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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



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FEBRUARY, 1918



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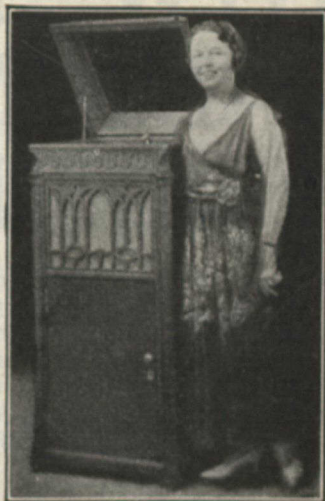
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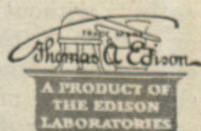
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THERE is a new and wonderful system of reconstruction and re-creating the human organism—a system of mental and physical development that has already revolutionized the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, strength, energy, confidence and success. It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body that they enjoy life so full, so intense, so thoroughly worth while, that the old life to which they were accustomed seemed totally inferior in every respect.

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fact, this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like, and neither does it ask you to give up what you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.

How the Cells Govern Life

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails, we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smashing, driving power back of our thoughts and actions, when we must force ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for any reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain cells are weak and inactive or totally dead. And this is true of ninety people out of every hundred, even among those who think they are well, but who are in reality missing half the pleasures of living. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous new system of cell-culture.

Re-Creating Human Beings

Swoboda has shown men and women in all parts of the world and in all walks of life how to build a keener brain, a more superb, energetic body, stronger muscles, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has times without number shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition, lack of vitality—how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state—how to recuperate the vital forces—creating a type of physical and mental super-efficiency that almost invariably results in greater material benefits than you ever before dreamed were possible to you.

Swoboda is only one perfect example of the Swoboda system. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building; Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed mind and body—in his wonderful energy—the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

Swoboda numbers among his pupils judges, senators, congressmen, cabinet members, ambassadors, governors, physicians and ministers—workingmen as well as millionaires.

The Voice You Must Hear

Although the Swoboda System is trifling in cost, men who can afford the most expensive treatments in the world are turning to it.

But it is the voice of the masses, the voice of the great army of plain, everyday people to which you must listen—the voices that say: "I would never have believed it possible to gain so much in so short a time." "My capacity for both mental and physical exertion is increasing daily."

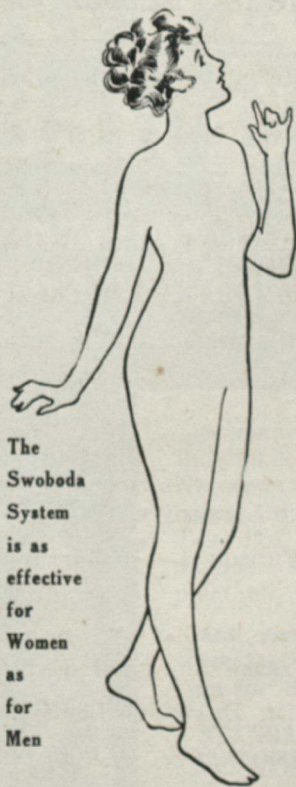
"I feel like a new person." "Your system has cured me of constipation of 20 years' standing." "I feel much better than I have felt for seven or eight years." "I am beginning to forget that I have a body composed of so many organs, each of which used to force its presence on my consciousness in a very unpleasant manner at times." "I am 80 years old. After the lessons I feel like a young man." "I feel to-day 200 per cent. better than I did six weeks ago." "I never was better in my life than I am to-day." "I have grown within a few months from a weakling to an unusually strong man."

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. L

Contents, February, 1918

No. 4

THE GOLD-FISH BOWL. - A Painting by Marion Long - <i>Frontispiece</i>	
THE GODS OF THIS NEW ERA - - - Reverend Lorne Pierce - - -	279
A PRAYER. VERSE - - - - - Louise C. Glasgow - - - -	284
CAPTIVITY. FICTION - - - - - E. Temple Thurston - - - -	285
SEA WAR. VERSE - - - - - Arthur L. Phelps - - - -	290
"POELE" BROWN - - - - - Laura B. Durand - - - -	291
STROLLING PLAYERS. A PAINTING -- Vincenzo Irolli - - - -	295
A MOULD OF BRITISH STEEL - - - Arthur G. Penny - - - -	297
ILLUSTRATED	
HASLEMERE - - - - - Carlton McNaught - - - -	307
ILLUSTRATED	
A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LANDSCAPE W. S. Louson - - - -	313
LEANDER: VOLUNTEER. FICTION - - Harris Merton Lyon - - -	315
ENGLAND IN ARMS - - - - - Lacey Amy - - - -	324
X.—WELFARE WORK	
OF AN IRISH LEGEND. VERSE - - - J. E. Middleton - - - -	330
THE MOTHERS OF BELGIUM. DRAWING Louis Raemaekers - - - -	331
WHERE IS CANADIAN LITERATURE? - J. M. Gibbon - - - -	333
A REJOINDER - - - - - H. C. Hocken - - - -	341
DONALD MACKENZIE - - - - - Ernest Cawcroft - - - -	342
WITH PORTRAIT	
UNDER MESSINES RIDGE. FICTION - - Eden Philpotts - - - -	350
NORTHERN LIGHTS - - - - -	355
THE LIBRARY TABLE - - - - - Book Reviews - - - -	359

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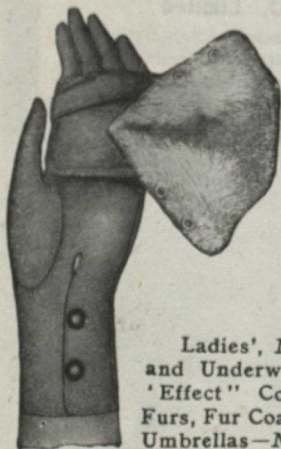
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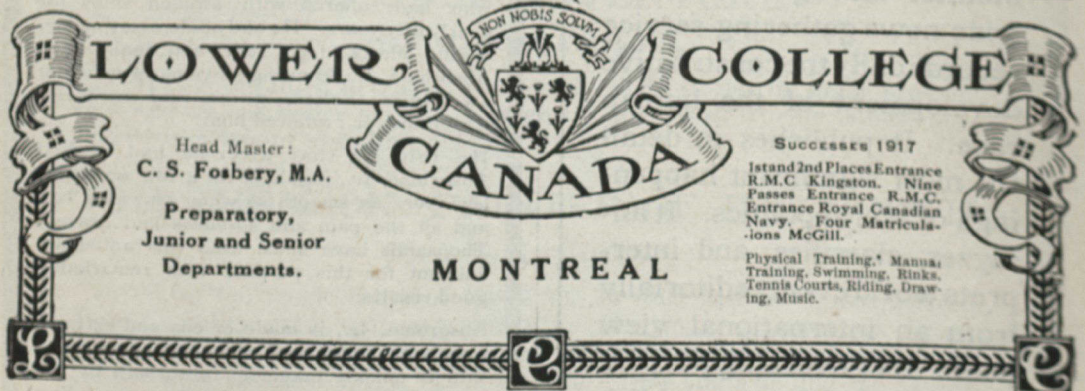
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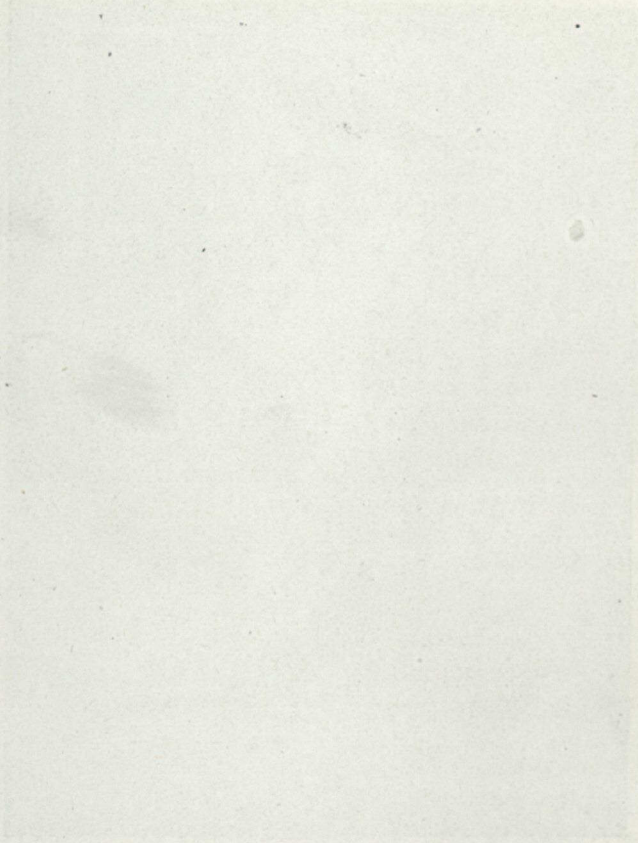
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The Gods of this New Era

BY THE REVEREND LORNE PIERCE

A CRISIS in the history of Christianity has been reached and this crisis can only be met by considering the essence of Christianity as well as by seeking to fathom the spirit of the age. In what sense is the age still Christian? Is there a modern Christianity which is still germane to our very thinking and living? Christianity must be regarded not simply as an ideal, but as giving humanity a new life. In the eighteenth century Christianity was relegated to the chill and starless precinct of rationalism. The nineteenth century exchanged psychology for logic, and Christianity became submerged in subjectivism. Then a Toland and a Tindal tore from it the vestments of mystery, while a Strauss and Feuerbach reduced it to experience. Lessing stereotyped it into a formalism. Schlegel and Novalis transformed it into a thing of slobbering sentiment

and neurotic imagination. Rousseau made the "Via Crux" a highway to a new state, while Tolstoi saw in the "Yet spake He not a word" the dawn of a new society established on extreme pacifism. From this it may be said, without fear of denial, that Christianity is not simply a theological *pièce de résistance*, but a way and a life. The culmination of Christianity is not in any system however splendid, nor in any creed however perfect or universally subscribed to, but in the personality of Him who said "Learn of me". This was in the mind of Petrarch when he said: "I am sometimes a Platonist, sometimes a Peripatetic, sometimes neither one nor the other, but at all times I am a Christian".

There are few more interesting or fruitful studies at the present time than an examination of the present spirit of religious thought, for as age differs from age in time so also does it vary in significance. Aristotle's

"political animal" has now become a social spirit. What was once "law" is now "right". The chisel of Phidias sculpted the very spirit of his age in the Pan-Athenaic procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, a spirit which may be defined in Aristotle's own words, "energy of contemplation". Angelo among the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel painted men whose "souls were not easily contained," men of restlessness, spontaneity and vehemence. The artist heard a voice saying, "Loose him and let him go!" What was expressed by Angelo in marble and in colours, was reinforced by the triumphs of Wagner's musical genius, has been restated by H. G. Wells, spokesman for the present day, with what might be called sheer exuberance. In "The New Machiavelli" he says that humanity is "something trying to exist. . . something stifled and enclosed struggling to get through." "Above the beast in me is that. . . the desire to know, be better, to know beautifully, and to transmit my knowledge." This gospel of restlessness and struggle he emphasizes again in "The Passionate Friends". Life is "a problem to escape from grooves. . . . For all of us, for each of us, salvation is that. We have to get away from ourselves to a greater thing, to a greater desire and an unending life, ours and yet not our own." "We want to emancipate ourselves from this slavery." There is a "spirit that demands freedom". In "First and Last Things," he says: "Out of it all," all this restlessness and struggle, "out of it all rises man, beginning to perceive his larger self . . . and a collective synthetic purpose to increase Power and realize Beauty." Thus we see that Wells has done something more for us than to inspire in us a restless endeavour, he has painted a possible road for our endeavours.

Wells denies that he is a Chris-

tian, but in spite of that confession he is Christian, and makes his religion justify the soul by giving a real reason for man's existence, his dignity and destiny, and the unity, character and might of his spiritual life. We are in an age of volcanic upheaval, yet he knows that Christianity is a restless and cataclysmic thing and is at home among catastrophes. From the crucifixion it has been accompanied by earthquakes and upheavals in religion and ethics, in politics and philosophies and creeds.

I.—God

The task which Christianity has to accomplish is that of self-realization and world-overcoming. Wells is, if nothing else, an insurgent, and flavours everything with his gospel of unrest and struggle. To accomplish this self-realization and this world-overcoming requires more than human power. Therefore there enters in the belief in God. So far Wells is a Pragmatist, but he is more. God is something more than a useful hypothesis, He is the demand of the soul when it seeks to affirm itself and longs for salvation. To "overcome the world" is a cumulative effort. Time may be defined as the opportunity for the progressive development of a purpose. History therefore makes possible the solution of a problem too great for the isolated individual life. Viewed from this point of observation, Occident and Orient, ancient, mediæval and modern are one, for all chronology becomes spiritualized, and the guiding principle is not a theory of evolution but a religious sense of value. There is only one Name under heaven anywhere given among men whereby we must be saved.

Philosophy has been looking for some conception of God which shall satisfy the understanding and guide the will. The God of Wells is the desire and the despair of meta-

physics and the idol of Christians prayed to in secret yet denied in their seminaries and councils. The God of Wells is no invention to satisfy any theory, but it does satisfy the demand of the soul in its endeavour to affirm itself as a spiritual being. Better for "Endymion" than any theory of mythology by Max Müller, and better too perfect love of a lovable God than perfect knowledge of a theoretical deity. God is spirit, even a struggling spirit, and here worship and speculation unite. This spirit is a person, a king. He has a spiritual kingdom, invisible yet real, the goal of life, the ultimate aim of God. The idea does no violence to the absoluteness of God nor to the freedom of man as an ethical subject.

The God of Wells is not the God of the philosopher nor of the theologian, but He is the God of the people and of the soldier. God is finite, not absolute, not an abstract metaphysical unity, and above all else a personality. He is not the vindictive and fantastic Old Testament figure, nor the *In hoc signo* of wars. He is not a theory nor a mystery protected by anathemas, not an empty house, neither a magnificent fetish, but a spirit and a person with characteristics and an aim. There enters here the idea of struggle and restlessness which Wells borrowed from the past, and to which he added his own plus. God is struggling in a great and comprehensive war just as we do. There is much evil in the world, and yet there is so much real and wonderful goodness, love, heroism and sacrifice that God must somehow be coming to His own in the hearts of men. Will God triumph and "overcome the world"? Will the time come when,

All crimes shall cease and ancient fraud
shall fail,
Returning justice lift aloft her scale?
—"Messiah"—Pope.

God must, however, be moral, and His struggle must be for moral ends.

There must be a moral origin in things, a formative principle in things, a constitutional law of things, a moral *raison d'être*. God has conferred upon man the dignity of a free being, and therefore He had to accept man with all that was involved in his being such, including the possibility that he would misconstrue and misconceive his own true end and break the moral laws of the universe. "He is our Captain and to know Him is to have a direction in our lives". The tempest and the earthquake are limited and there is bound to be a progressive accomplishment of a plan and a culmination in the enthronement of righteousness.

We are past the stage of asking why God is omni-everything and permits sin and suffering, injustice and all the drab and dark in life. God, to many people, is like the sacred river Alph, His purposes running

Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.—Kubla Khan.

Such a conception of God inevitably ends in a midnight of despair.

It is just a place of cruel things. It is all set with knives. It is full of disease and accidents. As for God, there is either no God or He is an idiot. He is a slobbering idiot. He is like some idiot who pulls off the wings of flies.—Mr. Brittling.

The idea of a struggling God is a protest, not against God's omnipotence, but against His indifference. Man wants a God who is with him in all his struggle and agony. This has been the burthen of man's cry down through the ages.

Long is one night,
Long are two nights,
But how shall I hold out three?

—Lament of Frey in Valha.

Father of heaven and earth! deliver Thou
Achaia's host from darkness; clear the
skies;
Give day; . . .

. . . O, give us day!
—Ajax, "Iliad".

In this Wells seems to follow Tolstoi who says—"Without father and mother we may live, but without God, never." That whereby men live is love, and where love is there is God also, a God who knows and a God who cares. God cannot be coldly indifferent when so many of his children are crying for sympathy and love and a strong right arm to help them in their struggles. We may think in eternity, but we move slowly through time, and painfully, too, therefore we want a God who will take His place with us in our struggle.

From this it will be seen that God is not a theory, but an experience. He is not found in creeds but in life, and as such is the object of perpetual discovery. "Religion is the perpetual discovery of the Great Thing out There." "Life has either got to be religious or else go to pieces. There is an immediate sense of God which permits of no doubt, therefore it is not a logical proof of his existence that matters but a realization of Him. Were knowledge all thy faculty then God must be ignored; love gains Him" (Browning). Not all the lore of the schools can compel a man to say, as thousands of soldiers have learned to say, "I'll bet my life that there is a God". With this in view Britting says, "Our sons have shown us God". God is everywhere and prayer is real.

And the whole circle of the heavens, for
him

A sensitive existence and a God.

—"Excursion"—Wordsworth.

Thus we can have an experimental proof of God, of a God who fights with us, a God who is as "real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace." This God not only fights with men, but He also fights through men. God is the "Invisible King".

II.—THE CROSS

"Life and the world are fine, but not as an abiding place; as an arena

—yes, an arena gorgeously curtained with sky and sea. . . . but an arena nevertheless which offers no seats for idle spectators." ("New Worlds for Old") The cross might very well be taken as a symbol of Wells's whole idea of struggle. It is the symbol of life, for life is the Via Crux, and it is also the symbol of victory after struggle, or redemption. Redemption is gained only through struggle. Sin and evil are due to man, but God takes it upon Himself as the moral governor and creator the responsibility of the struggle against it, and has entered into this struggle in history in the person of the perfect man Christ and is able to subsume it under a final good. This arena is not given over to confused and aimless conflicts of individuals. All men are enlisted to fight "for the duration of the war" against hate, cruelty, ignorance and confusion in order that order, beauty, justice and love may be enthroned among men in spite of blundering, ignorance and indolence. God brings mankind not peace but a sword. In response to a call men have gone out to do this work. There is sorrow everywhere, and where there is sorrow there is holy ground. And sorrow has fulfilled its mission for it has bathed the world in sympathy. Therefore whatever name you may use to characterize the going out of these men—patriotism, adventure, fatalism, out-of-work, or a call to violated justice and innocence, these men are producing a divine result in the world. "Our sons have shown us God." "He who works for sweetness and light works to make the will of God prevail." (Arnold). We look at the God-Man Christ and survey again the elements of His wonderful character, and after all we naturally expect of Him a great undertaking. We trace the development of the human spirit and again and again we see that man has not failed to perform deeds worthy of

the "Invisible King". The mind which was in Him is also the purpose, however feebly and imperfectly expressed, of each of His children. It is only by being brought into His presence that a man becomes something. And everybody is predestined to His presence. "Once at least in his life each man walks with Christ to Emaus." (Wild) Everyone has caught in some measure the rage and vehemence of the Master's reseless soul.

"The finding of God is the beginning of service." For Wells the Via Crux begins there. It is the real and only initiation. It is the moment of repentance, otherwise a man would not realise what he has done, or what he has to do. "The coming of God is a change, an irradiation of the mind." "No one seeks conversion by argument." Here again there enters the doctrine of struggle. We struggle to find God and God struggles to find Himself in us. After the great discovery there comes the oath of allegiance and a pledge to service: "Let us pledge ourselves to service". "And God waits for us, for all of who have the quality to reach Him." God cannot succeed in His struggle in the world unless we pledge ourselves to struggle with Him, for He must use our human eyes and hands. Therefore nothing but blindness of spirit can shut a man off from God. With Him there is no death, no indolence, insufficiency, waste, disorder, no vice, because our motives have been incorporated into an undying purpose, that works through a continually better body of humanity. "When Thy clear orders come, doubly attested by manifest duty without, and the striving of latent powers within, then may I have the courage which implicitly obeys, counts no cost and fears no foe and leaves results entirely in Thy hands." (Hyde). In the Kingdom of God there is but service alone. These lines from Robert

Service seem to catch up and present the very gist of what Wells is trying to teach.

So give me a strong right arm for a wrong's swift righting;
Stave of a song on my lips as my sword is smiting;
Death in my boots, maybe, but fighting, fighting.—"Song of the Soldier Born".

We'll find ourselves or lose ourselves, somewhere in giddy old France,
We'll know the zest of the fighter's life; the best that we have we'll give,
We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die—but first
We'll live, by the gods, we'll live!
—"The Revelation".

The cross is not the mere emblem of the mode of the death of an upstart peasant carpenter, fanatic and blasphemer. To-day it gleams on the spires of innumerable churches, rests as an amulet upon the bosoms of multitudes of believers, is worn on the arm of crusaders and carved upon the tombs of our sainted dead. No princess is so lovely but she will wear this emblem to enhance her beauty, an emblem which has been redeemed from ugliness to beauty through a supreme sacrifice. Art has idealized and wrought it into gold. It has been placed on costly bindings that ride to stately cathedrals in luxurious carriages. It has been placed on the spires of churches filled with contented and easy-going people. The painter has exalted the crucifixion. The composer has seized upon the passion, weaving it into stately oratories moving vast audiences to tears. The cross has been smothered with flowers. Wells has redeemed it from the region of sentiment, and has exalted this unsightly beam as the emblem of service and of redemption.

United England, Italy, Germany, and the American States were baptized, as the new world-republic is being, in blood. The rain and the snow fall and are raised up again in the purple wine of the grape, and drip in the golden juice of the orange. The marble is raised from

the quarry to become the polished pillar of the cathedral or a "Pallas Athena" under the magic chisel of a Phidias. The secret of all this is found in the life of Him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me". The life of individual men, as well as of nations, can only be exalted to this attractive life by the way of the Cross, the way of bleeding love. The torn fields of

Flanders are thick with little homely wooden crosses, emblems, not of death and defeat, but of victorious life and a "love that sought not its own". These men struggled with God and they found the Cross. They are redeemed, and their faith has redeemed the world.

We shall not sleep the poppies blow
If ye break faith with us who die,
In Flanders' fields.

A PRAYER

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

FOR every heart that pain has rived
Throughout Thy widest world, O Lord,
In Thine own time, in Thine own way,
Thou makest ever just award.
And for the sins that man has done,
Somewhere, somehow, he must atone.

Pain pours her liquid fire to-day,
And sears each heart unto its core.
Lord, is this due for debts we owe—
Mankind's long, cumulative score?
Or give we gold of virgin glint,
Red bullion, coinage for Thy mint?

Dear Lord, in simple faith we bow
Before the mystery of Thy face!
And this the only prayer we make:
That we be faithful to our race.
That down the long, unrolling years
They reap the fruitage of our tears.

Captivity

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON



YOU have seen those bird-cages on the window-sills of tenement buildings. Six inches by four are some of them. On the narrow ledge they stand, overlooking the grimy court, where the fog gathers and the gloom and smoke hang, heavy and lingering in the dark corners.

A square patch of sky, streaked with the belching of countless chimneys, is the heaven above them, a pavement square where cats prowl at night in their earth beneath.

More often than not, in those cages, upon the narrow perch that lies across, there sits a lark. Seldom it moves; seldom, often never, does it sing. Yet sometimes, as though a sudden riot were racing through its blood, it beats its wings in tragic fury against the unyielding bars, returning at last upon its perch and clinging there in motionless captivity. Its eyes stare out with a glittering lustre at that patch of sky; its wings hang limply at its sides. It is in prison.

Nevertheless there are days when even the curtains of smoke cannot shut out the sun, and on those mornings when the path of gold falls for an hour across the patch of sky, the lark will sing with thrilling notes, with swelling feathers at its breast and rustling wings, all trembling as it feels the half-forgotten impetus of upward flight.

Then—and this well might be my story—the owners of that captive in its little cage gather about the win-

dow as it sings. With a spirit of wonder—and none of them know the meaning of that wonder or whence it comes—they listen to the tumult and the volume of its song.

“I gave half a dollar for that little beggar,” says the man of the house, and somewhere in him there is a feeling that he bought something beyond the computation of price.

“I wouldn’t sell that bird,” says the woman of the house. “I wouldn’t sell that bird for five bob.” And somewhere in her is a feeling that three shillings is the extreme profit she would be able to resist so long as the grist were coming to their mill.

Both reckon it their dearest possession. Both at various times have said its singing is as good as a day in the country. Yet when opportunity arises and they might have a real day in the green fields, he stays late in bed, and together they go to a public house in the evening, counting out their minutes of freedom in an atmosphere of smoke, of liquor and of human breath, until the night time calls them home.

Yet something there is in the song of that lark that stirs in answer a hidden song in them. But so far off is it and so incoherent are its notes, that never do they know the song it is. A vague emotion, an intangible eagerness and desire just moves in them, like a sleeper turning in his dreams. Before they can dwell upon it, it is gone. Even the fading throb of emotion that it leaves behind comes no nearer to their conscious thoughts than to make the man remark how

much he paid for the little beggar, or the woman to exclaim she would not sell it for a profit that might well be to her the ransom of a king. That is as much as they know of the magic, alchemical mystery which for an instant in the wonder of the sun has turned the very dross in them to gold.

Yet that song of the lark in its narrow cage on the window-sill of those tenement buildings is only an echo of its song those days when it rose above the open fields to meet the dazzling glory of the day break in the morning sky. A travesty it is—a mockery—a thing of tinsel that was once of gold.

Up in those dizzy heights of heaven never had it heard its song. In the spaces of that abundant blue, freedom of flight, the mad ecstasy of beating wings, drowned all the consciousness of song. Notes trilled on its trembling tongue and fell like the drops of water in a tumbling stream; not because they could, but because they must.

And then one day, the trap of the snarer; a sudden door shut upon the sky; the beating wings, the fierce refusal to believe, the wondering knowledge of an unbreakable restraint.

For many weeks after the snaring they were silent, those captive larks, until one day the sun falls slantwise into the tenement square. Then you will hear a twittering of faint, groping notes as they feel in all the consciousness of prison for their song. Well they know they are singing then and what is left of memory makes the effort vain indeed. Yet once having uttered it, whenever the sun returns, they will sing again. In time they do not even stop in the presence of a human being. In time again, they will even sing because a human being has come into the room.

Every human soul is in prison and we all of us have our songs.

That is the story I have to tell.

He was deformed—a dwarf—grotesque. As with all those suffering from such deformity, his head was

too large for his body. It not only gave the impression of a lack of balance to his diminutive figure, it was actually unbalanced in effect. When he was a child, he fell about easily, like those little toy figures with weights in their feet which, with violent oscillation will straighten themselves again. This was what happened with him. In some inconceivable fashion, he could draw his legs together from under him whenever he fell, so that without seeing him get up, you suddenly realized he was standing on his feet.

From a standing posture he could fall rigid and without effort to save himself on the hardest floor, or slowly he could sink down, stretching his legs, one before him and one behind him, until he seemed he must tear himself in two. It was as simple matter to him to turn a somersault as to seat himself in a chair. Indeed, it seemed, if God had made him, it were in an impish mood. In any other age he would have been destined for king's jester at the court.

For with all his physical contortions he had a grotesque countenance as well. There was a twitch rather than a twinkle in his eye. It asked for laughter and not from any wish of his own, but inevitably, having no relation to the soul of humour with him. A spirit of humour there was in that strange composition God had given him, but abstract, rather than concrete, subjective rather than objective. He seemed to know and even appreciate in a sense, the comical aspects in himself.

In the midst of those for whom he did his tricks, his face would remain as solemn as a judge, while the tears of laughter would be rolling down their cheeks. And the more they laughed, the more something within him urged him on to intensify their merriment. It grew into his mind to be a duty to make people laugh, but a duty in which there was no sense of pleasure, but rather of imposition. In-

deed, the more he did it, the more conscious he became of his own grotesqueness.

There was but one career for him—the stage. When still a child, his parents found him his first engagement in a knockabout scene in a pantomime and made such money out of it as repaid—so they told him—for the education his father had given him.

The performance itself had been a straight-forward knockabout show. He had turned his somersaults and jumped through his trap-doors, earning applause, but no laughter. It was only when he appeared to make his bow before that vast boxing-night audience, that they suddenly appreciated the quaintness of the figure that he cut. And when he bowed, almost touching his forehead on his toes—a simple enough matter for him, seeing how little they were apart—suddenly the whole house broke into a shout of laughter. The sound of it urged in him the sense of duty he had often felt. He tripped over his own feet as he walked off the stage and fell prone upon the ground. Before the laughter at that had subsided, he had picked himself up again by that contorted straightening of his legs. Then of a sudden he was upon his feet, and for that last display of jointless deformity they called him back again and yet again. There was a future made for him.

"My boy," said his father afterwards, when they were alone. "There's no doubt about it. You've got your sense of humour from me."

Looking his father up and down, his straight five-foot-ten, his placid and expressionless face, he had replied: "They have offered me a contract for next year's pantomime," at which his father raised his voice and laughed aloud.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"Well, we used to worry about you, your mother and I, when you stopped growing so soon. It only shows you

how blessings come mostly in disguise."

He was silent the rest of the way home, thinking—"That's what I am—a disguise."

Disguise or not, it became evident there was a career before him. By the time he was of age, engagements were to be had at every turn. Before he was thirty he was making his fortune and keeping his father and mother in comfort with no strain upon his income.

And he had learned by this the secret of his success. All of it lay in that contorted body, those deformed limbs, that unnatural twitch in the eye which only served to exaggerate those abnormal proportions of the head that sat upon his diminutive shoulders. He had only to draw attention to these eccentricities, to fall flat upon the floor, to hit his face, as he bowed, against his feet, to place a foolish little bowler hat upon his head, and enthusiasm was assured for him.

Many times he had tried to stimulate applause by the agility he displayed in his tumbling acts alone, but the true measure of success was never accorded him then.

His calling in life was the display of his own deformity. As such alone it seemed he had reason of being. Yet in the more sacred consciousness of his mind he was as sensitive of these physical abnormalities, as the tired eyes are of light. Whenever he was not at work he chose the quiet country in which to wander; shunned like a neighbourhood where disease is spread, the crowded city where he worked. For if ever he took a meal in a restaurant, and wherever he walked in the streets, there were those to recognize him, boys to cry out his name, waiters to treat him with humorous familiarity, to which, for his reputation's sake and that eternally urging sense of duty, he must reply with humour in return.

But in country lanes and still meadows, if there were a farm hand or a

stray pedestrian to regard him with amazement, it was tempered with restraint, softened with pity. In the broad country there was nothing funny in that dwarfish figure. It was pathetic; it was crude; it was even ugly. But not one he had met in those surroundings had ever laughed.

And here it was in his wanderings, hours of contemplation, of meditation, of searching for meaning in a world where there seemed nothing but chaos and confusion, he found the first faint notes of that song, the possession of every soul in the prison of that body which holds them in captivity.

The song was incoherent, vague, a mere murmuring as when birds are stirring at daybreak; the faint recurring memory of the upward rush of flight as comes to the lark in its captivity. He heard it in wonder, fearing to believe it was in himself, apprehensive of losing it before ever he knew it was his.

It was a day in spring. He had taken his motor car in the early morning out of London into Kent; had stopped his driver at the foot of the hilly downs above the valley of the Medway. It was before mid-day when he set foot alone up the hill.

The grass was crisp and short on the chalky soil. Where the rabbits had nibbled it, it was springy and close like grass that grows by the edges of the sea, and the rabbits had nibbled it everywhere.

Over the crest of the hill the sky was blue; the chalk pits were cliffs of alabaster, more than hinting of the sea. The green of the grass was washed to gray in that sunlight and stretched for miles and miles, broken with blots of furze bushes whose green was so dark it became a soft and edgeless smudge of black.

There were little birds of whose species he was utterly ignorant hopping noiselessly and ceaselessly in the stunted hawthorn bushes. There were rabbits everywhere, pricking ears at

his approach. Their fear and wonder, their sudden flights and disappearances into the earth were just the same as if he had been as normal as the most mortal of men. It may have been this that first gave him confidence; this that first slipped the bolts of that prison his soul dwelt in, and brought the hint of freedom which is the keynote of all song.

For there the sense of freedom was all about him. Overhead in that widthless dome of blue, a whole choir of larks, invisible in the mist of light, were pouring forth a thrilling music in the air.

He remained there all day, roaming across the downs till evening and it was time to return to his work. And there in those hours he forgot his imprisonment; forgot the misshapen thing he was; had, indeed, that vision of himself as one day he devoutly expected to stand before God.

Everything was so beautiful about him in the new freshness of that day in spring, that he came at last, as he wandered there on the silent hillside, to feel there must be somewhere a sense of beauty in him. To feel it was to find it, touch it, and with its realization he sat there in that bend of the downs humming to himself in an odd, cracked voice.

From that day a new need arose in him; the need to express the beauty he had found. Some there are fulfilling it in their daily work. He could not fulfil it in his. If this body is the prison our souls dwell in, then surely his work was forever hammering down secure the bars that bound him in. Down that road there was no escape.

But he took a small cottage on the Detling Hills, and furnished it after a quaint fashion of his own, spending his week-ends there and beginning to make a collection of wild flowers. All of them he pressed in a large album, learning one by one their characteristics, and in the beginning of the book he wrote:

"Wild flowers are the ladies of nature. It is an honour to know them."

He did not regard this as sentiment, but as a truthful expression of this sense of beauty he had discovered. Some man better equipped than he could have written a little poem around that idea. He believed that and spent many hours and countless sheets of paper himself, but without result.

It was soon after this he fell in love, beside which the beauty of his wild flowers and the stretch of the downs from the cottage windows became as distant as the farthest hills in the midst of the horizon.

She had been one of those who had laughed without restraint at the quaintness of his drolleries on the stage. She had met him with no sense of repugnance; had liked the unassuming quietness of his manner; had found something, not unaccountably pathetic, in the dwarfish figure of his and later confirmed that finding when she visited his cottage in the Weald of Kent, saw that album of wild flowers and read his inscription within.

"The ladies of nature," she had repeated. Looking at the page and looking at her he had added, "It is an honour to know them."

Though his story is no way concerned with her, it must be supposed there was some sense of pity in the matter. The advantage of the fortune he was making was never consciously put in the balance. As a matter of fact, she never weighed her motives at all. Possibly she dared not. Whatever motives there were, she married him, doing her best to make him happy, and affording him such freedom from that prison he dwelt in as brought him to the deepest and the fullest of his song.

It is with no intended sense of cruelty that sometimes those people in tenement buildings take out their captive larks into the country. To give them an outing, they say. It is then they sing indeed. This it was

that love and marriage were to him.

The lark is brought back to the tenement building again. That day on the hillside becomes a memory in the stimulus of which it sings until the day of great deliverance.

So he was brought back. But this it must be said, which it cannot be said of all, he had learned his song. There are some in their prisons who never learn the song they have.

With time there arose in her a sensitive consciousness of his deformity. When she had ceased to laugh at his drolleries she came to see only what it was that had made him droll. It became that she dared not go to the theatre where he was performing. The laughter of those who laughed as once she had was vitriol thrown in her face. It burned and inflamed her skin.

At every turn in the streets deformities of the body seemed to meet her eyes. The world seemed full of hunchbacks, of cripples who dragged themselves through life on crutches and on wheels, of men with distorted faces.

She turned and clung with relief to the secret company of one whom nature had neither disfigured nor made a sport. Knowing the inevitable issue, she could not make an end in time, and one night, when her husband was at his work, went with him to the theatre, where, in the darkness, their hands touched and she dared not speak.

The curtain rang up on a substitute for one of the turns. It had been a friend of her husband's whom she knew well, and this no doubt was accountable for what occurred. It was her husband who had taken his place.

She moved as though she would go out, yet some impulse kept her to her seat. The audience was in a tiresome mood. They gave him little appreciation for all his tumbling tricks. Even at this distance she could see he felt the strain of his task. And then there came to him the urging sense of his

duty. Every trick he knew he employed to make them laugh. Out of that deformity of his body he sought the payment of their applause, and won it in the end. But had he known it he was distilling vitriol for them to throw back in her eyes. She walked out into the darkness of the streets, blind to all sense of honour, justice, pity of restraint, and when he returned to his home that night there lay a little letter she had written him on the table in the hall.

Almost he had forgot that prison his soul had dwelt in, and then that night, the trap of the snarer, the sudden door shut fast upon the sky—the beating wings, the fierce, first, angry refusal to believe, the slowly, wondering knowledge of unbreakable restraint.

He caught sight of himself in the reflection of a mirror as he stood in the hall. He took the letter and put it away in the breast pocket of his coat.

SEA WAR

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I AM ocean,
 And when commotion
 Stirs on my breast,
 I smile;
 They cruise and fight,
 And then all the night
 They seek their rest,
 Sinking down mile after mile.

In my blue deeps
 This Admiral sleeps;
 He never hears
 Ship's bells;
 These captains young
 Have become sea-dung;
 Through my cold years
 I cast them amid my shells.



"Peole" Brown: Town Crier

AN INCIDENT OF 1843

BY LAURA B. DURAND



IN the early years of the last century the fame of Canada as a land of freedom was widely though secretly rumoured among the plantations of the Southern States.

Even before the beginning of the century secret pathways for fugitive slaves had been laid out through the Northern States to the Canadian borders, and as the years passed and the sentiment for abolition deepened among enlightened Americans these cryptic roads became organized as an underground railway.

Along these routes thousands of negroes travelled into Ontario and became industrious and loyal settlers under the benign encouragement of the Government of Upper Canada. The friendly attitude of the Canadian authorities towards fugitive slaves was a matter of wonder and indignation to Mr. Clay, who in 1826 endeavoured to make the fugitives extraditable. In a despatch to London that year he said: "They (the runaway slaves) are generally the most worthless of their class and far, therefore, from being an acquisition which the British Government can be anxious to make."

Canadians, however, did not at any time adopt this view, and the settlement and welfare of the refugees was made the business of several charitable and economic associations.

The town of Hamilton harboured a large colony of Africans in the

'forties, who lent a picturesque element to colonial life by their characteristic traits, their extravagance of attire, their festivals and superstitions. Great Britain's abolition of slavery in August, 1833, was made the occasion of an annual celebration. They marched in procession, brilliantly and variously arrayed, and held a picnic with all the attendant features of feasting and gaiety.

My grandmother's reminiscences of this element in Canadian life begin with the year 1842, when she took up her residence in Hamilton. Tremendous problems were agitating the world. William Miller, an American religious fanatic, had contributed to the unrest of the times by predicting the approaching end of the world. By a laborious argument and Scriptural interpretation of such phrases as "time, times and a half", he calculated that the "second coming" would take place some "time between the equinoxes of the year 1843", allowing himself a good margin and the unrepentant prolonged anxiety by the uncertainty as to the date. The period at first assigned was between March and September. Ignorance of the cause of the equinoxes has from remote ages attracted an occult significance to this semi-annual stunt of the sun among benighted peoples. Miller became an importunate voice crying in the ears of young optimistic communities such as Hamilton, and the converts to the impending dissolution were numerous. Inevitably the

ready emotional nature of the Africans was captured by the prospect of more freedom, more glory and more noise. Coloured Methodists and Baptists alike were swept by the hopes excited by Miller of a material and spectacular dénouement to earthly life near at hand, and their churches on Rebecca Street and Bay Street became the nightly scenes of aggravated religious revival.

One day a tall, stout, very pompous and very black negro called at my grandmother's house and in the courtliest manner begged to leave some Millerite literature for the ladies.

This was the beginning of her acquaintance with Paola Brown, pronounced by himself and popularly known as "Pe-o-le", with the accent on the "o"—town crier and pretender to scholarship. Finding in the witty New England school ma'am a kindly adviser and patroness, he made a practice of calling at the house thereafter and doing the chores.

"Peole" Brown was an endless talker and childlike in his capacity for fabrication and make-believe. Bred, perhaps, by some planter possessed of a library in the South, and given a name of classical beauty in derision of his grotesqueness, he had been trained as a house-servant and had aped his master's manners and pedantry. Absolutely uneducated, and never attempting to acquire the elements of education, he adopted the pose of a devout student. Knowing only that knowledge and culture were desirable things, he feigned their possession. Destitute of most of the things he perceived were valued by others, he challenged attention by ceaseless petty publicity. The post of town crier and assistant to an auctioneer suited his talents exactly. He was always on exhibition, always in the limelight. His vanity and affectation were as typical of his race as his good nature and his volubility. It was his supreme boast that he slept with Cowper under his pillow! In his mo-

ments of greatest verbosity on the iniquity of the times, he was wont to declare, "It's wuss than the days of Nero, it's wuss than the days of Cicero!" He made his home in the cellar of the house on Hughson Street, the upper floors of which were occupied by Hugh B. Wilson, a barrister. Here he lived with a very black woman, reputed to be his wife, and to whom he invariably referred respectfully as an "English lady". History does not record whether or not she took in washing, but she was not behind Peole in assuming what she deemed superiority, although her social ideal was different from his. Her customary boast was that she liked to wear all her "joolry" when she went shopping, "cause the clerks all'us took more notice of you!"

Peole was employed as crier for Oliver, the auctioneer, as well as town crier. He had the characteristic African voice, deep and sonorous, and he loved to exercise it on every key to the accompaniment of the big hand-bell, which he rang loudly and unceasingly as he paced before the low wooden structure at the corner of King and Hughson Streets on auction days, or when he ranged the streets of the little town proclaiming public notices. The art of the billboard was a later development in civic life.

Peole's announcements were of a varied nature. He combined the functions of bill-board, sandwich-man and advertising medium. He began his cry with the phrase, "Oh, hear! Oh, hear!" and visibly swelled if he had an audience. His voice carried well over the town limits. Never was a creature better adapted for such a career! His enjoyment of publicity was evident and keen. He wore white trousers and a white top hat when thus engaged in warm weather, and a large military cape in the winter-time.

The supreme occasion of Peole's year was Emancipation Day, on the first of August. Then he was mount-

ed on a white horse and marshalled and led the procession of his people, bending to crack a joke with acquaintances as he passed, for he affected popularity. By a few Hamiltonians he was considered simply a nuisance, but the majority tolerated his eccentricities and enjoyed his vanities.

To give substance to his pretensions to scholarship he took to carrying a slate and an old reader under his arm, and nothing pleased him better than to be asked how he was getting on at his mythical school. Of course, he was the butt of the sporting youths of Hamilton. One evening they engaged him to "lecture" in the old Town Hall on James Street, and when his compatriots had assembled, by concerted action they extinguished the candles and precipitated a panic. This was too practical a joke for the powers of Hamilton and for a time public disapproval of fun with Peole held the wags in check. Then came the gospel of the Millerites and the Day of Doom, and gave them a field for their activities elsewhere.

The summer of 1843 was an anxious one for the credulous sinners. The Millerite tabernacle on Main Street was crowded daily and nightly by those who came to scoff, as well as those who came to pray. As no day had been appointed for being "caught up", the excitement rose to frenzy as the weeks passed. The Africans bought new clothes and kept in perpetual preparation for a surprise journey by wearing all their finery. Peole maintained a fairly level pace at his chores, delivering his papers and giving an occasional hour to my grandmother's garden. He lingered, however, to talk at her back porch of "the coming of the Lo'd" and to express fear at the prospect of meeting Moses and all the Prophets. He determined to carry his bell and to wear his military cape, as well as his white trousers, to judgment—to appear, in fact, in full character costume, slate, book, and all—to the end an innocent impostor.

All through the luminous summer nights the hymns and prayers and fanatical cries of the Millerites of both colours resounded in the vacant streets. Many resorted to the fields, wearing their "ascension robes" of white muslin, the material for which was freely distributed.

The heart of the Scorpion glimmered red, as of old, in the southern heavens, Arcturus climbed, a ball of gold, to the zenith and declined at dawn into the azure west; and amid the opalescent wreaths of the east the planets, Jupiter and Saturn, shone, as to-day, like silver lamps at the gates of the morning. When the golden sun appeared the Millerites quietly dispersed, of a surety witnessing the "coming of the Lord" in that daily miracle.

March, April, May, June, July had passed thus eventfully, and August was passing. The prophet admitted his disappointment, but had not lost faith. Finally he proclaimed that on October eighteenth "the Lord would leave the mercy seat", and on the twenty-second of that month would positively "appear visibly in the clouds of heaven, when believers would be taken".

Curiously, the rising of the Pleiades was associated with this date, following another ancient astronomical superstition.

Excitement became intense among the sect, and the activities of the ungodly increased in disturbing their meetings with crackers, toy torpedoes and refuse.

Unbelieving Hamilton retired as usual on the fateful evening, and trembling expectation choked the utterances even of those who merely watched.

At the early breakfast hour Mr. David Galbraith dropped in to taste my grandmother's melons and drink a glass of milk fresh from the cow. The talk immediately reverted to the prophetic programme.

"Is anybody taken?" she asked eagerly.

Mr. Galbraith was jovial. He smiled.

"I've made inquiries everywhere," he said, "and only one person, old Rose, the tobacconist, is missing!"

"Oh, dear," sighed my grandmother, "so Peole has been left. How disappointed he will be!"

Several years ago, shortly before his death as almost a centenarian, I recalled to David Galbraith's memory the matters I have above related and his commentary on the "morning after". He was greatly amused. His recollection extended to the 'fifties

when Peole was still town crier and bell-ringer, but bent, like an old tree, and twisted by years of exposure and the damp of his cellar.

"Peole Brown! I have not thought of him in two generations," he exclaimed. "An odd character. I remember hearing of his death in the poorhouse—what year, I do not recollect."

"A less spectacular mode of translation," I said, "but, oh! what a lost opportunity, for surely never has one of God's creatures better loved a show."

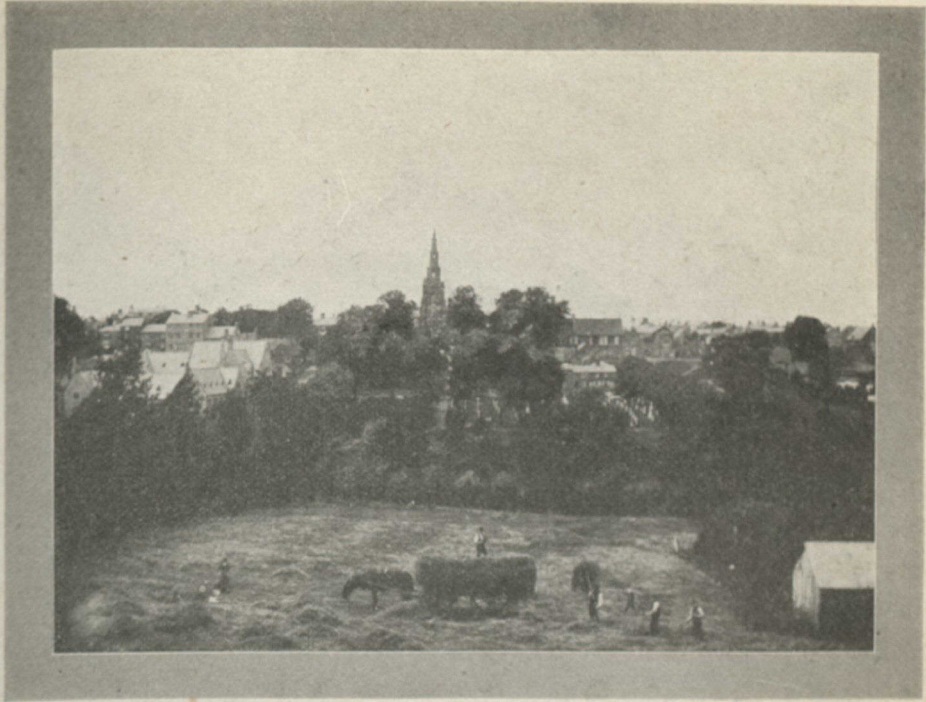




STROLLING PLAYERS

By Vincenzo Irolli

One of the Italian Paintings exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition



A General View of Uppingham Town

A Mould of British Steel

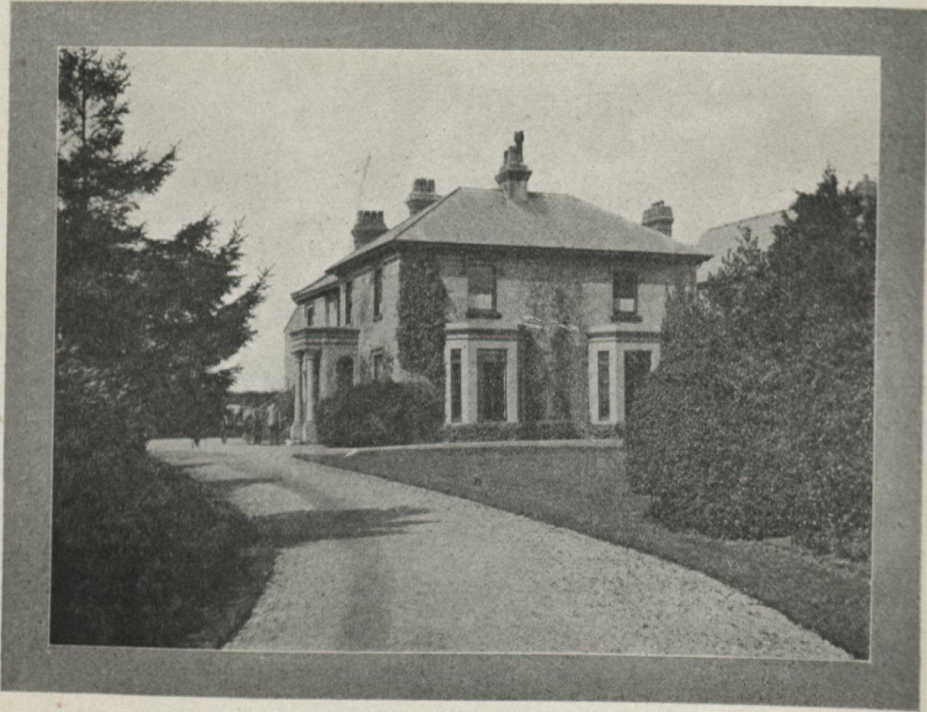
BY ARTHUR G. PENNY



HERE can be few people who are not familiar with the saying popularly ascribed to the Iron Duke of Wellington that, "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," and, while it would certainly be wide of the mark to assert that the present war will be won on the playing fields of the public schools of England, it is still true that, in every theatre where British arms are represented, these schools have lived up to their splendid traditions in providing fearless and capable leaders and have counted it but a little thing that their best blood

should be spilled like water in the defence of the Empire which their now shadowy ancestors created and for the sake of those high principles of justice and liberty by which their forbears lived and died.

Closely as the sudden shock of a common danger has welded the hitherto loose-hanging links of Empire and vastly as mutual sympathy has grown with increased understanding, there will still be not a little prejudice and misconception to remove when peace is restored before that Empire can assume its destined life and symmetry. It is my intention, therefore, in the present article to attempt a rough, hasty sketch of an



The Head Master's House, Uppingham

institution typical of those venerable moulds which from generation to generation have turned out the law-makers, the Empire-builders, the scribes, and the high-priests of Britain. Those Canadians who have formed their impressions of English public school life from the pages of "Tom Brown's School Days" or similar fiction have doubtless a confused mental picture of belaboured fags and brutal bullies, of blue-blooded snobs and athletic idlers which leads them to thank heaven that their sons at any rate can enjoy a democratic education of some practical use in after life. It will be not uninteresting for this reason to compare this picture with the following notes on Uppingham School for the accuracy of which I can vouch since I was a callow offspring of that Alma Mater—yesterday, I was about to say but, alas for departed time, it is now nearly twenty years ago.

Uppingham, then, is situated in a small market-town of the same name, in the Midland County of Rutland, which is the smallest in England. Here is some of the best hunting country and some of the coldest winter weather that the Old Country affords. The school was founded in the reign of Elizabeth by a philanthropist of the period along with one in the neighbouring centre of Oakham, so that the original building which still stands beside its contemporaneous church has well overshoot the mark of its third century. Both equally endowed as grammar schools and alms houses—evidence of which remains in the quaint school crest that displays a legless schoolmaster in Elizabethan attire seated at his desk and armed with a formidable switch of many twigs, while around him are grouped scholars of both sexes, book in hand—after many vicissitudes of fortune Uppingham

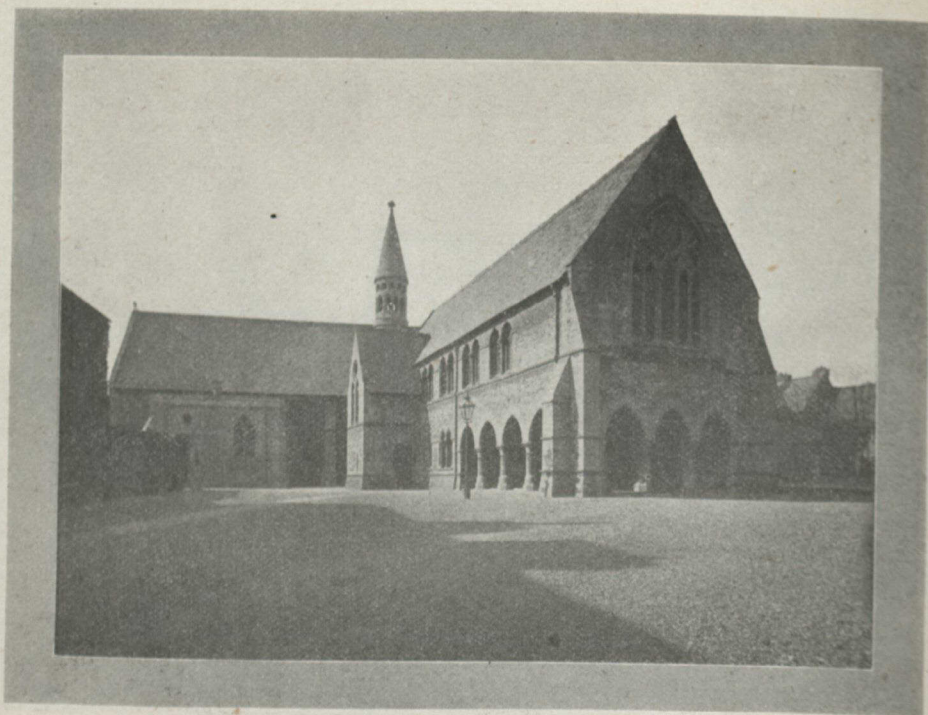


The Market-place and Parish Church, Uppingham

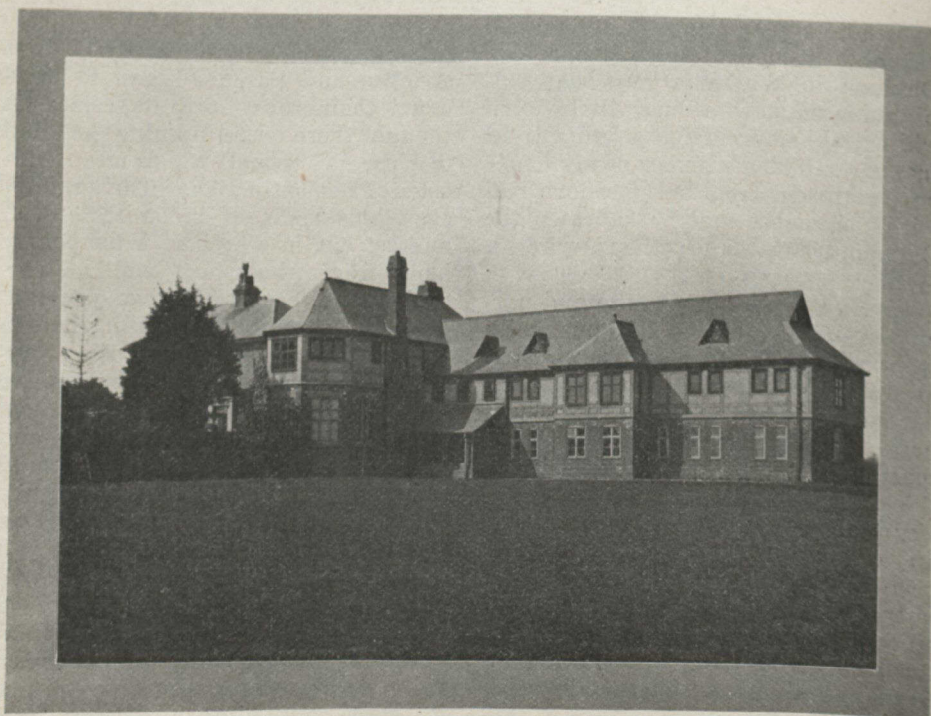
School has completely overshadowed Oakham in the same way that Uppingham is now a busy little town while Oakham remains a village; in fact a far-faring member of my house once returned from an afternoon run with the report that he had seen the Oakham boys and they were a "frousty-looking lot".

Gradually growing in size and parental esteem, the school dramatically stepped into the front rank, which it occupies with Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, Rugby, and other household names, at a moment when its fortunes seemed at their lowest ebb. During the régime of Dr. Edward Thring, Uppingham's great headmaster, and an educationist whose ability has been recognized not only in England but in the United States, a serious epidemic of typhoid broke out in the town on account of the absence of a proper sanitary system. This soon extended to the school, where it rap-

idly spread; boy after boy was stricken and parents began to withdraw their sons until it seemed as though there were nothing left but to close the school, which meant disaster if not extinction. Thring, however, was made of indomitable stuff and set out in search of a temporary home where the school could be carried on; no easy task when you consider that a suitable building had to be found capable of housing upwards of three hundred boys and a large staff of masters, many of whom were married men with families, and that only the promptest action could save the situation. Such a place was found in an empty tourist hotel at Borth, on the sea-coast of Wales, and suddenly the country rang with the news that a whole school had been uprooted from its foundation of hundreds of years and had been successfully transferred to a strange soil, as it were over-night. To-day this



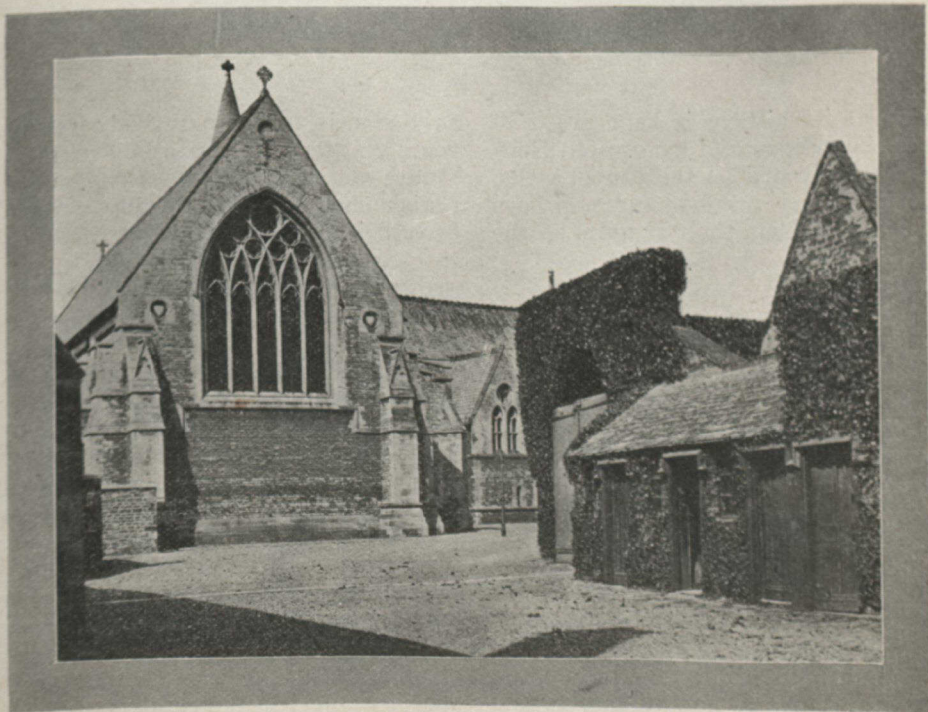
Chapel, and big School-room, Uppingham



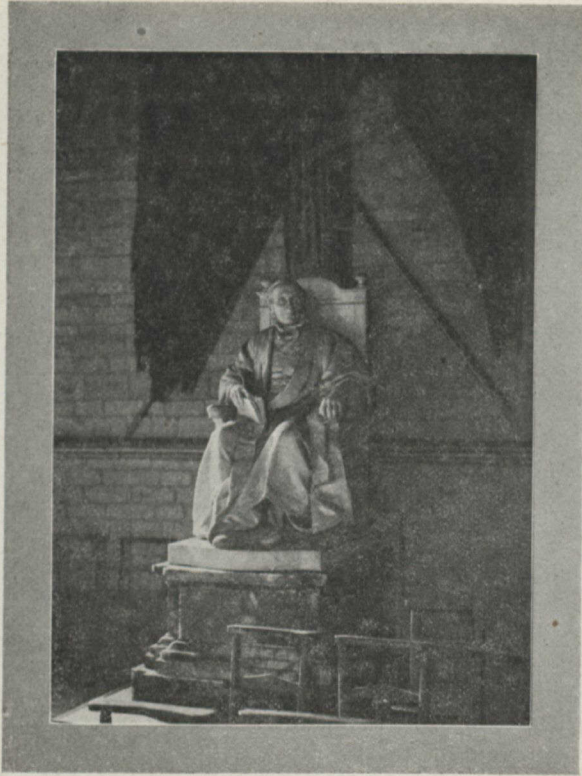
A Typical Boys' House at Uppingham.



The Chancel and Choir Stalls of the Chapel



Chancel Window, Old School Gate and Entrances to Studies built in the Wall



Statue of Thring, the great head master, by Brock, with "Borth" flags on the wall of the chapel

crisis of its history is kept green in the school songs and by two old British flags, draped on the chapel walls, that once were used to summon boys to call-over from their rambles on the Welsh hills.

O, flags ye wrap within your fold
 A stranger tale than e'er was told
 Of muses' sons in days of old,
 The homeless school of fortune brav'd,
 Will aye remember how ye waved
 Above them in the hour that saved.
 —"Borth Lyrics", by Edward Thring.

When the epidemic had abated and a sewer system had been installed Uppingham returned to her own with renewed vigour and increased prestige. Since that day, more than fifty years ago, her career has ben one of quiet usefulness and prosperity.

So much in brief, for the school's history. Turn we now to Uppingham

as I saw it in comparatively recent years. Standing in the market-square we are confronted by the old parish church and following a path around its walls we come at the back to a graveyard covered with moss-grown memorials to forgotten folk and pleasantly shaded by ancient trees. Beyond, in architectural harmony, is a stout stone building which is the birthplace of the school, still in service as a studio for classes in art. Retracing our steps and ascending the High Street we come to the heart of the present school. Here is a large gravelled enclosure, popularly recognized as the "Quad", which we approach through a massive gateway of modern design. Before us are two other modern buildings, the big school room, colonnade and school chapel; to the right is also the



Parish Church, Uppingham, and Cemetery, which dates back to Queen Elizabeth's time

modern headmaster's house or school-house, enclosing a broad expanse of greensward; while to the left is an old ivy-covered wall, with gates that are only opened when the governors are in solemn session, in the thickness of which are small recesses each with a door and window that were formerly occupied as studies, but have long since fallen into disuse. Widely scattered through the town are fourteen other buildings known according to location as Town or County Houses, which are of varying age and design but all following the same general principle. In one part is the housemaster's residence, in another that of the boys numbering from thirty to thirty-five under his immediate charge. This last is divided into studies and dormitories and is provided with one large room

which is used alternately as dining-room and class-room.

For educational purposes the school is divided into Forms and Classes as the Upper and Lower Sixth, the Upper and Lower Fifth, etc. From the Upper Fifth a boy may go into the Sixth on the Classical Side or the Upper Remove on the Modern Side, with the third option of a special Military Course leading to Sandhurst and Woolwich. There is also another division of the school handed down from the days of Dr. Thring, who believed that no school could properly train more than three hundred boys. This was into hundreds for certain examinational purposes but, in my day, the school roll had more than four hundred and fifty names upon it, so that the first hundred was considerably under and



Original school building, 300 years old, now used as a studio

the third hundred considerably over strength.

The school year was divided into the Christmas, Easter and Summer Terms, with five, four, and seven weeks holidays respectively intervening between each. Boys were not admitted over thirteen years of age, as it was considered that by that time character was too much developed to admit of moulding along Uppingham lines. In spite of this there was generally a considerable waiting list, particularly for the most sought after houses, since parents could enter their sons under any master, subject to the approval of the head.

Looking back, it seems to me that those in authority in laying out the school routine were largely governed by two maxims, one having to do with Satan and idle hands, and the other with sound minds and sound bodies. So it was that from the rising bell at six till lights out at ten there were few moments indeed that did not have

their allotted duties: school prayers and then classes, breakfast and further classes, dinner and classes again, supper and study, house prayers and finally bed, with nothing to do till to-morrow. Every second day was a half-holiday, on which occasions all boys except those dubious souls shirking behind medical certificates were required to indulge in Rugby football, field hockey, or cricket, according to season. Even on the other days we would put in two hours after dinner with cross country runs, fives, or some other minor sport; the result being that from the youngest fag to the School Captain we were as hard as nails, and a high standard of proficiency in all forms of athletics obtained. On Sunday we had chapel twice, with study and house prayers in the evening, but the afternoon was our own to be spent in reading, letter-writing, or country walks.

Coming to Uppingham after a brief preliminary education in Can-

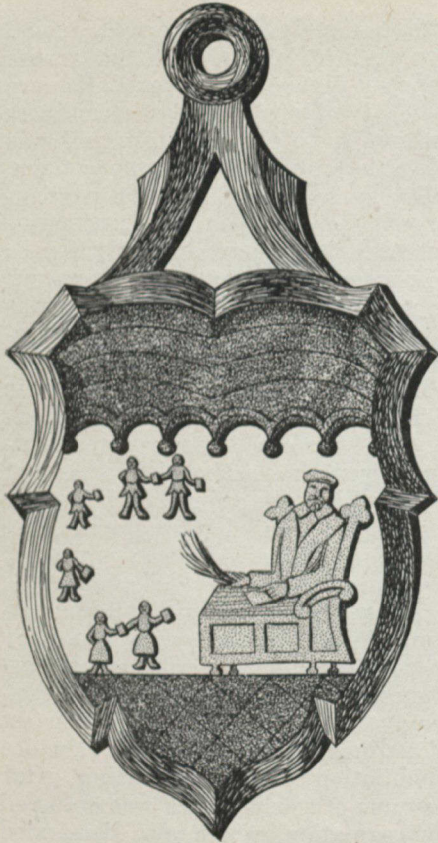
ada, I found myself in a curious position as compared with boys of my own age. At mathematics I could hold my own, and in English I was considerably advanced, but in classics I was woefully backward. Boys who could construe comparatively difficult authors and thought nothing of turning "The Walrus and the Carpenter" into faultless elegiacs could not pen a piece of English composition without errors in spelling, nor could these same boys who declaimed Virgil and Horace with gusto be persuaded to put a semblance of feeling into a passage from Tennyson or Macauley. Each public school is noted for some one feature of its training and Uppingham claimed to be the most musical in England. The chapel services were taken by a large and, I believe, splendidly trained choir of boys, and periodic concerts were marked by the rendition of oratorios by this choir in conjunction with a capable orchestra of nearly forty pieces.

As to fagging, the custom was extremely moderate; all members of the Third Hundred were fags and were obliged to prepare their lessons under the eye of a master. A certain number of the Upper Sixth were appointed School Praeposters, and there were three or four House Praeposters in every House; these were the only ones with official right to fag, although naturally a certain amount of unofficial fagging took place, and no fags were specifically assigned to any older boy. Fagging duties were very light and consisted mainly in keeping the house tidy or running occasional errands. In the summer, after rain, drafts of fags would be levied to roll the first cricket crease under the watchful and expert eye of a member of the School Eleven. As might be expected there was a good deal of rough horse-play at the expense of unpopular boys and even occasional bullying, although I saw hardly any of it. As this was prior to the South African War I had to contend at first

with a certain air of condescension towards a "Colonial", but otherwise the only distinctions recognized were those of athletic prowess, cleanliness and ability to give and take, nor was I long in finding friends among them.

Of course we had our own particular *argot* or slang; a smart person—sometimes too smart—was "wassy"; an unpleasant person was "frousty" or a "froust"; dirt of all kinds was "fug"; paper was "bumph"; a certain set of athletic champions were "bloods" and a boy who aped their manners was guilty of "roll". Equally, of course, the masters were surreptitiously known by nicknames, not all of which are calculated for polite ears. If a small boy put on roll he was merely chastised and suppressed, but should an older one assume the privileges of a blood without due warrant, the real sanguinaries would lay in wait for him, the whole school expectantly near-by and would solemnly heave him over a certain set of palings, than which act of justice humiliation could go no further. Our costume of solemn black was enforced by regulation, which also demanded that trouser pockets should be sewn up in order to prevent their use as a receptacle for idle hands. Unfortunately this also prevented their use as a storeroom for other objects, and the more daring of us would rip these ignominious seams, restoring them with fearful and wonderful stitches on whisper of a pocket inspection. Winter and summer we wore straw hats of speckled black and white, adorned with broad black bands with thin red edging. As long as crown and brim held together the hat was technically fit to wear and many were the battered relics in active service. School Praeposters or "Pollies" wore white straws with the school crest in gold on the front of the band, and were known as "White Hats" in consequence.

At football, hockey and cricket the entire school was divided into games, the boys wearing white knickerbock-



The Crest of Uppingham School

ers or "shorts" and red or white jerseys, according to which side they were placed on by the captain of the game. At the end of the term two teams would be chosen from every game who would be eligible for promotion the following year. This was known as getting your "land", and in football entitled you to wear a gaily coloured object known as a "star" but remarkably like an Iron Cross, upon your jersey. If you were successful, after several years your jersey would look like a German Field Marshal's uniform. In cricket you got an equally noisy belt with the school crest for a clasp and a white flannel cap graced with a band to match the belt. The second Rugby team was known as the "Twenty", it being considered that this number of players was

necessary to cope with the first Fifteen. Both wore navy blue shorts and white jerseys, but in the first case they were trimmed with red and in the second blue; in addition members of the team wore blue silk sashes and blue velvet skull caps with silver embroidery and tassels, also carrying hunting crows which during actual play were handed over to School Polities to lash the boys back from the touch lines in moments of excitement. After each game the school would form a line from the goal-post to the dressing-room while the old "colours" conferred as to whether any player deserved admission to the team. Presently the School Captain would take his stand beneath the posts and call out a name whose owner would emerge from the dressing-room and pass down the worshipping lane with hanging head but uplifted heart to the captain who would tie his torn and faded sash around him and shake him by the hand.

Would space permit there are many frivolous incidents and not a few dramatic character sketches with which I might interest or amuse the reader, but this side of English school life has been emphasized from Tom Brown to Stalky & Co., while E. W. Hornung, himself an O.U., has paid faithful tribute to Uppingham in his novel "Fathers of Men", so that I have preferred, as it were, to give you a snapshot rather than a moving picture. In it you should see a hard-working, hard-playing collection of average boys trained not so much to engage in the rough and tumble of life's battle themselves as to control its strategy; always remembering that this picture was taken in the dying moments of the last century by a very inexperienced photographer, so that it has probably no more to do with Uppingham of to-day, about which I cannot speak, than has that gray old building which was its home when Shakespeare lived and Raleigh sailed the seas.

Haslemere

AN OLD WORLD TOWN AND THE NEW WORLD INVASION

BY CARLTON MCNAUGHT



SPRAWLED upon a hillside and reaching down into pleasant valleys at the junction of three beautiful English counties, the little town of Haslemere, with its attendant villages of Shottermill and Hammer, doses sleepily in the winter sunshine of this year of Armageddon, 1918, with one eye on the present and the other gazing dreamily into the past. It is a quaint old town—not so old and not so quaint as many of its size in this age-mellowed land, yet possessing respectable marks of antiquity and not a few picturesque features. The broad High Street with its ancient Town Hall, the winding streets that climb the hill with their elevated sidewalks and old houses red-tiled and many-chimneyed, the bits of garden gay with old-fashioned flowers that nestle in front of vine-covered porches, the ancient church and still more ancient trees, carry one back to a peaceful and leisurely age. But over the face of this slumberous nesting place of man has surged of late a flood of aggressive modernity—a khaki flood, whose tide is as restless and insatiable as the spirit of the New World whence it flows.

Haslemere came into the path of this flood when fate established a Canadian military training camp within walking distance of its borders. The old town on the hill with Shottermill and Hammer crowding about its feet is the only settlement

of any size that can be reached on foot of an evening by the tired warrior from the camp seeking distraction, and without obtaining "leave"—for the town is actually within the limits of the generous camp area. The shops of Haslemere and Shottermill are open till 8 o'clock each evening—except Wednesdays, which is the half-holiday for tradesmen. There are two halls where band concerts and occasional dances take place. And most important of all, there is a "cinema"—which is English for "movie"—where the Canadian Tommy may worship at the shrine of his film heroes and heroines (because the New World still leads the way in the silent drama, and the majority of film productions exhibited in England come from "the States"). So each evening and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons the Canadian Tommy drifts into Haslemere in his hundreds and sometimes his thousands, investing the sleepy old English town with a high-spirited New World life. It is a strange meeting of the old and the new. One hears the breezy, unsoftened speech of Canada everywhere contrasting sharply with the broader and less urgent diction of the Englander, whose accents are of Haslemere. In the shops the Canadian Tommy buys writing paper and tobacco and shaving soap and—yes!—chewing gum, and slakes his thirst for sensational literature. And the shopkeepers, with unprecedented enterprise, have

rapidly learned his wants, and have thriven thereon. True, one wonders sometimes that the invasion has not worked more of a change. Were this a Canadian town, now, as close to a big camp, there would be a dozen movie shows and a host of other places of amusement to cater to the obvious demand. There would be ice-cream parlours, and ring-the-cane emporiums, and refreshment booths galore. But this is Haslemere—a sleepy old town with one foot in the past, and characteristically it is content to stand by its traditions and offer the same entertainment to Tommy as it has been accustomed to itself. And Tommy makes the most of it.

In the pleasant shaded streets that wander up and down through Haslemere and Shottermill and Hammer, meandering past placid ponds where white swans float regally, and narrowing into hedge-bordered, tree-arched lanes as they leave the town, sundry Canadian officers whose wives have come to England to be near their husbands have taken up temporary abode. After a day of hot and dusty training work in camp, these fortunate ones find a pleasant sanctuary from the trials and worries of military life in this soothing old world atmosphere where even the dull report of the "practice" bomb does not penetrate, and war fades to a dream. So that Haslemere, sleepy, plodding town that it is, will have pleasant memories for many a Canadian heart after this war has faded for good.

It has become so much a part of camp life, in fact, that those whose fate it has been to tramp the unexciting round of training routine regard it almost jealously, as a Westerner regards the town of his adoption. It is true we do not quarrel about its population, which has remained to all intents and purposes stationary for two centuries; nor about the extent of its building permits, or its bank clearings, which are

negligible; nor about the height of its commercial structures (there are none over two storeys). We are jealous merely of its beauty and its antiquity. And this not because we hope for any gain therefrom. We have no real estate to sell "within ten minutes of the post-office"—there are no subdivisions on the market; nor do we hope to tempt industrial concerns to locate within its borders (its chief industries at present are a weaving concern, employing at most ten "hands" and using only hand looms, a small wood-working industry which produces "antiques," and a trout hatchery). No; there are no ulterior motives. We are simply jealous of its claims on the newcomer because it is "our" town. Other camps may have their adjacent towns with certain interesting features; but this is "our" town, and is different.

Not that it lacks intrinsic claims to attention. Its beauty none would dispute. Perhaps it is, after all, the country in which it is set that lends the charm to Haslemere. On all sides it is surrounded by the most beautiful of English landscape, from lofty gorse-clad hill to smiling chequer-board valley. On one hand is Hindhead, the second highest point in Surrey, and within view in another direction is Blackdown, the largest eminence in the adjoining county of Sussex. From Haslemere itself, as it climbs the hill, one looks down into a valley, threaded by the meandering Wey, which has that peculiar blending of rusticity and apparent cultivation that is the stamp of English scenery. And on the ridges or climbing the steep hillsides are copses and groves whose sombre pines and luxuriant beeches, oaks, hazels and chestnuts are a constant invitation in the brilliant summer sunshine. The little woodland paths, with their stiles where they emerge into field or meadow, the winding shaded lanes, hedged with holly, thorn or laurel, and the wonderful old trees,



A View of Haslemere from Wooliver Hill

all gnarled with age and ivy-mantled, that grimace at one from the mysterious woods, are surely not to be rivalled in any other part of England. Haslemere must needs partake of the charm of this rapturous countryside.

In the quiet seclusion of the wooded slopes that rise towards the crowning eminence of Hindhead, wealthy Englishers have built palatial homes, for the air in this neighborhood is reputed to be the finest in England. One gets glimpses of their moulded chimneys above the massive walls with which the Englishman likes to surround his home, or a peep at their ivy-grown fronts and park-like grounds through an open driveway gate. The Canadian Tommy, strolling along the winding road to or from Haslemere, looks and admires and wonders—admires the stateliness and beauty and wonders at the loneliness of these English homes. Every one of those homes, without doubt, has sent forth a son or a father to the war; some of them will never welcome their crusader back, alas, or will welcome him back maimed or a cripple. And yet they stand there

proudly aloof, solitary and self-contained, as it were scorning to show signs of perturbation or suffering. One cannot avoid the fancy that they typify, somehow, that fine Horatian gentility that makes for some of the best as well as some of the least admirable traits in the English genius. "*Odi profanum vulgus*" is what they seem to say, as they withdraw themselves behind their gray-lichened walls.

It is all very beautiful, with a beauty strangely novel to Canadian eyes. But in England the Canadian is not satisfied with mere beauty. He must have age. He is apt to measure the relative merits of two places by the length of their lineage. It is fortunate, therefore, that Haslemere has nothing to cause us shame in this regard. Its roots go back for many centuries, and it is said to have been once destroyed by the Danes. But it does not seem to have made much of a stir in history. It is not mentioned in the Domesday survey. In fact, as the writer of a local handbook puts it, it possessed, like Alice's dormouse, a commendable faculty for going off to sleep. It was chiefly distinguished in



Bunch Lane, Haslemere

the 16th century for sending two members to parliament, having been used thus by one of the Tudor sovereigns, apparently, to fortify the royal influence in the Commons. Balot manipulating and crooked returning officers were not unknown in those days, and in 1679 a bailiff got into trouble for facilitating the fraudulent election of one James Gresham over one Denzil Onslow. A Jacobite with the delicious name of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe (what a chance for a novelist!) also played an important part in the parliamentary history of Haslemere. Although he had fought with distinction at Bothwell Brig and Sedgmoor, his Jacobite feeling seems to have made him a rather unmannerly gentleman, for after the Revolution, in 1691, he "joined with others in behaving themselves indecently as Her Majesty (Queen Mary) passed by, looking her in the face and cocking their hats"—a gesture of disrespect apparently parallel to that of "biting one's thumb," after the manner of the Montagues and Capulets. Sir Theophilus eventually fled the country on a charge of high treason, and although

he subsequently returned and was elected to parliament for Haslemere, his epitaph leaves some doubt as to whether he was really ever anything but a Jacobite at heart. His son, General Oglethorpe, became a great philanthropist, however, and was the forerunner of Howard in prison reforming. In the middle of the 18th century Haslemere was famous for its contested elections, but its representation in parliament ended at last in 1832.

Perhaps few of the Canadian Tommies who are so jealous of Haslemere's antiquity are familiar with the above lore, however—for all have not read the little handbook by Mr. J. E. Morris from which I have culled these facts. There is a more vivid and tangible evidence of hoariness in the churchyard of the old Parish Church of St. Bartholomew, which nestles among its yews up in the older part of the town. It is true that the body of the church was rebuilt in 1871 around the old tower, whose base dates back to the 16th century. But the building, with its ivy and mouldering stones, has the air of antiquity about it, and the little church-



Station Road, Haslemere

yard with the stained and lichen-blotched slabs gives one a Gray's Elegy feeling that is quite authentic. One of the stones that has been let into the wall of the church commemorates Robert Philps, who died in 1769. Here also is buried the famous Professor Tyndall, one of the "great names" of Haslemere. The church has a Tennyson memorial window, also, designed by Burne-Jones, though Tennyson himself, who lived but a short walk in his stately home on the edge of Blackdown, is buried in the Abbey. Almost any sunny Saturday or Sunday afternoon you will find Canadian Tommies wandering among the gravestones of this pledge of antiquity deciphering the fading letters of some 18th century epitaph with an awe which only the children of the New World can evince for age.

Of course, Haslemere has its inn. What pretensions could an English town make to ancientness without an inn? The White Horse, on the High Street fronting the old Town Hall, boasts above the doorway of its inn-parlour a stained and faded notice in old-style type which states that the

property known as the White Horse Inn, with the farm attached thereto, will be sold by auction on a certain date in September, 1765. The White Horse has been very largely remodelled since it figured as a coaching inn in the old days, but it retains certain of its picturesque attributes with its modern facings and cuisine. It is much patronized on Saturday and Sunday afternoons by Canadian officers tired of mess fare or excusably thirsty after a country ramble; and on the large-leaf register in its little parlour you will find the names of over a thousand Canadian officers hailing from all parts of the Dominion. Another token of antiquity is to be found on the High Street in the shape of a grand old monarch of a chestnut tree, which is said to have been planted in 1792. And as a proof that the town is introspective as well as retrospective, there is a museum of local and general interest that is said to be unique of its kind.

As I have said, Haslemere made no very great stir in history, but its somnolent temperament did not prevent it from associating with itself some of the great names of literature.

Its neighborhood has been likened to the Lake Country, and the local historian with pardonable hyperbole, calls it the "Surrey Parnassus". Some three miles away, on the brow of Blackdown, Lord Tennyson built his stately home in 1868, and here he died in 1892. The country lanes and fields about Haslemere were hallowed by the poet's tread, and it was from Haslemere station that his body was borne to the metropolis for interment in the Abbey. In a small cottage in Shottermill, George Eliot lived for some months in 1871, while engaged in writing "Middlemarch". The house of Dr. George Macdonald, author of that childhood classic, "At the Back of the North Wind," is just on the border of the old town. And in the country tributary to Haslemere a long list of writers, artists

and men of science have lived from time to time.

To-day, were it not for this breezy invasion from the New World which has quickened its pulse a bit, Haslemere would still be dreaming on in undisturbed quietness its age-old dream. But it, too, like every town and hamlet throughout this pleasant land, has sent its sons to battle, and has had its drowsy eyelids wrenched sharply open to follow them yearningly into scenes more stirring than ever troubled its even past. And so it has a ready welcome for these other khaki-clad sons of liberty who are here to-day and gone to-morrow on the same great crusade, and who find time in the brief intermissions of training to peer with Western impressionability into the mellow picturesqueness of an old world town.





A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LANDSCAPE

From a Photograph by W. S. Louson

Leander: Volunteer

BY HARRIS MERTON LYON



N fourteen decillion B.C., according to nobody in particular, this stubborn planet upon which to-day we so carelessly shuffle our feet began a series of experiments toward an end. Billions of bits of magnetic dust were driven from the planet's bowels, churned around, fermented, and worked over. At first she tried for trees, and got trees. Then snails, clams, jellyfish. Then brooding over her intent, she made the jellyfish climb up out of the sea and prostrate itself upon the sand. Then she watched yearningly through morose years the light and the air beat down upon the jellyfish and irritate it; and she saw the irritation grow into sores, and the sores grow into lungs to breathe with and eyes to see with. After three hundred million jellyfish had died in the process, she slumbered and considered the process complete. After fourteen decillion, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six years had passed, she rested, a pregnant planet, from her constant, vast and multitudinous stew and turmoil; for the end of her experiments had come. The numberless millions of jellyfishes and the superb march of countless years had produced Leander Percy Johnson.

Leander enters here, bowing pathetically among men, acting the idiot among girls. You have Leander in his name, as if it had been wrapped around him like a label—Leander Percy Johnson. He was book-fed to

the point of mental numbness, flat-chested, and common clay. Leander, eighteen, hadn't a thought in the long, bony box of his skull. He had been stuffed with schooling, but had come out unscathed. He was pasty and superficial and hopeless and he was going to a big Eastern university. The reason he was going to a university was because Hiram Jesse Johnson was a man who had been starved all his life of all the finer things—or rather, of what he considered the finer things. For instance, he had never had more than a common school education. He had never been able to travel. He had never had a chance to do big work among big men at the big tasks of existence.

He was now fifty-five years old, prematurely bent and gray, a broken man, working on a stubborn, poor little farm outside the small town of Happydale. To the man who really saw into Happydale, its name sounded like harsh laughter. To the man who really saw into Happydale, its people seemed all to be, somehow, sick people. To the man who really saw into these people, it seemed as if they took sixteenths of an inch to be miles.

Hiram Jesse Johnson, on the other hand, thought miles were sixteenths of an inch, or even millionths of an inch. So you see at once he had no business being in Happydale. He was too vague, too mystical. When he should have been bargaining in a flat, metallic voice with Henry Binns, the grocer, over the price of the lettuce and radishes he had brought in to

market, he was instead plucking his old gray beard and roaring childishly about the deep damnation of sending corrupt George H. Price back to Parliament.

He loved to trace mysticism in the flight of bees; he had grand, shapeless ideas about the influence of stars upon our earthly births and doings; he believed in spiritualism, signs, witchcraft. He contemplated the hordes of men as so many blades of grass, perishing or flourishing under the sun and the rain. He believed in honour, in all men being honest and kind. Like some babbling child he spoke of the liquid wash of Time, the inconsequential panks of Evolution, the unimportance of the Minute, the Insignificant Mile. A sort of an old Walt Whitman, dreaming of the cosmos, was Hiram Jesse Johnson.

His day was filled with sweet thoughts, and his night with shadowy visions. His neighbours called him impractical. He saw no sense in a bank account because it was almost a psychological impossibility for him to admit the presence of a bank. In fact, he doubted the reality of the world itself, to say nothing of the banks in that world. He could not save a dollar, because he thought in terms of millions of dollars. He was intellectual, not brainy. He was loose and magnanimous, with a dread of business. He was the only failure in Happydale, a town full of people called successful. He lived alone on his wretched farm with his only son Leander.

"I mean for my boy to have what I couldn't get, gentlemen," said Hiram to the town circle in Barker's drug-store. "He's going to go through university—yes, sir, university!—if it takes every last cent his pa can dig up."

"Doc" Sniffen looked at Jim Burckhardt, the real estate man, significantly. "Goin' into the mining business, Johnson?" he asked.

"Education!" went on the old man hastily. "Education is what we all

need. It broadens our minds, gives us culture, makes us appreciate more about the world we live in. Instead of just having five senses, then we've got five hundred senses, five thousand senses, five million senses!"

"He, he! Most too many for Leander to carry around without stumblin', ain't it?" asked Sniffen. "Seems weakly to me, Leander does."

"You could carry some of it around with you, Doc Sniffen, without any inconvenience," snapped Johnson. Then he softened: "And so could I. I wish I'd had it. I wouldn't be here now, grubbing away at a dinky, miserable farm in a little hidebound county like Maxwell. I'd be out helping do the big things, the new thinking o' the world. Maybe I'd be making new inventions to increase human comfort; or be an honest judge, giving the poor folks a square deal; or something like that. But I didn't get the chance, gentlemen. I didn't get the chance. And so I'm doing the next best thing. I'm sending my boy out into the ranks of the world's fighters, equipped the very best I can afford to. I don't want him to hang around Happydale and be the source o' misery to his father that some are." Here several faces in the circle set vindictively; but the old man, gazing into his dream, saw nothing. "I don't want Leander to stay a town boy all his life, jumping counters and living out a narrow-minded, hard-hearted existence here, grabbing every penny in sight and missing the magnificent spectacle of this great human fight set in between our two eternities. I want him to live in the fire and hot heat o' things. I want him to be a man among men."

"Yeh, I suppose you do," said Hicks Lawson, knocking the ashes from his pipe and stalking out of the door. Lawson's boy, Johnny, had been arrested twice in Happydale for drunkenness. The rest of the circle said nothing for a while.

"It'll take him four years to go through university, won't it, Hi?"

"Yep. Four years of ideal training. Four years. H'm." He combed his hand through his gray beard. "Four years." For the first time his brain had turned to the actual cost of the enterprise and he was computing details.

Sixteenths of an inch are miles in Happydale. Hi Johnson had, in his unthinking way, called the town boys narrow-minded counter-jumpers. He had cursed them as penny-grabbers. He had said they were sources of misery to their fathers. Hicks Lawson, shiftless, lazy and unhappy, told his wife that night:

"That old fool Johnson was around to-day bragging about that milksop boy o' his and castin' slurs on Johnny. I got up and left the place."

"What'd Hi Johnson say?" snapped his wife angrily.

"Well—somehow—he sneered at Johnny's—Johnny's bein' bad, mother. I give him a piece o' my mind, and come away. I can't stand such things. Just simply can't stand it."

"Stuck up about that Leander, is he? He's got lots to be stuck up about—a footless, no-count dummy like that."

Barker, the druggist, had a son who worked in the shoe-store. Barker vengefully included his boy in the Johnson epithet "counter-jumpers". Mrs. Barker cut Leander's name off the list of a party she was giving that week. Mrs. "Doc" Sniffen circulated reports that, according to medical authority, Leander Johnson was "a little light-headed" already, and that a college education would "literally cause his brain to bust with egotism". A nephew of hers, owing to the proud intermarriage of Happydale's "oldest families", suffered from incipient lunacy.

"I don't think you'd better let Leander call here any more," said Mrs. Beemis to her daughter Lucy. "I hear his father is going around town telling how Leander is too good for us. Lord knows! That spindle-shanked numskull! If it comes to be-

ing proud, I've a right to be as proud as forty Johnsons."

In less than a week the already lonely Leander found himself cut off from even a speaking acquaintance with the people among whom he had lived all his life. He had neither the ingenuity nor the bravery to find out why. However, as he was leaving the first of the month for the great city, he paid no attention to what was taking place in Happydale. As soon as his father could give him the hundred dollars he would leave.

They had made up their mind on this sum; it would be so much cash above railroad expenses, entrance fee, and other incidentals. Where they were to get it from was a problem for his father. Leander knew his father would take care of him. His father always had taken care of him.

In the quiet of his own room, the old man met for days a hideous reality; he had to have one hundred dollars by the first of the month. He went through the tortures of helplessness. It was the first time since he had mortgaged his meager farm that he had had occasion to think of big sums of money, and it made him sick now to have to sit devising plans, going over petty schemes, haggling with himself about impossible bargains, hour by hour, only to come back to the shame of acknowledging he had no way of getting the money. He had bragged a dozen times to all the town that Leander would leave for the East on the first! He hadn't exactly meant to brag. But he had talked too much. In Happydale, sixteenths of an inch!

The last evening before Leander was to leave, Johnson went around to old Jim Burekhardt. Burekhardt was "in real estate"; judging from his ears, he was in it up to his ears. He was eighty years old; for sixty years he had been in Happydale. In fact, rumour said he had grabbed the town when it was first laid out, had jockeyed claims, stolen lots, sold new streets to the town at exorbitant prices, and finally managed to screw

and gouge a mint of money out of Happydale. He was bleary-eyed, almost stone deaf, and dragged himself along the streets like a wounded rat. He was a gray man; his head was gray, his skin gray, his eyes gray. He wore unfashionable gray clothes, a gray necktie, an old gray hat. His face was scratched with deep lines of greed, miserliness, and cruelty; and when he spoke his croaking voice made children shudder. He was the richest man in Happydale. He stood for Happydale; he was interested financially in its growth; he was president of its Commercial Club; he was president of one of the banks and the rolling-mill as well.

Old man Johnson trembled a bit and cleared his throat, as Burekhardt waved him to a chair on the porch. "I—I came to see you, Jim, about—about—about a little matter of money."

Burekhardt made a quick, ratlike motion of his head. He could hear excellently whenever money was mentioned. "Don't think I can do it," he said. "Money's scarce."

"Scarce with me, too," answered Johnson with an attempted smile. "You know that, o' course, from the way I haven't met my interest on the mortgage. But this I want now is to send Leander away to college on. He can get work to do there to work his way through, waitin' on table—"

"What?" yelled Burekhardt, with his hand behind his ear.

Johnson's humiliation was sharp. They were sitting on the front porch, where all the street might hear. "He is going to wait on table to pay his way through," he shouted.

"Glad he ain't so stuck up but what he can work for a living," grunted Burekhardt.

"I want to give the boy a little money just to ease things down for him while he's breaking in, Jim. I've set my heart on this, as you know. I ain't going to tell you how much I've worried the last few days trying to find some way to get this money for

him. Jim, there *ain't* any way. I haven't got a thing—"

"What!"

"I've got absolutely nothing to offer you as security!" shouted Johnson.

"No security! And want money!" shrieked the other.

"It's like begging it, I know, Jim. But be friends with me this time, and let me have it. Be kind to me, Jim, and I'll make it up to you. I'll pay you any interest you want. I hate to have to talk this way, and ask you favours. I hate to humble myself; and I wouldn't do it for myself. I wouldn't do it, Jim, but I want my boy to have his chance in life. You've been—well, in a way, you've been kind to me and a—sort of generous in the past, and I—"

"How much?" barked the old real estate agent.

"One hundred dollars, Jim."

The other man sat and looked grimly at him through the dusk, with blankness in his gray eyes. "One hundred dollars," he coughed, and fell to thinking. Johnson sat twisting his moist hands between his knees in an agony of shame—and of hope. Then Burekhardt said: "You are an old fool, Hi. You'll never amount to anything, and neither will that blamed boy of yours. You've got your head full of stars, and he's got his head full of fog. You're sending him off to college to get more fog. Now, I'll lend you a hundred dollars more on that hog lot you call a farm but if I could prevent it, Leander wouldn't get a cent of it."

Johnson, with a rush of happiness, signed a note and said: "If it wasn't for Leander I wouldn't want it, Jim."

When he was a block away from the house, his shame overtook him again, and he burst out crying to himself, as a lonely old man will cry, unhappy, emotional, vague. He was all feeling. In the depth of his woe, his heart was his whole world. His brain worked numbly, and heeded not the practical affairs of life. He had no sagacious curiosity as to why

Burckhardt voluntarily lent him the money. He did not know that Burckhardt was dickering with an electric line to come into Happydale, and that the plan was to have it come in along the line of this useless Johnson farm.

And so Leander went away to the university and worked out his year, sending home dutiful reports to his father. And so the old man lived through all that education as if he himself were getting the things he had been deprived of in his youth. In his innocent way he went around the town telling every one he met about Leander's feats in Greek, and chemistry, and trigonometry, and French. At the drug store he boasted to the town circle about these things and "Doc" Sniffen asked: "What's he going to do with French in Happydale?"

"He ain't coming back to Happydale," boasted the old man. "He's going to work in the city when he's through college. He'll need a broad field, gentlemen. There's opportunity in the city. That place's full o' big men."

"What?" yelled old Burckhardt malevolently.

Johnson, suddenly silent, did not answer. All Happydale knew that Leander had gone to college on Burckhardt's money. They did not know how much it was. They speculated that it must have been five hundred dollars. Lucy Beemis had overheard the two men yelling at each other that night on the porch. Tattle, crackle, tattle, crackle, went in scorn the tongues of Happydale whenever old man Johnson, mildly exulting, spread fresh news of Leander's distant prowess. And all through the four years Leander was gone, the fires were building under him with the fuel of his father's boasts.

Through his freshman summer Leander stayed in the East and drudged somewhere. Then in the fall, came a pitiful demand for more money. "It's very hard for me to

keep this up," wrote Leander. "Any money you can get, any moment at all, please send me."

So the old man, who had been so proud of his son, humbled himself once more to the nearly deaf ears of Burckhardt; and the miser, with the electric line coming closer, squeezed him out another hundred dollars, adding a wise saw and a sarcasm or two to the gift. Some months later, when Leander wrote a mawkish poem which was printed in the college paper, and when Johnson was showing it gleefully in the drug store, old Burckhardt, in a sudden burst of nasty temper croaked:

"So he's a poet, hey? A poet! That's what I'm paying out my good money for!"

And the gossips silently nodded the message to each other, and it went winking over the town, chilling the glory of Leander's verses. Old Burckhardt was putting up for Leander's education. It had already cost him two thousand dollars!

A third year came. A third humiliation. A third loan of a hundred dollars from the little gray man with his gray eyes fixed on the trolley line. Leander had changed his course and had gone in for languages. This was an immense feat to be heralded through Happydale. Leander was studying Latin, Greek, French and German. In an enthusiastic letter the boy had written: "I can already talk better German than Haubel, the butcher." And uproariously his father had told Haubel what Leander said. The butcher glowered and added his mite of hate. Item by item the town was building its verdict. In the city, the spiritless, spineless Leander was nothing; in Happydale he was despised.

In the city, Leander had unconsciously drudged himself to doom. He had waited on table until he had become, in his soul, a waiter. The outward display of servility had crept under his skin. He was a mild, characterless, vapid and sometimes silly

piece of human machinery. In appearance he was soapy, sloppy and stale, with now and then a gaudy burst of hosiery and neckwear to damn him all the more, and make his Sunday best his very worst. He went to his classes with a sense of oafish duty; and with the same sense he wrote his faithful letters home.

At the beginning of his senior year came again the same furtive, startled cry for money. It made him sick to think how close he came to actual poverty. It made his father sick to think of the fight his son was making for an education. It made his father sick, too, to have to go to Burekhardt for money, but he went, and put himself into debt so deep there was no chance of his ever paying out. He owed Burekhardt four hundred dollars, up to the time of his boy's graduation. Then, by figuring down to the last cent, Leander wrote that he "believed he could make it on forty eight dollars". So Burekhardt advanced forty-eight dollars more, with the electric line only ten miles away, and Leander was graduated.

Old Johnson framed that diploma and announced that Leander had stayed in the city to begin his career. The town, at last abashed by the facts, sat back in vindictive silence and waited.

It did not have to wait long. In September, heartbroken, spirit-broken and penniless, Leander came home. His father met him with tears of joy and pangs of dismay at the depot, and all alone, of a shiftless, quizzical crowd, welcomed him back to Happydale.

"I've come back, dad," was all Leander said. "I couldn't make a go of it in the city. I tried and tried. I walked the streets hunting for something to do; but there wasn't a job."

"What did you want to go to work at, Leander?" asked the old man.

"Well, I thought if I could get a job—waiting at table just to tide me over, you know—but I couldn't."

"Couldn't you—couldn't you do

anything with all that French and German? Teaching, or translating, or something, I mean?"

"No. I didn't really know enough to do any good. I just simply wasn't thorough enough at anything I studied, dad."

The old man patted the boy's shoulder half-heartedly and said, with a catch in his throat: "Well, well, Leander. Cheer up. We'll find plenty of chances for you here. The town's proud of you, if I do say it myself. I've been telling 'em all right along just what you were doing; and they've all been real interested."

"Dad, about all that money—four hundred and forty-eight dollars—" began Leander with a whisper.

"Now, don't worry. I arranged all that easy enough. Jim Burekhardt let me have it on the old farm. He's been right kind, and I'm going to see him about giving you a job in the bank to-morrow."

Leander, in a daze, accepted the decision silently.

"What? A job in my bank?" barked Burekhardt the next day. "Ain't any places open. No, sir. That whole Leander deal is closed, Mr. Johnson, and good riddance. You wouldn't take my advice. You wouldn't let him stay here and 'jump counters'. Hey? Remember that? I told you the boy's head was full of fog. Now it's even worse. It's full of professor fog. No, sir! I'm a business man, pure and simple. I want no Leanders around my bank."

Johnson's hands trembled as he took his hat. "I'm awfully sorry, Jim," he said, with difficulty, "to hear you speak this way. My boy is as good as anybody's boy. It's me that's unpractical and careless and slipshod; not him. I admit I don't know anything about business. But Leander, I want you to remember, worked his way through four long years at the university—"

"Yes, with my four hundred and forty-eight dollars," sneered the little man in gray.

"Good-day, Jim Burckhardt," said Johnson.

No. The town was not proud of Leander.

Everywhere the town's little enmities prickled and stung, as only a little town's can when it has got its hate up against you. Girls tittered as they passed Leander in the streets; the boys were too busy to talk to him; the elders quoted at his unconscious head the foolish boastings of his father in the years gone by. For a long time he could get nothing to do, and the heart of his father sank day by day before the incomprehensible fact. Winter came on, and in the long desultory months Leander spent his time shamefacedly around the house. Among other things, he took to writing—vague incoherent pieces of description, meaningless verses in different meters and stanza-forms, imaginary editorials, riddles, puzzles, limericks.

This gave his father an idea. He would get Leander a job on the little daily newspaper, the *Happydale Palladium—Independent*. He consulted with the editor and proprietor, Mr. William Wallack Henderson, a fat, gracious, lazy man with a kind heart and an abysmal ignorance of how to run a newspaper. Therefore, in the spring Leander went to work on the daily. His duties were to gather local news—police, court-house, real estate and train arrivals—collect and solicit advertising in the afternoon, see the paper off the press in the evening, repair the donkey-engine which ran the press, give the papers out to the newsboys to be delivered, and at night to read and clip from the exchanges and write the editorials for the succeeding day. For this work Leander received five dollars a week.

He went to work in April. But he could not get any local news and that duty had to be taken away from him. The reason he could not get any local news was because the town jeered at his pretensions as a reporter and went out of its way to conceal things from

his knowledge. His father, however, was happy, and so Leander worked on, stupidly, in a bewildered, faithful fashion.

In his first flush of earned money he bought some lavender socks, bright tan shoes, and a purple beribboned straw hat. These became the laughing-stock of the town, a steady joke among the young bloods. But Leander, with his yellow mop of hair jutting out from beneath the straw confection, perspired on, chasing his thin legs and flat lungs out on innumerable errands, his shabby coat buttoned tight about him even in the warmest weather. He despised a reporter's work; he was even afraid of it. Away down in his sensitiveness there was a distinct dread of asking people questions. If he pried into affairs it was timidly, with his heart in his mouth.

"It's none of my business, dad, and they all hate me so," he argued with his father.

But he kept at it. His years as a waiter had taught him a sort of unthinking obedience, and, in truth, his work was not really difficult. If only the ample Mr. William Wallack Henderson had known it, his paper was a joke. It had no news; it had no advertising; it had no influence. But Mr. Henderson took his paper very seriously . . . at least, he took it seriously once a month, when he had to pay its bills. And so—

Old man Johnson was hoeing in his tiny garden when the boy came home. He looked up and saw the comical straw hat and the pathetic face of his son beneath it. Leander leaned over the fence and stared for a long, long time at his father. In his throat a lump kept rising and falling, keeping time with the rise and fall of his shoulders. The boy was sobbing, in long, dry sobs. Then the tears streamed from his staring eyes, streamed blindly for a long aching minute, without him seeing his father, without him seeing anything, and he bowed and hid his face in his arm along the fence.

The old man's imagination went trembling out over vast and hideous possibilities. He dropped his hoe, stared, wiped his hands aimlessly against his legs, and licked his dry lips. What had happened to his boy? He tried twice to ask, but could not get the words into his mouth.

"Dad—oh, dad!" the boy wailed. "Oh, daddy, daddy, my own old daddy!"

Old man Johnson came over to the fence, lifted off the foolish straw hat and stroked his boy's head with stiff, uncertain hands. "There, there now, Leander! What is it, son? Don't cry. What is it? Tell your daddy what's happened, won't you? Just tell your daddy what they've done to you. It's all right, Leander. Tell me."

The boy broke out into fresh sobs and blurted through his trembling lips: "Mr. Henderson—he—he told me he wouldn't need me any more. He—he said I was a luxury around his office! He don't want me, and—I—don't—know—what—to—do. Nobody wants me. I want to work and do—my—best, but nobody wants me. Nobody'll give me a chance. Everybody in this—this dirty old town hates me and laughs at me. I tried to pay no attention to it, daddy, and be brave. B—b—but I ain't brave. I—I've known for ever so long what you tried to do for me, the sacrifices you've made for me; and I tried to make it up to you. But it seems like I can't. It seems like there's no way in the world for me to get a start. It seems like everybody and everything is bound to make me fail. I hated to come back here, but I thought we'd be so happy together, you and I, even if I was a failure. Then when everybody began picking on me, I didn't say anything; I just stuck to it, because I saw I was pleasing you. But I knew it wouldn't last. I know I'm not a newspaper man—or—any—other—kind—of—a—man. B—but I love you, daddy; and I wanted to be near you, and I wanted to

make you proud of me." He crumpled against the fence and sobbed painfully for a while, then blurted furiously: "Now the whole world's a blank, and you've spent four hundred and forty-eight dollars on me that you'll have to work yourself to death paying back. And I can't help you. Oh, daddy, I—can't—help—you! That's what hurts me." He lifted his sodden, tear-stained face to his father.

Hiram Johnson licked his dry lips and tried to keep the dismay out of his voice. In his breast his heart sank heavily. "Leander," he said, and his voice broke. He waited a moment, staring beyond the boy's yellow head at the old house. His eyes saw the back porch with the pails and the broom above it, the trash underneath. But he paid no attention; his mind was dumbly working at this new catastrophe. Finally, he gave it up.

"Leander, boy, I'm sorry. I reckon that 's all I can say, Leander; I'm sorry. This ain't what either of us had a right to expect. Is it, Leander? Somehow I feel as if we don't jibe with the town, or even with the world. There, now, don't cry, Leander. You're a good boy, as good a boy as anybody's ever had. Don't worry about the money, if that's what is worrying you. I'll take care o' that."

"But what are we going to do, dad? What are we going to do?"

The old man looked off again, silently, at the porch. "I don't know," he said at last. "I really and truly don't know. O' course, I can go on this way, just as I am. I can take care o' myself without any trouble, until I die. I don't matter, you see. It's *you*, Leander. What about you?"

The boy hung his head.

"I've tried my best, Leander. Now, don't go and be hurt at what I'm saying. I wouldn't hurt you, son, for all the world. But I've tried, every way I know how, to help you—it's been my failure as well as yours. I don't know anything more to do." A sob came into the old man's throat.

"Can't you do anything for yourself, Leander? Ain't there *anything* you can do? You're a grown man now. I know this town's been hard on you. But there's other towns; maybe they are not all like Happydale. If you could just get out and do something for yourself now! If you only could! That would change their opinion of us. I ask you honestly, Leander, ain't there *anything* you could do, by yourself?"

Leander looked at him grimly for a moment. "Just one thing, dad. I can't tell you to-night. But I've been thinking it over." He wiped his eyes, straightened up, and took his hat from his father's hand. "I want you to remember this—sometime—when you're thinking of me. I want you to remember that, somehow—it ain't my fault or yours, dad—but—I *ain't* brave. Every man ought to be that, if he's going to get on in the world."

And so, at midnight, without telling his father, Leander stole away and caught a train up to a junction point of the main line. There lay a car of volunteers who were whisked away in the morning toward the big camp. Leander was with them, trembling at what he had done. All the volunteers who went into that camp went full of a spiritual fire, a divinity, an exaltation. Strong, fiery lads; determined men. And they kissed good-bye to their fathers and mothers and sang their valiant songs as they went into that civilian's camp.

Leander was in that camp. Leander was stricken with the fever and it ate greedily through his flat chest and his skinny legs. Then he was put in a big tent, where there were other sick men. And one night a storm, hurrying up, pelted at this tent with

sheets of rain and blew it down with shrieks of wind. In the morning some energetic medical men lifted the canvas off the sick. Eight of them were dead. Leander was one of the eight.

That next autumn a travelling man said to a group of townsmen in the Commercial Hotel at Happydale: "I'm a Columbia man, class of '97. Seems to me I remember a classmate of mine—named Johnson—who was from this town. Wasn't he?"

"Yeh. Didn't amount to much. You mean Leander Johnson," said Doc Sniffen.

"What about Johnson?" yelled old Burckhardt.

"This gentleman's talking about Leander!" shouted Sniffen in reply. "I said he didn't amount to much!"

Old Burckhardt coughed. "No. He didn't. I always said he wouldn't. He was a costly experiment, Leander was. I reckon that's about the last experiment in Columbia education this town'll have."

The travelling man laughed contentedly at the thought.

Doc Sniffen misunderstood him, leaned over, and spoke in a whisper: "You can laugh but"—jerking his thumb at the blinking, gray figure of Burckhardt—"it ain't no laughing matter with *him*. That experiment cost him a pretty penny. Nobody else cares. Course, nobody else put up anything. Even Leander's old man didn't put up anything! For four long years it was always Burckhardt, Burckhardt. He was the one that was hit hard."

And the old earth groaned and began it all over again. For Leander had returned to the jellyfish whence he came. He had gone back to fourteen decillion, B.C.



ENGLAND IN ARMS

By Lacey Amy

X.—WELFARE WORK



HE student of industrial conditions in England during the war might well wonder if Lloyd George has accomplished anything more promising for victory, more beneficial to his country in such a period of stress, than the institution of a new theory in industrial life based on the humanizing of toil. It was away back in the early days of his acceptance by the Empire as the essential cog in the machine of war. At a time when the German was threatening Paris and no obstacle to his victorious march loomed above the horizon, the little Welshman was called by his Premier—but more insistently by his country—to undertake the revolutionizing of warfare in a country whose short-sighted lack of preparation bade fair to be its death sentence.

Guns were needed—more guns—and thousands more. The victorious enemy was not only shattering his way to the capital city of one of the Allies, but he was exacting a toll of the best fighters in the world that threatened quickly to prove his invincibility. The British Tommy, fainting from the fatigue of continued battle, but fighting on without a thought of submission, ground his teeth at his impotence. Man to man he knew his superiority. But man to gun was but fodder. Behind a barrage of murderous shells the German soldier laughed at the puny opposition of a

gunless army. The strongest forts known to military science had fallen without a struggle. The direction of the invading army was ever forward. Only when its ammunition failed temporarily was it driven to retreat behind the hills of the Aisne. And then England clamoured for the guns to give the men a chance. Lloyd George, the most aggressive politician in sight, was given the mission to get them.

Immediately he recognized that the task was not so much a matter of material as of workpeople and factories. And, with his own peculiar foresightedness, he knew that success depended in the final issue on a workpeople contented and able to undertake without more than the minimum of rest the great task of production. To make the munition-makers contented and physically fit for their work more than suitable wages was required. Hours of work must be, for the time, subject only to the limits of human endurance. The driving back of the enemy, therefore, hung on the minds and bodies of the workers. And to ensure co-operation of these two allies something in the way of innovation was necessary.

The solution of the problem, as it affected the million women who have thrown themselves into the production of munitions of war, was the creation of a new department in connection with the Ministry of Munitions. As Lloyd George puts it himself: "I had the privilege of setting up something

that was known as a welfare department, which was an attempt to take advantage of the present malleability of industry in order to impress upon it more humanitarian conditions, to make labour less squalid and less repellent, more attractive and more healthy." And the results have so far excelled even his hopes that the department is not recognizable to-day by its ambitious creator.

The Welfare Department in Great Britain is assuredly an innovation in industrial life. There has been, and is, a prevailing idea that it is but an English application of a phase of working life already developed in the United States. A Government official modestly deprecated to me any idea of novelty. "You," he said, "know all about it already, of course. For it is not new in America." And he spoke of a certain great factory in the Central States that has for years secured much valuable advertising through its care of its employees. But the difference between any so-called welfare work in America and that developed in Great Britain is sufficient to mark the latter as a distinct creation. Not only is the work differently controlled, but its duties and the direction of its efforts are essentially new.

"Welfare" has been applied in England loosely to everything that introduces a new office dealing directly with the employee of a factory. Jealous and selfish employers have attempted to forestal Government interference by appointing officials whom they dignify with the title of "welfare workers", but whose only duty is to secure larger dividends for the directors. But, strictly speaking, "welfare" in England applies only to the appointees of the Ministry of Munitions; and it is only with these this article will deal. The most dangerous obstacle to the ultimate benefits of real welfare work is the disgust and distrust aroused in the workers by officials who are responsible only to their employers; and there has been more than a suggestion that the Government protect the idea by

copyrighting the term it has selected for its appointees.

The welfare worker is a Government employee. The Welfare Department, through a permanent committee, passes on every worker, by interview, by examination of character, record and references. The aim is high, as it necessarily must be to secure a woman whose influence on the munitioneers will be good. Apart from the ordinary qualifications of official position of such authority, she must be educated, dignified, sympathetic, independent, resourceful, diplomatic, physically strong, competent to command, and capable of winning affection as well as respect. It is a large order—so large that the calibre cannot be maintained with any hope of filling the demand. The fact that almost all munition factories are either Government-owned or controlled renders them amenable to the regulation that, with more than a certain number of female employees, one or more welfare workers must be engaged. And the supply is grievously inadequate. It is a feature of English life that caste is another requirement in the welfare workers. Unless the munition workers are sensible of the superior station in life of at least the head of the welfare staff they are reluctant to lend themselves to the relationship imposed by the new idea. Many women, seemingly otherwise fitted to do effective work, have failed to gain the respect so necessary for results. And as the work, if honestly performed, is hard and often discouraging, with long hours and innumerable worries, and with a strain that increases to proportions beyond the reputed strength and competence of woman, even those few who might fill the position with success hesitate before assuming the tremendous responsibilities.

The true welfare official is selected by the Welfare Department of the Ministry of Munitions, accordingly, and approved of by the management of the factory where her work is to be. As a Government employee she is independent, save in employment

and discharge, of the management. Her position might appear anomalous and impossible, but in reality, owing to the wonderful results that have appeared, the munition firms have accepted the relationship with a grace that grows to appreciation. As a Government official it is her duty in general to see that the working conditions are reasonable and fair, that the factory equipment is sanitary and safe, that dismissals are only for good cause, that the moral atmosphere is satisfactory, that the girls are paid according to established rates; in short, that every surrounding of the female worker is suitable to her sex, her physical and moral requirements, and to her protection. The value of the welfare worker to the management appears in her ability to settle disputes, maintain discipline, raise the morale of the girls, secure from them a full co-operation in production and in factory interest, and protect the firm from the expense and loss of time arising from a wrong mental attitude and from accident.

The technical titles applied to the workers are somewhat descriptive. The head may be a "supervisor" or a "superintendent". The former works without assistants in the smaller factories. The superintendent has directly under her a staff of welfare assistants and auxiliary forces. Properly speaking, only her assistants who have been approved of by the Department are "welfare workers", but a superintendent is usually considered competent to select assistants who would satisfy the Department.

The duties of the superintendent are too multifarious to be described save under the general term "welfare". Obviously there is little she can do which has not some connection with the interests of her women munition-workers. Outside the general authority secured to her by her official appointment, her powers rest with the factory management. If the latter is sympathetic and satisfied with her, she is sometimes given almost unlimit-

ed authority over the women in the shops. The one Canadian welfare superintendent in Great Britain, with the fullest recognition by both Government and factory officials, has practically supreme control over every woman in the factory area, munition-workers and office staff. In her rests authority to select and dismiss employees, to pass on the dismissals by the foreman, to promulgate regulations of any kind affecting female labour. As head of the Labour Bureau, every new employee must conform to the ideals she has established. The requirements in this department alone, of 3,500 women workers, with the ordinary changes of industrial life and the extraordinary and unexpected demands of war conditions, is difficult to imagine. Lavatory, hospital and rest-room accommodation is directly subject to her. She is one of a committee of three to manage a canteen for 5,000 employees. She has charge of the cleaning staffs. Her orders in the business office are obeyed as the manager's. Female employees obtain from her leave to pass from the building during working hours and to remain from work for special reasons.

But these are the mere outlines of her general work, the listed duties. They are, in reality, the least of her real welfare work. Her main care is to secure the confidence of her girls, to convince them that in her they have a friend. She protects them from the momentary exasperation of worried foremen. Every possible convenience and comfort she obtains for them. Rest-rooms and canteen and lavatories, floors and windows of shops are kept under her eye for cleanliness and fittings. A girl on work too strenuous for her strength is transferred by her to easier duties. Petty thieving is controlled by the firm's police under her direction. Complaints of every kind are brought to her for settlement, from a badly cooked meal at the canteen to the partiality of a charge hand. She orders improvements to ventilation, heating and

lighting, and sees that the girls who have leisure to sit are provided with seats. She inquires into mistakes in pay envelopes and advises the management on inadequate rates.

And still the list is incomplete. She arbitrates disagreements, not only between the foremen and the girls, but between the girls themselves. She moves, when conditions warrant it, girls into more congenial shops. She directs them to the firm's hospitals in case of sickness. She takes the children of mothers who must work for a living and finds them good homes. She firmly dismisses girls physically unfitted for their duties, but offers them re-employment when their health warrants it. She keeps in touch with every sick employee, sending her assistants to their homes to inquire their wants. She supervises the boarding-houses of the workers and to some extent their homes. She encourages them to come to her in all the petty troubles of life, whether in connection with their work or not.

While her office doors are frequently closed, by stress of work, to the factory officials, they are always open to the girls. To be a mother to them is the highest aim and the most productive of the right kind of welfare superintendent.

This intimate and authoritative contact with her girls is not maintained at the cost of discipline. Indeed, the welfare superintendent is the source of discipline as well as of protection and comfort. In every move she considers the rights and wishes of the foremen. Leave is given—except for compulsory reasons—only as the demands of the shop permit. The foreman's authority is sustained in every reasonable instance. His work is lightened by the application of discipline by one who understands conditions and sympathizes with his difficulties in applying his authority to a new class of worker whom he does not quite understand and is too busy to study.

The course of an ordinary forenoon's work is revealing.

1. Arriving at 8.30, she examines the reports left by her night assistants, nurses, women police and forewomen of the cleaners.

2. Letters opened and answered.

3. Twenty new girls engaged.

4. Special committee meeting on air raid protection.

5. Trouble at the canteen made the dismissal of the night cook necessary, after which application for a new one had to be made to the Government Labour Exchange.

6. Discharge granted to woman physically unfit—a case to be followed up. Explanation made to foreman and superintendent of the branch of the factory in which she worked.

7. Girl released from one shop through lack of work is found a place in another.

8. Girl ordered off night work by her doctor is exchanged to day work with another girl.

9. Foreman came to explain absence of one of his girls. Arrangements made to get her pay to her.

10. Girl came to complain of her discharge by foreman. Latter spoken to over telephone and found to be at fault, and girl found work in another shop.

11. Made out orders for several pairs of overalls for girls.

12. Two girls came to complain of treatment of another girl in same shop. Note made to inquire into it.

13. Underforeman inquired how to enforce discipline among his workers. As many complaints of his severity had come in, a friendly and satisfactory talk resulted.

14. Injured girl reported no insurance received. Gave orders to have it looked into.

15. Girl absent the day before without leave or excuse was warned.

16. Sergeant at gate came for instructions about passes out.

17. Put through order for ambulance-room supplies.

18. Assistant reports.

19. Two women discharged on the previous day came to express their thanks for her kindness in paving the

way to other work. One brought her baby for inspection.

20. Five minutes' talk with the manager.

21. In a hasty run through one of the shops discovered girl with sore throat. Sent her immediately to the nurse.

22. Girl injured a few days before came to say her doctor said she might return to work in a week.

23. Glanced over time sheets and sent assistant to inquire reasons of absentees; also to get report on mistake in a girl's pay.

In addition there were hasty telephone conversations with a dozen foremen. Every afternoon much of the time is spent in the shops with the girls, watching them work, studying conditions, inspecting the efficiency of the charge hands, etc. Government officials must be seen and visitors entertained, purchases made and plans developed.

For the welfare work which is outside the strict limits of business the firm provides her with a fund. It is perhaps the best proof of the growth of the welfare idea. Old employees who cannot afford the expense of illness are assisted. Others with unexpected temporary strains on their resources may borrow and repay at their leisure. Even those necessarily dismissed by the fluctuations of production are assisted until they obtain new situations. And the welfare superintendent with her heart in her work is too apt to forget her own pocket and expend a great part of her salary in this kind of help. Now the idea has spread to the male employees, whose wives and families profit from the fund.

To assist her in these never-ending duties this welfare superintendent has a staff of sufficient proportions to relieve her of what portion may be left to other shoulders; but the intimate relationship with the girls cannot be dismissed by any amount of assistance. Her private secretary is her immediate representative. Three as-

sistant welfare workers see that her instructions are carried out, represent her at night, and visit the sick and absent. A Labour Bureau assistant first culls out the applicants for work. Three trained nurses are on constant duty for accident or sudden sickness, making their reports to her and subject to her instructions. Three police-women see to the direct enforcement of her regulations, reporting to her and recognizing her authority, although appointed (subject to her approval) by the Government organization of policewomen. There are, in addition, clerks and office boys who do not properly enter into the welfare work. Her supreme authority is recognized by the title of "lady superintendent", every detail of the management of female labour being handed over to her by the manager.

The factory equipment coming specially within her sphere is the last word in welfare work. Through a sympathetic management every provision has been made for the comfort of the women. Two large rest-rooms are always open to those temporarily idle through accident to the machines or illness. The rooms are bright and airy, fitted with easy-chairs, sofas, tables and reading material. There are two hospitals or "ambulance rooms", equipped with every modern requirement, with beds and other necessities, and presided over by trained nurses whose services are at the disposal of the patients until recovery. A private ambulance is kept for rushing serious cases to the hospital or home.

The canteen is one of the provisions of war which will continue into peace if it is found to pay. During the war most firms are content to lose—sometimes as much as a thousand dollars a week—for the immediate profit in other respects from this feature of welfare work. Long hours, fewer holidays and the unusual strains consequent upon the war make it doubly necessary that special provision be made to fit the munition-maker for the unending needs of the armies; and

the woman worker, unaccustomed to the demands upon her strength, is more susceptible to the limitations of her methods of life. Under the welfare worker these girls have been induced to govern their meals by the requirements of their bodies, not by the custom of their class or the momentary taste of their palates. Pudding and cake have given place to meat, and the canteen meal is the main one of the day. Never in their lives have the working classes of England been offered such meals as are served them so cheaply in the canteens. Never again will they be willing to return to the former comfortless, insufficient fare of pre-war days. It is a welfare work that in itself justifies the new industrial department.

In explosive factories the duties of the welfare worker are directed more towards the health and protection of the girls, one great difficulty in the employment of female labour on explosives being their slowness to realize the danger of disobeying regulations. The welfare worker impresses the necessity upon them and protects them from their own carelessness.

There are features of welfare work which have received much greater fame than those outlined above, but only because they are more unusual and spectacular. Organized dances, dramatic clubs, swimming and other classes, entertainment of various kinds—these are the novelties of welfare work which have been pictured in the papers. But they are really only the frills. The welfare worker with time and strength to throw herself into such extraneous luxuries must be neglecting the more intimate and effective side of her work. Provide a girl with healthy surroundings, a clean moral atmosphere, sustaining food, sufficient rest, protection from tyranny and injustice, and a human heart to seek for advice, and her relaxation is not apt to go far astray. The original idea of welfare work, as practised, was amusement. It has

altered to personal care and sympathy. The earlier form of welfare worker is finding a more congenial sphere in organizing bazaars and entertaining the soldiers. The new worker does not neglect entertainment, but she has discovered how little it serves to secure the hold she desires.

In the search for judicious welfare workers England is handicapped by the prevalence of caste. While it is for the present necessary, owing to the peculiarities of English life, that the welfare superintendent be obviously of a higher social standing, the granite walls between the classes in England are too high to permit of the fraternity and unsullied sympathy that must exist between munition worker and welfare worker, except in cases all too few. And the fault is as much of the working people as of the women who have offered themselves for this grand work of industrial improvement.

The welfare idea would be abortive, especially in time of war, did it not express itself in terms of efficiency and production. It is in increased output, as well as in its moral effect, that it faces the opposition of labour agitators who see in it the lessening of their influence for evil. It requires little insight into psychology to appreciate that the contended, healthy worker, whose moral sense is cultivated, is the most productive. The aim of the welfare worker is best tested by the results of the improvements she has introduced; and concerning that there is no question. So emphatic is the average employer in his praise of the new idea that hundreds of them have expressed their determination to continue it after the war. Strikes among the girls are almost unknown. Discipline is simple. Idling is infinitely less than among the men—especially than among the young men who have found in munition factories their exemption from the trenches. The discipline of the welfare worker is an appeal to the girl's moral sense rather than to force.

And the girls are proving the richness of the soil in which the new idea is spreading seed. The old frivolous conception of munition-making as the means to a gay, extravagant life of pleasure is passing. The girl who once put her money in a new hat every fortnight and a pair of boots a month now probably lends it to her country for the winning of the war. Her nights, that used to be occupied in cinema or dance halls or street loafing, are spent in sewing and profitable entertainment. "We never knew there were women in the world like you" is the cry of their souls to the new sort of woman who has come into their lives.

Less sentimental and appealing, perhaps, may be the revolution the

successful welfare worker is introducing into industrial relationship. Her consideration for the foremen is engendering a new spirit in the workshops. Co-operation is taking the place of petty jealousies. What was once a medley of shops is now one combined factory. The focus of the female labour of the factory in the one head is encouraging a similar desire among the men. And when shop works with shop the result to Great Britain in the rivalry of peace times cannot be overestimated. With this new spirit of co-operation must arise a new relationship between capital and labour. It is in this rests the future of the industrial and commercial life of Great Britain.

OF AN IRISH LEGEND

By J. E. MIDDLETON

DEFIANT, unashamed, she passed,
The carmine on her pouted lips,
While village maids, contemptuous, cast
Side-glances hot as scorpion whips.

Her feet, like Aphrodite's own,
She laved beside the Holy Well—
That dried old parapet of stone,
That thirsty grass, the tale can tell.

Profaned by her who came unshriven
The blessed water fled away,
Into the mountain caverns driven,
Into the purifying clay.

If you, dear treasure of mine eyes,
Stood by the place in sun or snow,
The stream, miraculously wise,
Would fill the well and overflow.



From the Drawing by Louis Raemaekers

THE MOTHERS OF BELGIUM

Where is Canadian Literature?

BY J. M. GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "HEARTS AND FACES," ETC.



QUESTION naturally suggests an answer, and the answer which occurred to me in connection with the subject "Where is Canadian Literature?" was at first "On the road to New York". Such an answer would be not unnatural when one reviews the number of prominent Canadian writers who have migrated to the United States—Bliss Carman, C. G. D. Roberts, Ernest Thompson Seton, Basil King, Arthur Stringer, Harvey O'Higgins, George Patullo, being only a few of many names that might under more favourable circumstances have still been identified with Canadian instead of American life. Some of these may still stir a Canadian flavour into their literary soup, but by residence in the United States and cultivation of American taste they write now primarily for another clientèle than ours.

Then, again, such as Gilbert Parker and Sarah Jeannette Duncan belong now rather to England than to Canada, stars of a constellation of Anglo-Canadians, in which the lesser lights are less familiar to their native country. Of those who remain in Canada many do so as it were by *force majeure*—not because the rewards of literature in this country encourage them to stay here, but because they have other occupations and resources of a less precarious character than those

resulting from the pursuit of the muses.

With such conditions prevailing, is there any possibility of a distinctive Canadian literature arising and persisting, and could such possibility be fostered by higher rewards and more generous recognition in this country just as Canadian industry has been fostered by bounties and high tariffs and intensive advertising such as the "Made-in-Canada" campaign. Can one find a way of stopping this emigration of creative talent from Canadian soil, and is it desirable to stop this emigration by placing better terms of settlement at the disposal of the Canadian poet, writer of fiction, or other such imaginative creator of word pictures?

Should, for instance, the Government be asked to subsidize Canadian literature as, for instance, it subsidizes Canadian art, by purchasing and publishing manuscripts just as it purchases and provides a museum for works of art? Should a campaign be launched urging Canadian editors and publishers to give preference to fiction and poetry by Canadian authors, Canadian booksellers to push Canadian publications, Canadian readers to read and purchase by preference Canadian books, and Canadian reviewers to be particularly kind to Canadian novelists and poets?

So far as reviewers are concerned, I am going to risk immediate annihila-

tion by quoting from a letter written by the reader of a well-known Canadian publisher in this connection:

In the first place, Canadian literature has been hopelessly hindered by the usual systematic habit of log-rolling, whereby every Canadian goose that makes its first flight is hailed as a swan, probably being compared to those on the Serpentine or in Central Park. Of course, there is a certain similarity in that they are both included in an ornithological classification, but very often the comparison ends there. A certain myopic minister once wrote a very good book, which established him as a successful Canadian writer. His very frequent later contributions to our literature have by no means attained the merit of his first attempt, but all his successive efforts are sold on the reputation gained on the original book. There are various writers of the other sex who have a following based on original productions, and here again their successive efforts are sold on the reputation of the original production. A lady in the West, whose style is execrable, depends largely on the ecstatic praise circulated by people of her particular religious denomination. A lady in the East has given us so many episodes in the life of her heroine that before long it will not be possible for any Canadian to answer the ageless conundrum, "How old is Anne?"

It is my opinion that there should be no geographical distinction made in North America as to authors. If the literary effort of a Canadian writer is not accepted by the people south of the boundary as being worthy of a permanent place in literature, it is surely a sign that any ecstatic reception by the people living above the boundary must necessarily be more or less forced, and the result of, as I have said, judicious log-rolling.

One of the most unfortunate books which has been allowed to appear in years, in my opinion, is a recent "Hall of Fame", alleged to contain the portraits, lives, and representative selections of fifty Canadian poets. It cannot be many years before many of this wonderful fifty would be willing to purchase their discharge from this "Hall of Fame", but in the meantime it puts before young or uneducated people a wholly false perspective and valuation of what is poetry and what is not.

Then take the bookselling and the bookreading public, and let me give a little personal experience. The search for material in connection with this question sent me to one of the

leading booksellers in Toronto, that great centre of light and patriotism and learning. I asked the very charming lady in charge if there was any demand for fiction by Canadian writers.

"Oh, no," she said, "if we have a good book by a Canadian we have to conceal the fact, otherwise we would not sell it. If I were to say the book was written by a Canadian, the buyer would say, 'Oh, give me something English or American—I want something really good!'"

In discussing this incident with a Toronto publisher, a publisher, I may say, not of books, but of magazines, this publisher expressed himself as strongly of the opinion that in Ontario, at any rate, the indifference shown to Canadian literature by the Canadian public was due:

1. To the Canadian bookseller who worked on the lines of least resistance and pushed only the books that were most advertised.

2. To the Canadian book publisher whose advertising as compared to that of the American book publisher was infinitesimal. Even in Canada, he maintained, the large sale, for instance, of Ralph Connor's books was due not to Canadian but to American advertising. The average Canadian publisher, he maintained, trusts entirely to the free advertisement he gets in reviews, and spends no money except on catalogues, which do not reach the general public.

The publishers I shall deal with later on, but in the meanwhile, what about subsidies? What about Government purchases of manuscripts, civil list pensions, tariff against the productions of American authors with a preferential tariff in favour of British authors. Does Canadian literature deserve as much consideration as lead, or aromatic spirits of ammonia, or antiseptic gauzes—industries great and small fostered by bounties or protective tariffs, such protection presumably leading to higher prices in

Canada for the products protected, as well as to increased native production?

One's first instinct would be to say "Yes"—in the belief that the greater the rewards in Canada itself the better chance there would be for native Canadian literature. Were such rewards higher than they are to-day, the bright young writers might not find such a magnet in the richer centres of London and New York. Such a belief, however, is based on the idea that the higher his price the greater the author—an idea which is not borne out by the facts. The better payment of authors does not mean greater authors and finer literature, it only means more successful authors and more popular literature.

It is a curious paradox that financial success is only too often the author's worst enemy. In order to maintain that success he is dominated by what he or his publisher thinks the public wants, instead of using the printed page as the means of expressing the energy, the soul, the emotion, that is in him. The incentive which produces fine literature is the psychological joy of creation, not the hundreds or thousands of dollars which a successful work may produce. To illustrate this by a concrete instance, I take a volume of poems recently published—"A Canadian Twilight", by Bernard Freeman Trotter. A parallel has been drawn, and I think with justice, between Bernard Freeman Trotter and Rupert Brooke and Alan Seegar. The last three lines of his poem, "The Poplars":

And so I sing the poplars; and when I
come to die
I will not look for jasper walls, but cast
about my eye
For a row of windblown poplars against an
English sky.

These lines are surely worthy to stand alongside Rupert Brooke's:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

or, for further comparison, let me quote Alan Seegar's:

I have a rendezvous with death.

Take again the poem "Ici Repose"—the last poem Bernard Freeman Trotter wrote before his death:

A little cross of weather-silvered wood,
Hung with a garish wreath of tinselled
wire,
And on it carved a legend—thus it runs:
"Ici repose—". Add what name you will,
And multiply by thousands; in the fields,
Along the roads, beneath the trees—one
here,
A dozen there, to each its simple tale
Of one more jewel-threaded star-like on
The sacrificial rosary of France.

And as I read and read again those words,
Those simple words, they took a mystic
sense;
And from the glamour of an alien tongue
They wove insistent music in my brain,
Which, in a twilight hour, when all the
guns
Were silent, shaped itself to song.

"O happy dead! who sleep embalmed in
glory,
Safe from corruption, purified by fire—
Ask you our pity?—ours, mud-grimed and
gory,
Who still must grimly strive, grimly de-
sire,

"You have outrun the reach of our en-
deavour,
Have flown beyond our most exalted
quest—
Who prate of faith and freedom, knowing
ever
That all we really fight for's just—a
rest.

"The rest that only victory can bring us—
Or death, which throws us brother-like
by you—
The civil commonplace in which 'twill
fling us
To neutralize our then too martial hue.

"But you have rest from every tribulation
Even in the midst of war; you sleep
serene,
Pinnacled on the sorrow of a nation,
In ceremonies of sacrificial sheen.

"Oblivion cannot claim you: our heroic
War-lusted moment, as our youth, will
pass
To swell the dusty hoard of time the stoic,
That gathers cobwebs in the nether
glass.

"We shall grow old, and tainted with the rotten
 Effluvia of the peace we fought to win,
 The bright deeds of our youth will be forgotten,
 Effaced by later failure, sloth, or sin;

"But you have conquered time, and sleep forever,
 Like gods, with a white halo on your brows—
 Your souls our lode-stars, your death-crowned endeavour
 The spur that holds the nations to their vows."

Can anyone truly say that this was written for any monetary reward that it would have been better written for a higher price? Surely it was written out of the depths of great emotion, as all fine literature has been written.

I take this as an instance because it is a book of fine poetry and written by a Canadian. That this is no exceptional case, let me mention that although no branch of creative literature in Canada stands at a higher level to-day than poetry, it is a rare thing for any Canadian poet to receive any remuneration at all from any Canadian editor or publisher.

Ah! but you say—that is poetry—and poets are a race apart—by the very nature of things, idealist and impractical.

Take, then, the instance of George Meredith—admitted by almost every critic, almost every author, as one of the really great novelists. Evan Harrington is accepted without question as a comedy of rich and superlative humour—and yet when George Meredith wrote it he was so poor that all he had to keep body and soul together while he wrote was water and a sack of oatmeal.

Can you maintain that the incentive George Meredith had in writing that comedy was the prospect of being able to have a house in town and a place in the country, a stable full of horses, ten courses and four different kinds of wine at every meal? Or did he write it because he had a sense of

humour, a delight in plot, a joy in the creation of situations and the development of character?

The case of the poet is essentially the same as the creator of imaginative prose. If there is any external stimulus which may be acknowledged, it is the stimulus of praise and recognition, and only in so far as money represents tangible evidence of such appreciation does it play any vital part in his production. So long as he can make ends meet, he will continue to express himself out of the sheer joy of creation.

Large royalties and high prices do encourage the professional writer and the writer of popular books. Out of such there may occasionally emerge a great writer, but history shows that social claims, the idleness engendered by wealth, the desire to please the multitude instead of to express what one's own emotion and one's own critical judgment knows to be right, are hindrances rather than aids to fine authorship, while on the other hand poverty is no bar to creative effort.

Putting aside, therefore, as Will-o'-the-wisp the delusive light of the dollar, let us consider whether there is still prospect of a distinctive Canadian literature, and if in any way the progress of that literature may be fostered. And here perhaps I ought to fill an omission and define what I mean by Canadian literature.

Literature is not to be considered merely as a commodity. It may be fairly defined as "the printed expression of a state of mind", and Canadian literature as the "printed expression of a Canadian state of mind". As, however, the only literature worth considering is creative or imaginative literature, as apart from journalism and mere bookmaking, I would further limit the definition to "the printed expression of an imaginative Canadian state of mind".

The further question arises—What is a Canadian?—does that mean only Canadian-born? If it did, we should have to cut out Dr. Drummond, Isa-

bella Valancy Crawford, Stephen Leacock, Clive Phillips-Wolley, and a dozen others who have surely stood for Canadian. If only the writer has lived long enough in the country to catch the Canadian spirit and become in sympathy a Canadian citizen—surely his or her writings can count as Canadian. "The naturalized alien," said Joseph Chamberlain, "becomes your most ardent patriot," and so the most fervent Canadians are not of necessity Canadian-born. I should like to count as Canadian a writer such as Frederick Niven, who in short story and in verse has caught the spirit of the West and of British Columbia as no other writer that I know has ever done. Take, for instance, this one from his *Maple Leaf Songs*, entitled "B. C.":

The yellow bench-lands gleam and glow
Under an azure sky;
Above the benches trees arow
March upward, very high;
And higher than the trees again
The scarped summit stands:
My heart is desolate because
I cannot see these lands.

The winding trails go up and down,
The tributary trails
That lead to roads that lead to town,
A town beside the rails.
But happy he who quits the train
And on the wagon-road
Rides watching for the old blazed tree;
He needs not any goad.

Dear God, if prayers of men avail
For special things with Thee,
This would I pray—to hit the trail,
And smell the balsam tree;
To see the eagles coasting heaven;
The sun-shafts striking deep
In lonely lakes and laughing streams;
To hear the chipmunks cheep;

To give the high-ball to old friends,
And throw the reins abroad,
As men there do when travel ends;
This would I ask, O God;
To see the pack-train glide and lope
A-patter through the woods,
All silent in the old cone-dust
Of these old solitudes.

Some call the Indians dirty folk,
But I again would see,
And smell, Great Spirit, wood-fire smoke
Of some red man's tepee.

One sign that I was back again
In these tremendous lands,
Would be the sight of silver rings
On brown and lissome hands.

The bench's yellow pales and fades,
The sun ebbs up the hill,
'Tis dark in the deep forest glades,
'Tis dark and very still;
The sunlight on the summit dies—
Was that a drop of rain?—
I knew it once from dawn to dusk
And would go home again.

Neither the popularity nor the poverty of an author are to be taken as evidence of his intrinsic merit, yet the proportion of popular authors who may be classed among the great is perhaps one out of ten, while the proportion of great authors who have just been able to make ends meet is perhaps nine out of ten.

While, therefore, the artificial stimulous of wealth is not likely to produce a greater or more distinctive Canadian literature than we already have, the tariff which affords the machinery of publication has produced a situation highly favourable to the growth of such literature. Previous to 1898 there were only two generally recognized Canadian publishers, William Briggs, of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, and the Copp, Clark Company. Since 1898 no less than eight publishing houses have been established and still survive in this country, not, it must be remembered, with the object of fostering Canadian literature, but in order to deal more satisfactorily with the importation and distribution throughout Canada of books originating in England or the United States. These firms are:

McLeod (afterwards McLeod and Allen), now Thomas Allen	1898
The Musson Book Company	1901
Oxford University Press—S. B. Gundy (incorporating Bell and Cockburn)	1903
The Macmillan Company of Canada	1906
Cassell and Company	1907
McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart	1907
J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited	1913
Thomas Nelson and Sons	1913

Although these houses were established in the first place to facilitate the importation of books, they have served and are serving to an increasing extent the interests of Canadian authors by saving these authors the expense and uncertainty of long distance or personal communication with London and New York, cities which owing to the circulations they command must overshadow any Canadian publishing centre for books issued in the English language.

To illustrate this point, I quote from a letter received from a member of the Methodist Book and Publishing House:

"We expect to import, for instance, within the next few weeks, six hundred copies of a new novel by a young man in British Columbia, which will cost us approximately 60 cents per copy, in standard format, cloth binding. The manuscript of this was submitted to us here in Toronto about a year ago and very carefully considered. We knew it was good material, but since it had nothing distinctively Canadian we believed that we could not count on a Canadian market (the only one over which we have control) to warrant publishing it for that market alone. If we had printed the six hundred copies we now purpose importing it would have cost us, to produce, at least one dollar per copy (by reason of this limited edition) and would necessarily have been offered at a price of \$1.50 or \$1.75. At our suggestion the author sent the manuscript to a British publisher, who ultimately accepted it and has prepared a British edition, which is being sold at approximately \$1.25. We can import this, bound quite as well as we could make it, for one dollar in the more limited quantity, at the price mentioned above."

In actual practice the Canadian publisher or the Canadian representative of an English or American house is acting as an unofficial literary agent, drawing the attention of the publisher in London or New York to books written by Canadian authors for which there would be a fair market in Canada. In this connection a member of the Musson Book Company writes:

"It seems that Canadians are more appreciative of books of their own writers now than they were before. Possibly it is accounted for by the fact that a good many of our novelists' works have been big sellers in England and the United States. The American publishers seem quite eager to get Canadian manuscripts. We always find them willing to co-operate with us on anything that there is a possibility of selling in their market."

I give this extract to show how the Canadian publisher is assisting the Canadian author to obtain a wider market than Canada alone affords.

One publisher, Mr. McClelland, of McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, goes further and says:

"For ourselves, we might say that we are specializing as far as possible on the works of Canadian writers, and prefer to give place to a Canadian book every time. We are always on the lookout for good Canadian material, and furthermore we go out of our way to place editions of Canadian books in both the American and English markets.

"We have yet to lose a dollar on any Canadian book that we have ever published, and we think that we can safely say that during the past two or three years we have published at least as many books by Canadian writers as any other publishing house in Canada."

With this evidence of the improved machinery for the publication of books by Canadian writers, is there any further reason to expect a larger and more notable output of distinctively Canadian books? Those who accept my definition of imaginative literature, not as a commodity but as the "printed expression of an imaginative state of mind", will be the more ready to agree with me that the outlook was never so good. The state of mind itself is the symptom of the soul, and never in the history of the Canadian people has the Canadian soul been so deeply stirred as it is to-day. One out of twenty of the people of Canada has offered his life, as a soldier for service overseas. Those who have been left behind have been stirred to self-sacrifice that in the days of peace they would never have dreamed of, giving time and money, for instance,

to the Red Cross, to the Patriotic Fund, to the Victory Loan campaign, on a scale that four years ago would have been thought impossible. Sorrow has torn the heartstrings in many a Canadian home, sorrow without whose minor key there can be no great music. The pride of race has become a real and tangible emotion instead of something vague, indefinite, negligible, almost to be apologized for.

When one remembers what a similar emotional wave did for English literature in the days following the Great Armada, is it unreasonable to expect a new era of Canadian literature in the days following Langelmarck and Ypres and Passchendaele?

Literary taste may change, literary rewards may differ, but the human soul is just the same to-day in Canada as it was in England in the days of Raleigh, and Drake, and Sidney, and Shakespeare, and Marlowe—and if that human soul is not stirred into literary expression of a splendour beyond the normal, I shall be very much mistaken.

The signs of a new birth, of a new desire for expression, are already noticeable. In the autumn catalogue of one Canadian publisher I find no less than ten books written by Canadian authors inspired by the war. Except in two cases none of these ten would probably either have been inspired to write, have found a publisher or a public—yet the publisher they found is the one who says he never lost a dollar on a Canadian author. The two who might have written had there never been a war are the Bernard Freeman Trotter to whom I have already referred, keyed up by a great experience to higher flights than he might ever otherwise have attained, and Ralph Connor, whose last work, "The Major", however much one may feel tempted to criticize it on the grounds of artistic construction, differs very materially in character and intensity from anything he has written since "The Foreigners".

The war seems to have uncovered a new Canadian reading public just as much as it has brought new writers to birth, and with this improved machinery of publishing there never was a more appropriate movement for a new Canadian literature. At present the Canadian book has a natural tendency to have a war tinge. It would not represent the Canadian state of mind if it did not. No one at present is in the mood to write fairy tales. But when the shadow of war has passed, who can say that there is not a field in this Dominion of Canada for the imaginative writer—no types or distinctive characters, no scenery of inspiring beauty, no human drama, no social problems, no history, no romance, no opportunity for humour?

As for types, the lead has already been given by E. W. Thompson in "Old Man Savarin", by F. W. Wallace in "The Shack Locker", a wonderful collection of short stories dealing with the deep sea fishermen of Nova Scotia; by Stephen Leacock in "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town", by Dr. Drummond in his habitant poems.

Then as for natural beauty of scenery, this country of a thousand rivers, of ten thousand lakes, of a hundred thousand islands, of millions of acres of forest, peopled with innumerable creatures of the wild, this domain of vast prairies, of tremendous mountains—does it lack source of inspiration?

As for drama—is there no drama in this tide of human souls surging over from Europe into our vacant spaces—Doukhobors, Galicians, Swedes, Belgians, French, Greeks, Syrians, to say nothing of our English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh—seeking a new life in the New World, amid more elemental conditions than they knew in their own country—is there no drama here?

As for social problems—this country of difficult divorce, of capital at war with labour, of political intrigue, of dope fiends, of red light districts,

of warring religious sects—is this not an inexhaustible field for a Canadian Balzac or Zola or Thomas Hardy?

Has Canada no history?—were there no pioneers of France, no Highlanders that stormed the Heights of Abraham, no United Empire Loyalists who left their homes in New England to carve out new homes in the Canadian forest, no War of 1812, no Fenian invaders, no Riel Rebellion? Every inch of this Eastern Canada is packed with history, and many an acre in the West.

Romance—has that also disappeared?

“Romance!” the season tickets mourn,
 “He never ran to catch a train,
 But passed with coach and guard and horn,
 And left the local—late again!”
 Confound Romance! and all unseen
 Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

There never was a country so rich in material for the imaginative writer as this great northern Dominion, half high romance and half high finance—where the Chevaliers of Louis the Magnificent join hands across the centuries with the captains of industry and the profiteers in pork and bacon, where the fur-trader shares the forest with the analytical chemist, where the Ruthenian maid in Winnipeg teaches her mistress Ukrainian folklore, where the Chinese laundrymen erect a monument—the

only monument ever erected in this country to an author—to the writer of their own fairy tales, where we have the last stronghold of Rome and the first stronghold of the Union Church, where oxen plough the fields alongside a Ford tractor, and hydroplanes dash along the lakes, the shores of which are skirted by the primeval birchbark canoe. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Why seek the bright lights of Broadway for inspiration when you have the blue skies of Canada?

The bright lights of Broadway—that brings us back to New York. Where is Canadian literature? was the first question, and the first answer was—on the road to New York. Surely that answer is wrong—surely the answer should be that Canadian literature is on its own threshold.

Does not the truth lie in these words written by a Canadian poet?

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is
 done!
 Doubt not nor dread the greatness of
 thy fate.
 Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting
 sun,
 And fain would bid the morn of splen-
 dour wait,
 Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
 “Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy
 fame!”
 And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame
 is nigh,
 Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and
 name.

A Rejoinder

BY H. C. HOCKEN



IN the January number the Honourable Charles Langelier has an article in which he attempts a reply to my article appeared in November.

To show his methods, I need only refer to the way he has misquoted clause 93 of the British North America Act.

In his effort to make the point that the French have the right to the use of their language in the public schools of Ontario, he says that French was used before the Union, and cites clause 93 thus:

In and for each Province, the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:

Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to separate schools which any

class of persons have by law in the Province at the Union.

To make his point, Mr. Langelier resorts to the dishonesty of garbling the clause. The British North America Act which he must have had before him does not mention "separate" schools. The word used is "denominational". The word "denominational" is the vital word in the clause. The decision of the Privy Council in the recent action turned upon that. So, by changing the word "denominational", an entirely different meaning is given to the clause.

How can one argue with a man who is guilty of changing the statute to make it meet his contention? His whole article must be read in the light shed upon it by this deliberate alteration of the plain words of the Act to which he appeals.



Donald MacKenzie: King of the Northwest

BY ERNEST CAWCROFT



HE mind of the aging man turns to the scenes of his youth and early prime. When he meditates upon the eternal eventualities, memory carries him back to his native heath, and his reflections are eased by the hope that his ashes will mingle with the soil which gave him birth.

But Donald MacKenzie does not sleep the deep sleep at Inverness, the capital of the MacKenzie clan in Scotland and where the future "King" of the Northwest found his birth-place on June 15, 1783.

He does not rest at Fort William, now the leading grain port at the head of Lake Superior, but one century ago, the capital of the Northwest Fur Company, no less than the centre of the commercial enterprise, and the social and political intrigue of the vast Hudson's Bay territories.

And is there a tomb to mark for him a resting place at thriving Winnipeg? No, the man who had his Seat at the then Fort Garry, and who by virtue of his Governorship ruled the vast Provinces now known as Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, does not sleep under the soil over which he reigned for eight years as a Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Donald MacKenzie sleeps the Celestial Sleep in Evergreen Cemetery, just at the foot of Mayville Hill and overlooking the waters of Lake Chautauqua.

The Regents of New York State once required the reading of Washington Irving's "Astoria" for purposes of high school study. There I gleaned my first knowledge of Donald MacKenzie. Later I became interested in the development of Western Canada; my studies of and trips through that region, brought home to me the name "MacKenzie" on many occasions. But one must go a long way from home to get the real importance of new events. *The Times* (London), publishes an obituary column which is distinguished throughout the world for its discriminating freedom from funeral platitudes, and its devoted effort to chronicle the achievements of those who have passed from the King's service by death. During the early part of 1912, I found at the bottom of an article devoted to a deceased Peer of the Realm, the following item:

"Our Mayville, New York, correspondent informs us that Henry MacKenzie one of the surviving sons of Donald MacKenzie, the Canadian Explorer, is dead at that place."

This item connected my travels in

Canada with my previous high school reading. Moreover, it impelled me to study the career and to seek to visualize the personality of a man cast in a large mould. I accepted the invitation to prepare this paper on "Donald MacKenzie: The King of the Northwest" because I felt that many students of Canadian history have had but a vague conception of the deeds of this hero.

To be born in Scotland, to achieve fame in Oregon and Manitoba, and to live for eighteen years in Chautauqua County, breaks the links of personal history.

It has been my task to connect some of the links in the historical chain of Donald MacKenzie's life. The MacKenzies have written their names in large letters over the map of Canada. The habit of Dominion historians and biographers of referring to their particular MacKenzie by his last name only, has deepened the confusion in proportion to the books published. But in view of the fact that the record of the MacKenzie clan is distinctive in the history of Scotland and Canada, I shall trace out the career of Donald MacKenzie by a process of exclusion, just as I have been compelled to do in the verification of certain biographical data for the purposes of this paper.

Thus Donald MacKenzie must not be confused with Sir Alexander MacKenzie, who hailed from the same region of Scotland, and whose explorations placed the MacKenzie River upon the map of Canada in 1789.

Nor with Kenneth MacKenzie, who looms large in the "History of the American Fur Trade," by Chittenden, and who in his trading and explorations traversed a large portion of the same territory covered by Donald in his American trip to the Pacific Ocean.

James MacKenzie was a Governor of the King's Posts in Quebec Province. Henry MacKenzie served as

Secretary of the Northwest Company at Montreal; and the premier member of that competitor of the Hudson's Bay Company was Roderick MacKenzie. These men were first, second, and third cousins of each other. They played a leading part in the lives of each other, some as friends and others as the executives of rival fur and trading companies. Between their friendships and their rivalries, they placed the name of MacKenzie in the history of North America, beyond erasure.

This Roderick MacKenzie was the correspondent of Sir Alexander MacKenzie and the cousin of Donald. The romantic explorations of Alexander were being told by proud Scotsmen about the time the youth of Donald was getting under way. Then Roderick MacKenzie was writing home to Glasgow and Edinburgh, as well as to Donald, telling of the opportunities for young Scotsmen in seeking the vast fur wealth of the Canadian Northwest.

Thus the wander lust of the young man was stirred, and in 1801, Donald MacKenzie, then seventeen years of age, left Scotland for Canada, where he entered and remained in the employ of the North-west Fur Company for eight years. During these eight years he received his collegiate training by clerking, trapping, and trading, by exploration and adventure, and by playing a man's part in defending the accumulations of the fur season against the plunder spirit of primitive outlaws and angry Indians. He was a famous man, even in his youth, in this primitive country, and this prestige of the wilderness soon brought him into positions of great responsibility.

The career of Donald MacKenzie, as a factor in the making of North American history, must be timed from the day he connected himself with John Jacob Astor. The limits of this paper compel me to spare

you the details; but the New York Legislature incorporated the American Fur Company on April 6, 1808. The dashing and enterprising John Jacob Astor longed to tap the wealth of the wilderness to invest his profits in the lands of the Metropolis. His broad mind conceived the idea of establishing a line of trading posts, connecting the Missouri with the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific. He not only foresaw the commercial possibilities, but he perceived, as his letters to the President and Cabinet officers show, the need of asserting American title to the American Northwest. Rival fur and trading companies were claiming ownership on behalf of their respective governments and without thought of the present international boundary line. Mr. Astor made overtures for peace, and proposed to consolidate his venture with first one and then the other of existing companies. Meeting with no success, he decided to offer positions to the best men of the Northwest Fur Company. Alexander M'Kay, who had accompanied Sir Alexander MacKenzie in his 1789 and 1793 expeditions; Duncan M'Dougal, Donald MacKenzie and Wilson Price Hunt, of New Jersey, were finally associated with Mr. Astor under a new named corporation: "The Pacific Fur Company".

The Astor party outfitted at Montreal, the emporium of the fur trade. It crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1810, exploring and establishing trading posts enroute, and finally arrived at the point to be known as Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River. Washington Irving described Donald MacKenzie at this period of his prime as "excelling on those points in which the others were deficient; for he had been for ten years in the interior and valued himself on his knowledge of wood-craft and the strategy of Indian trade and Indian war-

fare. He had a frame seasoned to toil and hardships; a spirit not to be intimidated, and was reputed to be a remarkable shot, which of itself was sufficient to give him renown upon the Frontier."

Once the Pacific Fur Company party had fixed its capital at Astoria, leading members were delegated to establish additional posts at distant points. It was the policy to pre-empt good trading grounds, as well as to win the ultimate support of the United States Government by pushing the boundary line far north. Donald established the most distant post from Astoria on the Shahaptan. His trading settlement was considered an encroachment upon the territory of earlier and rival companies. He was burdened too by constant fights with Indians in that region. Supplies did not arrive and the opposition of the rival companies increased. Donald went to the nearest trading post of his associates for conference. While in consultation with Messrs. Clare and Stuart, a partner of the Northwest Company, John George M'Tavish, arrived from the region of Lake Winnipeg, bearing the news that war had been declared between the United States and England. He added the true or false information that an English ship had been sent to seize Astoria. MacKenzie determined to break camp and return to Astoria. There a conference between the Astoria coterie ensued during the summer of 1812. It was decided to abandon Astoria. M'Dougal and MacKenzie argued for abandonment in view of all the circumstances, while less influential partners were against immediate departure. But the will of the stronger men prevailed, and the return was made over the Rockies in several parties. While Washington Irving speaks in terms of personal praise of Donald MacKenzie, he reflects the attitude of his patron, John Jacob Astor, in sev-

erely criticizing the position of M'Dougal and MacKenzie in persuading the co-partners to abandon Astoria. This critical view of the decision of MacKenzie and associates finds favour in the "History of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition," published by direction of the United States Government in 1842. The Historian Ross takes a sounder view of the decision of MacKenzie, and he is inclined to look at the vexatious question from the standpoint of the whole issue, rather than to determine it from the viewpoint as to whether Mr. Astor lost money and suffered in prestige. There can be no question but what the decision of MacKenzie in relation to Astoria was a source of long resentment; but after the war of 1812, Mr. MacKenzie joined with Mr. Astor in seeking to impress upon the United States Government the need of renewed efforts in the Oregon region. The abandonment of Astoria did not mean the downfall of the entire Pacific Fur Company project. In fact Hunt and MacKenzie laid the foundation for the large Astor fortune on that very trip over the Rockies.

But it must not be inferred that MacKenzie and his friends accepted in silence the Washington Irving version of the betrayal of Astoria. The Astoria money and portable properties were delivered to Mr. Astor in New York by MacKenzie, and the home view of this debatable question may be gleaned from an obituary tribute appearing in the Mayville Sentinel the week of his death. "Washington Irving in his Astoria," writes the editor of *The Mayville Sentinel* on January 25, 1851, "has in his own happy style narrated a few of these adventures, which in one of the most important transactions of his life, relative to the betrayal of Astoria, he has done him great but undoubtedly undesigned injustice. To him, and to him alone, was Mr. Astor indebted for all

that was saved from the ruin which treason had wrought."

But the days of personal vexation are over for both men. The Astoria episode adds to the fame of both Astor and MacKenzie. The trip over the Rockies (and the assertion of American title to the mouth of the Columbia laid the foundation for the otherwise dubious 54 degrees 40 minutes fight in later years. It is true that the contest well nigh precipitated another war between the United States and England.

The part that our Scottish hero, and subject of the King of England, played in laying this foundation was recognized by Daniel Webster when he visited MacKenzie at Mayville for the purpose of securing data for the diplomatic contest which culminated in the settlement of the boundary dispute in a manner satisfactory to the United States in what is known as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty.

Beckles Willson, in writing the "History of the Hudson's Bay Company," in 1900, pays an unwitting tribute to the services of Astor and MacKenzie, when he says:

"This brings us to the whole point involved in the American contention, which deprived Great Britain of a vast territory to which the United States possessed no shadow of right. A year before the amalgamation of the rival companies, the northwest coast for the first time engaged the attention of the American Government, and what came to be known as the Oregon question had its birth. The States possessed no title to the country, but a strong party believed that they had a right to found by occupation a legitimate title to a large portion of the territory in question. A bill was introduced in Congress for the occupation of the Columbia River region. It is curious to reflect that the restoration of Fort George (Astoria) by the British was one of the strong arguments used at that time."

I departed from the consecutive tracing of MacKenzie's career for the purpose of picturing such distant but dependent and related events as the trip over the Rockies in 1810, and the Webster-Ashburton

Treaty of 1842. It is evident that MacKenzie realized that he had participated in a history-making enterprise, despite the charges and counter charges of treason and bad faith. This conclusion is attested by the repeated efforts of MacKenzie to renew the interest of Astor after the war of 1812, and the latter attempt to induce the President of the United States to afford proper diplomatic and military support for this continental enterprise. But MacKenzie re-entered the employ of the Northwest Fur Company as a confidential agent. He was a leader in the fight between that Company and the Hudson's Bay Company for exclusive trading privileges in the Canadian Northwest. The fight was just as keen as the pre-war contest between the trading companies of England and Germany for the exploration of Central Africa. The commercial battle raged in various forms and at distant points in the wilderness for a decade. Then the usual thing happened. The rival companies consolidated. They signed a deed poll, realizing that co-operation between outsiders is better than competition, in exploiting the natives of the wilderness. The development of Western Canada dates from the day that the rival companies perceived that the untapped wealth of that region was so enormous that competition for an unquestioned surplus was futile.

The amalgamation of the two companies provided the high water mark of opportunity for the career of MacKenzie in Canada, just as the founding of Astoria marks the distinctive feature of his American achievements. His experience and skill were recognized; his name was powerful in the wilderness. He became a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. He journeyed from the Pacific Coast to York Factory in 1822, and the same year he was appointed Councillor of the Governors

of the Company's Territories. When Governor Bulger departed, he was sent to the Red River settlement to supervise the Company's affairs and to seek an adjustment of the long standing differences between the Scotsmen and the natives. In June, 1825, he was appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and at 42 years of age, he became the commercial and semi-political ruler of a region, now divided into three Canadian Provinces, and as large in extent as many of the major European states.

His Governor's Seat was at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and there during eight years of rule, he approached the high tide of life. I cannot enter into the many events in the life of a man charged with business responsibilities and the maintenance of civil order in a wilderness. But my researches have compelled me to do what I have long planned to do in connection with my studies of Western Canada: to procure and examine the records of the Hudson's Bay Company in general and especially as bearing upon the Governorship of Donald MacKenzie. It is one thing to read a polished and complete governmental code such as Macaulay wrote for India and Root penned for the Phillipines; but it is another, and equally interesting, to read the records of men grappling with order and disorder in a wilderness, and making their government as the occasion arose. This is the revelation which has come to me in examining the legislative records of the Red River Colony and the Hudson's Bay Posts.

Thus in the legislative records, we find Donald MacKenzie under date of August 1826, addressing a memorandum to A. Colville, Esquire, Hudson's Bay House, Fenchurch Street, London, dealing with his difficulties in keeping order among certain Swiss colonists. On May 4th, 1832, the records indicate that he is

sitting in Council for the consideration and adoption of regulations, to protect the woods from fire. In 1833 there are resolutions of the Hudson's Bay Council, assigning MacKenzie to the Fort William District, which indicates that he was preparing to wend his way down the Great Lakes to Chautauqua County. The records indicate an important meeting of the Council of the Red River Settlement in 1833, with Governor-in-Chief George Simpson presiding, and the following minute is entered:

A medical certificate being received from Dr. Hendry of Chief MacKenzie's ill-health, which renders it necessary for him to visit the civilized world to obtain the benefit of medical advice—

Resolved, that leave of absence be granted to Chief MacKenzie for the current year.

And thus Donald MacKenzie faded from his triumphs in the Northwest. He had handled the distressing situations which followed the Red River flood in 1826 and the tragedy of the flight of the Swiss Settlers. "This benevolent gentleman," says the Canadian historian Gunn, in discussing MacKenzie's Governorship, "not only made use of the stores under his charge for the relief of the sufferers, but aided by the influence of his high position and personal character to induce others to join in the good work."

But now in the prime of life, he headed for civilization. He never returned to the region of his triumphs; and the story of his last decade in Chautauqua County is just as little known in Western Canada, as the record of his earlier achievements in the West is not appreciated by the people of Chautauqua County. Just why he went to Chautauqua County is not known. It is believed by many of the older settlers that while stopping at Fort William, he met a young geologist, Douglas Houghton, who described to him the splendours of Mayville Hill between the lakes. Alexander MacKenzie of

Toronto, who is now writing "Life of Donald MacKenzie" says that he came to the United States because he loved Republican institutions.

He spent the ebb tide of his life at Mayville from 1833 until his death on January 20, 1851. He became an intimate friend of Judge Peacock, the agent of the Holland Land Company, and he secreted that gentleman in his house on the high ground, back of the Mayville Academy, when the infuriated tenants from Hartfield mobbed the land office. William H. Seward, then a young attorney representing the Holland Land Company, and later Lincoln's Secretary of State was sent to Mayville, remaining there for more than a year in adjusting the disputes between landlords and tenants. Peacock, Seward and MacKenzie became cronies; one wonders whether Donald in describing the contests between the English and Russian Companies for the fur trade of Alaska during the period of his Pacific Coast activities, turned Seward's thought to the possibilities of annexing that territory in later years.

Donald was the character of the Northern Chautauqua region, and he was the subject of numberless myths and gossip as to his deeds. But he came to Mayville to escape the excitement of his early career. It cannot be said that he invited the intimacy of a large number of his fellow citizens: the records of the Peacock Lodge of Masons do not indicate that he joined the Craft, but doubtless, in common with other leading spirits of the Hudson's Bay Company, he had become a member of the ancient Brotherhood earlier in life. He journeyed to Buffalo where his judicious mind made investments in that promising canal town; he worked on his memoirs, but his wife found that writing did not add to the amiability of a man of deeds. She burned the half-finished manuscript. He conducted a large correspondence,

and leading men from the East to the West visited him. The venerable Obed Edson credits the story of the Civil War days that John Jacob As-tor visited his former partner at Mayville. This gives colour to the conclusion that after the dispute about Astoria, and a law suit, in which Donald secured judgment against Jacob, the men were friends in the last decade of life. Donald MacKenzie lived the conventional life of the wilderness. The inter-marriage of Hudson's Bay Company agents with Indian women was a common event. While this domestic system had the elements of individual romance, it was in part the basis of that collective tragedy which ensued when many half-bred children joined the Riel rebellion in the false hope that a successful revolt would establish their title to the lands of their fathers. One surviving Indian child came to Mayville with Donald MacKenzie, and his Swiss wife and white family. I speak with no words of disparagement because in the Anglican churches of the Canadian Northwest, I have seen these Indian children of Scots fathers leading in the choir service. Indeed, a situation which the Northwest accepted as one of the necessities of a primitive country was given some recognition on that eventful day in Buckingham Palace when Sir Donald Smith played the man, banker, railroad builder, Hudson's Bay Governor, Canadian High Commissioner. Sir Donald Smith had married an Indian girl while in the Northwest. The English Cabinet desired to give him recognition and suggested to Queen Victoria that she elevate him under the title of Lord Strathcona. Then the gossips of London whispered to the Queen that Sir Donald had married the Indian girl according to the rites of the wilderness. The Queen proposed their remarriage in the Anglican Church, but Sir Donald declined to taint the first rite by admitting the need of a

second; Victoria countered with the suggestion that the patent of nobility be granted to Sir Donald alone, but the latter insisted that it be issued to Lord and Lady Strathcona, and to the heirs of their body. These were the days when Canada was being made to feel her place in the Empire. The necessities of imperial politics impelled the Queen to grant Letters Patent to Lord and Lady Strathcona.

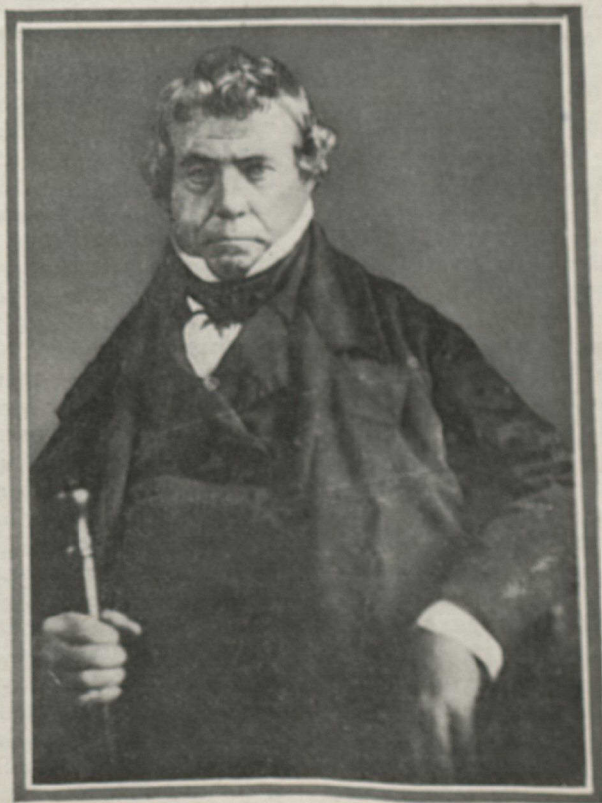
The unsettled conditions in Continental Europe, following the French Revolution, caused the parents of Adelgonde Droze to bring her from Switzerland by way of Hudson's Bay to Fort Garry. She married Donald MacKenzie in 1825 and she shared with him the social responsibilities of his Governorship of the wilderness. It is believed that her taste for European life and studies was one of the motives which started the Governor toward civilization. The probate proceedings in the Chautauqua County Court on May 6, 1857, indicate that thirteen children were born of this union. Mrs. Jemima MacKenzie MacDonald, of Buffalo, Noel, Roderick, and Catherine, now dead, were born in Manitoba, and accompanied the family to Mayville. The other children were born at Mayville. William P. MacKenzie now lives near Hartfield overlooking Chautauqua Lake. Donald MacKenzie was thrown from his horse at Silver Creek, returning from Buffalo. He lingered for six months but he did not recover his clarity of mind, nor that physical power, which with his more than six feet, and 300 pounds in weight, made him feared in the hand to hand encounters in the Northwest. He was buried on the high ground of his yard from which one looks down the Lake to the Chautauqua Assembly grounds. Later his body was removed to the Mayville Cemetery, where the Scots father, the Swiss wife, and the deceased members of the family sleep in peace together.

I contributed to the Canada Maga-

zine in 1912 an article on "The Last Days of Donald MacKenzie." As intimated in an earlier portion of this paper, the departure of Donald for Fort Garry on a year's vacation, and his failure to revisit the scene of his achievements, left a blank in the record of his Northwestern career. The reprinting of portions of my article in the papers of Winnipeg and other cities, is indicative of the interest of the Northwest in the final chapter of this man's career.

This leads me to a suggestion which will give this paper an air of practicality. The Scottish Society of Winnipeg, is one of the strong racial and cultural bodies of the Northwest. The Hudson's Bay Company is still a power in that region, and it

now maintains many of the trading posts frequented by MacKenzie. Vincent Astor is the representative head of the family whose wealth was founded in part on the activities of MacKenzie and associates, while the Chautauqua County Historical Society is pledged to record the deeds of those who found birth or a haven in these parts. Why not, therefore, a common movement to secure the cooperation of those organizations in an effort to erect two substantial memorial tablets—one at Winnipeg to portray the deeds of the Scottish hero at Fort Garry, and the other at Mayville, to recall to Americans the memory of a King's subject who aided in making possible fifty-four forty or fight".



Donald MacKenzie, "King" of the Northwest

Under Messines Ridge

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET WOMAN", "OLD DELABOLE", "THE NURSERY", ETC



HE was a very modest man, and though I happened to be full with holiday folk at the time and could find no proper room for him, yet, seeing he was a soldier and foot-weary, I made shift to take him in. Because you can't do too much for soldiers, in my opinion, seeing what they've done for us.

My little house, "The Fox and Hounds", stands up in mid Darty-moor, on the road 'twixt Moretophamstead and Tavistock, and Sergeant Westcott had started from the first to reach the second; but he found the twenty miles between 'em more than he could manage, owing to a wounded leg, so he broke his journey with me. And in the bar that evening the man told us a tale of glory.

We were all middling old chaps that heard it, and Joe Fern said after, that he wished a few of the young shirkers hid on their fathers' farms round about the Moor could have heard what that quiet man had seen and done at the Front, for surely such valiant acts must have spurred 'em into the war.

Westcott was somewhere on the five-and-thirty mark, with a brown face and small gray eyes. He was clean shaved and of a slight, wiry build, and he spoke in a gentle voice and appeared to be tired of things in general. He was a nervous creature and started still at a noise; but he ex-

plained that, for he said that after a week or two the roar of the guns either deadens your nerves and drowns your hearing and makes you deaf to anything less than thunder, or else it works different and makes you so terrible keen set and so much on the rack that if a mouse scratches you jump and tremble. And that's how it had taken him.

He was cured of his wound and had got a week's holiday and was going to see his wife at Tavistock. And then he had to go with a batch up to London on a little business before going back to the Front.

"Why London, I wonder?" asked Joe Fern, and the sergeant said, quite simply, that he'd got to show up at Buckingham Palace.

We smelt a rat then and thought he was pulling our legs.

"The King have asked you to pick a bone along with him and the family, perhaps?" suggested Nat Blades, the huntsman from Chagford.

"No," he answered, "but there's what they call an investiture, I believe, and a few of us that's been so lucky as to win a medal get it from his Majesty's own hand."

"And what might you have won, sergeant?" Fern asked him.

"The D.C.M.—that's the Distinguished Conduct Medal," he answered. "But there's no call for you to believe it if you don't want to."

With that he yawned and asked me to show him to his bed; but the night

was young and seeing we'd got a live hero amongst us, we thought it a fair chance to have a breath of the war first-hand. Besides, most fellows who have done anything above the common like to tell about it, and we thought it would please the warrior to fight his battles over again.

I gave the man a cigar, which cheered him up, and after we'd asked him once or twice to tell his tale, he did so. He proved no common soldier, and once he got going we found he had a choice of language very much out of the usual.

He thought a bit and smoked quietly before he launched out. Then he told his story, and such was the wonder of it not a mug lifted till the end, and the only tobacco alight when he'd finished was his own.

"I must tell you," he said wearily, "that they always want me to send the hat round after this yarn; but I don't hold with that, because, when all's said, I only did my duty, and though some thought it ought to have been the V.C., yet I'm very well content, for thousands and thousands of brave men have earned the V.C.—aye, and a dozen V.C.'s. But too often neither they nor their comrades lived to tell the glorious tale.

"In my case it was after we'd took Messines Ridge, and such was the military genius that prepared the attack that we were on the top before we thought we'd started. And seeing the flying Boches, a good few hundred of us, an plenty of our officers likewise, dashed on to put an end to the account of as many of the enemy as we could get at. But their machine-gun fire stopped a good few of the bravest, and I had a wipe on the edge of my steel hat that shook me, but it was only a glancing shot and I went forward with the rest. We charged through the beggars and dropped 'em like nine-pins, and then, seeing red like a good few more, I went on 'into the blue', as we say, and finally fell winded and dead to the world. Not a scratch, you understand, but just

pumped out with my hard fighting.

"I rolled into a bit of a thicket and waited for some more khaki to come along, for I'd missed my comrades by now.

"And 'twas well for me I got out of sight, for I found after that I'd pushed best part of two miles down beyond the ridge, and I soon found I was in a mighty unwholesome spot, for the Germans were bringing up reinforcements as fast as it could be done and our guns, up on top, were beginning to shell the waste ground and drop a curtain of fire between the Ridge and the enemy. I stopped where I was and hoped the firing would push forward over me, and presently it did. Then dusk came down; I had thought it never would do so, and I found myself alone. I couldn't stop there, and had no hope to get back just then, so I crept to a shell-crater not a quarter of a mile off, and once there I daren't go down for a bit, for it was a new crater made by one of our big guns, and to go down a new crater is death till the fumes of the explosion have lifted out of it. As it was, I could mark half a dozen dead field-grays in the bottom; but the place was torn up like a quarry and plenty of cover offered there.

"My thought was to hide till dark and then chance it and try to creep back through the enemy's lines into our own. The betting is generally against a man doing so; but a good few get back that way and I hoped that I might be among the lucky ones.

"I waited for the crater to grow sweet; and then came along more Germans and I had to choose between being taken prisoner or getting death out of hand, which was more likely in their mood that evening, or chancing the pit. So I put on my gas mask, for I'd carried my knapsack all day, and slipped down out of danger. There was none but corpses below and I flung myself down by a dead Boche and looked as dead as he did. The troops went past and the night

came down, and I had a dip into the German wallets and found food and a bottle of water, which was more to me than diamonds, for my own had been drunk ten hours ago. One chap was an officer and I helped myself to his cigarettes and went so far as to smoke a dozen till the night was advanced.

"Then a great thought struck me, and seeing the dead man, I thought how much better a chance I should have to get back in field-gray than khaki. 'Twas true that, if caught so, I was doomed to be shot for a spy; but I felt as certain as a man could feel that once I got into German togs I'd make good and come through. And as it was a case of nothing venture nothing win, I stripped the dead officer to the watch on his wrist and the revolver at his waist. It was loaded in five chambers, and that, I reckoned, might make all the difference between success or failure at the finish. The clothes fitted pretty well, too, and the man hadn't been scratched, but killed stone dead and instantaneously by shock. So there was I in full kit of a Hun subaltern; and the next problem was to use my disguise to the best advantage and get through the German lines back into our own.

"I waited for the dark, but dark there was none that early summer night, and the first thing I saw on creeping to the edge of the crater was the moon rising red over Messines Ridge to the east of me. Soon she was up silver-bright, and though I cursed her, she helped me to pick my way over that shell-torn ground. There had been fighting there, and after half a mile of it I was among more dead men; but I noted that there had fallen three field-grays to every British Tommy. All was quiet for a time about me, though to the west big guns were thundering and the air screamed sometimes with the drone of metal overhead. But the way I was going seemed deserted, and the gathering light of the moon only

served to show the battered country. I was still a good bit behind the scene of the morning charge, but now figures began to move ahead, and I found myself nearing the German trenches. I sat down for a time then to figure out my best course. I didn't know a word of German, and if challenged I was lost. My nerve shook a bit, and I own to it. The thing that looked so smart two hours earlier seemed no use now, for I saw that I had just as good a chance to get through in khaki as in a field officer's uniform of the enemy. I got down behind a broken gun carriage and my wits seemed to desert me. Nature had its way then, and though it was the last thing ever I thought to do, I fell asleep. If there are religious men among you, you might say the sleep was sent to refresh me for the terrible ordeal ahead. At any rate, it did so, and doubtless I'd have slept on till found there next morning, but that happened to wake me short and sharp.

"For there came a sudden rattle of small arms, and I jumped to my feet, to find the morn low in the west and the dawn just breaking sulky red above the Ridge. And below it w'd sprung a surprise and were marching through the cock-light in some force over three hundred yards of our new front. It was a small affair, as I heard afterwards, and we meant no more than to take a little spur in the valley, still held against us, and so straighten our line at that point. But it looked big enough to me, and it showed me that now was the moment to get through under the confusion of the scrap. In the bustle of fighting I might well do the trick, and then, if I was lucky, throw up my arms, bellow '*Kamerad*', and be taken prisoner with a few Germans, before an English bullet went through my heart. But the things happened differently. The enemy put up a stiff fight for the pimple we wanted, and it seemed as though they knew what to expect, for they'd got machine-

guns to enfilade the mole-holl. So, by the time I was in it, the fighting was hot and the result still doubtful.

"I soon saw that the real trouble was centered at a point where one gun, unmarked, was fairly mowing swathes of us. I had been fixed up behind the splinter of a wall west of the scrimmage, and as nobody paid any attention to me, I could have walked up to the men working there if I'd chosen to do so.

"Safety lay ahead now, and in the rough and tumble I might have gone on my belly and wriggled across as invisible as a snake; but I hope I don't need to tell you men the thought never struck me. My job was to knock out that machine-gun, and I started to do it.

"At the same moment our lot spotted it, and a dozen came sprinting on to it with their bayonets down at the charge. And the sight must have made them think they were in billets dreaming, for they saw a German officer leap like a tiger at the men serving the gun, pistol three of 'em and hurl the gun over. 'Twas my action, under Providence, that saved the situation. I killed yet a fourth German before they knew who'd hit them, and a moment later our chaps were alongside me. But the work was done, as I shouted to them in good English, and we got on our own side of the ruined wall in time to escape a hail of bullets from the enraged enemy. Freed of that gun, however, our chaps did the rest, and the hillock was ours five minutes afterwards. We flung them out of it, took twenty-four prisoners and an officer, bombed a dug-out and killed two and thirty of them.

"And that's all there is to it, except the additional wonder that it was my own company I'd helped so valuably at the pinch. I came out with nothing worse than a bullet in the thigh; and that sent me back to 'blighty' for a bit. Nobody was more surprised than myself to hear that I was down for a distinction, and it's not too much

to say that I shall be properly glad to go back and lay out a few more of the misbegotten dogs when the time comes."

That was the sergeant's fine tale, and he'd not prophesied more than happened after, for great deeds fire the mind, and this bit of the real thing, flashing in upon us, properly fired the blood in our old veins. Though he protested, we took up a collection for the gallant chap, and he was richer by ten shillings and some odd coppers before he went to his rest. And then came the end of the tale, for there's more yet, and 'tis left for me to take up the story where Sergeant Westcott broke off.

I didn't sleep none too well that night, for thinking of the war brought home so close by the brave creature under my roof, and it must have been very near daylight afore I dropped off. And scarcely had I gone to sleep, as it seemed, before I was awake again. I sat up in bed, conscious of a loud sound that had come in upon my slumber, but knew not what it might be; and then it came again, and I heard a small stone flung at my window-pane. My chamber looked out on the high road over the Moor, and now I jumped up and went to the window and threw it open.

Over the hills out Hameldon way was the red glare of dawn—just such a light as the sergeant had seen over Messines Ridge—and under my window stood three men on horseback. They were mounted police, and the foremost of 'em made his meaning clear in half a minute. But he rode right under my window before he spoke, and said why he was there in a whisper.

"Have you got a chap in khaki here by any chance—a slim, dark man in a sergeant's jacket?"

"I've got Sergeant Westcott, D. C. M., here," I told him.

"Then we'll have a look at him," answered the chap on the horse, "for he may be the same as Ben Collins—better known of old as 371 B."

With that I let the officers into the house as quick as possible, and we very soon found that Ben Collins wasn't there—nor yet the sergeant. He'd gone; and he'd took two bottles of whiskey with him and a matter of forty-five shillings out of my till.

I felt angry about it.

"Good struth!" I said, "the man had just come from Messines Ridge, wounded, and done deeds as valiant as any you'd wish to hear."

"Your grandmother!" remarked the police inspector. "He's never been out of England in his life. He was a convict at Princeton prison—in for five years for forgery—and he got the chance to join up and done so; and he's been a pest and a scourge ever since. Now he's a deserter from Exeter. The last thing he did was to steal his staff sergeant's jacket and purse. And as he's a terror for the drink and has took two bottles of whiskey with him, he may be blind by this time, so we'll look around."

They rode away on their horses then, and scoured the King's Oven and other rocky places round about; and sure enough the policeman's words came true, for they found the rascal hid very snug in an old ruined smelting-shed not half a mile away. He was dead to the world when they

took him, and they all turned up very cheerful an hour later in time for breakfast at "The Fox and Hounds".

When he came round, the beggar explained he had felt fed up with the army and meant to get to Plymouth and find work in the docks.

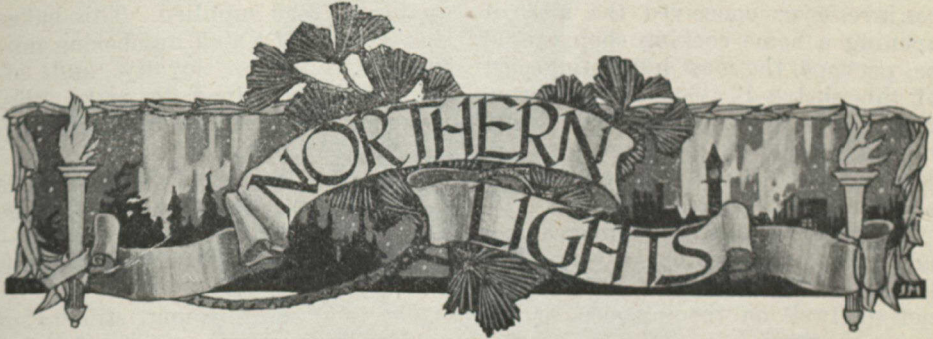
I'm sure 'tis a very ill-convenient thing that such dishonest, untruthful men should be about among us, because they make the people suspicious; and Nat Blades, he said when the story got to his ear next day, that for his part he'll never believe another word no soldier told him. That's the worst of knaves; they be always queering the pitches of honest men and spoiling the sense of security and order that us good people have a right to expect in a Christian land.

But wrong-headed folks will still be found to support them, for while Nat Blades spoke as above, Joe Fern said that for his part, true or untrue, the tale of the jail-bird was well worth the money, and he didn't grudge his tapper.

"If he could tell about the war so fine without going there, what wouldn't he say if he'd seen it!" said Joe.

But Joe Fern is like that; he'll always take the doubtful side for contrariness.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

COOKING V. MODERN LANGUAGES

NONE can deny the increasing vogue of the moderate-priced restaurant and the home-cooking shops. Neither can it be denied that there are thousands of women who regard their kitchens as a combination of closet for the family skeleton and Bluebeard's Chamber of Horrors—a place to be shunned whenever possible and if entered, to be left at the earliest moment. To those people who deliberately seek a kitchen in order that public demand may be supplied we may well turn with curiosity and interest. Consider the courage of the woman who not only provides for herself but for hundreds of other families, to boot! Place your eye to the crack of the door dividing the kitchens from the front of restaurant or shop and discover what manner of strange, white-aproned, flour-elbowed, steam-enveloped person this is.

Mrs. Esmond is a Calgary resident. A few years ago she took her degree in arts, specializing in modern languages at an English university; and, not satisfied with that, she sojourned for eighteen months at Paris, attending a special course of lectures. Then

she came to Canada and started in to make good.

Of course, there are plenty of modern languages in Canada, and presumably all of them are good, but somehow they did not seem particularly useful to Mrs. Esmond. So she



MRS. ESMOND

Who has found cooking to be a better business than modern languages.

laid them away between their green cloth covers and looked about for something more practical.

How this Varsity girl, the least domesticated person imagination can conjure, ever conceived the idea of opening a home cooking shop, would be, perhaps, the most interesting part of this sketch if it could be written down. The unvarnished truth is that it is shrouded in mystery—the idea just came and it was trapped immediately and put to use.

Training in modern languages does not, of course, give one a very clear knowledge of cooking, and it is best not to dwell on the mistakes of the



MRS. MADGE MACBETH

With the bouquet presented to her after an amateur theatrical performance in Muskoka.

first few months. In spite of these, however, the business showed a profit, due, Mrs. Esmond will tell you, to the services of a woman baker she had engaged and to the excellence of the quality of food supplied. This baker was the first of a staff numbering now twenty-two whose loyalty and efficiency have helped to make "Esmond's" a business of remarkable success and stability.

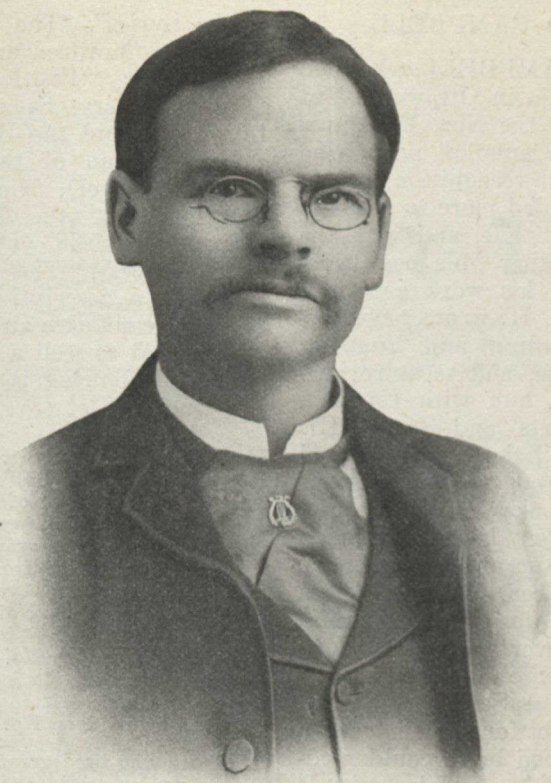
A modest shop soon expanded into a large down-town store, from whose appetizing precincts cakes, pastry—indeed, every sort of cooking food, is delivered anywhere.

The ambitious young student of modern languages has succeeded beyond her wildest hopes, not from her ability to make the good things she sells, but because of her ability to organize a business and keep it running smoothly. She also has the faculty too rare in an employer, of recognizing and appreciating the services of those who form her staff of helpers. These men and women, like our revered Senators, seldom die and never resign, and their most engrossing thought is the continued success of the institution made famous by their efforts, and whose proprietress followed Max O'Rell's succinct advice for keeping a man happy, when he said: "Feed the brute!" She has used also a *nom de commerce*, and thus has shrouded her personality in a veil of mystery rather heavier than the vapours of a kitchen. Esmond is not her name at all, but one she took for convenience in the business world. She prefers to be known by it, however, and her shop to be known as Esmond's; and, after all, what stimulus would we have for curiosity if we never had anything to be curious about?

*

A MODEST AUTHOR

MADGE MACBETH, whose name for years has been before the Canadian and American reading public as a writer of short stories and



MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL

"Poet of the Lakes," who died recently in Ottawa.

magazine articles, is not so widely known as an amateur actress and organizer of amateur theatricals. But in Ottawa, where she lives with her two boys, she has been an active spirit in the various movements that have done much towards the establishment of a national theatre in Canada. While she is too modest to claim that there is as yet in Canada a National Theatre, it is a fact nevertheless that Mrs. Macbeth induced the Government to provide at least a temporary place in which the members of the Ottawa Drama League, of which Mrs. Macbeth was president, might perform. Mr. Granville Barker, at the opening of the auditorium in the Victoria Memorial Museum, remarked that Canada had done what England had never done: she had placed the

stamp of Government approval on dramatic art. The venture was approved also by the Governor-General.

Mrs. Macbeth was born in the Southern States, but part of her education was received at Hellmuth College, London, Ontario, and she has lived in Canada most of her life. Ever since she became a widow some years ago she has reared her two boys from babyhood to budding manhood and by her talent and indefatigable energy has placed her literary work regularly in many Canadian and United States publications. Her only novel so far—"Kleath"—she herself rates as a reasonable thriller, written for the very purpose of thrilling. She makes no other claim for it, a good reason for describing her as a modest author.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

WILFRED CAMPBELL, who died of pneumonia in Ottawa just at the beginning of the New Year, was one of the few Canadian poets who have received much recognition abroad. His poetry appealed more to scholars than to the multitude, and with the exception of "Mother", his most widely known poem, his work generally was not popular. He wrote, nevertheless, some appealing and humanly sympathetic verse, and most reviewers would place him with Carman, Lampman, Roberts, and Scott. His volume entitled "Lake Lyrics" caused him to be referred to frequently as the "Poet of the Lakes"; and it is quite true that the great lakes of Canada always had for him an extraordinary fascination. Indeed, of Canada as a whole country he was genuinely proud and his pride never was overshadowed by his intense imperialism or *penchant* for things Scottish. He had a profound respect for noble ancestry, and with him good birth could modify many blemishes. This attitude showed in his poetry and, indeed, in his prose, and while he was a poet of nature and a novelist who treated of romantic as well as of pioneer times, he strove to inspire lofty sentiments, chivalry and high patriotism. He was born in Berlin, Ontario, in 1861. After being educated at the University of Toronto and abroad, in 1885 he undertook parish work in New England, and in 1888 became rector of the Anglican Church at St. Stephen, New Brunswick. Retiring from the ministry in 1891, he entered the civil service, and for many years was engaged in research work for the Archives at Ottawa, where he lived. He was the author of a number of literary works embracing poetry, poetic drama, history, and fiction:

"Lake Lyrics", "The Dread Voyage" (poems), "Mordred and Hildebrand" (tragedies), "Political Tragedies", "Collected Verse, Sagas of Vaster Britain", "Beyond the Hills of Dream" (poems), "Ian of the Orcades" (a historical novel), "Canada" (a book descriptive of the Dominion), "A Beautiful Rebel" (a Canadian historical novel), "The Canadian Lake Region" (a descriptive consideration of the Great Lakes and their environment), and as well a number of brochures. Following is his poem "The Sea Queen":

Shall her great power go under,
Her ancient might decline?
This centuried Queen of the thunder
And surge of the billowy brine!
No! Back from the storms that rocked her,
From the line to the frozen floe,
Out of his great gray vastness,
Old Ocean thunders, No!
No! No! No! No!
Old Ocean thunders, No!
By her keels that lift
On his far-flung drift
Old Ocean thunders, No!

Shall she who bred great Alfred,
Whose navies smote the Dane,
Whose valiant, bold sea-captains
Made mock of haughty Spain:—
Shall she of Nelson, Rodney,
Strike sail to any foe,
And out of its hero-splendours,
Her great past answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
Her great past answers, No!
By her valiant dead,
Her sons who bled,
Her great past answers, No!

Shall she whose might is world-wide;
Whose children dwell afar,
One with the wise old mother
By western, Orient star;
Whose fleets are freedom's bulwarks;
To sloth and cowardice grow?
And out from its utmost confines,
The Empire answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
The Empire answers, No!
O'er ocean's sweep,
Her vast and deep
World-fealty thunders, No!

THE LIBRARY TABLE

RECOLLECTIONS

BY JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada.



HE war and our action in it led to my retirement from public office."

This simple statement gives John Marley's answer to a persistent question of the past three years. An understanding public will infer and rejoice that he desired also to write his "Recollections". He was then an old man whose life had been full, active and many-sided, and he might be pardoned for leaving the stress of war-time administration to younger men. That he has given the intervening time to setting down his own story of his life, and his impressions of the strong men he met and the great events he helped to shape, is one of the fortunate inheritances of literature.

Morley has been peculiarly the scholar in politics. His education was thorough, and he has never ceased to be a student and an associate of the intellectuals. He had unusual opportunities for mingling with the great men and women of his time, and some of his intimate touches will be standard vignettes of his contemporaries. By one of those odd paradoxes of human life he became a close friend of Joseph Chamberlain, and though they parted ere long on the Home Rule issue, they continued their intimate personal relations. Even Gladstone was astonished at this friendship and said to Morley:

"You [and Chamberlain] are not only different: man and wife are often different, but you two are the very contradiction."

Morley paints a sympathetic picture of Chamberlain and gives a higher idea of his friend's culture than generally prevails. He was, however, not blind to Chamberlain's opportunism, and describes it in this sympathetic manner:

"Chamberlain did not originate new political ideas, nor launch political projects that nobody had ever heard of before. But then everybody knows how constantly history has shown that a personality may be a force as powerful in the world at projects and ideas. This proved to be a case. His gift of speech was original, and it impressed his character upon the country—a character of vivid and resolute energy, fearless tenacity of will, vehement confidence both in the merits and the triumph of any cause with which he was induced to concern himself."

Prominent in the review of his life's political activities Morley naturally gives many details of his administration of Ireland and India. Glimpses of men and issues at close hand will be cherished by all students, but do not come readily in the limits of a review. Of more general interest are the thumb-nail portraits of contemporaries like Meredith, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Hugo, George Sand, Mazzini and others. Here is a glimpse of Meredith:

"He came to the morning meal after a long hour's stride in the tonic air and fresh loveliness of cool woods and green slopes, with the brightness of sunrise upon his brow, responsive penetration in his glance, the turn of radiant irony in his lips and peaked beard, his fine poetic head bright with crisp brown hair, Phoebus

Appollo descending upon us from Olympus. His voice was strong, full, resonant, harmonious, his laugh quick and loud. He was born with much power, both of muscle and nerve, but he abused muscle and nerve alike by violent gymnastic after hours of intense concentration in constricted posture over labours of brain and pen."

Carlyle appears now and again in a word of description, such as "the old Ram Dass with the fire in his belly", or in a quotation. For example, Carlyle said of Mrs. Mill to Morley:

"She was a woman full of unwise intellect, always asking questions about all sorts of puzzles—why, how, what for, what makes the exact difference—and Will was good at answers."

Running through all the chapters, and in subdued lines, we have the portrait of Morley himself. He has, as he says of Mill, "the magic halo of accepted fame". The reader feels the presence of a man who is not boastful or bumptious, but one who has no apologies and is ever sure of himself. He is an agnostic, and his differences with the church and clerics of his time are no small part of the picture. Despite his doubts, he frequently quotes from clergymen, and his own Liberalism has been guided by the compassion he felt for his fellows.

"The world is travelling under formidable omens into a new era," he says, "very unlike the times in which my lot was cast." "The oracle of today drops from his tripod on the morrow," he goes on. "In common lines of human thought and act, as in the business of the elements, winds shift, tides ebb and flow, the boat swings. Only let the anchor hold."

Thoughtfully the book begins, as above, and thoughtfully it closes:

"Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. Sense of pro-

portion among the claims of leading questions to the world's attention became more wisely tempered. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional.

"Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world, yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling, 'The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath'. This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to toleration was another. In my various parleying with the Catholic clergy in Ireland, I was sometimes asked in reproachful jest what my friend Voltaire would have said. As if Voltaire's genius did not include more than one man's share of common-sense, and as if common-sense did not find a Liberalist advance, for instance, in the principle of a free church in a free state! . . .

"Circumspice. Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as it ever was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catch-words veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange witches' Sabbath? These were queries of pith and moment indeed, but for something better weighed and more deliberative than an autumn reverie.

"Now and then I paused as I sauntered slow over the fading heather. My little humble friend, squat on her haunches, looked wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphysician. So to my home in the falling daylight."

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MILITARISM

BY KARL LIEBKNECHT. Toronto: William Briggs.

LIEBKNECHT was sentenced to imprisonment for a year and a half for making public the lectures in this book. The charge against him was that he aimed a blow at "an integral part of the national constitution", *i.e.* he struck at the idea of a standing army. While in prison he was nominated to Parliament and elected. His parliamentary career was vivid and intense. Nominated in 1912 by the citizens of Potsdam-Standau he fought a critical election. The Government attempted to prevent citizens voting for him by disfran-

chising them on the ground that they were enemies of the State and therefore should have no voice in its affairs. But Liebknecht was elected by an enormous vote. He is at present in prison again for his too fluent language of protest in the Reichstag.

This book that comes to us through an unidentified translator is a summary of faith. It is the faith of an avowed Socialist with a clearly manifested class patriotism. It is a book against militarism and the war that militarism breeds, because militarism and war do not forward the good of the workers, do not belong to the spirit and practice of the socialistic state. Liebknecht's viewpoint is a particular one. His angle of attack is that of the scientific and convinced Socialist. Much of his contention will strike with a slightly alien note on Canadian ears. We have viewed war as something brutal, inhuman and nasty; as something that breaks up homes, sunders dear ties, and is horribly necessary to accomplish quickly a certain end. Liebknecht would be tempted to call us sentimentalists. He might look askance at any alliance we offered him for purposes of mutual combat. He might even view with contempt the clergymen who have so many words to use concerning the iniquity of war—while they continue blindly to bless the society which makes war possible.

We have been too sentimental about war in Canada. We have dealt too much in immediate causes and superficial conditions. War is a social disease deep-rooted in the vital organs of our life on this earth. The hot mustard plaster of righteous emotion will not affect a cure. It is a case for purgatives wisely administered and surgery scientifically applied. In Europe, where the world has been long sick, there has grown up a body of opinion strongly aware of this. Previous to 1914 the Atlantic ocean provided for us here in Canada a luxurious isolation in which we did not worry much about the world's health. Discovering

now that the world is near to mortally ill we are gloriously and admirably busy flying about with our hot mustard. But we have not learned as yet the deepest need; we have as yet to gain much knowledge painfully and slowly. At present the preacher among us will tell us all about war and its causes in a few eloquent and passionate moments. In Europe the united brain of the Labour groups, the Socialists, and the Economists is often at a loss.

In other words, we have not as yet in Canada really paid the price in thought which will admit us to that chosen company who will one day make the world safe for democracy. A book like this of Karl Liebknecht's will set us thinking.

That we need to do a great deal of thinking is patent to anyone who compares our journalistic literature with that of any European country. Our newspapers and journals have come out eloquently and strongly on the issue that is joined in the world to-day. But few if any of them have revealed in their pages a grasp of what may be called the intricate *finesse* of the issue. If war is a cancer on the breast of the world our press has not explored its roots. Indeed, in some respects, despite its frequent crudity and tendency to crassness in class patriotism, *The Canadian Forward*, whose editor, a disciple of Liebknecht, is at present in prison, has been more fundamental than *The University Magazine*. But neither publication has offered us full salvation. Salvation does not lie in an abandoned Imperialism, nor in a frantic antagonism to Capitalism.

The failure of our press may be illustrated in the matter of the Lansdowne letter. While practically every Liberal journal in England supported him, and one or two Tory ones, he received no whisper of thoughtful consideration here; we were too busy with the mustard. Yet his implied panacea for the world's trouble received what amounts almost to endorsement in Lloyd George's address to the trades

union delegates held on January 5th.

Our treatment of the Russian crisis is another instance of our emotion minus consideration. There was no studious and careful sympathy with Russia expressed in our press. No one seemed to think enough about it to know that possibly the lives of tens of thousands and the future of the war hung upon knowledge. This may seem extravagance in statement, but it is not so extravagant as to be very wide of the truth. Apparently no trouble was taken by our Canadian press to know that—

“On November 20th, Trotzky, who is Commissary for Foreign Affairs, sent an ultimatum to the Allies, asking them to revise their war aims, with the warning that if no reply was received by November 23rd, Russia would begin armistice negotiations. The Allies did not reply. Russia then made the proposal to all the belligerents for a general armistice and proceeded to negotiate one with the Central Powers. On December 5th, the negotiations were suspended and seven days given to the Allies to state their war aims in case they refused to participate in the armistice. The Allies made no answer. On December 12th the negotiations with the Germans were resumed and an armistice concluded. Trotzky then issued a third ultimatum, stating that Russia would allow the Allies two months before consummating peace with the Central Powers. The Allies have so far shown so signs of life with regard to Russia.”

Our Canadian press apparently did not know this, and therefore was unable to campaign for the kind of sympathetic, hopeful and active public opinion such knowledge would create. These things were known in England through the English press, and it was possibly due to a registration of the demand of the public opinion possessed of knowledge that the British Premier made the statement on January 5th which Russia wanted on November 20th; the statement which as a political offensive for peace, because of the tone in which it was delivered, is worth dozens of battalions.

Before we in Canada can enter the lists as champions of democracy we must learn to be more careful of the

kind of public opinion we build up and more solicitous concerning the behaviour of the sources of that public opinion. We have rushed emotionally and gloriously into the doing of many things. From the standpoint of the strictest service to democracy and peace it appears that we have yet to add to zeal, knowledge, to learn the effectiveness for the handling of many matters of a resolute tentativeness.

Some of these ideas a perusal of Liebknecht's book brings to one. The book is dispassionate, studied, adamant. His analysis of militarism and its dangers will make salutary reading for Canadians in these days. Following are two quotations:

“Militarism thus appears in the first place in the army itself, then as a system reaching beyond the army and embracing all of society in a net of militaristic and semi-militaristic institutions—cadet corps, veterans' associations; further, as a system of saturating the whole private and public life of our people with the military spirit for which purpose the church, the schools—as well as the press—co-operate.

“To these must be added the groups that feather their particular nests during a war.”

*

FIGHTING FOR PEACE

By HENRY VANDYKE. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

“A MAN who by speech or action endeavours to impede America's efficiency in this righteous war should be judged by the law, and if convicted, promptly executed.”

This sounds, when one reads it over, as if it was originally delivered by a man in a pepper and salt suit, with a staccato voice, and a snap of the jaws. Somehow it doesn't sound like Dr. Henry VanDyke at all. Yet the words are his words (not in this his latest book) made public the other day when he voiced his feelings on the war.

We have associated the amiable Dr. Henry with “The Compleat Angler” and the gentle art, and modest, nice stories prettily told. If sometimes they were told with a slight overplus

of language we forgave him because he was once a preacher (wasn't he?) and the habit of language sticks. We forgave him also, because he wrote about "Under the Balsam Bough" and "Gray Gown", and because he knew the turns of a good fish yarn.

But the war changes all. In this latest book of his Henry VanDyke is not gentle at all. He is sometimes, as he reveals himself and the implications of his thinking, by a trick of phrase or the indulgence in a bit of apologue, so resolute and ardent one doubts a bit if he really best serves the cause he sets out with such good conscience to advocate. When one takes on that hard task of being Peace's champion one must remember many things. The accoutrements for that joust, so delicate, with so fine a strength, are difficult to obtain and very various. In the keenest stress of the conflict small wonder is it that some brave hearts do not always find the appropriate weapon prepared and at hand; and must needs blunder a bit with momentary cries and panic.

Dr. VanDyke's book is brightly written. It is a volume of experience. The personal note is never absent. It will interest the reader throughout. It places one, on many of its pages, into pleasing intimacy with a diplomat's life at a most critical time. Dr. VanDyke, most readers will know, was the United States representative to Holland during the first three years of the war. This book grows out of that time.

*

SONGS FROM A YOUNG MAN'S HAND

BY CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

SIR CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY belongs to the school of poets who stand for vigour of expression and certain fixed ideas rather than verbal music. He is an Englishman by birth who has been spending his mature years in British Columbia, be-

ing now a somewhat distinguished citizen of Victoria. His knighthood a year or so ago was doubtless a recognition of his advocacy in prose and verse on the platform of the cause of Imperialism.

The poems now published fall naturally into two classes, those singing the virtues of the British Empire, and those expressing as no one else has done, the atmosphere of the southern mainland and Vancouver Island coast of British Columbia. In the first class we have such poems as "Is Canada Loyal?", "The Chain of Empire", "England's Day", "Seed Corn", and "Tu Quoque". Pride of race rings strong, with sometimes a suggestion of the old Downing Street attitude towards the lands and inhabitants of a "colony". Then there is a point appeal to England to wake up and realize her possibilities of dominion, as in this verse from "Tu Quoque":

England, awake! Stir from your money-
ed ease;

There is no backward way. If you do
cower

Before a fate too mighty, seas

May murmur in the future of a power

Which ruled them once, but Britain's
day is done.

United we rule all, divided we rule none.

Carrying the atmosphere of his adopted land, we have such poems as "The Kootenay Prospector", "The Western Pioneer", "Night on the Frontier", "Our Western Girl", "A Sou-West Storm", "Dawn at Pier Island", "Autumn Salmon Run", and "Boatman's Song". This picture of "Our Western Girl" will win many admirers:

Her brown hair, kissed by the morning sun,
Blows wild in the prairie breeze;

Her eyes are French in their wayward fun,
But deep as the English seas;

Her little hands are as brown as a nut,
Not baby things merely for show,
But light on the bridle and firm on the
butt,

And tender—as sufferers know.

A girl she is when the skies are bright,
A woman when life goes wrong;
Sweetness in sunshine, and darkness light,
Saucy and straight and strong.

Most moving of the descriptions of British Columbia life is "A Sou-West Storm", from which the following verses are quoted:

From the brooding gloom of the wild Sou-West

The scuttering black ducks come,
While the wheeling mallards drop in to rest
In the whispering sedge where they had
their nest,

And our loosened shingles hum.

There's threat in the tops of the swaying
trees,

And the sea's skin seems to crawl,
The sheep and the cattle are ill at ease,
A blind swell travels before the breeze
And tosses my anchored yawl.

Then the wind that is wet with an old
world's tears

That mourns for millions dead,
Grown mad with the woe of a thousand
years,

Burdened with prayers that no God hears,
Shrieks like a soul in its dread!

All life cowers dumb while the dead trees
cry,

The long dead kings who have stood
Through countless years with their crowns
in the sky,

They totter and fall and the wind sweeps
by,

And hell is loose in the wood.

There are several war poems with special reference to Canada, and for one of these, addressed "To the Papers and Politicians", there has been recently full vindication. Its closing verse reads:

Can ye not pull together to lift your Can-
ada's head,

Whose pride alone consoles her as she
kneels by her gallant dead?

She is hurt beyond hoping or healing, yet
she has not flinched nor cried;

She is proud of the boys her mother took,
will ye not spare her pride?

*

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE KARLUK

BY RALPH T. HALE. Toronto: Mc-
Clelland, Goodchild and Stewart.

IT will be recalled that during the Canadian Arctic expedition of 1913-16 the *Karluik* and her company were completely separated from Stefansson, who was in charge of a division search-
for land northward from Beaufort

Sea, and Dr. R. M. Anderson, who was exploring eastward from the Mackenzie River. The separation was the cause of a series of perils and adventures unique in Arctic explorations, and in this book these experiences, as related by Robert A. Bartlett, master of the *Karluik*, are recorded. Captain Bartlett had been with Peary in his search for the North Pole, was master of the *Roosevelt*, but his task as master of the *Karluik* was destined to be far more difficult even than his former command, for the *Karluik* was frozen in the ice north of Alaska and zigzagged for months until, when the long Arctic night was at its darkest, she sank, hundreds of miles from land. Upon her commander then rested the burden of providing for the immediate welfare of her company of scientists and sailors, getting them to a place of safety and bringing help to them from the outside world. Leading his men to Wrangell Island he started with a young Eskimo and walked over the ice two hundred miles to the Siberian coast, and then for five hundred miles eastward to get a ship for Aleska. The journey took him over two months, a trip never before accomplished by any man, and the rescue of the *Karluik* survivors resulted.

*

REGIMENT OF WOMEN

BY CLEMENCE DANE. Toronto: The
Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE action of this unusual novel takes place in a school for girls, where two teachers, one a man, the other a woman, engage in an absorbing clash of wills. The man, Alwynne Durand, loves Clare Hartill, who is not only clever and beautiful, but is as well unscrupulous and selfish. The influence of these two personalities on the school makes an interesting study apart from themselves. A tragedy towards the end is averted happily by the appearance of a man who is able to cope with the situation.

WHY ARE SO MANY PHYSICALLY UNFIT?

MOST CAUSES TRACED TO ONE SOURCE

BY WILLIAM A. GRIFFITHS, PHM. B.

Did you ever stop to think why so few of our men recently examined for military service have been able to qualify in Class A., which means "In good physical condition"? The fact is, placed less than one-half of our young men are placed in this class.

The large percentage of men physically disqualified by the examining boards does not reflect creditably on the health and average physical condition of our Canadian people.

This should engage the serious attention of every man or woman and cause them to look into the condition of their individual health, as there never was a time when healthy, strong, robust men and women could make themselves so useful to their country and homes as at present.

The Government demands efficient men and nurses for its overseas service and in no less degree should these same results be looked for in the men and women engaged in the regular home and business pursuits of every-day life.

Health is undoubtedly our greatest national asset and at this most trying time, in the history of the world, should be our first consideration. Efficiency was never more needed in all vocations than at the present time.

Your physician will tell you that practically every form of physical deficiency can be originally traced to one source, and that is accumulated waste in the colon, or large intestine. This accumulation acts as a gradual poison to the system, and is known in medical practice as Auto-Intoxication, and results from imperfect elimination or constipation.

The great disadvantage is that nature does not warn us that our system is gradually being poisoned by this accumulated waste matter—until some physical trouble sets in. Constipation, Biliousness, Intestinal Indigestion, Headaches, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Kidney Trouble, High Blood Pressure, Hardening of the Arteries, Appendicitis, and many other serious disorders are traced to this one source, which could all have been avoided had the Colon been kept in a clean and healthy condition.

This gradual poisoning of the system sometimes goes on for years without making itself felt until all power of resistance is overthrown and then some form of disease is readily contracted.

Our present mode of living is, I believe, largely accountable for most ill-health. We eat too much, work sitting most of the time, do not take sufficient of the right kind of out-of-door exer-

cise, and in other ways do not heed the demands of nature.

There is only one way to assist Nature and keep the system at all times free from any possible accumulation of poisonous matter, and that is not by the use of drugs of any kind, but in a more pleasant and natural way. Bathing Internally. By the means of purified warm water the Colon (or large intestine) can be kept clean and free from any accumulated waste, as Nature demands it should be for perfect health.

I firmly believe not only from personal experience, but from that of thousands of others, that if this practice of Internal Bathing by the "J.B.L. Cascade" was resorted to by mostly every person, the average life would not only be prolonged many years, but on account of the resulting healthy condition of our bodies, our lives would be so much more enjoyable and nine-tenths of the present suffering and doctors' bills would be avoided.

The "J.B.L. Cascade" is an original and efficient appliance for Internal Bathing invented and perfected by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York. Hundreds of our best physicians use it in their practice and for the benefit of their own personal health. It is the most convenient and cleanly appliance ever devised for this purpose and the only one which when using leaves both hands free to massage the abdomen, which is most necessary in accomplishing the desired results.

Dr. Tyrrell has not only restored his own health some twenty years ago by Internal Bathing, but has prolonged his life some fifteen years beyond that predicted by his physicians and has since devoted all his studies and energies in this direction. The doctor has published a wonderful and interesting book on the subject, called "The What, The Why, The Way of Internal Bathing," which he will be glad to send you absolutely free if you mention having read this article in the Canadian Magazine. Address Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, Room 538, 163 College St., Toronto, Ont., and the book will come to you by return mail.

Internal Bathing during the past twenty years has done more to restore health and lessen disease than all other means combined, and the enormous demand for the "J.B.L. Cascade" has been created mostly by those who use it, recommending to their friends. If you want to be healthy always, bathe internally, or at least write for the book mentioned above, and you can learn much more on this subject that will certainly be to your advantage.

If Your Eyes Are Not Normal

There is a perfectly safe and natural way of restoring perfect circulation of blood, which is all that weak eyes require.

It is in the nature of a gentle massage given over the closed lids for five minutes at a time twice a day, and for twenty years this method has been successfully used in correcting eye troubles and bringing back normal eyesight to young and old.

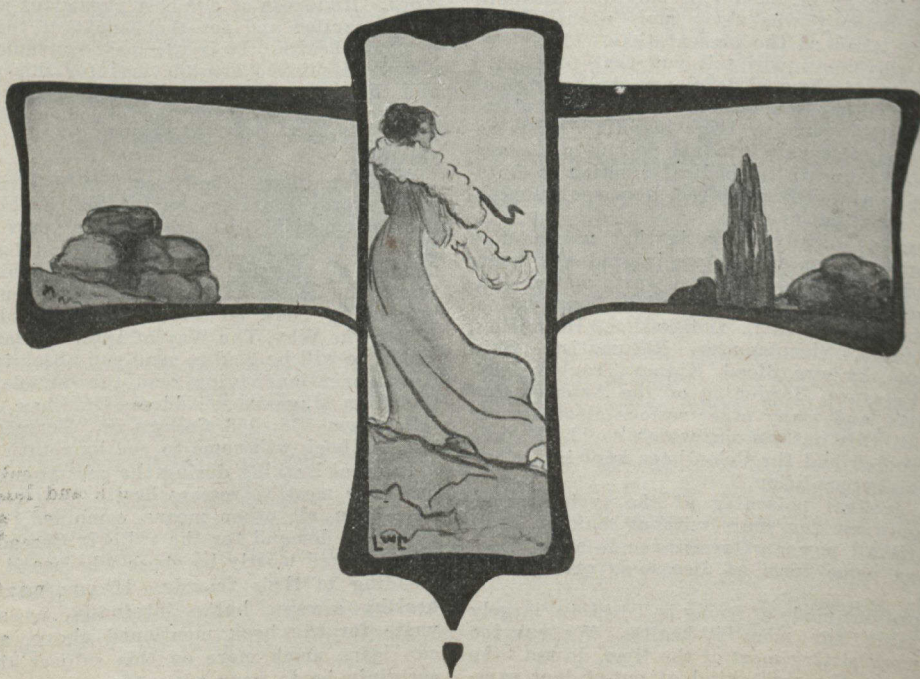
Many of those whom it has benefited had very serious eye troubles, too, as is shown by their voluntary letters on the subject.

Just note what leading authorities say on the subject of eye massage—Doctor De Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, Professor of Ophthalmology at Jefferson College, has stated that in treating even so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eyeball “has been followed by improvement in vision and deepening

of the interior chamber.” The Medical Record, in treating the same subject says that “the most feasible plan seems to be properly applied massage.”

This system of massage to which we refer is fully explained in a scientific book on “The Eyes—Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure,” which may be obtained free on request from the Ideal Masseur Company, Room 537A, 163 College Street, Toronto, if you will mention The Canadian Magazine.

The most effective helps for our weaknesses nowadays are often the most simple and safe. Hosts of people have saved themselves from the nuisance of constantly wearing eyeglasses by using this massage (or exercise), so it will probably be well worth your while to at least inform yourself further by writing for the little book which treats the subject so thoroughly.





When Serving Refreshments

—You will find that Ingersoll Cream Cheese will enable you to make many delightful Delicacies.

**Ingersoll
Cream Cheese**

is the purest and finest of Cream Cheese. Just the thing for dainty sandwiches. Ask also for Ingersoll Pimento and also Green hite Cheese—10c and 15c a package.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD.
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Spreads like Butter



**Schrader
Universal
Pump
Connection**

Facilitates Pumping and Testing of Tires. Air pressure can be ascertained without detaching connection from valve.

Price 50c

Schrader Universal.



**Tire Pressure
Gauge**

Measures the air in your tires. Tires maintained under the correct inflation last twice as long as tires run on haphazard pressure. A "Schrader Universal" Gauge means Tire Insurance.

Price \$1.50

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

A. SCHRADER'S SON INC.

334 King Street East, Toronto



**Schrader
Universal
Valve
Repair Tool**

A Four-in-one Tool for Quick Repair of Damaged Cap threads of Tire Valves; Removing Valve Inside; Reaming Damaged Valve Seat; Retapping inside thread. Of value to all Motorists and Garages.

Price 35c

SAVE FOOD

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food. It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

5-18

The
Rodgers'
 TRADE MARK



Known the world over as the mark
 which identifies the best of cutlery

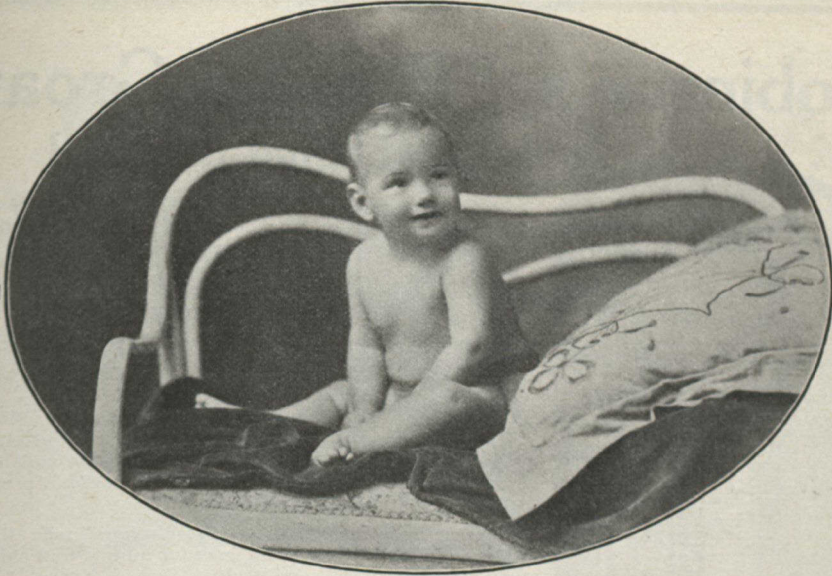
Look for it on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND



“Contented and Healthy”

20 Oct. 1917.

46 Addison Road,
Portland Road,
S. Norwood, S.E. 25.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find photo of my little daughter Jenny, age 8 months, weighs 18 lb. 2 oz., and is 2 ft. 4 in. long, and has eight teeth. She is a contented, healthy baby and has had your Gripe Water since she was four weeks old. I weaned her a fortnight ago and she eats and sleeps well and will not be long before she walks.

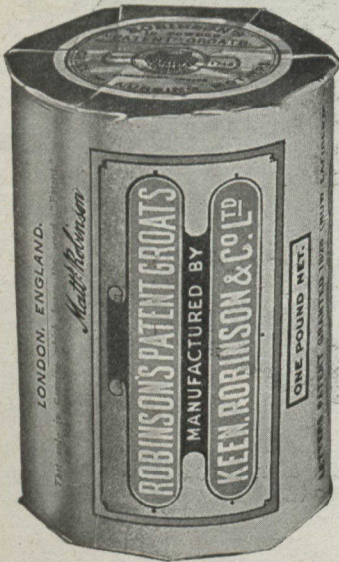
I am, Sir, yours truly,
MRS. L. A. COPPARD.

**WOODWARD'S
GRIPE WATER.**
Keeps Baby Well!

Canadian Agents:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

Robinson's "Patent" Groats Should Be Used



For Baby when eight or nine months old. Made in the form of a thin gruel combined with three parts milk and one part water it is a perfect food.

If the child had been reared on

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

until it has reached the above age, Groats and milk should be given alternately with "Patent" Barley, as it tends to promote bone and muscle.

For the Invalid and the Aged, in cases of influenza, a bowl of hot gruel taken in bed at night produces a profuse perspiration helping to drive the cold out of the system. Taken by the aged at night it promotes warmth and sleep.

Our free booklet "Advice to Mothers" tells all about how to feed, clothe and care for infants and children.

MAGOR, SON & CO., Limited
Sole Agents for Canada

191 St. Paul St. W.,
Montreal

30 Church St.
Toronto

CLARK'S SPAGHETTI

WITH TOMATO SAUCE AND CHEESE



A highly nutritious and particularly appetizing dish.

Be sure when ordering spaghetti to specify CLARK'S and keep your money during War-Time circulating in Canadian and BRITISH channels.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL



There Are 6200 Calories of Food

At One-Tenth
the Cost of Eggs

The large-size package of Quaker Oats supplies 6200 calories of nutrition at a cost of 30 cents. Note what it takes, and what it costs, to get as much nutrition in these other common foods:

Cost of 6200 Calories Elsewhere

6 dozen eggs, \$3.00	2½ lbs. bacon, \$2.12
10 quarts milk, 1.20	8 lbs. chicken, 2.80
7 lbs. steak, 2.10	7 lbs. salmon, 1.75

You can serve five dishes of Quaker Oats for the cost of one egg, or for the cost of two slices of bacon, or for the cost of two ounces of meat. Think of that.

In Quaker Oats you serve the supreme food. It excels all other grain foods, both in flavor and nutrition. Pound for pound, it has twice the food value of beef.

The average mixed breakfast—for the same nutrition—costs four times a Quaker Oats breakfast. Even toast costs twice as much.

Serve in large dishes—make it the entire meal. Then mix Quaker Oats with your flour foods. It will save the wheat, add new delights, and save money.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavorly Vim-Food

In Quaker Oats you get a wealth of flavor. It is made of queen oats only—just the rich, plump, flavorly grains. We get but ten pounds

from a bushel, yet it costs you no extra price. Make your oat foods doubly welcome by serving this premier brand.

30c and 12c per package in Canada and United States, except in Far West where high freights may prohibit.

Peterborough,
Canada

The Quaker Oats Company

Saskatoon,
Canada

The War Charities Act, 1917

DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE OF CANADA

THE War Charities Act, 1917, defines "war charities" as follows: any fund, institution or association, other than a church or the Salvation Army, whether established before or after the commencement of this Act, having for its objects or among its objects the relief of suffering or distress, or the supplying of needs or comforts to sufferers from the war, or to soldiers, returned soldiers or their families or dependents, or any other charitable purpose connected with the present European war. Any question whether a charity is a war charity shall be finally determined by the Minister.

The Act also provides:

(1) It shall not be lawful to make any appeal to the public for donations or subscriptions in money or in kind for any war charity as hereinbefore defined, or to raise or attempt to raise money for any such war charity by promoting any bazaar, sale, entertainment or exhibition, or by any similar means, unless—

(a) the war charity is either exempted from registration or is registered under this Act; and,

(b) the approval in writing of the executive committee or other governing body of the war charity has been obtained, either directly or through some person duly authorized to give such approval on behalf of such governing body;

and if any person contravenes any of the provisions of this section he shall be guilty of an offence against this Act.

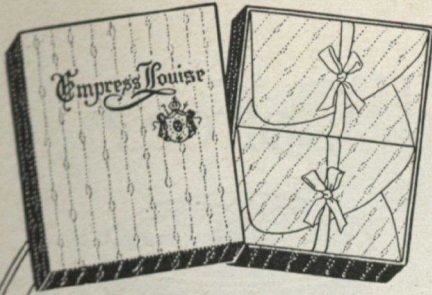
(2) This section shall not apply to any collection at Divine Service in a place of public worship.

The Act was assented to on the 20th of September, 1917, and the above section so far as it relates to registration is applicable to War Charities on the 20th of December, 1917. After that date, collections made otherwise than on behalf of a registered War Charity by subscriptions, donations, bazaars, sales, entertainments, exhibitions or similar means of collecting money are illegal.

Regulations and information respecting registration may be obtained from the undersigned.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.

Ottawa, December 3, 1917.



Empress Louise Papeteries



Your correspondence should convey precisely the same impression as everything else you do. Therefore, your notes and letters should be written on dainty stationery.

EMPRESS LOUISE PAPETERIES

are of the daintiest.

Supplied in delicate tints of green and azure as well as white.

Ask your Stationer for a Box

11.7.17

BRANTFORD
WINNIPEG

Barber-Ellis
Limited.
Toronto. Canada.

VANCOUVER
CALGARY

When You Catch a Chill—

Whenever cold or dampness has struck through and through your system—take a piece of THERMOGENE straight from the box and place it on the aching spot.

THERMOGENE CURATIVE WADDING

(Vandenbroeck's Process)

This light, dry, fleecy, medicated wool—so different from poultice or plaster—generates a grateful, soothing heat, the instant it is applied, that goes straight to the source of your trouble and routs it utterly.

**LUMBAGO,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
SORE THROATS,
CHEST COLDS**—and a hundred other similar aches and pains yield to THERMOGENE. Let it help you *to-day!*

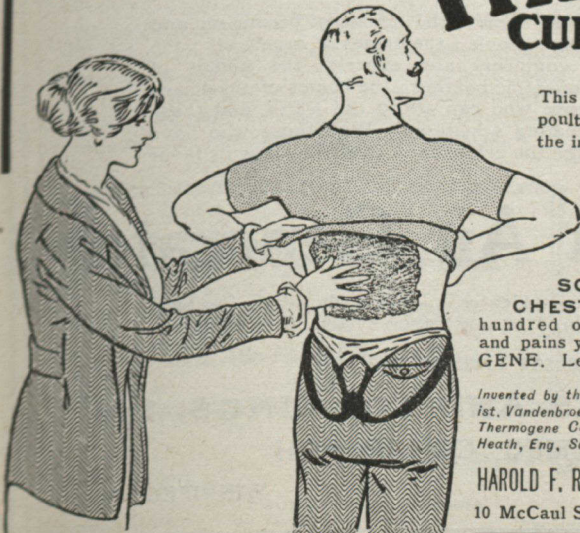
50c. at your Druggist's

Invented by the famous Belgian chemist, Vandenbroeck. British made by The Thermogene Co., Limited, Hayward's Heath, Eng. Sales agents for Canada:

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD.
10 McCaul Street - Toronto



Look for the orange-colored box



Fond of Good Coffee?

of course!

But why not make it **BETTER**
Coffee? Coffee at its **BEST**,
in fact—

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Send for our booklet "Perfect
Coffee — Perfectly Made," it
solves the problem. 192



CHASE & SANBORN - MONTREAL

The KELSEY All Over Canada

—is used in the finest city and country homes; the homes of prominent and wealthy folk; the homes of well known people; the homes of architects; the homes of heating and ventilating engineers and experts; the homes of university professors and writers on scientific heating; the homes of physicians and health officers; the homes of those who can afford the **BEST** and those best calculated to **KNOW** about heating apparatus. With those who have money, brains and scientific knowledge the evidence is overwhelming in favor of the

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

Look into the Kelsey before you buy a Heater. Let us show you just why Kelsey Fresh Air Heating is preferred to any other system by people *who investigate*.

WRITE FOR KELSEY LITERATURE

CANADA FOUNDRIES AND FORGINGS, Ltd.

JAMES SMART MFG. CO. BRANCH

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

WINNIPEG, MAN.



One of America's Wonders Bubbles of Wheat and Rice

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition we exhibited Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. There came Japanese, and saw their rice grains puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size. There came men from Russia and from India—homes of wheat. And they saw gigantic wheat grains, steam-exploded, thin and airy, yet still shaped as they grew. And those men by the thousands went back to their homes to tell of these American wonders.

To you they seem commonplace, perhaps.

But inside each grain our process creates a hundred million steam explosions. Every food cell is blasted for easy digestion. The grains are shot from guns.

Prof. A. P. Anderson spent years on the process—to make whole grains wholly digestible. The result is the greatest foods ever made from these grains. Also the most delightful.

Don't Treat Like Confections

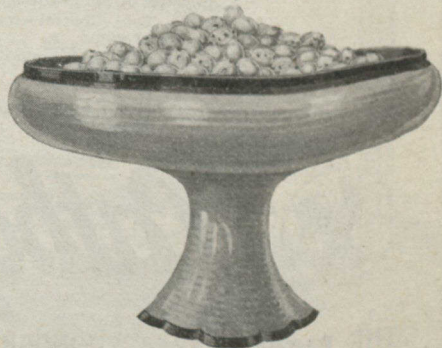
These are ideal foods, in which every granule is fitted to feed. The Wheat and the Rice are whole-grain foods, of which children get too little. They are immeasurably better than whole-grain foods cooked in usual ways.

They are enticing—thin, crisp flaky, with a taste like toasted nuts. They are widely used in candy making.

But, despite their attractions, they are wondrous foods. Make them your breakfast cereal. Mix them with your fruits. Float them in bowls of milk. Salt like peanuts, or douse with melted butter, for children after school. Every serving means clear nutrition in a fascinating form.

**Puffed Puffed
Wheat Rice**

Both 15c Except in Far West

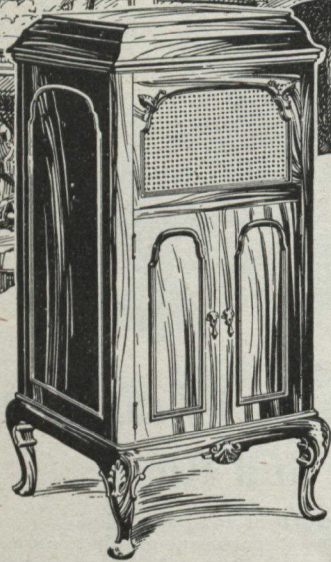


The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

1823



The style here illustrated is Queen Anne—a veritable objet d'art.

A Pathephone should be in every home

Every home should have a Pathephone. It is the most remarkable musical instrument of the age. It excels all others because it not only embraces the most desirable features possessed by other instruments, but has points of superiority exclusive to itself.

The outstanding feature of the Pathephone is its wonderful tone: the fullness, the mellowness, the depth of the music as it pours forth is rich, natural and indescribably sweet. It is due to a combination of scientific principles in its construction.

Consider these big Pathe advantages:—

- 1st. The Permanent Sapphire Ball—no digging, tearing needles to change.
- 2nd. Records that will wear thousands of times.
- 3rd. An all-wood tone chamber (on the principle of the violin).
- 4th. Pathe Tone Control—regulates the volume of sound.
- 5th. Plays perfectly all makes of records, as well as the Pathe.
- 6th. The exclusive period design cabinets. Exquisite furniture for every home.
- 7th. A name that stands for the public's enjoyment the world over.
- 8th. A complete line of instruments to meet every purse.
- 9th. A repertoire of double disc records, unique, comprehensive and artistically perfect.

If there is no Pathephone dealer in your town, write to us for our display Catalogue.



Pathephone



THE PATHE FRERES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
4-6-8 Clifford Street - TORONTO, Ontario.

Territory open for live Agents.



Delicious Nutritious

Give the little ones all the Junket they want, because it is not only a light, dainty dessert that they "love", but it is also most nourishing.

It is actually better for them than milk; because it is milk in ideal form.

Junket

MADE *with* MILK

It is eaten with a spoon, more slowly than milk. But more important, the Junket Tablet coagulates the milk, preparing it for easy and complete digestion exactly as it should be prepared in and by the stomach.

Send 3 cents and your dealer's name, for Recipe Booklet and Samples (enough for 12 dishes) or 12 cents for full package.

Charles Hansen's Canadian Laboratory, Dept. D.
Toronto, Ontario

Delecto Assortment

The rich chocolate coating is delicately flavored
to harmonize with the flavor of the center.

An unusually delightful
assortment.

Ganong's 
Chocolates



Licensed by the Government Since 30 Years

BIG VALUES IN WINES and LIQUORS

Owing to the Order-in-Council passed at Ottawa prohibiting the importation of Wines and Liquors into Canada after 31st January, 1918, prices may advance rapidly on account of shortage of stocks. We therefore advise our friends and customers to order their requirements for medicinal and family use without delay.

Reasonably Priced

POPULAR BRANDS

Satisfactory Service

SCOTCH WHISKIES

	Cases of 12 Bots.
"S. O. S."—Special Old Selected	
Reputed Quarts.....	\$18.00
Large Imperial Quarts.....	26.00
"Five Crowns" or Royal Sovereign— Lovely whiskies, full strength.	
Reputed Quarts.....	16 50
Large Imperial Quarts.....	23.00
A. MacMurdo & Co. or Glenil—Fully maturated whiskies.	
Reputed Quarts.....	15.00
Large Imperial Quarts.....	21.00
Loch Carron—A mild, soft Whiskey.	
Reputed Quarts.....	14.00
Large Imperial Quarts.....	20.00

IRISH WHISKIES

	Cases of 12 Bots.
Harp Brand—Green Seal—Very fine Quality	
Reputed Quarts.....	\$18.00
Large Imperial Quarts.....	26.00
"O'Briens Three Stars"—A beautiful whiskey, full strength.	
Reputed Quarts.....	16.50
Large Imperial Quarts.....	23.00
Three Horns or Pat Mayo—Fine old whiskies.	
Reputed Quarts.....	15.00
Large Imperial Quarts.....	21.00
Innishannon—A mild soft whiskey	
Reputed Quarts.....	14.00
Large Imperial Quarts.....	20.00

CANADIAN RYE WHISKIES

(Shipped direct from the Distilleries or our Warehouses).

HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LIMITED.			
Bottles.	Old Rye.	Imperial.	Club.
12 (1 case)....	\$10.25	\$11.50	\$13.75
6 bottles.....	6.00	6.75	8.00
4 bottles.....	4.50	5.00	5.75

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED.			
Bottles.	Ordinary.	Special.	
12 (1 case)....	\$10.75	\$13.00	
6 bottles.....	6.25	7.75	
4 bottles.....	4.75	5.50	

GINS and RUMS

	Case of 12 Bots.
Greenlees' London Dry and Old Tom Gins	\$17.00
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Hollands Yellow Label—Large Imperial Qts.	23.00
Mordaunt & Co.—Jamaica Rum	15.00
Mordaunt & Co.—Large Imperial Quarts ..	21.00
Old Black Joe—Pure Jamaica Rum	18.00
Old Black Joe—Large Imperial Quarts	26.00

PURE BRANDIES

Lagrange & Cie, V. O.	18.00
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IMPORTED WINES

	Case of 12 Bots.
Port Wines—	
Direct from Oporto, Portugal.	
Royal—Genuine Rich Port	\$12.00
Old Crusted—Suitable for Invalids	16.50
Rich Douro—Dry and Medium—Dark	18.00
Sherry Wines—	
Shipped by Gonzalez & Byass, of Jerez, Spain "The Premiere Sherry House of the World"	
Red Label—Fruity	12.00
Amontillado—Fine and Soft	16.50
Fino Brut—Very Dry	18.00
Tonic Wines—	
Wilson's Invalids' Port—A Big Bracing (à la Quina du Pérou).....	Tonic 10.00

Prices subject to change without notice

WE PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES on orders of not less than 4 bottles of Canadian Rye Whiskey, and 6 bottles of other brands to any point in Ontario, except stations West and North of North Bay to Sault Ste. Marie, for which add 50c., and to points West of Sault Ste. Marie, add \$1.00 per case.

REMIT by Post Office, Express, Bank Money Order or Cheque. When sending Cash, Letter should be registered to our address.

Complete Price List Mailed on Application.

Lawrence A. Wilson Co., Limited

Offices: 83, 85 and 87 St. James St. Montreal

The Largest Wine Merchants in Canada

A TREAT
INDEED

O'Keefe's

SPECIAL PALE DRY
GINGER
ALE

Other O'Keefe beverages:

Belfast Style Ginger Ale,
Ginger Beer,
Cola,
Sarsaparilla,
Lemon Sour,
Cream Soda,
Lemonade,
Orangeade,
Special Soda

Order a
case from
your
dealer.

O'KEEFE'S
TORONTO
515



The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs

"Used while you sleep"

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresoline relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresoline is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresoline's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use. Sold by Druggist. Send for descriptive booklet

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

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortland St., N. Y. or Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada

*A safe and palatable laxative
for children*

Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup

Absolutely Non-narcotic

Does not contain opium, morphine,
nor any of their derivatives.

By checking wind colic and correcting intestinal troubles common with children during the period of teething, helps to produce natural and healthy sleep.

*Soothes the fretting baby and
thereby give relief to
the tired mother.*

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



BEFORE



AFTER



IN THIS DAY AND AGE ATTENTION TO YOUR APPEARANCE IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY IF YOU EXPECT TO MAKE THE MOST OUT OF LIFE. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which alone is well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "LOOKS" therefore it pays to "LOOK YOUR BEST" at all times. **Permit no one to**

see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new NOSE-SHAPER, "TRADOS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, QUICKLY, SAFELY and PERMANENTLY. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

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Mr. P. R. writes Your Nose Shaper is doing the work and I am certainly

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Mr. J. B. is very pleased with the Nose Shaper and his nose looks much better.

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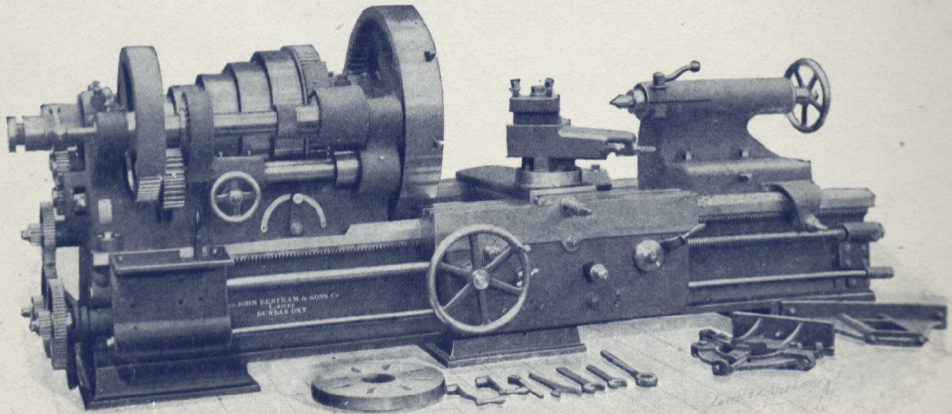


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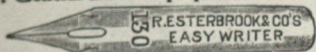
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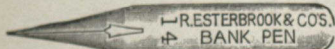
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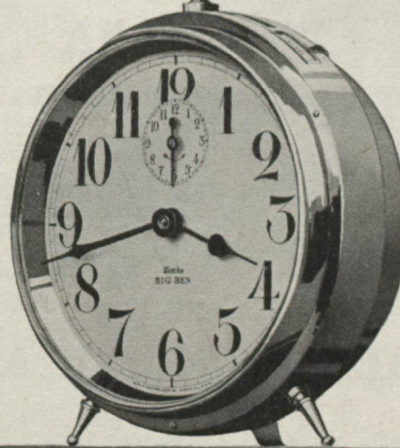


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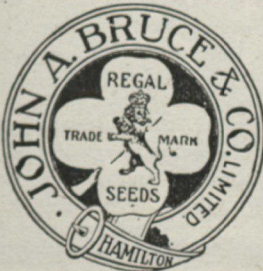
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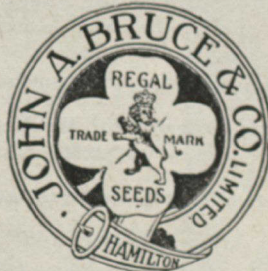
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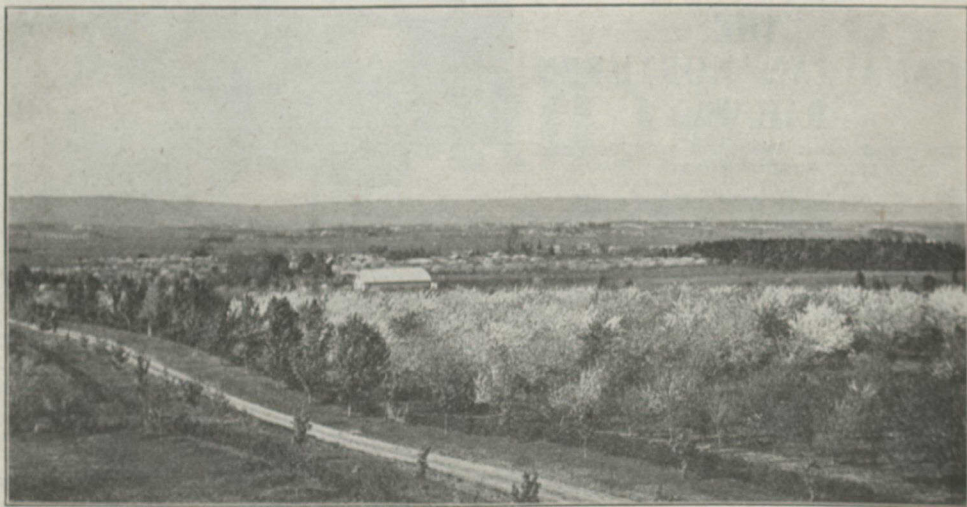
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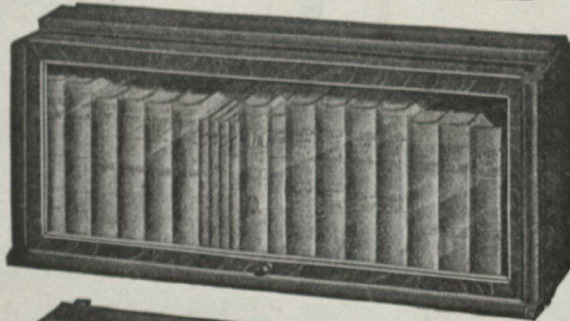


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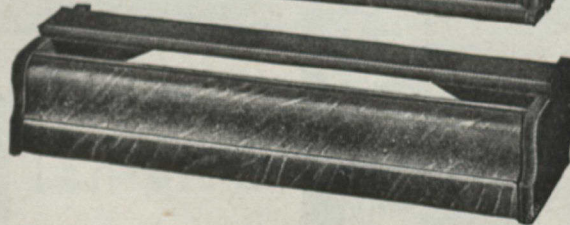
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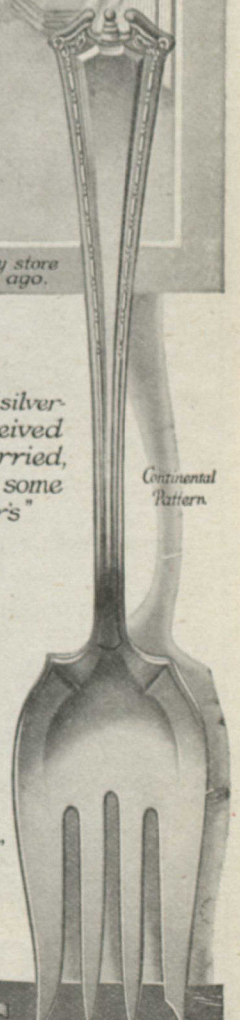
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