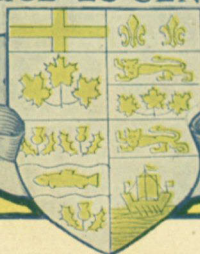


# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS



THE TIMELESS TRAVELLERS  
BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

---

OFFICE AND PATRONAGE  
BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

---

THE FIRST CANADIAN AGENT  
IN LONDON  
BY W. S. WALLACE

---

BRITISH GUIANA  
BY MAUD GOING

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO



## *Your Hands First!*

It would be an economy for you to use Ivory Soap for washing dishes. Its gentle action cannot roughen the skin; the hands need no extra attention after one works with it. And it costs so little more than ordinary yellow soaps and so little is needed for the work that the difference in cost is not worth considering.

Try Ivory Soap a week for washing dishes and notice the difference in your hands—and in the dishes.

**IVORY SOAP**



**99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % PURE**

**IT FLOATS**

*Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada*



# THE STANDARD SILVER CO.

OF TORONTO, LIMITED

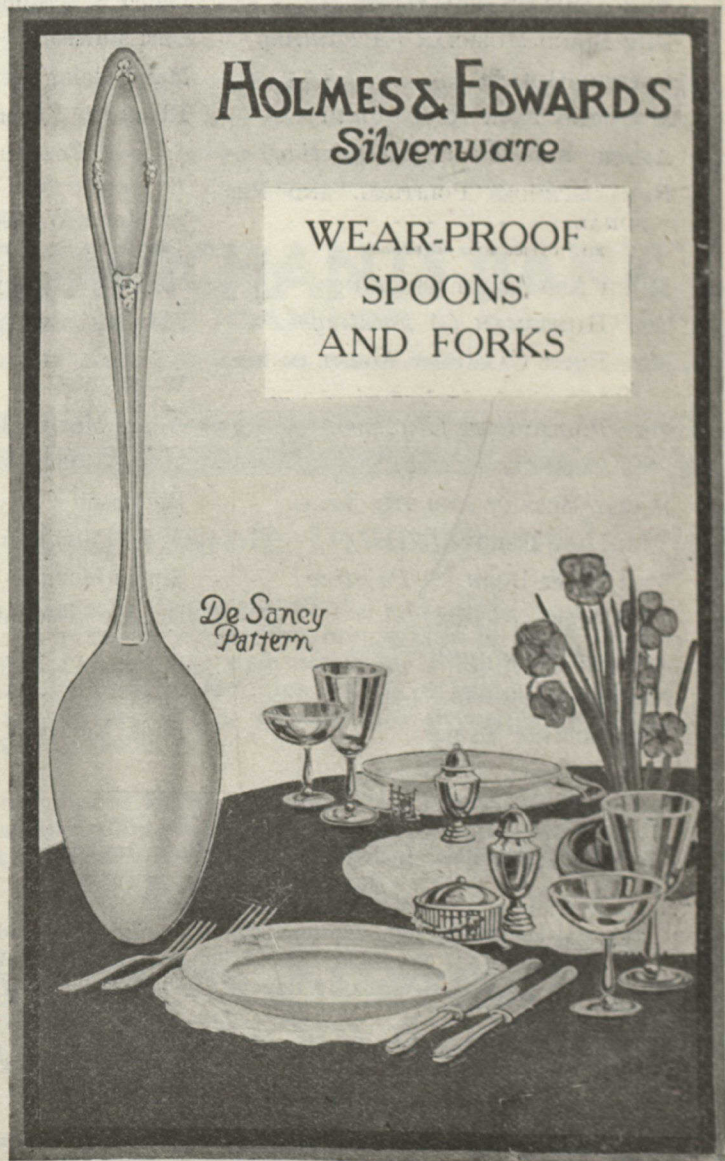
ARE THE EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS IN CANADA OF

## Holmes & Edwards Wear-Proof Spoons and Forks

*Your Jeweller will be pleased to show you the De Sancy Pattern*

*The DE SANCY pattern is made in the following pieces:*

Tea Spoons - doz.	\$6.00
Dessert Spoons " "	10.00
Table Spoons " "	12.00
Dessert Forks " "	10.00
Medium Forks " "	12.00
Berry Spoons each	2.50
Bouillon Spoons doz.	11.00
Coffee Spoons " "	6.00
Orange Spoons " "	9.00
Sugar Spoons each	1.10
Butter Knives " "	1.10
Butter Spreaders doz.	11.00
Cake Forks each	1.75
C. M. Forks " "	1.75
Individual Salad Forks - - doz.	12.00
Oyster Forks " "	8.00
Individual Fish Forks - - -	12.00
Individual Fish Knives - - -	12.00
Cream Ladles each	1.50
Gravy Ladles " "	1.75
Tomato Server " "	2.50
Sugar Tongs pair	1.75
Hollow Handle Dessert Knives doz.	17.50
Hollow Handle Medium Knives " "	20.00
Hollow Handle Carving Set set	14.50
Modelled Handle Dessert Knives doz.	8.00
Modelled Handle Medium Knives " "	9.00



# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LII

Contents, April, 1919

No. 6

---

AN APRIL MORNING - (A Painting by Bouguereau) - Frontispiece	
THE TIMELESS TRAVELLER - - - - Isabel Ecclestone Mackay - -	983
THE BLIND MUSICIAN (A Painting) - Carl Larsson - - - - -	999
BRITISH GUIANA - - - - - Maud Going - - - - -	1001
A LITTLE TALK ABOUT LAMPMAN - Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald	1012
AFTER THE VICTORY (A Painting) - J. J. B. Constant - - - -	1017
REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL - - - - -	
- - - - - Sir John Willison - - - - -	1019
XII. OFFICE AND PATRONAGE	
MUCH ADO ABOUT STOCKINGS - - - Mabel V. Langworthy - -	1030
THE HUNTSMAN (A Painting) - - Kowlaski von Wieruz - -	1035
THE FIRST CANADIAN AGENT IN LONDON - - - - -	
- - - - - W. S. Wallace - - - - -	1037
THE POETIC GIFT (Fiction) - - - Adam Harold Brown - -	1041
THE PUMPKIN (Verse) - - - - Main Johnson - - - - -	1047
SOCIAL SERVICE AND THE STATE - - Randolph Carlyle - - - -	1048
THE LAST FLIGHT (Verse) - - - A. R. Fairbairn - - - -	1052
THE FIRST BORN (A Painting) - - Simon Maris - - - - -	1053
THE FLAW (Fiction) - - - - - Beatrice Redpath - - - -	1055
ADOLPH BLONDHEIM - - - - -	1058
NORTHERN LIGHTS - - - - -	1062
THE LIBRARY TABLE - - - - - Book Reviews - - - - -	1066

---

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

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and addressed to The  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 200-206 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.  
European Offices, 16 Regent Street, London, S.W. 38 Rue  
du Louvre, Paris.

Copyright, Canada, 1919, by The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited.

## What Cash You Need When Travelling

—and more particularly, when large sums are required—is best carried in the form of a Letter of Credit, issued by The Merchants Bank.



This old established form of international banking, is preferred by many experienced travellers because of its absolute security.

Letters of Credit are cashed only by banks or banking corporations, and after the identity of the holders is established to the satisfaction of the bank officials. This insures safety, and guards against loss and theft.

## THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal. **OF CANADA** Established 1864.

289 Branches in Canada of which 115 are in Ontario, 34 in Quebec, and 137 in Western Canada.

## Select a Responsible Investment House

For the average investor, one of the most important considerations in selling or buying bonds is to be assured of the character of the firm with which he is doing business, its experience and the facilities which its various departments afford for selling, buying and investigating the worth of any security.

As an investment house with eighteen years' experience in buying and selling high-grade Canadian bonds we invite you to consult us in regard to your investment problems.

*Correspondence Invited*

## DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

MONTREAL

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO 26 KING ST. E.  
ESTABLISHED 1901

LONDON, ENG.



The British Product

OR

The Enemy-made Article,

*It is for you to decide*

With the steady removal of trading restrictions the markets of the Dominion will soon again be fully supplied with all the manufactured articles required.

But it is for Canadians to say whether they will demand the products of Great Britain and her chivalrous Allies, or whether they will be content with articles produced by the Enemy and which will be launched on the market in numberless disguises and through numerous channels.

## The Question of Gloves

**Quality Unsurpassed: Value Unquestionable:**

these are the attributes of the famous 'makes' of Gloves supplied by The London Glove Company. Their Price List gives first place to the BRITISH-MADE Glove, and a deserving position to the finer products of our French and Italian Allies, in kid, Nappa, Suede, etc. A copy may be had free on request from The Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., 200 Adelaide St. West, TORONTO!

*The same Price List will also be found to contain comprehensive details and faithful illustrations of*

Ladies', Men's and Children's Hosiery and Underwear—Ladies' Knitted Wool and Silk "Effect" Coats—Ladies' Underclothing, Blouses, Boots and Shoes—Waterproofs and Umbrellas—Men's Dressing Gowns, Pyjamas, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Half Hose, Umbrellas and Waterproofs.

*The* **London Glove Company** Ltd.

Cheapside, London, ENGLAND

Get Your  
**Summer  
 Suitings  
 and  
 Dress  
 Fabrics**  
 From  
**EGERTON  
 BURNETT  
 LTD.,**  
 The "Old  
 Country"  
 Firm  
 With a  
**World-Wide  
 Reputation**  
 for  
**Quality  
 and  
 Refinement**

EGERTON BURNETT'S reputation for high grade Clothing Fabrics for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's wear is not of mushroom growth, but has been steadily and consistently built up through many years of successful trading. Thousands of Ladies and Gentlemen in Canada and other parts of the world know from practical experience that their Fabrics are Excellent in Quality, Refined in Style, and Distinctive in Character. Samples representing a choice variety of New Season's Fabrics will be sent you, post paid, on request, by which you will be enabled to judge of their sterling merit and high intrinsic worth.



Many Royal Appointments



By Appointment to H. M. the Queen

**PERMANENT DYE "ROYAL" NAVY BLUE SERGES**  
**Guaranteed to Keep a Good Colour in Any Climate**

These Pure Wool Fabrics are well known for their durable wearing properties and their great usefulness, and are supplied in various qualities suitable for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Suits, Costumes, Etc., at prices from \$1.20 to \$9.60 per yard, double width.

**MADE-TO-MEASURE TAILORING**  
 for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.  
 Samples, Tailoring Style Plates, Price Lists.  
 Measure Blanks, Etc., mailed on application.  
 Any quantity of material supplied.

**NOTE THIS TESTIMONY**  
 Mrs. L. A. W., wrote:—"I am very pleased with the Costume; the fit is good and I am sure the material will give perfect satisfaction."  
 Port Coquitlam, B.C.

**Address:— EGERTON BURNETT, LTD.,**  
**R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.**

**Oakey's**

**SILVERSMITHS' SOAP**

For Cleaning Plate

**Oakey's**

**EMERY CLOTH**

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

**Oakey's**

**"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH**

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

**Oakey's**

**"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD**

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

**JOHN OAKEY & SONS, LIMITED**

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

**The Security of  
 The Home**

is the bed-rock on which all true prosperity should be built.

There can be no real sense of well-being without the certain assurance that the comfort of dependent ones is provided for, should the supporter of the home be removed.

A Life Insurance Policy gives this safe assurance. Under the Great-West Life Policies low premium rates apply, and all the advantages of liberal conditions and remarkably high profit returns to the Policy-holders.

Let us explain the best plan for the protection of your home.

**The Great-West Life Assurance Co.**

Dept. "P"

Head Office, Winnipeg

BUY WAR-SAVINGS STAMPS

## Colonel Denison's Reminiscences

Arrangements have been completed for the publication in The Canadian Magazine of Col. Denison's Reminiscences. The first instalment will appear immediately following the last of Sir John Willison's—probably in the June or July number. Col. Denison has been Police Magistrate of Toronto during two generations. His fund of anecdotes is inexhaustible, while his accounts of curious cases that have been tried in his court are as fascinating as a detective story.

Col. Denison has been a prominent figure in Canadian public life for forty years, and his spirited Reminiscences will be read with relish by thousands of Canadians who have been attracted, or at least aroused, by his striking personality.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, including Great Britain, Ireland and most of the Colonies.  
Single COPIES, 25c

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE**  
200-206 Adelaide St. West - Toronto

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF ?

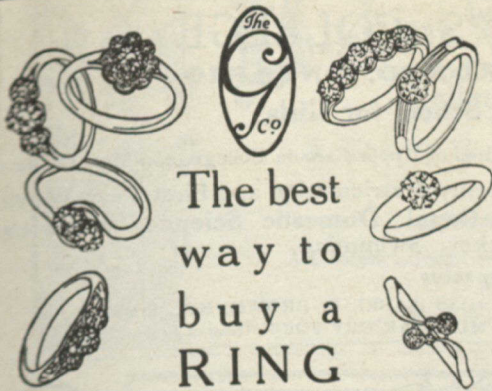
**"MELANYL" THE  
MARKING INK**

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE  
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE  
NICKLE LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH LARGE SIZE

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

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





The best way to buy a RING

is to select one leisurely in the privacy of your Home

Our method of Ring Selling enables you to compare 122 different styles of Beautiful Gem Rings, quietly, at Home. You can examine one against another, contrast the prices, and make your selection *much* more satisfactorily than is possible over a Shop Counter in half an hour.

THE RING BOOK, which we will send to you, delineates these 122 Gem Rings in all their natural Sparkle, Colours and Beauty. You can select from it as surely as if you were choosing from the actual Rings, so lifelike and perfect are the reproductions. Even men on Active Service, and Colonials in distant corners of the Empire, find buying by this method to be easy and safe.

After you have made your selection, we send the Ring fully insured to your address on a fortnight's unconditional approval. If, within 14 days of receipt, you wish to change your mind, we will either exchange the Ring, allowing full value for it, or you can return it and receive your money back in full.

If you decide to keep the Ring, you do so on this condition:—

*Whenever you wish, after one month, one year, ten years, or twenty years, we will re-purchase your Ring at 10% less than the price you paid.*

Buying in this way guarantees you the value which, ordinarily, you could only be sure of getting if you knew Rings very intimately.

Being large Buyers of unmounted Stones, we have a big advantage over the ordinary Ring Seller. We seriously claim that our DIRECT SALES METHOD increases our Business vastly, reduces Selling Costs, and correspondingly benefits the Buyer.

WRITE NOW FOR "THE RING BOOK" and choose your Ring, or her Ring, not over a Shop Counter, but quietly at home. The RING BOOK tells all about the manner-of-buying which safeguards you perpetually and gives testimonies from Buyers in Canada and elsewhere. We send it free to anyone interested in value-guaranteed Rings, priced from £5:5:0 to £325:0:0.

Please write for "THE RING BOOK" and Size Card.

The NORTHERN GOLDSMITHS Co.,  
No. 49 GOLDSMITH'S HALL,  
"The RING SHOP for the WORLD,"  
NEWCASTLE-upon-TYNE,  
ENGLAND.



## Exercise Makes Tired Muscles

After the eighteenth hole – the last set or the ninth inning, when violent exercise is over, you need a highly effective liniment for tired and aching muscles.

A little Absorbine, Jr., well rubbed in, prevents after-soreness and promotes the exhilarating vigor that should follow healthful sport.



has for years been a staple household antiseptic and germicidal liniment. It is the favorite of athletes and of college athletic trainers. It is preferred because it is absolutely dependable in eliminating stiffness and allaying inflammation. Absorbine, Jr., cleanses as well as heals; it may be applied to open wounds, acting as a soothing and antiseptic lotion.

You will like the "feel" of this clean, fragrant and antiseptic liniment. It penetrates quickly, leaves no greasy residue and is intensely refreshing. Only a few drops needed to do the work as Absorbine, Jr., is highly concentrated.

**\$1.25 a Bottle**

at druggists or mailed anywhere upon receipt of price.

**A Liberal Trial Bottle**

will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c. in stamps.

**W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.**  
187 Lyman Bldg.  
Montreal, Can.



# ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

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

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

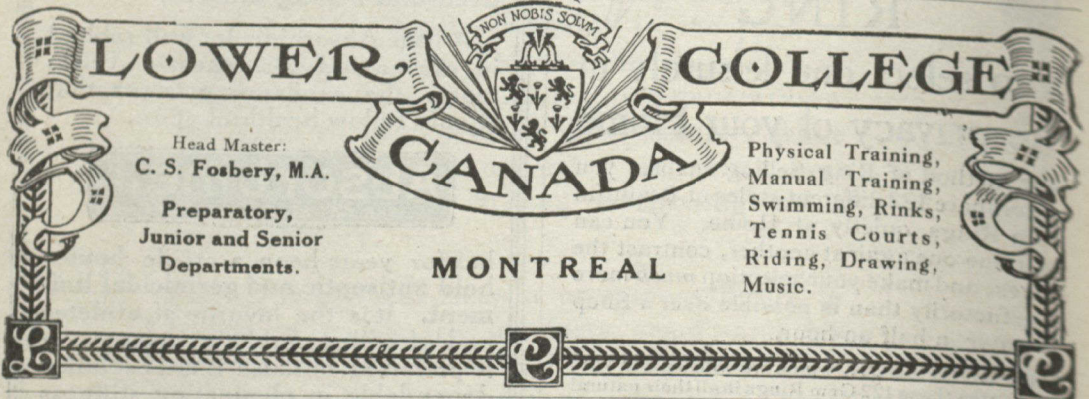
Write for Prospectus

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, President.

MISS FLORENCE NEELANDS, B.A., Head of Senior House.

MISS ISABEL G. BROWN, B.A., Principal.

MISS MARJORY FORD, Head of Junior House.



**LOWER CANADA COLLEGE**

**MONTREAL**

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

Preparatory,  
Junior and Senior  
Departments.

Physical Training,  
Manual Training,  
Swimming, Rinks,  
Tennis Courts,  
Riding, Drawing,  
Music.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

## ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

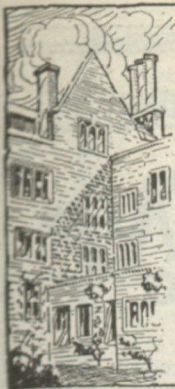
Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt, near Victoria, B.C.

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

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Ottawa, February 3, 1919.





# Bishop Strachan School

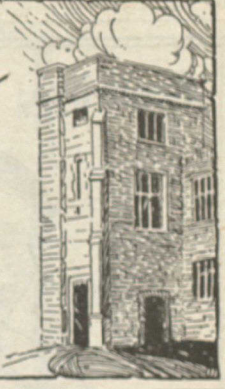
College Heights • Toronto

A Church Residential and Day School  
for Girls.

Established over fifty years.

All Departments from Kindergarten to University  
Matriculation.

For Calendar apply to the Bursar.



PORT HOPE  
ONTARIO

FOUNDED  
1865



## Trinity College School

**RESIDENTIAL CHURCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS**

Beautiful healthy situation, overlooking Lake Ontario. 20 acres of Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Magnificent Risk. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Religious training. Beautiful Chapel. Also Junior School for Boys 9 to 14. For prospectus apply to the Headmaster, REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M.A. (Camb.)

SUCCESES 1917: At Toronto University, 1st Mathematical and 1st Classical Entrance Scholarships.  
At R.M.C., Four Successes.

## ASHBURY COLLEGE

Rockcliffe Park, - Ottawa

**RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS**

Beautiful situation. Modern Fire-proof Buildings. Ten acres playing-fields. Special preparation for R. M. C. and R. N. C.

Write for Illustrated Calendar.

Rev. G. P. Woolcombe, M. A., Headmaster



The Need is Still Great

DO not forget that even if the war has ceased—that the need for nurses is great. Those serving at home will be in great demand. Avail yourself of an opportunity to earn \$15 to \$30 per week by learning nursing right at home.

Full particulars on request.

Royal College of Science, Dept. 101, Toronto, Ont.

## Branksome Hall, 10 Elm Avenue, Rosedale, TORONTO

**A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**

Hon. Principal: MISS M. T. SCOTT

Principal: MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A.

Pass and Honour Matriculation. French House. Art, Music, Domestic Science. Special Course in Dietetics. Large Playgrounds, Outdoor Games. Primary School for Day Pupils. FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL



## "OVENDEN" Private Residential School for Girls Barrie, Ont. 4 Acres of Grounds. Lake View

Limited numbers. Scholarship Matriculation. Singing, Music, Art, Conversational French. Healthiest district in Canada. Summer and winter sports. Special Course in Advanced Art under the direction of Mrs. F. S. Williams, Beaux Arts, Paris and London. Miss E. M. Elgood, Miss E. J. Ingram, Miss Shopoff.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPALS

Good-bye, Cold on the Chest! Here's Thermogene!!



# THERMOGENE

## CURATIVE WADDING

(Vandenbroeck's Process)

Is potential heat in dry, convenient form. The moment it is applied, chemical action turns this into active energy—a soothing, comforting warmth that goes straight to the source of pain—gives instant relief—and continues its good work till a cure is complete. It's a wonderful advance over the old-fashioned, messy, uncomfortable poultice or plaster. Ready as it comes from the box—full directions enclosed. Used by British Red Cross, Royal Navy, Army and Hospitals.

**At all Druggists'—50 Cents a Box**

Invented by Vandenbroeck, the famous Belgian Chemist. British-made by the Thermogene Co., Ltd., Hayward's Heath, England.

*Sales Agents for Canada:*

**Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto**

## “SOLID AS THE CONTINENT”

The business for 1918 was the largest in the Company's history. Today the financial position of the Company is stronger than ever.

Evidence of this is found in the following outstanding figures which are substantially in excess of those for any previous year.

Policies Issued and Revived	-	\$13,552,161.00
Total Assurance in Force	- -	70,950,316.00
Cash Income	- - - - -	3,467,440.76
Assets	- - - - -	18,185,610.75
Net Surplus	- - - - -	2,751,990.60
Profits Paid Policyholders	- -	285,339.48
Total Payments to Policyholders		1,780,385.04

A “Solid as the Continent” Policy is a good policy to have and to hold. See any representative for particulars as to rates, or write directly to

## North American Life Assurance Company

*“Solid as the Continent”*

**Head Office: Toronto, Canada**



# STOP COUGHS!

Do not go thru the annoyance of sleepless nights and days of misery. Let Gray's Syrup bring prompt relief to your cough-racked system. It will ease the soreness of your throat and loosen your cough so that you will enjoy immediate comfort. You will be surprised how quickly it will put you back on your feet again. Take it at once. In use over 60 years.



*Be sure and ask for the Large Size*

C 101

## GRAY'S SYRUP of RED SPRUCE GUM

Montreal D. WATSON & CO., New York

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

Visitor, The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

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

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



### St. Andrew's College

Toronto

A Residential and Day School

FOR BOYS

Canada

UPPER SCHOOL LOWER SCHOOL

Calendar  
Sent on  
Application

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business

RE-OPENS AFTER EASTER VACATION, APRIL 22ND, 1919.

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D. - - - Headmaster.

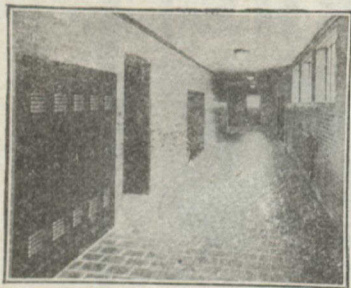
### The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

North Street, Toronto.

Mrs. George Nasmith, Principal

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

Send for Calendar



(Showing DENNISTEEL lockers built in)

## Buy Steel Lockers, Shelving, Etc.

BY THIS NAME

# DENNISTEEL

Made in Canada

Its worth while paying a trifle extra to get the best obtainable. Our complete line of steel equipment for shop, store and factory is the best on the continent. We have been long at this business and are in a position to give better service by putting in better material and giving a finer finish, over superior workmanship.

Use our engineering department's services freely. Write for estimate on any proposition in our line. We are strictly "on the job" to serve you in

**All steel Factory, Store and Shop Equipment,  
Ornamental Bronze, Iron and Wire Work,  
Commercial Wire Work of all kinds,  
General Builders' Ironwork.**

*Halifax, Montreal,*

*Ottawa, Toronto,*

**THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON  
WORKS CO. LIMITED**

**LONDON  
CANADA.**

*Hamilton, Winnipeg*

*Calgary, Vancouver.*

ESTABLISHED 1872

## BANK OF HAMILTON

There are many opinions as to what will happen after peace is established. There is only one opinion as to the wisdom of SAVING NOW. To be prepared is to be safe. A Savings Account in the Bank of Hamilton will protect your savings and induce thrift.

**J. P. BELL, General Manager**

**M. C. HART, Manager Toronto Branch**



## HOME STUDY

Arts Courses only

## SUMMER SCHOOL

July and August

# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

ARTS EDUCATION MEDICINE

## SCHOOL OF MINING

MINING

CHEMICAL  
CIVIL

MECHANICAL  
ELECTRICAL

ENGINEERING

GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar.

## A Bank Account and An Insurance Policy

From the "Chronicle."

In addition to a bank account you should have a policy in a well selected and carefully managed life company.

Let any man early in life place fifty dollars per annum in a savings bank, and a similar amount on a life policy, and even if he lives to a green old age, this life insurance premium will produce the best results, while all the time it possesses this enormous advantage:— His fifty dollars in the savings bank will produce the amount deposited, plus the interest, should he die during the year, while the amount invested in life insurance would produce at least a couple of thousand dollars.

Have a Bank Account AND an Insurance Policy. But anyway—an Insurance Policy.

The Mutual Life  
of Canada  
Waterloo-Ontario

165

# AN IDEAL INVESTMENT

The Debentures issued by this Corporation have for many years commended themselves to prudent and cautious investors as an absolutely safe investment, as well as convenient and remunerative.

They bear a special rate of interest and are issued in sums of one hundred dollars and upwards, as may be desired by the investor, and for terms of one or more years.

Interest is computed from the date on which the money is received, and is payable half-yearly.

They are a security in which Executors and Trustees are authorized to invest Trust Funds.

A miniature specimen debenture, with Interests Coupons attached, copy of Annual Report, and all particulars will be forwarded on application.

Established 1855

Capital (Paid-up) - \$6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund (earned) 5,500,000.00  
Unappropriated profits 172,509.77

Capital and Surplus \$11,672,509.77  
Investments - - \$31,461,387.24

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street, Toronto

# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL

LONDON, Eng.  
Princes St., E.C.



NEW YORK  
68 William St.

BARCELONA  
Plaza de Cataluna 6

With our chain of 560 Branches throughout Canada, Newfoundland, the West Indies, Central and South America, we offer a complete banking service to exporters, importers, manufacturers and others wishing to extend their business in these countries. Trade enquiries are solicited. Consult our local Manager or write direct to our FOREIGN DEPARTMENT, MONTREAL, QUE.

<b>CAPITAL PAID UP &amp; RESERVES</b>	-	-	\$30,000,000
<b>TOTAL ASSETS over</b>	-	-	\$420,000,000

## “Service”

This is the key-note of the Life Insurance business.

Life Insurance protects the family, makes provision for old age and will continue to care for the widow and orphan.

### THE LONDON LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Head Office: - London, Canada

issues Endowments at Life Rates, pays profits greater than Estimates and has a record of over 40 years square-dealing. Let us serve you.

Policies “Good as Gold.”



# Columbia Records

## Spring Music



THE gaiety, the beauty and the dear youth of spring—"When birds do sing—sweet lovers love the spring", quoth Shakespeare—what a time it is to bathe our souls in music—to let sweet sounds refresh our spirits as spring showers do the winter worn meadows. Some of the world's most exquisite musical gems have been inspired by this gentle season—and are caught with all their ethereal grace on Columbia Records.



Ask your Dealer to play these Columbia Records for you:

- SPRING SERENADE** (P. Lacombe), Prince's Orchestra, and **THE LADY PICKING MULBERRIES** (Kelly) Prince's Orchestra. A1805, 10-inch 90c.
- SPRING SONG**, Carolina White, and **SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD** (Stults), Carolina White. A1432, 10 inch \$1.00.
- SPRING** (Greig) Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and **WEDDING MARCH** (Mendelssohn) Chicago Symphony Orchestra. A5844, 12-inch \$1.50.
- SPRING** (Henschel), Lucy Gates, Soprano, and **SING SWEET BIRD** (Ganz), Lucy Gates, Soprano. A5882, 12-inch \$1.50.
- SPRING SONG**, Song without words No. 30 (Mendelssohn) Prince's Orchestra, and **LULLABY** (Brahms), Stell, Lu'sky and Schultze, Violin, Flute and Harp Trio. A1304, 10-inch 90c.
- SPRING SONG**, Song without words No. 30 (Mendelssohn) Ellery Band, and **DRAGON FLY MAZURKA** (Strauss) Ellery Band. A1388, 10-inch 90c.
- SPRING SONG**, (Mendelssohn), Pablo Casals, Cellist, and **APRIS UN REVE** (Faure), Pablo Casals, Cellist. A6020, 12-inch \$1.50.
- SPRING VOICES**, Voci di Primavera (Strauss) Florence MacBeth, Soprano, and **I'VE BEEN ROAMING** (Horn) Florence MacBeth, Soprano. A5811, 12-inch \$1.50.

### The Columbia Grafonola

Tone it is that has always made the Columbia Grafonola famous. And what other quality would you have as the outstanding feature of any musical instrument? Columbia tone is the product of matchless care in the seasoning and fashioning of the wood and of basic superiorities in the Reproducer. And it is still further controlled and beautified by the exclusive Columbia "tone leaves".

Any Columbia Dealer gladly demonstrates the Grafonola and Columbia Records for you without obligation.

New Columbia Records out the 20th of the month.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.



Columbia Grafonolas  
—Standard Models  
up to \$225.

# \$500.00 FIRST PRIZE

\$300.00 Second Prize

\$100.00 Third Prize



**Segis  
Fayne Johanna**  
The  
**Liquid Veneer  
Cow**

What similarities can you suggest between the two World Champions, SEGIS FAYNE JOHANNA, and

## LIQUID VENEER

### CASH PRIZES

1st Prize . . .	\$500.00	4th Prize . . .	\$50.00	21st to 35th Prize (each)	\$5.00
2nd " . . .	300.00	5th " . . .	25.00	36th to 45th " " "	2.50
3rd " . . .	100.00	6th to 20th Prize (each)	10.00	46th to 50th " " "	1.00

FREE, to every contestant, a large, colored reproduction of a wonderful painting of Segis Fayne Johanna, suitable for framing—a real work of art.

To enter this contest, send for our intensely interesting FREE booklet containing complete rules. This story tells how these great World records were made and gives many pointers of help in this contest. Then send us before June 1, 1919, a list of **not more than eight points** of similarity that you can think of between these two World Champions. For instance, "Both are World Champions", "Both are Owned by the Same People".

Remember, Liquid Veneer transforms dusty, dull and shabby furniture and woodwork instantly, making everything as clean, polished and beautiful as when new. It does this without leaving any oily film, and with a few easy strokes of a dust cloth. A 50c bottle often saves \$50.00 that might otherwise be spent in refinishing.

**CLIP THE COUPON NOW. THIS IS THE LAST ANNOUNCEMENT.**

**BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY, 340 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.**



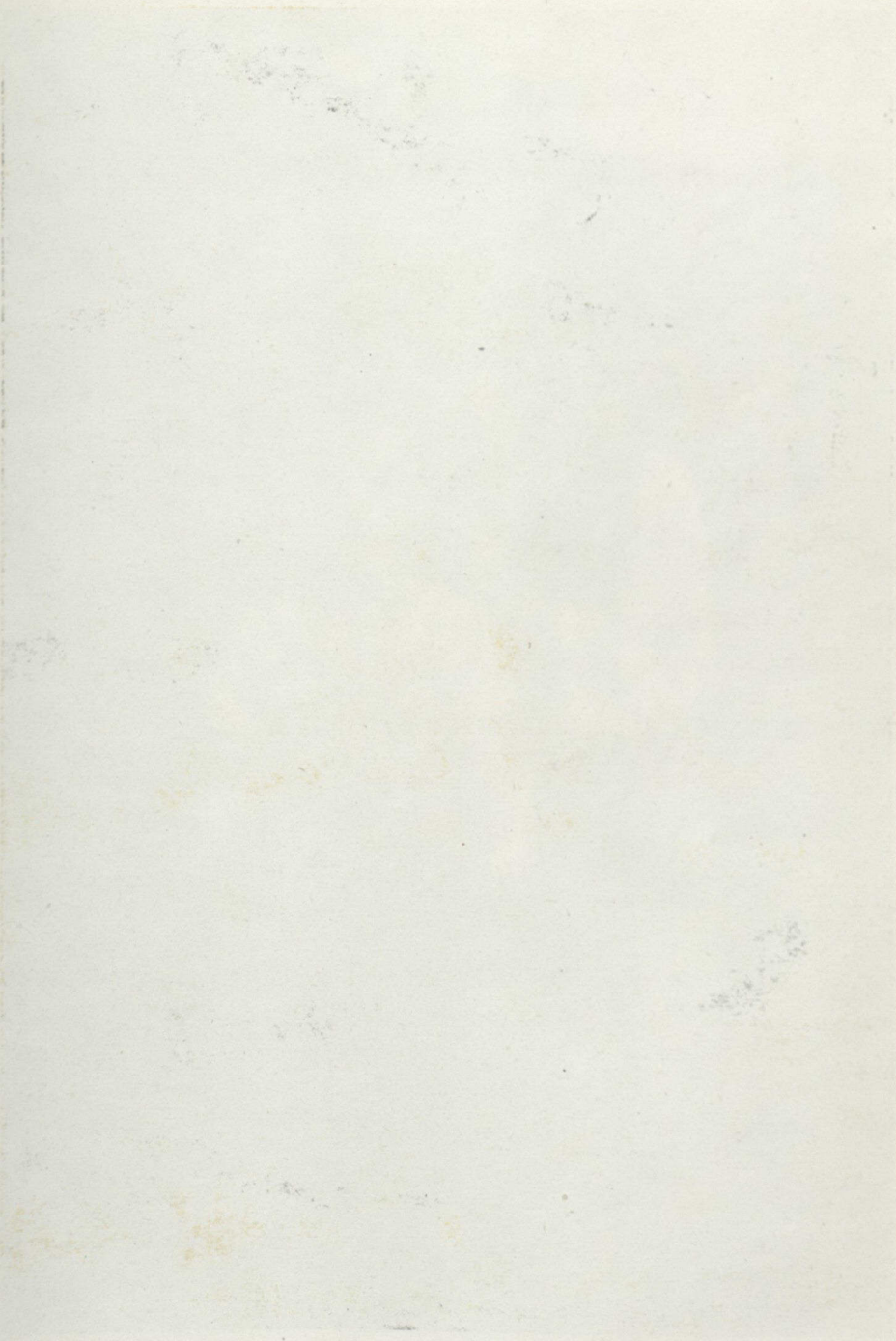
**Buffalo Specialty Co., 340 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

Gentlemen: I desire to enter the Liquid Veneer Cow Contest and request you to send me, FREE, a copy of the story offered in your advertisement, and a copy of the rules.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....





AN APRIL MORNING

From the Painting by Bouguereau,  
in the Art Association Gallery,  
Montreal



THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LII.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1919

No. 6

## THE TIMELESS TRAVELLERS

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER"

**I**T was rather cheery, as the Imperial Limited steamed out, to find that nothing had been forgotten save a time table.

"And a time table," I said, "can always be obtained from the porter."

"It can," agreed Una, "but let's not obtain it. Let us be timeless—'timeless and content', that's a quotation from something."

It sounded restful.

"Besides," continued Una, "I see already, half-way down the car, my old friend the Obliging Traveller. Wherever I have been I have never yet failed to meet him. His pockets gape with guide books and his lips with smiles. If I am not mistaken we shall not only achieve information, but have much information thrust upon us."

"As a perfect stranger he can't—"

"But he can. Also he can talk about the scenery. He will talk about it in a loud voice. Did I tell you that

I do not intend to look at the scenery? I hope you don't mind my telling you just how I feel about it."

"Why should I? It's not *my* scenery."

"There! I knew you would be huffy. For, of course, it's your scenery. Your own beautiful made-in-B.C. scenery. That's why I am not to look at it. The doctor has ordered me to avoid all excitement."

"Then perhaps you will move and let me sit next the window."

"No. I can't do that—sorry! I need a good light for my knitting. Besides, I may be able to allow myself to glance up occasionally."

"In that case I shall retire to the observation car—"

"And I can put my work-bag on your seat, thanks so much. As for berths, I will take the upper one, because—well, just because."

"You may take the upper one," I agreed kindly, "but not because you are slimmer. You are not slimmer, don't dream it!"



Along the Trail to Lake Agnes

It may be guessed from the foregoing that Una and I, in setting out across the continent, had decided to ignore the more hampering courtesies. We had agreed to be cheerfully selfish. Unselfishness en route is a strain under which any companionship may crumble. I have Una's word for this. She says she tried it once.

The observation car was not yet full and, thoughtfully avoiding the Obliging Traveller, who had preceded me, I sat down beside a pleasant-elderly woman—the comfortable kind which still wear bonnets and black silk. We smiled at each other; that smile which is the beginning of one of those traveller's-sample friendships which belong to the pleasant chances of the road. Mrs. Smith (we found later that she belonged to the goodly fellowship of the Smiths) was knitting a sock, and at once I noticed that it was different from the sock knitted by Una. I noticed too that, while it occupied her fingers, her eyes were free to follow the swiftly passing beauty beyond the windows. "A new system," I thought,

"like touch typewriting." She used steel needles, too, which clicked. I noticed the click even through the swinging rhythm of the train and wondered as it grew faster and faster, furiously fast, until presently the knitter let the sock fall in her lap and laughed.

"I will get the rheumatism if I go on that way," she confided, "but I can't help it when I look at the river. Did you ever see a river run so fast? It gets me all breathless, I keep trying to catch up."

I nodded. "It is like that all the way. Even at the very mouth the ferries need all the pull of their engines to keep their course. And once I saw it away up north—it turns you dizzy there. It's like some great live thing tearing at the barges fastened to the wharves. They load them up and let them go, like chips on a torrent, with a bargeman or two, absurdly small and human, to ward off destruction."

"And they tow them back?"

"They don't come back. It is strictly one-way on the Upper Fraser."



Mirror Lake—"In its fringing trees quite hidden and aloof"

"I would like to see that." Mrs. Smith's eyes were reminiscent. "I remember—but here comes your friend. It looks like she's had some trouble with her knitting."

"I don't know what's wrong with it, I am sure," sighed Una, holding up a sock which was certainly not blameless. "I just glanced up once or twice to watch the river and now it's all crooked."

With her true instinct for getting what she wants, Una spoke to me, but glanced at my companion, a glance which lingered wistfully on the well-ordered sock upon her lap. Nothing more was necessary. Mrs. Smith held out a kindly hand.

"If you'll just let me see it for a moment, my dear, I think I can put it right for you. Yes. We'll only need to rip an inch or so. You've been knitting backwards instead of around. It's an easy thing to do."

"Fatally easy!" Una sank into a chair with a relieved sigh. "But do you know I don't believe I want to knit. I am going to take a chance on

getting excited. It seems worth it. Did you ever see anything so fascinating as that tinted hill over there? And to think that I never realized before that B.C. wears colours! Somehow, I've always thought of her as clad in fadeless green; but out here she has taken to russet and wears red shoes."

I saw at once that she was right about the shoes. It put into words a difference which had often puzzled me. In the East the autumn turns red from the top, while here it grows red from the bottom. There the gorgeous maples flame against the sky, but here the colour is lower almost on the ground. Low bushes, trailing vines, brown rocks around which creep little flames of pure bright yellow; while above and behind rise the solid, unchanging green of the British Columbia forest.

The impalpable veil of autumn lay between us and the more distant hills, a veil which might well have been woven of the far blue spirals of mist which rose like fairy fires from the mountains' unseen hollows.



Moraine Lake

"Snow lay almost at the base of its farther slope"

"Injun fires," said Ma Smith, dreamily. (She told us afterwards that "up where she came from," everyone called her "Ma".) "It doesn't take a very big effort of imagination to believe that they are still there with their signal smoke curling up so straight and blue—with not a white man's foot upon the hills and the river rushing on just like it is now."

Una and I moved our chairs a little closer. Ma picked up some stitches in Una's sock and went on. "I hope we don't go for to spoil the country when we get right holt of it. But it will take a whole lot of spoiling. Nature's seen to that. Now, farming country

and grazing land she don't take much trouble over. She lets them lie like they be, because she knows man will come and plough them up and build on them. But when she wants a bit of the world for her own, she just makes it so slippy that man can't sit on it and so rocky he can't dig. If he makes mines, they've mostly got to be underneath where they don't show."

"Somebody's been growing something over there," I said, nodding to a patch of lighter green which lay like a gay handkerchief in a hollow of the sloping hills."

"Cabbages!" Ma Smith's tone was the tone of an expert. "Do you know, I'd kind of like to live up there."





One facet of Lake Louise  
"The topmost jewel in this mountain diadem"

We looked at the tiny home, hanging like a bird's nest by its patch of man-made green, and from it up to the flying clouds and down to the plunging river. Even as we looked, we left it far behind. Who lived there, we wondered, and did they find the mountains good company?

"There's plenty like it," said our companion, smiling at our doubt, "how else would countries ever be settled?"

A nervous-looking young woman with a high voice came through the car at that moment and paused to glance over the backs of our chairs.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "whether these mountains are the Selkirks or the Rockies?"

She addressed Una, probably on account of her eyeglasses. I don't know why one who is short of sight should be supposed to be long on knowledge.

"Both, I think," replied Una, not to be found lacking. The lady thanked her and passed on.

"Is it or aren't they?" asked Una fearfully. But Ma Smith was plainly shocked.

"Land, my dear, don't you know your geography? We won't be in the Rockies for a long time yet; though I never was one to set store by names," she added musingly. "It's all just mountains to me."

It was all just mountains to us also, but the face of them was rapidly changing. The forests were diminish-

ing; bare brown shoulders of the hills were pushing through. The intimate, almost fairy-like beauty of gorge and wooded slope was being left behind. It was as if nature in a sterner mood were casting off her fripperies. The hills were tumbled now; thrown here and there in curious masses; piled one upon another in vast confusion.

The day was one of flying clouds with bright sun behind them, and as the drifting shadows fell and lifted, strange shapes appeared and disappeared, half seen—

"A cinematograph of the gods!" said Una suddenly. "See, the shadow of a great hand! and there—a giant's face—don't you see it?"

We saw it plainly. For a moment it lay there against that fantastic medley of hills, clear-cut, the profile of a great strange face with blind eyes.

"Perhaps they played here sometime—the giants?" I ventured. "It looks like giants' country. That mass of rock so curiously round, it may well be a ball which one of them let drop. And see the huge pudding-bowl—surely Mrs. Giant may have stirred her porridge there, ages and years ago."

"Not so long, either," mused Una, "for one has left a footprint. Don't you see it there, high up, that foot-shaped hollow, big enough to hide a city? But how bare it all is—how stark. There is no 'Injun smoke' here. The giants have stamped all the camp fires out and scattered the embers."

But Ma Smith was nothing if not practical. "It isn't as barren as it looks," she told us. "There are orchards and fruit farms down in there, irrigated fruit; and the country around is fine for grazing. We will soon be into Kamloops. Don't tell me," sternly, "that you don't know anything about Kamloops."

It would have taken someone braver than Una to admit ignorance.

"It's a grand place for lungers," went on Ma Smith cheerfully. "Mr. Smith's second cousin on his mother's side got better here. The air's so dry and pure it tingles in your fingers."

"How high is it?" asked Una, and as the train stopped just at that moment, her voice was audible through the car.

"Now you've done it!" I muttered.

For immediately the Obliging Traveller looked up from his annotated guide and prepared to diffuse knowledge.

"This city," he said, with unction, "is just 1,151 feet above the sea. It is the most important city in the Valley of the Thompson. Its population is approximately 5,250—"

"Did you say 'and fifty'?" asked Una, as if sincerely anxious about the odd number. "Thanks so much."

The thanks sounded final, so final that the Obliging Traveller, looking slightly dazed, moved on. And we turned our attention to the busy little station, with its masses of autumn flowers, until the train followed his example. It was getting towards sunset now. The shadows of the giants' hills fell sharp and dark. The broad, beautiful Thompson lay like an anklet of gold about their feet. The mountain air blew cool and sweet; and soon, almost startlingly soon, the long stretch of shining track behind us vanished into the blues and the grays of evening.

"We'll not see much more to-night," said Ma Smith regretfully. "But here is your knitting quite put to rights. You'll get on nicely now until you strike the heel."

"'Strike' is good," said Una, laughing, "but it does seem a shame to go to bed. I shall simply lie awake and think of what we're missing."

"Only scenery," I hinted slyly, "my scenery which you weren't going to look at."

In the offended pause which followed, the nervous lady from farther down the car passed by us again, and again she asked Una's eyeglasses for information.

"I suppose," she observed, tentatively, "it isn't quite as dangerous as it looks?"

But Ma Smith was not going to let Una prove a broken reed a second time.

"Don't you get to thinking of danger, my dear," she told the nervous one. "It's the dangerous places that are the safest always. This track is watched like a week-old baby. It's the places so safe that no one thinks of them where the accidents are. Mr. Smith's first cousin was like that," she confided to us, "terrible nervous. The time she came to visit us through the mountains she wouldn't look out of the window, just missed it all. And she sat up all night so as to be ready."

Una laughed. "It isn't because I'm afraid of dying in my nightie that I don't sleep," she said. "But did you ever notice how uncannily clever railroads are in arranging stops at night? It could only be done by experts, specialists who understand the laws governing sleep and know to a moment when the normal mind becomes dangerously drowsy and can put their finger unerringly on that magic interval between first and second sleep and that illusive second when the sleep curtain lifts a little just at dawn. If they cannot arrange for these and other moments by stops and stations, they can always test the wheels with sledge hammers and try experiments with the brakes. The last time I travelled from Buffalo to New York by night the perfection of the thing was diabolical.

"Porter," I said, "can you tell me what expert psychologist arranges the night traffic on this road?"

"Doan you go blamin' him, mam," said the porter. "Goven'ment's runnin' this road now and what it doan know about runnin' it is plenty."

We laughed at this, and Ma Smith, practical as ever, hastened to assure us that the 'gov'rment' wasn't running the C.P.R. yet. Also that kindly nature had provided that the stops were few. We would sleep, she assured us, like tops.

How a top sleeps, I don't know, but it could hardly do better than I did that night. The swaying of the long train, the mountain air through the open window of my berth, proved the best of sleep inducers. But just at

dawn I woke with no desire for further slumber. The lights in the car still burned and no one stirred, but outside, pressing against the misty window, was a kind of light-soaked darkness through which great forms of solid darkness gloomed.

The train swung on, taking no account of these, but, as the light grew stronger, a curious feeling grew—a feeling that we had come far, very far, indeed. Things had happened in the night. While we slept the mountains had crept closer. They had closed in. They were behind, before—everywhere! We who had assayed the heart of their fastness, proceeded now at their pleasure. Uncaring and austere, they towered above our puny, puffing train, or bent with frowning tolerance to see it pass. How long would this indifference last? With stealthy pressure from behind they urged us forward, now engulfing us in black tunnels, now shouldering us along the edge of sheer destruction, now disdainfully permitting passage over some dizzy man-made bridge; but never for a moment letting go their hold or forgetting that we were there—crushable atoms of unparalleled audacity!

I had a feeling that if the train stopped—but when it did stop nothing happened. We were even permitted, those of us who were up and dressed, to promenade along the platform of the busy little station. I, for one, desired to go softly, but not so the Obliging Traveller. He was in great form, and his voice was louder than ever.

"You will soon see something very wonderful, ladies," he began. "We will presently enter a system of spiral tunnelling unsurpassed on this continent. The track doubles back upon itself twice, at an approximate cost of work one million five hundred thousand—"

"I wish he wouldn't be so cocky about tunnels," whispered Una uneasily. "The mountains may not like it."

"He might at least wait until we are safely out."

We edged away, but the booming voice followed us. "The amount of dynamite alone——"

"Well, let's get breakfast before they fall on us," said Una resignedly. "That big one over there looks distinctly annoyed."

But the Obliging Traveller wanted breakfast, too.

"You ladies stopping off at Louise?" he asked briskly.

"Yes," said Una, "but we don't feel that we know her well enough to call her by her first name."

"Pardon? Oh, I see. Your first trip, I suppose. Well, you won't be disappointed. That lake——"

"Please——" said Una, "we don't want to know about it beforehand. We want it to be a surprise."

"Well, that's just what I was going to say. That lake will be the surprise of your life. Height above sea level 5,032 feet, and the other two are higher still. The altitude of Mirror Lake——"

"I am sorry," interrupted Una firmly, "but my doctor has forbidden all excitement."

We left him looking cast down, but not destroyed. Unfortunately, we had to leave our coffee, too.

Now, for anyone who wants a description of the scenery between Field and Lake Louise (including the spiral tunnel), there are guide books available, and English is not the poor thing which some wordless ones would have us think it. But for us to see these unveiled splendours and then to write of them, would savour of indelicacy. We looked, but we said little. Always there seemed a danger that the mountains might hear. Why trade on their exhaustless patience? We were there on sufferance. Even those tunnels (marvels as they are of the skill and intrepidity of humans like ourselves) were there because the mountains did not yet forbid. And lest we boast a shade too loudly, we had but to look at the smoke of the engine as it curled in lazy circles from the tunnel's mouth, gone in an instant, lost in the blue mist-wraiths which rise eternally, the

life-breath of the everlasting hills.

Lake Louise, too, found us silent. Can one describe sheer beauty? Convey, to one who who has not seen, the thrill, the warmth, the deep content of something so perfect that its loveliness sinks into the soul and forms a secret treasure there?

Lake Louise we saw, and from that moment some of the glory of the hills was ours.

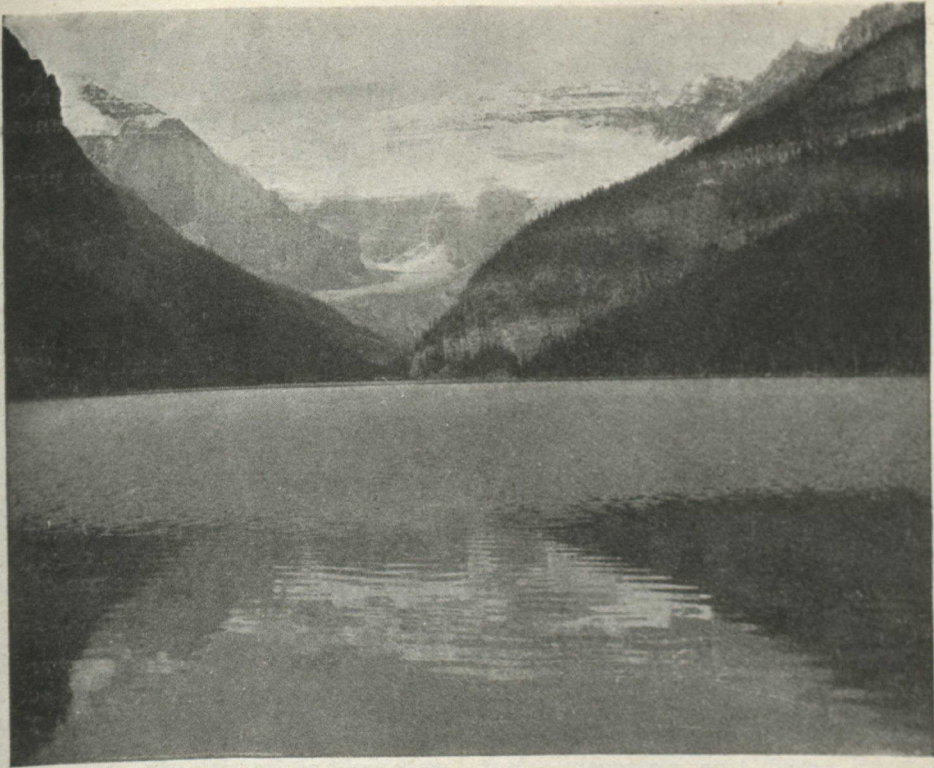
When we left the open car which had brought us to this paradise, we did not go at once into the Chateau which obligingly received our travelling bags and most of our fellow-travellers. We scarcely noticed it, save to feel thankful that its flower-decked front and popped lawns were part of the beauty and not foreign to it. Later, we were to appreciate the comfort of its charming rooms and careful service, but at first we had eyes for nothing save the gracious sweep of the lake shore, the lifting snow-covered mountains, the dazzling glacier, the lake that lay like a bit of mislaid heaven.

"Well, now, I never saw a lake like that," exclaimed a highly-pitched, familiar voice behind us. What a funny colour! Jim, just run and ask that man what makes the water that queer blue——"

"Hurry, hurry!" muttered Una, seizing my arm, and together we ran along the curving path, our one desire to escape the hearing of those fatal words of knowledge which would reduce to a formula that magic water of undreamed-of blue.

We did not pause until we were safe in a rustic summer house, where the only sound was the water lapping against the cedar logs. Along the bank behind us a sloping trail climbed gently—up, up into the green mystery of the trees. The breathlessness, the lightness of the air was a new surprise until we remembered that we were almost on the roof of a continent.

"And there are other lakes still higher!" Una quoted the Obliging Traveller musingly. "And the air will grow thinner and purer, and



"A mislaid bit of Heaven"—Lake Louise

sweet with a terrible sweetness, and, if we could climb high enough, presently there wouldn't be any air at all! I hope you realize what a worm you are."

We did, I think, feel very worm-like, but quite content. Una even declared generously that she didn't grudge mountains a bit of dignity. They have a position to keep up, she said, and it is necessary also to consider their age. Even at a conservative estimate, they must be getting on.

Ma Smith, to whom this remark was made, looked over the tops of her glasses and her mild eyes held rebuke.

"You're not really thinking of it, my dear, or you wouldn't be frivolous," said she. "I reckon it's the one thing that makes me sort of fidgety. I get looking back and back and—"

"Yes?" prompted Una.

"Well, I get so far back and so little that I lose aolt of myself. There

doesn't seem to be any Ma Smith."

"Who's afraid?" cried Una. "I am going right down now to pick out a pony and to-morrow I am going as high and as far as I can go. I'll pick out ponies for you, too."

Una knows nothing of ponies, but she has plenty of confidence. Yet when she rejoined me later in our room her countenance was troubled.

"What," she asked, "does 'skookum' mean?"

"In what language?"

"Don't be silly. You've lived long enough in B.C. to know the meaning of a simple word like that."

"But it isn't a simple word," I protested. "It all depends on how it is used."

"It was used by a guide down there. A guide named Pedro; at least he should be named Pedro, for he's the most Pedro-like person I ever saw outside of a cigar box cover. He wears a

beehive hat and a red handkerchief. He wouldn't let me choose my pony, or yours either. There was a white one I wanted called Stovepipe, a dear thing, but Pedro said, 'No, too skookum!' What is 'skookum'?"

"Was he—er—was he looking at you or at the pony?"

"At me—I suppose. Why?"

Now Una is really sensitive about her weight. To tell her the real meaning of "skookum" would have been most unkind.

"Oh," I said briskly. "In that case 'skookum' means—er—dangerous. The guide means that you—I mean that Stovepipe was too dangerous for you."

Una looked relieved and I hastened to close the subject with, "He probably knows best."

Nevertheless, she glanced somewhat doubtfully at Pedro next morning as he mounted her upon a stout brown pony very different from Stovepipe, who was given to the nervous lady, who was almost as thin as her voice.

"Isn't he too skookum for that lady?" asked Una anxiously. But luckily the guide did not hear.

We started off, a procession of six, headed by an arrival of the night before, a horsewoman evidently, and the only one of us all who had brought her own riding skirt.

"It's too annoying that I didn't dream I should need my habit," complained Stovepipe's rider languidly, and both Una and I tried to look as if we also owned a riding habit and had neglected to bring it.

The pace of the ponies was easy to a degree, and as we walked them—I mean as they walked us slowly along the level drive, we all felt what an absurd fuss is made about horse-back riding. Anyone, we felt, could ride a horse!

It was a little different when the trail narrowed and the slope began to ascend, but still the main thing seemed to be to stick on. Una's brooding eyes were on Stovepipe.

"He doesn't *look* dangerous!" she murmured. But again luck was to vindicate my rendering of a foreign

language, for at that moment Stovepipe stopped. Anyone who has been behind anything which abruptly stops in the middle of a narrow trail knows what happens.

"Keep back!" cried Stovepipe's rider needlessly.

"But I can't keep back! My pony won't stop. Whoa!" Una tugged wildly at the rein.

"And mine won't go. Guide!"

"Slap him," I suggested helpfully.

Una suppressed a shriek. "No, don't slap him. He may not know what you mean. He may go backwards. Guide!"

A shrill whistle sounded from the rear. A whistle which miraculously restored Stovepipe's powers of locomotion. Once more we began our slow ascent. But from that on some of us had our doubts about horses.

"If we were elephants," said Una, "I mean, if the horses were elephants, they could hang on to each other's tails. It would feel safer. Do you suppose it's necessary for Bingō to walk right at the very edge and a little over? Does it make any difference to yours when you pull the rein to draw him in nearer?"

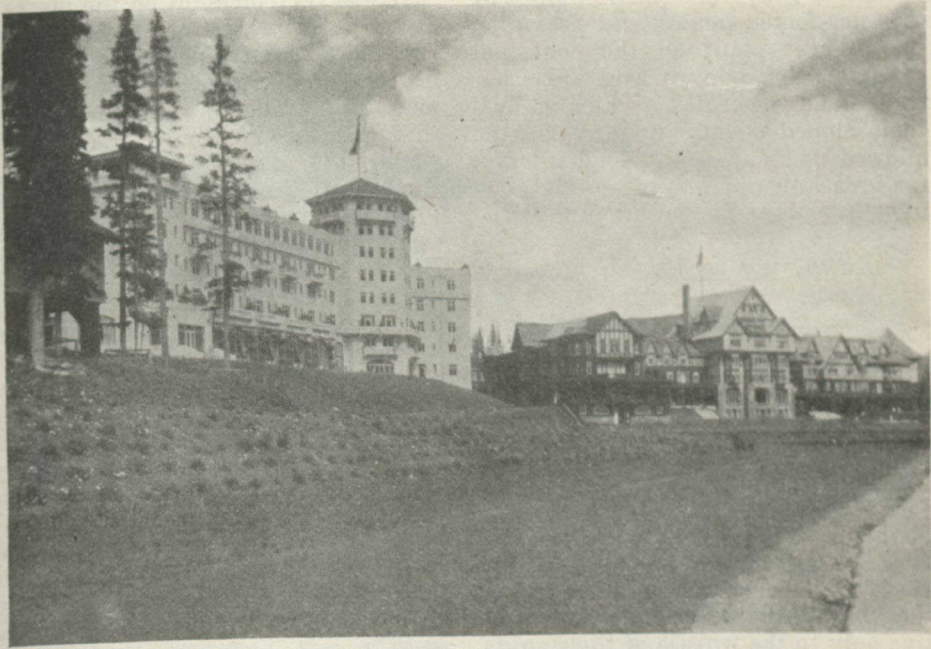
I tried and said that it didn't.

"They are creatures of experience," mused Una. "They don't want to scrape their sides against the rock. They have done it before and know that it is unpleasant. Their preference for the outside edge is based on ignorance. The experience of those who have fallen over," she added darkly, "is not available."

"Oh, *don't*," wailed the rider of Stovepipe. "I know it's perfectly safe. The guide said so. The ponies go up here twice a day every day all summer and never—oh, gracious heavens!"

The forward ponies had stopped again. This time they paused simultaneously because of a crook in the trail. Just ahead the narrow path grew suddenly steeper and turned upon itself as if wishing to look back to see how it was coming along.

The leading pony, after a moment



The Chateau, Lake Louise—"Part of the beauty and not foreign to it"

of thoughtful contemplation, began to twist itself around this angle, while the other ponies waited. The wait gave their riders time to admire the view. Far, far below lay the lake, far—far—I tried my best to forget how far. I tried to think only of what a capable looking person Pedro was and of all the travellers, still living, who had daily come up this delightful (and perfectly safe) trail, also of the undeniable fact that no corpses lay in the blueness of that far-off lake or hung in festoons upon the foliage which clothed its picturesque (and somewhat precipitous) sides. If previous adventurers had been borne around that angle in safety, why not we? The deduction seemed reasonable and I clung to it, and also to the saddle, as my pony moved forward in its turn.

"Guide!" called the shrill-voiced one. "I want to get out, down, I mean, and walk."

"You can't," said Una, with grim firmness. "There's nothing to walk on and if there is Bingo needs it all.

If he should stumble over you, where would I be?"

The nervous lady didn't care where Una would be and said so, but Stovepipe seemed quite undisturbed by her evident distrust. With nose resting peacefully upon the tail of the pony preceding, he followed the direction of Pedro's whistle and took the angle with all the calm of a true fatalist.

We had turned aside from the lake now and our way wound through the mountain woods, a steady climb up an easy slope, till Pedro's voice, sounding cheerfully from the rear, announced Mirror Lake in the near distance.

Who found it first, I wonder, this wonderful mountain looking-glass, when no one knew the way save the birds and the mountain beasts who came to drink; when there were no trails, no ponies, no tourists? It is not blue like Lake Louise. Its waters are sadder, darker. It lies there in its fringing trees quite hidden and aloof. Beside it rises a domed mountain curiously like the bee-hive for which it is named. The trails wind up to the very

summit of this, trails easily climbed by the sure-footed ponies, and providing the highest point on the continent reachable by pony travel. To our right hand the trail by which we had come sloped steeply up and, having allowed us a sufficiently long interval for breathing space, our leading pony turned resignedly to his unfinished task.

"I'm getting used to it, I think," said the nervous lady, "or else I feel safer because I can't see the bottom."

"Yes," agreed Una, "the most pressing danger now is that of sliding off backwards. The bridles seem strong. Let us hope the man who made them had a conscience."

He probably had, for even Una's weight did not trouble the good stout leather. The ponies bent to the stiff grade, heads down, disdainfully unheeding of the wriggling humans upon their backs; their twitching ears attentive only to the whistle of their guide. We were getting above the forest now and out upon the barer mountain-side. Gravel rattled under the ponies' hoofs and once in a while a larger stone rolled down with an echoing crash. The trail ascended in a leisurely zig-zag and through that clear, still air the eye could follow other trails hanging like eyelashes on the mountain's face. The second part of our journey was the shorter and soon the sound of falling water told us that we neared the water-fall which is the overflow of Lake Agnes, the highest of these lakes in the clouds.

Pedro, who had appeared in front of us without anyone realizing just how he got there, explained that our small remaining climb must be made on foot.

"Ponies wait here," he said, pointing to the steps which would take the rest of us to the level of the small plateau above. "Steps very easy," he added patronizingly.

It was astonishing how safe and dependable one's own legs felt. We all tried to look as if we noticed no difference, but the manner of the whole party became perceptibly easier.

It was very pleasant on the plateau above the waterfall. Lake Agnes lay there, sun-steeped, open to the nearer sky, the top-most jewel in this mountain diadem. The trees were thinner here with open vistas through which the descending valleys lay spread out beneath us; Mirror Lake, dark and tiny now; the flash of blue so far below which was Lake Louise. Yet still the mountains held and shadowed us, their unreachd peaks serene and distant through their drifting clouds.

There were other climbers here; climbers with perhaps more right to the name, since they had taken the trail without the aid of ponies. Very content they looked resting on the smooth and sun-warmed moss of the rocks, close to the pleasant music of the waterfall and with some of the most beautiful scenery of the world their own for the trouble of looking at it.

"It is lovely, lovely, lovely!" sighed Una. "And oh, see! a darling cloud—a tiny, baby cloud. Perhaps this is one of their nurseries? If we walk over there we can touch it. Fancy, shaking hands with a cloud!"

Unfortunately Una's voice carries well and the Obliging Traveller was just around the next rock. Very kindly he explained that what we beheld was more or less of an illusion. If we walked over there, he said, the cloud, as a cloud, would exist no longer. We would walk through a slight mist merely. "We are now," he declared, "at an altitude of 6,875 feet and mist of a cloud-like formation is to be expected. At a still higher altitude of—" but why bore you as we were bored.

As soon as we could we excused ourselves and walked sadly away, reflecting upon the limitations of civilization.

"I wonder," mused Una, "if when stout Cortez stood with eagle eye 'silent upon a peak in Darien' he had someone near to remind him of the altitude."

"If so," I answered, "knowing





"The highest point on the Continent reachable by pony trail"

Cortez as I do, I feel sure that no one would have regretted the altitude more than the man who mentioned it. But those good old days are gone."

"And now that the romance of the scene is dissipated," went on Una, "what really worries me is getting down again. If Bingo is as perpendicular downwards as he was upwards, what is to prevent me sliding gently off his neck? I can hardly embrace his tail. I feel it is not done in equestrian circles."

"Perhaps," hopefully, "they are trained to go down backwards."

But they weren't. One of our party was already engaged in a heated discussion with Pedro over just this point. Pedro smiled his flashing, yellow smile and was gently firm.

"Pony use to go down head first," he explained. "Very safe pony. No stumble, all *cushy*—yes."

"I wish I understood foreign languages," fretted the nervous lady. "What is this guide supposed to be—Swiss?"

"The Swiss may speak like that in moments of excitement," said Una. "I've never heard them."

"Guide," called the lady, "I am going to walk."

Pedro was agreeable.

"You walk? You lead um pony? Very well, yes."

"Lead the pony? Certainly I shan't lead the pony. I—"

But perhaps Pedro didn't understand English.

"You lead um—very safe—all *cushy*, yes." And slipping Stovepipe's bridle into her reluctant hand, he whistled. The head pony started and with that further argument was impossible.

"If I were you I'd risk the pony," advised Una. "They must be safe. The danger is only apparent—mortal mind, you know. See how carefully they place their feet."

"I place my feet carefully, too, and I have fewer feet!"

We had passed the steepest parts of the trail now; passed Mirror Lake, darker with the dark of lengthening shadows; passed the angle where the trail looks back and passed the rustic summer house which is halfway down the lower slope. The light lay long and slanting; the coolness of the rocks stole out across our heated faces, and as if by common consent we had all grown silent. Even the guide-book man's brisk eye was fixed and dreamy. Not until we trotted up to the Chateau with dinner in the middle distance

did we return to our accustomed and commonplace selves.

We told Ma Smith about it that night, sitting before a blazing log fire in the lounge; and while her clever fingers put Una's knitting straight for the seventieth time, she gave us another bit of her homely philosophy.

"It's clear you feel like I do," said Ma Smith. "There's something terrible religious about mountains. 'Twas the cities of the plain that got too wicked for the Lord to stand them—not but that He stands a lot. But mountain folk see clear and have steady hearts. There's a strength in them. 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills'—David knew."

"This isn't your first visit then, Mrs. Smith?"

"No, my dear, not by several. I've got the mountains in me, for my folks were mountain-born. But I've lived mostly in a flat country. When I come here it's like I was coming home. But I arrange not to come in the season. September's the loveliest month, you can see that."

We did see it. We saw it all through the dew-washed, sun-bright days that followed. Summer with its bluer skies and greater heat was gone; there was a tang, a crispness in the breeze, but all the more delightful for that were our drives and rambles; all the more cheering the fires in the softly lighted rooms at night, all the fresher and more intoxicating the heady air of early morning. We climbed, we rode, we drove, as desire took us, or, when weary, spent long afternoons doing nothing at all.

Ma Smith did not try the ponies, but she could outwalk both of us, and she enjoyed the tally-ho with the eager appreciation of a child. She came with us on our coach trip to Moraine Lake and the Valley-of-the-ten-peaks. She said she liked that drive particularly because it helped to restore her confidence in herself as a member of the human race. Men, she reminded us, who had planned and built the marvellous road could hardly be pygmies after all. Una, sitting beside an Eng-

lish Honourable, hastily agreed, while the two British officers between whom Ma Smith herself was placed looked slightly surprised. The pygmy idea was evidently new to them. My own coach neighbour, a smart looking American widow, gave it as her opinion that the engineers must have been "pretty bright".

The beautiful Bow Valley lay beneath and beyond us, gorgeous under its wealth of colour—colour for which our green-sated eyes were hungry. Every hollow in the circling hills sent to the sun its curling plume of incense. Bowls of blue mist stirred and eddied, spilling their blueness along the mountain side. The river sparkled or gloomed as the sun touched it. The Tower of Babel, strange, fantastic shape, provoked Ma Smith to Biblical references which appeared to greatly interest her military audience. Occasionally we paused, and everyone who had a kodak snapped and those who hadn't one thanked God that they were not as other men.

Una mislaid her camera and politely asked the Honourable if she were sitting on it. It was a tactless thing to do. Una might have remembered the story of the Princess and the Pea. But she didn't.

"Terribly stiff, aren't they?" confided the smart widow.

"Kodaks?" I ventured.

"No—Honourables. One would think they were afraid it would rub off."

"Perhaps it would in time."

"No chance! Say, I like your friend. She's right smart. Too bad she's so hefty. Did she ever try—"

"S-Ssh!" I ventured, and the widow obligingly changed the subject.

"This is a right pretty place, don't you think?" she resumed. "I've been through the mountains on our side, but I like these better. They're more laid out. I've been in Switzerland, too, and, of course, I was crazy about that. But that was different. It's neater over there—sort of trimmed around the edges. But for enjoying scenery I never knew the equal of Mr.



“With dinner in the middle distance”

Boggs, my late husband. He'd have been tickled to death with this. We always intended taking this trip together. But he could never get away. He couldn't get a man to replace him. In his profession personality counts for so much."

"He was a clergyman?" I suggested sympathetically.

"No, not exactly. Mr. Boggs was a mortician."

"A—?"

"Mortician. You usually say undertaker over here. But mortician is smarter. Mr. Boggs was very progressive. He was one of the brightest men I ever knew."

Such genuine regret gilded the memory of Mr. Boggs that one forbore to smile; and before further confidences were possible our coach drew up with a cheerful rattle of harness on the shore of our valley lake. Una's camera was discovered fitted into the small of the back of the stiffest of the British officers, and her stumbling apologies were made more painful by the awful courtesy with which they were received—a courtesy which Una assures me is utterly paralyzing to the repentant mind. "I lived in England for a year and a half," she murmured, "and I never got used to it, never!"

Moraine Lake lies in a valley so high that even now, in September, snow lay almost at the base of its further slope. The shadows of the great peaks keep it there, and its cool breath meets you in the breeze. The rock slips steeply into the water on one side, but along the nearer edge a path runs below a gentler slope. Along this path our party scattered and the horn had been blown many times and the Honourable was looking very bored before it gathered again for the homeward trip.

"It was a beautiful day," sighed Ma Smith when we met by the fire that night. "I do enjoy talking to foreigners, not that British officers are exactly foreigners. But they're different. You feel that—don't you?"

Una said she did.

"Now, the one on my right, the red-faced one, was Scotch, but land! you'd never dream it. I asked him had he been brought up at home and he said he had. I asked him why he didn't talk Scotch like Harry Lauder, and he said he was afraid Harry might not like it. 'But,' he said, 'though I may talk like the hated Sassenach, I'm awfu', terrible, heilan' Scotch forby.' The other officer was English, on both sides. (He was the one who was so nice about sitting on your camera, my dear.) He didn't talk much. No doubt he has the war very much on his mind. But they were both nice people, very nice. It's too bad you ladies are leaving in the morning. They would be such nice acquaintances for you!"

The day of our departure dawned earlier than other days. Days of departure always do. We were soon astir, eager to see our last sunrise steal upon the glacier, to watch once more the sacrificial incense of the hills "in airy spiral seek the face of God", and to see the morning bring back the blue to the depths of the night-filled lake.

"If it should be cloudy—" fretted Una. But the sun did not disappoint us. He came gloriously.

"As if some giant of the air amid the vapours drew  
A sudden elemental sword."

Now here, now there it flashed—lighting up the peaks—lighting up the valleys—lighting up the world!

We thought of all the mornings when this miracle would happen and we not there to see. Delightful melancholy enveloped us, a melancholy in which we seemed remote, strangers to each other and to our kind, tiny, tragic figures in face of a beautiful and uncaring world.

"But we will come again," said Una. "When you have written a best seller and I have inherited a fortune from my lost uncle we will come again—"

And so to breakfast, and the fifteen express!



THE BLIND MUSICIAN

From the Painting by Carl Larsson, in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal



# BRITISH GUIANA

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY—"OF BROOKS, OF WATER,  
OF FOUNTAINS AND DEPTHS"

BY MAUD GOING



THE traveller sailing southward through the Spanish Main hears many fearsome fictions regarding British Guiana. From the deck chair of the authority who has stopped three days in Georgetown, the whole of England's South American estate is arraigned, judged and condemned.

As the flying fish dart out of one incredibly blue wave into another, we hear of mosquitoes innumerable, insatiable and freighted with malaria. As the brief southern twilight dies a sudden death, the tale is of spiders with the circumference of coffee cups, and of centipedes as long as a man's hand. While the four jewels, which compose the Southern Cross, come sparkling out above the bow, we hear of the terror that flieih by night, when the authority reaches her horrescent climax and talks of vampires. And at all times we are liable to be depressed with superlatives regarding the beggary of a black and tan population.

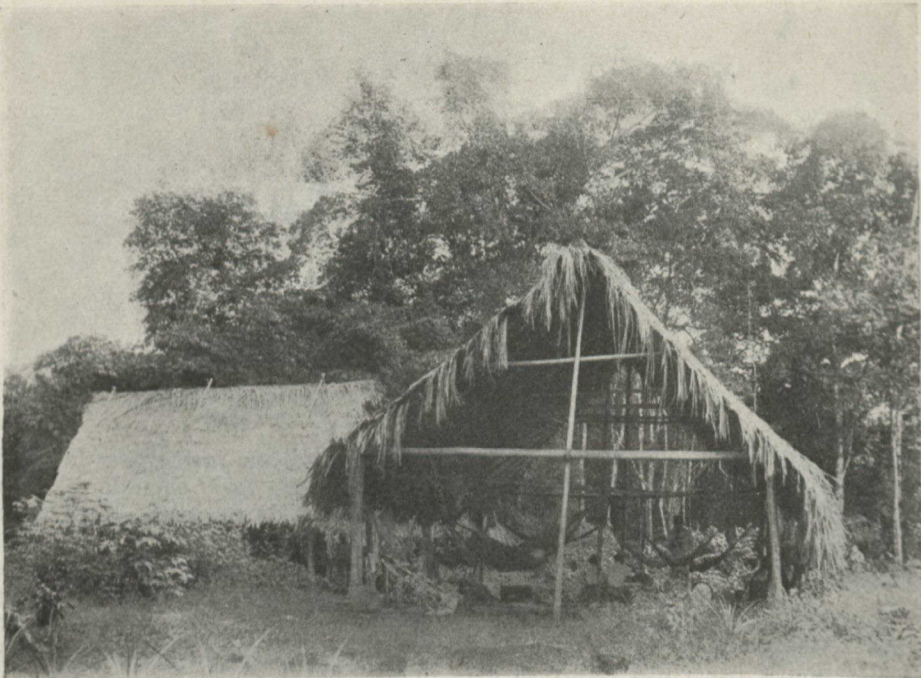
"You can see all you want to see of Demerara," is the summing up, "in thirty-six hours." For the three days' visitor does not even give the colony its proper title, but persists in bestowing upon all British Guiana the name now properly belonging to a river and to a county, both contained therein.

In old maps it is still written "De Mirara", for to Shakespeare's contemporaries this was "a wonderful and mysterious country where lived an-

thropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," amazons, mermaids, dragons. Here legend placed the golden kingdom of El Dorado, with its glittering capital of Manoa, ruled by a bejewelled king. When English, French and Dutch strove together for Guiana, in the days of George the Third, the land was still thought of as a prize well worth a hard-fought fight, and the conviction to which these men set the seal of their blood is voiced again by a very recent traveller—"A country of almost unlimited opportunity. . . and scarcely scratched."

At first acquaintance British Guiana is not winsome. Before its level, low shore appears above the horizon the traveller sees that a change has come over the ocean. The rich purple-blue, characteristic of tropical water, is gone; the sea has become opaque and tawny. It is thickened and coloured with mud carried along the coast by a great current sweeping northward from the mouth of the Amazon.

All down the chain of the West Indies are rugged peaks, whose apparent height is enhanced because the tropical clouds hang low and enfold them; but here is a littoral flat as the proverbial pancake. British Guiana has mountains of her own, and one among them, Roraima, towers higher than any North American peak east of the Rockies. But she does not glory in these. We learn to know and love her as a land of rivers and of forests.



Aboriginal Indian's House, British Guiana

Streams, which would be of great importance in Europe, occur at intervals of a few miles all up and down the coast. The chief of these is the Essequibo, six hundred miles long and wide enough, where it enters the sea, to embrace three great islands, the largest about twelve miles long. The Corentyne River, the second in size, is nearly as large as the Essequibo. Smaller streams, which would be rivers anywhere else, are merely "creeks" here. "Over a thousand of these," says one traveller, "have Indian names." How many there are in all, including those named by white men, he does not say.

These rivers, sweeping down with tremendous force from upland wildernesses, dominate all the land. They interlace and nurture the stupendous forests. They are, in most places, the only highways, for the combined length of all the three lines of railway is but ninety-four miles. Through innumerable ages these rivers have brought oceanward mud, sand and

silt, enough to build the alluvial flats upon which the only settlements the land yet boasts are founded.

Cultivation so far has altered only a few strips on coasts and river shores. The interior is yet much as it was when Raleigh wrote: "Guiana is a country that hath yet her maidenhead: never sacked, turned nor wrought. The face of the earth hath not been torn, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent."

The alluvial coast lands are rarely above high water mark, so that where the ground is not empoldered it is subject to the wash of the sea in front and to the rising of tide water behind. The sea is kept at bay and the land is drained by elaborate systems of sea defence and of drainage adopted from the Dutch founders of the colony. Long canals, many of them half covered with the great shining leaves and lovely blossoms of lily and lotus, stretch away to the limits of vision. Great gates, locally called "polders", are shut at high tide to exclude the





A Village on Barama River, British Guiana

sea, and opened at low water to allow the accumulated drainage from the fields to flow away.

The city of Georgetown, beautiful with wide avenues, blossoming trees, and garden spaces, lies so low that its very life depends upon the integrity of a sea-wall of solid granite.

Along the river shores in these coast lands, the forest turns traitor to the flowing water which has nourished her youth and helps man to restrain it. Everywhere there is some natural growth which withstands encroachments from the streams.

Where the water is quite salt grows the courida, with fascine-like roots binding loose sands together. A little farther up the rivers, but still in the flow of the tide, is the mangrove, here a medium-sized tree. Its trunk is mounted on a cluster of stilts, which catch and hold floating branches, till the force of the current is restrained, and its earthy treasures are deposited. Higher up stream still, where the water is nearly fresh, the wash is

broken by a giant arum, the "mocca mocca", rising to a height of twenty feet, and crowned by a cluster of shining arrow-shaped leaves.

Every large river has many islands. These begin as banks of sand and silt and, by the help of the mangrove and courida, are gradually reinforced and made into habitable ground.

These alluvial flats contain some of the richest agricultural land in the world. Some coast plantations on the Demerara River have been under cultivation more than a century with one plant, the sugar cane, and only of late years has any attention been given to fertilizing or even to fallowing. When first empoldered and not quite freed from salt, these lands are ideal for cotton plantation; they are also well suited for banana growing, and lovely clusters of feathery crowns, rising here and there, show where coconut palms are prospering. Here on the coast lands, too, are large areas eminently suited to the cultivation of rice. The pioneers in this industry were the

picturesque brown "coolies" who have been brought from Hindustan as indentured agricultural labourers. Thanks to their initiative, British Guiana has become undoubtedly the greatest rice-producing country in South America.

A few miles up stream the character of the country changes. Thus far the native forest has stood rooted in water, but now the trees rise from solid ground. Here sugar cultivation ceases, but cocoa and coffee yield good crops. The Imperial Commissioner of Agriculture is reported as saying that in no part of the world which he had visited did Arabian coffee grow and flourish as he saw it doing in British Guiana! Moreover, in these lands, from ten to thirty miles inland, oranges, especially Tangerine oranges, and other varieties of citrus trees yield excellently flavoured fruit in abundance, and government experiments have proved that Para rubber grows vigorously.

Farther on towards the river head the voyager comes to the "sand hills". One might suppose the fine quartz sands here to be beaches of a bygone age, but geology says the white piles are just the debris of rocks disintegrated *in situ*. In this region pine-apples are so willing to grow that they come up of their own accord, like weeds, while guavas and sisal-hemp can be easily raised.

Where the sand banks and dunes appear the land begins to rise in low stairs, and the rivers are interrupted by rapids, and then by beautiful little cataracts, which stop navigation for all save very small boats that can be carried from one smooth stretch to another. The cataracts come to a glorious climax in the great fall of Kaieteur, where the Potaro River takes a sheer awful leap into a gorge five times as deep as that of Niagara. It is now possible for tourists to reach this unexploited wonder in a ten-day "exertion" from Georgetown.

All down these tumbling rivers untold power is running wild, pending the arrival of its master, the engineer-

ing talent that can bridle it and put it to work.

Above the first rapids the streams run clear of tidal mud, pouring their clear brown floods between walls of forest. The water-side trees rise to a height of from one to two hundred feet. Some are laden with flowers. Many are festooned and bound together with a riot of vines, which coil about one another, and dip into the ripples, making lustrous curtains of living green, richly adorned with flowers. The traveller through such forest must hew his way with a cutlass.

The few bridle paths which have been cut must be frequently re-cut, for nature constantly strives to weave her living curtains over them again. No one knows what precious plants may be in hiding here.

Georgetown boasts a superb collection of the insects of British Guiana, especially of the butterflies and moths. The birds of the land have been studied, though not exhaustively; but as regards the plant life of this "great South American rain forest", little has been done as yet. The excellent work of the Department of Science and Agriculture is largely economic and thoroughly practical. The greater portion of the colony is still untouched by man's hand, and it is doubtful whether more than one-third of its flora is known.

Two years ago a zoological station was established on the Mazaruni River, in the heart of the "rain forest", but this scientific investigation of tropical life is financed by American liberality and its staff, who find "occupation enough to keep ten men working their life long", have been sent out by the New York Zoological Society. It is a pity that Britain has as yet no share in this important work, carried on in her own colony; and it is highly desirable that the station be used as a field for botanic work also.

Some of the valuable trees in these forests are already finding their markets. As the land rises towards the river heads and all the forest growth is taller, great areas of greenheart



Para Rubber Trees at Dada-Mawa, British Guiana

occur. The timber of this tree has now become world-famous. The river traveller sees here and there long trunks of it lying in the shallows, taking the water treatment which fits it for its work. It is useful for all kinds of submerged timbering—wharves, piles and lock-gates.

The colony produces many valuable and handsome woods, but under present conditions the workable area of the forest is limited to the parts near streams. The timber travels by river to the settlements dotted all along the coast.

On the banks of the smaller creeks, or scattered throughout the forests, are the "balata" trees, yielding a gum which is in many respects an excellent substitute for rubber; and at river landings one may see a little gathering of the long, narrow native boats, and a group of "balata bleeders", strong, joyous negro men, equipped for their work with formidable cutlasses. By means of these they tap the trees, making a feather-stitch pattern all up the trunks. The precious juice runs zig-zag down, from cut to cut, and into a vessel placed ready to receive it. It is



The Cattle Country of British Guiana

dried into sheets, and when the bleeding season closes, crews of singing negroes row down the rivers with their spoils, and are paid by results.

Balata collecting now ranks third among the industries of the colony, and the government is beginning to raise the trees in plantations. These, when they grow, can be bled in a small fraction of the time which must now be spent in getting through difficult forest tangle to visit widely scattered trees.

Some day, too, the precious timber trees can be produced, standing in exclusive societies, ready, like the French nobles of the Terror, to fall victims to the sharp steel together. Meantime, many of them are put well-nigh out of reach by the manner in which they elect to grow. The rain forest is what is technically called "mixed", and that to an extreme degree. It is but seldom that two tree neighbours are alike or even akin. After one is felled comes the problem of getting it out from among a dense assembly of neighbours which the woodcutter does not want.

In walking a mile or so along one of the gold-digger's trails, one can see a wild silvicultural show, a varied display of native woods. Some of the boughs high overhead are laden with blossoms and murmurous with humming birds. Great butterflies float by on languid, jewelled wings. Such a path might lead indeed to the dream cities of Raleigh or Balboa. In very truth, there is gold at the end thereof, and gold in many parts of the land.

Auriferous sand and gravel have been found in all the larger rivers except two, so it is evident that gold-bearing areas are numerous and widely spread.

As yet, most of the gold brought to light has been washed out of river soils by negroes locally called "pork knockers". Their methods and machinery are alike primitive. The supplies which they require have to be sent up or around the rapids and cataracts, taking sometimes two weeks to reach their destination. Even with all these disadvantages, rich finds have been made in each gold field, and dredging by modern methods has yielded excel-

lent results. No doubt when the country is thoroughly explored, more gold fields will be discovered.

There is one thing at least which must have struck the casual observer in connection with the gold industry of British Guiana, and that is the rather extensive production in the absence of systematic mechanical appliances.

In the gold washings, diamonds have come to light. The stones, with a few exceptions, are small, but they are very pure and brilliant.

Above the gold-bearing gravels and sands, above the cataracts and low waterfalls, lie great undulating grass lands, stretches of high prairie, with here and there a few trees, growing in clumps, or shadowing river banks and pools.

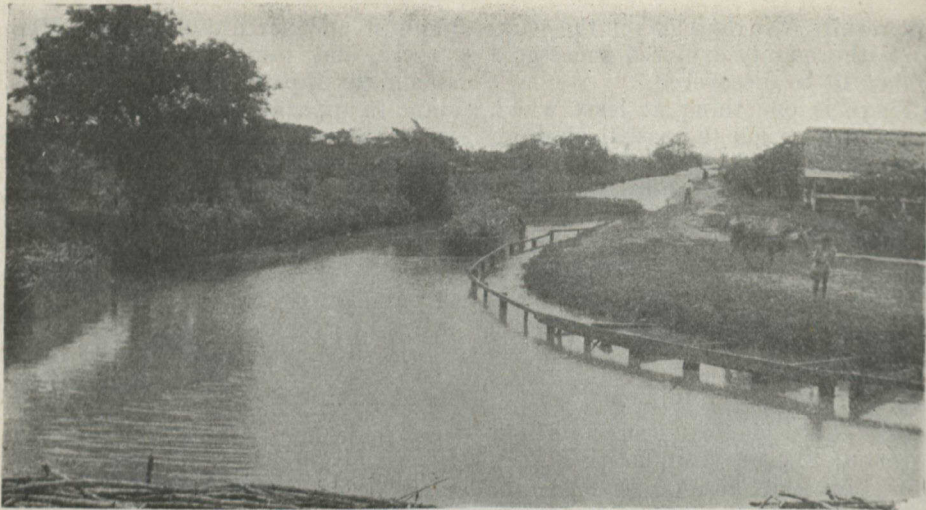
At the very top of the land, on Roraima, the boundaries of Guiana, Venezuela and Brazil meet in a region of wonder, visited as yet only by ex-

plorers and orchid-hunters. Here "rocks and pinnacles of rocks, of seemingly impossible fantastic forms, stand in apparently impossible fantastic ways; sometimes placed one on the other in positions seeming to defy every possible principle of gravity; and between the rocks are level spaces of pure yellow sand, with streamlets and little waterfalls and shallow pools of pure water. Not a tree is there, but in some places there are little marshes filled with low, scanty and bristling vegetation. Look where one would, on every side, climb what high rock one liked, in every direction as far as the eye could see was this same widely extraordinary landscape." (Sir Everard Im Thurn, 1889.)

It is estimated that the colony contains six thousand square miles of the undulating prairie or "savannah" producing sweet grasses upon which stock thrives. Hundreds of thousands of cattle and horses could be raised



A Gold Mill in British Guiana



A Tow Canal in British Guiana

here. There is as yet, however, no satisfactory means of bringing them down to the settlements and to the sea. They are laboriously driven down over the Brazilian border and sold there.

In 1914 the project of a railroad connecting this rich hinterland with the coast was earnestly considered. Sir Walter Egerton, the Governor, gave it his enthusiastic support. The proposed line, before entering the great cattle country, would run for about two hundred miles through valuable timber forests. Its starting point was to be Georgetown and its terminus at the Brazilian frontier, "as a pointer to the Southern Cross and the great cities of Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres lying under it."

The Governor pointed out that neighbouring countries, which have wisely used similar natural opportunities, have made rapid growth. "Do you realize," he said, in an address delivered at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society, "how rapidly the Republics on the Atlantic watershed of South America are developing? Even Uruguay, a much smaller state, has a population of one million, seventeen hundred miles of railway and a capital (Monte Video) with 325,000 people."

Meantime British Guiana, with its magnificent possibilities and its area of ninety thousand square miles, has not this number of people in its entire territory. Its cultivated and settled portion is but a narrow strip along the coast. Its capital, with the best harbour on the mainland between Trinidad and the Amazon, has a population still below the sixty thousand mark.

Now why, with all its charms, resources, advantages and opportunities, does not the country grow?

"Of course," says one who has not been there, "its climate is its handicap." But the climate of British Guiana, even on its low coast lands, is scarcely hotter than that of Trinidad.

Yet the prosperity of Trinidad and its people is evident to the most transient and superficial observer. And the visitor to Georgetown, seeing the thriving alertness of various clubs—cricket, football, race, rowing and tennis—concludes that the climate is not too hot for vigorous outdoor sport.

"The trouble with us," said one resident, "is absenteeism and lack of interest in the colony. People who live in Trinidad call the island 'home', but people here call England 'home'. I know of but two families here who

own their dwellings. People are saving their money instead of spending here in the colony—saving so that they can retire on incomes and go to England to end their days.”

“The trouble,” said another resident, thoughtful and informed, “is, and has always been, injudicious legislation. The country has had as many lives as a cat, but legislation has done its utmost to destroy them all. First, England made us sell our slaves for a third of their value. She sacrificed her own colonies to the theory of freedom. Then came difficult years while the planters were getting an adequate supply of free labour. We rose out of that depression and found our feet again. Thirty-five years ago sugar was making us all prosperous. Then bounty-fed beet-sugars from the continent of Europe took our markets and England would not save us. She sacrificed her own colonies to the theory (or principle) of free trade.

“Then gold was found, and then diamonds, and just when the war was breaking out, and the demand for diamonds falling off, our colonial government here nearly three-folded the rental of every claim. The result is that many of the claims have been abandoned. Legislation has simply ‘killed the goose that laid the golden egg.’”

This resident’s arraignment is echoed in tone by an article in the *Journal of the Colonial Board of Agriculture* of July, 1915.

“As judicious expenditure is not always extravagance,” says the *Journal*, “so the saving of money is not necessarily thrift. We have had an example recently. The Model Gardens, the result of a scheme suggested in 1903, and carefully developed since that date, were summarily abolished by a resolution of the Combined Court in March, 1915. These Gardens, which were visited by nearly 22,000 children in 1914, provided the children of Georgetown and New Amsterdam with practically their only opportunity for learning something of the elements of gardening, and for obtaining

a liking for such pursuits; they were steadily undermining the prejudices of the children, and of their parents, against manual labour of the agricultural type; they afforded practical demonstration of school garden work to the primary schoolmaster and pupil teachers; and the nine of them cost the colony two thousand dollars a year; and in half an hour they and the steady work of years were destroyed.” This, too, in a land which must always depend largely upon agriculture for its prosperity. In this case the colony’s foes were those of her own household.

And now, crowning all, she seems likely to suffer heavily from legislation regarding “coolie” labour enacted by the Parliament of Hindustan. Long ago it was demonstrated that white men can not long endure physical labour under a tropical sun, and though it has been found feasible to gather the rice crop with modern American harvesting machinery, much of the labour connected with tropical agriculture must be done by hand.

In the early days of the colony slavery solved the problem and furnished the coerced negro as tiller of the soil; but when slavery was abolished by law in 1835, it was found that an acute labour problem confronted the community. The negro associated agriculture with bondage. The prediction of the anti-slavery party that “freed men would work all the harder when tempted by wages” was proved false. The negro is physically capable of more hard work than is any other tropical labourer, but when he is his own master he prefers to work by fits and starts. Higher wages will not steady him; they merely add to the length and frequency of his holidays.

When the free negro proved thus unsatisfactory, experiments were tried with men of various nationalities. Chinese were imported; but though they proved, in many respects, useful colonists, they did not find their *métier* as agricultural labourers. The Chinese have proved successful in carrying on little country shops, where

profits are sufficient only for people content with a very small wage.

The native Indian was tried. He has been found useful as a guide, boatman, woodcutter, huntsman, gold-digger or balata-bleeder, but his sturdy independence prevents him from becoming a reliable servant or field labourer.

At last the ideal tiller of the soil was found — the East Indian indentured labourer or "coolie". "Sammy", as he is called, is not so strong as the negro, but one can depend on him. He is not very energetic, but he is ambitious for himself and for his dearly-loved children. He wants money, and will work and save to get it. His ancestors for untold generations have been tillers of the soil. He is a natural agriculturist, and is undisturbed by the great modern urge towards city life. His people are rapidly becoming the backbone of British Guiana. They make up nearly two-fifths of its population and are its most picturesque element.

Sammy's clothing is but a few yards of white cotton cloth, but it is swathed about him in graceful lines and worn with dignity. His wife's dress is beautiful, but not expensive. His first savings go into ornaments for her — necklaces, nose rings, bracelets and anklets made of beaten money, coin silver which can be passed in case of need or sold. Later he learns to bank his money.

The planter, to whom "Sammy" is bound for five years, must see that he is properly housed and doctored. Above everything, the coolie's wage must be forthcoming when due. At the least suspicion of stopping his pay, even for bad work, off he goes to the Immigration Officer. The planter is bound to submit to the official decision, otherwise his coolies might be removed, and this, in many cases, would mean ruin.

"Sammy," says one who knows, "is the real master of the sugar estate. His national customs and peculiar prejudices are not interfered with in the least. At the end of his five years

indenture, he may settle in British Guiana as a landed proprietor on equal terms with the immigrant of any other race. His servitude has been a preparation for life in his new environment. The planter to whom he is indentured turns him out at the end of his term of servitude a trained agriculturist, able to farm the land, which he has now amassed means to purchase. His son may rise into commercial or even professional life. The Hindoo race has given to the colony doctors, lawyers and clergymen, a Bachelor of Arts (Cantab.) and a Fellow of Fowler's Phrenological Institute, London.

"Such has been the evolution of the East Indian race in British Guiana. At the one end humble, illiterate immigrants, tillers of the canefields; at the other end property holders, cattle farmers, shopkeepers, doctors, lawyers and ministers, with a voice in the government of the country, and a hand in shaping its destinies. In fact, the East Indian in British Guiana is wanted and welcomed; and now, when all parties are satisfied, comes a "bolt out of the blue"—a decision of the Indian Parliament abolishing the coolie system. This is evidently prompted by the delusion that indentured labour is a form of slavery; but though the system binds the labourer to the estate for five years, he enjoys in British Guiana, even from the first, such liberty as he has never known in India. He is freed from the shackles of the caste system. Vistas of hope open before him."

"In India," says a venerable clergyman who has spent twenty-five years there, "the peasant is practically a serf. He cannot in a lifetime save enough to buy land. He cannot hope to give higher education to his children."

"And furthermore," he pursues, "India needs this outlet. Labour is the one thing of which she has a surplus. India is the one tropical country in which the population has a rapid increase. And the Hindoo must come as an indentured labourer if he



comes at all. Unassisted, he could never make the sum required to bring him so far. The planter, on the other hand, would not advance the travelling expenses of labourers whose services could not be permanently depended on."

Despite all these facts, the impression got abroad in India that "Sammy" was a slave. Consequently a Commission, consisting of one Hindoo and one Englishman, was sent to investigate the condition of the coolie in British Guiana. Its findings, after exhaustive inquiry, were favourable to the present system. They were published in 1915, and now the Parliament of India sets them aside. This is the most unkindest cut of all wherewith the colony has been wounded in the house of its friends. The diagnosis imputing British Guiana's arrested development to injudicious legislation seems well borne out by recent history.

For the law, as it now stands, forbids the importation of coolies from India.

Lastly, there is the crying need for a railroad to bring the lumber, ore, cattle, fruits and balata to the coast. A road from the flat coast to the high hinterland would help to establish the white population. It would do for this land what the road into the hills did for India, bringing the higher and cooler interior as near to Georgetown as the Maine coast is to Montreal.

The soil of the colony has great agricultural possibilities, but under pres-

ent conditions it is impracticable to take workers up into the hinterland, and would be equally impracticable to get their produce to markets. Moreover, the shortest and quickest route from the interior of Brazil to the west coast of South America lies through British Guiana.

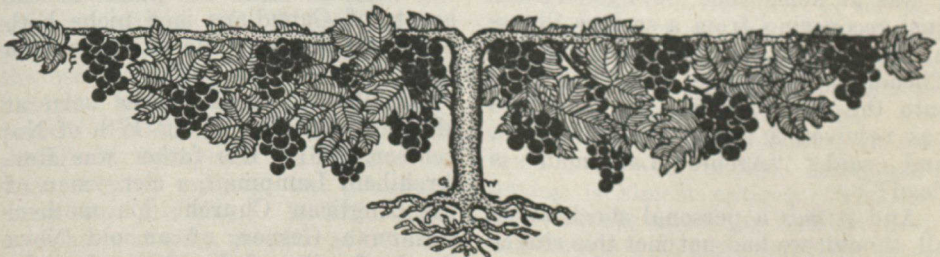
After the great war, when the world turns again to construction after destruction, many men coming back from the Front may find the counter and the desk unthinkable, and desire instead an outdoor life, spent in subduing the wilderness. Then Nature's hidden treasures and the answers to her unsolved riddles will become the victor's spoils, and then, let us hope, some of our leaders in the arts of peace—men of enterprise, initiative and capital—will bethink them of this rich and neglected estate of the Empire.

\* \* \* \* \*

And what of the mosquitoes, the scorpions, the vampires and the spiders with the circumference of coffee cups?

As to mosquitoes and vampires, the river Indian, who is presumably no less edible than other men, sleeps and lives in a house which is merely a roof of palm-thatch uplifted on four poles.

As to spiders and scorpions, we saw one of each, both very dead indeed and, in fact, embalmed in the Georgetown collections. Thus did the fictionist of the steamer chair "fray us with things that be not".



# A LITTLE TALK ABOUT LAMPMAN

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD



I WANT to say, right away at the beginning, that this is to be only a "little talk". I don't want to be hampered by calling it a study or

an article or even a *critique*. It is to be a rambling talk—an appreciation, if you will—of a poet whose name is and must be always dear to all lovers of Canadian literature.

When Lampman's first book, "Among the Millet," was published, it became one of this writer's most constant companions. It slept under my pillow; it went for long country walks with me; its back, its beautiful red back, became blistered with dew; its leaves were stained by book-marks of leaves and grass. I cannot open it now without loosing a whole summer's beautiful memories, memories associated with that book.

I remember, too, as vividly as if it were yesterday, the day when the news of Lampman's death came to us. I was at home then, in Fredericton, just recovering from a serious illness at the time. My youngest brother, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, came into the room looking like one who has received a great personal shock, and said: "Archie Lampman is dead!"

And it *was* a personal shock to us all, though we had not met this singer whom we so loved. It was then that Theodore wrote the "Lament" in his memory, which I quote:

His was not the glory of the shattering of spears;

He did not cross his sword with Death,  
where scarlet flags are hurled,  
But death came to him softly, with his  
dark eyes dim with tears,  
And broke a dream of woodland ways  
across a singing world.

So doff your hats, good poet-men!  
No fingers lift the fallen pen,  
The sun forgets to mark the time  
Without the music of his rhyme.

His was not the glory of the thundering  
of wars;

His was not a nation's voice—are his a  
nation's tears?  
To him the night-winds whispered all the  
secrets of the stars,  
He was priest of all the joyous springs  
and of the dying years.

So doff your hats, good gentlemen,  
For hearts were made to bleed again,  
With Archie gone, and all his rhyme,  
Who'll tell the world 'tis April-time?

I find this note of personal affection always used in connection with his name. Something of a most lovable personality has so expressed itself in his writings that his place in the hearts of Canadians is a niche both high and *sécre*. He is truly *bien aimé*.

Archibald Lampman was born at Morpeth, Ontario, on the 17th of November, 1861. His father was Rev. Archibald Lampman, a clergyman of the Anglican Church; his mother, Susannah Gesner, of an old Nova Scotia family of Knickerbocker descent. Both parents being markedly intellectual and individual, and his

mother exceedingly musical, Lampman's genius seems a natural development and one does not have to wonder, as in so many cases, how and whence came the gift.

For about seven years of his childhood, too, he lived among ideal scenery, for when he was six years old the family moved to Gore's Landing, Rice Lake — where, to quote the words of his fellow-poet and biographer, Duncan Campbell Scott, "the scenery seemed enchanted, the society was congenial, and many forces united to strengthen his love of nature and his powers of observation." From all descriptions, the country is very beautiful and Lampman's poetry is rich with the magic of those woods and shores. He suffered here a serious illness—an attack of rheumatic fever which left him lame for several years, and during this time he read omnivorously. As a small boy he devoured history—Tytler's "Universal History" was one of his early loves—and he used to compose original histories for his own amusement. In those early days he was an admirer of Napoleon; a singular choice of a hero in one so gentle and so tender-hearted as Lampman.

Later, the family moved to Cobourg, and Archibald went first to Trinity College School at Port Hope, and then to Trinity College, where he was graduated in 1882. His first essay at the grim business of earning a livelihood was made as a school-teacher, but as far as maintaining order went he seems to have failed as signally as Bliss Carman did when he tried the same avocation. (B. C. had not the gift of enforcing discipline without the use of the rod, and he refused to brutalize himself by resorting to that primitive method. I do not know if Archibald Lampman felt the same way on this subject, but it seems more than probable.) In 1883, however, he received a position at Ottawa, in the Post-Office Department of the Civil Service, and for the rest of his life his home was in that picturesque

tree-embowered city. In 1887 he married Maud, daughter of Dr. Edward Playter, of Toronto.

His life in Ottawa was that of the student and author as far as his work in the Civil Service left him time for his favourite pursuits—varied by travel and camping-excursion in his all-too-brief holidays. Like that of many a poet, his life made up by richness of inner development and intellectual enjoyment for any lack of mere outward adventure. Some very wise person has said that "For every human being the way of escape from the tyranny of circumstances is spiritual and intellectual—*internum acternum*". It is a truth that proves more and more of a refuge the more one contemplates it.

Archibald Lampman's health had never been robust after his serious illness in childhood, and his love of strenuous camping and canoeing trips led him to undertake exercise too violent for his strength. In 1896 on one of these excursions his heart received a strain from which it never fully recovered. From that time his strength gradually failed, and on February 8th, 1899, an acute attack of illness came on. On the 10th he passed away, and not only his devoted family and friends were left sorrowful, but all lovers of the beautiful and sincere in Canadian song.

While Lampman's work is strongly individual and distinctive, one feels at once the influence of two poets,—Spenser and Keats. It is true, of course, that Keats was so strongly influenced and inspired by Spenser that he passes on the spirit of the earlier master; yet one can scarcely read Lampman without feeling that he too has dwelt much in the golden atmosphere of "The Faerie Queen," and that "the poets' poet" has set his seal upon him. Of course, Lampman's setting is almost entirely Canadian, and he looks upon our familiar fields and forests with close and clear observation, but through a mellow haze. From his landscape poems I give a few typical pictures:

All day across the ever-cloven soil  
 Strong horses labour, steaming in the sun  
 Down the long furrows with slow, straining  
 toil,  
 Turning the clear brown layers; and one  
 by one  
 The crows gloom over them till daylight  
 done  
 Finds them asleep somewhere in duskéd  
 lines  
 Beyond the wheatlands in the northern  
 pines.  
 The old year's cloaking of brown leaves,  
 that bind  
 The forest floor-ways, plaited close and  
 true—  
 The last love's labour of the autumn  
 wind—  
 Is broken with curled flower-buds white  
 and blue  
 In all the matted hollows, and speared  
 through  
 With thousand serpent-spotted blades up-  
 sprung,  
 Yet bloomless, of the slender adder-tongue.

Here is a bit from his delightful  
 sonnet sequence, "The Frogs", which  
 has almost the drowsy glamour of  
 "The Lotus-Eaters".

All the day long, wherever pools might be  
 Among the golden meadows, where the  
 air  
 Stood in a dream, as it were moored  
 there  
 Forever in a noon-tide reverie,—

From "June" I take this stanza  
 breathing warmth and light:

High in the hills the solitary thrush  
 Tunes magically his music of fine dreams,  
 In briary dells, by boulder-broken  
 streams;  
 And wide and far on nebulous fields aflush  
 The mellow morning gleams.  
 The orange cone-flowers purple-bossed are  
 there,  
 The meadow's bold-eyed gypsies deep of  
 hue,  
 And slender hawkweed tall and softly fair,  
 And rosy tops of fleabane veiled with  
 dew.

As Lampman gives us, in many of  
 his nature poems, a large landscape  
 with wide horizons and then fills in  
 with the most minutely-wrought and  
 perfect details, so it is with his obser-  
 vation and handling of sounds. We  
 hear great gusts howl through deso-  
 late places; we hear from wind-beaten  
 cities "the veering sound of bells";  
 he tells of "the thunder of wild  
 waters", of the clamour and din of

the city, the "rush and cry and  
 strain"—and he gives us such gem-  
 like reminiscences of nature's minia-  
 ture sounds as these:

The grass-hoppers spin into mine ear  
 A small innumerable sound.

The crickets creak and through the noon-  
 day glow  
 That crazy fiddler of the hot mid-year,  
 The dry cicada, plies his wiry bow  
 In long-spun cadence, thin and dusty-  
 sere.

The dry dead leaves flit by with thin weird  
 tunes.

I could quote indefinitely from the  
 nature-poems, but space forbids.

There is another type of poetry in  
 which Lampman excels — the brief  
 and poignant lyric. His first volume,  
 "Among the Millet", is particularly  
 rich in these. The tiny and perfect  
 dedication, "To My Wife"; the poem  
 which gives the book its title; that  
 crystallization of a vision and a mood  
 called "An Impression"; "Midnight",  
 haunting in its eerie glamour; "One  
 Day", tragic and sombre; the wonder-  
 ful little "Unrest", and the song  
 beginning "Songs that could span the  
 Earth", in which he has voiced feel-  
 ings familiar to every maker of song.

In his nature-poems Lampman has  
 given a well-deserved niche in litera-  
 ture to the once-despised frog!  
 Others of our writers, it is true, have  
 done it honour. C. G. D. Roberts has  
 a sonnet on this subject, and Isabella  
 Valency Crawford has some rich lines  
 celebrating these musicians of the  
 swamp — but Lampman has written  
 a sonnet-sequence called "The Frogs",  
 and has cast over them such a charm  
 of exquisite names and phrases that  
 we feel these grotesque musicians  
 must have an honoured place always  
 in our fancy.

Breathers of wisdom won without a quest,  
 he calls them;

Quaint uncouth dreamers, voices high and  
 strange;  
 Flutists of lands where beauty hath no  
 change  
 And wintry grief is a forgotten guest;

And in "April" he speaks of their

Tremulous sweet voices, flute-like, answering  
One to another, glorying in the spring.

Another way in which Lampman shows his close and seer-like observation of nature is in his wonderful characterizations of bird-voices. What could be lovelier and truer than this?—

The restless bobolink loiters and woos  
Down in the hollows and over the swells,  
Dropping in and out of the shadows,  
Sprinkling his music about the meadows,  
Whistles and little checks and coos -  
And the tinkle of glassy bells.

And here is a quatrain which gives us in the last line an unforgettable descriptive phrase:

The robin and sparrow awing in silver-throated accord;  
The low soft breath of a flute and the deep short pick of a chord,  
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells  
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

Lampman is said to have spoken of his sonnets as his best work. I cannot agree with this judgment, taking the sonnets altogether, but certainly some of his best work is among them. "Comfort" is full of understanding, and shows that he knew the very heart of sympathy. "In November" is a picture-sonnet—and gives us, too, the mood with which its author ends it, "wrapped round with thought, content to watch and dream". "The Railway Station" I quote in full; it is full of human appeal:

The darkness brings no quietness here, the light  
No waking: ever on my blinded brain  
The flare of lights, the rush and cry and strain  
The engine's scream, the hiss and thunder smite;  
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,  
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain;  
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train  
Move labouring out into the bourneless night.

So many souls within its dim recesses,  
So many bright, so many mournful eyes:  
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;  
What threads of life, what hidden histories,  
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,  
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

"Music" and "The Piano" voice moods that music-lovers know; "Storm Voices" has somewhat in its sonorous harmony that recalls to one's minds cadences of De Quincy's haunting prose. His last poem was a sonnet—"Winter Uplands"—and it sparkles, like a lovely crystal, with the very air of wintry sunset, ending beautifully:

And then the golden moon to light me home,  
The crunching snow-shoes and the stinging air,  
And silence, frost and beauty everywhere.

It is Lampman's nature-poems, and his strangely haunting songs, that constitute to my mind his greatest and most individual contribution to literature. All his work repays reading; he has written nothing trivial, insincere, or undignified; and that alone constitutes no small claim on our admiration. But his classical and most of his narrative poems (always excepting, among the latter, that gem of a ballad, full of colour and music, "The Little Handmaiden") leave one somewhat cold. They do not thrill one, as most of his other work does, with the feeling that he rejoiced in writing them. Here and there a little grayness creeps over his golden mood, perhaps a shadow from the pessimism of Matthew Arnold, whom he read much, but whose outlook on life was so essentially different from his own. Archibald Lampman was one who had the joy of the inner vision; he studied life and nature with minute and loving observation, but he saw them in the light that is behind all outward resplendence, and shines in the very soul of man. I know nothing in literature, with the exception of

some of Wordsworth's most inspired lines, that is more luminous with this inner vision than "Winter Hues Recalled". It is a long poem, and I shall quote a few lines only. He speaks of

The loveliness of forms and thoughts and colours  
A moment marked and then as soon forgotten,

and goes on:

All things that ever touched us are stored up,  
Growing more mellow like sealed wine with age;  
We thought them dead, and they are but asleep.  
In moments when the heart is most at rest  
And least expectant, from the luminous doors  
And sacred dwelling-place of things unfeared  
They issue forth, and we who never knew  
Till then how potent and how real they were,  
Take them, and wonder, and so bless the hour.

In "Among the Timothy", which is a gallery of softly-tinted pictures of Canadian meadow-country, he speaks of

Those high moods of mine that sometimes made  
My heart a heaven, opening like a flower,  
A sweeter world where I in wonder strayed,  
Begirt with shapes of beauty and the power  
Of dreams that moved through that enchanted clime  
With changing breaths of rhyme.

It is these "high moods," crystallized in words of rich colour and full-toned music, that make his best work a lasting joy and inspiration.

There is one poem I must speak of which is too long to give entire, as it should be read, but far too lovely to pass by. I shall not soon forget the first time I read "The Old House,"—how its magic caught and held me with a sort of joyful recognition and strange home-sickness; and every time I read it the charm grows stronger. It is "a house not made with hands," a serene abode of dream with all the beauty of day and night, of changing seasons and of lasting happiness. I wish, though, that he had not written the last verse, fine though it is; the poem is complete without it, and it brings a jarring note of mortality into an atmosphere that is otherwise all radiantly immortal, and above the assaults of change and time. Let me close this brief "appreciation" with the picture of that

. . . old house roofed with brown  
Rising gravely from its woodland ring,  
Over all the valley, ford and town,  
Facing westward like an aged king;  
And along the level west are lines  
Of pencilled hills and slender pines;  
Bright its gardens are with pipe and carol,  
All its chambers fair with woven dyes,  
Lovely forms and beautiful apparel,  
Gentle faces and the kindest eyes!

---

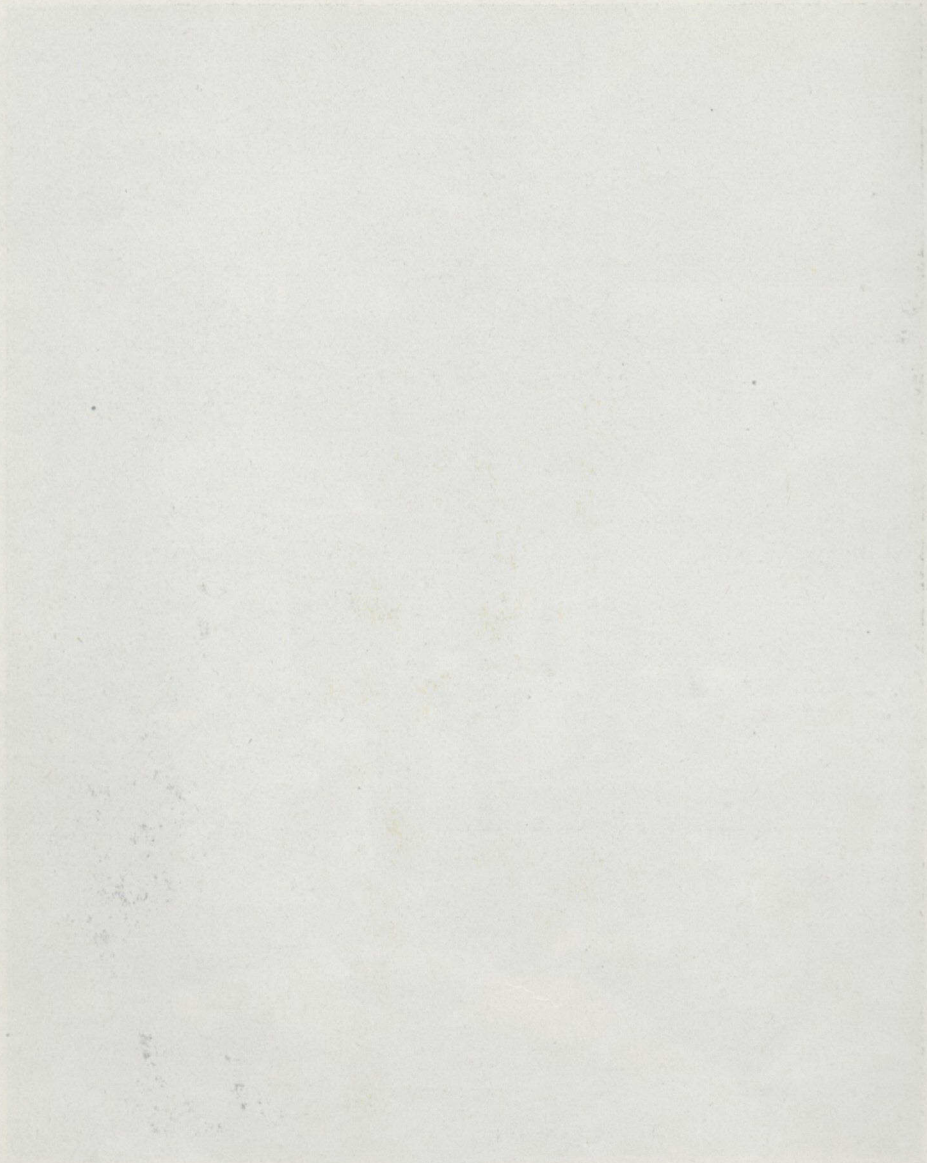
To the May number Mrs. Macdonald will contribute an article entitled, "Trees and a Poet", which treats of the work of the Canadian poet Ethelwyn Wetherald.





AFTER THE VICTORY, ALHAMBRA

From the Painting by J. J. B. Constant,  
in the Art Association Gallery,  
Montreal





# REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

XII.—OFFICE AND PATRONAGE



HERE is a touch of tragedy in the illusion of office. For a political party Opposition is a school of virtue. In office there is danger that ideals will lose their lustre and principles their rigidity and authority. The influences which control a party in Opposition are far less powerful when the party has assumed the responsibilities of government. There is all the difference between human nature tempted and human nature untempted. In Opposition, the idealists and reformers within a political party struggle for eradication of abuses, while all the forces which fatten upon patronage, contracts and subsidies beat upon the doors of Cabinets. As it is at the seat of Government, so it is in the constituencies. Those who sought office for their leaders in order to secure reforms in legislation and administration are thrust aside by those who are concerned with very practical objects. Honest, economical and efficient government comes only by the grace of God and the eternal vigilance of ministers.

The character of a political party is established and its standards determined not by the easy and irresponsible professions of Opposition, but by its power to resist evil influences and its fidelity to principles and convictions when its leaders control the Treasury and command a majority in

Parliament. It will be clear if one goes back to Confederation, that neither Canadian party has had any peculiar reserve of virtue or any pre-eminence in evil. The vices of office have been as plainly revealed in one party as in the other. If this could be admitted and all the nauseous Pharisaical trumpeting of press and platform over degrees of corruption and relative standards of morals could be silenced, the corruptionists of one party would find less shelter behind the corruptionists of the other, and devotion to party would not require toleration of rascality, defence of moral treason and protection of public brigandage. In a free country men will divide, and should divide, on questions of policy and methods of administration, but the public judgment should fall as sternly and inflexibly upon ministers of the Crown and representatives of the people who subordinate the public interest to private or party advantage, as the sentences of the judges fall upon lesser criminals who rob private houses or swindle the shareholders in commercial companies.

In Canada the vicious notion has prevailed that the journalist associated with a political party was under peculiar obligation to defend dubious transactions and suspected ministers. If he faltered or hesitated, the whisper ran that he was disloyal to the party, afflicted with inconvenient scruples,

and subject to dangerous moral impulses.

The press of Canada, however, like the press of Great Britain and the United States, now generally revolts against such unhappy servitude, and nothing is more certain than that administrative and electoral corruption become less common and less frequent if evil practices go undefended. What can be more humiliating and discreditable to any country than continuous attack upon the integrity of its political leaders? The effect is not to elevate, but to debase, public morals, to bring free institutions into contempt, and to make a seat in Parliament, which should be the chief place to which a citizen may aspire, a dubious and equivocal distinction. For thirty years I have had a close relation to political leaders in Canada. I saw something of the inside of both the old national political organizations. Looking through the files of Canadian newspapers, one is distressed to find how much space has been devoted to charges of corruption and how closely the practices of one party in office resemble those of the other. Every species of offence of which Conservative Governments were guilty was committed by Liberal Governments. Liberals who were intolerant of corruption under Conservative Governments became submissive and placable when like methods were employed by Liberal Administrations. The masses of both parties hated corruption, but as between success in the constituencies and retention of office upon the one hand and decent electoral and administrative methods upon the other, the appeal of party often prevailed, political standards were debased and the nation defamed. It is true that there was gross exaggeration of the actual degree of corruption which prevailed alike under Conservative and Liberal Administrations; but it is just as true that for long periods in Canada we have had government for party rather than government for the country, and inevitably the moral and material consequences were represent-

ed in a devitalized public opinion and gross waste of public money.

When the Liberal party succeeded to office in 1896 there was expectation of a moral and political revival. One feels that the standards were set above the level of human nature. Among the achievements of the Laurier Government are many measures of enduring value to Canada. There was, too, a redistribution of constituencies distinguished by fair consideration for the political minority. For this example of decent equity Sir Wilfrid Laurier was greatly responsible. The example has been influential in subsequent revisions. One feels that the "Gerrymander" will never again be a tolerated instrument of political warfare in Canada. But there was no such regeneration of electoral methods nor any such fresh infusion of integrity in the administration of public affairs as a complete redemption of Liberal pledges in opposition required. All the literature of the Liberal party produced in Opposition could have been adopted by the Conservative party from 1896 to 1911, for there was a strange likeness between the methods of the men in office from the fall of the Mackenzie Government in 1878 down to the second restoration of the Conservatives a third of a century later. In the Mackenzie Government Cauchon was the object of pursuit, and he, indeed, was as strongly attacked by Liberals before he was taken into a Liberal Cabinet. Under Sir John Macdonald there was constant attack upon Caron and Langevin and Pope and Tupper, and the Conservative leader himself, as the chief pillar in the edifice of Tory corruption which Liberal writers erected with so much industry and enthusiasm. Under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Tarte and Blair and Sifton and Prefontaine and Pugsley were denounced as "corruptionists". I single none of these out for attack or aspersion. I am thinking rather of public men who escaped attack, but through whose hands money poured into the constituencies as naturally

and freely as water falls at Niagara. I am thinking, too, of those who received but did not collect. Possibly in the other world the balances will be adjusted. History makes George Brown a purist and Sir John Macdonald a corruptionist. But it was George Brown who suggested a "Big Push" and insisted that it was necessary to "Come down handsomely". Curiously, "Big Push" became an insignia of discredit to the Conservative politician who exposed George Brown's appeal for political subscriptions. Both Macdonald and Brown, however, stand high above their detractors, even though they used the political instruments of their own time with greater courage than conscience.

One has more respect for the bold front of the doer than for the feeble hypocrisy of the receiver. It is true, as Mr. Tarte said, that elections are not won by prayer. Even the legitimate cost of an election in Canada is heavy. When the allowances made out of the campaign fund for doubtful purposes are taken into account, the total runs into millions. A few men raise the money for elections. Too often candidates who gouge the last dollar out of the fund are the first to roll their eyes at the collectors. Next to these are the club patriots who defame "politicians" and deplore corruption, but never give a day of honest service to the country or a dollar of money to meet the necessary expenses of elections. The ward politician is often a nauseous and noisy nuisance, but he is a patriot compared with these obnoxious Pharisees. Nineteen out of every twenty men in the Parliaments and Legislatures of Canada are honest and anxious to advance and protect the public interest. No doubt they often betray excessive zeal for party, but they do not steal or get rich. Democracy is a shabby paymaster. We bleed members of Parliament for the churches, for sporting organizations, for social entertainments, for fairs, concerts and testimonials, and for a multitude of other

projects by which busy people think they benefit the community. To some people the indemnity or the ministerial salary may look large, and with these it is useless to reason. But ask those who have had actual experience in politics and they will tell you what it means to go to Parliament. If they do not spend and give, they cannot be re-elected; if they do, in a few years they are beggared. Too many political tragedies prove the truth of these statements. The people of Canada get better government than they deserve. We can reduce the cost of elections. We can do something to compel publication of all campaign subscriptions. We can leave the courts no option but to sentence to imprisonment for giving or taking a bribe. We can imprison officers and directors of corporations and companies which make improper contributions for political purposes. But no laws will be effective unless the people themselves show unselfish patriotism and feel responsibility for the cost as well as for the result of elections. How few of the moral, social and commercial leaders ever appear at a ward meeting or interest themselves in the nomination of Parliamentary candidates. But the ward meetings and the party conventions do more to determine the standards of public life and the character of our institutions than the Canadian Clubs or those superior people who regard "politics" as mean and sordid.

In the trial of controverted elections the judges have been impartial and courageous. But we have much evidence that when they sit upon political commissions they are as human as other people. In so far as the general administration of justice is concerned, the Courts of Canada are beyond suspicion or reproach. But judges should not sit on commissions which determine issues between political parties. Judges, like ministers of the Crown, are underpaid. There is much public work that they can do, and they are peculiarly fitted for many public commissions. But they should be disqualified for service on

commissions which have to give political judgments. At least they should only receive and report evidence, and should get no additional remuneration in such cases. The people will take law from the Bench, but on political questions they have no more respect for judges than they have for laymen. One thinks of many commissions of judges appointed and instructed to investigate charges of political corruption, but in very few cases was the truth revealed or a judgment delivered which satisfied either Parliament or the country. It is clear that no judge reporting against a Government by which he was appointed could hope to be re-employed. Moreover, there is the element of favour in judicial appointments and in judicial promotions. In the discharge of its regular functions there is high integrity in the Bench of Canada, and there should be emoluments adequate to sustain its dignity and exemption from all services which compromise its impartiality.

The evils of patronage have been as virulent in Canada as in any other country. For many years, however, we have had no absolute application of the spoils system. It is true that with every change of Government many office-holders were removed for political reasons, and down to twenty years ago public officials were so active in political contests that they received at least as much mercy as they deserved. But gradually civil servants ceased to be the organizing agents of party and their tenure of office became proportionately secure. Under successive Governments, however, there were dismissals which could not be defended, as there was a rigid reservation, as far as the regulations would permit, of all public places for supporters of the governing party. There were dismissals which could not be defended, as there was a rigid reservation, as far as the regulations would permit, of all public places for supporters of the governing party. There was, too, a system of purchase

of public supplies and distribution of public contracts which effectually excluded political opponents from any profitable access to the public treasury. The evils of the system of patronage were illustrated again in the construction of public buildings, breakwaters, harbours, and local railways, not as the public interest required, but in calculating submission to the importunities of members of Parliament and the demands of favourable or doubtful constituencies. In all this there was much waste and not a little corruption. From the privileged dealers in supplies political subscriptions were taken, and from many contracts there was a generous return to the party fund. The whole system was venal and ugly, vicious in practice and demoralizing in results. But the tempes of war shook the fabric of its foundations and a public opinion seems to have been created which should make its restoration difficult. So if the people are alert the ascendancy of the traders in patronage and the civil service should never be re-established. To the inside service the competitive system with judicious modifications has been applied. Over the outside service the Civil Service Commission, subject to a preference for war veterans, has independent jurisdiction. There are, however, groups in Parliament and in the constituencies eager to recover control over supplies, contracts and appointments, and unless the Civil Service Commission displays energy, courage and wisdom and an active public opinion is maintained in the country the ground won by long and arduous fighting may be retaken by the mercenaries. The experience of other countries demonstrates that the forces which contend for patronage are never finally conquered. But if we are to have efficient and economical administration of the public services and control and operate a great national railway system, the independence of public servants must be

maintained and the obligation to the State set high over any obligation to party.

The Senate is the great reserve of patronage for Canadian Governments. When Confederation was established three senatorial divisions were created, (1) Ontario, (2) Quebec, (3) the Atlantic Provinces. To each of these twenty-four representatives in the Senate were assigned. The object was to give a guarantee of constitutional stability and a proportionate balance of political power to the three great territorial sections. Later, as population warranted, senators from the West were appointed until a fourth division with twenty-four representatives was completed. Only once has the test of party been ignored in an appointment to the Senate. In that single instance Sir John Macdonald was the culprit, and it is believed that he was actuated by a feeling of personal gratitude. In connection with the Fenian Raid of 1866, the Conservative leader was charged with improperly using Secret Service money. It was a charge he could not absolutely disprove, in as much as he could not disclose the purposes for which the money was expended. Among the members of the Assembly was Mr. John Macdonald, one of the successful pioneer merchants of Canada, and a Liberal of moderate opinion. He condemned the attack on the Conservative Prime Minister as cruel and unjust, since he was not free to produce evidence in his own defence. It is known that Sir John Macdonald was grateful for this unexpected support, and it is suspected that his gratitude was expressed in Mr. John Macdonald's appointment to the Senate. But this violation of a sacred precedent stands alone. Never since has any Canadian Government admitted a man to the Senate who could not give the password of the party in office.

The Union Act of 1840 provided for an appointed Legislative Council and an elected Legislative Assembly.

But from the first there was profound dissatisfaction with the constitution and character of the Second Chamber. There was indeed such constant and intemperate criticism of the Council that many of the members rarely appeared in the Chamber, and it was often impossible for the Speaker to obtain a quorum. In those days there was much of personal rancour in Canadian politics and a savagery both in press and platform of which we now have rare examples. In Lower Canada the Council was treated with angry and ferocious contempt. In Upper Canada criticism was only less immoderate. As was said during the Confederation Debates, "the nominative system was a standing grievance in Lower Canada as well as in Upper Canada". The system of nomination was abandoned in 1856 and an elective Council substituted. The act of 1856 defined the districts to be represented and provided electoral machinery, but there was no summary removal of life members. There was provision for an election every two years when twelve members were automatically retired. At Confederation the Legislative Council had twenty-one life members and forty-eight elected members. There is reason to think from a careful reading of the Confederation Debates that Parliament was not favourable to a nominated Senate. Over and over again it was represented that the decision in favour of nomination was a concession to the Maritime Provinces, and a necessary condition to the project of union. Sir John Macdonald, George Brown, and Alexander Mackenzie were resolute advocates of appointment. George Brown, indeed, had opposed the application of the elective principle to the old Legislative Council of the Canadas. They held that the Upper House could be valuable only as a court of revision. A body of equal jurisdiction with the House of Commons was not required. By the elective principle operating to fill both Houses the jurisdiction of

both branches of the Legislature would be co-ordinate.

Sir John Macdonald admitted that the elective principle had not been a failure in Canada, but there were causes, not taken into consideration, when the system was adopted, why it did not so fully succeed as they had expected. "One great cause was the enormous extent of the constituencies and the immense labour which consequently devolved on those who sought the suffrages of the people for election to the Council. For the same reason the expense,— the legitimate expense — was so enormous that men of standing in the country, eminently fitted for such a position, were prevented from coming forward. At first, I admit, men of the first standing did come forward, but we have seen that in every succeeding election in both Canadas there has been an increasing disinclination on the part of men of standing and political experience and weight in the country to become candidates; while, on the other hand, all the young men, the active politicians, those who have resolved to embrace the life of a statesman, have sought entrance to the House of Assembly." He argued that the independence of the Upper House would be preserved by limitation of the membership. It would be "a separate and distinct Chamber, having a legitimate and controlling influence on the legislation of the country." He did not believe that it was necessary to grant the right of unlimited appointment in order to prevent a deadlock between the two branches of the legislature. "There would be no use of an Upper House if it did not exercise, when it thought proper, the right of opposing or amending or postponing the legislation of the Lower House. It would be of no value whatever were it a mere Chamber for registering the decrees of the Lower House. It must be an independent House, having a free action of its own, for it is only valuable as being a regulating body, calmly considering the

legislation initiated by the lower branch, and preventing any hasty or ill-considered legislation which may come from that body, but it will never set itself in opposition against the deliberate and understood wishes of the people." He held that there would be an infinitely greater chance of deadlock between the two branches of the Legislature should the elective principle be adopted than with a nominated Chamber chosen by the Crown and having "No mission from the people".

There was much contention to the contrary and much accurate prophecy of just what has happened. Mr. Sanborne, for example, during the debate in the Legislative Council pointed out that members of the Senate would be chosen not by the Sovereign or the Sovereign's representative, but by a party Government, that in the Commons Governments would be defeated, while the Upper House would have a far more permanent character, and since it would be the creation of party recurrence of deadlocks would be inevitable. This was the general reasoning of the opponents of the system of nomination, and, while we cannot know what results would have developed under an elective Senate, there is no doubt that throughout its whole history the nominated Upper Chamber has been at least as devoted to party as the House of Commons. Mr. Cardwell, the Colonial Secretary, foresaw the danger in a fixed membership. In a message to the Canadian ministers he said: "Her Majesty's Government appreciate the conditions which have influenced the Conference in determining the mode in which this body, so important to the constitution of the Legislature, should be composed. But it appears to them to require further consideration whether, if the members be appointed for life and their numbers be fixed, there will be any sufficient means of restoring harmony between the Legislative Council and the popular assembly, if it shall ever unfor-

tunately happen that a decided difference of opinion shall arise between them." This and other similar representations and arguments were not wholly without effect. It is interesting to trace the proceedings of the Union Conference in Sir Joseph Pope's Confederation Documents until we discover evidences of uneasiness over the arbitrary limitation of appointments to the Senate. Finally it was provided that in the event of deadlock the Imperial Government, on application from the Government of Canada, could grant power to appoint six additional senators, but that these should fill succeeding vacancies in order to prevent any permanent increase of membership. No Government has obtained power to make these additional appointments, although the Mackenzie, Laurier and Borden Governments were temporarily embarrassed by a hostile Senate.

Senate reform has been on the lips of Canadian politicians for a generation. We had much violent criticism of the Upper Chamber by the Liberal press and the Liberal leaders during the long ascendancy of the Conservative party. At the National Liberal Convention of 1893 it was declared that "the present constitution of the Senate is inconsistent with the federal principle in our system of government, and is in other respects defective, as it makes the Senate independent of the people and uncontrolled by the public opinion of the country and should be so amended as to bring it into harmony with the principles of popular government." But the Senate was not reformed by the Laurier Administration. There were attacks upon the Upper Chamber while it was destroying Liberal legislation and a proposal for joint sessions of the two Houses in cases of deadlock, but when death had done its work among Conservative Senators and a Liberal majority was secured in the Upper Chamber there was a great acquiescence among Liberals and soon a murmuring among Conser-

vatives. In what has been called the Halifax platform of the Conservative party, Mr. Borden demanded "such reform in the mode of selecting members of the Senate as will make that Chamber a more useful and representative legislative body". Nor is it so easy to devise a Senate exactly adapted to the functions which such a body should exercise. We cannot turn to the system which the United States discarded a few years ago and perhaps the chief evil of which was to force national issues into State politics. Already we have instructive lessons from Australia in the incompatibility of two elective Chambers. Once there was a formidable feeling in Canada for total abolition of the Senate. But it is gravely doubtful if the country would have government by a single Chamber, and save by consent of all the Provinces the Senate could hardly be destroyed. It is not believed that Quebec would favour abolition, and possibly the three Atlantic Provinces would also be hostile.

If any revolutionary amendment of the constitution should be attempted, probably the balance of opinion in the country would substitute an elected Senate for the nominated Chamber. But as against the Senate popular feeling will not easily find effective expression. Nor can such a vital condition of the compact of union be rashly disturbed. To abolish the Senate by common appeal to the people would be as revolutionary as to abolish French as an official language or to repeal the guarantee of Protestant schools in Quebec or of Catholic schools in Ontario. Mirabeau said "there is no tyranny like the tyranny of a single Chamber". "I protest," he declared, "that I can conceive nothing more alarming than the despotic oligarchy of 600 individuals." Since all countries under responsible government maintain two Chambers, it is manifest that the wisest leaders of democracy distrust popular impulses and un-

regulated sovereignty. Parliament does not always express the sober judgment of the people, nor is it desirable that 235 citizens in the House of Commons should have final and absolute authority under all circumstances to impose measures upon millions of citizens outside as to which they have not been consulted. It may be said that any measure is subject to reversal by the people, but serious confusion and disaster might be produced before the reversal could be effected. In Canada the Senate itself, or those responsible for its character and performances, have furnished the strongest available argument for a single Chamber. Substantially, we have had a single Chamber ever since Confederation, except for those short periods when the majority in the Senate was out of accord with the majority in the Commons. In other words, when there was a Conservative majority in both Houses, the Senate was substantially the obedient echo of the Commons. So it was if there was a Liberal majority in both Houses. But when there was a Liberal majority in the Commons and a Conservative majority in the Senate, the Upper Chamber was the echo of the Conservative minority in the Lower Chamber. So with a Liberal minority in the Commons and a Liberal majority in the Senate, the Upper House was the agent and mouthpiece of the minority in the popular Chamber. This is only distinguishable from Government by a single Parliamentary body, because the system is more vexatious and cumbersome. If, therefore, the Senate should perish, political practice rather than constitutional defects will have wrought its destruction.

It is not a valid objection to the Senate that many members of the Commons receive promotion to the Upper Chamber. Such long political training and experience as many of these possess should be of value in the Senate. Moreover, the sacrifices inseparable from service in the Commons often constitute a sound claim

for recognition. Through the Senate we have a system of superannuation, unrecognized in legislation, but in many cases justifiable if only as compensation for the losses entailed by a public career, or as a pension for those whose businesses and incomes have been sacrificed in the public service.

An enormous patronage is vested in ministers in Canada. If the President and Cabinet at Washington appointed all senators, all judges, local and federal, and all Governors of the States, one would not easily believe that the Republic could have free, responsible and responsive government. That, however, is exactly the situation in Canada. We are also organizing a national railway system, with an army of public employees. If these should have any close political relation to the Government probably no Administration could be defeated unless 65 or 70 per cent. of the unofficial electors could be consolidated against its candidates. This apprehension is not supported by the experience of Australia, which has a national railway system, and far more frequent changes of Government than we have in Canada. But the conditions of Australia are not reproduced in this country. In emphasizing these considerations, no attack upon national railways, direct or indirect, is intended. The only object is to establish the necessity for elimination of patronage from the public services and to illustrate the tremendous reserve of political power which a Government possesses under the Canadian constitution. In only a few instances has the country suffered when the Senate has acted as a revising or amending body. More often doubtful measures have been improved or rejected. But whether the Senate obstructed the measures of the Mackenzie, Laurier or Borden Governments, the country believed that the proposals amended or rejected would have been accepted if they had come down from an Administration in political sympathy with the majority in



the Upper Chamber. For this unfortunate impression the Senate itself cannot escape responsibility. There is a curious assumption that the Senate should merely register the decrees of the Commons, but if that is the whole duty of the Senate, there is no reason that it should exist. If the Upper Chamber is open to criticism it is because it has not exercised its functions. It has a power to initiate legislation which it could afford to use more freely. Its constitutional right to reserve revolutionary legislation for the judgment of the people cannot be challenged.

There is a story that a senator, greatly anxious for the disappearance of the Liberal majority which embarrassed the Borden Government, was greeted by a friend in the lobby with the cheerful report that another Liberal senator had passed away. "Who," he asked, with anxious interest. But when the name was furnished, he said: "Oh h—, he died yesterday." Still the processes of decay were rapid—for the Senate.

In land policy and in railway policy in Canada we have been prodigally wasteful and grievously shortsighted. We had in the West such a landed estate as few countries have possessed. But we wasted with the irresponsibility of a graceless spendthrift, alternately fattened and impoverished speculators, squandered upon political favourites the heritage of a nation, and developed conditions and problems which even now perplex Governments and impose heavy obligations upon the public treasury. Probably the ultimate judgment of history will justify the original contract with the Canadian Pacific syndicate. For the builders of the pioneer transcontinental railway committed themselves to a tremendous undertaking. Great faith, signal resource and high courage were required to construct the road, to overcome reluctant money markets, and inveterate and incessant political attack, and to sustain the enterprise while settlers came

slowly, local traffic was inconsiderable and neither sun nor stars in many days appeared. In 1895 two men in the West, one a Liberal and the other a Conservative, both of naturally confident temperament and extensive knowledge of Western conditions, and perhaps the very foremost of its political leaders, told me that they did not believe the Canadian Pacific Railway could ever earn a living revenue or the prairies ever be settled with people who would remain in the country. I like to think that they could not subdue my optimism, although I was fortified by faith rather than by knowledge. I declared my faith in a survey of Western conditions and prospects which filled two or three pages of *The Globe*, and of that issue Sir William Van Horne ordered 250,000 copies, and the Department of the Interior, under a Conservative minister, 200,000 copies. For some time afterward I regarded myself with considerable favour, but I have always suspected that Van Horne was behind the order from the Government. From that time Van Horne was my friend, and I had many evidences of his regard and good-will. But occasionally there were differences. Once *The Globe* had an article emphasizing the complaints of Western farmers over delay in moving the wheat crop to market. He pasted the editorial on a sheet of foolscap and wrote across the page: "Don't you know that God wouldn't let the farmers do their threshing until October."

But whether the first transcontinental railway project was wisely conceived or not, it is certain that the railway system of Canada is a remarkable product of individual courage, national confidence, sectional cupidity and political necessity. It was perhaps unfortunate that the federal Government ever undertook to subsidize local railways. There could be no other result than competition between provinces, between constituencies and between parliamentary candidates for largess from the treasury.

It is true that these evils would have appeared under a provincial system of subsidies, but there would have been more rigid selection of projects and more direct responsibility to the people. It is said that a Conservative member for a Nova Scotia constituency, pleading for a subsidy for a local railway, was told by Sir John Macdonald that he doubted if the road could develop any traffic if it was constructed. The answer of the member was, "Traffic be d—. I want the road to carry me back to Parliament." There was, however, a substantial advantage in assumption of local railways by the Dominion if otherwise the federal Commission could not have exercised control over the whole railway system of the country. The conflict between state and federal authority has made just and effective regulation of American railway charges exceedingly embarrassing and difficult.

In 1897 I wrote and printed a pamphlet on the Railway Question in Canada. I argued for effective regulation of freight charges and against unnecessary duplication of railways. "Canada," said the pamphlet, "is a country of enormous distances, of length rather than breadth, and trade between the provinces is difficult and transportation charges very heavy. In these facts we have conclusive arguments against the rash multiplication of through roads and the consequent maintenance of needless transportation facilities. In truth, to construct another great through road in Canada would be very like adopting a fiscal measure imposing a tax of fifteen or twenty per cent. on all inter-provincial trade." I said: "We must not forget that freight rates are a form of taxation, and that if the tax bearers be few the burden must be heavy. If we divide the traffic between competing roads the load must be heavier still. If we increase and concentrate the traffic and multiply the population we have a right to re-

duction of charges and improvement in service. Railway monopoly under efficient regulation will give lower freight charges than any system of unregulated competition, or even a system of competition regulated by public authority." I believed that we should double-track the Canadian Pacific along Lake Superior and across the West as traffic should require, that branch roads should be constructed as population increased, that the system should be designed to effect compact settlement, and that traffic from all the branches and extensions should feed the through road, and freight rates be reduced by public authority as revenues should warrant. Possibly the proposals were impracticable. At least the country would not listen.

The common criticism was that I was a subsidized agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. If so, there never has been any recognition of the contract nor any payment on account. The pamphlet was written twenty-two years ago, and no doubt as settlement increased and population spread over greater areas a second transcontinental road became necessary. But there never was any justification for long stretches of duplication and three through systems. It was believed when the Grand Trunk Pacific was projected that an amalgamation with the Canadian Northern would be effected. But the rival interests could not be reconciled. Purely sectional and political considerations explain the duplication of the Intercolonial. We builded in Canada as the railway lobby demanded and as political exigencies dictated. It may be that as the country develops a great railway system built with cheap money may become a valuable national asset, but for the time the burden is heavy and we could have builded with greater wisdom even if we had had no other object than to endow future generations with an adequate system of transportation.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT STOCKINGS

BY MABEL V. LANGWORTHY

**H**ELLO, hello!" Mr. Ransome's voice was patiently weary as he answered the switchboard operator's call for the hundredth time that morning.

"Gee whizziker, Dewart!" he grumbled to the little city traveller, as he waited for the connection, "I've done nothing but answer this 'phone all morning, and every time for some little two-by-four order. But everybody insists on speaking to the manager—Hello, yes, this is Harris Hosiery. Who is it? Oh, yes, yes. What can we do for you this morning?" During the pause which followed Ross Dewart observed the manager's face brighten.

"A hundred and fifty thousand each?" he heard him say. "Very good. I'll have someone over there right away. What deliveries did you say? February? That will suit very nicely. Yes, I understand. Thank you, Mr. Pilkey—good-day."

The receiver clicked on its hook and the manager turned to Dewart. "That is Pilkey, of Crowfoot-Spayne's," he explained. "They'll take a hundred and fifty thousand each of our Ezi-peke and Daintilim, if the prices are right." He pulled out a special basis-sheet from a pigeon-hole as he spoke and began to figure prices, tossing them to Dewart to be checked.

"Better take a contract-form," he cautioned, when they had finished, "and then if they close with you we'll have it down in black-and-white."

Dewart made a neat memorandum of the figures in his price-book, congratulating himself on getting an opportunity to make good at last. For almost two months he had been city representative for Harris Hosiery, Limited, coming in December after most of the Christmas orders had been booked, while at present business was suffering from the usual January slump. However, here was an order really worth while, and Dewart was eager to land it. As he prepared to leave the office, Mr. Ransome looked at him a little anxiously.

"Think you can handle it all right, Dewart?" he asked. "I'm pretty busy, but if I thought—" He broke off, catching the quick look of disappointment on the other's face. "All right, boy," he concluded, "go ahead, and good luck to you, only watch out for Maverty. He'll be Johnny-on-the-spot, and you *may* bump up against Arcscott, of Brown & Potter, though not likely. They're usually a lap behind every time. But it's Maverty you'll need to watch—he's as slippery as a bar of wet soap."

As Dewart left the manager's office, Miss Hazledean entered it. Miss Hazledean was Mr. Ransome's private stenographer, and as she seated herself for dictation, the manager told her of the inquiry he had received. "I hated to disappoint the boy," he confided, "but I'm afraid I should have handled that matter myself. Pilkey's such a Jewsky, and as for Maverty, I wouldn't put anything past him."

Maverty represented the Johns Hosiery Company, having looked after the city trade for several years. Dewart had heard much about the versatile Irishman, and was not altogether displeased at the idea of bucking up against him. "I'm not afraid of him," he told himself with youthful arrogance, as he presently found himself in front of Crowfoot-Spayne's warehouse. "Just let him try any of his funny work on me."

At this psychological moment Maverty himself emerged from the building. Dewart recognized him instantly, partly from description, partly from instinct. The next moment the genial son of Erin stood before him, hand out-stretched, his good-looking face wreathed in smiles.

"Hello, Dewart!" he exclaimed heartily. "Guess I know you better than you know me, so I'll introduce myself. My name's Maverty—of course, you know the firm I represent, but maybe you didn't know we belonged to the same lodge."

"Sure," he continued, in answer to Dewart's look of surprise. "I was there the night you were initiated. Some fun—for us." He laughed reminiscently, and Dewart reddened. The latter did not reply, however, and Maverty rattled on.

"Coming to the dance to-morrow night? They've got a swell floor over there, and I hear there's going to be a big crowd."

"I don't know—I may," murmured Dewart, his mind in a turmoil. He felt that this was no time to talk about dances, and involuntarily drew out his watch.

Maverty noticed the action. "Listen, son," he said benignly, "don't you let on to that old geezer in there that you're green, or he'll chew you into mince-meat. He's an ignorant old skinflint and he'll hand you out all kinds of sauce."

This bit of advice was well-meant, but Dewart resented it. "The sooner it's over the better, then," he answered, turning away.

But Maverty stopped him. "Just a

moment, Dewart," he said, a trifle hesitatingly. "Do you think there's any chance of Miss Hazledean being at that dance to-morrow night?"

Dewart stared at him in astonishment. "If you mean the young lady in our office," he answered coldly, "I'm sorry I cannot enlighten you as to her intentions."

"Oh, well, all right," said Maverty placatingly, "I just thought perhaps you'd heard her mention it. I hope she comes, though. She's a fine little girl, a spiff dancer, too."

With a wave of the hand he was off, leaving Dewart thoroughly disgusted. He had no time to ponder over the situation, however, and the next moment he was being ushered into the presence of Mr. Pilkey.

Dewart was small, but as he stepped into the buyer's office he felt like a giant. Mr. Pilkey was unusually short, being scarcely five feet high—and inclined to be fat. He was busy at his desk as Dewart entered, and appeared not to notice his visitor for a moment. Then he suddenly spun around in his revolving chair, his pudgy little legs dangling several inches above the floor.

"Well, what do *you* want?" he snarled.

"I'm representing Harris Hosiery, Limited," said Dewart. "You were good enough to give us an inquiry this morning."

"Yes, but I didn't ask them to send a baby over to see me. Where's Halliday?"

"Halliday went West in November to take charge of the new branch—"

"And they picked on *you* to fill his place?"

Dewart remembered that he was after a three-hundred-thousand order. "I applied for the position and got it, sir," he replied respectfully. "I'm really not as young as I look."

The pygmy stared at him for a moment, then said pettishly, "Well, come on with your prices. I have no time to waste."

Glad of the opportunity, Dewart whipped out his price-book and prof-

ferred his figures. They were out of line, so Mr. Pilkey assured him, by several dollars. No further information was to be gleaned, and a little flattened in spirit, but not discouraged, Dewart left the building. He knew his prices were reasonable, but, of course, Maverty had managed to under-quote him. Thinking of Maverty recalled the interview on the sidewalk, and Dewart burned with resentment. He might have overlooked the fellow's patronizing manner, but he could *not* forgive the flippant way in which he had spoken of Miss Hazledean. Now he regarded Maverty as his rival in a double sense.

As he entered the office of his firm he met Miss Hazledean in the vestibule. "Oh, Miss Hazledean," he said, obeying a sudden impulse, "I met a friend of yours down town this morning."

"A friend of mine?" repeated the girl inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Dewart, "a Mr. Maverty—he wanted to know if you were going to the Good Pals' dance to-morrow night." He regarded the girl keenly, dreading to see her colour, but she did not.

"I suppose you mean the traveller for the Johns people," she answered. "I know him slightly—he goes to all those lodge dances. He's a great friend of my brother and his wife. I'm going with them, you know."

She intended going, then. "Perhaps I'll see you there," said Dewart, "I thought of going myself, or," as a bright thought struck him, "maybe you'll keep a dance for me, will you? The first one, say?"

This time there was no mistaking the flush that rose to the girl's face. She answered him lightly, however, and a moment later they parted, Dewart feeling as though he trod on air. Given the first dance he would see to it that he secured others.

Mr. Ransome was not surprised to learn of his traveller's failure at Crowfoot-Spayne's. "That's just like Pilkey," he declared, "he'll dicker away for a week over a difference of five

cents." He looked thoughtful, then once more pulled out the basis-sheet and did some figuring.

"There," he said presently, "I can't do anything better than these, Dewart. Go back at him again after lunch and if he turns up his nose this time we'll have to let the order go. I wish, though, that you could get a line on the other fellow's prices."

Dewart wished so, too, but his luck was against him. The next time he called on Pilkey the latter was out. He waited for about an hour, but when the pygmy finally appeared Dewart was curtly told to come back in the morning. He called the next morning, but Mr. Pilkey was closeted with a caller. Dewart hung around for another weary hour, dreading all the while to see the hated Maverty appear on the scene. He even wondered if it could be the red-headed drummer himself who was monopolizing the buyer's time. Finally he left, as gracefully as he could, to reappear half an hour afterwards. He found the caller gone, but after a contemptuous glance at Dewart's revised prices, Mr. Pilkey waved him out.

This time Mr. Ransome refused to consider the idea of a further reduction.

"We can't afford it, Dewart," he said. "I'm sorry, but we'll have to let it slide this time. There's no use taking it unless we can make a fairly decent margin on it."

"I guess it will go to Maverty, then," said Dewart regretfully. "I met Arscott this morning and he said they had not even received the inquiry."

"Well, if Maverty's people are working for the good of their health, I'm not," said the manager decidedly. "Just let it drop, Dewart, it won't break us to lose it for once. Of course, I know you're anxious to get the business, and it would be a nice little run for our machines just now, but we can't do the impossible."

Dewart was forced to abide by this decision, but he was greatly disappointed. He brooded over his hard

luck until night came, then thoughts of the dance—and Miss Hazledean—drove his melancholy away and he felt more like himself.

His hoodoo still clung to him, however. The barber gashed him. His laundry had not returned from the Chinaman, forcing him to borrow some—a size too large—from a fellow-boarder. On the street-car, while on his way to the dance, he rose politely to give his seat to a stout lady, only to be rewarded by having her tread heavily on his new patent leathers. Dewart knew without looking that they were dented. Then suddenly there was a horrible jar, a grating, grinding sound, and the car was off the track. No one was hurt, but when the excitement had died down it was found that a wheel was broken. This meant a delay, the conductor unfeelingly explained, of half an hour or so before traffic could be resumed.

Dewart was already late, and as he pictured Miss Hazledean waiting, partnerless, during that first dance, his heart sank within him. How foolish he had been to ask for the first! Why hadn't he made it the third or fourth? Any one of a thousand things was liable to happen to prevent either getting there in time for the first. He fumed and fussed, trying to make up his mind whether to stay with the car or walk back to another line. Every taxi that passed was full to capacity.

But the repair gang arrived at last and after twenty precious moments of hard work the car was in running order once more. It whizzed along speedily, to make up for the delay, and Dewart began to have faint hopes of being in time for at least part of the first dance.

The music sounded superb, as with rapidly-beating heart he finally ascended the steps of the lodge building. Half a dozen or so other fellows were primping in the dressing-room, but they were strangers to Dewart and he lost no time in making his way to the dance-hall. He glanced somewhat anxiously around the room, his apology ready on his lips—then

he saw that an apology was not required.

Gracefully gliding across the floor, in the arms of Maverty—big, red-headed, handsome Maverty—was Miss Hazledean. Just for a moment Dewart could scarcely realize that it was she. He had always thought her charming in her simple office gowns, but to-night in her dainty dance frock and fluffed-up hair she looked really beautiful. She seemed quite happy, too, floating around in her partner's arms. As for Maverty, it needed only a glance to discern that he was head over heels in love.

The music stopped, presently, and Dewart thought his opportunity had come. He made his way over to where Miss Hazledean was standing, still talking to Maverty, but just as he got within a few feet of them they turned and sauntered towards the balcony, which did duty as a conservatory on dance nights. Dewart almost ran after them, but checked himself in time. After all, how did he know that his intrusion would be welcome. He watched the retreating pair, hoping against hope that the girl would glance around the room, just once, to signify that she missed him. But no, she was utterly absorbed in her partner. Finally the two disappeared through the doorway and Dewart was left staring after them like one demented. He knew that he ought to wait and seek an opportunity later to apologize for his tardiness, but an intense longing seized him to get away from the lights, the flowers and the merry chatter. He slunk out of the ball-room, resolving to tender his apology to Miss Hazledean the next morning—she didn't care, anyway.

As he entered the dressing-room he found it deserted. Reaching for his coat and hat, he noticed a small black book lying on the floor, and remembered having seen it, subconsciously, when he had entered the dressing-room the first time. Now he picked it up, and was startled to find the name "R. T. Maverty" lettered in gold on the morocco cover. It was Maverty's

price-book! Dewart's heart almost stood still for an instant, then, glancing around to make sure he was not observed, he opened the book and was rewarded by finding exactly what he wanted, Maverty's prices on the Crow-foot-Spayne inquiry! Underneath, in lead-pencil, had been jotted the words, "Rock-bottom. See Pilkey 9.30 Friday."

Dewart made a rapid copy of the figures on his cuff, in spite of his pricking conscience. "All's fair in love and war," he quoted grimly, thinking of the scene he had just witnessed. Then he replaced the book where he had found it and sallied forth, a sort of savage satisfaction filling his breast. "I'll fix him," he muttered. "He's put one over on me to-night, but I'll get back at him to-morrow, or my name isn't Ross Dewart. Friday always was my lucky day."

Shortly afterwards he had Mr. Ransome on the 'phone and was acquainting him with his good fortune in getting a line on Maverty's prices, omitting any superfluous details, of course, as to his method of obtaining the same. After a little discussion, Mr. Ransome agreed to telephone Mr. Pilkey, first thing in the morning, advising him that he had decided to make a further reduction and would have Dewart there as early as possible. Meantime, Maverty would be there at nine-thirty with his figures, and if Dewart walked in half-an-hour afterwards with a reduction of a dollar per thousand pairs still below Maverty's, there should be no difficulty in cleaning up the order.

This arrangement decided upon, Dewart went home almost happy. He reflected that as he might be late in reaching the office next morning, he had better write his apology that night so that Miss Hazledean would get it on the first delivery. It took him some time to frame up what he thought was a suitably-worded explanation, and he did not realize that it conveyed far more than a mere apology.

The next morning at ten o'clock found him in Mr. Pilkey's office once more.

"You don't mean to say *those* are the best you can do, young man?" was the pygmy's scornful greeting.

"Yes, sir, I do," replied Dewart, "and you're certainly getting a bargain—"

"You say they're absolutely rock-bottom?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take them away. I have prices here two dollars under yours, and I'm closing the deal. Good morning."

Dewart found his way out of the building like one in a dream. What could it mean? Was Pilkey only bluffing him off, hoping for a further decrease? No, he reasoned, it could not be that, for the pompous little buyer had said he was closing the deal and his tone spoke finality. Maverty must have made a further cut, despite that memorandum in his price-book.

Dewart walked along, not knowing where and caring less. Suddenly he stopped up short and leaned against a building for support. Suppose—oh, heavens!—could it be possible that Maverty had set a trap for him? That price-book on the floor, those "rock-bottom" figures! It seemed incredible, but the more he allowed his mind to dwell on this phase of the matter, the more he felt convinced that it was all a scheme of Maverty's.

"Oh, the dirty, dirty cad!" he raged, "the miserable scoundrel, to play a trick like that. What a fool I was to think he would ever be so careless of his private property as to leave it lying around dance-halls. And that's the kind of fellow that *she*—"

Here his thoughts became too utterly painful, and realizing that he had walked several blocks out of his way he boarded a passing car. If it was up to him to confess, he thought, he might as well get it over with, for he knew that an explanation was due to Mr. Ransome. Somehow, with the glamour of success upon him he had not worried much over his part in the

affair, but now things wore a different aspect and he began to feel that his actions had been very nearly on a par with Maverty's.

Between his disappointment at losing the order and the knowledge that he had made a first-class fool of himself, Dewart was in a very miserable frame of mind as he entered his manager's office, ready for a confession.

But Mr. Ransome was out, a note on his desk stating that he would not be back until after lunch.

The reaction was too much for Dewart. With a groan he dropped into a chair and buried his head in his arms.

Miss Hazledean had noticed him come in. She had learned from Mr. Ransome that the plucky little traveler was making another bid for the big order, and now she knew at a glance that he had lost it. She slipped into the manager's office after him very softly, so softly that Dewart did not even hear her. Something in his dejected attitude, so boyish in its utter discouragement, touched her, and tiptoeing over to where he was seated she did a most shocking and immodest thing—for her. She sat on the arm of his chair and gently patted his shoulder.

Dewart started up with a jerk that nearly unbalanced her, then caught her just in time. Keeping his arm about her, he drew her to him until her face touched his, and thus they sat for a full moment. It was a most unbusiness-like occurrence, but to neither of them did it seem at all incongruous. For love is love, regardless of place or circumstance, and the dauntless urchin of the bow-and-arrow can feel quite as much at home in a business office as is a ball-room conservatory.

It was the girl who broke the silence. "I have a confession to make, boy," she said straightening up and smoothing her ruffled hair. "I saw

you come in last night, but I was so—so annoyed that—"

"Forget it, dear," interrupted Dewart gently, drawing her close to him again. "I know just how you must have felt, waiting for your ungallant partner. Why, I'm only glad that Maverty was there to fill in."

At this magnanimous statement the girl laughed merrily. "How awfully sweet of you," she teased. Then, suddenly changing the subject, she asked: "Did you get the Crowfoot-Spayne order?"

"No, I did not," said Dewart.

"Then thank your lucky stars that you didn't," was the reply. "We're much better off without it."

Dewart stared incredulously.

"I mean it," said Miss Hazledean. "I tried to get you on the 'phone at Crowfoot-Spayne's, but you had left." Reaching over, she picked up a cablegram from Mr. Ransome's desk. The code-words had been transcribed in pencil and the message read thus: "Strike developing. All prices cancelled. Market advanced twenty-five points. Going higher."

"That's from the silk mills," continued the girl quietly, "and it simply means that our present stock is worth thousands of dollars more than we thought it was worth an hour ago. Why, on three hundred thousand—"

"Stop," said Dewart, "does this apply to everybody—the Johns people, and Brown & Potter and the others?"

"Of course, it does. They get their material from the same mills, and, anyway, a thing of this kind would affect the entire market—"

"Don't tell me any more," begged Dewart, pulling out his handkerchief and pretending to cry, "I can't bear it—my heart's breaking."

"Silly thing," laughed the girl, "why this tragic grief?"

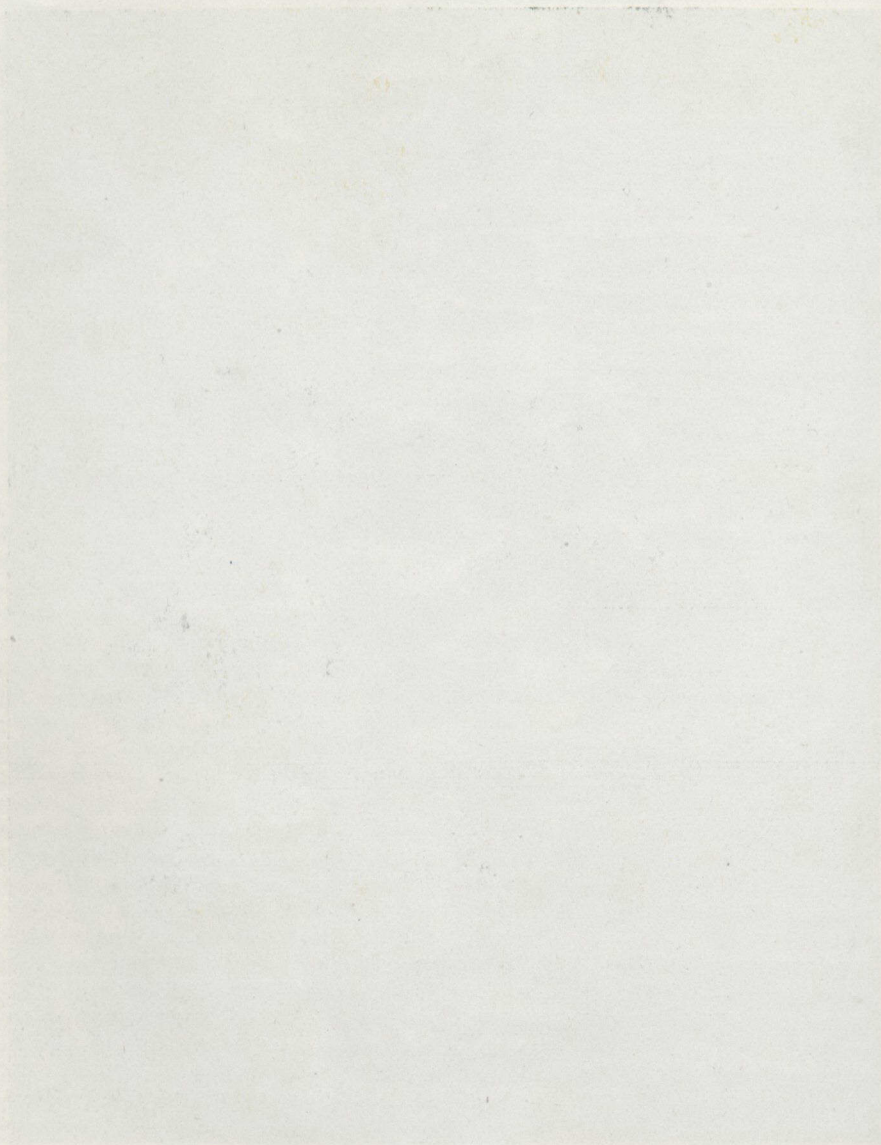
"I'm weeping for Maverty," he sobbed.





**THE HUNTSMAN**

From the Painting by  
Kowalski von Wieruz, in the  
Art Association Gallery, Montreal



# THE FIRST CANADIAN AGENT IN LONDON

BY W. S. WALLACE



THE recent decision of the British Government that the resident Ministers of the Dominions in London shall have henceforth direct access to the British Prime Minister, and shall have seats in the Imperial War Council, has opened up great possibilities of constitutional change. For one thing, so far as Canada is concerned, it is bound to withdraw a great deal of inter-imperial business from the Governor-General's office and the Colonial Secretariat, and to throw it into the hands of the Canadian High Commissioner, who is at present Canada's resident Minister in London.

The trend of events has been for some time in the direction of magnifying the position of the High Commissioners and Agents-General of the Dominions in the capital of the Empire. As long ago as 1879 the Agent-General for New Zealand pressed for the recognition of his status as Minister resident and virtual Ambassador; and at the Imperial Conference of 1911 the New Zealand Government proposed that the High Commissioners should be authorized to communicate directly with the Foreign Office, given seats on the Committee of Imperial Defence, and made the only channel of communication between the Home and Dominion Governments. This proposal did not at that time meet with approval; but the new status accorded the Dominion representatives in London, although the details are perhaps

not yet fully worked out and the results are not yet fully evident, shows that the process of change is approaching completion.

The new importance thus attaching to Canada's High Commissioner lends interest to the history of the office, about which hitherto little has been written. The High Commissionership itself dates back only to 1879, when Sir A. T. Galt was appointed to the office by the Government of Sir John Macdonald. But long before that date it was customary for the colonies to appoint agents or representatives to transact business, partly commercial and partly political, for them at the heart of Empire. In the case of Canada, the practice dates back almost to the conquest. In 1764, General Murray, the first civil Governor of Quebec, wrote to the Secretary of State, strongly urging that Captain Cramahé, his secretary during the period of military rule, should be appointed agent for the province in London, with a view to keeping the British Government in touch with the situation in the colony. The length of time which it took then for dispatches to go from Canada to England, often as long as three or four months, made it reasonable for Murray to hope that his proposal would be adopted. Cramahé went to London, and remained there for nearly two years; but so far as can be ascertained, no definite appointment as agent was granted him. In 1765, however, largely as a counterblast to Murray's action, the English

merchants of Quebec and Montreal sent two of their number to London with power to appoint an agent to represent them. These delegates appointed as their agent an English barrister named Fowler Walker; and Walker was therefore the first Canadian Agent in London, and the historical predecessor in some respects of the High Commissioners and Provincial Agents-General of to-day.

Little has been known hitherto about Fowler Walker, and careful research has not added very greatly to our knowledge. The following details, however, are established. Walker was born about the year 1732, probably at Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, where his father, whose name was also Fowler Walker, was a nonconformist minister. The elder Walker is mainly notable as the author of *A Defence of Infant Baptism*, published in London in 1732, both in English and Welsh. On October 9th, 1750, Fowler Walker matriculated at Magdalen College, Oxford, at the comparatively late age of twenty-eight; the following year he was admitted to the Inner Temple, and the year after that to Lincoln's Inn. At the same time, he was called to the bar; and Francis Masères, who must have known him at the Inns of Court, is authority for the statement that he practised in the Court of Chancery with considerable success. How he came to be selected by the merchants of Quebec and Montreal as their agent in 1765, is not clear. Many of the Canadian merchants were dissenters, and possibly Walker's nonconformist origin and connections had something to do with the appointment. In the Hardwicke Papers in the British Museum is preserved the correspondence relating to the appointment. On April 19th, 1765, Daniel Bayne and William Mackenzie, the two emissaries of the Canadian merchants, addressed the following letter to Walker:

"London, 19th April, 1765.

"Sir,

"The merchants, traders and principal inhabitants of the Citys of Quebec and Montreal, having by an instrument under

their hands bearing date the 29 October, 1764, authorised us to appoint an Agent for the Province of Quebec. We therefore in pursuance of the power and authority wherewith we are invested, do hereby constitute and appoint you the Agent for the said province, not doubting but that you will give all due attention to the interests thereof.

"We are,

"Sir,

"Your most humble servts.,

"DAN: BAYNE

"WILL: MACKENZIE."

"To Fowler Walker, Esq're."

The terms of this letter were evidently not satisfactory to Walker, for the following day another letter was substituted:

"London, 20th April, 1765.

"Sir,

"A considerable number of the merchants of the Citys of Quebec and Montreal, having authorized us to engage on their behalf an Agent to solicit their affairs here, and promising to pay a sum not exceeding two hundred pounds to such person as we should appoint, for his service for one year certain—

"We have therefore thought proper to desire you to be retained, and by virtue of that authority, do hereby appoint you to be the Agent for the Merch'ts of the Province of Quebec, to solicit at the publick offices such business relative to that Province as may be recommended to you by the said Merchants, and in such a manner as you shall judge most conducive to their interests.

"And we do hereby promise to be accountable to you for the above mentioned sum of two hundred pounds for your services for one year. We Remain

"Sir,

"Your most hum: servants

"DAN: BAYNE

"WM: MACKENZIE.

"To Fowler Walker, Esq're,

"Lincoln's Inn."

How long Walker retained his position as agent for the merchants of Quebec is uncertain. In 1768, we know from letters written to him by Francis Masères, then Attorney-General at Quebec, he still retained his appointment, and even hoped that if an Assembly were constituted in the province, he might become London agent for the Assembly. As late as 1771, his name appears at the foot of

a printed brief in the appeal from Quebec between Eleazar Levy and Daniel Robinson and others. But this is the last evidence of his connection with Canada. In November, 1773, when the British merchants in Canada had a petition for a General Assembly of Freeholders to present, they forwarded it through Francis Masères, who had returned to England in 1769. The probability is that Fowler Walker's appointment as agent terminated in 1769 or 1770, and that his appearance in the case of *Levy v. Robinson* and others was merely an aftermath of his appointment.

In his capacity as agent, Walker played a not unimportant part in the history of the early years of British rule in Canada. The first matter with which he had to deal was to draw up and present a petition to the Lords of Trade, "humbly praying that orders may be sent out to the Governor of the Province of Quebec to repeal the ordinance for quartering his Majesty's troops in private houses." This ordinance had been the cause of great dissatisfaction in the province, and had been the source of the conflict between the civil and military populations which had culminated in the famous attack on Thomas Walker of Montreal on the evening of December 6th, 1764. In the Hardwicke Papers in the British Museum there are some notes in Fowler Walker's handwriting, evidently jotted down during conversation with Bayne and Mackenzie, with regard to the hardship and expense entailed by the billeting of troops. By these it appears that the additional expense of quartering an officer, taking into account the necessary supply of furniture, stoves, cordwood, and bed-linen, amounted to the sum of £50 or £60, no small sum in those days. Another grievance he was instructed to seek redress of was the granting of a monopoly by General Murray to the firm of Gray and Dunn of the Indian trade at the King's posts of Tadousac and Chicoutimi. The merchants held that the Royal Proclamation of 1763 had granted free

trade to all parts of the province, and that this monopoly was an infringement of the terms of the Proclamation. Still another grievance which Walker had to urge was the collection by General Murray of duties on wines and spirits imported into the province, without direct authority either from the Crown or legislature of Great Britain. Murray's attitude was that these taxes had legally subsisted under the French régime, and were now merely transferred by right of conquest from the Crown of France to the Crown of Great Britain. The English merchants, however, regarded the imposition of the duties as a clear case of illegal taxation, just as the merchants of Boston later regarded the tax on tea as illegal taxation; and they ultimately brought action against Murray to recover the amount of these duties they had paid. In this action, in which Fowler Walker represented them, they were partially successful, obtaining the recovery of all amounts over and above the scale of duties charged during the French period. It will be seen that all these grievances bear a strong resemblance to those which shortly afterward brought about the revolt of the colonies to the south; and the law-abiding character of the agitation for their redress must have been partially due to the manner in which Fowler Walker discharged the duties of his office.

The most important business, however, with which Walker had to deal was his prosecution of the charges against General Murray which resulted in the latter's recall in 1766. Murray had wasted no love on the British merchants in Canada, whom he described as "four hundred and fifty contemptible sutlers and traders"; and the merchants retorted by petitioning for his recall, and supported their petition by a long series of complaints, which ranged from the failure of Murray to bring the assailants of Thomas Walker to justice to "an almost total neglect of the services of the church". It was Fowler Walker who drew up these complaints, and

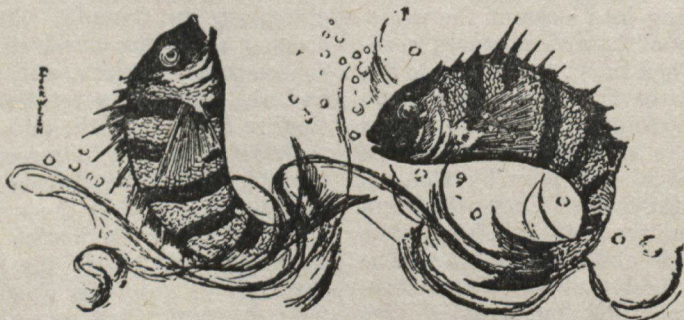
submitted them to the Secretary of State; and after Murray's recall, it was Walker who attended at the meetings of the Privy Council to represent the merchants of Canada when the charges were being investigated. The Privy Council dismissed the charges; but evidently they were urged with sufficient force to prevent at any rate Murray's return to Canada. Fowler Walker was instrumental also in obtaining for Thomas Walker a hearing from the Secretary of State when he came to England in the autumn of 1765 to obtain justice against his assailants; and probably had much to do with the notoriety that the Walker affair gained in England.

It is interesting to speculate whether or not Fowler Walker and Thomas Walker were related by blood. There is no evidence that they were; on the other hand, there is no evidence that they were not. They knew each other, and corresponded with each other; and Fowler Walker undoubtedly exerted himself strongly in Thomas Walker's behalf. If they were related, it is possible that Fowler Walker owed his appointment as agent in the first place to his namesake's influence. But until some genealogist has settled the question, it is not likely that we can be very certain either one way or the other.

Fowler Walker was undoubtedly an able man. He evidently obtained the confidence of Charles Yorke, the second son of Lord Hardwicke, who, as Attorney-General in the Rockingham Administration, had the whole ques-

tion of the settlement of the problems of the future government of Canada thrust upon his shoulders; for it is impossible to explain on any other hypothesis the presence of so many of Walker's papers in the Hardwicke correspondence. Francis Masères, many years afterwards, in 1809, asserted that Fowler Walker was the best informed man, with regard to Canadian affairs, he had ever come across. And the fact that, in those turbulent times, Walker conducted the business of the Quebec merchants so vigorously, and yet incurred apparently so little animosity (for no adverse remarks upon him appear in all the voluminous documentary material relating to that time), argues well for his good sense and ability.

About Walker's later life not much can be discovered. In 1784 his name appeared on the back of a brief "on a scrutiny into the qualifications of persons who have voted for Right Honourable Charles James Fox in the late election of Members to serve in Parliament for the City and Liberty of Westminster". In January, 1800, he wrote from Bath, to which place he had evidently retired, urging upon Honourable John Yorke, the brother of Charles Yorke, the writing of a biography of the Earl of Hardwicke; and one gathers the impression that Walker would not have been averse to undertaking the task. But these meagre facts are all that the present writer at least has been able to discover. The death of Walker occurred at Bath on May 20th, 1804.



# THE POETIC GIFT

BY ADAM HAROLD BROWN

**I**F my great-aunt had written poems," declared Mrs. Honeyman, "I'd do the same, instead of mooning in a flour and feed store all day!"

"My dear," Mr. Honeyman replied with dignity, "the lady you refer to had that wonderful poetic gift; she was a genius——"

"Well, then," cut in his wife, "if she was so clever it's a pity her grand-nephew doesn't take after her!"

"I'll have you know," began the aroused merchant, "that I consider myself——"

"Oh, that's always the way with you men; it's talk, talk, talk, all day long! But you've said it before. All I've got to say is that if you were any good you'd write something yourself to print for the papers. Then we'd see if there's anything in this poetic gift business."

The specific reason for this little outburst was caused by a local item in the city paper. Ezekiel Hornblow, a neighbour of the Honeymans, had got into print. True, his addition to the world of literature was but a brief statement that "prospective summer boarders would be welcome at the Hornblow homestead". But that was enough for Mrs. Honeyman.

After projecting this last shaft of rhetoric, Parthian like, she quickly retired to the kitchen.

Mr. Honeyman arose dazedly, and after a heated search for his hat, which he discovered in the same spot where he had left it, wended his way

to the flour and feed emporium. His place of business was on Main Street, but that does not imply that business was brisk. On the contrary, much time was found for careful meditation. His ruminations ran on the non-sympathy of his better half, the question of paving Main Street, the alarming rise in bovine fodder, and ever brought up at the poetic gift. For many times the wife of his bosom had suggested that he prove himself a laudable descendant of his Great-Aunt Livina. And Mr. Honeyman wondered.

His wonderment reached such a stage that he sighed several times while serving Abner Pennypacker with a pound and a half of chicken feed. That worthy was put to much worry lest a mistake in weight should occur. And again, while conversing with Andrew McWhinney over a delayed bale of hay, the merchant stopped in the middle of a sentence, and was seen by the acute Andrew to stare intently at the opposite wall.

Mr. McWhinney's subsequent prophesy, at the post-office, of the coming insolvency of Honeyman & Co. caused quite a stir in Valleyford.

But the gentleman in question was thinking otherwise.

When he returned from dinner—which was not a particularly vivacious meal—he was decided on one point. He must write a poem! It shouldn't be difficult when one put one's mind to it, Mr. Honeyman told himself. Poets, as a rule, he remembered, didn't need to be very clever. But somehow it wasn't so easy to woo—er—whatever it was that poets

wooded. Suddenly he knew what he wanted. He wanted an inspiration!

When decided on this he blocked the door with a convenient ledger, to exclude unlikely customers, and going to the back of the store, unlocked a large iron safe. From the second shelf he brought forth a dusty and venerable album. It was placed reverently on the rear counter, nigh to an onion seed catalogue. This treasure, on being opened, was found to contain nothing but carefully written poems. It was a veritable poem in itself.

The album was a relic inherited from Great-Aunt Livinia, of poetic memory. Its perusal always filled the present owner with delight.

His eyes fell approvingly on a verse, and he chanted it softly:

"A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.  
There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
And barking dogs and crowing cocks."

"Fine," he murmured. "Great-Aunt Livinia must have been a wonderful genius. I wish," Mr. Honeyman continued, "I could do some myself."

Before further thought was possible an idea struck him. It struck him with violence. For a moment Mr. Honeyman blinked. "No, no," he whispered, "I could never use any of Aunt's poems. They are sacred."

But then, such is the reasoning of man, he glanced stealthily at the still closed door, and stood upon the other foot.

"I think it will be all right," he said to himself, "if I just copy out a little one. They are really mine, and quite likely I have inherited the gift, even if it hasn't shown yet."

Yes, I think I'll take the one I just read. It sounds good. I'll send it — let's see — why, there's Jimmy Lightfoot, the very man. That trade journal he works for would be likely to print it. Perhaps they'll pay me!"

From this you might deduce that

he would soon entertain visions of pink automobiles and a trip to Europe. At any rate the priceless gem—the sender called it a gem—was safely posted, and Mr. Honeyman breathed again.

The missive was addressed to the writer's second cousin, one James Lightfoot, who held a modest position on an Agricultural journal in Flagg City.

This gentleman's reception of his relative's effusion was anything but gentle. In fact, he gave vent to several unchurched expletives. But though Mr. Lightfoot had no love for his second cousin, he did not wish to offend him. Moreover, life on an Agricultural journal makes for diplomacy. For this reason the editor, who was punctuating a volunteer article on "How to Etherize Potato Bugs," had a glance at the Honeyman manuscript. He read it without comment. Then he snorted violently.

"This is an Agricultural paper," he remarked, "not the official organ of an insane asylum."

"I'm not responsible for my relations," returned Mr. Lightfoot.

"But I'm responsible for this paper!"

"And I owe him fifteen dollars," replied young Lightfoot, thinking of his cousin. "Why couldn't you smuggle it in somewhere between the ad for green peas and 'How to Grow Spanish Onions?'"

"Please remember there are people dependant on me for support," snapped the editor.

"But couldn't you do it as a personal favour to me?"

"Oh, I suppose so," was the editorial judgment, "but keep the thing where I can't see it."

For two weeks Mr. Honeyman waited, torn by elation and apprehension. At meal times he answered his wife's pertinent reminders with a mysterious smile, which almost drove that lady frantic. Mrs. Honeyman was not used to such treatment.



Then the Agricultural journal arrived. Mr. Honeyman carried it home in triumph, with head thrown back and a consequential exhibition of waistcoat. His thoughts soared so far above that he tripped on the broken sidewalk in front of his own door, only saving himself by grasping the gatepost, which might have caused a severe scandal had there been witnesses. Entering the house he showed the open page to his wife. She read the poem in silence. Then she gasped.

"Horace Honeyman!" she ejaculated. "I never did!"

"You see, my dear Matilda," he remarked, "that I have some intelligence. The poetic gift which you so often sneered at is not lost—I am it!" This clincher, though rather ambiguous, was quite to the point.

The next morning, earlier than usual, Mr. Honeyman promenaded Main Street. He carried the Agricultural Journal clasped beneath his arm. At breakfast, he remembered with satisfaction, his wife's behaviour was pleasantly novel. Her wonted tactics had completely changed. But her thoughts on the subject were slightly different. If he could write a poem like that he could write others. If this continued, she reasoned, he might some day be a great man. And as she was his wife, ergo, she would some day be a great man's wife. Nothing, therefore, was too good for Horace Honeyman.

As he strolled along Main Street on that momentous morning, dreaming dreams of prospective greatness, he almost collided with Mr. Ed. Bingham, editor of the Valleyford *Clarion*.

"Ah," remarked Ed., scenting a possible news item. "Good morning, Mr. Honeyman. What's your opinion on the present price of—"

Without a word the other opened the journal. Then he pointed to a centre column.

The editor of the local weekly read the meteoric effort with the same intentness with which he would clip

foreign news items from metropolitan papers and label them, "From Our Own Correspondent". Turning, he grasped the poet's hand. Mr. Bingham had once ridden in a Pullman ear with a nephew of Longfellow's second wife.

Felicitations, congratulations, commendations, and praise spouted from the journalist's lips, like lava from a crater. Mr. Honeyman felt quite refreshed. Furthermore, the *Clarion's* office staff took the address of the now-famous Agricultural Journal and that same hour he sent for a "sample copy".

As the flour and feed business was not rushing that morning, Mr. Honeyman found time for necessary contemplation. Ed. Bingham's words were agreeable to the senses. He disliked flattery, he assured himself. All poets did; but then it was pleasant to feel oneself appreciated. He showed the poem to a favoured few, but they, not comprehending, failed to play up to the artistic temperament. Mr. Honeyman felt rather disappointed in his neighbours.

"Oh, well," he excused them, "they're not to blame for their ignorance. They haven't been educated up to the higher things of life."

In the afternoon, however, when he went to get his mail, his poetic fame was before him. Mrs. Honeyman had not been idle. For the ladies of Valleyford in themselves comprised a very efficient oral free delivery.

It was three days later when the sample copy "request" brought unalloyed bliss to Mr. Honeyman. When the *Clarion* appeared there flared in large type, on the front page, the poem from Aunt Livinia's album, "By our distinguished fellow-townsmen, Mr. H. Honeyman". Furthermore, an inside editorial, written in Mr. Bingham's most Ciceronian style, hailed the flour and feed merchant as the credit, the hope and the joy of the nation. . . . Mr. Honeyman had "arrived". He basked in the

delicious glow, as Omar Khayyam might have done had he received the candid applause of the foremost Persian editor. His wife enjoyed a reflected but none the less intoxicated lustre.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Honeyman carried a copy of the historic *Clarion* into his place of business to re-read the modest editorial.

"Bingham's a clever chap," he murmured. "There's a man who's bound to make his mark."

But the editorial's end, which declaimed "we trust to see many more stars of poesy from the gifted pen of Mr. Honeyman", caused that gentleman to muse for several uncomfortable minutes. Then he turned to the album.

"No one has ever seen them before," he slowly observed, "and I ought to have a right, being her grand-nephew."

He ambled forthwith to the back of the store, unlocked the ancient safe, opened the same antiquated album. And for the next hour Mr. Honeyman's pen scratched ceaselessly.

Monday morning he posted no less than eight signed "gems" to the same number of magazines. The addresses were surreptitiously obtained from old issues of reliable periodicals in the doctor's waiting-room.

In a few days the replies began to come in. Three poems were accepted out of hand; two were returned "with thanks", while one arrived accompanied by a scathing letter from the editor of a certain "highbrow" monthly. This irate gentleman referred to Mr. Honeyman's effort as paltry stuff which could not be printed by a decent-minded publication.

The poet felt hurt by this brutal language, but the checks restored his equilibrium. These little slips of joy ranged from two to seven dollars, and their receipt made the recipient a man of importance in Valleyford. From now on, Mr. Honeyman's progress put to shame the proverbial

flash of lightning. The inhabitants of Valleyford were beginning to appreciate a great man when they saw one. And more than this, the change in Mrs. Honeyman can only be described as revolutionary. Usually an attempted autocrat in her own household, she now seemed to favour democracy. And the reason, as the gentle bromide say, was not far to seek. In fact, you sought no farther than the important but unimposing person of Horace Honeyman. For he, with his poetic genius and a new knitted necktie, would inspire glory in any woman.

About a week later Mr. Honeyman announced his intention of proceeding to Flagg City, to cash his checks at the bank. He was accompanied to the station by half a dozen time-serving citizens, who did not want the popular poet to forget them when he returned. He was beginning to think his neighbours were not beyond hope after all.

Once at the city—which was a city only by courtesy—Mr. Honeyman, after lowering the bank's financial status by several points, looked up Jimmie Lightfoot, and invited that busy person to dinner.

They dined at the "Commercial Hotel". I need say no more.

Mr. Honeyman felt rather annoyed that the auburn-haired waitress—the one with the icy eye—treated him no better than the meanest drummer. But his feelings were calmed by Mr. Lightfoot's choice remarks.

"It's simply fine, the stuff you write," the young man observed. "You're a wonder, Cousin Horace; a regular genius. I don't want to flatter, but I've seen a good many poetry things in my day. Cousin Horace, yours beat them all."

Mr. Honeyman visibly expanded, and ordered two five-cent cigars.

Then Mr. Lightfoot with the deft art of a provincial bohemian "dead heading" a county fair, "borrowed" seven-fifty.

As Mr. Honeyman walked to the depot to catch the afternoon local, he passed the single book-store which Flagg City boasted. His glance sweeping the rows of books in the window, he acted on a sudden resolve. He would enter. He was now a great poet; he might as well see what his contemporaries had to say. It was only fair to them.

"Have you any books of poems?"

"Eh?" was the reply. "Poems? Oh, I know what you mean. There's some under the counter. There ain't much call for poems in this city, so we put 'em away. Here's a nice copy by a feller named Mill-ton."

"I don't know him," returned Mr. Honeyman. "He must be one of the moderns. What's this one? It's called Keats. And this? Tennyson. I've heard of him. H'm, Byron, too. I think I'll take these three. How much?"

Mr. Honeyman paid the clerk, and continued on his innocuous way.

That night Mr. Honeyman slept on his laurels; early the next morning he secured himself in the flour and feed store and opened his parcel of literature.

"Tennyson," he remarked, picking up the volume of that ornament to the peerage. "Name sounds something like mine." He opened the book—

"A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt. There rose a noise of striking clocks."

Mr. Honeyman started. His eyes bulged. Word for word, and comma for comma, it was the identical poem in Great-Aunt Livinia's well remembered album.

"What can this mean?" breathed the sinking man.

As he recognized the next poem and the next, he dropped the book with a lost feeling. Without a word he picked up Keats.

The first verse was read with a gasp of relief. He had never seen it before.

But the next ones. Ah, it was terrible!

His hand shook as he reached for Byron. It was a forlorn hope!

They were there. Exactly as copied in that wretched album. And he had sold them to the magazines! His palace of fame was built of them!

Slowly the truth dawned on Mr. Honeyman. It was too true. The secret was out. Great-Aunt Livinia had been a thief, a plagiarist! And he was a—

He was still pacing back and forth when the door was pushed open and a number of citizens entered. They appeared to be a committee, led by Messrs. Ed. Bingham and Abner Pennypacker. Also, they had the shifty look of men engaged on a serious business.

Then followed, last, but mentally determined not to be least, no less a person than Mrs. Matilda Honeyman. Her shiny, black alpaca glistened with self-possessed pride; the two cock's feathers in her bonnet thrust truculently skyward, and her eyes sparkled a restrained dignity. The flour and feed merchant, catching his wife's eye, quickly looked away.

"Mr. Honeyman," began the editor of *The Clarion*, as the merchant advanced, expecting every minute to hear the click of the handcuffs, "you see in us a representative delegation of the townspeople of Valleyford."

"Yes, that's right," encouraged Mr. Pennypacker, "and we be fixing to do you an honour, Horace—"

"The thing is, Mr. Honeyman," cut in the journalist, "as you know we intend building a new courthouse next spring, and we want it to be an event that will ring round the land. Honourable Jethro Wheeze, of Flagg City, will deliver the opening address."

"Yep, Horace," chimed in the other leader, "that's what we're here for."

"To offer you," hurried on Mr.

Bingham, who resented any interruption, "a chance to display your high poetic talents and add glory to our native city."

"Ed.'s got a wonderful smooth tongue," whispered a committeeman. "Pity he ain't married."

"And we want you, Mr. Honeyman," continued the admired editor, "we want you on that stirring occasion, you who are our greatest poet, we want you, Mr. Honeyman, to write a dedicatory ode!"

"Yep," endorsed Mr. Pennypacker with relish; "a ded-i-catory ode!"

And the Mother of the Gracchi, Hippolyte after a victory, or the Queen of Sheba visiting Jerusalem, looked small in comparison to the wife of the man thus honoured.

Still, the object of approval gaspingly clung to the counter for support.

"Friends, I thank you," he at last articulated. "But I can't do it."

"Eh! Eh?" shouted Mr. Pennypacker. "What d'ye mean?"

Mr. Honeyman pulled himself together. "I shall never write again!"

"Why, doggone it, why?" chorused the committee.

For answer the flour and feed merchant addressed the two leaders.

"Did you ever write poems?" he asked.

"No," they responded as one man.

"Did any of you?" Mr. Honeyman eyed the committee.

"Reckon not," the distinguished delegation cautiously allowed. "But —"

"Do you realize where poetry comes from?" went on the catechist, gaining courage as he perceived the opposing weakness. Facing only doubtful

glances he proceeded loftily. "It comes from above!"

"D'ye mean upstairs, Horace, where you keep the seeds?" inquired Mr. Pennypacker anxiously.

Mr. Honeyman sadly regarded his friend. Words failed him.

"Look here," Mr. Bingham put in sharply, "aren't you going to write that ode?"

"Gentlemen," the merchant admitted after a pause, "I cannot give my answer to-day. But I'm afraid the courthouse ode will never come from my pen." His head sank gloomily on his breast.

"It does not rest with me," he added vaguely.

Slowly the committee filed out, mystified, feeling as if they had witnessed some solemn ritual.

But Mrs. Honeyman remained in the flour and feed store.

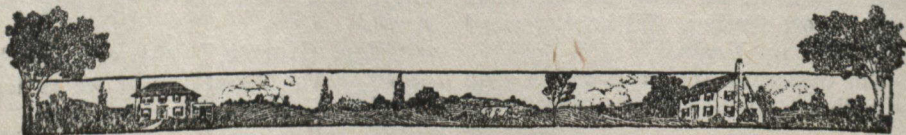
Her mouth was firmly set and her feathers bristled more than ever.

"Horace Honeyman!" she burst out, while that solemn-eyed individual carefully rearranged a pile of last year's seed catalogues. "What makes you think you can't write that ode?"

The merchant's eyes wavered. He did not speak, but on the counter before his wife he opened the volume of Tennyson, the volume of Byron, and the volume of Keats. Beside them he placed the album of his oft-quoted but now exposed relative.

"Think, Horace," exclaimed Mrs. Honeyman; "think of your Great-Au——"

"That's just it", her husband cried, pointing at the book an indignantly shaking forefinger. "There! That's your Great-Aunt Livina!"



# PUMPKIN

A RHOMBIC ODE\*

By MAIN JOHNSON

PUMPKIN, thy very name is full and mellow,  
Bringing fond mem'ries of rich years gone by.  
Thou art, old friend, our Lares and Penates,  
Our faithful Zeus and Buddha true.  
In thee we worship still our ancestors,  
Men of our band who've passed beyond the veil,  
Whether in war or in the earlier days of peace.  
With us thou wert when we were young,  
With us thou art, when we are growing old,  
With us thou shalt be, when our sons are here.  
With us you saw the grim, sad years of war,  
With us you beam in joy to-night,  
Shining with yellow glow upon our face,  
A rainbow glory after storm.

Pumpkin, thou art our vortex,  
Our Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound;  
In thee do focus all our arts:  
Prose with Joyce and Anatole of France;  
Verse with Brooke and priestess Lowell;  
Painting with Brangwyn, Orpen, John;  
Dancing with 'Jinsky and his Russian tribe;  
Sound with Debussy and Scriabine afire;  
Sculpture with Epstein and young Gaudier,  
Who died for France while yet a boy;  
Movies with Griffith and svelte Geraldine;  
Drama with Barrie, Shaw, and Pinero;  
Spirit with Russell and Dunsany, lord.

Within thy rounded form dwell all of these,  
And more. For thou hast fused them,  
Turned them to thy use, and made of them,  
Enriched and deepened by thy native breath,  
The Arts and Letters of our land.

Pumpkin, thou art the sign  
Of past and future both.  
Thou art at once  
Our talisman and grail.

---

\*The pumpkin is a symbol of continuity in a Toronto club.

# SOCIAL SERVICE AND THE STATE

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE



HERE are many living to-day, by no means near the allotted span of three-score years and ten, who can remember when the injunction in the Anglican Catechism that we should order ourselves "lowly and reverently" to all our "betters" was regarded as an ineluctable argument against the rightfulness of social equality and an inspired impeachment of all democratic aspiration. To the psychologist it should be curiously interesting to trace the currents in the "stream of tendency" which in a comparatively short time have borne away this bourgeois notion from our social consciousness; but it is enough for the ordinary mind to realize clearly, and with no manner of doubt, that in the new order of civilization about to be reared upon the ashes of that destroyed in the fires of war, not only shall all artificial class distinctions be unknown, but there shall be set up a cosmopolitan equality based upon a common humanity the world over. When that is done the noble idea of a League of Nations will be transmuted from vision into reality.

There is more than mere epigram in the saying that having made the world safe for democracy, we must now make democracy safe for the world. At the present moment the "vested interests" are sedulously declaring that democracy has failed be-

cause Bolshevism has reared its hideous head. But Bolshevism is the spawn of tyranny, of the oppression of the many by the few, not of democracy. It is not surprising that in countries where the natural craving of men for liberty has been starved for centuries a welter of anarchy has supervened upon the sudden eviction of despotism. Just as in the individual man hysteria is apt to react from the attainment of an object which has cost him long and painful effort, so in the body-politic there can be produced what the French call *névrose nationale*.

How long this condition may persist in the latter case depends upon the temper and moral balance of the people affected; but that some portions of the world are temporarily discomposed by the gift of popular liberty, unexpectedly dropped from the lap of the gods, is no argument against the value of a democratic social order for the civilized world at large. There can be no doubt that among the English-speaking peoples democracy has come to stay. For them, at least, it has been an increasing purpose running through the ages—the purpose of history working through the processes of evolution. Let us not forget that the word "democracy" on our lips has no vague and confused meaning. For us it denotes a form of government; not a mere enthusiasm for a dispensation of right between men in society, nor yet an

abstract political theory. True, in our system there is not a direct government of the State by the people such as obtained in the republics of antiquity, *i.e.*, democracy in its absolute form. But a State is no less democratic where the people govern indirectly through representative institutions. Bearing all this in mind, and not overlooking the fact that representative democracy has proved itself to be more exposed to the dangers of corruption and dishonesty than democracy which is absolute or direct, we must listen to the one clear call of the times, namely, to put our political house in order so that it may be a suitable habitation for the spirit of the New Age. So far as this young Canadian nation is concerned, we must make it impossible for anyone to say, as was not so long ago said of the United States, that political practice required an emendation of Lincoln's famous phrase so that it might read: "Government of the people, by the bosses, for the trusts." In short, we must do our part to make democracy safe for the world.

There is no doubt that the high hopes of democracy entertained by certain great political thinkers of the nineteenth century were not realized. The spirit of evil refused to be exorcised from the body-politic. Class hatred, corruption and its *âme damnée* the waste of public resources, bleak selfishness, all marshalled their forces to impede the progress of social betterment. True, democratic thinking had activated some small improvement in the lot of the common man; but it was necessary for the great war to come in the first quarter of our own century before the minds of men could be shocked into the consciousness that the principle of brotherhood must be set as the foundation of civilized society if it is to endure. It is, therefore, for us who have come out of great tribulation to translate the whole body of sound democratic theory into action. What is needed in order that the task

confronting us shall be accomplished is, first, education in social problems for all classes of the community, so that they may be brought to know the obligations as clearly as they have already apprehended the privileges of democratic citizenship; secondly, leadership—in the measure that only true statesmen can yield—on the part of those who aspire to office in the active sphere of government. With such education we shall be able to understand the emotion of the late Mrs. Sage when she declared at the opening of the "Russell Sage Foundation" in 1907: "I am nearly eighty years old, and I feel as if I were just beginning to live"; and with such leadership we shall appreciate the difference in moral values between our age and that of the statesman Edmund Burke, who thought that "Politics and the Pulpit are terms that have little agreement".

The train of thought we have given expression to here was suggested by a reading of Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King's recently published work entitled "Industry and Humanity; a Study in the Principles underlying Industrial Reconstruction". We regard this book as one of prime importance in its field. The intimate knowledge that it discloses of the great post-bellum problems confronting civilization, the wisdom of its practical counsels, and the fine ethical spirit which infuses it throughout, demand for it a notable place in the literature of social polity. So far we have not seen it adequately reviewed. Only an expert in its domain could do it justice. The author was admirably equipped for his undertaking. Starting with a thorough University training in Social Science, both on this continent and abroad, he has been privileged to reinforce his technical acquirements with a long and varied experience as a man of affairs. When the Department of Labour for Canada was established in 1900 he was made Deputy-Minister, and directed the office with great success and ability for some eight years. During that

period he acted as Government conciliator in the settlement of many important industrial strikes. In addition to this he served as a special commissioner of the Canadian Government in England to inquire into certain abuses connected with immigration. In the year 1909 he was chosen by the British Government as one of its delegates on the International Opium Commission, which sat at Shanghai. In the same year he was given the portfolio of the Canadian Minister of Labour, holding it until the defeat of the Laurier Administration in 1911. In 1914 he was selected by the Rockefeller Foundation to make a general investigation of industrial relations, and in this capacity he entered upon a personal study of the causes of industrial controversies in America with a view to working out improvements in the relations between Capital and Labour. His book embodies the results of his researches in that connection, hence its great value as an authority in the practice of social betterment.

Mr. King will permit us to observe that we find in Bloomfield's fine lines:

"Thine heart should feel, what thou mayest hourly see,  
That Duty's basis is Humanity"—

a more appropriate motto than the one he has chosen for a book with so large a content of humanism in it. The key-note of this quality is struck in the following passages:

"For Industry and Nationality alike, the last word lies in the supremacy of humanity. 'Over all nations is humanity.' Of more worth than all else man can achieve is the well-being of mankind. The national or industrial economy based on a lesser vision, in the final analysis, is anti-social, and lacks the essentials of indefinite expansion and durability. The failure to look beyond the State, and beyond Industry as a revenue-producing process, has brought chaos instead of order. To glorify institutions, regardless of the men, women and children whose individual existences they were meant to serve, is to negative, not to promote, progress . . . Nations have failed through conflict to widen the circle of international good-will. In the co-operation of the parties to Industry

along intelligent lines, they may yet be led to an application of principles which, governing in all human relations, will best promote the well-being of mankind . . . The problem of the nature of the universe is necessarily bound up with the parallel problem of human personality . . . Were spirit the same as matter, there would be no difference between the living and the dead. It is the fundamental difference between man and animal or plant life, expressed in co-operative effort based upon voluntary choice, that renders the biological analogy inapplicable to the condition of human progress . . . Industry may be a source of strength and vitality to the individuals it employs; or it may be a whitened sepulchre, outwardly beautiful, fulfilling a seemingly exalted mission, but within a thing of rottenness and filled with the dying and the dead. The same is equally true of the State. In both cases it is a matter of standards based upon recognition of the fundamental distinction between material and human values."

All this is in high accord with what was said in the hearing of the writer of this article by a labour leader a short time before Mr. King's book was published. He told an audience of men, eager to know the more perfect way of citizenship in this tremendous period of social reconstruction, that if the great masters of Industry would learn to treat their workers as men of like passions with themselves and not as part of their industrial machinery, the desiderated harmony between Capital and Labour could be speedily and effectually attained.

We regret that space will not permit us to dilate upon the many practical counsels in Mr. King's book relating to Social Service; but we cannot omit a reference to some of his thoughts concerning a subject whose appearance in political philosophy synchronized with the coming of the evangel of democracy for the modern world, and was, indeed, claimed to be the logical goal of all democratic aspiration. We speak of Socialism. We all know that Socialism is not a blessed word whereby the spirit of disputation may be laid. It is a long time since Brissot de Warville uttered the oracle, "*La propriété exclusive c'est le vol*"; and a good deal of water



has passed under the bridge since Proudhon proved himself so thoroughgoing a Socialist as to "appropriate" the phrase without acknowledging the source from which he got it. Now, while there has been much property acquired on this earth in a manner which goes far to justify this fierce generalization, yet we must reflect that the idea originally underlying the term "property" was that the State is under an obligation to the citizen to protect him in the enjoyment of the fruits of his own labour and thrift. That idea has as strong support in social ethics to-day as it had in the dawn of political history. The native instinct of man for an undisputed place for the sole of his foot is not satisfied by any recognition of the fact that he is a voiceless unit of an organic whole that owns the earth. Property is the means by which a man can make the most of himself and develop his personality according to his likes. It is nothing less than realized liberty. Can we expect the average man to surrender it for a theory or an ideal? But to the man whose sense of proportion is just and whose vision is clear, Socialism — notwithstanding its "unrealizable Utopias" — has a pragmatic value in so far as it voices the will to live of the working classes as against the will to power of the masters of Industry. It would seem, therefore, that the constructive achievement of Socialism in the New Age will emerge from its propaganda as a social sect rather than from its activities as a political party working on concrete lines.

Let us hear what Mr. King has to say on the subject:

"The serviceableness of every form of Socialism as a solution of the problems of Industry, and, indeed, the value of any form of Industrial organization and government, is to be estimated finally by the fears it tends to eliminate and the degree of faith it helps to inspire between the several parties to Industry. Toward whatever begets the social spirit, which those who advocate Socialism believe it will evoke, there can be but one attitude. A community interest, where it is real and

widely diffused, must prove a stimulus to all the parties to Industry. Labour, Capital, Management and the Community can have no finer incentive than that of working together toward the one end, the well-being of the community. All the parties to production have everything to gain and nothing to lose from the larger productivity which such a spirit ensures. The acceptance accorded socialistic thought and teaching is mainly attributable to a belief in the power of Socialism to evoke such a community interest and spirit. As embodied in concrete proposals for industrial reorganization, it is at least an open question whether Socialism has justified, or ever will justify, the hopes and expectations of its advocates. . . . Since Labour constitutes so important a part of the community, it might seem that the Socialist State would make a strong appeal to Labour. In so far as Labour may hope for improvement of its condition, it would appear that opportunity might be found under a form of organization in which the community, in the stead of private individuals or corporations, is the owner of the instruments of production and the controller of Industry. Concrete proposals are no sooner thought of, however, than the difficulties to which they give rise become apparent. A series of disquieting questions at once suggest themselves. What is the State or the Community apart from the human beings who compose it? Is it to be expected that a change in external methods of organization will alter the inner workings of human nature? Are individuals, as politicians, likely to be better employers of Labour than individuals whose self-interest prompts them to promote Labour's efficiency? Since all cannot perform the function of management, and some such function must continue even in the Socialist State, who is to do the directing, and who is to do as he is told? . . . How, on an elective basis, are some to control and direct, and others to work under direction and control, and Industry hold its own in the arena of world competition? Is any basis of choice other than the elective feasible; or, indeed, compatible with socialistic ideals? Beset by such confusion and alarm, it is not surprising that Labour has seen little to hope for from a change in the social order of the kind Collectivism necessarily involves. Human nature senses the limitations of such a system. Psychologists are agreed that of all instincts, that of ownership is one of the most deeply rooted, and one of the least likely ever to be eradicated. Labour has long since recognized that the Socialist State is based too largely on a conception of human nature which leaves human imperfections out of account. It sees quite plainly that advocates of Socialism in its extreme forms mistake the end for the be-

ginning; that they start out with the perfect individual who is to transform an imperfect social order, not with the imperfect individual whom the new social order is intended to transform."

We think it can be gathered from the passages quoted how much Mr. King's book will contribute to our knowledge of the great social problems that face us at this day, and how

they may best be solved in the interests of the State. If we are to take our place among the foremost peoples of a regenerated world, Social Service must be made an outstanding feature of our practical politics. When this is done it is to enlightened statesmen like Mr. King that we shall look for inspiration and leadership.

## THE LAST FLIGHT

By A. R. FAIRBAIRN

**B**ENEATH the quiet stars the jasmine blooms,  
In earthly graves the fallen soldiers lie,  
And in the air the sound of ghostly wings  
Dies in the silence of the midnight sky.

It is a phantom ship that gently glides  
Beyond the glimmer of that farthest star,  
A fallen pilot on his last long flight  
To his last home in mystic fields afar.

For him no narrow home of cramping earth,  
No pale sarcophagus of marble white,  
But, all alone, to wing his homeward way  
To some dim island in the outer night.

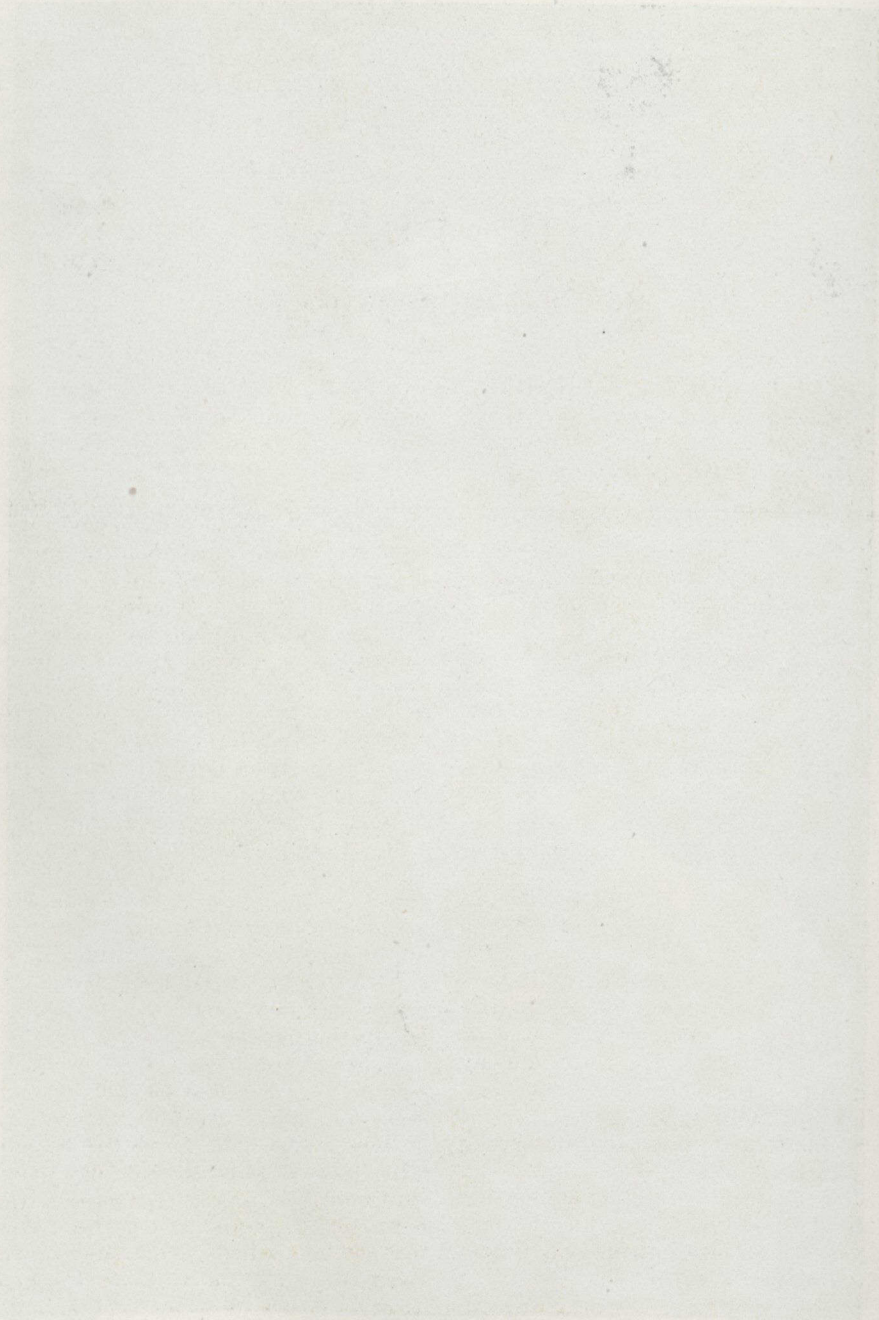
For there the winds are sweet with many flowers,  
And quiet as a sleeping baby's breath.  
No more the rush of storm, the lash of rain,  
But quiet sleep, and dreams—the gift of death.





THE FIRST BORN

From the Painting by Simon Maris,  
in the Art Association Gallery,  
Montreal



# THE FLAW

BY BEATRICE REDPATH



ARTHUR DENNISON, glanced at the clock, impatient of the slowly-moving hands, then moved to the window and stood staring out into the street, luminous from the brilliance of the arc lamps shining on the snow. And again he commenced a long detour of the room, striving to curb his restless impatience. The door bell sounded sharply and he stood still, his attitude one of eager expectancy.

"Myra," he exclaimed, and the next instant he held the girl's two gloved hands in his, "I was afraid you had changed your mind—oh, you don't know the suspense I've gone through in the last hour. I couldn't have borne it if anything had happened to make you decide differently."

He was helping her off with her furs and her coat while she stood, a little shy, a trifle diffident. It was so strange to be here! She glanced away from him, from his eyes that compelled and sought her glance, to the warm comfort of the room, observing as she always observed the minute details that combined to make up the whole. A shade of perplexity appeared in her face and he was immediately aware of it.

"What is it?" he whispered. "Aren't you glad—glad to be here?" "Yes—yes, I'm glad," she said with a firmness, as if a strong affirmation would make it true. For she wasn't sure. It was different from what she had imagined, and yet she had imagined it in a thousand ways. He was

just as she liked him to be, whimsical, half gay, half serious, and wholly kind. The fault did not lie wholly with him!

The house was just what she had expected. There was colour and warmth, books lying about, a piece of Japanese embroidery just where the walls demanded it should be, while a glimpse of fire pointed long thin fingers of light into the dusk of the halls. She felt as if she were drinking in the warmth, the colour and comfort of it all, through the pores of her skin. But all the time her mind was straining out to find the flaw, the thing that disturbed her, that made her ill at ease. Perhaps she was too tired. She had said that this day, for the last time, she would go to the office in the customary way. She had been very nervous and the incessant click of the typewriter had jarred her nerves, already strained by the mental conflict which she had been undergoing. She had no compunction about what she was doing. She had battled too long, seen too much of suffering and the ruthless manner in which life inflicted pain, to have any thought for the conventionality that perhaps should have kept her at the office till the divorce was accomplished. But she was too tired to go on, too tired to resist his urging of her to abandon herself to his will. She had a right to happiness, she told herself repeatedly, and a love like theirs was big enough to thrust aside barriers, to break bonds, even to incur the sacrifice of another, if such should stand in the way of its fulfilment. Oh, she had told herself this

too often to have any doubts concerning it.

The flaw was nowhere here; she must seek further.

"Where has she gone?" she asked suddenly, her dark blue eyes regarding him questioningly, as she took a chair beside the fire.

"Oh," he said, startled, as if her direct question coming unexpectedly had bewildered him, "Nancy—she's gone to her people till the affair is over. She's going abroad afterwards—I thought I had told you."

"Going abroad," Myra repeated. "That always has such a broken sound. People go abroad when someone they are fond of dies—when they have failed—when they want to be alone to suffer. Do you think she feels that way?"

Arthur Dennison laughed a little awkwardly.

"You have such an imagination, dear," he said. "You are always wondering how people feel. Most people don't feel at all, you know. It's only people like you and I—" and he leaned over the back of her chair and touched the fur about her neck. She stirred a little under his touch and thrust one hand deep in the upholstered side of the chair. She brought it up slowly, a silver point that glittered in the firelight on the tip of her finger.

"Her thimble," she said, and her eyes sought the fire and she stared into the hot coals in silence.

"I've never seen her and you've told me so little about her," Myra said, turning to him. "We've always talked about ourselves, haven't we?"

"What else should we talk about?" he responded, with cheerful egotism.

"About her," Myra insisted. "I feel I want to know about her." And then, after a pause, "Tell me about her, please," she repeated.

Arthur Dennison stared before him reflectively.

"That's so difficult, dear," he said. "There doesn't seem much to tell. I can't analyze people as you do. I can tell you the colour of her hair and her

eyes, but that's not what you want to know."

"No, I want to know the woman; what she thinks, feels, and is."

"How can I tell you?" he said, "I don't know myself. We are fortunate if we know anyone in life—few of us do—and when we feel we do—it's the true dream—the great vision—what you and I know—how few others."

Myra rose and moved restlessly about the room.

"I know, dear," she said, "but I want to know about her, and perhaps I can find out by myself. A woman's instinct is surer than a man's knowledge, anyway. This room was hers, wasn't it? These are her books, her pictures. Strange she has left them all here."

She moved here and there, touching things lightly, picking up a book to glance at the title, glancing at a photograph, touching a bowl of flowers, while Arthur Dennison sat following her with his eyes.

"What is this—whose child is this?" Myra asked at length, coming over to his chair with a small white frame in her hand.

An expression of pain crossed Arthur Dennison's face as he took the frame in his hand.

"That is Jamie," he said quietly. "He died when he was a year old—six years ago."

Myra stood staring down at the picture of the child, her eyes wide with pity.

"I didn't know," she said. "You never spoke of him before—" She took the little frame back into her hands. "But she leaves it here," she went on in bewilderment, "when she knows that another woman will be here."

"She has forgotten it. I will send it to her to-morrow," he said, but Myra's hand closed over it.

"No, you won't send it," and now she sat down, her eyes fixed on a point of light on the brasses, her hands folded across the little frame.

"I think I know," she said. "I think I know what I wanted to know."

You must bring her back, for I can't stay. Oh, don't you see, dear—she cares. And she has the right. She has borne—she has suffered. It all seems to lie just in that," she went on with wide, staring eyes; "those who have borne—those who have suffered—they have the right."

"Myra," he exclaimed, in startled protest, "it's impossible. You and I—we care. She seems like a stranger compared to you. Myra—oh, don't be foolish, child. It's destiny—you and I. It was meant, it was intended. She was only an incident. She is a stranger. Most people are—but you and I—the first time we met—your thought was my thought, your vision my vision, your desires were my desires. Oh, you and I are one in a thousand ways. When love comes like ours, everything must be overthrown. It is impossible what you say. You don't know. She is cold, she is not you. Her pride is perhaps hurt, but that is all. I swear to you, child, she doesn't care."

"I think she does," Myra answered slowly, "and now I know why I felt so strangely when I came in here. It

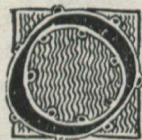
was her books lying about, her sewing, her thimble that I picked up in the chair over there. Little ghosts crying out in protest—little ghosts—all the personal belongings that a woman usually cherishes. She does not forget them unless she is dumb with pain, unless nothing on earth counts but the one thing, unless she is crushed and heartbroken. The picture of her baby—oh, dear, I couldn't. She has borne—she has suffered—she has the right—and she cares. You are wrong."

He looked up to plead with her, to protest with the sole strength of his love, to cry out to her his need. Oh, theirs was the real vision, love intense, the incalculable desire! But in her face he saw the futility of it—she would listen to him, white-faced, as he pleaded, but in her eyes would be her purpose. He saw that she would not flinch from her resolve—and the words died on his lips, as he sat down, covering his face with his hands.

He did not hear her as she moved about the room, so intent was he on this shattering of his desire. Only the dull slam of the door aroused him at last to the void of the reality.



# ADOLPHE BLONDHEIM: ARTIST-CAMOUFLEUR



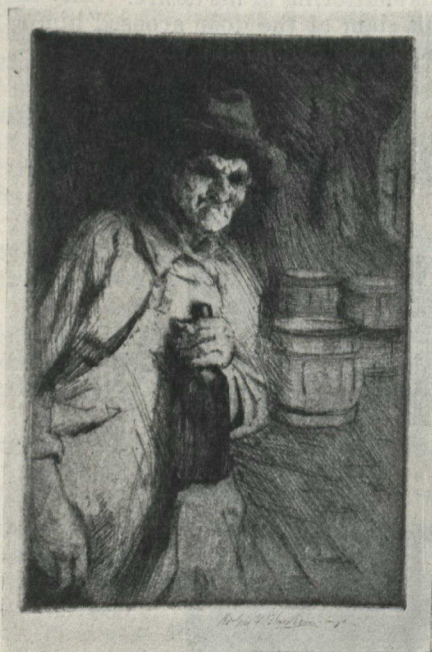
ONE of the young artists who won distinction at the Front, going there from this side of the Atlantic, was Adolphe Blondheim, a brother-in-law of Mr. Samuel Jacobs, M.P., of Montreal. Mr. Blondheim was attached to one of the camouflage corps, and it is related as evidence of the excellent work he did over there, that when in training, among other things, he was detailed to make a sniper's suit. He

had a section of landscape allotted to him, together with paint, cheesecloth, and the privilege of using anything his scheme required and on which he could lay his hands.

Later on a lieutenant came to inspect the work. Blondheim indicated the general direction of his sniper, a sergeant being in the suit. The lieutenant looked, stroked his chin and remarked that he had never seen a tree trunk so red, which no doubt was true, because the sergeant was discovered several hundred feet away from the tree.

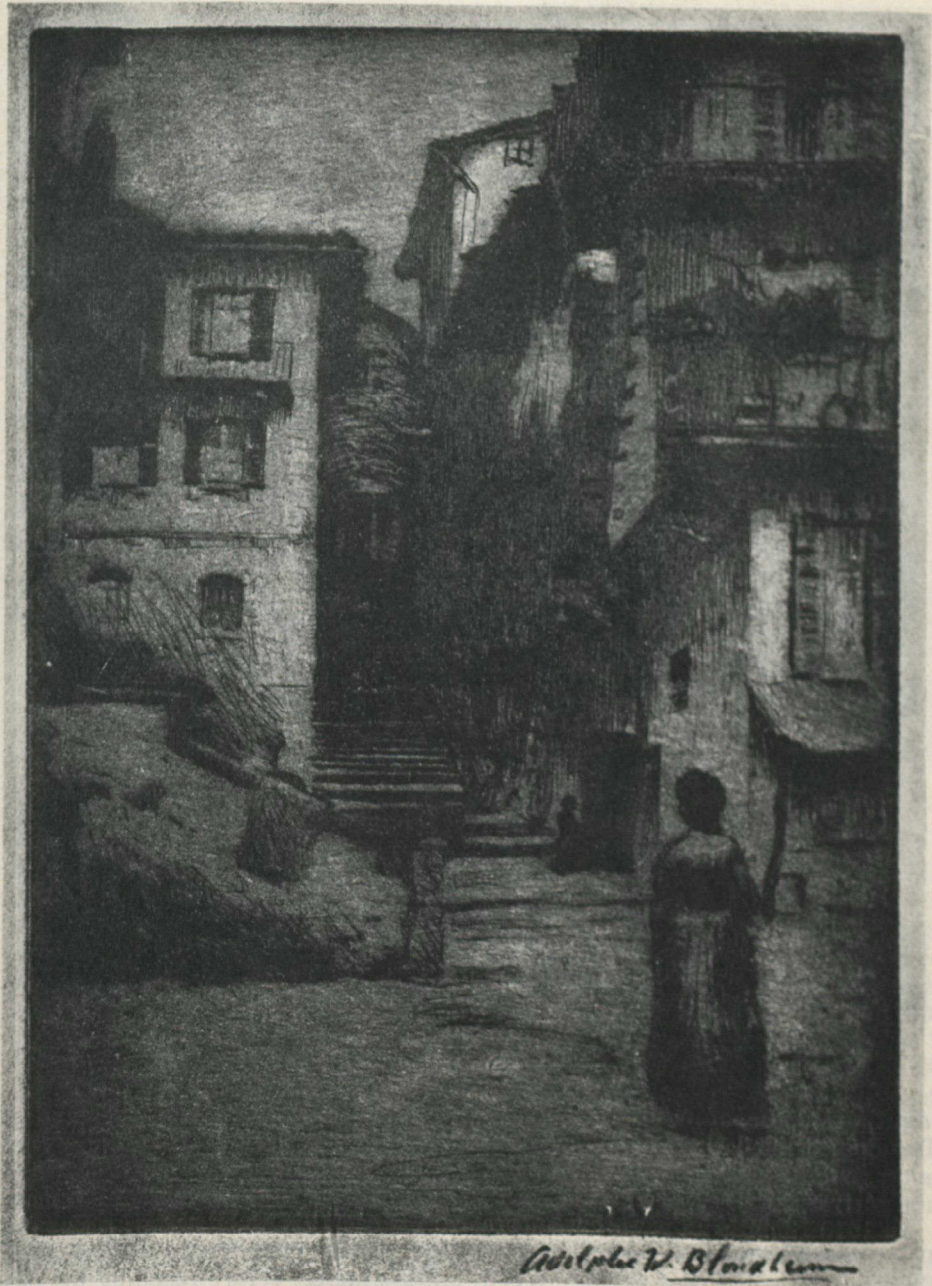
But this young artist had something of a career before he went to the front. He won a scholarship in art when twelve years old, which admitted him to the Maryland Institute. Four years later he won another—to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. There he studied under Chase and Beaux and won a Topham Honourable Mention, which entitled him to a year's free tuition. A year later he won the Topham Prize. With this money he went to California, *i. e.*, he got as far as the Coast, but found himself "flat broke". He took a job in a canning factory, working with dagoes. One day knives became so much in evidence that he quit his job, and with what capital he had purchased a donkey and outfit, and went over the Sierras with a couple of friends for a few weeks.

When the time came for the Academy, he and his friend Coolidge were so short of funds as to have none for transportation. They got a job paint-



Man with Bottle  
Etching by Adolphe Blondheim





A Street Scene  
Etching by Adolphe Blondheim



Age  
Etching by Adolphe Blondheim

ing the outside of a doctor's house. The doctor liked the job so well that he commissioned Blondheim to paint his portrait.

In 1910 Blondheim won the Aurora Travelling Scholarship of a trip to Europe. He sailed that spring. When the ship docked at Liverpool, he went ashore, and, shouldering his suit case, paint boxes, etc., walked to Chester. Not satisfied with an already lengthy constitutional, he refused to stop until he had traversed the walls of Chester. From England he proceeded to

France, hanging about the studios, cafés and galleries. He made excursions around Paris. On one of these expeditions, in a moment of economy, he carried his lunch along: a Camembert cheese, which was flattened out in his pocket before reaching his destination. He journeyed from Paris to Florence, and later from Italy to Munich, and then to Antwerp.

His first lithographs were made in Volendam, Holland. In the summer of 1915 he began to etch in Senseny's studio. During that summer the



Low Tide

Etching by Adolphe Blondheim

Beachcombers (an artists' club) was organized at Provincetown, Mass., and he was one of the first fifteen members, among whom were Hawthorne, George Elmer Brown, Paxton, and Senseny.

After war was declared by the United States in 1917, Blondheim and two other Provincetown artists went to Boston to pass the necessary military examination to permit them to proceed to Plattsburg Camp. He was rejected, but later in the summer his

draft number was called, and after examination he was recommended for the Camouflage Service, a company organized by the War Department, and attached to the Engineers' Branch of the service. St. Gaudens, a son of the famous sculptor, was in command of the company. Before the war St. Gaudens had been stage manager for Maude Adams, and thereby had an intimate knowledge of the work required in the camouflage service.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

## THE V.C. OF THE FORT GARRY HORSE



HIS winner of the Victoria Cross, Lieutenant (now Major) Henry Strachan, M.C., is one of the living links which bind the old motherland and her daughter nations into an organic whole; for, though in July, 1914, he had been farming for some years at Chauvin, Alberta, he was born (in 1887) at Borrowstowness, or "Bo'ness", an ancient Scottish seaport on the Firth of Forth.

He is the third son of the late William Strachan, sheriff clerk of Linlithgowshire, and many of his people still live near Bo'ness, though some, including the Major's mother, have settled in Alberta. Having known him in his youth as "Harcus Strachan", Bo'ness folk were a little slow to recognize their fellow-townsmen in the Lieutenant Henry Strachan, gazetted V.C. on Dec. 18th, 1917, but when they did realize his connection with the old town, they were filled with joyous pride. For instance, the Academy, where he had been a pupil, before his attendance at the High School and the University of Edinburgh, celebrated his triumph with a half holiday.

In his boyish and student days, Harcus Strachan proved himself "a good all-round athlete". A fine football player, he excelled both in "Association" and "Rugby". Afterwards, when living on the prairie, he took up baseball with zest, and also rode a great deal.

Upon the outbreak of the war, he was among the first of Alberta's eager thousands to offer his services in freedom's cause. But to his disappointment and surprise, he was not accepted on account of defective eyesight. This did not settle the question for him. Leaving his farm in the care of a brother, he sailed for England, with thoughts of enlisting in the London Scottish Regiment, though his farm life had resulted in a decided leaning to the cavalry service. The consequence was that, after serious trials to his patience, he was accepted, at Canterbury, for service with the Manitoba regiment, the Fort Garry Horse, enlisting as a trooper. He trained in England and was presently promoted to be lieutenant.

The year 1917 was a very eventful one for this daring and enthusiastic officer. In May, he "commanded the party of two officers and thirty-eight men who attacked the enemy's outpost in rear on the night of May 26th-27th. His bold conception, swift move-

ment and courageous leading resulted in the capture of eight prisoners, the killing of a much larger number, and the destruction of the enemy's defensive organization in the sector without losing a single man of the party." For the conspicuous gallantry shown in this action, Lieutenant Strachan was decorated with the Military Cross.

A few weeks later, during a trench raid, the lieutenant was slightly gassed and wounded in the right elbow. After six weeks in hospital, he visited Bo'ness, and spent a week with his brother, Alexander, at the old family house of Holywood. One day, when in the town, he looked in at the Volunteer Hall, found a company at drill and gave some of the men a lecture on the handling of bombs, for he was as good at using these deadly missiles as at managing a refractory horse.

It was as a cavalry officer that his great opportunity came at last. Hitherto the cavalry had been little used during the war, but when General Byng planned his great surprise attack on the Huns in the Cambrai region, he had a place on his programme for the mounted men, and right gallantly did they respond to the call upon them. It is said that, with the exception of one or two tanks, the Canadian cavalry, with the Fort Garry Horse in the van, got nearer to Cambrai than any other British force.

The Western men were ready at dawn on November 20th, but there was many a long delay before their day's work fairly began. First their way had to be cleared by British tanks and infantry, and when word came that these had reached their objectives the Fort Garrys entered Masnières and managed to cross the river by a bridge in the main street. Beyond this was a canal, crossed by a bridge broken down under a ponderous British tank. To the south-west was another bridge, but this also needed repair before the troopers could get their horses over; and the work had to be done under concentrated machine gun fire from the Germans. Every avail-



Major Henry Strachan, V.C., M.C.

able man, including civilians and German prisoners, was set to work and by three o'clock the bridge would bear.

Quickly the men of Squadron "B" of the Fort Garry regiment got their horses over and led the way, through a gap cut in the wire entanglements by British troops, into the enemy's country. Before the other squadrons could follow, orders came forbidding

the regiment to go forward, but Squadron "B" (which had lost its captain at the gap in the wire and was now under the command of Lieutenant Strachan) was already away beyond the reach of the messengers despatched to call it back.

Racing on—with the enemy to right and left—the Canadian troopers crossed "a camouflaged road" near Rumilly and charged down a slope straight for a battery of field guns. That battery was utterly wiped out, the leader himself accounting for seven of the gunners. The squadron then turned to rout a body of German infantry, before pressing on, under constant fire, toward Rumilly.

At dusk, the daring little band had penetrated some two miles into enemy territory, and Lieutenant Strachan, coming to a sunken road, dismounted his men and resolved to wait in hope that supports would arrive.

Several times the Germans tried to rush his position, but were driven back with so hot a fire that they were probably quite deceived as to the strength of the Canadians. After sending out two volunteers to report to headquarters, Strachan still waited till it was almost dark. He then stampeded his horses towards the east, whilst he and his men withdrew on foot under cover of the commotion in another direction.

There was grim fighting with the bayonet on this backward journey. Four parties of Germans were met and routed, and of these many were haled along as prisoners to the British lines, which forty-three of the Fort Garrys reached unscathed after their daring incursion into Hunland.

Through the adventure, which would have been impossible save for Strachan's "outstanding gallantry and fearless leadership," the Canadians obtained most valuable information as to the disposition of the enemy, and "effectively tangled German communications over a wide radius," by cutting three main telephone cables, discovered in the road.

#### THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CANADIAN TRADE COMMISSION.

THE exigencies of war have led to the establishment by the allied nations of various boards and commissions for controlling the distribution of mineral, agricultural and industrial productions. Having proved their usefulness during the strain of the conflict, the work of these governmental agencies will be continued, in all probability, for some time to come, and, to a very considerable extent, Canadians will have to reckon with commissions in exporting goods for the European market.

To meet these conditions, the Dominion Government has established the Canadian Trade Commission, with headquarters in Ottawa, and a "trade mission" overseas, with its chief office in London. The immediate object of this machinery is to keep the Departments of Government at Ottawa "directly in touch with the activities and deliberations of the governmental agencies above indicated, with the view of securing orders for Canadian productions for reconstruction purposes in the devastated areas of Europe and, generally, for the promotion of the Canadian export trade". The Commission is empowered to act "on behalf of any other Government or governmental agency", in the purchase of Canadian productions and the distribution of orders or contracts amongst Canadian producers, and it aims to secure the "most effective unity of action" in efforts for the promotion of Canadian trade, industry and production. The movement for unity of action is not limited to the Government. Already the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has proposed that the manufacturers in various lines shall organize in groups so that they may be able to produce in large quantities, preferably in specialized plants; that their products may be standardized and that, under certain circumstances, government credits may be established.



Sir Charles Gordon,  
Chairman of the Canadian Trade Commission

The Chairman of this very important Commission (which consists of the three members) is Sir Charles Blair Gordon, who has long been a notable figure in the business world of Canada.

He was born at Montreal in the Confederation year, and that great commercial centre has been his home all his life. He has had a wide and varied experience of commercial affairs. He began his successful business career, at the age of nineteen, with McIntyre, Sons & Company, wholesale drygoods merchants. Later he turned to the cotton trade, which he is said to know "from A to Z", but his interests are not limited to cotton. He has taken a share in the direction of the activities of one or two banks, an assurance and a trust company. He may well be regarded

as an authority on "The Business Management Problem" — a subject upon which he has lectured—and he has had practical experience of difficulties and advantages of the unification of effort in a particular line of manufacture.

For two years, Sir Charles Gordon has been Vice-Chairman of the British War Commission under Lord Northcliffe, and has been acting for the Imperial Government in purchasing materials and supplies in the United States; and it was to him that the task of closing up the business of the British and Canadian War Missions in that country was entrusted. He is a Knight of the Order of the British Empire, instituted towards the end of the third year of the war, in recognition of the great services rendered by civilians during the struggle.

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## THE HEART OF A FOOL

BY WILLIAM ALLAN WHITE. Toronto:  
The Macmillan Company of Canada.

**I**T is a genial and essentially good-minded show man who puts on this show for us. If he lacks a certain amount of the wholesome reality and abandon of the old Punch and Judy contrivance he is also without the unredeemed crassness and brazen ribaldry that frequently characterized Mr. Punch. Further, Mr. White, in this modern show, manifests no kinship with that bright-eyed carelessness and brimming exuberance unconscious of morality which for Puritans went to make the dominant drama of the past few hundred years so "wicked". Mr. White's kinship is rather with Ibsen and the old Morality plays. In the intervals of his action he is always expounding or proclaiming; the action itself consists in the movements, under the guiding destiny of his superintendent moral theory, of labelled puppets bearing the names Virtue, Lust, Strength, Weakness, etc. In this lies his affinity with the old Moralities. In the passion of his homiletic mind he is like Ibsen.

The above may seem a strange paragraph of opening criticism in dealing with a novel. Its justification lies in the nature of what Mr. White has produced. One cannot easily escape the sense of the book being a show and of Mr. White as the presiding operator and showman. It is essentially a book on whose title page one could write, making a little free with the connota-

tion of the old phrase, "Mr. William Allan White, his book". This extracts it somehow from the tradition of novel literature proper and lays upon the reviewer the necessity of placing it elsewhere.

What Mr. White is apparently after is the presentation of the high personal virtue and resolute will for social righteousness that has emerged lately as slow-grown but inevitable fruit upon the plains of the American Middle West. This slow-grown and inevitable fruit was hastened into final and sudden maturity by the heat and humidity of the war atmosphere. The Middle West of the U.S.A., Mr. White leaves us on page 614 to suppose, is now noble, pure, unselfish and very, very righteous. In a word, the life of the twentieth century, as it manifests itself in the Middle West of the U. S. A., has conquered its vices and consolidated its virtues. It would, of course, be unfair not to admit that to say this is to indulge a little in the naughty joy of caricature. Nevertheless, a main defect of Mr. White's philosophy in this book lies in the facility of his optimism. He is too much enamoured of the brilliance of the noon sun of 1918 righteousness to be capable of careful moral seeing. For him there is no detail in his shadows, and the high lights are blinding. Of course there are shadows. But from the day when the Ohioans trekked into the West as pioneers, past the days of settlement and into the era of industrial and business organization, the sun is travelling noonward. Through the entire bulk of the book until the very end it is not at the zenith, however. Therefore, the shadows,



though diminishing, must show, and show black. Tom Van Dorn's lust, Henry Fenn's alcoholism, Dr. Nesbit's genial political gaming, Margaret Muller's ambition, the greed of capitalistic old Dan Sands, the iniquity of little Joe Calvin, lawyer and church man, and therefore the iniquity of the Law and the Church — all these are shadows, obvious and unfruitful, upon that developing life of high personal virtue and resolute social righteousness in the Middle West of the U.S.A. Then, lo, suddenly it is high noon. The shadows are fled away and the fruit is at once perfect and mature. High noon over all the Middle West!

"Oh blessed, blessed, country!" . . .

One could almost go off into a hymn, reading Mr. White's closing paragraphs—if one did not know that on this poor earth the sun has never yet stood still at noon, and that if it did, to the unblinded eye it would reveal all too much.

Now William Allen White: Canada is a young country on this western half of the world, touched by the spirit that touches your Middle Westerners, alert to many things as they are alert, verily a people, and the neighbours of your people. Do you mean to tell us that on your Western plains the war is all over and righteousness sure? This slow and, now in this day, surely matured fruit that is your nation's life there under the sunblaze, do you not see the twentieth century cankers upon it? Surely you see that it is not after all a perfect fruiting that has come to pass, that other seasons must move and go to bring mayhap in some other day, out of effort and love, the happy, perfect yield? Surely you are blind, William Allen White, or neglectful, that you have seemed to miss this as you close your big book. It is as if you have gazed so steadily at the sun of righteousness that you cannot see the very detailed realities of the life about you that that sun is suited to reveal. Your Grand Adams was splendid, but has

he solved the problem? Your Laura was noble, but was she comprehendingly capable, and is Henry Fenn's fight won forever? You have jerked the puppets of that American life of yours about before us, and we have been tremendously interested in their bangs and clashes. But have you done what you set out to do?

Take Tom Van Dorn—a desperately awful character. But surely many a man less lustful is worse and many a man more lustful is better. You don't seem to make provision for the implications of this truth. Therefore Van Dorn is not really a character study; he is your dressed figure, with that essential black moustache (did you put it on just to be able to shave it off?). Van Dorn becomes for you a free ticket into the arena of your optimism. Having used him, you are done with him. But you have not made him a man. Lust is universal and in presenting its awfulness, its selfishness, its degradation, you have done us all a real service, of which some of us should be appreciative. But in presenting lust you have made us forget Van Dorn is human and real, whereas, in presenting Van Dorn, you should—dare one say it?—you should have made us forget lust. That is, you should have made us forget lust as an abstract vice. Instead of completely accomplishing this you have run the risk with all your characters of dehumanizing virtue and vice. The danger is that humanity will read your book and nod wisely over the rising up and the falling down of your abstract Virtues and your abstract Vices, and be able to get away scot free from the arrest and shock of the personal contact with reality which apparently you desired to provide. The male among us, for instance can too easily comfort himself from your pages that he is not like Van Dorn and go on peeking at neat ankles and skirted thighs until disaster. If your book allows this, you have failed to that extent in your own manifest and great-minded purpose.

## THE TRIUMPH OF JOHN KARS

BY RIDGWELL CULLUM. Philadelphia:  
George W. Jacobs & Company.

LIKE many of this author's novels, the scene of "The Triumph" is laid in the frozen North. John Kars goes there for the purpose of discovering the secret involved in the death of a trader, and as a result of his indomitable will-power he overcomes every obstacle and at the same time wins the love of a charming young woman. The book is melodramatic and at times thrilling, but these are features one must expect in Mr. Cullum's work.

\*

## THE VILLAGE

BY ERNEST POOLE. Toronto: The  
Macmillan Company of Canada.

WE have grown accustomed to reading books and news despatches and, sensing in them insincerity or bias, or misrepresentation, saying "Oh, I guess it's just propaganda!" Probably no situation, bar the Peace Conference itself, since the signing of the armistice has been so fraught with the issues of world destiny as has the Russian situation. And concerning no situation have we felt so at sea for lack of measurably complete information. The only uncensored news has been smuggled out in the heads of physically and mentally dismantled merchant princes, fleeing Imperialists, enamoured radicals or romantic zealots. Kerensky's voice mingles but does not blend with the disharmonious racket raised by high officials, army officers, Raymond Robins, and John Reed. Added to this is the pandemonium of cries from the "eye witnesses" who have possibly peeked over the border or skipped across some corner of a territory covering a sixth of the area of the globe.

It is gratifying, therefore, to discover a book that seems so dilatory and casual and unmindful that one has to wonder what the opinion of its author really is about Russia. It may

be that Ernest Poole is not an informed person. We have had no access to his credentials. But it is apparent to the critical that he is at least superficially familiar with Russian life. He has so managed his style that the ordinary reader is inveigled into believing his book is intimate and revealing. Possibly it is. It is good reading at any rate. His descriptions are captivating with a fluent directness when he tells of his Russian friend, of the first exaltation of the Revolution, of the lapse from that exaltation of blind idealism back into the midst of the hostile inertia of difficulties cluttered in the realm of real seeing. One reads with understanding and sympathy of the consequent dismay and chagrin gradually turning to desperation. The sense of contact the book gives with the wide countryside lying back of the revolution is real. One visualizes country stores, a saw mill, school houses, parish priests, and huts by the river. As he tells of all these things Mr. Poole successfully lives up to the sub-title of his book. He provides us with impressions. It is conceivable that just now impressions of Russian life are as valuable as the documented propaganda that is so precisely levelled at our heads. Because Mr. Poole never yells at us to surrender or to put our hands up, one is rather inclined to like him.

\*

## THE RED COW AND HER FRIENDS

BY PETER MCARTHUR. Toronto: J.  
M. Dent & Sons.

THE author of this book of sketches has been contributing for years a weekly letter to the daily press, and as a result this book appears, giving in collected form some of the latest and perhaps the most attractive sketches of the series. His comical conceits are not quite so obvious as Stephen Leacock's, but nevertheless he displays fine flashes of humour and evidences of a quaint kind of philosophy.

His articles are written from his farm at Ekfrid, Ontario, and they almost show clumps of the good brown earth sticking to them. They actually are redolent of the soil. But apart from their redolence, which really is the redolence of ripe applies, clover and honey bees, they are unusually entertaining, especially to all who have a knowledge of farm life. Homely incidents are treated with superfine appreciation, and altogether the book is such as will delight thousands of readers in towns and cities as well as in the country. We quote one paragraph:

#### A SICK COW.

This week the monotony of the winter has been broken. I have been sitting up with a sick cow. Fenceviewer I. has suffered the first check in her career of rapacity, voracity and capacity. A couple of days ago it was noticed that she was off her feed—that she only nibbled at the blue grass when it was put in her manger. Knowing that in her normal condition she is an incarnate appetite—"A belly that walks on four legs"—I knew that something was the matter. I could not imagine her refusing to eat until Death had "clawed her in his clutch," so I took the matter seriously from the beginning. I also noticed that she did not take kindly to water, but stood over it and shivered. There was no doubt about it. She was a sick cow. After a hasty consultation, it was decided to give her a dose of salts, and I commandeered all that we had in the house—about a pound at least. After this was dissolved in about a quart of warm water I took some further advice and added to it, for her stomach's sake, a couple of table-spoonfuls of a sovereign liniment and embrocation, good for man and beast, and paramount for poultry, a remedy for all ills that any kind of flesh is heir to, may be used internally or externally at any time of the day or night without regard to the phases of the moon or the signs in the almanac. All I know about this remedy is that it is a red fluid made of red pepper, red whiskey and all the other red-hot things in the Pharmacopoeia. It is the stuff that was once given to an ailing coloured woman, and when she was offered a second dose she declared with vigour, "No thankee! Ah've done made up ma mind never again to take nuttin' that wattah won't squench." Having added this mixture to the salts, I put it in a quart bottle, called for help, and proceeded to put the red dose into the red cow.

#### THE NEW WORLD

BY LAWRENCE BINYON. London: Elkin Mathews.

THIS is a little book of war verse by one of the older present-day English poets who have risen to the recent great occasion and been able to stand aloof from tremendous events, as the seer always should stand, and record impressions in the fine manner that real poetry always records them. We quote a poem:

#### SPRING HAS LEAPT INTO SUMMER.

Spring has leapt into Summer.  
A glory has gone from the green.  
The flush of the poplar has sobered out,  
The flame in the leaf of the lime is dulled:  
But I am thinking of the young men  
Whose faces are no more seen.

Where is the pure blossom  
That fell and refused to grow old?  
The clustered radiance, perfumed whiteness,  
Silent singing of joy in the blue?

—I am thinking of the young men  
Whose splendour is under the mould.

Youth, the wonder of the world,  
Open-eyed at an opened door,  
When the world is as honey in the flower,  
and as wine

To the heart, and as music newly begun!  
O the young men, the myriads of the young men,  
Whose beauty returns no more:

Spring will come, when the Earth remembers,

In sun-bursts after the rain,  
And the leaf be fresh and lovely on the bough,

And the myriad shining blossom be born:  
But I shall be thinking of the young men  
Whose eyes will not shine on us again.

\*

#### TWENTY POEMS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE coolest and most immaculate high-brow could surely not be assaulted or offended by this chaste blue little booklet containing twenty poems from Kipling. It is a volume like this that reveals Kipling. Something in his rhyming power and in his power to be commonplace with all the glory kept, has put him dominantly

into what may be called the Empire's business tradition; there is a sure relativity in certain of these twenty poems that has put him into the world's literary tradition. No one can read these poems without feeling in them that inevitable sureness of fundamental simplicity which belongs to the great artist. The words of the poems fall upon the ear and their meanings into the mind with such swift ease and graceful vividness that the resultant sense of dignity and power is certain and exalting. We often talk of our "modern Kiplings". We have often called R. W. Service our Canadian Kipling. But no man deserves comparison with Kipling who only has his gaudy clamour and splendid grandeur. Kipling's artistry is deeper than his most obvious effects. Herein Service lacks. Service has clamour and grandeur in measure. But he has not the dignity nor the power nor the richness of fine simplicity. Kipling's gargoyles always repay a study carrying one beyond the bizarre tremendousness of first impressions; there is a detail about them of fine lines and studied harmonies. Service, after he has given us his first splendour, has nothing further to offer; his detail is crude, his harmonies careless. There is no background of fine art about his work in which the eye and soul may rest after it has become a bit weary of the grand or the grotesque or the spectacular. In these twenty poems of Kipling's one may rest one's artistic senses with a fine delight.

\*

#### THE UNKNOWN WRESTLER

By H. A. Cody. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

H. A. CODY is rather typical of a certain strand in Canadian fiction writing. His is the kind of story that, without profundity, is yet without utter cheapness. We have many such books. A great number of the Connor output are of this order. This particular tale is about a young Anglican clergyman who went to his parish two months ahead of time "unbe-

knownst" and worked as a farm hand, thereby planning to study conditions as a man before he undertook handling them as a minister, a rather novel and somewhat dubious experiment in spying out the land, it seems to the worldly wise reader. But Cody saves his situation by having the young clergyman enlist and leave the parish at the end of the two months to another incumbent. In the meantime he has fallen in love. Whereby hangs much of the tale.

\*

#### ON ACTIVE SERVICE

EDITED BY HON. CAPT. ALEX. KETTERSON. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS is a collection of quotations gathered from the officers of Canada's military forces, some of them bona fide fighting men, some of them not. The quotations are set down under the dates of the year. Many people will be interested in the book on general principles, some because a friend happens to be credited on its pages with a quotation.

There is always something a bit harsh and mechanical about such collections as this. Yet it is, in a sense, a sort of human document. The favourite quotations of men which they offer for publication sometimes reveal the authentic aspiration and bias of the mind.

\*

#### KHAKI

By FREEMAN TILDEN. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

STORIES of the war are still being written, and this one, which tells how Tredick, a sleepy, self-satisfied New England town, got into it, could be duplicated in many a Canadian town. The hero is a young man who shunned the war at first, but when it came to the crisis he was "straightened up", like others of the menfolk of Tredick. There is a pleasing love story running through the book, which furnishes an evening of enjoyable reading.

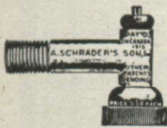
# Ingersoll Cream Cheese

FARM and dairy's choicest and most nutritious ingredients, freshly and tastily prepared, and packed in sanitary cartons, make Ingersoll Cream Cheese wholesome and appetizing and deservedly one of the most popular food products in Canada.

ASK YOUR GROCER. Packages 15c and 25c.

(Canada Food Board License No. 13-17)

"SPREADS LIKE BUTTER"



## Schrader Universal Pump Connection

Facilitates Pumping and Testing of Tires. Air pressure can be ascertained without detaching connection from valve.

Price 65c

# Schrader Universal



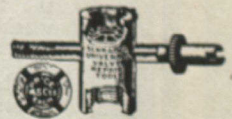
## Tire Pressure Gauge

Measures the air in your tires. Tires maintained under the correct inflation last twice as long as tires run on haphazard pressure. A "Schrader Universal" Gauge means Tire Insurance.

Price \$1.75

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

**A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.**  
334 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.



## Schrader Universal Valve Repair Tool

A Four-in-one Tool for Quick Repair of Damaged Cap threads of Tire Valves; Removing Valve Inside; Reaming Damaged Valve Seat; Retapping inside thread. Of value to all Motorists and Garages.

Price 45c

# WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



Colonial "A"  
Extremely thin at no  
sacrifice of accuracy

## The WALTHAM Guarantee

THE reputation of the guarantor is the all-important consideration in determining the value of a guarantee.

The Waltham Watch Company, established in 1854, was the first company in the world to manufacture entire watch movements.

At the present time the normal staff at the main factory includes 4,500 expert work-people, hundreds of whom have spent the whole of their working lifetime on Waltham Watches.

The factory equipment includes many marvellous automatic machines developed exclusively by Waltham ex-

perts for shaping, drilling, polishing and finishing the myriad small parts entering into high-grade watch mechanism.

Every part is standardized. Guesswork is unknown. Inspection and re-inspection is a rigid rule.

The unvarying quality assured by such organization and equipment has resulted in the winning by Waltham of every gold medal awarded since 1854 by the great World's Fairs for supreme watch merit.

And it is these things which give weight to the Waltham Guarantee.

Waltham Watch Company, Limited, Montreal

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada

Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.



## What! Postum?

"Do you mean to tell me this is the drink I have read so much about!"

"You're like many others, Jack, who think they must have tea or coffee—you're surprised to find that this healthful cereal drink has a really delicious, satisfying flavor."

**"There's a Reason" for POSTUM**

**Goddess**  
Corsets that lace in Front

**"Goddess" Corsets that lace in Front—  
meet the demands of the latest styles.**

Their supple boning, makes them most comfortable, whether sitting or standing, and the tongue under the lacing, and the patented under-clasp feature, prevents pinching. Anita Stewart, the charming screen Artiste says:—"Without undue compression, they add to the grace of the figure."

GODDESS Corsets are made in Canada, by the makers of the LA DIVA and D & A Corsets in the largest Corset Factory in the British Empire.

Sold by the leading corsetières throughout Canada. C-19-G

**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY, — Montreal — Quebec — Toronto.**





## Pay Her \$3 For Each Empty Package

*A Suggestion for Men*

The 35-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6,221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

In meat, eggs and fish the average cost of 6,221 calories would be at least \$3.50.

So each 35-cent package served in place of meats saves around \$3. And the housewife who saves it should have it.

Make each empty package worth \$3 in some special household fund. Then watch the fund grow.

This is how some necessary foods compare in

### Cost of 6221 Calories

In Quaker Oats	-\$0.35
In Round Steak	2.54
In Veal Cutlets	3.53
In Canned Peas	3.35
In Codfish	4.85

cost, at this writing, based on their calorie value.

And Quaker Oats, which costs so little, is the greatest food in the list.

Analysis shows the oat to be almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Make Quaker Oats your standard breakfast. That's the best way to bring down food cost.

# Quaker Oats

*The Oat Dainty*

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c (Except in Far West)

# The Rodgers'

## TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark  
which identifies the best of cutlery

*Look for it on every blade.*

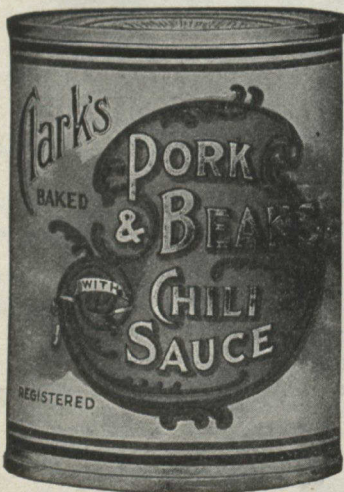
**JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited**

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

## CLARK'S PREPARED FOODS



Some of our helps to Food  
Conservation

- CLARK'S Pork & Beans
- " Spaghetti with Tomato  
Sauce & Cheese
- " Concentrated Soups
- " Peanut Butter
- " Stewed Kidneys
- " Ox & Lunch Tongues
- " Pate de Foie, etc., etc.

**W. CLARK, LIMITED,**

**MONTREAL**

Canada Food Board License No. 14-216



## The World's Greatest Promotor of Good Health

**S**PARKLING — refreshing — cleansing — every glass of Eno's bubbles over with life, health and happiness.

Palatable and delightful at any time—yet it's the regular morning glass of Eno's that is most beneficial to mind and body—and gives a normal, healthy outlook for the day ahead.

Father finds a "business bracer" of the right sort in Eno's. Mother takes a spoonful in a glass of water to ward off approaching headaches. The little tots take it—without inducements—whenever robust appetites have been too well satisfied.

# ENO'S FRUIT SALT

being a natural aperient—that is, composed of cleansing and tonic elements of ripe fruit juices—performs its work without irritation or harmful re-action. It clears the intestines, rouses the torpid liver to activity and produces a genuine liveliness and vigor that makes for efficiency and happiness.

*Sold by all Druggists*

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, London, England

Agents for North America

**HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Limited**

10 McCaul Street, Toronto

171 Madison Ave., New York City



**SEAL BRAND**  
**COFFEE**

With the Quality  
 sealed in the Can

In ½, 1, and 2 lb. tins—in the bean, ground, or *fine ground*  
 for percolators.

Write for booklet: "Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made". It's free.

CHASE & SANBORN . . . . . MONTREAL



**FEARMAN'S**  
**Star Brand**  
**HAMS & BACON**

There is nothing quite so nice for Lunch or  
 Supper as a bit of Cold Boiled Ham and  
 there is no ham quite as tasty as  
 Fearman's "STAR" Brand.

**F. W. FEARMAN & CO., LTD.**  
 Hamilton, Ont.



**As good as the  
Finest Imported  
Brands.—None  
Better.**

This New Ginger Ale of O'Keefe's is the same type as the famous imported brands. It is quite dry—with a most delightful flavour.

**O'Keefe's**  
SPECIAL PALE DRY  
**GINGER  
ALE**

is only one of the many delicious beverages, put up under the

O. K. BRAND



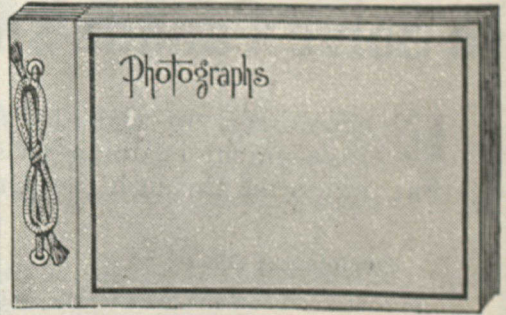
Belfast Style Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, Cola, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour, Cream Soda, Lemonade, Orangeade, Special Soda.

Order a case from your dealer. 517

**O'Keefe's, Toronto**

"Canada Food Board L-15-102."

**SIMCOE  
PHOTO ALBUMS**



*Bound in Walrus, Seal and Morocco Grain Leathers and Silk Finish Art Cloths, Flexible Covers.*

*Every Collector of Snap Shots requires one.*

PAUL E. WIRT  
**FOUNTAIN  
PENS**



*Self-filling,  
Safety and  
Ordinary Styles.  
Gold Mounted or  
Plain Holders.*

**THE Brown Bros. LIMITED**

Simcoe and Pearl Streets  
TORONTO



## To Solve Canada's Employment Problem

**E**VERYONE in Canada should understand just what the Government is doing to solve the unemployment problems that may arise through the demobilization of our fighting forces.

### (1) Employment Offices.

So that everyone—male or female, soldier or civilian—can get quickly such jobs as are available the Government is co-operating with the Provinces in establishing a chain of Public Employment Offices. Employers are being urged to make use of these offices to secure any help they need. Farmers, for example, who need hired men should apply to the nearest office. There will be a Public Employment Office in every town of 10,000 people—and wherever the need for one exists. There will be 60 different offices in all—one-half are already in operation.

### (2) Employment Opportunities.

The war held up much work that will now be carried on at once. Public works, shipbuilding, roadbuilding, railway work—construction of bridges, improvement of road-bed, making of new equipment—these will provide new opportunities for employment. In addition, the Government has sent a Trade Mission overseas to secure for Canada a share in the business of providing materials and products required for reconstruction work in Europe. It has also set aside the large sum of

\$25,000,000 to be loaned through the Provinces to encourage the building of workmen's houses. This will mean much new work in the spring.

### (3) Land and Loans for Soldiers.

To help soldiers become farmers the Government has developed a programme that includes the providing of land, the granting of loans, and the training and supervision of those inexperienced in farming. At present, the soldier is granted, free, in addition to his ordinary homestead right, one quarter-section of Dominion lands. He also receives a loan up to the maximum of \$2,500.

These original plans are now being broadened. If Parliament passes the new proposals during this session, the Soldier Settlement Board will be able to buy suitable land and re-sell it to the soldier at cost.

Land up to the value of \$5,000 may be bought by this plan—the money to be repaid in 20 years. The low interest rate of 5 per cent. will be charged. These new proposals will also permit the Soldier Settlement Board to loan the soldier-farmer up to \$2,500 for purchasing equipment, etc., in addition to \$5,000 loan on his farm.



**The Repatriation Committee**

*Ottawa*

# Chocolate— a food

It is now universally admitted that chocolate is a food—a sustaining food.

During the war millions of tons of chocolate were sent to the Front.

Our Canadian soldiers early found that eating chocolate was not only pleasing to the taste, but restored vitality and gave renewed energy.

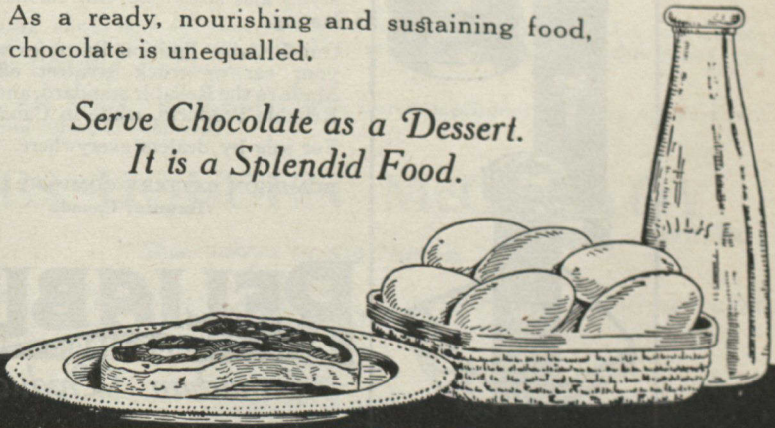
Brigadier-General L. W. Waller of the U.S. Marines, referring to the food value of chocolate, said—

*"I never went into a campaign without chocolate. I always have a few cakes in my haversack when I go into action. Men fight like the devil on chocolate. Seasoned soldiers take it on the march with them."*

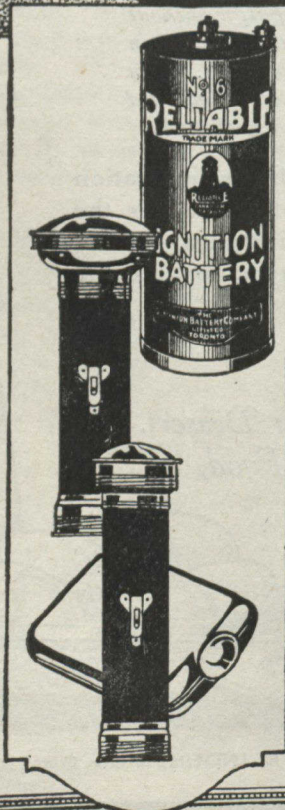
It is a matter of actual scientific demonstration that one pound of chocolate produces the same amount of body-building nutriment as six eggs, a pint of milk and one pound of steak.

As a ready, nourishing and sustaining food, chocolate is unequalled.

*Serve Chocolate as a Dessert.  
It is a Splendid Food.*



THE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOCOLATE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA



## SAFE AND HANDY LIGHT

You can pick your way anywhere at night with Reliable Tubular Flashlights or Searchlights. You direct the brilliant beam of the Reliable just where you want it. Clean, safe; unaffected by weather, can't explode or set fires.

Handsomely enamelled metal cases—all styles and sizes. Several colors. Long-lasting.

Our Reliable Ignition Batteries will give your car or truck greatest efficiency. Made to the Reliable standard, and like all Reliable Products, made in Canada.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

DOMINION BATTERY COMPANY LIMITED  
Toronto, Canada

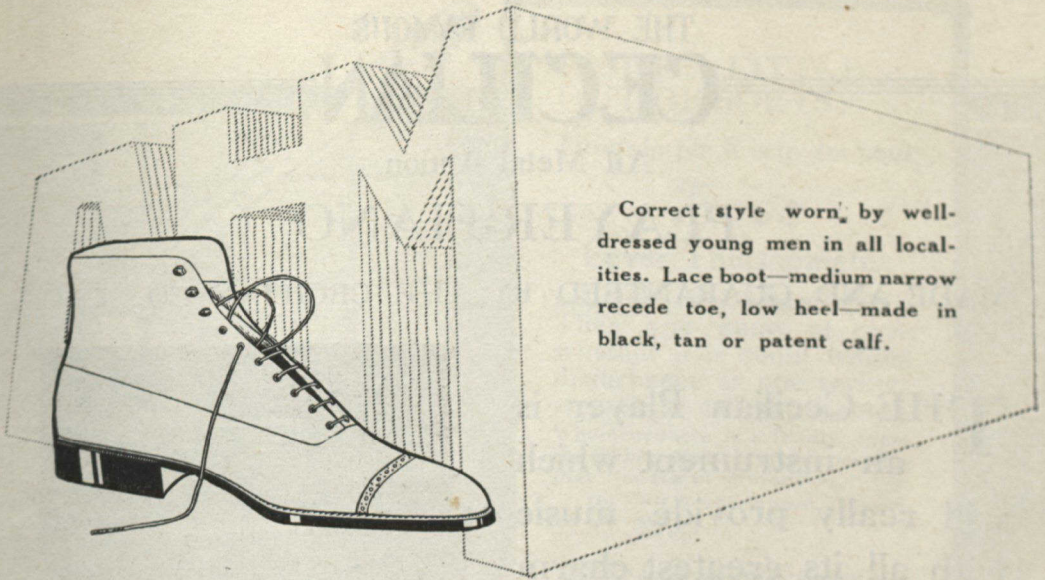
# RELIABLE

TRADE MARK

*Canadian Products*

*"Lively and Lasting"*





Correct style worn by well-dressed young men in all localities. Lace boot—medium narrow recede toe, low heel—made in black, tan or patent calf.

## Your Safeguard in Buying Shoes

**W**HEN you buy shoes, you take somebody's word for value. It is **CONFIDENCE** which leads you, in the end, to lay down your hard-earned dollars for shoes. And you are right in buying where you feel the most confidence.

This confidence on the part of the buying public is the biggest asset which any dealer, or any manufacturer can have. The reputable, established dealer has **YOUR** interests in mind when he buys his stock; the manufacturer bears them in mind when he makes it.

Your safeguard in buying shoes is to see that your confidence is well placed. Go to a dealer whose judgment you can trust. And see that the manufacturer's trade mark is on the shoes you select. Thus you may buy with **DOUBLE** confidence.

Our booklet "How to Buy Shoes." will be sent, with our compliments, to any address in Canada upon request to our head office at Montreal.

# AMES HOLDEN McCREADY

LIMITED

*"Shoemakers to the Nation."*

ST. JOHN

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

EDMONTON

VANCOUVER

When you buy Shoes look for—



—this Trade-mark on every sole

THE WORLD FAMOUS  
**CECILIAN**

All Metal Action

**PLAYER-PIANO**

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY THE CECILIAN CO., LTD.

**T**HE Cecilian Player is an instrument which will really provide music with all its greatest charm and beauty — A Superb Player at a Popular Price.



The Cecilian-Player is Perfect in tone—Beautiful in Design—It can be operated as though one were actually playing by hand possessing that human sympathetic quality of tone.



*Write for Illustrated Booklet  
 With Prices and Terms*

**THE CECILIAN CO., LTD.**  
 247 Yonge Street  
 Toronto



IS SHE A LITTLE  
OUT OF SORTS?

How simple it is to get your

*Tycos*

Fever Thermometer

and take her temperature. Then you know at once whether it is some trifling disturbance or one serious enough to call the doctor. Wherever there is a family, there should be a *Tycos*. It makes possible that "ounce of prevention."

The *Tycos* is sold by most Druggists and Opticians. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

*Taylor Instrument Companies*  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



There's a *Tycos* or *Taylor* Thermometer for Every Purpose

102



A Dessert With  
High Food Value

When you serve Junket you are serving a dainty, tempting dessert that has all the nourishing value of milk.

Everybody, from baby to adult, likes Junket better than milk; and it is better for them because it is more readily digested.

**Junket**  
MADE with MILK

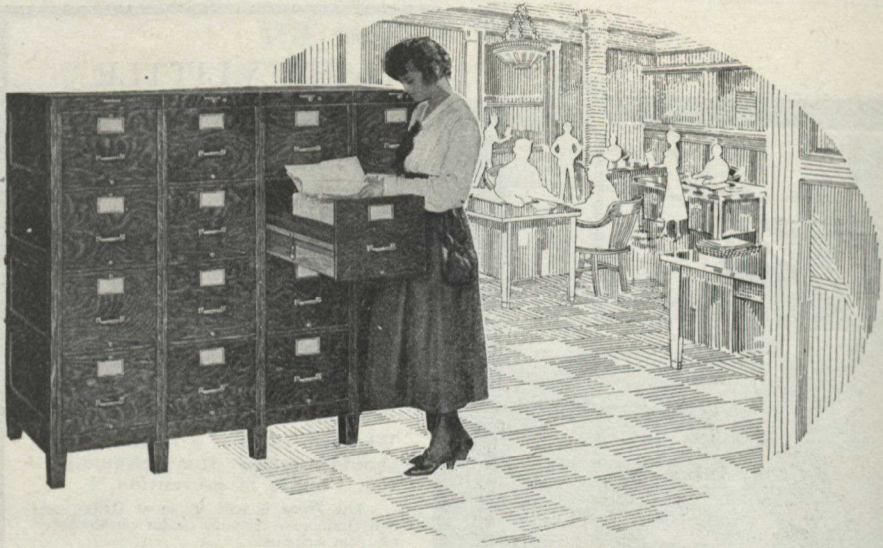
can be made with fruit, berries, macaroons, whipped cream, etc., according to a wide variety of recipes.

It can be bought as "Prepared Junket" (Nesnah) with sugar, flavor, etc., already added (in 6 flavors) or as Junket Tablets. *Delight your family—with Junket.*

A Recipe Booklet and Sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c stamp. A full package for 12c.

Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory, Toronto, Ont.





## Organization Depends on You

Your filing clerk is not responsible for the way your filing system works; it's not her fault if it's *fundamentally* wrong. And you certainly can't blame her if she holds you up for that "wanted-in-a-hurry" paper—to close some important point in a discussion—to get some needed information.

You're responsible for the proper organization of your office, and everything that's in it—including your filing system.

This is the case in your factory; every operation is planned for your men; shop practices are standardized; all the thinking is done in advance—to save time, delays and clogged wheels.

The only difference between factory and office routine is one of function—for *efficiency both depend upon organization.*

So your clerks are only responsible for carrying out the details of filing. And if your filing system isn't fundamentally right—in other words if it won't yield up the paper you want when you want it—is it really fair to put the blame on your filing clerk?

The "Office Specialty" Direct Name System of filing correspondence is a steel-trap,

error-proof system of filing. Your filing clerk can't go wrong. Everything's worked out to act automatically—it's organization based on simple, fundamental principles.

Hundreds of business men in every kind of business have found this system the end to their "filing-and-finding-of-papers" problems. The same benefit it has brought to them is offered to you—and backed by time, labor and money saving proof.

If this "getting-papers-when-you-want-them" question is bothering you, get in touch to-day with our nearest Filing Equipment Store and let one of our service men demonstrate its particular benefits to you. Or if you want a little more information about it before doing anything write to the nearest store for descriptive folder No. 1862.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO., LIMITED  
Home Office                      NEWMARKET                      Canada

Filing Equipment Stores at :

Toronto    Montreal    Ottawa    Halifax    Hamilton    Winnipeg    Regina    Edmonton    Vancouver

**OFFICE**  **SPECIALTY**  
**FILING SYSTEMS**

# MURAD

## CIGARETTES

### Remember Our Boys At The Front

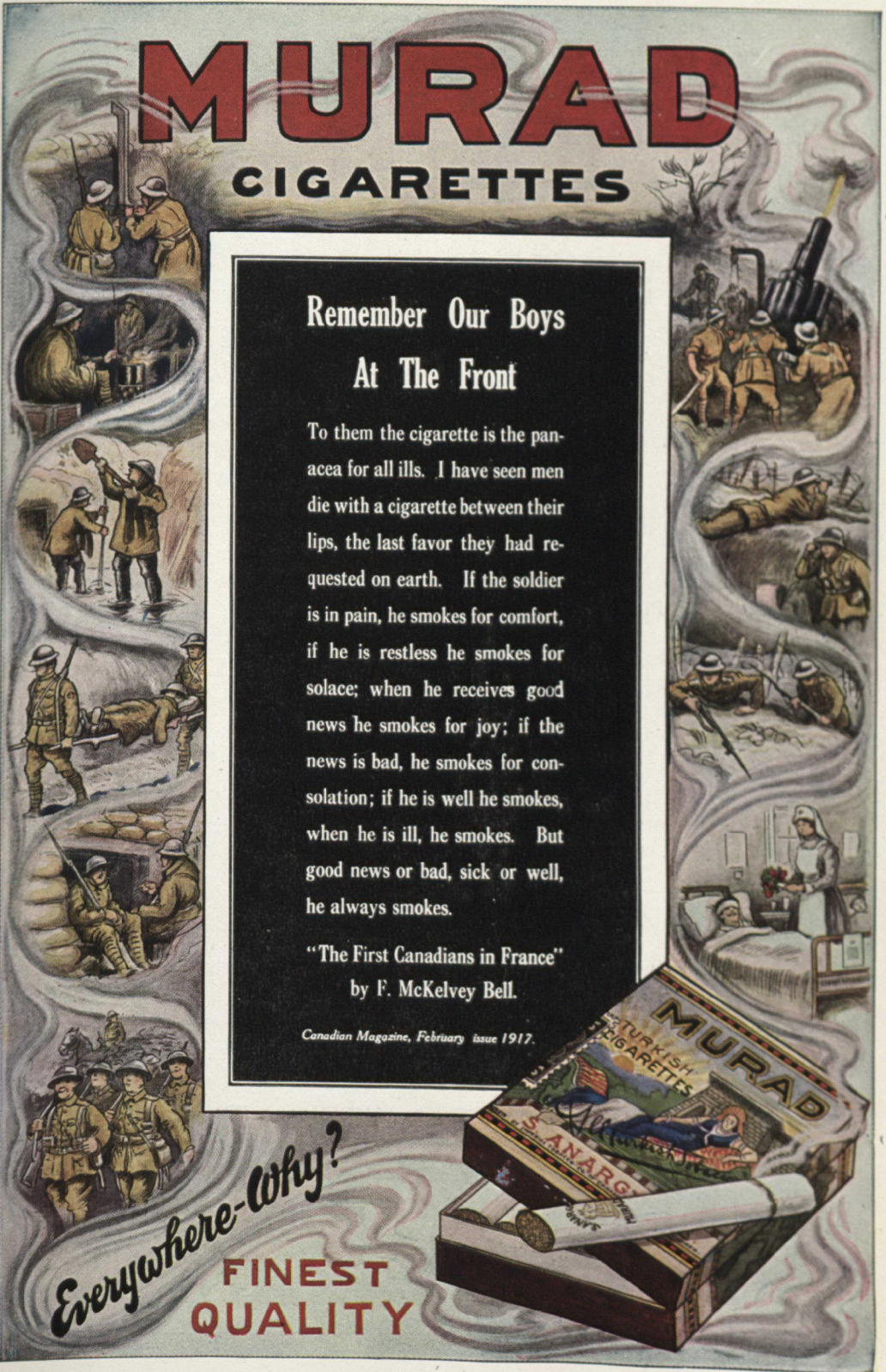
To them the cigarette is the panacea for all ills. I have seen men die with a cigarette between their lips, the last favor they had requested on earth. If the soldier is in pain, he smokes for comfort, if he is restless he smokes for solace; when he receives good news he smokes for joy; if the news is bad, he smokes for consolation; if he is well he smokes, when he is ill, he smokes. But good news or bad, sick or well, he always smokes.

"The First Canadians in France"  
by F. McKelvey Bell.

*Canadian Magazine, February issue 1917.*

*Everywhere-Why?*

**FINEST  
QUALITY**



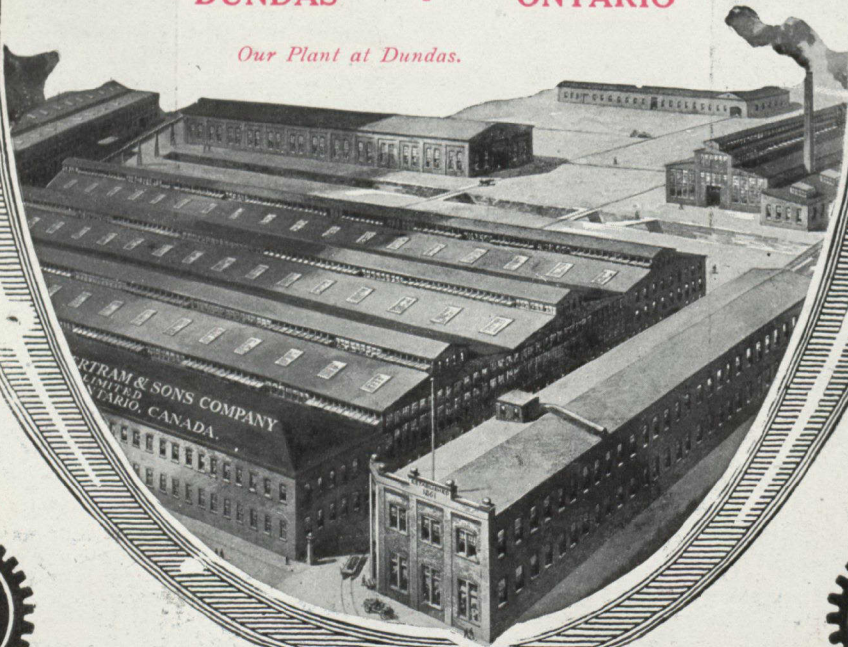
# BERTRAM MACHINE TOOLS

are strictly up-to-date in design. Built to give economical, efficient and long service. They include General Machine Shop Equipment, Repair Shop Machinery, Locomotive and Car Shop Machinery, Structural and Bridge Shop Machinery.

Photographs and full particulars upon request.

**The John Bertram & Sons  
Company, Limited**  
DUNDAS - ONTARIO

*Our Plant at Dundas.*

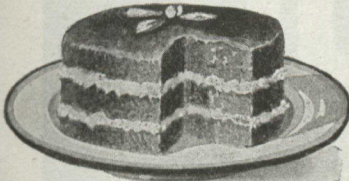


# COWAN'S

PERFECTION

# COCOA

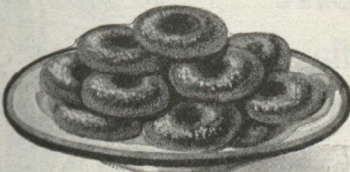
MAKES  
GOOD THINGS  
TO EAT



COCOA LAYER CAKE



COCOA PIE



COCOA DOUGHNUTS



## The Full Luxury of the Bath

is attained when it is perfumed  
with the genuine

# MURRAY & LANMAN'S

## Florida Water



In use for a Century, this matchless perfume has won on its merit a most enviable, world-wide popularity, and stands today unique among perfumes of its class.

In the Bath its cooling, refreshing and reviving effects are truly remarkable. For general use on the Dressing-table it has no equal.

PREPARED ONLY BY  
**LANMAN & KEMP,**  
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.  
Accept no Substitute!

## FOR BIGGER AND BETTER CROPS

# STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO.

"CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE" LIMITED

TORONTO

HAMILTON WINNIPEG



## GENUINE DIAMOND CASH OR CREDIT

Terms 20% down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We trust any honest person

Write for Catalogue to-day

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers  
15 Toronto Arcade TORONTO, Can.

# Your Eyes

**Granulated Eyelids,**  
Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy.** No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At

Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle.  
For Book of the Eye free write  
**Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.**

Purity Flour is a high-grade flour because every care is used to make it so.

# PURITY FLOUR

(GOVERNMENT STANDARD)

"More Bread and Better Bread and Better Pastry"

"PURITY OATS Makes Better Porridge"

Canada Food Board License Nos.—Flour 15, 16, 17, 18—Cereal 2-009

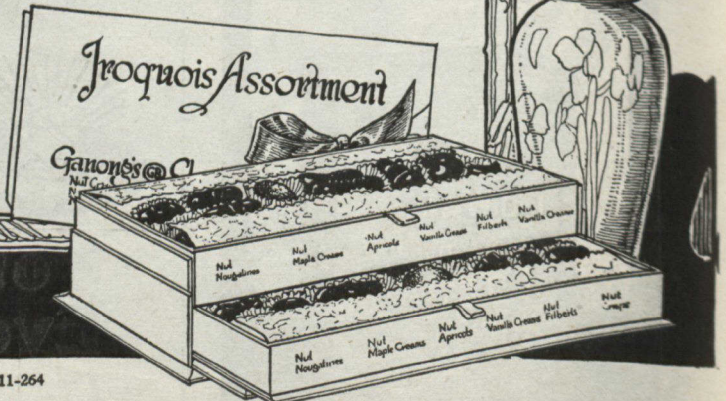
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONTARIO

## Iroquois Assortment

Choice Nuts and delicately-flavored Chocolates in a variety of combinations.

Another revelation of the high standard of

Ganong's  
  
 Chocolates







*FOR EASTER BREAKFAST—*  
**This ham of finest flavor**

On Easter morning how briskly everyone comes down to breakfast, with eager appetite!

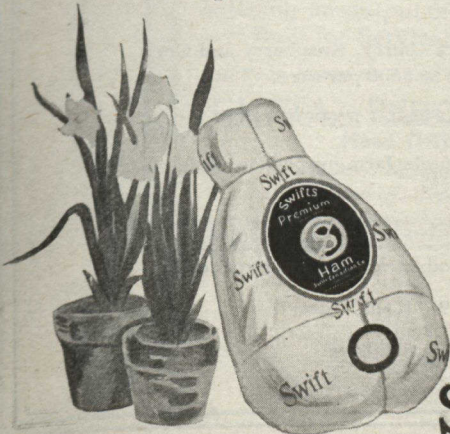
And how perfect, then, is a savory breakfast of Swift's Premium Ham! For the texture of this ham is delicately tender, and its especially long, slow cure has given it an unusual sweetness of flavor.

When you see the Swift's Premium wrapper and brand you are sure of getting this delicious, skillfully-cured ham.

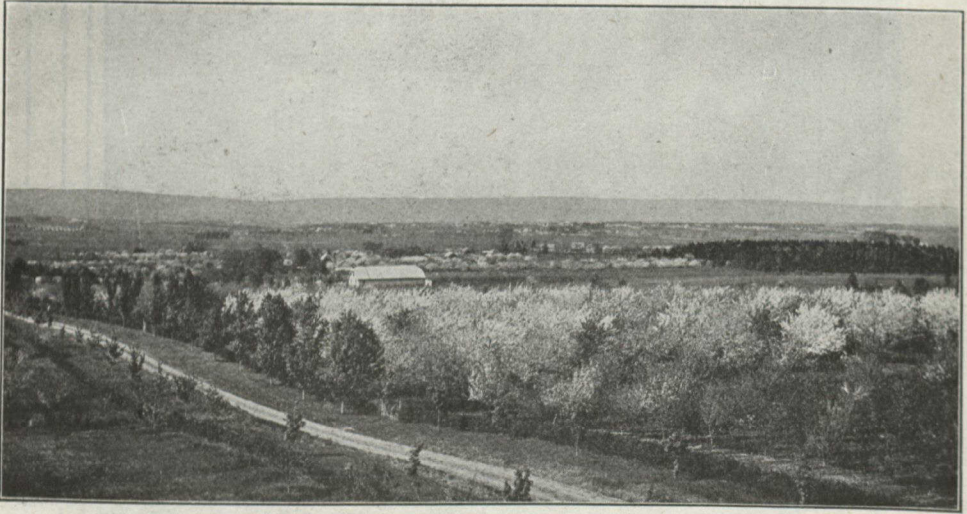
**Swift Canadian Co.**  
 Limited

Toronto      Winnipeg      Edmonton  
 (Canada Food Board License Nos. 13-170, 171, 173)

**Swift's Premium Ham**



# What Nova Scotia Offers The Farmer



**Land Suitable for Dairying** with succulent and well watered pastures. The climate is moist and cool and the markets for dairy products unexcelled. Good breeds of cows average 10,000 pounds of milk per cow.

**Land Suitable for Fruit Growing.** Nova Scotia Apples are among the finest flavored in the world. Trees bear from five to ten years after planting and yield profitably for from 60 to 100 years. A million acres of land not yet planted are suitable for orcharding.

**Land Suitable for Sheep Raising** in one of the most favorable portions of Canada for the sheep industry. The hilly pastures produce healthy sheep and the mutton and lamb are of superior quality and flavour. Nova Scotia wool is sought after by cloth manufacturers.

**Land Suitable for Market Gardening.** Strawberry, Raspberry and Cranberry Plantations yield profits ranging from \$200 to \$500 per acre.

**Strong Local Markets** and excellent opportunities for EXPORTING.

For further information including booklet of sample farm properties available, write,

W. B. MACCOY

Secretary Industries and Immigration,

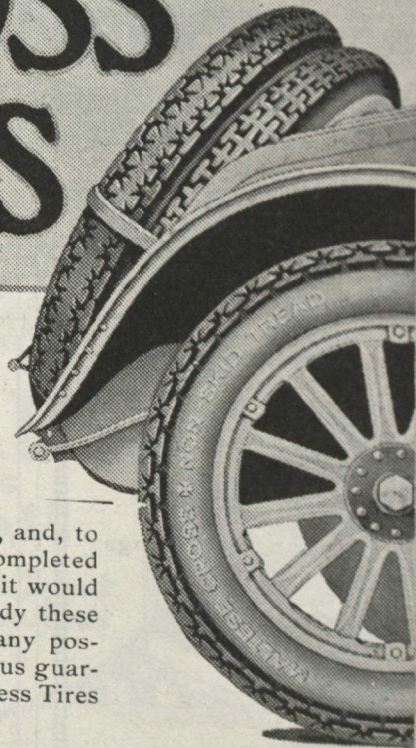
197 Hollis Street,

Halifax

# MALTESE CROSS TIRES

## TESTED TIRES

We construct a Tire on specifications which our experts figure should make a tire **exactly right**, and, to prove it, we subject the completed Tire to severer tests than it would get on the road. We study these performances to discover any possibility of improvement, thus guaranteeing an output of faultless Tires — "Built for Service."



*Ask Your Dealer to Show You the New 1919 "Continuous" Non-Skid Tread.*

**GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, Limited,**  
Head Office and Factories, TORONTO.

BRANCHES:—Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Ft. William, Winnipeg, Regina,  
Saskatoon, Lethbridge, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria.



*Vapo Cresolene*  
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

"Used while you sleep"

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. Sold by Druggist. Send for descriptive booklet

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat composed of allpeppery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortland St., N. Y. or Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada



*Macey*

For Sale by All Leading Furniture Dealers

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

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED WOODSTOCK ONTARIO

Twenty-seven claims on policies less than a year in force—in five cases less than a month.

Are you under-insured?

A \$5,000 Protection and Savings Policy is what you need.

Age 20 \$108.00	Age 30 \$130.20
Age 25 \$118.50	Age 35 \$144.70

Cash guaranteed exceeds total premiums paid.

Write to-day for pamphlet.

**EXCELSIOR**  
INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY  
Head Office—EXCELSIOR LIFE BLDG., TORONTO

**JAEGER**  
TO SUIT ALL SEASONS

Jaeger underwear may be had in weights to suit all seasons, it offers the most complete bodily protection of any known clothing, and combines quality with style and comfort. Made in two-piece suits and combinations, in all weights for men, women and children.

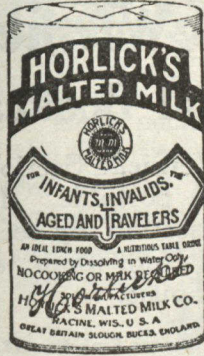
For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout the Dominion.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woolen System CO. Limited  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg  
British, "founded 1883"

The **DIET**  
During  
and After

The Old Reliable  
Round Package



# INFLUENZA

## Horlick's Malted Milk

**Very Nutritious, Digestible**

The REAL Food-Drink, instantly prepared, Made by the ORIGINAL Horlick process and from carefully selected materials.

Used successfully over 1/4 century. Endorsed by physicians everywhere.

Ask for **Horlick's** The Original

Thus Avoiding Imitations

Canada Food Board License No. 14-385.

**"Pure & White  
- Always Right"**

# REGAL

FREE RUNNING

## Table Salt

**The Aluminum Spout  
Lets the Salt run Out**

176  
THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

made in Canada

## SPRING and SUMMER

Months Spent in Study and Practice of Shorthand and Business Procedure will qualify you for a responsible appointment in a Business Concern for Autumn and Winter Months.

### SHAW'S BUSINESS SCHOOL'S

Toronto, are open throughout the whole year producing high grade Graduates for the higher salaried positions. Write for free Catalog W. H. Shaw, President. Head Offices, Yonge and Gerrard Sts, Toronto.

## STOP FORGETTING!

THE Pelman Mind and Memory Course gives a better memory, trains observation, strengthens will power, gives self-confidence, develops initiative, originality, builds up an all-round mental and physical efficiency. Requires only few minutes a day. Write for free booklet.

**PELMAN INSTITUTE** Dept. K, Toronto, Can.

**CABBAGE-CUTTER**, six knives, slices all kinds vegetables rapidly. Prepaid \$1.00, 3 for \$2.00. Lusher Bros. Elkhart, Ind. U. S.

**ST-STU-T-T-TERING** and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 720 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D.C.



## MOVING TIME IS MADE EASIER WITH **Globe-Wernicke** Sectional Bookcases

A Globe - Wernicke Sectional Bookcase is readily portable. It can be easily moved section by section, with contents intact, from room to room or from house to house.

*Write to-day for handsomely bound 54 page book No. 116 illustrated in colors. You will receive the booklet by return mail along with name of your nearest dealer where you may see these bookcases on display.*

**The Globe-Wernicke Co. Ltd.**

STRATFORD

ONTARIO

## MOIR'S Chocolates

SATISFY the child's hunger for sweets with Moir's Chocolates. Moir's name is a guarantee of the pure, wholesome quality of the ingredients as well as perfection in the making.

**MOIR'S  
LIMITED  
HALIFAX**

Canadian Food Control License  
Nos. 5-776, 11-687.



# Mrs. Knox Says

Experts call Knox Gelatine the "4 to 1 gelatine" because each package makes 4 pints of jelly—or 4 times the quantity made by ordinary brands—and it is measured so that you can make the full quantity, or any portion desired.

As an example of a real delight I suggest this exquisite but easily made dessert of

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

### Orange, Banana or Apple Sponge

1/4 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water  
1/2 cup boiling water  
1 cup orange, apple or banana pulp

1 cup sugar (1/2 cup if banana pulp is used)  
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice  
Whites of two eggs. Few grains salt

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add fruit pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat until light; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and beat together thoroughly. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

May be served with a custard sauce made with the remaining egg yolks. If a Charlotte is desired, line mold with strips of stale cake.

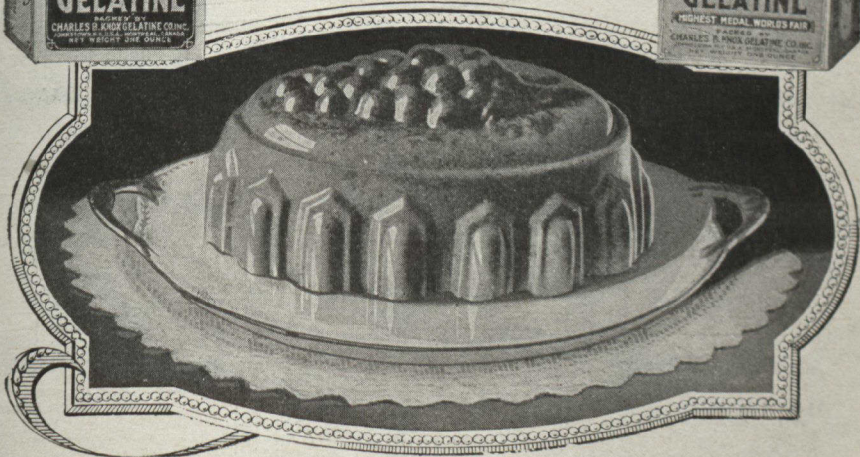
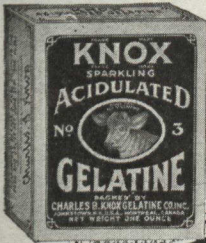
Plain, for general use, easily prepared

Including pure lemon flavor, for quick use.

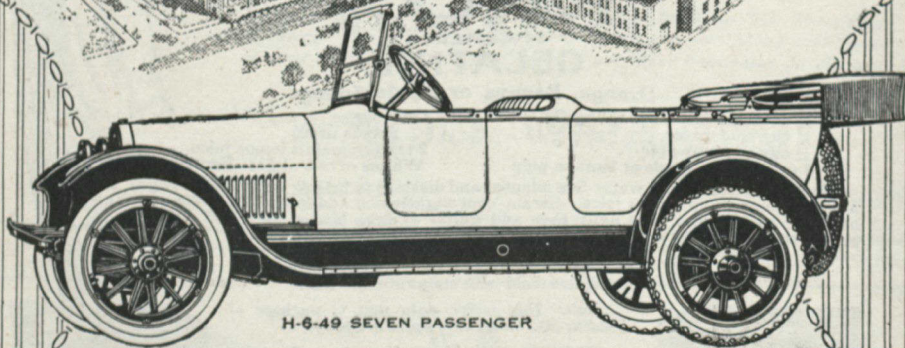
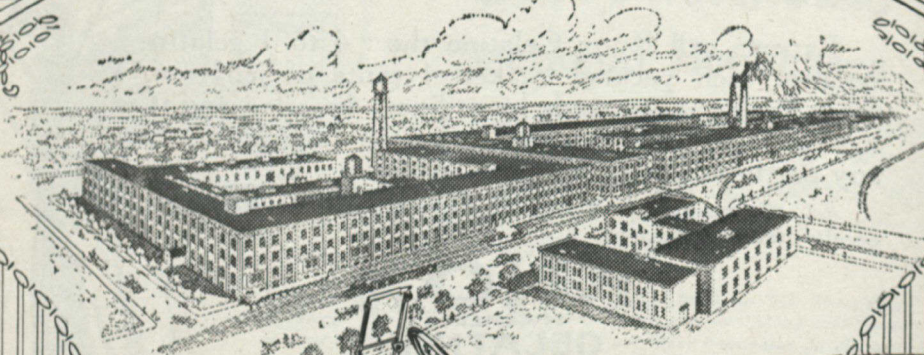
*Note: This recipe only uses 1/4 package of Gelatine and makes over 1 pint of Sponge.*

Write for the Knox Knowledge Books—"Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy"—free, if you mention your grocer's name and address.

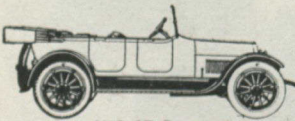
**CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., Inc.**  
Dept. A., 180 St. Paul St., W. Montreal, Que.



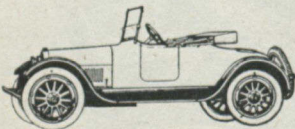
# McLAUGHLIN Master Sixes



H-6-49 SEVEN PASSENGER



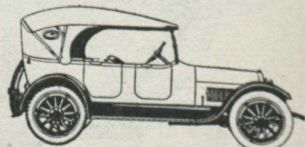
H-6-45 SPECIAL



H-6-44 SPECIAL



H-6-46



H-6-45 EXTRA SPECIAL

Master engineers combined their efforts with master artists to produce the McLaughlin Master Six. The result is a car worthy of the highest manufacturing ideals—a car appropriately called the Master Six.

CANADA'S STANDARD CAR

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited

OSHAWA, ONTARIO



# "At All Dealers"

☐ Ask any dealer and he will supply you with a Dunlop Tire, or get one with the minimum of delay. Practically every dealer is a Dunlop man. He will take your order because we play no favorites—sell the big and small store or garage.

☐ The tires with the good reputation that lasts, the service that satisfies, and the dealer representation that settles the issue of emergency, as well as regular calls, are branded: Dunlop Cord—"Traction" and "Ribbed;" Dunlop Regular—"Traction," "Special," "Ribbed," "Clipper," "Plain."

## DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS CO., LIMITED

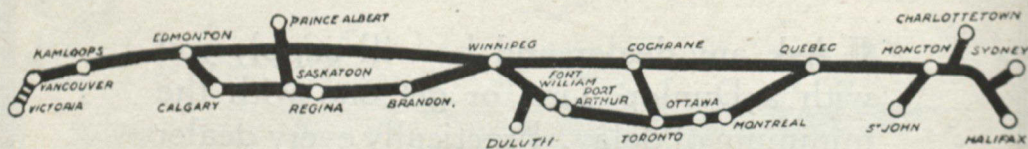
Head Office and Factories - - TORONTO

BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES

Tires for all purposes. Mechanical Rubber Products  
and General Rubber Specialties



# CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



NOW OPERATING

Canadian Northern Railway System

Canadian Government Railways

The Great North Western Telegraph Company

**14,000 Miles of Railway**

**56,000 Miles of Telegraph Line**

Traversing every province in Canada's Dominion and  
directly serving the great ocean going ports of

**HALIFAX — ST. JOHN — QUEBEC — MONTREAL**  
**VANCOUVER — VICTORIA**

Passenger — Freight — Express — Telegraph — Hotels

For time tables and information, enquire nearest  
Canadian National Railways Agent.

C. A. HAYES,  
Vice-President.

H. H. MELANSON,  
Passenger Traffic  
Manager.

GEO. STEPHEN,  
Freight Traffic  
Manager.

Head Offices, Toronto, Ont.

# "JULIAN SALE"

The name behind the goods is your guarantee for the quality

## 'RITE-HITE' WARDROBE TRUNKS

Every appointment in its construction—every convenience in the making—every point in the manufacture of the 'Rite-Hite' Wardrobe Trunk is one more good reason why it should be the trunk of your choice in contemplating a longer or shorter trip, summer or winter.

In a very real way it is the most complete of wardrobes, and apparel travels in it with as little risk of crushing as it would right on the "hangers" or in the "Chest of Drawers" in the home.

(Have it demonstrated in the store, or write for special booklet.)

**\$33<sup>00</sup> to \$90<sup>00</sup>**



**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.**  
105 King Street West, Toronto

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

DAILY TRAIN SERVICE

## TORONTO-WINNIPEG-VANCOUVER

**Leave Toronto 7 p.m.**

**Arrive Winnipeg 12.10 p.m. (Second Day)**

**Arrive Vancouver 10.05 p.m. (Fourth Day)**

### THROUGH EQUIPMENT

Compartment Observation Cars, Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Car, First-Class Coaches, Colonist Cars, Toronto to Vancouver.

A round-trip ticket to the Pacific Coast via the "Canadian Pacific" permits a wide diversity of routes without additional charge.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS IN WESTERN CANADA  
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

"Royal Alexandra," Winnipeg; "Palliser Hotel," Calgary;  
"Vancouver Hotel," Vancouver; "Empress Hotel," Victoria.

**Passengers for California should arrange their trip to include  
the Canadian Pacific Rockies**

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



# ALGONQUIN PARK

## HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

An Incomparable Summer Vacation Spot Midst Wild and Delightful Scenery.

1500 lakes, rivers and streams—crystal clear and teeming with game fish.

Unlimited scope for the canoeist and camper.

2000 feet above sea level.

A resort for the refined.

The "HIGHLAND INN" affords fine hotel service. Nominigan Camp offers novel and comfortable accommodation at reasonable rates.

---

Write for illustrated descriptive literature giving full particulars, rates, etc., to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

G. T. BELL,  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
MONTREAL

W. S. COOKSON,  
General Passenger Agent,  
MONTREAL

## May we send you this guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?

Any reader of the Canadian Magazine may obtain an illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Sent free with our compliments.

The Hotel Lenox, on North Street at Delaware Ave., Buffalo, has become a favorite stopping place for Canadians visiting Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The pleasant location of the Lenox—quiet, yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts—adds much to the comfort of tourists, as do the unusually good cuisine, complete equipment and excellent service.

*European plan. Modern. Fireproof. Every room as outside room, \$2.00 up.*

*On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free.*

**C. A. MINER,**  
Managing Director  
North St. at Delaware Ave.  
Buffalo, N.Y.



**HOTEL LENOX**  
BUFFALO

## HOTEL ST. JAMES

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

Just off Broadway at 109-113 West 45th St.  
1 1/4 Blocks from 45th Street Entrance  
to Grand Central Station.



Women will find here a home atmosphere and absence of objectionable features of ordinary hotel life.

40 Theatres, all principal shops, 3 to 5 minutes walk.

2 minutes of all subways, "L" roads, surface cars, bus lines.

An excellent Restaurant, at moderate prices.

Write for  
"What's Going  
On In New York".

### All Outside Rooms

With adjoining bath	- - -	from \$1.50
With private bath	- - -	from \$2.00
Sitting room, bedroom, bath	- - -	from \$4.00

Furnished Apartments by the year, month or week, at special rates.

RAYMOND L. CARROLL, Pres. and Mgr.



## It takes a joint of Beef to make a bottle of Bovril

*Bovril contains  
the goodness  
of the beef*

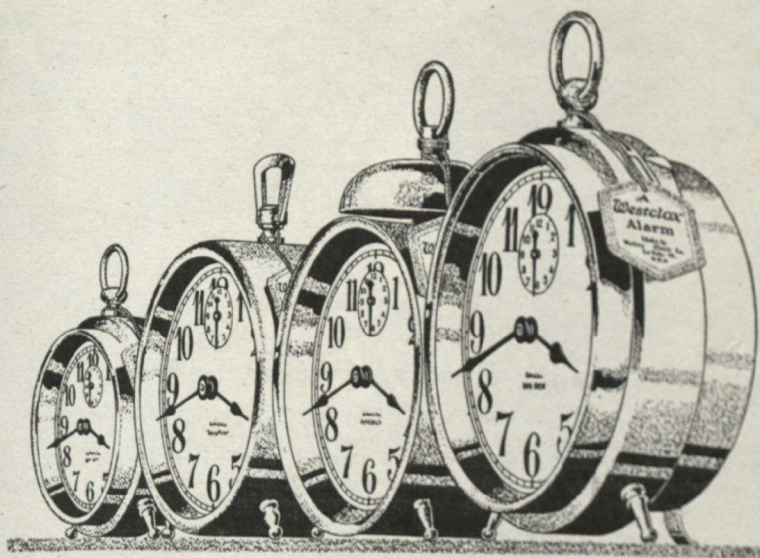
The vital elements that give beef its special place and value as a food are concentrated and stored in Bovril.

Just as the equivalent light of 32 candles is concentrated in one electric lamp, so the vital elements of beef—of many pounds of beef—are concentrated in a single bottle of

### BOVRIL

But Bovril is not merely a precious food in itself; it possesses the peculiar power of enabling you to extract more nourishment from other foods. This gives Bovril its wonderful body-building power, proved by independent experiment to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken. Bovril, therefore, in the true sense of the word, is a Great Food Saver. Always keep Bovril in the house.

**BOVRIL STANDS ALONE**



# Westclox

**H**ERE they are; the four top-notchers in the Westclox line. Big Ben heads the family. He's a good, substantial timekeeper and a loyal call-clock.

At his right, America: trim, alert, competent. Then Sleep-Meter, a close second to Big Ben; refined, neighborly, watchful.

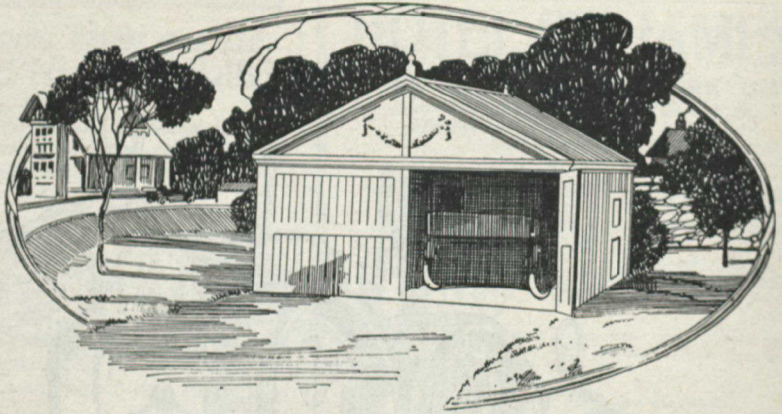
Last but not least only in size comes little brother, Baby Ben, who tucks cozily into places where Big Ben might feel out of place.

They're all faithful timekeepers and punctual alarms. They all have that same good Westclox construction. They all wear our quality-pledge, Westclox.

*Western Clock Co. - makers of Westclox*

La Salle & Peru, Illinois, U. S. A.

Write  
for  
Garage  
Booklet  
C.M.  
showing  
other  
styles.



### A Beautiful Garage—Roomy, Fireproof, Moderately-Priced

THE above illustration shows the Pedlar Duplex Garage, big enough to hold two cars with plenty of room to spare. Made of heavily galvanized steel in standardized interlocking sections, which are bolted to a staunch angle-iron framework. The whole garage—framework, siding, roofing, doors, windows and hardware—is shipped to you complete and ready to erect. You can put it up yourself in a few hours.

#### THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED

(Established 1861)

Executive Offices and Factories : Oshawa, Ont.

Branches Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

*"French Organdie"  
Stationery*

is so high-class that it is  
the choice of the woman  
who appreciates exclus-  
ive things

Ask your stationer for it.

45-4-19

# Barber-Ellis, FRENCH ORGANDIE

*Stationery*

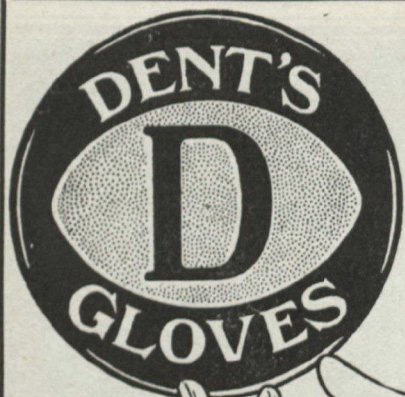




# Partridge Tires

**Game as Their Name  
Wear Down All  
Road Resistance**

*Made by The F. E. Partridge Rubber Company, Limited, Guelph, Ont.*



*Madame,*

Let the finishing touch to your Easter Costume be a pair of DENT'S Gloves.

Whether you purchase kid, cape, or fabric gloves, the DENT'S Trade-mark is your guarantee of excellent value.

*It's good taste  
and good sense  
to insist on*

**DENT'S.**



The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**



**Your  
Saving's Account**  
*Is it Growing?*

Most salaries just cover living expenses. Only an occasional dollar is placed in your savings account.

Why not supplement your salary and place the extra money in that account?

You can represent this publication in your town.

You will find it pleasant and profitable work in your spare hours.

Write for full information.

**The Canadian Magazine**  
TORONTO

# Elgin— "The Spirit of Reconstruction"



## "Zero Hour"



THE secret of our success Over There is bound to be the secret of our success in the business world. And right here is its symbol—my Elgin watch."

The Elgin stands for the new idea in war and in business—everything must run *on schedule time*.

When zero hour for Germany was set by the Allies, it not only marked the downfall of autocracy, but also registered the last zero hour of the Allied schedule.

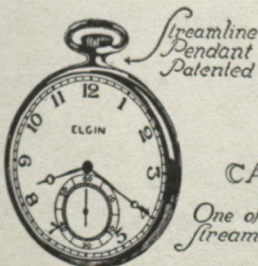
For weeks, months, years, our great war machine worked on schedule. Everything moved like well-oiled watchworks—in unison and to the tick of time.

When the Elgin marked 11 o'clock on November 11th, our chief task was completed our great work done. The whole world knows how the bravery, the resource and the efficiency of our own Canadian boys have won for us glory and honor.

Now a new chapter opens. Reconstruction is the vital issue. Greater production in every factory, every mine, on every farm, by every Canadian man and woman—is the first essential—we must all work to *schedule*.

The Elgin is at once the symbol of all this and the gateway to its fulfilment. It continues to be our trusted Ally in Peace and production—just as faithfully and unerringly as it upheld the service on land, on sea and in the air.

*There is a jeweler in your vicinity who is equipped to help you safeguard your Time.*



*Streamline  
Pendant  
Patented*

CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH COMPANY LTD.  
Toronto

*One of the famous  
Streamline models*



## FOR INFLAMED EYELIDS

For irritated membranes and nasal catarrh—  
there's quick relief in mildly antiseptic and  
soothing "Vaseline" Borated.

# Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

# Borated

PETROLEUM JELLY

It helps irritated or infected membranes to  
heal quickly. An excellent antiseptic dressing  
for scratches, bruises, insect bites and cuts.

Sold in handy tin tubes at drug and depart-  
ment stores. *Refuse substitutes.*

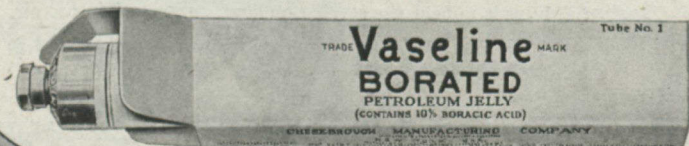
Send for free illustrated "Vaseline" booklet.

CHESEBOROUGH MANUFACTURING Co.

Consolidated

1880 Chabot Ave.

Montreal





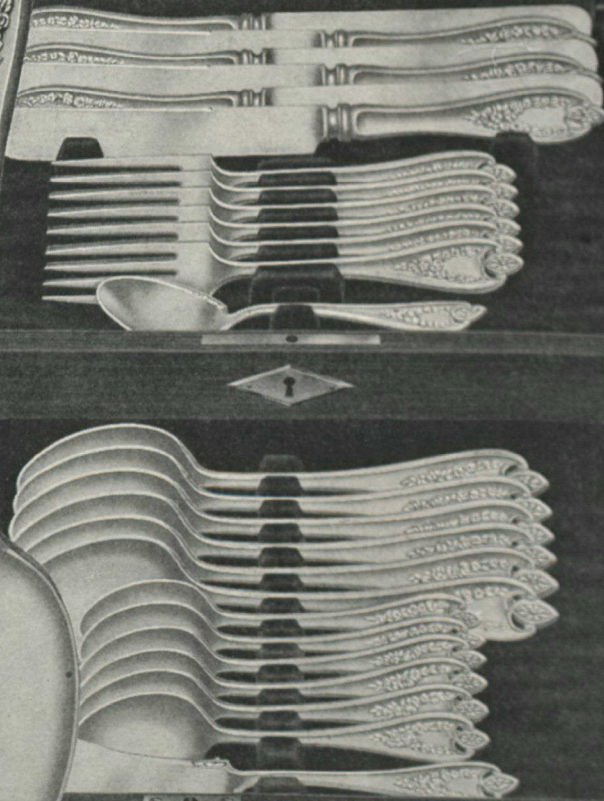
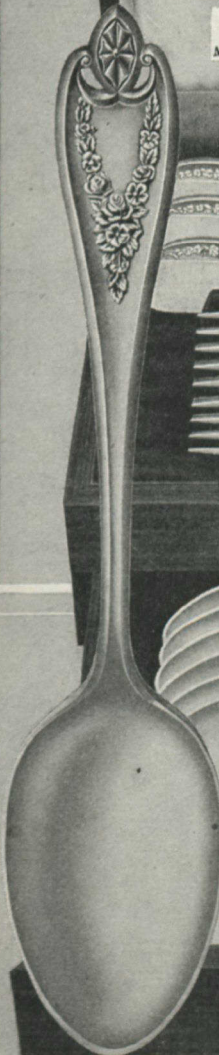
## 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

The beautiful Old Colony pattern is shown in this chest. Surprisingly low in cost are some of these chests, being priced according to the number of pieces contained, and can be had in almost any combination.

Always sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years. At all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-47"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited  
 HAMILTON, CANADA  
 MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO  
 The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate



# ROSE BRAND BACON

## EASTER BREAKFAST

The unchangeable order of Easter Breakfast is bacon and eggs—but the degrees of goodness and flavour in bacon are various. Therefore, in order to avoid disappointment and to procure first quality—buy

## ROSE Brand BACON

You could wish for nothing better. Served piping hot, crinkly, flavory, appetizing slices of Rose Brand Bacon make a breakfast that the whole family will relish.

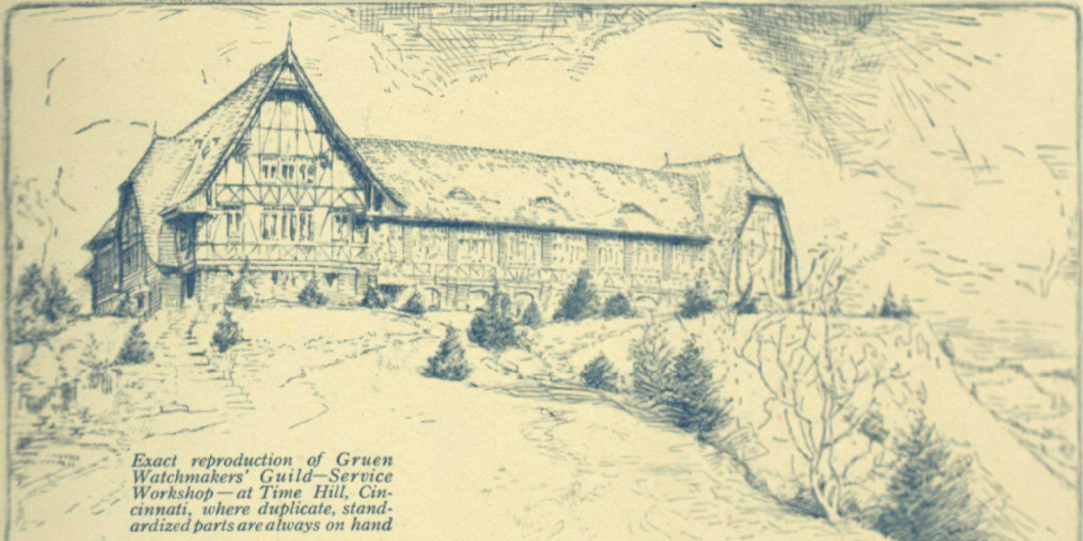
*Sold almost everywhere*

**MATHEWS-BLACKWELL,  
Limited**

*Established 1852*

Canada Food Board License 13-85





Exact reproduction of Gruen Watchmakers' Guild—Service Workshop—at Time Hill, Cincinnati, where duplicate, standardized parts are always on hand

When you own a watch with the name "Gruen" on the dial,

- you are the possessor of a timepiece in which accuracy and dependability are insured by centuries of experience in the fine art of watchmaking;
- and the prestige of your possession is vouched for by the thousands of connoisseurs who have selected Gruen's as their choice among fine watches.

The Gruen Guild in Madre-Biel, Switzerland, is composed of the sons of the sons of the world's most famous watchmakers. It is they who, under American ownership and direction and *equipped with the most modern machinery*, do what no machine can do, namely, adjust by hand into the Gruen movements that accuracy so gratifying to every owner.

And it is the Gruen Guild at Time Hill, Cincinnati, that places these superior movements in beautiful, handwrought Gruen cases, times and adjusts them.

You will find Gruen watches for every purpose and in many styles at one of the 1,200 jeweler agencies, the best in every locality, to whom the sale is confined. Remember, however—not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

### GRUEN WATCHMAKERS' GUILD

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874

"Time Hill," Morgan Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

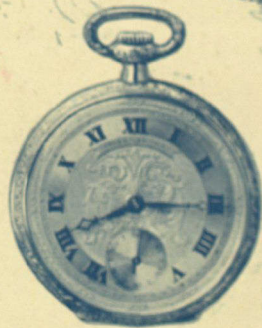


How the Pat. Gruen wheel train construction made an accurate watch thin. The shortness of staff makes watch more durable.

Highest timekeeping perfection attained in machine made, hand finished movements marked "Precision."



The "Hexagon" Wristlet . . . \$ 65 to \$ 85  
Set with full cut AAI Diamonds 100 to 400



LOUIS XIV Gruen Verithin Model . . . \$55 to \$190



Gruen Verithin Model, plain or decorated case \$35 to \$250  
Ultrathin Model, \$200 to \$650



Round Convertible Wristlet, \$20 to \$150. Set with full cut AAI Diamonds, \$75 to \$275. Made in various other styles

# GRUEN VERITHIN AND WRIST WATCHES



— the kind that  
tastes best?

Well, little one,  
you must mean

# Grape-Nuts

— it surely makes  
little girls  
round and rosy.