# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1919 PRICE 25 CENTS

IN THE TIMAGAMI DISTRICT, NORTHERN ONTARIO

The Inevitableness of Party
By Charles Morse

Canadian Women-Workers Overseas
By Mary MacLeod Moore

The Schoolboy in the War
By Nellie Spence

The Peaceful Pursuits of War
By J. D. Logan

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LII — Contents, January, 1919 — No. 3



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Article III.

# British-made Hosiery and Underwear

Following our previous Articles dealing with the "Old Country's" efforts during the this War,—and the success of the "British-made" Glove,—we now turn to other Articles of Essential Apparel.

At this day, there are few people who have not been faced in some form or another with the shortage existing in both Wool and Cotton, in either case occasioned very greatly by direct and indirect requirements for the War and the fighting Forces.

It therefore, behoves the public to watch carefully the QUALITY of the Article when it is a matter of replacing Hosiery or Underwear.

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To mention three Grades in the British-made Articles, there are:—

**The "Meridian Interlock Fabric."**
**The "Erin" Ribbed Underwear.**
**The Health Elastic Cellular Net Underwear.**

Distinctive,—each without a rival in its own particular domain,—and each with the Guarantee of the L. G. Co., behind it, we have every confidence that, in the efforts we are making to supply our Canadian Clientele with British Goods, these three makes of Underwear will play a large part.

In conclusion, we would like to repeat an oft uttered warning, in a slightly new form.

The owner of every proprietary Article or Product will Counsel the buying public to "Insist on seeing the name on each article, and refuse worthless substitutes."

Our advice goes further than that :

*Get behind the name, and ascertain the Country of origin.*
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# THE FEBRUARY CANADIAN

## THE STOOL PIGEON
**By Arthur Stringer**

This is the first of eight short stories by the distinguished Canadian author, Arthur Stringer, to appear in The Canadian Magazine. It will be in the February number. The others will follow in order—one each month. These are extremely fascinating stories, full of mystery, splendid humorous touches and dramatic situations.

## THE "COMPLETE EMIGRANT" TO UPPER CANADA IN 1848
**By Professor W. P. M. Kennedy**

In an old pamphlet, Professor Kennedy has discovered valuable contemporary light on the social, educational and economic condition which prevailed in Upper Canada about the middle of the nineteenth century.

## THE GREAT CANADIAN TELESCOPE
**By W. S. Plaskett**

The Director of the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory at Victoria, British Columbia, in this unusual article describes the mechanism and possibilities of the great telescope installed in that Observatory. This telescope is double the size of the largest instrument of its kind in the national observatories of other countries. Excellent photographic illustrations accompany the article.

SIR JOHN WILLISON will give the history of Blake's celebrated West Durham letter, and ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY will continue her fascinating detective story—"Heliotrope".

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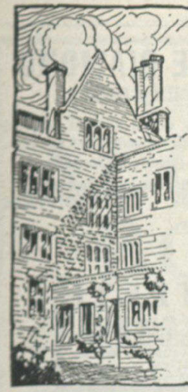

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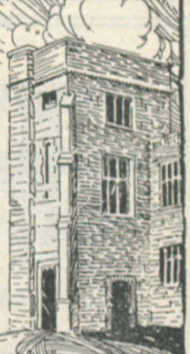

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| Reserve Fund (earned) | 5,250,000.00 |
| Unappropriated profits | 197,977.41 |
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|---|---|---|---|
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| 1914 | 33,780,000 | 31,284,000 | 44,832,000 |
| 1915 | 36,124,000 | 31,265,000 | 46,937,000 |
| 1916 | 45,830,000 | 34,960,000 | 57,266,000 |
| 1917 | 55,758,000 | 34,111,000 | 68,594,000 |
| 1918 | 60,614,000 | 46,114,000 | 74,554,000 |

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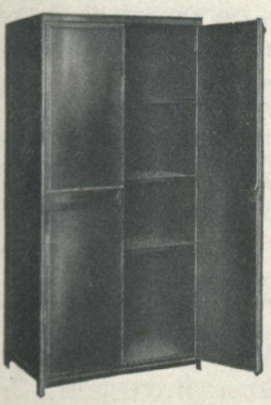

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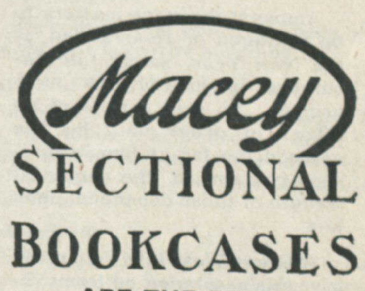


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| West Indies | 47 | Great Britain (London) | 1 |
| Central and South America | 9 | | 520 |

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A Great-West Life Policy will give this assurance on terms remarkably attractive. Rates are low, conditions liberal and clearly expressed, while the profit returns to Policyholders are notably gratifying.

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# SOLDIERS HOME-COMING CAMPAIGN

## THE WAR WORK AND AFTER-WAR WORK OF THE

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**"First to Serve—Last to Appeal"**

IF one institution in the Empire was prepared for war, it was the Salvation Army. For 53 years, it has been practising the relief of distress wherever and whenever the need arose.

And when the War came, intensifying human suffering and the need for bodily and spiritual help in a thousand ways, the Salvation Army was *Ready*.

It has maintained 147 Huts, 96 Hostels and 40 Rest Rooms, 1200 uniformed workers and 46 ambulances at the front—in addition to taking care of the problems which arose here in Canada, as a result of the departure of our soldiers.

Hostilities have ceased, leaving vast and complex problems—human problems—that call expressly for the sympathetic and ardent workers trained by and organized into the Salvation Army.

## THE SALVATION ARMY MILLION DOLLAR FUND
## JANUARY 19th to 25th

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**Hostels for Soldiers**

For our troops in Europe on duty or awaiting transportation, and for returned men landing in Canada, the Salvation Army Hostels provide good food, clean beds, wholesome entertainment at a price the soldier can afford to pay.

**Care of the Wives, Widows, Dependents and Orphans of Soldiers**

The Salvation Army operates Emergency Receiving and Maternity Homes for the care of those whom the soldier leaves behind him.

**Visitation of War Families**

The misery endured by helpless families of our soldiers by reason of debt, sickness, and misfortune is alleviated by the relief work of the Salvation Army workers.

**Demobilization**

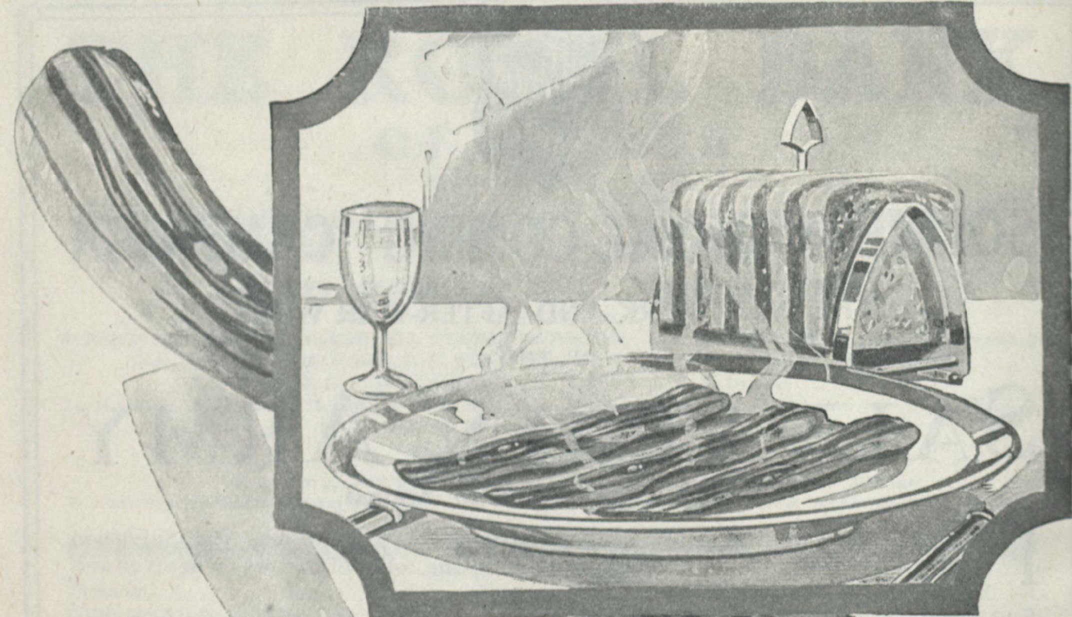
Through its Hostels maintained throughout Canada the Salvation Army is already assisting vitally in the repatriation of our soldiers, especially those who have returned with no homes to go to, and those who are looking for a new start in civil life.

Your earnest co-operation is needed. For two generations the Salvation Army has stood out and out for God. It approaches practical problems in a practical way and achieves RESULTS.

***"Let Your Gratitude Find Expression in Service."***

**The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund Committee.**

**Headquarters, 20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO**



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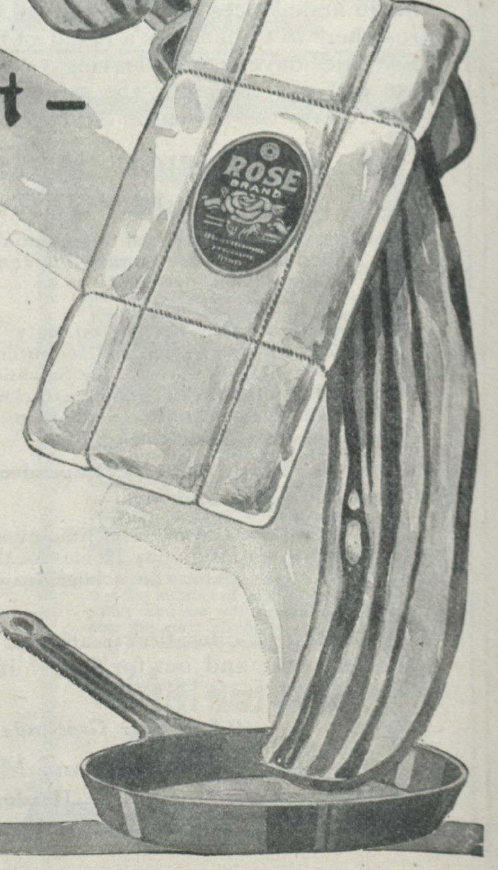

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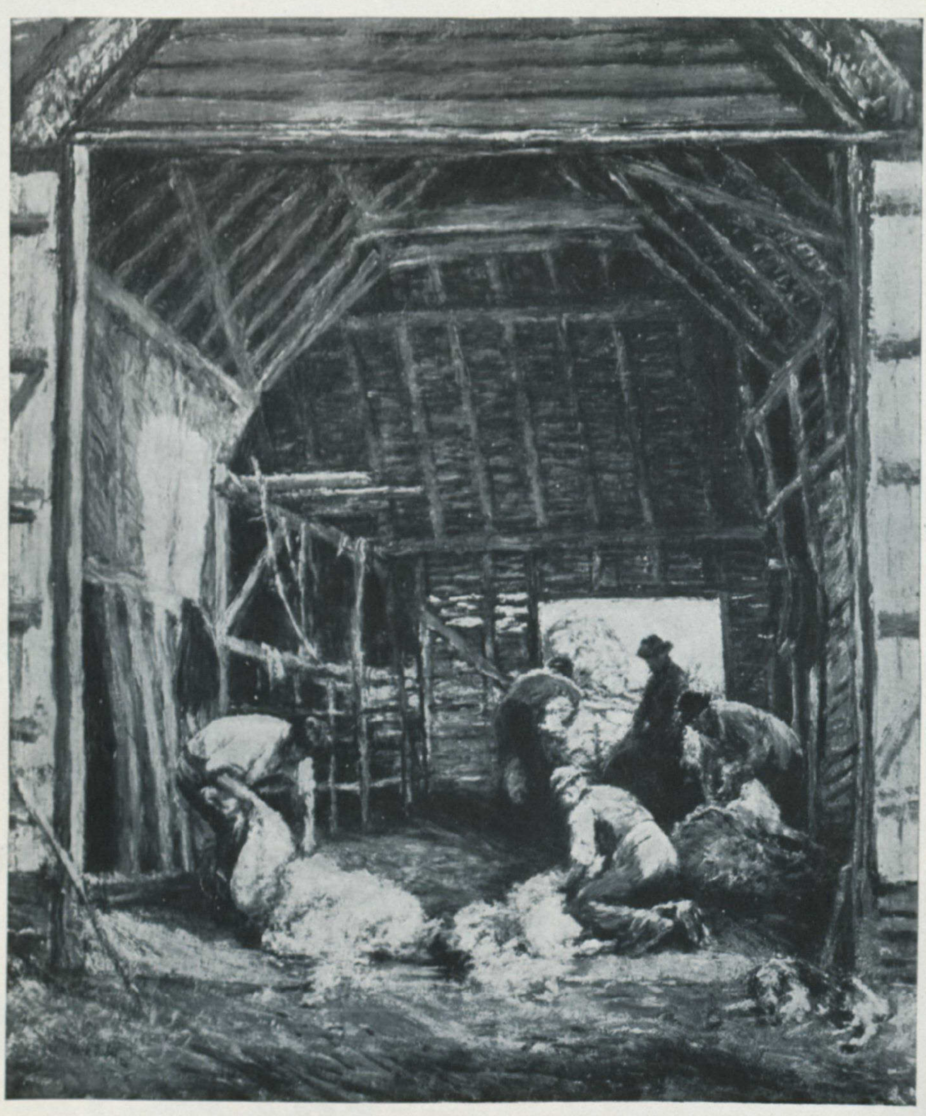

SHEARING SHEEP

From the Painting by Mark Fisher, A.R.A., in the National Gallery of Canada

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# THE INEVITABLENESS OF PARTY

BY CHARLES MORSE

HE War having witnessed in the great English-speaking communities of the world the subjection of party politics to the need of the State for the highest measure of governmental efficiency and freedom of action, the question confronts us whether party as a factor in government has not become *tout usé,* and, therefore, ready to be scrapped while the activities of social reconstruction are going strong.

This question cannot be answered without taking thought concerning the nature of our political institutions. What if the abolition of party be not the mere lopping away of a dead or diseased branch from the tree of representative government, but means the laying of the axe to the root of the tree itself? This is a very serious question, for disaster may surprise us where we only seek reform.

Party government has been more fully exhibited in England than elsewhere, and its true development must be traced in English constitutional history. I concern myself wholly here with the English political system, but the intimacy of its bearing upon our own is apparent from the following observation of one of the ablest of our constitutional writers: "No one who knows the actual working or machinery of government in Canada will contend that either in the Dominion or the various provinces there exists other than responsible parliamentary government."

Parties are no new thing in human history. In some form or other they are as old as the origin of civil society. "Party feeling," says Sir Henry Maine, "is one of the strongest forces acting on human nature . . . It is as universal as humanity."

But parties as they exist to-day under the English system and its colonial derivatives are a native growth, and find no prototype in the annals of early European States. Parties as they appeared in the ancient Greek States and in Rome were never more than factions, and afford a sad picture of strife and corruption. What they struggled for was power, not for the attainment of just and settled government. So far from being, as our parties are to-day, a conventional part of the State mechanism, they were ignored both in law and usage by the State. In England, as we shall see in a moment, party government emerged from the conflict between autocracy and individual liberty in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Liberty which is so fluid and elusive a thing to the individual hand that seeks to grasp it, must surely yield itself to the concerted and unremitting pursuit of the many. Middle-class Englishmen of the Stuart period certainly did not need Spinoza's counsel that fusion is the price of efficient social effort. But in the Greek cities, and down to a very late period in Rome, the rights of the citizen as against the State were undreamed of. As Fustel de Coulanges puts it: "The State considered the mind and body of every citizen as belonging to it . . . It is a singular error, therefore, among all human errors, to believe that in the ancient cities men enjoyed liberty. They had not even the idea of it. They did not believe that there could exist any right as against the city and its gods." How low the ethos of Athenian partisanship was can be learned from Plato's allegory of the ship of State; but Thucydides's survey of Greek politics, appended to his account of the Corcyraean massacre, ranks as the *locus classicus* on the subject. He was inclined to think that every form of villainy that permeated Greek society at that time found its origin in the strife of parties. Anyone who would have a clear understanding of the ethics of party in Rome should have recourse to the immortal chapter entitled "The Old Republic and the New Monarchy" in Mommsen, or to Gaston Boissier's illuminating study of Roman society published under the title of "Cicero and his Friends". Even modern history discloses no parallel to the genius of British political parties in continental Europe, although there was a more or less complete system of representative institutions in the government of the Sicilies under the Swabian kings so early as the beginning of the thirteenth century. On the other hand, in the nineteenth century there were several attempts in European States and elsewhere to mould party government on English lines.

Parties, as I have said, are part of the mechanism of the State under the English system. True, they are extralegal, inasmuch as they have no constitutional recognition; but I shall endeavour to show before I close my examination of them that they are the very nerves of the organs of government as they exist to-day, and that without them these organs would cease to function.

Again, parties in their outward and visible organization are extra-parliamentary, yet their real battle-ground is in parliament, and it is there that they reach their greatest measure of achievement. It was in the House of Commons that the English party system was born. Its coming was at least adumbrated when Peter Wentworth, member for Tregony, in the year 1576 withstood the arbitrary pretensions of Queen Elizabeth in winged words. "Sweet is the name of liberty," he said, "but the thing itself a value beyond all inestimable treasure. So much the more it behoveth us to take care lest we, contenting ourselves with the sweetness of the name, lose and forego the thing. Without this it is a scorn and mockery to call it a Parliament house; for in truth it is a school of flattery and dissimulation."

Wentworth took this bold stand on behalf of the right of the Commons to

regulate matters affecting the religious liberty of the nation — "to deal in God's causes," as he finely phrased it; and in taking it he became one of the heralds of the Puritan party which fought so gloriously for liberty and helped in a wonderful measure to shape the character of the modern British State.

The intrepid spirit of the Puritans in demanding religious freedom could not fail to stimulate the independence of all members of the Commons who had a noble rage for popular rights in the large. Before the close of the sixteenth century, organized parliamentary opposition to the prerogative was so menacing that the great statesman Burleigh seemed to see with prophetic vision the tragic passing of autocracy in the coming age—"England can only be ruined by her Parliament," he said. In 1597 the Commons presented an address to the Crown concerning the abuse of "Monopolies", whereby the Queen had assumed the right to make lavish grants to her favorites which enabled them to deal exclusively in commodities embracing almost all of the common necessaries of life.

To this address the tactful Queen made this very adroit reply, that she "hoped her dutiful and loving subjects would not take away her prerogative, which is the choicest flower in her garden, and the principal and head pearl in her crown and diadem; but would rather leave that to her disposition, promising to examine all patents and to abide the touchstone of the law". But the "choicest flower" in the royal garden was so carefully cultivated by the monopolists that its leaves had to be shattered by the "forced fingers rude" of the reformers. In 1601 a Bill was introduced by a member of the Commons to invalidate these royal grants, and after a prolonged debate, in which the supporters of the prerogative were overwhelmed in argument, assurance was solemnly given to the House on behalf of the Crown that all existing patents of monopolies should be revoked and none granted for the future.

These were the beginnings of political parties in England. But it was not until the reign of the first Charles, when the members of the Long Parliament divided upon the question of the disposition that should be made of the episcopal office in the national church, that parties with distinctive names and definite and opposing principles assumed a place in the political activities of the State which they have ever since persisted in occupying. As Dr. Hannis Taylor observes: "By the division which occurred on that question on the 8th of February, 1641, the line was first roughly drawn between the two political bodies that in the course of time had developed into the two parliamentary parties which, after having been known first as Roundheads and Cavaliers, then as Whigs and Tories, still survive under names so familiar at the present day". Broadly speaking, the Tories, when our history of political parties begins, were the supporters of absolute monarchy, while the Whigs stood for a monarchy limited by Parliament. Whig principles triumphed in the Revolution of 1688, and after a long period of hard fortune, largely due to their dalliance with treason, the Tories found it necessary to renounce the

"Right divine of Kings to govern wrong"

and to acknowledge the supremacy of Parliament and the fundamental rights of the people. History shows that while the fabric of our political institutions was almost wholly constructed by the Whigs, yet they themselves have not always been astute to uphold parliamentary and popular rights—notably, not to mention other and more recent instances, when the "Junto" refused to resign on the loss of their majority in 1698. History also shows that from the middle of the eighteenth century down to Disraeli's time the Tories had done much to warrant his magniloquent claim that their party had been, and would continue

to be, the guardian of our institutions, the preserver of empire, and the defender of the masses from injustice and oppression. All of which testifies that while neither of the two great political parties may have always responded to the demands of "highest office and the chief ministry of the gods", as Plato characterizes State service, yet behind each of them there is a splendid record of noble and persistent achievement for the common weal.

The centre of gravity of the State was shifted from the Crown to the House of Commons as a result of the Revolution of 1688, since the executive power formerly exercised by the King thereafter came to be administered by a committee of Parliament, known as the Cabinet, which depends for its existence directly upon the will of the popular chamber and indirectly upon the will of the people as expressed at the polls. But the Cabinet as we now have it was not a deliberate creation. It is a development of the political forces of the nation working silently, and more or less informally, towards equilibrium. For a long time Englishmen seemed to think it an evil thing, that was to be associated with the disreputable 'Cabal' of the reign of Charles II. Neither in the reign of William III. nor of Anne, to both of whom ministerial control was anathema, did the Cabinet assume its present form. Before that system could be effectually set up it was necessary for the occupant of the throne to accept the maxim *Rex regnat, sed non gubernat*—for the Cabinet is a body chosen from the ranks of the party having a majority in the House of Commons and is clothed with the supreme executive power of the State. Had our first Hanovarian king understood the English tongue well enough to preside over meetings of his advisers, the modern Cabinet might not have dated from his reign. George II. is not credited by historians with a discerning mind—indeed, we have recently heard from them that his mentality chiefly expressed itself "in a truly German passion for designing uniforms" — but his petulant remark: "Ministers are the King in this country" cannot be bettered as a definition in a nut-shell of the place and power of the Cabinet. This body stands outside the law of the constitution—that is to say, the law does not attempt to define its rights and responsibilities. From Addington's administration in the early years of the nineteenth century down to our own immediate times members of the Cabinet were required to hold office as ministers of the Crown and also to have seats in one or other of the two Houses of Parliament. That was the practice; but, to quote an eminent authority, "although the rule which requires the Minister to be a member of the legislature is now firmly established, so that any deliberate and persistent departure from it would be justly regarded as utterly unconstitutional, yet there is no law or legal usage to render it binding". (Taswell-Langmead Eng. Const. Hist., 7th ed., p. 546.)

During the progress of the great War, which we may now regard as happily ended, a sharp and radical departure from this practice was made in Great Britain. The Cabinet called into existence by Mr. Lloyd George in December, 1916, not only included members who were without portfolio — for which, of course, there was precedent--but some who were even without seats in either House of Parliament. The rupture of constitutional usage was intensified in 1917 when the leader of the Government announced, as a result of the deliberations of the War Conference of that year, that the Premiers of the Dominions and Colonies, or their representatives, were to be temporary members of the War Cabinet while present in England, and, later, General Smuts was made a permanent member of that body, although he had no seat in Parliament. But *silent leges inter arma,* and it is not likely that so serious a departure from the constitutional rule above stated

will persist in the piping times of peace. When discussing this subject with an English democrat not long ago, he told me that he looked upon a coalition government as one of the worst forms of war-blight. Necessary as it was for unity of action, it was nevertheless a reversion to type—"So like the King that was"!

To return briefly to settled usage and practice, it remains to be said that formerly the chief of the Cabinet, the Prime Minister, had no more legal status than had the Cabinet itself. It was not until the year 1905—when the Prime Minister by Royal Warrant was given precedence next after the Archbishop of York, that the office obtained some sort of legal recognition. The members of the Cabinet are chosen by the King and nominally hold office at his pleasure; but the choice is made on the advice of the Prime Minister, who, in his turn, has been practically nominated by the party that has been given by the electors a majority in the the House of Commons. The King cannot now exercise his pleasure to dismiss any one of his ministers while that minister has the confidence of his colleagues. On the other hand, ever since Pitt forced George III. in 1792 to retire Lord Chancellor Thurlow—the King's permanent spy upon his ministers—no one can remain a member of the Cabinet against the will of the Prime Minister. It is not incorrect to say that in our times it is the people at the polls, and not the King nor the lobbyists in Parliament, who choose the Prime Minister.

Thus, by a slow and gradual process of development, has the executive power passed from the sceptred hand of the King into the hands of a political body that can be made or unmade by the people in a day. And when we remember that 'His Majesty's Loyal Opposition' is a complementary body to the ministry, possessing a traditional mandate from the sovereign people to environ the Executive — lest, perchance, its footsteps slide from the paths of honest government—and to proclaim lustily from the watch-towers whensoever its counsels go unheeded, are we not justified in viewing English party government as the express image of democracy in action?

Now, while this brief survey of the question fairly predicates the utter inseparability of the party system from representative government, there are many earnest souls among us today who would sacrifice both the principal thing and its accessory if so be political purity would ensue and the interests of democracy suffer no loss. And this phase of iconoclasm is no new thing. In every period of recovery from some national strain which subordinates party interests to the united action of all for the safety of the State, we have good people impelled by the fever of reform to cry out for a chance to smash the idol of party beyond repair. But hitherto it has been in the dispensation of Providence to maintain our political system unimpaired. In these days of social unrest and dislocation it is the patriotic duty of us all to uphold the constitution in some concrete way. When the blood of our bravest and best has been spilt that liberty as we understand it should prevail, it is a cheap thing for us to confine our patriotism to shouting "God save the King" in public places now and then. Our hearts are all right, but the trouble is we are cursed with a weak spirit of diffidence and self-consciousness. That is not the spirit that animated our forefathers at Naseby or our boys on the fields of Flanders and France during the last four years. We should defend our political institutions with downrightness whenever they are attacked by misguided enthusiasts and half-baked doctrinaires. Those institutions embody the only system of practical democracy that accords with the genius of the British people. In the opinion of expert critics, both at home and abroad, no better system has yet been devised to maintain equilibrium between autocracy on the one

hand and anarchy on the other. It proved too democratic for such reactionary minds of our own race as those of Maine, Carlyle, and Lecky. They were affrighted by the spectacle of the commonwealth being handed over to the control of "a sovereign people", corrupt and largely ignorant of their duty to society. But this spectacle of sovereignty they envisaged was no illusion, and the rest is a matter not without hope, judging from the splendid spirit of public service shown by all classes of the people during the war. To quote the opinion of Mr. Delisle Burns, one of the most stimulating of contemporary publicists: "Political education is what is most needed; political purity may be left to take care of itself".

Space will not permit of me making extended reference to the authorities, but I feel that I ought not wholly to stay my hand from support for the views I have set down. Let me first quote from Mr. Graham Wallas, who approaches the party system from the viewpoint of social psychology:—"Party is in fact the most effective political entity in the modern national State. It has come into existence with the appearance of representative government on a large scale; its development has been unhampered by legal or constitutional traditions, and it represents the most vigorous attempt which has been made to adopt the form of our political institutions to the actual facts of human nature." ("Human Nature in Politics," pp. 82, 83.)

This is much of a piece with what Bluntschli said many years before in his "Character and Spirit of Political Parties". He thought that instead of party being looked upon as a political disease it was a symptom and guarantee of sound public health. More than that, it was indispensable to the functioning of representative institutions in that it supplied the quality of adaptability to changing environment which made for permanence in the social organism. Goldwin Smith, although he scolded, *more suo,* about the shortcomings of party, was forced to admit that "the machine of elective government must have a motor, and the motor hitherto in England has been party, in the absence of which there always has been a reign of cabal". ("The United Kingdom," vol. II, p. 108.)

"The ministry must govern," says Sir Courtenay Ilbert in his preface to Professor Redlich's "Procedure of the House of Commons"; and he continues: "How can the ministry control the body on whose favour their existence depends? How can they prevent the supreme executive council of the nation from being an unorganized, uncontrollable, irresponsible mob? The English answer is, by party machinery. It is this machinery that secures the necessary discipline. The Cabinet system presupposes a party system, and, more than that, a two-party system. This does not mean that there may not be more than two parties in each House. But it does mean that there must be two main parties, one represented by the Treasury bench, and the other by the front Opposition bench, and that the party represented by the Treasury bench must be able with or without its allies to control the majority of the House of Commons". President Lowell ("Government of England", vol. 1, p. 435), speaks as follows: "Experience has, indeed, shown that democracy in a great country, where the number of voters is necessarily large, involves the permanent existence of political parties; and it would not be hard to demonstrate that this must in the nature of things be the case."

Let me close my array of authorities by quoting again from Mr. Delisle Burns. This time he is having a fling at the passionate meddlers who would shatter to bits the present party system and remould our institutions nearer to their hearts' desire. He says: "All attacks which I have seen on the party system seem to imply that we know what should be done, but the

party politicians will not do it. But I am not so confident that anyone knows so much, and I am absolutely certain that the opponents of the party system do not." ("Political Ideals", p. 288.)

And so I conclude that party colour is inexpungible from the texture into which our political ideas are woven. We are all familiar with Aristotle's dictum that man is by nature a political animal, which may perhaps be regarded as a sort of pagan conception of the doctrine of original sin; but however that may be, history seems to indicate that the Anglo-Saxon has been able, in a measure quite unparalleled, not only to dignify the conflicts of party but to make them subserve the best interests of the State.

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# TRIBUTE

By CECILE JOYCE KEENAN

UPON your lowest step I'll rest—I'll kneel upon the floor—
To steep my spirit in the glory shining from your door;
'Twixt us the bond of human tears, (He died that I might live),
Then let me share your sorrow, I who have no son to give.

Life's harp against the lintel hangs, 'tis tuned to sacrifice;
His fearless hands struck from the strings a chord that swept the skies.
The wind of fame caught up the strain upon its pinions strong,
That all the list'ning years might wake to sing the deathless song.

Then let me kneel beside your door, and share your splendid woe:
"To Arms! To Arms!" our country called—I had no son to go.
But you who bore, and you who gave, and you who suffer now,
Take off the garments of distress, the myrtle from your brow!

Put on a robe of purple silk, put on a golden crown,
Upon the throne of Motherhood in majesty sit down;
And let me kneel before you, then, in lowly tribute, I
Who, when the ravaged world cried out, could send no son to die!

# HELIOTROPE

## BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER"

### CHAPTER II.

WILSON ARCADE, as everyone knows, is a hive of architects, and No. 17 is one of the cells. Its chipped glass door bore the name "T. Maddison, Architeet," in very new gilding across its surface. T. Maddison was in, and delighted to see us.

He thought we were clients.

When he found we were not he tried to be delighted still, but when he had read our card and heard our business he was just plain mad. Most people, we find, are affected in that way. If all the world loves a lover, all the world fights shy of a—criminologist. And in this case there was a lady to be thought of.

T. Maddison, I am sure, was thinking of her while he icily prepared to baffle all our polite inquiries. Not a word would he tell us about the affair of the adventure. He had nothing to say about the lady, or about the lost property or about anything which might conceivably help us in our business. He was a most obstinate young man, and chuck full of chivalry. We couldn't help liking him.

But finally Gregory lost patience.

"Very well," he said calmly, "we cannot force you to speak. All that we can do is to turn this matter over to the regular police. You will be watched, your office, your home will be watched; your phone calls will be checked. If the lady has not already claimed her lost property—thanks, I see by your expression that she has not—she is certain to do so. You do not know where she lives or who she is, so you can't warn her. And when she does come she will walk right into the arms of the police. Not at all a pleasant thing for a young girl."

This gave our chivalrous architect pause. He settled his collar uneasily.

"By jove, what am I to do?" he pleaded. "Don't you see what a deuce of a fix I'm in?"

We did see it and were properly sympathetic. But we were very glad we had come right along, for it was plain that we had come in time. Though only just, for while T. Maddison was still fooling with his collar, the 'phone rang, and when he answered, the blindest bat could have told by his changing expression that it was the expected call which had come.

The one side of a telephone conversation is not very illuminating. All that our architect said was, "Yes", and then "Yes", "That's all", and then "Yes, certainly", "Not at all", "Much pleased to have the opportunity".

He hung up the receiver gloomily.

"Well," he said, "that was the girl. I dare say you gentlemen guessed. And a nice kind of beast I feel getting her into a peck of trouble like this."

"You are more likely to keep her out of trouble if you are sensible," declared Gregory. "Are you to return her property or is she coming here for it?"

"She is coming here. And say, you fellows have got to clear out. You've simply got to. She'll think that it's a trap. She'll think that I——."

"No, she won't. But if you really insist, we will clear out. Only I'm warning you that it would be a foolish thing to do. If we stay and explain the matter to her, she will have a chance to do a little explaining, too, and probably everything will be put right inside five minutes. It is quite possible that the lady is not the lady-in-blue at all. In which case all the worry is over. If she is the blue lady she is certain to be found by the police—it's an absolute necessity. She will be wanted as a witness. I for one have no idea that she will be wanted in any other capacity. And I give you my word that as long as I keep that point of view it will be the first care of myself and my partner to keep the lady from any annoyance. But if it is left to the regular police—well, you know."

The young architect gave in. "I'll tell you what I know," he said. "I was walking down Stanley Street last night at about five o'clock. It was getting very dark, with a big storm coming. It was just beginning to spit rain and I was putting up my umbrella when a young girl came running down the street and collided with me—knocking the umbrella out of my hand. She was breathless and seemed terrified. I thought it was the storm. Some women hate storms. I wanted to reassure her, to offer the umbrella to—to do anything I could, but she didn't give me the ghost of a chance—just kind of sobbed out, "Sorry, so stupid of me", and rushed on. By the time I had recaptured the umbrella she was almost out of sight. It wasn't until I reached home that I found a small bag of silver mesh which had caught on the button of one of my raincoat pockets."

"The shiny purse!" exclaimed Gregory, nodding at me.

"There was no card or address in it, just some money and three rings done up in tissue paper. The rings are very valuable. Hence the advertisement."

"Rings," said Gregory, thoughtfully. "Were the settings loose or anything? Did they need cleaning?"

"No, they are in perfect condition."

"And the lady's dress?"

"It might have been blue. I'm not sure."

"But your impression is?"

"That it was blue."

"Well, now, I think," said Gregory, "that we ought to have this whole thing out in the open. With your permission we will tell the young lady all about it and how we come to be here. If she is a sensible girl she will help us instead of hindering."

Personally, I think this was rather risky, but Gregory has a way with him which does wonders with nervous people. By the time the girl's knock came, he had T. Maddison quite smoothed. Still, I kept thinking—what if the girl really were——.

After I saw her I didn't think that any more. She was the kind of girl you couldn't think evil of—not even if you are a criminologist. The Jessie child had been right. She was pretty. Her hair was black—soft black made especially to set off her creamy face and to match her candid dark eyes. She was about twenty, I should say, and the last thing in style, from her high-laced boots to the point of the flame-tipped quill in her close little brown hat. She was not wearing blue to-day. T. Maddison was plainly overpowered. He stuttered. He blushed, but finally he managed to return to her the silver mesh bag and to utter incoherent apologies for not knowing by instinct her name and address, so that he need not have had recourse to a newspaper.

The girl smiled, thanked him, opened the bag eagerly and looked inside. Then she grew very pale. "Is that all?" she asked in a kind of helpless way.

"The rings are there," he assured her eagerly. "Three of them."

"It was not the rings," she faltered.

"It was an address, wasn't it?" asked Gregory kindly. "I think I can assist you. Is this it?"

The girl turned to him. Her look expressed blank surprise. But her face turned a little paler.

"Did—did this gentleman have my purse?" she asked T. Maddison slowly.

"No, he did not," spluttered that irate knight. "I assure you it has never been out of my hands."

"This address was not found in the purse," explained Gregory blandly. "It was picked up in the garden of No. 3 Richly Road—where you dropped it."

The girl, still controlled, but very white, took the slip of paper from his hand and examined it. As she did so a certain tension seemed to relax. "This is not the paper which I lost," she said firmly, handing it back.

"Excuse me, I think it is, although it may not be the one you are looking for." Gregory's tone was still kind, but had a hint of sternness in it.

"I do not know what you mean."

"I am going to tell you. But before I begin, won't you sit down? And please do not put yourself on the defensive. We do not suspect you of harming the old lady who lived in the house whose address is written here. All we want to know is, why you went there. Whether you knew her personally and what happened during your visit?"

"I didn't——."

"Come," interrupted Gregory briefly, and with an assurance which could not but convince, "we know all about the visit. You were seen going in and coming out. We want to keep it out of the hands of the police, if we can."

For a moment she glanced at the young architect, who was looking the picture of contrition, and then back to Gregory's firm yet kindly face. She realized further evasion to be useless and undignified. The colour rushed into her face and ebbed away again.

"She was dead when I got there," she said briefly.

We all started. At least T. Maddison and I did. Gregory nodded. "I thought it might be that," he said. "But—you stayed a few moments—didn't you?"

"The girl looked ghastly, but she held herself well.

"Yes, I did. I was looking for something. I made myself stay until I found it. Then I lost control of myself. I ran out. I was horribly frightened—there was a strange noise——."

"Cats," said Gregory.

"Yes. I saw about the cats in the morning paper. But then I didn't know. It terrified me."

"Why," said Gregory, "did you not knock at the door?"

"I thought she would not let me in."

"She knew you then?"

"I think she knew me by sight."

"You knew her?"

"No."

"Hadn't we better have the story?"

"You can't have the story," said the girl firmly.

"Well then, part of it. You see it is necessary."

She was quiet for a moment, obviously thinking hard. Then, "I'll tell you what I can," she agreed. "This woman was a bad woman. She was a blackmailer. She was threatening someone—a friend of mine. This person had done nothing wrong. The woman's story was a lie, but lies can do a lot of harm. My friend was ill. I got the address from the letter she—that woman—sent and went myself to do what I could to stop her wickedness."

"And you took with you the three rings and some other jewellery, which you carried in your handbag—to bribe her with, if necessary?"

"Yes. I thought if I could see her and talk to her I might do something. She had said in her letter to my—friend, that there would be no further negotiations. That was why I did not knock. I was determined to see her. I went right in. The door into the hall was open and I could see the light of the fire. I went into that room—I saw

her. She was dead. I was terribly shocked, but she was so wicked I didn't care. After a moment I was glad she was dead. I stood for a moment wondering what to do. Then I saw some letters lying on the table and I remembered there ought to be a letter there somewhere written by my friend. I wanted to get it. I made myself go over to the table. I looked through the mail, and found the letter. I took it out of the envelope to see if it was the right one, and just then that—that cat—oh it was horrible! I just turned and ran. I must have dropped the envelope then, but I did not miss it until I got home. I hoped it was in the silver bag—because it was in my friend's writing. That is all that I can tell you."

She was so obviously determined to say no more that Gregory did not attempt to press her. Instead, he rose and walked to the window. "Dear me!" he exclaimed after a moment's keen survey of the street below, "dear me, this is most unfortunate."

"What?" I asked.

The girl echoed the question in a startled tone. She had risen and was moving toward the door.

"Don't go yet," recommended Gregory gravely. "I am afraid we have underestimated the quickness of the police in this affair. I think I see the red head of Macrae——."

"The police!" cried the girl, with a little catch in her voice.

T. Maddison doubled a muscular arm and made a move toward Gregory. "You infernal—" he began, but Gregory smiled at him blandly.

"None of that! If Macrae is there it is none of my doing. But Miss—the young lady—had better remain here until I make sure."

He was gone before anyone could expostulate further. The girl sat down again, her lips pressed tightly together to keep them steady, I think.

We waited. Gregory's "making sure" took a little time, but when he returned he was smiling. "A false alarm," he told us. "Evidently other people besides Macrae have red hair," he observed.

"May I go now?" asked the girl in a tired voice.

"Yes, any time. But I should like to ask you some questions first."

"I cannot answer."

"That's as you see fit. But let me tell you a few things anyway. Now please! You make me feel very brutal when you look like that. And all I want to do, Miss Hampden, is to help you. You see I know your name. You are Miss Enid Hampden, daughter of John P. Hampden, owner of the Hampden Mills."

"I do not deny it."

"Why should you? And why need you make a secret of the fact that the "friend" you mention in your story is Alice Hampden, your mother?"

The girl said nothing to this, but her hands locked themselves tightly in her lap. Gregory went on as if she had spoken.

"You see it is always foolish to complicate mystery with mystery in an affair like this. I like to straighten things out as I go along. For your own sake as well as mine, I must have your position clearly defined. You did not care to speak, so I was compelled to trace your telephone call and to make a few casual inquiries. Your mother is ill. I am right, am I not, in assuming that it is her you have been protecting?"

Gregory has a very pleasant voice and a manner which, quite apart from what he says, has a remarkable effect upon nervous people. Miss Hampden, who had looked like marble a moment ago, suddenly melted, perilously near tears. Her lip quivered and her eyes swam. She was really exceedingly pretty, and I don't wonder that T. Maddison wanted to shoot us both.

"Yes—it is mother," admitted the girl. "I—it would kill her to be mixed up in a scandal like this."

"Well, we must keep her out of it. I do not want to injure an innocent lady any more than you do. But you will have to tell me the whole story."

Again the famous manner carried conviction. It was fortunate for little Miss Hampden that Gregory was really what he appeared to be.

"I suppose I must," she said bravely.

"It is a sad little story, but not disgraceful. When my mother was very young she and my father fell in love, but they couldn't acknowledge it and be married publicly, because he was too poor to support her, and she was always so delicate. They decided to wait, but—well, they loved each other very much. My father was certain of success; my mother knew that he would claim her as soon as ever he could, and—and she didn't quite realize—anyway no one could have foretold the disaster which followed. My father was badly hurt in a railway wreck out west. He was ill for a long time, and mother did not know where he was. She was very frightened and alone. I do not need to give you any of the details, but after I was born there was a time when mother paid for me to be taken care of by a woman who looked after little babies—who—whose parents couldn't acknowledge them. The—Mrs. Simmons was the woman ——."

"A baby farmer, by Jove!"

"Yes, I suppose so. Anyway, she was a bad woman, but mother didn't know, and it wasn't long before things came right again, for father got better and returned, and the deal he had been putting through in the west was a success, so he came to her at once and they went away, paying the woman, and taking me with them. At least," one big tear overflowed from the girl's wet eyes, "they thought they took me with them. Don't you see? Then, after all these years, the woman wrote to mother and told her that I was not her baby at all. Her real baby, she said, had died and she had not told her because of the regular pay. Another child had been substituted. But she promised that if mother gave her a large sum of money she would keep the truth from my father and from me, but if she did not pay she would see that everyone knew — wasn't it wicked? Wasn't it desperately *wicked?*"

"I cannot say that my respect for the late Mrs. Simmons increases!" said Gregory grimly. "What a fiendish trick!"

"Mother hasn't had a happy moment since. She says she is sure, quite sure, that the woman lied—but—there is the horrible doubt. She says she remembers seeing a little dead baby which the woman showed her who was about my size and dark like me. And she was so terrified of father or me knowing. The woman said she would write to father if mother did not pay the money. Father is very fond of me and this terrible thing would quite ruin his happiness. Mother didn't intend me to know, either, but she was so ill. I found the letter and made her tell me the rest. I went to the house with my jewels just on the chance of finding out the real truth. I didn't know what I should do — plead or bribe or threaten or all together—and you know what happened. We are safe from any scandal now unless my name is dragged into the murder case and father is safe—but for mother and me" — the girl broke down and cried in earnest.

"Oh come," cheered Gregory. "It is almost certain that there is not a particle of truth in her statement. It has blackmail on the fact of it. Wouldn't a mother know her own baby?"

"She might not if she had not been able to see it for two months. Wee babies are so much alike and two months makes such a difference. And how would anyone suspect a thing like that?"

"But the resemblance. Do you not resemble your mother—or your father?"

"It is strange, but I don't — not enough to serve as evidence. Mother thinks I look like her grandmother. There is a miniature and there is a resemblance—but not at all a striking

one. Mother herself is fair and father is dark, but not really like me.''

''Well, that is no evidence either way. Plenty of children do not look at all like their immediate ancestors.''

The girl nodded. ''Yes,'' she agreed in a small voice.

''Don't let it trouble you,'' said Gregory. ''And remember, when this case is cleared up, other things may be cleared up too. You have given me most valuable information. Sit tight and my partner and I will do our best to bring you good news. But do not wear a blue hat or a blue dress or carry a blue handbag for some time to come. Now before you go try to think of anything, anything at all which you noticed while you were in that house—it need not be facts, only, impressions, too, are valuable.

The girl passed her hand over her eyes. ''I—I can't think,'' she faltered. It was plain that she was tired out.

''Well, don't try, then,'' said Gregory kindly. ''But when you feel more like yourself, if there is anything, however trivial, ring me up and let me know—a-chew! Hubbard, I am getting that confounded cold of yours!''

Miss Hampden thanked us quietly and went out, escorted to the elevator by T. Maddison.

''Did you really think you saw Macrae in the street?'' I asked, the moment we were alone.

''No. I knew it wasn't he. But I had to get away, and to keep her here while I made a few necessary inquiries—just to induce her to go on with her story. But Macrae might very well have been there just the same. He is a smart fellow, and is almost sure to connect that personal sooner or later with a possible lady-in-blue. When he does he'll come straight here.''

''Then we shan't be able to keep Miss Hampden out of it after all.''

''We can try. I have thought of a plan. Let us provide a substitute. Someone who cannot in any way be remotely connected with No. 3 Richly Road and whose whole walk and conversation is open to inspection. Miss Price would do. We'll tell young Maddison to refer all inquiries to her as the lady who bumped into him and dropped her purse. We'll provide her with the necessary details of the encounter, and with a silver purse to show as evidence of returned property. She is quite clever enough to carry it through, barring accidents, so that trail need not lead to Enid Hampden at all.

Young Madison was delighted with this plan, and it was not necessary to ask him to be discreet, as he happened to be a person of quite normal intelligence, as evidenced by the question, ''But can't they trace her by the 'phone call, as you did?''

''They do not know, as I did, that she 'phoned. Say merely that she called for her bag and took it away. Then give them the address — Miss Price's address—and the trick is done. Be casual and quite open with them.''

Maddison grinned. ''I will that.''

We walked back to the office in deep thought.

''Well,'' I said, ''when we were alone, ''the puzzle begins to shape a little. One piece has fallen into place, at any rate.''

''You mean the baby's night slip?''

''Yes, a former baby farmer — a baby's garment—they hang together. Also, we know now that the woman was a bad one. Instead of narrowing, the field widens. Any one of the men or women she blackmailed may have taken the short way out. We know that she had visitors upon other days—why not upon this day? The fact of the child's not seeing anyone go in save the girl in blue is nothing. Other people passed along the street and may have slipped in when the child was not noticing. May have been in the house all afternoon, or more likely yet, the murderer may not have passed the child at all, but may have entered from Stanley Street by the side door. It is a quiet street and it was getting dark.''

"It looks as if our most promising clue so far were the baby slip. Did you tell Ridley to send it around?"

"Yes, and the box with the coins. I expect they are here now. I'll ring and ask Miss Emsley if a parcel came and will let her see what she can make of the slip."

Gregory has a great belief in women's intuition. He is fond of saying that if a woman could be found with sufficient nerve she would make the ideal detective. It was natural, then, that he often sought the help of women in cases where the masculine mind seemed to lose itself, and our new typist, Miss Emsley, had already proved herself to be a young person of alert and capable mind.

Before we had time to call her, however, Macrae's well known knock interrupted us and that canny Scot breezed in with fire in his eye.

"Here's to the mon who said that genius is just takin' pains," said he triumphantly. "Every bit of anything in yon house gone over with a microscope by that million-eyed Irishman O'Toole, and at long last we've got it."

"Got what?"

"The deil by the tail. Look you!" He spread before us a single sheet of writing paper, written in rather thick black ink with a pen that spluttered.

"A pairfectly graun clue!" said the Scot fervently, "fine, fine!"

Gregory and I bent over the paper and read:

"'You are a wicked, wicked woman. I haven't got the money and I can't get it. But I tell you this, if you tell my husband and spoil everything, I'll kill myself, but I'll kill you first, and you had better believe it, for I don't want to live, if he knows.'"

"This is something new," said Gregory slowly." For, of course, this is not the letter missing from the empty envelope found upon the floor, paper, ink, writing, everything are different."

"You're no sae blate," said Macrae admiringly. "I saw that mysel' and forby this letter has an envelope of its own—here it is."

There was no doubt about the two matching. The envelope was exactly like the paper, cheap and ordinary. The writing and ink were identical. It was addressed to Mrs. Simmons, and the stamp showed that it had been posted at the Grand Central station.

"Where did O'Ttoole find it, Mac?"

"In the bottom of the coal scuttle."

"Anything else there?"

"Just torn up bills and circulars. It looked as if the old leddy used it for a waste-paper basket."

"Any other letters anywhere?"

"No, and that's a queer thing. Bills and receipts and documents of various sorts, but not a scrap of correspondence, and her postie says she got her fair share of letters, too."

"Perhaps she burned them."

"D'ye think it likely?"

"No, I don't. We've got enough to suspect her as a blackmailer and blackmailers must have ammunition. There are other letters somewhere — or the letters have been stolen."

"You can take the word of a Macrae that there's nae letter in the hoose."

Knowing something of the thoroughness of O'Toole's methods of search, we nodded our agreement.

"We found a hidie hole, though," Macrae told us modestly. "It was nicely hid in the seat of the chair she sat in. But it was bare as your very hand."

"Was the opening on the upper or the lower surface?"

"You could get at it both ways, from down below or from above, under the cushion."

"Any finger prints?"

"Not a print. And nae sign o' any tamperin'."

"Either she took them out herself then, or they were taken out by someone who knew where they were and how to get them. Someone who wore gloves."

"I had come to that conclusion mysel'. But it's the letter, mon, what do you make o' the letter?"

"Not very much. It is a woman's writing — public school writing — the writing of one who does not write often and who has never developed a style of her own. The writer had little to do with letters, literally or figuratively — see there is no punctuation, and 'husband' is spelled with a 't'. Hurry might partly account for the lack of punctuation, but with a person accustomed to writing, punctuation is instinctive. The paper and envelopes are probably part of a 'box'—and not a fresh box either—see, it has slightly yellowed at the edges, as cheap paper will. The postmark may mean one of two things. The writer may live in the city and may have chosen her posting place to hide traces, or she may live in one of the nearby villages or towns and posted it while up for a day's shopping trip to the city. What do you think, Hubbard?"

"I should be inclined to favour the latter. It was certainly written in a big hurry and under stress. I doubt if the writer would ever think of the possibility of tracing by means of a postmark. She would just naturally run and post it in the nearest letter-box."

"I think I agree with you. Let's get the date."

This, unfortunately, we found impossible. The stamped dates were blurred beyond recovery.

"Go back," said Gregory, "and piece together some of the torn up bills and circulars. If they were all of one date it is probable that the date of this letter is the same. She may have thrown just one day's mail into the scuttle."

Macrae looked terribly crestfallen. "I micht have thocht o' that," he murmured as he departed.

Gregory picked up the letter again and studied it intently, only to throw it aside with an unsatisfied air.

"Somehow I doubt if it's half as important as it looks," he said. "It is an hysterical effusion. People who threaten murder and suicide — on paper—seldom commit either. The dead woman evidently agreed with me, since she disregarded the threat sufficiently to throw it into the coal scuttle. All the same, the person who wrote it must have spent some bad half hours since the murder. Let's have Miss Emsley in now and get her opinion about the baby slip."

But we were not destined to hear what Miss Emsley had to say that day, for just as I bent forward to touch the bell, the 'phone rang, and Gregory announced Miss Hampden, on the wire.

"Better cut in with the other receiver," he told me, "and make notes of what she has to say. After all, although she doesn't know much, she was the nearest to the actual crime of any witness we have found yet."

"I hope you won't think I'm silly," the girl's voice was saying, as I cut in, "but you asked me to try to remember everything. Do you mean impressions, too, and not just what I actually saw or heard?"

"Yes, Miss Hampden. Impressions, if they were really impressions received at the time, are quite as valuable as facts."

"Well, then, when I first went into that room, I had quite a distinct impression that there was someone there. That was why I couldn't believe she was — wasn't alive. Do you understand? It didn't feel like an empty room. Even when I knew she was certainly dead, the feeling of someone there did not go. That was partly what frightened me, I think."

"Yes, I understand. But are you quite sure that there was nothing tangible to suggest that feeling. No sound, no movement?"

The voice over the 'phone was silent for a moment and then "no," it went on, "there was nothing. Only that strange noise that made me drop the envelope—that horrid cat!"

"Any other impressions?"

"Yes. I remember as I went in—before I saw what had happened—that the room smelled sweet; of flowers, I think. Were there any flowers in the room?"

"No. There were no flowers."

"Well, I can't account for it, but I certainly thought there were flowers somewhere. I forgot all about my first impressions after I saw—her. But now that I am not so nervous, I can think back and remember, I clearly remember thinking that the room was warm and that the flowers were very sweet, and that if she liked flowers, she might not be so terribly bad. That is all and I know it sounds silly and hardly worth mentioning."

"Not a bit of it. Thank you very much. And don't worry. Things are going to come our way."

"He rang off and we looked at each other."

"Sensible girl that!" announced Gregory. "Not afraid of being laughed at."

Still, it was rather a silly fancy, wasn't it? There were certainly no flowers. And not a trace of perfume. Although," as a certain fact struck me, "I'll admit that I could not have smelled it if there had been. I haven't smelled a thing since I took this confounded cold!"

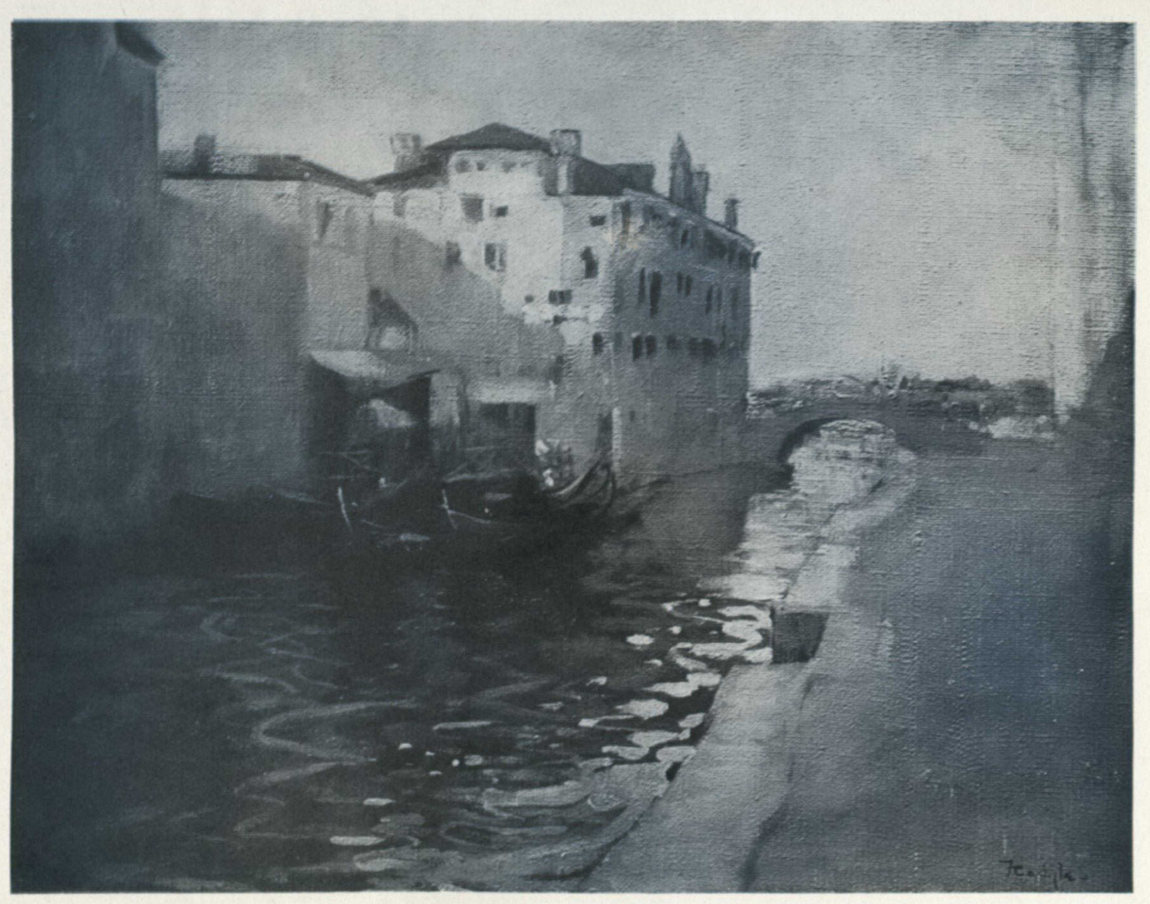
Gregory grinned, "I'd trust Miss Hampden's nose in preference to yours anyway," he declared. "If she thought she smelled flowers, depend upon it, the scent of flowers was there. And if she thought there was someone in the room—at least we must not forget that her entrance must have taken place shortly after the woman's death. For all we know she may have been very near death herself."

"You mean," I said, a little startled, "that the murderer may still have been in the room?"

"Or the next room, or the hall. But it's only a possibility. Her sense of human presence may be simply attributable to the fact that its occupant was so lately dead."

"More than likely, in my opinion," I said dryly, whereupon we entered upon a psychological dispute which lasted until dinner time.

(*To be continued.*)



AFTERNOON, VENICE

From the Painting by
Florence Carlyle, Canadian Painter,
in the National Gallery of Canada

# CANADIAN WOMEN WAR WORKERS OVERSEAS

BY MARY MacLEOD MOORE

THE work of British women, using British in its widest sense, is one of the remarkable features of the war. High and humble alike, they have answered the call, and now after four years of war they are still carrying on faithfully, splendidly, not weary in well-doing.

Canadian women have marched shoulder to shoulder with their sisters from all parts of the Empire, and the Dominion may well be proud of the record of her daughters, whether they bravely kept "the home fires burning" between the Atlantic and the Pacific, thousands of miles away from the treasure of their hearts, or whether they crossed the ocean to work year in and year out almost within sound of the sullen guns crashing their message to a stricken world in arms.

Frivolous women are not indigenous to any soil. Nor is it given to all to have the staying power that results in steady work for days and weeks and months and years, long after the first fiery enthusiasm has died away and only the cold ashes of monotony and sorrow are left. Therefore no one denies that there are a few failures, a few butterflies who avoided their share of the common burden, a few who said with fervour "I go, sir," and, when novelty merged into habit, "went not".

Of such one need say no more. One can only feel sorry that the Great Opportunity came and found them lacking. The contrast is the stronger when one thinks of the capable, devoted women who have helped to maintain the fine reputation won for Canada by her fighting men, who from the time they saved the situation at Ypres have never fallen below their high standard.

Pride of place must be given to the Canadian nursing sisters who came from two thousand Canadian homes, from East and West, and even from the farthest North, that they might care for the sick and wounded soldiers from all parts of the Empire. This they have done in England, in France, in Egypt and in Salonica.

When, some months ago, a very wonderful service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the memory of the nurses who have lost their lives in the war (and since then many more have fallen on active service), it was a noticeable compliment to the Dominion that the Canadian sisters were allocated to the place of honour. In the very from rows, immediately behind Queen Alexandra and the other royal ladies, sat scores of Canadian sisters, headed by Miss M. C. Macdonald, R.R.C., the Matron-in-Chief of the Canadian Nursing Service, who came over in the earliest days of the war and is still ruling wisely and firmly over the professional destinies of the Canadian sisters. The Matron-in-Chief, who is from Nova Scotia, and has three brothers in the Army, saw service in the Spanish-American War and in the

Miss. M. C. Macdonald,
Matron-in-Chief, Canadian Army Medical Corps

South African War, and has been on the Canadian permanent force since 1906.

Canada's nurses have won a noble reputation, not only because of their excellent training and their professional skill, but as sympathetic women, and as brave soldiers. This war has broken all precedents. For women to nurse under fire at the Casualty Clearing Stations, in the din of air-raids, in many places, and to face the dangers of a soldier's life, is no novelty nowadays. If the personal experiences of the Canadian nurses, alone, were collected, one would read tales as thrilling in their record of simple courage and devotion to duty as any that have been told.

Canada will never forget her nurses drowned by the Germans while doing their duty, killed or dying of wounds from the bombs dropped on hospitals, or dying of illness contracted while on active service.

Many of the Canadian sisters have won the nurses' decoration, the Royal Red Cross, and some have a much coveted military honour as well. Matron Edith Campbell, R.R.C., of Mont-

Lady Drummond,
Assistant Commissioner, Canadian Red Cross Society, London, England

real, for example, and five other Canadian nurses, received the Military Medal for "gallantry and devotion to duty during an enemy air raid", when regardless of personal danger these faithful women cared for their charges and inspired all about them by their calmness and devotion to duty.

This question of the Military Medal for nurses is a curious one where Canadians are concerned, for our sisters are the only nurses who have the rank, pay, and allowances of officers. Naturally, one wonders why, if officers, they were not awarded the Military Cross? Perhaps officialdom can answer. It is a mystery to the ordinary person.

In the front rank of women war workers from Canada are those associated with the Canadian Red Cross Society. Many of them, headed by a much-loved leader, Lady Drummond, of Montreal, Assistant Commissioner of the Society, and a Lady of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem, have been working steadily since the autumn of 1914.

In the London headquarters of the Society there is a staff of between two and three hundred, the most of whom are women, and for the most part voluntary workers. In addition, there are more than twelve hundred official visitors, Canadians, English and Scotswomen, who go regularly to all hospitals where wounded and sick Canadians are being treated, and supply them with comfort, home newspapers, etc.

Mrs. David Fraser,
Head of Parcels Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, London, England

It is impossible to mention here the names of a little army of hundreds. One can only speak of the heads and of those who have been longest active in the work, knowing that they are representative of all.

Lady Drummond arrived from Canada a few weeks after the war broke out, and at once began to apply her great ability, her sympathy and her many advantages for the benefit of the fighting men from Canada, of whom her only son, Captain Guy Drummond, who fell at Ypres, was one. The day after the First Contingent landed in France, February 11th, 1915, she opened the Information Bureau of the Canadian Red Cross Society, which it is no exaggeration to say has proved an invaluable link between the people of Canada and their soldier sons overseas. The Bureau has an Inquiry Department for the wounded and missing, with eight different sections, *i.e.*, the appointment of visitors and after-correspondence (Miss Rickards); recording general casualties (Miss Bella Mackinnon); reports to relatives of sick and wounded (Mrs. Forrester); reports of officers' casualties (Mrs. John Craik and Miss Mackinnon); hospitality for officers (Miss Elise Kingman); verbal inquiries about casualties (Miss B. Caverhill); inquiries for sick and wounded (Miss Warring); inquiries about men missing or killed (Mrs. Ellisson).

Over the whole eight sections Miss Erika Bovey, of Montreal, who was

Mrs. Nelles,
President, the Canadian Woman's Club for War Work,
Folkestone, England

one of the original workers in the Bureau, presides with ability and sympathy.

Another valuable and popular Department is that for Parcels, presided over by Mrs. David Fraser of Lancaster, Glengarry, assisted by a number of skilled workers. From this department the men in hospital receive all sorts of comforts, such as toilet articles, "smokes," books, maple sugar, fresh eggs and countless other gifts.

There is also a department for supplying the men with home newspapers, of which Mrs. Gibb Carsley is head, having succeeded the Comtesse Pignatorre, formerly Miss Molson of Montreal; and a Department for Drives and Entertainments for officers and men in hospital, over which Miss Caverhill now presides.

Lady Drummond has also devoted much time and enthusiasm to the Maple Leaf Clubs for Canadian soldiers on leave, of which she is President. The women of Canada owe her a great debt, for her generous care for the men, both well and ill, has been untiring.

Mrs. David Fraser, the head of the Parcels Department, is another Canadian woman who has done splendid

Captain Mary Plummer,
officer in charge of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission

work since she came to England in the winter of 1915 and undertook the control of this division of the Red Cross Bureau. She is "carrying on" with as much zeal as she displayed in the days when the men wounded at the Second Battle of Ypres were arriving in England, and being supplied with all the little extra comforts a woman could suggest. Mrs. Fraser, who is the widow of the late Mr. David Fraser, is a daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Campbell, also of Glengarry. Both her sons joined in 1914, and one made the great sacrifice in 1916. Her only daughter, Miss Louise Fraser, is an active worker in the Prisoners of War Department of the Canadian Red Cross. This department, now the Care Committee for Canadian Prisoners of War, under the Central Committee, was opened a few days after the Second Battle of Ypres, with Mrs. Rivers Bulkley in charge, and two assistants. The works has grown enormously, and the Canadians who are, or have been, prisoners can testify to the fact that all that could be done to ameliorate their hard lot has been done by Mrs. Rivers Bulkley and her helpers. As Miss Evelyn Pelly, Lady in Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, Mrs. Bulkeley made many friends in Canada. She has now, in addition, many unknown friends bound to her by ties of gratitude and appreciation.

A few of the many who have done good service in the various Departments of the Red Cross, besides those mentioned already, are Miss Jean Bovey, who, like her sister, has been with the Red Cross from the beginning; Miss Mona Prentice, formerly of Hamilton and now of Montreal, who was an original worker, and, after a wide experience in the Parcels Department and in other branches, is private secretary to the Chief Commissioner; Miss Stikeman, Mrs. Watts, in charge of the Canteen; Miss Hagarty, of Toronto, Miss Dinah Meredith (now Mrs. O'Reilly), Miss Strathy (now Mrs.

Lady Perley,
wife of the High Commissioner for Canada

Holden), Mrs. and Miss Wylde, Miss Waud, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Papineau, Mrs. Reginald Beckett, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Hume Blake, Miss Lilias Torrance, Miss Galt, Mrs. Stairs Duffus, Miss Constance Scott, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, Lady Allan of Montreal, who is in charge of the Officers' Home at Sidmouth; Mrs. Martin Johnston of Lethbridge, in charge of the packing for the prisoners of war, and others too numerous to mention. In addition, at the Shorncliffe Depot of the Canadian Red Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon have forty ladies working under them to make conditions easier for the wounded men.

Lady Perley, formerly Miss Milly White of Ottawa, the popular wife of the High Commissioner for Canada, Sir George Perley, is an indefatigable and able war worker.

A few days after war was declared a meeting of Canadians in London was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel in the very room where a tablet commemorates the signing of the articles of Confederation, and there a Canadian War Contingent Association was formed to work for the comfort of the Canadian soldiers in camps and in the trenches, and to help in such other ways as might be possible. (Besides collecting and distributing comforts of all kinds to the fighting men the Association, founded with the assistance of the Canada Lodge of Freemasons in London, has been responsible since 1914 for the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital at Beachborough Park, near Shorncliffe). A ladies' committee was formed with Lady Perley as Chairman, and Mrs. George McLaren Brown, the wife of the European Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as Honorary Secretary, and from that day these ladies have worked steadily and faithfully for the soldiers.

Lady Perley is Commandant of the Canadian Imperial Voluntary Aid Detachment, which was formed in February last, and in her office at the Headquarters of the Canadian Red Cross Society she attends to much business connected with the Canadian V.A.D's. There are now about 150 members, some in France, others scattered all over the United Kingdom, and some working with the Canadian Red Cross in London.

In this connection one might mention that there are another 300 official V.A.D's who have come from Canada at the request of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Some of these girls are in Salonica, some in France, and the remainder in

Miss Winifred Lewis, of Ottawa,
Commandant, Canadian Convalescent Hospital, Roehampton, England

the United Kingdom. All are doing excellent work.

Lady Perley is also Chairman of the Committee of the I.O.D.E. Club for Canadian Nurses, in Lancaster Gate, W. She is one of the vice-presidents of the King George and Queen Mary Maple Leaf Clubs, a member of the committees of the Peel House and Victoria League Clubs for soldiers, and together with Lady Turner, the wife of that distinguished soldier, General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., D.S.O., represents Canada on the Beyond the Sea Committee.

Mrs. George McLaren Brown, already referred to, was Miss Eleanor Crerar, of Hamilton, and her husband, now Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, is filling an important post at the War Office in connection with transport.

Mrs. Brown, who is both brilliant and steadfast, a combination not always to be found, is in close touch with Canada, for through her work for the Canadian War Contingent she has been in communication from the very outset with people all over the Dominion who generously send gifts for the soldiers to be distributed by the Association. Cases are usually sent in to such big centres as Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Edmonton, Vancouver, and forwarded thence to England. Patriotic societies all over the country can speak from experience of the interesting letters from Mrs. McLaren Brown which tell about the life and work in England in war time. In addition to her arduous duties in connection with the Canadian War Contingent Association, Mrs. McLaren Brown is Honorary Secretary of the House Committee of the I. O. D. E. Club for Canadian Nurses, which was opened by H.R.H. Princess Patricia on March 15th last. The Club is in charge of Mrs. Danby Smith, who came over as a nursing sister.

Another gathering place of Canadian nursing sisters, by the way, is the beautiful Canadian Red Cross Rest House, at 66 Ennismore Gardens, S.W., where about 100 Sisters monthly enjoy a peaceful holiday. Mrs. Charles Hall of Montreal, who has been with

Mrs. George Black, of Dawson City,
Administrator in England of the Yukon Comforts Fund

the Red Cross for a long time, is the Lady Superintendent.

Miss Mary Plummer and Miss Joan Arnoldi, or to give them their proper titles, Captain Mary Plummer, and Lieutenant Joan Arnoldi, both of Toronto, can claim to be among the earliest Canadian war workers in England, for they were appointed officers in charge of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission, for sending comforts to the soldiers, the very month after war was declared, and are still going strong''. They came over with the First Contingent of deathless memory, were at Salisbury Plain till March, 1915, when they were moved, first to Ashford, and later to Shorncliffe, where the Commission now has its quarters in the R. E. Barracks. Four other officers, *i.e.,* Miss Lenore McMeans, Lieutenant, in charge of personal parcels, Miss M. I. Finn. Lieutenant, in charge of purchasing and accounts, Miss M. R. Gordon, Lieutenant, in charge of records, acknowledgments and inquiries, and Miss S. E. Spencer, Lieutenant, in charge of unpacking and stores, were appointed in 1916. The workers who assist these officers are Mrs. Allen, Miss K. M. Bell, Miss Burbidge, Mrs. C. C. Clinch, the Misses Corderoy, Mrs. Fort, Miss Fletcher, Mrs. Godfrey, Mrs. Melville Grant, Miss Hall, Miss Hayman, Mrs. C. H. Morris, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Magor, Miss B. L. Ogden, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Charles Smart, Mrs. Van Sittart, Miss Wilson and Miss Wilks.

Captain Plummer is the daughter of Mr. J. H. Plummer, Sylvan Tower, Toronto, and was the originator and Honorary Secretary of the Hospital Ship Fund. Lieutenant Joan Arnoldi is a daughter of Mr. Frank Arnoldi, K.C., and was Vice-President of the Toronto Women's Patriotic League when it was organized for war-work. Both ladies have been ''mentioned''.

In Folkestone, also, is the Canadian Women's Club for War Work, which was started in the autumn of 1915, when so many Canadian women were settled in that neighbourhood. Mrs. Charles MacDougall was the first President, Mrs. St. Pierre Hughes and Mrs. George Rennie were the Vice-

Mrs. Alfred Watt, of Victoria, British Columbia,
chief organizer of Women's Institutes for tne Board of Agriculture, England

Presidents, and several sub-cimmittees were responsible for certain work. Among others was a Red Cross Committee, which visited soldiers and supplied them with comforts, and was responsible to the Red Cross Headquarters in London. In addition to this work the Club built revolving huts at Moore Barracks and a recreation room was built and equipped for tubercular patients. In May, 1916, the Club was asked to take over a Soldiers' Home started by some English ladies who were unable to continue it owing to ill-health. As the Maple Leaf Club, Folkestone, it proved a great success, and is remembered gratefully by thousands of Canadian boys who enjoyed its comfort. Mrs. Nelles, Mrs. Rowe (Matron), and Mrs. Arthur Snell formed a House Committee, and various members of the Women's Club volunteered to cook and to serve meals. Of the latter more than twelve thousand were served in 1917. The home atmosphere created by Mrs. Rowe has been much appreciated by homesick soldiers.

The Club has also helped discharged soldiers' wives and families, by assisting them to return to Canada, and by relieving distress.

Though the Club had no financial backing it had strong friends in General Sir Sam Steele, K.C.M.G., Colonel Charles Smart, C.M.G., of Montreal, whose wife is the Honorary President this year, and Colonel Charles Nelles, C.M.G., who commands the Reserve Cavalry Regiment, and was formerly in command of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks. These officers not only gave private donations, but the proceeds of sports and entertainments, for the benefit of the Club.

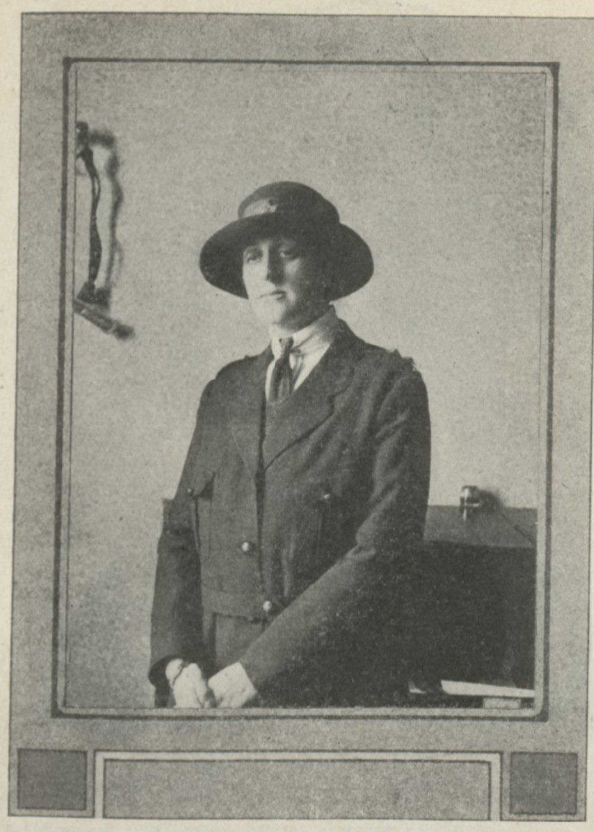
Mrs. Gordon Brown,
Canadian Red Cross Rest House for Nurses, Boulogne

Mrs. Nelles, wife of Colonel Nelles, is President of the Club, Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Mosely are the Vice-Presidents and Mrs. Kennedy is the Secretary-Treasurer.

Mrs. Watt, M.A., M.B.E., came to England in 1913, from Victoria, B.C., where she had spent her married life. A great many old friends will remember her better as clever Madge Robertson, of Collingwood and Toronto, the first woman in Canada to receive the degree of M.A. She is a graduate of the University of Toronto, and the Ontario School of Pedagogy, and both before and after her marriage to the late Dr. Alfred Tennyson Watt, she contributed over her maiden name general articles, essays, and book reviews to the Canadian and American press.

Mrs. Watt had for long been deeply interested in the question of food production and conservation, among many other phases of country life, and was a leader in British Columbia in the Women's Institute movement. It was only natural, then, that when war broke out, and she considered how she might best help England, she should turn her attention to these subjects. As a result, after four years of hard and steady work, Mrs. Watt can see the result of her labours in the 800 Women's Institutes in England and in Wales, with eight regular organizers, and about forty voluntary county organizers under the Board of Agriculture. Mrs. Watt herself is not only Founder, but Chief Organizer, of a movement which is having a stimulating effect upon country life in the British Isles, and is, indeed, part of a great advance towards the union of the various parts of the British Empire.

Like so many other Canadian workers, Mrs. Watt is a brave and patriotic mother. Her elder son (the younger is



Lieutenant Joan Arnoldi,
of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission

a school-boy) is Lieutenant "Robin" Watt, who went from Sandhurst into the Yorkshire Regiment, has been wounded four times, has won the Military Cross and bar, and is now A.D.C. to General Sir Arthur Currie, who commands the famous Canadian Corps.

A charming little lady, American by birth and British by marriage, who lives up loyally to her I.O.D.E. badge, is Mrs. George Black, of Dawson City, Yukon Territory, the wife of the ex-Commissioner, who came over with his men from Yukon, fought, and recently has been wounded in the splendid Canadian advance. Mrs. Black has a young son, Lieutenant Lyman Black, with the Canadian Machine Guns, who has won the Military Cross, and two other sons are with the Americans. When Mrs. Black was leaving Dawson, to travel to England in a transport with her husband, she suggested to the Canadian Yukon Patriotic Fund, the Dr. George M. Dawson Chapter, I. O. D. E., and the Martha Munger Black Chapter, I. O. D. E. (called after her), that some money should be placed in her hands to be used for the benefit of the Yukon men in the field and in hospital. This was done. Since then individuals and organizations have subscribed, and as a result from the Yukon Comforts Fund, of which Mrs. Black is administrator, the men have been supplied with comforts of all sorts, even small heaters, newspapers and lamps. Many of the soldiers, some of whom call Mrs. Black "Mother", ask her to make their own purchases for them, to write to their mothers,

Mrs. George cLaren Brown,
Honorary-Secretary, Ladies' Committee,
Canadian War Contingent Association, London

and to take charge of their personal effects, such as jewelry, cameras, photographs and money.

The Fund makes donations to the Canadian prisoners of War Fund, for the benefit of the Yukon men who have been captured, sick and wounded Yukoners are visited by Mrs. Black, and when it falls to the lot of one of her men to make the greatest sacrifice of all, this sympathetic friend writes the poignant details to a sorrowing wife or mother.

A Canadian woman who will be remembered gratefully by many of her own fellow-countrymen is Miss Winifred Lewis of Ottawa, the Commandant of the Canadian Convalescent Hospital at Roehampton, near London. Miss Lewis came over in 1915 and helped Mrs. Sandford Fleming with a Convalescent Hospital for Canadians. Later she returned to Canada to raise a fund to open another Canadian Convalescent Hospital. This was started in 1916 at Clarence House, Roehampton, once the home of William IV., as Duke of Clarence.

The hospital is an auxiliary to the King's Canadian Red Cross Hospital, at Bushey Park, and is under the offi cer in charge. There is an equipment of 124 beds, and for some time amputation cases were sent here. Most of them now go back to Canada for treatment, but those who are taking their discharge in England are sent to Clarence House, where heart and nerve cases also receive attention. As the Government grant is only three shil-

lings a day for each man, the Hospital depends to a great extent upon the liberality of friends in Canada.

The staff is entirely Canadian, and is composed of V.A.D. workers as well as trained sisters. Among those who have been helping lately are Sister Scott, Sister Cosier, Mrs. Wm. Scott, Scott and Miss Scott, Mrs. Du Domaine of Halifax, Mrs. Jack Maynard of Toronto, Mrs. Mervyn Morrow of Vancouver, Mrs. Basil Wedd of Toronto, Miss Helen Gordon of Kingston, Mrs. Basil White, Miss Kate McDougall of Ottawa, and Mrs. Murray of Sydney, N.S. Miss McDougall is leaving to drive a car for a Canadian unit.

Among the Canadian women workers here are members of Canadian Army Service Corps, who have proved themselves of great value as drivers of ambulances, cars and lorries.

The first girl to join up was Miss Evelyn Gordon Brown of Ottawa, and her record must prove inspiring to the Canadian damsels longing to do something great in the war. Miss Brown first drove a staff car, later an ambulance, and in December, 1917, she left for France with the "Fannies", otherwise the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Motor Ambulance Corps, a splendid English women's organization which has seen service since the very first month of the war. Miss Brown was the only Canadian in her unit, and she is the first Canadian woman to win the much-prized Military Medal "for conspicuous bravery under fire".

She and several other members of her unit were decorated for their magnificent conduct in moving the wounded during a bad air raid in a certain locality of military importance "somewhere in France".

Other Canadian women who were pioneers in the A.S.C. are Mrs. A. Douglas Cameron, a daughter of Mr. George Galt of Winnipeg, Mrs. Sweeney of Vancouver, the wife of Major Sweeney, Mrs. Max Reid, also of Vancouver, Mrs. C. H. Pozer and Mrs. R. C. Holman, both Americans married to Canadian officers, Miss Dot Dickson, of Pembroke, Ontario, Miss Katherine Snyder, a daughter of Major Snyder, who has now returned to Canada, Miss "Poppy" Macdonald, daughter of Honourable Mr. Justice Macdonald, and Mrs. Hislop, Calgary.

Miss Roberta MacAdams, M.P.P. for Alberta, is a Canadian whose career is fairly well known among her countrymen for her election in 1917 as the soldiers' representative for Alberta aroused widespread interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The "Lady M.P.", as the papers called her, was then acting as Dietitian in the Quartermaster's Department at the Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington, Kent. Since her return to England from a visit to Canada she has resigned her commission in the Canadian Army Medical Corps, and is now supervisor of the women's staff of the Khaki College, in England, of which Dr. H. M. Tory of Edmonton is the President.

There are also a number of Canadians helping at the "Beaver" Y. M. C. A. hut under Miss Fitz-Randolph.

In France there are many Canadian women performing admirable service in the cause of the Allies—in addition, of course, to the nursing sisters. The Canadian Red Cross, which seems ubiquitous, is responsible for many of them. The Society's Rest House for Nurses, at Boulogne, which receives nurses from every Dominion, from every part of the British Isles, and from the United States, as they travel to and from England and the hospitals in the war-zone, has for its Commandant Mrs. Gordon Brown of Ottawa, the mother of the young Military Medallist referred to elsewhere, and sister of Sir Percy Sherwood. Mrs. Brown's only son, Lieutenant E. G. Brown, died of wounds in the spring of 1917, and she has been in France almost ever since. For nearly a year Mrs. Brown was in charge of the only Canadian V.A.D. billet in France, under the Red Cross, and when the Rest House was opened she was appointed to take charge. The Rest House is manned by

a number of Canadian members of the Voluntary Aid Detachments.

Few people in Canada realize the usefulness of the Canadian V.A.D's. who take charge in France of the Canadian Red Cross Recreation Huts for the "up" patients, which are attached to the big Canadian General and Stationary Hospitals. Among the girls who are, or have been, so engaged, are Miss Helen Mathewson, Miss Marie Meagher, Miss Armorel Thomas and Miss Emily Yates, all of Montreal, Miss Saunders and Miss Kay of Toronto, Miss Ruby Michie of London, Miss P. M. Taylor, formerly of Kingston, Miss Alice Bell of Victoria, B.C., and Miss Kitty Armour of Vancouver.

Other Canadian women are with the British Red Cross, or with the "Fannies", or the "Waacs", as the Queen Mary's Women's Auxiliary Army Corps is called. Many are driving ambulances. The Canadian Red Cross, through the great generosity of the people of Canada, supplied more than sixty ambulances for a great hospital centre in France, and some of these cars are driven by Canadians, who constantly have before their eyes the names of Canadian towns and organizations. Some are working with the Y. M. C. A. and kindred bodies, in canteens and otherwise; some are helping the French people; and Canadians do not need to be reminded of the good work of the ladies who are connected with the Officers' Convalescent Hospital, for Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Gertrude Tate, Miss Blanche Murphy and Miss Stewart Galt were all "mentioned" for their services.

Mrs. Charles Henshaw, of Vancouver (Captain Julia Henshaw), has also done admirable work.

The material on the subject of Canadian Women War Workers Overseas has long burst the bounds set for it. Reluctantly one must omit many names deserving of mention. Those referred to are typical.

This peaceful invasion of England and of France by efficient and charming Canadian women must prove of great value in that future to which we strain our eyes through the smoke and mist of this the most terrible of wars.

They have been, in their enthusiasm, their capability, their patriotism, a revelation to the people of the Old Country, who regard them as representative of that virile young land whose name the Canadian soldiers have covered with radiance.

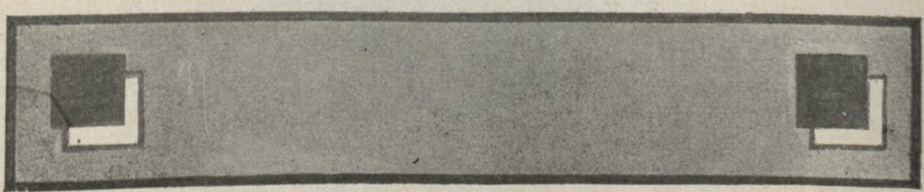
Fortunate is Canada to be so ably represented. Fortunate, also, are these her daughters that when the call came it found them with their lamps trimmed and burning. War has brought many of them deep sorrow. It has brought, also, the joy of giving of their best for an exalted cause.

# A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN NURSE

## MATRON ELIZABETH RUSSELL, R.R.C., (First-class)

MATRON ELIZABETH RUSSELL, R.R.C. (first-class), who during the war has had charge of two of the most important hospitals in England, has had a remarkable career as a nurse throughout three wars, and in times of peace during the last twenty years. Probably no other woman has nursed as many distinguished patients as she or has done as much towards the relief of suffering humanity. She has travelled completely around the world twice and has crossed the Atlantic no fewer than fifty-six times. On being graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, she was drafted into the American army and did very valuable service during the Spanish-American War. She made nine voyages between Cuba and American ports and one to the Philippines. She was in charge of the hospital relief ship that carried wounded soldiers. When hostilities broke out in South Africa Miss Russell offered her services to the Canadian Government. She was sent to the scene of hostilities and served there for fifteen months. On the outbreak of the Great War Miss Russell, who was then on the staff of the Presbyterian Hospital, took charge of Mrs. Whitney's hospital at Juilly, France. She sailed on the *Lusitania*, but just before the ill-fated voyage. After a year in France she applied to be transferred to the Canadians and since then has made a name for herself which as time goes on and the history of events is recorded will stand out as a memorable testimony of what devoted and self-sacrificing duty, coupled with an unbounded capacity for hard work, splendid executive qualification, tact, and a modest, genial and lovable personality, has meant towards winning freedom and liberty for humanity. Since the Great War began Matron Russell has crossed the Atlantic six times. She has worked with some of the most celebrated surgeons of the day and among her patients have been some members of the royal family.

The portrait on the opposite page from this is from a painting by Matron Russell's brother, Mr. John Russell, a distinguished portrait and figure painter. It was exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition and bought by the city of Toronto.



MATRON ELIZABETH RUSSELL, R.R.C., a Distinguished Canadian Nurse

Painting by John Russell

# THE SCHOOLBOY IN THE WAR

## BY NELLIE SPENCE

ON'T be too hard on that boy! He's Wallace's brother, you know. You ought to show a little mercy for Wallie's sake."

The scene was a class-room in a well-known Canadian school; the time about four in the afternoon some seven years ago. I was in charge of a motley assembly of delinquents who had been gathered in from all the forms to do a half-hour's penance for various sins of the day. A small boy occupying a back seat had been into some mischief, and I had just brought him up to the front and was in the act of delivering a little homily for his benefit when one of my colleagues entered the room and whispered the above admonition. The small boy overheard the whisper and smiled a roguish and knowing smile, as much as to say, "I guess I'm all right now!"

That little mischief-loving lad of seven years ago was destined to offer his life in the last and most epic phase of the great World War.

In his history of the Battle of the Somme, John Buchan pays a high tribute to the Schoolboy in the War. "When our great armies were improvised," he says, "the current fear was that a sufficient number of trained officers could not be provided to lead them. But the fear was groundless. The typical public-school boy proved a born leader of men. His good-humour and *camaraderie,* his high sense of duty, his personal gallantry were the qualities most needed in the long months of trench warfare. When the advance came he was equal to the occasion. Most of the fighting was in small units, and the daring and intrepidity of men who a little while before had been schoolboys was a notable asset in this struggle of sheer human quality. The younger officers sacrificed themselves freely, and it was the names of platoon commanders that filled most of the casualty lists."

Though speaking in general terms, Buchan has evidently in mind the English "public"-school boy, the boy of Eton and Rugby and Harrow. Following afar off his great example, I wish, while writing under a general title, to pay a tribute to the Canadian Schoolboy in the War. Some recognition of his work and spirit is long overdue; and, failing a worthier voice and pen, I am constrained to essay the high, heroic theme. *Arma puerumque cano*—and oh, how much more inspiring a figure is the Boy than the Man to-day! the Boy who went forth, even as did the lad David in the days of old, and with the self-same purpose—to slay Goliath!

"O men with many scars and stains,
Stand back, abase your souls and pray!
For now to nineteen are the gains,
And golden Twenty wins the day."

As it is easier to deal with a subject in the concrete than in the abstract, I am going to describe the Canadian schoolboy soldier in the person of that

one whom I have known best, perhaps, of all the boys—between four and five hundred in number — who passed (many of them directly, some after an interval at college or business) from the study of history in my class-room to the making of history overseas. That one is the little lad to whom I showed mercy for his brother's sake some seven years ago. If I can succeed in drawing a faithful picture of him, I shall have succeeded approximately in describing the Canadian schoolboy in general. And perhaps the picture may stand for the schoolboy in a still more general sense, since (though I may be pardoned for thinking that there is no schoolboy in the world quite like the Canadian schoolboy) it is likely that the schoolboy is much the same the world over; or, at any rate, in free countries, where he is allowed to grow up as a plant in God's own sunshine; where discipline at home or school rests more on moral than on physical force; where the stress is laid on the spirit rather than on the letter of the law; where a real comradeship is possible between child and parent, pupil and teacher.

Is it necessary to express the hope that, in these days when we are all being drawn together by a feeling of kinship and by a sympathy which is born of sorrow, the personal note (none other is possible in such a sketch as this) and the mention of things intimate and sacred may be pardoned?

My acquaintance with the boy Alan, begun thus dramatically, did not develop much until two years later, when he entered one of my classes. So my knowledge of him extends back over the past five years—one *lustrum,* to use the old Roman time-unit, of a life that numbered only four.

From the beginning I found him a very interesting pupil, especially because a certain complexity in his character baffled me for a long time. It was only when I made the discovery that he was not, as I had thought, all Scotch, but Irish on his mother's side, that I began to understand him. He had lost that mother shortly before my acquaintance with him began, and I know her only through a beautiful picture and through some very lovable traits transmitted to her children. But the Scottish side of Alan seemed to predominate, and it was Lowland Scotch at that (and surely the Lowland Scot is the least understandable as he is the least expansive of human beings). "You may be half-Irish, but you are still three-quarters Scotch," I said to him more than once; and I tried hard to coax that Irish part out to a more equable proportion. It was that part, with its mysticism and its poetry, that appealed to me.

My second year's acquaintance with Alan was his last at the school, the year 1914-'15. That first year of the war was the most wonderful in the history of our school, as, I daresay, of all Canadian schools. There never was, there never could be again, a year like it. We were all in a state of patriotic exaltation, and the relationship of teachers and pupils became a much closer and finer thing than could have been possible under any other circumstances. Of all the boys in attendance that year three became especially endeared because of their active assistance and interest in our patriotic work. There was George, English of the English, to whom loyalty was as the very air he breathed. There was Raymond, the Yankee lad (but of old Acadian stock), who was almost the best Britisher of us all. And there was Alan, who had a double heritage of the fighting spirit, and, moreover, like the other two, a beautiful enthusiasm for all that was noble and fine. All three were prominent in the school life because of natural qualities of leadership, and because of offices to which their fellow-students had elected them in the Literary Society, the Rugby Team, and other organizations. When the girls of the school were "mobilized" into a Knitting "Brigade", these boys volunteered to act as our financiers. "Don't you worry about money," they said. "We'll get it out

of the fellows. If the girls are going to do the knitting, it's only fair for the boys to find the money." It was never necessary to tell them that our exchequer was empty, for every little while one or another would come along with the anxious inquiry, "How are you off for cash?" I never quite got over the novelty of the sensation caused by such solicitude on the part of a pupil over the state of my finances. Not to make too heavy demands upon the boys' pocket-money, we got up a play or two (we seemed to be overflowing with energy), and our relationship became thus closer than ever. We all liked to have George and Alan act together, for they "played up" to each other perfectly, and were such an interesting contrast—George, the typical Anglo-Saxon, with fair skin and warm colouring; Alan, the typical Gael, with dark hair and deep blue eyes. Both had real histrionic ability; but, while George acted upon all instructions with readiness and quickness, Alan, with a perversity that was probably a blending of Scottish and Irish obstinacy, often proved intractable to the very last, when he would come out with all the requisites of his rôle according to instructions given at rehearsals, and with improvements and additions of his own inventive fancy. Once during the year the boys put on a wonderful Minstrel Show, in which Alan, with Tartan facings on his coat-lapels and a rich burr in his accent, played the part of one Sandy McTeich in almost inimitable fashion.

All too soon the year sped away, shadowed toward the close by St. Julien and Festubert. At the latter place Alan's eldest brother, Gordon, was killed. I had never known him personally, but, as Alan often used to slip into my class-room after hours to show me his letters and talk about the war (what an event a letter from overseas was in those days!), I seemed to know him very well indeed. All through the winter Alan was straining at the leash, though he was not seventeen till April; and I was afraid of the effect which his brother's death might have on his intense Scots-Irish nature. When, as soon as the Matriculation Examination (on which he was writing) was over, I heard that he was going over to Niagara Camp, I hastened out to his home on the little Credit River, carefully preparing on the way an array of arguments to persuade him to wait another year. But my arguments were so many blank cartridges, and my reference to his youth only roused his ire. He was old enough—almost a man—he must go. Oh, the infinite pity and pathos of it all!—the way these boys, little more than children, assumed the responsibilities of the war! "What a mistake," wrote a friend to me on hearing of Alan's enlisting, "our voluntary system was! It seemed so fine and free, symbolic of our national liberty; but it just drained our country of its very best—so much youth, hope, ambition, apparently wasted!. The Americans have profited by our lesson. The Draft System is the only one, and twenty is quite young enough to take these lads for service."

George and Raymond and Alan all joined the colours about the same time, in the summer of 1915; and, after a winter in camp at Toronto, went overseas in 1916; Alan in March, George in May, Raymond in September. With them went a large number of their comrades of the campus and the classroom, many of them skipping a year or two in their haste to reach military age and their eagerness to die for their country. Each year since has seen a similar exodus, and the old school has become a rather forlorn and desolate place. In fact, it has seemed as if part, and that the better part, of the school were overseas; and, like the Jacobites of old, who drank to the King over the Water, we have pledged our hearts' dearest allegiance to the lads who crossed the sea, the lads whose deeds proved them to be of the real Blood Royal and whose Right Divine was therefore not to be gainsaid or ques-

tioned. If only I had space to tell of their endeavours and achievements here! There was Fleetwood, in whom I was given "a third legal interest" by his parents, and who was sometime to take me for my first flight through the blue Empyrean—when he had made quite sure of his landings (but poor Fleetwood never made quite sure of those landings). There was Harry, who did take me for a flight one day, very real even though imaginary, away up over the lines on the Western Front, assuring me that I need not be afraid, for he would "twist and turn all over the place," and I should see "Archie" shooting wild; but Harry took a last flight all alone in his little fighting 'bus just before Vimy, and whither he went no one knows to this day. There was Walter, whom we all thought quite safe because he was a Medical Officer in Shorncliffe Hospital, until one day, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that he had died suddenly of overwork. There was Charlie, whose face was never seen without a smile, even in death, when they found his body lying in No Man's Land beside that of the comrade whom he had tried to carry through the deep Flanders mud. There was Arnold, the intrepid naval airman, who, having to descend on the German side in Belgium, passed through a month of such adventures and escapes as make the wildest fiction seem tame, and who, after a brief leave in Canada, returned to duty, only, alas! to be claimed a victim by the insatiable North Sea. There was Douglas ("Duggie" of beloved memory), a hero if ever there was one, who went to the war at seventeen and returned a scarred but decorated veteran, only to have to fight all his battles over again in the delirium of pneumonia, and, worn out with the double struggle, to lay down his arms at last. There was Max—but no, I will not speak of him or of others now. There is not room on my canvas for so many figures; I must keep to my one sketch.

I have been going through two bundles of letters received from Alan: the one covering the year that elapsed till his Canadian furlough; the other the year and more since his return to the Front. The early letters, written in England, are brimful of enthusiasm —everything was so fresh and interesting. One letter—a long one—describes a review of the Fourth Canadian Division by the King shortly before its departure for France. After speaking of the preliminaries, the boy goes on: "Then came a blast on a bugle, and you could hear the mutter, 'The King is coming!' Finally came another blast, and the Division sloped arms. First a big car rolled up with the Queen in it, and then we could see the Royal Standard coming over the hill. The King rode up to the saluting base with his staff grouped round him. . . . The command came: 'Fourth Canadians—Royal Salute—Present Arms!' and the Division came to the present, while the massed bands played the National Anthem. Then we sloped arms again, and there was a minute's quiet, when Gen. Watson stood up in his stirrups and called for three cheers for the King. You should have heard a Canadian division cheer! I never heard such a noise in all my life. Every man put his cap on the end of his rifle and cheered his lungs nearly away. When everything was quiet again, the King turned his horse and trotted down beside the crowd, followed by his staff. He circled around past the artillery at a walk, and came slowly up the infantry line. As he came up to us, I heard Gen. Watson say, 'This is the 75th, sir, another Toronto unit.' Then the King said, 'There is one thing we notice about your Canadians——' and they passed on. The letter ends with a reference to the preparations for departure for France, "the place I have longed to reach for two years."

But we shall see how he fared "over there".

The first Battle of the Somme, begun on Dominion Day, 1916, had been

in progress for about a month when our boy crossed the Channel. From August to December he was in active service. Like other correspondents, he was reticent about his experiences and feelings; but occasionally he broke silence, and I remember, in particular, a reference to Courcelette in one of his letters, and an enthusiastic tribute to the 22nd French-Canadians, who covered themselves with glory in this action. Just before Christmas he was stricken with appendicitis and taken to England. Writing from an Epsom war hospital in December, he says, with a touch of the humour that was part of his Celtic heritage: "This is the biggest hospital under one roof in this country. It was, before the war, the London County Insane Asylum; so, you see, I have at last found my level—I am an inmate."

In March of 1917, almost an exact year from his departure, he came back on a well-earned furlough. Shall I ever forget that Saturday morning when, answering a tap which I took to be that of the janitor, I found him at the door of my little flat? One fears almost as much as one hopes to see these lads again; but a single look was enough to show me that he was the same clear-eyed and clean-souled boy who had gone away—the war had not coarsened or corrupted him in the least. In fact, he seemed quite unaltered that day; but, within twenty-four hours, I noticed a great change come over him. For the very day after his arrival news came of the death of his beloved commander, Colonel Beckett (who had been like a father to him); and, though he received the word with outward composure, he was greatly affected by it. He scorned to speak of nerves, but to those of us who knew him well he could not help betraying himself occasionally; and I have reason to know that he passed many a night, in a terrible dream life, roaming up and down No Man's Land, vainly searching for the body of his lost leader. He should not have gone back for a long while, if at all; but, when I spoke to him about the matter, as I was asked to do in a letter from his brother Wallace, who was then in France, he said decidedly: "I could never look George and Ray and the other fellows in the face again if I didn't go back. I *must* go."

And so, one evening in June, I saw my Boy Benjamin for the last time, when he ran in for a few minutes to say good-bye. He was cheery and brave, as a matter of course, only saying, in answer to some inane remark of mine: "Yes, I know what I am going to, but I've got to go. Don't you see that I have got to go?" And I did see that to a lad of his mettle there was no staying at home, no accepting of the "cushy job" that I knew had been offered to him in Canada. So I could only summon up my poor pennyworth of Irish and say to him, *Dia Leat!* explaining that it had more virtue than its nearest English equivalent, "God bless you!" or "God be with you!" "*Leat* is a Dative, Alan," I remember saying, and I had a queer subconsciousness of how absurdly pedagogical were my last words to the boy—a little lesson on Irish grammar. Oh, the smiles we put on just to cover our tears! Oh, the poor little trivialities with which we camouflage our love!

He had scarcely left our shores before news came of the death of George, and, a fortnight later, that of Raymond also. George had been mortally wounded at Fresnoy, Raymond at La Coulotte. Had the news come earlier, I think that I should have moved heaven and earth to keep Alan home. But though I might have moved heaven and earth, I know that I should have failed to move the stubborn resolution of a boy in his 'teens, made more adamantine as it would have been by the loss of his two friends. And somehow, though I often wondered what he had meant when he had said, "I know what I am going to," I was buoyed up by a faith that the last of my beloved trio would bear a charmed life, and, winning

through the war, come tapping at my door again some happy Saturday morning.

He was in England only a short while—England was dull and uninteresting to him now—and presently word came that he had rejoined his old unit, under Colonel Harbottle, in France. That was in August, 1917, and since that time, with the exception of two brief furloughs in "Blighty", he was at the great and grim game in France and Flanders to the end. For a long time he was scout officer for the battalion, and his work was, of course, very dangerous. But, as I heard from other officers, he seemed to know no fear. "That boy," said a returned captain of the 75th to me once, "used to go up and down No Man's Land as if it had been his own back yard"—whereupon there was dashed off a dissertation on the text, "Discretion is the better part of valour". In due course came an answer, pleading "Not guilty" to the implied charge. "You see," he wrote, "my work is not easy, and my nights are spent in the front line and in No Man's Land; but my business takes me there. . . . You need not worry. I know enough about this game to keep me from taking fool risks, and I have seen enough sights to last till the end of my life."

A few months after his return to France he was promoted in rank, and became a captain at nineteen. A little later, in the spring of 1918, came a decoration, the Military Cross, "for continuous good service at the Front and conspicuous bravery on the field of battle". When I gave this news-item to the press and innocently sent him the clippings, this erstwhile pupil of mine sent me back a gentle reprimand, saying that he disliked publicity, and that there had been too many references to his family in the papers to suit his taste. I was reminded of Donald Hankey's Average Englishman, who glories in never having had his name in the newspapers. But I think that, if he could speak to-day, my boy would not refuse me the privilege of penning this little tribute to his memory.

In a letter dated August 16th, he describes the drive which began on the 8th, praising the gallantry of Colonel Harbottle (who evidently proved a good successor to Colonel Beckett), but grieving over the loss of brother officers, especially Major Bull, D.S.O., and Captain Commins, M.C. But, proudly describing the advance, he says: "You can hardly imagine our feelings as we marched through mile after mile of conquered country, past long rows of German guns, through wooded dells which but a few hours before had belonged to the enemy, finally going through our own glorious phase of the attack and handing over the advance to another of our divisions, as well as to divisions of cavalry, and hundreds of tanks, which poured through for miles."

Early in September he was in England on leave, and could scarcely have more than got back to the line when, in that wild storm of wind and rain with which Nature fittingly accompanied the third battle of Cambrai, a battle greater, more epoch-marking, more heroic than that in which gods and men contended

> "Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,"

he fell, with so many of his peers, schoolboys of yesterday, fighting grimly, and yet, I like to think, joyously, to the very last.

I thank God that, though He denied the dearer boon for which I prayed, He yet granted, in lieu of life, so glorious a death. Not for a young, heroic soul the tame and quiet passing desired by an old poet who, with all his strength and fineness, was scarcely a combatant, and never, surely, a real boy. Rather the death desired by another poet who was "ever a fighter", and, even in old age, something of a real boy still. I seem to hear a voice from Marathon and from the market-place of Athens. It is the voice

of young Pheidippides, the runner, the soldier, shouting his exultant *chairete nikomen* in the very moment of a death, the most beautiful surely, with the one great exception, that past history records. And now the voice changes to one dearer and more familiar, one that I have heard on many a hard-fought Rugby field. It is a little raucous, yet it makes music to my ear. It comes from Bourlon Wood and from Cambrai. It uses a language less melodious but not less virile than the ancient Greek, the language of Britain and of Canada and of that America of which Canada is a part. It is the voice of the schoolboy in the war, shouting as exultantly as did the young Pheidippides, but with an added note—"Rejoice, we are victorious! Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

Almost at the moment of Alan's death came his latest photograph; and, sharing as I do that sweet Celtic fancy that wherever one's picture goes, something of oneself must needs go with it, I feel as if the spirit of our boy, when his body was struck down, winged its flight back to the Canada that he loved so well. Placed beside a photograph taken just before he went away, it makes an interesting study. Less than three years separate the two pictures, but they seem at least a decade apart. The one shows a boyish face, eager, wide-eyed, wondering; the other the face of a man, stronger, sadder, gentler. The boy is ready to set out on the Great Adventure; the man has come through that adventure, and is about to fare forth on the still Greater Adventure.

Since that fateful April 22nd, 1915, and most of all since that more fateful August 8th, 1918, a cloud, growing ever larger and blacker, has overspread our once serene Canadian skies. To none of us can life ever be the same as it once was; and many there be who now turn longing eyes towards that land of heart's desire that lies, we hope, beyond the setting sun. We take comfort in the thought that there are for us only

"A few more years at most, and then
Life's troubles end like summer's rain;
The pattering on the leaves will cease,
And we shall meet our boy again."

If only some more daring and successful Columbus could voyage forth on a wide Sea of Discovery, and, returning, link this little planet up forever with the great Spirit World! Perhaps the lads who "go west", these young Captains Adventurous of ours, do return to visit us sometimes; but we, earthbound creatures that we are, do not hear their quiet coming, do not rise to let them in.

Yes, though the laughter has died out of our lives, we should dishonour our beloved dead if we did not try to emulate their marvellous courage and good cheer. We must "carry on" as best we may, and each do his little part in the reconstruction of a world that has been turned topsy-turvy; and we must somehow see to it that neither Cæsar nor Demos shall henceforth have power wantonly to destroy the fair handiwork of God or man. We shall have to recast our theology, perhaps after the manner suggested by the clear-visioned student in arms. But we cannot lose faith in the human or the divine; for, if the war has shown the deviltry to which man may descend, the Schoolboy in the War has shown the divinity to which he may attain. Perhaps the world is on the backward swing from the extreme of materialism of which German science has been the exponent. Perhaps we are on the eve of strange and new discoveries in the world of thought—who knows? At any rate, we must go on, patiently working at the problems of this mysterious life of ours, and hoping against hope that by and by the light will break in upon us, and that we shall at last understand, and in our understanding rejoice and be exceeding glad.

# THE PEACEFUL PURSUITS OF WAR

## BY J. D. LOGAN

FTEN on town or city streets in Canada nowadays one will overhear a brief, hurried colloquy like this:

CIVILIAN (to a soldier just returned from the Front): "Hello-o-o! Just back from France, eh? Say, you certainly *are* looking fit—never saw you look so well in civil life—fat, ruddy, and bright as a new dollar. Thought you'd be a physical wreck by this time. But you're better set up than ever. What's the secret?"

SOLDIER: "Oh, that's an easy one. Nothing to worry about and *the peaceful pursuits of war.*"

In this colloquy there is not the slightest bit of facetious camouflage. The truth is that the civilian *does* see in the returned soldier a healthier-looking specimen of humanity than when he knew his friend or chum in the days before the latter enlisted in the volunteer citizen-soldier army; and the soldier is not attempting to hide the real fact by an off-hand, facetious reply to a genially expressed question. The soldier means what he says. If he puts it, as he does, in the form of a paradox, his good health and his healthy appearance are, in his own view and phrasing, due to these causes: "Nothing to worry about, and the peaceful pursuits of war".

There is, I must admit, in this formula a bit of cynical pun in his play on the word *pursuits* and some reminiscence of the satiric comedy that obtains in the midst of the brutal tragedy of war, and that colours and relieves the life-and-death-democracy of the fighting field and the trenches. For the returned soldier's point of view is that of relative values in contrasted, contradictory, spheres of life. *Relatively* to the responsibilities, cares, annoyances, anxieties, struggles, doubtful issues, failures and defeats of civil life, which insidiously undermine a man physically and mentally, harrow his soul and destroy his enjoyment of existence, army life is care-free, and the serious pursuit of war is attended by incidental other pursuits which, even if some of them degrade manners and if others annoy, are a kind of peaceful occupation, and which are accepted as humorous episodes in the brutal business of slaying humankind. I shall describe these, solely in the interest of social history, under the following catchheads: (I), the Pursuit of Communism; (II), the Pursuit of Hoboism; (III), Hunting Big Game; and, (IV), the Playhouse at the Front.

A citizen-soldier army is a social phenomenon by itself—absolutely unique in constitution, government, and manner of living. It is the only example of that kind of democracy which is known as "egalitarian"; that is to say, the democracy of the French and American original stamp, in which every individual counts for one and no one for more than one.

And yet, paradoxically, the government of the ranks of a citizen-soldier army is tyrannous, despotic, and anti-democratic. Again: life in the ranks of a citizen-soldier army is the only example of genuine communism in the world. In the ranks of such an army are men of all grades of social and intellectual standing from thug and hobo to college professor and clergyman. Once in the ranks of an army the enlisted college professor or clergyman can have no more privileges than the thug or hobo. All are wholly on the same social plane. They are billeted together in the same tents or huts, the same ruins of shell-wrecked villages, or vermin-infested dugouts, or holes in the ground. They feed from the same rude canteens, and eat the same roughly-cooked rations. They are drilled in the same way, the thug and hobo side by side with the college professor and the clergyman; and whether vulgar or refined, callous or sensitive, receive the same brusque and even profane orders from officers, N.C.O's or other instructors, who in many cases are the social and intellectual inferiors of the men in the ranks whom they are drilling and instructing. They are disciplined in military dress, toilet, and decorum with the same rigorous, heart-breaking imposition of arbitrary regulations. They march to battle under the same conditions of fine or inclement weather, tread the same wearying roads, carrying the same overburdening, devitalizing equipment and packs, and engage in the same hellish fray to make the same sacrifices of body or of life. And they go through all these strange, rough, harrowing, agonizing experiences and even make the supreme sacrifice gladly in devoted obedience to the same ideals of loyal citizenship, of genuine patriotism, and of free and humane civilization.

But while army communism, especially when fighting troops are on active service at the battlefront, eventuates in a unique and adamantine and necessary solidarity amongst the men of the ranks, wholly irrespective of their various social and intellectual status in civilian life before enlistment, still its life-and-death democracy has many ugly and degrading elements or phases. In the army on active service even those who have previously known nothing but the niceties and refinements of life become worse than hoboes—nay, almost semi-cannibalistic—in the matters of eating, sleeping, personal hygiene and manners, including speech. All this is, to be sure, inevitable under the conditions. Looked at simply as a fact in itself, and not by comparison with the conduct of civil life, army hoboism, if relatively ugly, has nevertheless its own peculiar humour; and if a civilian spectator, with imagination, were to think of the men at the Front as the soldiers of the King, and behold them disclosing the hoboistic phases of army life, he would, after all, be compelled to smile and say, to quote Byron—"There are his young barbarians at play".

I present a few phases of the picture. For eating utensils the rankers are supplied with a knife. fork, and spoon, and with what is called a "canteen"—a small tin can of compact compartments, one compartment being for tea or other potable and the other compartment for solid foods. When, in the line, and often in rest quarters, this canteen is, according to the rations for a given meal, proportionately supplied by the cooks, who are far from being spotless in person or attire. Each soldier hurries away, with his canteen, to any place nearby where he can make his repast on the uninviting food. He is, however, genuinely hungry and empty, and greedily eats, or, rather, devours, or even "wolfs", the food.

Now, it often happens that a comrade is, through mislaying or through theft, without a canteen and other eating utensils. He borrows these, quite uncleansed—for in the line water is more precious than rubies—

from a soldier who has already eaten. At first the borrower is somewhat squeamish about eating from uncleansed utensils, but he soon gets over that attitude, for he is genuinely hungry, almost famished. He, too, like the owner of the canteen, after the canteen has been supplied with food at the field kitchen, hurries away to make a repast, and eats avidly, conveying the food to his mouth with his knife, fork, or spoon, or with his fingers, or with utensils and digits.

Moreover, this frequently occurs. Possibly one soldier, for some special cause, is not really hungry or has in his canteen more food than he can eat, or has rejected as unpalatable certain bits of food. I have seen soldiers in the line, even those who were used to the refinements of life, ask a comrade, who had in his canteen more than he could eat or who had rejected certain bits of food, whether they could have the "leavings" in a canteen. And I have seen them devour the disgusting mess with relish, totally oblivious of the beastly character of the mess and of the unhygienic state of the food and the menace to health that lay in the food itself as well as in the utensils, which might cause those who used the utensils to become infected with unmentionable diseases. In this regard, compared with the soldier on active service in the field, the lowest, roughest hobo is an epicure and a gentleman.

As regards the degradation of manners, especially in speech, I shall remark nothing more than to observe that for sheer invention of shocking but picturesque, and even poetic, phrases in obscenity and profanity, soldiers on active service are in a class by themselves. The constant hearing of vile, though picturesque, obscenity of speech and profanity, on the part of those who are low-born or indecently bred, acts like an infectious disease on the others of their comrades who were refined in civil life. The latter, as it were, "catch" the gift and habit; and on two occasions I have heard men in the ranks, who were clergymen in civil life, explode with obscene invective and profanity that ordinarily would have sounded worse than blasphemy, had not the first shock of it been relieved by the picturesqueness of the phraseology and by the grotesque humour of it involved in the incongruity of the language itself as contrasted with the character of the speakers. I was compelled to laugh; and I did not need either to pity or to forgive. For I was too good a psychologist not to understand; and, possibly, I recalled the fact that, as the New Testament reports, Peter, the strongest and yet weakest of Christ's disciples, under intense emotional excitement, exploded with profane speech: "Then," says the Scriptures, "began he to curse and to swear." But, no doubt, this was straight taking of profane oaths, and nothing more, whereas the obscene and profane speech of the army ranks is the picturesque expression which we associate with the hobo who invents his daily speech with the same wit or wits with which he invents his daily modes and means of subsistence.

One of the most fetching, particularly to soldiers, of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons has a most extraordinary subject, with this for its legend—"Hunting Big Game". Soldiers in the line employ a different legend for the subject of this cartoon of Bairnsfather's. They call it, euphemistically or satrically, "Chasing the Little Brothers of the Hun". When on one occasion writing from the Front to the Canadian press I said that the men in the line dreaded the mud, rats, and "the little brothers of the Hun" more than they did the Germans, no doubt I was thought to be romancing. I was not at all romancing.

In special training camps overseas, but not in the field, the coldier gets adequate rest in relatively decent quarters. But on active service in the field, he inhabits and turns in for sleep, for the most part, in vermin-

infested ruins of houses, barns or other wrecked buildings, or in underground dugouts or holes in the earth, equally swarming with rats, lice and repulsive insects of all sorts. The rats are pestiferous, but soldiers get a sort of fun and diversion out of them. Now, these trench rats are nothing like the breed seen in lands where war is not raging. They are large, unafraid, insolent, ravenous, and quarrel outrageously amongst themselves. If a soldier happens to be merely resting in his dugout, often a rat will come close to him, look up at the fighter, and make grimaces at him; and if the fighter kicks the rat away into a corner or as high as the mud ceiling, back the insolent "varmint" will come and repeat his saucy insults, in scorn of bodily harm or death. Or, if a soldier is sound asleep in his dugout, one rat will come and sit on his breast, like a domestic kitten, another will sniff about his face, like a puppy, and another will rummage through his tunic pockets for candy and chewing gum, being particularly fond of "spearmint" flavour.

The rats, however, become real pests in two ways. Men in the line get some amusement or diversion out of the spectacle of these vermin quarreling and fighting amongst themselves—if, that is, the soldiers are awake and at ease. But the fun ceases when men in the line are seeking sleep or are asleep; for the rats, in the *mêlée* of their quarreling, fighting, and wrestling with one another, frequently fall over each other and are precipitated upon the person of the sleeping soldiers with a momentum and thud that would waken the most worn-out sleeper. Or, working inwards from the outside of the dugouts, while the men are asleep, the rats at last reach the mud ceiling, and continuing their fierce scratching, they finally penetrate the ceiling, and deluge the bodies and faces of the sleeping soldiers with broken clay. Their rest thus disturbed, the tired and awakened men in the line make their existence still more uncomfortable by raucous raging and profane cursing of their tormentors throughout the horrible nights.

The rats, however, are companionable creatures in comparison with those marauders which Bairnsfather has cartooned as "Big Game" and which the men in the line satirically call "the little brothers of the Hun". They are all sizes, shapes, colours, and even nationalities; and they operate in numbers amounting to platoons, companies, battalions, brigades, corps, and armies—being like the sands of the sea for multitude in the trenches.

There is no escaping them; officers and men alike suffer from their fierce and ubiquitous raidings. For these ravenous insects infest, in swarms, the earth and the wood of the dugouts, the soldiers' blankets and their clothing. Let me present two pictures of what a civilian spectator might see of the work of "the little brothers of the Hun" in the trenches—one without any element of humour in it; the other disclosing a humorously peaceful pursuit of war. Suppose that a soldier has been for forty-eight hours at a stretch out in the wet, cold, and mud helping to hold the line or on outpost duty. Naturally, he must be a much worn-out man, exigently needing rest and sleep. Suppose that at length he is ordered to retire to a dugout or funk-hole for rest. Can he get his rest? Not he. He has been cold and active for forty-eight hours, and thus has not felt or noticed the activity of "the little brothers of the Hun". But shortly after he has lain down for rest and sleep, the warmth of his body draws the insects from their lairs in his own clothing, in the blankets and in the wood and ground. Soon they swarm in battalions over his sensitive skin and make persistent raids on his succulent person. Thus attacked, tormented, and crazed, the worn-out soldier cannot get rest or sleep; and, whether he was or was not a cultured,

refined man in civil life, he rends the air with ragings and cursings that are shocking in vileness and unparalleled in variety of ingenious and picturesque phrasing.

Now look on this picture. Scores of times I have seen this startling phenomenon—a spectacle which, if it did not have in it certain elements of grotesque humour would be totally revolting. In the open, where all might view the spectacle, I have seen, sitting side by side, a low-born, rude-mannered soldier and a comrade who in civil life was a college professor, or who was a student of divinity or even a clergyman, both of whom were absolutely nude and, shamelessly absorbed in what, as I have observed, Bairnsfather has caricatured as "hunting big game". Finally, I have seen the entire bodies of such victims of these ruthless little Huns a mass of red abrasions and festering sores due to incisions in the skin made by the finger-nails in attempting to get relief from the agonizing itching caused by the infesting, ruthless insects that, in the trenches and in rest billets, raid the human person. Still, as I have said, the spectacle which I described is grotesquely humorous, as also is the somewhat rarer sight of officers and men, quite shamelessly in the open, for public view, adopting and applying the traditional Highland method, established by the Duke of Argyll in ancient Gaelic days, for getting rude but ready relief from the aforementioned species of sanguinary and carnivorous insects. The thoughtful Argyll provided special itching-posts, tradition says, and the clansmen were wont, after obtaining the highly welcome relief, to laud their benefactor devoutly, exclaiming, "God bless the Duke". But officers and men in the line seize upon any object —a bit of a tree, the corner of a ruined house-wall, or what not—to which they can apply the backs of their irritated bodies, and while thus "in action" add to the amusement which their plight affords spectators, by profane utterances of lurid expletives and chants of hate against the army, war, the trenches, the Huns and the universe of men and things in general. Seriously, however, in a spiritual sense, there are worse enemies than the Huns. For the Huns, at the worst, can only kill the mere body outright, but the raiding vermin degrade soldiers to the level of the outcast and the beast. For, I ask, how can any soldier who has gone through the bestializing experiences which I have just detailed, be a decent, companionable comrade while on active service? and how can he, after the war has ended and he is returned to civil life, ever again shamelessly look on the faces of his cleanly fellows who were compelled to remain at home, or smile, for favour, into the eyes of beautiful and immaculate women?

I turn now, in conclusion, to summarize the chief phases of one of the genuinely peaceful pursuits of war—namely, the demand for fun, entertainment, amusement, and diversion at the Front, even in the very midst of sanguinary destruction or of the menaces of imminent death from the engines of war on the land and high above in the heavens.

Certain psychological conditions of the fighting soldier's peculiar and singular, though temporary, artificial, and acquired, characteristics and attitudes must be noted and oriented before I briefly detail the chief phases of the Playhouse at the Front. For the mental, sentimental, and imaginative characteristics, attitudes, and demands of the fighting soldier are not only highly contingent but also wholly ephemeral; and, as such, show forth a phenomenon *sui generis*, and form a new or novel and special field in psychological data and investigation. Only by such orientation, brief as I must be in the present instance, of the fighting soldier's mind and heart, shall we be able at all to understand and appreciate what has been aptly called "the inveterate heliotropism of the human

plant"—not only the warrior's anomalous and persistent demands for, and exhibitions of, infectious good cheer and laughter, his demands for, and participation in, music-hall and amateur theatrical entertainments, and his avidity for field sports, baseball and football and boxing contests in the line and in rest quarters, but also his amazing engagement, with the utmost *sang froid,* in absolute foolhardiness (seemingly) and scorn of imminent death, in games of football even on the battlefield when( as I have observed in France) an engagement with the Huns is taking place in a nearby section of the firing-line.

The general good cheer and happy spirit of the men (officers, of course, as well) at the battlefront, who, with repeated regularity, as corps, divisional, brigade, or battalion orders arrange, go into the firing-line, is undoubtedly, from the point of view of the civilian, an unexpected, anomalous, startling, and unique psychological phenomenon. Summarily, these are the facts: soldiers in the line, to use the colloquial slang, are as "playful as kittens". They fool, play, sport, jest, and sing with a *camaraderie* that did not exist amongst them even when schoolmates or college mates in civilian life at home before the current war. In rest quarters, after coming out of the line from an engagement, they insist on having their inter-company games of baseball or football (soccer) for the battalion, brigade or divisional championship; and they flock, even if they have to miss their suppers, to the music-hall concerts given by the so-called Divisional Concert Parties and the instrumental concerts given by the various regimental bands in the division or brigade to which their units belong. They insist, in the midst of war, on being diverted from the harrowing experiences of war. And so—with all the reputed expertness in psychological and psychophysical science and investigation, which for half a century has been attributed to the German *gelehrte* —the German has missed absolutely the inmost structure, character, and meaning of the heart—the mind and will—of the Anglo-Keltic race in the United Kingdom and its off-shoots in the Dominions overseas.

The inner neaning of our Y.M.C.A.'s and our amateur, rough-and-ready-made playhouses at the Front —if their psychological, especially their conative, effects on the minds and hearts of the men who go into the firing-line are rightly to be appreciated—is this: that there is an intolerable *ennui* to war, that is, active fighting—a stagnating routine of day and drudgery, even more stagnating than the routine of peace, from which the spirit of the soldier, especially the young soldier, revolts, and which causes him to feel glad when his unit receives orders to move up into the line. Moreover, paradoxically, the same *ennui* attacks the soldier in the line, in the trenches, where, one would think, the roar of heavy artillery, the crackling rattle of machine guns, the screaming and crashing of shells, the charging with bayonets, and the general fighting would furnish such intense and continuous excitement as to make *ennui* impossible. Far from it. The awful business itself, the violence, the terror, the slaughter, and death—real war—through familiarity which breeds contempt, becomes, first, vulgar, unimpressive, and monotonous, and, at last, relatively an unreality. And so the British "Tommy" (which includes the Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and other "Tommies"), even in the trenches, will sing, or whistle, or jest, or if asked what has happened a comrade will reply, nonchalantly or with a shrug of his shoulders, "Oh, nahpoo" (French, corrupted, *"il n'y a pas peu"*, there is no more of him, he is no more; that is, killed, dead).

First, then: it is on account of the monotony, the routine, the intolerable *ennui* experienced in war that fighting soldiers turn "with inveterate heliotropism", as the plant turns to the sun, to the Y.M.C.A. entertain-

ments, battalion and divisional concerts, and the playhouse at the Front for mental and emotional therapeutics. The whole being, bodily and inner, of fighting soldiers is as they phrase it, "fed up" with the active business of war; their bodies must be relaxed and rested, their souls cured of war's *ennui*, and their sensibilities and hearts renewed and reinvigorated by spiritual refreshment. Otherwise they will die inwardly and become indifferent or even inefficient fighting soldiers. The British "Tommy" *must* laugh. Why he must do so, the foregoing psychological facts make plain.

In the second place: why does the British "Tommy" insist upon not only laughter, but also upon laughing *now*—right in the midst of the horrid holocausts of war and in the face of imminent death. He *will* be amused, he *will* laugh, even while shells are screaming overhead, and in spite of the probability that the next moment may be his last—he will do thus, just because of the very imminence of death; if he does not laugh *now*, why, then, he may never laugh at all. A merry life for the British "Tommy", while life lasts. And so, after a rest out of the line, during which he has played his baseball and football games, attended the Y.M.C.A. and other concerts, and thoroughly enjoyed the amateur vaudeville and theatrical shows at the war-front playhouse, he goes up or down to the fight again, thoroughly refreshed, inspirited, and fit to engage the Huns in a fair fight, a true fight, and let the best man win. At any rate that is the British "Tommy's" spirit of war and, paradoxically, he fights grimly indeed, but with a cheerful and indomitable heart—until the monotony and *ennui* of it all comes on him once more, and he must go again into rest quarters to the founts of fun, good cheer and laughter. It is this constant demand for and receipt of laughter in war that makes the British and the overseas troops always able to meet the Germans with a disconcerting or destructive "come back" after a reverse. And it is this unique phase of the fighting soldier's psychology that the Huns neither can understand nor even apprehend nor observe.

Finally: briefly I observe a still deeper paradox in the soldier's demand for the entertainments, and the vaudeville and theatricals in the playhouse at the Front. To his people at home war is the most grimly, most brutally real phenomenon on earth. The British "Tommy" has another point of view. He knows the brutality of war; he knows its mordant tragedy. But after all, in his view, war was born of a delusion, and all its phases, even death, is an illusory and ephemeral aspect of ultimate reality. In short, in his view, war is the great illusion, the great unreality of earth and existence. It is, indeed, present, pressing, and overwhelming—but war, nevertheless, is the great unreality. The real things in life, the everlasting, precious goods of existence, all that will count eternally, are those goods, those boons, which exist far from the seat of war, namely, home, love, joy, beauty, peace, and all spiritual possessions. If he be at the seat of war, still does he longingly turn his inward eye to look back upon that which is dearest, and therefore realest, to him. But the inward eye is not so efficacious as the outward eye—the fancy and imagination need assistance from the outward senses in order to give him a full and ready measure of the goods of the spirit, the real things of life. And, in obedience to the spirit's demand for sustenance and refreshment from the real goods of life, the British "Tommy" seeks the playhouse at the Front. For there he either forgets the awful horrible unreality of war. or has his thoughts turned away from it to the real things of life, the enduring, and permanent satisfactions of existence—home, and family, and fireside, and love, and joy, and peace.

The playhouse at the Front may be either a Y.M.C.A. tent or hut, or a barn or any half-ruined enclosure which affords room for a stage and provides seating or standing room only. In the earlier days of the war properties were either improvised from any old materials that were available for the purpose or were picked up in German dugouts (as, for instance, ladies' dresses and hats and gloves, or pianos and other musical instruments). Nowadays, either visiting concert and theatrical parties bring their own costumes and properties, or, if a show is being put on by a fighting unit, the battalion supplies the properties by direct purchase made from funds freely contributed by the officers or from canteen surplus.

As a rule, concerts, vaudeville and theatricals by soldiers themselves are preferred by the men in the field, though they gladly welcome all visiting concert and theatrical parties, especially the divisional concert parties and those from London. Moreover, while they will enjoy more serious plays, or rather the more literary plays, such as "The School for Scandal" or G. B. Shaw's "Man and Superman", what they really want is light comedy or melodrama, as, for instance, "The Old Homestead", which was recently produced in France by the members of the brass and reed band of the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders. In the olios and vaudeville they demand considerable local or topical allusion; and they cling to the "community" method, as it is called, in the matter of songs from the stage. That is, they like to hear songs which give them the chance to join in the refrain or chorus. To laugh and sing together, to the accompaniment of the thunder of artillery at the line and of the crack of exploding bombs dropped from airplanes overhead, while they themselves refresh their hearts and spirits, uncaring and unheeding what else is going on outside —this is the British and overseas' fighting soldier's conception of happiness and his supreme moment of the joy of life, so far as there is or can be joy at the Front.

Thus does the soldier in the field or right in the firing-line keep his heart sweet, and wholesome, and cheerful, and courageous, and loyal. Relatively to the cares, anxieties, worries, annoyances, and petty defeats experienced in civil life, in conducting a trade, business, or profession, the pursuit of war is peaceful, or war has its peaceful pursuits. The army takes care of the soldier in all necessities and needed luxuries. The soldier has nothing to worry about save mutilation of body or possible death—and he never worries about such contingencies. Rather, he laughs in the midst of bloody violence and of death. If he is wounded, he never whimpers, but smiles over his prospect of reaching "Blighty". If mortally hit and dying, he does not weep or bemoan his fate, but passes heroically. Wounded or dying he is the happy warrior.

And therein is the psychological paradox which no Hun, no matter how erudite, either understands or can understand.

# SNOWSHOE FANTASY

By MAIN JOHNSON

BEYOND the monastry,
On snowshoes light,
We dropped by smooth descent into the glen.
Above, the sky was warm with violet,
But in the north
One deep black spread of ink!
The evergreens were laden thick with snow
Until their branches bent beneath the weight,
And took unto themselves
New forms—fantastic, quaint.
Here, some huge fan
Swung langorously by Oriental slave,
And there a group of goblins shaggy-haired,
Their scrawny arms stretched out to seize.
One broad and heavy branch of mighty pine
Reached to the very ground;
Its white and rounded covering formed a hut
Wherein we crept and rested pleasantly,
Seated amidst the warm and kindly snow.
Far lights began to glimmer tenuously,
Orange and green,
Like coloured candles on a Christmas tree.

We swept ahead, with all-embracing steps,
Giants upon our spreading shoes,
'Cross open glades and over fairy slopes
Where, tier on tier,
Hung wizard trees.
From one low-hanging bough we ate
Bountiful layers of fresh, rich snow,
Its flavour like the smell
Of pine twigs and pink roses.

We climbed a hill—
The wood was gone—
And, in its stead, a spacious arctic tract,
Field after field of driven, crusted snow,
Broad as the prairie lands beyond the lakes;
No yellow wheat and summer blue,
But gleaming white and stygian black.

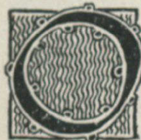
NORTHERN ONTARIO

From the Painting by
J. W. Beatty, R.C.A.,
Exhibited by
the Royal Canadian Academy

# REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

## BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

### IX.—EXPERIENCES OF AN EDITOR



N June 30th, 1890, I was appointed editor of *The Globe*. During the winter and spring I had been in the Press Gallery at Ottawa. From Mr. James Somerville, member for Brant, I first heard that Mr. John Cameron was to leave *The Globe* and return to *The London Advertiser*. To my complete surprise he declared that there was a common feeling among the Liberal members from Ontario that I should succeed Mr. Cameron. I told Mr. Somerville that I was neither foolish enough nor vain enough to entertain the proposal and that I doubted if he had sounded his parliamentary associates very deeply. A few days later Mr. Somerville, Dr. Wilson, of East Elgin, and Dr. Landerkin, of South Grey, came to me with the assurance that the Ontario Liberal contingent would petition the directors of *The Globe* in favour of my appointment if I would agree to have the petition circulated. I remonstrated and dissuaded so strongly that for the time at least the proposal was abandoned. Nor was I convinced that any such action should be taken even when I discovered that Mr. Laurier was favourable to my appointment. This assurance I had from himself and I have no doubt that Mr. Robert Jaffray, President of The Globe Printing Company, had a like assurance from the Liberal leader. Indeed, I believe Mr. Jaffray had determined that I should be appointed even before I knew that Mr. Cameron was to resign. I had hardly recovered from my surprise that I could be seriously considered as a candidate for the editorship when I was ordered to report at Toronto. I asked Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright to send messages to Mr. Cameron urging that I should not be recalled until the close of the Parliamentary session. If they did so the messages were ineffective. When I got home I learned that the Legislature, which was sitting simultaneously with the Federal Parliament, was to be dissolved as soon as the session was ended and that I was to go into the Legislative Press Gallery until prorogation and conduct *The Globe's* campaign during the general election. Mr. Cameron was still editor of *The Globe*, but he explained that I was to have complete responsibility during the contest and that nothing of which I disapproved would appear in the news or editorial columns. It was a curious position, but the private understanding between Mr. Cameron and myself was strictly observed. The few contributions to which I objected Mr. Cameron rejected, and while I did not hesitate to seek counsel from my associates when I was in doubt as to the wise course to pursue, I did exercise the authority with which I was temporarily invested. The Government was returned by

a substantial majority, although "Mowat must go" was the Conservative slogan in that contest. Leaders of the party expressed general satisfaction with *The Globe's* contribution to the result. My associates in the office who knew that I had been in very close association with Mr. Cameron during the campaign gave me more praise than I deserved.

Long before the election was over I understood the situation better perhaps than Mr. Cameron or the directors of *The Globe* suspected. I knew that if *The Globe* made no capital blunder in the campaign and if the Government was sustained I would succeed Mr. Cameron, and that if the Government was defeated I would not. Throughout the contest my wife expressed frequent surprise at my philosophy and unconcern. I never lost an hour's sleep nor had a moment of worry. I knew that *The Globe* was in deep water; the actual depth I did not suspect. I knew that it was low in reputation as compared with its great days, and that there would be a long and difficult climb towards the hilltop. As I have said elsewhere, members of the staff were often distressed by the disconcerting candour of unsympathetic critics. Once I drove out with Mr. Laurier to a village in Drummond. On the way he told me that we would have dinner at a hotel kept by an old Scottish Liberal. I suggested that if the landlord should discover I was connected with *The Globe* he would hint that it was not the paper it was in George Brown's day. He did not hint, but bluntly expressed his conviction in the very words that I had used. On my way to the office in Toronto one morning I turned back three blocks to find for a stranger an address for which he had been vainly searching. He was grateful and inquiring. When I told him that I was a writer for *The Globe* he shook his head and murmured sadly, "*The Globe's* not what it was in George Brown's time". Thus it was thirty years ago with the fathers who still mourned for George Brown and the great old days of rigid faith and glorious controversy. All this I knew and I did not believe that a man under thirty-four years of age, without either connections or reputation, could restore *The Globe* to its ancient ascendancy. Hence my reluctance to succeed Mr. Cameron and undertake a task to which I believed he had proved unequal. Hence when I was asked to meet the directors I refused to be considered as a candidate for the editorship and urged that only a journalist of greater experience and established reputation could give the paper the prestige and authority which its traditions demanded and its situation required. But the experience which I had acquired in the election gave me confidence, and when I learned what other names were under consideration my indifference lessened and I told friends at Ottawa whom I had urged not to write to Mr. Jaffray in my behalf that I was a candidate for the editorship.

I did not know until two or three days before I was appointed that Mr. Edward Farrer was to leave *The Mail* and become *The Globe's* chief editorial writer. There is reason to think that Sir Richard Cartwright and other active counsellors of the Liberal party had this in mind for some time. Mr. Farrer stood foremost among Canadian journalists and was better equipped than any other writer to expound the fiscal policy to which the Liberal party had committed itself. It was true that in *The Mail* he had thundered against Rome, the Bishops, the Obscurantists, the black Militia, and the Jesuits, lay and clerical, domestic and imported, while *The Globe*, through the Mowat Government, as Conservative Oppositionists contended, was in practical political alliance with all these interests and agencies. But it was believed that Mr. Farrer could safely become an editorial writer for *The Globe* if he was not available as its official editor. When I was told that Mr. Farrer was engaged I acquiesced, but did not reveal the extent of my understanding.

I knew that Honourable Edward Blake, Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Oliver Mowat were not very favourable to my appointment. They doubted, as I did myself, if I had the necessary experience. But they did not agree upon any other candidate. Sir Richard was eager to have Mr. Farrer associated with *The Globe* and thought Mr. St. John, of *The Montreal Herald*, had qualifications for the editorship which I did not possess. I like to think that Mr. Blake, Sir Richard and Sir Oliver agreed later that I had proved my fitness for the position, although for a time Sir Richard's confidence in my discretion and judgment was not excessive. Indeed, he would have had me dismissed for causes which this chapter will disclose.

The conditions prescribed for the government of Mr. Farrer and myself were impracticable and impossible. It was provided that Mr. Farrer should be chief editorial writer, but that I should read all editorials before publication, and should hold such articles as I did not approve for the judgment of a committee of the Board of Directors. I saw at once that if I reserved an editorial for the committee's consideration and my advice was rejected my resignation must follow. Besides, it was impracticable to hold over for a subsequent issue an article which must appear in the issue for which it was written if there was to be continuous and authoritative treatment of public questions as they arose. It was just as clear that friction would develop if I undertook to embarrass Mr. Farrer by criticism of his editorials or appeal to the Board of Directors. I said not a word to Mr. Jaffray or any other director of the paper. I believed that the real character of the understanding would be disclosed eventually, and recognized that for the time Mr. Farrer's authority over the editorial page could not be challenged. I never reserved any article of his for the Board's consideration, nor did I ever get behind his back when I was subjected to criticism for articles for which he alone was responsible. He had a two-years' agreement, and at its termination his resignation was accepted. No two men ever had more satisfactory personal relations nor did either of us ever mention to the other the curious contract under which we were expected to divide the responsibility for editorial policy subject to an outside court of appeal. When Mr. Farrer withdrew from the paper I gave the Board my very candid opinion of the abortive system of joint control, and confessed that I never had intended to submit any of his articles to the court of last resort which they had established. Indeed, during the twelve years that I was editor of *The Globe* I rarely if ever submitted an article for the Board's judgment, nor did I ever have the Board called to consider any question of editorial policy. There were moments of conflict, but they were not lasting and seldom, if ever, disturbed very happy personal relationships.

Although it was announced in June that Mr. Farrer had joined the staff he did not begin writing for the paper until August. In the interval prescient contemporaries discovered great merit in articles written by Mr. John Lewis and myself. I recall a cartoon which pictured "Signor Farrer bringing up *The Globe*". But Signor Farrer was taking a holiday and less able workmen were doing their best to achieve that result. I confess that I found this irritating, and once was so feebly and fatuously unwise as to write a private letter of protest to a publication which had expressed only contempt for *The Globe* until it was understood that Mr. Farrer was writing its editorials. But my balance was soon restored, and even yet I have an itching desire to recall that letter. More than once in the months that followed I had to read praise for Mr. Farrer for articles that I had written, as in subsequent years I acquired considerable reputation from the editorials of Mr. John Lewis and Mr. John A. Ewan.

Edward Farrer belonged to the era of Confederation and the time of Sir John Macdonald. He had personal and political relations with Macdonald, and Tilley, and Tupper, and Thomas White, with Carling, and Haggart, with McCarthy and Cartwright. Among his close personal friends were E. B. Wood and C. F. Fraser. He was the associate of T. C. Patteson and N. F. Davin and John Maclean and George R. Kingsmill. For Sir John Macdonald he had high regard. Sir Charles Tupper he did not like. He never believed that George Brown had statesmanlike quality. He fought Mackenzie and Blake. For Mackenzie as a leader he had no admiration. Mackenzie as a man he respected. Among the men who were conspicuous in politics when he was active in Canadian journalism he gave first places to Macdonald and Blake. He gave a zealous support to Sir William Meredith in Ontario, but rarely lost an opportunity to thrust at Sir Oliver Mowat. He was one of the effective writers in the Canadian Protectionist movement, although it was not easy for those who knew him well to determine what were his actual opinions on fiscal questions.

Mr. Farrer had intimate relations with Mr. Goldwin Smith. Both were active in support of Sir John Macdonald during the protectionist campaign of 1878, and both later advocated reciprocal free trade with the United States. Goldwin Smith had no genius for research. He never had the laborious, continuous patience of the historian. Mr. Farrer had these qualities, and Goldwin Smith often sought his advice and co-operation. It is doubtful if any clearer or stronger writer on economic subjects ever appeared in Canadian journalism. He was always lucid and decisive. There was no "oratory" in his writing, and yet at times it was singularly sympathetic and elegant. He knew many men and he was interested in many subjects. He could fight the Roman Catholic hierarchy and yet have close personal relations with Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. He could be an active advocate of the platform of one party and have cordial personal relations with leaders in the other party. Few men knew so much of the undercurrents in Canadian politics. Few men received so many confidences or more scrupulously kept the confidences with which they were entrusted. He came to *The Globe* from *The Mail;* from the Conservative party to the Liberal party. He brought with him no secrets that could help the one or discredit the other. If he had any such secrets they were not disclosed. It is perhaps doubtful if he had much sympathy with any political party. He was often contemptuous of the issues which divided politicians. For years he was the chief editorial writer of *The Mail,* and at no time was that newspaper more powerful. For two years he was chief editorial writer of *The Globe* and there, as on *The Mail,* he was influential. It was inevitable that he should determine the character and temper of any page to which he contributed. He could not occupy a subordinate relation. Whether it was admitted or not he was at the head of the table. This was not because he strove to be first, but because his knowledge was so wide and his experience so great that his authority was the natural result.

It was during his connection with *The Globe* that his celebrated pamphlet, practically advocating political union with the United States, was stolen from a printing office and extracts from the book read at a great meeting in the old Academy of Music, at which the chief speakers were Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper. Although we were together on *The Globe*, I had no knowledge of the pamphlet until the day on which the meeting was held. I then learned from a friendly Conservative journalist that such a pamphlet was in existence; that it would be produced at the meeting, and that an attack upon *The Globe* office was contemplated. I did not believe that any attack upon *The Globe* was intended and I opposed

firmly but unavailingly a proposal to have the office guarded by police. It was so guarded, but there was no suggestion of attack. One thought at the back of my mind was that an attack upon the office would give a grievance as an offset to the sensation which publication of the pamphlet was bound to create. How much the pamphlet may have had to do with the defeat of the Liberal party in 1891 cannot be determined. It is hard to think that Sir John Macdonald could have been defeated in any event. But free use of the pamphlet was made by the Conservative press and Conservative speakers all over the country, and naturally it was thought that the thing did damage. Mr. Farrer rightly enough took the responsibility for the pamphlet upon his own shoulders. He never seemed much worried or distressed by its publication. I never heard him express any regret for writing it. The Liberal leaders knew nothing of the pamphlet until it was produced at the Toronto meeting. Even Sir Richard Cartwright was unaware of its existence. More than any other man Mr. Farrer produced the agitation in Ontario against the Jesuit Estates Act, as he was chiefly responsible for the agitation for commercial union. He was a cosmopolitan, and perhaps never felt the strong impulses of national feeling.

Mr. Farrer often talked of his experiences as an immigration agent in Ireland, and on no subject was he more entertaining. But he was entertaining on all subjects. He had an amazing collection of stories. He saw humour in any and every situation. He was brilliant in conversation and he loved to talk. He was fond of sport. Before the time of baseball he was often seen at cricket matches. In later years, while he lived in Toronto, he was a devotee of the diamond. He could write on pugilism with as much authority as he wrote on finance, and he could describe with singular accuracy all the great encounters between the heroes of the ring for generations. He would talk for hours of great historical trials for murder with a knowledge of the evidence and the pieces of testimony which brought conviction or acquittal that was amazing. I never saw him more utterly absorbed than in the trial of Birchall at Woodstock, and from the first he saw that the letter to Colonel Benwell was fatal. For some time he was in Winnipeg, where he was connected with *The Sun* and *The Times*, and to both of these papers he gave distinction. It is believed that Mr. Farrer was brought back from Winnipeg to *The Mail* chiefly upon the advice of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy. Mr. C. W. Bunting, according to Mr. McCarthy's story, had asked Farrer to return, but Farrer declared that he was not willing to be a professional "sandbagger". "That," said Mr. McCarthy, "is an additional reason why the offer should be renewed. A man who will not stoop to party savagery is the man who will best serve the paper and the party." Mr. Bunting gave Farrer satisfactory assurances that he would not be required to sandbag, tomahawk, or scalp, and he returned to Toronto. No journal to which Mr. Farrer contributed could be dull or commonplace. He was bold at times, and now and again greatly disturbed his political associates. One thinks of quotations from his pen which did service in various campaigns, and not always in behalf of the party with which he was allied. Such utterances, however, were generally in denunciation of abuses and were not dictated by any mere desire to create annoyance or friction. Behind the scenes he did much. He moved many men who perhaps hardly understood the influences to which they responded. He had perhaps more personal acquaintances than any other man in Canada, and more friends also. No one who ever worked at his side could forget his humour and his genius for comradeship, or ever cease to wonder at the ease with which he did his work, his familiarity with many books, his knowledge of the affairs of many countries, his prodig-

ious memory and the numerous and varied channels through which he collected information on the subjects in which he was interested.

Of his early career I learned nothing. He told me once that even his wife knew nothing of his antecedents or of his history before he came to Canada. I was told by the physician who attended him during a serious illness at Winnipeg that when his life was in danger he tried, at Mrs. Farrer's request, to discover where her husband had spent his boyhood and what were his connections and pursuits before he came to Canada. The first question he put when the patient had a lucid moment was whether or not the family to which he belonged was distinguished for longevity. But with death at the door Farrer was himself. He assured the physician wearily but whimsically that generally his relations died shortly after the court rose, but occasionally one was fortunate enough to pull through until the next assizes. I can get no trace of Mr. Farrer before 1870. In the spring of that year he offered *The Lindsay Expositor* a series of sketches of leaders in the British House of Commons. The second or third article was criticized by a correspondent, and Farrer told Mr. Peter Murray, publisher of *The Expositor,* that he had no wish to engage in controversy and discontinued the contributions. It is understood that he had spent the previous winter as bookkeeper in a lumber shanty. When the season's work was over he had come to Lindsay. Later he joined the staff of *The Daily Telegraph,* and when *The Mail* was established became one of its writers. During his connection with *The Globe* he was continuously and bitterly attacked by the Conservative newspapers. But his serenity was seldom disturbed and he never wrote a word in his own defence. There was a certain lawyer in Toronto who was often unfit to appear for his clients, and Mr. Farrer protested that this man was his counsel and that he would deal with his accusers as soon as the lawyer got sober. Once Mr. Erastus Wiman came to *The Globe* office with the manuscript of a speech in favour of Reciprocity with the United States that he was anxious to deliver in Canada. He read the speech to Mr. Jaffray, Mr. Farrer and myself, but our unanimous judgment was that he had spoken too often on the subject and that speeches in Canada by residents of the United States in favour of commercial union between the two countries were politically mischievous and damaging to the Liberal party. Wiman was so angry that he left the room without a word of farewell. We sat for some moments in a sober silence, which was finally broken by Mr. Farrer, who declared that Wiman would read the speech to the coloured porter on the Pullman between Hamilton and Buffalo and have Mr. H. P. Dwight, superintendent of the Great North-Western Telegraph Company, send it out for publication. When Mr. Farrer was short of money, as he was sometimes, and wanted to borrow, he used to tell me that he had some beautifully lithographed stock in a mine called "The Gates Ajar", which he would put up as security. He often declared that he was the last of the Baldwin Reformers, but had been absorbed by the Patrons of Industry and was not exactly certain that the absorption had not impaired his political consistency. Once when he was telling me about an Englishman he had met at Montreal he paused to remark, "You ought to see his wife; she has enough powder on her face to free Ireland". He declared that when he was in Winnipeg Van Horne brought an expert from Chicago to report on the prospect of hog raising in Manitoba, who found that if each hog could be furnished with a parlour stove and a buffalo overcoat success would be assured. He called me aside at Goldwin Smith's funeral to ask if I had heard that the Liberal platform of 1893 was a Tory forgery. He said of a mutual friend who had grown wealthy and did not conceal his opul-

ence, that he could not give a quarter to a porter without taking $400 in bills out of his pocket.

Whimsical, happy, alert, companionable, unpretentious, scholarly, simple, profound, mysterious, and elusive, I have known no more remarkable man than Edward Farrer nor any of greater gifts or greater knowledge. Once Mr. Goldwin Smith asked me if I thought Mr. Farrer ever had a sincere conviction. I suggested that at least he was sincere in his desire to annex Canada to the United States. He said, "Oh, no, if Mr. Farrer could get Canada into the United States to-morrow he would start next day to get her out". His own opinion was that Mr. Farrer was sincere only in his dislike and distrust of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. I could not agree for I think he had a liking for the cultivated priesthood of the Church, however hostile he may have been to the tenets of ultramontanism and the absolutism of Roman Catholic teaching. But although he was nominally a Catholic when he came to die, he did not seek the consolation of the Church. A strange and great man he was who took much zest in life, but I think was often lonely. There was no window through which we could look into his soul. There was reticence which we could not penetrate; there was mystery that we could not fathom. It is said that he was educated in a Jesuit college, but I do not know. That he was a scholar was manifest. He had French and the old languages. But he walked in strange ways and it is literally true that his left hand did not always know what his right hand was doing. He had the quality of a detective and that talent was exercised for various and curious causes. I had knowledge that I do not disclose and confidences which cannot be betrayed. In his outlook for Canada he was an incurable, mischievous, dangerous pessimist. For the British Empire he cared not at all. The story of his life would reveal remarkable connections and far-reaching influences. But no one can tell the story from the fragmentary material that remains.

When I became editor of *The Globe* it was the fashion to ignore or give little attention to Conservative meetings and to devote columns to Liberal meetings. The Liberal leaders always had crowded houses. Their speeches excited tremendous enthusiasm. At Conservative meetings there were empty benches and perfunctory attention. I have known *The Globe* to give eight or ten columns to a Liberal meeting at the old Pavilion and less than a column to a Conservative meeting at least as well attended and addressed by speakers of equal attraction and distinction. Moreover, there was often deliberate misrepresentation of Conservative speeches or calculated suppression of passages which were regarded as damaging to the Liberal position. I recall that two members of *The Globe* staff detailed to trail Sir John Macdonald from house to house and from place to place during one of his visits to Toronto refused to take the assignment. It is to the honour of Mr. Cameron that he respected their scruples. They were not required to resign nor affected in body or estate. From the first I resolved that reports should be accurate and that Conservative readers of *The Globe* should not require to go elsewere to peruse reports of the speeches of their leaders. I recognized that it would not be judicious to discover as much enthusiasm at Conservative as at Liberal meetings, but I determined that there should be no deliberate misquotation or misrepresentation. The staff, and no better staff than that which I had on *The Globe* ever served a Canadian newspaper, gave loyal and ever eager support to the policy to which I sought to give effect. But from certain of the directors there was often angry criticism and severe disapproval. Extreme Liberal partisans were bitter and contemptuous. I had to read many a savage letter and endure much misunderstanding with such equanim-

ity as I could command. It was a long and hard battle, but I never wavered or retreated. In time the commercial and political wisdom of fair and full reports of public meetings was established and those who had blasphemed came to believe that they were responsible for the revolution. For in the columns of *The Globe* a revolution was effected and the example was influential with other public journals. After the general election of 1896 Sir Charles Tupper declared that *The Globe* had reported his speeches more fairly and more fully than any other newspaper, and other Conservative leaders supported his testimony. Not only has *The Globe* been faithful to the tradition which was established nearly thirty years ago, but few Canadian newspapers now tolerate the practices which were so common when Macdonald and Blake, Mowat and Meredith, contended for political supremacy. That, I believe, was my best contribution to Canadian journalism. I think my contemporaries will agree that I was influential in establishing the better fashion and yet not feeble or uncertain in the editorial columns in defence of the Liberal party or in attack upon the hostile forces. For I never tried to persuade myself that *The Globe* was not the organ of the Liberal party or that its independence was not affected by its political connections.

In the third issue of *The Globe* which appeared under my editorship there are four articles which betray uneasiness over the situation in Quebec. I wrote all four with the deliberate object of dissociating *The Globe* from the extreme nationalism, or rather the extreme provincialism of Mercier, and in apprehension of disclosures of methods and practices in the government of the Province which would incidentally but inevitably affect Laurier and the Federal Liberal party. When through the investigation in the Senate corruption was exposed in Quebec at least as bold and systematic as was revealed during the "scandal session" at Ottawa, I could not be persuaded that *The Globe* should turn from denunciation of rascality under a Conservative Government to defence of rascality under a Liberal Government. But powerful influences in the Liberal party were outraged by my candour and treason. Early one morning a colleague on *The Globe* came to my house with the report that I was to be "removed from office". On the same day Mr. John Cameron came down from London with the suggestion that I should resign, as dismissal was certain if I did not forestall the fiat by immediate resignation. Both acted in complete good faith. Neither was in sympathy with the demand for my decapitation. Mr. Cameron argued that dismissal would affect all my future and that recovery would be less difficult if I evaded the stroke by a strategic withdrawal. My colleague insisted that if I were dismissed he would resign, since he had written many of the articles for which I was to suffer. I did all that I could to dissuade him from any such rash action, but he was inflexible and certainly would have gone out if I had been disturbed. But I told Mr. Cameron, as I told my loyal colleague, that I did not believe I was in danger, that whether I was or was not, nothing was more certain than that I would not resign, and that if my resignation was required there would have to be a public disclosure of the motives and reasons behind the demand. I was confident, however, that there was no cause for alarm for *The Globe* was steadily improving its position and my relations with Mr. Jaffray and the directors were singularly happy and satisfactory. I said nothing to Mr. Jaffray or to any other of the directors, nor did I receive any information from any other quarter to support the conviction of Mr. Cameron and my associate in the office that resignation or dismissal had been decreed. Two years later Mr. Jaffray told me that a group of Liberal politicians, through Sir Richard Cartwright, had demanded my dismissal

on account of my unsympathetic attitude towards the Mercier Government and inconsiderate denunciation of evil political conditions in Quebec. He added that the Board rejected the demand without a moment's consideration and that every precaution was taken to keep the incident from my knowledge. I did not discover, nor have I ever sought to discover, who beyond Sir Richard Cartwright were concerned in the movement.

Two or three years later there was a formidable intrigue within the Liberal party to exclude Sir Richard from Parliament. There was a common conviction that he had so alienated the industrial and business elements of the country that the party could not hope to succeed in the constituencies while he was active and influential in its councils. It was designed, therefore, to deprive Cartwright of the Liberal nomination for South Oxford and to prevent his nomination elsewhere. As editor of *The Globe* I was asked to join in this movement. When I declined peremptorily and emphatically to assist, or even to maintain silence if there was any serious prospect that Cartwright would not be renominated I was reminded of the fact, of which they thought I was ignorant, that he had sought to have me dismissed from my position and could, therefore, have no possible claim upon my consideration or gratitude. My answer was that Sir Richard's attitude towards the editor of *The Globe* did not enter into the question. I urged that for a generation he had fought the battle of the Liberal party, often unwisely as I believed, but with self-sacrifice and devotion, and that to take his service in the day of his strength and dishonour him in his old age would be for him a mortal humiliation and for the party a shame and a disgrace. A few days before the convention in South Oxford, which he carried by a narrow majority, I made an earnest appeal in *The Globe* for his renomination which may not have been wholly without effect. Those who sought to unhorse Sir Richard shared his opinions but were embarrassed by his inveterate prejudices and violence of language. They believed that the party was more than the individual and that he was an obstacle to party success. Nor is it true that the manufacturers were behind the movement against Sir Richard. It may be that certain Liberal politicians were cultivating the protectionists, but if there was any reciprocal action it never came to my knowledge. There never was a quarrel that was more strictly domestic and it is not ungenerous to suggest that Conservatives were not eager to have Sir Richard dethroned. I once sat behind a group of Conservative members of the Commons in a railway carriage when Parliament was convulsed by the scandals of 1891 and was startled by the fierce energy of their common declaration that no matter what might be revealed they would never cast a vote to put Sir Richard Cartwright in office. Yet as I have said he mellowed in office and was more favourable to the protectionists than Fielding. If I have told the story of my attitude toward Sir Richard in South Oxford it is because I would not like to have it thought that I cherish any grievance over his attempt to have me removed from the editorship of *The Globe*. I do not think he ever knew that I had knowledge of that incident, nor have I ever believed that Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave his consent to the demand for my dismissal. Sir Richard was grateful for *The Globe's* intervention in South Oxford and until his death he treated me with much consideration. As one goes on his journey—short at best—chances for revenge intrude, but to take revenge is to sour life to the core and make all the world unlovely.

As editor of *The Globe* I persisted for months and even for years in the agitation for a Federal Railway Commission. A Cabinet opposed finally yielded and the Commission was established. I was not the pioneer in the movement, and other forces were active and powerful. In the final de-

cision no one was more influential than Dr. Rutherford, who has just been appointed to the Commission. I advocated reform of the Senate and reform of the civil service, but the last came slowly and the first not at all. When the Liberal party came into office in 1896 *The Globe* protested so strenuously against dismissal of Conservative office-holders save for active, offensive interference in elections that I was honoured by a vote of censure from the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto. When the Conservative party was restored to office in 1911 I protested as strongly against interference with Liberal officials. Returning from the Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1892 which nominated Cleveland, I began an agitation for a national convention of the Liberal party. There was protest and resistance from the official leaders of the party, but the agitation prevailed. If the platform which the Convention adopted was more honoured in the breach than in the observance nothing ever more greatly stimulated the national spirit of the Liberal party. Moreover, the party, greatly divided over the issue of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, compromised its differences, and whether the country understood or not, declared against fiscal discrimination against Great Britain.

Convinced by my visit to the Western Provinces in 1895 that the agitation for the abolition of the Northwest Mounted Police was fatuous and the attitude of the Liberal party towards the Canadian Pacific Railway unwise and unnational, I modified *The Globe's* position and bore with such fortitude as I could the common insinuation that I was purchased by Van Horne and overcome by Police hospitality. *The Globe* had many articles in favour of law reform. In this agitation one of my confidential advisers was Chief Justice Armour. Before I met him letters were exchanged in a correspondence which he began. One day a huge man, in a rough gray suit, with a wide soft hat came into the office and without a word of greeting dropped heavily into a chair, brought a big stick down on the floor with unnecessary emphasis, turned keen, searching eyes upon me and rumbled, "Do you know who I am?" I guessed that he was Chief Justice Armour. "I am," he declared, "and I just wanted to look at the d—— fool who thinks he can get law reform from Mowat".

Mr. John Ewan came down from the head of the lakes with an absurd story about Mr. James Conmee. It was said that Conmee had a long and irreconcilable feud with a man at Port Arthur and that when he became a magistrate he had the man confined in an outhouse while he went through the Provincial Statutes to find if he had power to have him hanged. The story, of course, was a sheer fabrication, but Mr. Ewan told it in *The Globe* and Mr. Conmee came down from Port Arthur to protest. His protest never got beyond the first few sentences. As Harry Lauder says, "I couldna keep frae laughin' ", and Mr. Conmee soon joined in the laughter and we turned from law to politics.

I was connected with *The Globe* for nearly twenty years, and for twelve years I was its editor. During all that time I was in close association with Mr. C. W. Taylor, business manager, whose death fourteen years ago was like the loss of something out of myself. Both of us were touchy and impetuous and there were days when the bells jangled out of tune, but we were loyal to each other and quick to unite for offence or defence as circumstances required. It was hard to leave *The Globe,* and probably I shall not disclose all the motives by which I was actuated nor all the considerations which affected my judgment. At least I did not resign because I sought any recognition that was withheld or through any personal differences with the leaders of the Liberal party.

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The next chapter of these Reminiscences is entitled "The West Durham Letter".

Walter S. Allward
From a Drawing by F. S. Challener

# WALTER S. ALLWARD, SCULPTOR

BY KATHERINE HALE

RAXITELES, or the strange rumour of Praxiteles, his fabled pathos and dreamy charm, has remained a standard in sculpture through the ages. He and his followers found their inspiration in the depiction of the gods. Hermes, with the young child Dionysus, is not a work of "religious" art. It is a symbol, representing the harmonious development of human faculties and life in accordance with nature.

Michelangelo, centuries later, rescued art from the churchmen by making religious symbols universal. His Pieta in St. Paul's, at Rome, remains the greatest madonna that the world has ever known, and his heroic

The Old Soldier,
Walter S. Allward, Sculptor

figures are regarded as the epitome of his day.

Now, the wheeling years have brought us again to the time when we can best depict our age by the Greek device of symbolizing all human faculties and life in accordance with nature. Only we have raised nature to the $n^{th}$ degree, we have looked into her eyes, learned of her and lived with her until our knowledge has become a science, and art is the interpreter of man's marriage with nature rather than of his alliance with religion.

Because sculpture is the slowest, most exacting and laborious of all the art, because it requires all the contradictory qualities — and also information in at least half a dozen other branches of knowledge, apart from the modelling out of the immediate inspiration, there are very few sculptors of the second class in the world, and almost none of the first.

When you get the rare combination of genius, industry and practical ability, you have a great artist in any line of work.

Walter Allward is a Canadian. He was born in Toronto, as a matter of fact, and seemed always to have accepted the belief that he was destined to be a sculptor, with a full realization of the life of undeviating labour which lay before him. That the world is dotted with scultpure of the third class he knew quite well, and boldly essayed the second class from the very first. And as he worked, diligently, his knowledge deepened, his technique de-

Monument to South African Veterans, University Avenue, Toronto
Walter S. Allward, Sculptor

veloped, his spirit grew, perhaps a door opened, and he entered the mysterious, sparsely-inhabited first class. I do not know. Time alone can solve the riddle of the permanent genius. But that genius does shine out of the work of this artist, grave, clear, and glowing, of that there can be no possible doubt.

Let us leave aside those first youthful, necessary busts with which every young sculptor begins his career. Mr. Allward, I believe, started with Tennyson and went on "biographing"

The Bell Memorial at Brantford, Ontario
Designed by Walter S. Allward

worthy gentlemen in frock-coats until he got his first commission for a symbolic statue, which happened to be a commemoration of the Northwest Rebellion. He then said farewell to busts.

There is the statue of Governor Simcoe in the Queen's Park, Toronto, and the splendid character study of John Sandfield Macdonald, there is the memorial to Nicholas Flood Davin in Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, and the Baldwin-Lafontaine group upon Parliament Hill, to mention only a few, and all these are telling pieces of work. But I should say that the career of the sculptor, so far—and it must be remembered that Mr. Allward, just entering the forties, is only at the beginning of his mature period of work—may be followed in the illustration of three such representative pieces as the Old Soldier, a half-length figure done for the Army and Navy Veteran's Association, and set up in Portland Square, Toronto, the South African Memorial, also in Toronto, completed in 1910, and the Bell Memorial, unveiled in Brantford, Ontario, in October last.

To see the Old Soldier one must make an excursion into a slum of Toronto, a shabby little park or base-ball ground called Portland Square, which was set apart in 1794 by Governor Simcoe as the first military burial ground in Toronto. More than a hundred years ago it lay a mile distant from the centre of the village of York. Later, it became a border of the, then, fashionable Wellington Street, and is now relegated to "somewhere down near the water front", by the Toronto citizen of whom a would-be pilgrim asks information.

Fringed then by Wellington and Portland Streets, its northern bound-

ary running up against the rectory of St. John's Church, its western end decorated with a few pathetic old grave-stones that tell the tale of soldiers whose battles were fought long ago, here indeed is a little neglected shrine of art. For the half figure of a soldier, with his empty coat sleeve and his eager, wonderful old face is absolutely haunting. We have all made pilgrimages in foreign cities to see some famous monument less perfect in its art, less human in its appeal than this which stands undiscovered in a supposedly art-loving city.

In this bit of comparatively early work, Mr. Allward gets right away from so-called "portrait study", or a Victorian symbolism which would depict by the conventional figure of a veteran in uniform the idea of patriotism, to something vital and real.

Henceforth his ideas have become symbolic, in a simple and direct form which has discarded all the undergrowths of the middle-past and brought back the clear Greek ideal of man allied to nature, and so to the god in human nature.

The great South African Memorial, which stands on University Avenue, in Toronto, is very direct in its message. Here is the young mother, Canada, sending out her sons to battle for the Empire. And there is that in her attitude, in the heroic soul of her imprisoned in the inflexible bronze, that makes one glad of one's country. Who can express, or even try to express in words, the sword-like message of a great and sincere art? The greatest art contains not only beauty but revelation. That is why, looking into the eyes of the woman, Canada, who had sent out but few sons when this monument was raised to celebrate a welcome peace, the feeling comes instinctively that she is ready, if need be, to send out more. And when the doors of the Armouries opened on that blazing midsummer noon of August, 1914, and the first boys of the First Contingent stepped out and down the Avenue on their way to camp, the most vital figure on the crowded awe-struck thoroughfare was Allward's young Canada, looking out into the far distance, hearing the first footsteps go by to the awful war, knowing that there would be unceasing footsteps to follow theirs —looking out, and out. High above, crowning the granite shaft, with wings outstretched and arms uplifted, holding aloft the crown which stands for Canada's unity with and love of the Empire, is the angel of victory overtopping the mother and her sons. This statue is really standing with us and speaking for us now. It is a part and parcel of Canada and the War.

The Bell Memorial celebrates the discovery of what the inventor's father quaintly describes in his diary as "electric speech". To depict such a discovery in monumental form, realism in the strict sense, would have been, of course, impossible and symbolism might easily have been overdone. The foremost sculptors of the continent submitted models to the Committee who unanimously chose the design of Mr. Allward.

It is, as the illustration sets forth, a comparatively simple treatment of the theme, one whose success is achieved by the inspiration, the dignity and the perfection of its working out. The Memorial is crescent in general design, with shallow steps leading up to the great bronze panel, and the figures on their granite pylons flanking it on either side. These two bronze figures of Juno-like women, represent humanity stooping and listening. The panel, twenty-six by eight feet, between the Listeners, represents Man, guided by the floating figure of Inspiration, sending out his thoughts of Knowledge, Joy and Sorrow over the waves of air. Beneath the panel is the inscription in English, "To Commemorate the Invention of the Telephone by Alexander Graham Bell, in the City of Brantford, 1874", and on the discs, at either side, are the Latin inscriptions "Mundus telephonici usu recreatis est", and "Hoc opus machinae patri dedicatum est".

On the farthest side of the panel is a fountain with a pool for marine life, and it may be said in passing that the panel itself is the largest bronze of its kind ever made in America and probably ever made in the world.

It is the "story of the Telephone", as the newspapers say, but it is told as only genius could tell it—simply, greatly, in the universal language of an imperishable art. No one who pauses to decipher it can fail to recognize the work of a master, for the message is instantaneous. There is the splendid anatomy, the grace, the sweep, the noble gravity, the surging life, all bearing the convincing birth-marks of the heredity of genius.

What a splendid thing that in the future, when this continent is learning to know the meaning of art, students may come to this group, the Bell Memorial, and receive from it the lesson of a master.

Truly the city which sets in its midst such a piece of art has sung a deathless song. Think of its constructive quality; the influence of those silent figures on generation after generation of the people passing by, on the events of every-day life.

It would seem that man is perfecting his intended marriage with nature. Science, the child of that marriage, is the theme and will be more and more the theme of the poet, the dramatist, the sculptor, the creator in any line of art. Science, the white magician, will unlock the doors of mysteries, the which, if prophesied, would accuse the prophet of sorcery, or second sight. The coming age will be given over to a passion of reconstruction. It is to the voices of those who can interpret this passion that the future will listen, and among the few who are the prophets of such art on this continent is the Canadian—Walter Allward.

# HONOURABLE SENATOR CURRY

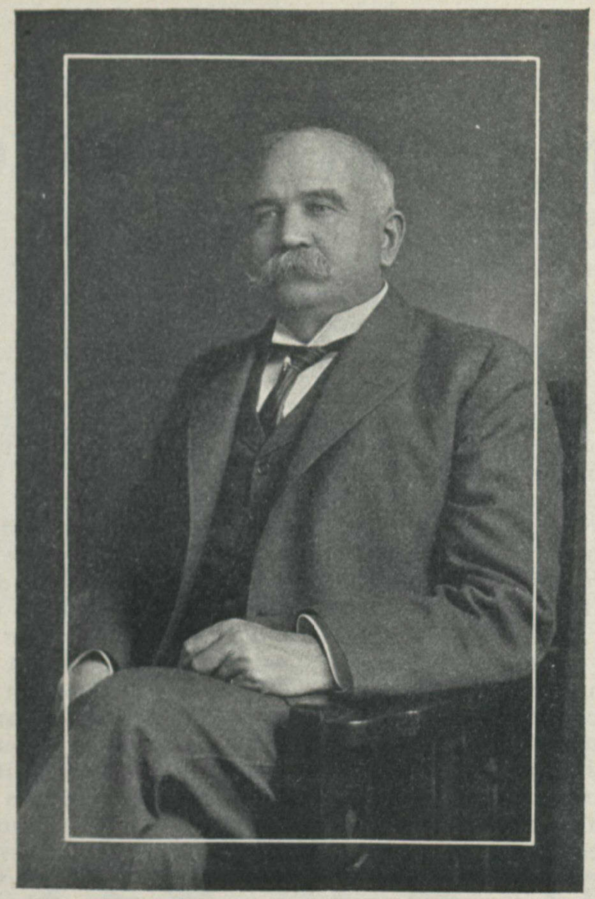
## A STUDY IN DECISION

BY GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN

O many factors enter into the prerequisites for success that it is difficult to choose the ingredients which should go into the prescription. Ounces and drachms of unattainable materials are frequently prescribed. Usually at the head of the list are a certain quality of parents and grandparents, and an otherwise selected ancestry; too late—we cannot provide those. Then come in order a certain form of education, a certain brand of health, a certain set of companions, a certain national environment, and a galaxy of difficulties to be overcome. These matters, however, are usually settled before the prescription is written, and the only one which we can always guarantee to provide is the last named. If there are some things we cannot have, there is one thing we should insist upon, and that is that decisive hours of life should be definitely and plainly labelled. If the labels were bright, clear, and unmistakable, and one realized that "this is the decisive hour", not many could fail to rise to the occasion.

When the book "The Fifteen Decisive Hours of John Smith's Life", is written, the crucial hours may seem plain when the author points them out, but how did they look to John Smith when they occurred? Could he distinguish them from thousands of other hours? We may well say that each hour of our lives before we attain the age of thirty is a critical hour—an hour which will determine destiny. It is on this account that small men fail and truly large men succeed, for the latter do not neglect any hour, and consequently capture and win the decisive one. There is probably a decisive hour, but it may be difficult to determine; it is undoubtedly some time when a battle is being fought unknown to others, and a victory is being won of which the world is unaware.

In a general way there are certain hours in everyone's life which are truly decisive, and this we may take for granted. The hour of birth is decisive, in that individual life is supposed to start; on this we could agree. The hour of death is decisive, in that life is supposed to end; this is a debatable point. The marriage hour is decisive, and this is undoubtedly true in most cases. A man's success or failure can often be traced to this hour. Holmes in his "Autocrat" (or is it in the "Professor"?) speaks of the great ship moving up the harbour with sails flapping, and you wonder concerning the propelling power. When the vessel passes, you see on the other side, hidden heretofore, a little tug which is pushing the ship along. Many a wife, unseen, furnishes the power which drives a man along to success. Yes, his marriage hour is a decisive one surely. The hour when a man definitely links up his life to religious ideals, when he enters and leaves school, when his children are born—



Honourable Senator Nathanial Curry

these and others are decisive hours common to all men, but although common, not less important. They are not, however, of a character which causes special attention and which leads us to emphasize them.

Recently when speaking of experiences in the life of one of our most prominent Canadian business men, I said, "That was *the* decisive hour of his life—the line between failure and success was closely drawn that day—but he won''. Perhaps the statement was not correct, but there are good grounds for this opinion.

I remember one summer evening, just before sunset, looking out of the window of my home in Amherst, Nova Scotia, and down through the great willow trees where a blaze was reddening the evening sky. It was Rhodes & Curry's factory burning for the third time. The next day came the test. The firm—never strong financially—was insolvent. The two who had established the business had staked all in this enterprise.

These young men had learned their trade as carpenters in Nova Scotia, had worked together on the church in Port Williams, Mr. Curry's home, and had travelled together to Boston with thoughts and plans of great things to be accomplished, for was not Boston then the Land of Promise to Nova Scotians? They had been in partnership in Boston for a short time and had accepted some small

contracts for building, and after a few years further experience had returned to Nova Scotia and with noteworthy enterprise had established this factory in Amherst in May, 1877. In the following October fire destroyed the plant, but not to be discouraged they again built and in four months the wheels were whirling in a new building, and the hearts of the young men were filled with brilliant prospects. Again a heap of blackened embers and twisted machinery took the place of the busy factory, and again they built. This third building called forth all their courage and all their resources; but these young men had faith in their country, in their business, and in themselves. In a few minutes on this summer evening of 1881 all was swept away. No one could have blamed them if they had stopped now after these three attempts, and they could have been remembered as young men of great enterprise, but to whom the fates were unpropitious. It is true they had not a dollar with which to build again, but had they no security to offer for a loan? No security, did I say? The best of security—the security of two men who were not afraid to try again, who could not be discouraged—the security of industry and of business integrity. The people of Amherst rushed to their assistance and again the business was started, this time to continued success.

This was *the* decisive hour because, looking in both directions, the critical time had arrived. The struggle had been a long one and test after test had been successfully met, no further proof was necessary. This was shown by the increased confidence inspired in their fellow citizens who believed in them, and were willing to become responsible for a large amount of money with no security but their faith in the two men who comprised the firm.

It was also decisive in looking toward the future; no doubt the faith which others had in the firm was a great asset—with the knowledge of this faith to inspire, failure could not be entertained. It further proved to be decisive in that the firm started then on the solid road to success, and never afterwards was there a hesitation. The courage displayed in this most discouraging hour not only showed that these men would succeed, but that they had succeeded. For Mr. Curry this was the crest of the ridge.

Men do not drop down upon the crest of the ridge, they climb up to it, and it would not be difficult to trace the decisive hours in the upward strugle of Nathaniel Curry. As a boy in the country attending school and working about the small farm he had gathered physical and moral muscle for coming battles. Even then he was not satisfied to be second best—his berry dish must be filled first, his row of potatoes must be completed before the others. When apprenticed to learn the carpenter trade hours did not count, the quickest and most thorough methods were sought and most diligently applied. At the age of twenty, three experiences of great importance came into his life. It was then he united with the Baptist Church at his home in Port Williams, he finished his apprenticeship with Isaac Masters, and he left home to make his own way and chose the city of Boston for his field of operations. Character was being formed, and elements of manhood were being woven together which should prove strong enough to stand the strain when tests should come.

One incident will show the courage and self-reliance which had been developed. About the time the new firm began operation in Nova Scotia, the Acadia College building was burned and had to be replaced. In addition to this large structure a Ladies Seminary was also to be built. The new company bid for and obtained the contract in the face of strong competition. These are buildings in use to-day, testifying to the efficiency and ability of the young firm. So well and thoroughly was the work

accomplished that other contracts were soon obtained, and the firm was speedily accounted among the most reliable builders in the Maritime Provinces.

The look forward from the time of the last fire also shows that the decisive hour had been reached. With energy engendered by new resolution and new efforts, they started on a career of unparalleled success. Rhodes, Curry & Company became the chief contractors and builders in the Maritime Provinces, doing work of all kinds and in all places, and establishing a reputation for ability, efficiency and trustworthiness. But greater things were in store. The Harris Car Works of St. John contemplated a change, and immediately negotiations were in progress to move them to Amherst to become a part of Rhodes, Curry & Company. There was something in addition to mere business enterprise to account for this move. Following his first year in Boston, Mr. Curry had spent four years in the west where he had entered the car shops at Carson City, Nevada. At the end of two years—a young man of twenty-four—he had had charge of the shops and knew the business from wheel to roof. The vision of cars never left his mind, and now that an opportunity for again entering the business was presented, it was not to be lost. The Harris Car Works moved to Amherst in 1893 to become a part of the reorganized Rhodes, Curry Company. Many questioned this step as a business venture, but Mr. Curry's was the deciding voice. The move was a large factor in his success, showing beyond doubt the keenness of his business vision. This was at the beginning of the great railroad development in Canada and the new company shared in the general prosperity. The success of the Car Works and the general feeling of the value of co-operation and union of industries easily suggested to the comprehensive mind of Mr. Curry the idea of the amalgamation of the car works of Canada. His was the guiding mind in this great enterprise, and his genius was responsible for its completion in 1909. The recital of the events connected with this operation will be a task for some future historian, but we already know of the important part which Mr. Curry took in its consummation.

In recognition of his character and ability and conspicuous service, three honours came to him. He was made President of the Canada Car & Foundry Company upon its foundation, and in 1911 was elected President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. In 1912 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Acadia University. Interested, but not always active, in politics, he took a prominent part in the election of 1911, working against reciprocity, and in 1912 he was offered and he accepted a seat in the Senate of Canada. Business, academic, and political honours combined to show appreciation of the man, and subsequent years have shown that they were well merited.

The war brought opportunities and responsibilities to many people in Canada, but to none more than to Senator Curry. The first of these touched his family. In 1881 he had married Miss Mary E. Hall of Round Hill, Annapolis County, and in her he has found a most helpful companion, contributing—he alone can tell how much—to his success. Of the five sons born to the home, Ivan, the fourth one, was cut off early in life while studying in New York. The second son, Eric, became associated with his father in the lumber business in Nova Scotia, and his fifth son, Rennie, became associated with him in business in Montreal. The first and third sons, Captain Victor and Captain Leon Curry, both enlisted at the beginning of the war and went overseas with Montreal Battalions. Captain Victor Curry was invalided home after seeing service at the Front and is now associated in business with his father. Captain Leon Curry was killed within an hour after entering

the trenches for the first time. Senator Curry's contribution through his sons was not his whole gift, for he immediately dedicated his business ability to war work. Early in the war he accepted a large contract from the Russian Government for shells, and started to organize industries in the United States and Canada to produce these shells, in what was at that time unprecedented quantities, the contract price being eighty-three million dollars. The task was a stupendous one, but was accomplished in such a way that the contract was completed and—what was a greater feat—the Russian Government was made to settle. It was a gigantic undertaking, but one well worth doing. In addition to the Russian business, contracts were also accepted for large quantities of shells for the British Government.

The supreme test of success is in character, and we recognize to-day that character is shown not only by ability to procure, but even more by a disposition to serve. The largeness of the man is revealed in the fact that after his success in business he began to invest in certain enterprises which gave dividends in human life and character. He has given $88,000 to Acadia University, $25,000 to McGill University, and other sums for innumerable purposes. In fact, his hand is continually extended to aid good objects. There are special reasons why he is interested in and generous to Acadia University. In the first place, the tower of the Main Building of Acadia was visible from his home in Port Williams, and as a boy it was ever before him, and the Acadia traditions were well known to him. As already mentioned the first large contract of the new firm of Rhodes & Curry, the success of which meant so much in establishing its reputation at that time, was given by the Governors of Acadia University, and with one exception all of the Acadia buildings have been constructed by this firm. In the third place his two sons, Leon and Rennie have attended Acadia, the former being a graduate in the class of 1905. Mr. Curry has been interested in technical education and his gifts to Acadia have been for the advancement of that branch of education. I have heard him make two remarks which show that the true spirit of philanthropy has entered his soul. "I never gave a cent that I wanted back again," he told Lord Atholstan while talking on the subject, and again he said, "There is no money I spend that I get so much pleasure out of as what I give".

If success is a matter of character, then the decisive hour of life cannot be considered in relation to any event, however vital it may seem to be, unless that event reveals the fact that character has reached its majority. With Mr. Curry that point was reached at the time of the third fire, and since then there has been the steady application of those principles which characterized the success of that test.

# THE DIRECTOR OF REPATRIATION

## BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

HE general public has been saying all along that when the war ends our real national work will begin. That work, whatever it may be, or whatever we who form the general public do not know about it, has been under consideration for some time, but it began with driving force and enthusiasm on December 1st, when Herbert J. Daly was appointed Director of the Repatriation and Employment Committee of the Cabinet at Ottawa.

Who is Herbert J. Daly? Who is this man who has been selected in the very teeth of hundreds of office-seekers at the Capital and placed in a position of the greatest importance, not only to the Government, not only to the country at large, but as well to every soldier who has returned from overseas, to every soldier who is about to return, who eventually will return, and to every wife, mother, daughter, son, and dependent of every soldier who has gone overseas to uphold the dignity of Canada and to establish Canada's claim to a respectable place among respectable nations. It is a question that anyone might well ask, for the appointment of Director of Repatriation affects as vitally the interests of the whole people as any other appointment the Government has made since the war began. But the appointment, important as it is, and little known as Mr. Daly generally has been, is in keeping with what we have learned to expect nowadays. For have we not seen at the head of all the Canadian forces at the Front a man who was scarcely known four years ago, much less as a director of fighting men? Have we not seen men, and young men at that, who had been just ordinary citizens before the war, startle the world with the magnificence of their exploits, the wealth of their heroism, the very genius of their military qualifications? And now we must be prepared to see men loom up suddenly from nowhere, so it might seem, and by the sheer force of ability take charge of work about which everybody has been speculating and asking questions.

One of these men is Herbert J. Daly. But who is he?

A little less than twenty-five years ago a high-school teacher in the town of Orillia took so keen an interest in the talents of one of his pupils that he volunteered to give him lessons at night in mathematics because he had perceived that the boy had a very alert mind and was worthy of help and encouragement.

That boy was Herbert J. Daly.

A few years later a wholesale grocery firm of Montreal determined to experiment with a fledgling on the road. They sent a young man scarcely out of his teens down through the Eastern Townships to sell some specialties in the grocery line. But the young man, in every instance, confronted one insurmountable difficulty —he could not get anyone to listen to

Herbert J. Daly,
The Director of Repatriation and Employment

him. He had a small body and a big head, features that did not seem to impress the grocers of the Eastern Townships. He knew that even if he took thought unto himself he could not increase his stature by one cubit, but he knew also that if he could not attract custom by his mere presence, he could play on the common weaknesses of mankind. And accordingly he returned to Montreal, defeated, but not in despair. He equipped himself with a new set of ammunition, to wit, a small hand coffee mill and a square of beautiful plush cloth to lay it on. Then he fared forth. The first grocery he entered he did not ask for the buyer or the proprietor. He did not ask for anybody. He merely spread the plush out on a counter, placed the mill upon it, took a handful of coffee from his satchel and began to grind. Curiosity soon brought a small group of spectators, and before the coffee was all ground the proprietor himself was an interested onlooker. The salesman then asked them to enjoy the rich aroma of the coffee. He convinced them that it was real coffee, better coffee and cheaper coffee. He booked many orders from that time on, and the trip resulted in the most business that the firm had ever done in that district. It was that young man's real start as a grocery salesman.

And that young man was Herbert J. Daly.

The firm had a customer in Toronto who got into financial difficulties. Young Daly was sent to straighten things out and set the business on its feet again. He did so, and there began his career as a consulting business man, or, in other words, as a business man who is called in or sent in by outside interests to ascertain what has been the cause of failure. He did not go back to Montreal to remain there. Toronto held him and has held him ever since. He entered the general offices of a wholesale grocery firm in that city, and began to attend a night

school, where he learned typewriting and stenography. But he soon determined that the cash register business, which was just then beginning in Canada, offered the opening he desired. He applied for a position and was told that there was no vacancy, that the heads of departments were being brought over from the United States. But young Daly persisted. He renewed his application once a week, until at length he went one Saturday about noon and was told by the manager that everything was upset and in a muddle, and that he really had not time to talk. Then it was that the young man saw his chance. He suggested that he remain that afternoon and help to straighten things out. Such a suggestion from most men would not have been entertained at all, but this young man had a way with him, a way that has helped him in big things and little things, always, and in this particular instance it gained for him a footing in the cash register business. He soon became Office Manager—in 1904, to be precise, at the age of twenty-two. Four years later he became Factory Superintendent. Five years still later he was appointed Sales Manager, and at the age of thirty-two he received the important appointment of Managing Director. That position he held until just a year ago, when he resigned to devote his time to private interests and such public offices as he had been able to accept. On the recommendation of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, he was appointed to serve on the Labour Sub-Committee of the Reconstruction Committee of the Cabinet. He was appointed by the Minister of Labour to act as chairman of the Labour Appeal Board to settle the strike of street railway employees in Ottawa. The result was a settlement by a unanimous decision.

The Repatriation and Employment Committee consists of Honourable T. A. Calder, Department of Immigration and Colonization; Honourable N. W. Rowell, Department of Public Information; Honourable T. A. Crerar, Department of Agriculture; Honourable G. D. Robertson, Department of Labour; Honourable Arthur Meighen, Department of the Interior; and Honourable Sir James Lougheed, Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. These Ministers of the Crown meet in Mr. Daly's office three times a week, and the work agreed on is carried out by the Director. It involves conferences and much correspondence with fraternal, charitable and benevolent associations of all kinds, boards of trade, municipalities, large employers of labour, and indeed with all organizations that will have to consider the returned soldier. One important work of the Director is to prevent duplication and to advise other bodies how to proceed in whatever branch of the work they might wish to undertake.

Mr. Daly is only thirty-seven years of age, having been born in Peterboro' in 1882. His success is due in large measure to his genial personality, self-confidence, unswerving determination, clear-sightedness, the ability to delve down to the root of things, admirable diplomacy, and consideration for others. He is charitable in many unexpected ways, and it is a noteworthy fact that in all his enterprises, which have been too numerous to detail here, he has never attained success at the cost of someone else. Rather has he carried his co-workers along with him. He never has taken an active part in politics, but has confined his energies to his business affiliations. These include a directorship in the Home Bank, in the Murray-Kay Company, of Toronto, the presidency of the H. J. Daly departmental store, of Ottawa, and an interest in several industrial concerns.

A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

## CAPTAIN J. E. TAIT, V.C., M.C.

IN the late autumn of 1914, a Government surveying party was at work in the Hudson Bay country, up the Kettle River. For months its members had been cut off from all communication with the outside world, when suddenly there came tidings of war—between "Kultur" and civilization. At least one of the party immediately grasped the meaning of the terrible fact, and, dropping his work in the great solitudes, James Edward Tait returned to Winnipeg to make arrangements, with the least possible delay, for doing what one man might to save the world from the theatening horror.

By race and birth a Scotsman, the young surveyor was the second son of the late James B. Tait, of Maxwellton. Three of his brothers have also had experience of active service, two in France, the other in Mesopotamia.

James was a pupil successively at Laurieknowe School and Dumfries Academy. His father was a builder, and the young man served his apprenticeship in Dumfries for the profession of an architect, but coming to Canada in 1912, took up instead the more physically exacting task of the surveyor.

Young, strong, athletic, used to exposure and to "roughing it", capable of intense earnestness and enthusiasm, Tait was a recruit of the most desired stamp. He had served for five years in the Imperial Yeomanry, and obtained a commission in the 100th Battalion Winnipeg Grenadiers. Not content with joining himself, he exerted himself to induce others to do likewise, and spoke, at many a public meeting, with forceful simplicity in the interests of recruiting.

A many-sided man, he had something in common with various types of humanity. In his native Scotland, he had won many championships as a boxer, an art which he had spent much time in teaching to the members of a boys' club in Dumfries. On the other hand, those who best knew him speak of his love of poetry and of music; and he had a decided literary bent. He contributed articles to various Canadian magazines, which were the fruit of his experiences in "The Frozen North," and on the battle front at Vimy Ridge. Children and dogs showed ready confidence in him. Boys admired and made friends with him, and, in the army, he was popular alike with officers and men.

But, when it came to speaking of him in connection with the war, the outstanding fact that impressed all who knew him was his stern enthusiasm, and his desire to be ever at and

Captain J. E. Tait, V.C., M.C.

in the fighting. Soon after reaching England, he was transferred to the 78th Canadian Battalion, and left for the Front in February, 1916.

Neither the large dangers nor the continuous discomforts of the campaign dampened his ardour. He was wounded four times in thirteen months—in the face, the knee and the head—but, on recovery, he "practically rushed straight from hospital, so as to get back to the battalion without loitering around the reserve battalion", and he brushed aside suggestions of less dangerous tasks, as if he counted all days lost when he was not actually in the fighting for which he had gone overseas.

He won the Military Cross for gallant work at Vimy Ridge and was promoted on the field at Passchendaele to the rank of captain. In one of his letters, Tait gives an interesting glimpse of the night before the Canadians went "over the top' 'to wrench from the Huns a part of the famous Passchendaele Ridge. The men of the 78th "were digging assembly trenches to jump off from next morning. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and cold, and from a blasted tree in the German lines a sniper potted away all night, and got quite a few of our boys." Yet, despite the cold and that persistent sniper, "there was no place in God's fair world" in which Tait would have preferred to be than right there on Passchendaele Ridge, where within the next "crowded week", the Canadians were again to cover themselves with glory.

Less than a year after Passchendaele, Captain Tait was gazetted "V.C." for "conspicuous bravery and initiative" in his last fight. His commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkcaldy, had given him a company to command in the engagement at

Hallu, on August 10th, 1918. "He was a splendid officer, and inspired confidence wherever he was," said the colonel. "He came out of the first day's engagement unhurt and made a splendid reputation for his company."

When an advance was checked by violent machine gun fire from the enemy, he "rallied his company and led it forward with consummate skill and dash under a hail of bullets". But a concealed enemy machine gun continued to cause many casualties. To stop this, Captain Tait, with a rifle and bayonet, dashed forward alone and killed the German gunner. Inspired by his daring, his men rushed the position, captured twelve machine guns and twenty prisoners, and cleared the way for the advance of the whole battalion.

After the objective was gained, however, the 78th had a hard time, for a small salient had been formed, and on the 11th the Germans counter-attacked under an intense artillery bombardment, during which Captain Tait was killed by a direct hit from a shell.

As one of his fellow-soldiers put it, he had given "his life for his country and the wining of the war. He was a man greatly admired for his fearless courage and he was in the war heart and soul to win the war. . . . The manner in which he died was certainly worthy of the brave man that he was. He had reached farthest on with his company and was saying to one of his gunners, 'That's the stuff to give 'em, boys,' when the shell fell near and got him."

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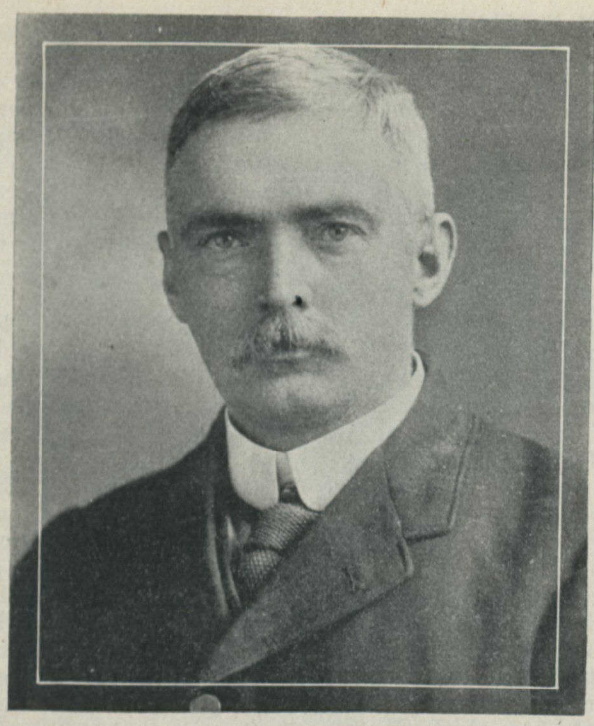
## THE PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY the retirement of Sir Edward Morris as Premier of Newfoundland, just a year ago, the Premiership passed to the Minister of Justice in his Government, Honourable W. F. Lloyd, K.C., D.C.L. Dr. Lloyd had been, until July, 1917, Leader of the Opposition, but then a coalition was made, both parties coming together to ensure more effective participation by the Colony in the war. The Morris Ministry had consisted of nine members, but two taking permanent positions and a third dropping out, the number was reduced to six, and then six other places were given the Opposition, making a Cabinet of twelve, with Mr. Morris as Premier and Mr. Lloyd as Minister of Justice and "Deputy".

When Sir Edward Morris went to London in October, Mr. Lloyd became acting Premier, and when the retirement of the head of the Ministry followed, Mr. Lloyd naturally succeeded him.

Mr. Lloyd is an Englishman, a native of Manchester, and fifty-four years of age. The son of a mechanic, without the proverbial golden spoon, he had to educate himself, and a large proportion of his knowledge was acquired through the medium of a night school, as at thirteen years of age he was a paid monitor in the school where he taught, and had to give his leisure hours in self-tuition. He was fortunate in studying under some masters in Manchester who subsequently became famous, and, his abilities as a teacher being considerable, he was selected twenty-seven years ago to come to Newfoundland to assume the vice-premiership of the Anglican College in St. John's, which position he filled for some years. Incidentally he undertook the study of law by night and won the degree of Bachelor of Laws of London University, and in 1901 satisfied requirements of Victoria University, Toronto, for the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Then he resigned his college position, and articled himself to the then Attorney-General and present Chief Justice of Newfoundland, Sir William Horwood, for the legal course necessary to his admission to the local bar, and after Mr. Horwood went to the Bench, he completed his course with the late Sir William Whiteway, formerly Premier and Attorney-General. In due course of time, he was called to the Bar, and, in addition to prosecuting his private



Honourable W. F. Lloyd, K.C., D.C.L.

practice, he assumed the editorship of *The Evening Telegram*, of St. John's.

In 1904 he was elected to the Legislature for the district of Trinity Bay as a follower of Sir Robert Bond, but in the elections of 1908 and 1909 he was unsuccessful in other districts. In 1913 he associated himself with the Fishermen's Protective Union movement, then taking shape in Newfoundland, and somewhat similar to labour organizations in other countries, and in that year was again elected for Trinity as a Bond supporter, partly by the votes of the "F.P.U." or Coakerite followers—as the Bondites and Coakerites had combined in the effort to overthrow Sir Edward Morris, who was then leading the Government, an effort in which they were unsuccessful.

After the election which saw Sir Edward Morris with twenty-one supporters and Sir Robert Bond with fifteen, equally divided between his own and the Coakerite wings of the Opposition, Sir Robert Bond retired from the Legislature, and was succeeded by Mr. J. M. (now Justice) Kent, who led the Parliamentary Opposition for two years and then accepted a vacancy on the Supreme Bench, whereupon Mr. Lloyd was chosen to succeed him as the parliamentary chief. In July last, when the coalition was effected, he took the Attorney-Generalship, and the Deputy Premiership, and on the resignation of Sir Edward Morris, was invited by the Government to fill his place.

Dr. Lloyd is an avowed exponent of the advanced Liberal school of English politics, is a noted student of constitutional problems, and a man of strong will and determination. He has a reputation for rugged honesty and direct bluntness of speech, and his career will be watched with keen interest by students of local political developments. He is a widower, an Anglican, and somewhat of a student of world politics.

# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## SPUN-YARN AND SPINDRIFT

By Norah M. Holland. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

A NOTE of sadness and regret, almost one continued lament, goes through this book, whose distinction lies in the beauty of its minor sounds. That note of sadness, however, becomes the qualifying substance, for by it we discover a singer estranged, an exile, one whose thoughts and images rest and are composed in a land that lives ever fresh in the memory. Ireland, whatever else may be said of her, continues her insistent call to the emigrant. D'Arcy McGee felt it years ago, Father Dollard displays it in his recent poetry, and now Miss Holland, a resident of Toronto, gives us this glimpse of a yearning heart in her beautiful poem, "To W. B. Yeats:

> Or the brown bees hum through the livelong day
> In glades of Inisfree, where sunlight gleams,
> The bean flower scents again the dear old way,
> Once more the turf-fire burns;
> The missionary of the long dead past returns,
> Borne on that wind of dreams.

But we have more than glimpses of this yearning, and it all makes us wonder whether Canada is lacking in springs bubbling with inspiration for the poet. Nevertheless, we have hopes that she is not, for while things Irish affect most of this book, we find that perhaps the most exquisite poem in it must have come from a Canadian inspiration. We quote "October":

> Now, when the summer flowers are past and dead,
> And from the earth's wild bosom, brown and bare,
> No trillium lifts its head;
> When, in the hollows where the violets were
> Purple and white and fair,
> Only a few brown leaves are falling now,
> The wind shakes from the bough:
>
> Now, when the tiger-lily's flame no more
> Burns in the long, lush grasses on the hill
> And by the river shore,
> The smoky trail of asters, lingering still,
> Thins, and the air grows chill
> With the feathery snowflakes, that anon
> Fall softly and are gone:
>
> O let us leave this dull and dusty street,
> The noise and heat and turmoil of the town,
> For country waysides sweet,
> Lanes where the nuts are clustering, plump and brown,
> Hedges blackberries crown;
> Come, ere the shivering blasts of winter blow,
> Let us make haste and go.

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## ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES

By Francis Grierson. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE author of this book, writing in another book, "The Invincible Alliance," which was published in 1913, made a plea for Anglo-American unity, and set down this prophecy: "Authority will dominate both the masses and the classes, and under the new régime a duke will have no more influence than a smart soldier of the ranks. The question will be not 'Who are you?' but 'What do you know?' A few iron-willed men will assume control, and their judgment will become law. . . The new dispensation will be a forcing time, not only for grains and fruits, but for individ-

uals." Mr. Grierson has passed many months in the United States studying conditions there, and as a result he observes in this his latest book that "a good deal of misunderstanding was apparent, and I became convinced that prejudice was the basis of it in most instances. This prejudice is not only the most dangerous, but the most difficult thing to overcome. There is still in many places a feeling of animosity, often openly expressed. Opposition in America to a fundamental understanding between the two peoples is positive and active. In England it is an unborn feeling, difficult to overcome, and for this reason the effort to overcome it will have to be concentrated on immediate and essential benefits, financial and commercial at first, political and social later on." He adds that America in England will have to attain to a new order or become "wanderers in a racial wilderness during a period of five times forty years." For, as he says later on, "America rises or falls with England. Destroy the British navy, and the United States navy would be crushed like an eggshell. Starve the English, and impoverish Americans; reduce the prestige of England, and minimize the liberties of the American people."

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## OLD DAYS ON THE FARM

BY A. C. WOOD. Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

THOUSANDS of dwellers in cities look backward with fond memories of the old days on the farm, days that never can be lived again, because into all rural places the motor car, the telephone and many "modern" conveniences have found the way. So that there no longer are the yoke of oxen, the family phaeton, the log cabin, the tallow candle—for even the kerosene lamp is becoming a thing of the past. But Mr. Wood recalls many quaint and homely conditions, practices and customs of pioneer days in Ontario, and therefore his book will be read with real zest by many professional and business men who have fond memories of their boyhood days back on the farm. Real old-timers, however, will regret that the author has overlooked four of the most picturesque features—cutting down the forest, the logging bee, the "raising", and making maple sugar.

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## NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

BY JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

VOLUME XX. of this great historical undertaking is now available, bringing the chronicle down to the end of the summer campaigns of 1917. It is astonishing that the author should have kept each successive volume so closely within sight of the marching events. This is an unusually interesting installment because, apart from the great interest attached to the summer campaigns of 1917, there are several appendices, which include the Vatican note and President Wilson's reply, details of the Third Battle of Ypres, and a table of events from July 1st, 1916, to June 30th, 1917. Perhaps the most interesting chapterr treats of the Russian downfall, which has been undoubtedly one of the very important incidents of the war so far.

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## SAVE IT FOR WINTER

BY FREDERICK FRYE ROCKWELL. Toronto: Frederick D. Goodchild.

THIS book is worth the dollar that will buy it. To be sure, most housewives will have done their "saving for winter" this year. But the book will be good preparedness for next. Its chapters are practical and fresh and its directions and suggestions clearly presented. The chapters on Drying and Dehydrating and on Storing are specially worthy. If thrift and conservation are to be established among us scientifically, books of this order will be our aids in the matter.

## THE GREAT ADVENTURE

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"There is no limit to the greatness of the future before America. But we can realize it only if we are Americans, if we are nationalists, with all the fervour of our hearts and all the wisdom of our brains. . . We must work along our own national lines in every field of achievement. We must feel in the very marrow of our being that our loyalty is due only to America, and that it is not diluted by loyalty for any other nation or all other nations on the face of the earth."

"I shall be delighted to support the movement for a League of Nations if it is developed as a supplement to, and not a substitute for, the preparation of our own strength."

"We must see to it that we are so strong in the future that no nation will dare to look cross-eyed at us again."

"The League of Nations idea is 'vicious and demoralizing'."

IT is difficult to estimate the precise significance of men of Roosevelt's type in the world to-day. Whether they are in reality the men who voice and direct public opinion is a question. Men of more moderate temper are also expressing themselves. The way in which the spirit of the times finally crystallizes itself in irrevocable action, the passage of the months and years will alone decide. The League of Nations may come to pass as an achievement in the realm of practical and democratic politics or the world may resolve itself into entrenched nationalisms, more bitterly and jealously zealous than before. When the years reveal the event, the historian will be able to praise the personalities who have talked and argued. In the meantime, some would like to think of President Wilson as the expression of a universal political desire about to realize its consummation with a sure inevitableness. Others feel that the true necessities of the age are those urged by the Theodore Roosevelts and the Premiers Hughes, and that the necessities these talk about will find their establishment in erected national and Imperial policies of solid splendour. The world seems certainly on the verge of a new cosmopolitanism or an accentuated nationalism. The vast schemes of America for supreme commercial and naval power, the momentous Imperial dreams of British statesmen, may collapse suddenly into the quiet progression of ordinary decent expansion and lose their sound and swagger, and the peoples of the world may all at once get down to the same enterprise of doing business together. Or—one shudders at the alternative if Roosevelt is really an authentic expression of the spirit of the time. Roosevelt in all these recent books and public utterances speaks roughly and bluntly and crudely.

## SKIPPER JOHN OF THE NIMBUS

BY RAYMOND MCFARLANE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

EVERY boy and all who like a good, stirring tale of adventure at sea, will want to read this fine story of a lad who is abused by his guardians and as a result runs away in the company of some Gloucester fishermen. The life of the New England fishermen is well described, and indeed the whole story is skilfully told.

## THE RULE OF MIGHT

BY J. A. CRAMB. Toronto: Frederick Goodchild.

ONE hesitates with a certain amount of puzzlement to make a commentary on this book. Whether to call it a novel or merely a series of descriptive sketches is a question. If a plot is necessary to a novel, then it is not a novel. Yet there is a certain amount of organization about the material of the book as it is presented, and its net effect upon the reader is that of a piece of work presented with artistic skill. Cramb dramatizes Napoleon rather vividly. He presents Viennese society with graphic vigour. One gets the atmosphere of the time out of the book.

## LIGHTED WINDOWS

By Frank Crane. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

HERE is everyday philosophy for the everyday man or woman. It is supplied in brief essay form, and touches many subjects of great interest at the present moment. We quote one example:

FACTS AND ALCOHOL.

We have done more loose talking and indulged in more childish reasoning about this drinking matter than about any other thing that is an issue of life and death.

It is not a debatable question, what alcohol does to you. The facts and the laws that govern them are as absolute as the facts and laws in a laboratory.

Of course, Old Man Perkins, who just died at the age of ninety-nine over on Bitter Creek, used to drink a pint of whiskey every day. And Bill Simmons, the hardware man, says that his uncle, Judge Simmons of Kentucky, takes his nip regularly and is sound as a dollar at seventy-seven. And the barkeeper urges you to "come on, have another; a little won't hurt you." And the Germans consume floods of beer—and now look at them, fighting the world. And all the boys drink and have a good time. And then there are the French and Italians taking wine at their meals, and the husky Britishers consuming Scotch and Polly.

If you prefer to risk your life on this kind of rumor and slop talk, you may do so.

But you don't have to. It is not necessary to take a gambler's chance.

The people best qualified perhaps to tell you about how long you may be expected to live are the life insurance people. The Association of Life Insurance Presidents held their eighth annual meeting the other day. Mr. Arthur Hunter, of the medical department, made an address.

He indulged in no arguments nor hearsay, but gave some facts, facts on which the companies do millions of dollars worth of business. He gave infallible figures, based on the cases of 2,000,000 men and women insured in the past twenty-five years with forty-three leading American life insurance companies.

These statistics show that consistent users of alcoholic drinks die six years younger than they should.

One-time consistent drinkers, who reformed before they took out life insurance policies, die four years younger than they should.

These life insurance men are not prohibitionists, cranks nor white-ribboners. They are hardheaded business men.

Isn't it queer that in making money men go after the facts and are not led away by sentiment, while in saving one's health and life we listen to any old granny tale we may be told.

Hence, son, you let alcohol alone! It never did anybody any good as a steady beverage.

You can find physicians who do not condemn it, but you cannot find a scientist who will not tell you it is plain poison.

If you drink at all, go to the facts and draw your own conclusions from them—and not from what you hear about Sam Jenkin's wife's second cousin.

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## WITHOUT A TITLE

By E. K. Means. Toronto: Frederick D. Goodchild.

THE reviewer's irritation at the way the publishers present this book crystallizes when he comes to write the review. The book has no title that the reviewer may set down. One is tempted to say in exasperation: "Oh, it's a bunch of nigger stories, and the author and publisher have given the collection no title, but with combined affrontery have simply set the author's name in assaulting letters on the cover in a crude attempt to draw attention."

Which it assuredly does. If a certain habitual persistence in looking beyond unpleasant first impressions happens in this case to get past the cover and carry one really into the pages of the book itself, delighted captivation awaits. The eight stories of the book are in their way works of art. Such praise is not too high. E. K. Means can present the children of Music and Laughter in terms of their essential humanity. It is doubtful if a reader coming to this book with all the prejudice and distaste involved in the phrase "nigger stories", having read the book, could go away without having achieved under E. K. Means's hand, the joy of insight and sympathy; which is, by the way, a very great kind of joy. The book belongs to that kind of literature which consolidates humanity. By virtue of the quality of its power to reveal the genius of a race, it becomes sheer art; it achieves the dignity of great writing.

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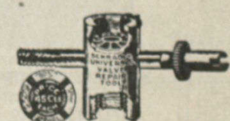

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CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL

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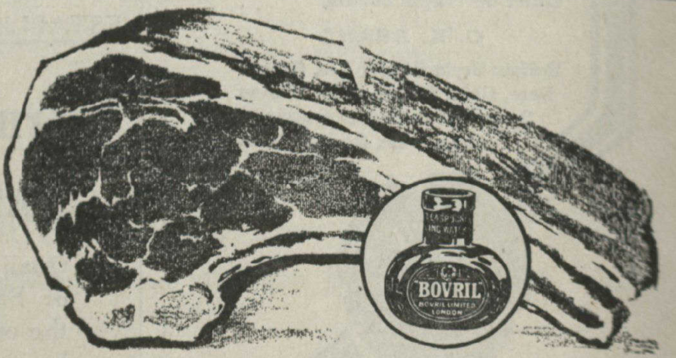


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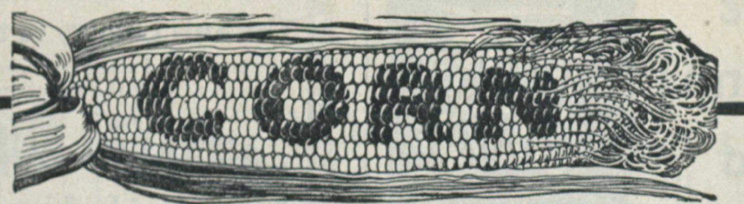


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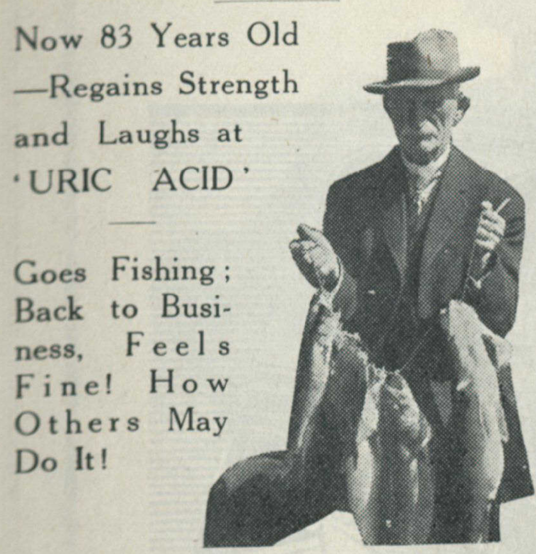
Goes Fishing; Back to Business, Feels Fine! How Others May Do It!



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over fifty years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands where so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood: that it is found in every new-born babe, and that without it we could not live!

## HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT FROM A GENEROUS GIFT

These statements may seem strange to some folks, because nearly all sufferers have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book that is now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of the Canadian Magazine wishes a copy of this book that reveals startling facts overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a postcard or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 565-A Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Send now! You may never get this opportunity again. If not a sufferer yourself, hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

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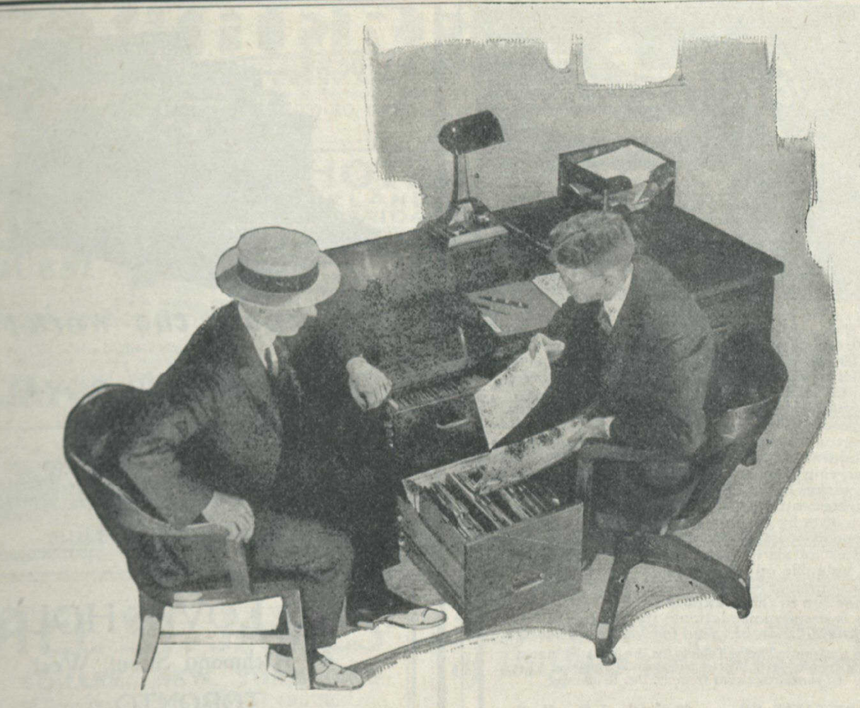

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But where was that letter from the Montreal office with the exact figures—to back your contention? In the files, you thought; but didn't the file clerk, after a 15 minutes frantic search, report that "it couldn't be found—must have been mislaid some where?"

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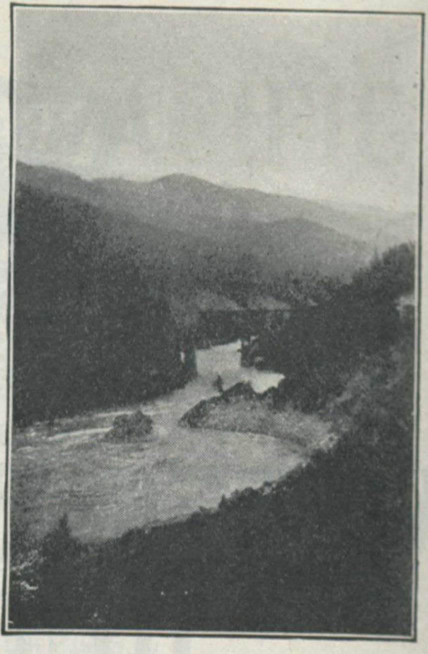

*Typical of the Valley Scenes along the lower waters Tributary to the Fraser.*


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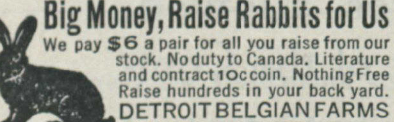


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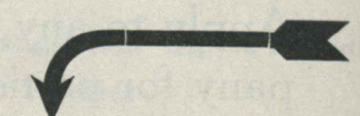


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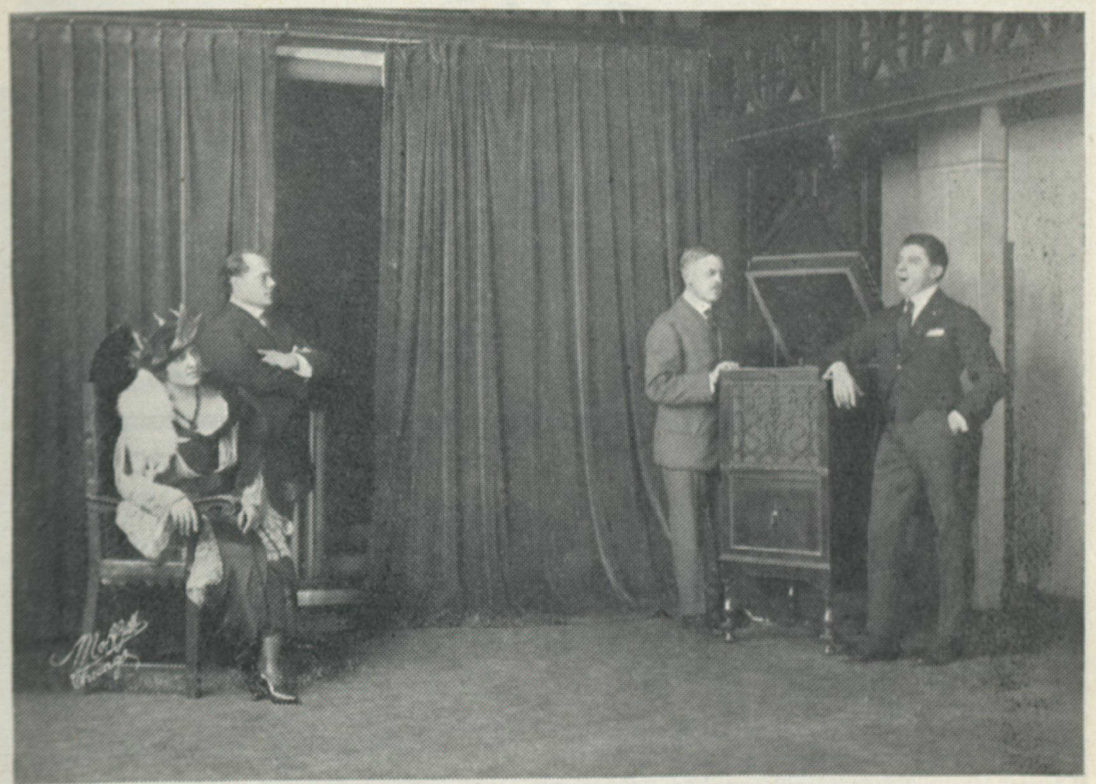

# CHICAGO OPERA STARS HEAR CICCOLINI TEST EDISON'S $3,000,000.00 PHONOGRAPH

GUIDO CICCOLINI scored a great triumph as Alfredo in "Traviata" at the opening performance of the Chicago Opera season. Scarcely less happy than he, over his success, were Carolina Lazzari, leading contralto, and Virgilio Lazzari, the brilliant basso, of the world famed Chicago Opera Association. To them, on the following day, Ciccolini said: "Last night two thousand people heard me on the stage of the Auditorium. Every day two hundred thousand hear me on the New Edison. It is the same voice—listen and tell me if you observe even the slightest difference."

As shown in the photograph, Ciccolini stood beside the New Edison and sang for his friends in comparison with its RE-CREATION of his voice. Their critical ears could discover no quality in Ciccolini's wonderful voice that was not also present in the RE-CREATION.

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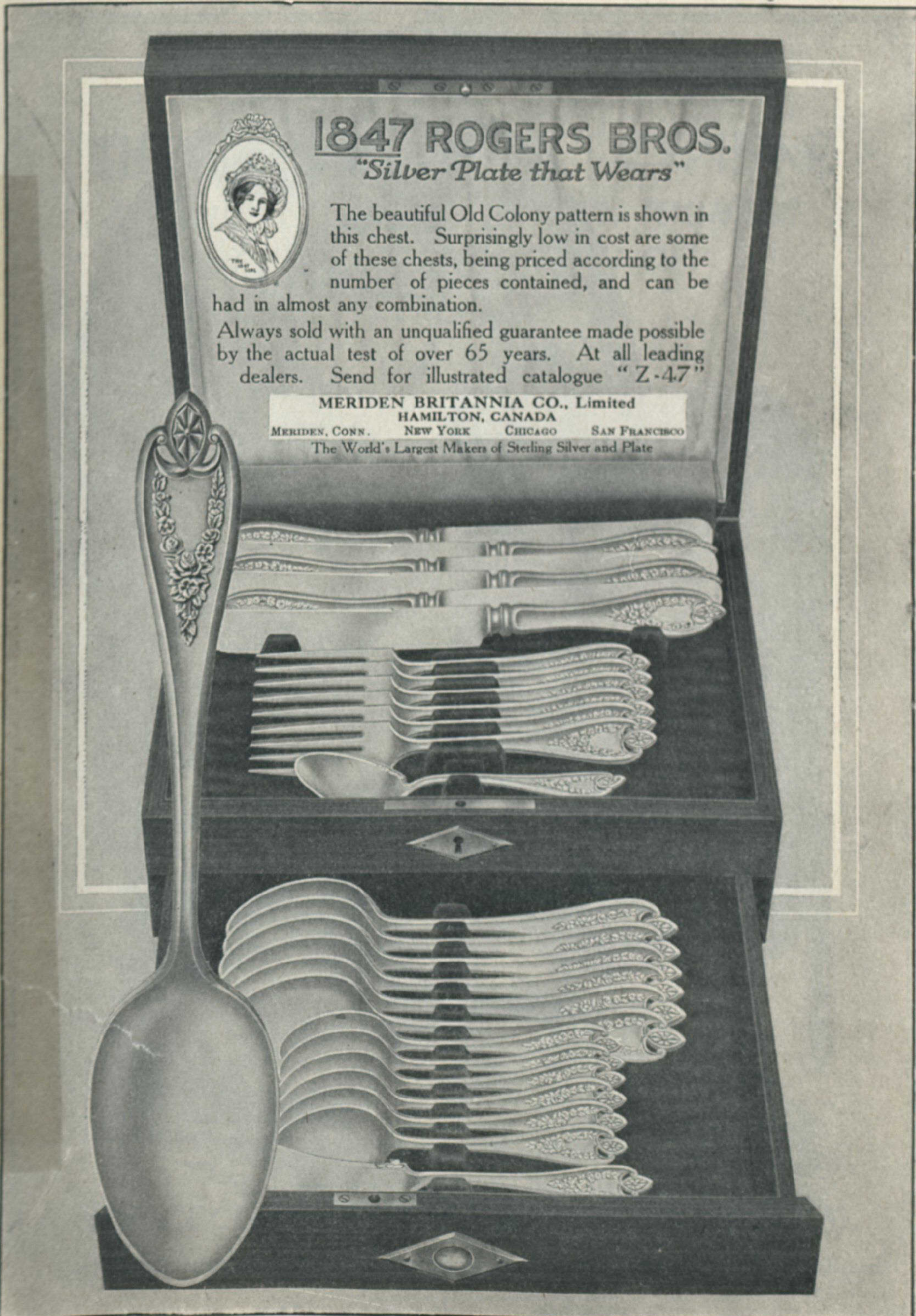
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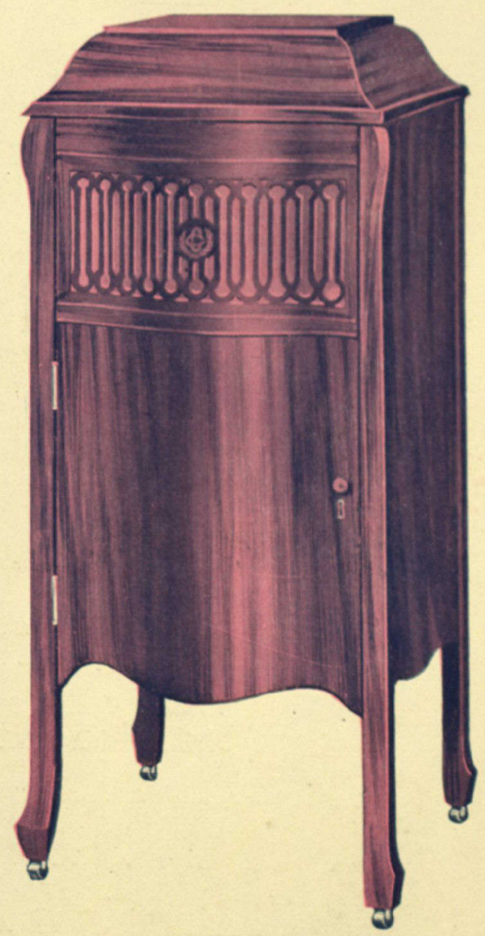

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