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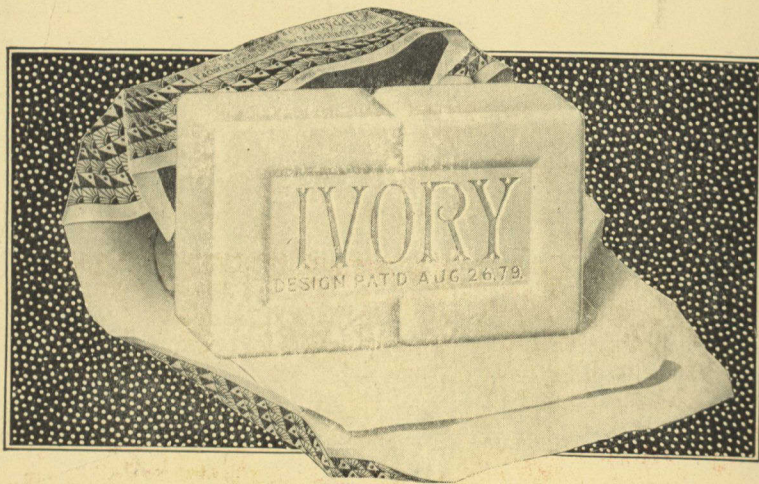


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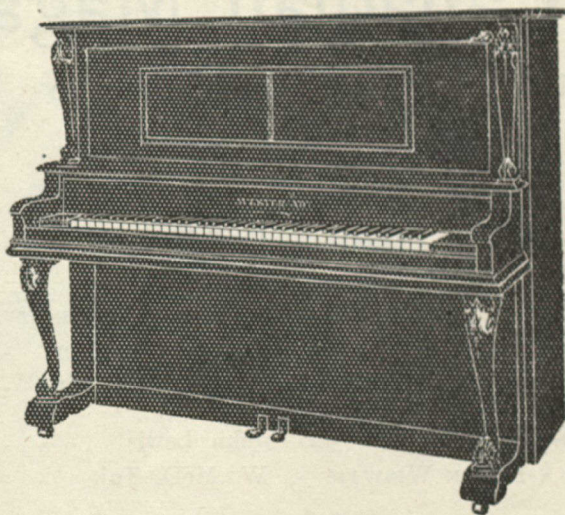
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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLVII

Contents October, 1916

No. 6

---

BEAR RIVER. - - - Painting by Berthe Des Claves - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE - F. McKelvey Bell - - -	431
CHILD OF THE MORNING LIGHT. - - Nancy Rankin - - -	444
THE FAIRY GARDEN. VERSE - - - Margaret Yandis Bryan - - -	446
THE TRINKET. A PAINTING - - - William Brymner - - -	447
A LITTLE WARDEN OF PRAIRIE FIELDS - Hamilton H. Laing - - -	449
ILLUSTRATED	
COERCION OR CO-OPERATION - - - - John Lewis - - - - -	456
CHILDHOOD IN AN INDIAN WIGWAM - W. McD. Tait - - - - -	460
ILLUSTRATED	
THE SPANISH SHAWL. A PAINTING - Dorothy Stevens - - - - -	465
THE HEART OF WOMAN. FICTION - Francis Haffkina Snow - - -	467
THE REVENGE THAT FAILED. FICTION - Theodocia Pearce - - - - -	477
THROWN OUT. FICTION - - - - - Mary Russell - - - - -	483
WITH CANADIANS AT THE FRONT - Lacey Amy - - - - -	491
FROM THE TRENCHES - - - - - Patrick MacGill - - - - -	496
VI. THE CHAPLAIN	
THE LADY WITH THE HYDRANGEA. A PAINTING - - - - - Henri Caro-Delville - - - - -	499
THE IMPERSONATOR. FICTION - - - Edith G. Bayne - - - - -	501
CURRENT EVENTS - - - - - Lindsay Crawford - - - - -	507
THE LIBRARY TABLE - - - - - Book Reviews - - - - -	511
TWICE-TOLD TALES - - - - - Current Humour - - - - -	515

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# ANNOUNCEMENT

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The unusually attractive Chronicle of the War, "The First Canadians in France," which begins in this issue, will be continued in the November number, and will be found to be increasingly interesting. The author, Lieut.-Colonel F. McKelvey Bell, at the eleventh hour decided to permit his name to be used instead of a pen-name. With this decision the publishers agreed. The material has been approved by the censor at Ottawa, which is evidence of its authenticity.

The other war articles by Mr. Lacey Amy will be continued. The next deals in a graphic way with the work of the bomb-throwers and snipers.

Last year the Canadian Magazine published a notable series of literary articles by Dr. J. D. Logan. In the November number Dr. Logan will begin a new series based on lectures delivered at Acadia University. The first is entitled "The significance of Nova Scotia." The lectures were the first of the kind to be delivered at any University in Canada, and, indeed, are unusually interesting and valuable literary appreciations.

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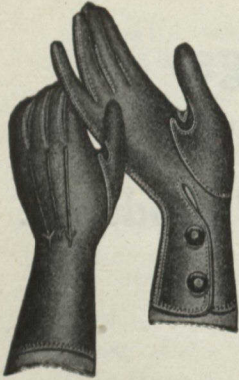
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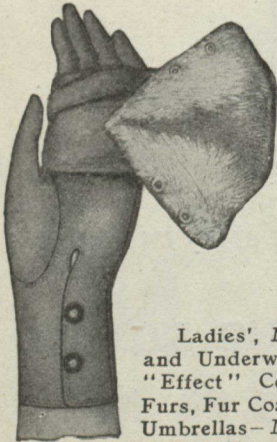
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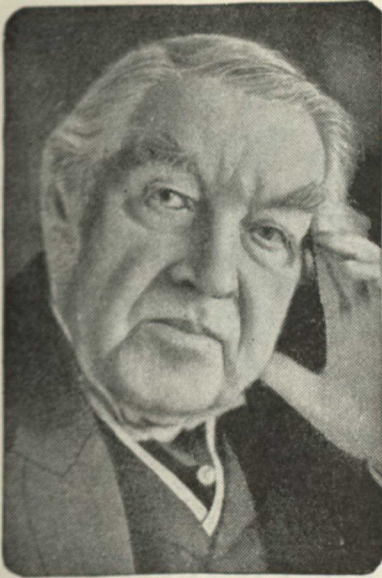
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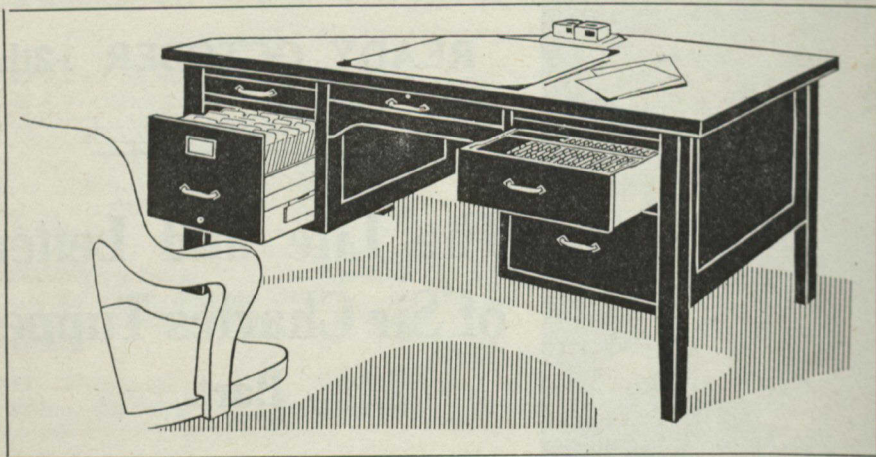
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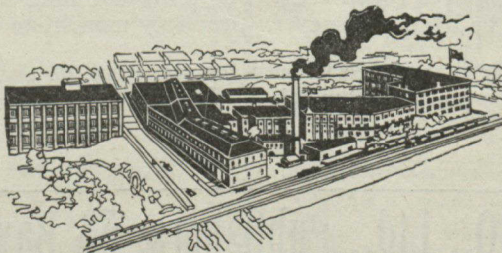
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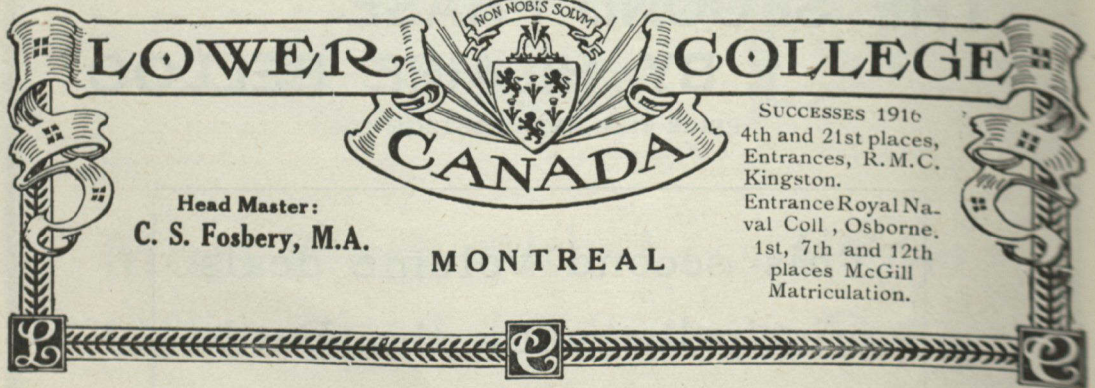
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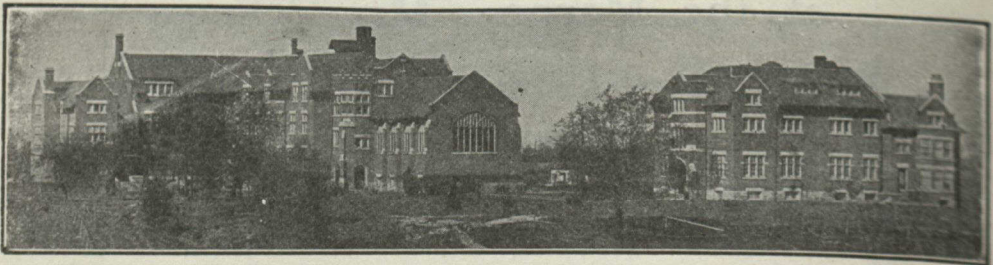


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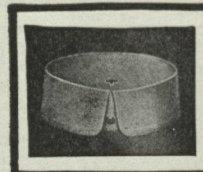
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**A** NNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

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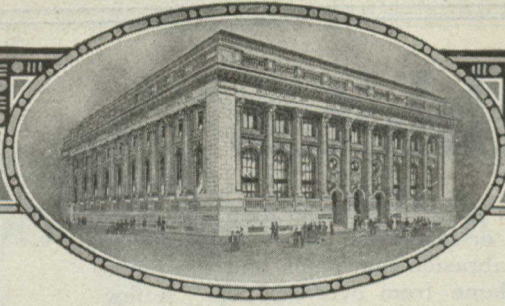
## The Canadian Magazine

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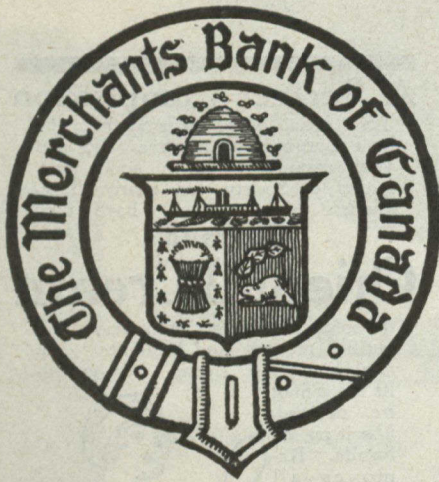
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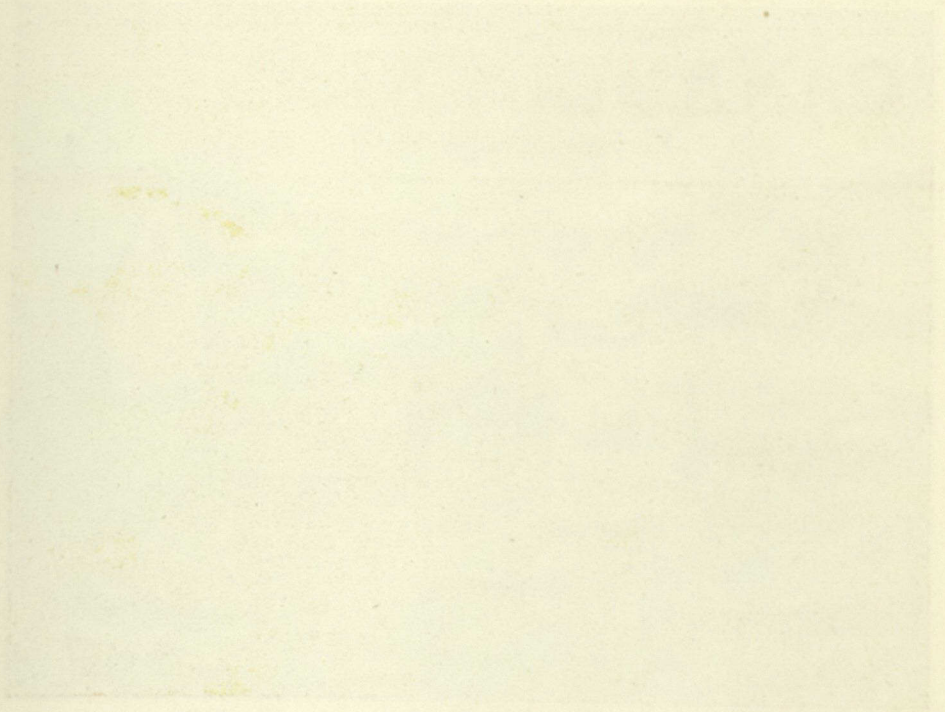
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## BEAR RIVER

Quite apart from its peculiar merit of producing some of the most luscious cherries in the world, this quaint spot in Nova Scotia is justly famous for its general picturesqueness and charm. The river, from which the village derives its name, is a flow of some consequence when the tide is in, but when the tide goes out it is scarcely more than a trickling stream protected by wide reaches of terra-cotta tinted alluvial soil. Some of the houses overhang the river and are supported by piles driven deep into the earth. The bridge, the high wooden gates, the hills, with their cheery orchards, all form a picture of much colour and picturesqueness.



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVII

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1916

No. 6

## THE FIRST CANADIANS IN FRANCE

*By F. McKelvey Bell*

The chronicle of a military  
hospital in the war zone.

WE were a heterogeneous lot—no one could deny that—all the way down from big Bill Barker, the heavyweight hostler, to little Huxford, the featherweight hustler.

No commanding officer, while sober, would have chosen us *en masse*. But we weren't chosen—we just arrived, piece by piece; and the Hammer of Time, with many a nasty knock, has welded us.

One by one, from the farthest corners of the Dominion, the magic magnet of the war drew us to the plains

of Valcartier, and one by one it dropped us side by side. Why some came or why they are still here God only knows! Man may merely conjecture.

Divers forces helped to speed us from our homes: love of adventure, loss of a sweetheart, family quarrels, the wander spirit, and, among many other sentiments—patriotism. But only one force held us together: our Colonel! Without him, as an entity, we ceased to exist. His broad-minded generosity and liberal forbearance closed many an angry breach. His love of us finds its analogy only in the

love of a father for his prodigal son.

Long after we reached France, when the dull monotony of daily routine had somewhat sobered us, one early morning the sweet but disturbing note of the bugle sounding the reveille brought me back from dreams of home. I lay drowsily listening to its insistent voice. The door of my room opened softly, and the orderly stole in.

He was a red-cheeked, full-lipped country lad, scarce seventeen years of age. He knelt down before the fireplace and meditatively raked the ashes from its recess. He was a slow lad; slow in speech, slower in action, and his big dreamy blue eyes belied his military bearing.

I turned over in bed to get a better view of him.

"What freak of fancy brought you so far from home, Wilson?" I queried.

"Dunno, zur," he drawled. "Not much fun hustlin' coals in the mornin' nur pullin' teeth in the afternoon." For Wilson, among his multitudinous duties, was dental orderly, too.

"There's such an air of farm and field about you, Wilson, that sometimes, at short range, I imagine I get a whiff of new-mown hay."

He sat up on his haunches, balancing the shovel upon his outstretched hand. The pool of memory was stirred. A hazy thought was struggling to the surface. He looked dreamily toward me for a moment before he replied.

"I wuz born an' raised in the country, zur," he said. "When the war broke out I wuz pickin' apples on dad's farm. I didn't like my job. Gee! I wish't I'd stayed an' picked 'em now."

How we ever taught Wilson to say "Sir" or even his corruption of the word must remain forever shrouded in mystery; but it was accomplished at last, just like many other great works of art.

The Canadian spirit of democracy

resents any semblance of a confession of inferiority, and the sergeant-major's troubles were like unto those of Job. Military discipline commenced in earnest when the ship left the harbour at Quebec, and has hung over us like a brooding robin ever since.

It was an eventful morning to us (and to England) when our fleet of thirty ocean liners, with its freight of thirty-three thousand soldiers, steamed slowly into the harbour at Plymouth and dropped anchor.

For two glorious October weeks we had bedecked the Atlantic. His Majesty's fleet night and day had guarded us with an ever-increasing care. I can still look over the starboard rail and see the black smoke of the *Gloria* prowling along in the south, and afar off, in the north, the *Queen Mary* watching our hazardous course. The jaunty little *Charybdis* minced perkily ahead.

There were other battleships, too, which picked us up from time to time; and the *Monmouth*, on the last voyage she was destined to make, steamed through our lines one day. The brave fellows, who were so soon to meet a watery grave, lined up upon her deck, giving us three resounding cheers as she passed by, and we echoed them with a will.

Captain Reggy, our dapper mess secretary, was pacing the hurricane deck one day. From time to time his gaze turned wistfully across the waves to the other two thin lines of ships steaming peacefully along side by side. Something weighty was on his mind. Occasionally he glanced up to the military signalling officer on the bridge, and with inexplicable interest watched his movements with the flags.

"I say," Reggy called up to him, "can you get a message across to the *Franconia*?"

"She's third ship in the third line—a little difficult, I should say," the signaller replied.

"But it *can* be done, can't it?" Reggy coaxed.

"Yes, if it's very important."

"It's most important. I want to send a message to one of the nurses."

The signalling lieutenant leaned both elbows upon the rail and looked down in grinning amazement upon his intrepid interlocutor.

"What the d—l! I say, you're the sort of man we need at the front—one with plenty of nerve!"

"Be a sport and send it over!" Rebbly coaxed.

"All right—I'll take a chance."

"Ask for Nursing Sister Marlow. Give her Captain Reggy's compliments and best wishes, and will she join him on board for dinner this evening, seven o'clock!"

There was a flutter of flags for several seconds, while the ridiculous message passed across from ship to ship. Reggy waited anxiously for a reply.

In less than ten minutes, from across the deep, came this very lucid answer: "Nursing Sister Marlow's compliments to Captain Reggy. Regrets must decline kind invitation to dinner. *Mal de mer* has rendered her *hors de combat*. Many thanks."

On the last day of our journey the speedy torpedo boat destroyers rushed out to meet us, and whirled round and round us hour by hour, as we entered the English Channel. Soon the welcome shores of dear old England loomed through the haze, the sight of which sent a thrill through all our hearts.

We had scarce dropped anchor when from the training ship close by a yawl pulled quickly toward us, "manned" by a dozen or more naval cadets. They rowed with the quick neat stroke of trained athletes, and as the boat came alongside ours they shipped their oars and raised their boyish voices in a welcoming cheer. We leaned over the side of our ship and returned their greeting with a stentorian heartiness that startled the sleeping town.

Showers of small coin and cigar-

ettes were dropped into their boat, and the way in which they fought for position, scrambling over or under one another, upsetting this one or knocking down that, showed that these lads were quite capable of upholding all the old fighting traditions of the British navy.

A tug-boat soon steamed alongside, too, and down the accommodation ladder scrambled those of us who were lucky enough to have permission to go ashore.

"Come along, Reggy," I shouted. But Reggy shook his head sorrowfully, and his handsome face was clouded.

"Just my rotten luck to be orderly officer on a day like this!" he replied. "To-day I guard the ship, but to-morrow—oh, to-morrow!" Reggy held out both hands in mock appeal to the shore: "Me for the red paint and city lights!"

Progress up the streets of Devonport was slow. Thousands of troops already landed were marching to the time of "The Maple Leaf Forever," and every foot of pavement or sidewalk was packed with struggling but enthusiastic humanity, shouting itself hoarse in delirious welcome.

We were on the upper deck of a tram-car, leaning over the throng, and eagerly looking for the faces of friends in the ranks of a passing battalion. They swung along to the music of their band—a clean-cut, well-set-up, manly lot, who marched with the firm independent step of the free born. Suddenly our colonel discovered a familiar face among the khaki-clad below. There is no military precedent for what he did; years of training fell away on the instant. He leaned from the car and shouted:

"Hello, 'Foghorn'! What cheer?"

"Foghorn" looked up. His right arm was somewhat hampered, from a military point of view, by reason of being about the waist of a pretty girl, who accommodatingly marched along with the battalion in general, and "Foghorn" in particular.

"Hello, Jack," he bellowed in a voice which easily accounted for his nickname. "Lots of cheer. Can't salute. One arm busy! Other is glass arm from saluting the brass hats. See you later. Good luck!"

And thus our cosmopolitan and ultra-democratic battalion passed on.

Someone has said that the Englishman is temperamentally cold. It can't be proved by Devonport or Plymouth. His temperature in both towns registered ninety-eight degrees in the shadiest and most secluded spots. And the women and children! Banish all thought of British frigidity! The Canadians in England never discovered it.

The passion of the Devonport children for souvenirs in the shape of pennies and buttons became so violent in a few hours that our small coin was likely to become extinct and our buttons merely things that used to be. For every time a soldier appeared upon the street he was instantly surrounded by a bevy of insistent and persistent mendicants.

Once we sought refuge in a cooling spot where glasses tinkle and the beer foams high—and children might not follow there. The pretty barmaid smiled. The second in command twirled his long moustache and fixed the maiden with his martial eye.

"What will you have, sir?" she inquired sweetly.

"The senior major was always gallant to a *pretty* girl. He drew himself up to his full six feet, two, and saluted. A mellow line from "Omar Khayyam" dropped from his thirsty lips:

A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou  
Beside me singing in the wilderness.

How much further he might have gone one cannot say. The girl held up a reproving finger and exclaimed:

"Ah, I see it is black coffee the gentleman requires."

But the major's poetic spirit was aroused.

"Avaunt coffee," he cried:

Shall I distress my ruddy soul  
With dusky dregs from coffee urn?  
Far sweeter, sweet, to quench its fire  
With wine for which the 'innards' yearn.

"A glass of beer, please."

The adjutant leaned over toward me and hazarded, in a hoarse whisper:

"I presume they have no ice."

The barmaid's red cheeks dimpled and two straight rows of pearly teeth shone upon him, as she answered for me:

"Your presumption is ill-founded, young man. We have plenty of ice with which to temper the hot young blood of the Canadians."

The adjutant looked helplessly up, bereft of repartee; then apostrophized the ceiling:

"And these are the stupid English women we have been led to expect!"

Our education was going on apace.

A few moments later we emerged and discovered ourselves in a veritable whirlpool of young monetary gluttons.

"Penny, sir! penny! penny!" they shouted in staccato chorus. Our supply of pennies had long since been depleted. An idea struck me—it will sometimes.

"See here," I said in serious tone. "We're only a lot of poor soldiers going to the war. We can't always be giving away pennies. We need pennies worse than you do."

A sudden hush fell upon the little circle. Some looked abashed, others curiously uncertain, a few sympathetic. The silence lasted a full minute. We all stood still looking at one another.

"Can any little boy or girl in this crowd give a poor soldier a penny to help him along to the war?" I asked quietly.

Again silence. Finally a little ragged tot of about eight years of age, carrying a baby in her arms, turned to her companions and said: "Here, hold the baby for me and I'll give the poor fellow a penny." She dived deep in the pocket of her frock, brought



out a penny, ha'penny (her total wealth) and held it out to me.

Lieutenant Moe stepped forward.

"Look here, major," he said sternly, "do you mean to say you'll take that money from a youngster?"

"I do," I replied, without a smile.

"I won't permit it," he cried.

Here was an embarrassing situation. I couldn't explain to him without confessing to the child as well. I wished to gauge how much patriotism beat in those little hearts, what sacrifice they were prepared to make for their country; and here was one measuring up to the highest ideals. I daren't either withdraw or explain.

"I must have the pennies, Moe, and I am going to take them," I replied firmly. "Stand aside, please!"

Military discipline came to the rescue. Moe saluted stiffly and stepped back. The little girl gravely handed over the pennies and took back her baby.

"Any others?" I asked.

Some of the children declared they had none; a few looked sheepish and hung their heads. I slipped a sixpence into the hand of the little lady.

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Moe. "Here's another penny for you," and he handed the bewildered child half a crown.

A shout of surprise and dismay went up from the other children, who realized too late that they had failed in the test.

"The drinks are certainly on me!" Moe cried. "About turn!"

Sometimes when I feel that the world is sordid and mean I go to my trunk and look at those two coins, and I know that somewhere, in a frail little body, beats a generous heart, and I feel that after all part of the world is worth while.

## II.

Reggy was on shore at last. He said he felt much better walking alone up street—more as if he *owned* the town!

It's a strange sensation stepping on

solid ground after weeks on ship-board. There is a lack of harmony between oneself and the ground. You rock and the ground stands still. You stand still and the ground rocks, like a drunken sergeant.

The senior major was on the corner, holding an animated conversation with a beautifully gowned young lady, to whom he bid a hasty adieu as Reggy hove in sight.

"Corking girl, that," said Reggy mischievously.

"Where?" demanded the major, looking about.

"The young lady to whom you just avoided introducing me."

"It's rather a remarkable coincidence," said the major, avoiding controversy, "that I should run across a relation in this far-away place!"

"Very!" Reggy replied dryly. "Family's fond of travel, I take it."

A tall, well-knit young subaltern elbowed his way through the crowd and joined the pair. Reggy greeted him:

"Better come and have dinner with your brother and me, Tom. I feel he needs good company and a chaperon or two!"

The trio entered the rotunda of the *Royal*.

A distinguished looking gentleman and a prepossessing lady of middle age stood chatting together. Their voices were agitated, and the three officers could not avoid overhearing snatches of the conversation.

"He is on the *Cassandra*, and in this medley of ships no one seems to know where his is anchored," the man was saying.

"Dear me," sighed the lady. "To think that our boy should be so near and that we should not be able to see him! It's dreadful!"

"But we must find him," the man declared reassuringly. "Surely there is some way of reaching the ship?"

"They tell me no one is allowed on board; and when the battalion disembarks they will be marched away. What shall we do?" she cried in great distress.

Reggy's impulsive heart was touched. He approached them and respectfully saluted.

"A thousand pardons, sir," he said, "for breaking in upon a private conversation, but I couldn't help overhearing your words. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"It is very kind of you, indeed," the man answered in a rich voice of unusual gentility. "Perhaps you can help us. My son is aboard the *Cassandra*. We haven't seen him since he went to Canada four years ago. He is only a Tommy, so cannot come ashore, and it seems impossible to get into communication with him."

"What luck!" Reggy exclaimed. "His ship and ours are anchored side by side; so close, in fact, that we have a connecting gangway."

"Oh, do you think we could get out to him?" the mother asked anxiously. "We have no permit to visit the ships."

"If you can get authority to enter the dockyards, I'll see what I can do to get you aboard to-morrow noon," Reggy answered. "I'll meet you at the quay."

"God bless you!" exclaimed the lady, with tears in her eyes.

The following day, true to his word, Reggy, with a written permit in his pocket, ushered Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves aboard the ship.

"You will stay and lunch with me," said Reggy. "I'll get your boy across, and we'll all lunch together."

"But I was under the impression that Tommies were not allowed to dine with officers," protested Mr. Hargreaves.

"The deuce! I'd forgotten all about that," Reggy exclaimed, as he scratched his head perplexedly. "Ah, I have it," he ejaculated a moment later; "he shall be an officer during the meal. I'll lend him a tunic. No one else on board will know."

"But I don't wish you to get yourself into trouble," Mr. Hargreaves remonstrated.

Reggy laughed.

"I love such trouble," he cried, "and the risk fascinates me. I'll be back in a moment." And he dashed off in his impetuous way.

In a short time he returned, bringing with him a handsome but much embarrassed youth, wearing a captain's uniform. But the sight which met his eyes banished all thought of clothes.

"Mother! Father!" he cried; and in a moment was clasped in his mother's arms, while tears of joy she didn't strive to hide rolled down her cheeks. The old gentleman turned his head aside to hide his own emotion, and Reggie, feeling *de trop*, slipped quietly away.

A few days later our ship was dragged slowly into dock by two small but powerful tug-boats. The boys who had been caged on board for a full week in sight of but unable to reach the land shouted and danced for joy. The noise of the donkey engine pulling our equipment out of the hold was to us the sweetest sound on land or sea.

We were almost the last ship to dock, and a thousand boys were impatiently awaiting their turn to step on English soil. Machine guns, boxes of rifles and ammunition, great cases of food and wagons came hurtling through the hatchway, vomited from the depths below. With great speed and regularity they were deposited on the quay, while heavy motor lorries, piled high with freight, creaked from dock to train.

From across the quay, and in awesome proximity, the great guns of the battle cruisers *Tiger* and *Benbow* yawned at us. As far as one might look heavily armoured men-of-war, ready to sail or in process of construction, met the eye, and the deafening crash of the trip-hammer stormed the ear. Britain may well be proud of her navy. Its size and might are far beyond our ken. Patiently, in peaceful harbour, or on sea, she lies in wait and longs for Germany's inevitable hour.

The hospitality of the citizens of Devonport and Plymouth will long remain a pleasant recollection. First impressions linger and our first impressions there still stir up delightful memories.

"Now, then, look sharp, there! Stow them adoos an' get aboard!"

It was the raucous voice of Sergeant Honk which thus assailed his unwilling flock. The boys were bidding a lengthy farewell to the local beauties, who had patriotically followed them to the train.

The sergeant was hot and dusty, and beaded drops of sweat dripped from his unwashed chin. His hat was cocked over one eye, in very unmilitary style. The Tommies, under the stimulating influence of two or more draughts of "bitter" purchased at a nearby bar, were inclined to be jocular.

"'Ave another drink, 'Onk!" cried one, thrusting a grimy head from the train window and mimicking Honk's Cockney accent. This subtle allusion to previous libations aroused the sergeant's ire.

"Oo said that," he shouted wrathfully, as he turned quickly about. "Blimey if yer ain't got no more discipline than a 'erd uv Alberta steers! If I 'ears any more sauce like that someone 'ull be up for 'office' in th' mornin'!"

The culprit had withdrawn his head in time, and peace prevailed for a moment.

"What's that baggage fatigue doin'?" he cried a moment later. "D'ye think y'er at a picnic—eatin' oranges? Load them tents!"

The orange-eating "fatigue," looking very hot and fatigued indeed, fell reluctantly to work.

Sergeant Honk was not beautiful to look upon. His best friends conceded this. His nose was bent and red. He had one fixed and one revolving eye, and when the former had empanelled you, the latter wandered aimlessly about, seeking I know not what. He was so knock-kneed that his feet could

never meet. I think it was the sergeant-major in *Punch* who complained that "It was impossible to make him look 'smart,' for when his knees stood at attention his feet would stand at ease."

To see Honk salute with one stiff hand pointing heavenwards and his unruly feet ten inches apart has been known to bring a wan sweet smile to the face of blasé generals; but subalterns, more prone to mirth, have sometimes laughed outright.

Someone had thrown a banana peel upon the station platform. Honk stepped backward upon its slippery face. He didn't fall, but his queer legs opened and shut with a scissor-like snap that wrenched his dignity in twain.

"Fruit's the curse of the army," he muttered.

Somehow we got aboard at last—officers, non-commissioned officers and men. The crowd cheered a lusty farewell, and amidst much waving of pocket handkerchiefs and hats, Plymouth faded away, and the second stage of our journey began.

It was midnight when we pulled into Lavington station. There is no village there—merely a tavern of doubtful mien. Rain was falling in a steady drizzle as we emerged upon the platform and stood shivering in the bleak east wind. The transport officer, who had been awaiting our arrival, approached the colonel and saluted.

"Rather a nasty night, sir," he observed courteously.

"Bad night for a march," the colonel replied. "My men are tired, too. Hope we haven't got far to go?"

"Not very, sir; a matter of eight or nine miles only."

The colonel glanced at him sharply, thinking the information was given in satirical vein; but the Englishman's face was inscrutable.

"Nine miles!" he exclaimed. "That may be an easy march for seasoned troops, but my men have been three weeks on shipboard."

"Sorry, sir, but that's the shortest route."

"Thanks; we'll camp right here." The colonel was emphatic.

"What, in the rain?" the Englishman inquired, in some surprise.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nothing, sir; but it seems unusual, that's all."

"We're unusual people," the colonel answered dryly. "Quartermaster, get out the rubber sheets and blankets. The station platform will be our bed."

The transport officer saluted and retired.

The adjutant was weary and sleepy. He had vainly tried a stimulating Scotch or two to rouse his lagging spirit.

"Fall in, men," he shouted. "'Shun! Right dress. Quartermaster, issue the blankets, please."

The quartermaster was disposed to argue the point. The blankets would all be wet and muddy, and damaged with coal cinders, but he was finally over-ruled.

The adjutant turned to look at the men. Their line had wobbled and showed strange gyrations.

"Will you men stand in line?" he cried. "How do any of you ever expect to succeed in life if you can't learn to stand in a straight line?" With this unanswerable argument and much pleased with his midnight philosophy, he relapsed into his customary genial smile.

At last the blankets were distributed, and in an hour the station platform and bridge over the tracks looked like the deck of an emigrant steamer. Wherever the eye reached, the dimly-lighted platform showed rows of sleeping men, rolled up and looking very like sacks of potatoes lying together.

Five of us officers turned into the expressman's hut, and in the dark fell into whatever corner was available. Reggy and I occupied either side of an unlighted stove, and throughout the jumpy watches of the night bruised

our shins against its inhospitable legs.

Dawn was breaking, and breaking darkly, too, as the dim shadow of the expressman came stumbling across the platform through rows of growling men. At last he reached his office, and, all unconscious of our presence, stepped within. He stepped upon the sleeping form of the adjutant, and the form emitted a mighty roar. The expressman staggered back in amazement, giving vent to this weird epigram:

"Every bloomin' 'ole a sleepin' ole!"

"You'll 'ave to get up," he cried indignantly when he had recovered from his astonishment. "This ain't a bloomin' boardin'-'ouse!"

"Could you return in half an hour?" Reggy queried in drowsy tones, but without opening his eyes.

"No. I couldn't return in 'alf an 'our," he mocked peevishly.

"Run away like a good fellow, and bring some shaving water—have it hot!" Reggy commanded.

"Oh, I'll make it 'ot for you alright, if you don't let me into my office," he retorted angrily.

Might is not always right, so we reluctantly rose. We had had three hours of fitful sleep—not too much for our first night's soldiering. Hot coffee, cheese and biscuits were soon served by our cooks, and we prepared for our first march on English sod.

No one who made that march from Lavington to West Down North will ever forget it. Napoleon's march to Moscow was mere child's play compared with it. Reggy said both his corns were shrieking, and when Bill Barker removed his socks (skin and all) it marked an epoch in his life, for both his feet were clean.

Every fifteen minutes it rained. At first we thought this mere playfulness on the part of the weather; but when it kept right on for weeks on end, we knew it to be distemper. By day it was a steady drizzle, but at night the weather did its proudest feats. Some-

times it was a cloudburst; anon an ordinary shower that splashed in angry little squirts through the canvas, and fell upon our beds.

And the mud! We stood in mud. We walked in mud. We slept in mud. The sky looked muddy, too. Once, and only once, the moon peeped out—it had splashes of mud on its face!

Reggy loved sleep. It was his one passion. Not the sweet beauty sleep of youth, but the deep snoring slumber of the full-blown man. But, oh, those cruel "Orderly Officer" days, when one must rise at dawn! Reggy thought so, too.

Six a.m. The bugle blew "Parade." Reggy arose. I opened one eye in time to see a bedraggled figure in blue pyjamas stagger across the sloppy floor. His eyes were heavy with sleep, and his wetted forelock fell in a Napoleonic curve. The murky dawn was breaking.

Outside the tent we could hear the sergeant-major's rubber boots flop, flop across the muddy road.

"Fall in, men! Fall in!" His tones, diluted with the rain, came filtering through the tent. It was inspection hour.

Reggy fumbled at the flap of the tent, untied the cord, and through the hole thus made thrust his sleep-laden head.

"Parade, 'shun!" shouted the sergeant-major (a sly bit of satire on his part). The warning wasn't needed. The sight of Reggy's disheveled countenance was enough; Bill Barker himself "'shunned". Somewhere from the depths of Reggy's head a sleepy muffled voice emitted this succinct command:

"Ser'gnt-major; dish-mish th' parade."

"Right turn! Dis-miss!" With a shout of joy, the boys scampered off to their tents.

A moment later Reggy tumbled into bed again, and soon was fast asleep. And within two hours, at breakfast, he was saying, with virtuous resignation: "How I envied you lucky dev-

ils sleeping in this morning! I was up at six o'clock inspecting the parade." And the halo of near-truth hovered gently about his head.

Thus passed three weeks of rain and mud. In spite of ourselves we had begun to look like soldiers. How we ever developed into the best hospital unit in the forces none of us to this day knows—and none but ourselves suspects it yet. We had, and have still, one outstanding feature—a sort of native modesty. Whatever in this chronicle savours of egotism is merely the love of truth which cannot be suppressed.

And then, one eventful day, the surgeon-general came to inspect us. He seemed pleased with us. Presently he passed into the colonel's tent, and they had a long and secret conference together. Finally the pair emerged again.

"What about your horses?" the general queried.

The horses had been our greatest worry. They came on a different boat, and the two best were missing or stolen. Once Sergeant Honk discovered them in the lines of another unit, but was indiscreet enough to proclaim his belief to the sergeant-major of that unit. When we hurried down to get them they were gone. No one there had ever heard of a horse of the colour or design which we described. We were discouraged, and in our despair turned to the senior major, who was a great horseman and knew the tricks of the soldier horse thief.

"Don't get excited," he said reassuringly. "They've only hidden away the horses in a tent, after you chumps recognized them. To-morrow, when they are not suspicious, I'll go down and get them."

And on the morrow *mirabile dictu* he secured them both.

So the colonel answered: "The horses are here, and ready, sir."

Ready for what? There was a tenseness in the air—a sense of mystery that could not be explained. We listened again, but could only catch

scraps of the conversation, such as "Transport officer," "Nine a.m.," "Don't take the mess tent or any tents but hospital marquees."

Something was brewing and brewing very fast. At length the colonel saluted, and the general left.

"What news, Colonel?" we cried breathlessly, as soon as discretion allowed. And he let fall these magic words:

"We are under orders to move. We shall be the first Canadians in France!"

### III.

It was exactly 10 p.m. as Bill Barker and Huxford, with the heavy team and wagon, drove up to the colonel's tent.

"Do you think you can find your way to Southampton in the dark?" the colonel asked Barker somewhat anxiously.

"Yes, sir. I've never been lost in my life—sober." The afterthought was delivered with a reminiscent grin.

"Remember, no 'booze' until the horses are safely in the town; and a glass of beer will be quite enough even then," the colonel admonished him.

"Never fear, sir," Bill replied, as he saluted. With a last long look at the camp, he said: "Good-night," and the horses started down the muddy road.

Why we should still have any affection for that camp in which none of us ever wore a dry stitch of clothes or knew a moment's comfort is merely another illustration of the perversity of human nature. Like Bill Sykes's dog, our love is stronger than our common sense. For a moment we stood watching the team pass down through the lines toward the unknown south, and then we turned in to sleep.

At 3 a.m. our camp was all astir, and the dull yellow glow of candles and lanterns shining through the tents dotted the plain. Here and there brighter lights flitted to and

fro, as the men proceeded rapidly with the work of packing up.

And what a medley of goods there was! Blankets and rubber sheets were folded neatly into their canvas covers; stoves and pots and pans were crated; boxes of cheese, jam and bully beef, together with bags of bread, were carried out of the tents into the open. At one side stood large boxes of medicines and surgical instruments, beds, mattresses, portable folding tables and chairs, and a hundred other varieties of hospital necessities, all packed and ready for transport.

By 9 a.m. the motor lorries commenced to arrive. How the boys worked that morning! The pile of forty tons of goods which represented our home, and soon would be the home of many others, sick and wounded, melted away before their united effort.

We had come to Salisbury Plain in the rain; it was but fitting that we should leave in a similar downpour. And we did.

The soldier is a strange creature, a migratory animal whose chief delight in life is moving. Put him in one place for months, be it ever so cheery and comfortable, and he frets like a restless steed; but give him the rein, permit him to go, he cares not whither, and he is happy. It may be from sunshine to shadow; it may be from chateau to trench; it may be from heaven to hell—he cares not if he but moves, and, moving, he will whistle or sing his delight.

The road was lined with envious Tommies who came to see us start.

"Yer colonel muster had *some* pull with Kitch'ner t' git ye' away so soon," said one of the envious to Tim, the colonel's batman.

Tim was quite the most unique of all our motley tribe. He was born in Ireland, educated (or rather remained uneducated) in the Southern States, and for the past ten years had lived in Canada. He was a faithful servant, true to his master and to all

his friends. Like many another "original," he was permitted to take liberties which shocked all sense of military discipline, as well as every other sense; but he amused us and was forgiven. He was a prize fighter, too, of no mean ability, and carried the scars of many a hard-fought battle. No other being in the world used a dialect like Tim's. It was a language all his own, and negroid in character.

"Pull wit' Kitch'ner!" he replied disdainfully. "Wit George hisself, ye' means. D'ye s'pose my kernel hobnobs wit' anyt'ing lessen royalty? De king sent fer him, an' he goed to Lunnon a' purpose."

"'Wot is yer Majesty's command?' sez de kernel."

"'Kernel,' sez he, 'wen I seed yer men on p'rade las' Sunday, I turned to Lord Kitch'ner an' sez: 'Kitch'ner, it ain't right t' keep men as good as dat in England; dere place is at de front!'"

"'You was sure needed there,'" Tim's vis-a-vis interjected sarcastically, "good thick-headed fellers t' stop a bullet."

Tim ignored the remark, and continued:

"So he sez: 'Kernel, yer unit 'ull be de first t' leave fer France, an' good luck t' ye!' Wit dat de kernel comed back, an' now we're goin' to see de Pea-jammers."

"'Wot's them?'" the other growlingly inquired.

"Don't ye' know wat Pea-jammers is yet? Ye muster bin eddicated in night school. Pea-jammers is Frenchmen."

By what process of exclusion Tim had arrived at this strange decision with reference to the French, none but himself knew; and he never by any chance alluded to them otherwise.

"All in, men!" shouted the sergeant-major, and each man scrambled up to his allotted place.

To look at the rough exterior of our men one would not suppose that music lurked within their breasts—

nothing more unlikely seemed probable; and, yet, listen to the vibrant harmony of their chorus as they sit upon their bags and boxes! It rolls in melodious waves over the camp, and crowds of soldiers come running toward the road to listen. Oh, you may be sure they had their good points, those lads of ours—so many good points, too!

The lorries started, and the boys lifted their voices to the strains of "Good-bye, Dolly, I Must Leave You". The little crowd which lined the road on either side raised their caps and gave three cheers in kindly token of farewell. As we looked back upon those stalwart soldier boys, many a wistful glance was cast toward us, and many a longing eye followed the trail of our caravan.

Night had fallen before our train puffed noisily into the railway sheds at Southampton. How hungry we were! And the sight of the crowded buffet and its odour of steaming coffee gave us a thrill of expectant delight.

There are times in life when it takes so little to please or interest one. In the ornate grandeur of a metropolitan hotel such coffee and cake as we received that night would have called forth a clamour of protest; but in the rough interior of a dockyard shed no palatial surroundings mar the simple pleasures of the soul. What delicious cheese our quartermaster produced out of a mud-covered box, and how splendidly crisp the hard tack, as we crunched it with hungry teeth! Seated on our bags and boxes, we feasted as none but hungry soldiers can, and the murky coffee turned into nectar as it touched our lips.

Through the big doorway, too, the eye could feast on the towering side of the ship which was so soon to take us to our great adventure, as she lay snuggled against the quay. But as we rested there, another train pulled into the sheds and stopped. The doors were opened from within, and we

were surprised to see hundreds of great horses step quietly and solemnly out upon the platform. There was a marvellous dignity about those tall, magnificent animals, with their arched necks and glossy coats. They drew up upon the platform in long rows like soldiers. There was no neighing, no kicking, or balkiness. They seemed to be impressed with the seriousness of the mission upon which they were sent. A little later, as they passed up the ship's gangway, and were marched aboard, no regiment ever stepped upon the deck with finer show of discipline.

Our saddle horses were already aboard; but what had become of Barker and the team?

"Where's Barker?" the colonel suddenly demanded. No one present knew; but, as if in answer to his question, little Huxford came running down the platform. By the look of distress upon his face, we knew something serious had happened.

"What is it, Huxford?" cried the colonel.

"Barker's been arrested, sir, by the military police, and the team are in the detention camp, four miles from here," he gasped.

"Drunk, I suppose?" the colonel queried angrily.

"Well, sir, he *had* had a drink or two, but not till after we got to town," Huxford answered reluctantly.

"I might have guessed as much," said the colonel with some bitterness. "It's useless to depend upon a man who drinks. Here, Fraser," he called to Captain Fraser, "take a taxi and make the camp as quickly as possible. The boat sails in two hours. Don't fail to bring both Barker and the horses—although, Lord knows, Barker would be no great loss."

It was characteristic of the colonel that no matter what scrapes we got into, no matter what trouble or humiliation we caused him, he never forsook us. More than once in the days that were to follow he saved

some reckless youth from being taken out at early dawn and shot; not because he did not feel that the punishment was deserved but because his big, kindly heart enwrapped every one of his wayward soldier boys with a father's love.

An English regiment was embarking upon the same ship with us. The donkey engine was busy again hauling their accoutrement and ours aboard. Great cases swung aloft in monotonous yet wonderful array. Sometimes a wagon was hoisted into the air; again a motor truck was lifted with apparent ease, swayed to and fro for a moment high above our heads, and then descended to the depths below. By midnight the ship was loaded, but Barker and the team, with Huxford and Captain Fraser, had not returned.

The transport officer addressed the senior major:

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't hold the ship more than ten minutes longer. If your men don't arrive by that time they'll have to remain behind."

The colonel had gone to meet the train on which the nursing sisters were to arrive. They were coming from London to join us, and were to cross upon the same boat. But the colonel returned alone.

He was a tall, well-built man, very handsome; and his winning smile was most contagious. It took a great deal to ruffle his genial good nature, and his blue-gray eyes were seldom darkened by a frown, but this was a night of unusual worry.

He called out to Captain Burnham: "Bring your luggage ashore, Burnham. You and I will remain behind to chaperone the nurses. They can't possibly make the boat."

"What's the trouble, sir?" Burnham inquired, as he descended upon the quay. "Was their train late?"

The colonel laughed, a trifle impatiently.

"No; the train was quite on time, but I have been having a new experi-



ence. I underestimated the baggage of thirty-five women, that's all. It's astounding! I don't know how many trunks each nurse has, but the *tout ensemble* makes Barnum's circus train look foolish. I ventured to remark that we were only going to the war, not touring Europe, but this precipitated such a shower of reproach upon my innocent head that I made no further protest. I was never able to oust one woman in an argument. Imagine then, where I stood, with thirty-five! The trunks, every one of them, will cross with us to-morrow, and if they wish to bring Peter Robinson's whole shop you won't hear a murmur from me!"

At this moment the sound of horse's hoofs coming at the gallop broke upon our ears; and Captain Fraser, himself driving the team, with Barker and Huxford clinging to the seat for support, dashed upon the quay. As the horses pulled up, Barker descended and stood sheepishly awaiting the inevitable.

"Barker, I'm ashamed of you," the colonel said in a tone of stern reproach. "You have been the first to bring disgrace upon our unit, and I hope you will be the last. In future Huxford will have charge of the team. I shall have something further to say when we reach France. Get aboard!"

Barker hung his head during this speech.

"I'm sorry, sir, I—I didn't mean to disgrace you, sir!" With these words he saluted and shuffled humbly and contritely aboard.

It was many a long day before Barker tasted liquor again. The colonel's words burned with a dull glow in his heart, and kindled a spark of manhood there.

Crossing the channel in those days was not as comparatively safe as it is

to-day. Under the water, always prowling about, lurked the German submarines. Every day reports of their dastardly deeds came to hand. Being torpedoed was not the sort of end which one might wish. There was no honour or glory in such a death, and besides, the water looked dreary and cold. In spite of oneself the thought of being blown suddenly into the air recurred occasionally to mind. It was not that we had any real fear, for any form of death was part of the game of hazard on which we had embarked. But we stood for some time upon the deck and peered inquisitively into the darkness as we steamed rapidly out into the channel.

What was the dull glow at some distance ahead? Perhaps a ship—it was impossible to say. We looked astern, and there in the darkness we could just discern a ghostly shape which followed in our wake, and, hour by hour, ahead or behind, these two mysterious phantoms followed or led our every turn.

Dawn was breaking; the hazy shapes became more real. Slowly the daylight pierced the mist, and there revealed to our astonished gaze, were two sturdy little torpedo boat destroyers. It was a part of that marvellous British navy which never sleeps by night or day.

What a sense of security those two destroyers gave us! The mist closed round us again, and hid them from our view, but ever and anon the roar of our siren broke the silence and presently, close by, a sharp answering blast told us that our guardians were near. By and by the fog closed round about us so densely that further progress was unsafe, and so the engines were stopped, and for another day and night we remained at sea.

# CHILD of the MORNING LIGHT

*By Nancy Rankin.*

AS the first faint streaks of dawn lightened the eastern sky, and afar off in the gray distance a prairie wolf, startled by the wail of the new-born child, howled its way across the prairie, an Indian mother gazed into the face of her first-born, and whispered, "Men shall call you Child of the Morning Light."

So was born Mary Murphy.

She was old. How old no one knew. Perhaps one hundred, perhaps even more. One thing was certain, she could remember the birth of the oldest man on the reserve, and well could she remember the days when the buffalo roamed the prairie in thousands, and when the Blackfoots were lords of all and slaves to none, not even to the arrogant white men who yearly pushed farther west and nearer to their hunting-grounds. No thought of fear entered their bosoms then. Were not the prairies theirs? Had not the God of their fathers given it to them and to their fathers before them as their own? Such was the faith of the Indians.

Many a tale would she tell to the young men at evening of the courage and strength of their fathers, and bitter was her tongue when she spoke of the shame of their children. Where was their manhood? Where was their pride? What miserable, cowering creatures, watching always for money from the white men! She could remember when upon the face of the

Indian was not stamped that look of fear and humiliation, when he looked at the white man proudly and haughtily as man to man. That was before the craving for whisky, which the white man gave him, had entered his soul, and ruined his manhood. All this and more she told them, and they learned to avoid the cottage of Mary Murphy.

Before the white man she said nothing. She was as one dumb, and silently came and went in her duties as washerwoman to the white women in the town close to the reserve.

It is true that the Indian women are more adaptable than the men. While the red man loathes the work that the white man gives him to do, such as digging ditches or working on the railroad with the construction gangs, and in most cases refuses to do it, his squaw stoically sets to work to make the best of the new life, and clumsily washes clothes and scrubs floors.

Such were the duties of Mary Murphy.

On a June evening she sat on the steps of the little wooden house the Government had given her, gazing silently into the distance. In her mouth she held tightly a small black wooden pipe, from which occasionally came great puffs of smoke. Her small body was so bent and shrunken that, from a distance, except for the puffs of smoke, one would have thought her

a big bundle of rags. The purple dusk of evening was creeping over the horizon, and the long twilight was reluctantly giving way to darkness. Sullenly and silently she smoked, watching the distant shadows draw nearer. Suddenly a silver star twinkled into place. Slowly, as if the twinkling star was a signal, the old woman's body began to sway to and fro as one rocks a child.

Katherine Kirby walked quietly across the prairie in the direction of Mary's house. She had been sent by her mother to give some instructions about the next day's work. As she drew nearer, she fancied she heard someone chanting in the weird solemn intonations of an Indian song. She walked quietly and stopped in amazement as she came in sight of the huddled form and heard the words of a curious, unrhymed Indian lullaby:

Oh, where is the sun, my Awassisah?

The great black night has swallowed the sun.

And where is the day, my Awassisah?

Faded and sad as a ghost is the day.

What is the night, my Awassisah?

A big black bird with wings of down.

Here the old voice trailed off into a crooning tone, and Katherine crept softly around the end of the house.

"Why, Mary, I heard you singing. I thought you were singing a baby to sleep."

"Yes, my baby." She spoke abruptly, using only those words that were necessary to make her meaning clear.

"Your baby, Mary! Oh, you must mean Big Joe, of course, but then Big Joe's grandchildren are men and women. Did you think of the time when you held Big Joe in your arms a tiny baby?"

"No," she answered. "Big Joe he grow big man—get old and wrinkled. My girls they grow old, too—have babies—die—they not babies; they men and women. But I have baby, too, right here," and she beat her bosom with her wrinkled old hand. "Every night she come. I sing to sleep."

It was quite dark now, and from over the prairie came the soft sounds of the Indian children at play. Afar off a dog barked, and the mellow tinkle of a cow-bell floated to where they sat. Katherine sat on the ground beside her, and the old woman blew several puffs of smoke before she spoke again.

"My baby, she never grow up. She die. She still baby."

She drew a long breath and straightened her shoulders ere she went on.

"She my first baby. Born before Joe. White man come that year. Buffalo he go. Not much food for Indians. No skins for tent. Very cold on prairie. I hug my little one close. I not mind if little one get enough to eat. Soon no food at all. My breasts dry—dry. Little one she cry hard all night sometime—all day sometime. I cry, too. I not know what to do. Black Robe he come. See us there hungry and cold. Give us food. No good. My little one lie very still and cold. I know she dead. My heart broken."

She pointed into the little room behind them. "That her cradle hanging there."

Katherine looked and saw a tiny Indian cradle hanging inside the door—a tiny cradle with wooden poles and soft deerskin body.

"Some nights I think I go soon. I put cradle on my back. I know she waiting for me. She needs cradle. She just tiny little baby. Can't walk. I come to her with cradle. I carry her always."

Once more her old body swayed backwards and forwards, and her hoarse voice chanted softly.

Katherine crept quietly homeward. She went directly to her room. She could not tell her father and mother what she had heard. They would not understand, and would say that at last poor old Mary was quite crazy.

The sun rises early on the prairie in June, and just at sunrise a knock

was heard on the Kirbys' door. Katherine listened while her father, only half awake, answered it. She heard a voice which she knew belonged to Big Joe.

He said simply, "Old woman, I think she dead," and walked away.

Nothing of sorrow, nothing of pain. Such is the way of the Indian with the white man.

Katherine dressed quickly, and hurried to the little cottage. There was no need. Huddled in a corner of the room, face downward, and strapped to her back the little Indian cradle, lay the body of old Mary. There was nothing to be done. The Child of the Morning Light was in the house of her forefathers, where she will carry her little one always.

## THE FAIRY GARDEN

BY MARGARET YANDIS BRYAN

THERE'S a spot in my garden for dreaming,  
Where only the good fairies play;  
They whisper such beautiful stories,  
I never can tell what they say.

But they always are there when I need them,  
Each glad little face nods to me,  
And whispers a kind friendly greeting  
Of things as they really should be.

And I'm sure that no matter how crowded  
My dear little garden may grow,  
I'll still find a place left for dreaming,  
With only the fairies to know.

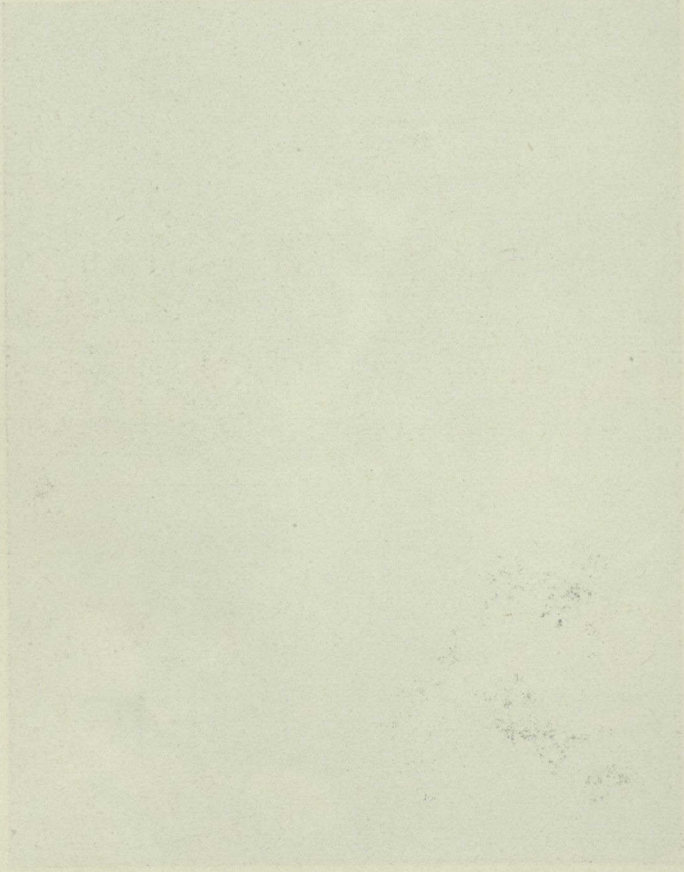


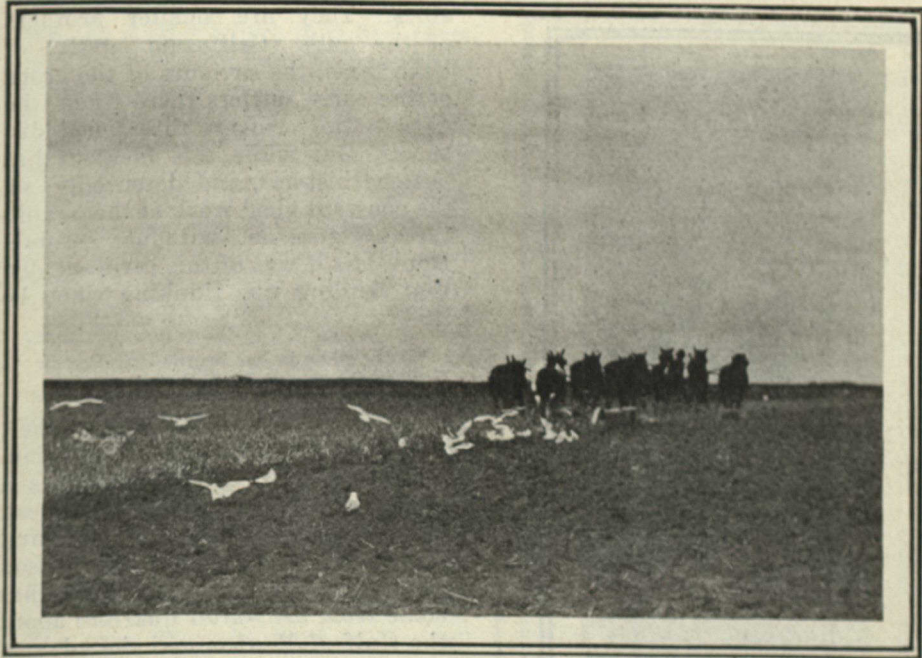


THE TRINKET

From the Painting by  
Wm. Brymner, C.M.G., P.R.C.A.

One of the Canadian Exhibits at the  
Canadian National Exhibition





"To the Plough in her league-long furrow with the Gray lake gulls behind"—Kipling

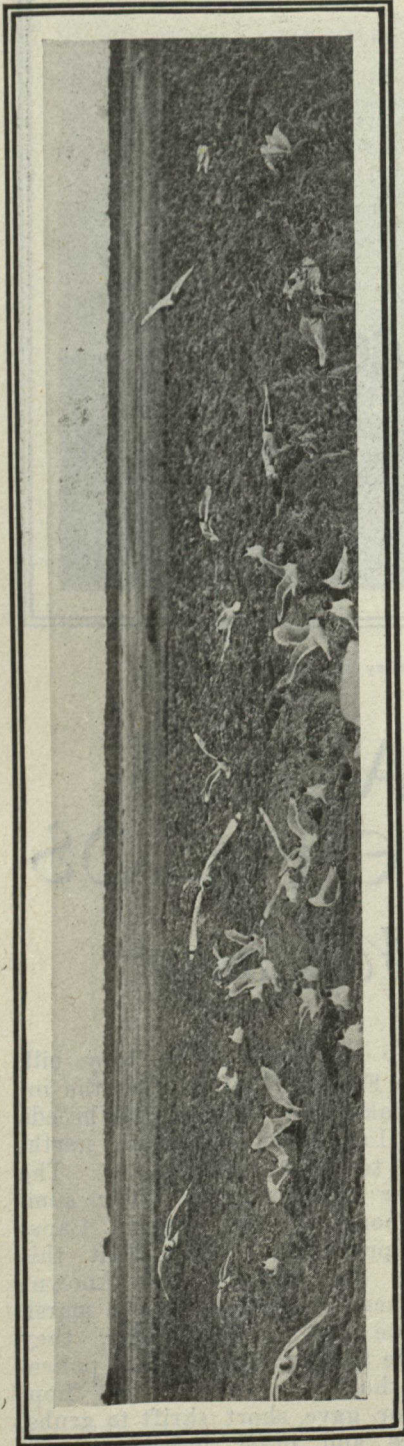
# A LITTLE WARDEN OF PRAIRIE FIELDS

By Hamilton M. Laing

THOSE of us who have made acquaintance only with the gulls of the ocean harbours, or met them out at sea, where on lazy wing they follow the wake of the ocean liner, are likely to think of them as idlers, pensioners, taking an easy toll wherever chance throws them. But how different is the impression gathered when we come to know some of the inland gulls. Of these (gulls that spend only their winter on salt water) none perhaps is better known than the little Franklin, and verily he is known not as an idler

but by the work of his busy bill.

The Franklin gull prefers the inland lakes and marshes, and breeds from Iowa and Minnesota northward to Great Bear Lake. The greater number make their summer home in the western Canadian provinces. Throughout this region the bird is well known; for wherever a colony finds a marsh suitable for a nesting-site, they become the busiest little bird policemen that ever rounded up 'hoppers or gave short shrift to grubs, beetles and other insect undesir-



Gulls giving short shrift to the grasshoppers

ables. They are smaller brothers of the gulls (California gulls) of Utah fame, the saviours of the crops of the early settlers there when the devastating crickets threatened disaster. But while this incident has become historic, and deservedly so, the constant good work of the Franklin gull goes on without ceasing. Doubtless it was of this little warden that Kipling was thinking when he said:

To the plow in her league-long furrow  
With the gray lake gulls behind.

For this gull, more than any other, is the friend of the prairie plowman.

This beautiful little fellow has a pearly gray coat, pinky white vest, sooty black hood and red beak and shoes. He begins his summer season early. By the 20th of April he has come from his winter quarters about the Gulf of Mexico, and the advanced scouts have reached the international line and entered Canada. From this date till late in September his loosely scattered flocks may be found working about the Manitoba and Saskatchewan fields, camping on the trail of insect quarry. True, as a nesting resident his range is restricted somewhat to the vicinity of the home lakes and sloughs; but so wide does he travel in his daily hunting that he is met roaming far and wide.

Like most of the gulls, the Franklins are extremely gregarious. They migrate en masse, they nest in colonies, they set off hunting in the morning in strong companies and return in the evening in flocks often strung out in lines and V's much after the manner of geese. Like most gregarious species also, if the water conditions about the nesting-ground remain suitable, they will return year after year to the same location.

Early in May they seek out their nesting-site in some large slough or lake, and then they settle down to be the noisiest company in the countryside. "Kic-kic! Ki-ee-a!" they shout, or "Ki-ee-a! Kic-ke-ke-ke-



ke!" and they reiterate the harsh call no matter where they find themselves, whether hunting afield or circling dizzily in companies, indeed so far up in the blue that often the eye scarcely can discern them among the fleecy, high-drifting spring clouds. Nor do they confine their noise to the daylight hours. At this season often their calls come down through the night; and at their hatchery during the entire summer pandemonium reigns always.

Nest-building begins early. The nests are built of bits of dead reeds, and the floating structure is moored in two or three feet of water, though placed usually in a sheltered spot in the rushes so that the wash of a storm cannot wreck the cradle. The nests are seldom less than four or five feet apart, and in large colonies the nesting-site covers a wide area. The eggs, three in number, are dull white, and though apparently at the mercy of the elements on such a raft, they seldom seem to meet disaster.

As with most birds, June is the month of youngsters, and an expedition then into a Franklin colony well repays the visitor. Usually he needs a boat or canoe. He will find it a stirring place, the air filled with the old birds wheeling here and there and sweeping up with angry cries against his intrusion. The rushes will be peopled with youngsters—little gray chaps that swim lightly about among the abandoned nests and scurry for cover when approached. The air above will be filled with the din of the parents, the rushy fastnesses below echo with the equally harsh cries of the young. And in such apparent confusion it will strike the visitor as a miracle that the adult birds in the throng are able to keep track of their own nests or young or even of one another.

Few insectivorous birds have such a range of method in the capture of their prey as have these little gulls. Early in the spring they secure a goodly part of their food upon the



Gulls settled for the night

ground. Then, as the warmer weather brings out the flying insects, they are pursued far aloft. When the grasshopper season comes round, these nimble chaps are captured in the fields and meadows. In his aerial hunting the gull glides along on his long, tireless wings, and every moment or two, according to the prevalence of game, he makes a little curving flutter upwards—always upwards—and one, two, three victims have been bagged in perhaps twice as many seconds. And who has seen him miss and turn back? Either he is a deadly marksman or a huge bluffer.

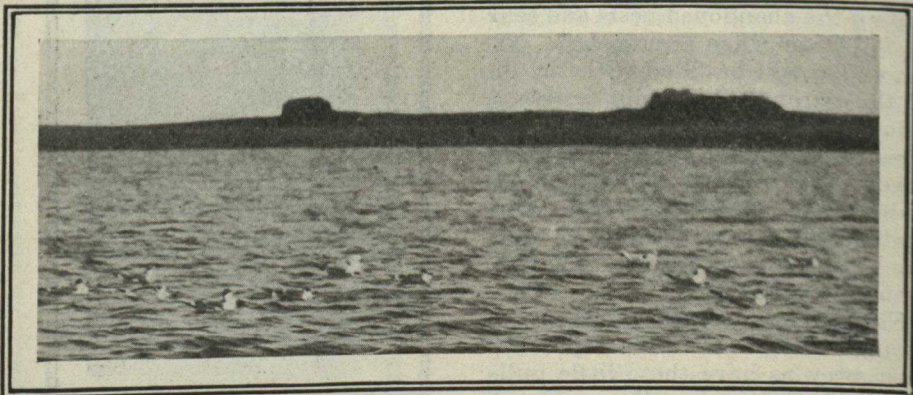
One may see a kingbird in mid-air make a dozen ineffectual strikes at a speedy dragon fly; but apparently the gull never does such a thing. It cannot be that his speed is greater than that of the kingbird, for often he may be seen with this bully upon his back and getting his crown roughly mauled. His easy powers of flight and his keen eye are perhaps responsible for his skill in the air. Even when he alights upon the fields and gives chase to the skipping hoppers, it is his wings and not his legs that bring him to the correct spot at the exact moment to catch the jumper between his wild leaps.

He has another rather clever method of taking care of 'hoppers. The

latter love the warm sun, and in the chill of the early summer mornings they delight to climb aloft at sunrise and thaw out from vantage point of weed-stalk or swaying wheat-head. The gull is an early riser. He comes skimming low just over the grain, and, darting zig-zag, gobbles the eaters of grass and grain before they have had time to think about springing down to cover.

It is during June and July that the gulls are most conspicuous at their hunting. Then the young are most insistent in their demands upon the parents for supplies, and also it is 'hopper time. Now the farmers are busy plowing the fallow lands—broad acres well covered with green stuff, the abode of innumerable skipping gentry. The gulls know it well. They come to these fields, drop down behind the plowman, and follow him on his rounds. Flying and lighting, those falling behind always working up on the wing over the heads of their comrades, they work along the furrow, and no grub turned up by the share or 'hopper driven out upon the bare earth escapes.

But it is at the finish of each land that these little hunters get in their most telling work. Always as the plough goes around, the insects retreat toward the shelter of the weeds. Knowing full well the welcome that



Gulls keeping a lonely vigil



Gulls going to their night's resting-place on the lake

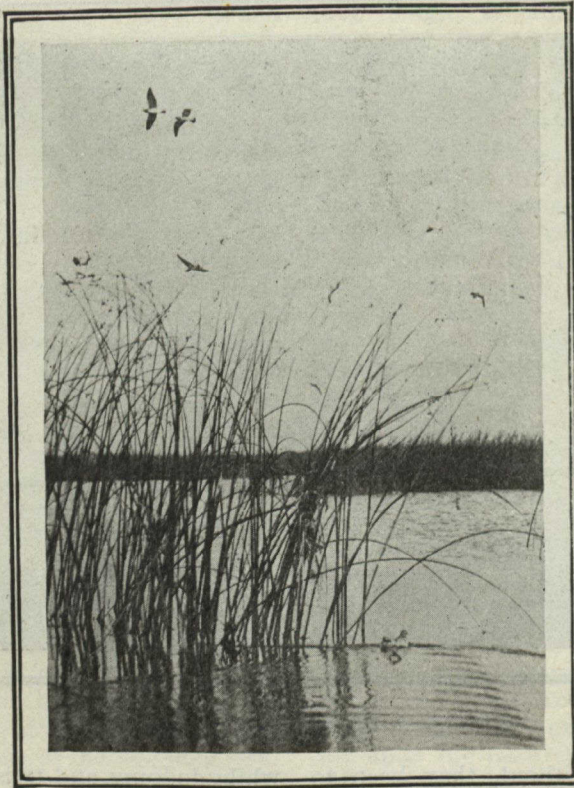
awaits them without, they keep to their stronghold to the bitter end; but finally the last foot of their refuge goes down, and they are forced to make a scurry out upon the plowed land. Then there is a direful slaughter or glad time, according to the respective viewpoints of hopper and gull, and scarcely an armour-clad knight of the green grass escapes.

But much as the gulls seem to love this pulpy pest, they have even a greater fondness for the mouse. Woe unto the little vole or prairie deer-mouse turned out of house by the ruthless share. Instantly there is a chase, and the mouse has about one chance in ten thousand. The gull that gets him first darts off, followed by a score of less fortunate brothers, each bent on robbery and piracy. If the mouse is large, he is likely to be passed round, but if small the chase usually is short; for the gull has a wide gape and gulps down his quarry

while dodging and twisting amongst his pursuing fellows.

The gulls are not always alone at their good work upon the plowed lands. Usually among the gray-coated policemen may be found a few cowbirds or grackles or red-winged or yellow-headed blackbirds. Even the rascally crow often comes along, also, and does here the best work of his otherwise shady career. The little black marsh tern, too, often follows the lead of his big cousins, and darts along after the plowman. Occasionally all gather in one little band and work in harmony.

Though the parent birds in their quest of food during the summer travel far from the nest, it is in August that they roam to the greatest degree. Then the flocks of old and young ramble miles from the nesting-site, and return only in the evening. Then by day they are found—and it may be twenty miles from their night-roost—in a loose congregation



A GULL HATCHERY

A fledging in the foreground

hunting upon the plowed land or upon the green summer fallow or the mown meadow, or even in the stubble among and upon the shocks of grain; and always they are busy. When stuffed to repletion they gather in a compact throng, and, all heading up wind, form an orderly array upon some plowed field or mud-flat. In the evening they file off homewards, and the night roost is always upon the water.

As the Autumn advances, what a change comes over them. Slowly during the busy season the pink vests and black caps vanish, till by August 1st old and young are gray-headed alike. And with a change in their plumage comes a change in their tempers. From the noisiest of the

marsh folks they become the most silent. No longer do they circle on high and make the air discordant with harsh cries; instead they keep near the ground, wander about with a sad preoccupied air and maintain an unbroken silence. Thus do they drift about till they steal off to southward to carry out their good work in warmer latitudes.

And it is indeed a good work. The amount of benefit bestowed upon the Manitoba farmer who is fortunate enough to have a nesting colony of these birds close at hand can scarcely be appreciated. Systematized research and classification of the contents of the stomachs of dead specimens give figures which are startling even to those who have seen the busy

bird at his work by the hour and day. We quote the following statistics:

"Of the animal food the most important item is grasshoppers. These amount to 43.43 per cent. of the food of the season, and in September and October constitute more than four-fifths of the whole diet. As an example of the number these birds can eat at a single meal, the following may be cited. Stomach A contained seventy entire grasshoppers and jaws of fifty-six more, with remains of three crickets. Stomach B contained twenty beetles, sixty-six crickets, thirty-four grasshoppers and three other insects. Stomach C contained ninety whole grasshoppers, the jaws of fifty-two more, with eight crickets, one bug and one caterpillar. Stomach D contained eighty-two beetles, eighty-seven bugs, 984 ants, one cricket, one grasshopper and two spiders, or 1,157 insects in all. Stomach E was filled with 327 nymphs of dragon flies. Several other stomachs were completely filled with grasshoppers and crickets too far advanced in digestion to be counted. Adults and larvae (grubs) of May beetles were also a large component of the food, and these were probably taken upon cultivated ground. Stomachs collected in Louisiana during the fall migration contained in addition to grasshoppers and beetles large numbers of true bugs (Hemiptera), including several species which are injurious to cotton, tobacco, and squashes. From this brief statement of the food of Franklin's gull, farmers will readily perceive that these birds are very desirable neighbours and will do all in their power to protect them."\*

Yet are they protected? How often are these little chaps murdered in cold blood by the irresponsibles who, thanks to the lax game laws or lax enforcement, go abroad with guns. How often on the duck marshes do we find this useful bird floating dead in the rushes, cast up on the shore, or see him swinging by with a dangling leg—he whose crime was that he was tame and confiding and made an easy target. Hundreds of them perish in this way, to the shame of sportsmen, be it said. After spending several seasons in the vicinity of large nesting colonies, the writer is convinced that in the north, at least, man is their greatest foe. A few are killed and eaten by the hawks, especially the villainous duck hawk; a few meet accident in collision with fence or telegraph or telephone wires; but it is the wantons among the gunners in the autumn, those who take a shot just to see if they can hit it, who are responsible for the largest death toll. And such conditions probably will prevail till those who shoot have been taught somehow to see a little gull, not as a target, but as a useful little policeman of the fields, a crusader against the insect foes of man.

\*Farmers' Bulletin 497, U.S. Department of Agriculture.



# COERCION & CO-OPERATION

*By John Lewis*

**A**LTHOUGH this article is suggested by Mr. Curtis's "Problem of the Commonwealth",\* it is not intended as a criticism or review in the ordinary sense. The book is selected because it contains the clearest available statement of the aims of those who advocate a definite reorganization of the British Empire, as contrasted with those who would be satisfied with the development of the present plan of co-operation.

This definiteness is the distinctive quality of the book, and to interpret it in any other way is to destroy its value as a contribution to the discussion of an important question. It is not a mere plea for greater unity. Mr. Curtis, I am sure, would repudiate any such interpretation. Not only does he put forward his own proposal frankly, but he rejects other proposals in order that his own may be more clearly distinguished. For this he is entitled to our thanks, and we should be equally frank. If a change is to be made in the mode of governing the British Empire, Canadians ought to know exactly what it is. The decision rests with them, so far at least as Canada is concerned, and they should come out and say plainly what they want. We should say it, too, while the proposals are in a plastic state.

This is all the more necessary because an impression is being created in England that Canada, with other Dominions, is loudly demanding a change in the Imperial relation and a voice in foreign policy and in the settlement of the terms of peace after the present war.

So far as I can see, this description of Canadian feeling is exaggerated. There is a mild, academic discussion, confined to a small circle of students. The Canadian people as a whole are not interested. There is no general, popular discussion. Just for that reason there is danger that their views may be misrepresented. Their silence may be taken as giving consent to proposals that may seriously impair self-government.

Mr. Curtis proposes a new form of government, a new representation for the so-called self-governing nations of the Empire, and a new taxation. I say so-called, because he contends that Canada and its peers in the Empire are not really self-governing. They lack one important element, a voice in the foreign relations and in the making of peace and war.

This defect he would remedy by the creation of a new Parliament for the Empire, which would control foreign relations, the making of peace and war, and the government of India

\* Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

and other dependencies. In this Parliament the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa would be represented; the representation would be by population, with some modifications which need not at present be considered. The present British Parliament would surrender the powers to be conferred on the new Parliament; or, to put it in another way, there would be a new Legislature for the United Kingdom, having powers similar to those of the Parliament of Canada.

The new Parliament would not be a mere consultative body. It would be a governing body, with full powers of taxation. Tables are given showing the amount which might be collected from the United Kingdom, from Canada, etc. Mr. Curtis is not bound to the actual figures of these tables. The real taxation would be determined by a board of expert assessors, and would vary from time to time, as our municipal taxes vary. But the tables are important as showing that Mr. Curtis has a definite scheme in mind, and is not merely expressing beautiful thoughts as to unity.

Moreover, he says very emphatically, that the taxation must be legally binding, so that an investor lending money to the Empire would be sure that the money necessary to pay principal and interest would be forthcoming. Compulsion would be substituted for voluntary co-operation. The Dominions would be compelled to contribute, and the individual taxpayer would be compelled to contribute, and if he refused he could be sued and his property seized.

A lawsuit against the individual taxpayer, however, would be the last resort. Each Dominion would be expected to pay the amount fixed by the new parliament or its experts, and would be allowed to raise the money in its own way; for instance by customs and excise duties such as now supply the bulk of our revenue in Canada or by income taxes, land tax-

es or succession duties, if we should choose to adopt those means.

But pay somehow we must—"The all-important question," says Mr. Curtis, "remains how the Imperial treasury is to get the actual cash from the taxpayers" (page 187). And again, "no financial system is sound which does not enable a government to collect the revenues to which it is entitled from the taxpayers themselves in the last resort" (page 188). Further on this point is elaborated. The Imperial Government, it is said, must have "the right to distrain on the goods of the individual taxpayer in the last resort" (page 191).

Mr. Curtis then describes the process of litigation by which the money would be raised. The Imperial Government would be entitled to appeal to the supreme court of the empire. "The court would be empowered to transfer the control of the union customs or of any other revenue department to the Imperial Government, and therefore to collect those revenues from the taxpayers themselves" (pages 191 and 192).

Again, "If the Dominion Government still found the means of avoiding a remedy so drastic the court should in the last resort be able to declare the Imperial Parliament authorized to raise the necessary revenues from the taxpayers of the defaulting dominion by Imperial statute and to take whatever steps should be necessary" (page 192).

Finally in order that no doubt may be left in our minds Mr. Curtis says (page 193), "Passive resistance nothing avails, and the financial system outlined above is designed to leave no room for passive resistance on the part of Dominion governments."

In a speech quoted by Mr. Curtis Sir Clifford Sifton says that Canada has sent the greatest army to England that has ever crossed the Atlantic. Without exaggerating this service it would seem to be a strange result of this action if another army not of soldiers but of tax collectors

and bailiffs should be sent across the Atlantic to Canada to force us to pay our share of Imperial defense.

This is not a matter merely of dollars and cents. If the power of our parliament over taxation is lessened our liberty is impaired. The control of taxation and expenditure is a vital part of self-government.

I do not believe that Mr. Curtis means to speak in a harsh or menacing way. It is the proposal, not the language, that needs to be criticized. Never was a warning more plainly given. If the fish is caught it will be with the naked hook. Mr. Curtis simply carries his proposal to its logical conclusion. He is practically giving us the converse of the old saying "no taxation without representation". He says in effect "no representation without taxation". The question is whether such representation as his scheme would give would be an adequate return for the surrender of our present control over a very large part of our taxation. In discussing taxation Mr. Curtis is in the realm of certainties. He leaves no room for doubt as to the surrender of our control over a large measure of taxation or as to the legal compulsion which will be used if we resist. But our promised control over foreign affairs, the making of peace and war, and the government of India and Egypt is a matter of opinion and speculation.

My own opinion—and I give it only as one of eight million people—is that our control over these matters would be very slight and shadowy, would be a control in name and not in fact. It would perhaps make the Imperial relation more logical. But I doubt whether it would make it more satisfactory in practice.

Foreign relations are not determined, peace and war are not made, by resolutions and acts of parliament. Parliament does not suddenly resolve that our relations with France shall be friendly, or that we shall declare war on Germany. Friendly or hos-

tile relations depend on a long series of events and upon various and complicated circumstances. For instance the war in which we are now engaged is not due solely to Germany's attack upon Belgium, important as that factor was. It is due to the relations between Austria and Serbia, to the rule or mis-rule of the Turk, to the rival ambitions of Germany and Russia in the Balkans and in Asia Minor. In a word to the general condition of Europe for a period extending over many years.

It is a tangled skein and will remain so no matter what settlement may be made. In order to control a situation of that kind there must be a constant study of all the races and nations of Europe and their relations one to the other. I doubt whether the people of Canada after this war is over will be prepared to make any such study of Europe, of Asia or of Africa. Our own affairs will engross our attention when the excitement of war disappears. We shall have to depend, as we do now, upon the foreign office, and upon the diplomatic service throughout the world. Similarly for the maintenance of peace and content in India and Egypt we shall have to depend upon civil servants living in intimate relations with the people of those countries.

It is no answer to this objection to say that we shall have as much control in these respects as the people of the United Kingdom. It is a matter of general complaint in England that the real control of the people over foreign policy is very slight. There is a demand for a more democratic diplomacy; but no satisfactory proposal has been made for achieving that result.

In other words what is offered to us is a very insignificant share of a very insignificant popular control.

What then is to be the real, substantial result of the efforts which Canada is now making? The answer is that we hope for increased secur-



ity and increased freedom to manage our own affairs and develop our own country.

We are told that in this war we are striving not merely to help England or Belgium, but to place Canada itself beyond the reach of German ambition. The declared aim of the war is to secure the free development of Canada and other parts of the British Empire and of the allied countries. If this object is achieved, surely the next step is to take advantage of the security we have won; to proceed with the work of national development, which will bring increased strength not only in peace but, if necessary, in war.

Canada is a country nearly as large as Europe and upon a very modest estimate capable of sustaining fifty million people. Its present population is perhaps eight millions or about as much as that of Belgium, an area of ten thousand square miles. Here surely lies our work. It is better for us to concentrate our energy upon this task than to dissipate it by dabbling in the politics of Europe.

New Canadian problems are created by the war. When peace is restored provision must be made for several hundred thousand returned soldiers who must be pensioned and employed. The sudden stoppage of work in munition factories will throw another army of men and women out of employment. Heavy taxes will be required to pay our war loans. All this means vastly more to us than what is vaguely called "a voice in the terms of peace". We shall hardly turn from our own great tasks to consider what is to be done with Mesopotamia or the precise manner in which the map of Europe is to be re-drawn.

There is nothing sordid or selfish or narrow in going back to our own business after the war. There is room for chivalry and altruism and breadth of mind in Canada. There is room for diplomacy and broad statesmanship in a country whose population is drawn from every race

in Europe. It is just as much a task of high statesmanship to strengthen the bond of friendship between Ontario and Quebec as to strengthen the bond of friendship between England and France. And we can do far more here than we can do in Europe. When we receive the immigrant from Europe and convert him into a good Canadian citizen, we do far more effective world-work than we could ever do by electing a delegate to go to London and cherish the delusion that he is playing a tremendous part in world affairs. If we think we are capable of governing the natives of India, let us invite some native Indians to Canada and ask them to join with us in our great task of nation-building. If we cannot co-operate with Sikhs in Canada, how can we expect to co-operate with them in India?

But it may be said that in the event of another world-shaking conflict Canada may be involved in a war which it did not provoke and could not prevent. I admit the difficulty. I confess that I see no way of meeting it except to build up Canada, and by all means increase its strength and influence in the world. But at least let us deal with realities. Let us not deceive ourselves. If we cannot really control foreign affairs or prevent the nations of Europe from going to war, there is no use in playing or pretending that we do so. Sham representation does not accord well with real taxation. Sham control over world affairs is a poor substitute for real control of our own affairs.

Not only has Canada grown strong under freedom but the British Empire has astonished the world by its strength and unity. That is the result of free co-operation. It would be an ill result of our struggle with Germany if we should borrow the Prussian ideas which we condemn; if we should abandon free co-operation for a system resting upon force and upon Imperial bailiffs and collectors of taxes.



PROUD INDIAN MOTHERS OF THE BLACKFOOTS

# CHILDHOOD IN AN INDIAN WIGWAM

*By W. McD. Tait*

**F**AMILY life amongst the Indians is radically different from that of white people. But it is alike in that the great epoch-marking events of birth, christening, marriage, and death in the life of the white man are reproduced in the life of the red man.

The event, perhaps, of greatest importance in the Indian tepee is the appearance of a tiny papoose, and the occasion is one for great rejoicing. Amongst most Indian tribes there is an old custom still adhered to. The

father of the newly-arrived papoose rushes from the tepee in search of a name. The first thing that attracts his attention suggests the name for his baby.

Amongst the Hopi Indians, the little fellow is strapped to a board for twenty days after birth and is kept in perfect darkness, but is visited constantly by admiring neighbours. To make the darkness more complete a large blanket or robe of braided rabbit skins is hung over the door. The



A SCHOOL GIRL  
OF THE BLOOD RESERVE

skin of every rabbit killed by any member of the family, after the birth of a girl, is carefully preserved for her, and just before her wedding-day these long-preserved skins are cut into strips, braided together in something of a crochet stitch, and become

one of the most prized articles of the bride's outfit.

Very early in the morning of the twentieth day, the friends of the family assemble for the naming feast. The little martyr is taken out of the swaddling clothes, and his head washed by any and all who may care to do so, and a name is given to him by everyone. Sometimes the poor little fellow will struggle under two or three dozen such names as Cooch-vente-wa, Scos-nim-te-wa, To-wal-its-te-ma, Coo-ches-ni-ma. If the baby is a boy, the final syllable is usually "wa"; if a girl, the last syllable is usually "ma". Luckily for the child, she sheds all but one or two of these names in a very few days. The name given by the maternal grandmother is usually the one that prevails.

The swaddling clothes are now discarded, and the little fellow, entirely nude, is carried about in all kinds of weather on the back of his mother or sister, covered only by the shawl that holds him in place, and when not thus covered he is perfectly naked.

In all cases an Indian baby takes its name from some extraordinary circumstance connected with its birth. One born a long way from home might be called "Born-a-long-way-from-home". Another whose birth occurs in sight of a bridge would probably be named "Un-ka-ma", which is one of the Indian words for bridge.

Perhaps the first object that strikes the father forcibly in his quest for a name for his baby may be an old squaw stretched out on the ground in front of her tepee, snoring loudly. Then his little one will bear the musical name "Da-ma-a", which means "sleeping woman". Or if his search for a name leads him far from the camp, and he espies a solitary coyote creeping stealthily across the prairie, the little redskin will straightway be dubbed "Lone Wolf". If the father's fancy is first attracted to a buck hobbling his cayuse on the grass, poor baby will be burdened with the queer name of "Horse Hobbler". Or per-

chance through the usually phlegmatic temperament of the father there runs a rare vein of sentiment, and he pauses in his hasty quest to gaze with pleasure upon a beautiful prairie flower, then the little girl will get the pleasing name, "Prairie Flower".

The naming of the little one having been accomplished, it is given over entirely to the mother's care, the father troubling himself no more in regard to his papoose. Fastened in her queer little cradle, ornamented by the clumsy fingers of loving mothers with beads, shells, elk's teeth, bright pieces of glass or tin, queer-shaped bones, and beaded trinkets, all hung within easy reach of the chubby brown fists, the Indian baby swings from the top of the brush arbour near her father's teepee. The wee brown face

smiles from out its trappings of gayly-beaded buckskin, and her sharp little eyes blink at the sunbeams shining through the leafy roof, or the flames of the nightly camp-fire leaping up to mingle with the moonlight.

Strange as it may seem, the Indian baby thrives in her cramped quarters and enjoys as a great treat a change to her blanket on her mother's back when the toiling squaws are sent to the scant timber stretches along the creeks to bring up firewood and water for the camp.

As soon as the little redskin can toddle about, she is taught to share the burdens of her mother. It is a common sight to see a tiny tot with a bundle of sticks strapped to her tiny shoulders, toiling up a steep river bank behind a groaning, sweating



"INDIAN BABIES ARE HAULED ABOUT ON THE TRAVOIS"



MRS. WHITE MORNING GLORY (AGED 16) AND PAPOOSE

squaw, bent double beneath her heavy burden of driftwood which she is carrying home for the camp-fire.

There is a good story told of an old squaw on the Blood Indian reserve in Alberta, being given an old baby carriage in which to wheel her papoose. Instead of putting the baby in the carriage she carried the tot in her blanket and wheeled the empty vehicle to the ration-house for her weekly supply of beef and flour.

The amusements of the Indian child are not many. Very early in life he makes friends with the wild things that have a home on the reserve. The story of Hiawatha illustrates well the diversion of the Indian boy in the little character living on the shores of the *Gitche Gumee* (Shining Big Sea Water). The good old grandmother,

Nokomis, made a cradle of the linden tree. When she went about her work she carried the cradle on her back, or hung it, with little Hiawatha in it, on a branch of a tree where the wind would rock it. At night the baby would lie in the wigwam and listen to the sounds of the animals in the forest.

As Hiawatha grew older he went to play with the animals in the woods at the door of the tepee, and with the big brown cones that fell from the big fir trees. As he played, he fed the birds and called them his chickens. The squirrels were so tame that they came to his hand for food, knowing that Hiawatha would not hurt them. One day, Iago, who was a friend of Nokomis, came to visit the wigwam. He said that Hiawatha should have a

bow and arrows, and made them for him. As soon as they were made, Hiawatha ran into the forest with them to show them to his little friends there. So he lived among them, and was their friend always.

In some Indian tribes there is a ceremony called initiation. About six or eight years of age, the child is soundly flogged in the presence of the whole village. It is said that this flogging is sometimes administered unmercifully. It is supposed to be to the Indian child what the ordeals passed through in making "braves" are to the adult Indian. The flogging is inflicted on boys and girls alike. Every band has initiatory ceremonies of some kind, many of them extremely curious and interesting as instances of racial tendencies.

About the age of initiation, Indian children enjoy the liveliest diversions. The girls are taught to unsaddle, feed, water, picket, hobble, and care for their father's ponies. They assist in preparing food, and wait upon their

fathers and mothers. The Indian boy is at home on the sturdy little ponies of the plains, and revels in a rollicking, happy freedom, as he canters across the wind-swept prairie. He paddles and dives in pebbly-bottomed creeks with the same ease as do wild ducks that fall as frequent prey to his ready rifle.

On the Canadian reserves, Indian children are considered of school age at six years, though reports show that only about sixty per cent. are enrolled at that age. First of all, they are cleaned. The boys have their heads shorn, and the girls' hair is carefully braided. School clothing is provided, and the children present a uniform appearance. The object of this school work of several years is to fit the boys to take their places as useful, self-respecting citizens, and to make the girls good wives and good mothers, that their homes may become centres from which good influences may radiate to every corner of our remotest Indian villages.

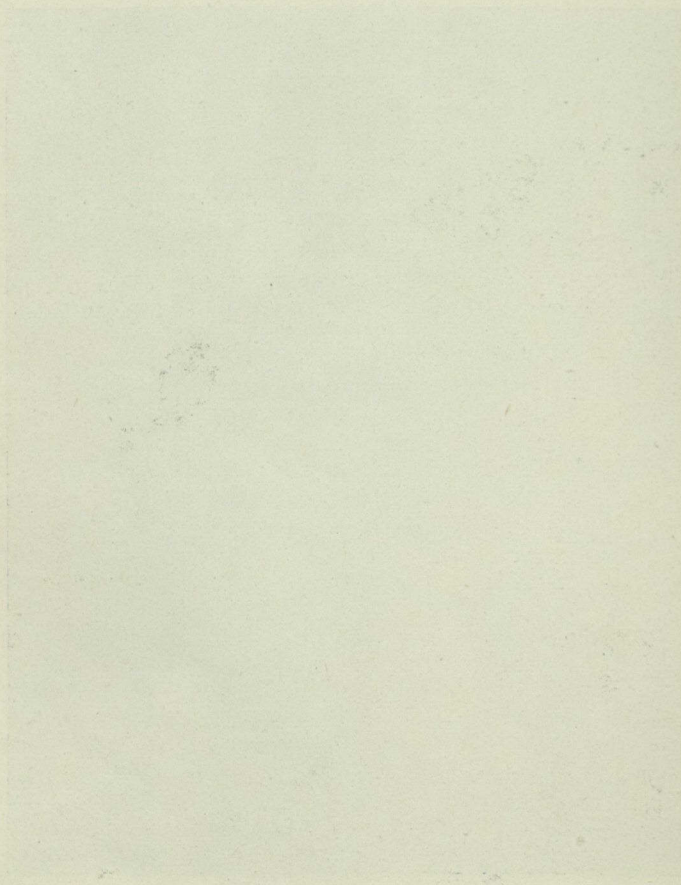




THE SPANISH SHAWL

From the Painting by  
Dorothy Stevens

One of the Canadian Exhibits at the  
Canadian National Exhibition





# THE HEART OF WOMAN

## By Francis Haffkina Snow

FRAU LUKS lived in a lodging house just under the Morningside Park. Eleven rooms she rented, and three (in the basement) she reserved for her own habitation. Year in, year out she had rented rooms for a living—in the neighbourhood it was rumoured that she had money deposited in several banks; the conjectures of amounts ranged from five to twenty thousand dollars..

Frau Luks was married. Her husband was a waiter in a German restaurant. He was younger than she by at least ten years. He had no money.

Though built on the scale of a female grenadier, Frau Luks was old and looked older. Her face was pasty in hue, and seamed with a mass of wrinkles which drooped down the corners of her mouth and formed little puffs and bags of flesh upon her cheeks; they weighted and sagged her eyelids, starting from the centre and developing progressively to the ends, so that only half of her eyes was visible. That half was blue, of German blue, and could be soft and gentle or hard and steel-like, as the exigencies of her existence demanded, as the tide of inner feeling waxed or waned.

Frau Luks came originally from Vienna. She spoke a curious German, intermingled with words of some Slavonic dialect. Her accent was harsh and sharp.

“Ganz mutterseele alleine! Ganz

*mutterseele alleine!*” she would say dramatically, as her neighbours grouped before her. “Not one of kith and kin—not one of my own blood!”

No mother, no father, no *geschwister*; only a brother who had gone into the war and now was dead. So, too, would *she* soon die, and the waves of oblivion would pass over her head, and she would be as though she had never been.

Often she brooded over this, sitting crouched in her spacious, spotless kitchen. Of this cleanliness she was proud, despite the labour that it cost her. All day she swept and dusted, made beds and cleaned and tidied. Her pail of water was first upon the stoop in the early mornings and last at night.

“One could eat off her sidewalk,” said her neighbours, as they saw her sweeping and scrubbing on her knees.

“Ach! die arme! how she works!” said the slatternly housewives living all about her.

But when they spoke in this vein to Frau Luks herself, she only smiled, a naif and childlike smile.

At night when she sat down in her big and empty kitchen, where one heard only the wooden and monotonous tic-toc-tic-toc of the cuckoo clock upon the mantel, she was *totmude*, like a dog which has run for many weary miles—and her ankles and feet were swollen—Och! so weh!—and she could

hardly keep awake over her *Staatszeitung*, with its crabbed black-lettered type which danced like a host of little black devils before her swimming eyes, over which her eyelids sagged deeper than in the morning. Then when her eyes closed, despite her efforts, she would put the paper carefully away in the drawer of the big German dresser which had come with her many years before from Vienna—take off and wipe her spectacles, and put *them* away, first in their velvet lined case, then on the mantel over the kitchen range. Finally, as to a religious ceremony, she would go into her front room, her bedchamber and living-room, furnished cleanly and hideously (not to her), with straight chairs and a sofa of horsehair and a wooden bed, and bear forth solemnly and triumphantly a big box, which she deposited invariably on the red-naped kitchen table, where she ate her solitary evening meal. After some selection, the setting of the automatic self-repeating lever and a vigorous cranking, she would sit facing the flaring horn, in expectation while the preliminary deep sough and cough began which heralded the advent of her only joy.

Frau Luk's phonograph was the only consolation of her dreary, galley slave existence. She had bought it five years before from Trutelwitz and Company, and had paid for it one hundred and fifty dollars. She had bought it with Otto, in the golden days. *Gott!* The golden days! Her heart swelled as she recalled them. The days when she might still claim the attribute of youth, the days when Otto had loved her.

Among the round perforated discs Frau Luks had many favourites. She liked the Sousa's waltz and the *Schone blaue Donau*. She liked the negro quartette, with its syncopated chatter of the "Moonlight in the Eyes of Lou." She was fond of a mysterious, wordless piece which bore the incomprehensible legend "*Le Cigne*". This piece, with its strange cadenc-

tial risings and fallings, gave her invariably a thrill down her back. It was as if she heard the crying of a child. She could never explain it. But most of all, and highest of all, she placed the "Chimes of Normandy", the melancholy, haunting pealings of the bells.

Ah, the bells! *They* made her think of the Austro-Hungarian village where she was born. As the bells rang solemnly, rang eerily through the echoing kitchen, with its chiaroscuro of light and darkness on the clean red bricks, she closed her eyes, swaying and nodding her head unconsciously from side to side in rhythm with the brazen throbbing, now high, now low, all fused and chimed in harmony. And as they pealed and beat, she could see the red gable roofs of the thatched cottages and the crooked little lanes and *gassen* and the rolling hills and sombre forest lands around.

And old faces swam vaguely out before her from the mist of years, faces and scenes and incidents of her early youth, which she had thought forgotten till the day that she had bought the phonograph and heard the bells.

The bells! Yes, it was like that they used to ring in Sonderhausen, when the sun set redly over the hills and fields, gleaming with the gleam of diamonds and rubies in the shining clean windows of the village houses.

*Och!* That was so very long ago.

*Ja!* It was a thousand years since Willie Toperl had walked with her across the fields in that sunset glow, while the bells pealed and pealed, and they had kissed behind a flowering sweet-scented thorn and had exchanged rings (his, of twisted silver, was now put carefully away in a box where she kept all her souvenirs, treasures of long dead days) and plighted troths, and then she had sailed, a girl of scarce sixteen, with her father and mother over seas.

So long ago! So very, very long ago!

Often Frau Luks would weep in the evenings in her big, empty kitch-

en—not as empty as her heart—as she listened so, with closed eyes, to the solemn pealing of the bells.

Then at last, heavily, she would rise and put away the *musikbuchse* in the front room, and go to bed.

\*

Her husband never came home until two or three o'clock in the morning. Often he was drunk, stumbling over furniture, cursing and swearing, waking her with a start from her heavy slumber, only to quarrel with her and revile her as she spoke. Her heart would beat in the darkness, for she was, in her normal state, afraid of Otto when he was drunk.

For more than five years Otto had been like this. And it spoiled her nights. But in the daytime she did not care. And always in the morning, when, red-eyed and pallid, he would get up and dress, he would find his coffee hot on the stove awaiting him, and his rolls generously buttered (with butter at forty cents a pound) on the round table with its spotless cloth. And always his laundry was clean and plentiful. All he needed was to go to the drawer of the dresser and take it out.

Sometimes on Sundays he would eat at home, and Frau Luks would cook him his meals the like of which they would never give him elsewhere: *knackwurst*, all splitting with white and savoury juice, and hot and toothsome *sauerkraut*, and *rote ruben*, and *kartoffelsalat*, and Teutonic beer, with *kaffee* and cheese and *kuchen* to top it all. But Otto did not care. He ate everything in phlegmatic silence, growling out an occasional monosyllable, and then, after dinner, he would stick a big cigar into his mouth and go out, attired in a suit carefully pressed (by Frau Luks) and a white and spotless vest (purchased by Frau Luks) swinging jauntily a cane and eyeing the girls that passed him on the street. For if Frau Luks was old and ugly, he was still for a man, young, and tall, and well set up, and

good-looking in a coarse, blonde, animal way.

Why had Frau Luks closed her eyes so long and so patiently to the meaning which he had given to their married life?

If you ask *me*, you will surely not expect an answer. The heart of woman! Was it because she still remembered the time when he had assured her, a lodger in a room of a former house over whose destinies she had presided as she presided now over this one—that he “had her *gern*,” and plausibly demonstrated to her lonely, credulous heart that they would be happy in the sweet communion of wedded life? Was it because of the years of intimacy, engendering in the woman familiarity, in the man contempt? Or was it because of the little dead baby, whose soul, set free to wing its joyous way through the blue and infinite fields of heavenly space, had never incarnated itself upon this earth? The heart of woman! Surely you do not expect *me* to sink the plummets here?

Yet like the placid sea when lashed by wind and storm could be this woman's heart if you probed too deeply. Slow she was to anger, but furious when aroused. So is the lioness calm if you attack not her young. And every woman deep down in her heart and soul and consciousness has a child of sentiment. It may be her religion, which if you scratch you will scratch a panther. It may be her morality, which if you challenge you may catch a Tartar. It may be, as with the lioness, her maternity, which makes her wholly blind, and on occasion, ruthless. Whatever it be, wherever it lie, it is always fanatic, and she will die for it, as the Christian martyrs perished at the stake, with fervour and ecstasy, and utter self-oblivion.

In Frau Luks's case, this creature of sentiment, this religion, this morality, this maternity, this fanaticism was her phonograph.

So, when one morning, while she

was vigorously wielding the broom upon the worn-out carpet of her stairs and the door bell rang and the man at the door informed her roughly, while his team waited, that he had come from Trutelwitz and Company to get her phonograph, and pushed under her nose a scribbled order of delivery, she was forthwith a lioness called to defend her young.

"Vot you means, hey?" she asked, barring his already impatient way with her strong, broad amplitude. "For vy you comes to get mein *musikbuchse*, vot?"

"What's eatin' you, old girl?" asked the expressman, with odious familiarity, taking her evidently for the cook or servant girl, instead of the unchallenged mistress over thirteen rooms. "Come on, now and get busy. Show me where your phonograph is, and in a hurry, see? Don't you lamp the order?"

"Ja! I sees de orter!" answered Frau Luks, four-square and uncompromising before him. "It voss some mistakes. I haff mine own *musikbuchse*, vot I pay hundert'n fafty dollar for, to Trutelwitz himself. For vy you comes for it, vot?"

"Oh, forget it! Forget it!" remarked the expressman wearily. I'm from Trutelwitz, see? Your husband sold him back your phonograph yesterday for thirty dollars. And he's paying me to come and get it—clutch?"

"Vot? Vot iss dat?" screamed Frau Luks, her blue demilunes of eyes suddenly blazing azure fire. "My husband selded back mein *musikbuchse*? For *dreissig* daller?"

"That's what, old girl," confirmed the expressman, shifting his quid, taken aback already by the steely sparkling of Frau Luks's eye.

"O, dot voss it, voss it?" rejoined Frau Luks, suddenly very quiet. "So you comes to get mein *musikbuchse*, ja?"

"That's what I said," remarked the expressman, eyeing her now uneasily. "Where is it, anyway?"

"It voss vare you neffer gets it in your lifelong!" screamed Frau Luks, suddenly raising her broom. "It voss vare your expressman's company unt Mr. Trutelwitz and the bresident aff the whole Ameri-ka neffer put dere hants upon it! You gett off mein house, now! Neffer come again! Weg, or I smashed you, see!"

The expressman, eyeing with disconcertment and dismay the upraised broom and Frau Luks's height and broad shoulders, and red and angry face, beat a hasty exit down the steps.

"Say you'll get yourself into trouble, old girl!" he called up angrily. "That phonograph ain't yours no more. Your husband sold it back for thirty dollars cash, see?. Trutelwitz came special to see it the other day. You'll get yourself jugged for obtainin' money under false pretences, that's what'll happen to you! And for assault 'n battery on a respectable expressman in the pr-fesh'nl persoot of his duties," he added in an injured tone as he climbed upon his wagon seat and raised the reins.

"Yah!" jeered Frau Luks after him, shaking her broom undauntedly. "You comes to get mein *musikbusche*, ain't? For vy you no comes in and gets it, vot? I haff it alretty in the basement. For vy you no comes in und gets it, say?"

"Not on your life," replied the expressman, with great earnestness, to this cordial invitation, spitting a golden yellow stream of tobacco juice high over his horses' heads. "Oh, no, darlin', not for mine this trip!"

"Come in unt get it!" pleaded Frau Luks, beguilingly. "For vy you no comes in unt gets it?"

"Oh, shut up!" rejoined the expressman courteously, with a sheepish laugh, in which rang out both admiration and defeat. And clucking to his horses, he drove away, meditating sadly on the setness of woman's ways and on the hardships of an expressman's life in general.

Frau Luks remained master, or ra-

ther mistress, of the field. But as she stood there leaning on her broom, gazing down into the street as a great general surveys his victory, she suddenly discovered that she was trembling from head to foot, and her legs gave way beneath her. So, slowly she closed the door and tottered in to her front parlour, which was long and narrow like a railroad car—adorned as to the brightly-flowered walls with brilliant chromos in gilt frames—and sank upon the stiff, uncomfortable seat which reflecting the vagaries of furniture manufacture was a hybrid thing, which made convenient sitting or reclining equally impossible.

"*Mein Gott!*" ran her inchoate, astounded, outraged thoughts. "Otto selded mein *musikbuchse!* For *dressig daller!* Unt prought Trutelwitz to see it vile I voss away! Ach, *Mein Gott,* I fix him up for dat! *Herr Je!* I fix him!"

Her usually placid, monotoned existence was torn from its foundations as an anchored ship is dragged from its quiet roadstead and driven out to the wild and raging sea. Such anger she had never known since she was a chubby girl in Austria and Jan Milchsack, a neighbouring farmer's son, had slapped her face because she would not dance with him at Lotta Muller's.

All day she swept and scrubbed, and cleaned, trembling and waiting. Let him come home! She would fix him now.

In the evening, after the solitary *abendbrod* was over, and the dishes cleared away, the *Zeitung* read, and the spectacles placed carefully upon the shelf, she brought out the music box, and listened to the bells.

But her mood, as she harkened to their deep and solemn peal, was not the familiar mood. No longer did she feel the calm and gentle melancholy, the deep yet tranquil sadness of her recollections of dead days. In their place, there was an unspeakable, poignant *schmerz*. Her heart and soul felt bruised. *Herr je!* She had loved a

man—the only man in her woman's life since Willie Tolperl—and she had toiled and slaved for him, and made him happy in all material ways—she had taken him, a penniless, shabby waiter, lodging in the cheapest room of her own house, and made him master over all, and clothed and fed him for fifteen years like a *feiner Herr*. And he had soon tired of her, because she was older than he, and *nicht schon*, and he had taken to drink, and cared nothing for her, except as a means to an end, to sleep and drink and eat, and dress. *Och Gott!* was *this Ger-echtigkeit?*

So she mused bitterly, as she listened to the solemn pealing of the chimes that night. Something pressed hard upon her breast within. She thought again how utterly lonely was her life. *Och Gott!* *So mutterseele alleine!* Only one man, one human soul, and he, and they, were base! base! base!

She found that silent tears were running down her seamed, wrinkled face. She stopped the phonograph, and brought it back. Then she put out the lamp in the kitchen, and went into the dark and stuffy sleeping-room in front. So she sat, fully dressed, by the window, gazing out over the little brick-paved yard with its two-foot wall, into the lamplit street. To her ears came the jangling disharmonies of a half-dozen pianos from various houses in her block. Chopin's "*Jada, Jada, gosce,*" had she known it, blended with the passionate eulogies of "Oh, you beautiful doll," the sensuous waltz of "The Pink Lady," with the flippant lilt of the popular "I See That You Are Married." Across the street there was a window brilliantly lighted, where a young girl was singing with great sentiment, and a little American heart as narrow and hard and empty as a thimble:

You are my garden of roses  
Brushed by the morning dew,  
Each pretty flower discloses  
Secrets I find in you—ou—

Ach, American music! It made her sick, gave her such a *heimweh* for

the old country, the open sky of her Austrian highlands, the grandeur of the rolling hills, which now she did not hope to see again, the ambrosial country air, the red ploughed hills creeping up the sides of the sloping lands, the browsing kine in the lowlands.

\*

At twelve o'clock Frau Luks dozed, at one she slumbered heavily. At two-fifteen she woke with a start as an automobile crowded with "joy-riders" stopped a few doors up, with much shrill laughter and wild shouts of half-drunken men and women. Through the pane she saw a man get out and, standing on the kerb, lean up and kiss a woman whose hat was all askew. Then amid shouts and laughter the automobile moved away at a reckless speed. The man turned and walked unsteadily towards her house. With a sudden gasp, she saw that it was Otto.

The eyes of a panther, called to defend its young, surely never emitted such fire as the eyes of Frau Luks in the yellow lamplight before that window.

"So, so!" she said softly to the adjacent darkness, shrinking back into the inky shadow of the hanging curtains. She heard the tumblers of the iron basement door turn back; she heard him enter, and the closing of the door. Then he stumbled in, colliding with wall and furniture, breathing heavily, emitting an odour of bad cigars and whisky which nauseated her.

"*Mein Gott!*" he growled in German, in a raucous, hiccupping tone. "Why is it always so *dunkel* here? Another woman would leave the gas lit for a man to see."

"So, you voss a mans?" came in English the incredulous voice of Frau Luks from the enveloping darkness.

Half drunken, yet guilty as he was, he could feel the grim menace of her voice.

"Vere voss you, Millie?" he hic-

coughed in sweet conciliatory tones.

"I voss fere I voss und verry satisfied!" replied Frau Luks, biding her time, though her breast was heaving.

"Are you *bos'* mit me yet alretty?" asked Otto soothingly. "Don't pe mat offer de phonograph. I'll get you anutter vun. I voss hart upp und needet de money."

"So, you voss hart upp and needet de money!" iterated Frau Luks. "To rite in ottermopiles vile your vedded vife voss sleeping, I mean. To take choyrites mit female voomans, I im-machine. Und kiss dem beefore mein very house, *nit?*"

Otto was a man; hence being tried and convicted and unable to reconcile, he became brutal.

"*Schweige, verpflichte alte!* Shut upp, or I make you, see?" he roared at her through the trembling darkness, groping for matches.

"So, I voss a *verpflichte alte!*" came to him Frau Luk's voice rapidly approaching him through the darkness. "So, you make me shut up, *ja?*"

He turned with a growl and curse to answer, but suddenly, to his utter stupefaction, a brawny fist shot out of the darkness like a catapult and struck him stunningly in the face. A whole galaxy of stars swam dizzily around him. In a moment he recovered, and rushed on her with a wild bull's roar, desiring and prepared to beat and overthrow and trample her underfoot the woman who had borne with him for fifteen years! His was the Berseker rage, the primitive blood impulse of the brute.

Then a whirling tornado, a blizzard, a simoon, a typhoon, a mountain fell upon him; a giant tossed and whirled him about in the darkness as easily as a magician juggles rubber balls. One moment he crashed over the bed; the next headlong over the table. Now he lay on the floor. Now he was lifted in arms of steel and thrown again. His head, still whirling with the fumes of liquor, swam in an ocean of terror.

"Millie! Millie! *mein Gott*, don't kill me!" he groaned, as the big inexorable fist struck him again and again in the face.

"*Ja! Ja!*" came as a snorting, infuriated cry in the darkness. "*Ja! Ja!* I voss a *verpfluchte alte, nit?* Und you makes me shut up? Und sells me mein *musikbuchse* pack for *dreissig* daller, nit? Un you goes choyriting mit female voomans, *ja?* I teach you vot iss! I shows you some-dings I mean!"

And again he catapulted through spaces, tossed by a titan's hand, till with one final crash he fell in the corner and lay still.

Then Frau Luks, panting like a walrus, found matches and lit the gas.

The room was wrecked, utterly wrecked. The chromos were hanging at dizzy angles on the walls; the chairs lay limp and overturned and broken in all directions, the table was smashed to pieces. In the corner lay her husband, breathing heavily and quite unconscious.

But she felt no pang of regret for the ruined furniture; no pity for the sodden brute who lay worsted and senseless in the corner—the man who after fifteen years of care and devotion had sold her *musikbuchse*.

She went out heavily, still panting deeply, to the woodshed back of the kitchen and came back with a long clothesline, which she wound tightly about her husband's arms and legs, swathing him with the strong rope from head to foot.

Then she put on her bonnet and shawl, and left the house by the basement door. Round and round she walked, block after block, till she saw the capped and uniformed guardian of the peace whom she was seeking. He stood, talking with another night patrolman in a doorway.

"Mr Policemans," she said, stopping short, "I look for you. You comes pack mit me to mein house; dere iss dere a bad man, mein husband, who try to murter me; you

comes pack und takes him mit you away, yes?"

The policeman, bored from long standing, came forth with alacrity.

"What's that, what's that? Your husband tried to murder you? Where is he?"

"In mein house. I fight mit him terrible. It voss awful. All the furnichure iss gemasht."

"Come on, Casey!" said the policeman curtly to his companion. "Go ahead, old lady. We'll fix you up all right," he said encouragingly to Frau Luks, brandishing his club, as the three started briskly out together on the lamplit, silent street, where only the hollow reverberation of their footsteps could be heard. We'll take all the fight out of *him*, you bet!"

"I mean," said Frau Luks guilelessly, "dere is not *viel* fight by him more alretty."

When she led the two patrolmen into her wrecked bedchamber, they looked at her and at each other with amazement.

"Looks like some fight," said Casey. "The guy is trussed like a chicken for the roasting pot." He turned the still insensible man over. "He's got a beautiful pair of eyes, all right. Say, old lady, how much do you weigh?"

"Vott I veighs?" said Frau Luks proudly. "I veighs vun hunderd and ninety-dree bounds. I voss verry strong. I iss a voomans, but I iss as gut as enny man!"

"Better, lady! Better!" said the other policeman enthusiastically, with a grin at Casey. "This fellow is big himself. What'll we do with him?"

"I vonts you take him to the policeman's stations!" said Frau Luks.

"You want us to arrest him?"

"*Ja*," replied Frau Luks inexorably. "You tells me fere I go tomorrow und speaks all vot he done. He got money unter false preetentiousness; he selled me mein *musikbuchse!*"

"Sold your music-box!" rejoined the policeman, with a guffaw. "Is

that why you want him pinched?"

"He selled me mein *musikbuchse*," repeated Frau Luks unmoved. "Und den he come home trunk choyriting in an ottermobile mit female voomans. Und ven he come in, he try to murter me. I fix him for all together. You see?"

With chuckles which they could not control, the patrolmen took up the inanimate man, and bore him out before the house; one of them then went to the patrol box at the corner and 'phoned for the wagon.

With fixed and stony face Frau Luks sat at the window and watched them put him in and drive away.

"Ja. This was the end of her marriage; a fine ending, for a fine beginning. It was better so. Now was she indeed alone. Till the white dawn came she lay awake in the big bed thinking of all her life, begun across the seas in the sunny light of youth's illusions, now ending in utter darkness so far away from home.

In the morning it was a very weak and wilted prisoner that appeared before Judge Connery in the Police Court of the district. Both eyes were puffed and closed; the face was scarred and seamed with battle, the mouth awry. Frau Luks was also there. So was Herr Trutelwitz. She had seen to that.

"Are you Mrs. Luks?" asked the magistrate curtly, when she came forward.

"Yess," said Frau Luks. "I comes here to complain."

Simply, yet with the emphasis of conviction, staring at Otto's hanging, sullen face inexorably, she told her story. There was not a loophole in it.

"Und I vants him sent away," she concluded firmly. "He voss vun bad mans; he selded mein *musikbuchse*; he try to murter me. Und he trink like fishes. I am afraid effery night ven he come home."

"It doesn't look as though you were much afraid," said the judge, gazing with astonishment from her breadth of shoulder to the kaleido-

scopic appearance of the prisoner's face.

Frau Luks smiled guilelessly, yet grimly.

"Six months," said the magistrate, briefly and concisely, after noting the testimony of Herr Trutelwitz. "Fraud and wifebeating. Take him away. Next case."

Herr Luks cast at Frau Luks a sullen yet respectful glance as he departed.

"Ja," she called after him triumphantly. "I voss a *verpfluchte alte*, und you makes me shuttup, nit? Und you sells me mein *musikbuchse*, ja? Und you choyrites mit female voomans, *auch*?"

Now, Frau Luks was no longer awakened by the curses of a drunken husband. For the first few weeks following her husband's exit she slept like a child in the big four-poster bed which for fifteen years had been their common couch.

"Mrs. Wolf!" she said in her dramatic way to the lady who lived with her husband on the first floor back, "I tells you I neffer sleeps so vell in fifteen year. I voss allus afraid, so nerfous, vaiting vile he comes. Now I sleeps like vood unt iron. *Herr je!* In fifteen year!"

The whole neighbourhood knew of Frau Luks's experiences and spoke admiringly of her prowess. If all women were like her, they decided solemnly, there would be fewer worthless men. An aureole of heroism haloed her round; children pointed her out on the street; and she had become a local celebrity in the neighbourhood.

Month after month went regularly and monotonously by.

Now, undisturbed by fear of any kind, Frau Luks sat in her big kitchen at night and listened to Sousa's band and "Lou", and to the "*Cigne*", with its strange and sobbing cadences, which made her thrill for some reason that she did not understand, and to the pealing and appealing of the bells.



So she sat, rocking and swaying slightly from side to side, with hands folded idly in her lap, while the shadows played with goblin-like, fantastic shapes, in the dimlit corners.

"So mutterseele alleine. Och, so mutterseele alleine!"

Ja! It was better so. What has she ever had from the man but parasitism, drunkenness, abuse? She was better alone; what had he ever been for her? How had he ever alleviated her deep and brooding loneliness?

Yet when one day the bell of the iron basement door rang, and she found herself facing through the latticed bars her husband, unshaven and shabby, all his old elegance departed, the stamp of prison yet upon him—her strong heart melted to water in her breast.

"Oh, it vass you," was her only comment, her hand dropping suddenly from the latch.

"Yess, I am it," said the man eagerly, even humbly. "Let me in, Millie. I vill neffer play you a doity trick again. I lost mine job now; I ain't got a cent to get a meal already."

"Nein," said Frau Luks, after a gigantic struggle with the weak woman's heart that beat so near the surface of the soul. "Nein, I vill not let you in, but I vill giff you some money and you will neffer come back und boddens me again, or I get you still one time arrested. You hear? Vait now for me a minute."

She went back, her knees trembling beneath her, to the kitchen. From an old teapot she took out a roll of bills, her rent money for that month. After much deliberation she chose a ten-dollar bill and brought it to him.

"Neffter come back no more!" she admonished, passing it between the bars.

"Oh, Millichen, don't sent me away!" said the man hoarsely. "I lofe you. I can't liff mitout you. Millie, let me in!"

She turned relentlessly and left him, and closed the inner door be-

hind her, then she went into her sitting room and watched him from behind the curtains, as with lagging step and hanging head he shuffled away toward the park.

\*

Now, for some reason, Frau Luks slept no longer like a child in the big four-poster. Often she would lie, staring with burning eyes and throbbing temples, up into the palpitating darkness that seemed to hang not over her head, but her heart, like a pall. So mutterseele alleine! Otto had said something that hurt her.

Love from him? It was all a lie!

But none the less, was she quite loveless? And so it had always been. Now was no worse than then. She did not have a soul, not even a dog's—linked up with her existence.

\*

He came again; she knew that he would come.

Shabbier was he now; and the blond stubble of his unshorn cheeks was of the growth of weeks. His hat was stoven in and he was collarless and coatless, though October, chill and biting, had already come. His trousers were frayed at the bottom and he was down at heel.

"Say, Millie, giff me some more money," he begged humbly, in a hoarse voice, which ended in a painful cough. "I'm down and out. I ain't got a cent, und I'm freezing."

Silently she surveyed him through the grated bars.

"Ach, Millie, don't be so hart!" pleaded the man wearily. "I wass your hussband for fifteen yahr, and now I'm down and out. Lent me *wenigstens* a dollar so I could eat und sleep to-night."

"Otto!" said Frau Luks in her dramatic way, but her voice was weak and soft with the woman-softness, and her blue eyes were misty. "Otto, you tell me now vunce, vun ting—you sorry dot you selled mein musik-buchse?"

The man's face lighted up with a gleam of unexpected hope.

"*Mein Gott*, Millie, I could tear mein heart out offer what I dit. I wass a laysy, drunken *bestie*. You gafe to me all dat wass comin' to me."

Then fell Frau Luks's broad hand upon the latch of the iron door, And, as one passes reverentially in through the gleaming gates of Paradise, so came Frau Luks's outcast husband in again to light and warmth and food and cleanliness—to *home*, whose worth in many weary months he had learned to know at last.

When Otto had gone to bed that night in the conjugal bedchamber, a changed man after a bath and shave, and the wearing of spotless raiment and Frau Luks's skilful cookery, seasoned by a very thick and black cigar which she went out herself to buy for him, and slept like a child after many months of lodgings indescribable for the down-and-outs, luxuriating in sheets fairly crackling with cleanliness, Frau Luks sat in her shadowed kitchen with her *musikbuchse*.

Expectant she sat, with folded hands, as the deep sough and cough began.

Then the bells pealed forth again through the leaping shadows. But they were no longer filled with the poignant *schmerz* which they had voiced after Otto's base betrayal. They were not even melancholy, despite their solemn chime. No longer sat she there and thought "*So mutterseele alliene!*" A human soul was linked with hers. That soul was weak, if you will; it was capable of baseness and degradation, but it was *hers*. It depended on *her*. It needed *her*. A warm glow kindled at her heart as she thought of how he had laid his curly head in her broad lap and wept and promised *gutes leben* in the future. Her tired eyes were filled with a soft and brooding light, and the solemn chiming of the bells bore to her ears melodiously a strange and mystic message of hope and happiness; yes, and love.

The heart of woman—a strange, mysterious land!



# THE REVENGE <sup>that</sup> FAILED

*By Theodocia Pearce*

THE editor of *The Daily Star* stirred uneasily when he heard a rap on the door of his private office. As a rule, he disliked raps, and he especially disliked this one, for he had his own idea of who was waiting admission just at that minute. Business instinct pulsed through him. Nevertheless he called, "Come in, Miss Harley." Business was business, whether pleasant or disagreeable.

The social editor stepped briskly into the office, closing the door with no slight noise. The social editor loved to make an impression, but, alas, her methods greatly annoyed the editor. He glanced up from his writing, only long enough to point to a chair, then turned to his work.

To get at the point immediately was always his method, but in dealing with a woman it was different. One had to be cautious and yet strike home. So he gripped his pen tightly, perhaps to steady himself for the ordeal.

As to the social editor, she took the proffered seat with a very sweet smile. The social editor knew the chief editor—at least she thought she did, but at any rate she was conscious of his uneasiness, if not of her own.

"Well, Miss Harley," he said, swinging round with sudden determination, "I will not detain you longer than necessary. Have you any idea why I sent for you so hastily?"

The social editor smiled again, but this time faintly. "I have thought about it, Mr. Maxwell, but as a rule I am very poor at solving such riddles."

Quickly the editor raised his hand, and slowly stroked the back of his head to glossy black smoothness. "It concerns your work, you know, Miss Harley."

"I surmised that much."

"Well, the fact is, it's going down. Understand, going down. I'm not trying to blame you, by any means, but we have decided that something must be done and done quickly."

"I understand, Mr. Maxwell," Miss Harley replied, with a sigh. "But what I can't understand is how my pages fail. I can't get a soul interested in my correspondence corner, and I don't believe there is one person who tries my choice recipes and daily menus, and it seems I just spend hours hunting up such things."

The little social editor forgot that she had once been starched, just now she felt pretty limpy.

"That's just the point, I believe. Women who read your pages haven't the time to attempt some new delicacy every day, and if they had, I don't think they would do it. We want something new—something that will take hold."

"I know it, and truly I've thought of everything, from beginning a kindergarten to a beauty competition."

The editor laughed. "It's too bad, Miss Harley. I did not think it was troubling you, but I most assuredly am convinced that you have the ability to conceive some brilliant new plan, and, moreover, carry it out successfully."

The social editor smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Maxwell," she said, "but I believe our standards of success reach the same level. Mine goes pretty high, and often casts me down as a result. But I'll do my best to unearth a good plot."

The editor took out his watch slowly.

"Just twenty minutes after ten. Now, take my advice, go away from this office. Take a good walk perhaps—somewhere where it is quiet. You'll reach some original conclusion, I know. And then come back to me, so we can talk it over."

"I will, Mr. Maxwell, if it kills me," she said, with a forced laugh, as she rose and walked to the door. "Good-bye, I'll try to return after a while, flying our colours."

"By gad," mused the editor, as he turned to his work, "that's what I call spunk. Why, from the crown of her curly brown hair to the tip of her tailored blue skirt, she is a bundle of genuine ability, and is quite capable of doing her own pushing. I'm the man on the spot to help a girl like that."

The desire to make an impression, even through banging doors, had completely left the social editor, as she entered her own office. Here was a problem to worry any woman, even if she had the strength of a Greek goddess. As Gretchen Harley stood before her mirror and fixed her new Easter bonnet of dainty blue straw over her refractory curls, she had a good mind to go home and cry it all out; but because she was a Harley right through, she didn't. Instead, she powdered her nose anew, drew on her coat and gloves with savage fierceness, and walked out from the building like a determined martyr.

Outside, the streets were a-hum with humanity, trolley cars, motors, and heavy wagons. Mr. Maxwell had said that quiet was essential, but where to go, she had no idea. A street car came along, and stopped directly in front of her, as she was trying to cross the street. Fate shoved her on, so she boarded a street car at the next corner. She now became aware that she was tired and wanted a rest. About half an hour later it was a rather irate conductor who aroused her from her reverie, demanding if she had paid her fare, and where she desired to get off.

"We go back now, Miss. This ain't no circular route."

"Well, I suppose I might as well get off here," she said calmly.

It was a strange part of the city to her—new, yet not unreal. Their district was also like this, rows and rows of decent-looking residences, the homes of the medium rich. The lawns were rapidly becoming green in the early April sunshine, and little shoots were appearing in the moist earth of the gardens.

It was very quiet, except for the rumble of an occasional milk-cart, or the hum of a motor van. She met few people, but somehow as she walked along in this new world, the sunshine of the April day crept into her heart and made her glad. She forgot her troubles, forgot she was out on a quest, but was singing with the sunshine in the heart of her.

Trouble had so completely vanished from her world that she even forgot there was such a thing, until she met it unawares. It was a long, low wail of a child, a wail that struck Gretchen Harley with pity. She looked around. On the front steps of the house across the way sat a little child, bending over a slate. A small hat lay on the steps beside her, and the sun brightened anew the golden curls that fell around the little shoulders, and rested upon the pink frock. It was such a pretty picture that almost without reason the social editor made her way

across the street and up the walk.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked softly, moving the small hat and sitting down.

The face raised to her's was sweet but tear-stained.

"I can't add! Teacher said go home until it was right, and now mother isn't here and it won't get done right."

"Well, I'll help you; shall I?"

The child nodded, and with a shy little smile passed her slate over to the stranger. Two heads bent close together for a while, and soon it was all "done right".

"I got no mistakes anyway in spelling," the child said happily. "See," and with a little laugh of pride she turned to the other side of the slate.

It was hardly legible, but Gretchen Harley deciphered it slowly. The round, clumsy letters meant much.

"Keep up with your sums and your spelling, little girl, and some day you will make a beautiful woman."

"How do you know? Mother says I ain't pretty."

"Oh, I read it in your writing, and I don't mean beautiful in your face, I mean in here," she touched the little girl's dress above the heart.

"Will I? Where does the writing say so?"

"Oh, I couldn't explain, but I studied it once."

"What?"

"Graphology."

"Can you use it lots?"

The social editor became as a child. There was a little scream of delight in her voice, and a new light in her eyes, as she rose.

"Yes, I can, little girl, and I'm going to try. Good-bye."

Then she was gone, and the little girl was left alone.

"Get it?" the editor demanded anxiously a couple of hours later as he heard Miss Harley's voice begging admittance. But one look at her face was sufficient. "Oh, you did solve the puzzle. I knew you would!"

Gretchen Harley laughed. "Yes,

I did get it, Mr. Maxwell. And I'm happy about the idea; but, to be truthful, I'm worried about the results."

"Tut, tut, let your ambitions down for a time. But tell me your plans."

"Not such a lot after all, Mr. Maxwell, but I think I shall do the mysterious and read character."

The editor emitted a dubious grunt. "How?"

"I've studied graphology, and now I'm going to put it in use. Who isn't always ready to know what other people think of them?"

"There's great merit there, Miss Harley. Now what do you propose?"

"Well, it's this. I'll have a *nom de plume*, perhaps *Isolde*. I planned that because I have always loved the name. We will insert something that will read something like this: 'Isolde, Lady of Mystery, will read your handwriting and reveal your character. Send sample letter with coupon printed below, and use an assumed name. Answers will appear daily in the Graphology Column.' Then, Mr. Maxwell, I expect to have letters come pouring in to me, and it will be very interesting. Honest, though, I do believe it will succeed, but I am bound to talk as well as hope, I suppose."

"Praise and cash are what you need, and what you will get. But are you sure you can do it?"

Pride was nipped, and the social editor glared at him coldly. "Do you suppose I would try if I couldn't?" she demanded.

"No, I know you wouldn't. We will give it a try and hope for the best."

Saturday the notice was printed in large type on her pages. Gretchen had laughed when her brother read and she found a seat unoccupied in the notice to the family, but she also kept silent. Her people didn't really know what she could do. Saturday night she rescued her old text-books and graphometer from the attic, but she didn't laugh as she entered *The Star* building about nine o'clock the

following Monday morning. She pressed her bundle of books tightly over her heart, to keep it from jumping out.

"Any mail?" she asked the office boy carelessly.

The boy grinned, "Well, you go in and have a look, you wouldn't believe me."

An hour later the editor found her half laughing, half crying, over a pile of letters.

"Great, isn't it?" he teased.

"Why, it's splendid. I've finished six already, and I hope to get about a dozen done for to-day's edition."

"What types of humanity?"

"Lovely, funny and sad. My six include an old gentleman, who wrote the quaintest letter. I'll keep the interesting ones, and let you read them sometime. Then there's one from a school teacher, wanting to know why she couldn't succeed."

"What did you say to that?"

"Said if her faith was as weak as her hand-writing that I didn't wonder. Oh, don't look so worried, I said nice things, too, and she deserves them. Then here are two school girls, quite charming, I imagine. They have character, too, for just look at that hand-writing. That's four. The other is a boy, a small one of the age that sister's beau does not appreciate, I imagine. And this last is so sad—from a little lame girl; yet her letter is so like sunshine it hurts my eyes. I'm giving her a good reading, and if she doesn't receive red roses from Isolde, it will be queer."

"That's splendid. Perhaps we may start a regular relief fund—but not public, you understand. How many letters in all to-day?"

"Fifteen altogether, but you forget about to-morrow, and to-morrow—"

"Oh, let to-morrow take care of itself. I'm satisfied with to-day."

But the to-morrow came, doubling the fifteens, and even the thirties. Graphology ruled the city. The children in the schools wrote letters, the girls at dancing classes organized

graphology parties, as well as the society dames at their five o'clock teas. Men in the factories formed clubs. Everyone was anxious and alert to learn more about themselves. The question of the day was, "Say, had your character read yet?" Men carried clippings in their note-books, women bought scrap albums in which to keep their clippings. Always the question arose, "Who is this Isolde?" But in spite of plots and plans, they never found out.

All this took time, but once launched, Gretchen Harley had the patience to wait. She loved the work, and instead of saving character studies, she had boxes full of quaint letters from strange people. Often she discussed Isolde with her friends, and to satisfy them was obliged to write a letter to herself. She was happy indeed, until the day the fatal letter came.

Isolde knew the hand-writing the minute she picked it up, and her heart began to beat wildly. She wondered if he remembered her studies. Hastily she broke the seal, and drew out the letter:

Dear Lady of Mystery, I wonder would you be so gracious as to tell me what I am. Long I have desired to know, but courage has failed me. However, Lady of Mystery, I will await your judgment, and beforehand, thank you for your kindness,

Sincerely,  
Jack.

"Well," the social editor sneered, "if you don't know what you are, I do. And I won't hesitate to tell you, either. I'm mighty glad you don't know who I am. Here's where I get my revenge. Once you left me for silly Leone Davies because you had an idea she was so very beautiful and wore such charming clothes. I could not be tricked on your writing in years, for I always knew it, and always shall."

With a look of determination in her brown eyes, Gretchen Harley set to work over a character sketch that occupied two hours of precious time.

Not that it was so long, but it was so hard to write. To tell your former fiancée what you think of him for hunning off with another girl is no little task, especially when you don't want him to know you wrote the opinion.

"That will fix him," she mused, as her pile of readings went to the editor. "Imagine how he will feel now, and so many people read it. I do hope Leone Davies chances upon it. It's all true that he is conceited, and fresh, and untruthful, and it will do him good to know it."

It seemed an age before a letter returned from "Jack". But when it did come it was a surprise:

I never knew I was quite as bad as all that. You certainly hit me hard; but perhaps, after all, it is true. You made one mistake, however, for I am not conceited over my looks, because I haven't any. I see where I shall have to sign a pledge to reform, and if you will help me, I will try to keep in the narrow way. Can't we meet sometime soon?

The social editor was so surprised and angry that she actually kicked the waste-paper basket over.

"The idea of his thinking I want him back. Well, I guess I don't. And as for meeting him now—it's not necessary, since I have already met him enough to do me all my days, and I'll tell him so. He must have changed a little, though, if he wants to reform. But I don't believe a pair of bishops could change him."

She reached for her pad and wrote:

Jack:

The meeting is quite unnecessary, as we have already met. As for my aiding you in reforming, it is beyond me. I advise you to seek a bishop. As for your looks, I never said you were handsome; I said you thought so.

Saturday night the reply appeared in the "Graphology Column", at the very top, and Gretchen Harley spent a wretched Sunday as a result. She had had her revenge, and had been perhaps a little too hard. If she remembered aright, she had been about

as horrid as Jack in those old days. But that conviction she never allowed to grow.

All day Monday she worked in misery. Her head ached, but her heart ached more. Her pride would not allow her to apologize, yet she loved honesty and justice. She wrote a long, personal letter to the little lame girl, striving to ease her tortured mind, and during the noon hour sent her a new book of stories.

"I suppose I must make up with someone, and if ever he writes again, I'll never read it."

But there was no letter that day—at least, not from Jack. She pretended to be thankful, but she knew she wasn't. At five she was so tired and dizzy she could work no longer.

"I'm going home, because I have to," she acknowledged to her assistant.

But she didn't, not just then. The office boy, his freckled face beaming with smiles, came into the room and landed a big box in the middle of the floor.

"Left outside for Isolde," he snickered, and disappeared as quickly as he entered.

The social editor lost her dignity, and also her headache. "Land of goodness, I wonder if it's a joke!"

In a jiffy wrappings were removed, and before she reached the prize she really believed it was a fake.

"If it is, it won't be one very long," she cried fiercely, pulling at what she hoped was the last wrapping.

The final tissue paper coverings were at length withdrawn, and in cool green depths lay masses of crimson roses. Finally she got at the message:

Dear Lady of Mystery:

I've racked the dictionary of my barin, and I can't for the love of Mike think who you are. If I have met you once, I would give a lot to meet you again. You are mighty hard on a fellow, but I like your spunk. Won't you meet me in the main entry of the Public Library this evening, about 7.45? I am sure you would enjoy the play at the Grand, and I will

enjoy your company. Won't you please come? And won't you wear a flower so I may know you?

Sincerely,  
Jack.

Would she go? Gretchen Harley wanted to, with all her heart. But the social editor didn't. So there was a fight. Isolde sat on the floor by the roses, and fisted the social editor. Gretchen Harley wanted to see Jack, not because she wanted him back, but she was honestly sorry and wanted to say so. And, besides, she just adored red roses.

The poor social editor forgot the standard of her ambitions and was cruelly treated. Gretchen Harley was going to the Library at 7.45, but not to the Grand. That was the conclusion she reached at ten minutes after six.

"Well, I can't carry this box home. I'll leave these flowers here, and when I find out where he lives I'll send every last one of them back. Except—well—I'll wear one or two to-night."

At 7.45 she was waiting in the main hall of the library.

After she had found a seat where she could see and yet not be seen plainly, she deliberately unpinned the roses and hid them behind her back. What was the use of wearing his roses anyway? She would know Jack as plainly as his hand-writing.

At eight o'clock the social editor returned. No Jack had appeared, and she knew now it was a joke. Her cheeks were rosy with anger, and her eyes wanted to shed tears. It was a mean shame. At 8.15 she was furious. She picked up her roses and made for the main door.

"I'll get out before I'm caught," she muttered.

At the door she was confronted by a tall stranger who gazed first at the flowers, and then at the girl, with a puzzled expression on his face.

"May I get by?" she asked politely.

"If I may, I'd like to know why you are in such a hurry to go, when

you have already kept me waiting about forty minutes," the stranger replied calmly, as he slowly buttoned his overcoat.

"I was quite unaware of the fact," remarked the social editor coolly.

"Well, you have, Lady of Mystery."

It was Gretchen Harley that jumped and looked surprised.

"You're not Jack?" she stammered.

"The same," the stranger replied, smiling.

"Your name is not Becker, I'm sure it isn't. You are no more like Jack Becker than—" her voice failed.

"No, not Becker, of course, but Simpson."

The anger had died away. Gretchen Harley shuddered.

"Oh, this is awful! Whatever do you think? I thought you were an old friend of mine. Your hand-writing is miraculously like Jack's, and I didn't even read your character by it's form. I just told you what I thought. It was my revenge. Oh, this is awful," she ended lamely.

Simpson laughed, a big low laugh that somehow healed her hurt.

Gretchen glanced up at his face, and it was indeed handsome.

"Oh, dear, if I did call you a cad, and a dozen awful things, there is one thing that was right—you are not very truthful."

"Don't mind, for I don't. Come on, we are late as it is."

"Why, I can't go. I need to hunt a bishop to reform *me*," she smiled faintly.

"Now, see here," began Simpson earnestly, "you have been pretty hard on me. The only way to reform is to begin by obliging me now."

Gretchen frowned. It seemed true, and she didn't like it. "Must I? What are your commands?"

"The first, is to come with me; and the next is to cheer up and be friends."

Gretchen Harley laughed.

"All right," she said happily; "one at a time, please. Just now I comply with the first."



# THROWN OUT

## *By Mary Russell.*

**M**Y name was Lucy Northway. I was sitting in the waiting-room of a small railway station in Alberta, at the end of my long journey out from England. My father was a clergyman in a small English town, and I had never been more than forty miles away from that small town in all my life before. You can imagine how my brain was whirling round with sixteen days' travelling, first in an evil-smelling boat, and then in stuffy trains. Only the last short part of my journey remained—the drive from the railway station to the ranch where I was going as lady's help and governess.

All I knew of the people was their name—Hill—and they were English people with four children, two boys and a girl of teaching age, and a baby. Teaching three children did not seem to be a great task to me, as I was the oldest of a family of ten, and had taught all the younger ones at times. As they grew older and went to public schools, my mother thought I should see something more of life, and when a friend wrote and asked if one of us would care to go to a distant friend of hers in Canada, as lady's help, my opportunity seemed to have come.

Father said he would pay my passage out, and then I would be independent. Sometimes the lady wanting help would pay the passage

money for her, then no wages were paid until the money was worked out. That meant staying nearly a year with the people, whether you liked them or not.

Of course I wondered greatly what my employers would be like. I had received a letter from Mr. Hill in Calgary, saying he would meet me on Thursday afternoon at the little village where I was now waiting. He hoped my luggage had come through all right, so as to avoid two trips to town, a distance of twenty miles.

I had safely got my luggage, two small boxes and one big one, which were waiting on the platform outside.

The station man passed in and out, in his shirt sleeves, and a small straw hat on the back of his head. Sometimes he was busy at the telegraph, which clicked away all the time, and sometimes he was out in the baggage room thumping boxes around. He was the only other living creature about the place.

The afternoon sunshine of a hot June day poured through shadeless windows into the little bare room, whose only furniture was a long seat along one side and a huge stove. I had yet to experience an Alberta winter, and how glad one is of these big coal heaters.

Just as I was getting very drowsy I heard voices and the rattle of a

wagon. It was Mr. Hill, who introduced himself to me. He was a big fresh-looking Englishman, all energy and impatience. His manner was off-hand and gruff, yet I felt he was a kindly man. He hustled me out to the wagon and introduced me to Mr. Copeland, a neighbour of theirs, who was seated in the wagon holding a horribly restless team.

There was only one seat in the wagon.

"Come along, Miss Northway," fussed Mr. Hill, "jump into the seat, I'll sit behind on one of your boxes, if they'll stand my weight."

"No, please no," I urged. "Let me sit behind, you can talk to Mr. Copeland then."

I certainly did not want to talk to a perfect stranger all the way, while he sat behind and listened.

"All right, if you want to," he answered, "only don't let us waste time arguing about it. Jump in."

I jumped in somehow, and he sprang into the seat in front. Then we started off at a tremendous pace along a rough lumpy road which evidently had been very muddy a short time before.

The men talked away to themselves. Once Mr. Hill turned round and inquired loudly whether I was there.

"Oh, yes, thank you," I shouted back, above the rattle of the wagon.

We drove on and on. The road seemed to get rougher all the time, and little insects attacked me fiercely and bit me anywhere they could, raising big irritable lumps which nearly drove me to distraction.

Mr. Hill shouted out, "Mosquitoes bad?"

I couldn't answer, I was so busy fighting off the horrible creatures.

So these were mosquitoes! I had always imagined if *one* bit you, you certainly would have malarial fever or something poisonous; and they were actually in thousands here and had bitten me all over my face and hands and ankles. I had to fight with only one hand; with the other

I had to clutch tightly to the edge of the wagon to prevent falling out. We were going at a reckless speed, over hills and holes and stones.

The sun was sinking now, and I could not see the rough places ahead or be prepared for jolts. Suddenly one terrific bump sent one of my boxes out. I made a frantic plunge after it and lost my balance, and then fell, or rather rolled, right over the back of the wagon onto the ground!

The men did not look round. The rattle of the wagon was so great that they could not hear me and my box fall out. I shouted loudly, again and again, still they did not turn round; and gradually they went over the top of a hill and were lost to view; while I was left alone in the middle of the prairie, my only company the ever-increasing and ever-tormenting mosquitoes.

Of course. I must walk on, following their tracks if possible in the dark, but I felt a little shaken and bruised, and glad to sit quietly for a moment or two.

Then a most awful howl seemed to rise from the ground beside me, a long, mournful, lonesome howl, which echoed all round. I crouched down and covered my ears with my hands. I had heard of wolves and wild beasts in Canada. Were they coming now? What could I do? To run from them would be no good, even if I knew which way to run for safety. In terror I closed my eyes and waited.

It was then I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, someone riding along the road we had come. I looked up to see a tall, fair boy swing himself off his saddle, a short distance away, and come walking towards me. His horse was badly frightened at the unaccustomed sight of a woman and a box in the middle of the road, and would not come near. The boy raised his cowboy-hat and smiled in a questioning way.

"Will you please tell me the way to Hill's ranch?" I asked quickly. "I

am going there as lady's help. I was dropped here by Mr. Hill and Mr. Copeland; at least I fell out of their wagon. They drove so hard, and they never looked back, not once. My name is Lucy Northway."

The fair boy again raised his hat and bowed. Then he burst into laughter, in which I had to join. It was a ridiculous situation! He finally spoke in such a cheery boyish way that I could not help being amused.

"Excuse me laughing, Miss—Miss Northway, but just fancy those two old duffers throwing you out like that and never looking round. Making you sit behind, too! Just like them; you wouldn't be good enough to have the front seat. In fact, there's very few of us here good enough to sit anywhere near them."

"Please," I interrupted, "Mr. Hill offered me the front seat and I wouldn't take it. I wanted to sit behind; I didn't want to have to talk to a perfect stranger all the way out."

"Then," he said laughingly, "I must beg the old duffer's pardon, but you must be jolly tired sitting on a box."

"And fighting mosquitoes all the way," I added.

"Yes, and that's no blooming joke, either, we must think of something we can do."

"Instead of my sitting here talking to a perfect stranger," I said, with a smile. He smiled, too; then asked thoughtfully.

"Can you ride?"

"No," I answered, "I never rode a horse in my life."

"Then I suppose you will have to walk. Hill's ranch is about two miles from here, down a long hill, beside the river. I never go near the place myself. You see, I'm a Canadian, although my people came from Scotland. My name is Robert Armstrong. The Hills and some others round here are very English, and won't have anything to do with the Canadians. You will not be suppos-

ed to speak to me," and his eyes twinkled.

"Nonsense," I said, "I will speak to anyone I like, and—and—I have been so glad to see you now."

"Yes," and his eyes still danced with amusement, "but you would have been glad to see any human being just now. A coyote howling is a lonesome sound at any time."

"Was that a coyote? I thought it was wolves."

"Well, a coyote is a kind of prairie wolf, quite harmless, and cowardly with people, though they sometimes attack sheep and calves. They are a great nuisance for that. Listen, I hear something—wheels, I think."

In a few moments the noisy wagon re-appeared. They were coming back for me. Mr. Hill was greatly excited and most apologetic until he saw Robert Armstrong standing beside his horse. Then he stopped suddenly and stared in the rudest way without even saying a civil "good-evening". He turned to Mr. Copeland, who was lifting my box, and loudly remarked:

"If you drop anything round here, someone is sure to take possession of it immediately."

Then they both laughed. I thought it most rude, and not a bit funny.

I was then helped into the wagon, into the front seat this time, and I dared not resist again. And I could not thank the boy for his kindness and for his wish to help me. We drove off rapidly, and I could only get a slight backward view of him as he mounted his horse, raised his hat, and rode off in the direction he had come.

We drove more slowly down the long hill leading away to the river bottom, where the ranch lay among the timber. Mrs. Hill received me at the door, and took me into the general living-room, a big, comfortable room, where the evening meal was spread, waiting for us. She was a small woman, dark and vivacious, almost gushing.

"I must be so tired!" and "I must

have my tea at once," and "We were later than she expected."

"We wouldn't have been so late," said her husband, "only we had to go back for Miss Northway. We dropped her on the way."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "You are fooling."

"No," I said. "My box fell out, and I clutched at it, and lost my balance. I had to wait there until they came back for me."

"I don't think you minded waiting very much, did you?" he asked, with a laugh. Mrs. Hill looked surprised, and he went on:

"She had quickly found a young man to talk to, young Armstrong," and he laughed again. I felt I must explain to Mrs. Hill.

"He came riding along the road as I was sitting there, and of course stopped. I asked him the way here, and he told me. We were thinking how to get here when Mr. Hill returned. It was so dark and lonesome, and I was glad of his company."

Mrs. Hill's mouth closed in a determined way.

"Well, you won't have his company here. Remember, if I ever hear of his being here I shall send you away at once. I won't have these ill-mannered, uneducated Canadians round my house, remember that."

It was a bad beginning; there seemed to be all sorts of suspicions about nothing at all. I could not see that I had done anything wrong, and resented very much being spoken to in this way. Mrs. Hill's friendly gushing manner was quite gone, though she now asked me if I would like to go into the schoolroom and see the children on the way to my room.

We passed through a narrow hallway and opened a door, from which issued shouts and yells. Every bit of furniture in the room was piled in one huge heap in the middle of the floor; tables, chairs, a couch, one on top of the other. On the very top of the pile perched a boy of about nine, with a fishing-rod in his hand, with

which he viciously whacked his younger brother and sister, who were tied together as horses with the fishing-line.

"Geoffrey," called Mrs. Hill to the boy on top, "come down at once."

"I won't come down," shouted the boy rudely. "This is my coach, and George and Gladys are my horses. Get up, get up there, damn you," and gave them another flick with his fishing-rod. His mother made no reproof nor command. She turned to me with a shrug of her shoulders.

"There, Miss Northway, do you wonder I need a lady's help? Will you take charge now? Get them settled somehow, and then come to tea."

Then, before I had even taken my hat off, I had to subdue those children. By sheer force of will I made them stop shouting, put all the furniture back in place, untangle all the fishing-line and roll it up.

The two younger ones were not bad. Gladys, indeed, was a most lovable child, with winning ways; and George was gentle, although very stubborn; but Geoffrey! Words really fail to express the roughness and bad temper of that child, to which was added a wretched habit of telling tales on everyone. His mother rather encouraged this.

"Oh, Miss Northway," she would often say, "please don't stop the boy telling me things. It is such a comfort to have a boy who makes a confidante of his mother. I know he tells me everything that happens; that is why I never punish him."

"Yet he gets the others punished, and he is just as much to blame, very often more so," I replied.

The boy should have been thoroughly broken of the habit, but I could not do it. He did not do it to escape punishment, I was sure, for he was a brave little fellow, afraid of nothing, which was his one redeeming good point.

Of course I did not find all this out at first; I struggled away for weeks before I found the best way to

manage them and their different little ways. Their mother had no control over them. She shrugged her shoulders and left them, as she had always done, apparently, after they were a certain age. The little baby she looked after most of the time, though I took it out in the perambulator every afternoon.

The mornings were devoted to work till ten. Then lessons till twelve, and dinner was at one. Lessons came again at two, until four o'clock; then afternoon tea and the walk with baby. In the evening, after all the children were got safely to bed, I had to do all the mending, and often had to mind the baby if Mrs. Hill wanted to go out.

It was a busy household. There was only one small general servant to do the housework, and there were always extra people for meals, and two hired men.

I did not go anywhere except round the place in my daily walk. Mrs. Hill was always saying I should ride, but the children always wanted the quiet horses. At last, one evening, I was allowed to try old Whisker, Geoffrey's old horse.

Mrs. Hill did not offer to lend me her side saddle, so I rode a stock saddle, with my knee curled over the horn, and I got along quite well. It was splendid to get away by myself.

I rode along the river bank, among the spruce trees, until I came to a creek running across the road. This Whisker refused to cross, for some reason, and I could not coax him. If only I could have sworn at him, like Geoffrey, perhaps he would have done it. My feeble shouts and whipping were no use; he just kept going backwards, and I did want to cross that creek and up the hill on the other side to get the view.

I tried him once more. He put down his nose and took a drink, but not one foot would he put into the water. I looked up in longing to the top of the hill on the other side and saw Robert Armstrong watching me.

"I want to come there," I shouted. "Whisker won't go, he just backs all the time."

"Turn him round and let him back," he shouted. "Back him into the creek."

Why hadn't I thought of that? I turned him round, gave him a good cut of the whip, and he backed beautifully into the water and across to the other side; then he quite contentedly went in the usual way of progression up the hill.

Why are forbidden pleasures so sweet? If the Hills had not objected to this boy I would not have found a little talk with him such a pleasant and exciting proceeding.

It seemed only right I should thank him for his kindness that night. It need not be more than that; yet I lingered after the words of thanks were spoken. We talked of other things. He told me his father's ranch lay some miles across the river. He was the only son, and did all the riding.

"I have seen you quite often," he said, "from the top of the bank on the other side."

"Yes," I said, "I take the baby out every afternoon."

He was looking right away across the river, and his thoughts slowly expressed themselves.

"I wish—I wish—it was nearer and easier to come from over there."

"No, no," I exclaimed, "you must not come again. There may be trouble as it is."

"Yes, I know that," he replied.

I gave him my hand and said "good-bye."

He shook it gently and I rode off down the hill.

"And—I may not—try to see you again?"

"No, no," I called back, "you must not, really."

Of this little meeting I said not a word to anyone. It had been an accident, anyway, and would not likely happen again. Nevertheless in my afternoon walks my eyes fre-

quently turned to the other side of the river. Sometimes they saw a rider away in the distance, and they watched intently until he disappeared from view.

One day in September Mr. and Mrs. Hill said they were going to town for one night. I was to be left with the care of the house and the children except the baby. The work I did not mind. The children were my dread. They would fall into the river or fall off a horse or something I knew, and I would be responsible.

I forbade them strictly either to go down to the river or to go out riding. It was a wrong move. When I called them to their tea in the evening Geoffrey was missing, and Whisker was gone, too. It was most annoying. He had done it on purpose.

We had our tea, and still he had not appeared. I left George and Gladys to go to bed and went out to find him. I was very angry, yet when I met him, walking, half a mile from the house, I felt so relieved I could not scold him.

He looked very woebegone, and his hands were covered with blood. I exclaimed sternly:

"What in the world have you been doing; and where is Whisker?"

"I tried to jump a wire fence," he sobbed, "and Whisker stumbled and cut his leg."

"He kept wiping the tears away with his little fists, leaving red smears all over his face.

"I knew something would happen," said I. "Only it's better old Whisker than you, I suppose. We must go and see what we can do. It's the result of you going riding when I forbade you. Why did you do it?" I questioned.

"I was going to ride if I wanted to. A girl is not going to stop me. Still, I'm sorry Whisker is hurt, and I shouldn't—"

"Shouldn't what?" I said gently.

"Shouldn't have ridden him over that fence."

He would not admit he was sorry

he had disobeyed me, and there was no time to talk with him. We had to hurry along to the place where Whisker was lying with his foot caught in the barbed wire. When we were in sight we saw someone had come to the rescue before us. I seemed to know the bending figure.

"Why," said Geoffrey, "that's Bob Armstrong; how did he come here? Dad would be angry!"

"Well," I answered quickly, "he's saving your horse from bleeding to death perhaps, so you better be nice to him."

Whisker was lying on the ground with one foot held up by the jagged wire, and it was bleeding. Bob Armstrong was trying to lift the horse enough to get his leg off the wire. I rushed forward and put all my weight on the wire to hold it down, and managed to scratch my hand in doing it. Meanwhile Geoffrey lifted the leg gently over.

Then we wished each other good-evening. I smiled and said, "the third time!"

He smiled back, saying, "Lucky or unlucky number? I wonder which it will be."

Geoffrey was busy getting the horse on his legs, and I hoped did not hear what we said. Whisker could stand all right on three legs, and limp a few steps. Robert looked closely at the cut, and said he would get well in time. Geoffrey had better leave it in this pasture, where he would find lots of feed and water.

"Then," I said, "we must all go home and wash our hands."

"Oh, I'll wash mine in the creek as I go along, Miss Northway," said Robert Armstrong.

"Nonsense," I replied, "if you help us, we must do that much, anyway."

We all walked together to the house, Robert leading his horse, and we all washed our hands in the wash-house by the pump. It was only then that Robert noticed the scratch on my hand, and when Geoffrey was emptying the basin outside, he took my

hand, partly in fun, partly in earnest, and lightly kissed the scratched part.

I drew my hand away just as Geoffrey came in, and went on drying it with the towel. Then I thanked him for his assistance, and he walked away quickly to where his horse was tied, mounted, and rode off in the gathering darkness, without another word.

All went well after that, until Mr. and Mrs. Hill returned the following evening. Then Geoffrey began his story about Whisker.

"Yes, mother, and Robert Armstrong was there and lifted him up, and he got his hands all bloody, too, and Miss Northway asked him to come up to the house and wash them, and when we were washing our hands in the wash-house, he took her hand and kissed it, where she had scratched it. I saw it all, and when she saw him she smiled and said it was the third time."

I gasped in sheer, dumb amazement. Oh, the horrible little tale-bearer! And the unlucky third time we had met!

Mrs. Hill grew purple with anger. I was almost afraid she would strike me.

"I knew it, I knew it," she shrieked. "She's been carrying on with that common fellow all the time, and the impertinence, the boldness, to have him here when we were gone. How do we know this is all? It's the third time he's been here, is it? Speak, you hussy, and then get out of my house."

"Hush, hush, Gertrude," Mr. Hill broke in. "You can't turn a strange girl out-of-doors, and, besides, you've given her no chance to make any explanation."

I looked at him in grateful surprise. I had always felt he was the kinder of the two, in spite of his gruffness and his loud laugh. Falteringly I tried to make explanation.

"You knew about our meeting the night I arrived. The second time was

quite an accident. It was the night I rode Whisker and couldn't make him go across the creek. I met him there and talked to him for a few minutes."

"Then why did you conceal the fact? Why didn't you tell us when you came back?"

"Because I knew you didn't like him, and there was no good causing a fuss about nothing; besides, I told him he was not to come back."

"Oh, you did, did you?" she sneered. "Then why did he come last night? When we were away, too!"

"I'm sure I don't know," I truthfully answered. "I never said a word to him that Geoffrey hasn't told you. It was the third time we had met, that was all I meant. I only asked him to come and wash his hands, a common civility after him helping us."

"Yes, you can talk of it as nothing, when it ended in him kissing your hand. No, my fine girl, I have let you make your explanations, but out of my house you go to-morrow morning! I told you what would happen at the very first. I gave you warning! One of the men can drive you into town to the place you came from."

"Gertrude," expostulated Mr. Hill, "you can't do that; the girl came from home, and she probably hasn't got money to go back."

That was only too true. All the money I possessed was ten dollars. Mrs. Hill had not paid me any wages, though I had been there more than three months.

But Mrs. Hill was too angry to listen.

"No, Henry, you must not interfere," she said. "I engaged this girl, and I will send her away. I could never trust her now. I will pay her in the morning and she can go, anywhere she likes, perhaps to this fascinating young man!"

This was a last thrust, to which I would not reply. I was hurt and humiliated, but above all, I was angry, furiously angry, with the injustice

and very bad temper of Mrs. Hill.

Nothing in the world would have induced me to stay longer than she had said; indeed, I would have gone willingly that moment, and have walked to town if necessary, yet I wanted my luggage, and I wanted my wages, a small return for the hard struggle with those children for these three long months.

In dead silence the evening meal was eaten; even the children had gone to the schoolroom without a word. Before I went to bed I packed all my boxes, and laid my wraps ready for the morning's drive.

Mrs. Hill held to her word. At nine in the morning she paid me my wages. I wrote a receipt and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Hill," and that was the last I saw of her.

At half-past nine the wagon came to the door, my boxes were packed in, and I followed, after shaking hands with Mr. Hill, and kissing the two younger children. I simply *couldn't* kiss Geoffrey.

I asked to be taken to the waiting-room at the station, and there I sat on my boxes and seriously considered what I was going to do; perhaps I would ask the station man's advice when he appeared.

I heard steps outside, and a man's form filled the doorway. It was Robert Armstrong—his light shirt open at the front, the perspiration rolling down his flushed hot face. He gasped as he tried to speak.

"Miss Northway, don't go away, please. I only heard this morning. I never rode so hard in my life. My horse outside is white with foam. I had to catch you. I cannot let you go away."

His words tumbled out in a breathless way, and I motioned him to sit down.

He sat down and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief all covered with dust, then began:

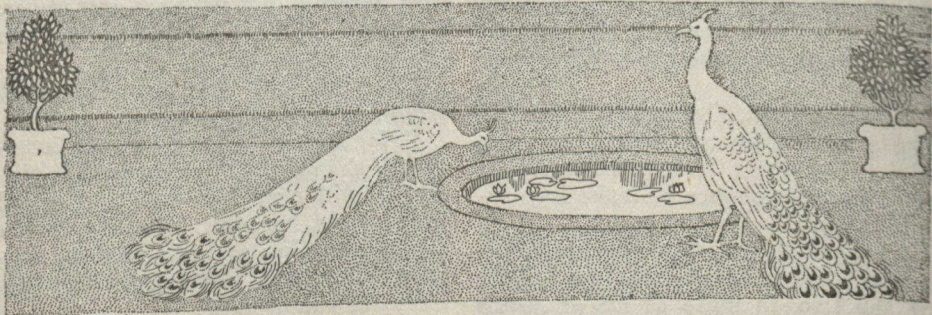
"It's all my fault, anyway."

"No, no," I managed to say. "Who told you?"

"Oh, I heard a good deal and can guess the rest. And you're not going away. I know someone who will only be too glad to have you, and she is not like Mrs. Hill at all."

"I have come to take you there, until I can give you a home of your own. My lonely little girl, will you follow my plan? Isn't it a good one?"

He took my hand and kissed it, properly this time, and I did not draw it away.





# WITH CANADIANS <sup>from</sup> <sub>the</sub> FRONT

*By Lacey Amy*

## II.—THE LIFE-SAVERS

THE mission of mercy on the battle-field is not the earliest stage of battle, but its importance is not lessened thereby. As the soldier cannot live without food, so a successful campaign does not permit him to die without the best of attention. The men who care for the wounded do not figure in the number of the enemy they kill, but in the number of friends they save. From those daring men who carry relief to the very cannon's mouth, back to the skilled surgeons who give their brains and experience to great war hospitals, the worst of the horrors of war are eliminated by means of an organization that is as complete as the commissariat. The battle is won just as surely by the Red Cross brassard as by rifle and gun.

Through these unselfish, sacrificing men human life in the Great War becomes an individual treasure, not a great mass to be preserved in the aggregate but neglected in the unit. Even to those who understand the tremendous system built up for the soldier's care when he is stricken the fatal casualties are so few as to seem miraculous. Against every engine of destruction the world can devise, against every devilish development of the perverted German mind, the millions of allied soldiers face trench life with as little danger of the final payment as in some of the hazardous occupations of civilian life.

The forces that surround him with

a wall of protection that is a constant surprise to him are made up of organization, medical efficiency, and personal bravery. The organization rests in the hands of men who sit at desks far from the sound of the guns, their fingers nevertheless on every beating pulse of the service. Everywhere, from the trenches to the hospitals in England doctors work as they never thought to work, for wages they never expected to accept. But up at the front, where the shrapnel shrieks, where death and disaster lurk in every space, is another branch of the Red Cross that has been unsung too long.

Ask the wounded soldiers who saved their worst suffering, to whom they owe their lives, and the list will be headed by the stretcher-bearers, the fellow-soldiers who brave everything they brave without the satisfaction of taking revenge, who stand and await their call without any of the hysteria of battle or the hope of a safety-valve in some glorious rush. There is the personal bravery branch of the great life-saving service. Beneath the jagged bursts of shell fire, in the face of rifle and machine-gun, where every enemy eye is focused for destruction, the stretcher-bearer, the wounded soldier's friend, crouches at work.

Unarmed, save by the Red Cross brassard on his arm, outfitted only with a water bottle and a medical bag, he clings with his mate close to every bombarded trench, to every hideous

erater, to every perilous mission. Where danger is lies his only sphere of duty. Right at the front, or in a small auxiliary trench where he will be out of the way of the fighting men, he awaits the call that is sure to come. There is nothing for him to do to take his mind from the perils, and always his work is with the horrors. Fatigue duty, which is often relief duty, is not permitted him, for he always must be ready. He sleeps fitfully, boots and medical bag on.

It is not even as if he were trained for his work. Somewhere available there is usually one with some medical training, but seldom has the stretcher-bearer time to apply more than what his common sense and growing experience teach him. It is one of the peculiarities of military training that the Red Cross end of war is trained to a finish—in the things that don't matter. Months and months of hard, dry drill are thrown about the careers of thousands of military doctors whose helping hands millions of wounded soldiers are longing for. And never for a moment will those doctors have use for one sentence of what they are driven into before they can apply their skill where it is needed. Many stretcher-bearers enter the front trenches without a knowledge of field dressings, although that is their entire work. But necessity and the the very interest they must have in their duties to assume them are swift teachers. For the next war the wasted drilling and time may be eliminated for the training that counts.

"Stretcher-bearers, on the double!"

It is the cry the stretcher-bearer is always waiting for. It is always "on the double". Also it is one of the products of the moment of excitement that the report mentions many casualties, even though there be but one. To this excitement he alone dare not yield. Coolly, methodically, he cuts away the clothing from about the wound with a large pair of scissors carried for that purpose. decides instantly as to the necessity of an opiate,

and completes the dressing with as little pain as possible.

Always he is in touch with the reserve by telephone. If the casualties are few and slight he and his mate may attend to their conveyance to the dressing-stations at the rear, but usually a fatigue party is sent forward for that purpose. It is seldom that the communication trenches permit the transport of the wounded even on the backs of the bearers. In exceptional cases, however, the wounded are carried "out over" when darkness comes. In the dug-outs or beneath the firing-platform (the raised platform beneath the parapet on which the soldiers stand to fire) they lie through the weary hours of daylight, dependent entirely upon the skill and attention of the stretcher-bearer.

In some battalions there are standing orders that the stretcher-bearers must not go over the parapets save in the wake of an attack. The wounded must be brought in to them by their companions. But with or without orders the stretcher-bearer is everywhere with the wounded, even to the desperate chance of No Man's Land, where no sane person ventures unwounded in daylight.

It is these bearers of comfort who bring in the stories of real grit. P., No. 13789, a stretcher-bearer of the 5th Battalion, tells of unflinching heroes who took their wounds almost as a matter of course. One, of the 7th, his right hand gone, the left shattered, lower jaw almost shot away, thirty wounds in his chest and as many in his legs, and two in his abdomen, wrote his name for them on a parados of the trench. Nothing could be done to deaden his pain, for the condition of his jaw prevented his taking a pill, and the stretcher-bearers had lost their hypodermic. But all through the dressings he never winced. His two wrists he held up for the bandages, and as occasion required he shifted his body in order to assist the work.

"Did he get over it?" I asked.

"Pooh!" replied P. "You couldn't kill a fellow like that. He just would not give in."

When heavy "strafing" is on, every wounded man who is able to walk must find his own way back to the dressing-stations. Only the incapacitated are carried out. And the manner in which they respond to the appeal to shift for themselves in order that their less fortunate fellows may be attended to is a record of self-sacrifice and grim grit.

One day when the Germans let loose there was in one trench a casualty list of three hundred and sixty-five. It was impossible even to dress the slighter wounds, and everyone who could had to shift for himself. Off one who had been wounded from foot to chin every stitch of clothing had to be cut, and when they were finished with him the wounded man was swathed like a mummy. It was a terrible moment, with the trench blocked with casualties and an attack impending. The call was given for every wounded soldier who could to make his way back through the communication trenches. One of the first to stagger to his feet was the mummy, a stiff twist on his face, but grit to the last inch of him.

"I should worry," he smiled, took three steps, and dropped dead.

Under excitement men tramp back to the dressing-stations with bullets in their legs, or crawl back with gaping wounds that would, under ordinary conditions, render them utterly helpless. Once when P. and his mate were struggling back over the open with a badly-wounded man, a shell whistled over their heads. P. felt the stretcher suddenly lighten behind him, and then a bounding figure sped past him. The wounded man, startled by the shell, had leaped from the stretcher as a method of progress too slow for the occasion. The last they saw of him he was still racing at top speed. They never learned what became of him.

On another occasion a shell burst in a room adjoining a dressing-station full of stretcher patients. Half the wounded got up and bolted. It was not that they had been "swinging the lead", as the soldiers speak of deception, but that a form of hysteria had put into them unnatural strength.

It is only in special cases that the open is risked for the conveyance of the wounded by daylight. The wounds may be of such a nature as to demand immediate attention beyond the skill of the stretcher-bearer, or one of those strange moments of insane bravado may drive bearer and patient to take the chance. Once a shell claimed two victims in P.'s trench, one with a bad gash in his back, the other with wounds they could not fathom and severe nervous shock. It was a case of risking the open or depriving both men of every chance they had. The sergeant looked at P., and P. looked back.

"We'll run 'em out over," said P., whose leave was to start the next day.

"All right," replied the sergeant. "If you're game I am."

It was put up to the wounded men.

"If you can keep still," they told the shell-shock victim, "we'll take you first." The poor fellow realized his condition, but doubted his ability to hold himself under the heavy shelling. After a time he promised to try. But in the midst of the passage, with shells shrieking about them, he could not control himself. Twice he threw himself from the stretcher. Twice they had to stop and force him back.

"If you don't keep still," they warned him, "we'll all be pushing the daisies." But at the next shell his nerves gave way again. Forced to take heroic measures that might seem cruel to the uninitiated, but are sometimes necessary for the safety of the sufferer, they finally reached the dressing-station.

Back in the trenches the other waited. He could not stand to be touched, and they placed the stretcher beside him that he might shift himself onto

it. But he could not lie down. All the way through that danger zone they trudged back to the dressing-station, the wounded man resting against P.'s back, a cigarette puffing furiously. And not a shell fell near them. To-day that man is back in the trenches getting even with the Hun with double fury.

At the moment of writing P. is in a convalescent home recovering from shell-shock and slight wounds, the result of being buried by a shell, with many of his patients, fifteen feet beneath the surface.

Sergeant W., of the 13th, has been buried six times, four within twenty-four hours during the big Canadian battle at Hooge in early June. And yet he has returned to the trenches apparently as fit as ever. He was through the terrible crater fighting before Ypres, and every minute of his work for the relief of his wounded companions was under heavy shelling.

While lying in one of the craters recently recovered, dressing the wounded, the Germans blew up the communication trench back to the line. In an adjoining crater a soldier lay groaning with a shattered leg. Sergeant W. crawled over, dressed the wound, and with a companion carried the man through the open back to the protection of the trenches. Not a German fired on them. In this connection it is only fair to say that the stretcher-bearers, as a rule, speak well of the Germans. There have been glaring exceptions, but there is not the deliberate sniping of Red Cross workers we are sometimes led to believe. With but one exception the stretcher-bearers to whom I have talked have expressed their conviction that any seeming inhumanity in this respect has been under the stress of excitement. It must not, too, be taken for granted that even the Canadians are completely blameless. In the strain of action a soldier is scarcely accountable for every bullet he fires.

There are, of course, well authenticated instances of German brutality

and callous disregard of the ordinary demands of humanity. I have been told of one instance when an ambulance rushed right across the rear of the front lines in broad daylight, taking on its load of suffering, without a single shot being fired at it. Another time an ambulance had just started back with its burden of wounded, during a lull in the fighting, when the Germans commenced shelling again, obviously of intention, with the ambulance as the mark. Two of the wounded were killed, together with the horses. The rest were hastily unloaded back into the trenches.

The seriousness of Sergeant W.'s work did not prevent his seeing some of the lighter incidents of warfare as coming within the range of the stretcher-bearers. One of his friends had always insisted that, should he be wounded, he would bolt. One day a whizz-bang came over the parapet into the parados, and a few small fragments slightly wounded him about the head. Instantly he put his hands to his head, shouted the familiar "stretcher-bearers, on the double," and dashed off down the trench. Behind him chased a stretcher-bearer, a Scotsman, pleading in expressive Scots for him to stop, clinging grimly to a pipe and scattering bandages all along the way. W. could follow the course of the chase by the shouts of laughter that came back to him from all along the trench. Right to the section held by the British the fleeing soldier continued, but there he was stopped. Fifteen minutes later Sandy came triumphantly back, leading the bandaged soldier as if he were a German prisoner. He was taking no more chances on that special variety of relief work.

One of Sergeant W.'s experiences was to have a water-bottle shot from his shoulder. With the recklessness that so often comes to the soldier, he was returning overland to the trenches through a fog, a bottle of water balanced on his shoulder. Suddenly the sun came out. W. felt a slight jar

and heard a crash, and then the water flooded over him. There are cases of rum jars having suffered in the same way, but the lament was always louder.

\*

Back of the stretcher-bearers come the ambulance men. At the dressing-stations, and from there back to the hospitals, they complete the work begun by their fellows in the front trenches. Their place is not so dangerous, their work not so arduous in some ways, but they are in closer touch with the more skilled part of the treatment of the wounded. Sometimes, on ambulance duty, they are exposed to shelling, and not infrequently the dressing-stations are under fire.

In the hospitals another body of men continue the care of the wounded. It is with no lack of appreciation of their necessity that the soldier thinks of the R.A.M.C. as the Rob All My Comrades branch. From dressing-station to the hospitals in England the wounded soldier has little chance to pull through with the smallest of the trophies and souvenirs he has so zealously collected in France.

But the hospital workers are not charged with neglect of duty, however free many of them may be with the common pelf of war. His life of grind is lightened with few bright spots. free many of them may be with the Queen's Base Hospital, has been cut short by a physical breakdown from which he is slowly recovering, has seen the active service of the hospital unit in Egypt and France. Formerly an efficient attendant at the Asylum in Kingston, he enlisted with the supply force sent out to the Queen's unit. In

Egypt he faced flies and heat and disease. With others he contracted dysentery, was brought to France when the unit was moved to that section of the front, and was given every possible attention in an effort to procure his intelligent service as soon as possible again. Not recovering so fast as they wished, he was shipped to England for the added care possible there. Now he is fighting his way back to health through a nervous collapse. When you feel cold water running off your chest hour after hour it is time to rest up against the strange delusions of war.

\*

B., a well-known Toronto jockey and polo pony trainer, a member of the 58th, enlisted in September, 1915, as one of the comparatively few whose sympathies went out to the suffering horse. A horse to him was more than a dumb, unfeeling creature. Unfortunately he was one of the many who suffered from the red tape and disorganization that is only too evident in some war departments.

He was kept in Shorncliffe for months, not training, but doing odd jobs and acting as batsman to an officer. Reaching France at last, he became ill of pneumonia and rheumatism, and finally reached the hospitals. With the approach of the time when cavalry might again be called into service, he was sent, upon recovery, back to France, where such men as he will be needed.

The development of official recognition of the horse as a combatant factor of war, with all the care of a special branch of the service, is a result of this war, as are a score of other details never before suspected.

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The next article of this series will describe the work of the bombers and snipers.

# FROM THE TRENCHES

*By Patrick Macgill*  
Author of "Children of the Dead End" etc

NO. 6—THE CHAPLAIN

"I WISH I was in the Ladies Volunteer Corps," said Bill Teake, the Cockney rifleman, as he sat on the firestep of the trench, and looked at the illustrated daily which had been used in packing a parcel from home.

"Why?" I asked.

"They were in bathing last week," said Teake. "Their picture is here; fine girls they are, too! Oh, blimey!" Bill exclaimed as he glanced at the date of the paper. "This 'ere photo was took last June."

"And this is the 27th of September," said Pryor, who speaks French, and finds us billets in the villages by the firing line when we are taken from the trenches for a rest at rear.

We needed a rest now after our charge at Loos, but we still were in the trenches by the village holding on and hoping that fresh troops would come up and relieve us.

"Anything about the war in that paper, Bill?" someone asked.

"Nuthin' much," Bill answered. "The Bishop of — says this is a 'oly war. . . . Blimey, 'e's talkin' through 'is 'at. 'Oly, indeed, it's 'oly 'ell. D'ye mind when 'e came out 'ere, this 'ere Bishop, an' told us 'e carried messages from our wives, our fathers an' mothers. If I was a married bloke I'd 'ave 'arst 'im wot did 'e mean by takin' messages from my old woman."

"You interpreted the good man's remarks literally," said Pryor, lighting a cigarette. "That was wrong. His remarks were bristling with metaphors. He spoke as a man of God so that none could understand him. He said, as far as I can remember, that we could face death without fear if we were forgiven men; that it was wise to get straight with God, and the blood of Christ would wash our sins away, and all the rest of it."

"Stow it, yer bloomin' fool," said Bill Teake. "Yer don't know what yer talkin' about. S'pose a Bishop 'as got ter make a livin' like everyone else; an' 'e's got ter work for it. 'Ere's somethin' about parsons in this paper. One is askin' if a man in 'Oly Orders should take up arms or not."

"Of course not," said Pryor. "If the parsons take up arms, who'll comfort the women at home when we're gone?"

"The slackers will comfort them," someone remarked. "I've a great respect for slackers. They'll have to marry our sweethearts when we're dead."

"We hear nothing of a curate's regiment," I said, "In a Holy War young curates should lead the way."

"They'd make damned good bomb-throwers," said Bill.

"Would they swear when making a charge?" I inquired.

"They wouldn't beat us at that," said Bill.

"The holy line would go praying down to die," parodied Pryor, and added: "A chaplain may be a good fellow, you know."

"It's a woman's job," said Bill Teake. "Blimey! s'pose women did come out 'ere to comfort us, I wouldn't 'arf go mad with joy. I'd give my last fag, I'd give—oh! anything, to see the face of an English girl now. . . . They say in the papers that hactresses come out 'ere. Never seen one, 'ave we?"

"Actresses never come out here," said Pryor. "They give a performance miles back to the R.A.M.C., Army Service Corps and Mechanical Transportmen, but for us poor devils in the trenches there is nothing at all, not even a decent pay."

"Wot's the reason that the more danger men go into the less their pay?" asked Teake. "The further a man's back from the trenches the more 'e gets."

"Mechanical transport drivers have a trade that takes a long apprenticeship," said Pryor. "Years perhaps—"

"'Aven't we a trade, too?" asked Bill. "A damned dangerous trade, the most dang-erous in the world—"

"What's this?" I asked, peeping over the parados to the road to our rear. "My God! there's transport wagons going along the road!"

"Blimey! you're sprucin'," said Bill, peeping over; then his eye fell on a wagon drawn by two mules going along the highway. "Oh, the damned fols, goin' up that way. They'll not get far."

The enemy occupied a rise on our right, and a machine gun hidden somewhere near the trench swept that road all night. The gun was quiet all day long; no one ventured along there before dusk. A driver sat in front of the wagon, leaning back a little, a whip in his hand. Beside him sat another soldier. . . . Both were going to their death, the road ahead crossed the enemy's trench.

"They have come the wrong way," I said. "They were going to Loos, I suppose, and took the wrong turning at the Vallé cross-roads. Poor devils!"

A machine gun barked from the rise; we saw the driver of the wagon straighten himself and look round. His companion pointed a finger at the enemy's trench.

"For Christ's sake get off!" Bill shouted at them; but they couldn't hear him, the wagon was more than a quarter of a mile away from our trench. "Damn it!" exclaimed Bill; "they'll both be killed! There!" The vehicle halted; the near side-wheeler shook his head, then dropped sideways on the road and kicked out with its hind legs; the other animal fell on top of it. The driver's whip went flying from his hands, and the man lurched forward and fell on top of the mules. For a moment he lay there, then with a hurried movement he slipped across to the other side of the far animal and disappeared. Our eyes sought the other soldier, but he was gone from sight, probably he had been shot off his seat.

"The damned fools!" I muttered. "What brought them up that way?"

"Wot's that!" Bill suddenly exclaimed. "See, comin' across the fields behind the road! A man, a hoffer. . . . Another damned fool, 'im; 'e'll get a bullet in 'im."

Bill pointed with his finger and we looked. Across the fields behind that stretched from the road to the ruined village of Maroc, we saw for a moment a man running towards the wagon. We only had a momentary glimpse then. The runner suddenly fell flat into a shell hole and disappeared from view.

"He's hit," said Pryor. "There, the beastly machine gun is going again. Who is he?"

We stared tensely at the shell-hole. No sign of movement. . . .

"'E's done in," said Bill.

Even as he spoke the man who had fallen rose and raced forward for a distance of fifty yards, and flung him-

self flat again. The machine gun barked viciously.

Followed a tense moment, and again the officer (we now saw that he was an officer) rushed forward for several yards and precipitated himself into a shell-crater. He was drawing nearer to the disabled wagon at every rush. The machine gun did not remain silent for a moment now; it spat incessantly at the fields.

"He's tryin' to reach the wagon," I said. "I don't envy him his job, but, my God! what pluck!"

"'Oo is 'e?" asked Bill. "'Ee's not 'arf a brick, 'ooever 'e is!"

"I think I know who it is," said Pryor. "It's the Roman Catholic Chaplain, Father —. He's a splendid man. He came over with us in the charge, and he helped to carry out the wounded till every man was in. Last night when we went for our rations he was helping the sanitary squad to bury the dead; and the enemy were shelling all the time. He is the pluckiest man in Loos."

"He wanted to come across in the charge," I said, "but the brigadier would not allow him. An hour after we crossed the top I saw him in the second German trench. . . . There

he is up again!"

The chaplain covered a hundred yards in the next spurt; then he flung himself to earth about fifty yards away from the wagon. The next lap was the last; he reached the wagon and disappeared. We saw nothing more of him that day. At night when I went down to the dressing-station at Maroc I was told how the chaplain had brought the wounded transport driver down to the dressing-station after dusk. The driver had got three bullets through his arm, one in his shoulder, one in his heel, and two in the calf of his leg. The driver's mate had been killed.

Often at night the sentry on watch can see a dark form between the lines working with a shovel and spade burying the dead. The bullets whistle by, hissing of death and terror; now and then a bomb whirls in air and bursts loudly, as a shell screeches like a bird of prey; the hounds of war rend the earth with frenzied fangs, but indifferent to all the clamour and the tumult the solitary digger bends over his work burying the dead.

"It's old Father —," the sentry will mutter. "He'll be killed one of these fine days."

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The next, and last, sketch of this series—to appear in the November number—is entitled "For 'Blighty'".



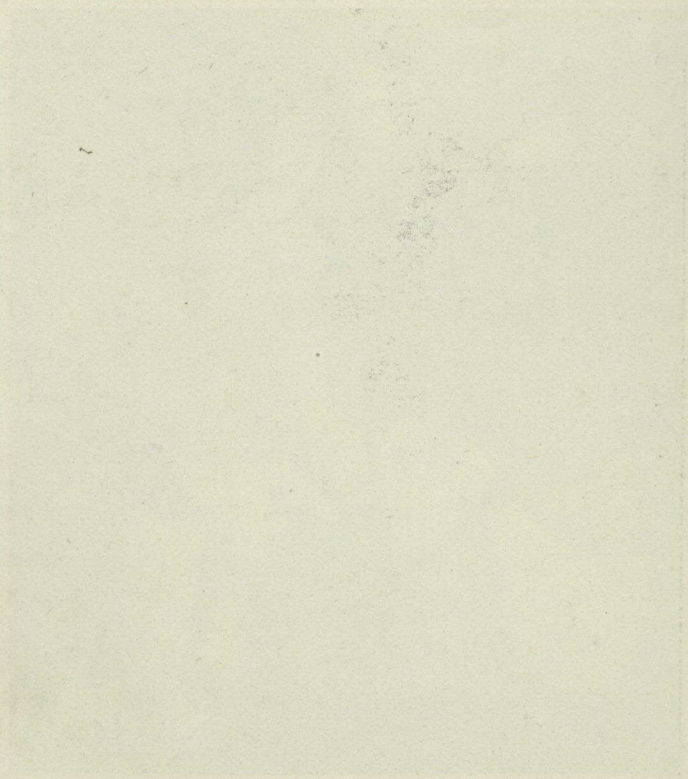




THE LADY WITH THE HYDRANGEA

From the Painting by  
Henri Caro-Delvaile

One of the French Exhibits at the  
Canadian National Exhibition



# THE IMPERSONATOR

## By Edith G. Bayne

MR. AMOS GRAINGER turned into his own street and bent his steps towards number eleven, his own particular domicile in that long uniform row of dingy, brick, semi-detached houses.

There was a stiff east wind that whipped stinging gusts of snow in his face and made him bow his head and burrow his chin deeper into his collar as he hurried on. Once he paused with a start and clapped his hand to his right-hand overcoat pocket. He had almost forgotten the presence there of several small parcels—the result of some purchasing commissions Cleo had given him that morning. He had shopped with the same zealous care that he applied to other tasks, large or small, had matched samples according to his masculine lights, and now he hoped Cleo would be satisfied. He did not dare entertain the hope that she would congratulate him on his skill and taste. Like her namesake, the imperious Egyptian queen, Cleo was of the *genus termagant*, and if she were only passively content with the result of his labours, it would be enough to hope for.

There was however, one rather important event which Amos trusted would not yet be quite overlooked by his wife. To-day was his birthday! On leaving home in the morning his pride had prevented him from refer-

ring to the fact, and not once throughout the day had Cleo as much as telephoned to him at the bank to wish him many happy returns. He was a bit sensitive on the subject of anniversaries. Never had he forgotten *her* birthday, and never had he overlooked their wedding anniversary, nor that of the day upon which they had become engaged.

There were times when Amos almost wished that he had married the clinging vine type of woman, the woman who meets her husband at the door with a smile on her face and his easy slippers in her hands, and who appeals to him in every domestic contingency, relying on his superior intelligence and displaying little or no intellect of her own.

Cleo was self-assertive and somewhat aggressive, and far from deferring to his opinions she regarded him with a sort of pitying scorn. Always she seemed to wear an air of resignation as if saying: "Well, I've made my bed and must perforce lie in it!"

Amos knew that he was a failure, oh, yes, he knew it. If there were moments when he seemed to have lost sight of this painful fact, Cleo was always sure to refresh his memory. For Amos Grainger occupied a tall stool in the same bank in which he had started to work as a youth of twenty and he was now forty-five.

His mode of progression from one position to another had been slow and unsatisfactory, and he was—as he admitted to himself without bitterness or rancour—a failure. Possessing no “push” and a large modesty, and being the put-upon creature that we call a “willing work-horse,” he had been obliged to stand by and see men, some of whom were much younger and less able, promoted over his head.

Amos ascended the steps of his home, and from force of habit carefully wiped his feet on the wire mat at the threshold, which said in white marble letters, “Emoclew”. As soon as he had stepped into the vestibule, a full contralto from upstairs greeted him.

“That you?”

“Yes, my dear,” he replied, as he switched on a light and proceeded to hang up hat and coat.

“It’s about time you got home! Do you know that it is nearly seven?”

“Yes, my dear.”

“What on earth kept you?”

“Oh—a little matter of business and then—the shopping, you know, my dear, I—”

“Did you bring the lace?”

“Yes, my—”

“And the ribbon?”

“Yes, my—”

“And the embroidery insertion?”

The owner of the voice now appeared on the stairway and began to descend. She was a large woman, with black hair and eyes, and a determined mouth.

“Yes,” replied Amos, as he handed over the parcels to his wife.

“Does it match the sample I gave you?” demanded Cleo, almost snatching the packages the while she fixed a cold eye upon poor Amos.

“Match it? Perfectly, my dear. I spent ten minutes—”

“That coral silk,” went on Cleo, opening the parcels, “did you get it cut on the bias as I told you.

“I couldn’t get that silk anywhere.”

“What! A pretty shopper you are, I must say!”

“I’m sorry, my—”

“Did you try Anderson & Greenway’s?”

“Yes.”

“And Dunfield’s?”

“Of course. I went everywhere. I—I’m rather hungry, my dear. Is—is dinner ready?”

“Dinner! I dined an hour ago. This is Hilda’s night out, too, so you’ll have to eat in the kitchen. Your dinner has been kept warm for you on the back of the range. And don’t forget to pile your dishes in the sink afterward.”

So saying, the lady, having been unable to find fault with Amos’s purchases, merely sniffed and laid them aside. Then she went upstairs.

Amos departed kitchenward, and soon was discussing some lukewarm viands and a pot of bitter tea. As he ate his cheerless meal he read the evening paper that he had been too busy even to glance at until now. Finally, finishing his meal, he rose to clear away his plate and cup, when his elbow accidentally overturned the sugar bowl, and he tore a sheet from the paper and with a knife began to gather the spilt sugar upon it. It was one of the classified advertisement sheets. As he bent to scoop up the last of the saccharine grains, his eye was caught by two words in large type.

Perhaps no other two words would have so quickly arrested his attention. They happened to spell the name of Amos’s greatest hero—the man he had tried, in vain, as he thought, to pattern his life after. Indeed, people had remarked at various times his physical resemblance to the great and good Abraham Lincoln, and it was always with a swelling of the heart and an undisguised pride that Amos Grainger listened to these folk. He drew the sheet closer to his short-sighted eyes and read, among the advertisements, the following announcement:

Wanted—At once, man to take the part that no screen experience was necessary? And where else in the length and breadth of the land would it be possible to dig up another Lincoln prototype? Lincoln's face was engraved in a nation's heart; it was known and loved the world over. It was scarcely possible to duplicate that face very often!

Amos read it twice. Then he glanced across at the cloudy mirror where blonde Hilda was wont daily to view herself. Even from that distance—six feet or more—he saw that indeed he did rather closely resemble the object of his lifelong hero-worship.

Critically he examined every feature of his homely, rugged face.

Yes, undeniably he looked very like the man who had split rails and lived in a log cabin before being called to occupy the highest position in the gift of a nation. There was the same lofty brow, the hollow eye sockets, the prominent lower lip, the high cheekbones, the melancholy air, the grave and kindly eye. Amos's figure, too, tall and spare, with the slightly stooping shoulders, was much like Lincoln's.

With a wig now, and a frock coat of the style of '59, and—

But how absurd! That he, Amos Grainger, forty-five, married—ah, yes, very much married—should harbour the thought of becoming a moving picture actor! Yet stranger events occur daily. Men become celebrated over night in these rapid times.

Amos sighed. Then he crumpled up the paper and threw it into the coal scuttle. He sighed again, and stood looking reflectively into the bed of red coals that showed dimly through the open damper of the range. He was thinking of that adventurous streak in him that had never been gratified. It is in most of us to a greater or less degree.

"Why not, for once, gratify it?" spoke Amos's inner voice, the voice of his youth perhaps.

He smiled at the promptings of this daredevil spirit.

Big chance they would accept *him!*  
And yet why not? Didn't it state

Still engrossed in these thoughts and speculations, Amos made his way to the cosy library where he usually spent his lonely evenings. He heard his wife come downstairs and go out, so removing his boots he drew on a pair of easy slippers, stirred up the fire in the grate, and making himself very comfortable in a deep wing-chair, he took up a book and began to read. But between every line he saw the face of Abraham Lincoln, and by-and-by, finding that he was unable to concentrate his attention upon the reading, he leaned further back into the cushioned depths of his chair and resumed his pleasant conjectures.

Some moments passed. Amos's face became a veritable playground of emotions. Doubt, eagerness, pride, humour, a feeling of abashed modesty that he should so much as dream of offering himself as an impersonator of Lincoln, doubt again, renewed longing, speculation, pride once more—and then decision.

"I'll do it!" he cried aloud, slapping his knee suddenly. "We only go through life once, and I'll do it! I'll go down there right after lunch to-morrow! They'll turn me down, but I'll have the adventure anyway!"

\*

The candidates for the honour of impersonating America's great man, hero, and President were many, and of varied types. Amos amused himself by looking them over as he stood, the last in a long line of applicants that stretched from the outer door of the cold and draughty ante-room, right up to the ground glass and mahogany door of the manager's

private sanctum. Next to Amos stood a short fat man whose red neck lay in three rolls on his collar. This individual had a short, bulbous nose and a squint. Beyond him there stood a tall, angular youth in a checked overcoat, with tan shoes, a *rah rah* cravat and a Charlie Chaplin manner of applying swift and sudden kicks to the shins of his neighbour.

"Cut that out!" admonished the fat man. "What'd you come down here for, anyway? Think they'll take you?"

The youth turned round.

"Sure! I used to know Abe. He was head-waiter at the Greasy Platter, where I used to feed. You ain't got a chance in the world, Fatty. Abe was a *thin nigger* and my figure and his are as like as two peas. I——"

"Gwan! Abe was no head-waiter. I knew Abe in my old home town! He played shortstop on our backlots ball-team. It was there he got his training for the Big League!"

Amos shifted his weight to his other foot and glanced along the line beyond the hopeful pair—who continued to argue—and he saw big men, little men, men with Roman noses and men with very little nose to speak of, men with receding chins and men with bulldog chins, men old, men in their prime, and men who hadn't yet voted. They were a remarkable, but scarcely convincing, lot. At length, after hours of weary waiting, and just as Amos was on the point of giving up the project and returning home, the office door up front opened, and out stepped a brisk, business-like, clean-shaven young man with One - Hundred - Per - Cent. - Efficiency written all over him.

A moment he stood there, his eyebrows raised in astonishment as he noted the long line. Some of the front men tried to push forward, but he held up a warning forefinger.

He began to pass down the line and he smiled—his smile growing broader as he went. Never, in his whole ex-

perience as a movie manager, had he encountered so much blind optimism as this.

He shook his head at each man as he passed along, disregarding all of the eager overtures, the importunities, the complaints.

Then he came to the end man, Amos Grainger. He stopped.

"Ha!" he ejaculated, and his amused smile faded, while a keen look replaced the contemptuous one in his eyes. "Ha! *You'll do!*"

Amos had begun to lose interest in the affair. He stood, with a weary, bored expression on his face, scarcely hearing what the manager was saying. He submitted to a close and detailed scrutiny of his features and figure, and then, at the other's request he followed him into the inner room, the rejected applicants dispersing, some in high dudgeon, others sorrowfully, but most of them with an indifference that was born of many like disappointments.

"Do you know the Gettysburg Speech?" demanded the manager of Amos, as he pointed to a seat.

"By heart?" returned the accepted applicant, his heart beating so thickly he was afraid he would choke. "I do! I have known it since I was in knee trousers."

"Good! That does away with one difficulty then. You won't require to learn *that*. Now listen."

The speaker proceeded to give detailed directions for standing, walking, gesturing and even speaking.

"But—but this is *screen* drama, isn't it?" interjected Amos at one point. "Why, then, do I have to do any speaking?"

"Because," replied the efficient young man, pressing the tips of his long white fingers together and smiling tolerantly, "because, my dear sir, the movement of the lips is something that we have to reckon with. Formerly, before our art was properly understood, before *we managers* had fully learned it, in fact, or estimated the tremendous business it would lead

to and the increasing rate of speed at which criticism would be hurled at us, we put on some very careless, immature plays. The actors and actresses would carry on a wholly irrelevant conversation during, say, the progress of a love scene or a marriage ceremony. In one case that I know of, the officiating clergyman, instead of speaking the words in the book that he held, asked the groom which he preferred, chicken a la king or lobster a la Newburg for luncheon, and a group of deaf-mutes who witnessed the play in some middle western city understood perfectly what was being said and reported it *verbatim* to the papers. And even people who are not deaf or mute, but are, nevertheless, expert lip readers——”

“I see,” said Amos, nodding. “And so I must throw myself into the part—actions, speech, and all.”

“Exactly. You have, of course, attended motion picture exhibitions?”

“Y—yes, oh yes. My—er—my wife and I go quite frequently.”

“Good. Then you understand how mercilessly accurate the camera is. It records *everything*. Many actors shrink from what we call a ‘close-up’ because it reveals every least wrinkle, every wart, every blemish.”

“Will—will I have to have a ‘close-up’?”

“Of course. But you need not fear. Your face resembles Lincoln’s so closely—why, my dear sir, you fairly took my breath away out there when my eye fell upon you! I do not overpraise. My opinions are always conservative. I seldom go into ecstasies over people, but believe me, my dear Mr. ——”

“Grainger.”

“My dear Mr. Grainger, never have I looked upon a face that seemed to me to be such an *exact replica* of Abraham Lincoln’s!”

“That—that’s what many people have told me,” said Amos, thrilling with rapture, while a flush mounted to his sallow cheeks.

“I do not wonder. This will probably make my fortune—and yours too. I have made a find! I shall have to guard you jealously.”

And the speaker sent an arch glance at Amos, who was twirling his hat about to hide the trembling of his hands.

“Your salary now——” and the manager coughed deprecatingly. “I hardly dare name a figure——”

“Oh—*salary!* I—I had forgotten the salary,” said Amos, blind indeed to everything but the high honour that had just been conferred upon him.

“Of course, in the picture profession we can afford to give big salaries,” continued the young manager blandly. “We have some high-priced stars—people who receive each week the equivalent of a king’s ransom. There is Polly Mickord and Marguerite Darke, and Genevieve Parrar, and Millard Wacke and Alice Grady and Roscoe Shoebuckle and Charlie Maplin and hosts of others, Mr. Grainger. Now—ahem—What do you say to five thousand a week, to start on?”

Amos’s heart skipped a beat.

“Eh?” he demanded, blinking.

“Five——”

“Five thousand dollars a week.”

“Five *thousand?*”

“Five thousand dollars a week.”

“My dear sir, you—you are stringing me!”

“Indeed not!”

Sudden tears rose to Amos’s eyes, and he dove into a rear pocket and brought forth a polka-dotted handkerchief which he used vigorously.

“Now, Mr. Grainger, go over to that side of the room nearest to the the window,” directed the young man, returning to his old business-like manner. “But don’t stand in the light, I want to get your three-quarters face or profile. Yes—that will do nicely. Now, imagine you have a frock coat on and a vest that has one button—undone. (Yes, that’s right, undo a button of your own

vest.) Now thrust your left hand into the aperture—easily, you know, not self-consciously. There! Now you have something approaching a statesmanlike attitude.”

“What—what shall I do with my other hand?”

“Thrust it out before you, palm outward and down. You are referring to the graves of the Gettysburg heroes, you know. ‘These dead shall not have died in vain,’ and so on. Yes, that is something like it. Hold your head up. You are proud—proud of those dead. Try to assume an exalted expression. Now, Mr. Grainger, repeat the great speech—slowly, distinctly, giving each golden word its full value.”

“‘Four score and seven years ago,’” began Amos, in a voice that shook slightly, but grew firmer as he proceeded, “‘our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.’”

“Fine! Go on.”

“Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.’”

Amos cleared his throat and proceeded with the speech, while the manager leaned back in his swivel chair, one eye partly closed, watching Amos critically. As the latter neared the end of the famous address, his voice rose full and clear and resonant. His soul seemed to have cast loose from the body, and to be rising high, high, and yet higher, until it had attained the topmost crest of patriotic fervour at the clause:

and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth!

But what had happened? Amos Grainger suddenly felt his shoulder violently shaken. The manager’s face faded, faded—like one of his own “slow dissolves”. Everything grew dark.

Then everything grew light! And a voice behind him spake unto him, saying:

“Amos Grainger, do you know that it is a quarter to twelve, and that you’ve let the furnace fire out, and forgotten to wind the clock and put the cat down cellar? And what was that you were mumbling about, ‘Government of the people’? I’ll have you to understand that you’ll vote as *I* vote!”

“Yes, my dear,” and Amos sighed, stretched himself, rose slowly, concealed a yawn and prepared to attend to his neglected evening tasks.

His wife spoke again. This time her voice was a trifle less harsh.

“You’ll find a small parcel on the hall table. It is a little gift I bought for you this evening. I had quite forgotten until I went out, that this was your birthday, but ‘better late than never’. It is a picture of your idol, Abraham Lincoln. If you would try a little harder to be more like that great man, try to emulate—”

“Yes, my dear,” interjected Amos. “Thank you very much, my dear.”

And after he had wound the clock he departed thence and took his way down to the lower regions, where it came to pass that he spent a strenuous half hour shaking down “clinkers” and shovelling coal and coaxing a new fire along—a labour that brought into play more muscle and involved a greater degree of patience and perseverance than ever could have been required of that ancient form of toil known as “rail-splitting”.



# CURRENT EVENTS

By Lindsay Crawford.

CANADA'S part in the great war is represented in terms of finance by an additional loan of one hundred million dollars, which will, it is safe to predict, be over-subscribed. The Finance Minister wisely decided to place this loan on the home market. It requires no expert economist to appreciate the advantages of such a course. When peace comes Canada will occupy a stronger position if a good part of the interest on her war loans is payable to her own people instead of to the foreigner. Nor will the country need to be informed that a national war loan, like any other money obligation, will be more easily met the greater the economy practised on the part of the nation, as well as of the individual. Circulation has been given to the mischievous suggestion that Government waste and extravagance at the beginning of the war were excusable, on the ground that the suddenness of war and the unpreparedness of the Allies gave little opportunity for a rigid control of expenditure. In any case, it required no gift of statesmanship to understand the danger of awarding to foreigners contracts which home manufacturers were only too eager to obtain. Then there was and always is the fear that through the enormous cost of the war and the habit of thinking in millions, those responsible for expenditure might lose their sense of proportion. What has happened in the case of human life

may very well happen in the sphere of finance. Men no longer value human life as they did before the war. The emotions are no longer stirred by the reports that thousands of casualties take place each week on the fighting fronts. Men and women who stood appalled by the horror of the *Titanic* tragedy give no more thought to the daily lists of killed and wounded. Our fine sense of values has been destroyed. This blunting of the sense of values is seen also in the case of at least one Canadian city council, which attempted to evade its obligations solemnly entered into with its citizens who enlisted for overseas service.

These reflections lead one inevitably to the conclusion that unless steps are now taken, while the war sentiment is still strong, to make adequate provision for the future of disabled and returned soldiers, the advent of peace and the reversion to normal conditions may find the country forgetting its duty to those who have fought its battles. I well remember the return to England of the troops that had been engaged in the South African war. The first arrivals received a royal welcome. There were echoes of Mafeking night, when London went riotously mad, intoxicated by the reaction from the long series of reverses. But it was noted by many soldiers who were not fortunate enough to be among the earlier arrivals that the chilling depression of an English

dockyard or landing-stage with thousands of men crowding the transport's sides from the moment the cliffs of England were sighted, and looking eagerly for the welcoming cheers of grateful countrymen that never were uttered, was one of the greatest tragedies of war. The public memory is short-lived. Reconstruction after the war in so far as the future of Canadian soldiers is concerned, should now be enjoying the attention of the best minds of the nation.

\*

PROHIBITION IN ONTARIO

Ontario is numbered with the dry belts. On September 16th prohibition came into force for a period of three years. During this period no liquor will be sold within the Province save for medicinal or scientific purposes. Various are the causes assigned for this sweeping change in public sentiment. That many moderate drinkers were prepared to make some sacrifice during the war was, without doubt, a deciding factor in bringing about the change. The campaign of the Committee of One Hundred laid emphasis on the fact that economy would help to win the war, and that abstinence from drink would be a practical form of economy. All the Allied countries saw the necessity of greater abstinence in the fight with Germany. Vodka, absinthe and whiskey were placed under ban as obstacles to military efficiency in wartime, and total abstinence during the period of the war became a popular method of "doing one's bit", even in the most exalted circles. That such abstinence must result in good for all the nations concerned goes without saying. Whether they will ever again revert to former habits is doubtful. These changes are not the result of special legislation so much as of the transforming habits of the people. The drinking customs of a past generation are no longer held in reverence. Temperance reformers will be wise not to attempt to drive public opinion. No intelligent man likes to

be shepherded into the Kingdom of Heaven. Nor can a nation be saved by acts of Parliament. Now that the Committee of One Hundred has put its hand to the plough, it must not turn back. It must see to it that the sober workman is not a sober slave, and that sumptuary laws that discriminate more heavily against the poor man than the rich will not be an additional excuse for starvation wages that drive so many people to drown their financial worries in the glass that cheers. By all means a sober Canada, but in Heaven's name let us have a Canada in which freedom as well as sobriety will be championed by social reformers. I have heard of blatant social reformers who have waxed fat these war times by reducing their staffs, as well as the salaries of those who remained in their employment. But I have not discovered a Committee of One Hundred to champion the rights of these victims of pious charlatans who carry big Bibles on the Sabbath and occupy the front seats in the synagogue.

\*

THE BEST PHASE OF THE WAR.

What many hope is the best phase of the war is now in full blast on every front. The fighting is undergoing a decided change, and is gradually assuming more of the character of open, above-ground warfare. The campaign in the Balkans is developing rapidly, and promises to eliminate, at an early date, some of the ill-advised supporters of the Kaiser. There is no longer any doubt of an Allied victory. The only point that remains unsolved is as to the staying powers of Germany when hemmed in by her victorious adversaries. With a shortened line of defence, and her internal organization adapted to straitened conditions, it may be possible for the war to drag on for another year. So much depends on the German diplomatists, who must now be deeply immersed in the study of alternative plans for saving the Kaiser's face. And so much depends

upon the temper of the German people, and the plans of Allied statesmen. Anything short of the complete overthrow of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and of the military system on which it rests its arrogant claim of divine rights, would be indignantly rejected by Canadians. That, at least, is the temper of the man in the street. There is every indication that the British citizen is equally determined to overthrow any Government that would propose an unsatisfactory peace. Armoured cars of a most peculiar design are now employed by the British in pushing the Germans back on the western front. They are a sort of dry-land battleship, running over ditches and uneven ground as easily as a Dreadnought surmounts the rolling waves. I had a letter a few days ago from a British officer whose regiment had just suffered heavily in one of the advances north of the Somme. Of the total casualties, he observed, eighty per cent. would be back in the ranks in a few days, their wounds were so trivial. He further remarked that things are not quite so bad at the front as the lists of casualties seem to indicate. Everything that ingenuity can suggest and science devise is being done to save the British infantry during their incessant offensive.

One of the most extraordinary features of this war is the part it plays as a show-place for favoured visitors. Jealously guarded against spies, the zones are freely traversed by those provided with the magic pass from headquarters. Many distinguished Canadians have been honoured by invitations to visit the front and carry away vivid impressions of the bloodiest war in history. In olden times it was customary for non-combatants to follow the fortunes of the army in the field, but since the Napoleonic wars the opportunities have been few and far between.

\*

LABOUR AND DEMOCRACY

Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., M.P.P.,

the Opposition leader in the Province of Ontario, has just arrived home after a visit to the western front. During his trip to Europe he has met the leading statesmen of France and England, and has come back armed with a budget of facts and figures as to conditions in the old land. Few men in Canada have such an intelligent grasp of the problems of the day, or are so alive to the democratic tendencies of the age. Canada is far in the wake of some European countries in democratic thought. It possesses no Labour Party, and is wanting in the keen demand for reforms that characterized the United Kingdom ten years ago. The rise of the latent democratic movement in Great Britain synchronized with the close of the South African war. There has been nothing like it in Canada. So long as Labour remains as it is in the Dominion progress will be slow. It is doubtful if British Liberalism would have broken with its old traditions in 1906 had not Labour sent to Parliament a force independent of both the historic parties and strong enough to command attention. The result was the assimilation of Liberal doctrines to Labour demands, and the close co-operation of all the democratic forces throughout the country. I doubt if in Canada the Labour leaders can command an independent following sufficiently strong to shake free of Liberal and Conservative affiliations. Every workingman in Canada, so to speak, carries the presidency of a railway or a bank in his dinner pail. He hopes some day to be an employer of labour and is not particularly anxious to make things hard for himself when he reaches that estate. Not so in Great Britain. Class distinctions there operate to an extent undreamt of in Canada, and the man who is born a workman in nine cases out of ten dies a workman. Great changes are bound to follow the close of the war. Will social reform be the big issue? Everything points to a lining up of parties on the great question of Imperial reconstruction. It

is possible that the next general election in Canada will be fought on this issue. Conservatism has lost ground in recent elections throughout the Provinces, and unless they manage to dish the Liberals by going the whole hog on social legislation there is every likelihood of the Liberals greatly improving their standing at Ottawa. There is one thing, perhaps, that should reconcile any party to defeat. For after the war there will be the thankless task of liquidating a colossal national debt, and the difficulties that must be confronted in any policy of reconstruction put forward.

In Great Britain these questions are being studied by all classes. One regiment in the war is known as the Artists' Rifles, and now there is *The Artists' Rifles Journal*, the first copy of which has appeared. These artists, even, are taking up the subject of

employment after the war. An editorial in the first issue is in part as follows:

We are rather an octopcean body—we Artists' Rifles—and our tentacles stretch out into every regiment in the British army. That means a great deal. It means that as a body we can be of incalculable value in solving those problems of employment, which, unless handled in time, will be bound to assume enormous proportions. It is up to us to prescribe limits to those problems, and let each one of us who reads this journal, this faltering first effort, realize his responsibilities as a unit, and an important unit of the Empire, one who has been a leader of men.

The importance of the individual has never been greater than now, and his responsibilities increase in a like ratio. Each of us must think out wherein he can help, and help others to help in reducing the sorrow and anxiety which would otherwise mar the first few years of peace, and which would handicap a speedy recovery from the devastations of war.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

## THE HEART OF RACHEL

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS. Toronto: William Briggs.

**A**LTHOUGH this novel deals with some of the deplorable aspects of alcohol, it is by no means a temperance tract. It is, on the other hand, an exceptionally fine novel, containing several excellent characterizations, one in particular, that of Rachel Breckenridge, being an unusually brilliant portrait. This woman gradually discovers, during her honeymoon at Paris, that she is married to a man who has social position at Newport and wealth to support it, but who has, as an offset to these advantages, an uninteresting personality and a profound addiction to drunkenness. He has, as well, as a result of a former marriage, a daughter of the butterfly type, and apparently his sole object in marrying a second wife was to provide a safe companion for this daughter. But the daughter and the mother-in-law do not agree on all subjects, which is not an unusual situation. The mother-in-law, however, does the best she can in all the circumstances, and because of her own beauty, her own poise and will-power, she is able to relieve many on awkward incident. She is an unusually beautiful woman, unusually clever, and unusually tempered. She attends to all the social duties. When her husband is so much influenced by liquor that he is not fit to attend a dinner party to which they have been invited, the wife makes the excuses as best she can. When the daughter engages in a dan-

gerous flirtation the wife interferes at the right moment. All this goes well enough for a time, but it is a case where time will not heal wounds that are being opened repeatedly. So that Rachel at length begins to think about divorce. She considers her youth, her desires, her possibilities. But one real condition confronts her: she is penniless apart from the money that comes from her husband. But the mood has possessed her, and she indulges it, until at length, on one particular night when her husband is so bad that he has sent for the doctor, she determines to end it. The doctor discovers her alone in the library. He and she have been intimate friends for years, and in a moment of desperation she unburdens her heart. The doctor is sympathetic, so sympathetic, indeed, that they fall in love with each other. After a very brief exchange, the doctor goes upstairs to attend the prostrate husband. In a short time the way is open for Rachel and the doctor to marry. But Rachel, who by this time is passionately in love with her new husband, discovers that he has had involving relations with a woman who now comes darkly between them. Here is a new vice, and she finds that no sooner has she got away from one than she becomes entangled with another. Which is the worse? She did not love her first husband, so that there was only disgust and impatience. But now, when her whole being has been awakened, it is different. We must leave the reader to discover how Rachel confronts this severe ordeal and faces the world in the face of it.



MR. S. T. WOOD

Author of "The Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist."  
From a snapshot taken while admiring a wayside flower

### THE ANVIL

By LAWRENCE BINYON. London: Elkin Mathews.

**B**INYON is too good a poet to need any words of praise. This little book of his verse is one of the fine examples of what is being done in literature as a direct result of the war. We quote "Fetching the Wounded":

At the road's end glimmer the station lights;  
How small beneath the immense hollow of night's  
Lonely and living silence! Air that raced  
And tingled on the eyelids as we faced  
The long road stretched between the poplars flying  
To the dark behind us, shuddering and sighing  
With phantom foliage, lapses into hush.  
Magical supersession! The loud rush  
Swims into quiet; midnight reassumes  
Its solitude; there's nothing but great glooms,  
Blurred stars; whispering gusts; the hum of wires.

And swerving leftwards upon noiseless tires  
We glide over the grass that smells of dew.  
A wave of wonder bathes my body through!  
For there in the headlamps' gloom-surrounded beam  
Tall flowers spring before us, like a dream,  
Each luminous little green leaf intimate  
And motionless, distinct and delicate  
With powdery white bloom fresh upon the stem,  
As if that clear beam had created them  
Out of the darkness. Never so intense  
I felt the pang of beauty's innocence,  
Earthly and yet unearthly.

A sudden call!

We leap to ground, and I forget it all.  
Each hurries on his errand; lanterns swing;  
Dark shapes cross and re-cross the rails;  
we bring  
Stretchers, and pile and number them;  
and heap  
The blankets ready. Then we wait and keep  
A listening ear. Nothing comes yet; all's still.  
Only soft gusts upon the wires blow shrill  
Fitfully, with a gentle spot of rain.  
Then 'ere one knows it, the long gradual train  
Creeps quietly in and slowly stops. No sound  
But a few voices' interchange. Around  
Is the immense night-stillness, the expanse  
Of faint stars over all the wounds of France.

Now stale odour of blood mingles with keen  
Pure smell of grass and dew. Now lanterns' sheen  
Falls on brown faces opening patient eyes  
And lips of gentle answers, where each lies  
Supine upon his stretcher, black of beard  
Or with young cheeks; on caps and tunics smeared,  
And stained, white bandages round foot or head  
Or arm, discoloured here and there with red.  
Some of all corners of wide France; from Lille,  
Douay, the land beneath the invader's heel,  
Champagne, Touraine, the fisher-villages  
Of Brittany, the valleyed Pyrenees,

Blue coasts of the south, old Paris streets,  
Argonne,  
Of ever smouldering battle, that anon  
Leaps furious, brothered them in arms.  
They fell

In the trenched forest scarred with reeking shell.  
 Now strange the sound comes round them in the night  
 Of English voices. By the tapering light  
 Quickly we have borne them, one by one, to the air,  
 And sweating in the dark lift up with care,  
 Tense-sinewed, each to his place. The cars at last  
 Complete their burden: slowly, and then fast,  
 We glide away.

And the dim round of sky,  
 Infinite and silent, broods unseeingly  
 Over the shadowy uplands rolling black  
 Into far woods, and the long road we track  
 Bordered with apparitions, as we pass  
 Of trembling poplars and lamp-whitened grass,  
 A brief procession fitting like a thought  
 Through a brain drowsing into slumber; nought  
 But we awake in the solitude immense!  
 But hurting the vague dumbness of my sense  
 Are fancies wandering the night: there steals  
 Into my heart, like something that one feels  
 In darkness, the still presence of far homes  
 Lost in deep country, and in little rooms  
 The vacant bed. I touch the world of pain  
 That is so silent. Then I see again  
 Only those infinitely patient faces  
 In the lantern beam, beneath the night's vast spaces,  
 Amid the shadows and scented dew;  
 And those illumined flowers, springing anew  
 In freshness like a smile of secrecy  
 From the gloom-buried earth, returns to me.  
 The village sleeps; blank walls, and windows barred.  
 But lights are moving in the hushed courtyard  
 As we glide up to the open door. The Chief  
 Gives every man his order, prompt and brief.  
 We carry up our wounded one by one.  
 The first cock crows; the morrow is begun.

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### FRIENDS OF FRANCE

By Members of the Field Service  
 of the American Ambulance. Toronto:  
 Thomas Allen.

**I**F for nothing more than its eighty-eight illustrations, many of which are reproductions of photographs act-

ually taken in the zone of the war, this book would be well worth publishing. But the text is, as well, of uncommon interest. It contains the direct record of the work done by Americans in giving succour to the French in Flanders. The ambulance service, the organization of which was in itself a great undertaking, was able to do a much-needed work. In reading about it one gets glimpses of actual conditions that are really enlightening.

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### A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

By HELEN GRAY CONE. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

**T**HIS is a most attractive volume of miscellaneous verse, some of which is a direct result of the war. The first, which gives the title to the book, has a fine patriotic flavour. We quote it in full:

#### A CHANT FOR LOVE OF ENGLAND

A song of hate is a song of hell;  
 Some there be that sing it well,  
 Let them sing it loud and long,  
 We lift our hearts in a loftier song:  
 We lift our hearts to Heaven above,  
 Singing the glory of her we love—  
 England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,  
 Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;  
 Glory of ships that sought far goals,  
 Glory of swords and glory of souls!  
 Glory of songs mounting as birds,  
 Glory immortal of magical words;  
 Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,  
 Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;  
 Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,  
 Glory transcendent that perishes not—  
 Hers is the story, hers be the glory—  
 England!

Shatter her beauteous breasts ye may;  
 The spirit of England none can slay!  
 Dash the bomb on the dome of St. Paul's—  
 Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?  
 Pry the stone from the chancel floor—  
 Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?

Where is the giant shot that kills  
 Wordsworth walking the old green hills?  
 Trample the red rose on the ground—  
 Keats is beauty while earth spins round!  
 Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,

Cast her ashes into the sea—  
 She shall escape, she shall aspire,  
 She shall arise to make men free;  
 She shall arise in a sacred scorn,  
 Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;  
 Spirit supernal, splendour eternal—  
 England!

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### GENERAL SKETCH OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

By HILLAIRE BELLOC. Toronto: T. Nelson and Sons.

**A**FTER months of waiting, marked by more than usual impatience on the part of thousands of readers, the Second Phase of Mr. Hillaire Belloc's "General Sketch of the European War" has appeared. The author explains that the delay was caused by difficulties, insurmountable as they proved to be, in obtaining all the facts that he would have liked to embody in the history. This second volume is devoted to a study of the Battle of the Marne, one of the great decisive battles of the Great War. And having described it in as much detail as is possible for the contemporary historian, he makes this notable conclusion:

The Marne was that moment of issue in which a soul is saved or lost. The enormity of consequence with which those four blazing September days were filled, our generation—an inch away from them, so to speak—cannot gauge at all. We know generally, and generally state, that the Germanies have learnt their lesson imperfectly from the south and from the west; we know that of the Germanies Prussia was the basest part. We know, upon the analogy of all historical things, small and great, that the less creative, the dullest and the worst element may destroy, and has frequently attempted to destroy, the vital, the more creative, and the best. We appreciate—but dully and confusedly, like men not yet fully recovered of a fever, their bodies still full of pain and their minds clouded—that the presence of death is removed, and that the corner of the road is turned; there is even a landscape before us. We owe that salvation to the Marne.

But all these things are still in flux, unstable within our minds. Those for whom the large persment of history is

absent or imperfect or forgotten, and those who grasped very slowly (being in a secure place) the magnitude of the affair, may still, even after twenty months, ask me, perhaps with irony, whether I have not distorted to exaggeration the vast scale of those September days.

No, I have not so distorted them. Upon the contrary, I find here in these concluding words of mine a sort of impotence. The thing is far too great for my pen. Said St. Jerome of the Auxiliaries sacking Rome at last: "Perdidi vocabulum." I might repeat that phrase.

I have throughout this book dealt with the story of the Marne as military problems should be dealt with, I think—that is, so that one indifferent to the victory of either side should be able from my narrative to comprehend the movement of troops and their effect, and be disturbed by nothing else.

Had it been my task to turn to the awful reality, the living powers at work behind and beneath these phenomena of strategy and of tactics, I would surely have attempted a vision of personal spirits in conflict far beyond the scale of mankind. In such an attempt, I should have failed. A thousand years will pass, and no historian will ever successfully record it.

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### THE GERMANS AND AFRICA

By EVANS LEWIN. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

**T**HIS is a book which reveals in a convincing manner the far-sighted and determined plans of Germany to increase her holdings in Africa. The author gives abundant evidence of a close acquaintance with the subject, and while he discloses the German policy of putting a finger on the map and saying, "Here we must go, and here, and here. This must be joined with that. Here we must establish towns, here drive railways, here win some scrap of territory now held by Britain, or France, or Belgium," and so on. A perusal of the book convinces one that official Germany has been constantly scheming and conniving for her own aggrandizement at the expense of her sister nations. It is a book that should be read for an understanding of the colonial ambitions of the German Empire.



# TWICE-TOLD TALES

## DOOMED

Here is a specimen of Australian frightfulness found in the advertising columns of a Melbourne paper:

"We refuse to supply the Kaiser with —'s Herbal Skin Ointment. Let him suffer."

Even the thickest skin must feel this.—*Manchester Guardian.*

\*

## SHE WAS PREPARED

The Bishop of London is very fond of telling stories of his life in the East End. Recently he told me a yarn of a certain woman who fell from a third-storey window and was picked up dead. He added that he went to her neighbour and remarked: "I am afraid Mrs. Jones was not prepared?" "Oh, yes, she was," replied the neighbour, "because as she passed my window in her fall I heard her say, 'Now for the bump.'"—*London Citizen.*

\*

## HIS PARTNER HAD THE "ROSE"

He was a member of the Stock Exchange. Generally he went out to lunch punctually, but last Alexandra Day he was found pacing impatiently up and down long after his usual hour for feeding.

"Hullo!" said a friend. "Aren't you lunching to-day? I'll stay here and take your 'calls', if you like, old man."

The Scot looked apprehensive.

"Thanks, very much," he said, "but I'll not go out the noo. I'll just wait till my partner comes back—he's got the rose, you see!"

## IN THE AIR

"So he praised her singing, did he?"

"Yes, said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

"Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

\*

Various dishes in the Hungarian restaurant were numbered for the convenience of the waiters and the benefit of the patrons. A young couple entered. The orchestra struck up the "William Tell" overture. Turning to her escort, the young woman said: "That's familiar—what is it?" The man glanced up at the orchestra and saw the number three displayed. Then, with the air of one who is accustomed to café life, he looked up No. 3 on the bill of fare. "That," he replied, when he had located it, "is 'Filet Mignon,' by Champignons."—*New York Tribune.*

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## THE MIGHTY McDONALDS

Martin Sheridan was telling Pat McDonald a story about the athletes in Ireland, says Bob Edgren.

"I hear there's a young fellow over there who can throw the 56-pound weight over fifty feet with one hand," said Martin.

"Go on," said Pat. "It's impossible. No man living will ever do that."

"But his name is McDonald," said Martin.

"One of us McDonalds!" exclaimed Pat. "Well, maybe it's true. I'd not be a bit surprised."

## HEARING AT LAST

There was a terrible dynamite explosion near a small town the other day. An old lady, hearing it, turned toward the door of her sitting-room and said:

"Come in, Bella."

When her servant entered the room she said:

"Do you know, Bella, my hearing is evidently improving. I heard you knock at the door for the first time in twenty years."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

AN OBSTACLE  
THE DEADLOCK EXPLAINED

"Before I left the United States," said Col. George Harvey recently in London, "I agreed with a Columbia professor who said preponderant power in men and money was bound to win the war; but now I have a stronger argument—one which fell from the lips of a recruiting-sergeant in the Strand yesterday.

"Don't you want to be on the winning side?" said the soldier to a group of civilians who he was suggesting should don khaki.

"How do you know ours will be the winning side?" asked a prospective recruit.

"Well, my lad," said the sergeant, "you know the Germans have been trying for more than a year and a half to win, and have failed, don't you?"

"Yes," replied the questioner.

"Well, then, we've been trying to lose during the same period, and we couldn't."—*New York Herald*.

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## THE WORRIED WIDOWER

"He says his poor children need another mother."

"Then why doesn't he take one home to them?"

"It seems that the children pay the rent, and they are very hard to convince."—*Exchange*.

## SYMPATHETIC TOMMY

"Run upstairs, Tommy, and bring baby's nightgown," said Tommy's mother.

"Don't want to," said Tommy.

"Oh, Tommy! If you are not kind to your new little sister she'll put on her wings and fly back to heaven."

Tommy's reply came.

"Well, let her put on her wings and fly upstairs for her nightgown!"

\*

A sergeant was entering a new enlistee into his book. "And where do you hail from, Angus Macdonald—England, Scotland or Ireland?" he asked with a sarcastic smile at the six-foot brawny giant. "Nane o' them," was the ready answer. "De ye ken whaur Aberdeen is? Weel, I come frae Aberdeen."

\*

## PRUNING IT

Not long ago the editor of an English paper ordered a story of a certain length, but when the story arrived he discovered that the author had written several hundred words too many.

The paper was already late in going to press, so there was no alternative—the story must be condensed to fit the allotted space. Therefore the last paragraphs were cut down to a single sentence. It read thus:

"The Earl took a Scotch high-ball, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and, finally, his life."—*Everybody's*.

\*

"Yes, grandma, I am to be married during the bright and gladsome spring."

"But, my dear," said grandma earnestly, "you are very young. Do you feel that you are fitted for married life?"

"I am being fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride sweetly. "Seventeen gowns!"—*London Opinion*.



## Preserved Peaches

are the most valued treasure of the pantry shelf. Be sure to do them with

# Lantic Sugar

—a pure cane sugar very finely granulated. It makes a clear sparkling syrup and develops all the exquisite flavors of the fruit. Experienced housekeepers always order it by name.

**2 and 5-lb cartons      10, 20 and 100-lb bags**

*"The All-Purpose Sugar"*

**PRESERVING LABELS FREE**—Send us a red ball trade-mark cut from a bag or carton and we will send you a book of ready gummed labels containing six labels for each of the following fruits: Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Grapes, Cherries, Plums, Peaches and Pears. Address Dept. C.M.

**Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Limited - Power Bldg., Montreal**



## THE Ingersoll TRIO

MADE IN CANADA

*Delicious and Appetizing*

### Ingersoll Pimento Cheese

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

*Ask Your Grocer*

### Ingersoll Cream Cheese

—is superior to any ordinary cheese—in flavor—in rich creaminess—in nutritive properties. It spreads like butter, never loses its freshness and is highly economical. In packages 15c. and 25c.

*"Spreads like Butter"*

### Ingersoll Green Chile Cheese

Ingersoll Cream Cheese blended with California Chile. Piquant and delicious. In packages 15c.

The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.  
Ingersoll, Ont.



## When the Whistle Blows

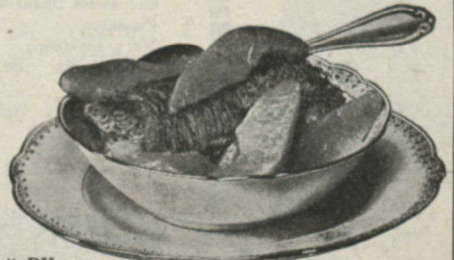


The healthy toiler who is properly nourished is not trying to see how little he can do for his wages. He drops his work when the whistle blows with the satisfaction and pride of having put in a full day's work. Health for the toiler with hand or brain comes from an easily digested food that is rich in muscle-building, brain-making material.

## Shredded Wheat

is the most perfect ration ever devised for men and women who do things, because it contains the greatest amount of body building nutriment in smallest bulk, with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It contains all the body building material in the whole wheat grain, including the bran-coat which is so useful in keeping the alimentary tract clean and healthy. It is the favorite food of the outdoor man and the indoor man.

Two shredded wheat biscuits with milk or cream for breakfast will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work or play. Also deliciously nourishing for any meal when served with sliced bananas, baked apples or other fresh or preserved fruits.



"MADE IN CANADA" BY  
**THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.**  
 TORONTO OFFICE: 49 WELLINGTON STREET EAST

## The Student-Age

Calls for fitness of body and brain to absorb knowledge as the groundwork of a successful career—

And later, an abundance of vibrating health-energy is needed all along through life.

A most important fundamental is proper food.

Many years ago an expert produced a food of delightful flavor and great energizing value, but requiring a minimum of digestive effort.



That Food is

# Grape-Nuts

Made from choice whole wheat and malted barley, this famous food retains the vital mineral elements of the grain, so essential for balanced nourishment, but lacking in many cereal foods.

From every standpoint—good flavor, rich nourishment, easy digestion, convenience, economy—health from childhood to old age—

**“There’s a Reason” for Grape-Nuts**

Made in Canada

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.



# The Waltham

THE habit of promptness grows on a man who carries a Waltham Watch. The accuracy that is part of a Waltham soon becomes part of the man. In business or in social life, wherever accuracy is admired, there you will find the Waltham. For Walthams time the movements of most people throughout the world. You will appreciate having your watch possess Waltham accuracy and the Waltham name on the dial. Your Jeweller will gladly show you any of the Waltham Watches or fit a Waltham movement to your present case. Shall we send you the new booklet "Concerning a Timepiece"?

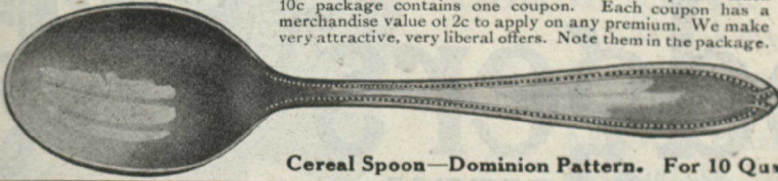
WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, MONTREAL



## Quaker Oats Premiums

### Silver Plate—Jewelry—Aluminum

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them. This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.



Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern. For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

## The Start of a Perfect Day

This scene in the kitchen means that breakfast brings a luxury dish.

And it means for the day—for its work or its study—a wealth of energy.

Nature gives to queen oats her most inviting flavor. She has made them her premier vim-food. She has lavishly endowed them with rare elements we need.

So the oat dish today, as for ages, holds unique place among grain foods.

You know this. All folks know it. And all folks value the effects.

But how often do housewives, to save a little time, start the day on a lesser food.



# Quaker Oats

*The Extra-Grade Vim-Food*

Quaker Oats is oat-food of an extra grade. It is flaked from queen oats only—just the big, plump, luscious grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is a matchless flavor. There are no insipid grains to affect it.

That flavor has won the world. Oat lovers of every nation send to us to get it.

Every package which bears this brand contains these extra oat flakes. Yet it costs no extra price. That is why it is worth your while to ask for Quaker Oats.

Large Round Package, 25c. Regular Package, 10c.  
Except in Far West.

## The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

(1466)

SASKATOON, SASK.

# The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark  
which identifies the best of cutlery

*Look for it on every blade.*

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

## CLARK'S SPAGHETTI

WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE



A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL





# B&B

## Double-Sure Products

Sold by all Druggists

Absorbent Cotton  
Bandages and Gauze  
Adhesive Plaster  
Fumigators, etc.

**USE THEM FOR SAFETY'S SAKE**

## First Aid Book—10c What to Do in Any Emergency

We issue this book for half what it costs us to foster efficient first aid.

It was written by a famous surgeon, now a Major in charge of U. S. Army Field Hospital. It tells what to do in any form of accidents or emergency—

- In shocks and sickness—
- In burns and bruises—
- In wounds and sprains—
- Hemorrhage or fainting—
- Drowning or electric shock—
- Any sort of poisoning

The book contains 128 pages and over 100 illustrations. It is a complete and authentic reprint of our book that sells for 50 cents. Every home at some time has urgent need for it, when a life may be at stake.

We ask 10 cents merely as evidence of serious intent. The book costs us much more.

### Be Double-Sure

This is part of our effort to prevent careless wound-dressing. And to help you to fight germ infections.

Another part is to make dressings that are sterile. And enable you to keep them sterile. We are at war with half-way measures. We urge you to be double-sure.

*Always call the Doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid*

**BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York**  
Makers of Surgical Dressings

### What You Need

What you need in the house—all the time—is B&B Absorbent Cotton, B&B Bandages and Gauze, B&B Adhesive Plaster.

You need the B&B brand for the following reasons:

B&B Cotton goes through 22 processes. Our Cotton and Gauze are twice sterilized, once after being sealed.

B&B Arro Brand Cotton and Handy-Fold Gauze are both put up in germ-proof envelopes—enough for one use in each. They keep their sterility for years.

Both are also put up in handy packages. No need to remove the roll. Cut off what you need and leave the rest untouched.

### B&B Adhesive

B&B Adhesive Plaster is rubber coated. It is prepared especially for surgeon's use. But it sticks to anything without heating or wetting. And it stays stuck. Every home has a hundred uses for mending rubber, glass and wood.

Our First Aid Book tells how these things are used. Also hundreds of other things—knowledge you should keep on file. We will mail it for ten cents. Address First Aid Dept. 14.



A very dainty piece of lingerie, designed to impart  
beauty and grace

**D & A Good Shape Brassieres**  
are regarded as the last word in luxurious lingerie.  
They have the style, beauty and elegance so essential  
in these garments

*Ask your Corsetiere to show you our new creations*

**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY**

Montreal      QUEBEC      Toronto

*Makers of the Celebrated D & A  
and La Diva Corsets*

# VICKERMAN'S

## The Test of Time on a Guarantee

When applied to the lasting quality of an article, the test of Time is the supreme test. And after all, it is the only real test—the test that is final. If one finds from experience that a guarantee of lasting quality is genuine—that it stands the test of actual wear, that is sufficient evidence of the worth of the guarantee.

Such experience is the lot of every one who wears a VICKERMAN Suiting. How many wearers have been heard to say, "I will be able to wear that VICKERMAN suit another season, it still looks fine."

A suit made from a VICKERMAN Serge, Cheviot or Worsted retains its dressy appearance, it "looks fine," long after its anticipated term of usefulness is past.

Look for the name on the selvedge.



**Wear and Color Guaranteed**

**NISBET & AULD, Limited, TORONTO**  
Canadian Selling Agents

**Black Blues Greys Fancies---Serges and Cheviots  
Suitings and Overcoatings**

**CROWN BRAND**  
**CORN SYRUP**  
**Everybody's**  
**Favourite**



Children think only of the sweetness and delightful flavour on Bread, Toast and Griddle Cakes.

But "grown-ups" know of the splendid food value of this famous table syrup—how wholesome and nutritious it is—and far more economical than preserves, or butter and sugar, when spread on bread.

Get "Crown Brand" in the 3 pound "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars—or 2, 5, 10 or 20 pound tins, if you prefer.

Write our Montreal Office for a copy of our new recipe book—"Desserts and Candies"—sent free.

**THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED**  
 MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.  
*Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—  
 and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.* 225



## This £50 Prize Baby was fed on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley



Physically, this boy is as nearly perfect as a child can be. In a competition organized by the "Daily Sketch" of London, England, this baby, in competition with a large number of other children, won the first prize of £50. His mother, Mrs. Ethel Hodge of Trafalgar Crescent, Bridlington, Yorks, writes as follows, "He is a fine, healthy and strong boy, as shown by the photo, having been entirely fed on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley and milk from three months old."

Thousands of babies that have been unable to retain any other food, have been strengthened and nourished on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The fact that Robinson's 'Patent' Barley is prescribed by nurses and physicians is its strongest endorsement.

Our booklet, "Advice to Mothers" is indispensable to every mother and will be sent free upon request.

191 St. Paul St. W.  
 Montreal

**MAGOR, SON & Co., Limited**  
 Sole Agents for Canada

30 Church St.  
 Toronto



## A Twilight Story About Puffed Wheat

When you serve a supper dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, make this your story sometime. It is like a fairy tale.

Each bubble of wheat is a kernel, puffed to eight times normal size. All its thin, airy flakiness is due to steam explosions. And each has been shot from guns.

### 100 Million Explosions

Each kernel of wheat contains as it grows, more than 100 million food cells. Each food cell is hard and hollow. A trifle of moisture is in it. Each must be broken to digest.

Other cooking method break part of those food cells, but never more than half. So Prof. Anderson, a famous food expert, sought a way to break them all.

Puffed Grains are made by this process. The grains are sealed in huge guns. The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. Thus the bit of moisture in each food cell is changed to steam.

Then the guns are shot. Each food cell explodes. And the grains come out puffed to bubbles, as you see.

This makes the whole grain wholly digestible. Every atom of every element is food. That's why countless mothers, every morn and night, serve these grains to children.

<b>Puffed Wheat</b>	<i>Except</i>	<b>12c</b>
<b>Puffed Rice</b>	<i>in</i>	
	<i>Far</i>	
	<i>West</i>	<b>15c</b>

You find these fascinating dainties. You call them food confections. With sugar and cream or mixed with fruit they seem like breakfast bonbons. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play. Girls use them in candy making.

But they are above all, perfect grain foods. In no other form have cereal foods ever been so fitted to feed.

The better you know them the more you will serve them. Keep both on hand.

## The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Sole Makers

SASKATOON, SASK.

(1407)

# Certain-teed Roofing



This guarantee, which is on every roll of CERTAIN-TEED, is backed by the world's largest manufacturers of roofings and building papers. There is no equivocation, no evasion—CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed to last 5, 10 or 15 years according to ply (1, 2 or 3). Experience has proven that CERTAIN-TEED outlasts its liberal guarantee.

Use CERTAIN-TEED on your farm buildings. It is safer than wood shingles, looks better than galvanized iron or tin; is easier to lay, and cheaper than any of them. It is very different from inferior roofing sold by mail.

Get CERTAIN-TEED from your local dealer, whom you know and can rely upon. It will save you money in the end. It is sold by good dealers all over Canada at reasonable prices.

## General Roofing Mfg. Co.

*World's Largest Manufacturers of  
Roofing and Building Papers*

Distributing centers: Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, St. John's, N. F., Halifax, Regina, Brandon, Calgary, Vancouver.

*A safe and palatable laxative  
for children*

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

*Absolutely Non-narcotic*

Does not contain opium, morphine,  
nor any of their derivatives.

By checking wind colic and correcting in-  
estinal troubles common with children during  
he period of teething, helps to produce  
natural and healthy sleep.

*Soothes the fretting baby and  
thereby give relief to  
the tired mother.*



## Her Last Corn-Ache

When pain brings you to Blue-jay it means  
the end of corns.

Blue-jay proves that corns are needless.  
And never again will you let a corn pain  
twice.

The pain stops instantly. In 48 hours the  
corn completely disappears. The action is  
gentle. No soreness results. It is sure and

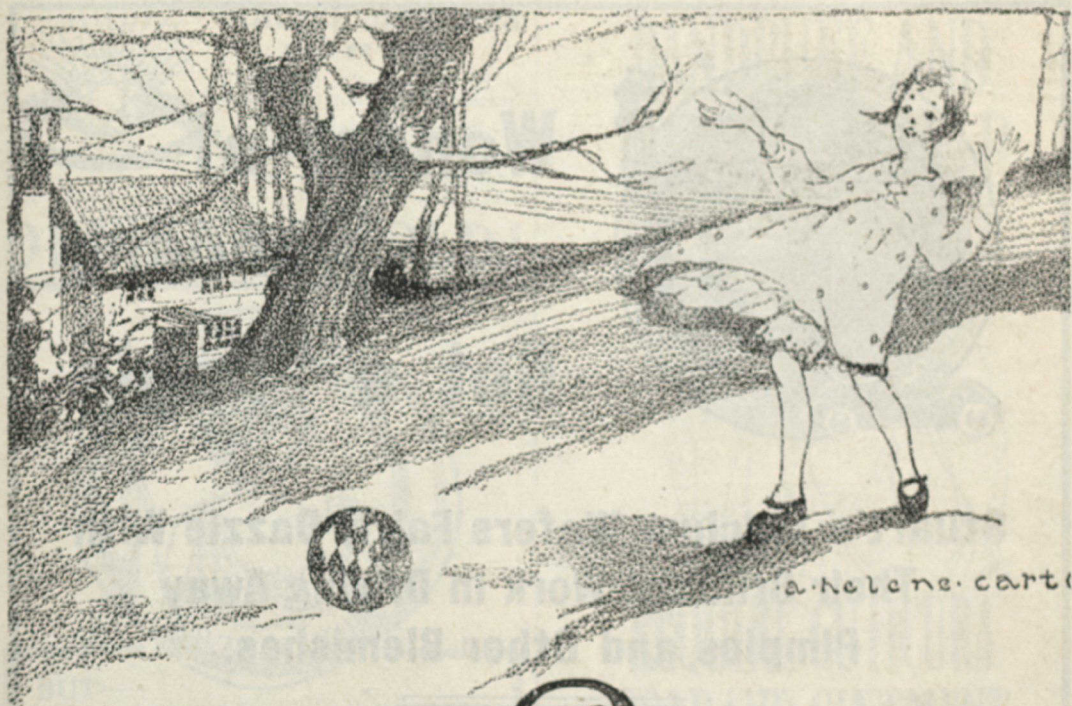
scientific and final. Millions of people keep free from corns in this  
easy, simple way. Please try it. Blue-jay is something you should not  
go without. And nothing can take its place.

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

*Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters*

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

**Blue-jay**  
Ends Corns



# Penmans

## Hose for the Kiddies

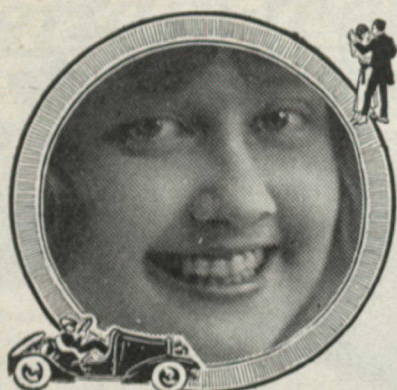
**T**HEY'RE hard on 'em, bless their hearts. A stocking to them is an article to be obliterated from the face of the earth.

Penmans make hosiery that keeps them busy—hosiery that stands an astonishing amount of excavating, tree climbing and the like. Your youngsters need them—just ask for Penmans—it's wear for the kiddies, economy and comfort assurance for you.

Penmans Limited  
Paris

Made in Canada





# Wonder of Wonders Not a Pimple

**Stuart's Calcium Wafers Fairly Dazzle With  
Their Brilliant Work in Driving Away  
Pimples and Other Blemishes.**

## Prove it with Free Trial Package

You will be overjoyed to almost see pimples vanish, blackheads disappear, blotches change to new fair skin, a muddy complexion completely transformed to the loveliest, softest, the most delicate, and all your own natural complexion, made so from your own pure, healthy system, cleaned and purified by Stuart's Calcium Wafers. The result comes so quickly that you are astonished. These wafers contain calcium sulphide, the greatest blood purifier known, and absolutely necessary to keep the skin in healthy condition. Do not fail to get a 50-cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store; trust to nature and you will never again use hair growing pastes and lotions. You can have a free trial by mail if you send this coupon.

### Free Trial Coupon

**F. A. Stuart Co., 331 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.** Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Prov.....





**GENUINE DIAMONDS**

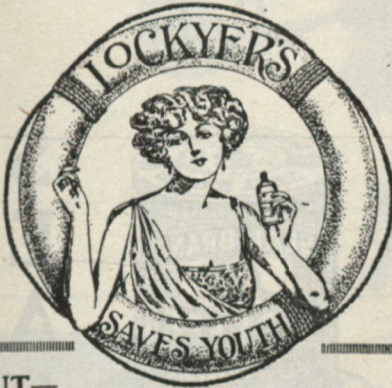
**CASH OR CREDIT**

Terms 20% down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We rust any honest person.

Write for Catalogue to-day

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers  
15 Toronto Arcade TORONTO, Can.

**DON'T LOOK OLD!**



**BUT—**

restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

— LOCKYER'S SULPHUR —  
**HAIR RESTORER**

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE**

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing. This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and can be obtained from any chemists and stores throughout the world. Wholesale, Lyman Bros., Toronto.

**DANDRUFF AND  
ITCHING SCALP**



**REQUIRE CUTICURA  
SOAP AND OINTMENT**

To prevent loss of hair. Treatment: On retiring touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Nothing better, surer or more economical at any price.

**Sample Each Free by Mail**

With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 28B, Boston." Sold everywhere.

Never Sticks  
in Package  
or Shaker



**REGAL**  
FREE RUNNING  
**Table Salt**

153

THE CANADIAN SALT CO LIMITED.

MADE IN CANADA

# FEARMAN'S Star Brand HAMS & BACON



There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

## Fearman's Star Brand Bacon

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

## Fearman's Star Brand

Made by  
F. W. Fearman Co., Limited  
Hamilton

Don't Take a  
Chance\_\_\_\_\_

Order



S  
E  
A  
L  
B  
R  
A  
N  
D

In half, 1 and 2 pound cans.  
Whole — ground — pulverized — also Fine Ground  
for Percolators.



# OLD CHUM TOBACCO

is the "chum" of more pipe  
smokers, than any other  
tobacco smoked  
in Canada

EVERYBODY SMOKES  
"OLD CHUM"



# HALF A CENTURY of EXPERIENCE

Ought to be worth something to you!

It ought to be worth a lot more if backed up by the right kind of a reputation.

We build fifty years of successful Machine Tool Building into

## BERTRAM MACHINE TOOLS

And back them up with a reputation won by half a century of business integrity and fair dealing.

**Locomotive and Car Shop Equipment**

**Structural Shop Equipment**

**General Machine Shop Equipment**

Let us figure on your requirements

### The John Bertram & Sons Co., Ltd

DUNDAS, ONTARIO

MONTREAL — WINNIPEG — VANCOUVER





## The Secret of Flaky Pie Crust

It's in our Recipe Book—with a lot of other recipes for making good Pies. But—we're going to tell you right here how *always* to have the top crust fine and flaky—and how to have the under crust just right, even when using fresh fruit.

Just use part

# BENSON'S CORN STARCH

Instead of all wheat flour. Try it, and prove it.

Get a package of BENSON'S at your grocer's, and write to our Montreal Office for copy of our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies" that tells how.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED  
MONTREAL, CARDINAL,  
BRANTFORD, 218 FORT WILLIAM.



## MURRAY-KAY'S NEW CATALOGUE, No. 19L., is ready for Mailing

An important section of this book is devoted to fine illustrations of the newest fashions in Women's Suits, Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Furs, etc., and most reasonable prices are quoted.

We prepay charges to your Post Office on every garment illustrated or listed in this Catalogue.

Write for a copy now. The edition is limited and the demand is great.

MURRAY-KAY LIMITED  
17 to 31 King St. E. Toronto, Ont.

# The Washing done before the day's begun

The washing is done and out on the line before the day gets started. The Maxwell "Home" Washer saves such a lot of time. Just 10 minutes for a big tubful of clothes. Washing and cleaning thoroughly. No rubbing and scrubbing. The Maxwell does all the hard work. You'll feel fresh and bright—ready for ironing the same day.

## Maxwell

'HOME WASHER'

Makes wash days easy. Insist on seeing the Maxwell "Home" Washer at your dealers.



Write to-day and we will send you free this interesting booklet "If John had to do the washing."

MAXWELLS LIMITED  
Dept. G., St. Mary's, Ontario







## Did Your Lunch Digest Properly?

Try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets After  
Meals and Never Fear to Eat  
Anything You Like.

"A Good Meal Well Digested" is One Way  
of Saying "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets".

### Send for Free Trial Package.

It is remarkable in effect that so small a factor as a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet takes care of a whole meal. It plainly shows how little is required to keep the stomach in good order, provided that little is exactly what the stomach must have. There are food experts who say we may exist on three prunes and a hard cracker for breakfast, but who cares to substitute the toothsome sausage or the appetizing bacon and eggs for a prune?

Once you learn the remarkable action of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in digesting food, preventing and overcoming gassiness, heartburn, sour risings, lump in your throat, gagging and the other distresses of indigestion you will eat what you want at any time without the slightest distress. Get a 50 cent box at any drug store and be safe against the trials and perils of dyspepsia. Send for a free trial package as a test. The coupon below will bring it.

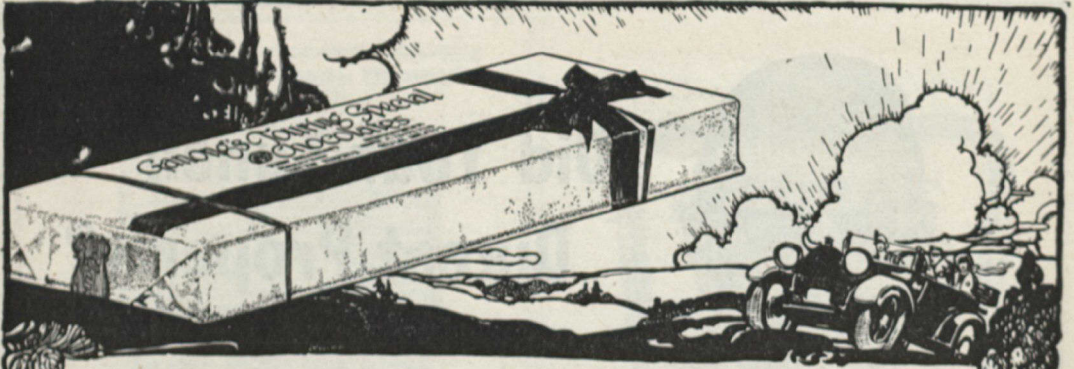
### Free Trial Coupon

**F. A. Stuart Co., 228 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.,** send me at once a free trial package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... Prov.....

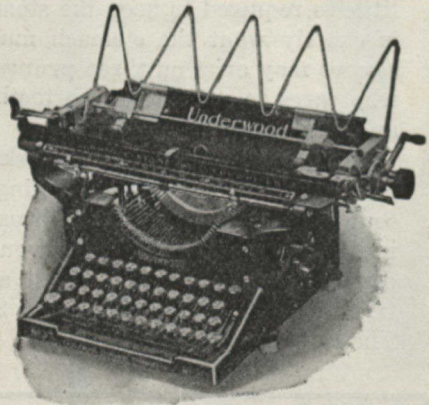


THE NEW BIG FLAT BOX  
**Ganong's Journing Special**

An Assortment of Chocolate Covered—Brazil Nuts, Burnt Almonds,  
 Nougatines, Milk Chocolates, Almontinos and Maple Walnuts

Ganong's  Chocolates

**Y**OU pay more for an Underwood, as you do for the best in any other line. Ultimately, however, it is the cheapest. It costs more to *buy*, but less to *use*.



And there are many special Underwoods for special accounting and recording purposes. The illustration shows the Underwood Condensed Billing Typewriter. This machine will save its cost several times a year.

**United Typewriter Company, Limited**  
 Underwood Building, 135 Victoria Street, Toronto

AND IN ALL OTHER CANADIAN CITIES





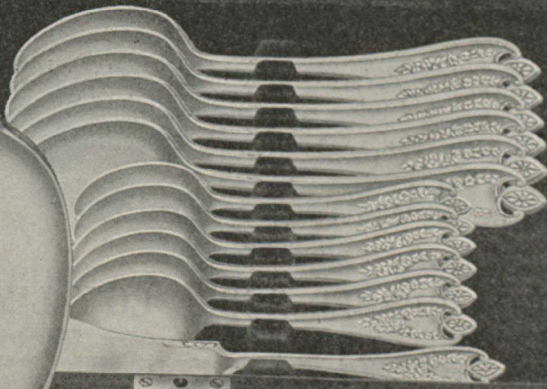
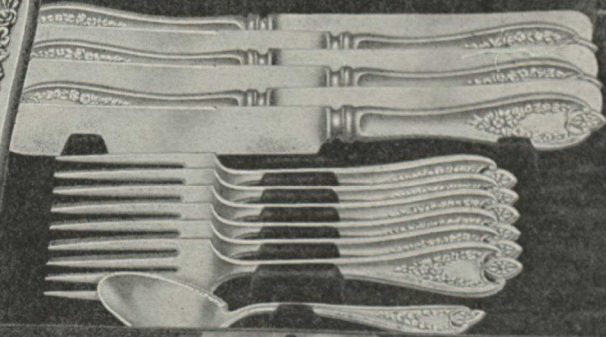
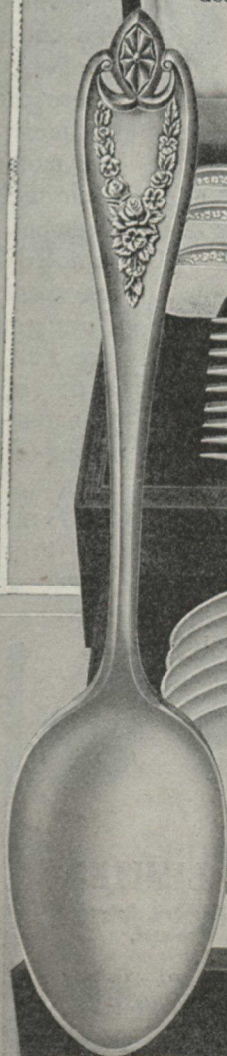
## 1847 ROGERS BROS.

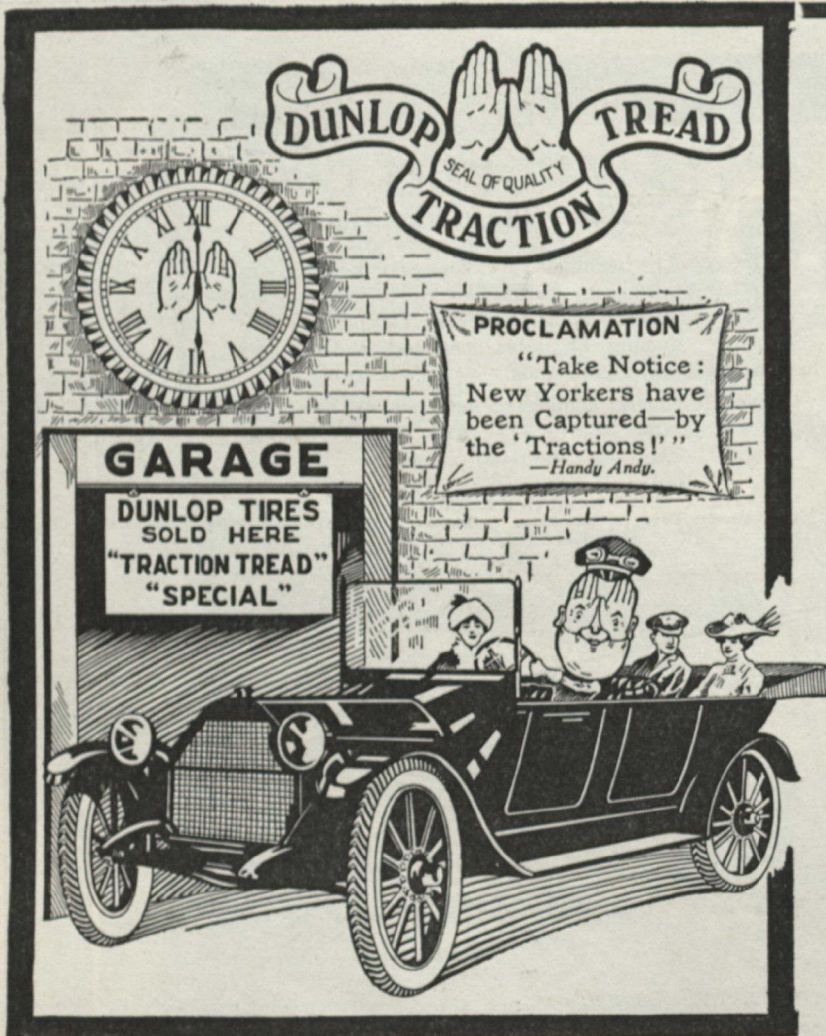
*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

The beautiful Old Colony pattern is shown in this chest. Surprisingly low in cost are some of these chests, being priced according to the number of pieces contained, and can be had in almost any combination.

Always sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years. At all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-47"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Limited  
 HAMILTON, CANADA  
 MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO  
 The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate





In New York City alone 9 men are employed selling Canada-made Dunlop Traction Tread Tires.

Think of it— in a critical city like New York, where probably the most fastidious motor owners in the world assemble, 9 men as noted before, are kept busy doing nothing else but selling a tire made in Canada — and selling it at a higher price than the American has to pay for American-made tires.

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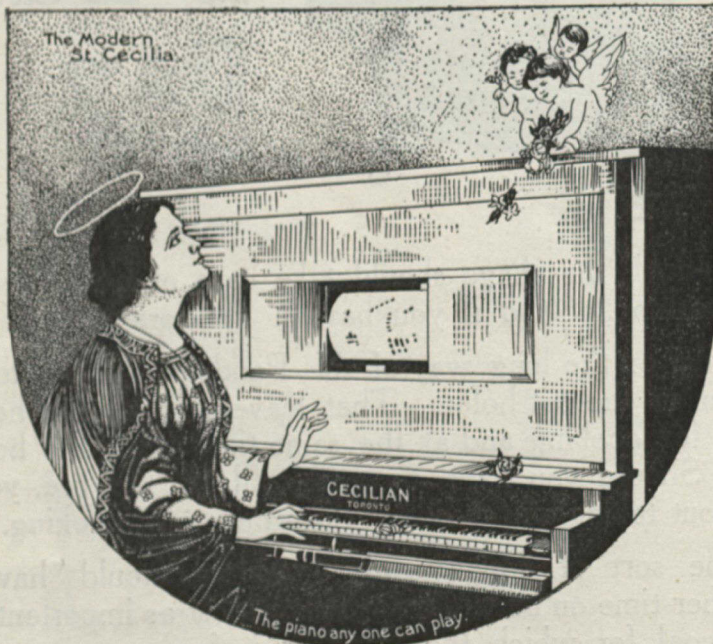
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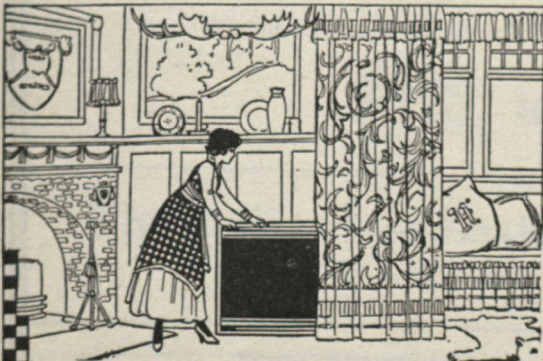
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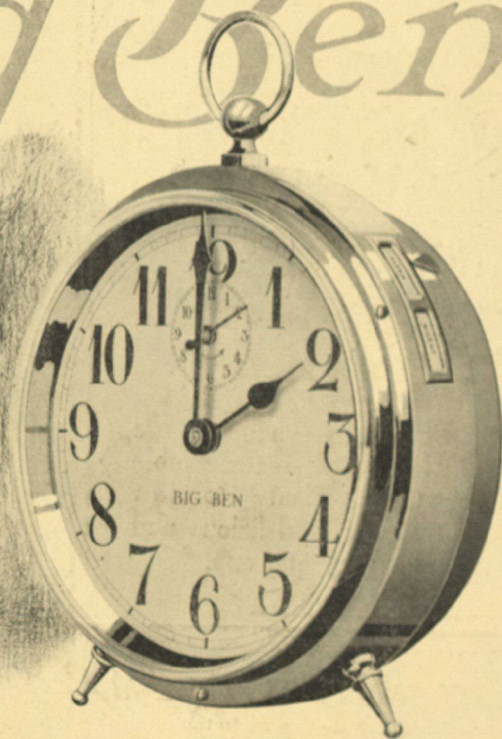
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