98." But it is not because we wish to be consistent that we deplore the author's latest book of verse, entitled, "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone." The contents can be recommended for variety of subject, but not for variety of treatment. And there is so much lurid melodrama, so much slushy sen-

timentality, so many nasty sentences, that the good is far outweighed by the bad. We quote a stanza from "Athabasca Dick," which is typical:

"Oh, I heard a splash, and quick at a flash  
I knew he could not swim,  
I saw him whirl in the river swirl, and  
thresh his arms about.  
In a queer, strained way I heard Dick  
say: 'I'm going after him,'  
Throw off his coat, leap down to the  
boat—and then I gave a shout:  
'Boys, grab him, quick! You're crazy,  
Dick! Far better one than twol  
Hell, man! You know you've got no  
show!  
It's sure and cretain death . . .'  
And there we hung, and there we clung,  
with beef and brawn and thew,  
And sinews cracked and joints were  
racked, and panting came our  
breath;  
And there we swayed, and there we pray-  
ed, till strength and hope were  
spent—  
Then Dick, he threw us off like rats, and  
after Jim he went."

\*

### I BELIEVE THAT—

BY ALAN SULLIVAN. Toronto: William Tyrrell.

WE admire the courage that brings about nowadays a book of aphorisms, and our admiration almost changes into sympathy when the aphorisms are intended primarily to point a moral. For between Hippocrates and Emerson there is enough grave reflection to satisfy most of us, so that in these days unless we can be tickled into reading wise sayings we will not read them at all. Even Solomon plays on our fancy. But Mr. Alan Sullivan, whose work in verse and short fiction is favourably known to readers of *The Canadian Magazine*, pays us the too high compliment of being a serious and reflective public, when in this little volume he says:

"It is a happy impulse that finds its own justification."

We almost can agree with that, but it requires an anchor for this other:



"Wisdom is not only knowing how and why, but is the attitude of a mind that has been put in parallel with great truths and is thereby nourished and fortified."

However, there is one in particular that appeals to us, and it is an indication that we have read to the bottom of page seventeen:

"Friendship unlocks the door to honest criticism, and it should be as ready to condemn as to extol. The reproof of a friend outweighs the praise of an acquaintance."

Having read that, we shall not say that the author has no sense of humour; for here is humour so rare that it is triumphant. Point us morals like this, and we shall read on to the end. By the way, the last one gets back at most of us:

"We have asked and received much from life. What have we given in return?"

\*

### THE LOVERS

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a vivid and fascinating tale of love and war. It relates in stirring fashion the obstacles that beset the paths of four young lovers, two of whom are captives of war. The early pages record the meeting of the lovers, with prison walls and the hatred of warring nations between, and the hearts of men and maidens are revealed in all the freshness of primitive frankness. The scene of the story is laid, as are those of so many other tales, by the same popular writer, on the famous Dartmoor. The author has made that fern-laden granite-circled desolation of those storied moors of England's "West Countree" peculiarly his own, and his descriptive work is, as usual, unrivalled. There are some, perhaps, who will not rate "The Lovers," as a whole, as high as other novels by

the same author that deal more nearly with the common every-day life of the Dartmoor folk of more modern times. For in treating of those humble tillers of a sterile and profitless soil, whose chief concerns are the terrors of winter and the encroachments of "Duchy," rather than fears of a foreign invasion, or the lot of the Yankee prisoners of war, Mr. Philpotts has no equal. None the less, "The Lovers" is a strong story strongly told. It pulsates with the spirit of thrilling adventure, and it is only too probable that the account it gives of the hardships endured by the American prisoners on English soil during the War of the Revolution does not exceed the bounds of historical fact. There is no lack of stirring action and thrilling incident.

\*

IT has been said that the history of Canada has not yet been written. Naturally one man could not write it. Perhaps a dozen could not. At any rate, the general editors of "Canada and Its Provinces: A History of the Canadian People and Their Institutions," (a work in twenty-two volumes, with index, which is nearing completion) wisely concluded to secure for each general division of the work a special editor, and for each branch of our history the one man best qualified to deal with it. It is known that no effort was spared to procure in each instance the services of an acknowledged authority, with the result that the reader may rely on receiving scholarly opinion, sound information, and from, in many cases, writers of reputation. It is undoubtedly a great undertaking, and it promises to be the standard history of the Dominion. As yet nothing else of so comprehensive a character has even been attempted, and therefore it is of national importance. (Toronto: The Publishers' Association of Canada, Limited.)



QUITE RIGHT

Husband—"I won't say marriage is a failure, but some are more fortunate in what they get than others."

Wife—"You are quite right, dear; for instance, you got me, but I—got only you."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

MISLEADING EVIDENCE

Gentleman (engaging groom)—  
"Are you married?"

Groom—"No, sir. I was thrown agin a barb-wire fence and got my face scratched!"—*The Tatler*.

NOT BY AN OLD HAND

Mrs. Exe—"It isn't right to charge Willie with taking that money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me?"

Mr. Exe—"Because it wasn't all taken."—*Boston Transcript*.

BIDING HIS TIME

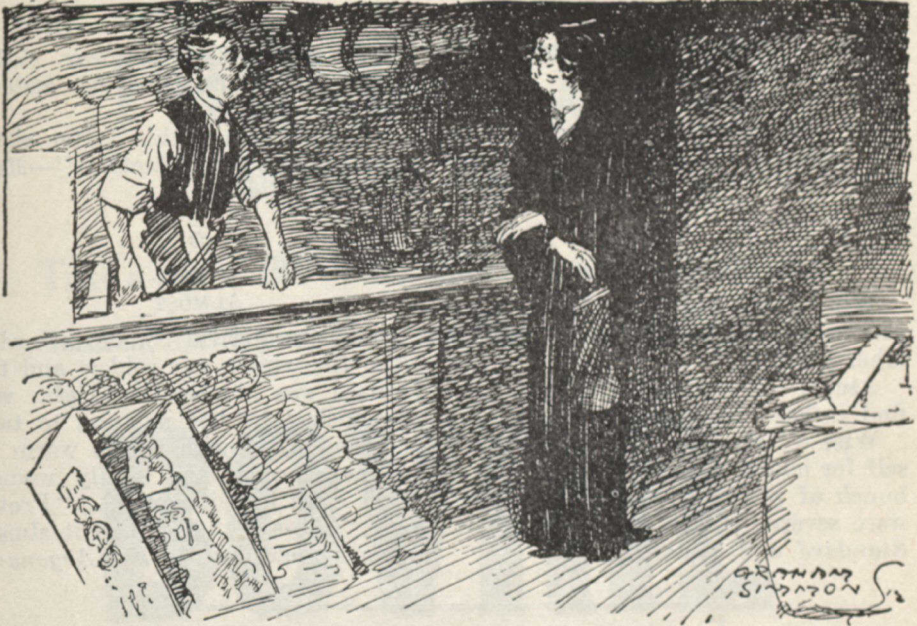
Aunt Anna asked her little nephew what he would like to give his cousin for his birthday.

"I know," he answered, "but I ain't big enough."—*Christian Advocate*.



HUSBAND (with bad cold, reading out war news to his wife). "I see the Bulgarians have taken—  
a-a-tcher-t.tishah!"

WIFE. Oh, no, dear; I think that must be a mistake—they took *that* place last week." —*Punch*



CUSTOMER. "'Arf-pound o' butter."  
 SHOPMAN. "Yes, Mum. The best?"  
 CUSTOMER. "Naw, the worst; same as we 'ad before."

—Punch

#### NOT USED TO IT

Theatre Manager—"You are engaged for the box-office. All you will do is to receive money."

"Thanks. I think I should like to have a few rehearsals."—*Meggen-dorfer Blaetter*.

\*

#### SERIOUS OMISSION

The new millionaire's banquet table was spread, and the guests about to be summoned.

"Are you sure there are no reporters present?" anxiously asked the host of the butler.

"I've made certain of it, sir."

"Then go out and get a few," rejoined the host.—*Canadian Courier*.

\*

#### SAVING WEAR AND TEAR

"Now, remember, Iky, that vos a good glass eye you've got. Always take it out and put it in your pocket when you ain't looking at noddings."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

#### REBUKED

"What dirty hands you have, Johnnie!" said his teacher. "What would you say if I came to school that way?"

"I wouldn't say nothin'," replied Johnnie. "I'd be too polite."—*De-lineator*.

\*

#### UNREST IN THE NEAR EAST

"Look 'ere, Liza Mullins, did you say as I'd collared the tanner you lost?"

"Nothink of the kind! Wot I said was as I'd 'ave found it if you 'adn't 'elped me to look for it."—*Punch*.

\*

#### A MORTAL BLOW

"What's the matter with your wife? She's all broken up lately?"  
 "She got a terrible jar."

"What has happened?"

"Why, she was assisting at a rummage sale, took off her new hat, and somebody sold it for thirty-five cents."—*Washington Herald*.

## WARY

The Prisoner—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey—"Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

\*

## CLEVER HOST

Wise—"We had quite a prominent actress as a guest at our house the other evening."

Aseum—"Gracious! Didn't you find it hard to entertain her?"

Wise—"Oh, no! She amused herself for hours. We just handed her a bunch of photographs, among which were several of her own."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

## EXPLAINED

Stranger—"What a dear child! How tenderly she kisses her sister's hand!"

Willie—"Kiss nuthin'! Her sister is packer in a candy factory."—*Megendorfer Blaetter.*

\*

## ALMOST

It was a faithful Swede girl who, when the winter was coldest and the furnace was not working right, was admonished by her mistress to take an iron to bed with her to warm it. In the morning the kindly woman asked Lena how it worked. "Pretty gude," she said. "Ah had it almost warm by morning."—*The Argonaut.*



"Hello, Massa Sambo, I heah you'se gwine to Honolulu. Waal, that's a hot place all right. Don't you know it's ninety in the shade there?"

"Yas, sah, but dis nigger ain't a-gwine to stand in the shade."  
—Tutler

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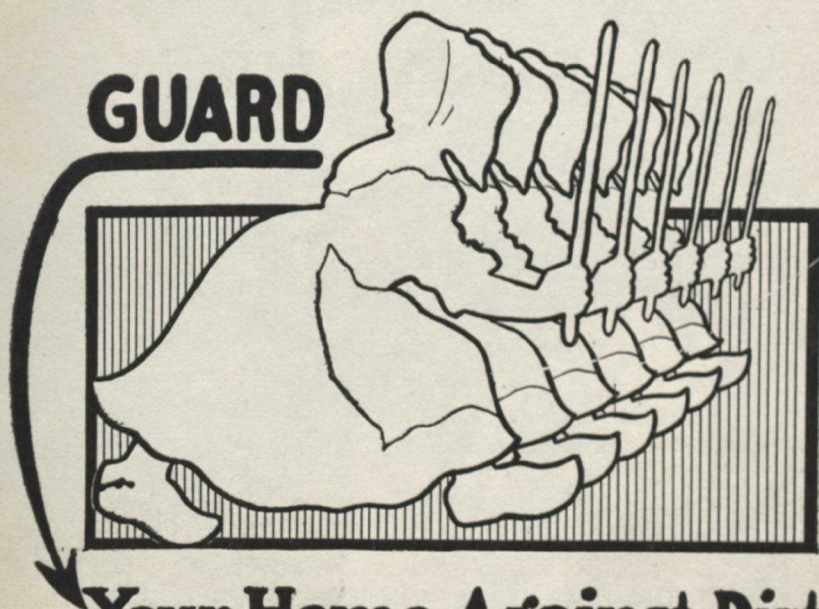
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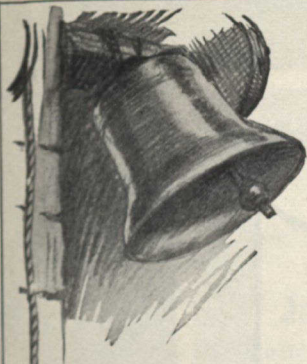
At your stationers—or from

**BARBER-ELLIS LIMITED, Toronto**

TORONTO

BRANTFORD

WINNIPEG



## The Call of the Bell

It is music to Johnny's ears if he starts the day with a warm, nourishing breakfast of **Shredded Wheat**

—and it's so easy to get him off to school without fuss or worry because it's ready-cooked and has in it everything he needs for study or play. It's the whole wheat, cooked, shredded and baked to a crisp, golden brown.

Simply heat the biscuits in the oven a few moments to restore crispness, then pour hot milk over them adding a little cream, and salt or sweeten to suit the taste. A muscle-making, brain-building food for children and grown-ups, for athletes and invalids, for outdoor men and indoor men, for workers with hand or brain.

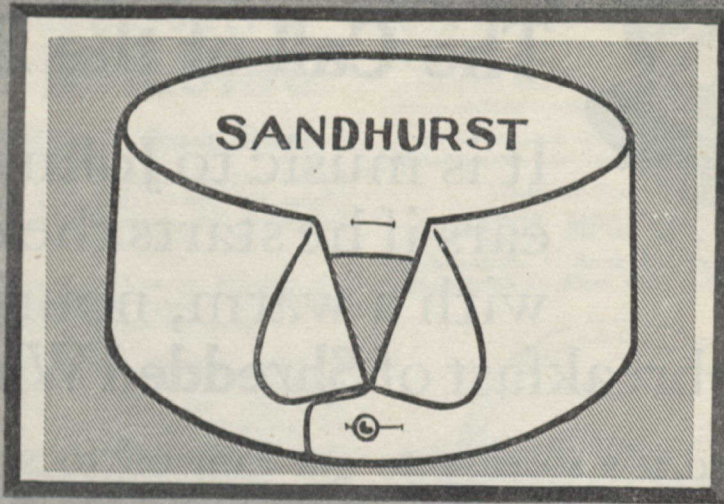
*The Only Breakfast Cereal Made  
in Biscuit Form*

Made only by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat  
Company, Ltd.,  
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East





# Tooke Collars

$\frac{1}{4}$  sizes, They Fit, 2 for 25¢

The really correct model for dress wear. It makes you feel that you have the right Collar for the occasion. Height,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches.

Also correct in the square-cornered

**TOOKE SENATE**



# La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

## CORSET

LA DIVA 820 has medium high bust, very long hip, medium back, and is especially adapted to full or medium figures.

### Just a Wee Help to Nature

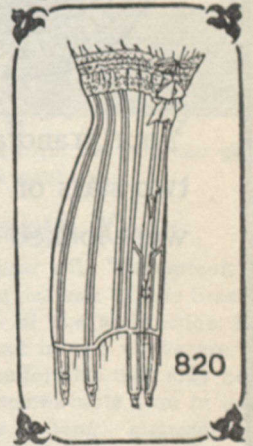
Such is the latest "Paris" idea of a proper corset, to suit the prevailing *corsetless* figure effect. And the latest La Diva and D & A creations have just hit this off.

No distortion, no cramping, just the enhancing of the form divine according to the latest style of dress.

La Diva 820, shown in cut, is an entirely new Directoire Model combining all the newest ideas and avoiding all extreme features. It is finished in white English coutil, boned with "Wabone" and trimmed with valenciennes lace. Six suspenders, draw strings, hooks, etc. An imported corset of similar quality would cost \$7.00. Our price in all good stores is \$5.00. Other La Diva models. \$3.00 to \$5.00; every pair guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded.

THE DOMINION CORSET COMPANY  
QUEBEC

Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corsets



## Necessary Warmth without Unnecessary Weight

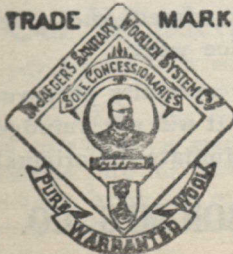
This is the quality of *ideal* underwear—the minimum of weight that will give comfort and avoid risk of colds. Pure Wool, a perfect weave and attention to detail in making are the three factors in

### Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear

that give it a reputation everywhere as the standard of underwear excellence. All weights for all weathers, all sizes for all people.



United Garments



Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED

32 King St. W., Toronto. Ont.

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.

364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

And from JAEGER Agents throughout the Dominion.



# RODGERS' CUTLERY

Your grandfathers and their grandfathers were familiar with the two stars on "Rodgers" Knives and in their day, as now, these were looked upon as a safe guide in buying.

**Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited**

*Cutlers to His Majesty*

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

## CARE IN YOUR CORRESPONDENCE

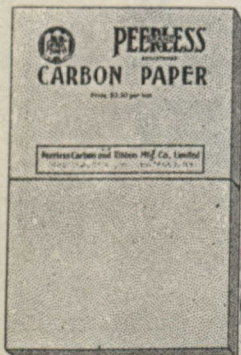
It hurts your business to send out untidy letters. Poor quality writing materials are mostly the cause.

Get Peerless material and gain confidence in your approach of other business people.

Our "Peerless" Typewriter Ribbon is well known to those who use the best. It is treated by a special process, which makes it remarkably brilliant and absolutely permanent. Last longer than any other. A written guarantee with each.

"Peerless" Carbon Paper is well named and gives greatest satisfaction for general office work.

"Klear Kopy" Carbon Paper is a specially prepared carbon paper for particular people. It will not smudge, and makes clear copies that exactly imitate the original.



**PEERLESS CARBON & RIBBON MFG. CO.**  
LIMITED.

176-178 RICHMOND ST. W.

TORONTO



# SEND for Hosiery Made with Seventy - Cent Yarn! Guaranteed Six Months

## 25¢ to 50¢ a Pair



**A Million People** men, women and children, are wearing Holeproof Hose! 26,000,000 pairs have been sold on the six-months guarantee! Think how good these hose must be to please so many wearers. Send for six pairs and try them. They save wearing darned hose and they save all the darning. If any of the six in the box wears out within six months you get a new pair free.

But we don't protect just the heels and toes. Every stitch is guaranteed. If a thread breaks the pair is considered worn out, you get a new pair free.

weights in this 3-ply, soft yarn, but you can get the lightest weights if you want them.

### Our Thirteenth Year

This is our thirteenth year with "Holeproof." It now commands the largest sale of any brand of hosiery sold, because of the satisfaction to users. Hose that wear out in two weeks are a bother, no matter how comfortable they may be. "Holeproof," the most comfortable hose in existence, last twelve times as long—guaranteed. Can there be any question between the two kinds?

### Send Trial Order Now

Use the coupon below. Send in your order. See what a saving. Note their convenience. You'll never wear common kinds once you know these advantages. They are made for men, women and children. Get list of sizes, colors and prices. Only six pairs of one size in a box. Colors alike or assorted, as you desire.

Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want and send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.**  
119 Bond Street, London, Canada (381)

**FAMOUS**  
**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

### Our Wonderful Yarn

We pay for our yarn an average of seventy cents a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton, the finest yarn that money can buy. Seventy cents is the top market price. We could buy common yarn for thirty cents. But such yarn is 2-ply, heavy and coarse. Ours is 3-ply, light weight and long fibre. We make heavier

*Are Your Hose Insured?*

### Trial Box Order Coupon

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.**  
119 Bond St., London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for.....(state whether for men, women or children). Weight.....(medium or light). Size.....Color (check the color on list below). Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and size.

Name.....

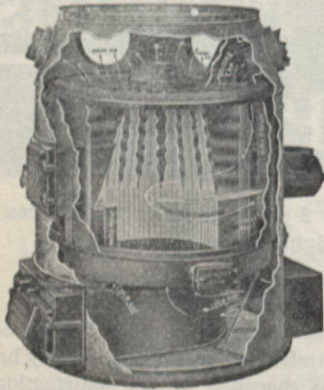
Street.....

City..... Province.....

#### LIST OF COLORS

For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.  
For Children—Black and Tan only—med. weight only

# Get New Ideas in Heating Your Home



—before you decide upon what Heater.

Modern experts say that the best Heater is the one that heats and ventilates at the same time. There is no other that will do this so satisfactorily as the

## Kelsey Warm Air Generator

The Kelsey is entirely different from other Heaters in construction and method of warming and distributing air.

Let us show you how.

**The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Limited.**  
Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.

## FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

# MILTON BRICK

“A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name “Milton” on it.”

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

**MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO.**

**Dept. D.**

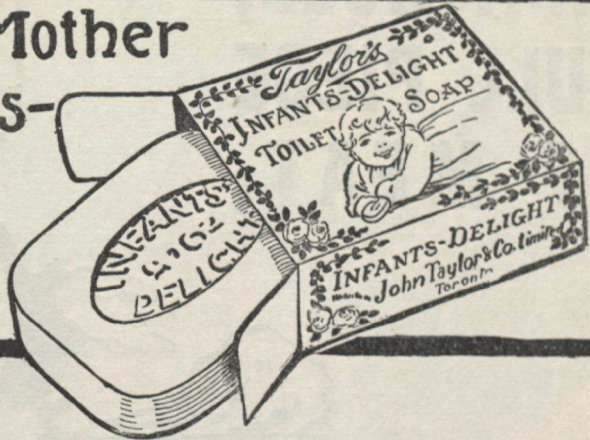
**MILTON, ONTARIO.**

*Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.*

Toronto Office

Janes Building.

“For Mother  
the Others—  
and  
Me”



10 cents  
everywhere

# Taylor's INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP

Almost a million Canadian women use Infants-Delight Toilet Soap. They enjoy its rich, creamy lather—its rare cleansing power—its soothing, softening effect on the skin—and its delicate fragrance.

Have you never tried it? Then you and yours have been missing a real toilet treat. Get a cake from your dealer right away and you'll see how true this is. 10c. everywhere.

110 M



John Taylor & Co., Limited  
Toronto

Oldest and largest Perfumers and Toilet  
Soap Makers in Canada.

The same splendid soap qualities, but scented with the fragrance of fresh-cut violets. Free Trial Sample sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to cover postage.

Please  
send me a  
Sample of Taylor's  
Valley Violet Toilet Soap.

Name.....

Address.....

**THAT COLD,  
DULL PIECE  
OF MEAT,**



those little pieces of potato and cabbage that didn't get finished up yesterday—don't, *please don't*, throw them away, and don't, please, don't serve them up as they are, or you'll feel you've had enough before you even start.

Odd pieces of meat and vegetables will make one of the finest dishes that ever came to a table if you just warm them up, and pour over them a good bowl full of Edwards' Desiccated Soup hot from the fire.

# EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

Edward's Desiccated Soup is a thick, nourishing soup in dry, granulated form. But although it is such a fine soup by itself cooks say that it is A 1 for strengthening stews, flavoring hashes and improving other soups. *Remember to boil it for half an hour.*

**5c. PER PAKCET**

*Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.*

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

22M

**DISTRIBUTERS:**

W. G. Patrick & Company, Toronto and Vancouver.  
Escott & Harmer, Winnipeg.

Wm. H. Dunn, Montreal.

# MOGUL

CIGARETTES EGYPTIENNES



Here I dashed aside  
the shutter  
but with consternation  
utter  
I discovered naught  
but silence  
and the darkness—  
nothing more  
Aye the silence  
was unbroken  
and the stillness  
gave no token

Of that word of myst'ry spoken:  
"MOGUL! MOGUL!" o'er and o'er  
Simply that and "smoke some more!"

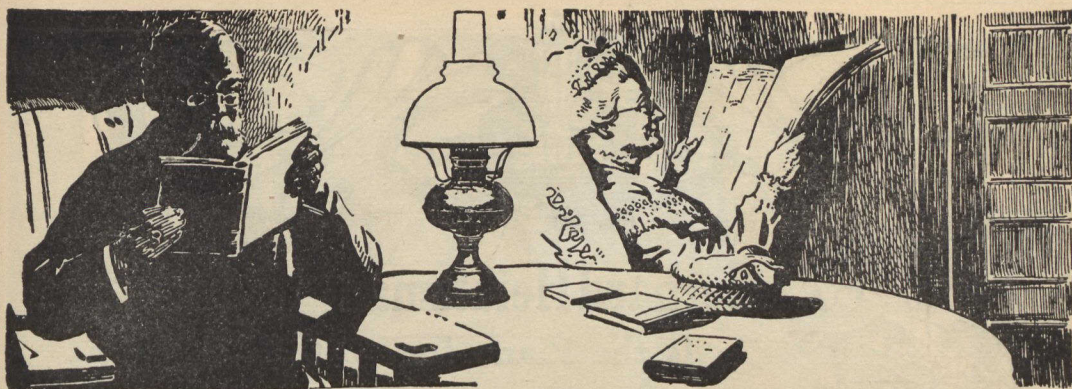
There is  
AN ATMOSPHERE  
OF REFINEMENT  
Gentle, Restful and  
Wholesome, in the  
Warmth from a  
**GOOD CHEER**  
WARM AIR FURNACE

Such a delightful indoor  
Climate is made possible  
by the adequate HUMIDITY  
from its big  
**CIRCLE WATERPAN**

The James  
Stewart  
Manufacturing  
Company Limited

WOODSTOCK, ONT.  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

FURNACE CATALOGUE  
MAILED ON REQUEST



IF YOU VALUE YOUR EYESIGHT

You will equip your reading table with a

**Rayo Lamp**

Authorities agree that a good kerosene oil lamp is the best for reading. The Rayo is the best oil lamp made—the result of years of scientific study. It gives a steady, white light, clear—mellow. Made of solid brass, nickel plated. Can be lighted without removing chimney or shade. Easy to clean and rewick.

*At Dealers Everywhere.*

**THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY Limited**

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The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

**MINARD'S LINIMENT**

Trade *EW* Mark



**RED-MAN BRAND GRAY WOOD EARL & WILSON**

The collar that made the Red-Man Brand famous. The best close front collar made in America.

**SOLD IN BEST STORES IN CANADA. EARL & WILSON - New York**



**Gerhard Heintzman**  
Is the Piano for  
**ENDURANCE**

You are buying your piano for a great many years of service. Only a piano that will endure will satisfy you in the end.

Thousands of owners of Gerhard Heintzman Pianos, who have had them so long and used them so hard that they seem to simply have to write about their lasting qualities.

They see the results but we see the reasons. This piano is built right. Its material and construction are not sacrificed for any consideration whatsoever; it involves the cost of his investment to the owner, but it involves a life-time's reputation to us who have made the

**Gerhard Heintzman**  
**Canada's Greatest**  
**Piano.**

Send for our beautiful book describing the piano fully, whether Self-Player, Grand or Upright.

*Your present instrument taken as part  
payment at a fair valuation.*

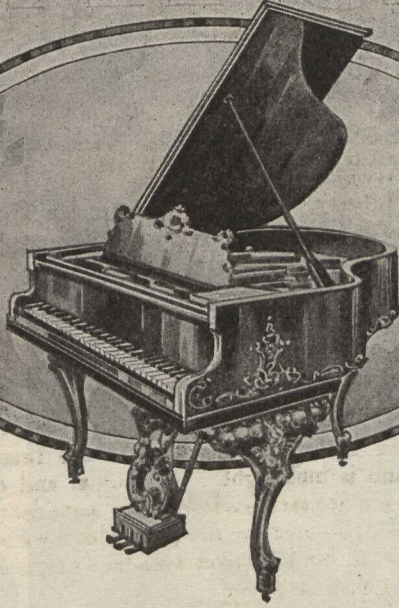
**Gerhard Heintzman Limited,**

New Salesrooms: 41-43 Queen St. W.,  
Opp. City Hall, TORONTO.

New Hamilton Salesrooms, next to Post Office.



# The DOMINION PIANO.



Canada's Favorite  
The "Old Reliable"

Over 80,000 sold  
in forty years

## Buy YOUR Piano on the Plan 80,000 People Have Found Right

For more than forty years we have been selling DOMINION instruments solely on their merits directly from our factory or through our local agents at the factory price.

We have never found it necessary to pay high rents or erect costly buildings, hire pianists to use the DOMINION in concerts, make gifts to secure testimonials—and similar methods which seems necessary to sell some makes of pianos.

These expenses add no value to the piano—and everybody knows it. That's why 80,000 have profited by the "DOMINION" plan of selling.

### Direct from Factory to Home, Avoiding All Costs Which Add to Value

From far-away England, Australia, Africa, buyers send to Bowmanville for DOMINION instruments, preferring them to others of the world's best makes. This is because their tone is pre-eminently and permanently pure. In all climates, through many years of use, their musical quality remains unimpaired. This is because the

### "DOMINION" is Built Like a Grand

An Arch Plate Frame, like that used in grand pianos, supports the entire playing mechanism, lessening the strain, improving the tone, preventing any "breakdown."

Write to-day for free Catalogue. Learn more about these splendid instruments. Let us show you how easy we make it for you to own one.

**The Dominion Organ & Piano Company, Ltd.**  
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

# Facing The Future Fearlessly

By FRANKLIN O. KING

"Ring Out the Old; Ring In the New. Ring Out the False; Ring In the True." It Rings in Your Ears, and Well it May. Tennyson never Wrote a More Beautiful Poem, and You never Read a More Helpful One. Read it Over Again. Every Man should Strike a Balance on New Year's Morning, even Though He May Have Been a little Off his Balance New Year's Eve. It's Easy to Turn Over a New Leaf, but it Takes a Real Man to Keep it Turned. "Eternal Vigilance" is the Price, not Only of Liberty, but of Habits, Health and Happiness—Now and Hereafter. Good RESOLUTIONS will Become REALIZATIONS only when Backed up By PERSISTENT PURPOSE.

How about Your Balance Sheet for 1912? Haven't You charged off a Lot of Things to "PROFIT and LOSS" that Ought to Be On the Credit Side of the Ledger? Haven't You Frittered away a Great Deal of Your Hard Earned Cash for Petty Pleasures, or Lavish Luxuries, when You Could Have Laid By Something for the Inevitable "RAINY DAY?" How Much Better Off are You than Last Year, or the Year before That? True, You have "Kept the Wolf from the Door," but by a Little Economy and Self-Denial You Might have Begun the Erection of a Fortification that would Forever Free your Family From Fear of Its Ferocious Fangs.

Your Good Job may not Always Last. Some of These Days a Younger Man May Fill Your Place. I said a "Younger," not a Better Man. The Gray is Creeping into Your Hair, and the BOSS is Likely to Forget the Splendid Things You Did—Once Upon a Time. "Yo' Ben a Good Old Wagon, But Yo' Dun Broke Down." The World Wants a WINNER, and Won't Worry Along With Wornout Workers.

"Parted From the Pay-Roll" is a Little Drama in which You May Expect to Play the Principal Part Some Sad Saturday, P.M. Then the "Good Fellows" who Helped You Spend Your Money Will Likely Pass by on the Other Side, and the Only Place You can Look for Sympathy will be In the Dictionary.

Let Us, therefore, "Ring Out False Pride," and Hereby Firmly Resolve to Establish a New Record for 1913, which Will Enable You to FACE the FUTURE FEARLESSLY. Strikes, Lock-outs, Panics and Periods of Financial Depres-

sion Cannot Depress You, if You Will Make It a Rule to Save a Little Something Every Day. Again I Repeat It—Saving is the Antidote for Slaving.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I Know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do Not Eat Up the Profits Your Hands Create.

I believe you could save Twenty-five Cents a Day if You tried. I know you would Try if you Realized that our Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a net profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre. Men have Realized more than \$1,000 an Acre growing Oranges in our Country. Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command Top Prices.

One German Truck Grower on adjoining lands this spring realized nearly \$500 from three-fourths of an acre of Strawberries. You could do as well if you only Tried, and on a Ten-acre Tract Find Financial Freedom.

The Biggest Price paid for a car of watermelons on the Houston Market this year was \$140. The car was shipped by the Danbury Fruit and Truck Growers' Association.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter or Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You Die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the Payment of Another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 Photographs of Growing Crops, etc. Fill out the Blank Space below with your Name and Address, plainly written and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1340 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Illinois. Read it Carefully, then use your Own Good Judgment.

\* \* \*

Please send me your book. "Independence With Ten Acres."



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products



## The new Blue Amberol Record

that Thomas A. Edison has perfected after countless experiments and months of tireless study, makes

# The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

the most perfect musical instrument you could possibly have in your home.

### THE NEW EDISON RECORD

—the Blue Amberol is made of a wonderful new composition that catches all the naturalness and sweetness of the singer's voice and the instrument's tone, and gives you music [that is real and true on the Edison Phonograph.

And because Blue Amberol Records are wearproof and practically unbreakable they will always

give you the same pleasure, throughout innumerable playings and in spite of the rough handling that a phonograph record invariably receives.



There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the one nearest you and ask him to play a number of Blue Amberol Records on an Edison Phonograph, or write today for complete particulars.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.

6 Lakeside Avenue, ORANGE, N.J.



## And Now for the Records for Your Xmas Grafonola

You were lucky if you found a talking machine in your stocking Xmas morning, especially if it was a COLUMBIA.

The next thing to do is to obtain a good selection of records.

Columbia Records play on any Disc Talking Machine and are unexcelled in quality and value.

Columbia Records are guaranteed to wear longer than any other record made; the surface is smooth and *lasting*; the tone is brilliant and natural, in fact, the living, breathing voice of the artist.

Columbia records are double records. A different selection on each side, two records for the price of one.

Columbia records range in price from 85c each for the regular 10 inch double disc record to \$7.50 for a double disc record of the wonderful Sextette from "Lucia" and the equally beautiful Quartette from "Rigoletto."

Our Catalogue is the most complete of any, listing recordings by the greatest artists of the world in every class of music.

We have prepared a special demonstration record, which you can get for 10c, merely the cost of handling.

This special record together with our complete catalogue can be obtained from any Columbia dealer or

**COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.**

McKinnon Building - - Toronto, Ont.

Territory Open To Dealers.

Insist on this  
trademark



on all your records.



## Buy the Right Varnish

Only the right varnish can give the right result. This means not only good varnish, but also the right good varnish for each particular purpose.

By knowing and buying Berry Brother's it is easy to avoid these blunders. Most any dealer or painter can supply you with Berry Brother's Varnishes.

Half the varnish blunders come through the use of cheap varnish and cheap workmanship.

The other half come through using varnish not made for the work and not suited to it.

No one varnish—no matter how good it may be—is suited to all uses. There can be no general "cure all" in the varnish business.

## Get the Right Result

Choose one of these five and you'll be safe.

Each Berry Brothers' Varnish is made especially for a particular purpose. It cannot be made better for the purpose intended.

It is not necessary that you remember the names of the various kinds. Simply make sure of the Berry Brothers' label. Your dealer, architect or painter can tell you which kind your work requires.

Write for booklet: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

**BERRY BROS., LTD.**

The World's Largest and Best

Varnish Makers

WALKERVILLE,  
ONT.

TRADE  
**LIQUID GRANITE**  
MARK

For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

WOOD  
**LUXEBERRY**  
FINISH

For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior woodwork.

**ELASTIC INTERIOR**  
FINISH

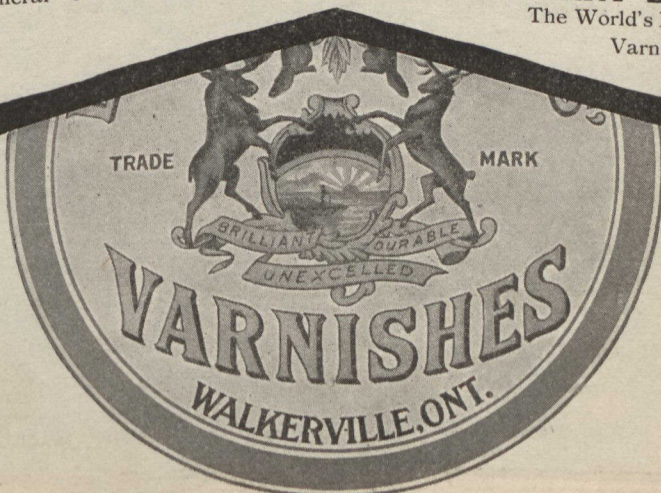
For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, finished in full gloss.

**ELASTIC OUTSIDE**  
FINISH

For all surfaces, such as front doors, that are exposed to the weather.

SPAR  
**LUXEBERRY**  
VARNISH

For yachts, boats, canoes and other marine uses, outside or inside. Has never turned white under water.



# LOOK FOR THE STERLING MARK!



on every genuine bottle of

## Sterling Chill Proof Ale

It is your guarantee of quality and flavor.

Keep "STERLING" ALE in your home, and try it with your meals. It is appetizing, refreshing and nourishing and a real aid to digestion.

Order a case today from your dealer, or call for "STERLING" ALE any time you are thirsty.

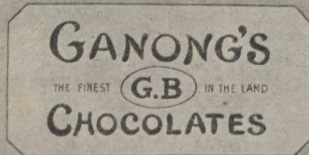
Brewed and bottled in the most up-to-date and sanitary plant in Canada by

**REINHARDTS' OF TORONTO**  
Inspection Invited

o.33



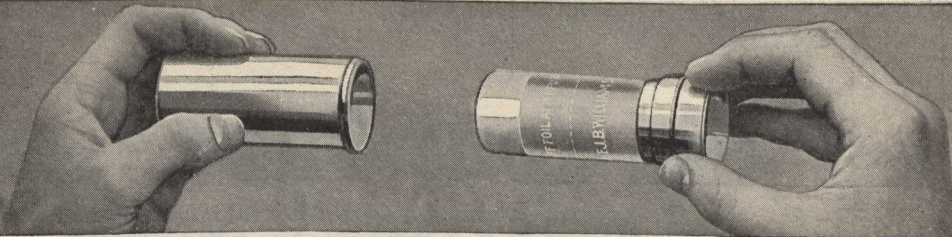
A good Beginning



"All's Well that Ends Well"

*Shakespeare Series No. 7*





**T**HE original, popular Williams' Shaving Stick in a serviceable nickeled Holder Top holds the soap firmly in its metal cap ready for you to use without having to hold the soap in your fingers and keeps it from toppling over when you set it down.

# Williams' <sup>PATENTED</sup> Holder Top Shaving Stick

## Williams' Shaving Stick

You can also obtain Williams' Shaving Soap as a stick in the familiar hinged-cover, nickeled box.

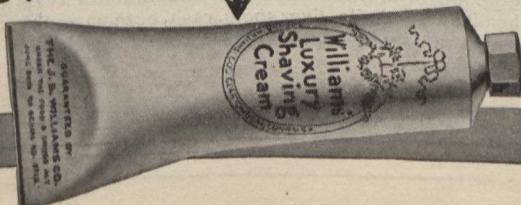
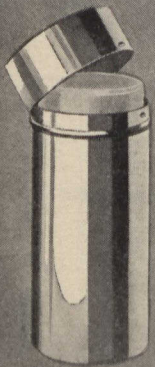
For those who prefer a powder Williams' Shaving Powder yields the same rich, softening lather that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soap.

## Powder

Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes) is a luxury in lather, the last word in Shaving Cream. Sample of Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder or Shaving Cream sent for 4 cents in stamps.

## Cream

The J. B. Williams Co. Dept. A.  
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.



# Rid Your Face Of All Pimples

**Skin Cleared in a Few Days by Stuart's  
Calcium Wafers, the Famous  
Blood Purifier.**

Pimples, blotches, skin eruptions of all kinds, are simply the impurities in the blood coming to the surface. All the external treatment in the world won't do a particle of good unless you purify the blood. And there's nothing so humiliating as a face that's all "broken out" and spoiled.



**It's a Glorious Change to Be Rid of Pimples.  
You Just Feel Fine.**

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will clear the most obstinate complexion, because they go right into the blood and remove the cause of the trouble. The blood is cleaned of all impurities and foreign substances and these are quickly eliminated from the system. You'll notice a wonderful change in a few days—you will hardly know yourself in a week.

And Stuart's Calcium Wafers are absolutely harmless to any one. Their ingredients are just what a physician prescribes in most cases of skin eruptions and poor blood. These wafers are put up in a concentrated form, which makes them act quickly and thoroughly.

You can get Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store at 50 cents a box. Begin taking them today and then look at yourself in the mirror in a few days, and find all those awful pimples, blackheads, acne, boils, liver spots, rash, eczema and that muddy complexion rapidly disappearing and your face cleared like the petal of a flower.



# Here's the Kind of a Business Partner Every Man Needs

—A partner to whom he can refer at any moment and obtain the exact information he seeks relative to any part of his business.

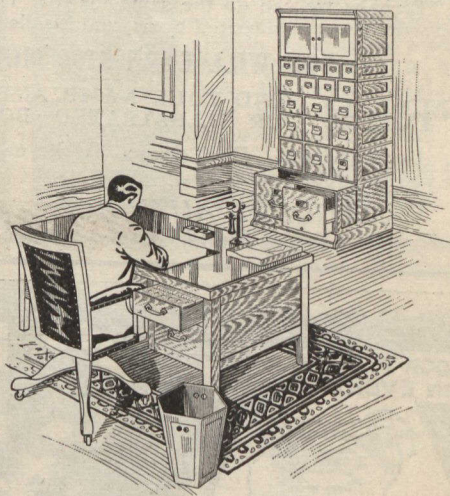
Such a partner is an "Office Specialty" Filing and Record Keeping System.

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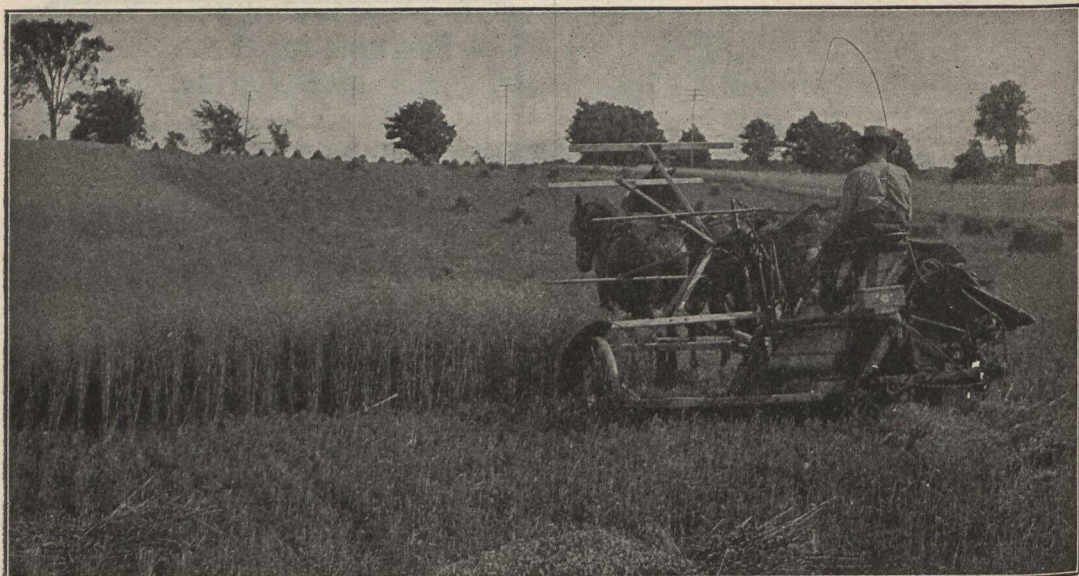
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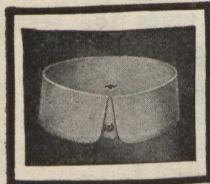
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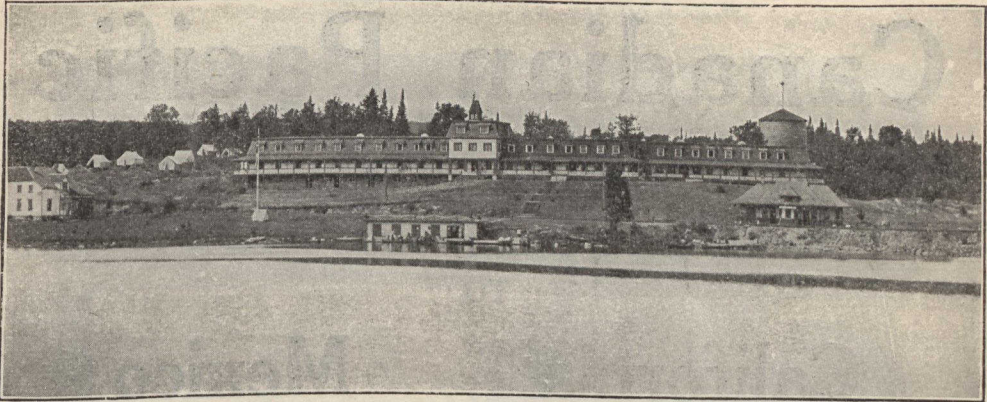
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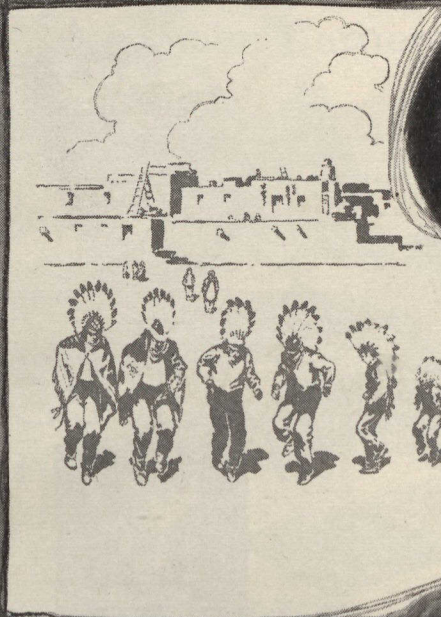
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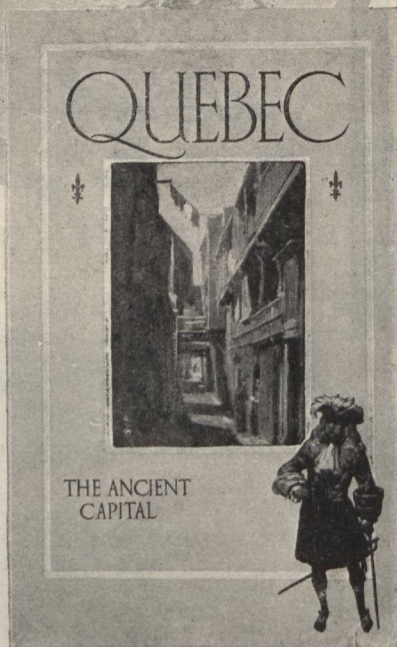
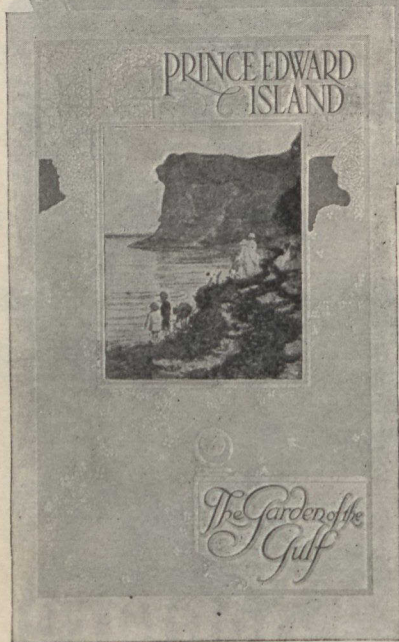
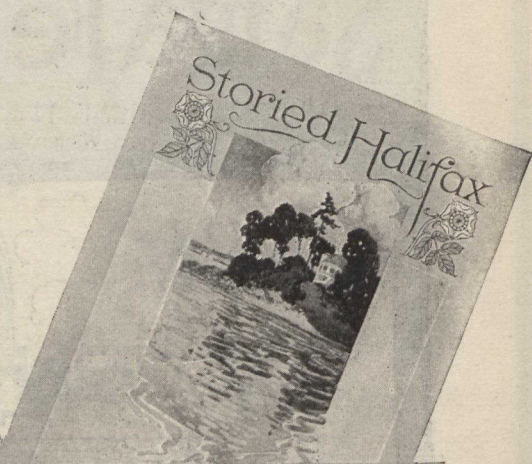
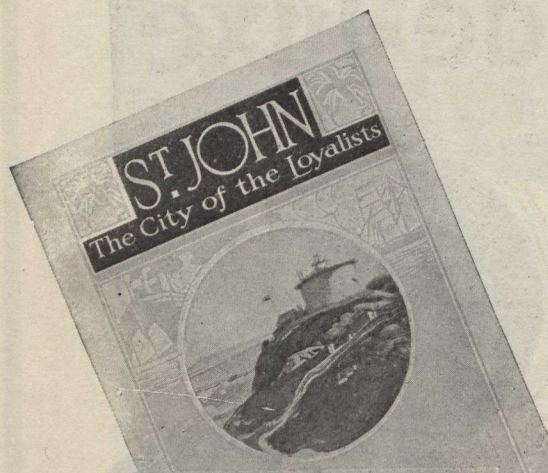
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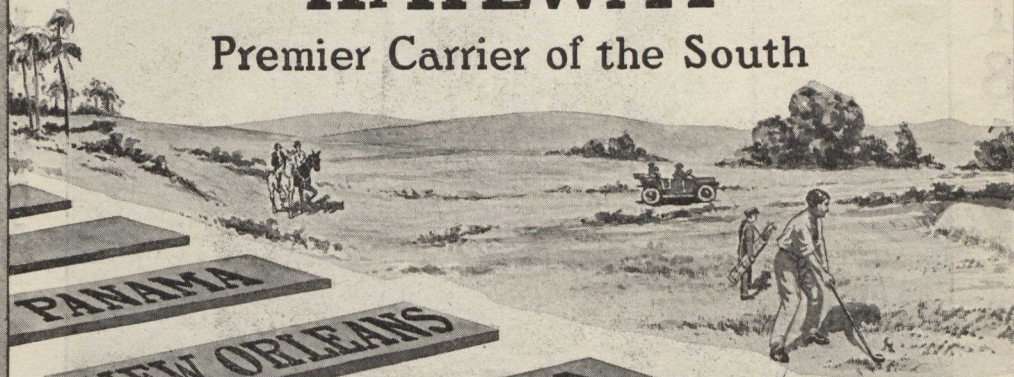
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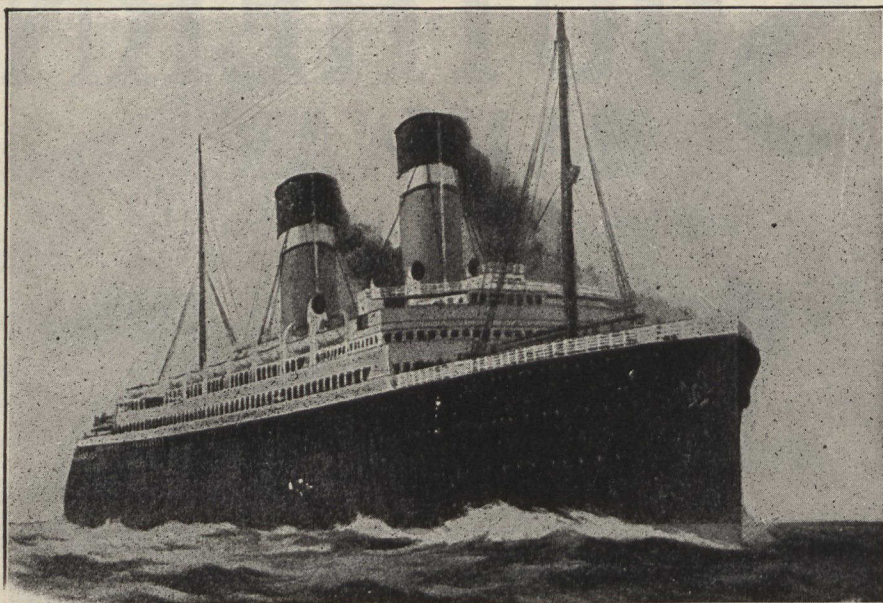
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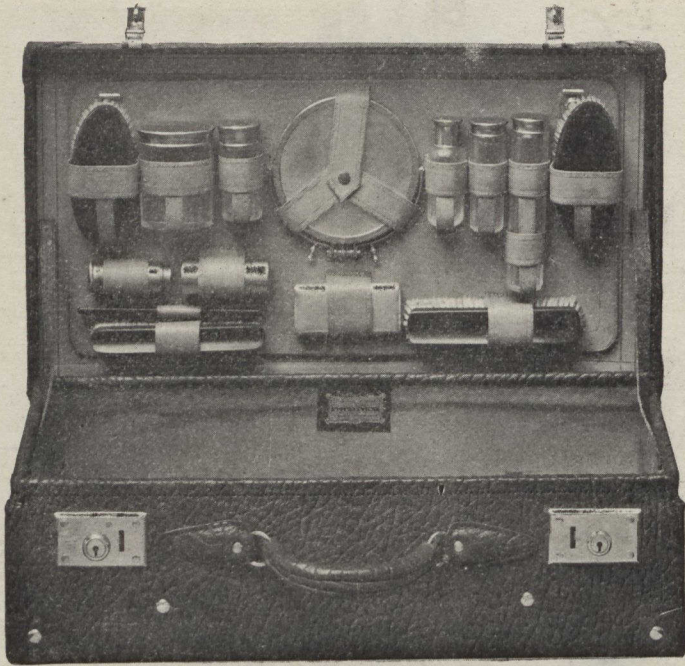
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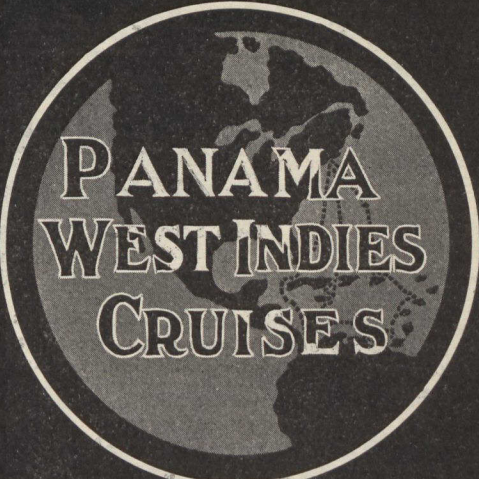
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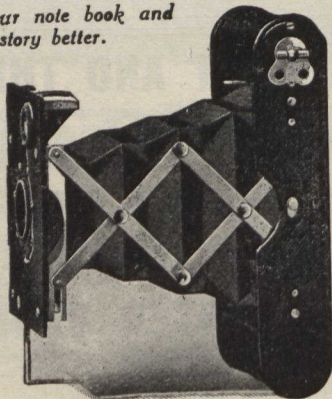
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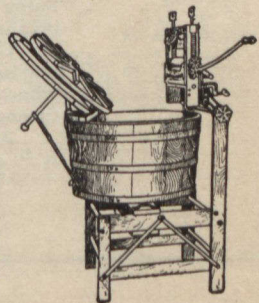
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The tubful of clothes runs on ball-bearings. The powerful coil springs swing it from side to side almost without help from you. And the clothes are washed spotlessly clean in one-half the time.

**CONNOR BALL-BEARING WASHER**

Saves time, saves labor, saves wash-board wear. Washes shirts without loosening a button. Washes handkerchiefs, pieces of lace, delicate fabrics, just as carefully and well as it does blankets, tablecloths and sheets. A gusset tag attached to very Connor Ball-Bearing Washer assures satisfaction or your money back. A booklet, describing this newest, most convenient washer free on request. Write for it. Learn more about the modern way of washing clothes.

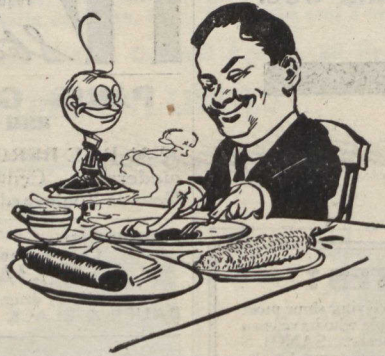


**J. H. CONNOR & SONS, LIMITED.**  
Ottawa, Ontario.

# Eat Anything Without Fear

**Tightness of the Stomach Caused by  
Undigested Food Stopped with a  
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet.**

When you feel as if your stomach was being tightly choked—when the pain is intense and you break out in a cold and clammy perspiration and there is a lump in your throat and you are weak and nauseated—all you need is a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet to clear away the wreckage of undigested food left in the stomach and intestines and restore you to your normal self again. And this can be all accomplished within a few moments.



**You May Have Often Envied the Hearty Eater!  
Why Not Emulate Him?**

Thousands of people have learned so well how sure and dependable Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for all stomach ills that they now eat anything they want without fear of distress. They are never without a package at home and at the office, and upon any indication that the stomach is a little weary, they take a Stuart's Tablet after each meal for a few days until the digestive organs get rested up again.

This is a splendid plan to follow and always results in much good. The appetite is improved, the food is relished more, your sleep is more refreshing, and your disposition will make you friends instead of enemies.

For Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Belching, Gas, Coated Tongue, Intestinal Indigestion and all Stomach Disorders and Pains—or for Loss of appetite—Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are invaluable:

Use them freely—they are as harmless as sugar would be—and are not to be classed as "medicine." They have no effect whatever on the system except the benefits they bring you through the proper digestion of your food.

All Drug stores sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. The price is 50 cents per box.

# Nature Works With You, Not Against You, in Wauchula, Florida!— Why Fight Extreme Winters and Short Time For Crops? 10 Acres In Wauchula, Florida, Work For You All Year—



You Canadian Farmers who are up against the "short season" proposition certainly ought to know **all** about Wauchula, Florida. Think of living, working and **prospering** in a country where there's absolutely no such thing as **Winter!** Think of fine Orange and Grape Fruit groves loaded with fruit—huge yields of beans, peas, cucumbers, watermelons, onions and other vegetables—soil that is **richer** and **more** productive than **your** farm was before you heard of it! Here at Wauchula, Florida—in the heart of the Peace River Valley—you have high ground, good water, good drainage, rainfall well distributed throughout the year, a **healthful** location and \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year in profits that Nature produces for you!

**Where else can you raise TWO big-paying crops on the same land—at the same time? Where else can you actually make \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year on 10 acres of land?**

The very best transportation—a quick cash market—good prices—for everything you grow in and around Wauchula, a live, flourishing town of 1500 with two banks, up-to-date stores, fine schools, churches, lodges. Fishing and hunting near at hand. A great country to **live** in and enjoy life! No negroes in Wauchula.

We offer you 10-acre plots, ready to market now that the timber is cut off within sight of flourishing groves. Our own farm expert shows you the **best** and **quickest** ways to turn your work into **cash profits**. You can secure your ten acres at a small amount down and only a dollar per month per acre. This is the famous Wauchula Combination Soil—fine both for vegetables and grape fruit. Your profits in vegetables at the start will make you a good living and pay for the land. Then grape fruit and orange trees come into bearing and you reap the big profits. Come down here and talk to the grove owners, or read their letters in our convincing literature. You can't fail if you have a little money and are willing to work.

**We offer very easy terms—A whole year for you to decide**

You can come down here to Wauchula any time within a year after starting payments, and if you aren't satisfied, you get back every cent you have paid in with 6 per cent interest. Make a little winter vacation of this trip—or come any time. Look at sturdy groves that passed through the great freeze of '95 unharmed. Talk to the owners. Get the facts on the ground. Then make your decision.

Mail coupon now

**Wauchula Development Co., Box 801 Wauchula, Florida**

Please send me actual facts regarding your combination vegetable and citrus fruit lands Also prices, letters from settlers, etc., etc.

## Here's a Fine Big Crop of Strong Beans Among Grape Fruit Trees.

The above picture of Mr. A. A. Price's land shows the real, proved combination soil at Wauchula where growers are getting huge yields of vegetables between the rows of young orange and grape fruit trees. Beans, peas, cucumbers, watermelons, onions and other vegetables will keep you in comfort and pay for the land. Then when your orange and grape fruit trees begin to bear you are on the high road to actual luxury. Come down and see how grove owners are buying motor cars and sending their children to college. Get away from this cold, bleak, one-season country where you're **fighting** all the time for health and crops! Don't be **blind** to this proposition! At least investigate it. It won't cost you a penny to do this—and, at least, you will have **learned** about the country where men **do** live and work with their soil all the twelve months of the year!

Write for actual facts of present earnings on these lands. Learn about this home company of bankers. Our Treasurer is President of the Florida Citrus Exchange. Learn why we guarantee every acre we sell. No other Florida offer like this. You are so safe, guarded that you can't lose. Nearly \$500,000 bank deposits in Wauchula. Zola and Bowling Green all within a radius of five miles shows how the grove owners are making money, and the country is only beginning to be settled. Mail the coupon. It puts you under no obligations—it merely puts you in possession of the facts. Write!

**This Land Is So Good That It Is Backed By Florida Bankers!**

Name.....

St No. or Rural Route.....

Town.....

Prov.....

## SICKNESS AND DISEASE CANNOT BE CURED WITH DRUGS

**D**OCTORS' BILLS ARE EXPENSIVE The constant use of drugs is expensive, and likewise unnecessary. Nature is the only reliable doctor. Get close to Nature and be your own physician. It is not hard to do, not difficult to learn. Nature's laws are simple. When the fire burns low, you don't run for the doctor or drug store or the patent medicine bottle; you simply put on more fuel. So when disease or sickness attacks the body of yourself or any member of your family, go to Nature's vast storehouse of vitality and draw therefrom the revitalizing forces which banish disease and make you well!

Send for Our Free Book and Enjoy Good Health Without Doctors or Medicines.

Break the Bonds of superstition and fear which bind you. Be master of your own health and the health of your family. This book points out the way. If you are sick, you know it better than anybody else and you know where you are sick. You don't want drugs, you don't want to be doped and enervated by useless drugging. Send 4 cents in stamps today for our wonderful free book.



**DR. H. SANCHE & CO.**

Dept. 11, 364 West St. Catherine Street,  
Montreal, Canada

## REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

**A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.**

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

## NEW CENTURY LEADERSHIP



A railroad navy may be an honest soul and a worthy citizen, but that does not equip him for the position of general manager of the system.

It is the same with washing machines. Others may be honestly constructed, but the New Century maintains its paramount position by honesty PLUS.

The "plus" means patented and exclusive features found only in the New Century. It represents experience and brains applied to washing machine problems, and assures convenience and economy to New Century owners.

Your dealer can tell you the reasons for New Century leadership or we will send full information direct.

Cummer-Dowse Ltd.,  
Hamilton, Ontario 104



## The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

# CANCER

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested  
Address

**WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.**  
(Formerly Drs. W. E. Brown & Son.)

North Adams, Mass.

Established thirty-five years.

# OXO CUBES

Let your children take Oxo

Cube Sandwiches for their  
school lunch. They are

A delicacy—and so to a  
sustaining, Cupful.  
Cube tool!

TINS of 4-10 50 & 100 CUBES

# Parowax

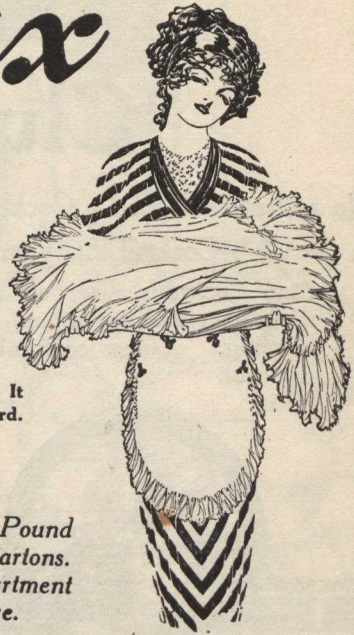
(PURE REFINED PARAFFINE)

Washes clothes cleaner and whiter. Cannot possibly hurt the daintiest fabric.

Parowax has the cleansing power of naphtha and benzine. It is nature's concentrated cleansing force refined into pure white wax.

Just add a little shaved Parowax to the soap in the wash-boiler. It does away with all the hard, destructive rubbing on the washboard.

Parowax is also invaluable for sealing jellies and preserves.

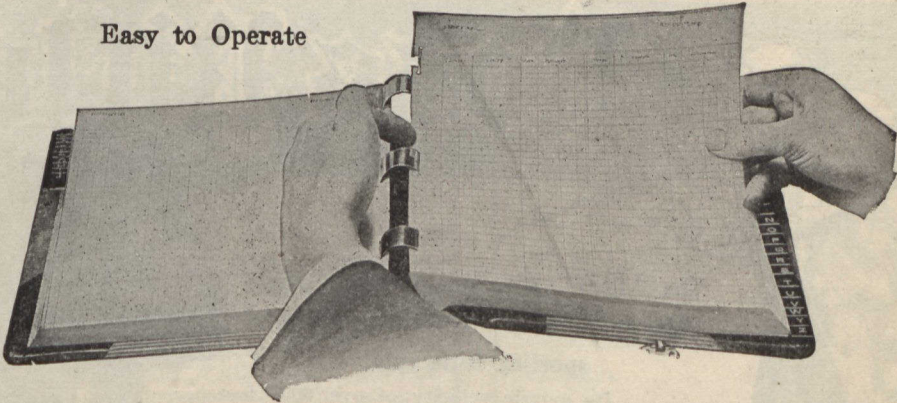


Just try Parowax. Pound and half - pound cartons. Grocers and department stores everywhere.

**The Imperial Oil Company, Limited**  
 Toronto Montreal Winnipeg St. John Halifax

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Easy to Operate



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Current Ledgers, Transfer Ledgers, Price Books, Catalogues, Blue Prints, Register Books, Minute Books, Insurance Records, and for all purposes of binding loose leaf sheets, either hand or typewritten.

Write for sample on business stationery.

**BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited**

52 SPADINA AVENUE - - - TORONTO, CANADA

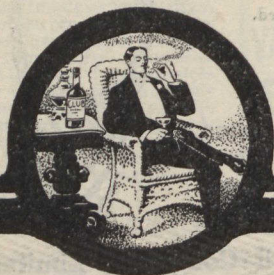
## TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

# Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *aging in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.



*Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.*

*Refuse Substitutes*

**AT ALL DEALERS**



**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props,**  
Hartford New York London

## The ROSS RIFLE



The "Ross" 280, known as the "High-Velocity" "Ross" is the most powerful sporting Rifle sold.

Its muzzle velocity of over 3000 feet per second gives it a very flat trajectory and great power to anchor game at all distances.

This rifle, which took the gold medal at Allahabad in 1910, sells for less than the best English makes which it nevertheless equals in finish and surpasses in performance.

If you seek a really fine and thoroughly up-to-date rifle look up the nearest "Ross" dealer or write for illustrated booklet and full information which we send free on request.

**ROSS RIFLE CO. - Quebec, Can.**

The Bisley performances of the "Ross" Rifle have aroused the enthusiasm of expert marksmen.

## What the Internal Bath Is Doing for Humanity.

Under our present mode of living the large intestine (or colon) cannot get rid of all the waste that it accumulates—so it clogs up, and then biliousness, constipation are the result, and that lack of desire to do, to work, to think.

This waste in the colon, as we all know, is extremely poisonous, and if neglected, the blood takes up the poisons—and brings on countless very serious diseases—appendicitis is directly caused by waste in the colon.

If the colon is kept clean and pure you will always feel bright, and capable—never blue and nervous—always up to “concert pitch.”

There is just one internal bath which will keep the colon as sweet and clean as nature demands it to be for perfect health—that is, the J. B. L. Cascade.

Many thousands are using it, and doctors prescribing it with great success all over the world. This “assistant-to-nature” treatment is most interestingly described in a booklet called “Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient,” which you should send for. It will be sent free by

**CHAS. A. TYRRELL, M. D.**

ROOM 534 - 280 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO



## The “Sunday” Vacuum Cleaner



IF you knew how often a perfectly “SUNDAY” cleaned house through lack of dust and dirt and microbes helped to fool the Doctor, you would not be without one for five times its value.

Microbes, moths and *other things* shiver when they hear that a SUNDAY VACUUM CLEANER with its 10 to 11 inches of vacuum is going to start looking them up.

The SUNDAY DOES what is claimed for it, sells on its merits not on its price. We cannot make it cheaper and maintain our FIXED STANDARD.

To agents. Our proposition is attractive, First Class machines and fair treatment.

**The Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner**  
Manfg. Co., Limited

345 to 349 Dalhousie St. - Ottawa, Ont.

## The Children

always enjoy JAM and there is nothing more healthful than

# UPTON'S

Pure Jam made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar.

UPTON'S Orange Marmalade made from Seville oranges under expert supervision is delicious.

We are one of the largest and oldest Jam and Jelly manufacturers in Canada.

At all first-class Stores in Canada.

**The T. UPTON CO. LTD.**  
HAMILTON - CANADA



## Farsight in car selection

The measure of your pleasure in motoring depends on the discrimination you use in purchasing your car.

Not alone should you investigate the worth of the car itself. You should be particular about the firm that makes the car. Look a little ahead. Ask yourself whether the car you're

about to purchase is likely to have a factory at all behind it six months hence.

There's sure satisfaction in the choice of a McLaughlin Car. Not only are McLaughlin Cars trustworthy in themselves, but they come from a factory that has been producing high-grade cars for five years, and was making high-grade carriages nearly half a century before that—a factory that is the keystone of a big organization, with completely equipped sales depots all over Canada.

*Send for Advance Booklet of our 1913 models.*

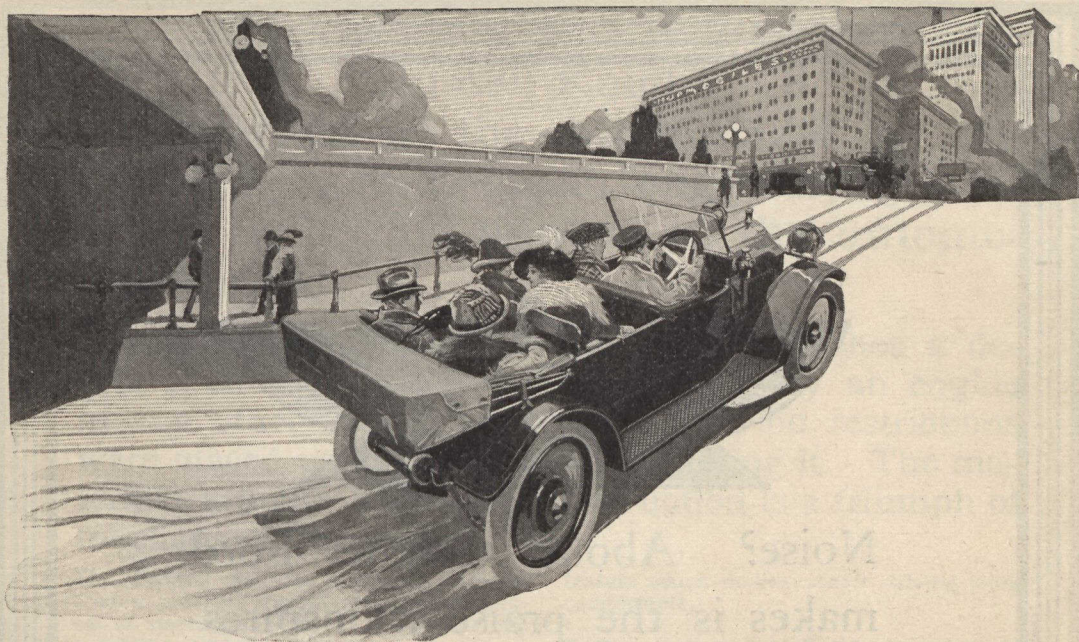
# McLaughlin

**McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMITED**

Toronto Garage and Salesroom—Cor. Richmond and Church Sts.

Other Branches at St. John, Belleville, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Vancouver.





# A Six-Passenger Car for \$1375— And It's a *Hupmobile*

This new Hupmobile is the answer to thousands of queries which said:—

“Why don't you build a car to carry more people? Not a better car—we don't see how it could be better—but a bigger one.”

Just as the original “20” touring car grew out of the runabout and was developed into the splendid “32” of today—

So has the six-passenger Hupmobile grown out of the “32”.

The same beautiful lines that distinguish the “32” in any gathering of cars.

The same powerful, silent, long-stroke motor; the same sturdy axles, transmission and clutch—for these were always built fit for duty in a heavy seven-passenger car.

With heavier springs and frame of course; and other parts proportionately strengthened where need be.

With a body that accommodates six in ease and comfort.

During the last year we have made you familiar with the Hupmobile's mechanical excellence.

But we want to say again, with renewed emphasis—we believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

### Your Hupmobile dealer has the new car

The six-passenger “3a”, \$1375 F. O. B. Windsor, has equipment of two folding and revolving occasional seats in tonneau, tonneau foot rest; windshield mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-Lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor,  $3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch bore and  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stroke; 126-inch wheelbase; 33 x 4-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

“32” Touring Car, fully equipped,	\$1150 F. O. B. Windsor
“32” Roadster, fully equipped,	\$1150 F. O. B. Windsor
“32” Delivery, fully equipped,	\$1125 F. O. B. Windsor
“20” Runabout, fully equipped,	\$850 F. O. B. Windsor

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Desk C.,

WINDSOR, ONT.



Noise? About all the Ford makes is the praise it inspires. It's the silent car. It's silent because it's mechanically right. And its mechanical rightness has made it "the universal car"---serviceable, economical, long-lived. Better order yours today.

Every third car is a Ford. Nearly 180,000 have been sold and delivered. New prices---runabout \$675---touring car \$750---delivery car \$775---town car \$1000---with all equipment, f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Canada.

**T**HE 1913 Russell-Knight "28" is submitted to the automobilist as the finished product of an engineering staff which is second to none in the automobile world.

The wonderful Russell-Knight Engine reaches a degree of efficiency never before attained by an engine in any other car, for the reason that no restrictions were placed upon the cost of perfecting it. The materials are the best. Its construction is a triumph of mechanical accuracy.

The Russell Self-Starting and Lighting System provides a positive and sure method of starting the car, at the same time supplying current for lighting the lamps.

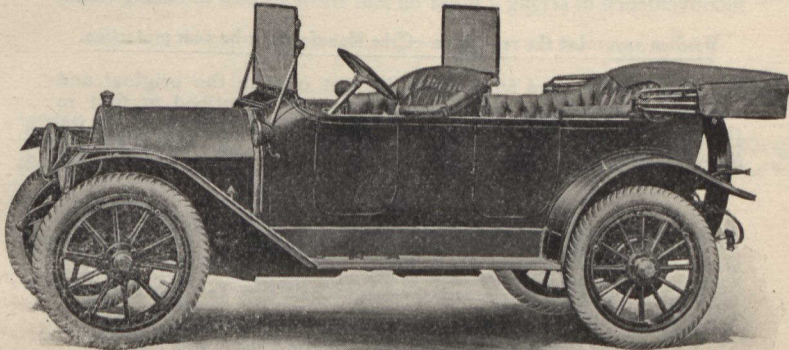
The Power Tire Pump eliminates unnecessary work. The divided wind-shield, as well as the rear wind-shield for the protection of the occupants of the tonneau, helps to make this model a most comfortable car.

The Heating System, that warms the tonneau, from the exhaust of the engine, is a

feature which makes winter driving more comfortable.

By the adoption of the Left-hand Drive and Centre Control, all four doors of the car can be used.

The story of the Russell-Knight "28" is best told in our descriptive pamphlet, "The Knight of High Degree," which will be mailed, upon request to any branch or agent.

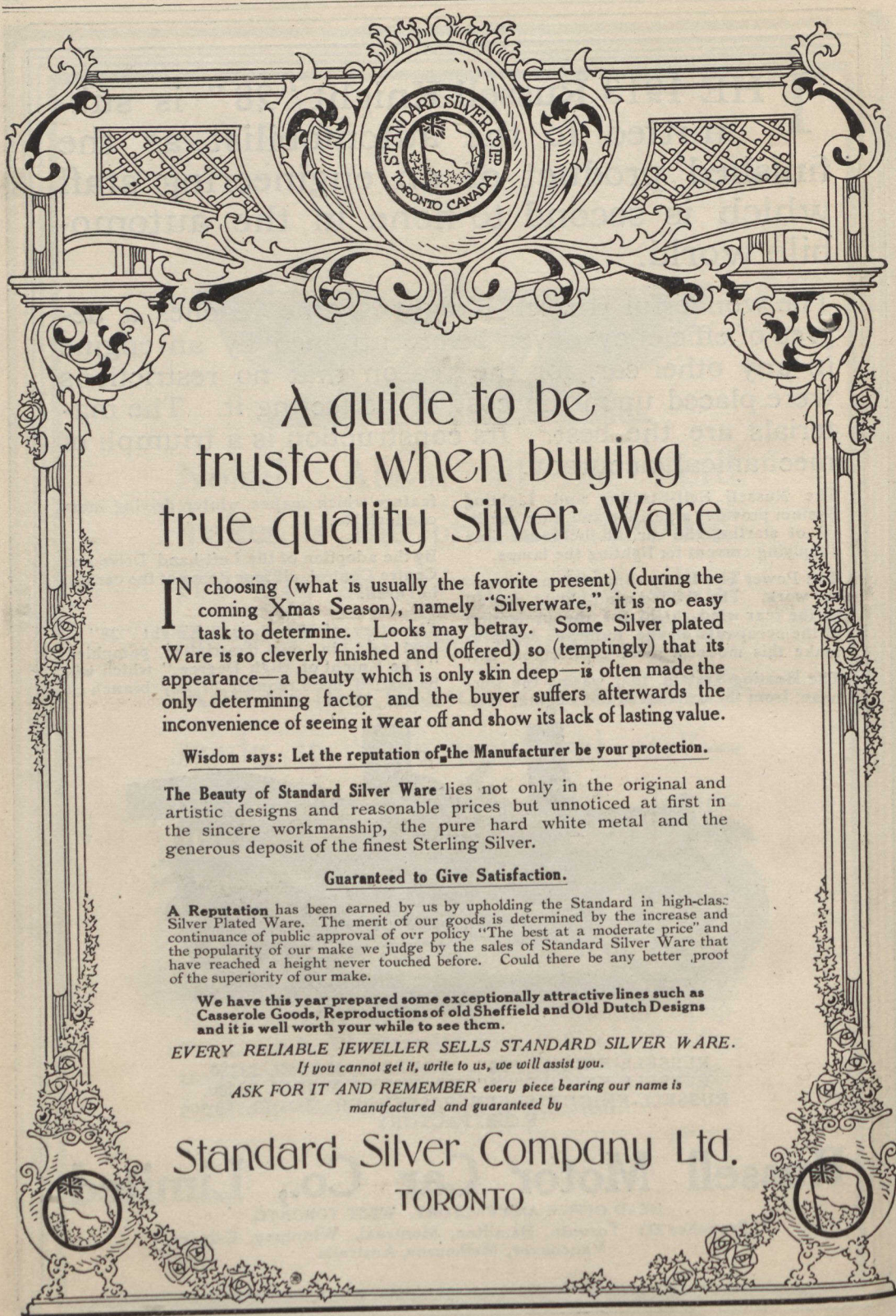


RUSSELL-KNIGHT "28" TOURING MODEL \$3250.  
 RUSSELL-KNIGHT "28" ROADSTER MODEL \$3200.  
 RUSSELL-KNIGHT SEVEN PASSENGER MODEL \$3,500  
 F.O.B. FACTORY

**Russell Motor Car Co., Limited**

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY, WEST TORONTO

Branches at: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary,  
 Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia.



## A guide to be trusted when buying true quality Silver Ware

**I**N choosing (what is usually the favorite present) (during the coming Xmas Season), namely "Silverware," it is no easy task to determine. Looks may betray. Some Silver plated Ware is so cleverly finished and (offered) so (temptingly) that its appearance—a beauty which is only skin deep—is often made the only determining factor and the buyer suffers afterwards the inconvenience of seeing it wear off and show its lack of lasting value.

**Wisdom says: Let the reputation of the Manufacturer be your protection.**

The Beauty of Standard Silver Ware lies not only in the original and artistic designs and reasonable prices but unnoticed at first in the sincere workmanship, the pure hard white metal and the generous deposit of the finest Sterling Silver.

### **Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.**

A Reputation has been earned by us by upholding the Standard in high-class Silver Plated Ware. The merit of our goods is determined by the increase and continuance of public approval of our policy "The best at a moderate price" and the popularity of our make we judge by the sales of Standard Silver Ware that have reached a height never touched before. Could there be any better proof of the superiority of our make.

We have this year prepared some exceptionally attractive lines such as Casserole Goods, Reproductions of old Sheffield and Old Dutch Designs and it is well worth your while to see them.


**EVERY RELIABLE JEWELLER SELLS STANDARD SILVER WARE.**

*If you cannot get it, write to us, we will assist you.*


**ASK FOR IT AND REMEMBER** every piece bearing our name is  
manufactured and guaranteed by

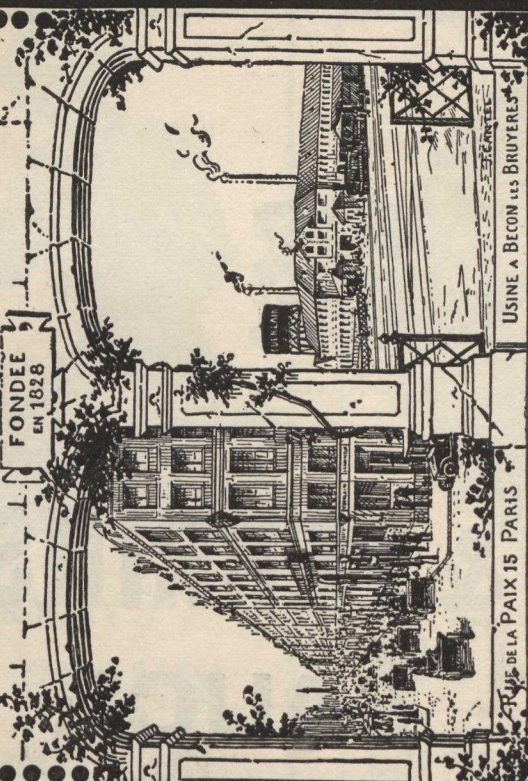
## Standard Silver Company Ltd.

TORONTO



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USINE A BECON LES BRUYERES

*With his most respectful compliments Guerlain calls the attention of his fashionable customers to the following list of his productions :*

Parfums pour le Vaporisateur.  
Quand vient l'été.  
Rue de la Paix.  
Après l'Ondée.  
Sillage.  
Bon Vieux Temps.  
Jicky.  
Chypre de Paris.  
Tsaou-Ko.

Eau de Cologne Hégémonienne.  
Eau de Cologne Impériale.  
Eau de Toilette Gardénia.  
Eau du Coq.  
Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.  
Crème de fraises.  
Crème Secret de Bonne Femme.  
Poudre Ladies in all Climates.  
Rose du Moulin (*rouge pour le visage*).

## Eddy's Silent Matches

are made of thoroughly dried pine blocks.

The tips, when struck on any surface whatever, will light silently and burn steadily and smoothly without throwing off sparks.

Eddy's Matches are always full MM count—ask for them at all good dealers.

The E B. EDDY COMPANY Limited

HULL, CANADA.

Makers of Toilet Papers.



BY APPOINTMENT

# LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

GIVES PIQUANCY AND FLAVOR  
TO MEAT, FISH, CURRIES, POULTRY,  
SALAD AND CHEESE



THE ORIGINAL  
AND GENUINE  
WORCESTERSHIRE

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.



**FEARMAN'S  
STAR BRAND  
HAMS and BACON**

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

**F. W. FEARMAN  
CO., LIMITED  
HAMILTON**



**Chiclets**  
REALLY DELIGHTFUL  
**The Dainty Mint Covered  
Candy Coated  
Chewing Gum**

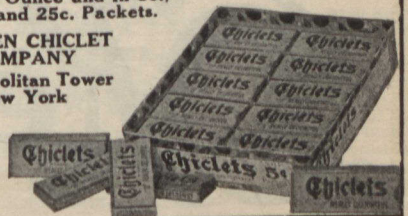
Look for the Bird Cards in the packets. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album FREE.

Half a million folks of all kinds—including grown-ups, children, teachers, etc., are collecting our wonderful Bird Studies—faithful reproductions of American birds in full colors, with description of the birds' plumage, habits, and how to know them on sight. You will find one beautiful bird picture in each packet of Chiclets. Send us any fifty of these pictures with ten cents in stamps and we will send you—free—our splendid Bird Album.

The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the true mint.

For sale at all the Better Sort of Stores  
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,  
10c. and 25c. Packets.

SEN-SEN CHICLET  
COMPANY  
Metropolitan Tower  
New York




**You** CAN'T MAKE A HEALTHFUL  
 invigorating cup of coffee out  
 of anything but good coffee  
 any more than you can make  
 a silk dress out of cotton cloth.

**Seal Brand**  
 is pure coffee of the  
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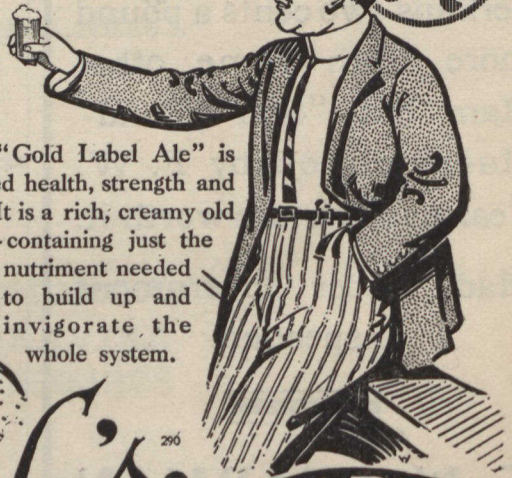
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· IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH WHILE ·  
 · SATISFYING YOUR THIRST ·



O'Keefe's "Gold Label Ale" is  
 concentrated health, strength and  
 vigor. It is a rich, creamy old  
 ale—containing just the  
 nutriment needed  
 to build up and  
 invigorate the  
 whole system.



**O'Keefe's**  
**GOLD LABEL**  
**ALE**




Moir's Chocolates have an Individuality that is Unmistakeable

We select the cocoa beans—roast, husk and clean them—add the cocoa butter and cane sugar—and flavor with vanilla beans. The WHOLE is then put through a grinding process for hours, which refines every particle and renders our chocolate coating, absolutely smooth, giving it that *individual delicious flavor*. The chocolate is then applied to the many varieties of centers—packed in attractive boxes and offered to you as the finest chocolates on the market.

Moirs Limited  
Halifax, Canada

MOIR'S  
Chocolates





## Save Your Voice

Do not ignore hoarseness, coughs, sore throats or loss of voice. Use

**EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT**  
FORMULA OF THE LIVERPOOL THROAT HOSPITAL  
**Pastilles**

They give relief at once, and their continued use restores strength and tone to the throat and vocal organs. If you speak or sing in public, always keep Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles at hand.

For Free Sample, write 171

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

**WANTED—SALEMEN AND SALESWOMEN**

Hundreds of good positions now open paying from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year. No former experience required to get one of them. We will teach you to be a high grade Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of men and women we have recently placed in good positions; also list of good positions open. Address Dept. J.

**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION**  
806 Kent Building Toronto, Ontario

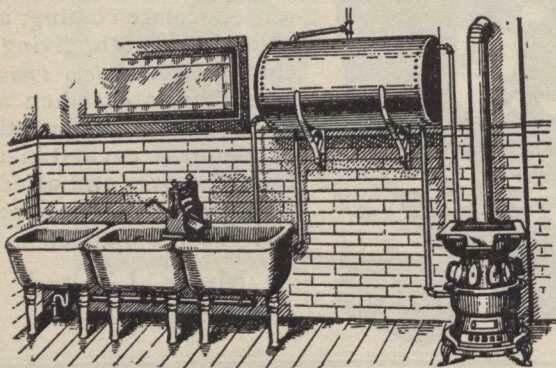
**WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE**

**TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**

Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids.

# Detaching the Domestic Service from your Hot Water Boiler may greatly improve the Heating of Your Home



**Little Giant Hot Water Heater,**  
installed for laundry, burns any  
kind of fuel and supplies  
abundance of hot water  
for bath, laundry  
and kitchen.

Has a flat top to carry a wash boiler and  
grooves in the sides to keep irons hot.

**M**ANY houses cannot be comfortably heated in really cold weather because a too heavy domestic hot water coil rests between the boiler sections and the fire bed, and deadens the first impact of the flame.

Our remedy for this condition is the installation of an improved Little Giant Hot Water Heater.

If you did not have thorough comfort in your home last winter—and you have every reason to believe conditions will be no better this winter, the difficulty may most likely be easily, and cheaply remedied.

Consult us about your heating.

## **TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED**

Makers of "Sovereign" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators.

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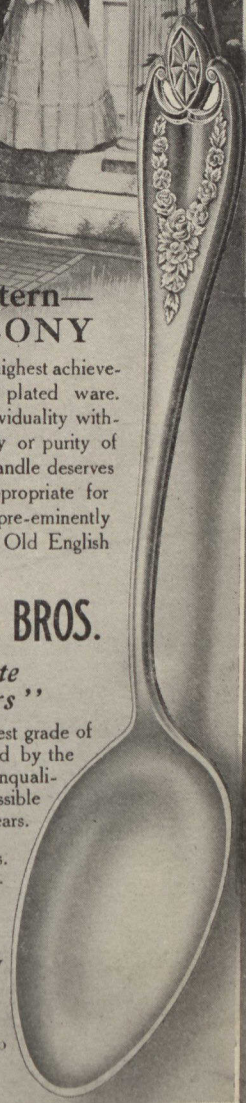
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*“Silver Plate  
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Easily put on or taken off  
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NO 1 B

"Have You a Little Fairy  
in Your Home?"



The handy,  
floating oval  
cake of soap  
perfection.

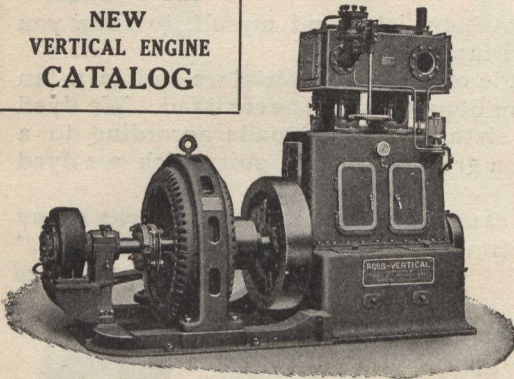
**F**AIRY SOAP is good soap—pure soap—the best soap we know how to make. ☞ Fairy Soap is white because it has nothing to hide. No dyes or strong perfumes to disguise the quality of its ingredients. ☞ Fairy Soap wears down to the last wafer of the cake—does not break like soaps made in the awkward, oblong bar. It is therefore economical.

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Speed just right for direct-con-  
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# ROBINSON'S

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# BARLEY



Doctor and Nurse both  
know the wonderful suc-  
cess that has attended  
the use of Robinson's  
Patent Barley in cases of  
weak digestion;

It is pure, wholesome and  
convenient.



**MAGOR SON & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL**

# Diamond Dyes Spell Economy for these Women

"I am sending you photographs of my sister and myself, to show you what we have been able to do with Diamond Dyes.

"The gown that I have on I made over from material we had in a tan broadcloth Russian Blouse that we never liked. We dyed this black. My sister's suit we made according to a —pattern, from a grey Homespun suit which we dyed navy blue.

"I think you can see from these photographs of my sister and myself how much Diamond Dyes mean to us."

Mrs. J. R. Raymond



Made over from tan  
Broadcloth dyed black

Diamond Dyes are the wonder-workers of the home. Rugs, portières, curtains, and feathers, etc., can be made bright and fresh as new.

## Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

### Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye will successfully color every fabric.**

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 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woollen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.



Made over from grey Home-  
spun dyed navy blue

### DO NOT BE DECEIVED

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on **EVERY** fabric.

**REMEMBER:** To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.**

**AND REMEMBER:** To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.**

*Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.*

**Just Out—Sent Free—New Edition—1912-1913 Diamond Dye Annual**

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc. Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you this famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED, 200 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, QUE.

# Big Ben



## A crackerjack of a Christmas present

Remember when you were a kid? The presents that were all shiny and bright and that "worked!" Weren't *they* the ones that you were proudest of?

Something for *your room*—something you could *use all year*—something like *big people* had in *their rooms*. The *sensible* presents appealed to you best when you were a *kid*. Think back a bit and see. Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.

Toys, of course, should never be displaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. But mix in *useful things*—things that develop *pride* and that make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to *live up to* and to *live up*

*with*. Don't make the mistake of thinking they don't feel the *compliment*.

Let *one* thing that meets the eye of your little boy and girl on Christmas Morning be that triple nickel-plated, jolly, handsome, pleasant looking, *serviceable*, and inspiring clock—*Big Ben*. See if you don't hear them say: "Why! Isn't that a crackerjack! Is that for me to use myself?"

Big Ben is a crackerjack-of-a-Christmas-present to give to any friend. He's two presents in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time *all day* by. He stands seven inches tall. He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life—big, bold, black hands you can see at a glance in the dim morning light without ever having to get out of bed—large comly keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want, and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute* for *ten minutes* unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order mailed to his designers, Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will send him when and wherever you say, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

## Try It Out

If coffee affects you unpleasantly, try leaving it off 10 days.

To do this with comfort and beneficial after-effects use the new food-drink

# Instant Postum

No boiling required—stir a level teaspoonful (more or less for strength desired) in a cup of hot water—add sugar and cream to taste, and a delicious beverage is ready instantly.

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.  
Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

## It's Baker's and It's Delicious



Made by a perfect mechanical process from high grade cocoa beans, scientifically blended, it is of the

finest quality, full strength and absolutely pure and healthful.

Sold in 1/5 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. cans, net weight.

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The very soul of the flowers is caught and held captive in this exquisite perfume of

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—the first perfumers of Canada, and the creators of distinctive perfumes that rival the choicest of the old world.

**PANDORA**  
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is a fascinating fragrance—alluring, subtle and thoroughly feminine. The Perfume, par excellence, for dainty women.

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That  
“Awful Smart”  
Your Shaving Soap Did It

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

Use  
**MENNEN'S**  
**SHAVING CREAM**

which contains no free caustic, and enjoy a cool, comfortable shave.

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires no “rubbing in” with the fingers to soften the beard. You lather and then you shave. Saves time, and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere 25c.  
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