

PAGES

MISSING



THE DAILY PORTION

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BRITISH MINISTERS AT WASHINGTON

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN



THE new British representative at Washington, Viscount Grey of Falldon, succeeds to an inheritance on which both trouble and triumph have left their traces. What diplomacy could do to mend the old quarrel has, in the main, been done. But kinship does not necessarily mean friendship. Similarity of language and of origin will not in themselves produce peace and harmony. The traditional policy of England to bury the hatchet after a war was not effectively and quickly carried out in the case of the United States, and the Americans from the first sedulously kept alive all the bitter memories of the revolution. As early as 1820 the Washington mission was known in London as "the graveyard of diplomatic reputation". Even now it is not a coveted post. Lord Grey has had predecessors as able and accomplished as himself—

Stratford Canning, Lord Lyons, Sir Julian Pauncefote, Lord Bryce—and it is significant that under such men good relations were maintained and improved. The right type of diplomatist has never failed to gain the confidence of the United States authorities and for almost a generation Great Britain and Canada have been admirably served at Washington. The earlier periods of diplomatic history, however, are not nearly so satisfactory.

The first British Minister was George Hammond. The so-called treaty of peace in 1783 failed wholly to establish a basis for mutual goodwill. In fact it left every wound open, and for years England sent out no representative at all. Official intercourse, when necessary, was conducted through Phineas Bond, the British Consul in Philadelphia. This widened the gulf between the two Governments. The British resented the

treatment of the loyalists and the slowness in paying pre-war debts. The Americans objected to the retention of the frontier forts and charged that the Indians of the West and North were being incited to make war. President Washington felt that all the blame could not be charged to one side. "It was impolitic and unfortunate, if not unjust, in these States," he wrote to a member of Congress, "to pass laws which by fair construction might be considered as infractions of the treaty of peace. . . . Had we observed good faith and the Western posts had been withheld from us by Great Britain, we might have appealed to God and man for justice." Washington sounded the British authorities through a friend* about the setting up of a regular channel of diplomatic intercourse, so, in August, 1791, Hammond was appointed to Philadelphia, which at that time was the seat of the federal capital. Hammond was only twenty-eight years old. Attached to the Paris mission during the negotiations of the treaty, he had afterwards seen service at Vienna, Madrid, and other European capitals. He appears to have been equal to his opportunities and was popular socially. He married Miss Allen of Philadelphia, a fact which still further qualified him for residence in the United States. He was able to ward off misunderstandings when war broke out between France and England, and during his term of office Jay's Treaty, regulating commerce with the West Indies, was successfully negotiated. The friendly attitude of President Washington aided his efforts. Hammond returned to London in 1795 and became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He survived his American experiences by more than half a century. He and his son, Lord Hammond, were influential in the British foreign office for many years.

Sir Robert Liston, the second Minister, was a Scotsman of good education and ample diplomatic experience. He conducted the business of his post with discretion and maintained a close

correspondence with the governors of Canada. A proposal was made to him to countenance an attack upon New Orleans, then a possession of Spain. To this scheme, as likely to be regarded with hostility by the Americans, he turned a deaf ear. When he left Washington in 1802, the relations between the two countries were, on the whole, satisfactory, although they were soon to be strained to the breaking point. It is doubtful if any British Minister at this period could have done much to ward off the impending calamity of war. England was fighting for life and liberty against Napoleon and it was the desire of Napoleon to set England and America by the ears. If he failed in his greater designs, he certainly succeeded in this one. Liston was followed at Washington by Anthony Merry. His were not the qualities required at this juncture. Jefferson was President and preferred an understanding with France to an alliance with England. There was a disposition to inflict social slights upon Merry and his wife. Thomas Moore, the poet, who visited them, confirms the story, and Merry "the gentlest of diplomatists", as he has been described, found himself in a situation with which he could not cope.

It is a ludicrous chapter in diplomacy. Jefferson adhered to simplicity in social manners. This included absence of formality and untidiness in dress. Merry wrote home to his Government: "I, in my official costume, found myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as the President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but actually standing in slippers down at the heels, and both pantaloons, coat, and underclothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied." Merry erred in supposing that it was a pre-arranged affront to the King's minister. There is ample American testimony that the President took no pains with his attire. He was especially ad-

* Gouverneur Morris.

dicted to old slippers without heels which, by those who wear them, are said to be comfortable. The state dinners at which "the pêle-mêle system" prevailed also gave great offence. Mrs. Merry on one occasion was allowed to go in to dinner alone. All the foreign representatives were displeased at the absence of common civility as also were their wives. Jefferson wrote an explanation of these social difficulties to Monroe, the American Minister in London. He declared that Mrs. Merry was a "virago" and at this distance of time it is not worth while trying to decide the issue. He was in general an admirer of France and was credited with hatred of England. Towards the close of his life, his opinions underwent a change and we owe to him, in 1823, this prophetic utterance: "Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one or all on the earth and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause." This, unhappily, was not the spirit which animated him during Mr. Merry's term of office. The latter stuck to his post, but did nothing to check the rising tide of dislike and unfriendliness.

The Erskine episode did not improve matters. The Hon. David M. Erskine, who followed Merry in 1806, was the son of Lord Erskine, the famous lawyer and orator, and afterwards succeeded his father in the title. He possessed ingratiating manners and at once produced a favourable impression. It was his first duty to settle the ill-feeling aroused by the sea-fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Leopard*. He had been given definite instructions how to act, but unwisely departed from them. This was one of the occasions where the slow communications across the ocean proved a disadvantage. Half a century later, when the "Trent" affair threatened war, delay helped to pre-

serve peace. When the foreign office at last learned of Erskine's error, he was recalled, and Francis James Jackson was sent out in 1809 to replace him. The two countries were steadily drifting towards war and perhaps neither fully realized it. Jackson, as instructed, took a firm line and the Washington authorities proceeded to quarrel with him at once. All concerned seem to have acted with bad temper. The disavowal of the agreement which Erskine had actually signed was annoying to Washington. The American Minister in London had written out prejudicing Jackson's efforts in advance, and he on arrival was not conciliatory. Madison he described as "a plain and rather mean-looking little man, of great simplicity of manners and an inveterate enemy to form and ceremony". Goldwin Smith says he was a "prim mediocrity". The war-hawks were forcing the President's hand, and the British Minister was soon a willing factor in the domestic politics of the United States. Attacked by friends of the Administration, he was given countenance by the Federalists of the North. Dismissed and handed his passports, he went to New York and Boston, where peace counsels prevailed, and was greeted cordially. It was not diplomacy, of course, and the wrong-headedness of everybody at this juncture well illustrates the aphorism of Oxenstiern: "Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed."

England was at final grips with Napoleon. He had secured the friendship of the young Republic by the cession of Louisiana at a nominal price. Madison's party were keen on a second term and twisting the British lion's tail was a move in the right direction. Augustus John Foster replaced Jackson as British Minister in a vain effort to stave off what had by this time become inevitable. The declaration of war forced him to leave for the British possessions. From Halifax he made a last attempt to stop hostilities by pointing out that the order-in-coun-

eil affecting American rights at sea had been withdrawn. But the die was cast. For two years the English-speaking nations fought at the bidding of the war-hawks of the South and diplomacy had no work to do.

When the history of the war of 1812 is written without passion, the war will find few apologists. Goldwin Smith pithily summed up its results: "The schism in the Anglo-Saxon race had been renewed and Canada, instead of being annexed, had been estranged. On the restoration of diplomatic relations in 1819, Sir Charles Bagot was sent to Washington as Minister and warmly received. The enthusiastic greeting given him at a New York banquet when he proposed a toast to the Republic seemed to promise permanent peace. Bagot's charming social qualities fitted the situation. For nearly twenty years Anglo-American relations were on a distinctly better footing. To this period belong the missions of Stratford Canning and Charles Vaughan. The career of Canning is usually associated with his control of Turkish policy. The epitaph, written by Tennyson, upon the statue in Westminster Abbey has caught the eye of many a visitor:

Thou third great Canning, stand
among our best
And noblest, now thy long day's
work has ceased,
Here silent in our Minster of the West
Who wert the voice of England in
the East.

Canning went to Washington in 1820 and spent three years there. He was even more popular than Bagot, his predecessor, had been. In his memoirs are to be found interesting descriptions of the United States a century ago. Monroe was President and John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State. Canning's official relations were with the latter, and it is amusing to compare their estimates of each other in private memoirs which appeared long after. Canning records that "the duty imposed upon me by

the authorities in Downing Street was principally to keep the peace between mother and daughter". To accomplish this task, he had to cultivate patience, and he found Adams a man of "very uneven temper, a disposition at times well-meaning, with a manner somewhat too often domineering."* Adams describes Canning as "a proud, high-tempered Englishman . . . with a disposition to be overbearing which I have often been compelled to check in its own way. He is, of all the foreign Ministers with whom I have had occasion to treat, the man who has most tried my temper."† Adams admired the British Minister for his sincerity, courtesy, and austere morality. He had a habit of leaving the door between his office and that of his secretaries open, so that when Canning called upon him the staff might enjoy hearing the British lion's tail being twisted. This irritated Canning. Here is a specimen of their conversational sword-play. The topic was the South American republics.

"So, Mr. Adams, you are going to make honest people of them?"

"Yes, Sir, we proposed to your Government to join us some time ago, but they would not, and now we shall see whether you will be content to follow us."

Canning departed in 1823 and his great gifts were applied to England's service in the East. He lived to be ninety-four, enjoying to the end what Shakespeare defines as the best rewards of old age: "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The British mission was often left for a time in the hands of the senior *attaché* and this was the case after 1823, Sir Charles Vaughan not arriving at Washington until 1825. He remained until 1831 and made himself acceptable to the American people. Vaughan was the son of a London physician and was noted as an adventurous traveller. He had journeyed through the United States as early as 1800 and knew the country well. The subjects for negotiation at this time

* Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, K.C. by Stanley Lane-Poole.

† J. Q. Adams's Memoirs.

were the unsettled boundaries with Canada, the slave trade, and the tariff. Toward the end of Vaughan's period as Minister, Andrew Jackson became President and instead of adopting a belligerent attitude toward Great Britain, as was half expected, his policy was friendly. He took up the question of the West Indian trade, which had failed of settlement under John Quincy Adams, in part at least owing to his intractable temper, and concluded a treaty on terms advantageous to both countries. The redoubtable warrior, who had defeated the British army so signally at New Orleans in 1814, used this language in his message to Congress: "It gives me unfeigned pleasure to assure you that the negotiation has been characterized throughout by the most frank and friendly spirit on the part of Great Britain, and concluded in a manner strongly indicative of a sincere desire to cultivate the best relation with the United States. To reciprocate this disposition to the fullest extent of my ability is a duty which I shall deem it a privilege to discharge."

"Old Hickory" could afford to utter soft words about the traditional enemy without endangering his chances of a second term. When the day for Vaughan's departure came, he was given a public ball and supper by Washington people, including many members of Congress, and the comments of newspapers dwelt upon the "unfeigned goodness of heart and generous hospitality" which had endeared him to all. He was to have returned to Washington after leave of absence, but upon consideration, declined the offer, and Henry Stephen Fox was sent out in 1835. The halcyon days continued for a time. Fox was a London man of fashion with agreeable manners. All went well, until the Maine boundary dispute assumed an acute phase in 1839. This was another of the unfortunate legacies of the treaty of peace. The ill-feeling was intensified by other matters, notably the activities along the Canadian border of sympathizers with

the rebellion in Upper Canada. Fox was not thought strong enough to handle the accumulation of trouble. In the technical sense, he was superseded, and Lord Ashburton arrived as special envoy in April, 1842. Affairs wore a serious aspect, and "the Aroostook war" in which armed forces were engaged on the Maine boundary furnished material for a general conflagration. This was avoided by the famous Ashburton Treaty which secured peace at a price some have thought too high, but which has been defended by others as a reasonable concession considering the original blunder of 1783. It is needless at this point to consider Canadian discontent with British diplomacy at Washington. This can be discussed more conveniently later on. Lord Ashburton had a hard time of it, from all accounts, and wrote home plaintively: "I continue to crawl about in these heats by day and pass my nights in a sleepless fever. In short, I shall positively not outlive this affair if it is to be much prolonged." His life was mercifully spared, but his credit as a diplomatist in no wise enhanced.

It fell to the lot of the next British Minister, Sir Richard Pakenham, to deal with the steadily growing excitement over the Oregon boundary question, and the slogan of the fire-eaters, "Fifty-four forty or fight", indicated that political agitation would do what it could—and that was a good deal—to prevent a settlement. However, the issue, after several years of negotiation, was settled pacifically on the basis of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. It was not a British victory on the merits of the case, but removed a cause of war. The weakness of the British policy in boundary disputes was the slowness with which just claims were pressed and decided. Time was always on the side of the United States. The negotiations wearied Pakenham and upon returning to England in 1847 he declined to go back to Washington. To him succeeded Sir Henry Bulwer (afterwards created Lord Dalling), one of the ablest

of England's representatives. He was the elder brother of Lord Lytton. Bulwer's popularity and astuteness enabled him to secure the well-known Clayton-Bulwer Convention which lasted intact for fifty years, a long life for an Anglo-American agreement. It was abrogated by mutual consent in 1901. Bulwer's qualities exactly fitted him for the post. "The sweetness of his disposition," says one writer, "and his high-bred manners rendered him a universal favourite. Habitually sauntering through society with an air of languor, he veiled the keenest observation under an aspect of indifference. Whenever in his more delicate negotiations he was the most cautious, he seemed the most negligent." He subsequently attributed his success in making so durable an arrangement to the care he took, in framing the articles of the treaty, to employ terms with the exact meaning given to them in American treaties. The rule is a good one for Bulwer's successors. John Crampton, who enjoys the distinction of being the second of the three British Ministers dismissed by the Washington Government, was appointed in 1852. He never made himself acceptable to the Americans, and during the Crimean War he was charged with enlisting men to serve in the war. This he denied, but the tenor of his despatches when laid before Parliament gave offence to President Pierce and when Downing Street refused to recall him, he was summarily dismissed. Even Lord Palmerston thought this affront hardly warranted war, and the Government contented itself with defending Crampton's conduct and expressing regret at the unfriendly attitude of the President. After some delay, Lord Napier was chosen Minister, but his stay in Washington was short and uneventful and he gave way in 1859 to the justly praised Lord Lyons.

The approaching civil war was now casting its baleful shadow over the Union. Lord Lyons showed perfect comprehension of the situation. He knew that a strong and moderate-

minded American element was well disposed toward England. But this element did not control the Government or rule the country. "I should hardly say," he wrote to the Foreign Secretary, "that the bulk of the American people are hostile to the old country, but I think they would rather enjoy seeing us in difficulties." To deal with this human sentiment, his two watchwords were—caution and firmness. He soon had need of both. When Lincoln selected Seward as his Secretary of State, the British Minister knew he had to deal with a man who would invoke foreign quarrels to stave off war at home. The story of how Lyons showed such forbearance and sympathy in presenting England's demand for the liberation of Mason and Slidell, that the reply and apology were given within the seven days allowed, is too well-known to require re-telling. Two facts, often mis-stated, should be borne in mind about the "Trent" affair. It was Lord John Russell's suggestion that Lyons should first go to Seward without the despatch and break the unpleasant news in a tactful interview. The second point of importance is that the despatch was couched in grave and dignified terms so that a great and distracted nation could retreat without humiliation. Seward who had gone about threatening to fight the South with one hand and the Powers of Europe with the other had to climb down. But he paid a handsome tribute to the British Minister for the courtesy and consideration shown in handling the business.

Lord Lyons inspired liking and confidence—a useful quality in a diplomatist. His sterling truthfulness and simplicity were safeguards against intrigue and duplicity, and in social life, despite his indifference to the other sex, he was a favourite. On the score of his bachelorhood he was beset by gentle chaff and a determined attempt to get him married. "The American women," he wrote to a friend, "are undoubtedly very pretty, but my heart is too old [forty-three]

and too callous to be wounded by their charms. I am not going to be married either to the fascinating accomplished niece of the President, or to the widow of a late Foreign Minister, or to any other maiden or relict to whom I am given by the newspapers." A royal personage (not Queen Victoria) presented a sort of ultimatum to him that he should marry one of her ladies-in-waiting. With the trained alertness of his profession, he asked for and obtained a twenty-four hours' reprieve, and thus secured time to refuse. When he waited upon Lincoln with Queen Victoria's letter officially communicating the news of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Lincoln instantly remarked: "Well, Lord Lyons, all I can say is 'Go and do thou likewise'". Lyons told Sir Edward Malet, who was one of his secretaries at the Paris embassy during the Franco-German war, that there were "very few men who could keep secrets and next to no women".¹ Small wonder that he died unmarried.

The choice of a successor to Lord Lyons, who received for his services the thanks of his sovereign and an earldom, fell upon Sir Frederick Bruce, a younger brother of Lord Elgin. Elgin's success in negotiating the Canadian treaty of reciprocity in 1854 has been attributed in large measure, and not unfairly, to his social gifts and his comprehension of the American character. Certainly no Governor-General of Canada enjoyed greater popularity in Washington than he, with the possible exception of Lord Dufferin. Bruce's appointment was made in 1865 and there is reason to think that he possessed some of his brother's tactfulness, and would have proved equal to the trying period through which Anglo-American relations were about to pass. But his health was delicate and he died at Boston in 1867. The place was given to Sir Edward Thornton, who remained at Washington for the unusually long term of thirteen years, facing the crisis which followed the civil war, the menace of the fisheries dis-

pute, and the perplexity of other questions in which the interests of Canada were inseparably and sometimes embarrassingly bound up.

A close study of the past explains the cause of Canadian criticism of British diplomacy. A general indictment cannot be laid. In nearly every negotiation Canadian interests were guarded wisely and well. There are exceptions, such as Lord Ashburton's complaisance in 1843, because, whatever may have been the value of the "red line map", his tactics were timid and he was no match for Daniel Webster. The failure to press for the "Fenian claims" in 1871 was long a grievance. This was due to an error in the terms of reference, and the British Commission, of which Sir John Macdonald was a member, was not guilty of the omission. In the correspondence of Macdonald from Washington, which is one of the most striking features in the Memoirs by Sir Joseph Pope, the letters (written usually at the close of the day's sessions) undoubtedly betray irritation toward his fellow-negotiators. Sir John Macdonald expressly excepts the British Minister, Sir Edward Thornton, from weakness during the proceedings, although he blames him for forgetting to include the Fenian claims.

Then, nearer to our own day, is the Alaskan boundary award. A furious outcry arose at the time. In all the boundary disputes, a fatal defect in our case has been the slowness of Canada to occupy, settle, and hold doubtful territory. But, acting for ourselves, could we have driven better bargains than Britain made for us? An impartial survey of a century's diplomacy proves conclusively that we could not have done so. This is the practical obstacle to an independent Canadian Minister at Washington. The prestige and authority of Great Britain, with her unconquered arms, are our buckler and our shield. The Canadian representative would wield no more power than the agent of a small South American republic.

¹ Shifting Scenes. By Sir Edward Malet.

The Washington Treaty of 1871 was denounced with equal indignation in Great Britain and Canada. Sir John Macdonald's Ministry was shattered to pieces over it in 1872. Yet, for us, it turned out eventually a complete success. The fishermen of our Atlantic coast were pleased with its fishery clauses, and when in 1877 an international tribunal sat at Halifax to adjust claims for the inshore poaching of American fishermen, Canada was awarded five and a half millions of money. We had cried out before we were hurt, as our pleasant custom is. The Alabama Award was England's loss and that injustice in the treaty was no concern of Canada.

Since Sir Edward Thornton's time the British representatives have been Lord Sackville-West, Lord Pauncefoot (in whose day the mission was raised to the dignity of an embassy), Sir Michael Herbert, Sir Mortimer Durand, Viscount Bryce, and Sir Cecil Spring Rice. With one exception, these names are associated with wise diplomacy, a thorough understanding between the two countries, and a discriminating comprehension of Canada's place in negotiations that affect her. The exception is Sackville-West, whose single excursion into the stormy seas of United States politics led to confusion and his own undoing. When President Cleveland was closing his first term of office in 1888 and was again a presidential candidate, he developed an unexpected passion for free trade. What more certain than that the economic pundits of England were luring him on to the destruction of American industrialism? Was not that ancient bogey "British gold" at the bottom of it all? While the nation burned with surprise and suspicion, an innocent letter reached the British Minister from California. The writer claimed to be a puzzled Englishman who had become a citizen of the United States. He wanted advice upon how to vote for the enlightenment of himself and others. The trap was devised, so report said, by a clever

newspaper reporter in Los Angeles. The British Minister fell into it headlong and wrote the following indiscreet reply:

Sept. 13th, 1888.

Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 10th instant and beg to say that I fully appreciate the difficulty in which you find yourself in casting your vote. You are probably aware that any political party which openly favoured the Mother Country at the present moment would lose popularity and that the party in power is fully aware of this fact. The party, however, is, I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly relations with Great Britain and is still as desirous of settling all questions with Canada which have been unfortunately reopened since the retraction of the treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate and by the President's message to which you allude. All allowances must, therefore, be made for the political situation as regards the Presidential election thus created. It is, however, impossible to predict the course which the President will take should he be elected; but there is every reason to believe that while upholding the position he has taken he will manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing with the question involved in his message. I enclose an article from the New York Times of August 22nd, and remain yours faithfully

L. A. SACKVILLE-WEST.

This embarrassing document was made public a few days before the election. It put the finishing touches to Cleveland's discomfiture. No one appeared to be more surprised than Lord Sackville-West that a few friendly words should be taken amiss by both parties. The Administration notified him that he was no longer acceptable and that no more business would be transacted with him. He was the third British Minister to be summarily ejected from the country, and there is every reason to believe that he will be the last. These events are thirty years old and now seem almost incredible in the light of the changes that have occurred and the new spirit that prevails. The post of British Ambassador at Washington is as important in the interest of the Empire as the office of Foreign Secretary.

A MARRIED BACHELOR

BY J. S. FLETCHER

IT had been threatening to rain all that summer afternoon, and now, as Hesleton turned out of the high road into the by-lane which made a short cut to his farmstead, the overcharged clouds broke, and the splashing drops came down with a fury that was almost torrential. He was still a good half mile from home, and he ran for a shed that stood in one of his own meadows not far from the wayside, a shed primarily intended as a shelter for cattle and sheep. By the time he had reached it his shoulders were drenched, and recognizing for a moment that the downfall might be more than a passing shower, he hesitated as to whether or not he should make a dash for home. Then, remembering that he was no longer a very young man, and not fitted to sprint a few hundred yards, he entered the shed, and taking off his shooting jacket shook away the glittering drops that had clung there.

Unlighted, save by a narrow doorway from the meadow side, the shed was very dark. Having no need for its specific use until winter came on, Hesleton had caused it to be filled that summer with hay from an adjacent field, and there was accordingly now little room in it. But he knew that a disused corn-bin stood in a far corner, and being tired after a long walk over his land he went to it and sat down in the darkness to listen to the rain spattering upon the red tiles above his head and to ruminate on

the chances of the coming harvest. And he said to himself with a grim laugh that while he wanted rain for his turnips, he certainly wanted sunshine and plenty of it for his corn.

"That's the worst of being a farmer," he said, half aloud, "you want all sorts of weather at the same time. And you can't have 'em."

A woman's voice flurried, excited, interrupted his train of thought. He heard the gate of the meadow through which he himself had just passed close with a sharp clang; then came the sound of feet scurrying through the wet grass, and two women, whom he recognized as belonging to the village, hurried into the shed and paused, gasping, just within the entrance.

"Well, and I'm sure, Sarah Brewis, to think that it should come down like this here, and us both out without umbrellas!" exclaimed one woman, a stout and red-cheeked matron who got her breath with difficulty after her hasty retreat to the shed. "And fine as it were—when we set off from home this morning!"

The other woman, a smaller replica of the first, made no immediate reply. For the moment she was busily engaged in dashing the raindrops from her gown with the aid of her pocket handkerchief.

"Aye," she said at last, in a half commiserating voice, "and me with my best merino on! Howsomever, if it doesn't do us no good, it'll do good to the land, Mary Gough. Our Thomas were saying this morning that they want rain for the turnips."

"Why, it's an ill wind that blows nobody some good," said Mrs. Gough, "and as long as we've got to wait—for I'm none going to spoil my best bonnet—we may as well seat ourselves. It's a long time since I sat myself on a hay-mow. Let's see, this here shed is in Mestur Hesleton's land, isn't it?"

"It's his Ten-Acre Meadow," assented Mrs. Brewis.

Mrs. Gough seated herself in the hay, took a paper of ginger-nuts from her market basket, offered it to her companion, helped herself, and began to munch contentedly. Suddenly she sighed.

"Aye, poor Mestur Hesleton!" she said. "I'm sorry for him—I'm afraid there's trouble in store. Of course he's rather high-and-mighty gentleman, and thinks hisself a bit above most in these parts, but he's none a bad 'un, and I don't like to see trouble come to nobody, Sarah Brewis, especially when it's in family matters."

"What, you mean that young Mennill is coming home again?" said Mrs. Brewis.

"Aye, for sure!" replied Mrs. Gough. "For you've got to remember, Sarah, that Mestur Hesleton's a good five-and-twenty year older nor what his missis is, and we all know—if he doesn't—that her and young Dan Mennill were sweethearts before Dan went off to foreign parts."

"Oh, aye, everybody knows that!" said Mrs. Brewis.

"Aye, and they'd ha' been wed if Dan had only had the brass," continued Mrs. Gough. "You needn't tell me—the lass wedded Hesleton because he were a rich man. Her folk were poor enough. And I'm sure nobody can say, looking at 'em, that there's much signs of love atween 'em. Have you ever noticed 'em going to church—their faces is as cold as them stone images in the church porch. She didn't look like that when her and young Dan used to go courting!"

Mrs. Brewis dived into the depths of her market basket and produced a small flat bottle. She withdrew the cork.

"Take a drop, Mary," she said. "It's cold to the stomach sitting in this shed. Aye, well, of course, we shall see what we shall see. It would have made a deal of difference naturally, if there'd been any childer. When a woman's got childer to one man, it's not oft that she thinks ought about another."

"No, and she hadn't need!" exclaimed Mrs. Gough, returning the bottle and smacking her lips. "Take another ginger, Sarah. Aye, as you say, we shall see what we shall see. But they say she's left a deal to herself is young Mrs. Hesleton, for Mestur Hesleton's a busy man, and he's a handsome lad, is Dan Mennill, and now he's in foreign parts he'll have a way with him, no doubt, that'll be very agreeable to young ladies. And it all comes to this here, Sarah, as I've heard my poor mother say many a time—it doesn't do for May to wed with December, no, nor with September neither, so there!"

The rain ceased at last; the women took up their baskets and went away; the skies cleared and the sun came out, but Hesleton sat in his dark corner of the shed, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, thinking. He was looking back, trying to understand, to realize, to fathom, something that had never presented itself to him before.

It was just three years since he had come, a stranger, to the village, come to enter on the tenancy of the largest farm in the neighbourhood. He was a rich man, a man of some importance and his advent had been hailed with general satisfaction, for he brought a reputation with him from another part of the county. Before long he was on the Board of Guardians; a churchwarden, and a county magistrate. Men knew him for a man of vast energy and great administrative ability; it was wonderful, they said, what a lot of work John Hesleton could crowd into one day. Within a year of his coming he had found time to do all sorts of things—amongst them, to marry.

Looking back upon it now, in the light of what the two gossiping women had said, he began to wonder how it was that his marriage had come about so quickly. He was forty-seven years of age when he came to the village, and he had never had time to consider the idea of taking a wife. But on the first Sunday after his arrival he had fallen head over ears in love with Letty Cray, the daughter of Cray, the corn-miller, a girl of twenty who was acknowledged to be the beauty of the neighbourhood. And six months later they had been married.

He could scarcely remember now if there were, or were not, any incidents of their engagement — courtship it could not be called, since all was done in such a strict and formal manner. He remembered that he used to spend several evenings a week at the corn-miller's house. He remembered that in due time he proposed for Letty to her father and mother. He remembered that they had given their consent without hesitation or question — and that the mother had asked him not to speak to the girl herself for at any rate a week or two. And he remembered, finally, that when he had spoken Letty had accepted his proposal quietly; there had been, now that he came to think of it at this distance of time, something of the air of a business transaction about the whole matter.

As he rose from the old corn-bin John Hesleton also brought back to his recollection the fact that within a month of their marriage, Letty's father, Simon Cray, had borrowed from him a thousand pounds wherewith to pay off a mortgage on his corn-mill. And when he thought of that Mrs. Gough's words came into his mind — "The lass wedded Hesleton because he was a rich man!"

He pulled himself together at last, and leaving the shed went slowly towards his farmstead. For the first time in his life there was something in his heart and brain which had never been there before. He had a sincere, a true devotion to the girl who was

his wife, and it had never come into his head to even wonder if she had had lovers before him. But now—who was this Dan Mennill? He knew a family of Mennills, farmers, on the outskirts of the village. The father was a confirmed sot; the son at home was a little better; the two daughters were loud and flashy. Surely this Dan would not be any relation of theirs. And yet—what else could he be? And if it were true, as the women said, that he and Letty had been lovers, why had she never told him, her husband, of it? But he did not pursue that thought; something elementary within him told him that he was not sufficiently skilled in femininity to feel sure whether it was to expect Letty to lay bare all her soul to him. And he suddenly gave himself a vigorous shake.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "What a fool I am to attach any importance to the idle gossip of a couple of old women! As if Letty wasn't only too well content with her life!"

Then he dismissed the subject from his mind, and strode briskly homeward. He looked with proud eyes at the substantial farmstead with its well-kept buildings, well-stocked orchard, trim gardens, and general air of prosperity — what woman, he thought, being mistress of that, would exchange it for—what? The same thought was in him as he stepped into the entrance hall—there on one side was the best parlour, bright and cheery with books and pictures and with the fine piano which he had given his wife for a wedding present; there on the other was the dining-room, and everything that was comfortable, and the table set for a high tea. All that, he said, meant home, and women cared, in his opinion, for nothing so much as for home. That, at any rate, was what he had been taught.

His wife was waiting tea for him; he thought she had never looked prettier, but he forgot to tell her so. They ate and drank together after their usual fashion; she politely interested in his accounts of his day's do-

ings; he talking of the weather, the crops, the prospects of harvest, what duties he would have at Quarter Sessions or at the next meeting of the Guardians. He was a great talker, and of the sort who never take the trouble to see if their subjects of conversation are agreeable, and his monologue invariably revealed his bachelorhood of long standing, and Hesleton was sublimely unconscious of it.

He lighted a cigar as soon as tea was over, and, having put out of his mind the old women's gossip, began to whistle between the puffs of smoke. For a moment he stood gazing out of the window over the smooth lawns of the garden. And suddenly his wife spoke.

"Shall you be very busy to-night, John?" she asked.

"Busy? Why?" he said.

"I—I thought perhaps you would take me for a drive," she said.

"I'm going to be very busy," he said. "I've got to give Martin all his orders for to-morrow, and I'm expecting Stevenson, the pig-buyer, about those young pigs, and then I've got the week's books to go through, and after that I've the Highway accounts to check. But you shall go, in your pony-carriage, Letty; I'll tell Bill to harness the pony at once."

She had no wish to go alone, but the pony and carriage had been his last birthday present to her, and it seemed ungenerous not to use it. So she acquiesced, and went off to get ready, and Hesleton presently saw her drive away into the summer evening. His only thought was that it was good to be able to give her all these things. Then he turned away to find his foreman with whom he was busy for an hour. Then came the pig buyer, a bluff, plain-spoken man, who from long acquaintance with the objects of his merchandise had come to resemble them somewhat in personal appearance. Their business in the yard over, Hesleton, after the usual custom, invited him into the house to take a glass of spirits.

"Tell ye what, Hesleton," said the

pig-buyer in his blunt fashion, "yon's a right smart little pony and carriage 'at your missis drives—Gow, it is so!"

"Oh, you've seen it, have you?" said Hesleton carelessly, pushing a box of cigars towards his guest.

"Aye, I passed her at the Four Cross Roads—she'd stopped to speak to that there young Dan Mennill, as has just come home fro' foreign parts," answered the pig-buyer. "Tell 'ee what, there's no doubt 'at travillin' does improve the young 'uns—he were allus a fine lad, Dan, but he's changed into a right strappin,' handsome man and no mistak'. But of course, ye wouldn't know him—he'd gone when ye cam'."

"Is he one of the Mennills of Low End?" asked Hestleton.

"Aye, but very different fro' any on 'em," answered the pig-buyer. "Varry different—might be another stock. Now about that theer Berkshire boar o' yours, Hesleton?—d'ye want to sell him? 'Cos if you do—"

When the pig-buyer had concluded his business and gone, Hesleton got out his account books, and sat down to his desk. For some reason which he could not explain the figures seemed to have no meaning, and he had done nothing with them when Letty returned, a little later. He did not look at her as she came into the parlour, but affected to be busy with the books.

"Had a nice drive?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, almost indifferently.

"See anybody?"

These were the two questions he invariably put to her when she came in from a solitary drive.

"I met Dan Mennill, who has just come home from India," she said, just as indifferently. "He arrived this afternoon."

"I didn't know there was a Dan Mennill," said Hesleton.

"He went before you came," she answered. "We were all boys and girls together, but I should scarcely have known him."

"I hope he is not like his brother—or his father," said Hesleton.

"Anything but," she said. "You would like him, John—I have asked him to call."

Then she went upstairs to take off her things, and Hesleton went on with his books, wondering. Those gossiping old women! Were their words true, or was it——

The rest of that evening passed, as most evenings passed with them. Hesleton, mastering the strange feelings which had come upon him, settled down to his books and papers; his wife took up her needlework. At half-past nine the maid-servant brought in the supper tray; while he munched his sandwiches and drank his ale, Hesleton talked of the bargains which he had just made about the pigs, Letty, as usual, listening politely to his enthusiasm about the quality of his stock. Then he turned to his desk again, and Letty once more took up her work. But after a while she let it drop on her knee, and she sat thinking . . . and looking into far distances. Once or twice she turned and glanced at her husband, and she repressed what might have been a heavy sigh.

At ten o'clock Letty rose, put her work away, and going over to Hesleton's desk bent down and kissed his forehead.

"Good-night, John," she said.

Hesleton turned and patted her arm—it was a trick of his which had always amused her—it made her think of the way in which he patted his favourite horse.

"Good-night, dear, good-night," he said. "I'll get through as quickly as I can. Get to sleep, Letty, get to sleep."

She moved away to the parlour door, knowing very well that he would stay up for two hours yet. He would finish his work; then he would put on his slippers; then he would light a cigar; then he would mix himself a whisky-and-soda and then he would settle down to read. He had done these things for nearly thirty years every night, and she supposed he would go on doing them for ever.

Married, he was still a bachelor in habit. Something prompted her that night to turn back, and to lay her hand on his arm.

"John"! she said.

Hesleton looked up, surprised.

"What is it, Letty?" he said, utterly unconscious of the wistful look in her eyes.

"I—I wish I could help you with all those papers and books," she said. "Don't you think I could?"

Hesleton laughed.

"Nonsense, little woman!" he exclaimed. "Why should you bother yourself with such things?"

She lingered, looking at him with yet another expression which he did not understand.

"But, John," she said, "isn't it— isn't it lonely for you to sit up by yourself? Would you not like me to sit up with you?"

Hesleton laughed again, and again patted her arm.

"I'll take care you don't child," he said. "I'm not going to have you robbed of your beauty sleep! Lonely! — why, I've got all the papers to read."

She went away, and Hesleton once more turned to his desk. But he suddenly laid down his pen and staring at nothing began to think. Was she dissatisfied? He grappled with this problem for some minutes, and then tossed it aside. Impossible! How could any woman be dissatisfied who had a comfortable home, with everything she wanted, servants, her own pony-carriage, a fine piano, a croquet lawn, gowns, fal-lals, everything, and a defined and good position? Impossible! And locking up his desk he lighted a cigar, mixed himself a drink, and took up the little pile of papers which he had been too busy to look at during the day.

When he went to bed that night Hesleton, shading the candle with his hand, stood for a moment looking at his sleeping wife. She looked a little more than a girl as she lay there with her hair spread out over her pillow, and for a moment he remembered

what old Mary Gough had said about her looks when she and Dan Mennill used to go courting. Courting! He strode away from the bed and set the candle down, and taking out his watch began to wind it with sharp jerks. Letty had been perfectly emotionless as she told of her meeting with Mennill. And yet Mennill was young and he was old, even if he was scarcely December to Letty's May. Then, while thinking of these things in a vague, indefinite way, he suddenly remembered an important transaction which would engage his attention in the morning, and he turned instinctively to it, and was still considering it when he fell asleep.

It was Hesleton's habit—a curious one for a farmer, but one which had grown upon him during his bachelor days—to rise at a late hour. He had a trick of waking at half-past six, of holding a brief conversation with his foreman (who from long experience was perfectly cognizant of all his master's little ways) through the bedroom window, and of then retiring to his couch again to sleep until he was minded to rise. This habit had originated in the other habit of sitting up very late, and Letty, whom it had at first surprised greatly, was by this time assured that it was one which her husband would never break off. But on this particular morning, partly because of his business engagement, partly because he awoke wide awake, Hesleton rose at for him an unusually early hour, with the result that by the time afternoon arrived and dinner was over he felt the need of a nap. It was his practice to walk out over his land in the afternoon, and had got as far as the end of his garden with this intention when drowsiness overtook him. He turned into a summer house which he had built when he came to the farm, and stretching himself out in one of the big basket chairs which were kept there fell fast asleep.

It was a hot June afternoon, and the languorousness of it, and the hum of bees in their hives and amongst the flowers, the cooing of wood-pigeons in

the coppice close by, and the murmur of a tiny stream that flowed at the edge of the garden helped to keep Hesleton sleeping longer than he had intended. He woke suddenly, to realize that voices were at hand, and becoming wide awake he heard Letty talking to someone, a man, whose voice was unfamiliar. Then he took in the situation—outside the summer house, facing a mimic waterfall, was a rustic bench, on which his wife and her companion were evidently sitting, unconscious of his close neighbourhood. And their voices sounded clearly through the open windows. Letty was speaking when Hesleton realized matters.

"I hope you'll be very happy, Dan," she said.

"Sure to be—at least it'll be my fault if I'm not!" said the man's voice heartily. "She's a brick—a real good 'un, Letty."

It was a strong, clear voice—the voice of a man of courage and action; something in it was expressive of cheery determination.

"I suppose you've got a portrait of her, Dan?" asked Letty.

"Down at home—yes. I'll bring it up next time I come," answered the man's voice. "I wonder what you'll think of her."

Letty laughed.

"Never mind what I think of her, Dan," she said. "The only important thing is what you think of her."

"Oh, of course, I think no end of her," exclaimed the man. Then with a nervous laugh, he continued, "I say, Letty, now that you're married, you might give a fellow some tips about—well, about what a woman expects—I mean what she wants in a husband. After all, you know, we men are such asses—we don't understand lots of things."

Letty laughed again—a shrewd listener would have detected a certain note in that laughter which was not of mirth.

"There's only one thing that a woman wants in her husband, Dan," she said in a low voice.

"Only one? Then that's—love, eh?"

"That's all," she answered.

"Nothing else?"

"That's all," she repeated.

"What about pretty frocks, and plenty of money, and—?"

"Don't, Dan!" she said. "That's nonsense. A woman likes nice things, but they're—nothing. If you want my advice—tips—as you call it—let your wife see every hour that you love her, and then she'll be happy, even if she's only one gown to her back. And give her as much of your company as you can—don't leave her alone."

There was something very earnest in Letty's tone, and her companion made no answer. For a moment or two there was silence; then Letty spoke again.

"Come round to the poultry run, Dan, and I'll show you my prize Dorkings," she said.

Hesleton heard them rise and go away, and after a moment or two left the garden and went over his land. And as he passed from field to field he thought deeply about things which had never occurred to him before.

He went home at tea-time to find his wife and Dan Mennill playing croquet in the garden. For Letty there came a surprise—Hesleton was usually extremely reserved in the presence of strangers; on this occasion he seemed to throw off all restraint, and to exert himself to do honour to a guest. He pressed Mennill to stay to tea and supper, made much of him, talked to him about his travels, and when he left late in the evening ac-

companied him to the end of the garden, and asked him to come again.

Letty was in the parlour when he went back, putting away her work-basket. Hesleton went up to her and put his arm around her. A quick flash of colour came into her face as she turned and looked at him, and saw something new in his eyes.

"Letty!" he said softly.

"Yes, John?" she said.

"Letty, I was in the summer house this afternoon when you and Mennill were talking. I'd been asleep—you woke me."

"Yes?" she said.

He released his hold of her, and dropping heavily into a chair bowed his head upon his hand.

"I heard what you said," he went on, "about — about what a woman wants. I'm afraid I'm — not what I ought to be. I expect I'm nothing but an old bachelor still! It's hard to get out of confirmed habits—and no doubt I'm selfish, and perhaps don't think. I always was dense about women. But, oh, Letty, I love you!"

She was on her knees at his side by that time and had got her arms around him, and she pulled his head down to hers and began to rock him as if he had been a baby. And Hesleton began to understand much.

"John!" she whispered after a long silence. "John!"

"Yes?" he said.

"John!—there's—there's going to be another bond between us!"

Then Hesleton, clasping her to him, understood more.



THE PRICE

By ANNE ROBINSON

THE song of little birds at early dawn,
 The gleaming of the dew at break of day,
 The creeping shadows on the sheltered lawn,
 The opening of the jewel buds of May,
 The rareness of the poet's day in June,
 The bloom of summer and its noise of rills,
 The quivering stillness of the golden noon,
 The glory of the sun on western hills!

All these I knew and loved with heart at rest,
 For life was sweet, and this old earth was good,
 And soft and warm each bird had built its nest
 In the deep stillness of the sheltering wood.

And then you came! Oh, son of morning star!
 Oh, music of the spheres! Oh, bush of flame!
 A wonder and a glory from afar,
 A miracle, a new and unknown name!
 Had life been sweet? 'Twas now all cloth of gold,
 A pageant and a pomp all song and mirth,
 Behind the lifted beauty of your face
 I saw the shining soul of all the earth!

And then you went your way. With eyes grown blind
 I strove to see the glory on the hills.
 With trembling hands, I searched again to find
 The laving coolness of the little rills.
 Oh, common things, bring back your sober peace!
 Teach me again to walk the old-time way!
 Nay, sun from sky, and soul from earth; yea, these
 For love of love, I laugh—a small price to pay.





LADY MINTO

From the Painting by
Robert Harris,
in the permanent collection
of the Montreal Art Association



Dyeing wool, rural Quebec

BUBBLE, BUBBLE, BUBBLE

BY VIRGINIA HAYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON



FROM early spring until late in the fall, by every highway and by-path of rural Quebec, and almost as generally in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, the visitor happens upon many a housewife turning into multitudinous service a great iron pot or cauldron, neatly suspended from a log or perched skilfully between two heaps of field-stones.

These wayside cauldrons of eastern Canada, with their constant fires, and their contents always "a-bubble, bubble, bubble", unlike the witches' pot

on the heath of auld Scotia with its song of "trouble", are to our countryside emblematical not of disaster but of a wonderful domestic prowess that is far-reaching indeed in its scope and effect upon our national life.

For although many of these wayside pots are common-place-looking affairs in themselves, the crudest and least artistic of them represents the individuality and the effort of some man or woman who stands behind it, who fathers the thought of it and the work it is intended to aid in accomplishing.



A familiar scene in eastern Canada

Even when you pass one of these out-of-door pots, whose fires are extinct until wash-day or dyeing day comes round again, one unconsciously feels at once through the pot's suggestion that in that little farm-house, over there by the barn, dwells a woman with initiative, some strong capable soul—some mother of invention—who turns every simple object at her command into a tool of service.

Investigation of the pots in active service reveals a long list of different works which this one utensil is able to accomplish. The Quebec habitant woman graciously informs madame, that by means of the pot she accomplishes the great wash for her *grande famille*, that in it she dyes her home-grown wool clipped from the sheep grazing over there on the Laurentian

hillsides. After every operation she scrubs the interior of the pot thoroughly, so that though one day it accomplishes the dyeing, the next it may be used to heat the water for M'sieu to convert the big porker into winter meat for the family, etc.

Madame's faith in the great pot is expressed in her tones. To her mind the pot is indispensable on every well-regulated farm, an absolute necessity in every household. The very children take it for granted. The wood-pile and the pot-by-the-running-brook are as natural objects of the landscape as the blue-mountains or *La Chute de Montmorenci*.

Moreover, the pots are more than this in their *enfant* days. The youngest child of Old Quebec looks upon work *avec plaisir*. To little French-



A typical French-Canadian rural scene

Canadian children what we are pleased to call work is the highest form of play. Every child and nearly all grown-ups love to build and keep going, a wood-fire out-of-doors. The great pots of Quebec and Nova Scotia give children an opportunity to serve

and to serve with pleasure. A group of them runs about and gathers the chips and the flotsam and jetsam yielded by the nearby steam, or fallen branches from the trees while an older girl pushes the various contributions of



A real old-timer

wood into the bright and cheery bonfire under the pot that with the strange faculty of inanimate things often takes on a look of enjoying it all as much as the children. Thus wash-day or soap-making day becomes to these eastern households a sort of picnic. Many hands make light work, and madame of the *grande famille* of sixteen or eighteen children accomplishes her wash of seventy-five to a hundred pieces with signal ease and entirely without complaint through the pot's assistance—the pot that hangs under the blue skies above the glowing coals—the out-of-door pot that magnetizes the willing hands of natural children.

Dye-pots, wash-pots, soap-pots are essentially and quite naturally enough presided over by women. These things come under "women's work". Such pots, as I have hinted above, have their positions determined by the presence of some small brook that runs through the farm. The place of the pot of necessity follows the vagaries of the brook. ("If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain".) Thus it follows that the eastern Canadian wayside pot may be situated near the house or several hundred yards away in some pasture through which the brook flows. The pot is carried to the water, but the water is never brought



Washing by the brookside in rural Quebec

to the pot, which is a thing to remember. Our Canadian women are canny! And, the farther away from home the pot stands, the more of a picnic soap-making day becomes for both mother and children. The ways of these wayside pots are past finding out to the casual man or woman driving these rural ribbon-roads of the Laurentides, unless this is remembered. For one pot may be so close to the road as to cause his horse to shy, while the next may be off in a field with no house in sight, and still another may be lost to sight down some stony river-gorge the ascending smoke alone telling the tale. But apart from the dye-pots and their sisters there is yet another

class of pot found near the sea-coast regions. Pots that play equally as important a part in the upbuilding of our Canadian life. These are the tar-pots, the lead-pots, the seal-oil pots, etc., necessary to the fishing industry of our extensive Gulf of St. Lawrence and Atlantic coast. These pots differ too from the first class in that these are presided over by men and boys. From Percé to Digby, the shore-road throughout its many hundreds of miles via Cape North and Halifax is "the way of the out-of-door pot" no less than "the road of fish".

When the magnitude and the significance of this is realized, it is easily seen that these out-of-door pots hold



Keeping the kettle boiling

in their iron sides considerable power over our national industries and our national life.

The sea-side pot is a sort of free-lance. It is a man's affair, often wearing a sort of devil-may-care expression, no doubt produced by environment. When the Nor'easter freshens to a gale it may strike the old pot abeam, just as at sea it strikes his master's schooner. But the pot never capsizes any more than the schooner's seams, which the tar-pot tarred, open. So the old pot squints an eye to windward and laughs in the face of the dun cloud and the freezing spume, knowing dory will come again to him for tar.

What fisherman can go after King

Cod or any other fish without "a sinker," and a heavy one, for his deep-water lines?

So the beach-pot is also a lead-pot. Any bit of lead, sheet-lead that lines tea-boxes, any old scrap however small the old-timer saves and consigns to the magic pot.

The king of the sea-board pots, in point of size is the dye-pot. In use for cooking the concoction of spruce-bark employed to dye the seines the pretty art-brown, which coast-fishermen consider the perfection of camouflage against the piercing "submarine eye" of the silver herring—so necessary as bait.

A pot of net a-soak or men and boys spreading the wet net from the



Boiling seal oil, Magdalen Islands

pot on the beach-stones to dry is a common sight on any fishing-beach of our Maritime Provinces.

These pots presided over by the men are never kept as neat as the inland out-of-door pot presided over by the women and children of the family, but their usefulness is by no means outclassed.

Up in the Bay of Fundy, nature in the great tides of that region aids the work of the tar-pot. When the tide goes out, leaving the great bottoms of the plaster-carriers bound New Yorkward hard-and-dry, then the tar-pot aiding the indispensable oakum of the caulker, closes once for all and to a certainty, the seams that open, insur-

ing the delivery of the cargo, aiding in its humble way the success of Canadian trade, no less than the tar-pot of the Atlantic coast and its brother-worker the lead-pot aids Canadian production.

The seal-oil pot of Les Iles des Madeleines approaches nearest to our idea of the witches' cauldron. Standing on a narrow sand-pit by the road to Havre Aubert, the black-smoke and the dancing figure of the man a-stirring the oil and the odour and the gray sea, a stone's throw away on either hand, make a dramatic picture such as, I am sure, would be encountered on no other highway in the world.



HOW HENRI WON HIS MAPLE LEAF

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

IT was a cold, blowy day and black clouds chased each other across the sky. Henri had been trying to sail his kite, but the wind was too strong; it broke the string and away flew the kite across the river Marne and up, up till it vanished in the clouds. Then came a streak of lightning and Henri thought he saw his kite again, growing larger as he watched it till it changed into the form of an aeroplane. Round and round the great plane circled, lower and lower till it finally struck the earth, bumped across a ploughed field and came to a standstill.

Two young men in khaki jumped out and nervously examined the propeller, assuring themselves that no great damage had been done. Henri slipped behind a bush and watched them as they inspected their map attentively and looked about them. He could hear them talking earnestly in an unknown language. Perhaps they were Boche—if so they would probably kill him or cut off his hands: perhaps they were English or American, who were said to be very kind to children. The funny part of it was that the aeroplane looked French—Henri could see the tri-colour painted brightly on it. But that proved nothing,

for he had heard of a French plane that had recently landed by mistake behind the German lines and the enemy had come over in it next day to take photographs of the camps. The French soldiers had eyed it with suspicion, but as it unmistakably bore all the distinguishing features of the Allies' air-ships they could not attack it and before returning the enemy airman had dropped a note—Henri's uncle had picked it up and taken it to headquarters, so he knew it was so—and the note said:

"A thousand thanks for your gift. We regret that we cannot use the pilot but the aeroplane will be most useful."

This could well happen a second time. Henri could not remember the colour of the German uniform, but it might well be khaki, and anyway they could borrow uniforms as well as air-ships. If they were spies it was clearly his duty to take them prisoners. It would be difficult to do this single-handed, perhaps it would be better to run to the village for help. Henri looked at the stretch of bare fields behind him: he would be instantly seen if he ran and the officers might take alarm and fly away. Clearly he must act alone.

The young men were behaving in a very strange manner, Henri thought.

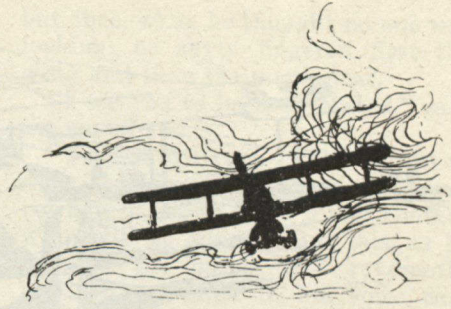
They opened the valve in their gasoline tank and drew off some of the precious liquid, then one of them produced a box of matches. They were going to set fire to the beautiful new French plane!

Henri ran swiftly, darted between the legs of the stooping aviator and gave the can of gasoline a violent kick, spilling its contents. Then he felt himself seized with Boche-like ferocity and dangled at the end of a strong khaki-clad arm.

"*Etes-vous francais?*" said a voice with a strange accent.

Henri had a brief impulse to save his life by denying his country, but he quickly put it from him and made a motion of assent, the choking collar of his apron preventing speech.

The pilot (Henri knew he was a pilot because he had a two-winged badge on his tunic) muttered something that sounded like, "Thank God", whatever that might mean. He set Henri gently on the ground again and held out his hand. He was a tall man with merry brown eyes and a wide row of white teeth, Henri wanted to make friends but he had often heard that the Huns are cunning. Perhaps this was one of their tricks; he



decided to take no risks and so drew back gravely.

"You are my prisoners, messieurs," he said.

The two young airmen looked at one another and laughed.

"What do you take us for?" they asked.

"Germans, messieurs," said the boy without hesitation.

"Then aren't you afraid?" asked the Observer (who had but one wing on his badge).

Henri trembled visibly but shook his head and the Pilot patted him on the back in a friendly manner.

"Its all right, old man, we're Canadians," he said.

"Canadians . . . Ah!" Henri examined them with interest, then his face clouded again. "Then why were you going to set fire to the beautiful French aeroplane?"

"We were afraid we might be in Germany—we lost our bearings in the storm—and we didn't want to present the enemy with a good airship as well as with our worthy selves, so we were taking precautions. If you had said you were German and we couldn't get away, you would have seen some fireworks. Now, do you want further proof or will you shake hands?"

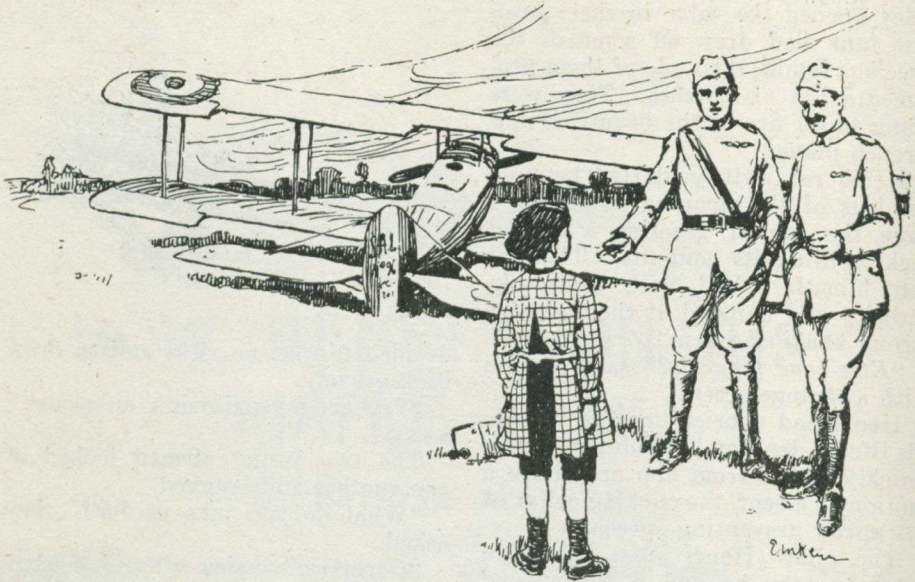
"Very willingly messieurs, and I beg your pardon," said Henri pulling off his cloth tam o'shanter.

"We may demand a service from you to compensate us for your unjust suspicions and the loss of our gasoline," said the Pilot. "Do you know the road to Y——?"



Emk

"He saw his kite again"



“ ‘Now, do you want further proof, or will you shake hands?’ ”

“Every house and every tree,” answered the boy.

“We have instructions to take this plane to the French aerodrome. If we go a mile too far we may land behind the German lines—and a mile is not far in the air. If we make another false landing we can’t reach our destination to-day, for our gasoline is pretty low. You’re sure you know Y——?”

“I was born there, messieurs. We came here in 1914 when the Germans captured it.”

“Very well, now jump in and we’ll see if we can start her up.”

They lifted Henri into the rear seat of the aeroplane and the Pilot climbed up in front, then the Observer gave the propeller a few turns, and when the engine started he jumped in beside Henri and the plane bumped over the ground, turned and rose, heading into the wind, then turned again and soared over the tree-tops till the fields looked like a patchwork quilt beneath them and the hills flattened into the plains, only roads and railroads stretched like ribbons to mark their course. Henri, looking sometimes over the side of the ship and some-

times through the glass window at his feet, shouted directions into the ear of the Observer, who repeated them through the speaking-tube to the Pilot in the seat in front, and in an unbelievably short space of time they landed safely in the great aerodrome of Y——.

The Commander of the French aerodrome rushed up to greet them. He had received instructions that the plane was on its way and feared some mishap.

“I was afraid you had got into Germany,” he said.

“We might have—if it hadn’t been for this young man. He surely deserves the rank of an Observer and, by the way, I’ve an extra badge in my pocket,” and he solemnly pinned the single wing on the front of Henri’s checkered apron.

“That’s all right, but I think he should be decorated for bravery as well,” said the Pilot, “I liked the way he prevented us from burning the ship and took us prisoners.”

Henri blushed. He was afraid the Canadians were laughing at him, but the Pilot looked very stiff and serious as he said:

"In the name of King George and Canada, I have the honour to award you the Order of the Maple Leaf," and he pinned a bronze badge beside the Observer's wing.

Then Henri saluted and the aviators saluted and even the French *commandant*, looking slightly puzzled, saluted too and asked if Henri would like to ride back with a service *camion* that was taking mechanics to an airship in trouble near his home.

So Henri rode back, sitting very straight and proud beside the driver,

but once, when he thought no one was looking, he shyly fingered first the wing and then the maple leaf.

"I see you've been decorated," said the chauffeur.

"Yes," said Henri. "This is just to show that I am an aviator observer, —when I get to be a Pilot another wing will be added. But this, as he touched the maple leaf reverently and with a catch in his voice continued, "this is a Canadian decoration much the same as our *Croix de Guerre*."

THERE IS ONE ALTAR *

BY DUDLEY H. ANDERSON

THERE is one altar where I bow me low,
 One priesthood fair to whom my soul confesses,
 Not where soft shafts of red and purple show
 On sculptured walls and saints in dim recesses,
 But childhood's shrine, whose little priests' long tresses
 Sweet brows of innocence and love o'erflow,
 And chubby, dimpled cheeks and artless dresses:
 Here little hands, all lifted up, bestow
 The simple sacrament of fond caresses,
 While ruddy lips and great round eyes do glow,
 Fair fonts of every rapture Heaven possesses:
 Here Earth's sad aisles to song and joyance grow,
 And I forget the year's dark underflow
 Of surge and sorrow that my soul oppresses.

*From the Merit Group in the National Literary Competition (Open Class).

ONTARIO'S NEW LEADER

BY JEAN GRAHAM



THE Province of Ontario had the political surprise of its life on October 21st, 1919, when it counted the votes, regarded the names of the successful candidates and wondered who would be premier. After decades of "straight party" government, when everyone seemed to be either a strong Liberal or an undiluted Conservative, there came the unrest of the Great War, followed by a year of political group-forming experiments. In June, 1914, Sir James Whitney's Government appealed to the province and was re-elected, with a large majority to comfort the leader whose race was nearing its finish. A few months later, Sir James Whitney passed away, and the leadership in the Legislature went to Sir William Hearst from Sault Ste. Marie, who held office during the stormy period of the war and made his appeal to the Province of Ontario on October 20th, associating the election with the referendum on the desirable percentage of Prohibition. The results showed, on the following morning, that Ontario is overwhelmingly in favour of Prohibition and distinctly weary of Party Government. The United Farmers of Ontario had a decided lead in the number of members elected, if not in the number of votes secured. Although Mr. E. C. Drury of Crown Hill, Ontario, the first president of the five-year-old U.F.O., had not been a candidate, he was chosen as leader by the U.F.O.-Labour party and was asked by His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, to form a Cabinet.

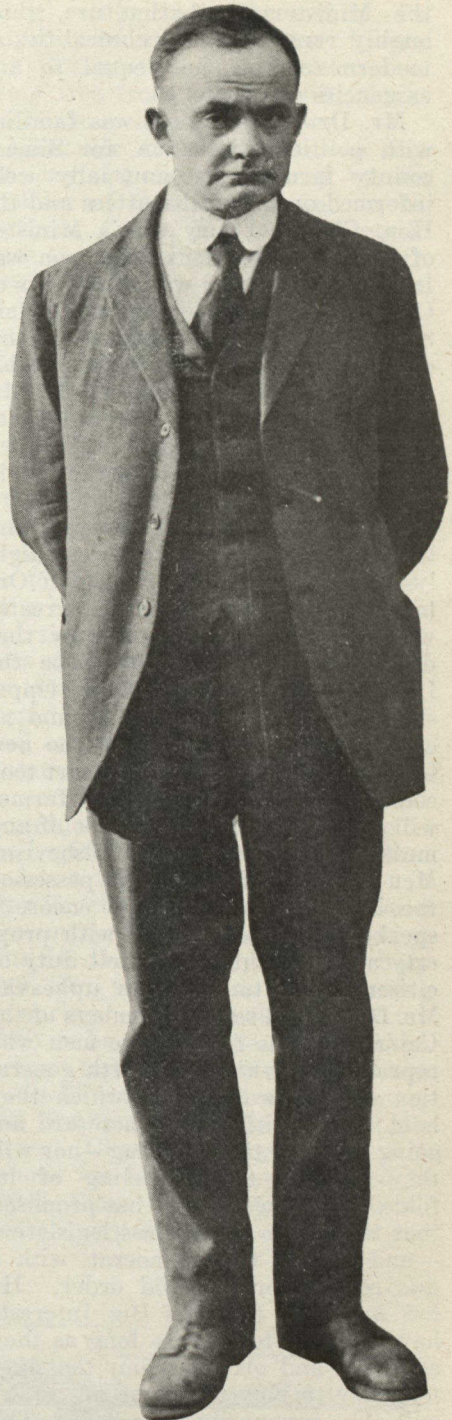
Since the first week of November, 1919, when Mr. Drury replied in the affirmative to His Honour's request, events have moved rapidly, the members of the new Ontario Cabinet being sworn in on November 14th, and suffering the usual ordeal from paragraphs and photographers. Naturally, a province accustomed to lifelong Liberals and encrusted Conservatives regards with keen curiosity the proceedings of the new Government and, indeed, the whole Dominion is deeply interested in the U.F.O. policy and the manner of its execution. The Ontario Cabinet refuses, however, to be flustered by all this observation and calmly awaits the opening of the Legislature.

Those who know the career of the new premier (who is but forty-one years of age) are aware that Mr. Drury is no stranger to political and economic subjects. A son of the late Hon. Charles Drury of Crown Hill, who was Ontario's first Minister of Agriculture, naturally inherits, not only efficiency in agriculture, but an interest in political problems. Our new premier attended the rural school and afterwards the Barrie Collegiate Institute, where he proved himself a good student, with a taste for mathematics and a gift for debate. Later, the future leader took the B.S.A. course at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, showing a capacity for hard work and clear thinking which led the college authorities to predict a career for the dark-eyed boy with a firm jaw. Mr. Manning Doherty, a young associate professor, interested himself in urging the Crown

Hill student to cultivate his gift for public speaking, with the result that Mr. Ernest Drury, before he was thirty years of age, was known beyond local circles as a fluent and effective speaker.

When the U.F.O. was formed five years ago, it did not take the agricultural authorities long to elect a president—and Mr. Drury became the first presiding officer over an organization which jolted Ontario out of the old political ruts and which is now making the politicians at Ottawa extremely thoughtful. It is one matter to tell the farmer that he is the backbone of the country and that without agriculture Canada would be a vain thing. It is entirely another, to elect the U.F.O. to the dimensions of a dominating party and to have a practical farmer as premier of Canada's wealthy Province of Ontario.

Naturally, the public has been filled with curiosity as to the make-up and intentions of the new Cabinet. There is a certain urban class, more provincial, in the unpleasant sense of that word, than any other; unto whom the farmer is an object of ridicule. The members of this "league of darkness" are utterly ignorant of the conditions of life on the modern farm and of the mental equipment of the men who are officers in the U.F.O. Nearly every well-sized farm-house now has a telephone and it is more than likely that there is a motor car to take the family into the nearest town within half an hour. The farmer, as he appears in town, is a well-dressed business man, and the whiskers, so prominent in cartoons and caricatures of Old Man Ontario, are not to be seen. In fact, it is rather amusing to note that the only bearded member of the new Cabinet is the Attorney-General, Mr. W. E. Raney, a citizen of Toronto. Wherefore, if any aspiring humourist tries to represent the group of legislators, of whom Mr. Drury is leader, as a band of ignorant and uncouth bushmen, he will find this joke both flat and false. Mr Manning Doherty, Mr. Drury's early oratorical inspiration, is



HON. E. C. DRURY
Ontario's New Farmer Premier

the Minister of Agriculture, thoroughly versed in the technicalities of modern farming and equal to any exigencies of debate.

Mr. Drury, as a boy, was familiar with political discussion, for Simcoe county farmers are unusually well-informed on political matters and the Hon. Charles Drury was a Minister of decided convictions. The son was familiar in boyhood with the works of Cobden and Bright and read Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" in his early college days. While favourable to the principles of Free Trade, Mr. Drury is not given to utter dependence on any particular tariff policy and is too shrewd to be a faddist in matters of finance.

At first, the lifelong Liberals and the die-hard Conservatives were highly disconcerted by the results of Ontario's voting, and wondered greatly what would become of this or that department and who would be the Leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. As the days went by and no calamity appeared to befall the new Government, the fearful of heart took comfort from the fact that the farmer will be an uncompromising foe of any measures resembling Bolshevism. Men whose forefathers have possessed the land are not given to encore a speaker who deals lightly with property and who thinks the first duty of citizenship is to cause an upheaval. Mr. Drury and several members of the Cabinet he has formed are men who represent the third or fourth generation on the broad acres which they hold. Such citizens as these are not going to salute the Red Flag—nor will they tolerate the unfurling of its folds. The new Premier has promised that there is to be no class legislation—and he is a true democrat, with a due regard for law and order. He has indicated that the Big Interests have nothing to fear, so long as they are good and obedient, but that any tendency to play the game of "grab" will be summarily checked. The manufacturer's needs have been a prime consideration for so many years

that the farmer need not apologize for chuckling when he considers himself in the light of a land magnate to whom the corporation authorities may find it expedient to defer. Tariff matters are, of course, outside provincial jurisdiction, but an Ontario election may serve to show which way the trade wind blows. Wherefore, it is no wonder that the Federal authorities are regarding Queen's Park, Toronto, with no ordinary concern.

The policy of Prohibition will be carried out in accordance with the expression of Ontario's desire in the matter of as rigid restriction of the liquor traffic as relations with the other provinces will allow. Mr. Drury is personally in favour of Prohibition—as, indeed, are most farmers in Canada. The country tavern has proved itself a nuisance and a curse, and the farmer has seen for himself that John Barleycorn usually holds the first mortgage on the old homestead. So, the blind pig is not to be tolerated in the Ontario farmyard.

The homestead in which the Drury family enjoys both work and play is surrounded by two hundred and fifty acres of as fine property as the heart of yeoman could desire. Mr. and Mrs. Drury are descendants of English pioneers, the ancestors of the former coming from Shakespeare's own County of Warwickshire. Mrs. Drury, whose maiden name was Ella Albena Partridge, is of Devonshire descent and belongs to a family well-known throughout Simcoe county. Two hundred of the acres belonging to Mr. Drury were owned by his great-grandfather; but the old home which was the abode of two generations is near "Kenilworth", the handsome red-brick residence built by the Hon. Charles Drury and now the country home of Ontario's premier. It was just fifteen years ago, in January, 1905, that the marriage of the present host and hostess of "Kenilworth" took place, and there are now five bright and happy children gladdening the big homestead and enjoying the free life of "God's own out-doors". There

are three boys and two girls: Charles, Varley, Beth, Mabel and Harold, as healthy and bonny children as ever loved a country home and disliked the prominence in which the father's political success has placed the household. The older boys protest against the publicity; and so would Harold if he were more than two-and-a-half and able to realize how hard a lot it is to be the son of a celebrity.

Crown Hill is a delightful spot in which to be born and grow up, a picturesque elevation just five miles from Barrie, the county town, which has all Kempenfelt Bay smiling before it, except in the winter time, when it affords such skating as only Canadian boys and girls can enjoy. The Penetang Road leads out past Crown Hill, as pleasant a highway as can be found in that land of lakes and woods fragrant with pine and cedar. By the way, the Premier has sounded a warning note regarding the good roads of Ontario. He seems to consider it more important that the farmer should have a desirable road whereby he may get his products to market than that the motoring rich should have a road *de luxe* on which many thousands are lavished, to make it a speedway for those to whom a road means more fun than business. It will be discovered, ere many months have gone, that the bad roads in the rural regions of Ontario had much to do with winning votes for the U.F.O.

While the newness of the present Ontario Cabinet gives rise to many a rumour as to possible revolutionary changes, its very quality of "untriedness" is an advantage to the Ministers, who cannot be approached by those who are old supporters of the party and who therefore demand or solicit

official recognition. The novelty of a Government that is neither Liberal nor Conservative has the charm of being free from the old political servitor who seeks a job.

Whatever the distractions or dissensions of political life may be, the Premier of Ontario will find in his home at Crown Hill a safe retreat from the turmoil of public life. Mr. Drury has the cheerfulness and sense of humour which make even the attacks of hostile evening papers a matter for philosophic diversion. In his home he will ever find a scene of happiness and content which will assure him that the Province of Ontario is still prosperous and smiling. Mrs. Drury, like her husband, belongs to Crown Hill and also attended the Collegiate Institute at Barrie, teaching for a short time before she became the wife of one of Crown Hill's most ambitious "boys". Mrs. Drury protests that her life has been most uneventful and that the public is concerned only with her husband's political career. However, the people of Ontario are naturally interested in the environment of the man who has so suddenly been given leadership in the Legislature, are glad to know that he has a true helper and comrade in his wife, that his children are devoted to country life, and that the Premier, himself, though always a very busy man, likes to go fishing on a morning in spring. His political lot is not likely to be an easy one, but he likes a difficult task, and those who know him best believe that his fairness, efficiency and firmness will make a record for Ernest Charles Drury which will honour his father's memory—and of which those three boys at "Kenilworth" may be proud.



THE CHANGING YEAR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THERE comes a pause, a hush upon the land,
 A standing-still beneath the golden sun.
 Hour into hour the drowsy moments run;
 And in the end of day, with night at hand,
 The bent, slow wagoner ascends the hill,
 The full fruition of the year his load,
 Walking beside great horses in the road,
 The world about, in purple shadows, still.

All this is the rich closing of the year,
 The quiet country with its great work done,
 Resting, and making pause, while, one by one,
 The slow leaves fall, and the brown limbs appear.
 'Tis still, 'tis beautiful; we feel it so,
 And, yet, we sadden as we homeward go.

NIGHT

By ARTHUR STANLEY BOURINOT

THE drummer sounds the summons to our room,
 The light-encircled play-ground soon lies bare
 And desolate, except where buildings loom,
 Limning their shadows on the vacant square.
 A gramophone grinds out a raucous song,
 And boisterous laughs resound along the halls.
 Now comes the muffling silence. Slowly throng
 The multitude of stars where darkness falls.
 Inside the room stentorian breathings sound,
 Or preparations made for nightly rest.
 Without the windows silence sleeps profound.
 Now comes the moon above the far hill's crest.
 Asleep the buildings seem in pallid light.
 Adream, we prisoners pass the peaceful night.



A WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by

Frank Carmichael.

Exhibited by the

Ontario Society of Artists

THE MYSTERY OF THE LACE VEIL

BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG



LAWRENCE RAND and I have a multitude of enemies, and for years we have walked daily in the shadow of danger. As a result of which, aroused by someone rapping on my door, I swung out of bed and caught up my revolver before I flung wide the door and saw in the hall Anton Werencki, one of the oldest and cleverest operatives in the Service.

"Mr. Rand is in Maryland, I know, but the chief wants to see you," he announced briefly.

I dressed, sent a telegram to Rand, and accompanied Werencki to Chief Stirling's room in the Hotel Bavaria.

"The matter is just this," explained that official, motioning us to chairs. "The Navy Department is making some experiments in steel which promise to be the greatest thing ever brought to light for use in building big guns. For weeks it has appeared as if the American navy was about to gain gun supremacy over the world. The work is proceeding in the navy-yard here, where a close guard can be kept. Now, Duncan, our puzzle is this: Though the twelve men who are engaged in the work are shut up as if they were in prison and communicate with the outside world only through the commanding officer, nevertheless a bulky letter that had burst its envelope and lost its address fell by mere chance into the hands of the Post Office Department and proved to be an anonymous communi-

cation to Berkelen Frères, the big Belgian shipbuilding firm, containing a complete report of everything the experimenting party had done up to last Sunday, four days ago.

"Of course Berkelen Frères are merely the receivers for one or more foreign governments. We have failed so far to determine which one it is that is trying to steal such important information, nor have we the slightest indication of where the avenue of communication lies.

Lieut. Richard Dunton is in chief command of the experimenting party, with Lieut. John Ormsby as second. The chemists are Eldridge, Speigel, John R. Hart and Alfred Cinametti, the last one Italian-born. The others are enlisted machinists.

"The party does all its work in a low brick building fifty yards from the gun shop and with nothing near it except the blank wall of the yard. It is in plain view from the offices, as is also the section of new barracks in which the party eats and sleeps. When finished with their work in this temporary foundry and laboratory the men retire to the barracks. All are volunteers and are under watch day and night.

"Now, despite all this, one of our men in Paris cabled three days ago that the coterie of international spies there knew that the agent of some government had cabled home the news of his success in getting the results of the new experiments up to date. There is a clean leak in the navy-yard.

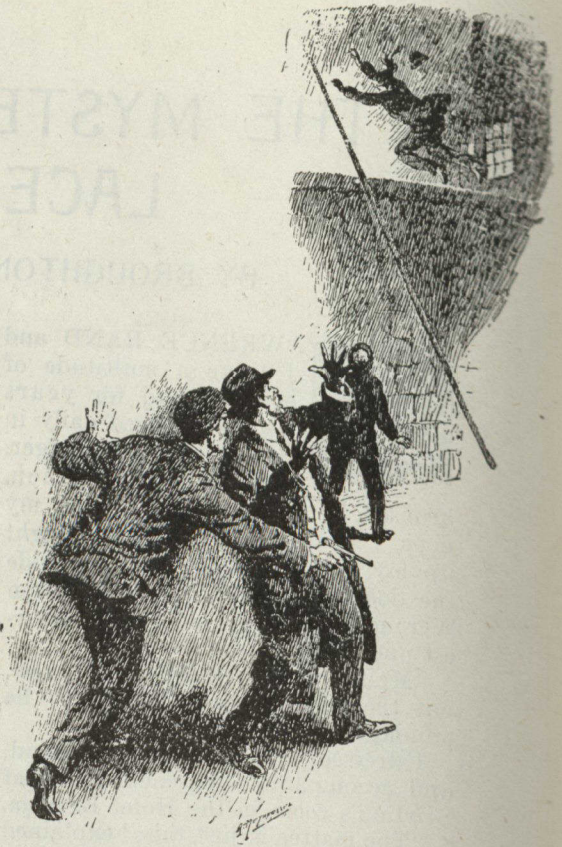
If we do not stop that leak, there is going to be trouble."

On my suggestion we went immediately to the navy-yard. It was nearly four o'clock and everything was dark and deserted, yet waking Lieut. Dunton we made a quiet inspection of both the living quarters and the laboratory. I first satisfied myself that when the laboratory was locked at night no one could obtain entry except by such burglarious methods as to leave abundant trace, and that when the sleeping quarters were locked the men were as if in a prison. Dunton had possession of all keys. I went carefully over both buildings to be sure there were no telegraph, telephone or electric wire connections. There was but one possible solution. Some member of the party had a means of sending notes or signals to the outside world in daylight hours. I said as much to Lieut. Dunton, and he replied:

"That is the result of any process of elimination based on these facts, but eight men stationed in and about this yard day and night, and Ormsby and myself inside the laboratory have watched every man for one suspicious move and every outside person for any indicative act, and I tell you positively *there are no written or signaled messages going or coming out of this place. Everything passes through me.*"

A sudden suspicion flashed over me. I whirled on him and looked at him searchingly. He understood instantly and said with deep feeling: "Yes, I know it is up to me. That I am the one avenue of outlet would be any man's logical conclusion. That is why I am so deeply concerned. I, alone of all of you, *know* there is another and most dangerous one, *for I have told nothing.*"

I liked the note of honesty in his voice and was pondering over the matter as we walked back toward the barracks. Suddenly Dunton stopped and picked up a long pole, round, well-polished and fully fifteen feet in length.



"'don't shoot,' I heard Dunton gasp,
'it's a woman'"

"What is that?" asked Stirling.

"Some material," said Dunton, "that is entirely foreign to this yard. I have served here four years and this is the first time I have ever seen anything like it within the walls."

I bent a closer attention on it. It was quite dry except it had lain on the moist ground. Everything else was river. I mentioned this fact. The damp with the night mist from the pole had been put there *within the last ten or fifteen minutes.*

It was still quite gloomy, as day was just breaking, when we reached the door of the barracks and I took a careful look round before we entered.



“McCready stooped and picked up a short piece of fine copper wire”

Not a soul was in sight, but it seemed to me that the shadow in a little niche of a building forty paces away was a little blacker than it should have been and I walked toward it. When within twenty-five feet of it a lithe figure dashed out, ran at right angles to my track, and shot around the corner.

I was in hot pursuit instantly and Dunton and Stirling were coming along behind me. Around the building we went, I gaining rapidly on the runner. He dashed across the open space, going toward the spot where the pole still lay and caught it up as he ran. Planting it deftly and securely in the pavement, he rose and cleared the high wall.

“Don’t shoot, don’t shoot,” I heard Dunton gasp to the chief. “It’s a woman.”

Outlined for an instant against the lighter east was a figure in man’s clothes, but long hair loosened by her efforts flowed from her head. It was a woman.

Pursuit was useless. She would be lost before we could get to the gate.

“There is but one thing that I can suggest,” I said as we walked toward the gate, “that either Mr. Rand or I, perhaps both of us, be allowed to take up work with you in the laboratory in the guise either of workmen or chemists.”

This suggestion pleased the chief. It shifted the burden of responsibility from his shoulders.

I arrived, properly accredited and equipped, at eight o’clock that morning, as a specially detailed chemical expert who had come on from Wash-

ington. Before I came to the yard, however, I had found time to write a detailed report to Rand.

I soon found that it was almost impossible to see from the laboratory where a receiver might stand concealed to take signals, and certainly there was none sent. Apparently not a man in the place paid the slightest heed to the outer world. Luncheon time came and we repaired to the barracks. On the way I watched the men to note if any of them seemed to be looking for anybody or anything, but the only incident of any sort was when one of them, a stocky little fellow named McCready, stooped and picked up a short piece of fine copper wire which he saw on the yard pavement. He put it carefully in his pocket.

Nothing happened during luncheon, and in the half-hour of rest thereafter the men all smoked or chatted except Sloane, a machinist, who sat down to write a letter to his wife. He took his place at one of the windows and used a large portfolio with a high roll, ink-well, and so on, at the end of it. He seemed very intent but wrote very little for the length of time he took, but there was absolutely nothing about him to indicate that he was signalling in any way; also the only persons who could have seen him were the civilian clerks in the headquarters building about two hundred feet across the yard, and none of them looked in his direction at any time. At one window were two laughing men, at another a girl stenographer and a young clerk obviously engaged in small talk, while at a third window another clerk, with hat and veil on, was apparently waiting lunch time.

It was late in the afternoon when Lieutenant Dunton at length stopped work.

As we were crossing the yard I saw two familiar figures approaching—Rand and the Secret Service Chief.

"Hello, Dunk! This is a pretty job," was Rand's greeting. "Vastly interesting, isn't it? What has turned up to-day?"

I detailed the day's events for him.

"And you are sure no messages have been sent out?"

"Everybody has been closely watched."

"Look at this." He tendered me a fresh report from a Secret Service operative in the employ of the New York office of the Belgian cables, giving the cipher transcript of an anonymous message which had been filed for Berkelen Frères at three that very afternoon *giving the full details of our morning work!*

The thing was a physical impossibility, and yet before me was proof of its occurrence.

"Perfect! An absolutely perfect report," Dunton repeated.

"There you have given us the key to the premises," exclaimed Rand, studying the development of Dunton's head. "This transmission can be prepared and executed only by a man of high order of intelligence. Brains always show in the head and face of their possessor. Now, granted you and Lieut. Ormsby are in that class, let us see who else could qualify. Return to the barracks. The chief and I will visit your party in half an hour."

They did so and I noticed Rand surveying each of the men with close attention. When he went out he merely said to me: "Work straight ahead on the lines you have laid out for yourself until to-morrow evening, and if you have detected nothing then, leave the yard and join me at the club."

All night I lay awake, struggling with the mystery and listening for any movement among the men or any exterior sound that was suspicious, but there was nothing. From lack of sleep, much worry and the effect of the fumes, I was scarcely able to drag myself about at the hour for beginning work in the laboratory.

"We are likely to hit the big truth in the experiments to-day," Dunton had said early in the morning. "I dare not retard the work and I dare not puzzle the men on details. One

man cannot know what all the others do not, and so I hope to high heaven we tap this underground line very soon."

But when we quit work neither goal was reached. A few minutes' conversation with Rand made me ashamed of my weariness.

"I have just received notice that another message containing the last twenty-four hours' work has been filed for Berkelen Frères," was his opening remark.

"I'll stake my life that *it did not come from the experimenting party,*" I answered with some heat.

"Go slow, Dunk, go slow," said Rand with that easy, provoking smile I knew so well. "*They alone* know the details of the work. I have more news for you. Permit me to felicitate you on the skill with which you took hold of this case and on the progress you have made from the outset. By the way, you remember the lady who vaulted the wall. I measured the wall and found it to be a good eight feet high. So I went to O'Rourke of the Athletic Association Committee and asked him where I could find a woman who could do that in passable street attire. 'There are only two,' he declared, 'that I know of on either side of the Atlantic. The one is Miss Sadie Nutter, of Chicago, and the other is Anita Yvonne Desarte, a professional, who was in this country with Barnum & Bailey this summer.'

"Miss Nutter has been in Chicago for months. Paul Desarte, brother of Anita Yvonne Desarte, says she goes down to Coney Island daily but always returns in the evening. Miss Desarte is a remarkable person. She speaks a number of languages, has written a technical work on electricity has traveled two seasons with a circus, and has a way of leaving home and disappearing for months.

"After securing this information I then sent for the pole found in the yard, and the marine who brought it over happened to get on the car with a conductor who said that he had seen a young man two nights before taking

such a pole with him along the street. The conductor's description of that young man fits in exactly with that of the woman at the navy-yard. Further, Miss Desarte, in height, weight and complexion is a duplicate of the woman at the yard."

At this juncture a page brought in two notes. One was from a well-known sporting goods house.

"Ah, by the way," said Rand, "I saw this firm's brand on the pole and sent the pole around by Tom Rahway. Here is a note from the manager to say that it is one which he presented to Miss Desarte, and gives her a character such as described. By jove! here is a note *from the young lady herself!*"

He read it with evident amusement and then passed it over to me. It read:

My Dear Mr. Rand:

Hearing that you have been making inquiries about me, and wishing to be of all the assistance to you that I can be, will you please meet me this evening at the New Amsterdam Theatre? I have the lower stage box on the left, and shall be alone.

Anita Yvonne Desarte.

"I must ask you to go, Dunk," said Rand. "It will do you good, and I must finish looking up the records of the men of the experimenting party. I might remark that both officers, all of the chemists, and two of the workmen are men of probably sufficient brains to compile and transmit these reports, and one workman is certainly a fellow of such ability that he is out of his place in life. He is the man McCready, whom you noted the first day."

An hour later as I stood at the head of the center aisle and looked at the little woman seated in the stage box watching the performance already begun, it flashed over me that I had seen her in broad daylight some time recently. I could not say when or where, but every line of her figure and something about her hat with its filmy drapery about the brim, was familiar.

"Good evening, Mr. Duncan," she said with a gracious smile as I entered the box. It was necessary for me to put forth an effort to repress surprise that she knew my name. "You are Mr. Duncan, are you not? Of course you wonder how I guessed it. I know Mr. Rand by sight and, as he did not come, who is so likely to take his place as yourself?"

I am extremely glad to meet you, Miss Desarte," I began, leading a trump. "I must confess profound admiration for the manner in which you cleared that wall the other evening. One of the officers with me wanted to try a wing shot at you but I am very glad he was restrained."

"Really, *was* some one about to shoot at me?" she responded gleefully and without the slightest constraint. I had not stirred her in the least by my tactics. "That was most exciting. You know I do a very great deal of work for the foreign governments, especially the French, and I had made up my mind that there were a number of things in the shops which are going into the new battleships, that the Bureau Maritime would be glad to hear of, so I went over with my pole. I was very sorry to be compelled to leave it behind."

I could scarcely keep from smiling. She thought she had hoodwinked me completely, by her apparent candour; at least she had established a friendly though false basis between us which would be agreeable to both and would allow us to play each his or her own game in the background.

She was very pretty and most interesting, especially in her stories of experiences as a spy; in fact, we enjoyed the evening greatly, and if there was any constraint between us, neither showed it. I was amazed at her information about the great international cases of late years and realized for the first time that we were arrayed against a coterie well worth the struggle. Perhaps she *meant* for me to see this. Perhaps she was so audacious as to be willing to let me think that, in her, I had my hand on

the medium of the transmission of the information and to defy me to find out who the sender was and who the ultimate receiver.

As we were about to alight from the cab at her door, she said:

"Mr. Duncan, it is a fad with me, this going to the beaches, but will you meet me at Hedler's on the walk at Far Rockaway at eleven to-morrow morning. I may have some very interesting things to tell you."

The latter hint was bait, pure and simple. Of course I agreed to go and it was not until I got to the club that I made up my mind that she had no intention whatsoever of going, but was bent only on removing me from the scene of action.

The cabman called me back as he turned away from the club doorway.

"You have left something, sir," he said.

Another cab was passing at a slow speed and a tall dark man lolled indolently in it, watching me by the bright light as I stepped forward and picked from the bottom of my cab, a thin, black leather wallet closely filled with papers. Just then there was a rush from behind me. The wallet was snatched from my hand, and I turned in time to see the tall, dark man spring back into his cab with the agility of a tiger. Before my cabby could get under way the other cab was lost in the throng.

Of course I must tell Rand at once all that had happened, and I knew I would have a struggle to keep from choking him when he laughed at me. And well he might be amused. Doubtless I had had the whole secret in my hands, at least I could have made sure of whether or not the fair Anita was our prey.

Absently I stood in the library pondering the matter when one of the attendants came to me with a note on a tray. Under it lay the thin black wallet empty.

The note read:

Dear Dunk,—Go to Yorkville Court in the morning at nine and appear against the Baron von Oldenhaus, charged with



"Sloan was touching with his pen two tiny spots of bright copper on the end of the big roll of his portfolio"

larceny of your wallet on the street. Get a postponement. He is in the custody of Sergeant Creagan in the Hotel St. Auburn, and if remanded to Creagan's custody may be kept out of the game to-morrow. Join me at the navy-yard at noon. We are near the finish.

Rand.

I was too tired to puzzle over the last strange turn of events, and in half an hour was at home and asleep.

At Yorkville Court I found that the "Baron von Oldenhaus" of Rand's note was my tall, dark friend of the night previous. I got him remanded in Creagan's custody as suggested. It was nearing eleven when I left the court and I hurried to the navy yard, reading on my way a note which Creagan had passed me in answer to my whispered request as to what personal statement the Baron had made to him.

Creagan said that the Baron's version was that he had been instructed by his government to come to the United States, get in touch with Anita, establish relationship between them, and make sure she was properly

serving the bureau of military intelligence at Berlin in securing some *information on battleship construction*. He had followed her to the New Amsterdam theatre, had seen her encounter me and had trailed us to her home. Just after I left she had come running out in great excitement to look for her lost wallet. Hearing her story the tall, dark man had followed me, stepping from his cab, and had snatched the wallet out of my hands himself the moment I had picked it up. Just as the tall man thought himself safely away, a gentleman who spoke German had drawn up beside his cab in an electric hansom, and calling a police officer, had the tall man arrested, and the police had taken the wallet from him.

So Rand in person had been following Anita Desarte and me. Well, that was one of his ways, and he took a certain pleasure in his cleverness. That pleasure was plainly written in his smile as he said "good morning" to me in the commandant's office at the navy-yard.

"Creagan has already telephoned me the result in court," he began. "Now, let us see if we can do as well on this side of the river. We want the person taking the information and the sender in the party, and his method. *That* is where we balk. Never in all my experience have I been without a vestige of a theory as to how messages can be transmitted from one confederate to another under such a guard and such conditions. Why, we are even sure that as the reports cover the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next are filed in the afternoon before three o'clock that the information goes out shortly after noon. But *how, how, how?*"

He walked up and down a moment thinking, then he turned to the commandant and said:

"Is it possible for you to have a detail of eight men to carry Mr. Duncan and myself under sheets in stretchers across the yard back and forth once or twice during the noon hour. Have the men go slowly, and by the time we are through with that I will have found some other device for loitering before that barrack section from which the information must proceed, without appearing to be on the watch."

In ten minutes a stretcher detail took me as a sick man across the yard; in fifteen minutes another took Rand. I saw nothing though my eyes traveled over everything in view. As soon as he was around the corner of the building, where we awaited him, he leaped out of the stretcher and calling me to follow, ran to the back door of the barracks. He whistled in at Lietu. Dunton's window and at once got us admitted, and in another minute we stepped into the room where the men were resting.

All was quite as it had been the two days I was there. The men did not hear us enter. They were smoking and chatting, and by the window Sloane was laboriously writing to his wife a brief message that must pass under Lieut. Dunton's eye. A silence fell over the other men in the place.

They saw that something was about to happen.

Rand stepped quietly up behind Sloane and watched him closely for a minute. By Jove! I now saw that at intervals Sloane was touching with his pen two tiny spots of bright copper on the end of the big roll of his portfolio, and it was plain from the manner of his touch he was sending telegraphically. His movement was so slight that only eyes as keen as Rand's would have discerned it.

Rand stepped back from the window out of sight in the depths of the room.

"Sloane, come here to me," he said sternly.

The man sprang to his feet, pale and tottering. He hurriedly laid down his portfolio and pen.

"Bring that thing with you."

Sloane did as bid, then, and Rand tore the portfolio apart and disclosed the mechanism for a miniature wireless sender.

"Place all these men under arrest and guard Sloane and McCready carefully, Lieut. Dunton. Now to find the receiver. Come, Dunk, I think I know where to look."

We shot out the back way, popped into the stretchers, and in a few minutes had entered the headquarters building.

Leaving the two details we hurried straight through to the front, Rand leading the way. Then he stopped, puzzled.

"By George! that fellow was sending straight at these windows."

About the windows were some clerks and stenographers lounging most innocently just as I had seen them the first day. All were talking, save at one window where a woman stenographer with her hat and veil on, ready for the street, stood staring intently toward the gate of the yard, just as I saw her the first day. Rand looked at her keenly, then strode up behind her, peered searchingly at the back of her head, and said:

"Very sorry to interrupt you, Miss Desarte, but the man who was send-

ing to you is under arrest and so are you now. Too bad you spend so much time at the beaches."

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed as, at his suggestion, she took off her hat and its net drapery.

"Will you look at these, Duncan?" said Rand, examining them curiously. "This veil is traversed with a fine film of tiny receiving wires and on this broad hat it must act beautifully. In the crown is the remainder of the mechanism, and here in Miss Desarte's hand is a military telegrapher's receiving roll on which she pricks the dots and dashes of the notes she makes of the messages. Permit me to say, Miss Desarte, this is the most ingenious contrivance I have ever seen. Who is the inventor, may I ask?"

"I am," she said proudly.

"Is it all clear now?" said Rand as

we left the place after turning the three prisoners over to the commandant.

"All but Miss Desarte's night visit," said I.

"Oh, she brought that piece of wire to lay it where McCready had told her. I found it in the crown of his hat."

We were ready to prove our cases in their entirety against the fair Anita, the expert Sloane, and the very able and intellectual McCready, with the Baron thrown in for good measure, but having preserved its secret, the value of which will be apparent in the next war, the government impressed upon Rand that nothing be said of the matter or nothing made public until after the new guns were finished, and the fleet started for the Pacific.



GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

VI.—EDWARD BLAKE

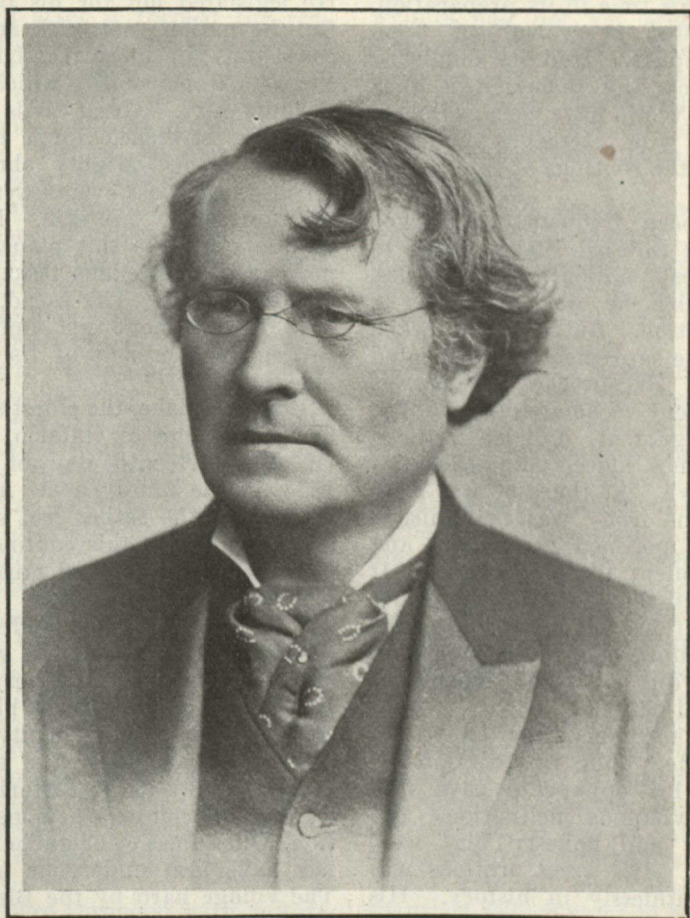


FIRST heard Blake speak when I was a boy attending school in the town of Napanee. He was then making his famous tour of the Dominion in connection with his last Canadian election campaign of 1887. I remember very distinctly that he spoke that night for nearly two hours. I also well remember that he was very sparing in his gestures, and that he changed his position upon the platform very little during the entire course of his speech. It was the man above the shoulders who was speaking. It was the head and not the other parts of the body that was performing the oratorical operations. Some years afterwards when I came to dwell in Toronto I heard him again. He still preserved the same manner in his address.

He has been accused, and perhaps with some justice, of being a speaker who, by omitting nothing from his speeches, was guilty of the offense of speaking with comprehensive and wearying tediousness. Some instances of this habit are given by Sir Richard Cartwright in his "Reminiscences"—a book which, notwithstanding its many admirable features, must be read with some reservations whenever it mentions the name of Blake. For a bitter jealousy of Blake is persistently visible through the whole of Cartwright's transparent pages. I myself remember one Monday morning early in the closing decade of last century, going into the old Ontario

Court of Appeal, which in those days sat in the southerly room of the west wing of Osgoode Hall in Toronto. An appeal, in which one of the large Canadian railway corporations appeared as a contestant was being heard. Blake had opened his case before the tribunal. On the following Friday afternoon I happened to be in that room again. Blake still was speaking, his argument even then not being concluded. This, however, was merely typical of the man. He always expended every resource on behalf of his client. He omitted nothing from his argument which might induce a court or an assembly, capable of understanding logic, to pronounce in his favor a decision upon the cause in question.

It admits of little doubt, that Edward Blake was, in his own lofty and perhaps slightly limited manner, one of the very foremost orators of Canada. He possessed a magnificent presence. He was tall, and constantly carried himself with a princely bearing. He wore glasses during all the years that he was in public life, and these served to accentuate his scholarly appearance, which, in truth, really required no assistance from material sources whatever. His personality and his manner were those of the man of learning, anxious to do justice, rather than those of the politician anxious to flatter, and hoping to profit by the flattery. He was the very reverse of theatrical in his style of delivery. He used scarcely any gestures, even in the most important



EDWARD BLAKE

A Great Canadian Orator, as he appeared in 1892

of his climaxes or perorations. This may be ascribed to the fact that the courts, in which he received so much of his early training as an orator, were places where the gestures of the stage are felt to be as traditionally superfluous as the movements of an actor before an assembly of the blind. His voice was not ponderous, but it seemed to have a magnetic quality within it, which is so frequently absent from the tones of many who are wrongly rated as orators, but who are really only very ordinary speakers.

He captivated as much by that nameless something which is to be found in every true oration, as by the wisdom and the reasoning, which were the products of his mind.

He spent much time over his oratorical productions, subjecting his important public utterances to the most searching criticism, and giving them the most careful premeditation. It is said that his speech on the Riel question in the Canadian House of Commons, which took him more than five hours to deliver, consumed three

months of his time in its preparation. He exhausted every subject upon which he spoke. Had he published a book upon any theme, it is very probable it would have been as lavishly enriched with references to authorities as are the writings of Buckle and Macaulay.

It has been frequently remarked that it was Edward Blake's habit to stand almost motionless for hours, during which he was delivering a famous oration. But what he lacked in action, he supremely supplemented in thought. His speeches were models of refinement, scholarship, dignity, wisdom, argument, judicial fairness, and sometimes, indeed, almost lacerating invective. At times he was ironical, but the irony was the finished scorn of a polished gentleman, and not the virulent abuse of a bully. It is not denied that he was occasionally tedious, but he felt that it was the duty of a public man to instruct, even though he did so at the expense of humour and patience.

He was a commanding figure for years in the public life of Canada, and even his opponents gave him credit for virtuous inclinations, and a sincerity and honesty that were well meant. His great orations will live on deathlessly in history. His language was permanent English literature. The speech he delivered in Parliament during the last phase of the debate upon the Canadian Pacific Railway Scandal is said to have been the most effective ever heard in the Canadian House of Commons. It was unanswerable in argument, fertile in thought, perfect in style, and unapproachable in literary structure. He never spoke to an empty auditorium or a deserted parliamentary assembly. The indifferent felt by intuition that they must hear him. The superficial were awed by his powers and heard him with silence. Learned men listened to him in order that they might become more learned still. Among the well-informed his influence was measureless. His importance as a public man is not easily estimated.

He legislated not for his party, but for the nation; not with an election contest as an incentive, but to discharge a responsibility which he owed to humanity. Great evils perished when he stretched forth his hands against them. Mighty abuses were crushed, and vast events were moulded into use, by his skill. He was a unique visitor to this planet, and he performed marvellous tasks while he moved upon it. The world, which is now left without his influence, is supremely conscious of its irretrievable loss.

Edward Blake, the eldest son of the first Chancellor of Ontario, was born on the thirteenth day of October, 1833, in the family home in Middlesex, where the father had settled on his arrival upon this continent. The birthplace has changed much during the past eighty-five years. Not only has the rustic locality suffered from the lapse of time, but the wilderness has been cleared, and a very modern civilization prevails in its place. Recently I was in that locality, and the birthplace was gone; the name was known merely as an historical recollection, and not as a personal association. Old names of neighbouring hamlets have also undergone alteration. The village hard by the Blake homestead was known at the time of Edward Blake's birth as Cairngorm. This name, Dent says, was subsequently altered to Mount Hope, and later it received the name of Katesville. Katesville has disappeared, but there is still a tiny village known as Cairngorm, twenty miles beyond London, and it is not very far from the solitary street and simple precincts of this village, that the earliest Canadian residence of the Blake family was located.

It was while he was yet a child, that Edward Blake's parents moved from Middlesex county to the vicinity of Toronto. The new home was located upon upper Yonge street, some miles to the north of the city, and not far from the straggling village of Thornhill. The residence bore the name of

Woodlawn, and for many years, both before and after it formed the residence of the Blakes, it was a meeting place for the leading legal spirits of the time, who loved the relaxations of the social hour as much as they loved the earnest conflict of the courts. Later the family moved into the city, and occupied the spacious old mansion, then located at the corner of Wellington and Bay Streets. This building was well-known during the succeeding generation, for it housed more than one illustrious family. Like the Blake birthplace, however, it, too, has gone.

At the age of eleven young Blake was sent to Upper Canada College, where he distinguished himself in sports as well as in the classroom. He won the Governor-General's prize for general efficiency. He then moved on to the University of Toronto, where he won many prizes and scholarships. From the University he went to Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and in 1856 was called to the bar. In practice his choice was the Equity Courts, which adjudicated on claims arising mostly out of disputes concerning property.

Sixty years ago the courts were overwhelmed with litigation; and the Courts of Equity, which at that time regarded as one of the bulwarks of freedom, were thronged with suitors, all with their causes to be pleaded. To these courts Blake first addressed his talents. The equity lawyers were not numerous, and Blake's services began to be greatly in demand. In common with Mowat, afterwards Prime Minister of Ontario, Strong, subsequently Chief Justice of Canada; John Roaf and several others he was constantly active before these tribunals. At first he employed other counsel to conduct his cases after they were ready for trial, but before long his own voice was heard at the bar on behalf of his clients. He was speedily becoming of note in his profession. He bestowed infinite pains upon everything which was entrusted to his attention. Few distractions then existed even in a large city, and the lawyers laboured

with indefatigable industry. Type-writers had not yet been invented, stenographers were unknown. The master's hand had to do it all. Eighteen hours of continuous exertion, Dent says, were not uncommon to the men who led the Ontario bar half a century ago.

Blake soon became one of these leaders. It was observed as his appearance in the courts continued that he possessed great powers over witnesses, and in this branch of his work he rapidly attained a proficiency which caused him to supersede all his competitors. In many cases his services were sought exclusively for the purpose of crushing, by searching and exhaustive cross-examinations, important and frequently unsatisfactory witnesses. Writers also have paid to him the high tribute of affirming that he was frequently retained in serious cases, merely to stop him from becoming an opponent. His memory was as splendid as ever, and it, together with his other talents, combined to place him in the front ranks of those who had become the masters of the difficult art of being able to fully reveal the shrewdly guarded secrets of the witness box. It was his habit to study his adversary's case to even a greater extent than his own, and therefore, surprises seldom came to him when he was pleading before judges and juries.

As professional preferment came to Blake, so honours came to him as well. In 1864 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel, and seven years later he was elected a Bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada. In 1879 he became Treasurer of the Society, a position which he continued to hold as long as he remained in active practice of his profession.

Besides the voice from the courts of law, there was another potent voice, which Blake heard earnestly and insistently calling from far on through the future, and he wisely and nobly responded to the call. This was the voice which came from the Parliamentary arena. His profession was his earlier love. After he had attained

to a national pre-eminence in that calling, he turned his thoughts to the service of his country. In adjusting the priorities of the two spheres of action, Blake adopted a policy which was at once marked by both judgment and prudence. He resolved at the commencement of his career, that he would not enter actively into political life until he had accumulated a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. Apparently he had attained this position in life within ten years after he began to practise law, for when he first aspired to a seat in parliament, he asserted his annual income from his profession was greater than the combined salaries of the entire cabinet of the Province of Ontario.

As Blake's public career, which covered a period of nearly forty years, is well known through a multitude of publications, of every character, it is unnecessary to treat of it here.

During all the long and momentous years in which Edward Blake figured in public life he was faithful in his zeal for his country. He appeared on countless platforms, and spoke in all the great cities and towns of Canada. He displayed sterling ability as the leader of his party. He was constant in his attendance in parliament. The National policy had been devised by Sir John Macdonald shortly before Blake became the Liberal leader. This policy met with bitter and hostile reception at the hands of the opposition. Blake was incessant in its denunciation. He claimed that it was intended to deceive a vast section of the people, inasmuch as the benefits of the protection which it afforded to manufacturers were offset by the corresponding increase of prices which must be imposed upon the consumers. Although many other elements entered into the problem, and notwithstanding the imposition of the National policy upon Canada the country alternately prospered and suffered from reverses, yet the defence and the denunciation of that policy were favourite themes of public men for the twenty years following. The opposi-

tion of Blake to the policy was of a constructive character, and many of the improvements, which it has undergone, in passing years, are to be ascribed to his foresight and statesmanship. Other grave issues confronted the nation during those years, and on every occasion, while Blake occupied a seat in the Canadian House of Commons, he assisted materially and advantageously in their permanent solution.

When this great statesman felt that his tasks in Canada were done, he turned his eyes towards the unhappy island, from which his parents had come, and which he loved with almost the idolatry of a native. For years from beyond the seas there had been voices calling to him in Toronto. And when his public life in Canada was closed, it was destined to open in brilliant splendour upon a new and dazzling career on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. The Imperial Parliament at this time had just been dissolved, and in the elections which followed in the autumn of 1892, Blake was nominated to stand in the Nationalist interest for the riding of South Longford in Ireland. He was elected by a large majority, and represented that constituency in the Imperial Parliament during the critical and trying fifteen years which followed. Public life is more exacting in Canada than in England, where only the leading members of parliament ever require to give any real service to their country. Blake was already advanced in years when he left Canadian soil and Canadian politics. Indeed, on his accession to the British Parliament, Grattan's famous and eloquent assertion about the impossibility of transplanting an oak at fifty, had frequently been quoted. But the quotation was inappropriate, for Blake served in the newer and larger assembly with an ability, which meant much for the nation, and which would have accomplished much for unhappy Ireland, were it not for the fact that there is no such thing as ably serving a people who are cursed by perpetual

internal jealousies and discords, and the incessant plotting of warring creeds and factions, which are striving for mastery even to the death. He also fitted into the political life of England, and loyally served his new mistress not with a partisan's fidelity, but with a statesman's sagacity and resolution. He took his place in the Mother of all Parliaments, and there he quickly established a record which even a native of the British Isles might have envied. His speeches in the House of Commons and in other public places were finished efforts of masterly and persuasive rhetoric such as few English orators ever attempted. He mastered the details of Imperial politics to such an extent that although he was never a member of the Cabinet, still he was intrusted by the Government with parliamentary tasks of great magnitude, which he accomplished with his customary despatch and ability.

By the year 1907 this Prince of his profession and pride of two continents had become an old man, as public men are esteemed old in England and in Canada. He was then nearing his seventy-fifth birthday. In that year he withdrew from public life. He returned to his old home in Toronto, the great city of his early manhood, the scene of his long life's eminent honours, of his many vicissitudes, and of his many corresponding triumphs. There he contemplated spending in peace the closing years of his already abundant life. But his return to Toronto was but to linger a little longer there, and then to die. During the last months of his life, I frequently saw the mighty wreck of so much human greatness being moved about in a wheel-chair in the neighborhood of his home. One summer afternoon I observed him seated in that vehicle on Huntley Street bridge, a little way to the north of his ancient dwelling, gazing wistfully across the beautiful green valley of the Rosedale Ravine, toward the flaming sun, whose crimson beauty was preparing to be veiled in the approaching shadows of the

night. But even this mode of locomotion soon ceased. On the first day of March, 1912, this great man passed serenely away. Many members of the generation which had been so marvelously moved by his splendid talents had preceded him to the grave. But there were others, who were left, who were able to understand and to appreciate his mighty powers, and they mourned in silence when his genius was no more.

In the presence of a man like Blake, it is becoming rather to contemplate him with silent reverence than to obscure his genius by unreal vociferous adulation. The temptation to speak, however, has been irresistible. A figure, so noble, so sagacious, so necessary, was inevitable in Canadian life during the kaleidoscopic epoch when he transformed us with his presence. He had an amazing work to perform, and he performed it, if not to the satisfaction of the politician, then what is eminently more important, to the satisfaction of history. Dark and foreboding looms many a period in history, when strong minds are confused by the overwhelming suddenness and almost convulsing madness of titanic events, when deadly shocks are imminent, and the perilous undermining of civilization seems close at hand. In such times, the Johnsons, the Carlyles, the Goldwin Smiths, the Morleys, the Blakes, the men who descend to visionless depths and understand the fearful exigencies of events, as well as the stern urgencies of history, are absolutely indispensable. Such a figure was Edward Blake, a man whose place among Canadians may not be rightly understood for some generations, but who will irradiate in the larger light of years to come, and be accorded his true position among men who did not falter in the presence of perplexing problems, and who pointed out to a noble race of people the new and splendid pathways which it was meet for them to tread.

Stately, refined, massive, overwhelming, with an inexhaustible store of

learning, with a masterly gift of expression, employing the choicest, and weightiest words that were to be found in a consummate scholar's vocabulary, Edward Blake for more than fifty years was the flower of his pro-

fession, a statesman whose deeds are destined to live on forever, an orator whose like is seldom heard in any land, a man whom Canada justly remembers, admires, reveres and loves.

The next article in this series will consider the great oratorical gifts and accomplishments of B. B. Osler.

MOONLIGHT

By MAY AUSTIN LOW

MOON so white and pure
 In the purple sky,
 You speak of peace to endure,
 As the nights go by.

Peace! and the world is red
 Again and again.

Moon so pure and white
 In the purple sky,
 Why do men rage and rage
 With the blood of men;
 Peace! and our hearts are bled
 As the days go by?

Only because the roar
 Of the market-place
 Drowns the voice of God
 And dims His face,

Drowns the voice of God
 That whispers clear
 To every heart of man
 If he will but hear.



A LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by

A. Y. Jackson.

Exhibited by the

Ontario Society of Artists

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XIII



HE next day was what was known locally as a "weather-breeder". Instead of the wholesome tang of autumn, there was a hot, still, stickiness in the air which reacted upon all nature alike. Dogs snapped, cats scratched and humans grew restless and irritable. David found himself wishing that he hadn't invited Miss Sims to a show. He, too, felt uneasy, but not entirely on account of the weather. He had had a letter that morning from Cousin Mattie which had given body to fears for the health of Angus, which he had felt for some time. The carpenter had been failing for a year but he had never admitted it. Neither had he allowed Miss Mattie to admit it; both she and David knew that the surest way to annoy him was to ask after his health. He made no changes in his way of life but its pace was slowing. More than ever now he seemed to be as one who sits aside, letting the river of life run by. But no one must sit beside him; he was, as he had always been, alone.

This morning's letter had said, "Angus has just come in from the workshop and sends his love. He tires easily of late. Davy dear, I wish, whiles, you were here; but do not come for he would not like it."

The strain and tension of the day increased and toward night it was apparent that an unusual storm was brewing.

"It'll be a smasher too," predicted Billy Fish as he and David waited for the girls upon the veranda. "Say, p'r'aps the ladies won't honour us."

"I wish they wouldn't," said David and next moment he had coloured to the ears for there was a rustle of feminine drapery just behind him. If the invited guests heard the ungallant speech they gave no sign. Both of them were dressed in their daintiest, their specially arranged hair alone denoting their destination.

"Oh, they're going all right!" whispered Billy resignedly.

A low growl of thunder greeted them as they stepped out of the door.

"Oh gracious!" exclaimed Miss Weeks with a bunny-like shiver, "that's why I've had a headache all day. I always do when it's going to thunder."

David felt impelled to say that theatres were not good for headaches but in view of what they might have overheard he felt that the advice might not sound disinterested. Besides, Miss Sims was putting on her gloves.

"It won't break before we get home," said Clara calmly, "but I shan't be surprised if it's a wild night."

Bunny glanced at her friend curiously. She knew that Clara detested thunder, yet there had been a strange note of satisfaction in her prophecy.

No rain fell before they entered the theatre, nor did the threat of it seem much nearer, but it is doubtful if any

one of our small party really enjoyed the play. David, whose thoughts slipped continually to Millhampton, found the thread of the story hard to follow and the dénouement illogical to a degree. Bunny was disappointed because, on account of the threatened storm, there were many empty seats and she loved a crowd; the feel of a packed house was better than a play to her. Even the irrepressible Billy was more subdued than usual. Of them all, Clara alone seemed pleasantly excited. Her face was slightly flushed, her eyes very dark. Between his flights to Millhampton David noticed this with approval. She was, he thought, an exceedingly pretty girl. And how warm and light the touch of her hand on his arm! He wondered what had excited her—the play was certainly very dull.

When it was over they came out into a night which was breathlessly waiting for the breaking storm. The streets were almost empty, playgoers were skurrying home before the coming of the wind. Billy, not displeased with the prospect of the long ride which Bunny's engagement with the lonely Miss Allenby entailed, hurried his charge into a passing car. But David, more considerate or with more money in his pocket suggested the safety and comfort of Miss Sims would be best served by a taxi. Miss Simms did not protest. She looked upon taxis as her right, anyway. As he sprang in beside her he became delicately aware of this and thanked heaven that he had not, through sheer ignorance followed Billy's example. He even went so far as to say, virtuously, that he was afraid Miss Weeks might get wet in that open street-car.

As he spoke the first stiff gust of wind snatched the words from his lips. A sharp crack of thunder followed and big drops turned the white pavements black and glistening.

"Well, we're quite all right here," he added with satisfaction. "Better pull up your coat though. You're not frightened are you?"—To his surprise his companion had let her unglowed

hand fall lightly on his sleeve, and the hand was trembling. David could feel the tremble: What ought one to do? While he was still debating this the hand withdrew, somewhat abruptly.

"N—o, I'm not frightened," said Miss Sims. "Of course I'm not afraid of just a storm, but——"

"But you're terrified of it just the same?" David had become quite expert in completing Miss Sims's sentences. It was plain that the poor girl was nervous. "You needn't be ashamed of it," went on her escort kindly. "My Cousin Mattie who is as brave as a lion, is quite foolish about thunder——"

A strange little sound from Clara made him pause to ask if she were quite comfortable.

"Cousin Mattie," he went on, "does the most absurd things——"

"I am sorry," said Clara in a choked voice, "if I have seemed absurd."

"You? Oh no, not at all. Certainly not. But it's natural for a woman to be nervous. Cousin Mattie——"

"Oh!"

Clara could hardly be blamed for her interruption this time since an especially vivid flash had caused the driver to cut a corner so sharply that she was thrown almost into David's arms. In the instant's flashing light he saw her face, flushed and vivid with parted lips red, and very near his own. It made him quite forget about Cousin Mattie for the moment.

"Steady!" he warned. "That was a sharp turn. It's all right though. We'll be home in a moment. I'll tell the driver to try safety first."

In the darkness he felt the girl draw back. He could scarcely see her but the vision of her vivid face seemed everywhere—Oddly enough she hadn't *looked* frightened! But one never can tell. He put out his hand toward her reassuringly and called to the taxi man to be more careful. The car slowed a little.

"There's no need——" began David. "Oh, I say—that was a twister!"

The storm, having decided to break, was breaking to some purpose. A blinding flash was followed by a roar which seemed to rock the car. Another flash came swiftly and then that ominous shattering crash which tells of a "hit" near by. David, startled himself, became conscious of a soft resistance against his reassuring arm and hastily turning was just in time to see Miss Sims crumple up in a most alarming fashion, her uncovered head falling limply on his shoulder.

"She's fainted!" thought the distracted young man in horror. "Oh, what utter fools we were to come! Now what in thunder do people do with fainting ladies in taxis?"

"Perhaps the taxi man would know."

"Hi! driver!" shouted David. "Stop up, can't you, or drive somewhere—the lady's fainted!"

The dark head on his shoulder moved slightly. Perhaps the stentorian call had revived it. "No, no," the girl managed to murmur, "I'm quite all right—a little giddy!—nothing at all!"

"What say?" bawled the driver, slackening speed.

"Nothing!" yelled David. "Go on! Get a hustle on!—Say, are you feeling better now, Miss Sims? Hadn't we better stop and get some salts—smelling-salts—or something?"

Miss Sims, who had resumed the perpendicular with amazing promptness, seemed unreasonably irritated by the idea of smelling-salts. David didn't catch exactly what she said but the tone of it was scarcely grateful.

"Cousin Mattie"—began David.

"Oh, good heavens!" said Miss Sims.

He almost thought she was going off again. But she didn't. She sat up quite straight and seemed much stronger. David was greatly relieved.

"By George, you did frighten me," he told her. "You seemed to go all floppy just in a moment. That crash was certainly a bad one. Thank heaven, we are just home. You'd better take my arm. A shock like that leaves one giddy."

Miss Sims was not giddy. She declined the aid of David's arm, she even declined his umbrella, with the result that her dark hair was very wet and somewhat draggled when she met (as late returning boarders were liable to meet) the landlady in the hall. Mrs. Carr did not fail to remark upon the proper uses of umbrellas, also upon a certain paleness and perturbation noticeable in Miss Sims.

"She has had a slight shock," explained David. "That last crash seemed to miss us by about two inches."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carr. She said nothing else. Her cold prominent eyes swept over the disarranged Clara with the pitiless directness of a searchlight. Then she passed on. David, passing on too, wondered why he felt uncomfortable!

Safely within his room, with the door shut, the blessed usualness of things reassured him. There was nothing to feel uncomfortable about, nothing at all! The evening had not been exactly a successful one, but it was over. He hoped Silly Billy had got Miss Weeks safely to her destination. Had Billy refrained from taking a taxi from economical reasons, or because—well of course there could have been only one reason; Billy was sure not to have had any spare cash. Besides, street-cars are fairly safe, safer perhaps than taxis when drivers turn corners on one wheel. Poor Miss Sims, how nervous she had been! And how embarrassed. The poor girl must have felt when she realised that she—he supposed that some fellows would have enjoyed—

"Oh, don't talk rot, you hypocrite, you"! he said fiercely to his thinking self. "You know very well you'd have enjoyed it yourself if you cared for the girl! Even as it was you enjoyed it. Don't lie to me!"

Having admitted this and placated his own honesty, he had time to feel thankful that he at least had had the grace not to add to the embarrassment of the lady by in any way taking ad-

vantage of her nervous state. He was glad that he had behaved like a gentleman. It would have been too bad to have imperilled a very pleasant friendship.

David got ready for bed. It was still very hot and close. The sharp shower of rain had worn itself out; the thunder had reduced itself to rumbles; yet one felt that only the outposts of the storm had passed. In pyjamas and dressing-gown David pottered about the room. Never had he felt less inclined for sleep. Electricity in the air had always quickened him. It quickened him now. His mind grew clear, alert; it assumed an expectant attitude. The inventor in him recognized that strange expectancy and leaped exultantly to meet it. It is in moments like this that inspiration comes! David looked at his work-table and all thought of sleep vanished. His mind had already shaken itself free, and was away, down the endless road of speculation and possibility. Presently on the paper before him his pencil began to trace strange lines. He did not hear Billy Fish come in and whistle in his key-hole as he went upstairs. He did not hear Mrs. Carr bar the front door and pass along the hall. He did not hear the thunder gather and break again. His mind pursued his vision—farther, farther! Now he almost touched it; now he lost it altogether. And always he tasted the wonder and excitement of the chase!

The sultriness died out of the air but in his absorption he did not notice the change; he did not know that a cold wind, wet with rain, blew directly in through the open window. It might have been months or hours that he sat there, noticing nothing, then, for no explicable reason, the searching mind faltered, wavered, turned back upon itself.

"Mr. Greig!"

It was his own name that had recalled him. His own name spoken low but in a tone whose penetration had reached him when the thunder had

failed. David stirred and dropped his pencil.

"Yes?"

Still dizzy with dreams he turned, only to feel sure that he was dreaming still. The door, the door into the hall, had opened and was just closing, while inside it and bright against its dark panels, her hand still on the door-knob, stood a girl in a red kimona. David in his first dizziness thought he had never seen the girl before, she was startlingly strange—all red and white with black hair tumbling about her shoulders. White face, red lips, red drapery over something white from beneath which a white foot peeped. A midnight dream of a girl, with dark eyes and—by George, it was Miss Sims!

"Oh, Mr. Greig!" The strangeness vanished as the vision spoke. "I am so terrified! I am sure there is some one in my room—the window on the balcony! Something woke me—I was so frightened. Every one's asleep but I saw your light—I just ran——"

David was wide-awake now. Burglars belong to the world of every day, there is nothing in the least dreamy about a burglar.

"Stay here a second," he said excitedly, "I'll go and see!"

"Oh, please"! the girl was breathing so quickly she could scarcely speak. "Please go. Wait a minute! Don't make a noise, go quietly!"

David nodded his understanding. Naturally, one doesn't make noises if one wishes to catch burglars.

He opened the door, gently so that it might not squeak.

There was wind in the hall, a heavy draught from somewhere, but no burglar, only Mrs. Carr who had just come down the attic stairs!

Mrs. Carr was decorously clad in bedroom slippers, a wrapper and a boudoir cap. In her hand she carried a large white object which looked like a sheet.

"S—sish"! said David, but as no one ever said "S—sish", to Mrs. Carr she naturally did not do it.

"Still up, Mr. Greig"? said she, "that is so fortunate. I feared I might have to disturb you. I hope you won't mind, but the lightning is so bad. I found myself unable to sleep knowing that your mirror was uncovered—Mr. Fish's too. I have just been covering his. Mirrors attract lightning as I suppose you know, but young men never think of these things. We might all be burned in our beds. If you will allow me——"

"S—shish!" repeated David.

"What?" asked Mrs. Carr.

"There's a burglar!" explained David. "He——"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Carr. "I never have burglars. If you will allow me!"—she did not wait to be allowed but threw open the door herself.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carr.

It was incredibly funny! David knew it was funny. He would laugh at it presently but just now there was the burglar to be considered. He waved both ladies farther into the room.

"You stay here," he ordered, "I hope to goodness we haven't frightened him away!"

With swift, light steps he made his way toward the door of the invaded room, then with a strategic rush, so as to give the intruder no time, he entered. The room, like the hall, was full of wind. The draught came from there for the window was wide open. The long curtains blew straight out. But, save for its ordinary furniture, the room was empty. David made a thorough search, then he closed the window and, opening the door, beckoned to the waiting ladies to come nearer.

"It's quite safe," he assured them. "There is no one here."

"I didn't suppose there was," said Mrs. Carr with horrible brevity.

"Eh?" stammered David.

Miss Sims, who had drawn her red kimona very completely around her, said nothing at all. She looked frightened.

"What's the matter?" piped a shrill voice. A head, decorated with curling-pins, was poked inquisitively out of Miss Walker's door.

"Nothing at all," said Mrs. Carr austerely. "Miss Sims became alarmed. Mr. Greig and I have been reassuring her."

"Oh!" said Miss Walker.

David felt his head begin to swim. What did "Oh" mean, when said like that? What did it mean when said as Mrs. Carr had said it when she opened his door and saw Clara? Women oughtn't to be allowed to use a word with so many meanings. It amounted to little less than a universal language! Well, thank heaven it wasn't his business. He stood aside to let the ladies pass in.

Neither of them stirred. The episode was apparently not ended. Mrs. Carr, having looked carefully at the closed doors of the corridor, cleared her throat. Judges always do that.

"If a man entered by the window," said Mrs. Carr, "we will doubtless find traces upon the carpet."

The pouring rain outside was proof enough of this deduction.

"Why of course," said David, "we may get a footprint. Let's look!"

Miss Sims still said nothing. She followed them into her room silently. Mrs. Carr went over to the window which David had closed. The window-sill was still running water, the carpet beneath it was drenched. The rain had made good use of the open window, but nowhere, in any part of the room, was there the slightest trace of any other intruder. The light carpet would have shown a footprint as plainly as if stamped in ink.

"You must have dreamed it"! said David a trifle crossly.

"I must have," said the girl. She spoke with a curious little gasp.

"Under the circumstances," said Mrs. Carr, "I must ask you, Miss Sims, to take a week's notice."

If one of David's precious experiments had suddenly exploded he would not have been half so startled.

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked.

"I think there is no need for words." Mrs. Carr had inadvertently draped the sheet over her left shoulder, thus conveying an idea of classic justice which was exceedingly comic. David felt an impulse toward convulsive mirth. But something in the grim eye of the statue steadied him.

"I came down," went on the statue, "intending to protect my boarders from possible extinction by lightning and I find——" a large and comprehensive gesture of her unencumbered arm seemed sufficient exposition of what Mrs. Carr had found. "I say nothing. It is not my place. But a week's notice, Miss Sims, will I think be sufficient."

At last the girl spoke. But her words seemed curiously to lack conviction. "I was frightened. I ran into Mr. Greig's room——"

"There were," interrupted Justice, "other rooms to run into."

This was so true that David found himself quite seeing the point of it.

"Yes, I know. But I thought that a man——"

"There is a man much nearer than Mr. Greig," said Justice. "A man old enough to spare you any embarrassment. Mr. Worsnop would have been delighted to have reassured you."

Never had David blushed as he blushed then.

"The blush of confusion well becomes you, young man!" said Mrs. Carr sternly.

"Oh but—but this is absurd!" stammered David. "Mrs. Carr, I assure you—if you had come into the hall a moment earlier——"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Carr. It was another word of the universal language.

David sought the girl's eyes for something like "oh", only more so.

"I am sure you can take our word," he began again with some dignity. "The explanation is very simple. Miss

Sims thought a burglar had entered at her window. That she was mistaken has nothing to do with the case. She had just at that moment run into my room, seeing my light and being too terrified to care where she went, and I was just running out——"

"Excuse me. You were not running out, Mr. Greig, you were peeking out."

"Well, naturally, to see if the coast were clear."

"Exactly."

"I wanted to catch the fellow, didn't I?" David was getting heated. "I had to surprise him!"

"You surprised me instead," said Mrs. Carr. "I ask you, Mr. Greig, not to consider me a fool." Then, softening a little at the look on the young man's ingenuous face, "I am not blaming you unduly. You may believe that what you say is correct. But I must insist that if Miss Sims were really alarmed by a supposed burglar the natural, the proper, thing for her to have done is sufficiently apparent."

"The natural thing!" cried David, now thoroughly confused and agitated. "But she *did* the natural thing!"

"Why?" The implacable question silenced him. He knew there must be a satisfactory answer, but for the life of him he couldn't think of it. His brain seemed unable to function. He looked at the girl with a wild trust in her woman's wit. "Tell her," he said, "tell her the reason!"

An instant change took place in the girl's averted face. The fright, real or feigned, died out of it. Suddenly she seemed mistress of herself and of the situation. "Shall I?" she murmured with delicate hesitation.

"Certainly," said David.

"Well, you see," Miss Sims smiled a soft smile right into Mrs. Carr's hard eyes, "it was quite natural for me to run to Mr. Greig the moment I was frightened, because I—we are engaged to be married!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carr.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE ADMINISTRATION OF LAW IN CIVIL DISPUTES



I HAVE sometimes startled my friends in the legal profession, by the very advanced views I hold on this question. I had a case before me once, in which a woman had employed a lawyer to prosecute a civil case for her against a defendant. The case was decided in her favour for \$511.00 with costs. Her lawyer paid her some thirty odd dollars, and retained the balance. The woman applied to the Police Court for a summons against the lawyer for the theft of the money which he had retained. I tried the case, and found that the lawyer had made so many motions, and taken so many legal steps, that he had made up a bill of costs to cover all the money received except a very small balance. I found that although morally the woman had been done out of her money, legally the lawyer had a good defence. I made some caustic remarks on the method in which civil law was administered, and the members of the profession began writing letters to the Press, attacking my views, and *The Canada Law Journal* took up the defence of the Profession generally. I answered this in a letter to that journal dated November, 1900, most of which I reproduce:

I find in your issue of the 1st instant an article commenting on some remarks made by me in reference to our system of

administering law. I have taken no notice of one or two abusive letters from one or two lawyers, but when your Journal, the organ of the profession, has taken up the matter, I ask permission in your columns to correct some errors into which you have fallen, and to place my views clearly, so that there may be no misunderstanding. You say that I accused the Solicitor of misappropriating money; that I made wholesale charges of wrong-doing against the profession as a class, and that I charged it with being a degraded thing. In reply I say that I did not make charges against the profession, but against the system of the administration of civil justice. This system has been in use with constant attempts to amend it, for hundreds of years, so that the present members of the profession, only follow the practice and traditions of centuries. I hold that the system is wrong, and should be reformed. Slavery was a wrong, handed down for many generations, yet a man might have denounced the institution without being charged with reflecting upon the character of the slave-owners, who were born under it. Slavery has been reformed out of existence in all civilized countries, and when the public fully appreciate the wrong of the present method of administering law, a change may be made to remedy it, and this could be done without injustice to the present members of the profession. . . .

I will now state my views in reference to the administration of civil justice. The State has taken upon itself the duty of settling disputes between citizens. This is an absolute necessity, unless we relapse into barbarism, where no man would have any rights, unless he was able to defend them by force. The State having taken upon itself this duty, and having the power of organized government to enforce anything it undertakes, it follows that

the individual citizen is at the mercy of the system which the State devises, and is helpless in its hands. I hold therefore that when a man is a peaceable citizen, obeying the laws, paying his taxes, and conforming to the rules of organized society, he is entitled if he gets into any difficulty, or dispute with a neighbour, which they cannot settle between themselves, to be able to appeal to the State, to see that justice is done, and I feel that this duty should be performed by the State with the least delay, and the least possible expense to the individual.

Now what is the usual course under the present system? Two neighbours in a business transaction, have a dispute or a misunderstanding. It often happens that there is a good deal to be said on both sides. The differences however are irreconcilable, and the citizens have to appeal to the State to decide. One citizen goes to his lawyer, lays the whole case before him, naturally with his own colouring, and gets an opinion on the law. The Counsel knows well that no one can positively tell what the law is, but probably gives an opinion that his client has a good case, and one that is worth fighting in the Courts. A letter is written to the other side or a writ is served, and the defendant goes to his lawyer for advice. The lawyer hears the defendant's statement, looks up precedents and advises him to defend the case, although he also knows there is no certainty as to the law. The case is now fairly started and the costs begin to roll up. Motions of all kinds can be made—to set aside appearance—for security for costs.—for particulars of statement of claim or defence—to strike out statement of claim or defence—for better and further affidavit on production—to compel attendance of witnesses, and so on. Then the examination for discovery and other examinations, conducted at great length, and with tiresome reiteration and repetition; all taken down in shorthand, all extended in full, all rolling up heavy expense. Then after all these motions, and filing of affidavits, and examinations upon them, and attendances and drafts and engrossings, etc., the case at last comes before a jury. Technicalities of law are brought up and discussed and overruled and reserved. Then witnesses are examined again, and with the same reiteration and repetition, all again taken down in shorthand. Objections are raised to questions. These are also argued and the objection sustained or overruled, with points again reserved. These things all tend to confuse the minds of the jury, as to the real merits of the case, which are often to be found on both sides. Then follow long arguments of Counsel; then the Judge's charge, the reserving of more points with the result that the jury will probably give the ver-

dict one way, while the Judge has reserved law points, to settle whether the decision should not be given the other.

The case may then come up before the full Court, and the points of law (concerning which if the law is the great science our profession claim it to be there should be no question) have to be decided. Three Judges supposed to be experts, impartial, upright men, who have devoted their lives to the study of the law, sit for hours and listen to the same arguments, on the same evidence, with the same precedents quoted, under the same magnetic influence and ability of the Counsel on both sides, without the slightest reason apparent why they should differ, if there is anything in our boasted science of law, and at the end of it all, two of the Judges will decide one way, and one the other. Then an appeal is taken to the Court of Appeal. The same thing happens, only the Judges of this Court are supposed to be still more highly trained experts, and here also, two may decide one way and two the other, on exactly the same facts and arguments. Then follows an appeal to the Supreme Court, when the same old story is told, with the result possibly, that three will decide one way and two the other. Lastly comes the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and then a final decision is made one way or the other, but apt to be the nearest right, because they have no appeal above them, and do not trouble themselves nearly so much about precedents as about justice.

“Then what happens? One man wins and the other loses, neither being altogether in the right, neither altogether in the wrong; but one gets everything and the other loses everything, his own costs and his opponent's taxable costs, while the successful man is heavily punished in his Solicitor and client costs, and in the mental worry, loss of time, etc. The total costs in a case like this will probably amount to thousands of dollars, if not tens of thousands, and might have been as satisfactorily settled, without expense and with just as much certainty, if the parties had tossed a penny to decide it at the start. It must be remembered that a man once in the law cannot avoid this. If a poor man is fighting a rich one, or a rich Corporation, he must absolutely give up his right to have the case decided, or run the risk of ruin.

“It was against this system that I based my remarks, and expressed my hope that some day the people through their Parliament would be able to reform it. I think that the State should legislate so that the Judges should decide disputes quickly and simply without formalities, and without regard to anything, except the absolute justice in each case; that there should be only one appeal which should be final, that

musty precedents perhaps the mistakes of men gone by, should not be worshipped or followed to create injustice. If the State did this, did away with fees of every kind, and hired the lawyers at fixed salaries to assist the Judges, in bringing forward the evidence, there is no occasion why disputes could not be settled in one-tenth of the time and at one-twentieth the expense now incurred."

This letter was published in November, 1900, and now fully nineteen years have elapsed, and I still hold the views I then expressed.

*

RICE, JONES, AND RUTLEDGE

ONE of the most tragic cases that we have had, was that of the burglary of the Standard Bank, Parkdale, and a double burglary at Aurora, for which three men named Rice, Rutledge, and Jones were arrested in Chicago, and extradited to be tried in Toronto. They were handed over to the Canadian authorities, on the 3rd April, 1901, and were tried for the Standard Bank burglary on the 23rd May when the jury disagreed.

On the 3rd June they were brought up for trial on the charge of committing the burglary at the Aurora Post Office. The next day they were taken from the Court to the jail, in an ordinary double cab. The prisoners were shackled together, Jones being in the centre, and they were put upon the back seat of the cab with two county constables, Boyd and Stuart sitting on the seat facing them. While driving through the streets, some man suddenly threw a parcel into the cab on the knees of the prisoners, the parcel contained two loaded revolvers which Rice and Rutledge seized, and at once presented at the two constables, telling them to hold up their hands. Stuart held his up, Boyd made some show of resistance, and was shot and killed instantly. The three men then jumped out of the cab and ran off as well as they could being shackled together. Constable Stuart followed and fired at them with his

revolver as they were running, and wounded Jones very seriously. The prisoners jumped upon the vestibule of a street car, which was passing, and attempted to take control of it. The motorman seized one of them, and one or two men standing in the front vestibule, helped him, and they with Constable Stuart succeeded in disarming Rice and Rutledge, Jones being helpless.

On the next day they were found guilty of the Aurora burglary. On the following day, the 6th, Jones died of his wounds in the jail. On the 7th June, Rice and Rutledge were sentenced to twenty-one years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary for the Aurora burglary, and were also charged with the murder of Constable Boyd. That same evening as the jail prisoners were being marched across the main hall of the jail, Rutledge suddenly broke from the ranks, and ran up the spiral stairway to the top, several storeys, and sprang over the railing and threw himself downwards upon the paved floor of the hall. He was instantly killed.

Rice was tried for the murder of Constable Boyd and was found guilty and was hanged on the 18th July, 1902. He belonged to a respectable family in Chicago, and was said to have had a university education, but had got into bad company. He was a young man. Constable Boyd who was murdered, was an old man of seventy but in good health and vigour. Three violent deaths in a few days, followed by an execution made a deep impression upon the community.

*

IMPOSTORS

SINCE I can remember, the City of Toronto has been visited from time to time with impostors and adventurers who have flashed across the firmament like rockets, exploding and disappearing in the same way.

The most distinguished in his assumed rank was Prince Athrobald

Stuart de Modena, the same man who became notorious in England, by his relationship with the Countess Russell. He took rooms at the finest hotel in the city, became acquainted with a few people who entertained him, and introduced him to others, and for a time spent money freely and incurred debts still more freely, and before long came before me, and was sent to the Central Prison for some months for fraud. While he was there, a negro had been serving a term in the prison for theft, and when the official was giving him a suit of clothes to wear when being discharged, the negro said to him:

"Is it not extraordinary the number of prominent men dere happen to be in dis prison just at de present moment?"

"Why so?" he was asked.

"Why," he replied, "we have a prince, and we have a colonel," (in for a political offense) and look at me, I am de President of de Coloured Liberal Association of Chatham.

Some years ago, one of the Judges of our Court of Appeal, when coming home from a trip to England, accompanied by his wife, chanced to meet on the steamer, Colonel the Hon. H. Annesley (formerly commanding the 16th Lancers) who was accompanied by his wife. They were presentable people, and became quite friendly with the Judge. They told him that they were to pay a visit to Government House at Ottawa. When they were separating at the port of debarkation, the Judge and his wife invited them, if passing through Toronto, to pay them a visit. A short time after they arrived in Toronto, and were welcomed at the Judge's house. It soon became known that Hon. Col. Annesley and Mrs. Annesley were guests of the Judge, and his friends gave entertainments for them. The daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor suggested to her father, that it might be well to invite the Judge and his guests to dinner. This was done, and the Lieutenant-Governor took Mrs.

Annesley in to dinner. While at dinner she was telling the Governor of their mythical visit to the Governor-General's, when he told her that Capt. Chater, one of the aides de camp from Ottawa, was at the table, and he pointed him out to her. She calmly looked at him and said "he was not there when we were there". After dinner Capt. Chater and the Lieutenant-Governor's aide, went to the library and looking up the Peerage, and the Army list, discovered they were impostors. For the sake of the Judge and his wife, they decided not to speak of the matter till the morning.

As soon as the wife had an opportunity to speak to her husband, she evidently told him that the game was up, for in the carriage driving home, he told the Judge that he was very sorry but they would have to leave by the early train for the East. This they did, and about two hours later the Governor's aide called at the Judge's house, to tell him that he had been imposed upon. It was discovered afterwards that the man was the organist of a church in a small country town in Ontario and had come out to fill that position.

Another case somewhat similar occurred in this way. Capt. the Hon. Conyngham Denison, R.N., came over on a passenger ship to Boston. On arrival he received a cablegram recalling him at once to England. An impostor who travelled on the same ship had stolen from him a few pages of crested notepaper and envelopes, some marked handkerchiefs, etc., and knowing that Capt. Denison was returning at once to England, he assumed his name and rank, and came on to Montreal, and his arrival was announced in the papers and then he came to Toronto. He evidently heard that there was a family of Denisons, here, so he did not remain, but left for Buffalo within twenty-four hours. There he was made a good deal of and defrauded a number of people, and I think served a term in prison.

Another impostor named Signor Ramponi, also managed some years ago to get an introduction into some families in Toronto, and was invited to entertainments. He was in the habit of searching the dressing-rooms when the houses were thrown open for dances, and stole a quantity of jewelry. The police heard of it and having a suspicion of Ramponi arrested him suddenly, and found some of the stolen articles in his possession. He was tried before me and I sent him to the Central Prison for three months.

I received the following letter from a cunning Chinaman, giving a false English name:

City Dec'r 5th 1913.

Dear Sir

Quen Yee Co.

99 Queen Street West City.

The store deal on Sunday forenoon, and keep gamble down cellar every Sunday and night. Mr. Ing Hong gambler keeper and take commission.

Next Sunday from 4 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. tell 5 detective go catch gamble and Sunday deal sell wine. Make him do not against law please.

Yours truly

Geo. Wilson.

Please do not tell other body may be other body let he know.

This was evidently the result of a bitter feud between Chinamen. This assuming of an English name was another instance of the guile of the Heathen Chinee.

*

DR. TUMBLETY

IN JUNE, 1859, I was at the Carlton Racecourse, then situated on Keele Street, and was riding home after the races along Dundas Street, when a man rode up behind me, and opened up a conversation—I turned to look at him, and he was certainly a man to attract attention—He was flashily dressed in a black velvet coat with side pockets, a showy waistcoat and a black velvet cap. He wore a large gaily-coloured silk necktie. He had a fine horse and his saddle and equip-

ments were good. His seat, however, was remarkable. His stirrups were too long, and his legs which were also long were stretched straight out in front. His toes were pointed outwards at an angle of forty-five degrees from the horse's sides, reminding one of the remark of a cavalry riding master, in one of *Punch's* cartoons, yelling to a raw recruit: "There ye go agin, a sticking yer toes hout like a hinfantry hajutant".

He was very communicative, making complimentary references to my horse. He told me he was Dr. Tumblety, the celebrated Indian Herb Doctor, and said that the day before, he had driven his horse and buggy to Becket's, on King Street, then the principal drug shop in the city, and had gone in to order some medicine, leaving his horse untied. The horse ran away down east on King Street, ran into other vehicles, and smashed the buggy. The Doctor was summoned before the Police Court, and was fined for leaving his horse untied. From his demeanour as he told the story, I was satisfied he had planned the incident purposely in order to attract attention, and to advertise himself. I looked up the report in the newspapers, and found he had stated accurately what had happened.

I was at first surprised at his addressing me, and accompanying me, but I was young, not yet twenty, and I was riding my father's charger, which was one of the finest saddle horses I have ever seen. It had taken a prize at the Exhibition, and the late T. C. Patteson, one of the best judges of horses in the country, often told me years after, that the horse I used to ride in my youth, was the finest he had seen in Canada.

Dr. Tumblety was desirous of advertising himself, and was willing to speak to any one, and made use of my horse, as a subject on which to open the conversation.

Not long afterwards I heard that Dr. Tumblety had been tried for practising medicine without being qualified. He was tried at the Assizes,

and sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred dollars. He walked up to the Clerk's seat in front of the Judge, and taking out a great roll of bills from his pocket, he flung it in front of the Clerk saying: "There! take your change out of that".

He went to Montreal after a time and played another of his pranks to get talked about. He went into the principal drug shop, on the main business street in Montreal, and bought some article, and then, putting his hand into his pocket to get money to pay for it, he pulled out a handful of coins, gold coins, and half dollars, and quarters and small silver. Looking at his hand full of this mixed money, he said loudly, so that all the people in the shop might hear him. "How did I ever get that trash in my pocket?" He picked the gold out in one hand and walked to the door and threw the handful of silver out the door, and across the sidewalk on to the roadway, where there was soon a scramble for it.

I always afterwards took an interest in news of him, as he was occasionally referred to in the Press. The Civil War in the States broke out

shortly afterwards, and during the tremendous struggle I saw Dr. Tumblety's name mentioned in the newspapers, showing that he was doing something on the Northern side in Washington.

The greatest triumph in his special line occurred in 1865. On the 14th of April of that year, the whole world was shocked at the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, and for some days the confusion and excitement was intense. The next day the authorities discovered that Dr. Tumblety had suddenly disappeared with great secrecy from Washington, carefully covering his tracks. For a couple of days, the wires in every direction were buzzing. Rumours came from various places that he had been seen, but after two or three days, he was captured in some place in Missouri, while he was still apparently struggling to escape. He was brought under guard to Washington, and held in custody for a time. Within a week it was announced that Dr. Tumblety was discharged, because it was discovered that his pretended flight was just another scheme to advertise himself.

(To be continued)



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

THE federal bye-elections indicate a condition of unrest throughout the Dominion as acute as that which produced the political revolution in Ontario. In Victoria alone is there any comfort for the Union Government. It is true that Sir Henry Drayton, who succeeds Sir Thomas White as Minister of Finance, was elected by acclamation in Kingston but he was not opposed. It is suspected that there was an understanding that Mr. King, leader of the Liberal party, should be elected by acclamation in Prince, P.E.I., on condition that Sir Henry was not subjected to a contest in Kingston. This was a natural and rational agreement since both sooner or later would have got seats somewhere.

Significant
bye-elections

In Assiniboia Hon. W. R. Motherwell, a former member of the Liberal Government of Saskatchewan, was overwhelmingly beaten by Mr. Gould, the candidate of the organized Grain Growers. No Unionist candidate appeared, and it is significant that the Liberals sought to establish an understanding between Mr. Gould and the Ottawa Government. It is certain that a Unionist candidate would have done no better than Mr. Motherwell who, failing to poll one-third of the total vote cast lost his deposit of \$200. In Glengarry the candidate of the farmers beat a Unionist by 1,900 while in Carleton, New Brunswick, which was represented by Hon. Frank Carvell, a member of the Union Government until he was appointed Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission, a farmer, repudiating any connection with either of the old parties, was returned by 3,540 majority. In North Ontario a farmer candidate triumphed. In Assiniboia the Liberal candidate, who lost his deposit, was supported on the platform by Hon. Walter Scott, former Liberal Premier of Saskatchewan, and by leading members of the Liberal opposition in the House of Commons. The constituency, moreover, was one of the old Liberal strongholds of Saskatchewan. In Carleton, N.B., Hon. Arthur Meighen, Minister of the Interior, Hon. G. D. Robertson, Minister of Labour, and Hon. P. E. Blondin, Postmaster-General, held meetings for the Unionist candidate who also lost his deposit.

There was no doubt of the result in Quebec East after Mr. Ernest Lapointe became the Liberal candidate. Although only half the electors cast their ballots his majority was 4,000. He resigned his seat for Kamouraska and appeared in Quebec

East in order to unite local factions which could not agree on a local candidate, but also and chiefly to drive Mr. Armand Lavergne, one of the leaders of the Nationalists, out of the field. Mr. Lavergne had not actually agreed to be a candidate but it is believed that he would have contested the constituency and probably would have been elected if Mr. Lapointe had not intervened. The French Liberal group in Parliament were determined that Laurier's old seat should not be captured by a Nationalist. They remember the inflammatory Nationalist appeal against the Laurier Naval Policy and the long and bitter pursuit of the old leader by Mr. Bourassa and his associates.

Bourassa
Losing in
Quebec

Steadily Mr. Bourassa loses authority in Quebec. His health is not good, he has had sickness and death in his household, and it is said that he has become a religious ascetic. For years an extreme Ultramontane in religious opinion his mind turns more and more from this world to the world beyond. If he had pursued a different course he probably would have succeeded Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the Liberal party, for there was a time when few men had such a position in Parliament. As a speaker in French or English he had hardly an equal, while his personal integrity never was impugned. But he became an extreme Provincialist, invincibly hostile to all movements toward Imperial unity, and a busy fomenter of misunderstanding between Canada and the Mother Country. Lavergne was his most active and effective ally, and for a time they challenged even Laurier's ascendancy in Quebec. But Nationalism seems to be a spent force in the French Province, and whatever may be the future attitude of French Liberals towards Imperial proposals they will co-operate with the Liberals of other Provinces, and, subject to their conception of the rightful position of Canada in the Empire, loyally maintain the connection with the Mother Country. Mr. Lapointe, who succeeds Laurier in the representation of Quebec East, also becomes the recognized leader of Quebec Liberals. Young, ardent, eloquent and courageous, he has achieved great distinction in Parliament, and there is a happy prospect that he will succeed also to the regard and respect which Laurier enjoyed in the English Provinces. Even among Unionists there is a feeling of satisfaction over his decisive victory in Quebec East and the final blow Nationalism has sustained in the French Province.

But the bye-elections suggest other and momentous considerations. There are a dozen Western Unionists in Parliament who are in general sympathy with the political programme of the Grain Growers. It was expected that they would support the Union Government until conditions in the country were more settled, until the soldiers were re-established and until a definite fiscal policy could be formulated. But the triumph of the United Farmers in Ontario and the victories in Saskatchewan and New Brunswick disturb these Western Unionists. They may feel that further adhesion to the Ottawa Government will hopelessly prejudice their chances of re-election and that they must rid themselves of any sus-

picion of an alliance with Eastern protectionists. It looks at the moment as though the organized farmers would carry many of the federal constituencies in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Possibly they may attack the Provincial Governments in the three Prairie Provinces. For the farmers are definitely and resolutely in politics and determined to have no connection with either of the old parties. It looks also as though they would take not a few constituencies in Ontario and make some considerable impression in the Atlantic Provinces. In Quebec the Liberal party holds and doubtless will maintain the advantage but nowhere except perhaps in British Columbia is the immediate outlook very favourable to the Unionists. There may yet be a strong rally upon the fiscal and industrial issue, but Labour probably will carry a score or more of the industrial constituencies and if the farmers and Labour can unite in the Dominion as they are uniting in Ontario it is doubtful if any single party will control the next Canadian Parliament. Among Unionists there is great lack of cohesion while Sir Robert Borden's long absences from the country and subsequent illness have greatly affected the whole political situation in Canada. The impending resignation of Sir Robert further obscures and complicates the outlook.

II

THERE has been general comment on the fact that the first woman to be elected to the British House of Commons is an American. Another fact as remarkable has been overlooked. The woman is also a peeress. Moreover, the peeress was opposed by Labour and Liberal candidates. The fact that Lady Astor had a title apparently was not a disadvantage in the contest. No one seemed to feel that "democracy" was threatened or that a "class" would triumph in Lady Astor's return. The people elected the woman, not the peeress, and seemingly never imagined that she was in any way disqualified to represent "the people". It is easy to understand why Lord Astor was reluctant to go to the House of Lords. The upper chamber at best is a minor legislative body, with powers actually far more restricted than those of the Commons. That is one reason why such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George do not accept peerages. They would have to leave the House of Commons, where the business of the nation is actually transacted and enter a chamber which at most revises and amends legislation, and not always to the general advantage. It is true that many British political leaders do not accept titles, but Mr. Lloyd George, with all his professional radicalism, probably has conferred more titles, in proportion to his time in office, than any other premier in British history.

A Peeress in
the Commons

III

THE annual municipal elections afford curious revelations of the working of democratic institutions. A good deal of the campaign talking and writing suggests that every candidate has some secret alliance with "the interests" or is actuated by some evil ambition to betray or plunder the

The Municipal
Elections

public. In actual experience few of these charges are ever established, and yet in the fever of conflict they are believed by multitudes of people who in their private and business relations would never be seriously affected by blather and rubbish. It has been suggested that two or three weeks before polling in each year generous extracts from the speeches and newspaper articles of the previous contest should be republished and widely circulated among the voters as samples of what should not be believed and as affording a valuable contrast between what was predicted and what actually happened.

One would think sometimes that half the people were organized to destroy the Hydro-Electric System and that a profession of devotion to "Hydro" was the only qualification necessary for public service. As a matter of fact there is no serious movement against "Hydro" nor any real division of opinion over the value of the service to Ontario. Moreover the credit of the Province and of the municipalities is so deeply involved in the system that no Government would venture to embarrass its operations or to deny necessary support for its maintenance and extension. There may be differences of opinion over individual radial projects, and it surely would be unwise to duplicate radial roads as steam roads have been duplicated all over the continent. On the other hand there is no doubt that radials create new traffic and that a radial may be justified where another steam railway would be indefensible. It is natural that the municipalities should be jealous of any invasion of "Hydro" territory and should desire to protect its revenues against private competition. A great co-operative undertaking, its success is vital to the municipalities and to the industries of the Province. But in a free country a public-owned enterprise should be as open to frank and legitimate criticism as any private undertaking.

Public Owner-
ship and
Criticism

There should indeed be complete freedom to criticize all public-owned services. A municipal abattoir should not be supported out of the general taxes. Nor should a street railway, a waterworks service or a lighting service. Public ownership can be justified only by results. Where the results are not satisfactory criticism is legitimate and necessary. It is not fair to contend that such criticism is necessarily an attack on the principle of public ownership, nor is it even true that devotion to the principle is the only test of good citizenship. If we are to get the best results from public ownership a vigilant public opinion must be maintained and every detail of policy and management must be open to the fearless scrutiny of the press and the public.

Should be
Women in
Council

Unquestionably Labour should have direct representation in municipal councils. There should also be women in the councils and on the school boards. It is just as desirable that the financial, manufacturing and commercial interests should have representation in municipal bodies. Success in business is not necessarily evidence of unfitness for public service. A banker may be a good citizen. A capitalist may have private virtue and public spirit. But too often a man who has been successful in his own affairs is made an object of suspicion if

he appears as a candidate for public office. Somehow or other the impression is created that because he has succeeded he has betrayed "democracy".

There could be closer co-operation, too, among municipal councils and Boards of Trade and other voluntary associations. Too often, however, such bodies adopt an unsympathetic attitude towards the elected representatives of the people. They are more willing to coerce than to co-operate. If they were as wise as they should be they would recognize the legitimate authority of those who have been chosen by the ratepayers to govern the municipality and would act with and through them instead of against them. The City Hall should be the centre of all civic activities, and a primary object of voluntary associations should be co-operation with elected councils rather than coercion and dictation. There is too much contempt for municipal councils often displayed by men who make no sacrifices for the public and neglect the elementary duties of citizenship. We all took our share of the load during the war and accomplished results which gave Canada peculiar honour among the nations. Why should we not have a like union of all classes and interests in time of peace for the municipality, the Province and the Dominion.

IV

IT is a curious contention that the organization of the Farmers as a political party and the advent of the Independent Labour party has abolished political partisanship in Ontario. *The Farmers' Sun* is as devoted to the programme of the United Farmers as was ever any Liberal or Conservative organ to the platforms of the old parties. *The Industrial Banner* is as faithful to the interests of the Independent Labour party, and like *The Farmers' Sun*, is as downright and severe in criticism of opponents as was ever any of the Liberal or Conservative newspapers. Although he had long been an active and influential leader of organized Labour, Mr. Robbins was opposed in Riverdale by a Labour candidate because he accepted the nomination of a Conservative convention. The United Farmers would have no fellowship with any farmer, however representative of his class, if he appeared as the candidate of the Liberal or Conservative parties. Indeed, anyone elected as a representative of the United Farmers is subject to discipline and recall if he ventures to disagree with the governing body of the organization. No more absolute tests of obedience have ever been imposed upon candidates of the old parties, and it is true that new parties are not distinguished for excessive tolerancé. Whatever, therefore, may be the achievements of the Farmer-Labour party in administration and legislation it is idle to pretend that partisanship has been abolished. We may have new phases of partisanship but they are as rigid, as inveterate and as human as the old.

Generally, however, the utterances of the new Provincial ministers have been moderate and liberal. There have been

Tests of
Partisanship

no evidences of hostility to the urban communities or of any disposition to embark upon revolutionary courses. The ministers, too, must soon become convinced that nothing is more absurd than the notion that farmers are objects of suspicion and contempt in the cities. It is clear that the common desire of city people is that Mr. Drury and his ministers shall not be subjected to unsympathetic and factious criticism, that their motives shall not be misinterpreted, and that they shall be treated with all the consideration and respect which men chosen by the people for responsible public duties have the right to demand. Indeed there are evidences of a common feeling that because the ministers are farmers and workers and because they have no experience in office they have a special title to sympathy and support. They are not asking for consideration, but they must be conscious that they are regarded with good-will rather than with suspicion and distrust. They will be judged ultimately by the character of their legislation and administration and will be neither praised nor blamed because they represent agriculture and organized Labour. In the meantime the pretence that political partisanship has been abolished will be regarded with an amiable and tolerant but very positive scepticism.

V

**Better Housing
in Ontario**

REMARKABLE building activity is reported under the Ontario Housing Act. In all ninety-one municipalities are using the credits provided by the federal and Provincial Governments. For Windsor the appropriation is \$1,000,000, for Ottawa \$750,000, for Fort William \$250,000, for Saulte Ste. Marie \$200,000, for Galt \$200,000, for Brantford \$250,000, for Hamilton \$500,000, for Guelph \$250,000, for London \$400,000, for Welland \$250,000, for Oshawa \$600,000, for Trenton, \$200,000, for Stratford \$250,000, for Walkerville \$250,000, for Mimico \$200,000, for New Toronto \$200,000, and for York \$500,000. Twelve townships have also secured appropriations and applications from other townships are under consideration. Toronto under a special Act has also spent \$800,000 in the construction of inexpensive houses.

More than sixty municipalities are actually building houses, a few have been completed and 1,300 are under construction. For these the loans will amount to \$4,600,000. In the spring at least 5,000 more houses will be under construction and it is estimated that by the end of 1920 not less than \$20,000,000 instead of the \$10,000,000 provided will be required by the municipalities. The houses are attractive and convenient and the monthly repayments—\$20 a month for twenty years to pay the principal and interest on a \$3,000 dwelling—are hardly equal to the rents which are now charged for the same class of houses. All the plans have been approved by the Housing branch of the Bureau of Municipal Affairs, under Mr. J. A. Ellis, and it is understood that no friction has developed between the Provincial Department and the municipalities. It seems to be also true that private builders and architects are co-operating heartily with the Municipal Housing Commissions.

THE BLUE LAWS OF NOVA SCOTIA

SOME CURIOUS OLD STATUTES OF THE ASSEMBLY OF NOVA SCOTIA

BY R. F. DIXON

I HAVE been making some researches of late in a very rare and interesting volume, now the property of Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S., and included in the valuable library purchased by that Institution from Col. Plimsol Edwards, of Halifax, which contains a list of Acts passed by the Assembly of the Province of Nova Scotia from its first session in 1758 to the year 1775, just previous to the formal secession of the American Colonies. The Legislature of Nova Scotia has the distinction of being, if I am not mistaken, the oldest colonial House of Parliament in the Empire, as constituted to-day and antedates that of Ontario by exactly forty years. It is furthermore the only surviving pre-Revolutionary British Legislature on the Continent.

The volume in question like the majority of the books of those now remote days, elaborately and almost artistically gotten up, and a most creditable specimen of printer's work, is "dedicated" to "The Right Honourable Lord William Campbell, Capt. General and Governor-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and the territories thereon depending", by his "Most devoted, most obedient servant, Jonathan Belcher", the first and well-remembered Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

With a laudable desire to put itself on record in the matter of religion,

and especially to clear itself of any possible imputation of favouring "Popery", then rampant in the neighbouring French Provinces of Cape Breton and Quebec, the Legislature proceeds at a very early date to pass "An Act for the establishment of Religious Public Worship in the Province and for the suppressing of Popery", with the following preamble, "Forasmuch as His Majesty, on the settlement of the Province was pleased in his pious concern for the advancement of God's glory, and the more decent celebration of the divine ordinances amongst us, to erect a Church according to the usage of the Church of England, in humble imitation of his Royal Example, and for the most effectual attainment of His Majesty's pious intentions, we enact that the sacred rules and ceremonies of Divine Worship according to the liturgy of the Church established by the laws of England, shall be deemed the fixed form of worship amongst us". The second section of the Act grants full toleration to all dissenters. In the third it is enacted that "Every Popish person exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and every Popish Priest or Person exercising the function of a Popish Priest, shall depart out of the Province on or before the 25th day of March, 1759. And if any such person or persons shall be found in this Province, after the said day, he or they shall on conviction be adjudged to suffer perpetual im-

prisonment, and if any such person or persons shall escape out of prison, he or they shall be adjudged to be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy."

The late Bishop Courtney used to say that this Act, so far as the Anglican Church was concerned, has never been repealed. Later on, after the American Revolution, and the appointment of Bishop Inglis, and the establishment of a number of parishes in various parts of the Province, the Bishop became a member of the Legislative Council ex-officio, and considerable land grants were made to the new parishes, some of which they still hold. The Bishop ceased to be a member of the Council about the middle of last century, on the death of Bishop John Inglis, son of the first bishop. This, at the time, was, I suppose, considered tantamount to disestablishment.

The section regarding Roman Catholics, as far as I can ascertain, remained a dead letter. Somewhere in the twenties, a Mr. Cavanagh, a Roman Catholic, was elected to the Assembly from Cape Breton, and was by connivance allowed to take his seat, on the advice, I believe, of the Home Government. I am not sure whether or not the clause has been formally repealed.

It was enacted in the same year (1758) "that every person which hath once been admitted to benefit of clergy, being afterwards arraigned, shall not be admitted to Benefit of Clergy, and that every person convicted of manslaughter shall be burnt with an M on the brawn of his left thumb—these marks shall be made by the gaoler in open court".

In the same year "Papists" were forbidden to hold any land in the Province, other than by direct grant from the Crown. In an Act for the Better Observance of the Lord's Day it is provided "that if any Person or Persons whatsoever of the age of twelve years or upwards, being able of body and not otherwise necessarily

prevented by sickness or other unavoidable necessity, shall for the space of three months together absent himself or herself from Publick Worship of the Lord's Day, he shall be subject to a fine (that is to say) for every head of a family ten shillings, and for every child or servant four shillings, to be recovered upon complaint before any of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace".

In 1761 an Act prohibiting the exportation "of all raw hides, sheep and calf skins except to Great Britain" was passed. This Act was repealed some years later.

In the same year wilful desertion and failure of support for three years, besides the usual other causes, were made grounds for divorce. This Act was disallowed by the English authorities as being contrary to English law.

In the following year all retailers of liquor are forbidden to "suffer or harbour apprentices, bound servants or negro slaves to sit drinking in their houses—without a special order from their masters or mistresses". These "bound servants", it is likely, were of the same class as the transported convicts, who were sent over to Virginia in pre-Revolutionary days from Great Britain, and sold for a term of years to the planters. It would be interesting to know to what extent this practice prevailed in Nova Scotia. Negro slavery was, it is known, widely prevalent. In the same year (1760), the Province contracted its first public debt of £4,500.

About the same time was passed an Act to prevent fraudulent dealings with the Indians, and empowering the Governor and Lieut.-Governor upon complaint of the Indians, to proceed against persons defrauding the Indians of their "furs and other merchandize". The same year saw the prohibition of the manufacture of "Squibs, Rockets, Serpents and other fireworks and the firing of them on any road, public street, or passage of water—the Governor and Lieut.-Gov-

ernor and commander of his Majesty's troops being excepted".

In 1766 All persons were forbidden to leave the Province without a pass, and an Act was passed against "Forstallers and Reqrators". A forstaller was one who bought any goods in transit to a public market with intent to resell at a profit; a Reqrator, one who bought in market with the same object. An important Act "Concerning Schools and Schoolmasters" was passed in this same year in the following terms: "No person shall set up or keep a Grammar School within the Province, till he shall be examined by the Minister of the town, or where no Minister is settled, such examination shall be conducted by two Justices of the Peace, together with a certificate of good morals from at least six residents." The Act provides further on that "if any Popish Recusant, Papist or Person professing the Roman Religion, shall be so presumptuous as to set up any school within this Province, such offender shall suffer three months imprisonment without Bail or Mainprize, and shall pay a fine to the King of Ten Pounds". Provision is also made for the setting apart in each township of 400 acres for the support of a school. The scholastic qualifications of the prospective schoolmaster, as will be noted, are not even hinted at. Apparently all that was needed was a decently well conducted man, of good average physique, who, as our grandparents used to say, could "cypher" and write a legible hand, and keep the fretful brats in awe. Those were primitive days, no doubt, but I have my own recollections of almost equally easy going times in England, and to a certain extent in Canada, when the general impression seemed to prevail that schoolmastering required no special qualifications, and was "anybody's job". The man who could do nothing else was generally put at it, and judging from the salaries of many of our teachers down here, I am not quite sure that his idea has died out.

For many years a great part of public education in Nova Scotia was carried on by the Anglican "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts", at a very large cost, some of which I have been led to understand, was supplied by the Provincial Government, and the rest was raised by subscription in England.

In 1774 an Act was passed for "punishing Rogues and Vagabonds and other disorderly Persons—who run away or threaten to run away and leave their wives and children upon any Township and all persons who unlawfully return to such Township or Place, from which they have been legally removed by order of two Justices of the Peace, and all Persons, who not having wherewithal to maintain them live idle, and refuse to work for the usual wage".

In the following year, (1775) with which the volume ends, the passing of only one Act is recorded. The storm clouds presaging the coming conflict between Britain and her colonies, were looming thick and black and had all but reached the breaking point. Already ominous unrest was manifesting itself in the Province, which was shortly to culminate in Eddy's expedition against Fort Cumberland, the old Beausejour of the French. Throughout the counties of Cumberland, Hants and Annapolis, almost entirely settled by immigrants from the provinces to the south, disaffection was rife, and sympathy with the cause of the American "rebels" was everywhere openly expressed. Montgomery's expedition for the capture of Quebec was already under way, and must have been generally known in Nova Scotia. The Micmac Indians also, still strongly under French influence, and numbering several hundred fighting men, stirred up by emissaries from the "Continental Congress" were massing at Miramichi, and other points and threatening the settlements. At this critical and fateful juncture the Legislature seems to have

met and passed the following Act, and then to have immediately adjourned to enable its members to take an active part in the defence of the Province, against the expected attacks from New England, which materialized later on: "An Act for the ready Admission of such of His Majesty's subjects in the Colonies on this Continent who may be induced to take refuge in this Province, from the Anarchy and Confusion there, and for securing the Peace and preserving the Loyalty and obedience of the inhabitants of this Province.

"Whereas there is at this time a most daring and unnatural Rebellion subsisting in the neighbouring Provinces, against His Most Sacred Majesty and his Government, and as many of His Majesty's subjects of dutiful and loyal Deportment, desirous of removing from such confusion and unnatural Rebellion are seeking an Asylum in this Province, be it enacted (1) All persons above the age of sixteen coming into this Province, with intent to dwell therein must take the Oath of Allegiance. (2) All persons taking such an Oath shall be esteemed and reputed to be an inhabitant of the Province, and entitled to all the rights and privileges and immunities thereof—And whereas many evil designing persons have, and may hereafter come into this Province with an intent to corrupt the minds of His Majesty's subjects, be it enacted that any person coming now from the Provinces, now in Rebellion, against His Majesty's Government, shall be tendered the Oath of Allegiance, and on his refusal be forced to find bail for his good behaviour by two householders, and any person living in the Province holding traitorous correspondence with any persons in the aforesaid Colonies, now associated in arms against His Majesty's Government shall suffer such Pains and Penalties as in such cases are provided."

A considerable number of loyally disposed people, I believe, accepted this invitation, and left the American colonies before the Declaration of In-

dependence, or in the early stages of the War. Among those who settled in Nova Scotia under the terms of this Act, was General Timothy Ruggles, a Brigadier, in the French Wars, the ancestor of a number of Nova Scotians of that name. General Ruggles, it is said, was approached by the Revolutionists, with the object of persuading him to become Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. But he pleaded his age, and his unwillingness to fight on either side.

The Acts recorded in this volume are, of course, those specially relating to Nova Scotia. A large number of English Statutes seem to have been enacted en bloc, and wherever a local statute has been found to conflict with the law of England it appears to have been disallowed.

It would be an interesting, but I fear a somewhat laborious, undertaking to ascertain how many of these early or obsolete or lapsed statutes are still unrepealed, or abrogated by subsequent legislation. If unrepealed they are still in force in Nova Scotia, and can at any time be invoked by anyone sufficiently determined, or unscrupulous or regardless of public opinion, as was done by a man in England in my own father's time, who when sued for his tailor's bill, appealed to an obsolete but unrepealed statute of Henry VIII, making it illegal for any one under the rank of a nobleman to expend more than a very modest specified sum on his apparel, and although the Act was repealed at the next meeting of Parliament, he won his case. These remarks I hasten to assure my readers are as Artemus Ward would say, "made promiscuous", and do not forshadow any project on my part for getting even with my recalcitrant parishioners, although it is only fair to state that I have every reason to believe, that the "Act for the better observance of the Lord's Day", with its clause fining all habitual absentees from church ten shillings a quarter, being unrepealed, is still in force in Nova Scotia. We are certainly a religious people down here.

SIR JOHN WILLISON'S REMINISCENCES

BY MARJORIE MacMURCHY



SIR JOHN WILLISON'S Reminiscences deal with the inner spirit of public life. They are a text of "government for the people by the people".

Perhaps never at any other time have so many people been anxious to understand Canadian parliaments, or to learn how public opinion and legislation can be made to serve sane and useful purposes. Those who wish to equip themselves for such intelligent political action are not likely to find a better guide than the present volume.

To the critic of Canadian letters, however, the book's special charm is because of the tradition in our literature which it carries on and amplifies. For a comparison, the reader turns back to the work of Haliburton. He will not find a resemblance in style or subject. But there is a resemblance in fabric. Those who know Canadian books, few though they may be, do not need to argue about the nationality of this country, whether it does or does not exist. Nothing except nationality can explain the writings of Haliburton or account for the circumstance that songs of Canada were written before Confederation. It is possible that the ploughing of war over the fields of national spirit may have brought up some essence from deeper down which belongs to union between a country and its people. However that may be, while Sir John Willison's Reminiscences should be re-

viewed by authorities as a contribution to Canadian political history, the follower of letters will believe that the most lasting claim of the book is as literature, judging by the test of Arnold, for it is a criticism of life.

The reader, therefore, will notice first that everything about the book is natural and unaffected. It is not meagre in subject or dressed in borrowed clothes. The subject for a book which is more native than any other to the Canadian is politics. Politics, humour, and the art of living here, in this country, are root, stem, leaf and fruit of Sir John Willison's narrative. It seems probable that both the author of this book and Haliburton would be shocked if they were accused of any intention of writing literature, of getting down to the heart of Canadian character, or of writing a criticism of Canadian life. Men who take an interest in politics as a matter of reasoned judgment do not compare in ardour with the natural born political genius, and writers who think it pleasing and advantageous to compose are different mortals from those who might like to stop writing at times if they could. The works of Haliburton were produced because he could not help being their author. In the same way, these Reminiscences are the outcome of a genius for politics, which is a national characteristic, and of endowment as a writer, in this instance an individual gift. Writing with natural ability on a subject which is

more absorbing to the people of a country practically than any other would seem to be the inevitable way to make a contribution to national literature. In the case of this book, it is an inevitable way.

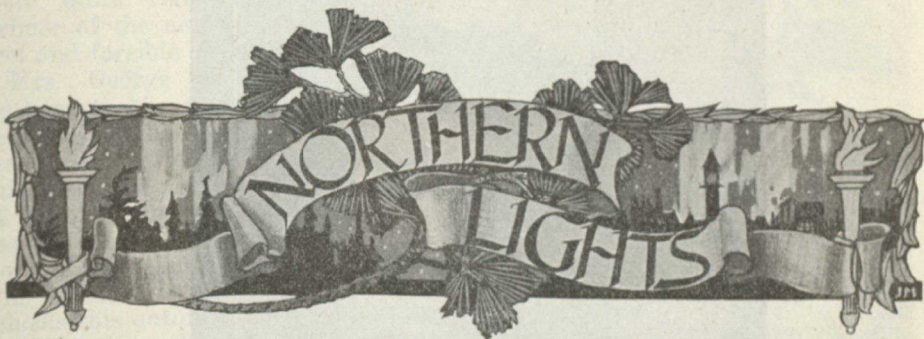
Nathaniel Hawthorne, in one of his tales, describes the situation of four people desirous of regaining their youth who are offered a draught from the miraculous fountain of Ponce de Leon. There are citizens of Canada who continually bewail the poverty of intellectual and artistic life in this country. Here is no home for art or the amenities of intercourse, they would have us believe. For such unbelievers one would advise an open-minded reading of this book. The art of living, like the fountain of life, is found here a little and there a little, drop by drop. Those never discover artistic opportunities or the genius of social intercourse who have them not in themselves. It is precisely because* Sir John Willison's *Reminiscences* contain so much of this elixir of life—the art of living—that the book is to be valued most. As an example of this value given to mortal beings, one would instance the first chapter, with its description of the awakening to the landscape of Ontario, and the thrilling approach to the political pageant which has never lost its powerful attraction. No novelist could wish a finer theme. And novel-

ists should note the writer's deep interest in character, well-repaid by the varied, enthralling, provocative personalities depicted by his just and kindly pen. After reading such chapters it would be absurd to say that Canadian life is not rich enough to justify disciples of literature and art. Politics and political life in Canada have been handled so finely here that following writers must benefit.

Finally, the best of the art of how to live is in the author's attitude to other men and their work. To find his way to truth in contemporary history, and to do justice and a little more to men of different shades of political opinion, are not only the effort but the success of his book. He rejoices in actions which result from talent, genius and uprightness. It would be hard to find a better example of the treatment of what may be called romance in character than Sir John Willison's chapter on Edward Blake and Sir John Thompson. Here, the reader is made to feel, were depths that had not been exhausted, a force of character which had not been brought into full play. One of the merits of the narrative is its ample and generous spirit. To give just praise to others has unflinching pleasure for Sir John Willison. These *Reminiscences* will convince his audience that they should be given by him other books of the same quality.

**Reminiscences, Political and Personal*, by Sir John Willison, Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

AN EDUCATIONAL MEMORIAL FUND

DURING the month of December an unusual and inspiring campaign was carried on throughout the Dominion, in behalf of the Memorial Fund of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire. The object is to raise half-a-million dollars, which will be used for educational projects of a thoroughly practical nature.

The word, "Imperialism" has so often been applied to what is objectionable to those who think democratically, that it may not be out of place to state that the ideal of the members of this Order is one of service, in recognition of our great responsibility. The vastness and complexity of the British Empire do not arouse in any thoughtful citizen the desire to boast or to vaunt our extent of territory or the wealth of our resources. The effect of a close regard of the Imperial relationship is rather to deepen a sense of responsibility and arouse a spirit of helpfulness in the work of reconstruction that must follow such a convulsion as the Great War.

The War Memorial Scheme, as determined by the members of the I. O. D. E., at the annual meeting

keeping with this true Imperialism in Montreal, June, 1919, is one which is ever constructive, and looking to future needs, while not forgetful of the lessons of past achievements. This Memorial Fund is to be expended:

(a) To found scholarships of sufficient value to provide a university education or its recognized equivalent, available for and limited to the sons and daughters of—(1) the soldier or sailor or member of the Canadian forces killed in action, or who died from wounds, or by reason of the war prior to the declaration of peace; (2) the permanently disabled soldier or sailor; (3) the soldier or sailor, who, by reason of injuries received in service overseas, dies after the declaration of peace. In those provinces where other organizations or institutions have made similar provision, scholarships will not be given.

(b) Post graduate scholarships, according to the plan proposed for Saskatchewan, but from a National Fund to be distributed among the Provinces.

(c) A Travelling Fellowship, to be competed for by the I. O. D. E. and provincial scholars.

(d) A lecture foundation in Canada for the teaching of Imperial history.

(e) To place in schools, selected



Mrs. John Bruce,
President, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire

by the Department of Education of each province, some of the reproductions of the series of Canadian War Memorial pictures, painted for the Dominion Government by leading artists of the Empire and placed permanently in Ottawa.

(f) To promote courses of illustrated lectures, free to the children of Canada, on the history and geography of the Empire.

(g) To place, within the next five years, in every school in Canada, where there are children of foreign-born parents in attendance, a Daughters of the Empire historical library.

Canadians who have lived in the

older and more settled corners of the Dominion hardly realize how large was the influx of newcomers in the sixteen years following 1898. Most of these immigrants came from other than British countries. There are eighty-five languages and dialects and fifty-three nationalities in our young Dominion and it is plain duty—the initiation of the newcomer into our customs, to say nothing of instruction in our laws and the making of patriotic and loyal citizens. We have thought that our cousins to the South went too far in their teaching of the flag salute and the matter of American citizenship. Now that the melting-pot in Canada is fairly

seething with strange ingredients, we realize that the educational authorities in the United States were quite right in making the primer of the new citizenship as direct and forcible as possible.

Mrs. George H. Smith of St. Catharines, the national educational secretary of the I. O. D. E., who has made a tour of the West in behalf of this Memorial Fund and in support of a patriotic educational propaganda, gives a most satisfactory report of the response to her appeal: The overflowing attendance at our schools this autumn shows how eager is Young Canada to gain every advantage that school or college can give. The vast debt we owe to those who gave their lives in their country's service can be discharged no more creditably than by flinging open the gates of opportunity to their children.

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A WRITER OF INDIAN TALES

IN giving us her two volumes of Indian stories, Miss Margaret Bemister, of Winnipeg, has materially enriched Canadian literature. Just what the collection and adaptation of these stories cost in time and labour can best be appreciated when one realizes that many of them had never been in print; they were given the author by trappers, missionaries, fire-rangers and a few by Indians, themselves. And even those already incorporated in collections had to be sorted and selected—most of them entirely re-written, for the scientific form in which they had been treated was not at all adequate to Miss Bemister's requirements.

The task she had set herself seemed, though unique, so arduous, that my curiosity was piqued, and I set about discovering what ever led a young girl without any particular reason for choosing Indian lore, to attempt so vast an undertaking. . . .

As a child she loved to tell stories. She told what she read, and when these gave out, she invented more.



Miss Margaret Bemister,
A Canadian writer of Indian tales

Being one of a large family, Margaret Bemister rarely lacked an opportunity to gratify herself in this respect. There was always a little group of children to be kept quiet and fairy tales never failed to be a magic muffler. Greek, Roman and Norse mythology varied the simpler tales and when the young story-teller exchanged her home circle for a class in a school room, these were most often called for at "story time".

Miss Bemister had such a charming way of telling stories that she began to attract notice and an appreciative friend suggested her writing them—history tales and myths, for the most part—exactly as she had made her adaptations, and submitting them to a publisher. They were returned, but not with discouraging indifference. On the contrary. In the collection there was an Indian legend and this had so

pleased the publisher that he suggested the collection of several similar—enough to make a book if possible. He remarked that no one had done this work for children; all the other writers of Indian lore having collected tales for scientific purposes.

In this way, the path was pointed, not a long and dreary trail, but one hung with the fairy magic of old. Following the path led far afield—interviews with a great many people whose information although valuable and appreciated, resulted in the garnering of amazingly few legends. It seemed to the seeker as though fur-traders, H. B. factors and even missionaries had shown little interest in the camp-fire story for which she was so eager and which they must have heard when an old Chief handed down the legends of the tribe to his own children.

She planned a trip to an Indian camp but had to abandon it on learning that the object of her visit would not tell his stories in the presence of a white woman, much less to Miss Bemister!

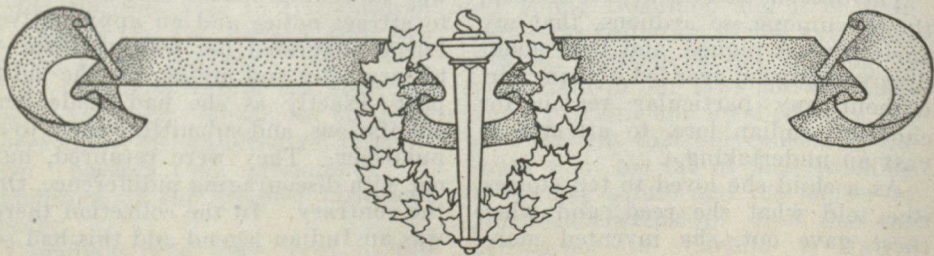
In spite of set-backs, however, the collection grew. A priest, a scientist, a fire-ranger, an old newspaper discovered in the Provincial Library, all yielding something of use and interest. Then an old Okanagan chief gave, in broken English, the main incidents of two legends.

"His grave dignity," said Miss Bemister, "made me realize that a great honour was being conferred upon me when he graciously answered my persistent questions, and unconsciously, I must have returned the compliment when I offered him my hand at part-

ing; for his keen eyes brightened suddenly and he gave a pleasant grunt as he took it and said good-bye."

From the Anthropological Bulletins of the Smithsonian Institute, Miss Bemister collected sufficient material to make up her book. But reading and making selections was tedious work, requiring concentration and endurance. The contemplation of tackling Anthropological Bulletins would be enough to sap the courage of most of us! The volume won instant approval and was brought out under the title of "Thirty Indian Legends". Later, when its success was assured, the Macmillan Company, of New York, asked the author to prepare a book for them, as their handling of the first one more than justified it. This volume bears the name "Indian Legends".

Miss Bemister feels that she is standing but on the edge of a limitless field and that what she had gathered of Indian lore is like taking a few berries from a heavily-laden bush. There are so many types of stories that there is fruit for all—fairy tales for the lover of beauty, facts that can be found nowhere else concerning the customs, manners, and mode of life of the primitive red man, for the student of history pictures of the Indian as he is, his feelings, his viewpoint, his convictions of right and wrong—pictures painted by himself and not by a white man, for the student of human nature. And for the ordinary common garden reader who simply wants to shut the doors of everyday things and venture into romance and mystery, Miss Bemister has given us a rarely beautiful composite of all three.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

PRIME MINISTERS

By G. W. E. RUSSELL. Toronto:
J. M. Dent and Sons.

LIKE all this right honourable gentleman's writings, this book is notable for its literary style, its lack of affectation, its familiarity with the subject in hand, its kindly attitude towards the great personalities that have come under the author's observation and into his acquaintance. Mr. Russell writes familiarly of men who held large places in British political life as far back as the time of Lord Palmerston, whom he remembers even because of his outward characteristics—"his large, dyed, carefully-brushed whiskers; his broad-shouldered figure, which always seemed struggling to be upright; his huge, rather distorted feet, his strong and comfortable seat on the old white hack which carried him daily to the House of Commons." He says of his uncle Lord John Russell that he was in appearance "very short, with a head and shoulders which might have belonged to a much larger frame. When sitting he might have been taken for a man of average height; and it was only when he rose to his feet that his diminutive stature became apparent". Lord Derby had "in richest abundance, the great natural gift of oratory, with an audacity in debate which won the nickname of 'Rupert' and a voice which would have stirred his hearers if he had only been reciting Bradshaw". According to Mr. Russell's opinion it was evident that nature had not intended Mr. Balfour for a public speaker. "Even at this distance of time I can

recall his broken sentences, his desperate tugs at the lapel of his coat; his long pauses in search of a word, and his selection of the wrong after all." Henry Campbell-Bannerman is described as one who had "marched with the times from Whiggery to Liberalism; who had never lagged an inch behind his party, but who did not, as a rule, outstep it". Farther on he is estimated as one who was "not a good speaker, and he had no special skill in debate". To Gladstone Mr. Russell gives the fulness of his praise: "For my own part I say advisedly that he was the finest specimen of God's handiwork that I have ever seen; and by this I mean that he combined strength of body, strength of intellect, and spiritual attainments in a harmony which I have never known equalled". Here is the picture of Disraeli: "If I had not known the fact, I do not think that I should have recognized him as one of the ancient race of Israel. His profile was not the least what we in England consider Semitic. He might have been a Spaniard or an Italian, but he certainly was not a Briton. He was rather tall than short, but slightly bowed, except when he drew himself up for the more effective delivery of some shrewd blow. His complexion was extremely pale, and the pallor was made more conspicuous by contrast with his hair, steeped in Tyrian dye, worn long, and eked out with apparent artificial additions."

The whole book is exceedingly interesting. It concludes with two stories, presumably true although they are classified as fact and fiction—"A forgotten Pause" and "A Crimean Episode".

"THE RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER"

BY HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS. Toronto:
Thomas Allen.

AFTER reading a book like this it is interesting to do a little analysis of one's interest in it. Of course there may be high-brow persons, secure in their self-imagined superiority, who wouldn't read such a book; they would repudiate it loftily, maybe with a French shrug, and pass on. But most ordinary mortals do read such books as this, the type that Mr. W. A. Fraser has made peculiarly his own in his achievement through "Bull Dog Carney".

The "Ridin' Kid from Powder River" is a yarn about a waif lad picked up on the prairie, rescued from a cruel horse-trading master, and taken to live on a little farm with a man who becomes as a father to him. When the foster father is killed, the lad defending him, becomes the "Ridin' Kid" and has adventures of the typical Westernese variety, eventually marrying the girl of the story.

What is it about such a yarn that leads business men, teachers, preachers, lawyers and even professors to read it? For such do read it. Many such have been caught with this kind of book on them. In a word, people read these stories because they like them. And people like them because the imagination along one line of its exercise, the easiest, along the line of pell-mell physical eventfulness, is free as the prairie wind. People like to be able to travel (in imagination) with a good horseman along lines of prairie trail. They like to be in the room (in imagination) where the smoke wisps writhe and twist and where the gun play is quick—they like the picture of a man cowing a bunch of other men "by the sheer power of his personality and of his will". The thrilling thing dwelt upon is the strength of the one strong man, and somehow (the story is always so played) the debilitating and unpleasant

thing of the weakness of the ten cowards is always eliminated from any position of importance from which it could distress the reader.

Such books justify themselves. We don't want always to watch Hardy or Bennet or Conrad put the knife in. We even get tired of Wells's hilarious brandishings, ever on the edge of operating upon the body politic. When we get tired we turn to "The Ridin' Kid from Powder River" and his mates.

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UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES

BY E. T. RYMOND. Toronto: J. M.
Dent & Sons.

THIS is a book of light, entertaining sketches of big men in Great Britain, beginning with Lloyd George and including Asquith, Balfour, Earl Grey, Lord Milner, General Smuts, Horatio Bottomley, Lord Northcliffe, Walter Long, Lord Beaverbrook, Winston Churchill, Sir Edward Carson and Bonar Law. It will be noticed that the list contains the names of two Canadians—Lord Beaverbrook and Bonar Law. The sketches are more in the nature of sidelights than searching studies, but nevertheless they reveal the subjects in the light of an informed observer, and are altogether unusually entertaining appreciations of character and achievement.

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MARE NOSTRUM

BY BLASCO IBANEZ. Toronto: J. M.
Dent and Sons.

BLASCO IBANEZ drove into Canada behind "The Four Horse men of the Apocalypse". It is just possible that he may ride out again on "Mare Nostrum" (Our Sea). The first is a spectacular book. Its title alone evoked interest. Its great physical eventfulness fed and maintained that interest. As a character study it is negligible. The book is not a novel of life. It possesses neither subtle and revealing analysis nor fine gradations of insight. But

people are not always after "character study" and "real life", thank Heaven. If they were, it is true, why discover Joseph Conrad for what he is, instead of for what he seems to be? Which might be doubtful gain.

Like "The Four Horsemen", "Our Sea" is not a profound study of human motive and action, and it has not the lure of continual eventfulness which puts the *pop* in popular novel-writing to-day. "Our Sea" is in the main, an essay on the Mediterranean, at times beautiful, moving and passionate. The people in the story are always the excuse for the Mediterranean and the Mediterranean the excuse for the people.

Certain of those who love the descriptive essay more than the eventful novel will probably be won to Ibanez by such a book, but their winning will mean the loss of a good many of "The Four Horsemen" readers. Some at least of the "Four Horsemen" readers will put down "Our Sea" and feel that the Ibanez glory is departed.

"The Dead Command", a third book by the same author, is different. It is a book somewhat between the other two. It is a steady story, moving through a certain amount of zig-zag philosophizing to a conclusion that can be called happy. It has something of the sea and the sun in it, and Ibanez, as always, shows his power to achieve physical brilliance.

Ibanez is not a new writer. His first novel was written in 1894. His first English translation, "The Shadow of the Cathedral", appeared in 1909. He has become a fad in this country, but fads have their function and often a basis that is sound. The function of this interest in Ibanez, which becomes a fad, will be to make Canadians a little more cosmopolitan, a little readier to receive "foreign" work, a little more experienced and more sophisticated in matters of literary taste. After "The Four Horsemen" is a little forgotten and the rest of the Ibanez books cease to be read in its borrowed light, Ibanez will be really

discovered as a modern writer whose chief characteristic lies in his power to evoke scenes, to give a sense of brilliance and clarity in the eye of the reader.

There are passages in "Our Sea" which are like colour photography—a bit of the shore of the Mediterranean when Ferragut steered his ship close in, old Uncle Caracol swimming out to sea after the disaster and the cask striking him riding down the vivid billow—the berth of the *Mare Nostrum* when in port.

Ibanez will be loved and remembered for these things even by the people who think Freya is ill-drawn. He is an author who comes near to greatness, but not greatness in character sketching.

*

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

BY MILDRED ALDRICH. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THE reader has grown a bit wary in the matter of published letters in these latter days. One remembers the cruel hoax of "Christine", and another imagines that Coningsby Dawson, as he wrote those intimate and moving home letters, knew nevertheless that they were for printer's ink and public barter. The only thing that justifies "letters", as letters, is that they are letters. Miss Aldrich, in those further letters of hers from the Hilltop on the Marne, has a way of making misgivings evaporate. Somehow one doesn't imagine her writing these pages carefully and deliberately with an eye ever lifted, not to her intimate correspondent, but to her publisher and the general public. One doesn't imagine her doing this, though how she could avoid it is a mystery, with two or three Hilltop books of letters, acclaimed by the public, to her credit. At any rate these "letters" have verve and personality and charm — and opinions!—If you could dangle President Wilson before Miss Aldrich's eyes you wouldn't have to dress him in red in order to make her see large areas of that interesting colour.

The letters begin August 16, 1918, and end May 29, 1919. As will be readily noted, they cover a tremendous period in modern world history. Because Miss Aldrich is so frank and untrammelled in her comments and so fresh and eager with her opinions, these letters make interesting reading for anyone who wants to know what one woman on a hilltop nearby thought about things when the war was ending(?) and peace was beginning(?).

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THE I. O. D. E. YEAR BOOK

Toronto: The Bryant Press.

CO-INCIDENT with the appeal to the Canadian public for the I. O. D. E. war memorial the first Year Book of the Order after nineteen years of existence has just been issued. It is a bulky volume of more than twelve hundred pages, and although it contains much information regarding the personnel and activities of the organization, it is composed mainly of chapter reports, the inspiring record of an enormous patriotic and social service work accomplished during one year.

The compilation is the work of a mother and daughter, both members of the National Executive—Mrs. A. W. McDougald and Mrs. Philip G. Kiely, and is but an illustration of the indefatigable volunteer service of this body of 50,000 women. The I. O. D. E. Year Book is sold to the Chapters at cost price.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

—“Dr. Jonathan,” a play in three acts, by Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—“The Black Drop,” (a novel), by Alice Brown. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—“A Private in the Guards,” (a study of the great “Guards” regiment and some of the men, by Stephen Graham. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—“The Wonder Garden,” a volume of nature myths and tales for children, edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Limited.

—“The Vital Message,” experiences in psychical research by Arthur Sir Conan Doyle. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Limited.

—“The Girl of the New Day,” a consideration of the girl’s place in the present everyday life by E. M. Knox, Principal of Havergal College, Toronto. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

—“From B. C. to Baisieux,” being a narrative history of the 102nd Canadian Infantry Battalion by L. McLeod Gould, M.S.M. Croix de Guerre. Victoria: Thomas R. Crusack Presses.

—“God Speed the True,” a volume of verse by M. A. Maitland. Toronto: The Baptist Book Room.

—“Explaining the Britishers,” a record of the British Empire’s mighty record in liberty’s cause by Frederic William Wile. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

—“On the Makalooa Mat,” short stories by Jack London. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—“The Street of Adventure,” a novel of world newspaperdom by Philip Gibbs. New York: E. P. Dutton Company.

—“The Workshop and Other Poems,” by Gay Page (Florence N. Horner Sherck). Fort William: The Times-Journal Press.

