THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. XLIV

NOVEMBER, 1914 TO APRIL, 1915, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

1915

Contents of Volume XLIV

NOVEMBER, 1914—APRIL, 1915

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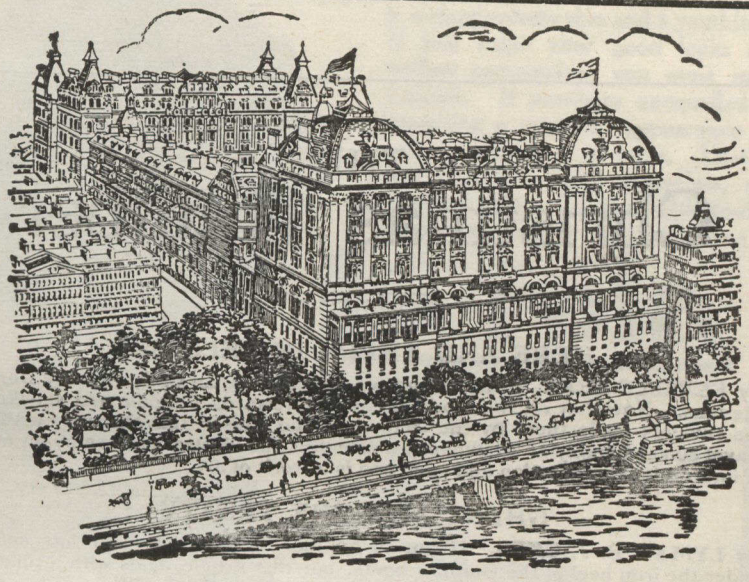

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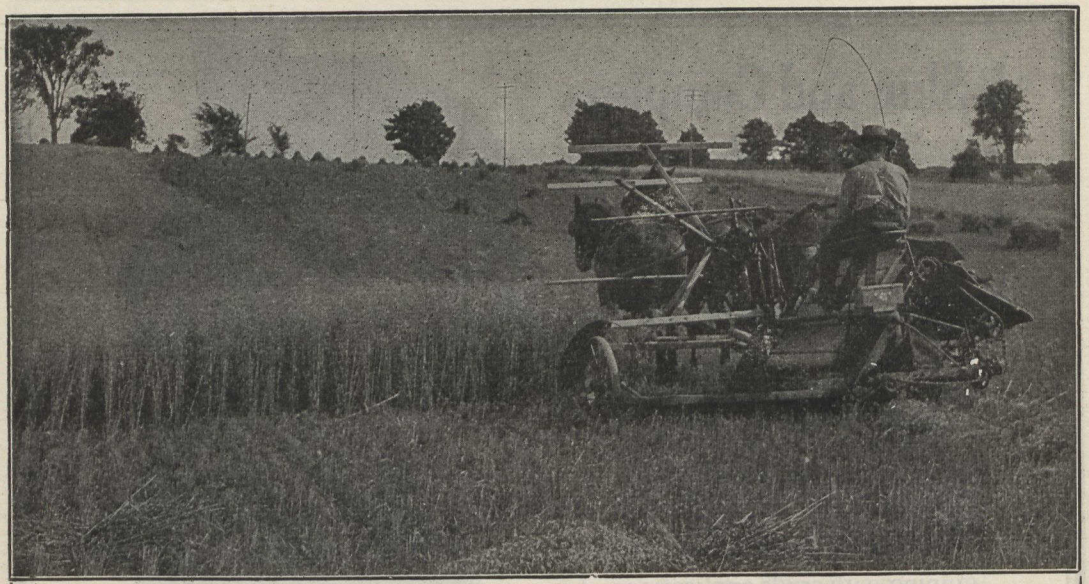

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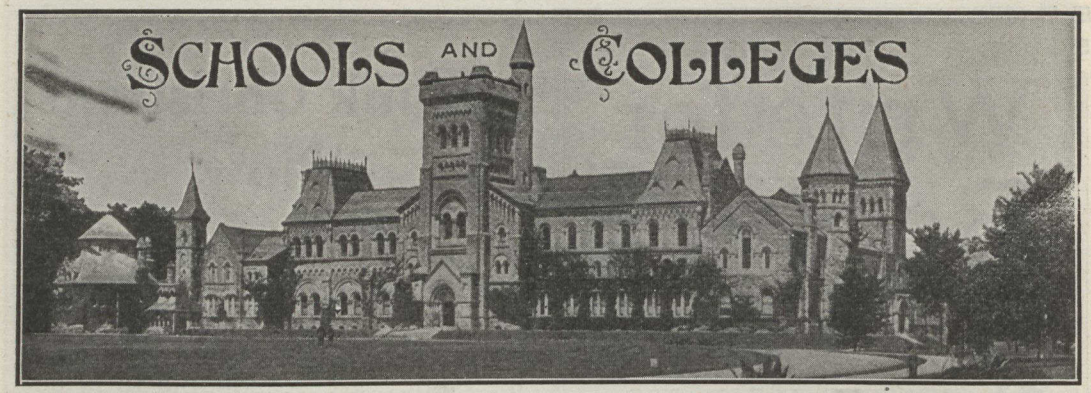

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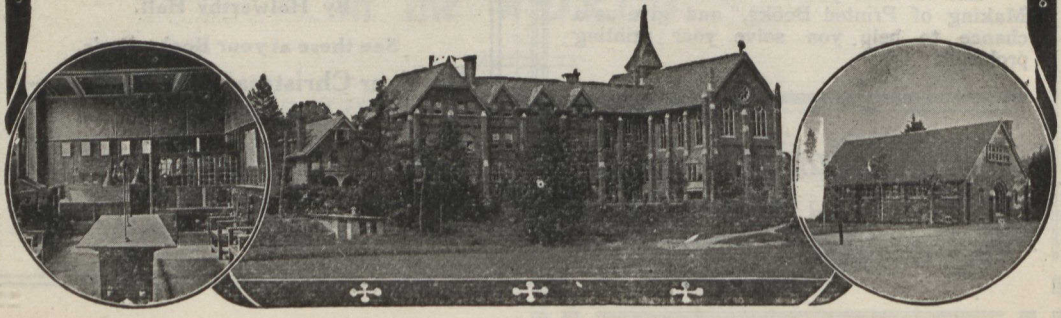

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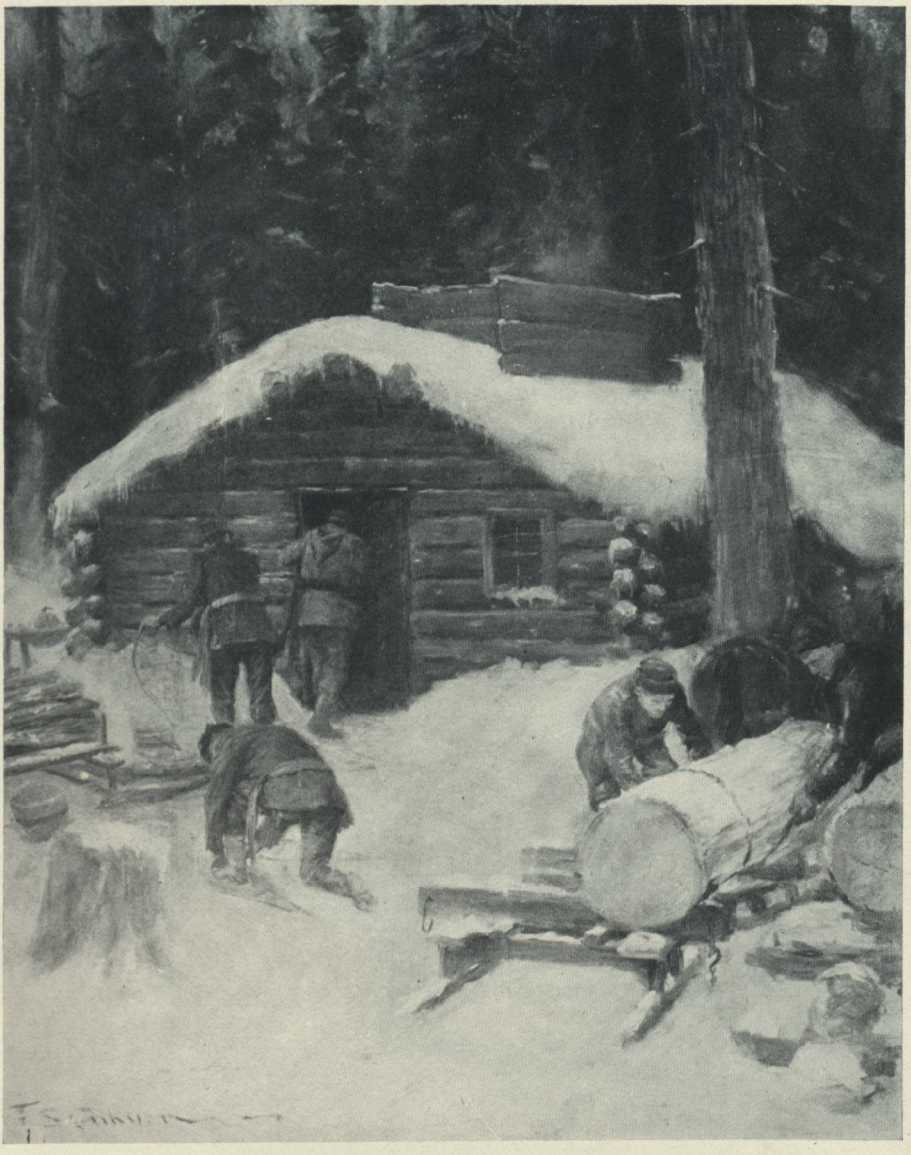


THE LUMBER CAMP

From the Drawing by F. S. Coburn

THE

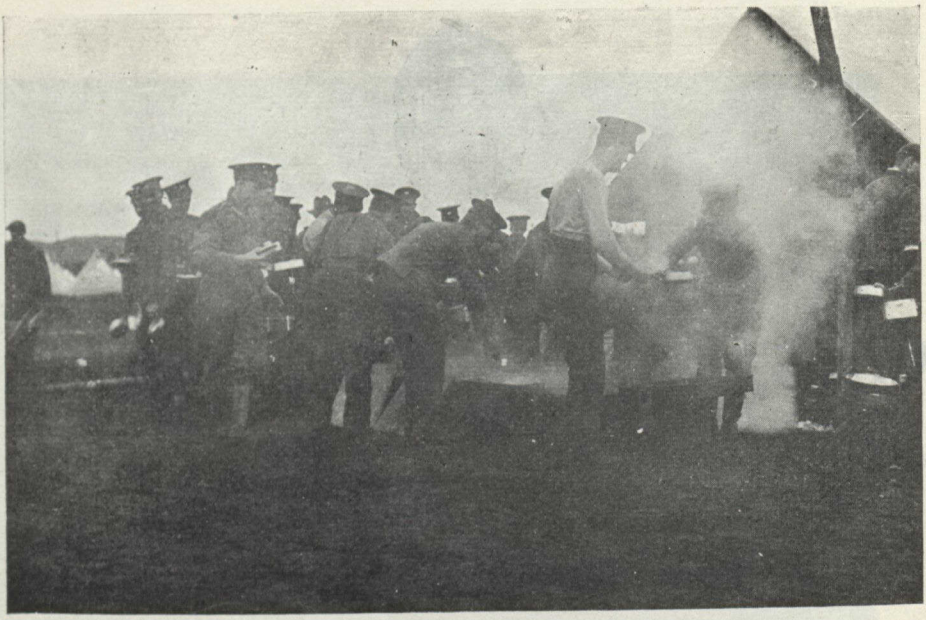
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1914 No 1.

THE CYNIC AT VALCARTIER

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

LIKE a black sheep of the flock our national cynic appeared amongst the khaki-clad soldiery at Valcartier. He was withal a genial cynic, one who took his cynicism with a pinch of paprika. For he had long observed that a cynic is never well hailed unless he disguise his mutterings with a thin coating of spice. And as spice after all is but the difference between food and fodder, he was in the way of becoming in time something of a philosopher. However that may be, we look on him now merely as a stranger in the camp, as an Ishmaelite, as one who has come from the other side of Jordan. As a matter of fact, he came from the other side of the St. Lawrence, bringing with him all the swagger of the newly-striped brigadier. Even without the swagger he was a marked man, for against the puttees and leggings and kilts his civilian garb of sombre black gave him the sad distinction of a chief mourner. He had known nothing about Valcartier, except, of course, that it was a station on the Canadian Northern Railway, about sixteen miles north-westward from the city of Quebec, and that there the Minister of Militia had established a mobilization camp. And now as he walked up and down the platform, jostling against corporals, sergeants, and lieutenants-colonel, he recollected that not long ago the Government at Ottawa had failed to pass in Parliament a bill to authorize the expenditure of thirty-five million dollars on *Dreadnoughts* for the British navy and that a few months later the same Government had passed without debate a war budget of fifty millions. He knew, as everybody knows, that in the first instance no enemy had yet appeared on the horizon and that questions of party politics and national nicety were successfully interposed; while in the second instance the Dominion, at the very moment when Parliament met, was already in a state of war. Nevertheless fifty millions is just twice twenty-five millions. The cynic knew that, and indeed he had told everyone within hearing, at home, that it was like paying someone to stand out and shoot



THE GRUB LINE

THE ARRIVAL OF PROVISIONS

AT THE BUTTS

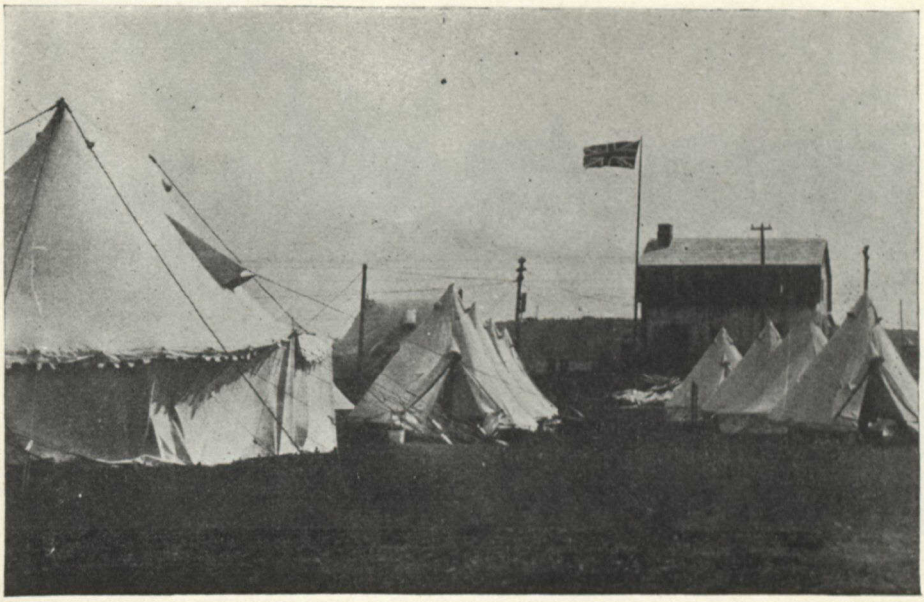
HIGHLANDERS PITCHING THEIR TENTS

you, and, even at that, if we were to take part in the war, fifty millions soon would look like the first estimate of cost of the Grand Trunk Pacific. He was doubtful of the part we were taking in the war, a European war in which the Western world had no right to interfere. After all our shouting and flag-flying and patriotic funding he was scornful of our fifteen or twenty percentage of native-born volunteers. He was cynical of the whole undertaking. Thus we behold him at Valcartier.

Well pronounced, with the chic accent that the French impose, Valcartier is a rythmical word, a word suggesting a measure of poesy; and quite properly, for does it not denote the valley of the Cartier, a pleasant if not noble river flowing out from the Laurentians. The Laurentians, indeed, rising above river and valley, supply an imposing background for a military field. When the cynic first saw them, rimming the camping-ground like the edge of a titanic cauldron, he began to reconstruct his perspective, to replace his vanishing point, to realize that this permanent military camp, property of the people, seven miles long and four miles wide, is something more than a string of tents at a summer resort. He could see, as anyone could see, that here were assembled and organized those primal forces which ever since the world began have composed the court of last appeal and that from this camp and this station these same forces would soon fare forth to war. Indeed, some of them were at that very moment faring forth, for upon his ears fell the stirring strains of "Tipperary," and he overheard enough else to know that the Grenadiers had just marched away.

The cynic knew that he was conspicuous, that his civilian dress limned him out as a being of inferior mettle. Nevertheless he clung to his personality and ventured to follow the thin line of pedestrians who took the board walk across ten acres of forlorn-looking oats to where a spur from the main railway marked the beginning of the encampment. At a point a hundred yards farther on, where stands the post of the Camp Commandant, an unpainted structure of newly-cut lumber, the walk turns at a right angle and lies parallel to a roadway that breasts the offices of the Headquarters Staff, about a quarter-

THE HEAVY ARTILLERY—SIXTY POUNDERS



HEADQUARTERS, FROM THE REAR

mile distant. There are two of these offices: the first, a typical French-Canadian habitation, the mansard roof without and the large stone fireplace within giving mute evidence of its former homely purpose; the second, a long, squat building, huddling close to the first and looking like an elongated Western shack. Flanking them there was a little village of tents and marquees, and nearby, on a hill where it cannot be hid, stands a small bungalow which sheltered the Minister of Militia whenever Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes came to camp.

This headquarters was the heart and soul of the encampment. It was the source of all action, the source likewise of all inaction. It was the arbiter of every order, the dispenser for every disorder. It commanded the situation, as well to outlook as to control, for, like the Minister's bungalow, it stood upon a hill, and the great mass of the encampment outstretched beneath it, a shimmering sea of canvas.

To this elevation the cynic now approached. He walked behind the first building, and was about to rest his eyes on the vast scene when a sentry accosted him and asked whether he was an officer.

"In the army?" said the cynic. He had felt conspicuous before; now he felt ridiculous.

"Only officers can pass this way."

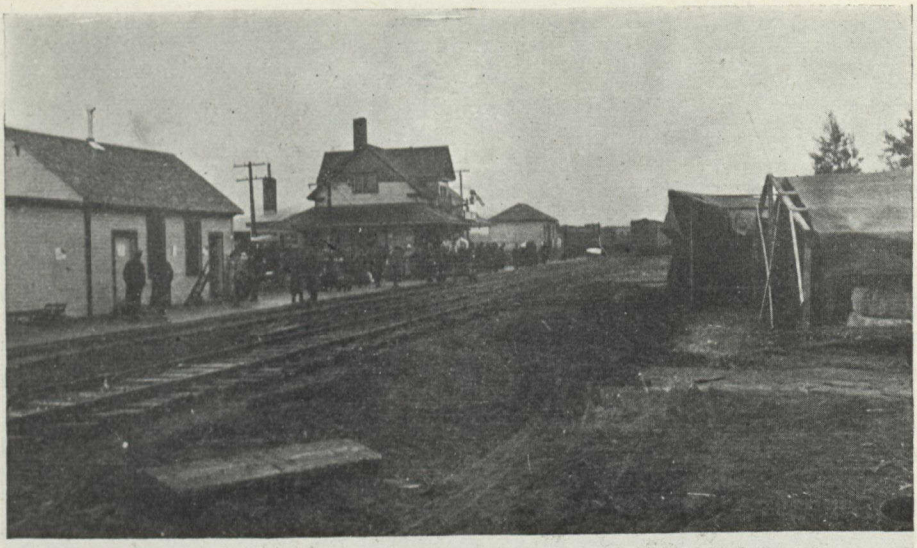
"I used to be an officer in the Canadian Order of—"

"Have you a permit?"

"Not yet. Where can I get one?"

"From the Camp Commandant."

The cynic procured a permit to remain three days. Then he returned to the elevation, and stood off at a respectful distance from the sentry. There he saw what to others had become commonplace—six thousand tents shining under the autumn sun. An inspiring spectacle. A spectacle also of great solemnity. For seeing by day that great white line merging into the mist against the blue Laurentian hills was enough to inspire even the cynic; and when he saw it again at night, pale under the moon, with blue clouds above and black



THE STATION AT VALCARTIER

earth beneath, he felt that it was indeed a solemn thing for 32,000 men thus to assemble in a huge city of tents.

I speak of the encampment as of a city, and indeed in many essentials it was a veritable city, with the Camp Commandant taking the place of mayor. But there was this important difference, that here the Commandant had charge of the private as well as the public affairs of the residents. There was but little revenue to collect, and yet money flowed out like corn from the hopper. The cynic had to remember, however, that we started with fifty millions, which, to use a Scotsman's phraseology, is a considerable sum of money. Still, 32,000 men is in Canada a considerable mass of humanity. First of all the camp had to be made ready for these men. Five hundred civilians were employed, and the cynic had an idea that he would like to take a walk about camp and see what they had done. But an officer, aware of his plight, provided an automobile. It took just one hour to go over the ground, and still the cynic had not seen everything. Of course, the roads were bad, and the cynic had what has been described as an inquisitive turn of mind. But he had seen enough to convince him that mobilizing an army is somewhat different from a full-dress parade. For he saw trenches, about three feet deep, dug here and there all over the camp, several miles of them if put together, and was told that they served a good purpose during rainy weather. Now they are being replaced with permanent drain-pipes. There was as well four and a half miles of plank walk. He saw men washing at taps in water that had been piped from the pumping-station across the river. It took seven and a half miles of piping to supply the camp and about two thousand taps. He saw poles and wiring for electric lights—miles of them. As to sanitation, he had no doubt about the effectiveness of the precautions taken.

Then when the camp was in readiness, and the work had to be rushed through as fast as five hundred civilians could rush it, the men had to be transported in—it took more than a hundred trains, not counting special cars or companies coming in on regular C. N. R. trains. They had to be sheltered—six thousand tents and one hundred and twenty-three marquees

ONE OF THE CAMP CANTEENS

were pitched. They had to be bedded—120,000 blankets were provided. The bedding had to be kept dry—40,000 rubber sheets were placed in store. They had to be washed—500 shower-baths were built and 7,000 wash-basins distributed, and the cynic shivered at touch of the ice-cold water. They had to be fed—the daily rations were 32,000 pounds of beef, 6,000 pounds of bacon, 32,000 pounds of bread, 3,000 pounds of cheese, 1,000 pounds of coffee and tea, 32,000 pounds of potatoes, 15,000 pounds of other vegetables, 1,000 pounds of salt, 4,000 pounds of butter, 4,000 pounds of jam, 4,000 pounds of flour. Their physical condition had to be considered—the hospital equipment included eighty-seven members of the Army Medical Corps and one hundred nursing sisters. They had to be drilled and redrilled—the parade-ground is a mile square, but you might see little companies manœuvering almost anywhere. You might see also the cavalry and the artillery at drill. The cynic did not count the horses, but he was assured that there were 8,500, that they consumed daily eighty-two tons of hay and 2,400 bushels of oats, that they were supplied with ten thousand blankets; and he saw for himself the veterinary camp over near the pickets. He came to know that apart from many other things the camp equipment included nineteen Ford automobiles, thirty-three motor-trucks, seven motor-cycles, three hundred wagons, ninety-four telephones, and thirty-six typewriters. The outfitting of the privates included about 130,000 pairs of socks, 64,000 suits of underwear, 32,000 wool caps, besides shaving sets, "housewives," and other things for every man.

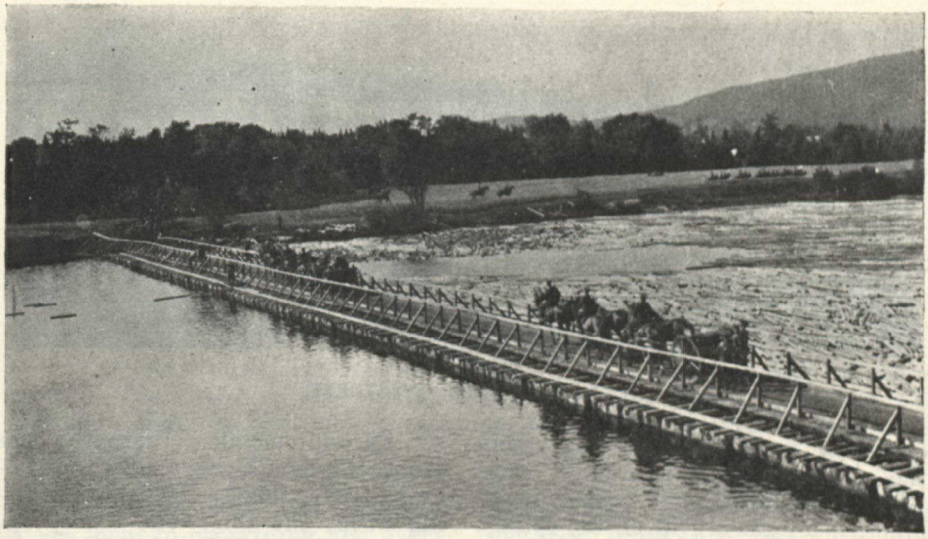
All these things the cynic saw by day, under a bright September sun. It set him calculating. The wages alone of these men, at $1.10 a day for a private up to six-fifty for a colonel, would amount to a merry sum. And it would cost just as much at sea as on dry land. Yet fifty millions is—well, not so very much as it was, and he was hearing talk of another expeditionary force.

His permit was all very well while the sun shone, and he was not compelled to produce it very often. But it would not shelter him at night, nor

THE LOWER END OF THE ENCAMPMENT

would it help him to a portion of that huge store of viands guarded by rifle and bayonet. Still the officer had anticipated his needs, and an orderly had prepared a tent for the stranger. While waiting for the supper the cynic stood again on the elevation behind Headquarters. The gloom of evening was settling over river and over valley, and here and there huge bonfires sent up smoke and flame from the midst of the sea of tents. A grub-line was forming on the right. Some football-players were coming in from a game, and dark figures of a squad at drill moved against the darker patch of green. Gradually the dusk deepened, and night lay for a moment over the camp. Then the long lines of electric lights flashed out, two thousand in all, and the cynic looked at them until they converged in the

EXERCISING AT THE BUTTS



CAVALRY CROSSING A PONTOON ON THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER

distance, away against the grim blackness of the hills. The brightness of these lights gave to the glow of lanterns underneath the tents a weird reddish hue.

Later on, Main Street, the thoroughfare that separated the two great divisions of the encampment, was the seen of peculiar animation, as was also "Canteen Row," the name given to the assemblage of booths for the sale of souvenirs and refreshments. Soldiers gathered in groups everywhere, and there was the continuous sound of tramping on the plank walk. There was the inevitable moving-picture show, and the photographer's tent; in short, many things to remind the cynic of a circus or country fair. Over all came the sound of a lusty

A SCENE AT VALCARTIER

THE ORDNANCE AND STORES

chorus of male voices singing round the camp-fire "Annie Laurie" and "Old Folks at Home." Somehow or other, it all got a grip on the cynic's emotions, and he walked back to his tent on the hill wondering if after all the thing was not worth while. He stood with his hand on the flap at the entrance and caught, away down the line, the first note of the bugle call to turn in. It was nine-thirty, and all lights in the privates' tents must go out. Then the bugle call came closer, on his right, on his left. It was taken up here and there until the whole camp was quickened with the sound. Suddenly it stopped with the last faint echo, down where the moonlight lay like a ghost on the face of the river. One by one the lantern-lights went out. Like all the other days, it had been long—up at five-thirty.

The cynic drew the flap aside, stooped and entered his tent. On the ground, arranged like a bag, lay the blankets where the orderly had placed them when he explained how one should get into them, feet first. Near the head stood the lantern, burning faintly. The cynic wiggled into the blankets and soon turned the wick down until it sputtered and went out. Then he composed himself for sleep. He could hear an engine shunting on the tracks, and the whirring of an automobile. Presently the sound of a mouth-organ came in faintly, and after that he fell asleep, thinking about the thirty-one transports, some of them of *Royal George* and *Virginian* type, with funnels all painted black, that soon would be mustering in the Gulf for their perilous voyage across the sea. He had been thinking also about all the secrecy that was being maintained as to sailing. Many of the officers, even, did not know when their companies would embark. No one could write home with certainty to say when he would sail, so that there would be few at the wharves to shout farewell. And if at the last moment any attempted to send a telegram it would be held up by the censor. Misleading reports were sent out to newspapers, so that the public believed that the soldiers left days before they all actually did leave. The cynic had been wondering about these exigencies of war. He wondered and fell into dreaming about the stories he had heard of money squandered on supplies. Whether squandered or not, the work was being done and done well. Then suddenly he awoke with a start and sat up in the blankets. Everything was quiet now, but he is still sure that he had heard someone singing "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

IS THIS TRUE?

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

A certain charge has been made against YOU—against the Canadian people. The writer of this article does not lay the charge, nor does The Canadian Magazine, but men in many walks of Canadian life do lay it. IS IT TRUE?

IT is charged, *first,* that Canadians are loyal to everything and everyone *except Canadians!* That they are loyal to England. That they are loyal to the British Empire. That they are loyal to their respective towns, counties, provinces, and even to Canada as a whole; but that, as between Province and Province, as between Western consumer and Eastern producer, in short, as between Canadian and Canadian, there is often a lack of loyalty! It is said that Canadians often seem to lack confidence in the handiwork of Canadians; that they want to see the seal of foreign approval on goods before they approve for themselves; that they can be led to admire what comes from outside Canada more easily than that which is originated by fellow Canadians inside Canada; that they will insure their lives in foreign insurance corporations sooner than with the equally strong Canadian concerns; that they even prefer, when they have holidays to spend or trips to take, to spend the holidays or make the trip *outside Canada* rather than in it!

It is said that Canadian millionaires will pay two thousand dollars to a Dutch art dealer for a small canvas covered with a "smudge and a signature," while the Canadian artists—many of whom have been recognized abroad—have sometimes to eke out a living by drawing advertising pictures, largely because these millionaires pay even leading Canadian artists only a fraction of the rate which they willingly pay Dutch brokers.

It is said that a certain Russian music teacher enjoyed such large fees and such a tremendous clientele of Canadian pupils while he was in London that, like any other logical man, he argued he would do better still to go to Canada and so gain the extra pupils who could not come to him in London; that he came and he lost money; that the disciples of Orpheus would not believe a really good music teacher would deign to come to Canada to teach.

This case is cited: Three young men inherited a considerable legacy, carrying with it a provision that it must be spent in travel. They secured leave of absence from their business and made a grand tour of Europe. All they know of Canada is Toronto, where they live; Muskoka, where usually they have spent their summer holidays; Montreal, where two of them are "courting" young women, and Cobourg, where they were born. Their daily income comes from a business dependent upon the Western Canadian farmer, yet they have never been west of the Lambton Golf Club, and they are planning a

trip next year—where? To Winnipeg? To the Pacific coast? Through our Maritime Provinces? No. To the Bahamas.

A man is named who would not think of buying, seriously, for his library, a book printed in Canada, if he could get the same volume from an English or American press.

A housewife is mentioned who has never tried Canadian cheese—recognized by foreign epicures—on her table; she buys *imported* cheese. Another housewife was told of who lives in a town near Montreal: she won't even buy her granulated sugar or flannelette from her local retailer, but *sends to Montreal for it!* A real estate dealer in Winnipeg who made all his money from Canadian land, and in short who owes everything he has, including his wife and family, to Canada, is cited as having bought a foreign-made automobile, while workmen in a Canadian branch factory, who had bought lots from him, were laid off for lack of orders. It is charged that an Eastern Canadian municipality required a number of road-rollers not long ago. It bought imported road-rollers at a price which was only a little less than the price a Canadian firm had quoted. It is pointed out that a certain church congregation in Hamilton allowed its preacher to be lured to the United States by better working conditions. Five years later when he had preached his Canadian sermons in New York and been applauded by the newspapers of the United States, his old congregation induced him to return to Canada. He is drawing big crowds twice a Sunday *because he first won a United States reputation!*

This was told me by a former salesman of household heating apparatus. He was waiting outside a certain newspaper office to get an early copy of the paper and look over the "Men Wanted" column. He had a wife and children and had been out of work for several weeks.

"I tell you what I feel about this country," he said, "I feel it is a selfish country and a hard country to get a living in. Canadians include an awful lot of people who begrudge anyone but themselves a living, especially among the naturalized American farmers of our west country."

"Go out there and try to sell them a Canadian-made stove. They say: 'How much?' You quote the price—same price as the same sort of American stove. They say, 'Yes, it's a nice little stove, but have you got a Kalamazoo stove? We want a Kalamazoo stove.' Where's Kalamazoo? In Michigan. Is that right?"

That is for the Canadian public to answer.

Here is another allegation: A Winnipeg office-supply dealer has built up a large trade in cheap desks and other office equipment by keeping in close touch with a manufacturer in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Once a year the Grand Rapids man clears out his factories of all the odds and ends of the expiring season. These he offers at reduced prices. The Winnipeg dealer buys them and sells them to Winnipeg people at the *regular Canadian price.* Meantime, Canadian managers and workmen lose the orders which might otherwise have been theirs.

The other side of that question was presented to me in an interesting light. A Canadian furniture factory found itself overloaded with stock, owing to a sudden falling-off in trade. Desperate, the manager paid a visit to Buffalo and interviewed buyers. "See here," he said, "I have a stock of goods that can be had very cheap—at cost, if you'll help us clean it out." The American buyers, one by one, examined his samples, pronounced them good, admitted that his prices were unusually low, and are said to have concluded to this effect:

"Thank you very much, Mr. ——," with a smile, for letting me see your line. It is certainly a good line and we'd like to buy—but you must re-

member there are good American factories over here that are turning out just as good goods, at a price which is not much worse than yours. And why should we go outside our own country to buy? We must keep things up in the little old United States, y'know."

That seems an interesting case. Almost ironical, you say. The Canadian maker, driven from his own market by the American with a stock of bargain odds and ends, and lacking the support of his own home market, is refused in the American market on grounds of American patriotism!

I asked an implement agent in Saskatchewan whether he sold many Canadian engines. He said no.

Why?

He couldn't just say.

Were they not as good as American engines?

Hm. He had heard they were better.

Then what was the matter?

Well, his customers came along and said how much is that engine?

"Two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred!—*but we con get an American engine for two hundred!*"

Of course, there are extenuating circumstances to be borne in mind. For instance, there is the question of comparative costs. If Canadian goods cost more, or are less efficient, then it is not to be expected that hard-headed business men will sacrifice real money for patriotic feeling. It is perhaps going too far to suggest that some Canadians would say, "Well, that is a Canadian product—I'll buy it because it was made in Canada." But I am assured that the cases cited above were based upon equal conditions—equal prices, equal values.

Are these things true? Perhaps the reader who says "Yes" is himself an offender. Perhaps you are one of those retailers that sees his business dropping lower every day because the people in your town persist in shopping by mail, from the great department store in the far-off metropolis, in spite of the fact that your goods are just as fresh, just as cheap, bought in the same market, and just as varied? You feel that you have a just cause for complaint. But are you, on the other hand, sending all your big orders to foreign wholesalers, or to the Canadian representatives of foreign manufacturers, instead of passing as much business as you can to your fellow-Canadians?

Or if you are a life insurance man and you find that Canadian retailers are taking foreign insurance instead of yours—you feel agrieved? Yet when you have a holiday to spend or a pleasure voyage to take with your wife, is it you that says, "Oh, let's go down to the Adirondacks or to Sulphur Springs, Virginia, or to California," instead of introducing your wife to the wonders of Banff or Jasper Park, or Algonquin Park, or Metis, or St. Andrews?

Or you, Mr. Manufacturer-of-agricultural-implements, you feel injured to find Canadian farmers investing in American implements. Are you, in the purchase of your raw materials, as scrupulous as you should be, to buy Canadian-made supplies and materials?

The foreign-made pair of boots which the farmer buys goes to support a foreign workman in a foreign town, and to pay dividends to foreign capitalists. That outside workman and that outside capitalist spend their money on outside products. The money you paid for the boots goes into the foreign economic machine to be turned over and over and over again, employing, feeding, housing, warming, marrying, burying, making happy and making rich the foreigner. Your *economic loyalty* is due here.

I do not know whether charges such as these are just or not. I cannot give an answer to them. No one can, except the Canadian people as a whole. There is no court to try the case. The accused are also the ac-

cusers. In other words, the allegation against the Canadian people is laid by Canadians. Whether, in saying what they say they are merely indulging their bad temper, or speaking out of self-interest is for you to decide.

At first sight you will say, "Nonsense! Nothing of the sort." You may be right. I repeat, it is for you to decide. But you must decide carefully, with an open mind, and complete willingness to find yourself wrong if the evidence goes against you. For reciting what may seem a libel against the Canadian people, I take full responsibility. For the men who accuse Canadians are the very men who dare not do so in print or in public. Their very living might be involved because the people would say at once that they spoke out of selfish interest. Their only policy must be to bear misfortune as well as possible. Yet, at times I have heard a few hints of their feeling crop out. First in Niagara Falls, Ontario; then in Quebec, in North Bay, and, more recently, in Toronto and Montreal. These hints piqued curiosity and led to the making of a systematic investigation.

You have the charge. You have the evidence.

Is there any evidence for the defence?

THE BALM-BEARER

By EWYN BRUCE MacKINNON

A HEAVY curtained calm o'erhung the wood
Of folded wing and sleep-befettered flower.
The dew fell softly like a silent shower
On each frail leaf, and it drooped and understood.
And I who stirred and shook the branch and could
Not rest within this night-embracing bower,
Foreign, caused the fluttered wing to cower;
And spilt the precious cup, the nectared food
Fair Phœbus spreads to feast fond sleep, and still
I caught these pearly moonlit drops within
My pulsing palm and thought it not a sin;
For lo, I would another chalice fill
And bear it, dream-laden, to a lovelorn heart—
A charm to calm and visions sweet impart.

THE RETURN
From the Painting by Homer Watson

THE BIRTHRIGHT

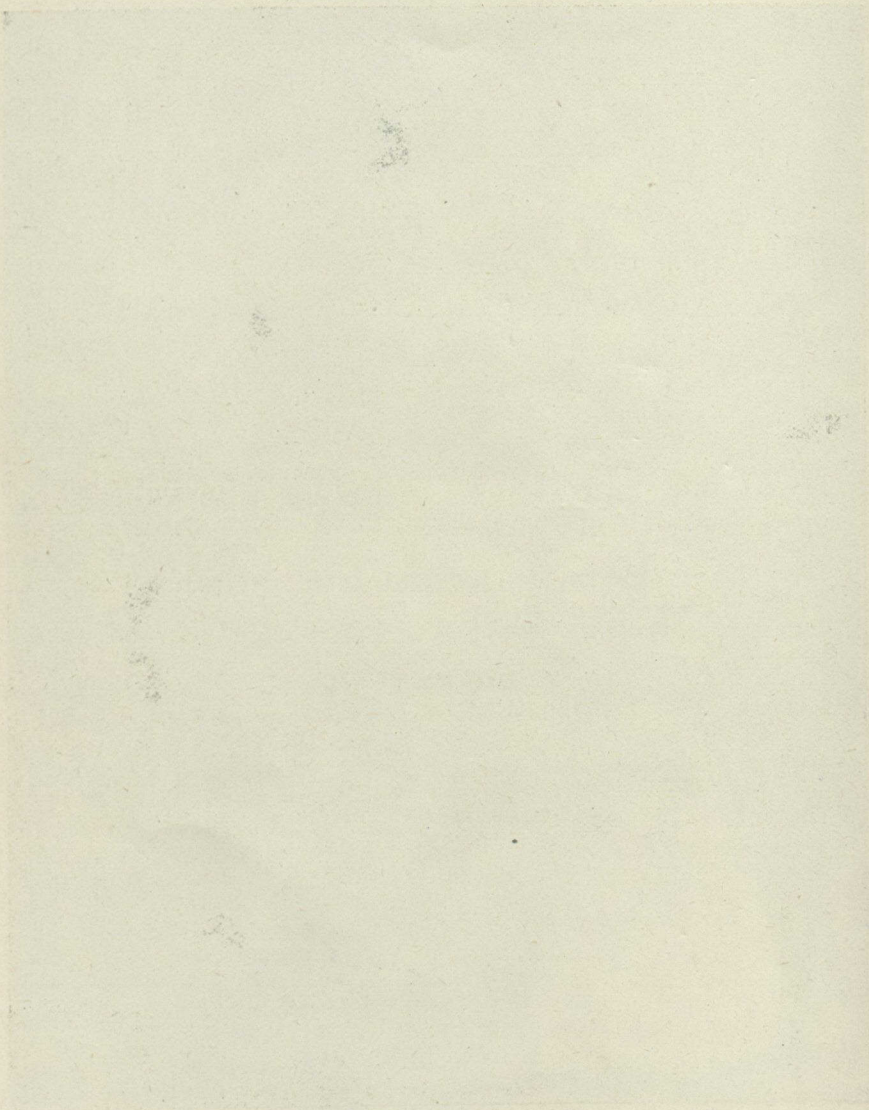
By VIRNA SHEARD

WHATE'ER betides, all beauty still is mine;
I drink—as did the old gods—of its wine!
Though Time should dim my eyes, yet I have seen
The hills and hollows gay with gold and green;
Roses have charmed me with a dear delight
And Iris brought me joy in cups of white;
For me the fairies hung on bush and tree
A mantle of the frost's bright filigree,
And well I knew where at the gray of morn
They threaded dew on cobweb, weed, and thorn!
Lights of the Northern skies—and dancing flames—
And flowing seas—your colours have no names!
Day-shine across the uplands, how you pass
Chased by the filmy shadows on the grass!
Oh, I have watched the little swallows fly
Down silver reaches of the twilight sky,
While through the Western gates another day
In sweeping golden garments passed away.
I know how morning, hastening from afar,
Catches upon her rose-edged robes a star;
And often I have seen at midnight's hour
The blooming of the moon's gold wonder-flower.

O Soul, look out upon the lovely earth,
And take the gift she gave thee at thy birth;
Whate'er betides, all beauty still is thine;
Drink deep—as did the old gods—of its wine!

From the Painting by Franklin Brownell
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

A CARIBBEAN MARKET



SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

BY G. G. S. LINDSEY

EDITOR OF "WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE", AUTHOR OF "CRICKET ACROSS THE SEA" ETC.

THE other day the Honourable Rodolph Lemieux delivered an admirable address on the "Quebec Act" to the Toronto Canadian Club, in which he explained why the statute of 1774, passed after nine years of British military rule, contained no provision for an elective legislative body. He left his audience with a governor and crown-nominated council governing the Province of Canada, for there was then only one Province and that largely French. And he pointed out how closely the American Revolution followed on the passing of this Act, its influence on the revolution and its effect in saving Canada to the British Crown. The population of Canada then was estimated at 69,000 souls, and 7,600 converted Indians.

More recently still the Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes, in his farewell message to the Canadian expeditionary force, said:

> "Six weeks ago, when the call came to arms, inspired by that love of freedom from tyranny dominant in the British race, actuated by the knowledge that under British constitutional responsible government you enjoyed the utmost human liberty, you loyally and promptly responded in overwhelming numbers to that call."

It is desirable that all Canadians should know how they obtained the responsible government to which the Minister refers. During and after the American Revolution people poured into Canada from the thirteen Colonies—Loyalists and discharged soldiers. They colonized, too, the continental part of Nova Scotia, part of which in 1784 was changed into the Province of New Brunswick, with a Legislative Assembly. Free grants of land were made to all. In nine years the population had increased to 125,000, of whom 12,000 had settled in Canada West. The American residents soon began to petition for an elective parliament such as they had previously lived under. Their unwillingness to be subjected to French civil law and their demand for an elective assembly brought about the enactment of the Constitutional Act of 1791, at the instance of the younger Pitt.

Under this Act the former Province of Quebec, or what remained of it after the Revolutionary War, was divided into the two Provinces, Upper Canada and Lower Canada. The division line was practically the Ottawa River, which separated roughly the French from the English settlements. A Legislative Council and a Legislative Assembly were constituted within each Province, by whose advice and consent the Sovereign, represented by the Governor, and appointed by him, should have power "to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government" of the separate Provinces. In Upper Canada the Legislative Council was to consist of "a sufficient number of discreet and

proper persons, being not fewer than seven," to be appointed by the Governor, each person to hold his seat for life. The Legislative Assembly was to consist of not fewer than sixteen members, who were to be chosen by electoral districts. One other element of the Provincial constitution was the Executive Council, "appointed by the Governor, within such Province, for the affairs thereof."

Thus for the machinery of Government there was provided a Governor, with an Executive Council selected by himself, a Legislative Council selected by the same Governor, and a Legislative Assembly elected by the people.

The debate on the bill in the House of Commons was conducted in the main by three of the most famous men in parliamentary history, Pitt, the younger, Burke, and Fox. Pitt said that the question was, whether Parliament should agree to establish two Legislatures. The principle was to give a Legislature to Quebec in accord, as nearly as possible, with the British constitution. Fox was on the whole rather against the division of the Province. But, in discussing the policy of the Act, he laid down a principle which was destined, after half a century, under the Union Act of 1840, to become the rule of colonial administration. "I am convinced," said he, "that the only means of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves." It was during this debate on the Constitutional Act that the memorable quarrel took place between Burke and Fox, which severed their long private friendship.

John Graves Simcoe was the first Governor of Upper Canada, and he was entrusted with the duty of putting the new Act into operation, and in his speech at the close of the first session of the Legislature, on October 15, 1792, congratulated his yeomen commoners on possessing what to him at any rate seemed "not a mutilated constitution, but a constitution which has stood the test of experience, and is the very image and transcript of that of Great Britain." This was his theory. How far it was to be made, in practice, to differ from its prototype is well expressed by a great writer:

> "Though it might be the express image in form, it was far from being the express image in reality, of parliamentary government as it exists in Great Britain, or even as it existed in Great Britain at that time. The Lieutenant-Governor, representing the Crown, not only reigned, but governed with a Ministry not assigned to him by the vote of the Assembly, but chosen by himself, and acting as his advisers, not as his masters. The Assembly could not effectually control his policy by withholding supplies, because the Crown, with very limited needs, had revenues, territorial and casual, of its own. Thus the imitation was somewhat like the Chinese imitation of the steam vessel, exact in everything except the steam."

The position of the House of Commons in the Government of Great Britain, at this time, the manner in which the King selected his Executive Council, and the conditions on which they continued in office are well described by a great historian, who says:

> "The struggle of the House of Lords under Marlborough's guidance against Harley and the Peers marks the close of the constitutional revolution which has been silently going on since the restoration of the Stuarts. The defeat of the Peers and the fall of Marlborough, which followed it, announced that the transfer of political power to the House of Commons was complete. . . . The Ministers of the Crown ceased in all but name to be the King's servants. They became simply an Executive Committee representing the will of the majority of the House of Commons and capable of being easily set aside by it and replaced by a similar committee whenever the balance of power shifted from one side of the House to the other. Such was the origin of that system of representative government which has gone on from the time of the first English Ministry at the close of the seventeenth century (1693) down to our own day."

Had the various military governors interpreted this constitution as

the British interpreted theirs, responsible government would then have been established. If from the new parliament of the people the Governors had selected as executive councillors those who could and did command a majority of the popular house, and in all things took and acted on their advice, dismissing them only when their control of the Assembly was gone, then would the British practice under the constitution have been introduced into Upper Canada. It was the refusal of the Governors, backed up by the Imperial authorities, to so interpret the constitution that ultimately split the people into two great parties, one contending against and the other for responsible government as practised in Great Britain. The Governors instead of being advised by the representatives elected by the people, took their advice, if they took any, from the Executive Councils appointed by themselves, and to whose influence they were always subject. Against this the Assembly protested, but in vain.

From the date of the Constitutional Act to the time of the War of 1812 the people were busy making homes for themselves. Newcomers were numerous. All were then called on to resist invasion, and when the war was over the next few years were devoted to recovery from its effects.

It would take too long here to discuss the various grievances of the people which grew up under the system of government which, entrenched behind irresponsible power, left the people powerless, which provoked the most bitter animosities and ended in the struggle for independence in the two Canadas. For our purpose it is enough to trace the movement for responsible government from its inception to its culmination. For the reasons which necessitated and brought about this change it is better to quote the judgment rendered by the great English statesman who investigated on the spot the conditions prevailing at the time and who endorsed those who were asking for the change. What they asked for and when they asked for it may be briefly stated.

It was in 1817 that we see the birth of parliamentary opposition to the Government party in the popular assembly of Upper Canada. When a committee of the whole House discussed several subjects highly displeasing to the Governor and Executive, Gore, the Governor, promptly prorogued the House.

In 1826 the people of Upper Canada set forth in a petition to his Majesty their grievances as they saw them, and, pointing out the inability of the Legislative Assembly to effect any remedy, they prayed for responsible government. From this time the demand was steadily made and as persistently refused. In the celebrated Grievances Report of 1834 they said: "This country is now principally inhabited by loyalists and their descendants, and by an accession of population from the Mother Country, where is now enjoyed the principles of a free and responsible government, and we feel the practical enjoyment of the same system in this part of the Empire to be equally our right; without which it is vain to assume that we do or can possess in reality or in effect 'the very image and transcript of the British Constitution.' . . . The House of Assembly has, at all times, made satisfactory provision for the civil government, out of the revenues raised from the people by taxation, and while there is cherished an unimpaired and continued disposition to do so, it is a reasonable request that his Majesty's adviser in the Province and those about him should possess and be entitled to the confidence of the people and their representatives and that all their reasonable wishes respecting their domestic institutions and affairs should be attended to and complied with."

In Lower Canada the House was at this time refusing the supplies.

A Royal Commission was appoint-

ed by the British Government in 1835 to inquire into the affairs of Lower Canada. This Commission reported against the demand for an elective Legislative Council and against a responsible executive. When the report of the Commissioners came before the Imperial Government, Lord John Russell, in the debate on the Canadian resolutions, on March 8th, 1836, contended that the demand for an Executive Council, similar to the Cabinet which existed in Great Britain, set up a claim for what was incompatible with the relations which ought to exist between the colony and the mother country. "These relations," he said, "required that his Majesty should be represented in the colony, not by Ministers, but by a Governor sent out by the King and responsible to the Parliament of Great Britain." A Colonial Ministry, he contended, would impose on England all the inconveniences and none of the advantages of colonies. This simply meant that there was no hope from England of responsible government for either Province. The Colonial Secretary advised the Governor that this determination was to apply as well to Upper Canada as to Lower Canada.

These and other events led to the struggle for independence in both the Canadas in 1837. It arose out of the abandonment of all hope that the home Government would concede the only remedy of any use, and the one which time proved to be inevitable. Sir Robert Peel, in the debate on the Canada resolution, charged the Ministry with want of foresight in not sending out an army to Canada with the resolutions.

The rebellions in the two Provinces, however unfortunate in the field, commanded the attention of the British Government, brought the Earl of Durham to Canada to straighten out the tangle, and Durham brought responsible government. Yet not just at once.

This great English statesman had been one of Earl Grey's famous Administration of 1830, holding the office of Lord Privy Seal, and he had with Lord John Russell, assisted by Sir James Graham and Lord Duncannon, been entrusted with the preparation of the Reform Bill, and he had been one of its most powerful defenders in the House of Lords.

Canada was indeed fortunate in the selection of so capable a Governor. He came here in 1838, with plenipotentiary powers as Governor-General of all the North American Provinces, and his famous report of the next year is one of the greatest of British state papers.

On many of the questions raised and on the one under consideration it is best to let him speak for himself. He recommended the union of the two Provinces of Upper Canada and Lower Canada under one Legislature, and to which, he advocated, should be entrusted responsible government. On surveying the weakness of the whole colonial policy in the American colonies he wrote:

"It is impossible to observe the great similarity of the constitutions established in all our North American Provinces, and the striking tendency of all to terminate in pretty nearly the same result, without entertaining a belief that some defect in the form of government, and some erroneous principle of administration, have been common to all. . . . It is but too evident that Lower Canada, or the two Canadas, have not alone exhibited repeated conflicts between the executive and the popular branches of the Legislature. The representative body of Upper Canada was, before the late election, hostile to the policy of the Government; the most serious discontents have only recently been calmed in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick; the Government is still, I believe, in a minority in the Lower House in Nova Scotia; and the dissensions of Newfoundland are hardly less violent than those of the Canadas. It may fairly be said, that the natural state of government in all these colonies is that of collision between the executive and the representative body. In all of them the administration of public affairs is habitually confided to those who do not co-operate harmoniously with the popular branch of the Legislature; and the Government is

constantly proposing measures which the majority of the Assembly reject and refusing its assent to bills which that body has passed."

And on review of the existing conditions he could find but one remedy:

"When I look on the various and deep-rooted causes of mischief which the past inquiry has pointed out as existing in every institution, in the constitutions, and in the very composition of society throughout a greater part of these Provinces, I almost shrink from the apparent presumption of grappling with these gigantic difficulties. . . . If a system can be devised which shall lay in these countries the foundation of an efficient and popular government, ensure harmony, in place of collision, between the various powers of the state, and bring the influence of a vigorous public opinion to bear on every detail of public affairs, we may rely on sufficient remedies being found for the present vices of the administrative system."

Dealing with the struggle for responsible government he says:

"The powers for which the Assembly contended appear to be such as it was perfectly justified in demanding. It is difficult to conceive what could have been their theory of government who imagined that, in any colony of England, a body invested with the name and character of a Representative Assembly could be deprived of any of those powers which, in the opinion of Englishmen, are inherent in a popular Legislature. It was a vain delusion to imagine that, by mere limitations in the Constitutional Act, or an exclusive system of government, a body, strong in the consciousness of wielding the public opinion of the majority, could regard certain portions of the provincial revenues as sacred from its control, could confine itself to the mere business of making laws, and look on as a passive and indifferent spectator, while those laws were carried into effect or evaded, and the whole business of the country was conducted by men in whose intentions or capacity it had not the slightest confidence."

Lord Durham points out two things. First, that:

"The Reformers, however, at last discovered that success in the elections ensured them very little practical benefit. For the official party not being removed when it failed to command a majority in the Assembly, still continued to wield all the powers of the executive Government, to strengthen itself by its patronage, and to influence the policy of the colonial Governor and of the Colonial Department at home. By its secure majority in the Legislative Council, it could effectually control the legislative powers of the Assembly. It could choose its own moment for dissolving hostile Assemblies; and could always ensure, for those that were favourable to itself, the tenure of their seats for the full term of four years allowed by the law. Thus the Reformers found that their triumph at elections could not in any way facilitate the progress of their views, while the executive government remained constantly in the hands of their opponents. They rightly judged that, if the higher offices and the Executive Council were always held by those who could command a majority in the Assembly, the constitution of the Legislative Council was a matter of very little moment, inasmuch as the advisers of the Governor could always take care that its composition should be modified so as to suit their own purposes. They concentrated their powers, therefore, for the purpose of obtaining the responsibility of the Executive Council; and I cannot help contrasting the practical good sense of the English Reformers of Upper Canada with the less prudent course of the French majority in the Assembly of Lower Canada, as exhibited in the different demands of constitutional change, most earnestly pressed by each."

And second, that:

"It was upon this question of the responsibility of the Executive Council that the great struggle has for a long time been carried on between the official party and the Reformers; for the official party, like all parties long in power, was naturally unwilling to submit itself to any such responsibility as would abridge its tenure, or cramp its exercise of authority. Reluctant to acknowledge any responsibility to the people of the colony, this party appears to have paid a somewhat refractory and nominal submission to the Imperial Government, relying, in fact, on securing a virtual independence by this nominal submission to the distant authority of the Colonial Department, or to the powers of a Governor, over whose policy they were certain, by their facilities of access, to obtain a paramount influence.

"The views of the great body of the Reformers appear to have been limited, according to their favourite expression, to the making of the colonial constitution 'an exact transcript' of that of Great Britain; and they only desired that the Crown should in Upper Canada, as at

home, entrust the administration of affairs to men possessing the confidence of the Assembly."

Lord Durham then proceeds to acquiesce in this view of dealing with the manner of effecting a remedy. It is interesting to note that he deems no new legislation essential. He says:

"Every purpose of popular control might be combined with every advantage of vesting the immediate choice of advisers in the Crown, were the Colonial Governor to be instructed to secure the co-operation of the Assembly in his policy, by entrusting its administration to such men as could command a majority; and if he were given to understand that he need count on no aid from home in any difference with the Assembly, that should not directly involve the relations between the mother country and the colony. This change might be effected by a single despatch containing such instructions.

"It is not by weakening, but strengthening the influence of the people on its government; by confining within much narrower bounds than those hitherto allotted to it, and not by extending the interference of the Imperial authorities in the details of colonial affairs, that I believe that harmony is to be restored, where dissension has so long prevailed; and a regularity and vigour hitherto unknown, introduced into the administration of these Provinces. It needs no change in the principles of government, no invention of a new constitutional theory, to supply the remedy which would, in my opinion, completely remove the existing political disorders. It needs but to follow out consistently the principles of the British constitution, and introduce into the Government of these great colonies those wise provisions, by which alone the working of the representative system can in any country be rendered harmonious and efficient. We are not now to consider the policy of establishing representative government in the North American colonies. That has been irrevocably done; and the experiment of depriving the people of their present constitutional power is not to be thought of. To conduct their government harmoniously, in accordance with its established principles, is now the business of its rulers; and I know not how it is possible to secure that harmony in any other way than by administering the government on those principles which have been found perfectly efficacious in Great Britain."

And he deprecates the action of the Governors in referring so many questions for settlement to Downing Street.

"Almost every question," he says, "on which it was possible to avoid, even with great inconvenience, an immediate decision has been habitually the subject of reference"; and, "The real vigour of the Executive has been essentially impaired; distance and delay have weakened the force of its decisions; and the colony has, in every crisis of danger, and almost every detail of local management, felt the mischief of having its executive authority exercised on the other side of the Atlantic."

I have said that self-government in the Canadas did not follow immediately on the making of the Earl of Durham's report, though before ten years it was well established in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the United Canadas. Having thrown up his commission in consequence of his Government's unwillingness to back up his banishment of several rebels to Bermuda, he returned to England and not long thereafter died.

Poulette Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, who had also been a member of the British Government, succeeded Durham as Governor of the Canadas, and came here with instructions to bring about the union of the two Canadas, which he skilfully did. But his instructions on the question of responsible government were in no case to allow it. Lord John Russell, the Colonial Minister, in a despatch to the new Governor, as late as October, 1839, points out to him that in the debate on the Lower Canadian Commissioner's report of two years before, "The Crown and the Houses of Lords and Commons having thus decisively pronounced a judgment upon the question, you will consider yourself precluded from entertaining any proposition on the subject."

Sydenham's real view was expressed in a letter to Lord John Russell, since published: "I have told the people plainly that as I cannot get rid of my responsibility to the

Home Government, I will place no responsibility on the Council; that they are a Council for their Governor to consult, but no more."

His view, however, on the condition of government is worth noting. In a letter written from Toronto on November 20th, 1839, to a friend in England, and published by his biographer, he said:

"When I look to the state of government, and to the departmental administration of the Province, instead of being surprised at the condition in which I find it, I am only astonished it has endured so long. I know that, much as I dislike Yankee institutions and rule, I would not have fought against them, which thousands of these poor fellows, whom the Compact call 'rebels,' did, if it was only to keep up such a government as they got."

But in the first session of the first Parliament of Canada under the Union Act, and during Lord Sydenham's administration, the House of Assembly took the matter into its own hands, and the celebrated Responsible Government Resolution was passed. It in part read:

"That in order to preserve between the different branches of the Provincial Parliament that harmony which is essential to the peace, welfare, and good government of the Province, the chief advisers of the representative of the Sovereign, constituting a Provincial Administration under him, ought to be men possessed of the confidence of the representatives of the people, thus affording a guarantee that the well-understood wishes and interests of the people, which our gracious Sovereign has declared shall be the rule of the Provincial Government, will, on all occasions, be faithfully represented and advocated."

What Sydenham would have done when asked to live up to these resolutions we do not know. Two days after they were passed he was thrown from his horse at Kingston, the seat of Government at that time, and died, after a brief illness, in September, 1841.

It is interesting to add that in Nova Scotia at this time, on the request of the House of Assembly, Sir Colin Campbell, the Governor, was recalled and a Governor asked for who "would establish harmony between the Executive and the Legislature of this Province."

Sir Charles Bagot followed as Governor. He refused to depart from the rules laid down by the resolutions for his guidance and acted quite consistently on the advice of his Ministers, till serious illness forced him to resign after little more than a year of office. For the first time, new Ministers on selection went back to their constituencies for re-election.

He in turn was succeeded by Sir Charles, afterwards Lord, Metcalf. This Governor resolutely refused to recognize the doctrine of responsible government, and quarrelled with his Ministers, who resigned. He was, says Sir Francis Hincks, one of his Executive Councillors, "selected as the best available statesman to crush responsible government in Canada." But he only suspended its operation and wore himself out in the struggle, and retired in 1846.

It is interesting to note the career of Metcalfe, because he was a well-meaning and able man, who could have governed Canada under the plan of refusing responsible government if anybody could.

Too much praise cannot be given to those members of the House, and notably to Robert Baldwin, who from 1841 to 1849 steadily pressed on the necessity for Government by a responsible ministry. Sir Charles Metcalf's position was that although the Governor ought to choose his councillors "from among those supposed to have the confidence of the people," nevertheless "each member of the Administration ought to be responsible only for the acts of his own department, and consequently that he ought to have the liberty of voting with or against his colleagues whenever he judged fit; that by this means an Administration composed of the principal members of each party might ex-

ist advantageously for all parties and would furnish the Governor the means of better understanding the views and opinions of each party and would not fail under the auspices of the Governor to lead to the reconciliation of all."

He failed lamentably, not because of inability, but because he tried to do the impossible. Baldwin and his friends watched the working of the experiment calmly, and wisely refrained from violence, knowing that the experiment must fail and that theirs was the only practical way of governing the country. So it turned out. Lord Falkland tried the same policy in Nova Scotia, with the same results.

At the beginning of 1847 the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine came to Canada as Governor. By his marriage with Lady Mary Louise Lambton, Lord Elgin was the son-in-law of Lord Durham. In a letter addressed to Lady Elgin he wrote: "I shall adhere to my opinion that the real and effectual vindication of Lord Durham's memory and proceedings will be the success of a Governor-General of Canada who works out his views of government fairly."

This he did nobly. When his Ministers advised his assent to the Rebellion Losses Bill, he freely gave it. As a consequence, the mob, which contained many persons of the highest reputed respectability, rotten-egged and stoned him and set fire to and destroyed the Parliament Buildings in Montreal. But here the struggle ended, and soon all parties recognized the virtue and necessity of responsible government. The principle of government insisted on has become as much the guiding star of one great political party in Canada as of the other; both have been from that time resolute in its defence. The only question asked nowadays is, How could it ever have been otherwise? An elective Legislative Council, of Upper House, was voted by the Legislative Assembly with but one dissenting voice, in 1856, under a coalition Government. In Nova Scotia Sir John Harvey recognized responsible government in 1848. What that means is well explained by Erskine May in his Constitutional History of England (1871):

"By the adoption of this principle a colonial constitution has become the very image and reflection of parliamentary government in England. The Governor, like the Sovereign whom he represents, holds himself aloof from and superior to parties, and governs through constitutional advisers, who have acquired an ascendency in the Legislature. He leaves contending parties to fight out their own battles; and, by admitting the stronger party to his councils, brings the executive authority into harmony with popular sentiments. And as the recognition of this doctrine, in England, has practically transferred the supreme authority of the State from the Crown to Parliament and the people; so, in the colonies, has it wrested from the Governor and from the parent State the direction of colonial affairs. And again, as the Crown has gained in ease and popularity what it has lost in power, so has the mother country, in accepting to the full the principles of local self-government, established the closest relations of amity and confidence between herself and her colonies."

No better confirmation of the changed attitude of parties can be given than the one afforded by the writings of Sir Alexander Galt in 1859, then the Honourable A. T. Galt, a Conservative, Finance Minister of Canada. He was defending an increase in the Canadian tariff against the complaints of the Sheffield manufacturers that Canada had no right to take this course. He wrote a pamphlet reviewing the previous ten years of expansion under self-government, as to which the following extracts explain his attitude and that of the Government to which he belonged:

"The history and progress of the colonies of Great Britain must naturally be a subject of deep interest to the people of England, especially since the experiment has been fairly tried of entrusting these dependencies of the Empire with local self-government. . . .

"On the one hand, it was contended that constitutional government could not

be safely entrusted to colonists; while on the other it was as strongly urged that the institutions under which Great Britain had herself attained a position of such power and eminence were capable of being worked by her subjects everywhere; and that the vast resources of her colonial possessions would be far more usefully developed by giving their people the entire control of their own affairs. . . .

"In no part of the Colonial Empire has the experiment received a fuller or fairer trial than in Canada; and it cannot but be interesting to review the progress of that country, and to mark how far its inhabitants have worthily exercised the power conceded to them. . . . For some years succeeding the Union, an unsettled state of things continued, marked, however, by gradual concession to the demand of self-government, until 1846, when Lord John Russell, then Secretary for the Colonies, first fully admitted the principle of what is termed responsible government, and required that the affairs of the country should be administered by advisers of the Crown, possessing the confidence of the people, and in harmony with their well-understood wishes. The system thus fairly inaugurated in 1849 may be said to have received its final and conclusive acceptance, both by the mother country and the colony, as from that date no attempt has ever been made to interfere with its free and legitimate operation. The political differences and difficulties of Canada have been dealt with by her own people and Legislature, and Great Britain has never been required to take part in any local question whatever, except to give effect, by Imperial legislation, to the express desire of the Provincial Legislature."

Up to the time of Confederation there were several further important modifications of Imperial policy. The first was the cession to the Crown of Canada of complete control of its revenues derived from land sales and of its ungranted lands and the full right to the colonies to administer them. In 1847 to the United Parliament was given full control over all the revenues of the Province.

In 1846 Imperial statesmen made the admission that Canada ought to possess the exclusive right to frame her own tariff and regulate her own trade and commerce at her discretion. In 1859 Sir Alexander Galt insisted on this right in his reply to a memorandum of the Duke of Newcastle voicing the protest of the manufacturers of Sheffield against the new Canadian customs tariff, and he added: "Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such an Act unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the colony irrespective of the views of its inhabitants." And again the right was conceded to Canada to enter into reciprocal trade relations with the United States.

These were great advances. "What," says a great writer, "would George III. have thought of an Empire which not only takes away the right of taxation from the central power, but abolishes that right of regulating commerce, which was held even by Chatham to be essential?"

The British North America Act of 1867 embodies a wide measure of self-government for Canada, and by it the Imperial Parliament, it has been construed, has forever relinquished its right to interfere with provincial legislation under any possible circumstances. Sir John Macdonald, speaking in the debate on the British North America Bill, said of its effect on the status of Canada: "England instead of looking on us as merely a dependent colony, will have in us a friendly *nation*."

Since then on representation of one Minister of Justice the exercise of the prerogative of mercy and other prerogative rights by the Governor-General has been considerably altered in favour of the Governor accepting more completely the advice of his Ministers in all matters affecting the interests of Canada.

Again we have obtained the right to be consulted in the making of treaties. Canada's interests were represented in 1871 by Sir John Macdonald in the Treaty of Washington, and by Sir Alexander Galt in 1879 in conducting negotiations for free commercial intercourse between Canada and France and Spain. In 1881 it was promised that Canada should be thereafter relieved from the obli-

gations of any new treaties with foreign powers to which objection was taken and be given the option of refusing or accepting them and be associated in the negotiations of all foreign treaties in which Canada was interested.

In 1897, at the instance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the German and Belgian treaties were denounced and any British colonies may now, without restriction, grant preferences to each other and to the mother country in respect to tariffs.

As a result of the Confederation Act British troops were withdrawn from Canada shortly after 1867, and we were left to protect our own country at our own cost and with our own land forces.

The policy of withdrawing Imperial troops from Canada was discussed by a committee of the Imperial House. Gladstone's opinion as to the wisdom of withdrawal before that committee was remarkable. "No community," he said, "that is not primarily charged with its own defence is really, or can be, in the true sense of the word, a free community. The burdens of freedom and the privileges of freedom are absolutely associated together. To bear the burdens is as necessary as to enjoy the privileges in order to form that character which is the highest ornament of freedom." Gladstone's view prevailed.

This glimpse at a century of Canadian history makes it abundantly clear that on Canada's insistance, and always after Imperial resistance, we have been permitted to do things our own way. It has been a long journey into this land of self-government, beset with many difficulties and obstructions, but taken always along one straight path. There has never been any deviation or circuity, and we have now arrived inevitably at that stage of our journey which finds Canada left not only without a British fleet on either the Atlantic or Pacific oceans, but left also to devise its own defence for its own seaboards. The ships that did protect us are now released to Britain's other obligations and Canada is left to assume her own naval burden.

Many English statesmen, among them Huskisson, Benjamin Disraeli, Sir George Lewis, Mr. Lesslie Stephen, Lord John Russell, and Lord Palmerston have thought that the concession of this right to govern their own affairs could not be granted without the colonies ultimately becoming absolutely and completely independent of the mother country. Disraeli, in 1872, said, speaking of the granting of self-government to the colonies: "There had been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported by so much energy, and carried on with so much ability and acumen as the attempt of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the British Empire. Those subtle views were adopted by the country under the plausible plea of granting self-government."

But as the present Canadian Prime Minister said in an admirable address in 1902, dealing with such prophecies:

"When we look at the present relations of Canada with the mother country, how vain do all these prophecies appear! There has never been a time since the granting of responsible government to the colonies, or indeed before that time, when the attachment of the colonies to the mother country was warmer or closer than it is at the present time. That attachment may differ in its nature from that which was formerly felt, but it is none the less warm and none the less real. It is the attachment which Canada, as a great Dominion forming part of a great Empire, feels for the country which founded that Empire, and which still controls its destinies. It is the attachment not of a dependent and helpless child, but of a matured and emancipated child towards the parent who is now its ally, confidant, and adviser."

"The colonies, having the right of self-government, exercise that right in their own way and have no cause

for complaint against the mother country if misgovernment exists. If Great Britain to-day controlled the public lands, the mines, the fiscal policy, and the commercial relations of Canada, the view which is now directed by those dissatisfied with the policy of the party in power against that party would in that case be directed against the supposed misgovernment of the mother country, and ultimately against the continuance of further relations with the motherland." These are the Right Honourable Sir Robert Borden's views.

In a "Short History of the Expansion of the British Empire" William Harrison Woodward, of Christ Church, Oxford, speaking of Durham's report, says: "Based upon this report the Reunion Act was passed in 1840, and under it Canada won, though not at once, that full measure of 'responsible government' which is the characteristic feature of the greater English colonies of to-day. It is possibly the most important service which Canada has rendered to the Empire that from her constitutional struggles arose that form of complete self-government under which the unity of the Empire is reconciled with the practical independence of its daughter communities."

As to myself, I pray Canada will always remain within the Empire.

Self-government was denied the thirteen American colonies; they revolted. It was granted to the Canadas and they became enthusiastic supporters of the Empire. The principle was carried from the far North down under the Southern Cross, and Australia, too, became a great Imperialist. No sooner was South Africa subdued than the people were entrusted with free parliamentary government. They were for the most part a conquered race. In a night they became Imperialists. These three great self-governing entities are the chief partners to-day in this great Empire.

The British Empire is built upon the foundation rock of self-government, and it lives. The Roman Empire was built upon the basis of centralization, and, though it ruled the whole world, it died. Gone are all the older empires of the world, and for the same reason.

Canada blazed the trail. Durham's doctrine was "a recognition based on knowledge, inspired by sympathy, that the authority of the mother country rested on other than material ascendency. He appealed to the sentiments and ideals of men, and laid four square to all the winds that blow the foundations not only of a great Dominion, which he did not live to see, but also of that passionate loyalty which served England well in recent years of warfare and peril."

"That government alone is strong which has the hearts of the people," said Fox. "Canada will one day do justice to my memory," were the dying words of Durham. The day has surely come, and the hearts of Canadians, strong in his faith, will ever keep his memory green. Bold and large as were his plans, he builded better than he knew: he built an Empire.

A PATRIOT GENERAL

BY THE HON. WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL, L.L.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ETC.

AFTER William Lyon Mackenzie's failure in the rebellion of 1837 he made his way to the United States, arriving on the south side of the boundary line December 11th of that year. The following evening he addressed a large crowd in a Buffalo theatre, and there for the first time met Thomas Jefferson Sutherland. Sutherland was an American citizen of Scottish descent, and at the time living in Buffalo. He at once threw himself into the movement to assist the Canadian insurgents, showing decidedly more ardour than discretion. He was much more enthusiastic than Mackenzie himself in drumming up recruits, and his showy street displays called down on him the rebuke of the suffering, ardent Mackenzie.

Sutherland was of no very high type. Theller, his comrade and co-Brigadier-General, calls him "a plumed popinjay and blustering Bobadil" whose subsequent conduct "was but an exposure of imbecility, indecision, avarice, meanness, treachery, and cowardice; he had neither firmness nor fortitude, he had neither skill nor daring." He was, however, of somewhat imposing personal appearance and was gifted with a copious flow of words, which some considered eloquence.

In common with most of his countrymen, he believed that Canadians were groaning under the iron heel of monarchical tyranny and that three-fourths of them were disposed to try an appeal to arms to establish political independence. He describes himself as "an ardent admirer of democratic institutions and an enthusiastic advocate of political freedom," and he entertained "the desire to obtain the . . . applause which might . . . accrue to . . . the agents in the establishment of another independent republic on the continent of America."

It was to Sutherland that was due whatever credit might attach to the plan of occupying Navy Island, and he was made second in command of the Patriot Army (then under Van Rensselaer) with the title of Colonel. While by no means of the influence, capacity, or military experience of Van Rensselaer, he could and generally did keep sober, which is more than can be said of his chief.

Some five or six hundred men ultimately were mustered on the island, and there they formed a camp covered by the flag of independence with its two stars symbolical of the two Canadas.

Sutherland was always in evidence. When not at the camp, he was making for Canadian independence elsewhere. He got in Buffalo an extraordinary story that the Canadian authorities were sending a negro cook to poison all his gallant band, and he warned his forces accordingly.

In Detroit at the same time there was a similar movement in favour

of the Patriots; and toward the end of the year Sutherland was sent by Van Rensselaer to assist—perhaps to lead—that movement. He went by way of Cleveland, where he picked up a number of recruits from Ohio, and on January 8th arrived at the Detroit River on a small steamboat called the *Erie*. At Gibraltar he found a number of Patriots and some boats, among them the schooner *Anne*, loaded with cannon and muskets. He produced his credentials, and claimed the command of the force of about five hundred strong. A council of war was called, and though his demand was resisted for a considerable time, it was finally decided to acknowledge the Navy Island authorities and give Sutherland—now a brigadier-general—the direction of affairs, at all events until the Island of Bois Blanc should be taken.

Next morning Sutherland busied himself in the field of oratory. It was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, and he addressed the multitude, alluding to that glorious day, the glorious cause in which they were engaged, and wound up "with the poetic declaration that the God of Battles was smiling in the sunbeams, the sure harbinger of success." And indeed so He was; Sutherland's mistake lay in not determing on which side success was to lie.

Boats put off to attack Bois Blanc; the schooner *Anne* was mismanaged and drifted into the lake, but she was brought about to assist in the attack. But the island was abandoned by the British, and nothing came of the enterprise.

Sutherland, with his headquarters in a log shanty and his men gathered about fires near by, passed a cold night in their encampment. Next morning he passed over to the deserted island, but the *Anne* was taken with all on board by the British, who, Theller tells us, actually shot "with the manifest cruel determination of sacrificing life."

Probably it was this extraordinary determination on the part of the opposing soldiers which influenced Sutherland the next day to abandon Bois Blanc and relinquish his command. He had found time, however, during the day to issue a proclamation inviting the patriotic inhabitants of Upper Canada to rally round his standard. "You are called upon by the voice of your bleeding country to join the Patriot forces and free your land from tyranny. Hordes of worthless parasites of the British Crown are quartered upon you to devour your substance; to outrage your rights; to let loose upon your defenceless wives and daughters a brutal soldiery." Probably Sutherland believed all that, but certainly the Canadians did not.

He went to Detroit and was arrested; but, being released, he tried to organize another expedition of his own, issuing a new proclamation for that purpose. His efforts failed, and he resigned all military command, advertising in a Detroit newspaper the fact that he had retired from the Patriot cause. This did not seem to convince the Patriots that he had really left them, so he called a public meeting in Detroit about February 18th, 1878, when he made a formal statement that he had resigned his command and would have nothing further to do with the Canadian revolutionists.

A couple of days afterwards he set out for Buffalo, his residence, but at Monroe, a small village about forty miles from Detroit, he was robbed of money, papers, and baggage. Returning to Detroit, he learned that the thieves had been seen fleeing towards Sandusky, and on March 4th he set off across the ice from Gibraltar for Sandusky, with one companion only, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years. They were unarmed except for two old useless swords, the property of the General. Unfortunately for him, the well-known Colonel Prince was that day driving in a sleigh, with Prideaux Girty and Mr. Haggerty, along

the shore of Lake Erie, returning from Gosfield. About 4.30 p.m. Prince caught sight of the two men on the ice. He made up his mind that they were spies—he had a great eye for "sympathizers"—and made chase with Haggerty and some men whom they had met in the meantime. Prince had a gun, and the travellers made no difficulty in surrendering. Prince brought the prisoners to Fort Malden (Amherstburg), overruling the suggestion made by one of the party that Sutherland should be executed on the spot.

Colonel Maitland was in command at Fort Malden; he decided to send the prisoners down to Toronto. Sutherland seems to have expressed a wish to make a statement; at all events, he was brought before Colonel Prince, Major Lachlan, and Captain Girty, Justices of the Peace of the district, and did make a statement which was used against him at his trial. He was then sent to Toronto, where he arrived on March 12th, and was incarcerated with a number of his countrymen and Canadian rebels who had been taken prisoners.

An Act had been passed earlier in the year, January 12th, 1838, (1 Vic. cap. 1), which provided that any citizen or subject of a foreign country at peace with Britain who should be or continue in arms against her Majesty within the Province, might be tried by a militia general court-martial and, upon being found guilty, sentenced to death or such other punishment as the court-martial should award.

Sutherland was the first to be sent for trial by Sir Francis Bond Head, and he came before the court-martial the day succeeding his arrival at the capital (March 13th). The court was composed of Colonel Jarvis (President), Colonel Kingsmill, Lieutenant-Colonels Carthew and Brown, Majors Gurnett and Dewson, and Captains (John) Powell and Fry, with Colonel FitzGibbon as judge advocate. After preliminaries on three days, on March 19th the prisoner was asked if he had any objection to make to any member of the court. The members of the court-martial being jurors as well as judges, challenge lies against any member. He challenged Major Dewson as being an officer in the British army; the law had been that no officer serving in any of his Majesty's other forces could sit on any militia court-martial, but that had been changed on March 6th, 1838, by an amending Act. This objection was overruled. He objected also that the President and half of the members of the court had never sat on a court-martial before. This, of course, was not a valid objection. He pleaded not guilty, and the trial continued on four days.

Prince and Girty gave evidence as to his capture, and others as to his bearing arms at Navy Island. Judgment was delayed for some time, but at length he was convicted and sentenced to transportation for life.

From an examination of the evidence, it is rather to be inferred that the capture was not in Canadian territory; the evidence is very conflicting. The inexperience of the President led to many irregularities, and though there can be no doubt that the prisoner had been in arms against her Majesty, it cannot he said that he had a fair trial. He cross-examined the witnesses with some skill, but called no witnesses on his own behalf. He is said to have had the advice and assistance of George Ridout and others in the conduct of his defence.

While lying in prison, awaiting the judgment of the court, he is said to have offered the Lieutenant-Governor to give full information concerning the rebels, but Sir Francis declined to interfere. It is certain that, losing hope, he attempted suicide by opening his veins with a knife he had borrowed from one of the guards on the pretext that he wanted to make a pen. It was some time before he fully recovered.

Sir George Arthur, the new Lieu-

tenant-Governor, and his advisers were in no small difficulty in respect to Sutherland. His trial was irregular, as they knew, and there was more than doubt whether he had not been arrested within American territory. They finally sent him to Quebec with other convicts. Theller says Sutherland was a coward and therefore refused to join in a plot to release themselves on the boat on the way to Kingston. The prisoners were lodged in the fort at Kingston for a night and then sent on to Montreal and Quebec, arriving in Quebec on June 15th, and all lodged in the citadel to await her Majesty's pleasure.

On the boat from Montreal to Quebec, the captain, who was an ardent Loyalist, refused to allow his cabin to be polluted by the presence of any Yankee brigand—this was on the orders of the owners, John Torrance and Company—so the prisoners were all packed in the hold. Sutherland seems to have defended his conduct in a spirited manner; he had the "gift of the gab" largely developed and liked to talk.

In the citadel some of the prisoners were smitten with smallpox, amongst them Colonel Dodge, who shared with Sutherland and eight other Americans one of the casemates; but Sutherland escaped the contagion. He occupied his time in writing a long and elaborate letter to Lord Durham, the Governor, setting forth the facts of his connection with the Patriot forces, his capture, and trial. This letter, dated July 4th, 1838, is well written, the argument is well sustained and logical, and the authorities cited such as are cogent. No one could frame such a letter without a knowledge of international law, and it is almost certain that Sutherland had the assistance of able lawyers—there were many at that time in Quebec, as in Toronto, who would lend their aid to a sympathizer.

More than a month afterwards he was notified that the matter had been referred to the home authorities, and in the course of a few days after this notice he was informed that the Home Government had directed his discharge on account of the irregularities at his trial, but that he must give security not again to enter her Majesty's dominions. He was removed the same day to another room in the citadel, which he occupied by himself, and after some time was informed that the pardon signed by Sir George Arthur was irregular and had to be returned for correction.

Tired of waiting, he wrote to Sir George on October 8th, asking to be informed of the form and amount of the security required, if security was to be exacted from him, and he would try to procure it. He was informed that his own bail and two sureties in $2,000 each would be taken as assurrance that in a fixed number of days he would not be in any part of her Majesty's dominions, his own bail to be taken in Quebec, that of the sureties in Toronto. He tried his best to find sureties, but not unnaturally failed. He offered to pledge himself in any manner that might be prescribed, but was told that his word was valuless and that other security must be given. One of his comrades is said to have remarked that sureties would run no risk, for an ox-team could not draw Sutherland within sight of Canada again. He appealed to Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary, in a carefully-drawn document, which he says he drew up in his "cell by the aid of a rush light, without reference to books or authorities" (which may be true) "and without consultation with friends or advice of counsel" (which in view of everything is almost certainly false).

On October 16th Theller and a number of his companions made their escape from the citadel, and Sutherland was removed to the "black hole" for safety, and kept there five weeks. Some months after he was sent to Upper Canada and unconditionally released. He made his way to the United States, and his subsequent

career is of little historical interest.

He wrote from New York on New Year's Day, 1840, a letter to her Majesty asking clemency for the Americans who had been sent to Van Dieman's Land; and the following year he published at Albany a small volume dedicated to the lawyers of the United States, which contains the letters to her Majesty, Lord Glenelg, Lord Durham, and Sir George Arthur, with an appendix containing the proceedings at the court-martial at Toronto, the statutes relating to court-martial, and a list of the captive American Patriots.

It is from this volume (of which Kingsford must have had no knowledge), and Theller's gasconading "Canada in 1837-8," that most of the story is taken.

Theller finds no words too opprobrious to apply to his brother general: "Coward," "traitor," whose "lying . . . vanity and assumption of importance, as well as his playing the special spy upon us and the betrayal of our secret at Toronto, made all men despise him." We do not know Sutherland's opinion of Theller, but no one can read Theller's book without suspecting him also of "lying, vanity, and assumption of importance."

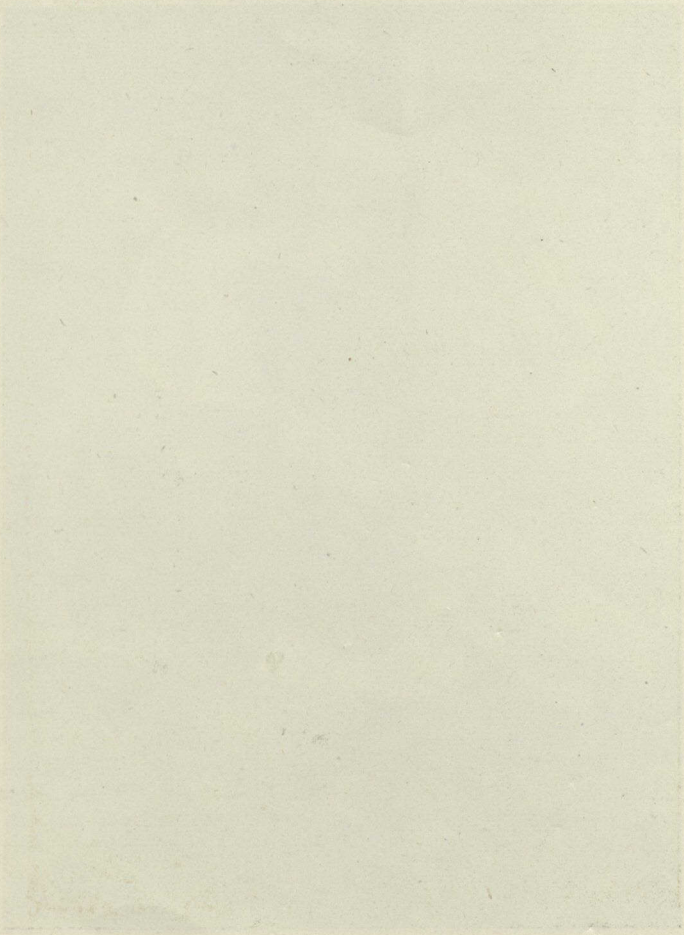
CANADA

By JOHN MARKEY

I, TOO, have been a dreamer of strange dreams.
'Twas ever my delight—I love it still—
To sit at eve upon some lonely hill,
To see the sun go down, and catch some gleams
Of radiant beauty from its parting beams.
And sometimes when I seemed to have my fill
Of such delight, I've felt a sudden thrill
Of strong desire that some day I might make,
Out of my visions and my love for thee,
O, Canada, a song for thy dear sake—
A song of joy that thou art fair and free,
A song of hope that still thou mayst be,
When time has left its scars upon thy brow,
As fair and free as in my vision now.

GIRL AT PIANO

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle
Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition



BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

VI.—FLOWERING OF THE LOTUS

TO Robert Cairn it seemed that the boat-train would never reach Charing Cross. His restlessness was appalling. He perpetually glanced from his father, with whom he shared the compartment, to the flying landscape with its vistas of hop-poles; and Dr. Cairn, although he exhibited less anxiety, was nevertheless strung to highest tension.

That dash from Cairo homeward had been something of a fevered dream to both men. To learn, whilst one is searching for a malign and implacable enemy in Egypt, that the enemy, having secretly returned to London, is weaving his evil spells around "some we loved, the loveliest and the best," is to know the meaning of ordeal.

In pursuit of Antony Ferrara—the incarnation of an awful evil—Dr. Cairn had deserted his practice, had left England for Egypt. Now he was hurrying back again; for whilst he had sought in strange and dark places of that land of mystery for Antony Ferrara, the latter had been darkly active in London!

Again and again Robert Cairn read the letter which, surely as a royal command, had recalled them. It was from Myra Duquesne. One line in it had fallen upon them like a bomb, had altered all their plans, had shattered the one fragment of peace remaining to them.

In the eyes of Robert Cairn, the whole universe centered around Myra Duquesne; she was the one being in the world of whom he could not bear to think in conjunction with Antony Ferrara. Now he knew that Antony Ferrara was beside her, was, doubtless at this very moment, directing those black arts of which he was master, to the destruction of her mind and body—perhaps of her very soul.

Again he drew the worn envelope from his pocket and read that ominous sentence, which, when his eyes had first fallen upon it, had blotted out the sunlight of Egypt.

". . . And you will be surprised to hear that Antony is back in London . . . and is a frequent visitor here. It is quite like old times . ."

Raising his haggard eyes, Robert Cairn saw that his father was watching him.

"Keep calm, my boy," urged the doctor; "it can profit us nothing, it can profit Myra nothing, for you to shatter your nerves at a time when real trials are before you. You are inviting another breakdown. Oh, I know it is hard; but for everybody's sake try to keep yourself in hand."

"I am trying, sir," replied Robert, hollowly.

Dr. Cairn nodded, drumming his fingers upon his knee.

"We must be diplomatic," he continued. "That James Saunderson proposed to return to London I had no idea. I thought that Myra would be far outside the black maelstrom in Scotland. Had I suspected that

Saunderson would come to London, I should have made other arrangements."

"Of course, sir, I know that. But even so we could never have foreseen this."

Dr. Cairn shook his head.

"To think that whilst we have been scouring Egypt from Port Said to Assouan, *he* has been laughing at us in London!" he said. "Directly after the affair at Méydûm he must have left the country—how, heaven only knows. That letter is three weeks old now."

Robert Cairn nodded. "What may have happened since? What may have happened?"

"You take too gloomy a view. James Saunderson is a 'Roman' guardian. Even Antony Ferrara could make little headway there."

"But Myra says that—Ferrara is—a frequent visitor."

"And Saunderson," replied Dr. Cairn with a grim smile, "is a Scotchman! Rely upon his diplomacy, Rob, Myra will be safe enough."

"God grant that she is!"

At that silence fell between them until punctually to time the train slowed into Charing Cross. Inspired by a common anxiety, Dr. Cairn and his son were first among the passengers to pass the barrier. The car was waiting for them, and within five minutes of the arrival of the train they were whirling through London's traffic to the house of James Saunderson.

It lay in that quaint backwater, remote from motor-bus highways—Dulwich Common; and was a rambling red-tiled building which at some time had been a farmhouse. As the big car pulled up at the gate, Saunderson, a large-boned Scotsman, tawny-eyed, and with his gray hair worn long and untidily, came out to meet them. Myra Duquesne stood beside him. A quick blush coloured her face momentarily, then left it pale again.

Indeed, her pallour was alarming. As Robert Cairn, leaping from the car, seized both her hands and looked into her eyes, it seemed to him that the girl had almost an ethereal appearance. Something clutched at his heart, iced his blood; for Myra Duquesne seemed a creature scarcely belonging to the world of humanity—seemed already half a spirit. The light in her sweet eyes was good to see, but her fragility and a certain transparency of complexion horrified him.

Yet he knew that he must hide these fears from her; and turning to Mr. Saunderson, he shook him warmly by the hand, and the party of four passed by the low porch into the house.

In the hallway Miss Saunderson, a typical Scottish housekeeper, stood beaming welcome, but in the very instant of greeting her Robert Cairn stopped suddenly as if transfixed.

Dr. Cairn also pulled up just within the door, his nostrils quivering and his clear gray eyes turning right and left, searching the shadows.

Miss Saunderson detected this sudden restraint.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked anxiously.

Myra, standing beside Mr. Saunderson, began to look frightened. But Dr. Cairn, shaking off the incubus which had descended upon him, forced a laugh, and, clapping his hand upon Robert's shoulder, cried:

"Wake up, my boy! I know it is good to be back in England again, but keep your day-dreaming for after lunch!"

Robert Cairn forced a ghostly smile in return, and the odd incident promised well to be forgotten.

"How good of you," said Myra as the party entered the dining-room, "to come right from the station to see us! And you must be expected in Half Moon Street, Dr. Cairn."

"Of course, we came to see *you* first," replied Robert Cairn significantly.

Myra lowered her face and pur-

sued that precise subject no further.

No mention was made of Antony Ferrara, and neither Dr. Cairn nor his son cared to broach the subject. The lunch passed off, then, without any reference to the very matter which had brought them there that day.

It was not until nearly an hour later that Dr. Cairn and his son found themselves alone for a moment. Then, with a furtive glance about, the doctor spoke of that which had occupied his mind, to the exclusion of all else, since first they had entered the house of James Saunderson.

"You noticed it, Rob?" he whispered.

"My God, it nearly choked me!"

Dr. Cairn nodded grimly.

"It is all over the house," he continued, "in every room that I have entered. They are used to it, and evidently do not notice it; but coming in from the clean air, it is—"

"Abominable, unclean, unholy!"

"We know it," continued Dr. Cairn softly, "that smell of unholiness; we have good reason to know it. It heralded the death of Sir Michael Ferrara. It heralded the death of—another."

"With a just God in heaven, can such things be?"

"It is the secret incense of ancient Egypt," whispered Dr. Cairn, glancing towards the open door; "it is the odour of that Black Magic which, by all natural law, should be buried and lost forever in the tombs of the ancient wizards. Only two living men within my knowledge know the use and the hidden meaning of that perfume; only one living man has ever dared to make it, to use it—"

"Antony Ferrara!"

"We knew he was here, boy. Now we know that he is using his powers here. Something tells me that we come to the end of the fight. May victory be with the just."

II.

Half Moon Street was bathed in tropical sunlight. Dr. Cairn, with his hands behind him, stood looking out of the window. He turned to his son, who leant against a corner of the bookcase in the shadows of the big room.

"Hot enough for Egypt, Rob," he said.

Robert Cairn nodded.

"Antony Ferrara," he replied, "seemingly travels his own atmosphere with him. I first became acquainted with his hellish activities during a phenomenal thunderstorm. In Egypt his movements apparently corresponded with those of the Khamsin. Now"—he waved his hand vaguely towards the window—"this is Egypt in London."

"Egypt is in London, indeed," muttered Dr. Cairn. "Jermyn has decided that our fears are well founded."

"You mean, sir, that the will—"

"Antony Ferrara would have an almost unassailable case in the event of—of Myra—"

"You mean that her share of the legacy would fall to that fiend if she—"

"If she died? Exactly."

Robert Cairn began to stride up and down the room, clenching and unclenching his fists. He was a shadow of his former self, but now his cheeks were flushed and his eyes feverishly bright.

"Before Heaven," he cried suddenly, "the situation is becoming unbearable! A thing more deadly than the plague is abroad here in London. Apart from the personal aspect of the matter—of that I dare not think!—what do we know of Ferrara's activities? His record is damnable! To our certain knowledge his victims are many. If the murder of his adoptive father, Sir Michael, was actually the first of his crimes, we know of three other poor souls who beyond any shadow of doubt were launched into eternity by the black arts of this ghastly villain."

"We do, Rob," replied Dr. Cairn.

"He has made attempts upon you; he has made attempts upon me. We owe our survival"—he pointed to a row of books upon a corner shelf—"to the knowledge which you have accumulated in half a lifetime of research. In the face of science, in the face of modern scepticism, in the face of our belief in a benign God, this creature, Antony Ferrara, has proved himself conclusively to be—"

"He is what the benighted ancients called a magician," interrupted Dr. Cairn quietly. "He is what was known in the Middle Ages as a wizard. What that means exactly few modern thinkers know; but I know, and one day others will know. Meanwhile, his shadow lies upon a certain house."

Robert Cairn shook his clenched fists in the air. In some men the gesture had seemed melodramatic; in him it was the expression of a soul's agony.

"But, sir," he cried, "are we to wait inert, helpless? Whatever he is, he has a human body—and there are bullets, there are knives, there are a hundred drugs in the British Pharmacopœia!"

"Quite so," answered Dr. Cairn, watching his son closely, and by his own collected manner endeavouring to check the other's growing excitement. "I am prepared at any personal risk to crush Antony Ferrara as I would crush a scorpion; but where is he?"

Robert Cairn groaned, dropping into the big red-leathered armchair, and burying his face in his hands.

"Our position is maddening," continued the elder man. "We know that Antony Ferrara visits Mr. Saunderson's house; we know that he is laughing at our vain attempts to trap him. Crowning comedy of all, Saunderson does not know the truth—he is not the type of man who could ever understand. In fact, we dare not tell him, and we dare not tell Myra. The result is that those whom we protect, unwittingly are working against us and against themselves."

"That perfume!" burst out Robert Cairn. "That hell's incense which loads the atmosphere of Saunderson's house! To think that we know what it means—that we know what it means!"

"Perhaps *I* know even better than you do, Rob. The occult uses of perfume are not understood nowadays; but you, from experience, know that certain perfumes have occult uses. At the Pyramid of Méydûm in Egypt Antony Ferrara dared—and the just God did not strike him dead—to make a certain incense. It was often made in the remote past, and a portion of it, probably in a jar hermetically sealed, had come into his possession. I once detected its dreadful odour in his rooms in London. Had you asked me prior to that occasion if any of the hellish stuff had survived to the present day, I should most emphatically have said *'No.'* I should have been wrong. Ferrara had some. He used it all, and went to the Méydûm Pyramid to renew his stock."

Robert Cairn was listening intently.

"All this brings me back to a point which I have touched upon before, sir," he said. "To my certain knowledge, the late Sir Michael and yourself have delved into the black mysteries of Egypt more deeply than any man of the present century. Yet Antony Ferrara, little more than a boy, has mastered secrets which you, after years of research, have failed to grasp. What does this mean, sir?"

Dr. Cairn, again locking his hands behind him, stared out of the window.

"He is not an ordinary mortal," continued his son. "He is supernormal—and supernaturally wicked. You have admitted—indeed it was evident—that he is merely the adopted son of the late Sir Michael. Now that we have entered upon the final struggle—for I feel that this is so—I will ask you again, *who is Antony Ferrara?*"

Dr. Cairn spun around upon the speaker; his gray eyes were bright.

"There is one little obstacle," he answered, "which has deterred me from telling you what you have asked so often. Although—and you have had dreadful opportunities to peer behind the veil—you will find it hard to believe, I hope very shortly to be able to answer that question, and to tell you who Antony Ferrara really is."

Robert Cairn beat his fist upon the arm of the chair.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "that either of us has remained sane. Oh, what does it mean? What can we do? What can we do?"

"We must watch, Rob. To enlist the services of Saunderson would be almost impossible; he lives in his orchid-houses; they are his world. In matters of ordinary life I can trust him above most men, but in this—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Could we suggest to him a reason—any reason but the real one—why he should refuse to receive Ferrara?"

"It might destroy our last chance."

"But, sir," cried Robert wildly, "it amounts to this: we are using Myra as a lure!"

"In order to save her, Rob—simply in order to save her," retorted Dr. Cairn sternly.

"How ill she looks!" groaned the other. "How pale and worn! There are great shadows under her eyes—. Oh, I cannot bear to think about her!"

"When was *he* last there?"

"Apparently some ten days ago. You may depend upon him to be aware of our return. He will not come there again, sir. But there are other ways in which he might reach her—does he not command a whole shadow army? And Mr. Saunderson is entirely unsuspicious—and Myra thinks of the fiend as a brother! Yet—she has never once spoken of him. I wonder—"

Dr. Cairn sat deep into reflection. Suddenly he took out his watch.

"Go around now," he said. "You will be in time for lunch—and remain there until I come. From to-day onward, although actually your health does not permit of the strain, we must watch—watch night and day."

III.

Myra Duquesne came under an arch of roses to the wooden seat where Robert Cairn awaited her. In her plain white linen frock, with the sun in her hair and her eyes looking unnaturally large owing to the pallour of her beautiful face, she seemed to the man who rose to greet her an ethereal creature but lightly linked to the flesh-and-blood world.

An impulse which had possessed him often enough before, but which hitherto he had suppressed, suddenly possessed him anew, set his heart beating, and filled his veins with fire. As a soft blush spread over the girl's pale cheeks, and, with a sort of timidity, she held out her hand, he leapt to his feet, threw his arms around her, and kissed her—kissed her eyes, her hair, her lips.

There was a moment of frightened hesitancy—and then she had resigned herself to this sort of savage tenderness which was better in its very brutality than any caress she had ever known, which thrilled her with a glorious joy such as she realized now she had dreamt of and lacked, and wanted; which was a harbourage to which she came, blushing, confused, but glad, conquered, and happy in the thrall of that exquisite slavery.

"Myra," he whispered, "Myra, have I frightened you? Will you forgive me?"

She nodded her head quickly and nestled upon his shoulder.

"I could wait no longer," he murmured in her ear. "Words seemed unnecessary; I just wanted you; you are everything in the world; and," he concluded simply, "I took you."

She whispered his name very softly. What a serenity there is in such a moment, what a glow of secure happiness, of immunity from the pains and sorrows of the world!

Robert Cairn, with his arms about this girl, who, from his early boyhood, had been his ideal of womanhood, of love, and of all that love meant, forgot those things which had shaken his life and brought him to the threshold of death, forgot those evidences of illness which marred the once glorious beauty of the girl, forgot the black menace of the future, forgot the wizard enemy whose hand was stretched over that house and that garden—and was merely happy.

But this paroxysm of gladness—which Eliphas Lévi, last of the Adepts, has so marvellously analyzed in one of his works—is of short duration, as are all joys. It is needless to recount here the broken sentences (punctuated with those first kisses which sweeten the memory of old age) that now passed for conversation, and which lovers have believed to be conversation since the world began. As dusk creeps over a glorious landscape, so the shadow of Antony Ferrara crept over the happiness of these two.

Gradually that shadow fell between them and the sun; the grim thing which loomed big in the lives of them both refused any longer to be ignored. Robert Cairn, with his arm about the girl's waist, broached the hated subject.

"When did you last see—Ferrara?"

Myra looked up suddenly.

"Over a week—nearly a fortnight ago."

"Ah!"

Cairn noted that the girl spoke of Ferrara with an odd sort of restraint for which he was at a loss to account. Myra had always regarded her guardian's adopted son in the light of a brother; therefore her present attitude was all the more singular.

"You did not expect him to return to England so soon?" he asked.

"I had no idea that he was in England," said Myra, "until he walked in here one day. I was glad to see him then."

"And should you not be glad to see him now?" inquired Cairn eagerly.

Myra, with her head lowered, deliberately pressed out a crease in her white skirt.

"One day last week," she replied slowly, "he—came here and—acted strangely—"

"In what way?" jerked Cairn.

"He pointed out to me that actually we—he and I—were in no way related."

"Well?"

"You know how I have always liked Antony. I have always thought of him as my brother."

Again she hesitated, and a troubled expression crept over her pale face. Cairn raised his arm and clasped it about her shoulders.

"Tell me all about it," he whispered reassuringly.

"Well," continued Myra, in evident confusion, "his behaviour became embarrassing, and suddenly he asked me if I could ever love him, not as a brother, but—"

"I understand," said Cairn grimly. "And you replied?"

"For some time I could not reply at all, I was so surprised and so horrified. I cannot explain how I felt about it, but it seemed horrible—it seemed horrible'!'

"But, of course, you told him?"

"I told him that I could never be fond of him in any different way—that I could never *think* of it. And although I endeavoured to avoid hurting his feelings, he took it very badly. He said, in such a queer, choking voice, that he was going away—"

"Away! From England?"

"Yes; and—he made a strange request."

"What was it?"

"In the circumstances—you see, I felt sorry for him—I did not like to refuse him; it was only a trifling thing. He asked for a lock of my hair."

"A lock of your hair! And you—"

"I told you that I did not like to refuse, and I let him snip off a tiny

piece with a pair of pocket scissors which he had. Are you angry?''

''Of course not! You—were almost brought up together. You—''

''Then''—she paused—''he seemed to change. Suddenly, I found myself afraid—dreadfully afraid.''

''Of Ferrara?''

''Not of Antony exactly. But what is the good of my trying to explain? A most awful dread seized me. His face was no longer the face that I have always known; something—''

Her voice trembled, and she seemed disposed to leave the sentence unfinished, then:

''Something evil, sinister, had come into it.''

''And since then,'' said Cairn, ''you have not seen him?''

''He has not been here since then—no.''

Cairn, with his hands resting upon the girl's shoulders, leant back in the seat, and looked into her troubled eyes with a kind of sad scrutiny.

''You have not been fretting about him?''

Myra shook her head.

''Yet you look as though something were troubling you. This house''—he indicated the low-lying garden with a certain irritation—''is not healthily situated. This place lies in a valley; look at the rank grass—and there are mosquitoes everywhere. You do not look well, Myra.''

The girl smiled—a little, wistful smile.

''But I was so tired of Scotland,'' she said. ''You do not know how I looked forward to London again. I must admit, though, that I was in better health there; I was quite ashamed of my dairymaid appearance.''

''You have nothing to amuse you here,'' said Cairn tenderly; ''no company, for Mr. Saunderson only lives for his orchids.''

''They are very fascinating,'' said Myra dreamily. ''I, too, have felt their glamour. I am the only member of the household whom he allows amongst his orchids.''

''Perhaps you spend too much time there,'' interrupted Cairn; ''that superheated, artificial atmosphere—''

Myra shook her head playfully, patting his arm.

''There is nothing in the world the matter with me,'' she said, almost in her old bright manner, ''now that you are back.''

''I do not approve of orchids,'' jerked Cairn doggedly. ''They are parodies of what a flower should be. Place an orchid beside a fine rose, and what a distorted, unholy thing it looks!''

''Unholy?'' laughed Myra.

''Unholy—yes! They are products of feverish swamps and deathly jungles. I hate orchids. The atmosphere of an orchid-house cannot possibly be clean and healthy. One might as well spend one's time in a bacteriological laboratory.''

Myra shook her head with affected seriousness.

''You must not let Mr. Saunderson hear you,'' she said. ''His orchids are his children. Their very mystery enthralls him—and really, it is most fascinating. To look at one of those shapeless bulbs, and to speculate upon what kind of bloom it will produce, is almost as thrilling as reading a sensational novel! He has one growing now—it will bloom some time this week—about which he is frantically excited.''

''Where did he get it?'' asked Cairn, without interest.

''He bought it from a man who had almost certainly stolen it. There were six bulbs in the parcel; only two have lived, and one of these is much more advanced than the other; it is so high.''

She held out her hand, indicating a height of some three feet from the ground.

''It has not flowered yet?''

''No. But the buds—huge, smooth, egg-shaped things—seem on the point of bursting at any moment. We call it the 'mystery,' and it is my special care. Mr. Saunderson has shown me

how to attend to its simple needs, and if it proves to be a new species—which is almost certain—he is going to exhibit it, and name it after me. Shall you be proud of having an orchid named after—"

"After my wife?" Cairn concluded, seizing her hands. "I could never be more proud of you than I am already."

IV.

Dr. Cairn walked to the window, with its old-fashioned leaded panes. A lamp stood by the bedside, and he had tilted the shade so that it shone upon the pale face of the patient—Myra Duquesne.

Two days had wrought a dreadful change in her. She lay with closed eyes and sunken face, upon which ominous shadows played. Her respiration was imperceptible. The reputation of Dr. Bruce Cairn was a well-deserved one, but this case puzzled him. He knew that Myra Duquesne was dying before his eyes; he could still see the agonized face of his son, Robert, who at that moment was waiting, filled with intolerable suspense, downstairs in Mr. Saunderson's study; but, withal, he was helpless. He looked out from the rose-entwined casement across the shrubbery to where the moonlight glittered among the trees.

Those were the orchid-houses, and with his back to the bed, Dr. Cairn stood for long, thoughtfully watching the distant gleams of reflected light. Craig Fenton and Sir Elwin Groves, with whom he had been consulting, were but just gone. The nature of Myra Duquesne's illness had utterly puzzled them.

Downstairs, Robert Cairn was pacing the study, wondering if his reason would survive this final blow which threatened. He knew, and his father knew, that a sinister something underlay this strange illness—an illness which had commenced on the day that Antony Ferrara had last visited the house.

The evening was insufferably hot; not a breeze stirred in the leaves; and despite open windows, the air of the room was heavy and lifeless. A faint perfume, having a sort of sweetness, but which yet was unutterably revolting, made itself perceptible to the nostrils. Apparently it had pervaded the house by slow degrees. The occupants were so used to it that they did not notice it at all.

Dr. Cairn had busied himself that evening in the sick-room, burning some pungent preparation, to the amazement of the nurse and of the consultants. Now the biting fumes of his pastiles had all been wafted out of the window and the faint sweet smell was as noticeable as ever.

Not a sound broke the silence of the house; and when the nurse quietly opened the door and entered, Dr. Cairn was still standing staring thoughtfully out of the window in the direction of the orchid-houses. He turned and, walking back to the bedside, bent over the patient.

Her face was like a white mask; she was quite unconscious, and so far as he could see showed no change either for better or worse. But her pulse was slightly more feeble, and the doctor suppressed a groan of despair, for this mysterious progressive weakness could only have one end. All his experience told him that unless something could be done—and every expedient thus far attempted had proved futile—Myra Duquesne would die about dawn.

He turned on his heel and strode from the room, whispering a few words of instruction to the nurse. Descending the stairs, he passed the closed study door, not daring to think of his son who waited within, and entered the dining-room. A single lamp burned there, and the gaunt figure of Mr. Saunderson was outlined dimly where he sat in the window-seat. Crombie, the gardener, stood by the table.

"Now, Crombie," said Dr. Cairn quietly, closing the door behind him,

"what is this story about the orchid-houses, and why did you not mention it before?"

The man stared persistently into the shadows of the room, avoiding Dr. Cairn's glance.

"Since he has had the courage to own up," interrupted Mr. Saunderson, "I have overlooked the matter, but he was afraid to speak before, because he had no business to be in the orchid-houses." His voice grew suddenly fierce. "He knows it well enough!"

"I know, sir, that you don't want me to interfere with the orchids," replied the man, "but I only ventured in because I thought I saw a light moving there—"

"Rubbish!" snapped Mr. Saunderson.

"Pardon me, Saunderson," said Dr. Cairn; "but a matter of more importance than the welfare of all the orchids in the world is under consideration now."

Saunderson coughed dryly.

"You are right, Cairn," he said. "I shouldn't have lost my temper for such a trifle, at a time like this. Tell your own tale, Crombie; I won't interrupt."

"It was last night, then," continued the man. "I was standing at the door of my cottage smoking a pipe before turning in, when I saw a faint light moving by the orchid-house—"

"Reflection of the moon," muttered Saunderson. "I am sorry. Go on, Crombie!"

"I knew that some of the orchids were very valuable, and I thought there would not be time to call you; also I did not want to worry you, knowing you had worry enough already. So I knocked out my pipe and put it in my pocket, and went through the shrubbery. I saw the light again—it seemed to be moving from the first house into the second. I could not see what it was."

"Was it like a candle, or a pocket-lamp?" jerked Dr. Cairn.

"Nothing like that, sir; a softer light, more like a glow-worm, but much brighter. I went around and tried the door, and it was locked. Then I remembered the door at the other end, and I cut round by the path between the houses and the wall, so that I had no chance to see the light again, until I got to the other door. I found this unlocked. There was a close kind of smell in there, sir, and the air was very hot—"

"Naturally, it was hot," interrupted Saunderson.

"I mean much hotter than it should have been. It was like an oven, and the smell was stifling—"

"What smell?" asked Dr. Cairn. "Can you describe it?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I seem to notice it here in this room to-night, and I think I noticed it about the place before—never so strong as in the orchid-houses."

"Go on!" said Dr. Cairn.

"I went through the first house, and saw nothing. The shadow of the wall prevented the moonlight from shining in there. But just as I was about to enter the middle house, I thought I saw—a face."

"What do you mean—you *thought* you saw?" snapped Mr. Saunderson.

"I mean, sir, that it was so horrible and so strange that I could not believe it was real—which is one of the reasons why I did not speak before. It reminded me of the face of a gentleman I have seen here—Mr. Ferrara—"

Dr. Cairn stifled an exclamation.

"But in other ways it was quite unlike the gentleman. In some ways it was more like the face of a woman—a very bad woman. It had a sort of bluish light on it, but where it could have come from I don't know. It seemed to be smiling, and two bright eyes looked straight out at me."

Crombie stopped, raising his hand to his head confusedly.

"I could see nothing but just this face—low down, as if the person it belonged to was crouching on the

floor; and there was a tall plant of some kind just beside it—"

"Well," said Dr. Cairn, "go on! What did you do?"

"I turned to run," confessed the man. "If you had seen that horrible face, you would understand how frightened I was. Then when I got to the door I looked back."

"I hope you had closed the door behind you," snapped Saunderson.

"Never mind that, never mind that!" interrupted Dr. Cairn.

"I closed the door behind me—yes, sir—but just as I was going to open it again I took a quick glance back, and the face had gone! I came out, and I was walking over the lawn, wondering whether I should tell you, when it occurred to me that I hadn't noticed whether the key had been left in or not."

"Did you go back to see?" asked Dr. Cairn.

"I didn't want to," admitted Crombie, "but I did—and—"

"Well?"

"The door was locked, sir!"

"So you concluded that your imagination had been playing you tricks," said Saunderson grimly. "In my opinion you were right."

Dr. Cairn dropped into a chair.

"All right, Crombie; that will do."

Crombie, with a mumbled "Good-night, gentlemen!" turned and left the room.

"Why are you worrying about this matter," inquired Saunderson, when the door had closed, "at a time like the present?"

"Never mind," replied Dr. Cairn wearily. "I must return to Half Moon Street now, but I shall be back within an hour."

With no other word to Saunderson, he stood up and walked out to the hall. He rapped at the study door, and it was instantly opened by Robert Cairn. No spoken word was necessary; the burning question could be read in his too-bright eyes. Dr. Cairn laid his hand upon his son's shoulder.

"I won't excite false hopes, Rob," he said huskily. "I am going back to the house, and I want you to come with me."

Robert Cairn turned his head aside, groaning aloud, but his father grasped him by the arm, and together they left that house of shadows, entered the car which waited at the gate, and, without exchanging a word en route, came to Half Moon Street.

V.

Dr. Cairn led the way into the library, switching on the reading-lamp upon the large table. His son stood just within the doorway, his arms folded and his chin upon his breast.

The doctor sat down at the table, watching the other. Suddenly Robert spoke.

"Is it possible, sir—is it possible"—his voice was barely audible—"that her illness can in any way be due to the orchids?"

Dr. Cairn frowned thoughtfully.

"What do you mean exactly?" he asked.

"Orchids are mysterious things. They come from places where there are strange and dreadful diseases. Is it not possible that they may convey—"

"Some sort of contagion?" concluded Dr. Cairn. "It is a point that I have seen raised, certainly, but nothing of the sort has ever been established. I have heard something to-night, though, which—"

"What have you heard, sir?" ask his son eagerly, stepping forward to the table.

"Never mind at the moment, Rob. Let me think."

He rested his elbow upon the table, and his chin in his hand. His professional instincts had told him that unless something could be done—something which the highest medical skill in London had thus far been unable to devise—Myra Duquesne had but four hours to live. Somewhere in his mind a memory lurked, evasive, taunting him. This wild suggestion

of his son's, that the girl's illness might be due in some way to her contact with the orchids, was in part responsible for this confused memory; but it seemed to be associated, too, with the story of Crombie, the gardener, and with Antony Ferrara. He felt that somewhere in the darkness surrounding him there was a speck of light, if he could but turn in the right direction to see it.

So, whilst Robert Cairn walked restlessly about the big room, the doctor sat with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, seeking to concentrate his mind upon that vague memory which defied him, whilst the hand of the library clock crept from twelve towards one, whilst he knew that the faint life in Myra Duquesne was slowly ebbing away in response to some mysterious condition utterly outside his experience.

Distant clocks chimed *one!* Three hours only!

Robert Cairn began to beat his fist into the palm of his left hand convulsively. Yet his father did not stir, but sat there with a black-shadowed wrinkle between his brows.

"My God!"

The doctor sprang to his feet, and with feverish haste began to fumble amongst a bunch of keys.

"What is it, sir? What is it?"

The doctor unlocked the drawer of the big table, and drew out a thick manuscript written in small and exquisitely neat characters. He placed it under the lamp and rapidly began to turn the pages.

"It is hope, Rob!" he said, with quiet self-possession.

Robert Cairn came round the table and leant over his father's shoulder.

"Sir Michael Ferrara's writing!"

"His unpublished book, Rob. We were to have completed it together, but death claimed him; and, in view of the contents, I—perhaps superstitiously—decided to suppress it. Ah!"

He placed the point of his finger upon a carefully drawn sketch, designed to illustrate the text. It was evidently a careful copy from the ancient Egyptian. It represented a row of priestesses, each having her hair plaited in a thick queue, standing before a priest armed with a pair of scissors. In the centre of the drawing was an altar, upon which stood vases of flowers, and upon the right ranked a row of mummies, correspanding in number with the priestesses upon the left.

"My God!" repeated Dr. Cairn. "We were both wrong! We were both wrong!"

"What do you mean, sir? For Heaven's sake, what do you mean?"

"This drawing," replied Dr. Cairn, "was copied from the wall of a certain tomb, now reclosed. Since we knew that the tomb was that of one of the greatest wizards who ever lived in Egypt, we knew also that the inscriptions had some magical significance. We knew that the flowers represented here were a species of the extinct sacred lotus. All our researches did not avail us to discover for what purpose or by what means these flowers were cultivated. Nor could we determine the meaning of the cutting off"—he ran his finger over the sketch—"of the priestesses' hair by the high priest of the goddess."

"What goddess, sir?"

"A goddess, Rob, of which Egyptology knows nothing; a mystical religion the existence of which has been vaguely suspected by a living French savant. But this is no time—"

Dr. Cairn closed the manuscript, replaced it, and relocked the drawer. He glanced at the clock.

"A quarter past one!" he said. "Come, Rob!"

Without hesitation, his son followed him from the house. The car was waiting, and shortly they were speeding through the deserted streets, back to the house where death, in a strange guise, was beckoning to Myra Duquesne. As the car started—

"Do you know," asked Dr. Cairn,

"if Saunderson has bought any orchids—*quite* recently, I mean?"

"Yes," replied his son dully. "He bought a small parcel a fortnight ago."

"A fortnight!" cried Dr. Cairn excitedly. "You are sure of that? You mean that the purchase was made, that the purchase was made since Ferrara—"

"Ceased to visit the house. Yes. Why, it must have been the very day after!"

Dr. Cairn clearly was labouring under tremendous excitement.

"Where did he buy these orchids?" he asked evenly.

"From someone who came to the house—someone he had never dealt with before."

The doctor, his hands resting upon his knees, was rapidly drumming with his fingers.

"And—did he cultivate them?"

"Two only proved successful. One is on the point of blooming—if it is not blooming already. He calls it the 'mystery.'"

At that, the doctor's excitement overcame him. Suddenly leaning out of the window, he shouted to the chauffeur:

"Quicker! Quicker! Never mind risks. Keep on top speed!"

"What is it, sir?" cried his son. "Heavens! What is it?"

"Did you say that it might have bloomed, Rob?"

"Myra"—Robert Cairn swallowed noisily—"told me three days ago that it was expected to bloom before the end of the week."

"What is it like?"

"A thing about four feet high, with huge egg-shaped buds."

"Merciful God, grant that we are in time!" whispered Dr. Cairn. "I could believe once more in the justice of Heaven if the great knowledge of Sir Michael Ferrara should prove to be the weapon to destroy the fiend whom we raised! He and I—may we be forgiven!"

Robert Cairn's excitement was dreadful.

"Can you tell me nothing?" he cried. "What do you hope? What do you fear?"

"Don't ask me, Rob," replied his father; "you will know within five minutes."

The car indeed was leaping along the dark suburban roads at a speed little below that of an express train. Corners the chauffeur negotiated in racing fashion, so that at times two wheels thrashed the empty air; and once or twice the big car swung round as upon a pivot only to recover again in response to the skilled tactics of the driver.

They roared down the sloping narrow lane to the gate of Mr. Saunderson's house with a noise like the coming of a great storm, and were nearly hurled from their seats when the brakes were applied, and the car brought to a standstill.

Dr. Cairn leapt out, pushed open the gate, and ran up to the house, his son closely following. There was a light in the hall, and Miss Saunderson, who had expected them, and had heard their stormy approach, already held the door open. In the hall:

"Wait here one moment," said Dr. Cairn.

Ignoring Saunderson, who had come out from the library, he ran upstairs. A minute later, his face very pale, he came running down again.

"She is worse," began Saunderson. "But—"

"Give me the key of the orchid-house!" said Dr. Cairn tersely.

"Orchid-house!"

"Don't hesitate. Give me the key!"

Saunderson's expression showed that he thought Dr. Cairn to be mad, but nevertheless he plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out a key-ring. Dr. Cairn snatched it in a flash.

"Which key?" he snapped.

"The Chubb. But—"

"Follow me, Rob!"

Down the hall he raced, his son beside him, and Mr. Saunderson more

slowly following. Out into the garden he went and over the lawn towards the shrubbery.

The orchid-houses lay in dense shadows, but the doctor almost threw himself against the door.

"Strike a match!" he panted. Then: "Never mind, I have it!"

The door flew open with a bang. A sickly perfume swept out to them. "Matches! Matches, Rob! This way!"

They went stumbling in. Robert Cairn took out a box of matches, and struck one.

"Your knife, boy—quick! *Quick!*"

As the dim light crept along the aisle between the orchids, Robert Cairn saw his father's horror-stricken face, and saw a vivid green plant growing in a sort of tub, before which the doctor stood. Four huge, smooth, egg-shaped buds grew upon the leafless stems; two of them were on the point of opening, and one already showed a delicious, rosy flush about its apex.

Dr. Cairn grasped the knife which Robert tremblingly offered him. The match went out. There was a sound of hacking, a soft swishing, and a dull thud upon the tiled floor.

As another match fluttered into brief life, the mysterious orchid, severed just above the soil, fell from the tub. Dr. Cairn stamped the swelling buds under his feet. A profusion of colourless sap was pouring out upon the floor.

Above the intoxicating odour of the place, a smell like that of blood made itself perceptible.

With fingers quivering, Robert Cairn managed to light a third match. His father, from a second bulb, tore out a smaller plant and ground its soft tentacles beneath his feet. The place smelt like an operating theatre. The doctor swayed dizzily as the third match became extinguished, and clutched at his son for support.

"Her life was in it, boy!" he whispered. "She would have died in the hour that it bloomed! The priestesses —were consecrated—to this. Let me get into the air—"

Mr. Saunderson, silent with amazement, met them.

"Don't speak," said Dr. Cairn to him. "Look at the dead stems of your 'mystery.' You will find a thread of bright hair in the heart of each!"

. . . . . .

Dr. Cairn opened the door of the sick-room and beckoned to his son, who, haggard, trembling, waited upon the landing.

"Come in, boy," he said softly, "and thank God!"

Robert Cairn, on tip-toe, entered. Myra Duquesne, pathetically pale, but with that dreadful, ominous shadow gone from her face, turned her wistful eyes towards the door, and their wistfulness became gladness.

"Rob!" she sighed, and stretched out her arms.

A STAR SHOT

BY GEORGE C. WELLS

FORTY-ODD years ago there was much excitement and alarm in the Canadian towns and villages along the United States border. Four years previously a Fenian "army," under "General" O'Neill, had invaded Canada at Fort Erie, with the announced intention of delivering Ireland from the Saxon yoke, though the connection was not very obvious; but, after one or two skirmishes, had gone back sadder and a trifle wiser. Another, under "General" Spear, which had made a short excursion into the Province of Quebec, had retreated when it found the Canadian troops mustering, and, on re-entering United States territory, had been promptly disarmed and dispersed by the American soldiers. Now the attempt was to be renewed, and the work was to be done effectually this time—the mistakes of former invasions were to be avoided and Canada was infallibly to be conquered. Horrible visions of rapine and slaughter danced before the eyes of the frontier residents, and active measures were taken to give the coming marauders a warm if not very hospitable reception.

The town of B——, situated at the foot of the Thousand Islands, boasted a company of militia and a company of the Grand Trunk Rifle Brigade, which was composed of employees of the Grand Trunk Railway, at that time Canada's chief commercial enterprise. This company had been raised by the Grand Trunk, with its general superintendent as colonel, for the express purpose of protecting its property in case the invasion materialized. Captain X——, who commanded the Grand Trunk riflemen in B——, was the star shot of the town and was reputed to be capable of doing wonders with the Enfield rifle then in use. How he undertook something that proved considerably beyond his powers will now be related.

Sentries were posted every night on the outskirts of the town and at points commanding a good view of the St. Lawrence. Their instructions were to fire if they saw anything suspicious and failed to receive a satisfactory answer to their challenge. Being more or less nervous, according to temperament, under unusual conditions, there were frequent "alarms and excursions" on this account, but after a few days' experience very little attention was paid to the signals except that the guard turned out, as a matter of duty, whenever a shot was heard.

One dark, still night in October, however, something happened that stirred up the whole town and furnished a topic of conversation for many days after—it is one of the "old stories" which those who participated (now becoming few), like to relate as one of them did to the writer.

There was a regular sentry-post at the Devil's Rock, a large flat stone on the river bank about half a mile west of the town. This stone bears to this day a curious mark, said by the superstitious to be the imprint of the Evil One's hoof, made as he stepped across the river. (It is only about a

mile and a half wide there.) On this particular night word passed around quickly that Private H——, stationed at the Devil's Rock, had noticed a suspicious-looking light off the head of Big Island, that he had signalled his suspicions by discharging his firearm, that the guard on reaching his post all agreed with him that a vessel was moored off the island—of course, crowded with Fenians, whose number grew every time the story was repeated, and that they were about to attack the town. Every available soldier jumped into his regimentals (with more or less alacrity), tore himself away from his weeping family and made for his appointed post—at the river-front, at the railway station, or elsewhere. The "home-guard," composed of more or less (rather more) ancient citizens armed with more or less (rather less) effective weapons, collected in the Court House Square and with quavering voices discussed various projects for defence. Well was it, in all probability, that there turned out no necessity for the bearers of these venerable pistols, muskets, and "blunderbuses" to discharge them, for fearful execution would surely have been done to those *behind* the guns.

Captain X——, hurrying to the point whence the alarm had come, found an excited group discussing the situation. There was no doubt about it: the light was plainly visible just above the island, where a lamp hung at a vessel's masthead would appear. It burned steadily, but there was no sound and the guard's challenge was unanswered.

"Hail them again," said the Captain, "and say if they don't answer we'll fire."

Again no answer.

Six men were lined up with loaded rifles.

"Ready! Present! Fire!"

A crashing volley broke the stillness, but produced no effect on the mysterious vessel. Of course, it was heard in town and faces grew white and teeth chattered as the words were uttered, "They've begun fighting!"

Another volley, and again no result.

"Here! McBurney," said Captain X——, "you're a good shot—see if you can hit that lamp."

McBurney took careful aim and fired. The light still shone serenely. Again he fired, and still it shone.

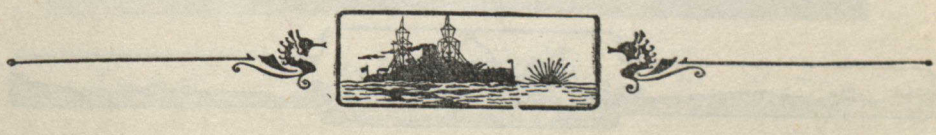
"Try yourself, Captain," said McBurney. "You're the best shot in town."

The Captain, somewhat fearful of his reputation, but seeing a splendid chance to increase it if he could succeed in extinguishing the lamp, took a rifle and carefully sighting it, fired—with no better success than the private. Again and again he tried, becoming, with every failure, more and more desperately determined to succeed, and forgetting the Fenian invasion and everything connected with it in the excitement of his pursuit.

Suddenly one of the men said, "Captain, that light is higher above the island than it was when we began to shoot."

The Captain lowered his rifle, looked at the mark steadily, and said he believed it was lower. Then exclaimed a sergeant, with that delightful freedom of speech and disregard of discipline which sometimes prevails in volunteer ranks:

"Why, Billy, you've been shooting at a star!" And so he had. Never afterward did he care to be referred to as a "star shot."



TWILIGHT AND I WENT HAND IN HAND

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

TWILIGHT and I went hand in hand,
As lovers walk in shining Mays,
O'er musky, memory-haunted ways,
Across a lonely harvest-land,
Where west winds chanted in the wheat
An old, old vesper wondrous sweet.

Oh, Twilight was a comrade rare
For gypsy heath or templed grove,
In her gray vesture, shadow-wove;
I saw the darkness of her hair
Faint-mirrored in a field-pool dim,
As we stood tip-toe on its rim.

We went as lightly as on wings,
Through many a scented chamber fair,
Among the pines and balsams, where
I could have dreamed of darling things,
And ever as we went I knew
The peeping fairy-folk went too.

I could have lingered now and then
By gates of moonrise that might lead
To some forgotten spiceried mead,
Or in some mossy, cloistered glen,
Where silence, very still and deep,
Seemed fallen in enchanted sleep.

But Twilight ever led me on,
As lovers walk, until we came
To hills where sunset's shaken flame
Had paled to ashes dead and wan;
And there, with footsteps stolen-light
She left me to the lure of night.

From the Painting by Maurice Cullen
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

WINTER
LANDSCAPE

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

GERMANY VERSUS BRITAIN IN THE FAR EAST

BY JOHN STUART THOMSON

AUTHOR OF "CHINA REVOLUTIONIZED," "THE CHINESE," ETC.

GREAT BRITAIN, the naval arbiter of peace and commerce in Europe, and largely the protector of the world's maritime lines for America's foreign commerce, has for decades looked upon the autocratic German Kaiser, not as the guardian of unselfish peace, but as the provocative member of European discord and over-armament. In his ambition to at once push Pan-Germanism as far as the Mediterranean and Suez, he has for years kept 2,000,000 German soldiers practically on a mobilized war-footing, and urged or permitted the Austrian Emperor to encroach three times in the Slavic Balkans, tearing treaties of neutrality to shreds. When Austria "gobbles" up the Balkan Slav, the Kaiser plans to then gobble up Austria, as Frederick the Great once tried, and push German railways through to the Persian Gulf, which is the Inner Gate of India, in the meantime blockading Britain's outer food gate, Suez.

I personally am pro-German in this railway extension, if it is to be an investment and not a provocative occupation. I, of course, have more sympathy academically with our second cousins, the Germans, as a people, than I have with the partially Oriental Slavs. "Scratch a Russ and find a Tartar." However, I agree with the British diplomats and economists that German expansion must be by the peaceful methods of emigration and investment, and not by a general war of aggression, which will destroy the peace of Europe, and disturb world-trade and economical industry. Germany can never righteously or successfully occupy French countries like Alsace-Lorraine, Hungary, Slav, or Polish countries.

Britain, the most powerful peace-policeman on the high seas, has been ready for decades, with a preponderating navy, to compel Germany to cease her provocative attitude, and continual conscription and war-mobilization, which has so often threatened civilization with an Esdraelon and the Deluge, really aimed, like the old Holy Alliance, at Anglo-American constitutionalism and democracy. It is inspiring to Americans to know that the head of the British naval defence policy, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is by blood half an American, for Winston Churchill is the son of the lady who was Miss Jennie Jerome, of Madison Square, New York city.

Just as America struck Spain hardest in the Far East and not in Spain, so Britain will give Germany one of her first reformatory and punitive lessons in far-away China. Hong Kong is Britain's impregnable naval, dock and arsenal base there. I know

every foot of the fortified mountainous island, which holds the ten commercial seas safe for Britain and America. There Britain keeps a navy at all times at least one battleship stronger than Germany's and Austria's Far East fleet. Britain relies on Japan as the second line of her defence in the Far East, and the protector of China from general disintegration.

One British fleet will forsake the Yang Tse River, interning the smaller gunboats at Hankow, and American gunboats have already relieved Britain and France from the chase of Chinese pirates up the Pearl and West Rivers of South China. At Tsing-Tau, Kiao-Chau colony, North China, Germany, at the point of the bayonet, has made China fortify her stronghold. Germany's and Austria's fleet of seventeen war vessels will doubtless shell Britain's nearby port of Wei-Hai-Wei, but this is expected, the British plan being not to defend Wei-Hai-Wei, notwithstanding the rich gold mines there. Already the Russian cruiser *Askold,* famous in the Russo-Japan war, and the German cruiser *Emsden,* have exchanged shots off Wei-Hai-Wei. The Germans have also taken merchantmen of several nations into Tsing-Tau, and disturbed Japan's immense shipping on those seas. The British battleship fleet will assist in finally sealing the Germans up in fortified Tsing-Tau, where eventually the Germans will blow up their fleet, just as the Russians blew up their fleet in blockaded Port Arthur harbour. Japan will take a large part in the blockade, and a main part in the land engagements with a first army of 50,000 men. It is a remarkable spectacle that the liberal parties of Japan and Britain are now lined up to drive German Imperialism out of China, and to restore the occupied territory to China.

Britain has encouraged Germany to invest hundreds of millions in the shipping, railways, mines, and cities of the Far East, so as to endeavour to lead the Teuton democracy to ways of peace and industry, instead of mobilization and aggressive war. Britain's second and third Far East cruiser squadrons, augmented by the Australian fleet, which includes the fine battle cruiser *Australia,* and the Malayan fleet, which includes the modern Dreadnought *Malaya,* will then sail out of Sydney, Singapore, and Hong King, and catch many of the German trading vessels outside of the coal and oil ports of the Far East, all of which ports, except Manila, Britain owns. Already the fine German armoured cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisanau* have fled from Singapore to German East Africa, to intern. This second and third British Far East fleet will capture an immense marine and commerce, and drive German shipping from the high seas, east of Suez, freeing the seas for a possible American trade, preparation for which should be immediately undertaken, by the extension of present manufactures and the beginning of important new ones.

Germany has hundreds of millions invested in the railways and mines of Shantung, Kiangsu, and Honan Provinces of Northeast China. Britain may not be able to restrain China from declaring war on Germany and seizing these railways and mines, in revenge for what the Chinese call "the crime of 1897." Britain will send Japan in to seize the colony of Kiao-Chau, and Tsingtau port and city, and suspend the "Non-Partition of China" doctrine, and revive the "Spheres of Influence" doctrine for a season. The action is pregnant with vicissitudes. One of them is the possibility of Japan seizing the German Pelew and Caroline islands, on the flank of the Philippines, but this is not a danger as long as Britain holds her restraining influence upon Japan by the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which has been extended in time recently.

That Germany recognizes that her

goose is similarly cooked by Britain's navy on the Atlantic, I quote the significant and epochal advertisement in the New York newspapers of August 1st, reading as follows: "Special announcement. In view of the uncertainty of the present European situation, we have decided to postpone the sailings of the S.S. *Vaterland* from New York; the S.S. *America* from Boston; the S.S. *Imperator* from Hamburg; and for the same reason we have ordered the S.S *President Grant,* which sailed from New York on Thursday, to return back to New York. Hamburg-American Line."

If Germany did not feel that the invincible British fleets, small as Britain is, would sweep Germany off the Atlantic as well as the Pacific, the Kaiser's favourite steamship line, in which he is a personal stockholder, would never insert such a significant and humiliating advertisement at the very beginning of the conflict. The Kaiser can clank his heavy sword and rattle glave and gun, but this advertisement of his Hamburg-American Line clanks out common sense, and naval and maritime defeat at the very dawn of the haughty conflict, launched against the rights of man to be free to trade in peace.

Most of these costly German ships of a tonnage of 25,000 will, under Article 56, of the London Naval Conference of 1909, which America signed, eventually fall as a prize to the allies, and Germany's immense foreign commerce and shipping, as well as her colonies in the Far East, Africa, etc., will depart from the earth, as a tragic memory of the folly of the personal wars of kings, oligarchism, and the egotism of a modern Attila, cursed again as "The Scourge of God." Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.

Britain, like America, busy always in industrialism, sincerely wants uninterrupted peace; the open trade door and civilization; but if Germany persists in egging on, in race pride, mobilization, over-armament, and war, Britain, without any major loss to herself, is quite prepared on every sea of the globe to put a check to German belligerent activity, dynasticism, conscription, and provocative over-armament. Only last May, the leading business man and financier of Germany, Dr. Jacob Riesser, president of the Hansa Bund of bankers and exporters; member of the Reichstag, and Professor of Finance in Berlin University, wrote me in intimation that Germany was determined to attack Britain's wide-flung guardianship of commerce on the high seas, and Britain's colonies as a corollary thereof, in the ambition, as he phrased it, to "secure a place in the sun." Soon may Germany covet a place in the shade, where to cogitate, and resolve on the limitation of absolutism and feudalism.

Britain does not oppose Germany's peaceful advance to the Mediterranean, through Austria, when Germany has the emigration to populate those countries with a majority of Teutons, who will keep the peace, and allow minorities to live, but Britain does oppose Germany's warlike incursion into Slav, Polish, French, Belgian, and Netherlands countries, as it can be for no other purpose at present, except war, intimidation, provocation and disturbance.

Autocratic kings, who take their decree from Jupiter and their uniforms from the histories of absolute Rome, are disturbers and not sincere peacemakers. They are always clanking the sabre and over-arming. Those who follow them as blindly as Germany is now doing, are as quick to visit upon them revenge for defeat, whereas a defeated people clings the more closely to a constitutional king, who has not forced but followed a national issue. The former monarch is an egotist; the latter is a patriot. May the day soon come when our cousins in Germany will have a real Parliament which alone can declare war, and which will listen to the rights of minorities to live; in other

words, not destroy men for opinion's sake. Then the German people, the British people, and the American people will use their restricted war forces as policemen merely, and regulate peace and the open trade door over the whole globe; thus bringing in world-civilization and possibly world-Christianization.

However, as I explained, if the Kaiser now or in the future insists on continued war, Britain's navy by blockade can reduce his immense commercial and maritime expansion to very narrow Prussian limits, and the Germans will emigrate to South America, the United States, and Canada, where in the two latter countries we will teach them the doctrine of democracy and the rights of minorities. As it is, only one-fifth of one per cent. of the German blood in America is responding to the Kaiser's threat that he will confiscate the property of American Germans in Germany if they do not heed his clarion of Esdraelon and the Deluge. Germany in Europe will then become a second-rate power, and no one is to be blamed except the over-arming Kaiser.

Despite what some Germans say, Russia is not a menace to civilization through over-armament. Russia has not the railways, the money, the manufacturing, the navy, or the national disposition to mobilize against minority nations. She has room enough to satisfy her. Only by the greatest urgency is France now able to get Russia's practical help in saving civilization from provocative Germany. The German Emperor, with his strategic central position, never needed over 500,000 troops to protect Pan-Germanism from aggression. When he added 2,000,000 more soldiers, he intended to assail world civilization, and especially the navies of Britain and France, and America afterwards, renewing the Philippines occupation, as an excuse. Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, has revealed the fact that the Kaiser informed Britain that he did not want to colonize Germany's immense colonies in Africa; that what he wanted was France's rich colonies in Africa and China. That was an intimation that he would later reach out from captured Indo-China for America's Philippines. The Kaiser wants trade without paying for it by investment and wise rule. In other words, Alexander, Caesar, Attila, and Napoleon are his models.

Britain and America are tired of war and panic. We want order and the open trade door policy everywhere, for the German people as well as every other people, including ourselves, now that our commercial opportunities awaken in a new and wider dawn. Every time hereafter that Germany or Mexico, or any other power, clanks the sabre of disorder and intemperate riot in the fields of commerce and civilization, the police fleet of Britain, America, and the English-speaking colonies will respectively be found there, to call out "Order, gentlemen." At least that is my observation of recent events in the Far East, Mexico, and Europe, As it is now, the cheers of ninety per cent. of Americans shows that Americans do not consider that little Britain alone should be expected to stop the avalanche hurled against civilization, peace, commerce, the open door, and free seas to all comers.

However, if there are Americans who are inclined to over-value the German side of the excuses, let me give a concrete instance of what they may expect, if Germany instead of enlightened Britain preponderates on the high seas, and along the trade routes, from the Yang Tse River to the Red Sea, and the Amazon.

Britain's colonies in the Far East are free trade and "open door" to America and to everyone else. There is no preference in railway rates, storage, customs, privileges, loans, or diplomacy. Britain insists on the open door in China for benefit of all. Britain's preponderating navy provokes America nowhere; rather does

she open to them her monopoly of coal and oil ports along the trade routes of the world. Her navy has for years escorted Americans through the Suez Canal against German menace.

Germany took Tsing-Tau port and Kiao-Chau colony in North China in 1897. She at once erected there a tariff and rate wall that an American manufacturing giraffe cannot look over, much less jump over. If an American salesman, who has sold goods at a dozen ports of China and the Far East, ever sold anything except himself at German Tsing-Tau, I will give him a medal. If Germany, instead of Britain, won the high seas, that is what Americans might expect in the Far East, as well as the loss of their base there, the Philippines, after some trumped-up excuse. Let us not forget how Admiral Von Diederichs held up his hand against Admiral Dewey, and how Britain's Admiral Chichester, with his cruiser, the *Immortalité,* pulled down Diederich's obstructive hand, and waved Dewey onward to the epochal Manila blockade to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner," played by the band of the *Immortalité.* That was not merely an instance of the corroboration of the blood and language bond. It was common sense, for these two alone guard the open trade door in vast, potential China, India, the Philippines, etc.

Oligarchism in Germany, whatever may be its diplomatic protestations, really hates America just as much as it hates democratic Britain. A democratic or a constitutional Germany would divide America, and take the sporting awards of competition in a manly way. Oligarchic Germany would throttle them, as it throttled Luxemburg, Alsace-Lorraine, etc. At least that has been my observation and experience in German China. It is from concrete, particular examples alone that we can consistently argue *à fortiori.* If the Kaiser had his way, he would go on from victory to victory, and seize and arm Russia and China as satrapies. Esdraelon and the Deluge would be followed by the chaos of man. Egotism would dethrone the altars of our God, who gave us free will as the dearest sign of service. Those who do not believe this, should visit Alsace and Kaio-Chau.

I have had the views of Governor-General Idenburg of the Netherlands-Indies; Governor-General Sarraut of French Indo-China (countries of 65,000,000 population); Governor-General Wingate of British Africa, and they will welcome that day of enlightenment when America comes to the East and Far East, to participate, as an economical partner with Britain, in the opening of the world to commerce, and in withstanding German aggression while it is on an oligarchic, absolute, conscriptive, overarmament basis of commercial exclusiveness. Only America and Britain stand for the open door in the ports of the world, and therefore they ought to stand together in many ways. America's opportunity to take Germany's place in commerce, finance, and maritime interests is now immense and urgent. Let us wake up, and thus help onward the free progress of the world. Commerce is one of God's brightest angels. Militarism is an agent of Lucifer's. Our duty is to withstand it.

A word of description regarding the main German and British strongholds in the Far East may be in order. Kiao-Chau Bay, where Tsing-Tau city is located, and which could block our way to Peking, is a bottle-shaped stronghold like Port Arthur. It is fifteen miles long, and in places fifteen miles wide, surrounded by fortified hills 600 feet high. The entrance to the commercial harbour of Ta-Pu-Tto, where the floating Tsing-Tauer dock is anchored, is two miles wide. German railways run inland, north, west, and south to rich coal, iron, and other mines. From Chinese or Japanese attack on the land side, forts on mountains 3,000 feet high, would give moderate protection.

Regiments of See Soldaten (marines) and artillery companies, make up a guard of 6,000, and the crews of the seventeen war vessels furnish 11,000 more artillery. From the ocean, the hill forts are moderately powerful, and are now being rapidly strengthened by enforced Chinese labour. Britain at present perhaps hardly needs to risk her Far East fleet in either attack or blockade. She will use her fleet in sweeping the high seas, for the needs of free commerce are pressing. The defence against attack at Tsing-Tau is by means of mines, as well as hill forts. If Japan undertakes the attack, as an ally of Britain, because Germany has assailed her comemrce she could easily blockade the port; and in time, by using her experienced Port Arthur veterans, she could take the forts by land, probably needing three men to German's one. The German ships have rushed out, planted mines, and seized British and Russian shipping off Wei-Hai-Wei, but they are now probably lying under the forts in the bottle, ready for the making of history by spectacular sieges of fortresses again by Japan.

Hong Kong, Britain's impregnable base, is a long, irregular island, lying off hot South China. Its many fortified hills are 1,500 to 1,800 feet high, and the higher hills of the mainland of China, one mile away, are also heavily fortified. The hills are all steep; the beaches and valleys are narrow, and the forts are masked with imported fir trees. As the harbour is between the mainland and the island, there are two entrances. Blocking the western entrance are the fortified Stonecutters and Green Islands, and the forts on Mount Davis, High West, etc., on Hong Kong Island, and on the mainland hills. Guarding the eastern entrance are powerful forts on the Junk Bay Mountains of the mainland; on Junk Island, and on Pettinger Peak. The Lyeemaan Pass is so narrow that torpedo runways, cut at tide-water through the rock, would shoot against and catch every warship, even if ships ran at a mile a minute. Moreover, mines are used. Even if a ship by a miracle made the harbour of Victoria the guns of the Kowloon Hills of the mainland, and of Victoria Mountain, Wanchai Mountain, Bremer Mountain, etc., on the island, would rain an iron hail upon her decks. The many landings and bays on the south side of the island, at Taihowan, Shekiwan, Aberdeen, Deep Water, where the famous Golf Club lies; Stanley and Tytam, are all swept by guns on Lamma Island, Aberdeen Island, and Mounts Pekfulum, Kellett, Gough, and Tytam, etc.; altogether a fortress more strongly fortified than a dozen Gibraltars, as it is also more picturesque. Protected in this wonderful inner harbour, lie vast arsenals, ship-building plants, and three large docking systems, each capable of docking and repairing Dreadnoughts. Two of these docks, the Kowloon on the mainland, and the Butterfield and Swire on the island, are private. One is Government, the Admiralty Dock, on the island, in the centre of Victoria city. Britain has a railway running from the mainland. Kowloon, to Canton, and thence on to Hankow. Landings could hardly be made, and Hong Kong rushed, as all the hills are guarded on the land side. The nucleus of the defence is a force of garrison artillery; English Foresters, and Boluchi Indian regiments of 6,000 men, as well as a trained volunteer artillery regiment. There are also companies of Chinese engineers, who are most efficient, having been trained since the 1900 campaign. Therefore, though Britain always counts on the navy as her first line of defence at Hong Kong, her second line, the forts; and her third line, the infantry, are a formidable aggregation, quite capable of withstanding any ordinary attack which may be sent against them, even though Hong Kong lies many thousands of miles from Britain, Canada, and Australia.

The plan was to make this, the world's third commercial port, and one of the world's greatest strongholds, quite capable of taking care of itself, as Britain's base in the Far East.

Britain's second base in the Far East, Singapore, the "Gate of the Equator," cannot be passed by any fleet, nor would any fleet dare to rush the narrow strait under the guns of Blakan Island, and Fort Canning on Singapore Island.

There are many Germans in trade at Hong Kong, and the British docks are guarded against attack by spies. Mirs Bay, the British possession in the Hong Kong purlieu, where Admiral Dewey outwitted to defeat Admiral Montojo, is Britain's outer line of defence in South China, and would probably be held against a German or Austrian landing. It is not essential, however, to the inner line of Hong Kong's defence. Hong Kong is the strongest post of the white man's forward line in the Far East. American defence and docking facilities and shipbuilding in the Philippines cannot compare with it. Its food supplies from rich Canton and the West River section are well secured. Its docks and shipbuilding plants also surpass Japan's works. Indeed they are a repetition in personnel, etc., of the famous Clyde marine works. The American colony at Tsing-Tau city is nil. The American colony at Hong Kong is a large one, and the intercourse with Manila is frequent and intimate.

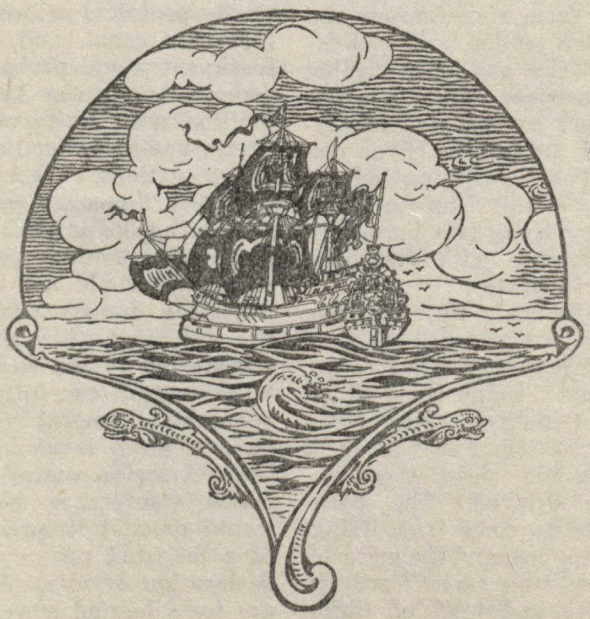
Much of America's tin, silk, tea, rubber, seasamum salad oil, matting, rice, spices, gunny bags, Java coffee, and sugar comes through Hong Kong, and until the Canadian cruiser *Rainbow* and the British Far East fleet sweep the Pacific clean, these imports will be delayed. The straw-braid that used to come from Tsing-Tau will be stopped, and the price of our next "new June straw" will go up. The hides and wool of China will be delayed, and our shoes and carpets will therefore cost more. Therefore, reasoning *cap-à-pie*, the American consumer can hardly be enthusiastic for the Kaiser's personal war against commerce, intercourse, and mankind.

America must at once arrange to take Germany's place on the high seas. I beg to express the warning that while America delays in securing a merchant marine, Japan, "the little yellow man," is busy in buying up all the bottoms that he can secure, octogenarians included. If not competed with, Japan will secure much of the carrying trade, and use the information on American invoices against American manufacturers, for he, too, is an ambitious manufacturer.

The Panama Canal Act for years has permitted the purchase of -five-year-old foreign bottoms. As it has not been availed of by American companies, it must therefore be adjudged a failure.

The American-built Pacific Mail and Great Northern liners cannot extend through the Panama Canal for two reasons. First, Congress practically prohibits railroad-owned ships from the canal, and second, public sentiment would probably oppose the general use on the Atlantic, in competition with white men, of Asiatic crews, now used on the Pacific ships of all nations. The German lines' operation losses are enormous. They are seeking loans of millions to carry them along, hoping against hope. German ships could not be tricked into American dummy ownership during the war, and after the war, be retransferred to the German flag. The allies would carefully watch such bogus and immoral registration, and have a good cause in international law. America signed the London Naval Conference in 1909, which would prevent it buying the marine of a defeated power any time after declaration of war. British bottoms are for sale, and more and more will be for sale, because of the commercial

disturbance and the employment of Britain's naval reserve on warships. Then why does not American money grasp at the opportunity? Because American owners have preferred to invest in shipping that flies foreign flags, where the salaries of officers and wages of crews are lower. Therefore, private ownership seems to be a failure, though personally I hope it will come in, in time. Subsidy seems to be repugnant to the present state of American feeling, though I think America should pay generously for mail service. What is at least an initial way out? The British Government and private capital are in partnership in the Cunard and P. & O. and other lines. The American Government is a successful steamship owner and operator in the Panama steamship line. Why cannot the Government extend the neuclei of Government lines? This will take care in itself of Government insurance of cargoes, now practised by Britain. I hope Congress will authorize the Government to purchase vessels not over ten years old; and to rapidly go into steamship building, and radiate a nucleus service into all fields, including the Far East, South America, South Africa, Australia, as well as Europe. Absurdly high wages to officers and crews, especially where they are foreigners, should not be expected, nor should Lascar and Oriental crews be hired, except on vessels plying to India, China, and Insulinde. By offering a twenty per cent. increase over wages now paid on European ships, America ought to be able to recruit and keep a maritime service. If there is difficulty in securing officers, navy officers should be drafted temporarily, so as to establish the lines at once. America should not delay in getting back on all the seas, and remain there, second to Britain; and in belligerent Germany's place. In time, doubtless, private American capital will see its patriotic duty, and fill out these initial Government lines, or indeed take them over under suitable guarantees that are not necessarily paternal.



THE ROAN MARE

BY VIOLET JACOB

WHILE the little country town emptied itself from the fair the stream of outgoing people left a young man standing high and dry in the yard of one of its numerous inns. The ebbing wave had left its mark in every street; and straw, litter, and mud were everywhere. Men were carrying away hurdles and women were collecting with a view to descriptive gossip. The cream of the town vagabondage, which had risen to the surface, was subsiding once more.

Tom Gaitskell now found himself with fifty miles between him and home, and no means of getting there but the couple of newly-bought horses on his hands. He had come to Salington fair on purpose to buy the roan mare whose muzzle was touching his elbow, and it had never occurred to him how impossible it would be to find some respectable man to take his cattle home. His own return place on the coach was secured and paid for, but that vehicle was by this time rolling along some miles out of Salington with his seat empty. This angered Tom, who was a thrifty youth of moderate means and practical habits. He had not brought his own servant with him, for the man, who was his general factotum in the stable, was ill, and he had trusted to finding a temporary substitute.

He whistled dubiously between his teeth as he ran his eye for the hundred and fiftieth time over the roan, and in spite of his difficulty, he was humbly grateful to Providence which had permitted him, by a good fortune he had hardly expected, to become her owner. He had known of her and coveted her ceaselessly for some time and the sight of his old saddle upon her back made everything else insignificant.

He smiled as he remembered the words of his rich neighbour, Sir William Headley, whose large property marched with his own little place. In a moment of candour he had confided to him that he meant to buy the mare, and Headley, who also knew her by reputation, had raised his black eyebrows incredulously with the particular expression that had so often irritated poor Tom, and remarked that she would fetch a larger price than Gaitskell supposed. He was one of those superior beings whose whole lives seem to be one long comparison between themselves and the less favoured in purse and in wisdom. There were no comparisons and no envyings in Tom's life He was a modest, resolute, healthy young fellow who took things as he found them and made the best of them. He made the best of Headley, too, which was just as well, because they lived side by side in times when the country was the country, and the dwellers therein were more dependent upon one another than they are now, when railways have swallowed distance and motor cars have destroyed privacy.

Gaitskell's valise had gone on by the coach and the prospect of an immediate ride on his new acquisition, even along the high road, was enough

to keep him in a good temper. He knew of a road-side inn which would divide his journey into two convenient parts, and he threw his leg across the saddle and took up the halter dangling from the head of the elderly hackney which had been thrown in as a makeweight during the complications of the difficult bargain he had struck. He heaved a sigh as he thought of the lean days coming after his extravagance, but it was a solitary one, for the mare was under him and was conveying to him, by way of her velvet mouth and his own hand, some of the unutterable things that a good horse can convey to its rider the moment he is mounted.

They trotted along the dirty roads. There had been much rain of late and the mud made soft going for horses. The country opened out when they had left Salington behind them and they splashed on by flat water meadows and open spaces where the way ran straight and treeless. It was a dull bit of country, but he arrived at the Plough Inn as dusk fell; the sky had cleared after a wet yellow sunset and things looked more cheerful. In any case he was happy. He led the mare into a stall and attended to her himself, leaving the hackney in the hostler's hands; it was almost with reluctance that he left her and went into the house to see what fare he could get for himself.

He had never stopped at the place, though he had seen it once or twice from the top of a coach, a solitary red building of no pretension, with its signboard and device of a plough and horses swinging on the tall post which stood before it on a triangular plot of grass.

The landlord was a civil fellow, but the little wretched room, no bigger than a cupboard, which was all he had to offer his guest, made Tom decide that a night spent in one of the big chairs of the principal room below would be far preferable to the stuffy little garret above. A lady, it was explained to him, had arrived and was in possession of the large bedroom; the second-best bedroom was under repair and the third was the uninviting chamber he had refused. The landlord was full of apologies, but the *Plough* was a small establishment at which the coaches did not stop.

Gaitskell was not much put out. He was a hardy fellow and principally concerned about his food, for he was hungry. When, after some delay, it was prepared, he ordered his wine and sat down eagerly to carve the roast duck before him.

He had scarcely got through his first helping when there was a rustle of skirts outside and a lady entered, followed by a maid-servant, who began to lay another place at the farther end of the board. Tom rose with a bow.

"Sit down, sir," said the newcomer, laying a little leather satchel on the table, "pray do not move. If you will be so good as to help me to a piece of that bird I shall be infinitely obliged. I have come some way and I am hungry."

Gaitskell fell upon the duck before him with knife and fork. It was difficult to say whether he was pleased or embarrassed, for on the one hand, the sudden picture framed by the jamb of the door had been attractive, and on the other, he was rather shy. Perhaps he was a little of both. He only raised his eyes again when he handed his companion her plate. The maid-servant was occupied at the cupboard.

The lady was very slim and very young—so young that Tom marvelled a little at the non-appearance of some parent or guardian who might be delayed upstairs from making a third at the meal. Not that the situation was disagreeable—far from it—for though Gaitskell was shy, he was not one of those cloddish individuals to whom the presence of a strange woman is a pretext for churlish hostility. He was susceptible to voices, too, and this voice had tones that

pleased him and that contrasted curiously with its owner's rather prim way of holding herself. She sat very upright in her high-backed chair, and the little brown velvet cape on her shoulders hung in the straight folds which suggested primness, too. But there was no primness in the brown eyes, bright and sparkling under drooping eyebrows. She had a pale skin and a touch of sunburn on face and hands which the young man, as he noticed these things, did not dislike. The hands attracted him; they were fine and nervous and he wondered what mishap had necessitated the strip of black plaster crossing the back of one of them at the base of the little finger.

Their conversation began with the usual commonplaces of roads and weather, and he soon gathered from it that she was a stranger to this part of the country. Once or twice he smiled inwardly at her unconscious display of the feminine ignorance of locality, which comes from a purely personal point of view. The roads were hateful because they had inconvenienced her, but where, or through what they led was a matter of indifference, so long as she reached her destination. She could not understand, she said, how anyone possessing a comfortable fireside could leave it willingly, and Tom, who began to feel very human sentiments rising towards her, hoped that no sad or unwelcome duty had drawn this flower of delicacy from the sheltered border which was so manifestly its proper place. Her words did not agree with the sun's touch on her hands, but in his mind's eye, the young man could see her sitting, hatless and gloveless, perhaps with a poetry-book on her knee, among the lilies and daisies of a garden, and all was plain to his fervent mind; for it is possible to be alike thrifty, practical, and something of a horse-coper, and to find room for a streak of the romantic in the mixture. He was guilty of spinning out the talk towards the end of supper, so as to keep her at the table. Probably he would not see her tomorrow morning, possibly never again. A vague rebellion went through his heart, and his spirits dropped. Then he remembered the precious mare in the stable. He had actually forgotten her for the last half-hour.

While he was wondering at himself his companion got up and stood as if irresolute, her little satchel in her hand. Tom rose, too.

"Sir," she began. "I hardly like to ask, and yet we have dined so pleasantly together that I feel I might—would you—will you do me a service?"

"Anything — anything you please, madam," stammered Gaitskell, flushing, and feeling as if someone had given him a ten-pound note.

"It is only this small bag," she continued, letting the fire of her eyes run over him in little flames; "I am obliged to start again from here before morning, and I am going to my room for a couple of hours' sleep. You see I am quite alone, and its contents are so valuable that it terrifies me to think of keeping it with me when I am absolutely unprotected."

Tom's heart stirred within him again.

"It's monstrous to think of you in such a situation!" he burst out, "you who ought never—"

But she cut him short.

"Well, sir," she observed with a smile, "in any case it cannot be avoided. We have to do as we may rather as we would in this world; and it will be less monstrous if you will help me. The lanlord told me you mean to spend the night in this room. If you will keep my little bag in your possession while I snatch a rest I shall be grateful indeed."

"Oh, with pleasure!" cried Gaitskell. "It is a small thing you ask."

"But you may get your throat cut," she said demurely. "You should remember that."

"Madam, I am not in the habit of

letting my throat be cut," replied he.

"Oh, I am sure that you are equal to anything," rejoined the young lady, with an amused look which somehow nettled Tom.

"May I suggest that though I do not have my throat cut I may yet disappear with your property? Do not forget that."

"Come, sir," said she, "it is too late for jesting. Besides, I know all about you, Mr. Gaitskell. The landlord—"

"But the landlord doesn't know me!" cried he, "at least, I have never stopped here before. My mere name can tell him little."

"Sir, I am really tired, and longing to rest. Will you, or will you not, oblige me in this?"

"Give me the bag, madam," exclaimed Tom; "it shall not leave my body till you claim it again."

"I knew I was right in asking you," she said, as she held it out to him, "and now, sir, good-night. I will come in when I am ready to start and take it back."

She gave him her hand and turned towards the door. He held it open.

"I shall sleep in security now," she said as she passed out.

Gaitskell put the bag in an inner pocket and buttoned up his coat. It was September, and a fire burned in the grate, so he drew up an armchair and put his feet on the fender. He had a lot to think of. The underlying joy in his new acquisition made a delightful background to the figure of his new acquaintance. He did not mean to keep awake, for he was a light sleeper, and the faintest movement in the room would rouse him. Besides which, no one could possibly suspect him of having the bag. The eight-day clock had struck ten just after his companion left him. He was telling himself that she would probably be starting again soon after midnight when he fell asleep.

The fire was dull when he awoke and the inn as silent as death. There was no movement of departure above or below, and he laid his hand on his pocket and felt the bag in its place. He opened the door and thrust his head out, listening. Silence everywhere.

He went back and threw on some coals. He had the curious sensation of having been roused by something definite, though he could not tell what it was. An intolerable restlessness was on him and he longed to go out to look at his mare; though, of course, the doors were locked and he might rouse the whole place in unfastening them. He went to the window, unlatched it quietly, got through, drawing down the sash behind him, and slipped round to the stable. From the distance, up the road along which he had come that day, floated the retreating sound of horse's hoofs.

As he approached the building in which he had left the mare, a puff of wind clapped the doors to. That surprised him, as he remembered fastening it as he came out. He struck a light and entered, to find the stable empty. The rug he had borrowed for the mare lay on the ground and his saddle and bridle had disappeared from the peg on which he had set them. The hackney had vanished, too.

For a moment Tom stood absolutely bewildered; then a cry of rage broke from him and he dashed out into the darkness and listened; the sound of hoofs came to him again, more faintly now. He rushed back into the stable and groped about for a lantern. There was a chance, only a chance, but he would try it.

His hands were cold and he was shaking with anger and excitement. That he had been robbed was perfectly certain and some hint of unusual movement must have come to him through the muffled cloak of sleep. It was probably the step of his precious mare that had brought him back to consciousness.

He found the lantern where he had left it when he went in to supper, and dashed with it into the adjoin-

ing building, which was the landlord's own stable. As he held it up the light fell on a gaunt bay with a well-bred head which was dozing in the stall. It was the work of a moment to snatch up his host's saddle lying on the corn bin and to choose a bridle from a couple hanging on pegs. He crammed the bit into the bay's mouth and dragged the surprised beast into the yard. There was not a trace of the vehicle which must have brought the strange young lady to the inn, but Tom was not thinking of her nor of her property, which was bulging out the breast of his coat. He merely stopped to pick up an ash-plant from a corner, and mounting, started off down the road.

It was a light night, and Gaitskell, who had an instinctive observation of outdoor things, remembered that the broad grass-strip by the wayside was good going. He rode on to it and kicked the bay into a canter. If once the thief knew himself to be pursued, the start he had got and the pace of the mare would allow him to laugh at his pursuer, but if the latter could gain on him unheard, the business might take a different turn. The bay seemed to be no slug, and he was thankful to find him perfectly sound. He pulled up after a little and was rewarded by hearing the steady trot of eight hoofs not far ahead. The thief was not pressing the pace, no doubt believing himself to have got away in absolute security. Tom's heart beat like a hammer, and he pressed his knees into the saddle flaps. The moon was coming out from behind a cloud and was sailing on her mighty voyage, an almost perfect globe. A cross road was close before him, and he could see the horseman, who had turned sharply to the left, almost broadside on at the other side of its hedge. The bay neighed loudly and further concealment being impossible, Tom stuck in his heels and tore round the corner.

As he did so the rider in front looked round, and then, leaning over the mare's neck, went off at a gallop. The hackney was struggling alongside, an encumbrance to the mare, and Gaitskell was near enough to see that the thief was trying to cast off its halter, which was evidently knotted into the mare's rein.

For a few minutes they raced along. Tom gaining a little, thanks to the way in which the hackney was hampering its companion. They had turned off the high road, and the one they were on grew worse at each stride, for the rain had washed the levels and filled the hollows with boggy mud.

Suddenly the roan's foot went into a treacherous hole full of stiff mire and she lurched forward and fell, shooting her rider a yard in front of her, and Gaitskell, almost alongside, was carried on a couple of horse's lengths before he could pull up.

When he did so, the mare was on her legs again, and the hackney's halter, which had either come loose, or was broken by the wrench, was dangling free. The thief had rolled over like a shot rabbit, but he was up, a short, slight figure, and as Gaitskell made a snatch at the roan and caught her, the youth, for he seemed no more —seized the hackney by the mane and swung himself on to its neck. He was off like an arrow, leaving Tom standing by his recovered treasure.

It was only when the young man had examined the roan and found her unhurt that he had time to take in the strangest part of his strange adventure, and to remember that when his enemy's hand clutched the hackney's mane, the moon, riding high above them, had showed him a black strip across his knuckles below the little finger!

Gaitskell stood open-mouthed, watching the rider disappear. He had no mind to pursue, nor could he have done so, with the landlord's beast on his hands; he was so thankful to get his mare back that he scarcely considered the loss of the other horse. He was not more than a mile and a

half at most from the *Plough,* and he resolved to return there, to rouse his host and to make his way on homeward without delay.

A couple of hours later found him again on his road. He had got no information from the astonished landlord, who could only tell him that the young lady had arrived in a chaise that afternoon; she had taken her room for one night, informing him that she expected to be met by her father and to continue her journey.

The autumn and winter passed by uneventfully for Tom Gaitskell. His efforts to trace the rascal who had made so bold a bid to rob him of his beast were of no avail, but though he never heard either of the thief or of the hackney again, he took his loss with a philosophy which was helped on by the many good days with hounds that he enjoyed on the mare. Sir William Headley had a good deal to say about the episode, which, as he pointed out, was a thing that could never have happened to him; but Tom bore even that with equanimity, reflecting that his neighbour had little chance of patronizing him in the hunting-field, because the latter seldom saw more of him nowadays than his coat-tails. Sir William explained that he looked upon hard riding as unsuitable, as his neck had been made more valuable by the fact that he was engaged to be married. The wedding was to take place in the late spring and was to be a grand affair.

The rooks were cawing one Sunday morning, and the first white wood-anemones were starring the coverts between the hazel roots when Gaitskell sat in his place in church. His spotless white stock was frayed and his bottle green Sunday coat shabby, and though he was aware how badly he needed a new one, he was also aware how little money he had to pay for it. He sighed, for the economies he had foreseen were in full swing, and he was far too modest to suspect that few people who saw his open face and handsome figure would trouble themselves to think of his clothes.

On the farther side of the aisle from his seat was the square family pew of Sir William Headley, with its crimson cushions and footstools and its table in the middle, on which lay a row of prayer-books with the Headley arms stamped in gilt upon the leather.

Sir William was on his knees, his eyebrows raised as usual, and his fine voice giving a distinction to the "amens" as they came. On either side of him knelt a lady, for his intended bride had been brought by a relation to make the acquaintance of her future home, and was staying in the neighbourhood. The wedding was six weeks off.

Tom had come in late, and as a prayer was going on, had tip-toed quietly to his place, and when he had settled himself, his glance strayed across the aisle to the Headley pew, parallel with his own. Miss Jane Lambert, the future Lady Headley, was the nearest to him of the group it contained, for Sir William's carved arm-chair was at the end of the table, and its owner would have thought it little less than sacrilege to sit anywhere else.

Tom could not judge whether she was pretty or plain, for all he could see was the brown hair under her beaver hat and a pair of slender hands covering her face. She was simply, almost shabbily dressed, and Gaitskell felt a certain pity for this young creature, at least fifteen years the junior of the superior being with whom she was to pass her life. He had heard that she was poor, and it had been reported that her father was under some obligation to Sir William, though he did not know whether to believe that or not.

Tom wondered if she was happy. He could not imagine any woman being happy with Headley. Perhaps the square pew contained a tragedy, but equally, perhaps not. In all probability she had jumped at the chance

offered to her and was, even now, thinking less of her prayers than of the splendours and luxuries to come.

He looked at the engagement ring on her bare hand, and then his attention fell on a deep scar close to it, red on the smooth skin; and his mind flew back to the *Plough Inn*—to a muddy cross-road—to a slight, boyish figure whose hand clutched a horse's mane as it swung itself on to the beast's back in the moonlight.

At this moment Sir William's impressive voice rolled out on the top of the "amen," the congregation rose, and the eyes of Jane Lambert and Tom Gaitskell met.

There was no doubt now.

Gaitskell sat by the fire in the dusk of the following evening. The lights were not lit, but he had come in early, and he lay back in his chair with his hands in his pockets considering.

The complicated part was that he had property of hers in his possession, for her little leather satchel was still lying in the pocket of the coat he wore at this moment. He did not know, to this day, how much it contained; for the small heavy packet inside it was sealed, and it had not entered his calculations to break the seal of anything not belonging to himself. Many and many a time he had been on the point of locking the bag up in his strong box, but some feeling into which he had never inquired closely had always stopped him. The thing was heavy against his side now. He took it out, turned it over and put it back. "It shall not leave my body until you claim it again," he had said to her. Of course, he ought to see her and restore it—

He looked up as his servant came in saying something unintelligible about "a lady," to find the knotty question solved, for Jane Lambert stood before him in her little brown cape.

He jumped up, too much astonished to offer her a chair.

"Nobody knows I have come," she said breathlessly, without pause or greeting. "Mr. Gaitskell, I have come to bring you the price of the horse."

She held a packet out to him. He put his hands behind his back.

"Take it, sir, I beg of you to take it! If you knew how I have schemed and pinched to bring you this you would not have the heart to refuse it. Oh, you are hard!" she cried, as he made no movement. Her voice shook a little.

"You did me a service, or what you thought was a service," she continued, "and I cheated you. I have often thought of it since and hated myself for what I had to do. And now I have brought you this and you will not take it!"

Though he could scarcely see her face in the dusk he knew that she was crying.

"You know I have had everything against me," she broke out; "there is only my father, and I am obliged to obey him. He used to help my uncle until he had an accident, and since then I have had to take his place. It is a large business, carried on abroad, and the horses are shipped to France. Nobody on earth could suspect that my uncle is its agent. I can ride well, you see, and no one suspects a girl. I was brought up to it."

"You were brought up to steal horses? You?"

"Yes."

"Poor child!" he cried.

"I have often enjoyed it," she said, simply, drying her eyes. "But not all of it. And I hated cheating you. Now, sir, I must go. Once more I implore you to take the money! I have been laying plans to find you all this time, and when I saw you in church yesterday I felt as if fate, for once, had some concern for me."

"But you said you knew all about me. You told me that at the inn."

"I knew your name," answered Jane, "because I asked the landlord. The rest was nonsense. That is the horrible part of my life—I have to say things that are not true."

"And I, too, have something to give you," he said, taking the little leather satchel from his pocket.

"There is nothing in it but a piece of lead," said she. "I think that was the worst part of all."

"It has been in my coat ever since!" said Tom.

There was a silence. Then she laid the packet she had brought on the table.

"I am going," said she, groping towards the door.

The fire had burned up and the flame lit the room. He could see the tears falling; one glittered on the brown cape. He stood irresolute. Then he sprang towards her and took her hand—the hand with the scar—holding it between his own as he might have held the hand of a hurt child.

"You know without being told that I will never betray you!" he cried. "Thank God, there will be no more need for these dreadful things now!"

She turned vehemently towards him.

"There are worse things than stealing horses!" she cried, "at least they will be worse for me! Ah, Mr. Gaitskell! perhaps the kindest act you could do for me would be to tell the truth to Sir William—to tell it to everyone you meet! to tell every soul that sat in that church yesterday! There would be prison for me—perhaps transportation—but there can be worse things than that, too! My tongue is tied!" she exclaimed. "My father is a crippled old man. How could I let him suffer? There is no help for it. Give me my little bag."

"Let me keep it," begged Tom. "Let me have it to look at sometimes! It will remind me—"

But he did not say what it would remind him of, for he broke off short and threw his arms round her. He kissed her passionately.

"I must go," she said, as she released herself, "but I will not forget. I shall never forget."

There was a movement in the house. Someone had entered the hall and was speaking quietly to the servant. Then a door shut.

Jane stood still, and to both of them came, for the first time, the sense of their unusual situation. They had been too much occupied by the naked truths of life to think of its conventions. A shyness came over them.

"Wait," said Tom, "stay where you are. Perhaps it may be some message, and the messenger will go in a moment. I will go to see."

"No, no, don't leave me alone!" said Jane nervously.

Her face paled as a step came to the threshold; but it was only the servant who had brought her in, holding a letter.

"Sir William Headley was here, sir," said he. "He wrote this in the other room. He told me to take him there."

They could hear the visitor walking away from the house. The letter was folded and sealed with one of Gaitskell's wafers. He opened and read it:

"Sir,

"I had taken the trouble to walk to your house in order to bring you a personal invitation to meet the future Lady Headley; but the fact that you sit with undrawn curtains has revealed to me that I might have spared myself the effort. The tableau which you were good enough to arrange for me also suggests an acquaintance of some standing. I am unable to repeat my invitation, as from tonight the lady I mentioned no longer exists; and I will sign myself,

"Your obliged servant,

"WILLIAM HEADLEY."

Gaitskell glanced at the unshuttered window, which he had completely forgotten. It was quite true. Not a blind was drawn. It was now dark outside and the firelight must have turned the room and its occupants into an illuminated picture for the eye of anyone passing outside.

"Read this," he said.

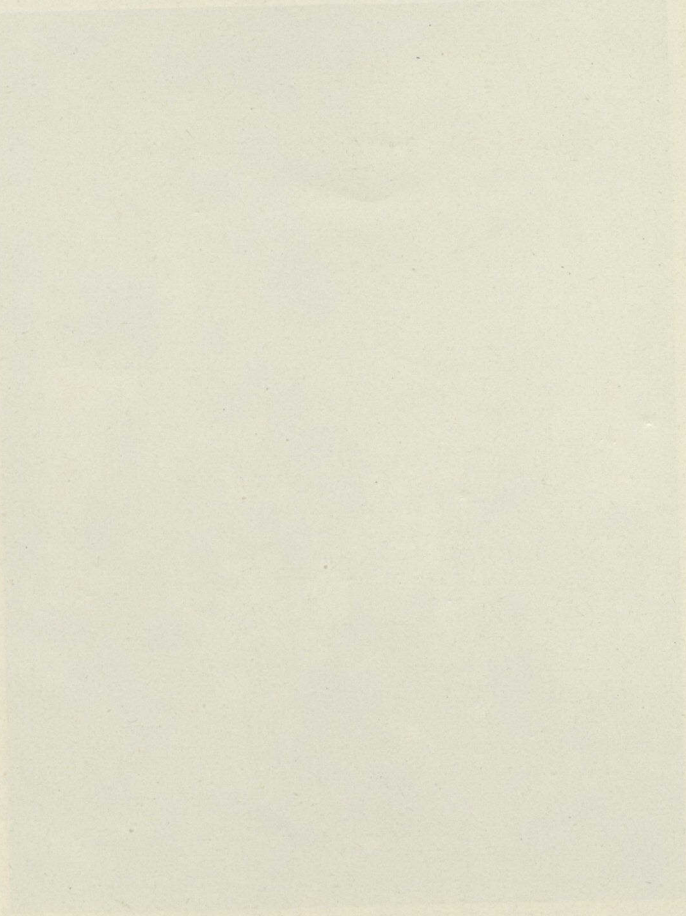
She obeyed.

"Oh, Jane! Jane! take me instead!" cried Tom.

Then she drew a breath of relief.

THE KITCHEN'S QUEEN

From the Painting by Anna Airy, A.R.E.
Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition



SAM SLICK LETTERS

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

A MOST interesting collection of Judge Haliburton's unpublished letters has just come to light. They cover the years from 1837 to 1847, the most fruitful literary period in the life of this most distinguished man of letters that Canada has produced, the father of American humour, as Artemus Ward called him, the creator of the immortal Samuel Slick of Slickville. These letters were written to his most intimate friend, Judge Parker, of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, who was a real Jonathan to his David.

The relationship existing between these two most notable colonials of their day, as revealed in these letters, was very beautiful. Those were the good old days when friends took time to keep their friendship in repair, when letter-writing was not a lost art but one of the most interesting forms of literary expression.

Although a long stretch of the tides of the Bay of Fundy rolled between Windsor, Nova Scotia, the home of Judge Haliburton, and St. John, New Brunswick, the home of his friend, and although the means of communication in those days were irregular and uncertain, these two friends loved to share with each other their fruits and flowers. One year Judge Haliburton found it necessary to send a basket of green gages before they were ripe, for he feared that there might not be another opportunity. It was, he tells his friend, vexatious that his "plumbs"—plums were "plumbs" then—would not ripen in time to go by the Bay packet. If the plums were not to blame for not regulating themselves by the packet's sailing the vessel was to blame for not regulating her sailing by his green gage trees.

These two families had much in common. They were both interested in education and art, in law and literature, in church and state, as well as in horticulture. The letters breathe a spirit of the warmest and purest friendship. Over and over again the writer, who was then making for himself a great name in the literary world, urges his friend to visit him, that they may again look into each other's faces and hear each other speak, and, we may add, crack jokes together such as no other jokesmiths have ever surpassed, and make puns which for their very atrociousness Charles Lamb himself might well hide his diminished head.

Judge Haliburton and his charming wife, who was as fond of art and literature and landscape-gardening as he was himself, had converted their spacious grounds into a thing of beauty, a kind of glorious fairyland, where great banks of beautiful acacias blossomed, and gorgeous flowers bloomed, and long tree-lined avenues led around Piper's Pond, the weird haunted spot, where a poor bugler met his sad fate in the long ago, and where, it is said, the strains of his sad piping still float out on the midnight air, to the quaint, one-storied house, where the immortal Sam Slick books, so full of worldly wisdom and quaint conceits and cute sayings and irresistible humour, were written—a house which for over fifty years has attracted a throng of tourists.

When Judge Parker was recovering from a somewhat serious illness Judge Haliburton wrote him in the following encouraging, comforting strain:

"After a very severe and trying fever, which I had in 1829 at Annapolis, I found a very beneficial change in my constitution. Renewed health brought an increase of appetite and strength. I grew stouter and stronger and have enjoyed better health ever since. About forty years of age is one of the periods that the constitution suffers a sort of fermentation in the blood, like other liquors, which if it passes off quietly is more apt to be beneficial than otherwise, at least such is one of my crotchets, and I think there is something in it. I trust in God you will find it so, and that you may be long spared to your family and friends, and to the Province, to which you are so useful in the sphere in which you are placed. I cannot bear to see you write in so sad a strain, and as good spirits contribute more than anything else to convalescence, you must look to the sunny side and cheer up."

This last sentence is a summing-up of Sam Slick's optimistic philosophy of life. In one of his books he encourages a man who was down and out, who complained that it was vain to swim forever against the stream, with this happy advice: "Try an eddy; you ought to know enough of the stream of life to find one, and then you would work up-river as if at flood-tide. At the end of the eddy is still water."

Judge Parker, having heard that some of the members of the Haliburton family were down with scarlet fever, wrote to the Judge, expressing his sympathy, and received the following answer:

"It is not scarlet fever we had—young ladies are more subject to that complaint in garrison towns than in the country—but a scarlet rash that looks like it and is called, I believe, scarletina. It did not last long or leave any bad effects, and, thank God, we are all in good health, jogging on in the old way, a pretty dull unvarying round, but perhaps better for the body and the mind than a gayer and more disssipated one."

Haliburton's notorious propensity for punning reveals itself in this letter in his reference to the epidemic of scarlet fever amongst the young ladies of garrison towns. He seemed incapable of restraining himself from breaking out into punning even on the bench, where he tried to be as serious as a judge, but very often tried in vain. The late Mr. F. Blake Crofton, in his interesting brochure, "Haliburton: the Man and the Writer," tells how a man once begged exemption from jury duty on the ground of having a certain skin disease vulgarly known as the itch. "Scratch that man," promptly directed the Judge. This must have destroyed the dignity of the court for the time being.

In a letter of July 2nd, 1839, Haliburton tells his friend that one of his children is about to leave for Boston, and another for Scotland:

"It is the first dispersion of the flock, one of those epochs in a man's life that makes him feel old; the next is—off the scene. Sic transit."

He makes an amusing reference to what he may expect when his children return, one speaking broad Scotch and the other the Yankee dialect. His only consolation is that this will not be so bad as if one member were to contract both dialects, such as we find sometimes in Boston when a Scotch girl takes on the Yankee dialect without successfully throwing off her mother-tongue.

These letters contain some interesting references to the literary work that the Judge was doing. In a letter of March 24th, 1838, he says with reference to the first series of "The Clockmaker":

"My book has had a prodigious run. In "Blackwood's Magazine" for November, under the title "The World We Live In," you will see a remarkably flattering notice of it."

The Judge was quite right in calling it a flattering notice, for after several pages of quotations from "The Clockmaker," the writer in *Blackwood's* concludes:

may Leave, that I have little to say that will interest you, & resume my pen for a space long talk for when you return to your little house, little things will begin to be magnified to your optics to things as large as "a piece of chalk" as the Yankees eloquently express it—

All my girls unite in the Compliments and most affectionate regards to Mrs Parker & you & believe me dear Parker yours always T. C. Haliburton

Reproduction of a page from a letter written by Judge Haliburton to Judge Parker

"The writer of The Clockmaker is evidently a capital fellow. We want such to throw a new life even into European literature. Our writers are sinking into insipidity. We say let the writer of Slick's aphorisms try his powers on a subject adequate to their capacity. Let him leave Nova Scotia and come to England. Let him take in hand the sullen vulgarity of our ambitious rabble of legislative tinkers."

A further reference to his books in this letter runs:

"By the last packet I received a letter from Colonel Fox, informing me that Bentley, the publisher, had at his suggestion presented me with a very elegant piece of plate as a token of the estimation in which my talent is held in the motherland, and concluding by a wish to make my acquaintance if circumstances should take me to England. Shortly afterwards I received another letter from him, containing the key of the box in which he had forwarded the salver, and another from Bentley, offering for another volume. I have another volume ready for the press, which is not so local as the other, and I think better suited for English readers. We are no judges of these things ourselves, but I think it better than the first. I intend, therefore, to go home with it and see it through the press myself, and while abroad will lay up materials for The Clockmaker in England, which, if this work takes, I will write as soon as I return."

In a letter of June 3rd, 1844, Haliburton writes to his friend, who was experiencing some great sorrow in his family:

"The truth is that a desolate heart, blasted hopes, and a dreary future have taught me that we have little to expect here, and that though the form and mode of affliction may vary, come it must in some shape or another, and that none of us can hope for exemption from a lot common to all. I enter into your experience most fully and feel for you most sincerely."

We come upon passages like this in these letters, which remind us that there is a serious side to the life of the humourist which we are in danger of overlooking. Those like F. Blake Crofton, who have represented Haliburton as a man who "loved fun and creature comforts," and have failed to grasp the serious side of his life, have done the great humourist and satirist an injustice. We are apt to think that the features of his life, which Joseph Howe brings out in his "Toast to Tom Haliburton," which begins:

"Here's health to thee, Tom! May the mists of this earth
Never shadow the light of that soul,
Which so often has lent the mild flashes of mirth
To illumine the depths of the bowl,"

is about all there was of worth in Haliburton's life. We have in these letters a revelation, not unlike what we find in Mark Twain's Autobiography. A man may present a smiling face to the world and yet have a serious mood deep down in his soul where the best part of his life is lived.

This interesting letter-writer tells us how he saved himself from fits of depression:

"I keep busy—I have to do so— if I am not occupied I become gloomy. I have another book written in two volumes. I thing it my best decidedly. It is a second and last series of the 'Attaché,' and terminates my clockmaking. Whether I shall hereafter write again I know not."

The great humourist's method of curing himself of the blues by keeping busy was a substantial part of Sam Slick's philosophy. Sam never tired of teaching that the bread of idleness is apt to be stale and sometimes a little grainsour. Haliburton's latest book is always his best. It is said that most preachers think in the same way about their sermons.

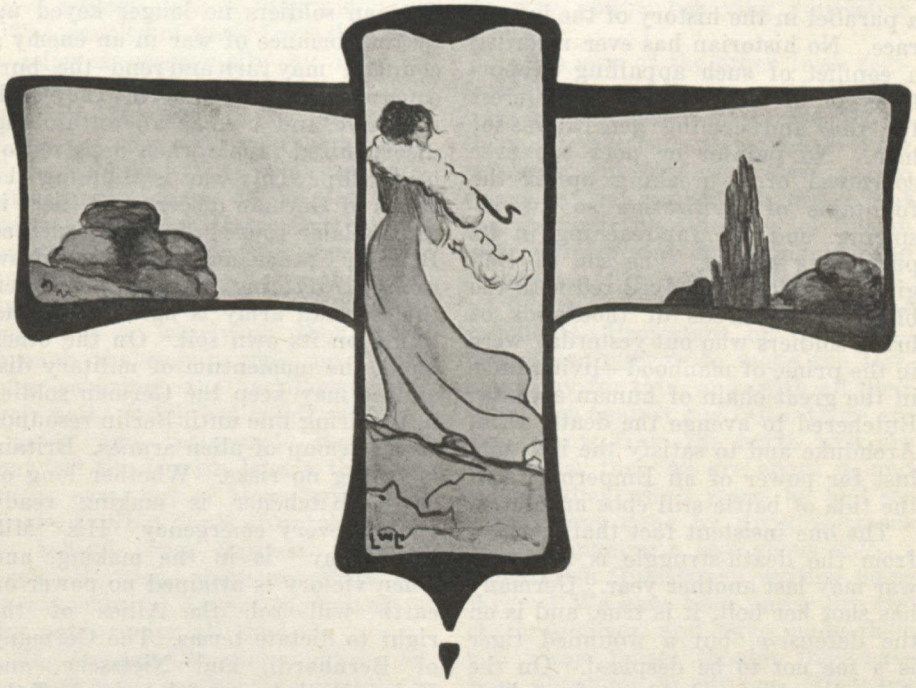
One of these letters contains a model apology for not acknowledging his friend's letters more promptly which those who are similarly afflicted should commit to memory for handy reference. He says:

"Your kind letter and its accompaniment met me on my return from the Shore Circuit, to put me to shame. If you were not the kindest as well as the best of friends my fortunate habit of procrastination would have forfeited for me your good opinion, as it has one by one most of my friends. I have neither wanted

time nor opportunity nor inclination to write, nor a faithful monitor to remind me daily that I should write to you, and I have always most sincerely promised myself to do so to-morrow, but, alas, to-morrow has its to-morrow, till to-day and to-morrow cease to be. If you were disposed to censure you could not do so so severely as I do myself, because I feel that I give good ground to distrust my sincerity when I defer that which can be done so easily and which always gives me pleasure to do. Blame me, my dear fellow, as much as you please, for I deserve it for the habit, but pray think kindly of me, notwithstanding, for of all my early and later friends there is none to whom my heart turns so warmly and affectionately as to you."

Sam Slick says that Nova Scotians yield to laziness and procrastination without any loss of self-esteem. In this ample apology the Judge classes himself with his procrastinating countrymen, except that he suffers somewhat in self-esteem.

These letters are gracious and full of charm and as free from restraint and reticence as the most ideal love-letters. The distinguished writer knows his friend and is not afraid to let himself go when writing to him. In one of his books he says that reserve is a line-fence which neighbours have to keep up to prevent encroachments. There was no line-fence of reserve between these two friends. These charming letters reveal an earnest, thoughtful man, a friend with a tender heart and a serious outlook upon life.



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE European conflagration is blazing as fiercely as ever. Over the graves of the uncoffined dead the battle-line stretches like an envenomed serpent from the North Sea to the Vosges Mountains, twisting in tortuous convolutions as the surging tide of conflict ebbs and flows over the desolated Kingdom of Belgium and the steel-girt confines of northern France. It is a war without a parallel in the history of the human race. No historian has ever recorded a conflict of such appalling proportions or of such enthralling interest for this and coming generations of men. No painter or poet has ever conceived of a breaking up of the fountains of civilization so awe-inspiring and so far-reaching in its paralyzing effects. The soil of Belgium and France is dyed red with the blood of hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers who but yesterday were in the prime of manhood—living links in the great chain of human activity. Butchered to avenge the death of an Archduke and to satisfy the insatiate lust for power of an Emperor! And the tide of battle still ebbs and flows.

The one insistent fact that emerges from the death-struggle is that this war may last another year. Germany has shot her bolt, it is true, and is on the defensive, but a wounded tiger is a foe not to be despised. On the defensive she can hold out for a long time and inflict terrible losses on the attacking forces of the Allies. On her own soil, surrounded on all sides by implacable enemies determined never to stay their march until the last vestige of Prussian militarism and her power for further mischief are destroyed for ever, one of two things may happen. Brought into immediate contact with the devastating horrors of war in their own land, listening daily to the plaint of German refugees and homeless mothers and sisters drinking to the dregs the cup of misery which was brutally forced to the lips of the Belgian people, the German soldiers no longer keyed up by the romance of war in an enemy's country, may turn and rend the bureaucracy and the war lord. They lack initiative and become an unthinking disorganized rabble when deprived of leadership. This war is thinning the ranks of German officers and there is no available source of supply such as Britain, France, and Russia can draw upon. Anything may happen when the German army is fighting on and living on its own soil. On the other hand, the momentum of military discipline may keep the German soldier in the firing line until Berlin resounds to the tramp of alien armies. Britain is taking no risks. Whether long or short, Kitchener is making ready against every emergency. His "Million Army" is in the making, and when victory is attained no power on earth will rob the Allies of the right to dictate terms. The Germany of Bernhardi, and Nietzsche, and Kaiser Wilhelm must be wiped off the face of the earth. For the German people, conciliation and goodwill if they elect to tread the broad highway of peace with the nations of the earth; for German ambition and haughty

arrogance, war to the death. This is the irrevocable decision of the British nation, and the lion and her whelps have both the will and the power to execute their decrees over the prostrate body of the Prussian eagle. From the ends of the earth the call of the Motherland has brought to her aid the sturdy sons of pioneer fathers who have blazed the way for Empire through jungle and forest. Canada has thirty-two thousand of the best she breeds on English soil sharpening their swords for the final assault on the enemy's wavering ranks. Australia and New Zealand have mobilized their fighting men, and South Africa is already in the field against the Germans who have invaded the Union. From far and near the vanguard of civilization is closing in on the butchers who make war on helpless women and children, and great will be the retribution for the cumulative wrongs done to Belgium.

The paucity of news from the front is relieved occasionally by tales of British and Irish heroism that give the lie to the oft-repeated assertions of the decadence of the fighting breeds of the Empire. Who can read without a thrill of pride of the Balaklava charge of the British cavalry brigade that went in two thousand strong and mustered two hundred when the blood-stained squadrons reformed. Four times like a whirlwind they swept through the enemy right up to the guns, sabering the artillerymen at their post. "All that is left of them" —noble two thousand! Regiments that left the British Isles a thousand strong came out of Mons but a mere hundred. What deeds of untold valour lie behind these figures! English, Irish, Scottish—their sacrifices will be remembered among the annals of this century for all time.

The London Chronicle quotes a letter sent to his mother by a private in the Royal Irish Regiment. In the course of it, describing the Germans, he writes: "We are keeping them on the move anyhow, though there's a powerful sight of them, and they always seem to be able to get fresh men from somewhere to take the place of those we kill.

"There's plenty of hard fighting coming our way these days, and though we suffer cruelly once in a while, we always let them know that we haven't lost our fighting powers, whatever else we may have lost in Paddy's land.

"You couldn't help laughing at some of the tales the German prisoners have about us. When they knew that they had been captured by an Irish regiment they wanted to know why it was that we were not at home taking part in the civil war that was going on.

"Says I to one of them that came off with the blarney in his queer English: 'This is the only war we know or want to know about for the time being, and there's mighty little about it that's civil, to my thinking, with the way you're behaving yourselves in it.'

"I see men of the other Irish regiments now and again, and they're terribly put out over the way these German heathens are destroying churches and sending priests out to starve by the roadside in order that the Germans may be free to live in their swinish way in the houses and churches and sacred buildings.

"There's not a man in any of the regiments—Protestant or Catholic—that doesn't mean to make the Germans pay for this; and, with all their bitterness against our faith, there are Protestants from the north who are far wilder than we are about it, and declare they won't stand by and see such things done by dirty Germans without making a row about it."

An Irish Guardsman writing home says: "We have been under fire two or three times, and have made them run away twice, though they have been about ten to our one. They use the Maxim a terrible lot. They almost rely on it."

The famous cavalry charge of the German Guards against the 12th British Infantry Brigade ended in a des-

perate bout of hand-to-hand fighting, men and horses mixed up in a seething mass of hacking and thrusting men, the German cavalry finally retreating in wild disorder, the boys of the 12th hastening their exit with the bayonet. It was after this fierce encounter that *The Times's* correspondent came across an English soldier sitting by the roadside outside Mons.

"I began to talk to him," writes the correspondent, "and asked him if his wound was hurting him. 'It's not that,' he said, with a doleful shake of his head, 'but I'm blest if I haven't been and lost my pipe in that last charge,' I gave him mine, and he was instantly comforted."

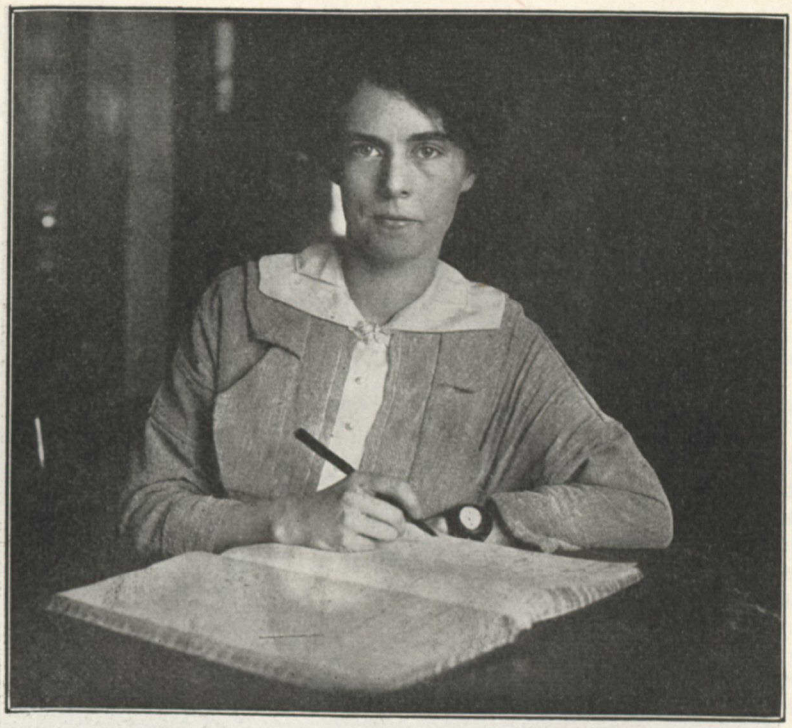
The Munster Fusiliers covered themselves with glory at Charleroi in the retreat on Paris. Two wounded Munster Fusiliers now in Tralee give a thrilling narrative of the battle. The dash of the Munsters to save the guns, they say, was a particularly brilliant piece of work. "The horses were shot from under our men, and then the Uhlans tried to capture our battery. It was then that the Munsters stuck to the guns. They dashed forward with fixed bayonets, put the Germans to flight, captured some of their horses, and as we had not horses enough to draw all the guns we made mules of ourselves, for we were not such asses as to leave the guns to the enemy. We brought them back five miles. On the road to Charleroi the Germans had machine guns mounted on the roofs of the steepest houses and stables." In the course of a letter to his mother in Ireland, Private N. Crowley, of the Munster Fusiliers, who is in an English hospital, writes: "We pulled the guns right through the Germans, firing and swiping all round us. You can tell the neighbours they should be proud of the brave old Munster Fusiliers."

The daring and dash of the British soldiers, their *sang froid,* adaptability, and lively spirits under the most depressing circumstances have won the admiration of the whole world. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," the price of victory will be staggering when the bill is paid in full, but the nation that saved Europe at Waterloo will vindicate at the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin the cherished hopes of peace-loving peoples of every race. Canada has not yet exhausted her resources and is rising nobly to the occasion. The ethical side of this war has taken deep root in the hearts of the people, and not until Germany has expiated her offence against civilization will the sword be sheathed. It is a terrible war, but liberty and peace are priceless possessions.

*

A MARRIED woman in Quebec has no civil rights save those enjoyed by minors and persons indicted for insanity, prodigality or for drunkenness.

But there is one woman in Quebec who is determined to fight for her rights. Mrs. Annie Macdonald Langstaff does not see eye to eye with the lawmakers of Quebec, and is carrying the war into the enemy's camp. Mrs. Langstaff rests her claim to equality of opportunity with men in her profession on her splendid record as a law student and a graduate of McGill University. She entered McGill in October, 1911, and took her degree of Bachelor of Civil Law on May 12 last. Having complied with all the necessary formalities, she applied for permission to enter for the preliminary Bar examinations, which every candidate must pass at least three years before applying to take the final Bar examination for admission to practise in the courts. The preliminary examinations were held in Quebec recently, and, the application of Mrs. Langstaff having been refused by the Bar authorities, she petitioned the Superior Court for a writ of mandamus to summon the Bar of Quebec to show cause why it should not be ordered to grant the application made. The contention of Mrs. Langstaff's counsel is that there is nothing in the Bar Act to say that



MRS. ANNIE MACDONALD LANGSTAFF

Who is fighting for Woman's Rights in Canada

women shall not be admitted to practise.

At McGill Mrs. Langstaff took first rank in honours and came fourth in general standing. She also led the class this year on criminal law, and on company law last year. It is not quite clear what motive the Bar of Quebec has in refusing Mrs. Langstaff's petition. Frenchmen, as a rule, are chivalrous, and the last in the world to harbour sex prejudice to the extent of shutting themselves out from the society and comradeship of women. A good deal depends on the personnel of the Quebec Bar.

Mrs. Langstaff is not the first lady to knock at the doors of the Canadian legal profession. A New Brunswick student, Miss Mabel French, attracted public notice several years ago by reason of her successful fight to have herself legally declared a "person" in her native Province, after which she was admitted to the bar. Later Miss French went to Vancouver, and in the face of much opposition gained admittance to the bar of British Columbia. Miss French was the first woman to practise law in the Province of British Columbia.

It is not known yet whether Mrs. Langstaff, like Miss French, has decided to declare a moratorium in her own interest, but it may be taken for granted that every recourse known to the profession will have to be tried before Mrs. Langstaff succeeds in convincing the Quebec courts that the words "he," "his," or "him" apply to her within the meaning of the Statutes of Quebec.

The contention of Mrs. Langstaff's counsel is that there is nothing in the Bar Act to say that women shall not be admitted to practise. The statutes of Quebec governing the question of admission of candidates to the prac-

MR. SAMUEL W. JACOBS, K.C., MONTREAL

A champion of Jewish Rights in Canada

tise of law were evidently drafted before the present difficulty had been foreseen. While the words "he," "his," and "him" are used throughout the passages referring to admission of candidates, this in itself indicates no intention to exclude women. These words are used in all codes of law in the Province to avoid awkward phraseology and verbosity; but in each and every code they are interpreted to include women as well as men. Thus in the Civil Code the word "he" always includes "she," except when the sense obviously indicates the contrary, as in articles dealing with duties and liabilities of husbands.

Article 4,531 of the Revised Statutes, which deals specifically with the qualifications necessary for admission to practise the profession of law, does not declare that the can-

didate must be of the male sex, while certain other sections of the statutes dealing with such questions as qualifications of electors in Provincial contests and requirements of candidates for certain municipal or provincial offices declare particularly that these candidates must be "male."

Article 4,531 reads as follows: "No one shall be admitted to practise the profession (of law) unless he is a British subject, has attained the full age of twenty-one years, and has studied regularly and without interruption during ordinary office hours under indentures entered into before a notary as clerk or student with a practising advocate for a space of four years." If the candidate has graduated from one of the recognized law schools the term of indenture is reduced to three years.

Mrs. Langstaff is fortunate in having the legal assistance of one of the ablest lawyers at the Bar. Mr. Samuel Jacobs, K.C., is head of the legal firm in which Mrs. Langstaff studied for three years. New York State retained Mr. Jacobs when Harry Thaw escaped into Quebec. Still on the sunny side of forty, this able advocate is in the front rank of his profession. That he will make a hard fight for his client in this test case goes without saying. Apart from his legal practice, Mr. Jacobs is known from Halifax to Vancouver as the friend and counsellor of his race. He takes a prominent part in the work of the Baron de Hirsch Institute, Montreal, which is largely responsible for the Jewish settlements which are scattered all over the country. His acceptance of the presidency of this institute was particularly gratifying to all his colleagues on the board. The Jewish Colonization Society, of which Mr. Jacobs is honourary secretary, has planted thousands of good citizens on the land in Canada, and added materially to the wealth of the Dominion. In all this work Mr. Jacobs takes an untiring interest. Up in the beautiful Laurentian Hills, near Ste. Agathe, is the Mount Sinai Sanatorium for the relief of Hebrew consumptives. Charmingly situated in its own grounds is the modern and extensive hospital recently built there through the voluntary contributions of the Jewish community in Canada. In this philanthropic undertaking Mr. Jacobs has been indefatigable. He is virtually the father confessor of the Jewish race in Canada. To him they unfold their troubles and difficulties, and thousands of immigrants owe to his advice and assistance their first successful start in the land of their adoption. Born in this country, Mr. Jacobs is intensely Canadian, and his influence during a general election extends far beyond his own Province. He has travelled extensively, speaks several languages, and is well read. He is a familiar and popular figure in Quebec courts, where his eloquence, subtlety of argument and profound knowledge of the law have more than once called down the encomiums of the Bench. Will the honour be his of opening to woman the locked and bolted door of the Quebec Bar?

The Library Table

SEEDS OF PINE

By Janey Canuck. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

ONE takes up this book with a similar sensation to that with which one resumes a pleasant journey. It is as if Mrs. Murphy, after rest and refreshment, has started again along the trail on which she halted with the completion of "Janey Canuck in the West" and "Open Trails." But this time the trail leads farther northward, into that tremendous country lying beyond Edmonton. We read the book and feel that, immense and new as that country is, we are familiar with it, for we have here seen it in many moods and fancies. Mrs. Murphy has the knack of putting one on familiar terms with her subject, and she has a rare facility in handling those little things which so very often become the big things. The book is full of colour and incident, and we open it at random and take this paragraph as an instance:

"We are invited to the tent of Mrs. Jack Fish, who receives us seated. This is not owing to any lack of hospitality on her part, but because she is very old and quite blind. The Oblate Brothers say she is over a hundred years old, and truly she might pass for the honourable great-grandmother of all Canada. Her son, with whom she lives, minds a wood-pile on the Athabasca, but in the winter he has a house of logs at Tomato Creek, to which he retires. All Indians live in tents from preference and not from the sordid reason assigned them by the would-be poet who declares that 'Itchie, Mitchie lives in a tent' for 'He can't afford to pay the rent.' There are no rented houses in this country, and no man has ever heard of a landlord. Every person holds his house, or his several houses, in fee simple. In Great Britain these houses would be designated as 'shooting boxes.' Neither would it be a sign of mental superiority on the part of the traveller to consider Jack Knife's job a menial one. Banking situations or provincial politics may have an importance in the fence country, but in boreal regions the prime test of intelligence is a knowledge of how to handle a boat or an axe."

CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END

By Patrick MacGill. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE public has had a surfeit of works purporting to be autobiographical, but rarely, if ever, has it been called upon to read such a work as Mr. MacGill now puts before it. Adventures of tramps on land and sea, of workers and shirkers of many kinds, are plentiful, but the "Children of the Dead End" is something unique. "No doubt I shall have some readers weak enough to be shocked by my disclosures," says the author, but the justification for such a book is that it does shock its readers. Anyone who can go through this narrative unshocked is singularly heartless. It is Mr. MacGill's just claim to admiration that he has dared to produce and publish a work so strangely different from the flabby conventionalities of the age; one that ventures to expose to the light of day the dark deeds of smug saints and the hypocrisies of their pseudo civilization.

The opening chapters of the book scarcely prepare the reader for the

scenes to follow. The charming pictures of rural life in the pleasant Irish glen are over only too quickly, and many a reader will regret that more cannot be learnt of its inhabitants. Dermod Flynn, whose aphorisms and repartees are replete with shrewd wisdom, hits off very happily the characteristics of the folks he lived amongst. The schoolmaster, who, it was thought, "could talk a lot of wisdom if he was not so short of breath"; Old Nan, who collected rags and bottles, "which she paid for in blessings and sold for pence"; Farley McKeown, the rich usurer, and others, are real portraits. Children are shown to have been the chief asset of the poor in the glen, and are brought into the world to earn money for their parents, a matter Dermod, as one of the sufferers, has some very bitter words to say about. When only twelve years old, his mother tells him: "Dermod, darling! Come next May, ye must go beyont the mountains to push yer fortune, pay the priest, and make up the rent for the Hallow E'en next coming." So the poor child is sent away into the world to work, to slave, to sin, without a helping hand, or a warning word from anywhere. He can find no solution for the mysterious problems of life, and has to bid farewell to all he believed in. His innocence was ignorance, and knowledge only shows how deceived he had been. By the light of experience he sees that his belief in the goodness of things is a mistake, and that what he deemed fair is foul. His ideals are destroyed, his feelings disgusted, and he becomes sick of life. "That night," he says, "I turned into bed without saying my prayers, and I determined to pray no more. I had been brought up a Catholic, and to believe in a just God. . . . God behind His million worlds had no time to pay any particular attention to me. This thought I tried to drive away . . . for anything out of keeping with my childish creed entered my mind like a nail driven into the flesh."

THE HOUSE IN DEMETRIUS ROAD

By J. B. Beresford. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THERE is something about the title of this book that grips one. It is to our mind even a better title than "The House of Seven Gables" or "The House of a Thousand Candles." The word "House" has appeared on the title pages of a great many books. We have had "The House of Windows," "The House on the Hill," "The House by the River," and, of course, "The House that Jack Built." But there is an air of peculiar charm and mystery about "The House in Demetrius Road," and those same qualities distinguish the book. Imagine two men living in the same house with a woman with whom both are in love. One of them is married to the woman. The conditions are unusual and at times the situations are intense and dramatic. There is no exhibition of commonplace drama, but there is on the other hand a splendid revelation of suppressed passion.

*

OLD MOLE

By Gilbert Cannan. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a charmingly written novel, and "Old Mole" is a charming character. Imagine a middle-aged bachelor, the master of the sixth form at Thrigsby Grammar School, a man of peculiar ways, of excellent disposition, and impeachable conduct, sympathizing with a young woman in tears, with whom he happened to be sharing a compartment in a railway carriage. He extended a fatherly hand, but the young woman misconstrued his meaning, and the more he tried to re-establish himself the worse the situation became, until at length, when the train stopped, the terrified lady screamed, and an over-gallant gentleman on the platform seized the schoolmaster and cast him ignomini-

ously from the compartment. "Old Mole" naturally regarded it as an unfortunte episode, but merely an episode; but next day he had his eyes opened to human tendencies when he gradually realized that the scandal had dogged his heels and that it would be necessary for him to resign in order that the dignity and respectability of the school could not be challenged. It so happened, however, that that very evening the schoolmaster and the same young woman, who happened to be on the way to join an uncle who conducted an itinerant theatrical show, met in an unfrequented street and "took up" with each other at once. The result was that "Old Mole" joined the company and married the girl, all of which gives rise to some charming bits of writing by the author. In time, however, the girl runs away from "Old Mole," who reverts to his former condition, and we leave him in a philosophical mood, convinced after all that there are worse conditions in life than that of the bachelor.

❋

THE RAGGED-TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS

By Robert Tressal. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is an age when workers in art, in particular, strive to get back to the source of things, to test their products by the rigid standard of essentials. We find painters, for instance, doing work that looks like the kind of crude drawings we imagine decorate the inside of caves in which people lived thousands of years ago. A Parisian seamstress recently created a sensation by writing a brief biographical sketch. It was praised largely because of its simplicity, and it was accepted as the naïve expression of a simple personality. More recently still we have examples of men who suddenly enter the literary field from the foundry or the factory. One of these is the book before us, and what makes it valuable is the conviction it carries of being the truth. The author was a house painter and sign writer, a Socialist, to be sure, and while he was alive he made it a practice to record his impressions and observations of the life about him. He left a manuscript, more or less heterogeneous, but an editor was found to undertake the task of putting the material into shape for publication. The result is an intensely realistic picture of life in the building trade in England. The dialogue is at times rough and unpleasant, but one feels as if one is listening to real men and not to beings of someone's imagination.

❋

—"Manitoba Memories" is the title of a beautiful little volume of verse by Alexander H. Sutherland. It is published only for private circulation.

❋

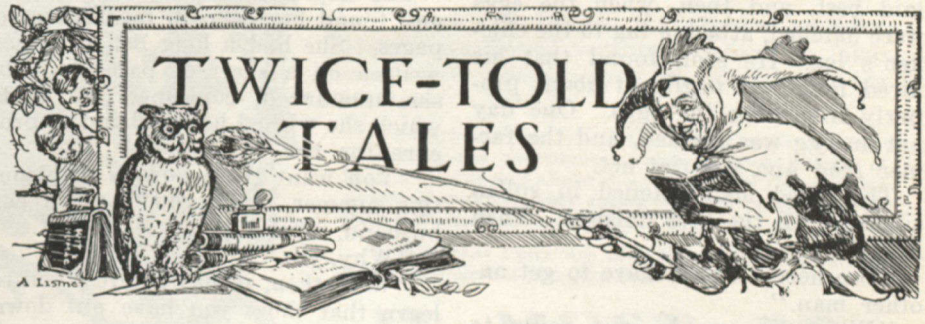
—*The Studio* for September has a splendidly illustrated article on the work of the American painter, F. C. Frieseke, one of the most interesting and vivid artists of a school that is not too impressionistic to be enjoyed by fairly cultured eyes. Among other things in this excellent number are some reproductions of paintings by Maurice Cullen, A. Y. Jackson, and William Brymner, three Canadian Painters.

❋

—"Fish and How to Cook It" is the title of a valuable booklet issued free on application to the Department of Naval Service, Ottawa.

❋

—The Canadian Woman's Annual and Social Service Directory for 1915 is being issued under the capable editorship of Emily P. Weaver, A. E. Weaver, and E. C. Weaver. (Toronto: William Briggs).



Turn About's Fair Play

A little boy was given two images of plaster, coated on the outside with pink sugar. He wanted to eat the images, but he was warned on no account to do so.

"They are poison," he was told. "If you eat them it will kill you."

However, the boy was dubious. He had been cheated before this by grown-up people. Finally he had a young friend to spend the day with him and that night it was discovered that one of the images had disappeared. His mother, nearly frantic, rushed to him.

"Harold," she said, "where is that pink image?" Harold frowned as he answered defiantly: "I gave it to Richard and if he's alive to-morrow I'm going to eat the other one myself."

*

Lucille (earnestly): "Karl, I want to ask you one question."

Karl (also earnestly): "What is it, sweetheart?"

Lucille (more in earnest than ever): "Karl, if you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?"—*Life.*

Dentist: "Have you been anywhere else?"

Patient: "I went to see the chemist in our village."

Dentist: "And what idiotic advice did he give you?"

Patient: "He told me to come and see you, sir."—*London Opinion.*

*

A Laudable Resolve

A New York tailor was praising Andrew Carnegie's extremely well-cut clothes.

"The moving pictures of Mr. Carnegie at French Lick Springs," he said, "show how excellent his clothes are. It takes, let me tell you, very excellent clothes indeed to withstand the ordeal of a set of moving pictures.

"I once ventured to tell Mr. Carnegie that he displayed remarkably good taste in dress. He beamed—the compliment pleased him—and he said:

" 'From youth up I was determined never to belong to that class of self-made men who look as if they had made their clothes also.' "

Egged On To It

A farmer in one of the neighbouring townships, who had gone into scientific poultry raising, hit upon the scheme of marking each egg with certain data in indelible ink. His idea was to find which variety of chickens laid best, and then, when the eggs were hatched, attach a tag to the chicken's leg. He soon found that his hired man was negligent about properly inscribing the eggs. One day not an egg was marked, and the farmer read him the riot act.

The hired man listened in sullen silence until the boss finished. Then he said:

"See here. You'll have to get another man."

"Why, Jim, you're not going to leave me after working for me six years?"

"Yes, I am," returned the hired man. "I've done all sorts of odd chores for you without a whimper, but I'm durned if I'm going to stay here and be secretary to any durned hen."

*

Mark Twain, so the story goes, was walking on Hannibal street when he met a woman with her youthful family.

"So this is the little girl, eh?" Mark said to her as she displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex."

"Yassah," the woman replied, "yassah, dat's a girl, too."

*

John Fox, the author, was sitting in an editor's office a short while ago when a young novelist entered.

"Mr. Fox," said the novelist eagerly, "I value your opinion very much. Now, I want you to tell me candidly what you think of my new book."

Mr. Fox smiled one of his rare smiles.

"No, no," he said hurriedly; "let us remain friends."—*Lippincott's.*

Year In and Year Out

A woman who never had a garden was unexpectedly afforded the opportunity to possess one wherein she could do just as she pleased. It was, therefore, with careful study that she perused the seed catalogues.

One day her husband came home and found her deep in its illustrated pages. She had a long list of names written on a sheet of paper, which, she announced, contained the seeds which she wished her husband to procure for her.

"You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?" asked her husband, after looking at the list.

"Why, yes."

"Well, then, it may interest you to learn that those you have put down here don't bloom until the second summer."

"Oh, that's all right," said the wife. "I am making up my list from a last year's catalogue."—*Exchange.*

*

Saunders, a Highland keeper, made surliness almost an art. A gentleman said to him one glorious autumn morning:

"Fine day, Saunders."

Saunders grunted.

"Saunders, I said, 'fine day,' " the gentleman persisted.

"Verra weel, verra weel," said Saunders. "I dinna want tae argue."

*

At a dinner which J. Henry Harper, author of "The House of Harper," once gave to William Black, the Englist novelist, William Cullen Bryant, responding to a toast on poetry, remarked that though the novelist had laid society under great obligations, the poet must not be forgotten, since it was to him that we are indebted for some of our labour-saving devices. "What," he asked in his gravest manner, "could be more useful, more winning, more worthy of being remembered than that immortal song"—here the audience waited in breathless silence — "beginning, 'Thirty Days Hath September'?"

Shackleton says:

"The question of the concentrated beef supply is most important—it must be Bovril."

Shackleton knows. He is taking no risks. He chooses Bovril because the food he takes must yield every ounce of nourishment to his men.

Follow Shackleton. Into a single bottle of Bovril is packed the nourishment value of many pounds of beef, and over and above this, Bovril has the peculiar power of making other foods yield up much more of their nourishment to the body.

Now that times are difficult you can be sure of being nourished if you take Bovril.

IT - MUST - BE BOVRIL

Of all Stores, etc., at 1-oz. 25c., 2-oz. 40c.; 4-oz 70c.; 8-oz. $1.30; 16-oz. $2 25. Bovril Cordial, large, $1.25; 5-oz. 40c. 16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), $1.20.

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THE Ingersoll TRIO

Delicious and Appetizing

Ingersoll Pimento Cheese

Consists of Ingersoll Cream Cheese and sweet Spanish Pimentos.
Very appetizing.
In packages 10c. and 15c.

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—is superior to any ordinary cheese — in flavor — in rich creaminess—in nutritive properties. It spreads like butter, never loses its freshness and is highly economical.
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Ingersoll Cream Cheese blended with California Chile. Piquant and delicious.
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07

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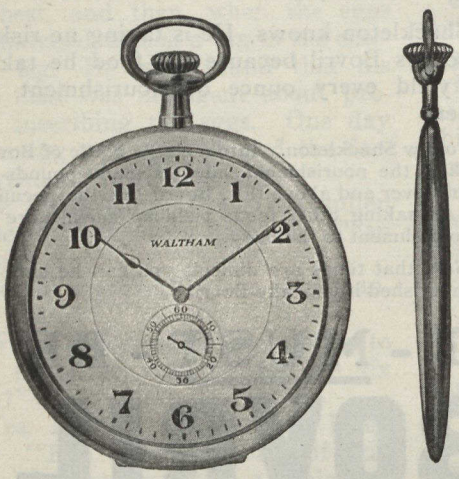

Waltham "Opera" Watch

The watch which finds the surest welcome today is the *thin* watch—the refined, slender, artistic timepiece which is light of weight but strong of structure; comfortable to the eye, the hand, the pocket, but none the less safe, serviceable, and accurate.

Such a watch is the Waltham "Opera" Watch. It has all of Waltham's "hereditary" accuracy and it is so thin that you are not conscious of it in the lightest clothing. In every sense this is a product of High Art in watch making.

The moderate price of the "Opera" Watch will surprise you. Your jeweler will have it in a richly plain 14-Karat solid gold case, with 17 jewels, for $55 or in gold-filled case, for $40. Ask him to show it to you.

Write us for booklet and general information.

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—in sport or business requires brains, steady nerves and endurance.

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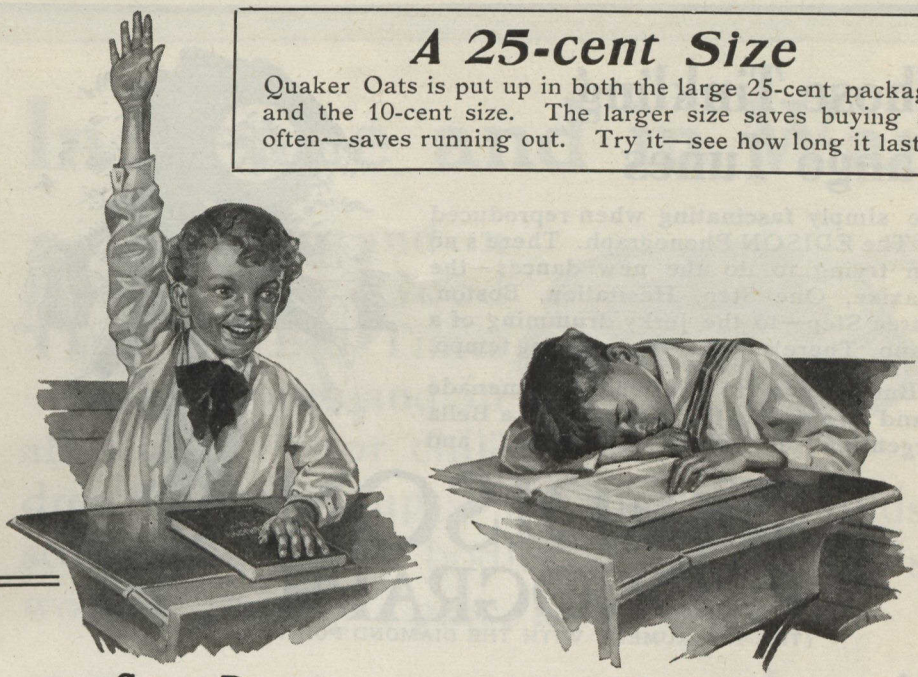
A 25-cent Size

Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25-cent package and the 10-cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.



Some Do——————Some Don't

Get Vim-Food In the Morning

Some children go to school on Quaker Oats—perhaps five millions of them. They get all the vitality, all the energy that the greatest vim-food can supply them. Children and grown-ups all need an abundance of this spirit giving Quaker.

You know that—all folks know it.

They get in addition a delicious dish. You serve nothing so luscious, so tempting to children as well-cooked Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

Matchless in Taste and Aroma

Quaker Oats comes in big flakes, made only from the plump and luscious grains. All the puny, starved grains are discarded. So careful are we that we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The Quaker process includes hours of dry heat and steam heat, which enhance the flavor. Thus we bring to the tables of a hundred nations the most delicious oat dish that's known.

You get this when you ask for Quaker Oats, and you pay no extra price. Don't you consider that worth while?

10c and 25c per Package—Except in Far West

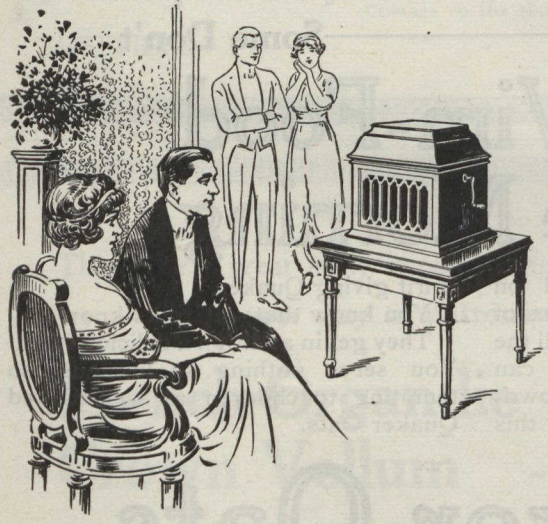
Those Tinkling Tango Tunes

are simply fascinating when reproduced by The EDISON Phonograph. There's no fun trying to do the new dances—the Maxixe, One Step, Hesitation, Boston, Three Step—to the jerky drumming of a piano. There's no lilt—no tempting tempo.

But when the National Promenade Band swings into the seductive "La Bella Argentina" or "Waltz Hesitation," and

The new EDISON PHONOGRAPH

(THE INSTRUMENT WITH THE DIAMOND POINT)



reproduces the full, rich melody—the sway and swing of it—the fascinating rhymn of it—then you have something worth dancing to.

There are other special Dance Records available to owners of Edison Phonographs—several hundred other Band and Orchestra records, many of which are suitable for the new dances—and any number of Tango songs like "Underneath The Tango Moon."

The new Edison Phonograph has the diamond reproducing point, unbreakable and long playing records, superior motors and construction, concealed horns, and the Cabinets are made in true Period styles, in perfect harmony with the finest furniture.

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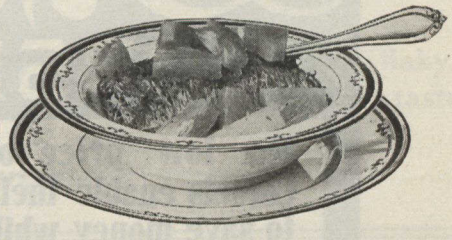
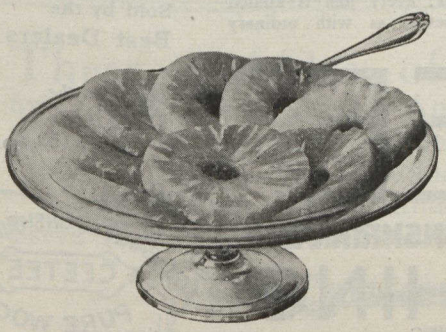


—in Sickness and in Health — in Good Times and Bad Times —in all climes and in all seasons—for children and grown-ups—the food that builds strong and sturdy bodies, fit for the day's work or the day's play, is

Shredded Wheat

the one staple, universal breakfast cereal that sells at the same price throughout the civilized world. War always furnishes an excuse for increasing the cost of living, but no dealer can raise the price of Shredded Wheat. It is always the same in price and quality—contains more real nutriment, pound for pound, than meat or eggs and costs much less—is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.



Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work or play. Delicious for any meal in combination with sliced pineapples, sliced bananas, canned peaches, pears or any fruit.

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This looks like a foolish question, but is it any more foolish than a human being wearing cotton or linen next the skin as a protection against cold?

You can't beat old Mother nature—Nature has given every animal a covering of wool—fur or hair (all practically the same material) in varying degrees of fineness—wool being the finest and hair the coarsest.

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Look for the SHEEP on Every Garment

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ALL PURE WOOL - GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

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PEOPLE WEAR "CEETEE" UNDERCLOTHING
BECAUSE THEY KNOW IT TO BE THE BEST

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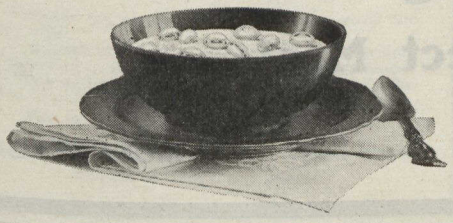
Suppose your children

had their choice of homes to which to go for breakfast. And one home offered them a dish like this — Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with cream and sugar, or mixed with any fruit. Dainty grains, flaky, crisp and tempting—eight times normal size. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.

Where would they go for breakfast?



Suppose your folks, for

a dairy dish supper, had their choice of bread or crackers, or Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. And they saw these toasted Puffed Grains — airy, thin, inviting — floating on bowls of milk. Grains four times as porous as bread.

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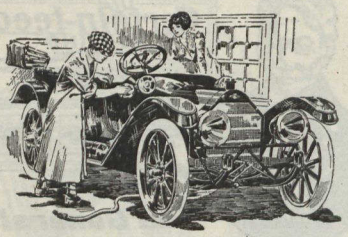

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And a Lady Can Have a Fair, Clear Complexion by Using Stuart's Calcium Wafers After Each Meal.

You women ought to hear some men rave over a beautifully clean and shell clear skin. There is nothing that so charms a man or a woman as this. Where there are pimples, blotches, liver spots, etc., the blood is diseased and filled with impurities. Clean the blood and these effects disappear at once. That is what Stuart's Calcium Wafers do almost beyond belief.

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You won't be always worrying about what your friends and strangers think of your "broken-out" face, if you give these wonderful little wafers a chance.

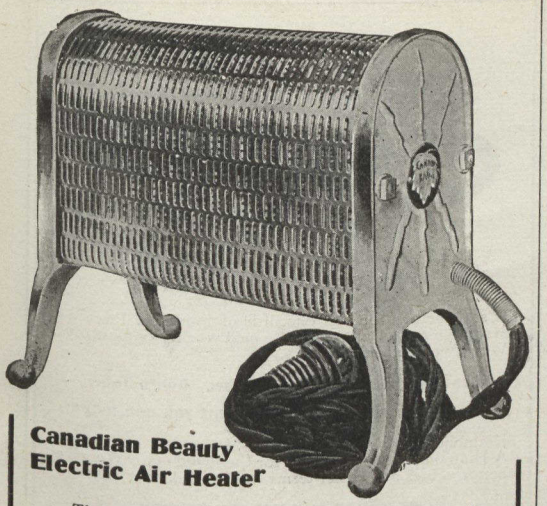
That's because they go right to the seat of the trouble, the blood, driving out all impurities, strengthening it, toning it up. And when the blood is clear the skin is free from blemish.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are perfectly harmless and may be taken freely by any one. They contain absolutely no mercury, no poisonous drugs, no opiates.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers contain Calcium Sulphide, and a mild alterative—every doctor prescribes them a hundred times a year. They are the most effective blood-cleansers known to man.

It doesn't matter whether you have blackheads and pimples "something awful," or boils, tetter, rash, carbuncles, eczema, liver spots or a muddy complexion, try Stuart's Calcium Wafers and get a surprise in a short time.

Buy a box from your druggist anywhere. All druggists keep them in stock. Price 50c. A small sample package will be mailed free to anyone who will address F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



Canadian Beauty Electric Air Heater

This portable Heater is specially designed for the Spring and Fall months, as it will take the chill from the air in a good sized room in a short time, and even in moderately cold weather will heat an average sized room at little cost. It is very convenient for the bath room, nursery, den or library.

The Radiator is supplied with seven feet of Heater Cord and attachment plug and can be attached to any lamp socket.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

showing other Electrically Heated Devices for Domestic Use.

RENFREW ELECTRIC MFG. CO., LTD.
Renfrew, Ont., Canada

Oxydonor TRADE MARK

The Painless Drugless

ROAD TO HEALTH

Are you run down? Has disease sapped your vitality? Throw off this worn-out feeling and regain robust health by use of Oxydonor.

SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE

"Oxydonor has never failed me. Have had a double and a single Oxydonor for about seven years." Mrs. Lucy Mepham, 177 Caroline St. N., Jan. 16th, 1912 Hamilton, Ont.

NO NEED OF A DOCTOR

"When any one of our family does not feel well, Oxydonor is applied for a few days and as a result we have no need of a doctor." John Teece, Abernethy, Sask.

Thousands of such letters have been received by Dr. Sanche.

Beware of fraudulent imitations. The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the originator and inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.

WRITE TO-DAY for FREE BOOK on HEALTH

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.
Dept. 11
364 St. Catherine St. W.
Montreal, Canada

Oxydonor TRADE MARK

EDDY'S MATCHES

HERE SINCE 1851

MADE UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG. MADE IN CANADA. MADE AT HULL. MADE BY EDDY.

Constantly Inventing and Improving

Always, Everywhere in Canada,

Ask for "Eddy's"

For Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

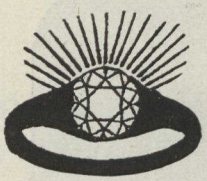
Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diptheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresoline. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.



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TERMS 20% DOWN

$1-2-3 Weekly

LET US SEND YOU A DIAMOND ON APPROVAL AT OUR EXPENSE

If satisfactory send us one fifth of Purchase Price as first payment. Balance can be paid weekly or monthly. We pay all delivery charges.

Send for Catalogue today, Now. Don't Delay.

A Diamond is the best investment you can make.

Diamonds increase in value 10 to 20 per cent each year. A Diamond is the Ideal Gift for the loved one. We give better values and easier terms that any house in Canada.

WE TRUST ANY HONEST PERSON

All transactions strictly confidential. We send Diamonds to any part of Canada.

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Diamond Importers
15 Toronto Arcade - Toronto, Can.

MEN OR YOUNG WOMEN—Sell our two leaders, "War Book" and "Milk Bottle Cover," get busy; make some money; send 20c for two samples and all information; reliable firm. Hollinrake Specialty Company, Hollinrake Building, 100 Church Street, Toronto.

"MADE-IN-CANADA"

In the Home and Everywhere

COSGRAVES (CHILL-PROOF) PALE ALE

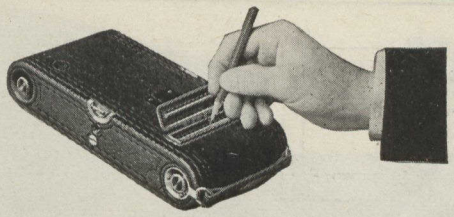
leads them all.

Bottled only at the Brewery.

W-77

The ONLY Chill-Proof Beer.

On Sale at all Hotels, Licensed Cafes and Dealers



Autographic KODAKS

Now ready in three sizes.

The names of places of interest you visit, autographs of people you photograph, interesting facts about the children, their age at the time the picture was made, the light conditions, stop and exposure for every negative, the date—all these things add to the value of every picture and can now be written permanently on the film *at the time of exposure.*

The greatest Photographic advance in twenty years.

No. 3A Autographic Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 5½ in., $22.50
No 3 Autographic Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 4¼ in., 20.00
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CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited.

At all Kodak Dealer's. TORONTO.

One depends on the other

Do you imagine that poor carbon paper can possibly give permanently clear copies? Then use

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

Carbon Paper

now—*before* you've been stung by the loss following a faded or illegible carbon copy. Be *safe* with the copies that are clear for all time to come, readable as long as the paper holds together. Save money with MultiKopy, the standard carbon paper, which will make 100 neat, even, permanently clear records from one sheet. *Write for FREE Sheet*

United Typewriter Co., 135 Victoria St., Toronto, Can.

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Makers of Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

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Mark your linen with

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Required by schools and colleges.

Any name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. $2.00 for 12 doz., $1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz., duty paid. More than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. **Orders filled in a week** through your dealer, or write for samples, order blanks, catalogue of woven names, trimmings, frillings, etc., direct to

J. & J. CASH, Ltd.

301C St. James Street, - MONTREAL, Canada
or 302 Chesnut Street, So. Norwalk, Conn., U. S. A.

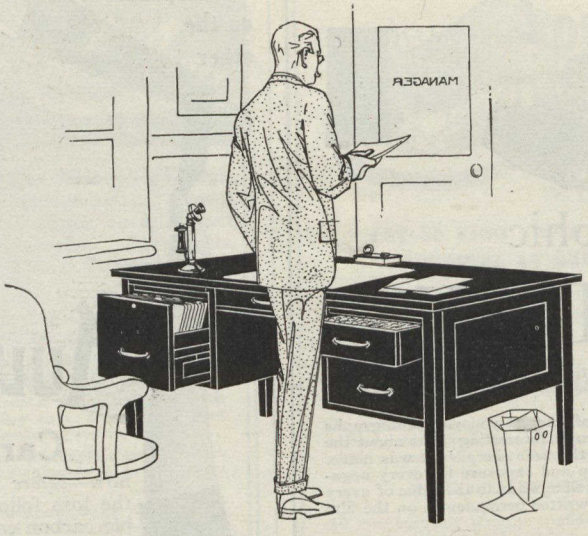
PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT** and **WHAT TO INVENT** with List of Inventions Wanted and Prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised **FREE** **WANTED, NEW IDEAS.** Send for our List of Patent Buyers. **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 835F Washington, D.C.**

AGENTS WANTED for new Canadian Bird Book. Good Christmas seller. **Dominion Book Co., Toronto.**

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**



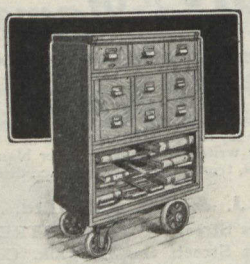
You'll like this desk

The Office Specialty System Desk has none of the disadvantages of the ordinary Flat Top Desk and the antiquated Roll Top Desk—gives none of the inconveniences that unfailingly arise from a crowded desk top.

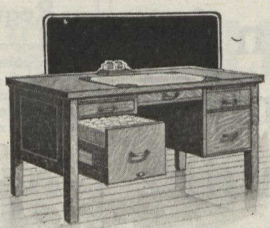
There is a Verticle File drawer for correspondence and letters pending, a Card Drawer in which to keep business facts and figures of particular interest, and three drawers of various sizes for miscellaneous items. Thus the desk top is not over-crowded with a mass of papers, and is clear to permit work without hindrance at all times.

Ask for complete particulars of the three sizes of System Desks.

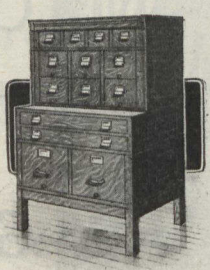
"OFFICE SPECIALTY SYSTEMS SIMPLIFY"



Office and Vault Trucks take books and records to and from the vault easily.



Office Specialty has desks and chairs to suit every preference.



A File for every kind of record is included in the Office Specialty line of filing equipment.

Made in Canada

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

CANADA

Maker to User

Head Office: 97 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

Factories: Newmarket, Ont.

The Comfort *Baby's* Morning Dip

"GOODNESS KNOWS,"

says the Comfort Baby's Grandmother, "what we'd do without this Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

"If I'd only had one when you were a baby, you'd have been saved many a cold and croupy spell."

For warming cold corners and isolated upstairs rooms, and for countless special occassions when extra heat is wanted, you need the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

The Perfection is light, portable, inexpensive to buy and to use, easy to clean and to rewick. No kindling; no ashes. Smokeless and odorless. At all hardware and general stores. Look for the Triangle trademark.

Made in Canada

ROYALITE OIL is best for all uses

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Winnipeg, Toronto, St. John, Montreal, Vancouver, Halifax.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

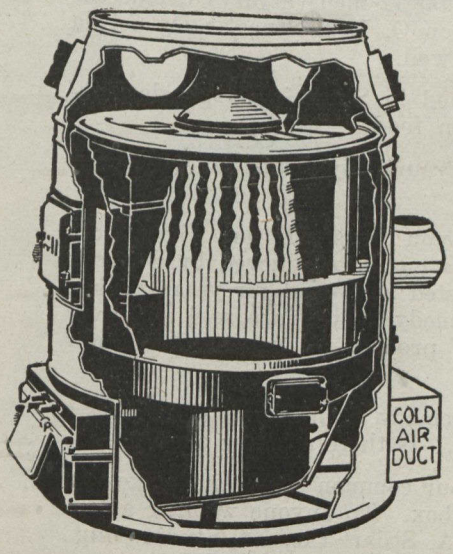
gets the credit for the health, of this family of eleven. . .

MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL

Read what this Mother says:

"I am the mother of eleven children and have brought them all up on Robinson's "Patent" Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,
12 Mount Ash Road,
Sydenham Hill, S. E,,
London, England.



The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

Don't Worry and Stay Awake Nights

thinking how you can warm your home.

THE Kelsey Warm Air Generator

is the heater you want—you want the best, IT IS THE BEST. Its corrugated sections with large warming surface—its long indirect fire travel—its positive cap attachment, conveying warmed, mild air to most distant rooms—its small consumption of fuel—its durability, are some of its chief features. Every pound of coal it uses does its work. There is no waste.

Our booklet, to be had for the asking, tells you all about it, and gives genuine Kelsey opinions. Read them.

Laugh At Dyspepsia

By Simply Using a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet After Any Meal You Want to Eat.

It sounds almost ridiculous to think of eating a big meal without pain and discomfort afterwards, doesn't it? Well, try this simple remedy and demonstrate its truth. You know that 12 men (a jury) decide the laws of our land. Not only have 12 men O. K.'d Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, but hundreds of thousands as well.

Just think! One ingredient contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 times its weight in food.

Doesn't this tell you that such aid to your body means relieving your distress from food?

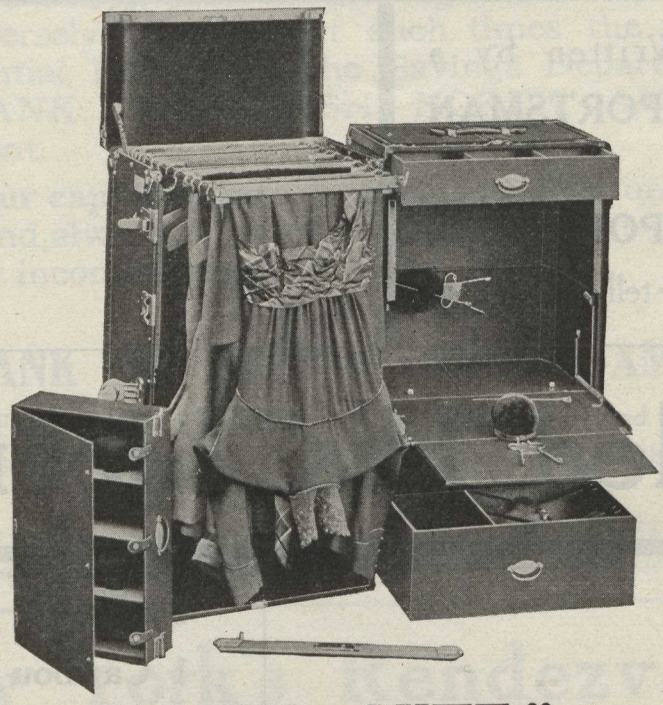
What the thousands are daily doing you can surely do. Every condition of stomach and digestive troubles has been relieved by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They have been tested and tried for years. They are this nation's greatest dyspepsia remedy. They are sold wherever drugs are sold. Surely this manner of proof is all you need to know what course to pursue.

If any man can prepare a better remedy than Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets he can make millions of dollars. Is there a better one?

Why not use this hint to awaken your common sense and make you go to your druggist to-day and buy a box. To anyone wishing a free trial of these tablets please address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich., and a small sample package will be mailed free.

"Julian Sale"

The Name Behind the Goods is Your Guarantee of Quality.



"RITE - HITE" WARDROBE TRUNKS

The Wardrobe Trunk is becoming so universally known and its advantages, its convenience as compared with the ordinary trunk so vastly superior that it leaves no room for argument.

In the "Rite-Hite" Wardrobe Trunks there are many new exclusive and practical features—with simplicity and utility as the first demands in its construction—it is the last word in completeness in travelling requisites.

We have just issued a very comprehensive little booklet, in which the "*Rite - Hite*" Wardrobe Trunks in the different lines are described and priced—you may have one for the asking.

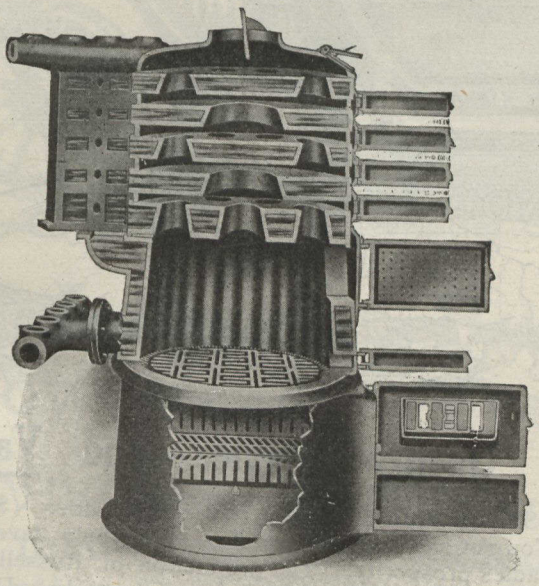
"Rite-Hite" Wardrobe Trunks cost

$50. to $145.

THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., LIMITED

105 King Street West, Toronto

The Real Economy of the "Sovereign"



"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILER

"Cutting down the coal bill" usually means making a sacrifice of winter comfort for the sake of saving two or three tons of fuel on a possible consumption of ten to twelve tons during the season.

Saving coal with the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler means **real economy.**

The "Sovereign" promotes fuel economy. It does not require to be watched in order to save coal.

The "Sovereign" will turn every shovelful of coal put into the firepot into the maximum amount of heat, and if you try to use too much coal in the "Sovereign" you should ordinarily have too much heat.

That is how the "Sovereign" saves coal. It draws **all** the heat out of **all** the fuel put into the firepot.

Write for the "Sovereign" Bulletin, a quick-to-the-point argument, that shows, almost at a glance, the exclusive features of the "Sovereign," which increase its heating efficiency and promote fuel economy. Send a post card to our nearest address and mention "Canadian Magazine."

"WESTERN JR." BOILERS

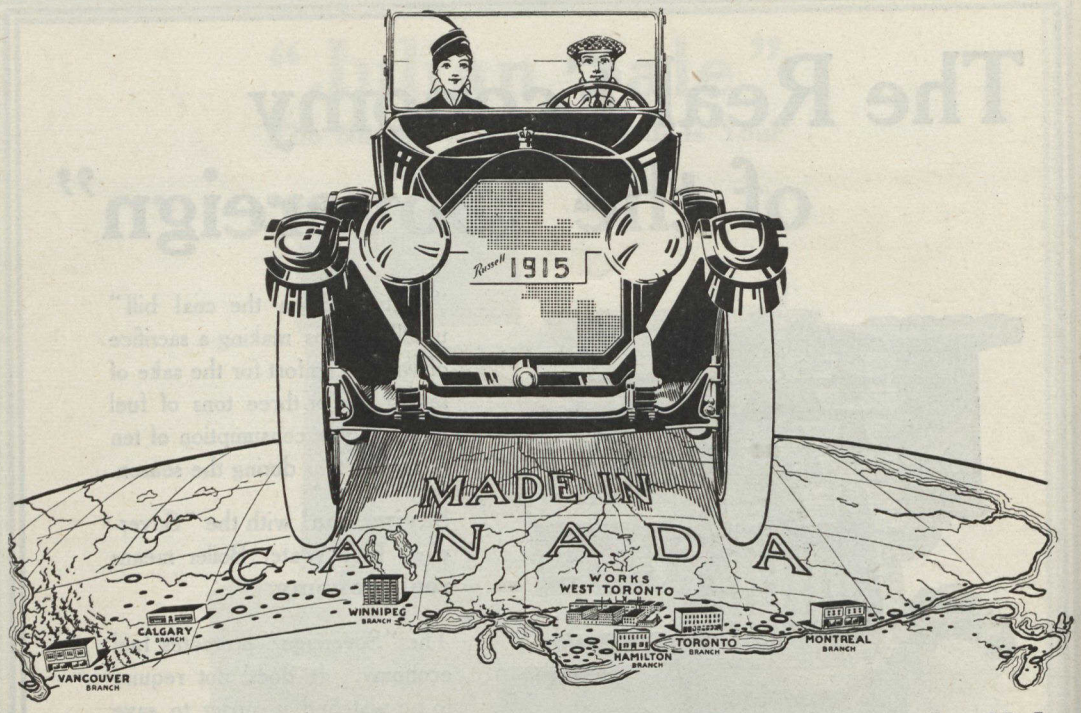
TAYLOR - FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED

"SOVEREIGN" RADIATORS

A3

Toronto—1088 King Street West.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West.
Vancouver—1070 Homer Street.
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.
Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Ltd., 622 Ninth Ave.
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water St.
Quebec, Que.—Mechanic's Supply Co.
Hamilton, Ont.—W.W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

Head Office and Founderies: Guelph, Canada



Russell Cars Guarantee Quality---Service---and Value

For every dollar you *invest* in a RUSSELL, you get a dollar of *tangible* value. ($1000 duty cannot add one cent of worth.) You get *more*. You pay *less*. You help develop a Canadian industry. You increase Canada's prosperity. The production of Russell cars gives employment to 1,500 men. Requires $2,000,000 worth of material yearly. Distributes over a $1,000,000 in wages to Canadian mechanics.

More Beautiful

Latest European stream-line bodies. New domed fenders. Concealed door-hinges. Clean running-boards. Double head-lights. Lasting lustrous finish. Spare tires at rear. Full Equipment—Highest quality top. Built-in, rain-vision, ventilating windshield. Demountable rims. Spare rim. Warner speedometer. Clock. Electric horn, etc.

More Comfortable

Perfectly-balanced chassis. Long three-quarter-elliptic rear springs. Ample wheel-base. Big wheels. New proven two-unit electric starting and lighting system. New instrument board (complete control at finger tips.) Left side drive. Center control. Quick acting Collins side-curtains, opening with doors, and adjustable from seats.

More Efficient

Latest-type, long-stroke, smooth-running, high-efficiency engines. More power—less weight. Saving of fuel, oil and tires. Newest type ignition. Chrome nickle-steel gears and shafts. Cleverly designed chassis. Light, strong, heat-treated steels. Full-floating rear axle. Worm bevel gears. Double dust-proof brakes. Very low operative cost per mile.

Five reasons why YOU should drive a Russell "Made in Canada" Car:

1st: The highest-quality car—at the lowest price. 2nd: Most comfortable—easiest-riding—smoothest-running car built.
3rd: Built of finest materials—by expert workmanship. Fully guaranteed and backed by service stations from coast to coast.
4th: Made in Canada—by Canadian workmen—in a Canadian-owned-and-operated plant.
5th: A vital unit in Canadian industry—whose success helps to build up Canadian prosperity—which in turn helps YOU.

Ride in a RUSSELL today. Performance proves its worth.

Agency applications invited in open territory

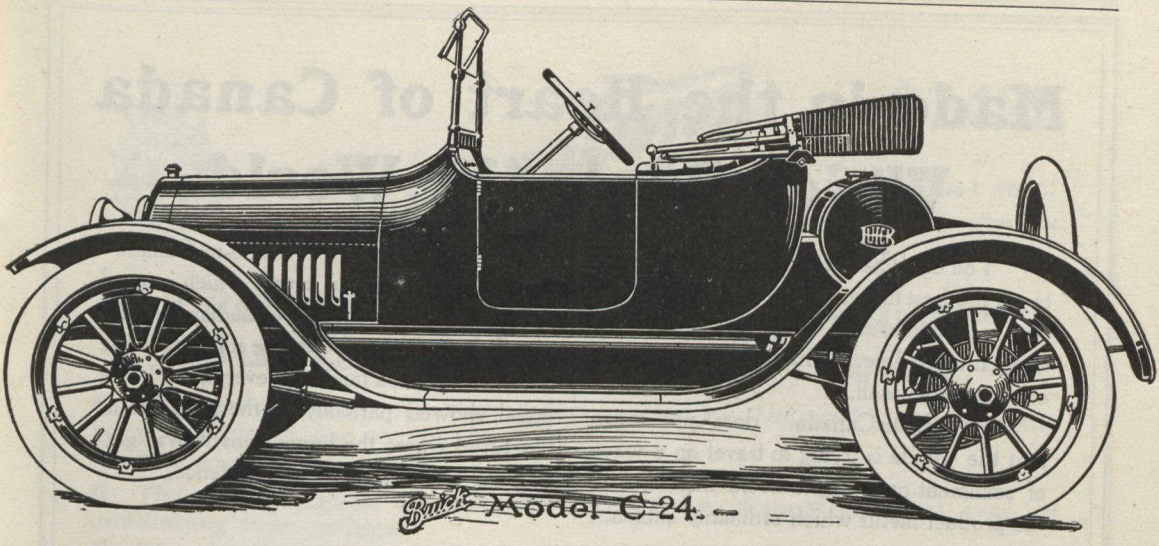
"6-30"--$1750 "4-32"--$2650 "6-48"--$4500

Catalogue and full descriptive matter on request

Works and Executive Offices: WEST TORONTO

Russell Motor Car Co., Limited

Branches: TORONTO—HAMILTON MONTREAL—WINNIPEG CALGARY—VANCOUVER



McLaughlin-Buick 1915 Line Now Ready—Fours and Sixes

THE above Roadster with all 1915 improvements complete including improved Delco Starting and Electric Lighting Systems, Stewart Gravity Vacuum Gasoline Feed, etc., etc., for

$1150

A 28 H. P. 5-Passenger Touring Car with all latest improvements, Streamline Body, $1250. Be Sure to investigate our magnificent, new Six-Cylinder Touring Car and Roadster, $2250. Advance Catalogue on application.

McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited

OSHAWA, ONT.

Made in the Heart of Canada Which Beats the World

You don't have to go out of this country to get the best tire in the world. We admit best is a much-used word, but Traction is a much used-Tire. That's how they know each other so well.

"Made-in-Canada" does not mean that the article is trying to travel on a wave of sentiment or trying to avoid discussion of the product merits which ordinarily influence a sale. Far from it! "Made-in-Canada" simply means that an article which is good enough for the majority of Canadians would, also, be good enough for the minority if the latter bought on a fair test—everything being equal, showed partiality for the article manufactured where the buyer himself was getting the means for his own existence.

Personally we have always felt that while our goods might have competition in price, they never had competition in service In other words, no matter what the test, we believe Dunlop Traction Tread is unrivalled for efficiency the world over, that no other automobile tire, import it from where you will, can show a record of results that will equal "The Most Envied Tire in All America."

Believing that there are so many reasons why Canadian motorists should select Dunlop Traction Tread, naturally we have never emphasized the "Made-in-Canada" slogan as a main argument why you should buy "The Master Tire," but we do emphasize it as an argument why you should not buy the foreign-made tire—no matter whether you select our tires or not.

If every Canadian exercised his right to buy foreign articles, there would soon be no Canadians to buy anything at all.

MADE IN CANADA

Couldn't Be Made Better Anywhere Else

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

$1425

Model 80
f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

Every Advanced Feature But no Advance in Price

¶ The new Overland has one of the most advanced and most admired body designs of the season.

¶ The new Overland has a larger tonneau.

¶ The new Overland has the most advanced and most practical type of underslung rear springs.

¶ The new Overland has the most advanced electric lighting and electric starting system.

¶ The new Overland has the most advanced ignition system.

¶ The new Overland has larger wheels and tires.

Yet in spite of these and numerous other advanced and costly features *the price has not been advanced.*

Orders are now being taken for immediate delivery.

Specifications:

Motor 35 h. p.
New full stream-line body
Tonneau, longer and wider
Upholstery, deeper and softer
Windshield, rain-vision, ventilating type, built-in

Electric starter—Electric lights
High-tension magneto—no dry cells necessary
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five-bearing crankshaft
Rear axle, floating type

Wheelbase, 114 inches
34 inch x 4 inch tires
Demountable rims—1 extra
Left-hand drive—Center control
Body: beautiful new Brewster green finish

Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 4

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited - Hamilton, Ont.

(Model 80)

Model 81 Prices:
5 Passenger Touring Car - $1135
2 Passenger Roadster - - $1065

Model 80 Prices:
5 Passenger Touring Car—$1425
2 Passenger Roadster—$1390
4 Passenger Coupe—$2150
All prices f. o b. Hamilton, Ont.

Model 81 Prices:
Delivery Wagon with closed body $1195
Delivery Wagon with open body $1135

TONIGHT—Your skin *can* be made more attractive!

Whatever the condition of your skin you can begin tonight to make it more charming.

Like the rest of your body your skin is continually changing. As the *old* skin dies *new* forms. Every day in washing you rub off dead skin. *This is your opportunity.* You can make this new skin fresher, clearer, and more attractive by using the following treatment regularly.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to the face and rub it into the pores thoroughly always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Begin tonight to get the benefits of the above treatment for your skin. The first time you use it you will feel the difference—a promise of that lovelier complexion the regular use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.* Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by druggists everywhere throughout United States and Canada

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for sample

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder.

For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations.

Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,** *Dept. 109-V Perth, Ontario.*

Listen to this:

P. A. spells "pa"—and that means Prince Albert is the *daddy of 'em all,* jammed into a jimmy pipe or rolled into a makin's cigarette! *Because* Prince Albert has everything—flavor, aroma, quality.

PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

You buy Prince Albert just like you know what you're on your way for, in the full ⅛th tidy red tins.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

Sooner you *know for yourself* that P. A. can't bite, the wiser and more cheerful-like you'll be early in the a. m. It's this way: Prince Albert is made by a patented process that *removes the bite!* Just leaves the tobacco-goodness *all there.*

Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at its factories in Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A., and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers. Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe smoking tobacco in the United States.

If You Want To Economize Use "Diamond Dyes"

Rose Color dyed Brown

You can economize on your fall clothes without depriving yourself of anything. Give a last season's suit or gown a new color—make a few alterations in the cut and the trimming—the result will be a garment just as satisfying as a new one.

Miss Margaret Sampson, writes:—

"I wanted a new dress for school as the fall term was beginning and all the rest of the girls had new clothes, but father said he could not afford one just then. I didn't want to wait so I looked over the closet and trunks to see if there was anything I could possibly use by making some changes in it. I found a rose color silk dress which I had stopped wearing because it was soiled.

"Some hints on economy which I had cut out of a magazine mentioned the dying of old clothes. Our druggist recommended DIAMOND DYES, and said that he knew they gave splendid results. I bought some dark brown dye and as a result I have a dandy dress to start school with. With a cream lace collar and ruffle at the wrist, I look as well as any girl in school."

Mrs. J. A. Roper, writes:—

"Recently my husband suffered severe business reverses, and it was necessary for me to economize in every way possible.

"I have always been very fond of nice clothes and bought the very best for myself and the children.

"We have never lived extravagantly and it seemed to me the best way to make immediate saving was on my own clothes, I happened to read an article in a magazine which said that any woman could save money by dyeing her old clothes. I must confess that I bought some DIAMOND DYE feeling that I was making a great sacrifice and that my last year's clothes redyed would look far from pretty. With a feeling of misgiving, I undertook the work of recoloring several last year's gowns, but now that they are remodeled and retrimmed, and dyed in bright solid new colors, they are just as stylish and fashionable as any new clothes I could have bought.

"I send you my photograph showing one of my costumes (green dyed black), which was particularly successful. I earnestly advise all women to use DIAMOND DYES whether they must economize or not."

Green Suit dyed Black

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

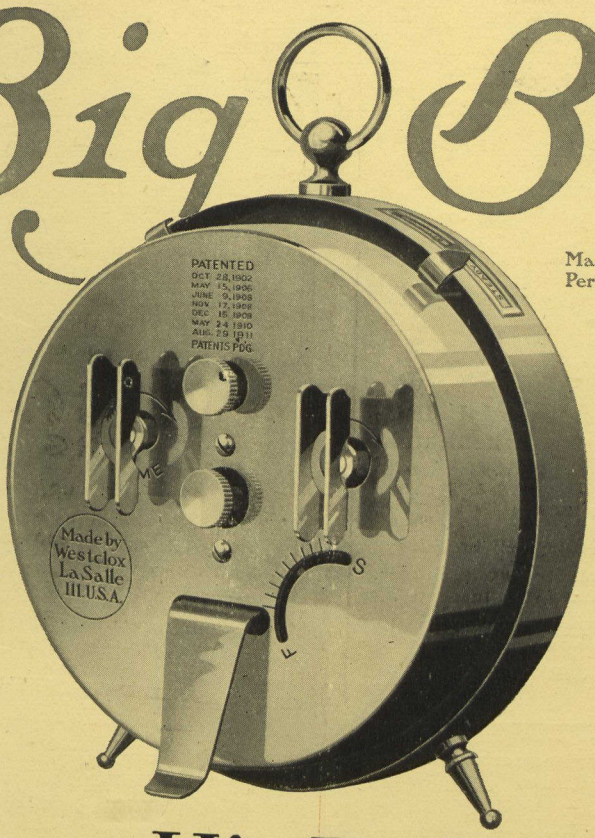
We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool** or **Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen,** or **Mixed Goods** to color Vegeble Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY fabric.**

DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA

Big Ben



Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox

His Back

LOOK Big Ben square in the back—he's good all round and good all through. If 'handsome is as handsome does' — Big Ben's beauty is more'n skin deep.

See those great, strong, handy keys that make his *wind up* so easy—and the broad, deep-toned bell he sounds, so your *get up* is pleasing.

His best backing is that "*Made by Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.*"—Stamped on a clock, it's the best oversleep insurance you can buy.

Big Ben stands seven inches from tip to toe—big, faithful, exact with large, clean cut hands, plainly seen in the dim morning light.

He rings you up at any time you say—steady for five minutes or, on and off for ten—stops short in either call at a nudge from you.

His price in the States is $2.50; in Canada $3.00. If your dealer doesn't stock Big Ben, a money order addressed to his makers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois* brings him to your door postpaid

It's Great Fun To Feel Well—

To be healthy all the time.

You will make a fine start towards this when you quit coffee and drink

POSTUM

Coffee contains a harmful drug —caffeine. Postum is a healthful, nourishing food-drink.

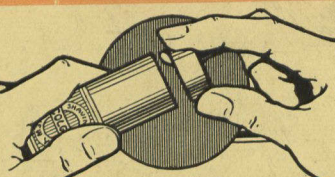
Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well-boiled.

Instant Postum — soluble—no boiling—made in the cup with hot water, instantly.

Both kinds are delicious—cost per cup about the same—sold by Grocers.

"There's a Reason" for Postum



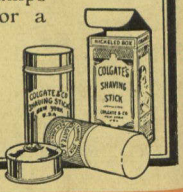
Economy With COLGATE'S STICK

When the one you now have is nearly used up, wet it and press it on the end of the new stick. It stays—you use every bit instead of having to throw away the last half-inch or so as usual.

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

At all good Druggists and Stores.

If you prefer, send us 4c in stamps for a trial size — enough for a month's use.



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P Drummond Bldg. Montreal
W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal
Sole Agent for Canada

Social Evenings

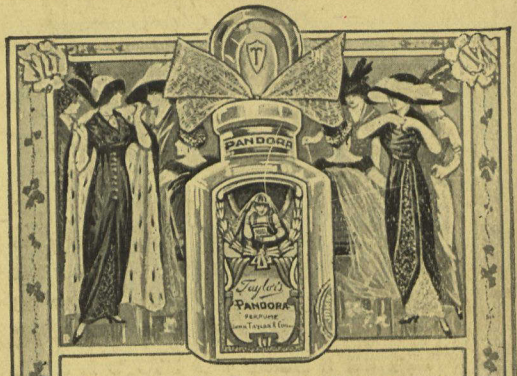
During the Winter mean that the house must be spic and span—no dust anywhere. By using the

O-Cedar Polish Mop

this is accomplished in a few minutes. It dusts, cleans and polishes all at the one time. No stooping or bending or hard rubbing. Puts a hard dry lustre on all floors, furniture or woodwork.

Ask your neighbor or your dealer.

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd.
369 Sorauren Avenue - Toronto, Can.



The very soul of the flowers is caught and held captive in this exquisite perfume of

Taylor's

—the first perfumers of Canada, and the creators of distinctive perfumes that rival the choicest of the old world.

PANDORA

PERFUME

is a fascinating fragrance—alluring, subtle and thoroughly feminine. The Perfume, par excellence, for dainty women.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD. TORONTO

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