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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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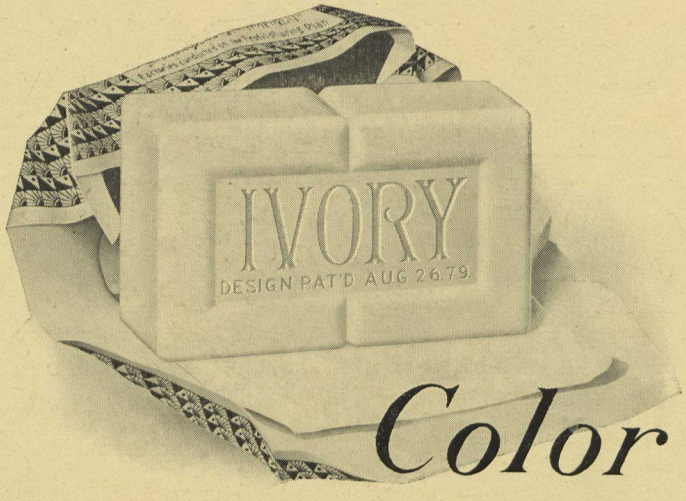

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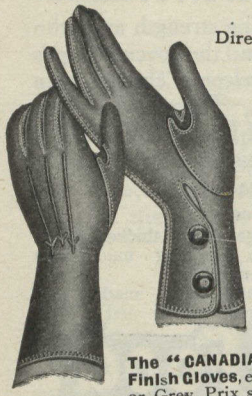

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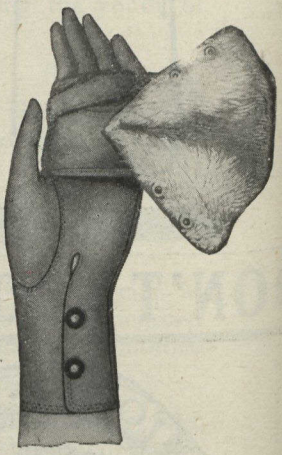

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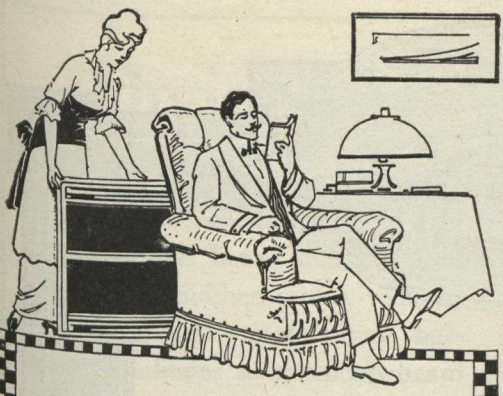

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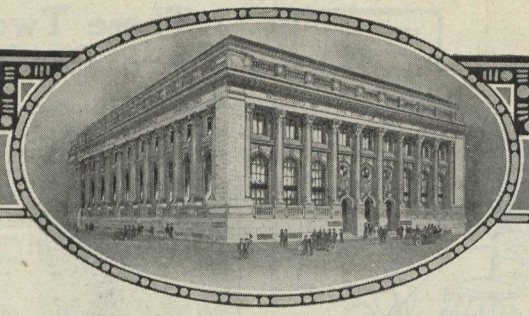

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLVI TORONTO, JANUARY, 1916 No. 3

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

LET no Canadian pessimist come to London hoping here to find support for melancholy prophesies. But let no optimist come here looking for confirmation for all his bright conjectures for the future.

I have been reading a number of Canadian papers, the latest to arrive at the Canadian High Commissioner's Office in Victoria Street. I have been talking to a number of representative Canadians, newly come from Montreal and New York. And in the papers and the men one observes a sentiment which is curiously different from that prevailing here in London. Canada is optimistic. Canadians are flushed with pride and satisfaction in the wheat harvest. War orders are helping to keep the Dominion employed. Men and women all over Canada have a fixed belief in the invincibility of the Mother Country, and are inclined to sit back and discuss comfortably the terms of peace which they think ought to be insisted upon. Our factories are running smoothly. Canadian Pacific Railway is still paying ten per cent. Our sons—or is it other people's sons?—are enlisting at a satisfactory rate. Coal is about the same price as last winter, and the cost of food is, after all, not much increased. Why worry then, we seem to say.

This is an excellent frame of mind. I am not sure that it is not praiseworthy. But if you bring it to England, hedge it about with great care or you will lose it. This is not the mood of the mother country. There is a touch of grimness here. This is the part of the Empire next to the conflagration, the part that is feeling the heat and the menace of the flames. We are the bucket-passers far down the line. One can go from London to the place where shells are exploding in less time than it takes to go from Toronto to Montreal or from Edmonton down to Calgary. By monoplane from Hendon it is less than an hour! From Montreal it takes almost two weeks. The difference between two weeks and, say, eight hours is the difference between being an incorrigible Canadian optimist and something better.

There is, fortunately—and yet, in

a way, unfortunately—no doubt in the mind of any good Britisher as to which side will win the war. Many neutral observers give unsolicited support to our point of view. But the greatest menace to the cause of our civilization to-day lies not in Germany, nor in the British habit of grumbling, but in the tendency of large masses of our public to cherish this confidence in our cause and to do nothing more. Between those people in Canada who do that and these people in London who have an unwarranted fit of bad temper there is a *via media* which has to be recognized and must be followed sooner or later. To be as gloomy as London public opinion often seems to be, is to resemble a woman who continually laments the futility of the efforts being made by her husband to extinguish their burning house: She discourages him. To be as optimistic as some of these never-be-depressed newspaper humourists and arm-chair applauders, is to be like the wife who, in the same circumstances, trots off to tea with the curate's wife and entertains the company with vivacious account of her husband's bravery and the certainty of putting out the fire ere long. Good wives neither lament nor simper, but turn in. What is wanted in England is less grumbling and more constructive criticism or, better still, work! What is wanted in Canada is less rehearsal of peace terms and the probable price of real estate after the war and more intelligent appreciation of the necessities of the occasion. The sacrifice of sons, husbands and brothers is not enough. The giving of a few evenings a week to the Red Cross or to knitting socks or taking up collections for wounded war horses is insufficient.

It is stated upon the best of authority that within a short time Great Britain may find it desirable to float another loan in Canada. When that time comes the promptness and the extent of Canada's response will depend to a great extent upon the economy which Canadian men and women practice in the small affairs of day-to-day supplies. The Canadian optimist bases his conclusions on the knowledge that the British Empire has immeasurable resources. But does he realize that these resources are available only in so far as he—and the rest of us—preserves them and offers his share of them when the call comes?

In a recent conversation I heard a British member of Parliament say: "It is time we realized the kind of an enemy we are fighting. Brute he is. Slayer of babies and despoiler of temples he confesses. But his capacity for civilian sacrifice in the interests of his cause has so far outshone ours. I do not refer to the sacrifices of our soldiers but to the economies practiced by the civilian population behind the lines. The German house-wife by her rigid economy, by reducing waste and making the most of her small resources, is helping her ill-fated country to prolong the struggle. She is reducing in a degree the advantage which we have in the way of superior material resources. We, on the other hand, by talking optimism and wasting potato peelings are weakening ourselves."

I did not intend, when I drafted this article, to turn it into a sermon. I wished to convey to Canadian readers a sense of the feeling in England. England realizes what I think Canada does not realize. The Empire is indeed fighting the fight of the ages. A defeat for Britain is much nearer to being a possibility—though I do not admit it is a possibility—than it has ever been before. Empires have in the past had a habit of going to pieces. This has been the rule of history.

This Empire must survive. The *possibility* of an exception must be made a *reality*. In England many men carp at Asquith. He is temperamentally flaccid, they say. One finds people doubting Kitchener—

though they cannot mention any reason except his failure to watch the supply of ammunition properly. Churchill was cordially hated until he made his explanation and defence in the House of Commons on November 15th; and he merely succeeded, it is said, in shifting the blame to other people's shoulders. The effect of his speech has been to increase the general lack of public confidence in the leaders of the Empire. The Conservatives cherish Carson in their bosoms as the one and only man capable of handling the situation with the necessary decision and force. They support Lloyd George—whom they hated five years ago and who is now reviled by a large section of his own party, the Liberals—and they think Lord Milner and Curzon, of India fame, might make good men for the work of the day. Balfour they say is a "perfect lady"—therefore no war executive. McKenna a neuter sort of man with the ability of an exalted clerk. Bonar Law a voice without a personality, a mind without a will, a noise without any shrapnel.

In short England is to-day without a single figure on which the public may fasten its imagination and in whom it may focus its force. There is no elder Pitt, not even a Gladstone. Even the Conservatives who want Carson as a sort of Dictator do not give him their unqualified support. He has his weaknesses, they say, and needs supplementing. The Liberals, who in the main stand well behind Asquith, are nevertheless weary of his tact. He lacks force, they say. Offer them Lloyd George and they reply, "Of course—force, but no real brains, and no stability." I am not setting down any one man's opinion or the opinion of any one party. These conclusions are based on conversations with Liberals and Conservatives, and with both kinds of Liberals: those who trust Lloyd George and those who do not trust him.

The great fault both sides find with the administrators is lack of decision. They say lack of decision lost Antwerp—and I think Churchill's speech proved this point. They say lack of co-operative decision caused the Dardanelles blundering. They say the same dilly-dallying caused our diplomatic defeat in the Balkans and that the same lack of common brains caused us to send a paltry six thousand men to help Serbia when the Serbians were first in danger, and at a time when a great force of men was urgently needed. One finds General French being assailed as lacking military genius. Ian Hamilton, once a darling, is referred to as the man whom "everyone knew should never have been sent to the Dardanelles. A divisional commander—not a commander-in-chief."

In short Canadians who are accustomed to worshipping England from afar off and accepting Englishmen as the great leaders and their own men as only so-so, find here a situation which in any other country in the world would mean the onset of disaster. It is worse than the usual British grumbling.

This grumbling probably has no real justification any more than our unbounded optimism has any. It has this excuse however. In the first place the lack of a popular figure leaves the public mind unoccupied. I suspect that any faker clever enough to catch the public eye and hold it, and fortunate enough to encounter a series of military successes, could cure all this grumbling. But one cannot believe that the success of the war depends upon the finding of any one man, or that the lack of him explains the faults of the present situation.

The truth of the matter is that we have an aristocratic democracy, allied with a Latin democracy and with a slav autocracy, waging war against the Hun autocracy. We fight on the outside of a circle and are continually forced to consult with one

another and with public opinion in the Empire and in France as to what shall and what shall not be done. Germany and her tools have no such conditions to meet, no sense of responsibility for human life or happiness. The will of one man is supreme in his realm. There is no credit coming to him for making quick decision. He fights on the inside of the ring. In England alone there were until recently twenty-two men to consult in matters of policy. Then there were almost as many in France to make *their* decision. Then the joint Anglo-French decision had to be made.

Fair judges are not sure that the blame for the Balkan diplomatic defeat rested entirely upon our own Foreign Office. One cannot be satisfied that there were not conditions governing the despatch of men to the aid of Servia which excused the seeming paltriness of our first landing at Saloniki. Finally, it is a matter of doubt whether with one man or with many men in control of our campaign we can hope to avoid errors of judgment. Conditions are such as the mind of man never before conceived. It is excusable, if not to be justified, that mistakes should have been made in the beginning. In a small Ontario town, three brothers kept a store where for years the township did its chief buying. The brothers grew fat and sleek. They were good men. There came to the town a young store-keeper whose motto was "Watch my dust". He was of the "smart Alec" type. He knew more tricks in business than the three brothers had dreamed were possible. He scrimped and hoarded his money till he had enough to start his campaign against the three brothers. By laying a fancy stock, by cutting prices and giving credit he began to undermine the older store's trade.

The brothers retaliated slowly. They too improved their stock, lowered prices and gave more credit. But the "smart Alec" always led the fight. The new moves came from him. The brothers often took too long to decide on the proper means of retaliating. But in the end they won, because their resources were so much superior to the young man's. In his overweening ambition he had overreached himself. Instead of being content to live and let live he had defeated himself. But the recollection of the three brothers with worried faces plodding up and down their garden walk wondering whether they ought to do this or do that or what is recalled by the present mood of England. England could never conduct such a brilliant piece of scheming as Germany's and she is scarcely quick enough to cope with it. But having weathered the initial shock of the German hordes, we have now time to fight in our own way, ploddingly no doubt, with many mistakes, but with victory assured if we mobilize our resources and display proper willingness to sacrifice these resources.

England will never again be the same. I think she will come out of the war greater than when she entered it, greater, at all events, in character. The fine old swashbuckling Britisher has been replaced by something more modest—and more stern. Let no one pretend that this war is not a terrible strain. Hypocrisy is necessary only for lost causes and the German Wireless News service. Mother England's face is thin and the eyes anxious and the mouth drawn over the determined chin. The pedlars of swank are chiefly the people with nothing to do and no real share in the war. I think too many of the critics are from that class too. The cheerfullest people in England are the people with sons at the front, or the people with work to do.

One more point I wish to make, and then to emphasize one already mentioned. The first is the decay of Individualism in Great Britain. Prosperity nearly always leads to so much comfort and ease for the in-

dividual or the individual family that these units in the community forget their mutual interdependence, their obligations to the community. The disease of the United States—a case worthy of observation—is Sentimental Individualism. It is too often with Americans a case of "I—me—Mine." An appeal to sentiment will prompt all manner of generosity from the American, but an appeal to sense of Duty—plain, unadulterated, unemotional, sexless Duty—gets too little response. We are tarred with that same brush in Canada. England too was stained with it. But the war is correcting the fault. The sacrifice of the individual for the whole state on the battle-field or elsewhere is having its great effect. The average man's sense of values has been readjusted. He no longer places highest the value of his own life and comforts. He has found something higher. He talks less of rights and more of duties. Organized Socialism by the way has either turned pro-war or dwindled to nothing. The working classes—in spite of the rash speech of that M.P. who threatened a railway strike in case compulsion were adopted—are sound to the core. Like all classes in the British Isle they are ready to make every sacrifice if only they are shown the need and the kind of sacrifice, and how to make it.

The point that should be emphasized is the need for economy on the part of those who stay at home and the need for combining works with optimism. Our optimism is of course based upon our knowledge of our resources. But if men forget that they are the custodians of these resources, if they dissipate them carelessly then their optimism is a dangerous affair. Sir George Paish, the editor of the London Statist, emphasized, in a conversation which I had with him recently, this fact: If there is one message which more than another should go to Canada it is this: the time approaches when England may have to ask for a loan from Canada. If then Canada, by present economy and by keeping down her imports of foreign goods to a minimum, can have funds available for such a loan that will be so much more done toward the bringing of a speedy and happy end to this war. Not only men but money may have to be drawn from Canada, money which will afterward go to build up Canada. This is where every civilian has the opportunity to help fight the war. Faith without works is still valueless.

WAR, WASTE, AND WEALTH

BY S. T. WOOD

ECONOMY as a war measure is an apple of discord among economic philosophers and they are legion. In fact it is almost impossible to set forth an economic theory or opinion anywhere without provoking a wide divergence of views.

The idea of saving money is worth investigation, for money is the root of all evil in economic theory, whatever it may occasion in personal morality. On the death of the late lamented boom there were complaints that money was being locked up in vacant land. That was absurd on its face. Money could not be invested or locked up in vacant land. A. may give B. money for vacant land, but the money is not invested or locked up. It is still available. Prices may go up or down, but money is not made or lost—it merely changes hands. It is indestructible. Everyone knows this, but many forget it when they begin to theorize. Keeping the truth constantly in mind helps toward clearness in the consideration of various suggested methods of saving for the purpose of making money available for investment in Government loans.

Personal and domestic service, in various forms, are suggested as fields for economy, and the possible benefit set forth is the saving of money to lend for war purposes. Money is not saved by dismissing a chauffeur, domestic servant or other personal employee. More money is not thus made available for investment in Government loans. Money is kept in the hands of the employer instead of passing to the employee. The man who dismisses a domestic employee and thus saves his wages does not thereby add to either the money, clothing, munitions or wheat available. It is only as the employee released from personal service obtains an opportunity to work productively that the economy effected by dismissal makes any improvement. A servant may be merely idling and drawing wages, but it does not improve matters or increase the general store by dismissing him. Turning idlers to productive work is the only effective economy.

Our confused mixture of collectivism and individuation tends to cloud thought on the question of personal economy. If the man rendered idle by somebody's economy in dismissing a servant were set to work at a productive occupation that economy would be beneficial. It would lessen consumption or waste while transferring production. But the man now rendered idle is likely to remain so. In that case the economy does not increase the available wealth, though it increases the trials of both the employer and employee.

Concerts and theatricals have been suggested as fields for special economy. To remain away while a performance goes on does not prevent economic waste of effort or increase the money available for war loans. Admission fees merely change hands, and the self-denial or individual economy of remaining away does not

divert the performers to the factories, workshops and farms. It is not for money but for clothing, food and munitions that the Dominion is sinking into debt. It is as our people work and produce these things in abundance that they become able to sustain the Government with a loan. The personal economy that does not directly or indirectly provide for more productive industry is not a public benefit. Economy is not in itself productive. When it stops productive work, as most of the suggested economies would, it does not increase the surplus wealth available for bearing the burdens of war. The man, for example, who dismisses his chauffeur and runs his own car has the savings available for investment in Canadians loans, but the chauffeur, his butcher, and baker have proportionately less for that purpose. The same is true of the economies on a large scale that tend to close, or reduce the capacity of factories and other industries producing luxuries.

This makes it easier to understand the monetary conditions resulting from the recent boom, and also the conditions apparent to-day. As proof that there was a superabundance of money when almost everyone was complaining of scarcity, it may be pointed out that there was a general increase in prices. Money was plentiful and its purchasing power fell. It is superabundant now, hence its low purchasing power. When money is scarce prices fall. The real evil of the boom from which almost the whole Dominion is now suffering was not the loss, waste or tie-up of money, but the waste of time and labour. Men ceased to work productively with head or hand and imagined themselves possessed of wealth. They diverted labor from useful production to the supplying of luxuries. When they found they could not cut a piece off their land value to feed and clothe the builders of automobiles the truth was realized that the supposed wealth was a delusion. Necessity forced home the fact that land values are liabilities as well as assets. All that was necessary for restoration was for the idle to resume useful productive occupations. The scarcity was not of money. The banks in Toronto were refusing a big deposit of the city's surplus revenue and prices were soaring. There was a plethora of money but a dearth of other useful products of industry.

Under socialism or collectivism, money would not be necessary, and war has forced many nations to adopt collective organization and operation to an unusual extent. Instead of borrowing money or printing fiat money to pay for supplies, some nations commandeer the supplies, not only for the army but for the populace. This can be done on a small scale in a town in a state of siege, or may be applied more generally over a large area. Some nations prefer to keep one remove away from this, and, instead of commandeering food, clothing, shelter and workers to keep up the supply, commandeer the money by means of an income tax and use it to purchase goods and pay rents and wages. But in either case and in all cases it is the useful products that are required, and the supply of them must be continuous through continuous productive labour. Canada's commandeering of wheat does not change the situation, as the owners will be paid. A nation must commandeer and confiscate requisites for war, thus doing violence to all moral obligations regarding property rights, or sink proportionately into debt to the owning and creditor class.

Just here it may be well to correct popular misconceptions regarding the existence of wealth. Great wealth does not, never did and never can exist. The world always must live "from hand to mouth." Continuous consumption follows close on the heels of continuous production. Popular statistics of the wealth of nations are ridiculous, for they are made up largely of debts. They in-

clude land values, which are the values of franchises possessed by some to take from others. It would be no more absurd to include the franchise value of toll-gates. Most of what is included is made up of various forms of toll-gates or toll-tak ing schemes and privileges. The late Duke of Argyle went so far as to include, in the wealth of Britain, the investments in consols, the debts of the whole people to a few. He might as well have included the paper currency. Removing popular misconceptions regarding wealth and men of wealth helps to clear thought on the problem of sustenance through periods of stress and waste. Great fortunes have no tangible existence. What seem to be great fortunes are merely great franchises for levying toll on the daily output of productive industry. Goldsmith wrote:

> This wealth is but a name
> That leaves our useful products still the same.

He condensed into a few couplets the economic lesson over which John Stuart Mill struggled through several lucid but laborious chapters.

Many costly blunders may be averted by realizing that money is indestructible, and a very different series of blunders may be avoided by realizing that it cannot be created by printing currency. Canada's chartered banks received at the recent revision a large increase in the privilege of note issue. On the outbreak of the war they were relieved of the obligation to redeem their notes on demand, and the Dominion Government also suspended the redemption of its own notes. Canada's undoubted stability and the certainty of the resumption of specie payment in the near future have prevented the temporarily irredeemable paper from depreciating in proportion to gold, although its great volume in proportion to commercial products of labour has caused it to deteriorate in its power to purchase other commodities. In commercial parlance, gold does not command a premium, but the commercial index is more than forty-nine per cent. above the ten-year average. A large output of currency lessens its purchasing power, so that proportionately more is required to effect the exchanges of products.

While the Dominion Government was willing to redeem all notes on presentation and prepared to meet any demand in that regard which could reasonably be anticipated, it would have been safe to increase materially the currency volume in proportion to the gold reserve. In fact the gold reserve was unreasonably and wastefully large. The requirement is fifteen per cent. in gold and ten per cent. in securities guaranteed by the United Kingdom for the first $30,000,000 issued, and gold, dollar for dollar, against all additional issues. When the aggregate issues reached such totals as $150,000,000 it made the gold reserve under the policy of redemption on demand needlessly large.

The Dominion was fortified against a sudden demand for redemption by the law requiring chartered banks to keep forty per cent. of their reserves in Dominion notes. But although a large increase in note issue would have been absolutely safe, provided governmental financiers were restrained by the obligation of redemption on demand, a different line of danger would arise if there was any extensive yielding to the temptation to issue irredeemable paper.

Every government loves to spend and hates to levy taxation, except when it can be done by methods sufficiently indirect to delude the public. The temptation of a public freely accepting irredeemable paper at par is certainly strong. Resistance demands a moral fibre seldom associated with political management except in the minds of ardent adherents. The temptation to flood the country with irredeemable paper is so strong that a word of caution against it is pardonable, even before any sign of

yielding is apparent. We have seen the evils of an inflated irredeemable paper currency among the people across the line. In other fiscal and economic matters we have followed in their footsteps, stumbling where they stumbled and falling where they fell. Let us escape this trap.

The free investment of the chartered banks in the domestic loan may serve to illustrate the political temptation. The banks give their temporarily irredeemable paper for the Government bonds. The Government becomes indebted to the banks and has the banks' credit in the form of currency to defray war and other expenses. For this the Government pays 5¼ per cent. per annum.

"Why not print our own instead of using what is printed by the banks, and save the interest?" This is the natural soliloquy of Governmental resourcefulness, and must be answered before it becomes either a Governmental subterfuge or popular clamour. Were the currency the only question involved, and were the decision between Governmental issues and bank issues redeemable on demand, the argument in favour of Governmental issue would be strong. But the question of Governmental extravagance looms paramount.

There are always giants in promotion conceiving titanic schemes, plucking at the Governmental sleeve and whispering visionary projects in the Governmental ear. With the seductive possibility of evading the irate taxpayer by the issue of temporarily irredeemable paper, there is an almost irresistible temptation to settle into a policy that would land the whole Dominion in a state of debt, out of which it would have to struggle with the discouraging handicap of an inflated and depreciated paper currency.

It is to be regretted that our educational institutions have in economic investigation abandoned what may be called British intensive industry which found scope in correlating and interpreting facts, and have taken up what is generally regarded as German extensive industry, the collection of undigested facts in limitless volume. They have almost entirely lost the power of mental digestion. As this malady extends through the community, the need of guidance in economic crises increases while the capacity for it disappears.

OUR GREAT NATIONAL WASTE

THE LAST OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE NEW CONSERVATION

BY FRANCIS MILLS TURNER, JUNIOR

THE two preceding articles of this series have shown the development of industrial research in other parts of the world and the need for it in this country. It now seems appropriate to consider the means whereby such manufacturing interests as now exist in the Dominion may be induced to expand by means of the industrial application of modern science and whereby new industries may be built up from laboratory investigations of the possibilities of our yet unused resources.

A certain amount of research has been carried on in Canada directly by the universities. Valuable as this has been it does not go very far. The function of the universities seems to lie rather in training the men to carry on research later under other auspices, and in endowing them with the vision without which any industry soon begins to run in a rut out of which only some great influence such as a world-war or a sweeping tariff reform will ever stir it. Willing as the universities are to carry on research for industrialists, there are two important factors that militate against their being a very useful factor in industrial advance in this direction. In the first place the manufacturer rarely grasps his problem in such a manner that he can take it to a university and ask that they solve it for him. There is need of some aggressive body that will study conditions in various industries and give the industrialist no peace till he is made to see that his methods are not all they should be, that perhaps he is wasting a useful by-product, that possibly he is using a dear raw material where a cheap one could be substituted with no injury to the final product. This the university cannot and should not do. In the second place, whether intentionally or not, the academic scientist frequently antagonizes the industrialist by his uncommercial attitude. Undoubtedly the fault lies as much in the attitude of the man of business as in that of the man of science, but nevertheless the condition exists and we must invent some way of getting around it.

The scientist, we all admit, has been too prone to clothe himself in a mantle of academic dignity and to shun industry and trade as ignoble pursuits of minds of an inherently baser type. Fortunately such scientists are rarer here in America than in Europe, but there have been enough of them to discourage many manufacturers from seeking the aid of scientific talent in solving their problems. On the other hand the men in control of industries in America have not, except possibly in New England, been largely recruited from university graduates and this has led to an unreasoning contempt for the "highbrow" on the part of the "self-made man". Perhaps this has been partly due to the failure of the colleges to train minds suitable for the

control of great and growing industrial concerns. As a result of this absence of university graduates in the ranks of the captains of industry there has been a distrust of anything a university man might have to say regarding the conduct of an industry. It was held that his advice would be impractical and unsuited to actual working conditions. Then, too, the resources of the land were so great that to many it appeared that they were inexhaustible, and the careful scientific struggling after the utmost efficiency which characterized the industries of Germany, Belgium, and France was felt to be out of place in America, and unwisely considered a kind of commercial penury that ill befitted the heirs of the immense resources of mine and forest wealth with which Providence had seen fit to dower the New World.

A certain further amount of research has been carried on in the laboratories of various corporations and in private research laboratories maintained by firms of chemists and chemical engineers. The amount of this done in Canada has been insignificant compared with the progress in the same direction in the United States, and the total amount of research done in such laboratories in the United States would not until quite recently have kept busy for a year the staff of some single firms in Germany. It should be mentioned, however, that the awakening in America has been tremendous, and what is now being done in American laboratories rivals anything ever done in Germany in brilliancy of conception and in thoroughness of detail and the total amount will before long surpass that of any other country.

There is, however, a third type of agency that seems peculiarly adapted to conditions on this continent, and though first worked out in the United States, is the product of the brain of a Canadian, Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, a graduate of the University of Toronto. This agency is the system of industrial fellowships out of which has grown the Mellon Institute at the University of Pittsburgh, and which the Bureau of Scientific and Industrial Research of the Royal Canadian Institute is now introducing in Canada.

To quote from one of the publications of the Mellon Institute: "The idea of this unique system of service to industry was first thought out by the late R. K. Duncan, the first Director of the Mellon Institute, after prolonged visits in Europe during 1904 and 1907. Through his visits to the workshops, laboratories and universities of most of the principal countries of Europe, and through his talks with industrialists, Dr. Duncan became impressed with the spirit of co-operation which existed abroad between both industry and learning, and which made for the advancement of both. The Industrial Fellowship System occurred to him as a sane, practical scheme of relationship between industry and learning, which would promote the efficiency of American industry.

Dr. Duncan established, through a grant from a manufacturer of launderer's supplies, the first industrial fellowship at the University of Kansas in 1907. In 1911, Dr. Duncan was called to the University of Pittsburgh to inaugurate the system in the Department of Industrial Research. In March, 1913, Messrs. Andrew William Mellon and Richard Beatty Mellon, brothers and bankers of Pittsburgh, impressed by the evident practical value of the system and the potential service it should render to American industry, established it on a permanent basis through the gift of over half a million dollars. On February 18th, 1914, Dr. Duncan died. He was succeeded by Dr. Raymond F. Bacon who had been Associate Director. In February, 1915, the new and permanent home of the Mellon Institute was dedicated and all its facilities were placed at the service of American industrialists.

When a problem is assigned to the Institute, the Director selects, after careful inquiry, the best available man who can be found for this particular work. The Fellow, as this man is called, is one who has invariably pursued post-graduate work in a special field and has shown a gift for research. This man, if the fellowship has been given by an operating concern, first spends sufficient time in the factory of the donor to become acquainted with the problem at first hand. In this way he gains a knowledge of the manufacturing conditions that must be met, when the time comes to introduce the results of his research work into the factory. He then returns to the Institute and examines the literature of the subject under investigation, in order to familiarize himself with what others have done on the problem. After this preliminary work, he is assigned a laboratory, and begins what may be termed the test-tube scale of experimentation. When the Director is satisfied that the Fellow has something of value to the donor, a small unit plant is erected near the Institute in which to develop the process on a miniature factory scale. If the unit plant shows that the process has commercial possibilities, the next step is to install the process on a large scale in the plant of the donor.

While the majority of researches that have been placed with the Institute have been those having to do with industrial chemistry, nevertheless the Institute has conducted, and is well-equipped to conduct, researches in engineering. It is well known that one, or sometimes all, of the branches of engineering must be used to work out chemical ideas. The fellowships which have come to the Institute have been on such diverse subjects as the chemistry of bread and baking, problems relating to petroleum, the corrosion of steel, the technology of soap and soap fats, the bleaching of animal and vegetable oils, problems relating to the manufacture of foods, the development of steam-power accessories, the fixation of nitrogen, problems of hydro-metallurgy, the development of pharmaceutical preparations, the technology of glass, the production of nitrogenous and phosphatic fertilizers, and the utilization of mineral wastes.

When the Mellon Institute moved into its new home, the Industrial Fellowship System passed out of the experimental stage. During the years of its development, no inherent weakness on the part of any one of its constituent factors appeared. The results of the fellowships have been uniformly successful. While problems have been presented by companies which, upon preliminary investigation, have proved to be so difficult as to be practically impossible of solution, there have been so many other problems confronting these companies that very soon ones were found that lent themselves to solution; and very often the companies did not realize till after the investigations had started just what the exact nature of their problems were and just what improvements and savings could be made in their manufacturing processes.

Fellowships are constantly increasing in the amounts subscribed by the industrialists for their maintenance and, as well, in their importance. The renewal year after year of such fellowships as those on petroleum, baking and ores goes to show the confidence which industrialists have in the Institute. Again the large sums of money which are being spent by companies in bringing small unit plants to develop the processes which have been worked out in the laboratory, demonstrate that practical results are being obtained. Where there has been sympathy and hearty co-operation between the Institute and the company concerned, the Institute has been able to push through to a successful conclusion large scale experiments in the factory of the company, which in the beginning of the

fellowship seemed almost impossible.

The results of the fellowships at the Mellon Institute indicate that a form of service to industry has been established, the possibilities of which no man can say."

Knowledge of the crying need for such an Institution in Canada cannot be made too widely known. At present with the comparatively small amount of manufacturing done in Canada, problems a-plenty are awaiting solution. When once the development of Canada's enormous supplies of raw materials and immense resources of power gets fairly under way, nothing but the most efficient organization will suffice if industry is to receive the impetus it should from scientific progress and research.

Now, and not later, is the time to set about this work. To-day industries are being established in America which have previously been the exclusive property of the European countries, especially Germany. As an example of this tendency, take the much talked about aniline dye industry. The war has been the cause of a considerable development in this industry, one typically dependent on scientific research, in the United States, but will it remain there after the war is over? Not unless the remarks of Dr. Little of Boston in his address on "The Dyestuff Situation and its Lesson" are taken very much to heart:

"The plain underlying reason why we have been unable during thirty years of tariff protection to develop in this country an independent and self-contained coal-tar colour industry, while during the same period the Germans have magnificently succeeded, is to be found in the failure of our manufacturers and capitalists to realize the creative power and earning capacity of industrial research. This power and this capacity have been recognized by Germany, and on them as cornerstones her industries are based. As a result, the German colour plants are now quite capable of meeting the demands of the whole world when peace is once restored. Why, then, should we duplicate them only to plunge into an industrial warfare against the most strongly fortified industrial position in the world? Let us rather console ourselves with a few reflections and then see how we might otherwise spend our money to better advantage."

Dr. Little then goes on to show that there is no special virtue in the coal-tar industry as a source of national wealth. It has been written about and talked about until people have got the idea that it represents the very topmost pinnacle of industrial scientific achievement, but the same amount of scientific research applied to some of the industries native to our own soil would bring results equally wonderful and greater in magnitude, for after all there are more fundamental staples of existence than dyes and colours. It is not a slavish attempt now, twenty years or more late, to imitate German scientific achievements that we need; it is the application of the same energy and foresight which they applied to the dye-stuff industry to certain industries adapted to our geographical and economic conditions. He continues:

"The gross business of the Woolworth five-cent and ten-cent stores in 1913 exceeded the entire export business of the whole German coal-tar industry by $11,000,000. The sales of one mail-order house (Sears, Roebuck and Company), in the same year were far greater than the total output of all these German colour plants, and its last special dividend is about twice the amount of their total dividend payment in 1913. The Eastman Kodak Company, with about twice the capital of the largest German colour company (the Badische), and with a Government suit on its hands, earned during 1913 net profits of more than $14,000,000, or two hundred and thirty per cent. on its preferred stock and more than seventy per cent. on its common, while the Badische, 'with the benevolent and appreciative support' of the German Government, earned forty-five per cent. In that year the entire German industry paid $11,000,000 in dividends. The Ford Motor Company, with one standardized product, does a greater annual business than all the German colour plants with their twelve hundred products, and earns four times their combined dividend while paying three times their wages.

"Now that our perspective is adjusted, let us consider for a moment some of the

things which might be done with the vast expenditure of effort, money, and research required to establish in this country (the United States) this one-nation industry (the coal-tar colour industry).

"We should first of all review our own almost boundless natural resources, and especially should we consider our gigantic and shameful wastes. They offer opportunity for the ultimate development of a score of industries, each of a magnitude comparable to the colour industry of Germany, and for the almost immediate upbuilding of hundreds of smaller enterprises relatively no less profitable. We waste, for instance, one hundred and fifty million tons of wood a year, a billion feet of natural gas a day, millions of tons of flax straw at every harvest; untouched peat deposits fringe our entire Atlantic seaboard; beehive coke ovens flame for miles in Pennsylvania, wasting precious ammonia, and excite no comment, while the burning of a thousand-dollar house would draw a mob. . . . We have heard these things so often that we can go to sleep while hearing them. We need to really sense them, to get before our consciousness a clear conception of what they actually mean in terms of wasted wealth and present opportunity. When we do this—and there is no better time than now—let us apply the lesson of the German coal-tar industry to these far greater problems, and solve them by the compelling agency of sustained intensive research.

"To take one illustration only, the application to the lumber industry of the South of one-tenth the research energy and skill which were required to bring the coal-tar chemical industries to their present proud pre-eminence would unquestionably result in the creation of a whole series of great interlocking industries, each more profitable than that of lumbering. The South would be in a position to dominate the paper market of the world, it would transport denatured alcohol by pipe-line and tank-steamer, make thousands of tons a day of carbohydrate cattle feeds, reorganize and develop along new lines and to far better purpose its languishing naval stores industry, and find new opportunity at every hand. To do these things in one industry, and many things as good in other industries, requires only a little faith, sustained, courageous effort, and the appreciation by American financiers of the earning power of research."

Every word of this last paragraph of Dr. Little's can be applied with as great force—possibly greater force—to Canada as to the South. In the last sentence, however, he touches on the root of the whole matter. Our bankers must be made to appreciate the actual cash value of sustained scientific research. They must be made to see that research is the one and only investment that can absolutely always be depended on to pay dividends. The results may not always be what was anticipated or hoped for, but in any case the knowledge is possessed of a cash value. If the findings are positive they signify earnings; if negative they prevent the outlay of capital, time and trouble in a fruitless undertaking.

A recent writer has estimated that the electrical machinery, apparatus and supplies produced in America alone in one recent year cost $221,000,000. Not quite one hundred years ago on a Christmas Day the great English scientist Michael Faraday called his wife into his workshop to witness for the first time the revolution of a magnet under the influence of an electric current. From this phenomenon in fourteen years research work Faraday laid the sure foundations of all the great electrical development of our age, yet "of all the inexhaustible wealth which Faraday poured into the lap of the world, not one millionth, not a discernable fraction, has ever been returned to science for the furtherance of its aims and its achievements, and for the *continuance* of research".

The United States is at last awake to the necessity of fostering industry by providing facilities for research, and if Canada is to have her fair share of the development that will follow the war she must act at once. We must conduct propaganda to make our manufacturers and capitalists realize this creative power and earning capacity of industrial research. We must remember that after the war we will still be attacking the most firmly entrenched industrial position in the world. German commerce is not destroyed—merely are some of its antennæ lopped off. However, if we are willing to learn, the outlook is bright. We possess re-

sources, to which Europe has nothing to compare, and with the impetus given by present war conditions, a little faith and sustained effort, and the development of and appreciation by our financiers and business men of the earning power of research we may hope to develop a great chain of interlocking industries inspired and sustained by scientific progress.

The Bureau of Scientific and Industrial Research established by the Royal Canadian Institute, which we have alluded to, will act as a clearing house for scientific knowledge and data. It will seek in a way to create a replica of the Mellon Institute in Canada. It will take the industrialists' problems and hand them over to the universities for solution, and when the need arises and funds can be obtained it will establish a laboratory of its own for problems not capable of being handled by any of the universities.

The Royal Canadian Institute has taken on itself the work of forming this Bureau because in the past it has been part of the purpose and duty of this society, the first body of its kind in Canada, to further in every way possible the advancement of science, and its applications in Canada. In the past it has devoted itself chiefly to the aiding of pure science and has done pioneer work in that direction. It is now commencing to "do its bit" in the great war of applied science against inefficiency and waste. A practical reason for its taking up the work is that it possesses the greatest scientific library in Canada. In the quotations above from the publications of the Mellon Institute, the importance attached to preliminary study of the literature of a subject for research has been touched on; and, to quote Dr. Little again, "We need a multiplication of research laboratories . . . . each of these laboratories should be developed around a special library, the business of which should be to collect, compile and classify in a way to make instantly available every scrap of information bearing upon the materials, methods, products and requirements of the industry concerned".

The Mellon Institute of Pittsburgh is being copied because it is felt that this is the most practical plan for accomplishing the purpose ever devised. According to a recently published set of statistics the growth in number and importance of the fellowships has been steady and large:

Academic year.	Number of Fellowships in operation.	Number of Fellows.	Amounts subscribed for the maintenance of the Fellowships.
1911-12	11	23	$39,700
1912-13	16	30	53,500
1913-14	15	29	59,100
1914-15	24	42	74,350

The institution is thus seen to have grown in less than a decade so that over two score researchers are continually busied with a large number of different problems, the solution of each of which will add much wealth to the nation. At the same time it is a magnificent training school in research for the fellows, who are thus prepared to become the leaders in industrial science for many years to come. The plan has shown itself sufficiently practical to induce two of Pittsburgh's leading and most conservative bankers to lend their name to it, and to endow it largely. The financial returns have already run into millions, while on the human side scores of young men have had a chance to distinguish themselves in the field of applied science, at the same time contributing to the wealth of the nation and the world. Great scientists all over America, England and Germany have been outspoken in their appreciation of the plan.

It may not be easy to duplicate this useful work in Canada, but it is worth trying, and if successful will go far towards assuring Canada's future industrial greatness and ushering in the "era of gracious living" about which its founder loved to speak and write.

PERSEPHONE

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

PERSEPHONE is wandering
Silently and seekingly,
With my gray heart beside her;
Though I call it, still it follows,
Through the dewy primrose dawning,
Through the amber-tinted noon-time,
Through the misty purple evening,
Through the pearl and silver moon-time.
Everywhere her hair is gleaming,
Like the darkling oaks and beeches
When the Autumn's fingers touch them.
Ah, kind gods, why does it gleam so?
And her eyes are ever changing:
Now they're like the hungry ocean,
Now like deep pools in the woodland,
When they catch the stars and hold them,
While the fairies light their torches.

Persephone is bending
O'er the melting, misty poppies,
Touching them with cool, white fingers,
While they whisper back sleep secrets.
For she is akin to poppies,
'Kin to white dream moths, enchanted,
And to butterflies, bronze-wingéd.

Kind gods, turn her white feet homeward!
Food and candlelight are waiting,
Velvet robes and silken couches,
Ay—and arms that ache with longing.
She has eaten of my pomegranates,
But there are no walls can hold her.

Persephone is wandering
Silently and seekingly,
With my gray heart beside her,
Through the pearl and silver moon-time,
Through the misty purple evening,
Through the amber-tinted noon-time.

Now the poppies burn and shimmer
While Persephone bends o'er them.

ORIENTAL POPPIES

By Laura Muntz

One of the Canadian Paintings
exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition

TRAINING MEN TO FLY*

BY GEORGE R. S. FLEMING

THE training school in aviation at Toronto is not controlled by the Government, but is operated by a private company to whom the student pays four hundred dollars for his tuition. Should he enlist in either the Royal Flying Corps (military branch) or the Royal Naval Air Service, the airman is reimbursed to the entent of seventy-five pounds on the completion of his course and arrival in England. It is expected that a student will be trained sufficiently in four hundred minutes of actual flying to pass the Aero Club of America test for a pilot's certificate; and therefore the charge is at the rate of one dollar a minute.

To the uninitiated this charge may seem excessive, but it is really quite moderate, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. Teaching students to fly at one dollar a minute in the air, is not, so far as my experience would lead me to judge, a money-making business. The machines are worth from $5,000 to $7,500 each, require a great deal of attention and are easily damaged. To have a machine completely wrecked is one of the many contingencies. Most students, however, have required nearer 500 minutes before their tuition is completed, but there is no extra charge for the additional time, where in individual cases it has appeared necessary to give it.

The student's preliminary training is in the operation of a hydro-aeroplane, which is a machine designed to ascend from and alight on water instead of land. His first flight will be in the nature of a pleasure trip, as he will not be expected to handle any of the controls until the next flight. The pilot accompanies the student on this as well as on all trips throughout the course.

Before going up the student wonders what the sensation will be. He pictures the possibilities of being seasick, nervous and dizzy. But once in the air—how different it is! The expected sensations do not materialize. Instead, one notices the machine's smoothness of motion as it rides along the invisible waves of the air. Knowing that the speed is about sixty miles an hour the sense of motion is not in the least what one would expect. On an aeroplane, the ground or water is so far away, and so very expansive, that it is hard to keep the eye on a stationary object for sufficient length of time to appreciate the fact that one is moving relatively at all.

Perhaps the predominating sensation of a first trip is the wind pressure in the face. It feels as if a solid wall of wind is trying to force your head backward. If the student has gone without goggles his eyes will weep until streams are coursing down his cheeks. Having descended again to the surface of the water, one is really delighted with the experience.

* Since this article was written the author has left to join the Aviation Corps at the front.

On the first trip the student is generally taken up to an altitude of 500 or 600 feet and is away from the hangar (aeroplane shed) for about ten to fifteen minutes; in fact this attitude and time may be taken as applicable to most trips throughout the student's training.

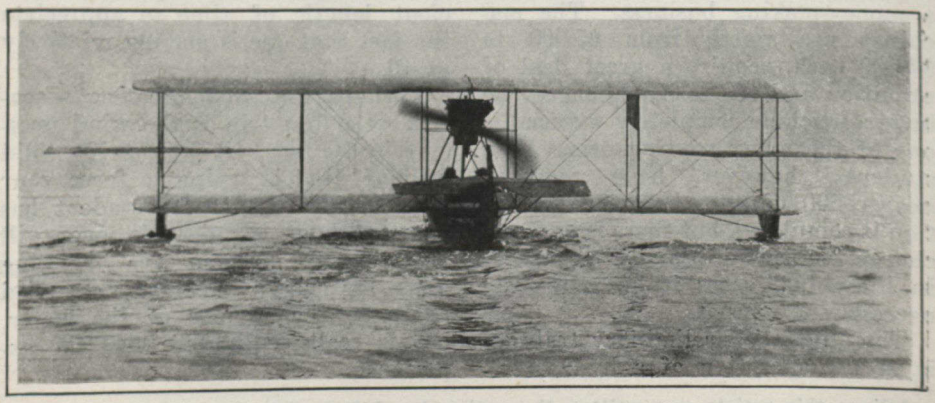
Before his second trip the student will have taken more precise note of the machine itself. It has two sets of wings, one placed above the other, and is therefore known as a bi-plane. These wings have a spread of thirty-five to forty feet. The student and pilot sit alongside each other, immediately in front of the wings, in what might be called a boat, which tapers, back of the wings, into a tail. In the centre, immediately below the upper plane, there is an eight-cylinder gasoline engine. On the front end of it are the radiator and crank handle, as on an ordinary automobile; though on account of the engine being up comparatively high it is cranked by pulling down on the crank handle. Attached to the crank shaft of the engine but back of the planes there is a propeller. It has only two blades, is made of wood, and is about eight and one-half feet long. It is the driving of this propeller at the rate of 1,250 revolutions a minute that gives the aeroplane sufficient speed to remain in the air.

On taking his place beside the pilot for his first instruction trip, the student has the working of the different controls explained to him. The machine has to be controlled in three different ways. It must be steered, like a boat, as to directions, and as to ascending and descending, and the balance sideways must be maintained.

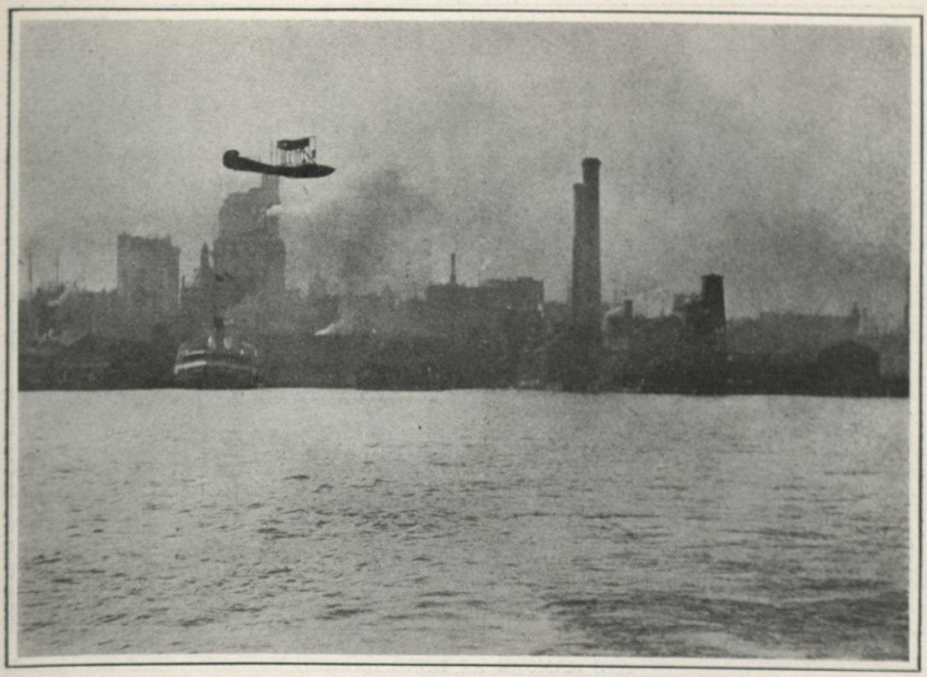
Wires run from the rudder to the ends of a swivel bar, which is controlled by the feet. In order to turn to the right, one pushes forward with the right foot. The upright wheel immediately in front of the student works towards him and from him, as well as turning sideways. The forward and back movement controls the elevator, which forces the machine either up or down. The elevator is really just a horizontal rudder; it is at the tail end of the machine, along with the rudder, but is in two sections, one on each side of the rudder, so that both elevator and rudder may be used at the same time.

The wheel, on being turned like an automobile wheel, controls the side-balance. Wires from the wheel are attached to comparatively small planes called ailerons, placed midway between the two main planes, but at the extreme outer ends of the wings. It is in moving these ailerons that a wing will go either up or down. If it is desired to raise the right wing the wheel is turned to the left.

All controls are in duplicate, a set



A CLOSE VIEW OF A HYDRO-AEROPLANE SPEEDING ON TORONTO BAY



A HYDRO-AEROPLANE PASSING OVER TORONTO BAY

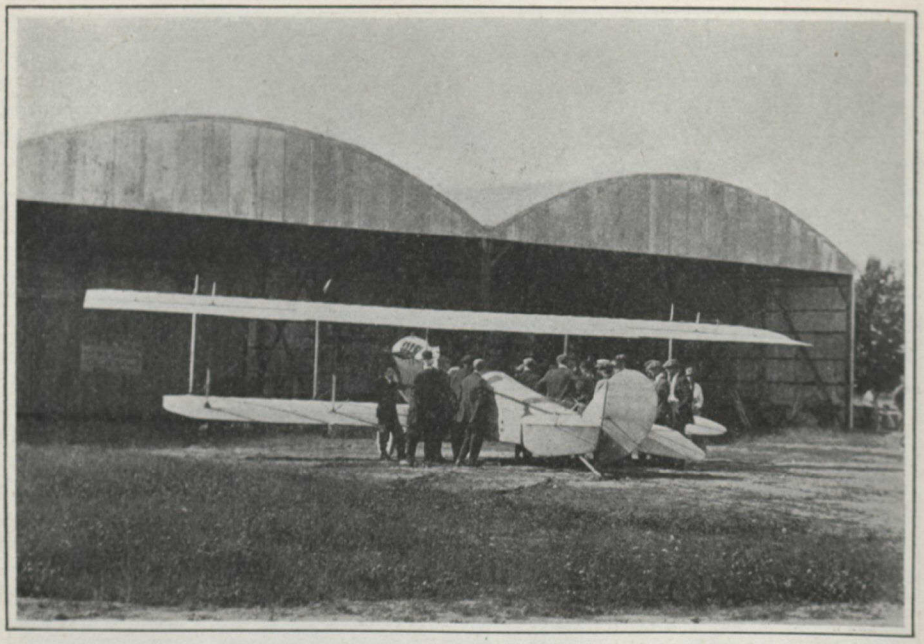
being in front of both pilot and student. In this way the pilot can let the student work one control while he attends to the others. Also when the student turns a control the wrong way the pilot can over-control him and correct him.

Having carefully explained to the student the workings of the controls and that the student will be expected to control only the elevator on this trip, the pilot cranks the engine, and the machine starts off along the water. When its speed reaches about forty miles an hour, the pilot works the elevator so that the machine gradually rises out of the water. He will keep it within ten feet of the water until it reaches a speed of about sixty miles an hour, at which speed the machine must be travelling before attempting to climb.

Having reached an altitude of about 500 feet the pilot signals the student to take hold of the elevator control. The student is supposed to keep the machine from ascending or descending. Perhaps the machine will have a tendency to go down; the student immediately pulls the wheel towards him. Then the machine may start to climb, so he will push the wheel away from him; now the student feels he is really doing something, and is surprised at how easily the machine responds to the control. Having satisfied the pilot that he understands the controlling of the elevator the student will be shown on the next trip how to use the rudder.

The occupants of a hydro-aeroplane are not strapped into the machine, but wear life-preservers, for the greatest danger is from the machine sinking in the water should there be a bad descent.

There are ten students to a class, with a pilot and machine definitely assigned to them. In good flying weather a student may get two or even three trips a day, though he will be very lucky if he averages one trip a day.

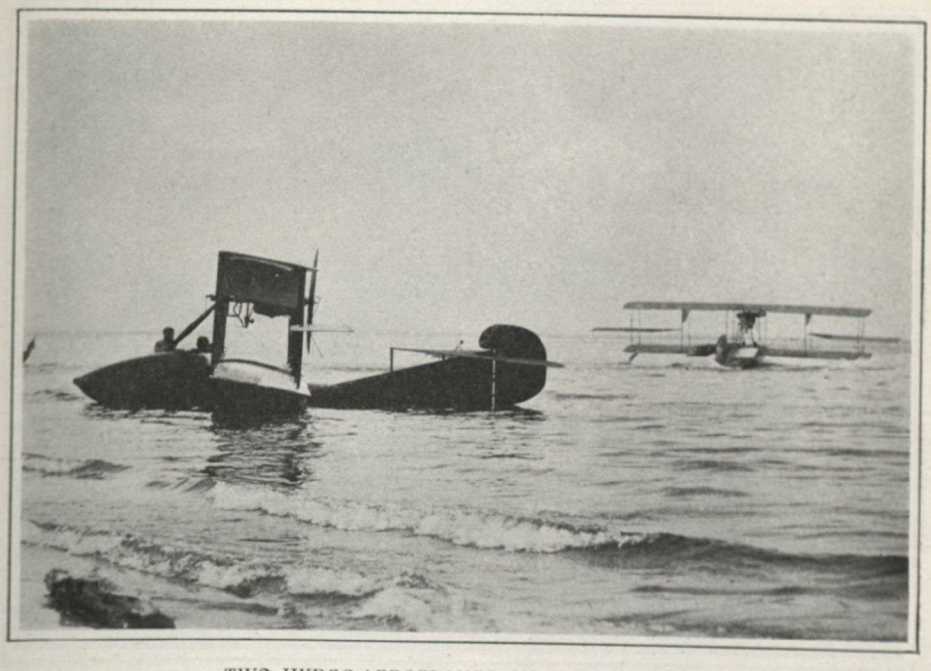


THE HANGAR AT LONG BRANCH

On his third trip the student will be allowed to steer (moving the swivel bar with his feet), but on receiving the pilot's signal to make a turn he will involuntarily turn the wheel, particularly if he has had experience in driving an automobile. Of course, moving the wheel in order to steer is the wrong thing to do, as turning the wheel controls the side balance. The pilot, however, through his experience with other students is expecting the wheel to turn, so is ready to over-control the student. Naturally the student feels very foolish at his mistake, but he soon learns to use his feet for steering, and finds that it is not as easy to keep the machine pointed at a particular object as he had expected.

In case any trouble develops while in the air, the pilot immediately descends. If it should be a case of the engine stopping, it is quite impossible to start it again while in the air. One might suggest having an automatic starter, but the extra weight would make it quite impracticable. Another impossibility is to reverse the engine.

The student may be allowed to work all three controls on his next trip, and then the following generally happens. First, one wing will start to droop, and the student just gets that nicely levelled up when he notices that the machine is pointed down. He raises the nose, but by this time he is away off the course he was steering. When he finds this out he is working the controls so erratically that the pilot has to interfere and straighten things out. On returning to the hangar, the pilot explains that the student will have to learn to work all three controls at once, instead of one at a time. This means that instead of thinking the movement for each control, the student will have to learn to move them subconsciously, as there is not time enough to think out each operation by itself. Of course, working the controls properly can only come with practice, so that it is necessary for the student to have many trips before he can control the



TWO HYDRO-AEROPLANES ON TORONTO BAY

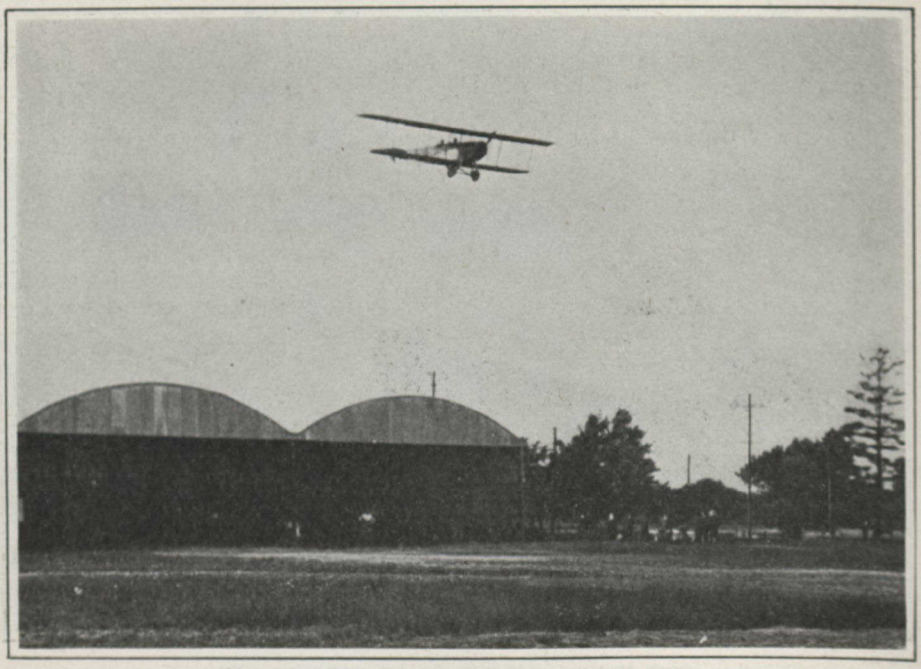
machine satisfactorily up in the air.

While turning in the air the outer wing must always be higher than the inner, to prevent side-slipping or "skidding," since the centrifugal force due to turning always has a tendency to force the machine towards the outside of a curve. The amount higher that the outer wing should be than the inner depends upon the sharpness of the curve and also on the direction of the wind. If the wind is coming toward the outside wing, that wing is not raised as high as if the wind was towards the inside wing. Therefore it is always necessary while in the air to know from what diretion the wind is blowing.

When the student has reached the point in his training where he has full control of the machine in the air, and just as he is beginning to think that he knows a great deal about flying, the pilot informs him that the air work is really of very little importance compared with making a good landing. So on his next trip the student will try the landing practice.

The pilot explains that it is always desirable to face the wind when making a landing, for in that way the machine has more relative speed, and thereof one has more control over it. On the next trip the pilot makes a landing to show the student how it is done. It all seems simple enough. Immediately the engine is shut off, the wheel is pushed forward in order to make the machine dip and is held in that position until on approaching the surface of the water the wheel is pulled back very little, and the machine glides along level with the water, about three to five feet above it, until through reducing speed and its own weight it gradually settles into the water.

The student then tries to make a landing, but the chances are that he will pull back on the wheel too soon, and be sailing level anywhere from twenty to fifty feet above the water. Of course, this is altogether too high in order to complete the landing, so the pilot speeds up the engine and



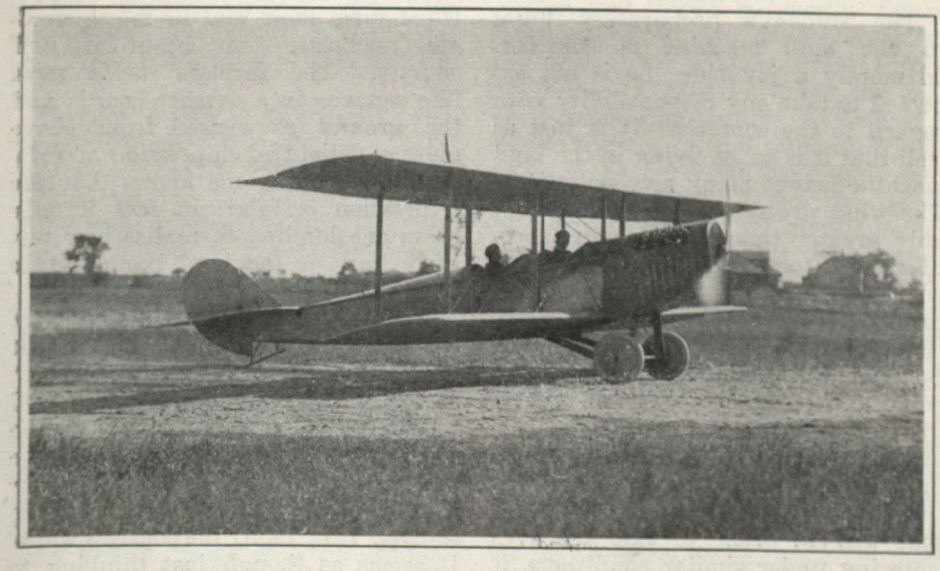
AN AEROPLANE ABOUT TO LAND AT LONG BRANCH

the machine ascends to about 300 feet for another trial. This time, as the machine approaches the water, the student will perhaps wait too long before raising the elevator, and if the pilot had not interfered at the last moment, the machine would no doubt have been wrecked. Now the student realizes that making a landing is not as easy as it appeared. However, with subsequent trips the student begins to "feel" the machine, and it is only then that he gives it the correct amount of control. He also finds that the elevator is not the only control used in making a good landing. Perfect steering and side balance must be maintained throughout the descent; for should the end of a wing touch the water first it would most likely result in the whole wing being smashed.

After the student has been about 180 minutes in the air, divided into about fifteen to twenty trips, he is usually ready for graduation from the hydro-aeroplane to the land machine, in which his training is to be completed. But before being graduated he must be able to show the pilot that he can control the machine satisfactorily in the air over a figure eight course, and also make three good landings in succession. On being able to do this, he is allowed to transfer to the land flying school at Long Branch, which is under the control of the same company.

Before continuing with the student's training it might be well to refer to a few misconceptions. When the engine is "shut off" preparatory to making a landing, it really does not stop, but continues running at a very much reduced speed. In fact it is always desirable to keep the engine running; since in case of a bad landing the pilot can always speed up immediately, and sail into the air instead of completing the landing.

It is quite impossible for an aeroplane to remain stationary in the air. The only set rule in aviation is



AN AEROPLANE ABOUT TO RISE AT LONG BRANCH

"keep up the speed". The average machine cannot fly level or even stay in the air at all with a speed less than forty-five to fifty miles an hour. Of course, this speed is registered in relation to the air. It is possible to imagine and is quite feasible that if a machine could stay in the air against a fifty-mile breeze, it would remain stationary with respect to the ground.

While in the air, and the engine is running full speed, the noise makes it quite impossible to hear the voice, and that is why the pilot has to signal his instructions to the pupil.

Perhaps the most remarkable sensation connected with aviation is the feeling of safety while up in the air. It is only while looking up at an aeroplane from the ground that one feels nervous about any accident occurring.

But to return to the student's training. On his arrival at Long Branch Rifle Ranges, where the flying field for land machines is situated, he will be assigned to one of the three classes. Before going up on his first trip he will perhaps notice the main distinctions between land machines and water machines. These distinctions, and particularly the method of control, refer to the machines used at Toronto. Naturally there are many different types of aeroplanes.

The land machine has a wider spread of wings, and the ailerons instead of being between the planes are attached to the back edge, and at the extreme ends of the upper plane. Instead of the heavy boat there is a light running gear of two wheels with pneumatic tires. This reduces the weight of the machine considerably and enables it to fly at eighty miles an hour, or twenty miles an hour faster than the hydro-aeroplane. The engine is at the front end of the machine with the propeller in the same place with respect to the engine as the crank handle is on a hand-cranking automobile. In fact, turning the propeller is the only method used to start the engine. The student sits in front of the pilot, instead of alongside of him, and is immediately behind the engine. The controls, however, are in duplicate and work in the same way as in the hydro-aeroplane.

The student's preparatory flight in the land machine is considered merely a joy ride; he is not expected to take any responsibility with regard to the controls. It is just as well that it is so, as flying in the land machine brings many new sensations. The wind pressure in the face is not only greater than in the hydro-aeroplane, due to the increased speed, but is increased by the back-draft off the propeller, which is equal to an additional speed of fifteen miles an hour. So that the total wind pressure is equal to that due to a speed of ninety-five miles an hour. Although it is quite possible to go without goggles in the hydro-aeroplane—and some of the students take four or five trips that way in order to stop the eyes watering under similar conditions, it is quite dangerous going without goggles when the engine is in front, as in the land machine, where oil and gasoline in small quantities may be blown into the eyes. The reason a wind shield is not used is in order to keep the head resistance to a minimum. How small this head resistance is may be gauged from the fact that the cross wires between the struts, etc., offer about one-quarter of the total head resistance. Due to the exhaust, the heat from the engine is quite noticeable; but of course this heat is soon overcome as the aeroplane reaches levels above 1,500 feet.

The expected sensation of flying over land, after being familiar with flying over water, does not materialize. Perhaps the most surprising feature about aviation is the number of sensations which fail to come up to expectation. It seems impossible to guess accurately how one will feel under any new condition.

On his pleasure trip the student will naturally be interested in the view that spreads out before him, as the machine rises into the air. To the south is the expansive lake, to east and west stretch beautiful farms, and bordering them, comparatively small woods; to the north, more well tilled farm land, and in the immediate northeast two beautiful golf courses. The farmers' fields seem like squares on a checker board; and the ground as viewed from above gives a delightful impression of softness. Of course one knows that the impression is false; in fact it only takes one landing to realize how terribly hard is the land lying hid in that velvet glove.

Immediately before the next trip, the pilot will explain to the student the course which he wants followed, as the student is going to be allowed to control the machine. They are no sooner up about 300 feet than the pilot taps the student on the shoulder as a signal for him to take over the control. How easily the controls work! It seems as though just thinking to move them is sufficient! However, this necessitates a greater degree of accuracy in their manipulation.

To anyone thinking that there are no bumps on the air roads, one experience with puffy winds would be enough to disillusionize him. The worst feature about the bumps is that one cannot see them and does not know where the next one will be found. When the air is at all steady the motion seems like being in a sail boat, you feel the machine riding the invisible waves; indeed in the operation of an aeroplane, many of the mariner's difficulties present themselves.

The student will require about half a dozen flights before being allowed to try a landing. On shutting off the engine the machine is pointed toward the earth at such an angle as is necessary to keep up the speed. When about fifty feet above the ground the machine should from there on, describe a vertical curve—a curve as you look at the machine from the side. When about three to five feet above the ground it should straighten out and be kept at that level until it gradually settles to the earth. Should the landing be completed the machine bumps along the ground until it gradually comes to rest. In case of

a too sudden contact with the ground, the engine should be speeded up before attempting to complete the landing.

Having shown a degree of proficiency in making a landing, after several additional trips, the student will be trained in stopping the machine near a given mark. Not having any brakes on the machine it requires good judgment as to when to shut off the engine in order to make the mark. Suppose the machine is up 400 feet in the air, it is necessary to be more than half a mile away from the mark before starting to make the landing. Naturally the distance away from the mark when the engine should be shut off, depends on the height. So for each landing the student has to judge both his altitude and distance, and do it very quickly as all the time he is travelling at a speed of eighty miles an hour or over 100 feet a second. Some idea of how accurately the machine must be controlled when making a landing may be gained from the fact that once within about ten feet of the ground the movement of the elevator control a half a second too late or too soon, or a quarter of an inch too much, may make all the difference between a good and bad landing. And at the same time there are other things needing attention, so that one has not solely the elevator control to think of.

After about twenty flights the student is generally ready to try his examinations for a pilot's certificate, which is one entirely of flying the machine. No written test or knowledge of the engine is required. The tests are held by the Aero Club of America, who are represented by an Official Observer appointed by them. The student has to go in the aeroplane alone, and the test consists of three separate flights. During his last flights with the pilot the student has sat in the rear seat, which, being the regular pilot's seat, is the one in which he will fly his test.

The first flight is over a figure eight course, but it is necessary to cover this course five times before making a landing in which the machine must stop within 164 feet of a given mark. If the student thinks after he has shut off the engine that he is not going to reach the mark, he may speed up the engine again any time before touching the ground: but he may not do this having once touched the ground. The second flight is a repetition of the first, mainly to show that landing near the mark was not merely a matter of luck.

The third flight is known as the glide. During it the student need not go over the figure eight course, but may take his own course as long as he reaches an altitude of more than 328 feet before making his landing. However, having once shut off the engine, he may not use it again to make his landing, either before or after touching the ground; but it is necessary to stop near any given spot. Should the student not complete a flight according to the rules, he is made to fly it over again. The distances are in odd amounts owing to the original distances being measured in metres—100 metres equal 328 feet.

On this first flight alone the student will perhaps be a little nervous, until he finds that he is getting along all right, and then his former confidence returns. But it seems to be usually the case that the student does not make all his landings as well as he would like to, or even as well as he did when the pilot was along during practice flights, though the pilot may not have touched a control. Perhaps the excitement due to his being on trial may be responsible for this.

When the student has completed his test the authorities at Ottawa are notified, and generally within a week or ten days he is on his way to England to do his bit for the Empire. An additional course there of about two months' duration is necessary before going on active service.

THE ELEVENTH GOOSE

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD

SAY, Jenkins, tell me what you think of that," and Thompson waved his cigar in the direction of a painting that hung near the piano.

Jenkins had come in a moment or two before and was preparing to settle himself for a smoke.

"You mean this bit of landscape?" he answered, walking over to the wall and striking a match on his heel. "I never was much of a judge of this sort of thing, but I guess it's all right. It looks natural enough—trees and mountains and a sunset on the water; but all sort of commonplace, seems to me."

Thompson swung back on the sofa and hugged his knee. "I'm sorry for you, Jenkins," he said quietly. "Life must be a dreary sort of waste to fellows like you who can't discriminate between a chromo and a work of real art. Why, man, that's a genuine Corot."

"A what?"

"A Corot—done by Corot, the famous French artist. You don't mean, Jenkins, you've never heard of Corot?"

"How do you spell him?"

"C-o-r-o-t, of course."

"Oh, that's the chap, is it? Trouble is, these Frenchmen sound different than they look. If you don't pronounce the 't,' what's the earthly good of tagging it on to the name? And I suppose, because this is a 'genuine Corot,' you paid a pretty penny for it, eh?"

"Yes—and no. It was a big price for me to pay, but it was dirt cheap considering the value of the canvas. It was one of the Vandegraft collection—sold at auction last week—and I got it knocked down to me at a ridiculously low figure. I don't see what the other buyers could have been thinking about."

"A bargain-sale picture? And yet I must say, Thompson, it's got some good points about it, especially this flock of wild geese here. They are quite effective, 'pon my word, silhoutted against this red sky. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Just ten of 'em. Wonder your old friend didn't make a round dozen of 'em while he was about it."

Thompson flecked the ashes from his cigar. "Count them again," he said. "You missed one."

"Is that so? I must be getting near-sighted," and Jenkins, with the aid of his finger, carefully counted them over. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,—and that's all, so far as I can see."

"Then you can't see straight," commented Thompson. "I counted them only a few days ago as a matter of curiosity, and they footed up eleven."

"Well, that may be; but there are only ten now. One of them must have flown away, I guess. That's one of the disadvantages of such fine paintings—they're too natural." Jenkins struck another match and proceeded to light his pipe. "Maybe your missing goose has got into the woods at the other end of the land-

scape," he continued, between puffs. "Perhaps you can shoo him out; I'd like to see him."

Thompson smiled good-humouredly. "Why, certainly," he answered, "I'll get him out for you, with pleasure," and picking up a pencil from his desk he walked over to the picture. "Perhaps you're not accustomed to counting French geese."

"Perhaps," assented Jenkins.

"Well, there's *one,*" pursued Thompson, placing the rubber end of the pencil on the leader of the flock; "and there's two and three; four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—ten—"

"Well?" inquired Jenkins, taking a pull at his pipe.

"I must have missed one," explained Thompson, and forthwith he repeated the count. The result was the same—ten.

Jenkins smiled. Thompson scowled and puffed smoke for a moment or two, without audible comment, as he gazed at the picture. "It beats me," he declared at length. "When I counted those geese last Saturday there were eleven of them, as sure as I am standing here this minute."

Jenkins dropped lazily into a Morris chair and stretched his legs. "I tell you what it is, old man," he said; "you'll have to get a wire netting and fence those birds in."

His host was counting—"seven, eight, nine—*ten!* Well, if that doesn't beat the Dutch!"

"And the devil," added Jenkins. "It's just as I tell you, Thompson; if you want to squander your money on these realistic masterpieces you've got to take the consequences. Now, first thing you know, it'll begin to rain and that lake will spill out on your carpet."

Thompson tossed his pencil on to the table and resumed his seat. "That's all very funny,"—he replied soberly,—"all very funny, but, seriously now, Jenkins, I tell you there were eleven geese in that flock when I counted them before."

"That's all right old man—I'm not doubting your word. They're your geese and you ought to know how many there are. Perhaps number eleven'll come back some day—you can't tell. But all jokes aside, Thompson, I like that picture—I really do. I was a bit too close to it before. It shows up fine from here. Yes, sir, that's all right—that's a great piece of work—it grows on you."

Jenkins struck a match on the sole of his left shoe and proceeded to relight his pipe. "Good-tasting tobacco," he remarked, as he shook out the match flame, "but the infernalest stuff for going out." He twirled the match into the fireplace and settled back comfortably. "By the way, Thompson, have you met Miss Beveridge?"

"Beveridge?" queried Thompson, —"Beveridge? Never heard of her. Who is she?"

"Neighbour of yours upstairs—has the flat right over this. And so you haven't met her yet?"

"No, I have not had the pleasure. I don't know that I've ever seen her, unless she is the young woman I've passed in the hall once or twice—tall and willowy, light hair, large brown eyes, and one of these soft, velvety, peach-like complexions?"

"Perfect, Monsieur Bertillon—perfect! Upon my word, old fellow, she must have made an impression!"

"Pshaw! that doesn't follow," evaded Thompson. "She's a girl of striking appearance, and I just happened to get a good look at her—that's all. At the same time, though, I wouldn't mind meeting her."

"And I have an impression," supplemented Jenkins, "that she would like to know you a little better."

"Know me a little better? Well, that's a compliment, certainly. I would not have flattered myself that she knew me at all."

"You can't always tell about such things," and Jenkins ignited a match noisily along the lower ledge of his chair.

"No, I suppose not," admitted Thompson, with conscious indifference. "At all events, Jenkins, it shall be your happy lot to bring about this mutually desired acquaintanceship."

"Sorry I can't oblige you, old man—but the truth is, I'm not in a position to do it."

"Why not? What's the trouble?"

"No trouble; only we don't happen to be acquainted."

Thompson tilted his head against the wall and slowly exhaled a mouthful of smoke toward the ceiling.

"What's the joke?" he asked drily.

"No joke, old man. Some day, though, perhaps I'll tell you something—unless you should meet *her* in the meantime."

Thompson silently declined to betray his curiosity.

"But, that's neither here nor there," concluded Jenkins; "so let's have some music. How's that new piece by Strauss you were talking to me about the other day? Is it any good?" and with this digression Miss Beveridge passed out of the conversation.

Had Thompson been less consciously interested in the subject, he would not have submitted thus readily to her dismissal; but, being a bachelor and scenting love for the first time, he fought shy of Jenkins's raillery and sought to disarm suspicion by a show of indifference. He felt bashfully annoyed at himself for the pertinacity with which his thoughts reverted to this young woman, whom he had noticed for the first time scarcely two weeks before. He had probably seen her but three or four times in all. On each occasion it was no more than a passing glance, but each time he had caught, in her face or in her figure, some added charm—some further realization of his bachelorhood ideal of feminine perfection. It was with a feeling akin to resentment that he learned her name through his friend Jenkins. In a vague sort of way he had expected to discover it himself.

As a matter of fact, Jenkins had a way of making him feel uncomfortable. There was a flippancy about Jenkins—a certain sense of irresponsibility—that often went against the grain of the more serious-minded Thompson. On this particular evening he was especially annoyed at the bantering way in which Jenkins accepted his statement regarding the number of geese in the picture. To a man with Thompson's reverent regard for a work of art, such jocular comments as those indulged in by Jenkins fell far short of being appreciated.

But, aside from this, Thompson was both vexed and puzzled. It vexed him to think that he, a reputed art connoisseur, should stand convicted of having indulged in the childish curiosity of counting the number of geese in the painting. But, having done so and having convinced himself that there were eleven of them, he could not be otherwise than puzzled to discover that one of the birds was missing. Had he not fixed the number eleven so firmly in his mind as the result of his first numeration, he would at once have ascribed the discrepancy to a miscount in the first place, and dismissed the matter from further consideration. But this, under the circumstances, he found impossible. He was as sure that there were eleven when he counted them the week before as he was that there were ten when he counted them this evening.

Scarcely had the door closed after Jenkins when Thompson again examined the picture. Three times he counted the geese—carefully, slowly, anxiously—and each time the result was—ten. There was no possibility of further doubt—there were ten geese in the flock and ten only.

To spare himself the unpleasant conviction that he was a lunatic, Thompson reluctantly conceded that he must have made a mistake the week before.

But this concession to his sanity

in no wise relieved his mind of its perplexity, and during the ensuing week he had geese on the brain to the exclusion of all else save Miss Beveridge. Once he met her at the front door of the apartment house and hailed with secret delight the opportunity it gave him to stand aside and raise his hat to her as she passed in. This little act of courtesy she had acknowledged with a bow and a scarcely audible "Thank you," but her eyes had met his frankly and smilingly. Then, a day or two later, he discovered her going up the stairs ahead of him. He had determined when he next encountered her to make himself acquainted, under the pretext of expressing a hope that his piano did not annoy her, though, as a matter of fact, he seldom played on it. Unfortunately, however, his plan was frustrated by a rude boy, who came bounding down the stairs and bumped into him so unmercifully hard that there was nothing to do but relieve his injured fellings by collaring the lad and shaking him well and plentifully, to the accompaniment of some straightforward advice on stairway etiquette.

It was only his diverting thought of Miss Beveridge, with her glorious eyes and the inflaming atmosphere of her personality, that saved him from growing silly over the matter of his missing goose. And even with this restraint upon his naturally morbid propensities, his mind persisted in referring to the subject, and every little while he was startled to find himself mechanically counting the flock of geese, which remained forever in a state of quiescent flight across a sunset sky. Each time the flock consisted of ten, and each time he was candid enough to admit that he was himself a goose. This was the only explanation he had to offer for his conduct, for when a man, born with a moody and romantic disposition, becomes the victim of a crotchety obsession, he is not to be judged by the every-day standards.

Dating from the night of Jenkins's last visit, the painting became invested with an unholy fascination for him. It bothered and worried him. He sometimes regretted that he had ever purchased it, and more than once the suggestion of selling it flashed across his unwilling mind. He found it next to impossible to longer enjoy its beauties as a landscape picture. Whenever he looked at it, his gaze was irresistibly centered on the flock of geese. All else was subordinated to this one feature. What had been designed as a mere detail became now the focal object of the painting. He blamed Jenkins for it. That was some comfort. It was just like Jenkins, who knew infinitely more about gunning than about art, to emphasize the geese out of all proportion to their surroundings. If the question of the number had not arisen, this bit of stupidity on the part of Jenkins would never have affected him; but now, alas, he saw only geese in the picture, every line and every shade of each individual bird having become indelibly impressed on his brain. And, worst of all, there remained the haunting sense of certainty that one goose was missing.

It is a question, therefore, whether Thompson was really very much surprised when the eleventh goose made its reappearance. Naturally, it startled him somewhat, for he had no rational expectation that such a thing would happen, but in a certain sense he accepted it as something that was due him, whatever might be the mystery. At all events, the miracle occurred.

He was lounging in his Morris chair, consuming an after-dinner cigar, when his glance rested upon the tantalizing Corot. Whether his sight had grown uncertain, whether it was his imagination, or whether there really was a difference, he was on the instant unready to decide. Whatever it was, he was conscious that in some indefinite particular the picture did not look the same.

With straining eyes he approached the painting and counted hastily with his finger: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—eleven."

He repeated the count—repeated it three times. The eleventh goose had returned.

With his thumbs in his trousers pockets and his cigar tucked in a corner of his mouth, Thompson paced meditatively back and forth across the room. At the end of five minutes he stopped and again faced the picture. He had made no mistake—eleven geese were flying across the sunset sky.

Thompson pitched his cigar into the fireplace and stepping over to the telephone on his desk, rang up central with impatient emphasis.

"Let me have Main two-sixty-two," he ordered. "Hello, is this Mr. Jenkins's residence? Tell him, please, that Mr. Thompson wishes to speak to him. Hello, is that you, Jenkins? Can you step around and see me this evening? What? I want to show you something—want to speak to you about something. How's that? No, it's about that Corot of mine. When you were here last week you remember you counted ten geese in the flock? You're absolutely sure there were ten, are you? And you remember at the time I told you I had counted eleven a few days before? Well, come around this evening and count them again. Yes, there are eleven; but I'm not asking you to take my word for it; come count them yourself. What's that? Oh, quit your nonsense; I'm serious about this. If you've got any rational explanation to offer, let's have it. What! Miss Beveridge! Why, what in thunder has she got to do with it? No, I haven't met her yet. Well, supposing she is? Oh, that's all right enough, but what in the name of common sense are you driving at, anyway? Oh, you will, will you? I don't half believe it; but come around anyhow. About half past eight."

As he hung up the receiver, his door bell announced a caller.

"My laundry," he thought, feeling for his change.

As he opened the door the rose-shaded light of the room illumined in soft relief the form and face of a young woman. The expectation of encountering a frowzy lad with a laundry bundle did not at once permit Thompson's faculties to adjust themselves to the actual situation, and it was not until the lapse of an appreciable second that he realized he was standing face to face with Miss Beveridge.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she faltered, lowering her eyes before Thompson's bald attitude of surprise—"I—I would like to speak a word with Mr. Thompson."

"At your service," responded Thompson nervously. "Won't—won't you walk in?" and with a bow and a little wave of the hand he stepped aside.

"No, thank you," she declined quickly. "If he will kindly come to the door—I shall detain him but a moment."

"Why, yes, certainly—I beg your pardon," returned Thompson, flustered and bewildered. "Why, certainly. You are Miss Beveridge, I believe?"

"Yes; and I would like to speak to Mr. Thompson, please."

"Oh—why—pardon me—I am Mr. Thompson."

"You!" Miss Beveridge drew back with a start. "I mean Mr. Thompson—Mr. Charles Thompson—the gentleman who has this apartment," she hastened to explain.

"Well, that's me," pursued Thompson, thrown off his grammatical guard by the perplexity of the conversation. "I am Mr. Charles Thompson, and this is my apartment."

Miss Beveridge stared blankly into Thompson's bewildered face. "I must have made a mistake—there is some misunderstanding," she apolo-

gized uneasily, the deep flush of her cheeks emphasizing her embarrassment. "I'm looking for the Mr. Thompson," she went on hastily, "who owns a landscape by Corot."

"With a flock of wild geese in it?" inquired Thompson.

"Yes—that's the picture."

"Well—why, pardon me, Miss Beveridge," he floundered, "but that's my picture; I own that picture. See, there it is," and flinging open the door, he pointed to it on the opposite wall.

It was the evidence Miss Beveridge had called for.

"I don't understand it at all," she declared in a tone of hopeless confusion, as her glance rested on the painting. "That surely is the picture and this is the same room; but you are not the same man."

"Not the same man?" echoed Thompson, groping for a mental foothold. "I don't think I quite understand."

"Oh, I am quite sure you are not the same man," she insisted. "The gentleman I saw here before was quite unlike you in every way."

"You saw him here?—in this room?"

"Yes."

"And he told you his name was Thompson?"

"Yes—well, no—that is, he didn't say so in so many words. When he loaned me the picture, I asked him to whom I was indebted for his kindness, and he—"

"When he loaned you the picture?" broke in Thompson explosively.

"Why, yes! You surely don't mean you know nothing about it?" and Miss Beveridge caught her breath as with sudden alarm.

"Really, Miss Beveridge," he responded bluntly; "I don't know what you are talking about—I really do not. Won't you please explain what all this means? And don't let me keep you standing; pray be seated, if only for a moment."

"I hardly know how to explain—how to apologize," she answered, entering the room and seating herself uneasily on the edge of the nearest chair. "I am so confused and bewildered, and mortified; I don't know what you must think of me; I have made a dreadful mistake in some way."

"I'm sure it can't be anything so very dreadful," he reassured her, as he seated himself sidewise of the piano stool and threw his arm carelessly over the back. "You say that some one calling himself Mr. Thompson loaned you my picture?"

"Yes. I got on to this floor by mistake one day, about two weeks ago. Your door happened to be open as I was passing and I caught sight of this Corot hanging here. I was so surprised to see it again I stood stock still and simply stared at it."

"To see it *again?*" repeated Thompson curiously.

"Yes. You know, of course, it was in the Vandergraft art gallery for a number of years. It is one of my favourites, and old Mrs. Vandergraft used to let me come there and copy it."

"Then you are an artist?" he degressed.

"I am not sure," she answered modestly. "I only copy the works of others."

"To do that well is an art in itself," he assured her.

She acknowledged the implied compliment with a smile, and went on: "I was at work on a copy of this Corot when the collection was sold. It was a great disappointment to me, because I wanted to finish it from the original. I had a copy of it in my studio that I had made about a month before for a lady in Philadelphia, and, of course, I could have finished the second copy from that, and that is what I should have been obliged to do if I had not happened to see the original hanging in your room, and if the owner of it—at least the one I supposed to be the owner

of it—had not happened to come in just at that moment. It was one of those impulsive things I do sometimes and regret afterwards, but, without stopping to think, I had the audacity to introduce myself to him and ask him if he would loan me the picture for a few days until I could finish the copy. He seemed to be perfectly willing on condition that I would replace it for the time being with my finished copy."

"Was he a short man, with a light moustache and rather curly hair?" asked Thompson.

"Yes; and I think he wore glasses."

"I thought so."

"Then you know who it was?"

"Oh, yes, very well. His name is Jenkins."

"And had he any right to do what he did?"

"None in the world."

"Why, how perfectly outrageous!"

"Yes, perhaps so; but all depends upon the point of view. Jenkins probably thinks it is all a very good joke, and dreadfully funny. For my part, I don't feel I ought to blame him for loaning you my picture, for he did only what I would have been most happy to do; and besides that, had it not been for his joke I should not have had the pleasure of meeting you this evening."

The roses in Miss Beveridge's cheeks deepened for a moment as she answered: "It is extremely good of you, Mr. Thompson, to take it all so good-naturedly and so graciously; and I scarcely know what to say to you—how to express my thanks and apologies." She rose and extended her hand. "At all events, I hope you will let me feel that I am forgiven—that you bear me no ill will—by some time returning this 'visit' of mine. I shall be very glad indeed to show you my studio."

"And I know I shall find it most interesting," he responded, shaking her hand and bowing gallantly. "It is a privilege of which I shall be delighted to avail myself at the first opportunity. Oh, by the way," he added abruptly, as she was about to pass out, "you have not yet told 'Mr. Thompson' what it was you wanted to see him about."

"Why, how perfectly ridiculous," she laughed—"to come on a special mission and forget all about it! It was simply to tell 'Mr. Thompson' that I had the janitor bring his picture back this afternoon, and to again express by obligations and sincere thanks for his kindness."

Thompson turned about and faced the picture, "And so it was your copy that was hanging there during the past week?" he said reflectively; "and I never knew it."

"I am afraid the compliment is not deserved," she confessed. "It is probably only because the two pictures happened to be framed alike that you did not notice the substitution. If you had examined my copy I am sure you would have discovered at least one glaring disssimilarity. Why, I was perfectly horrified when I compared it with my new copy this afternoon to discover for the first time that I had failed to complete the flock of geese."

"You don't tell me!" remarked Thompson.

"I can't understand how I ever allowed such a mistake to occur. I had only ten birds in the flock and there ought to be eleven."

"Is that so? And are you sure, Miss Beveridge, you did not have eleven at first? I have a friend who says he knows of a case where a bird was painted so realistically it flew away," and Thompson smiled sweetly as Miss Beveridge took her departure amid blushes and a laughing response.

THE ROCKIES FROM A CAB WINDOW

BY FRANK GILBERT ROE

APART from those case-hardened mortals—usually, I am afraid, commercial men — in whom familiarity has bred, if not contempt, at any rate indifference, we can scarcely conceive of the traveller, as he speeds through the fleeting panorama of the Rockies, not lamenting the hard fate which from time to time dangles before his eyes such fascinating and tantalizing glimpses, only to ruthlessly snatch them away again, as the train, from which a moment before we could see stretching away for miles this playground of the gods, suddenly turns and creeps along beneath the overhanging cliffs of some river gorge or plunges into the depths of a forest. A favoured few may enjoy the advantages of an observation-car; but this carries with it one supreme defect. The traveller can but see the road by which he has come. Could the order of things he reversed, and the observation-car travel at the head of the train, preceding the engine, we are of the opinion that many who now suppose themselves to have a tolerably close acquaintance with our transcontinental routes through the Rockies would be astonished at the freshness and novelty which many familiar scenes would present. As in life, the forward look is best. For even where nature has been so prodigal in that which attracts and impresses, as in the Canadian Rockies, so that it seems invidious and ungrateful to acknowledge any preferences, yet even here, amid the multitude of sights, there are those which present no essential distinction from numbers of others and on which we scarcely bestow a second glance; and again there are others so unique, so outstanding in their appeal to us, that when first we see them afar off we recognize something extraordinary; and we strain our eyes eagerly for each new glimpse of them, until at last we are abreast of them, and then finally and regretfully we leave them behind. Of these sensations, the traveller who has but the resources of the car window at his command can know little or nothing. The unique and the commonplace—if we may be pardoned for the phrase, in a region where nothing is commonplace—are alike shut out from his vision until he finds himself confronting them; and there in one brief instant, while the senses are still reeling from the shock of their first appearance, he has to essay his small effort at discrimination, ere he is whirled away from giant and pygmies alike, to repeat the experience a mile farther on.

Much riding through a portion of the Rockies in locomotive cabs has impressed upon the writer the unapproachable superiority of this means of seeing the mountains as they are to be seen from the railway; and

while this experience is denied to all but a few, a short account of some of its advantages may be interesting, not merely to those who have never travelled through the Rockies in any manner, but even to more or less old acquaintances. For there must be many, as far as the Grand Trunk Pacific Rockies are concerned, who may have travelled that way on more than one occasion, and have yet never had an opportunity of observing the approach to the eastern gateway of the mountains; as it is—at present—only in certain seasons of year that this portion of the journey can be made in daylight.

The journey from Edmonton *via* the Grand Trunk Pacific is not characterized for a considerable distance westward by any very remarkable features. As far out as the Stony Plain district we are passing through one of the oldest settlements around Edmonton; a fact which is evidenced by the neat and well-tilled appearance of the country. Some nine miles west of Stony Plain the train stops for water at Carvel, on the edge of a beautiful little lake nestling in deep woods. This spot, which is itself the summit of the two steepest grades on the division between Edmonton and Edson—a fact only too well known to the enginemen, though the passengers have scarcely suspected it—possesses, or would possess if he knew it, an interest for the traveller second only to the Great Divide at the summit of the Rockies. For this is the Height of Land; we have reached the eastern edge of the broad plateau, some twenty miles across, which is the watershed of the two great river systems of the Northwest. The streams to the eastward feed the Saskatchewan, which ultimately debouches into Hudson Bay and the Atlantic; those to the westward find their way, *via* the Pembina River, into the Great Athabasca, and finally, by way of the Mackenzie, into the Arctic. Considered geographically, apart from the scenic point of view, this place is of equal importance with the Great Divide itself. A few miles farther on we reach the lovely Wabamun Lake, along whose wooded shore the line runs for more than ten miles. Another dozen miles or so, and we cross the very deep but narrow and heavily-wooded gorge of the Pembina. Here we again meet the Canadian Northern, which is to be our companion, more or less, all the way to the summit, and beyond.

It is worthy of note that hereabout we pick up the trail which Milton and Cheadle followed on their memorable journey in the summer of 1863. From Edmonton they diverged rather more to the north than the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific; in fact, they travelled very nearly what is now the Canadian Northern main line from Edmonton. Westward from the Pembina the country becomes wilder and rougher, although even here many farms may be seen in various directions; most of these, however, are still quite new, dating only since the advent of the railway.

All this time we have been steadily climbing, and are more than four hundred feet higher than at Edmonton; although the line has been so skilfully laid out that very few passengers (as the writer has more than once personally discovered) are aware of the fact. The Rockies, however, are still far off, and it is not until after passing Keston station, a distance of eighty-five miles from Edmonton, as we emerge from the deep cut overlooking the huge expanse of Chip Lake, that we can distinguish the peaks against the western sky; and then only if the weather conditions and the light are entirely favourable. It was not until after many journeys westward that the writer discovered that they could be seen before reaching Mackay, which is some eight miles farther on, on the crest of a high ridge. From this point to Edson they are at some places to be seen with ever-increasing distinctness; and at others

are entirely lost to sight as the train travels through the woods of spruce or pine. In these toll has been levied in the shape of hundreds of thousands of ties, which may frequently be seen piled in long stacks.

Before reaching Edson the only prominent natural feature which attracts the traveller's attention—if he be so fortunate as to be awake—is the confluence of Wolf Creek with the Macleod River. Although the line is within two or three hundred yards of the actual junction of the two streams, the engineering difficulties necessitated two separate bridges; and between the two a cutting of enormous depth has had to be made in the huge promontory which divides the two deep gorges of the streams. There is something very weird and uncanny in the peculiar appearance presented by these on a bright moonlight night in winter, which is extremely fascinating.

Hitherto, with perhaps the single exception of the early view of the Rockies, the man in the cab has had little advantage over the passenger at the car-window. There have been very few really romantic spots, where the line, curving this way and that, constantly presents some surprise to one gazing ahead; and these, curiously enough, have been in the first fifty miles from Edmonton. For miles the train has sped along straight stretches, where from one station the switch-lights of the one ahead might sometimes be seen, with now and then a slight curve in the alignment, and a constant succession of long climbs and short descents as we proceed westward. Although, as we have remarked, these are almost imperceptible to the passengers, they are none the less real; as a ride on the engine would speedily show, even to the novice. In the last forty miles of the journey between Edmonton and Edson the net rise in altitude is as great as in the first ninety; and at Edson we are eight hundred feet higher than at Edmonton.

From Edson westward the character of the line changes rapidly. The mountains here are distinctly to be seen; and this is the first place on our journey at which they commence to assume that appearance of "nearness" which at Calgary so frequently affords amusement at the expense of the unsuspecting stranger. From here, too, it seems as though for the first time the mountains are our definite objective, and that we have some prospect of getting there.

Hitherto we have merely been travelling with very little to indicate to the passenger that there even were any mountains.

But we have still another sixty miles to travel before we actually enter them; and the first section of this consists of an unbroken climb of thirty-six miles. Gazing ahead as we leave Edson, the line for a few miles presents no great difference from the appearance of the last sixty or so, when we suddenly swing round a curve, and we see beneath us once again the swirling torrent of the Macleod, which here on its journey north or northeastward from the mountains turns south again on the huge detour which led us to think when we crossed it, a dozen miles back, that it was then coming direct from the south. At the point where we are now meeting it, it executes its "Polk-face" with such fierceness and in such a short distance that the inner side of the curve seems to be a mere point sticking out into the stream; and at flood-time we have seen the impatient waters pouring across the flat as though they would carve for themselves another and more direct channel, as in due course of time they may.

Far off to the southwest, we can detect the windings of the deep valley of the river; and down another wide valley from the northwest a small creek rushes to pour itself into the larger stream. This striking spot, which was noticed by Milton and Cheadle on their jour-

ney westward, is known as the "Big Eddy"; and one of the largest and most remarkable bridges on the whole system is that by which the railway crosses this chasm. Built of huge timbers, and on a curve sharp enough that one may have a splendid view of the whole train, it towers to such a height that human beings seen on the river bank look like flies; and some idea of its length may be gathered from the fact (which I learned from the engineer of the locomotive which hauled the tracklayer) that the laying of the longitudinal timbers—"decking"—on which the ties rest, and of the ties themselves, occupied no less than two weeks. The nervous traveller is usually rather glad to get over such structures; but it is needless to add that these are not only strongly built, but are carefully watched by the company, and are perfectly safe. At this point, the Canadian Northern, which we have already crossed twice since leaving Edmonton, and which has been to the south of us for nearly fifty miles, crosses under us —through a section of the bridge— to the north, on which side it remains for some ninety miles.

Leaving the bridge, we again plunge into the woods, and for some miles the scenery is of a more or less prosaic character. Bickerdike, where an important branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific turns southward to the valuable and extensive coal fields in the head-waters of the Brazeau River, and Marlboro' are passed; and we emerge from the low hills and valleys, some of whose bogs and morasses remind us of the trials of Milton and Cheadle, and doubtless of many others, out on the Macleod once again.

The engine has given abundant evidence that we have been climbing all the time, although there were places where even an experienced engineman could see no hill—a not uncommon occurrence. But it becomes clear as we gaze down at the stream far below; and we even seem to be farther than ever from the water, even after making allowance for the fall of the stream. At this point a magnificent panorama is spread out before our eyes. Looking up the valley of the Macleod, as much as its tortuous windings admit of our looking, we occasionally catch the shimmer of waters in the sunlight. In the foreground we see a huge rounded hill or rather ridge covered to the summit with the heavy dark green of the spruce and pine, over which tower the Rockies, their gray peaks here and there covered with their mantle of snow. Looking around a little more to the right, the mountains seem to thin away in the distance; and the spectator's eye is caught by what at first seems like a sort of hiatus in the prospect before him. Instead of those gradations between foreground and background, to which we are accustomed, until finally we reach the horizon, we see the aforementioned ridge, standing out so clear and sharp in its greenery that we almost think we could pick out individual trees; and beyond that, nothing for miles and miles, until in the far distance there is a blue hazy-looking line of what appears to be timber again. It is as though we were looking beyond the edge of the world, or across some vast subsidence, the timber-clothed verge of some incredibly huge extinct volcano. The westerner, who is familiar with the mountain streams of Alberta, would probably conjecture that between himself and the distant scene there was a river somewhere; and so, indeed, there proves to be.

It is from this point that the spectator from the cab first begins to reap the peculiar advantages of his position and to learn what manner of thing a mountain railroad is. As we proceed, the line for some miles winds around the face of the hill, climbing and ever climbing, with the river rushing and swirling far below. On

its banks are piled stacks of saw-logs, looking like boxes of matches heaped up, and which poor eyesight fails to perceive at all. We again leave the river bank and plunge once more into the dense timber, the line still twisting this way and that in the incessant search for the easy grade. As we watch the curving to right or left, where a few feet on the one hand would have meant a deep cut, or on the other hand would have necessitated a high fill, owing to natural inequalities which are perfectly visible to us where the axemen have cut their wide swath along the right-of-way, we think to ourselves with much complacency that after all it doesn't take much to be a railroad surveyor; that if we had had the same job on hand we should have gone just where he went; it is all so very plain and obvious; where else could the fellow go? And then all at once it comes upon us with startling force that the clearing which enables us to perceive the obvious and the self-evident did not exist for him; it was the effect of his decision and by no means the cause; and we find ourselves lost in amazement at the stupendous difficulties of the task and at its wonderful achievement. The problem itself was one of colossal magnitude, regarded from the professional standpoint alone; but when we add thereunto the privation and dangers they encountered by all those engaged on the work we think the palm should go to the surveyor. And as we shall have occasion to notice later, the work was not merely done! It was done incomparably well.

But although we were not aware of the fact, we have at last reached the crest of the ridge, and spread out below us is the wide and deep valley of the Athabasca. There cannot be said to be any plateau; at one moment we are working steam heavily to breast the grade, and the next, steam is shut off, as the engine shows manifest signs of running away, and we are "drifting" down the long twenty-mile hill to the Athabasca, and of that twenty less than three necessitates the working of steam. We are now with many twists and turns, and frequent high but short trestles over the numerous creeks which help to feed the Athabasca, descending gradually to the lower levels of the valley.

It is curious to note that in climbing along the Macleod River bank we were on the northern bank, with the sunny southern exposure; and the track runs along a bare treeless precipice. Here the case is exactly reversed. We are on the southern bank, with the much less sunny—and in places totally sunless—northern exposure, and the slope is heavily timbered. This contrast is an invariable feature of all our Alberta streams, and the two spectacles present an Ebal and a Gerizim. Indeed, something of the kind is quite probably the real explanation of the phenomenon of the Mount of Cursing and the Mount of Blessing.

As we are running through the dense timber west of Roundcroft station, straight ahead through the cut we see a mountain of most peculiar shape; and the reader of Milton and Cheadle's book will feel little doubt from their description that this is none other than the famous Roche Miette, the Miette Rock. Although we are yet nearly forty miles distant (by railway) this huge escarpment, the most prominent among a host of peaks from its peculiar shape, can be seen with remarkable distinctness. On the landward side there is a gentle rising slope, which so far as steepness is concerned can offer no difficulties to the mountaineer who has attained to the main ridge, and leading to what would seem to be a perfectly flat top, which terminates on the side fronting the river in an absolutely perpendicular face, which at a distance looks as clean and sharp as if cut with a knife.

I have seen this precipice at all hours of day and night, and under various conditions; but the

first occasion, when it stood out against the loveliness of an evening sky in August, is one that I shall never forget. As we emerge from the thick forest near Pedley station to more open ground where fire has long ago destroyed the timber—perhaps the very fire that got away from Milton and Cheadle and nearly proved their undoing—we get a fine view of the Rockies at closer range and without any intervening barrier; and we find ourselves speculating just where and how such a wall of rock is to be pierced by a railway.

Another eight miles of descent along the side of the valley, and we get our first glimpse of the broad Athabasca as it rolls onward toward the Arctic, just before reaching Hinton. Still descending, we continue our journey, crossing Prairie Creek on a very high bridge, of which a splendid view may be obtained immediately after, while rounding what is the sharpest curve east of the summit; and shortly after leaving Dyke, the next station beyond Hinton, we enter the gorge of the Athabasca. Occasional headlands of rock jutting out, some of which have had to be blasted, making a gloomy defile through which the train roars with threefold noise, warn us that at last we are actually in the mountains. Here the river is still far below us, a point to which I shall allude later.

Meanwhile we are travelling, at times with the mountains plainly in view, and at other times as completely buried in the timber along the river bank as though there were no mountains anywhere near. As most travellers are aware, these rivers carve out a valley for themselves which is anything from one-half to a mile, or even more, in width. A certain portion of this is the river-bed proper; and the remainder is usually timbered flat, which is on one side of the river or the other, according to the vagaries of the current. So long as the flat is on the same side of the river as the railway, the railway builder's task is no very hard one; but when the flat crosses over to the other side of the river, then he has to blast out a shelf for his track; and if this is impracticable, he has to follow the flat to the far side of the river. The track along these flats is in straight stretches of a mile or even two miles in length; but when the scene changes, and the river bank has to be followed more closely, there may not be a train-length of straight track at once. As we speed down one of these straight sections through the timber, with an unbroken wall of forest directly ahead of us, and fine mountains looming above it, the new-comer finds himself wondering how the train is to get out of the labyrinth; but what seems liks a square corner proves to be a spacious curve.

Shortly after entering the gorge of the Athabasca, at Mile Post, 986 miles from Winnipeg, and 760 miles from Prince Rupert, a large sign-board on the north side of the track informs us that we have now entered Jasper Park; and we find that the next station has been christened Parkgate, in honour of the fact. The writer, who has had an extended and most unpleasant experience of Parkgate, Alberta, has often smiled at the mental contrast between this place and a certain Parkgate in England, no great way from Sheffield; and in the very heart of what Scott, a century ago, described as "that pleasant district of merrie England which is watered by the river Don"—but which is now given over to collieries and iron foundries. We might add that "Parkgate would have had a very familiar sound in the ears of Milton and Cheadle; for the district around the English Parkgate is the ancient demesne of the Fitzwilliams; and the present Earl Fitzwilliam, the owner of some of the very collieries referred to, is none other than Lord Milton's son, and has given abundant proof that he has inherited his father's love of adventure.

At Parkgate, we leave the woods and run out on to the shores of Brulé Lake, which is not properly a lake, but a widening of the Athabasca. This place has a very extraordinary notoriety on the Grand Trunk Pacific, by reason of the peculiar and incessant winds which blow there at all the seasons of year. In the spring and summer, when the waters are high and the sand-flats are submerged, one notices that it seems to be rather windy around here, and that is the end of it. But in the fall and winter, when the waters have receded and the flats are bared, the sand swirls up in blinding storms, and a snow-plough must be kept constantly employed to keep the track clear.

It is almost always warm in the vicinity of Brulé Lake. The writer has seen it blowing a chinook and positively oppressive when it was thirty-five below zero at Edson. When snow falls the snow is first of all thawed by the wind; and then the same wind speedily dries the wet sand, and it blows again. Every fourth or fifth day it seems to drop, and it is then a delightful spot. But about midnight or so, we are awakened by the accursed sound; and our sleeping-place, our food, our bedding, our clothes, our hair, and everything that is ours is permeated with sand.

The unfortunate enginemen stationed at this place find their engines constantly "running hot", through the sand blowing into the bearings; and the coal on the tender is by no means improved by a liberal addition of the same. The track has to twist around the shore in so many directions that sometimes it assails you from the right, and again from behind; but it is always the very same wind. This extraordinary phenomenon is not mentioned by Milton and Cheadle; and we must suppose they had the exceptional experience of not encountering it. At the season, moreover, when they passed the spot, the sandstorms, as I have said, are unknown; and consequently the wind, even if they felt it, would attract less attention. Paul Kane, the Canadian artist, who in his wanderings over the continent passed this way about 1854, speaks of it, and remarks that the Indian and Hudson Bay traditions agreed that it was never still. At the present time, with rare exceptions, the snow-plough throughout the season has to precede every train passing this place, for a distance of five miles or so. Whether stationed there for his sins, or merely passing by, the writer was always glad to get away from Brulé Lake.

As we swing round the curves along the lake shore we get our first view of the mountains at close range; and those on the western shore, as seen faintly by the first glimpse of dawn, have more than once struck the writer by their curious resemblance to some old gray mediæval castle. If it is daylight, and the sun is shining, the many colours of the rocks, in various shades of red, yellow, gray, brown, and blue, with here and there the dark green of some tree which has managed, heaven only knows how, to gain a foothold and maintain an existence, are a beautiful sight.

But if their colours excite notice, what of their shapes! Here and there we see the traditional council peak of our childhood days; but it is only one amidst a wealth of various forms that defy description. No two are alike. They seem as though the great architect had thoroughly enjoyed the work, and scorning sameness, had brought them forward in one place, and pushed them back in another; here a frowning height and there a deep and sunless chasm. And the innumerable angles, at which the various strata repose! In one place they are as level as though a builder had laid them there block by block. In another, while still of perfectly proportioned parallels one above another, they are at a gentle slope to north or south, as though the foundations had settled unduly; and in

some of these cases the sloping strata continue right up to a sharp peak, while in others the last few courses, as it were, have been left unfinished, and we have a perfectly flat top, the actual area of which it would be impossible to guess at, at such a distance. Apropos of this question of distance, we may say that at Brulé Lake there is a cave, the mouth of which, as seen across the lake, looks like a spot on the hillside; but which is stated to be sixty feet in height!

In other cases the strata are inclined at various angles from thirty degrees below the horizontal to the perpendicular. In many instances these present the exact appearance of having been poured out of some titanic vessel or other, just exactly as a cart might dump a load of bricks; for we may see that while the outer portions of these upheavals (or results of upheavals) are in almost or entirely vertical strata, the angle gradually decreases and approaches nearer to the horizontal near the centre; while the outside of the heap is smoothly rounded off, in just the manner in which an ordinary rubbish-heap becomes smoother and rounder after the rain and winds of a few weeks. In some places the entire front of such an "outpouring" has subsided, or has been cut away, and the manner of its formation is as plainly visible as though we had been present at the event; for it seems impossible that such huge blocks can have assumed such positions by other than a violent volcanic action. In this respect, however, the writer, being no geologist, is open to correction. In yet other instances, there has been a subsidence of a very confined and local character; something of the nature, I believe, of what geologists term a "fault". Here the continuity of the level strata is rudely broken by vertical sections of rock having slipped downward bodily. That these were originally on a level with the rest seems certain from the fact that the various strata, which can be plainly seen, preserve exactly the same proportions of thickness as those on either side. The upper key-board of a large organ, with five or six keys being played at once by the foot, gives one some idea of the singular appearance which these "faults" present.

When we add that the various phenomena we have feebly attempted to describe are not merely repeated, *ad infinitum,* in the peaks in our immediate neighbourhood; but that at every small river or creek which empties into the Athabasca we can see a vista of miles and miles of mountain range stretching away in every direction, it may help us to form some dim conception of the immensity, the vastness, and the infinite variety of this region.

Meanwhile the huge Miette Rock looms larger and larger in the foreground, as we speed on now through a patch of timber, and now, by a couple of overhead truss steel bridges, over the brawling Fiddle Creek. We are now in the very heart of Jasper Park; and it is no uncommon circumstance for the passengers to catch a glimpse of the game, such as big-horns, bear, or elk, which appear to have fully realised their immunity from danger; and display very little of the customary timidity of their kind at the sight of man. Passing Miette Hot Springs station, which takes its name from the springs in the vicinity, which will ere long rival, if not eclipse those at Banff, we swing round the base of a hill and find ourselves at Pocahontas, right under the enormous rock itself, out of whose very bowels coal in vast quantities has now for some years been mined, principally for locomotive use. One peculiarity of this huge projection, due probably to its enormous size, and to the windings of the line in approaching it from either direction, is that for the last two or three miles before actually reaching it we think we are already beneath it; and we still con-

tinue to think so for a distance after leaving it.

Shortly after leaving Pocahontas, the timbered flat, to the vagaries of which we have already alluded, leaves our side of the river, and between Pocahontas and Hawes some of the wildest portions of the line, involving some very heavy rock-work, are to be found. Around the shore of Jasper Lake, which is another widening of the Athabasca near the site of the old Jasper House, the line is laid on a narrow shelf blasted along the face of the rock. As may be expected, this is tortuous and crooked to the last degree; and there are places where, looking back from the engine, we cannot see farther than about the third coach. The rocks at this point are of such a stupendous height that from the cab or coach window one cannot see the crest; here again we are in the vertical strata we have already mentioned. When seen at such close range, especially where it has been torn by the explosives of the railway builder, the rock presents some curious features. In places where the direction of the line has chanced to coincide with that of the strata, these latter have split in perfectly smooth sections, and present an appearance curiously like some of those retaining walls of dressed masonry which the traveller on an English railway may see, for example, when entering London by some of the various routes, the only thing lacking, so far as the stone is concerned, to complete the resemblance, being that the London picture is smoke-begrimed, and the Jasper Lake stone is of a golden sandstone tint—albeit much harder. At other points again the direction of the strata is at an angle of about forty-five degrees to that of the line; here the rocks have been blasted backward just far enough to give clearance, and then another thickness has had to be attacked, which gives a curiously serrated saw-toothed effect as we rush by, the same, I believe, that military men term "en echelon". At times, as I have said, the rocks are so close that we almost think we could touch them; and again, they will recede for a few yards so that we can look upward to where "the aching berg props the speckless sky", and note their general contour; and also the many beautiful colours, both of the mosses and of the rocks themselves, which lighten up the prevailing gray in a very striking manner.

As we bid good-bye to Jasper Lake, just before reaching Interlaken—a name which will be familiar to the mountain tourist in Switzerland—we may see once again indications of the same peculiar wind that afflicts Brulé Lake. Among the attempts that have been made to explain this phenomenon, it has been suggested that at Brulé Lake the wide—more than usually wide—valley is directly in line with some mountain pass through which the chinook sweeps with tremendous velocity from the Pacific. Presumably this would apply to the south end of Jasper Lake also, either because of it being in the same direct line, or by reason of the similar widening of the valley, or both. Whether there be anything in the hypothesis at all is beyond the writer's capacity to decide. In both cases, however, it is the sandy beach, with its resulting sandstorms, which causes it to be noticed, otherwise it probably would have attracted little attention.

Between Interlaken and the Athabasca bridge we find ourselves once again travelling through the heavy timber. As we swing round the first curve west of Interlaken station we see over the dark green belt of the pines a most striking peak, which is at once recognised by the reader of Milton and Cheadle as the "Priest's Rock", a description and an illustration of which they give in their book. This peak is an exact pyramid in shape, and as seen from the railway it stands quite alone; there is no

other peak either behind it or on either side to detract in any way from the peculiar appearance it presents. It is eternally covered with snow—or at least the writer at all seasons of the year, and under every condition, has never seen it otherwise—and looks as though the peak itself were solid ice; and no traveller who sees it, and especially on a sunny day, could fail to be struck with the sight: the white pyramid standing out against the deep blue of the sky, and built, as it seems, on the dark green belt beneath. The first time the writer saw it was when he had not read Milton and Cheadle for many years, and did not recollect their allusion to it, so that he was in no way prepared for it; and he then imagined that despite the difference in surroundings the pyramids of Egypt would produce a similar sensation.

In the case of an ordinary mountain peak, however grand it may be, the crest of the mountain is but the culmination of the profound impression which the stupendous whole has made upon us. But in the case of the pyramids there is no foreground, no approach; they rise out of a flat plain, and this is precisely the appearance of the "Priest's Rock". I may add that I have drawn the attention of several to this peak; and in more than one instance this is exactly the impression it produced. At various places along this portion of the line, we have seen bits of the trail over which the supplies for the grading camps were freighted in. In many places the trail was not a very serious affair; but the traveller may see one spot around the rocky fringe of a small lake that would turn a nervous man's hair gray, and which gives some idea of the perils and difficulties of the work. Shortly after this we pass through a deep cutting in the rock along whose base the river sweeps, and come out on the huge overhead steel bridge which spans the Athabasca. The traveller will doubtless remark with surprise that whereas most of the bridges hitherto crossed have been high structures, over more or less narrow and deep gorges through which the rivers cut their way, this bridge, over the largest river of all, is at low level, and not more than fifteen or twenty feet above the stream. I have thus far attempted to describe the purely natural features of the line over which we have travelled; this brings me to a few remarks from the engineering standpoint.

The reader has possibly noticed that during the journey through the mountains there have been no allusions to those heavy grades which he would quite naturally expect to encounter while "climbing to the summit". We have not alluded to them simply because there have been none to allude to. We have already remarked that from Edmonton to Edson there is a net rise of eight hundred feet; and on the first thirty-six miles out of Edson west, up the heavy grade we have described, there is a rise of no less than 575 feet. This seems heavy, but it must be remembered that it is one continuous grade from top to bottom; there is no "giving way"; and consequently the average of about sixteen feet per mile—less than one-third of one per cent.—is the actual grade also; and such a percentage is a remarkably low one.

We have described the sharp and sudden, almost startling, manner in which the downward grade begins at the top of the hill at Obed. The descent continues in a marked degree all the way to Dyke, where, as already stated, the line enters the gorge of the Athabasca, and the mountains may be said to commence. It is a remarkable fact that Interlaken, only three miles from the Athabasca bridge, is exactly at the same altitude as Dyke; and the line between these places is marked by only slight undulations. The traveller may well ask in wonderment

how such a result has been achieved, in view of the fact that we have been travelling up a river valley, which, as in the case of all mountain streams, descends with a considerable fall as the river proceeds on its course.

The explanation of this lies in the fact that the crossing of the Athabasca is made at low level, whereas we first enter on this comparatively level stretch of thirty miles at a great height above the water. Thus we have really—relatively to the stream—been descending; and this has enabled us, while "climbing" against it, to maintain an absolute level. The result of this skilful engineering is, that while there are no grades westward to the summit which are steeper than many to be found on the prairies, a large portion of the line is by no means as steep. Much has been said and written about the low easy grades on the mountain section of the Grand Trunk Pacific; but the writer, at any rate, never realized its significance until he actually made the journey over this portion (by night, as it chanced) for the first time, and noticed how easily the engine was working over what he naturally supposed would be the stiff climb to the summit.

The most capable engineers, however, would be powerless to construct such a grade if the pass itself were not a remarkably low one. Thus we find that Obed, at the watershed of the Athabasca and the Macleod, is nearly one hundred feet higher than Jasper, at the entrance to the Yellowhead Pass; and is only one hundred and sixty feet lower than the summit of the Pass, the Great Divide itself! Under such conditions one can scarcely wonder that Milton and Cheadle had passed the summit before they were aware of the fact.

There is another feature of this section of the line which we believe plays a considerable part—at times perhaps even unconsciously to the traveller—in enhancing its scenic beauties. Every traveller on an English railway has noticed and admired the orderly well-kept appearance of the line, with its cuts and fills so balanced, apparently, that there are no unsightly heaps of clay left lying on the land adjacent; and no huge pits from which the material has had to be obtained for some enormous fill. In each case the surplus has been made to supply the deficit. This may be possible in a country where distances are short, and where an abundance of material is not to be had for the taking. But where mileage runs to thousands of miles on a single stretch of main line the cost of such methods would be prohibitive; and the traveller in consequence has often to lament such disfigurement as I have mentioned, particularly on the prairie landscape. In the mountains, however, there is an almost entire absence of this. In those places where there has been any superfluity, it is of rock; and in the heavy rock-work around Jasper Lake, for example, it heightens the interest of the scene to look out on the water side and see the enormous fragments of rock which have been blasted from the face of the cliff, and which now act as buttresses to the grade. But wherever any high filling has been required, the thin layer of soil has proved quite sufficient; and the broad and solid embankments over which the train speeds without a tremor have really been built after the steel was laid. At such places as these, temporary trestles—somewhat fearsome structures in their day—were erected; and over and around these the permanent earthworks have been built. Apart from their solidity, and the splendid roadbed which this mountain portion possesses, they give the line a remarkably neat and finished appearance, from the æsthetic standpoint.

After crossing the Athabasca bridge, the line swings round sharply to the left, and proceeds up the

western bank of the river, which is here flowing almost due north. Looking back, we may see the smooth and one would have thought impenetrable wall of rock on which the eastern end of the bridge rests, and against whose almost vertical face the river washes. On either side a multitude of peaks, in endless variety, seem to pierce the skies. A few miles farther on we find ourselves running past the old site of Henry House, near which is a station of the same name, in the "beautiful little prairie" which attracted the attention of Milton and Cheadle; and which since their day has been for many years the home of a well-known local celebrity, Mr. Swift, whose children had never seen a railway until the Grand Trunk Pacific broke in upon them.

The Swift homestead is the only private property in Jasper Park. To the non-geological observer, at any rate, this "beautiful little prairie" presents every appearance of having in past ages formed part of the bed of the river, somewhat like the widening-out which we have mentioned at Jasper and Brulé Lakes. What seem to have been in successive periods the beaches or levels of this "lake" are plainly to be seen, with huge pebbles indicating the contour of the shore. The line passes along the highest of these levels, and the others (along one of which the Canadian Northern, which here crosses under us again, may be seen) descend in succession down to the present level of the stream. The soil, which on the river flats of the prairies would be the very richest of alluvial silt, such as the famous Red River Valley in Manitoba, and precisely the same as the Nile has for ages deposited on the plain of Egypt, is here pure sand; and even on the surface, the grass, though it gives a green appearance at a distance, is so scanty that the sod it has formed is scarcely worthy of the name. The trees also bear a stunted appearance, which seems to testify to the barren nature of the soil. As we swing round the base of the high perpendicular cliff, a mile or two south of Henry House, we may see the actual process in action of the age-long course of attrition which must have played so important a part in forming the peculiar configurations of the mountain peaks, and in furnishing the sedimentary deposits which the rivers have carried down their courses. Passing within close view of the base of this huge mass, we can see the deep channels which the melting snows and the wind-driven storms of ages have furrowed in its surface; and there are numerous places so deeply worn and undercut that the imagination sees them, at no very distant period, fall away and produce a considerable change of contour, the successor and the fore-runner of many others.

From Henry House to Jasper, the grade becomes heavy; and yet even here, in the very heart of the mountains, we only rise one hundred and thirty-three feet in the final eight miles of this division; whereas less than twenty-five miles after leaving Edmonton we encountered a rise, in the climb from Stony Plain to Carvel, already described, of not less than one hundred and forty feet in rather less than eight miles to the hill-top east of Carvel station. This comparison strikingly illustrates the easy character of the road.

Shortly after rounding the huge cliff I have described, we enter upon two or three miles of very heavy rock-work, which contains many more interesting illustrations of the various peculiarities I have attempted to describe and which need not again detain us. As we run around the face of the hill we get a splendid view of the windings of the Athabasca; and our present height above the stream, as compared with it at the bridge, enables the traveller to form some idea of our climb of the last few miles, which he would otherwise have scarcely suspected.

Leaving this, the train emerges into a sort of huge amphitheatre, the surface of which presents the same appearance as that I have described near Henry House; as though it, too, had at some time been the bed of the river or lake. Directly ahead of us are the steep timbered slopes of Mount Geikie; and over the hills on our right, Pyramid Mountain, with its bright and varied colours, and its glittering peak, seems almost overhead. And away in the south-west, or almost south, so near apparently that we can see very distinctly the peculiar sectional appearance of the strata, yet said to be the almost incredible distance of thirty-five miles up the Athabasca Valley, is Mount Hardisty. In the centre of this rich and varied panorama stands the town of Jasper, the gateway of the Yellowhead Pass, and the headquarters of the Commandant and other authorities of Jasper Park.

It had been the writer's intention to continue the journey up through the Yellowhead Pass and over the Great Divide, as seen "from a cab-window"; but space forbids. If he has been able to convey a portion of the impression which these scenes have made upon his own mind, or to cause any reader to wish to see them with the eye of flesh, he will feel that he has not written in vain.

A LINCOLNSHIRE MAIDEN

By FRANK CALL

ALONG the eastern beaches,
Where brown the sea-weed grows,
And over broad, salt meadows,
The green tide ebbs and flows.

Above the low-roofed houses
Two ancient towers rise,
And stand like giant druids
Against the wind-swept skies.

Through mist or rain or sunshine,
Their prows festooned with foam,
The fishing-boats go outward
Or, laden, turn them home.

. . . . . .

She watches by the window,
And tearless are her eyes;
She sees not church or tower,
Or sea, or wind-swept skies.

She heeds not tide or tempest,
Or sun or mist or rain;
Afar her spirit wanders
Toward the Belgian plain,

Where over shell-scarred cities
The mad, red tempest raves;
And poplars sigh and shudder
Above unnumbered graves.

"SCOOP"

THE STORY OF A CANADIAN WHO FELL AT LANGEMARCK

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

"SCOOP," as the name would indicate, was a reporter. He was the last reporter that one would pick out for a soldier. He was neither tall nor strong—a mere wisp of a lad of nineteen when I knew him first, two years ago. Fond of out-door life, bent upon action when indoors, restless when idle, always making up his mind to do something, and when thwarted turning to something else with unabated enthusiasm.

They called him "Scoop" in the rival newspaper office because he was ever trying to dig up news and get it into print before they were aware of its existence. He delighted in what he termed "putting one over them".

I have seen him standing on the edge of the sidewalk in the main street with a bored expression upon his face, as of one who was born for exploits, and had been thrust into a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, who never did anything worth exploiting. There was evident disgust in his heart at the inane propriety of the people of his native city. I have seen him rush into the office, half an hour before the paper was off, in a fever of excitement, where he would seize the typewriter and with a glance of wild glee in his eye he would whisper, "I've got a scoop".

I was editor in chief of the journal, but I had little to do with the reporters. "Scoop" had the habit of coming to my desk when I was alone, and he would talk confidentially to me about the future. He was always talking about the future, what he would like to do, and what he had made up his mind to do. He was a modest lad and invariably deferential to me, asking my advice on his work and letting me into his big secrets. He repeatedly told me that he had an offer to go out West. He could not forget the West, it seemed to be calling him every time news was scarce.

He found some relief from the *ennui* of his quiet life in out-door sport; he was fond of running. I remember seeing him in a race one holiday, and I was struck with the frailty of his body; he was thin and chestless. Where he generated that eagerness which characterized his actions I could not imagine; it certainly did not arise from a superabundance of flesh.

He was fond of canoeing, and in this connection I recall how one Monday morning he came in complaining of a cold, and he began to tell me how he had got it. It was late in the fall, and his people had forbidden him from going on the river. He stole out one Sunday morning and taking the canoe he paddled down the stream. In the early dawn the little craft upset, and "Scoop" found himself in deep, cold water. He kept his head—was he not made for such emergencies? I doubt if he was ever happier in his life, excepting, per-

haps, upon that fatal day when he came at death grips with the Germans at Langemarck. He was not a great swimmer, but he determined to not only save himself, he would not go ashore without the canoe. After prodigious efforts he brought the canoe and himself to land, made off homeward in his dripping garments, and got into bed before the house was stirring.

One more incident I must relate as it may throw some light upon the peculiar make-up of this soldier scribe. I have said that he was always trying to dig up news; one day he was looking on at some excavating operations when an "item" was literally dug up in the shape of human remains. "Scoop" seized upon one of the skulls and bore it triumphantly to the office. He placed the hollow-eyed thing on his desk and stowed the jaw bones and teeth away in his drawer. I was interested in the relic and concluded that it was the head of some Indian who had been killed in battle and buried on the spot. "Scoop" seemed fascinated with it and threatened any one who should dare to bear it off. I remonstrated with him for what I called "indignity to human remains", as he had painted a face on the top of the skull. He laughed in a boyish way, and in trying to impress him I said: "How would you like your skull to be knocked around like that?"

I determined to be rid of the ghastly thing, and one evening I carried it down to the basement. There was a good fire in the furnace, I opened the door, and with a word of reverence gave the warrior's head to the flames.

Strange to say, when I read the account of Scoop's death, the first thing I thought of was this rather gruesome passage in my relations with him.

I will leave the rest of the story to be told in the words of Barney Quinn, who was with "Scoop" when he sank to the earth on the field of Langemarck, with a German bullet in his hungry brain.

"Am writing this in a barn some distance from the firing line. Just got back last night from the trenches for a rest and, believe me, we need it. The fellows are singing some of those heart-touching songs and it sure makes me sad and lonesome when I think of all my chums lying on the battlefield, maybe not buried yet. Not one of my old chums is left. "Scoop" and Ward, Billy Gibson, George Minorgan, and Boswell were all shot around me. When I look back two weeks ago to-night, when we were called out to drive back the Germans, it was a merry and happy bunch that marched to meet them. Frenchmen were coming back in droves, suffocated with the fumes of the gas. But ahead we went confident that we could stop the two German Army corps that were coming through the French lines. Our Highlanders got there first, and believe me they did give it to them proper.

"We ran across the fields with bullets flying all around, but only two went down. Then at dawn our company was ordered to take a trench the Germans had just dug. We were eager to get at them, but before we had gone far half of our men had gone down, still not a man turned back. When we were at a distance of about 100 yards or so from the German trenches we got the order to retire. Scoop and I dropped down behind a couple of dead Highlanders. It was too light now to retire, so we got our tools out, and still hiding behind the dead men, dug a hole for ourselves. We then started to snipe the Germans, and, believe me, we were mad. No matter where you looked there were dead and dying. It was something awful. I can remember every little thing.

"There were about three machine guns and about a thousand rifles playing on us, and how those that

got out did is a mystery to me. Had my hat knocked off by a bullet first thing. Then Boswell went down on my right and a little later George and Billy on my left dropped out without a word. A little farther, and Scoop and I were the only ones left in our section. We had dug ourselves in, as I said.

"We were firing over the dead Jocks in front and I guess we did some damage, because all of a sudden a sniper ran into the woods on our right front. Poor Scoop said, "There goes a sniper—dig deeper. Quick." Well, Dot, in a minute a bullet ripped down the middle of his hat and knocked the wire out and cut a dreadful gash in his head. He never said a word. I was so mad and nearly crying that I forgot all about the sniper and tried to fix him up, but 'twas no use, so had to put him up on my right. Gee, but I felt funny for a minute with a parapet of dead all around me, and my pack was just riddled with bullets. I kept my head down for a while and dug my hole deeper, then as the Germans were still running from their trench to the wood, a distance of about 200 yards I began to fire again and feel sure I avenged my chum's death. Just imagine what I felt like, fifty yards from the Germans, with all those poor dead and dying fellows around me. If ever I said my prayers in earnest it was that day, as I lay there in that hole all day firing now and then and praying for night. As soon as it came, believe me, I did run to our trenches a couple of hundred yards back with bullets singing all around. I did not get out any too soon either, as the Germans tried to advance again."

AUTUMN SILENCE

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

HOW still the quiet fields this autumn day,
The piled-up sheaves no more retain their gold,
And ploughman drive their horses o'er the mould,
While up into the hills and far away
The white road winds to where the sun's last ray
Mantles the heavens in a scarlet fold
Of glorious colour, of radiance untold,
And then the twilight turns the red to gray.

How still the quiet fields this autumn eve;
And yet we know that here, in other lands,
Red war still causes mothers' hearts to grieve,
And lives are spent as countless as the sands.

O God, we ask that Thou wilt put to flight
The shadows of this quiet autumn night.

HABITANTS WATERING HORSES

From the Painting by
Franklin Brownell

Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

OUR HOMESTEADERS

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

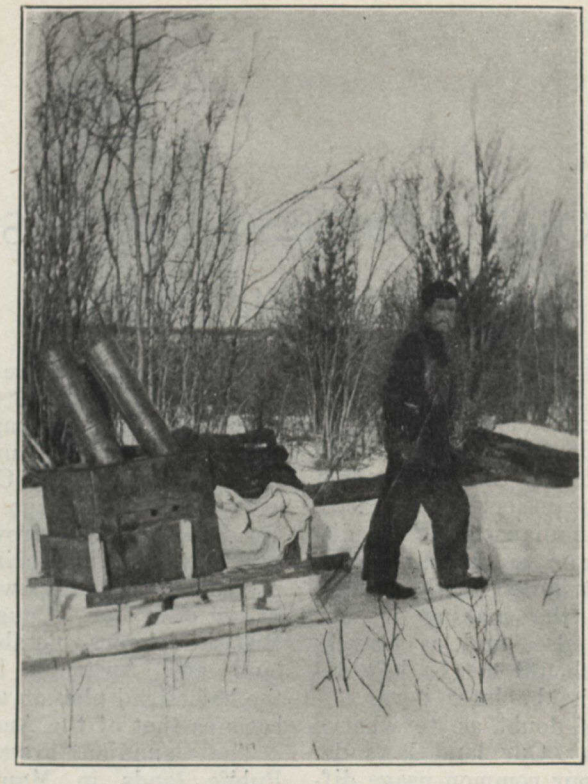
BY every right and rule the homesteader is to be numbered among our national types, with the voyageur of the Ottawa, the wilderness adventurer, the down-east farmer, and the fisherman of Gaspé. If they are Canadian characters, distinct and unique, so is he; and if they have contributed in their place and time to the making of our Dominion, he also, and as bravely as they. He should not be left unsung, though he be later born.

There is no doubt as to what a homesteader is. Our land laws define him, and our common usage differentiates him from all others of a like calling. He is a farmer, necessarily and inevitably; but while a farmer may be a cabbage-patch gardener or a country gentleman, a homesteader is of certain fixed proportions and kind. He is the holder of a homestead, which at once removes him from all other lists and puts him on the Government's card-index as a standard-size, Crown-land farmer.

In the original sense of the term, a homestead was a farm, anywhere and of any size, that was occupied by the owner as his place of abode; but now, in Canada, it is a farm of one hundred and sixty acres in one of the Western Provinces. It has been measured, mapped, numbered, and granted by the Government; and on the holder's part it has been filed, occupied, improved, and in due course will be patented. All this is implied in the word itself; has a different meaning from that first given it.

Homesteading in the modern sense began in the United States, where laws for the pre-emption of the immense areas of unappropriated lands were passed by Congress about seventy-five years ago. The Homestead Act of 1862 provided for free grants of land, for their own use and possession, to soldiers who had served in the civil war. Canada and other British colonies, notably New Zealand and Australia, later adopted the homestead plan on much the same basis as that of the American States.

The Canadian system is simple. Public lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, and for twenty miles on either side of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia, are administered by the Dominion Government's Department of the Interior, as belonging not to the Provinces themselves but to the people of Canada. They are first laid out in quadrilateral townships, each containing thirty-six sections one mile square. Sixteen of these sections in each township, if good agricultural lands, are available for homestead entry; two are held for school purposes, and two are allotted to the Hudson's Bay Company, under an agreement of long standing; the rest are for sale or railway grant. A quarter-section is the homestead unit; that is to say, that area of land may be applied for at the district land office by any person who is the sole head of a family, or by any male who is eighteen years of age, and will be granted to such a person as a free



A HOMESTEADER TRANSPORTING HIS GOODS
BY HAND-SLEIGH

homestead, but subject to certain regulations, chief of which is that requiring him to live on the land, and to cultivate it, for at least six months in each of three years. The title remains in the Crown until the homesteader has fulfilled the conditions: when he has "proved up" the quarter-section is his.

The West is the only part of Canada in which the federal Government is doing a public lands business. The eastern Provinces administer their own lands, on practically the same lines, but in terms of "free grants" rather than homesteads. Thus limited to the West, the homestead system, as such, has almost the virtue of a copyright, and localizes the homesteader within definite geographical bounds. It is no secret that the prairie Provinces covet the control of their own lands, in conformity with the other Provinces, but that is a question of state politics, with which the development of the homestead system and of the homesteader himself as a national type, has nothing to do.

In the forty-three years since the system was begun in Canada, about 460,000 entries have been made. Naturally enough, most of these have been within the last two decades, for there is a close connection between homestead entries and immigration. The rate is now from thirty to forty thousand entries a year, which means an annual settlement upon Crown lands of from eighty to ninety thousand persons. To date a little more than one-sixth of the total area of the three Provinces has been homesteaded or disposed of under special grants,

A HOMESTEADER TAKING IN A LOAD OF SUPPLIES FOR THE NEXT SEASON'S USE

not including that allotted to the railways, schools, and the Hudson's Bay Company. The figures are, approximately, 75,000,000 acres out of a total 466,000,000 acres, of which total only 184,000,000 acres have yet been surveyed. There is still room for the homesteader. The choicest lands of the southern wheat belt have, it is true, been taken, but there yet remains in the north a great area of the finest mixed farming country, which gradually is being thrown open for entry.

What the homestead system means to the census of the West may be worked out by simple arithmetic. The 460,000 entries thus far have brought about 1,300,000 persons to homestead lands, and if their holdings represent one-sixth of the total area of the three Provinces there will be a population of at least 7,500,000 people in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta when all the land is taken, and that apart from the urban population. With no other system of colonization would so large a result be conceivable: but the homestead system can do it.

Because population is of greater importance than acreage, the settlement of people is the outstanding feature of Western homesteading. Its human interest transcends its real estate significance. Already it has contributed, as nothing else could have done, to the incoming of needed thousands and to their own social betterment. The scheme is essentially human.

Free lands in Western Canada have lured people from everywhere. It is unfair and untrue, however, to

THE HOME OF A THRIFTY DANISH HOMESTEADER IN ALBERTA

call the West, as some have done, a dumping-ground: it is nearer the truth to call it a clearing-house of the nations. From the four corners come all sorts and descriptions of people, and sooner or later, under pressure of new conditions, they become Canadians. Homestead life is a wonderful leveller, and breaks down or builds up precisely as occasion demands.

The figures of a single year will state the case. In 1913, a rather light year, there were 33,699 homestead entries. Of these 7,451 were made by Canadians, 8,895 by United States immigrants, and 5,595 by British folk from the Mother Country. The rest represented thirty-six different nationalities, mostly non-English-speaking, and included such remote and unsimilar peoples as Icelanders, Hindus, and South Africans, to say nothing of a great and greatly mixed multitude from central Europe.

The coming of the people, drawn on by the promise of free homes, is itself a chapter of human history, fit to company with the exodus of the Mayflower pilgrims or even with that of the ancient Israelites. One need not think alone of overseas immigrants, for whom moving-day means a passage on troubled waters to a new world: the moving of some of the American-born homesteaders is almost equally spectacular. Sometimes a prairie schooner is as eloquent in human interest as an immigrant steamship. Shall not a full measure of recognition and approval be given, for instance, to that party of fifteen settlers who journeyed from Nebraska to Central Saskatchewan, in the summer of 1914, in four canvas-covered wagons? Their overland journey was fifteen hundred miles long, by a hard trail, and with them they brought the cherished keepsakes that were to make their new homesteads home-like. There have been hundreds of such flittings, and the prairie schooner—slow, cramped, and clumsy, but permitting of pleasant camp-life diversions along the way—still comes and goes.

Next after this stage in the homestead system, but sometimes before it, is the entry at the Land Office. Homestead entries can be made only at the Dominion Lands branch offices for the districts in which the land is

A HOMESTEAD IN THE BUSH

located, and it is a case of first come first served. If the number of quarter-sections thus offered in a certain district is small, or if they are of a particularly desirable character, there is likely to be a rush for them, and a land office rush is a thing to be remembered. It is of the same order as a stampede for gold. Rivalry for first place is keen, and the contestants, some of whom have probably come from long distances, line up at the office door like the hungry land-seekers that they are. They earn the Dominion's free gifts, sometimes, by long and tedious waiting, standing in line all through the night preceding the allotment, or even for several nights and several days.

Nearly every land office has had its rushes. At Swift Current, a year or two ago, one man camped in front of the office for twenty-one days and nights, keeping his place with jealous care in order to get the land he wanted. Sitting up for a homestead after this fashion, in cold weather, is almost comparable with the Klondike stampedes that London tells about.

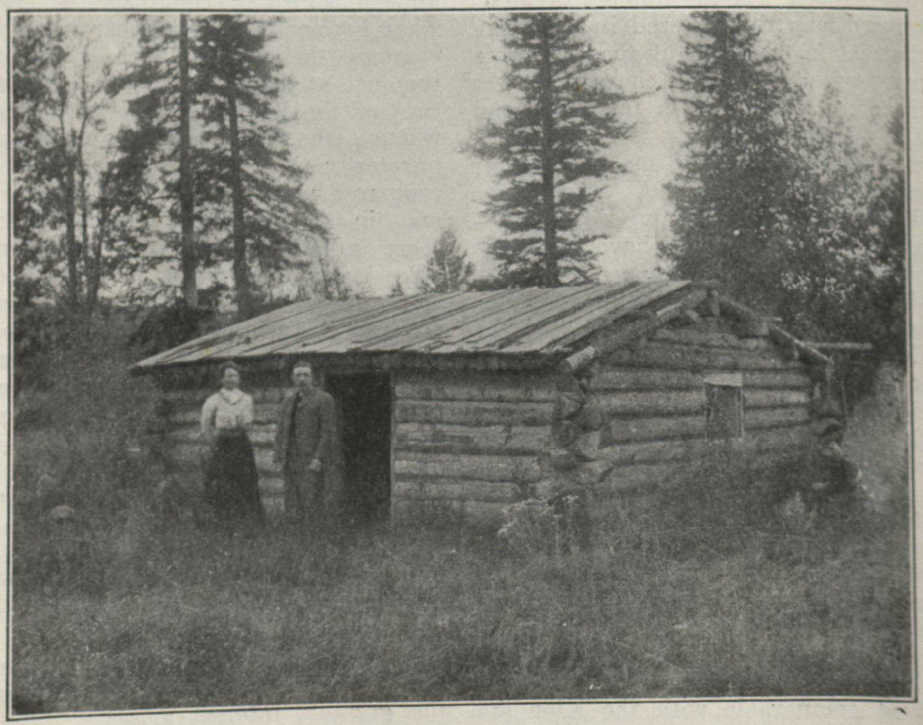
All conditions of men and women appear before the land agents, and what happens to them there usually changes their after life. There is romance at the land office, as in the case of the bachelor and the young widow who filed on neighbouring quarter-sections at the same time, compared notes on leaving the office, and in due course were married; there is pathos, as at the Edmonton office last winter, when a widow who had come from Toronto to file on a homestead for her children's sake, and had stood in line for two days, was jostled from her place by a rival, and afterward restored to it by some better-spirited men who found her quietly sobbing by the door; there is pluck, like that shown at the Winnipeg office last spring, when a veteran of eighty-five years, as brave an adventurer as ever he was, made an entry, intending at that late day to begin homesteading.

It is, however, in the actual occupation of the lands thus secured that the greatest interest arises. From the standpoint of national develop-

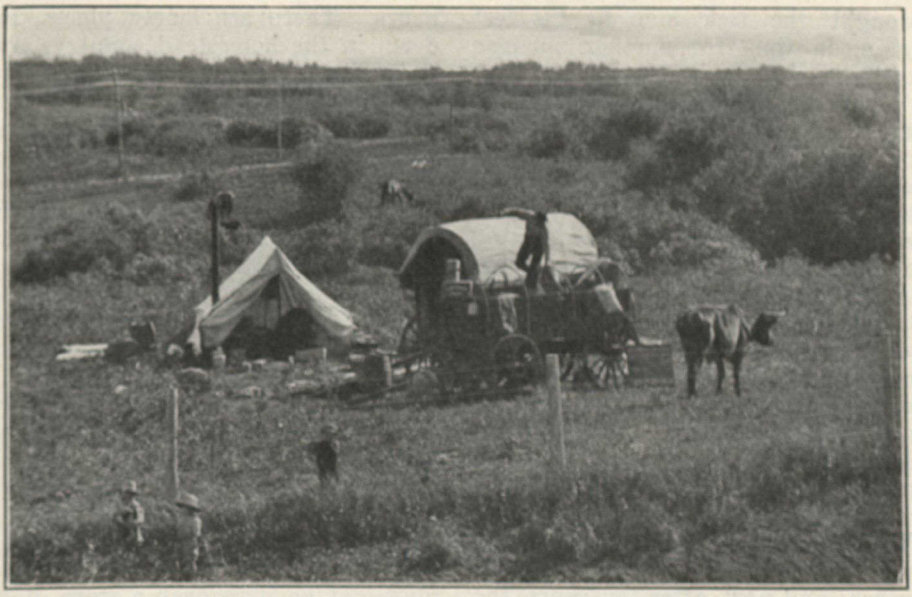
ment, that is the culminating stage to which the other stages are but introductory: the surveying of the land, the coming of the people, the choosing of a homestead, and finally the making of a home. Industry, courage, heroism, go into homestead life in Canada, and out of it come public service and the spirit of nationhood.

Not 460,000 entries at the land offices, but 460,000 homes, in which men and women are playing a brave part—that is the real result and purpose of the homestead system to date. It matters not, for the moment, where those men and women came from, with what trouble they got here, or how much of human history lies behind them: the point now is that all over the West they are home-making. Dotted—not clustered, but dotted—through the three Provinces are these nearly half-million homestead homes, which may be likened, as you will, to frontier posts of empire, signal-stations of civilization, training-schools of citizenship. There is, for some strange reason, a general desire to describe homestead life in figured terms like these: but, surely, it is enough to say that Canadian homes are being made on what till now were empty lands. Conditions vary as between prairie and bush country, but whether they are islanded in wheat or poplars the homestead dwellings are homes that know the meaning of toil, and sacrifice, and ultimate reward. People on the land—that's the triumph of the homestead system.

The West is filling in, to be sure, and already some homestead settlements have grown to towns; the pioneers are no longer splendidly isolated; wagon-trails have given place to iron roads. But the West is so large a country that in its half-a-continent's width there are still places



THEIR FIRST HOME



HOMESTEADERS FROM THE UNITED STATES COMING IN BY MEANS OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER

where homesteading is as frontier-like and adventurous a thing as ever it was. For many years yet we shall see history repeating itself, and pioneers will still be making homes under frontier conditions. What happened in the now well-filled farming country of Manitoba thirty years ago is at present going on in the new north of all the Provinces. Let us, then, consider the case of Lew Chapman, who was the first homesteader in a certain district of Western Alberta, and is now, after ten years of waiting and toiling, on the way to prosperity. His ten years' record is in general typical of the bush-country homesteader: it is, at any rate, not at all exceptional.

Chapman came west from Nova Scotia, and because the wooded lands were more like home to him than the bald prairie, he filed on a quarter-section in the heart of the bush forty miles beyond the nearest railway. It was good land, he knew, and to a man farm-trained down East the clearing of a few acres of poplar bush each year was not a forbidding prospect. So he made an entry, got his grant, and moved out. Moving meant for him pushing a barrow, with his meagre outfit in it, over forty miles of trail. Several such trips he made, and sometimes, when the trail was very bad, he packed his freight, even to a stove, on his back.

When he had built a two-roomed log shack, he sent for his wife, and the two of them spent their first winter alone in the wilderness, ten miles from a neighbour. In the spring he cleared some land—a small piece, because he had only an axe with which to do it, so poorly furnished was he. His first year's crop was rye and potatoes, and when winter came again he had made at least a good beginning on his home in the woods.

But in that second winter Chapman fell grievously sick of a fever. All through December and January, and into February, his wife doctored him, alone, and kept the wilderness home together. A wildcat came prowling around, and she shot it. When supplies gave out, she walked twenty miles for more. But she

brought the sick man to his feet again, in time for another spring's sowing.

Those first two years were hard, and in sheer loneliness, privation, and toil Chapman and his wife paid the cost of pioneering. It was not till the third year that he had a full crop from his land, for the taming of wilderness soil takes time. When finally a good crop rewarded his industry, he could not get it to market. But in the following spring, some more settlers having meanwhile come in, the Government made the forty-mile trail into a public road, and Chapman's marketing problem was solved. Little by little, things improved for the homesteaders. Their clearings grew, the log dwelling was enlarged, neighbours came nearer; and now, after ten years, the pioneer homestead is a thrifty, well-stocked farm, in a busy and sociable countryside.

The bush-country homesteader is longer in making a start than the prairie homesteader, who has but to scratch the surface of his land to get a crop. But the farmer in the bush has the advantage of the plainsman in fuel and water supply. On the prairie these two items often constitute a problem, and the difficulty of getting them is sometimes a serious handicap. For men like Chapman there is no such problem.

Prairie and bush homesteaders alike, however, are affected by that universal condition, the social life of a frontier country. The supply of human company is sometimes a matter of almost as great importance as the supply of fuel, and for lack of it some men and more women have gone crazy. It is nothing, according to the standards of the West, that neighbours should be several miles apart, but when the nearest house is, say, ten or twelve miles away, or when for any reason a man or a woman is kept closely to his own place for weeks and months, the isolation is very apt to depress and unnerve. There are lonely places, indeed, in the homestead country, and it is little wonder that there have been tragedies as a result: the wonder is that there have not been more.

But to offset this unpleasant picture is one in brighter colours and much truer to type. Homestead life is social whenever sociability has a fair chance. Distances are discounted when at the other end is a tea-meeting, a party, or a dance, and neighbourly visits from house to house are more frequent than one would suppose—more frequent, in fact, than in average city houses. There is hard work on the homestead, but there are also good times, and hearty hospitality has usually the right of way.

Always the homesteader must consider ways and means of getting supplies. If he lives near a store, it is a simple matter: if not, it may try his ingenuity, endurance, and credit. General stores of a surprisingly good sort are scattered through the country, but, even so, some homesteads are miles away from the nearest trading-place. Shopping under such conditions becomes a carefully planned procedure, recurring at necessarily frequent intervals, and gone through with as methodically as the spring ploughing. It runs into large figures, too. The volume of trade done by the average country store in the West is far beyond that of a similar establishment in older Canada. What it amounts to by family is not readily ascertainable, for there is the widest difference in the domestic economy and general management of one homestead and another, and between the tastes and habits of, say, a Ruthenian family and a family Ontario-born. Human nature expresses itself as variously in the homesteads of the Canadian West as in any city, and not only the homes, churches, and schools, but the stores as well, reflect it.

There is a difference, too, in the way beginnings are made. Hundreds begin as Chapman did, with almost

A GALICIAN HOMESTEAD IN NORTHERN ALBERTA

nothing but their hands and a will to work. They are the men who, for one reason or another, have not got on in the place they came from, and the homestead means to them a new start in life and a new chance to make good. But there are others who have made the move only that they may add to success already achieved—men who have come with money in their purses, and who can very well afford to wait for their ultimate gains. Under the homestead system there is a welcome for both the rich man and the poor man. Both will help to develop the country: the rich man more quickly, since money makes money, but the other, it may be, quite as satisfactorily.

In any case, it is desirable that the homesteader have some savings with which to meet his initial expenses. There have been penniless homesteaders, it is true, but how they have pulled through has ever been a mystery; for outlay must precede returns. One of Chapman's present neighbours is a Swede, who landed in New York with nine dollars; and another, who came from Dakota, had but seven dollars after paying his homestead fee at the land office. The Swede worked his way from New York west, and had money when he reached Alberta; the Dakotan hired himself to a lumber company, and made wages during his first winter; Chapman himself began homesteading under greater handicaps than either, and won out, as many others have done, by sheer pluck and industry.

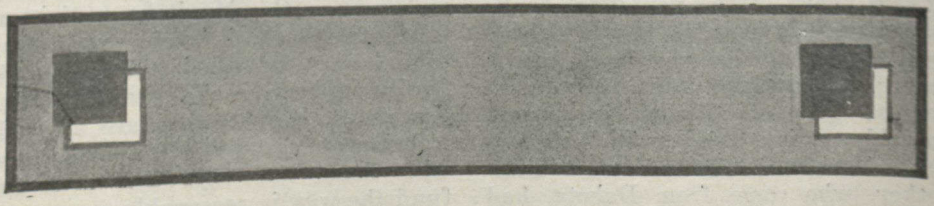
A beginning may thus involve next to nothing, in a money sense, or it may represent a spectacular outlay of several thousands. A house to live in, a barn, a cow, a team of horses, some tools, the first year's seed, the family larder—these are the overhead expenses, from some part of which there is no escape. True, a log house may be built in the Alberta bush for the cost of one's own labour, and out on the Manitoba prairie a ten-by-twelve shack can be put up for fifty dollars; but stock and tools and family upkeep make heavier bills. Nowadays, homesteaders are advised to bring at least five hundred dollars with them, and with that nest-egg fund the way is reasonably open to a successful future.

As an illustration of what a homestead beginning may lead to, there is the case of the Honourable W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture for Saskatchewan. Thirty years ago, Mr. Motherwell homesteaded a quarter-section at Abernethy, on the barest of Saskatchewan prairie, and moved in by ox-team over two hundred and fifty miles of trail from Brandon. There was not another settler in the district when Mr. Motherwell built his first home, a typical prairie shack, which he replaced in due time with a better building. The third stage in the evolution was a large stone house, built fifteen years ago. In the meantime the homestead had become a fully improved farm, and its bareness had been relieved by the planting of a belt of cottonwood trees, Farmer Motherwell, as he is known locally, being therefore one of the pioneer foresters of the West. To his original homestead, on which he still lives, he has since added eight hundred acres by purchase, and to his experience as a practical farmer has been added his official career as the farmers' Minister since 1905.

There have been hundreds of other records equally significant. Many Galician immigrant homesteaders, for instance, to take a case at the other end of the scale, have accomplished the double task of breaking empty lands into good farms and themselves into good citizens. They have been glad of the opportunity, and have measured up to it. The story of the Russian immigrant who, on reaching his homestead in northern Alberta, and being told that it was his, picked up a handful of the soil and kissed it by way of expressing his appreciation, is fairly typical of many foreign-born settlers to whom a free home in Canada means more than we, the native-born, can possibly conceive. Homesteaders of many races, bringing to their new gift-homes customs and capacities that were shaped in another kind of life, have mixed together, and under the same systematic influences have worked out a common destiny. Homesteads make citizens of foreigners.

Some failures, of course, there have been. The homestead system is not an infallible remedy for all ailments, and some of the men who have tried it have found that it was not meant for them. There have been misfit homesteaders, who did not stay out their time, but abandoned their holdings for someone else to cancel; others have stayed on who would better not have done so, and if the whole history of Western homesteading were known there would be dark pages among the bright ones. But all these have been the exceptions. The system, as a whole, has proved to be a pronounced success.

To the homesteader and his wife, then, let there be given a place on Canada's honour roll, as living examples of national industry and spirit. They are worthy of it. Their patient labour, unflinching courage, and persistent faith are things that make national types—and nations.



ALDERSON'S WIFE

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

IT was not until after some months of acquaintance that I fully realized how uneven Alderson really was. One is not prone to analyze a man whom one likes—that is reserved for others. He used to sit in front of the fire at the country club, stretching his long slim legs and rambling from one subject to another. It was perhaps the very deftness of his speech that concealed his ineffectiveness, and one does not dig very deep at a country club.

Suddenly it struck me that he was a stationary person, graceful enough, but yet stationary. Other men picked up points and developed, but year after year he saw things from exactly the same angle. Apart from his profession of the law, he dabbled in literary societies and got some reviewing to do from an old college friend, and one could spot the reviews without looking for a signature.

It was my wife who cabined him in a phrase—"sensitively self-satisfied." She knew Ruth Alderson better than most women seem to want to know each other and consequently knew Alderson much better than he imagined.

"It's the things that are not said that are most enlightening," she murmured one evening. "The curious fact is that that house is dominated by the weaker of the two."

"Do you find that surprising?" I hazarded with a chuckle.

"Not altogether, but with us"—She glanced at me with an inexpressible comradeship—"we both know it, and Mr. Alderson doesn't."

"And Mrs. Alderson does?"

"Undoubtedly. I came away with a feeling that it was a frightful waste of splendid material.

"Yes?"

"She's perfectly fine—and perfectly helpless."

"But why helpless?"

"Don't you see? He can't stand even suggestion. She was quite frank about it. What he accomplishes now—and that's little enough—is due entirely to his belief in himself, but if he were to imagine the truth he'd go to pieces at once."

"I don't quite see that."

"Ruth does, and she ought to know. Can't you visualise him? Sublimely pathetic in his egoism and yet so super-sensitive that he would collapse without it."

I was silent for a moment, demanding of myself just how much Alderson mattered. It seemed, by and large, that there were so many more inviting fields for one's interests and perhaps one's energies. Life had its percentage of ineffectives and I wondered what was the quality of whatever scrap of divinity might lie in him to differentiate him from the rest. Then I realized that my wife was gazing at me.

"You are thinking of course of her?"

She nodded. "Yes of course, and that makes him matter too. One can't get out of it. That's the worst of marriage."

"The best of it," I put in humbly.

She glided across the room, balanced herself on the arm of my chair, and began playing with a scanty top-knot which it is the effort of my life to preserve.

"How much?" I said with a shudder.

"Nothing, dear; nothing but your interest and sympathy.

I gulped with astonishment. "You surprise me, and—and—why should I be interested. I don't want to be interested, I've other things to do."

"You will, I know you will, just on her account. And I want you to meet her."

It was therefore with no surprise that I did meet her quite accidentally two weeks later. I felt my wife's gaze fixed on me, as I scanned what was a rather remarkable face. It suggested a personality within—one that moved quite easily and freely and independently of any physical attribute. Her eyes were very dark and lustrous and seemed to mirror for successive fractions of time every possible emotion and sensation. The face was oval, with a straight fine nose, rather large nostrils, and a mouth that seemed as restless as the eyes. For the rest, she had a slight figure, trim shoulders and long, narrow hands.

The moment she looked at me, I felt that most men would be open books to such a woman. She did not express subtlety so much as a terrific and vivid insight. She knew that I knew, that was patent. How much more she knew, would never be betrayed by that roving glance or a line on that smooth face. Conscious of this and of a certain sense of comparison which, if she were at all analytical, must be constantly in her mind, I floundered through the formalities of post-introduction conversation. "I'm surprised we have never met before," I concluded.

This she disregarded. "You know my husband. He often speaks of you."

"Yes, I'm sorry I don't see more of him."

"That's kind of you. You see, he's so busy that it's hard to find time for anything else."

"Then he's a fortunate man, especially in these difficult days."

"Is there much of what you call luck in business, at least in the business of law? Do some men just happen into a good thing? The reason I ask is"—she went on calmly—"that though my husband works very hard, he doesn't seem satisfied with himself."

"No good man is."

She flashed me an inscrutable glance, "or woman?"

"It's exactly the same thing."

"Thank you." She hesitated, then continued evenly. "I'm glad you said that, because when a man's dissatisfied it's called ambition, but in the case of a woman it's discontent."

"And you aren't satisfied?" I parried.

I was sorry the instant I said it. You see, she had taken me on, knowing that I knew, but believing that I had at least sense enough to keep off the grass.

She flushed, then caught at my evident contrition and—leaning on that as security against further missteps—said under her breath. "I don't want anyone to think I'm discontented." Then, raising her dark eyes to mine—"You see that what is often very feasible for a girl is—well—impossible for a married woman."

"I can quite see that."

"So many things make it unfeasible."

"Mrs. Alderson," I said formally, "will you do me the honour to believe that I am very much at your service? I think I need not speak for my wife."

A dull glow mounted slowly into her cheeks, but only her eyes thanked me. "And what might be very simple for some married women would not be so for others."

"That's quite true also," I replied.

"I'm afraid it's all rather foolish of me and I'm only beating the air. You see, I feel as though I could—could—" Her voice died in a cadence.

"You look as though you could do anything."

Her expression did not change in the slightest. She seemed impervious to everything that did not bear on the matter in hand.

"You write?" she said slowly.

"In a small way—essays and special articles."

She nodded gravely. "I know. I read them and like them but—"

"Yes, please?"

"You don't write as if you had to. There's a difference."

"You mean I read like a dilettante? I think so myself."

"No—" she protested. "I think you write charmingly, but—you don't mind my speaking like this?"

"I like it."

"Is there such a thing as a frenzy for writing?"

"You mean a feeling that one must write at all costs or else burn up inwardly?"

She looked at me queerly. "How did you know that?"

"Because I have longed for it. Some people have it."

"Who?"

"The best and greatest—only."

There was a moment's silence in which our glances wandered apart. When they met again, her face had turned pale, but her eyes were glowing.

"I'm glad to know that," she half whispered.

That evening on the way home, I was conscious that my wife was waiting for me to talk. This consciousness comes to all married men, and is quite unmistakable.

"I agree with you," I said presently. "She's mentally lonely and wants to write."

"What an excellent thing."

"Perhaps. Yes, I think it is. She's the sort that might surprise one."

My wife sat back in the car and sighed sympathetically. "He doesn't know."

"It's just as well," I ruminated. "I don't believe she could write if he did."

"Will it be over her own name?"

I shook my head. "Not if she's wise. She doesn't strike me as wanting any personal kudos. If she can express herself to herself, it should be enough.

It was three months later, that my eye fell on a short story in *The Planet*, our leading magazine. It was signed "Deborah." The plot was negligible but the treatment was amazing. There was a virility about it that suggested a mind that had suddenly visited the earth and saw it fresh and glistening, without the dust and grime of ages. The English was peculiar but intensely strong. The atmosphere of the thing and not its denouement made one gasp.

"Mrs. Alderson," I said.

My wife nodded. "Of course. What do you think of it?"

"It's the best thing *The Planet* has got hold of for years. When she finds herself she'll be international."

"And the effect on him if he finds out?"

"Will be just what he deserves."

Alderson's column of reviews came out the week after. In the paragraph devoted to *The Planet*, he wrote:

"A somewhat unusual story appears in this number. It is anonymous, but evidently the work of a woman. It is not without merit but departs entirely from certain generally accepted standards. It has tenseness, if tenseness is a virtue, but presents such interpretations of life as might be held by a young and inexperienced person. We should advise the author to study literary construction and style."

My wife listened as I read. "And to think that people will form their opinion from that," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Not those who read the story. You see every author must decide whether he will write to please the critics or the public. It's a matter of preference and not taste."

"And you?" There was a note of humour in her voice.

"I write to please myself."

"The thing that puzzles me," she remarked going off at a tangent—"is what she's leading up to."

"Why not lead up to herself?"

"She couldn't. She may as you say, express herself, but although she is extremely clever she does not yet realize that all she does must have a direct relation to him. She writes with one part of herself, but even that she has offered to him though he wouldn't take it."

"But you don't see—"

"I see this—that when a woman has lavished herself utterly and withheld nothing that was hers to give, she is anchored for all time with mind and body and spirit. She stays with her gifts. Don't think of Ruth apart from her husband, she isn't that sort."

"Even though he slams her stories?'

"Wait and see."

I did wait, and from that time on our affairs seemed inextricably involved with those of the Aldersons. It was true that I was deeply interested in Mrs. Alderson's progress, but I failed utterly to fathom the process by which my wife gradually enveloped me in a delicate, filmy web that entangled their circumstances with our own. It seemed foolish and unnecessary, but when I voiced a protest it appeared that there was nothing to protest about. It was all tenuous, impalpable and elastic, but a living reality nevertheless. Then one day I met Mrs. Alderson again.

"Congratulations," I said, taking her long, slim hand.

"On what?"

"Deborah is making a name for herself. It's good stuff."

"Ah, you like it then—why?"

"Because it's sincere and uncalculating—therefore refreshing."

Her lips moved nervously. "You have not—"

"No; except to my wife. She knew anyway.

"Yes. She knows everything. You've seen the reviews?" she added calmly.

I laughed. "Reviews, good or unfavourable, are the opinion of an individual."

"Yes—that's it—an individual. We're excellent friends, as you know, but we've never met on that ground. I suppose it wouldn't work anyway."

"It would be hardly fair—to either. Things are much better as they are—You can see that."

"Of course." She smiled as though some memory amused her, then went earnestly on. "But tell me what's the matter with my work—for there must be something the matter."

"Well," I hesitated, "your analysis is remarkable and your situations most dramatic, but from my point of view your treatment is a little hard and uncompromising. You know, however, that *The Planet* wouldn't touch it unless it were first-class."

She glanced away, but I could see her long fingers twisting and untwisting the corners of her silver bag. "Go on please—it's the greatest possible help."

"But it's only the opinion of an individual," I continued, "and I don't know that I'm qualified to criticize your stuff at all. What I feel is that you can impress and almost stun your public, but they will turn to you with fear and fascination and not relief. Forgive me for what I say, but really your work is so—"

"To what extent must people feel what they write?" she demanded, interrupting me swiftly.

"I don't know. The greater their art the more they feel and they certainly should think it—too."

"Can one feel intensely about

something and at the same time persuade oneself that it's not true?"

"Undoubtedly — we all do that. "It's the compensation awarded to intelligence, isn't it?"

She smiled brilliantly. "Goodbye, I'm late for lunch already—and —thank you for more than you know."

Naturally enough, I watched closely after that and was not surprised when a certain modulation crept into her work. It was as strong as ever, but more human. The eyes of Psyche began to show through the visor of Athene. The reviewer noted the change and approved mildly. I could visualize his lean face and uncertain mouth as he wrote, and his wife's non-committal glance as he read his opinions aloud.

For some months she dropped out completely, till Deborah reappeared in *The Planet* with one of the most remarkable stories I ever read. It depicted a very ordinary man, hidebound in tradition and indifference, who by the sheer violation of his own judgment made a success out of a palpably aimless life.

It was notable that Alderson made no mention of it in his columns, although it was the most striking thing in that number of *The Planet*. It appeared that either he hesitated to say what he thought, which was rare for him, or else he was so impressed as to be baffled. At any rate, I could not imagine that the thing was already at an end.

Weeks later I met him at the Club and we agreed to play nine holes. Ordinarily I can beat him three up, but after he made his first drive I questioned my chances. At the sixth we were level. The seventh I won and the eighth was halved. By this time I was conscious that his game had entirely changed. He now swung freely and with a new assurance. His approaching was steady, he got underneath the ball, and his putting had lost its old convulsive stroke.

I got my usual moderate drive from the eighth tee. Alderson hit viciously, but sliced, and his ball fell in the rough. He lay a hundred yards from the hole, and midway was a clump of fairly high trees.

Now the safe thing was to come out again on the fair green, but Alderson to my surprise settled himself for a big lift over the timber. He swung free and with a clean scoop cleared the trees by five yards. The ball fell dead a few feet from the hole. He went down with his next.

"Good work," I said heartily. "You have improved."

"Yes, I think I have."

"Been with the pro?"

"No, I tried to get at it a new way. I was pretty rotten."

"Evidently, but—"

"It's rather foolish perhaps, but it seems to work. You see, I follow in my mind just where I want the ball to go. I always wondered before and I'm feeling extra fit to-day."

"Your game shows it."

"No, it's not altogether that. You see"—he hesitated and then blurted —"I got the solicitorship for the United Metals yesterday."

I stared at him. "You did!" That post was the lawyer's plum in our Province.

He nodded. "Yes, it came about in a queer way. They mine copper on a large scale over there, and for their smelting plant they need silica-quartz—you know. Well, just across the border line was a gold property that was only paying expenses. I got an option on that and sold it to them. They will use the waste quartz as it comes from the old mill and make the place pay as well as securing their flux."

"And then?"

Alderson swung his brassy at an offending dandelion. I could hear the club whistle, then the yellow disc, nipped from its stalk, jumped ahead. "They seemed to like the way things were handled, and offered me the job. I've got something else on too." He paused and added impersonally—"I

wonder I didn't do it before. It is simple enough if you stand off and look at it. I just woke up to the fact that I was letting the other fellows do all these things."

I ferreted for a reply. He had, it seemed, been re-made, and almost overnight. All the imagination which heretofore, transmuted into sensitive brooding, had turned inward, would now carry him far. His vista appeared to lengthen even as I pondered.

"Can you retrace the sequence of your thoughts back to where all this started?" I ventured. "It's rather remarkable, if I may say so. I—I somehow thought you were analytical rather than constructive."

"Yes, I think—hello! Our respective wives are waiting for tea."

I glanced swiftly at Mrs. Alderson as we mounted the terrace. She was talking rapidly and looked exquisite. It suddenly occurred that she looked too happy to write well.

Alderson ordered tea before I could speak and we settled down in big wicker chairs. My wife's eyes caught my own, but for once I failed to read them.

"You didn't finish," I said.

"The question was what led up to the United Metals affair?"

I nodded. "You don't mind? It's extremely interesting and dramatic."

Mrs. Alderson, chin in hand, stared out over the course. All expression seemed to leave her face, but behind that was a tenseness of attention. To me she seemed to be hanging on what her husband should say, stiffened into a lovely marble lest she be diverted by mundane things.

He took out his pipe and filled it very deliberately.

"It's rather difficult to tell, but I think it started with reviewing. I found it hard at first to do justice to what I did not like. And—"

Mrs. Alderson moved slightly. Her husband lit a match, and I could catch little flecks of flame in the bottom of his brown eyes.

"And then I began to realize what a lot I didn't know. That depressed me for a while, during which I was sorry for the authors I reviewed. But the thing that really started me was an anonymous story signed Deborah."

"That's rather interesting," I hazarded, noting a faint tinge on Mrs. Alderson's pale cheek.

"Yes, very. I tried to find out who she was, but the editor was as dumb as a clam. This story showed me the power of an idea, or in other words of imagination. You see, up till that time, whatever imagination I had was conscientiously throttled. I was afraid of it. Mind you, the story did not give me an idea, but it made me rise up in self-disgust and smash the shackles of my brain. Perhaps you saw it?"

"Yes." I said briefly, "I saw it. Please go on."

"Well, that particular article seemed written quite unconsciously straight to me, by some woman I never heard of. It was so directly personal that I couldn't even review it. It would have been desecration. After that it seemed that nothing was impossible and that the world was full of things and situations designed expressly for my own particular use. It looks now as if the only matter to be considered is the method of doing big business. Curiously enough, I have already ceased to consider the possibility." He swung in his chair. "Sounds beastly egotistical, doesn't it? We're leaving next week to spend the autumn in Montana in the mountains. I have to look over some properties there."

I glanced again at his wife. "Have some tea. Your husband has forgotten all about you." The lace at her throat had begun to move stormily, but her face was as quiet as ever.

"I wonder if I'll ever know that woman," interjected Alderson thoughtfully.

His wife looked at him with inexpressible promise in her eyes. "Somehow I think you will," she said softly.

A JOAN OF THE WEST

BY NORMAN P. LAMBERT

MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG, during a recent political campaign in Manitoba, was characterized not inaptly as a modern Joan of Arc. Five hundred years ago, the Maid of Orleans, in response to a vision, donned the warrior's coat of armour, took up the sword and led the forces of her country against the hosts of the enemy in the cause of freedom. Armed with a facile pen and an eloquent tongue, instead of a sword and a battle-axe, Mrs. Nellie McClung to-day in Canada is leading forces of rapidly-increasing strength against the traditional foes and obstacles of certain social reforms. She, too, is being led by a vision; one which has grown in magnitude as her work has extended and increased in influence. It is the vision of a young nation which will give equal economic and political opportunity not only to all men, but also to all women. And associated in such a state is the picture of a new and enlarged democracy, purged of the evils of the liquor traffic and the impoverishing effect of a growing industrialism.

It is not too much to say that the woman who visited Toronto and other centres in Ontario in October and November, and left the impress of her gospel, written indelibly, on the mind of the old East, is at the front of the very vanguard of those forces which have swept the plains of the West and are now advancing upon the Eastern Provinces with the demand for equal suffrage and prohibition. In those days of the West, some three or four years ago, when

Mrs. McClung and the original "Danny"

the flood of immigration was at its height, and the country was fairly seething with commercial activity, and before the Western people had begun to consider such issues as prohibition and woman suffrage, Mrs. McClung through the pages of her first books revealed a deep hatred of the traffic which since has been doomed by the Legislatures of the Western Provinces. When the issue of temperance became a vital part of the legislative programme in Manitoba, she stepped out from behind her ink-pots, spurned the pen for a time, and appeared suddenly and effectively in the role of a public speaker.

In the Manitoba campaign of 1914, following the big, earnest temperance convention in Winnipeg early in that year, she addressed a hundred meettings, and unquestionably exerted a greater influence in the election of July of that year than any other one person who took part in it. Later in the same year, Mrs. McClung moved from Winnipeg to Edmonton, and in Alberta she immediately took up the work that had engaged her energies in Manitoba. In both Provinces, her efforts bore fruit. In July, 1915, the people of Alberta declared themselves to be in favour of a measure of complete prohibition, and next July their expressed desire will be gratified. The Government of Manitoba is pledged to test the opinion of that Province on the temperance question by means of a referendum vote in March, and if Alberta's example is followed, as undoubtedly it will be, prohibition will come into effect in Manitoba in June, 1916.

Closely related to her passionate desire for the abolition of the liquor traffic from Canada is Mrs. McClung's thought of woman suffrage. Men, she contends, have not made a success of government so long as they permit an evil like the liquor trade to flourish. "Woman's duty" she declares repeatedly, "lies not only in the rearing of children and the care of the home, but also in the world into which those children one day must enter." Mrs. McClung has five children of her own, and four of them are boys. She believes that she has something to say about the public conditions under which her sons and daughter should live after they leave her home. And in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba Mrs. McClung and every other woman presently will have the right, in provincial affairs at least, to exercise her influence through the ballot. It is worth noting that the cause of woman suffrage has advanced most in that part of the Dominion where temperance has progressed, and Mrs. Nellie McClung has been the picturesque figure in the forefront of both movements.

Mrs. McClung's visit to Eastern Canada a few weeks ago was of more than usual interest and significance. She had been in Toronto several times before, but never as a public speaker, never exactly as the sponsor of a national idea for the women as well as the men of Canada. Her associations in the East had been limited previously to the smaller circle of literary friends. But this time she came with a message for no particular group, but for all who possibly had read her wholesome Western stories about "Pearly" and "Danny" and the "Pink Lady". It was a breezy, fresh message with a note of optimism and hope, straight from the Western prairies. The East has been in the habit of talking to the West about some things, but the positions were reversed in the presence of the lady from Edmonton, and the East accepted, with agreeable surprise at the spontaneity of its own approval, what was said to it so logically and entertainingly. Mentally digestive processes were set in action, and some day Mrs. McClung may turn her pen to a story and call it by a similar title to that of her first, "Sowing Seeds in the East".

It is not necessary to dilate upon Mrs. McClung's views of the suffrage question. They are contained in her latest book, "In Times Like These", which, by the way, marks a successful and timely digression on the part of the author, from the path of fiction. The point of her speeches on the subject, delivered in the East, was embodied in the following expression of faith: "I believe that both sexes were brought into the world to work together". Nothing could be more Western in its point of view than that. Woman's position in Western Canada for the greater part, is that of the partner with full rights of partnership, and the western laws relating to property are beginning to take actual cognizance of the fact. There is little or no competition between the sexes in the Prairie Provinces. In the agricultural life of that part of the country, woman is regarded as a distinct economic factor, and her status in the community has always been recognized in spirit, if not always in the statute books of the Provinces. Wherever that recognition of woman's right has been broken, it has been due largely to the damaging and unfair effects of such social evils as the liquor traffic. Woman has performed a great and important part in the development of Western Canada in the past. She has been very much in the minority so far as the total population of the Prairie Provinces is concerned, and she still is, and will be, for many years to come. That may have something to do with her present elevated status, but it is more likely that the suffrage is being given to the women of Western Canada entirely as the result of the radical and progressive ideas which seem to spring out of the new and untrammelled West and grow into practice in that world of experiment and action.

No person knows Western Canada better than Mrs. Nellie McClung. She is one of the real pioneers, having reached the prairies with her parents as a small child, by way of the United States, because there was no other way of travelling to the West in those days, from her birthplace in old Ontario. The family settled in the Souris Valley in Southern Manitoba, and she was ten years old before a school came near enough to her home to afford the advantages of a daily course of education. At the age of fifteen she had secured a teacher's certificate, and soon afterward began to earn her own living as a teacher.

Then she met her husband, and as she says with pride, "the day I married him I did the best day's work I have ever done". The little hero of Mrs. McClung's first book, "Danny",, was found within the family circle in the youngest bairn, now Master Mark, a laddie of some four years. Mrs. McClung's training and environment, therefore, have been much the same, for the greater part, as that experienced by many other native Canadian women. Her talents and abilities are purely native in their character—the fine bloom of the Western plains. She interprets the spirit of the West in her manner and in her every word. She is the West. When she sought the more public sphere of the platform lecturer and election worker, she did not speak alone in the interests of Nellie McClung. She was, as it were, the voice of many women, "crying in the wilderness". One day in the midst of her Manitoba campaign, I well remember her exclaiming in conversation. "You know, I feel by doing this thing now, that I am blazing the way for a multitude of women to come after me". And she stands to-day in the West as the sponsor by popular selection for a multitude of silent women whose tongues may not be heard until the next generation. She tells the splendid story of one of her experiences in the recent campaign for prohibition in Alberta: how at a small, hum-

ble station which happened to be a divisional point on the railway, and the place to take a hasty lunch *en route,* a party of women from the near-by village sought her out in the hot, dusty car to provide her with a delicate and tasty repast, and incidentally to assure her of their devoted support in the cause which she was fighting for them and their children. "We cannot do very much," they said, "but we have bound ourselves to remember you each day at noon in a short prayer which will ask that you be kept from being tired or disheartened." And Mrs. McClung in relating the incident, vouches for the answer to the prayers of her Western sisters, for, as she says, "I was never once tired or once disheartened". There is revealed in that story a simple, devout faith, which cannot be missed by anyone who has come in contact with the narrator.

Mrs. McClung, strengthened by the visible evidence of the good results which her endeavours have done so much in effecting in the West, has spoken to the East of two great reforms. While in Ontario, she urged that Province to adopt a full measure of prohibition, and argued for a complete franchise for women in Federal, as well as Provincial, affairs. The impression which she left upon many portions of conservative old Ontario will be permanent. No Canadian woman has spoken to both parts of the Dominion as she has spoken. Women from the motherland have come to Canada to advocate the cause of suffrage, but their words have not exactly fitted the case on this side of the water. The need was for the awakening of a consciousness of reform from within, and not so much for advice from without. Canada in this matter as in others was intended to work out her own destiny, and the need was for leadership. Western Canada has supplied a leader in Mrs. Nellie McClung, and in these days of trial and suffering, one is inclined to regard the West as a source of new democratic power within the nation, a country where future leaders will be born.

THE REAL STRATHCONA

VIII.—A PARTHIAN CORPS FROM WESTERN CANADA

BY DR. GEORGE BRYCE

LONG before the Hudson's Bay Company transferred Rupert's Land to Canada, the wild freedom of the prairies had attracted the Indian trader, the adventurous hunter, and sportsman, as well as the scientific explorer and the world-traveller and sportsman, to the vast plains of Western Canada. A most entrancing literature is found in such books as Milton and Cheadle's "Northwest Passage by Land"; Captain Butler's "Great Lone Land," and "Wild North Land," in Palliser and Hector's Reports, in Franklin's, Richardson's, and Rae's Accounts, and in the accurate descriptions of Lefroy, Hind, and Dawson. The western regions have become to many a land of romance. Many an old trapper, gold seeker, or mere "squatter" took up this life as his own and was held by "the lure of the wild". The writer has known many of these men. The story of the wild tribes of the West—Crees, Sioux, Blackfoot, and Stonies mounted on horses scoured the plains as buffalo-hunters and were only kept from destroying each other by Hudson's Bay Company influence. Among these mixed and varied elements a new danger came when the adventurous pioneering white settler came to till the soil or establish great "ranches" of horses and cattle. Moreover, the controlling influence of "The Company" was gone. The Indian or white horse-thief, the reckless and characterless whiskey-trader, and even the selfish, drunken, or greedy rancher threatened to make the region a scene of disorder, violence, and rapine. In 1873 the safety of the country called for better law and better administration of law. Donald A. Smith, as Hudson's Bay Company commissioner, a parliamentary representative, and especially as a Northwest Territories Councillor, pressed hard for some machinery for preserving the peace. Somewhat unwillingly, Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of the Dominion, living in peaceful, well-governed Ontario, naturally hesitated to establish a large military body for the peace of the Territories. Donald A. persisted in showing the danger. The Premier at length agreed to organize a force to be trained and divided into detachments and placed at salient points. The force was to be confined to the Territories (chiefly the Saskatchewan and Alberta of to-day). Colonel French was appointed organizer, and as he was leaving the Premier's office, Sir John cried after him: "French, they are to be purely a civil, not a military body, with as little gold lace, fuss, and fine feathers as possible!" The Premier controlled the new body from his own department. Looking back over the more than forty years we have seen the Royal Mounted Police to be as agile horsemen as the Parthians of old and as efficient, moral, and adaptable a body as we could have

desired. They have been drilled practically as a sort of light cavalry —but they have been police and not soldiers. After taking their part in the rather serious rebellion of 1885, the Mounted Police reverted into a purely civil body. When Britain, sixteen years ago, became involved in the troublesome and unfortunate South African conflict, Canada enlisted regular soldiers and sent them to the Cape. This action was highly appreciated by the Mother Land. The persistence of the Boers, however, led Canada to send no less than six thousand troops. Two months after the first Canadian contingent had gone to the war it was decided to send a mounted corps, of which the Mounted Police would form a part. Two such regiments were formed—one from eastern Canada and the other from the West—the former was to be called the "Royal Canadian Dragoons," and the other the "First Canadian Mounted Rifles". A distinguished officer of the Royal Mounted Police, Colonel Herchmer, was placed in command of the Western regiment. Second in command was Colonel S. B. Steele. Together the two officers succeeded in a short time in organizing a crack regiment. They were "expert horsemen, and good shots; several were experienced scouts". The staff and the majority of the officers were from the Mounted Police. On their way East they were fêted in Winnipeg, and were reviewed by the Governor-General, Lord Minto, in Ottawa. Their enthusiasm was unbounded. Shortly after the regiment reached Halifax to embark, Colonel S. B. Steele was recalled to Ottawa for other service. The cause of this arose from the fact that Lord Strathcona and others in 1900 felt it to be a duty to give private wealth as service to the Empire. His Lordship undertook, at a great cost, to send out and pay at his own expense a regiment to South Africa. Though the usual "red tape" had delayed the formation of this corps, it was this new step that led to the recall of Colonel Steele from Halifax. The Colonel was allowed to take officers and men from the Mounted Police who wished to go. The new regiment was very popular. One squadron was to be raised in Manitoba, another in the Northwest Territories, and the third in British Columbia. The new regiment was immensely popular. Its fame even reached the Western States and six hundred first-class Arizona stockmen, expert as Parthians, volunteered to go, to supply their own arms, pay for any class of rifle required, furnish their own horses, "spare" and "riding," and go immediately to South Africa. They were, of course, not accepted. But the supply of Canadians was overwhelming. A good supply of capable officers were immediately available. In the month of February the recruiting was completed, and in March the mounted regiment left Western Canada, passed through Ottawa, where Lord Minto reviewed them, to be followed by a triumphal entry made in Montreal, before they left Canada by way of Halifax. At this port the regiment numbered twenty-eight officers, five hundred and twelve of other ranks, and five hundred and ninety-nine horses. Lord Strathcona was unable to be present at their embarkation, but despatched a cablegram, for a copy of which we are indebted to Colonel Steele: "Very sorry cannot see my force embark. Have transmitted Honourable Frederick Borden the gracious message I have received from her Majesty, which he will publicly convey to you and the men under your command. Have also asked him to express my best wishes to you all and that you have a pleasant voyage, every success, and a safe return. Appointments of all officers gazetted; they have received their commissions from the Queen. Hope to forward them to reach you at Cape Town, where you will find letter on arrivel. Report yourself to the General Officer Commanding at Capetown".

Lord Strathcona also sent out to his regiment in South Africa to reach them on arrivel, 150 field-glasses and wire-cutters, while money was placed to Colonel Steele's credit to purchase lassos, tea, and tobacco. It is needless for us to attempt to follow in full the dashing Canadian Strathcona Horse through their adventures in South Africa. On their various marches in South Africa, Colonel Steele and his men met a number of officers who had served in Canada and had a liking for Canadians. The regiment was brigaded with Lord Dundonald's command. Lord Dundonald was afterwards well known in Canada. The senior commanding officer was Sir Redvers Buller, who loved Canada and gained great distinction in the Boer War. To Colonel Steele he said: "I know Lord Strathcona very well. When I was in Winnipeg on the Red River expedition of 1870 it was arranged with him that I should go west to distribute the proclamation; but it turned out that I was required with my regiment (60th Rifles) and Captain Buller (author of "Great Lone Land" and "Wild North Land") went instead—a very good thing, too, for he wrote a very good book describing his journey, which I could not have done". On going into a South African town, the British people waved handkerchiefs and hats as they cried out: "Welcome, Canadians!" when the Strathconas passed by. Lord Strathcona showed his thoughtfulness when he sent out thirty-eight men and forty extra horses to his regiment to fill up casualties. At Paardekopf the Strathconas showed their western training when a band of 500 horses escaped from one of the kraals through an open gate and were careering over the veldt. The Canadians, who all had lassos and knew how to use them, rushed out and in western style captured one-half of the horses and rounded up the remainder. The whole army wondered at the deed. The Strathconas also gained a high reputation for never "looting," as some of their fellow soldiers did. Even to their enemies they showed kindness. On one expedition their duty was to remove a large number of Boer women and children from the country into the town. A heavy thunderstorm overtook them—and when the women and children arrived in town they were wearing the khaki jackets of Strathcona's Horse to protect them from the heavy rain. (A vast contrast, we may remark, from German treatment of enemies in the present war!)

As they were short-service men, when they had reached within a month of their years, the Strathcona were visited by General Baden Powell. When, ordered to the Cape, before their going, General Kitchener, in thanking the men for their services, said, "You have marched through nearly every part of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony and I have never heard anything but good of the corps". He further stated that from all over the country he had received letters from the other generals asking for the Strathcona horse.

The whole corps were refitted from head to foot with new clothing and new hats sent out by Lord Strathcona. Before a commission held afterwards under Lord Esher not a single charge of breach of good conduct was tabled, whatever others may have done. Their bravery in action also was beyond question as was that of all our Canadians engaged. A great reception was given in England to the returned Strathconas, after their disembarkation at London in February, 1901. They proceeded to Kensington Barracks, where they were met by Lord Strathcona, Lady Strathcona and their daughter the present Lady Strathcona. Afterward the corps was reviewed by King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, where Lord Strathcona was also present. His Majesty handed to each soldier—officers and

men of the corps—the "South Africa Medal." They were the first to receive medals, as they had just been struck. It had been the intention of Queen Victoria to present the colors to the regiment, but meanwhile her Majesty had passed away, and King Edward made the presentation. Col. Steele then received the Victorian Order. The King said, "I am glad that Lord Strathcona is here to-day, as it is owing to him that this magnificent force has been equipped, and sent out . . . Be assured that neither I nor the British nation will ever forget the valuable service you have rendered to the Empire in South Africa".

After marching past his Majesty, the regiment returned to Kensington Barracks and was formed up and addressed by Lord Strathcona. On the following day three of the privates of the regiment, who on the day of the reception had been on duty were received in audience by the King, and with the most marked ceremony three medals were presented to them, and they were shaken by the hand by his Majesty.

On the morning after the great ovation given to the Strathconas, Lord Strathcona, the Earl of Dundonald, and many other friends saw the regiment off for Canada. After a rough passage the corps arrived safely at Halifax. With Lord Strathcona's invariable generosity and thoughtfulness, all the men were given by him the difference between the pay of the Imperial Cavalry and that of the Northwest Mounted Police, the latter being much higher. To their great surprise, and contrary to all their expectations, each of the officers was paid a bonus by Lord Strathcona. As one of the results of the great liberality and patriotism of his Lordship the Strathcona Horse has been made a part of the permanent Canadian force. Many special decorations were afterwards given by the British authorities to the officers and men of this regiment. While specially singling out the Strathcona Horse, it is right to say that all the Canadian corps were worthy soldiers of the Dominion and won glory for the Empire.

During the Boer War it was deemed quite sufficient that the Mother Country with the Dominions and Colonies should do well when in their political and governmental capacity they took their full share in carrying on the war. Divided among the various units of the Great Empire it was no very great personal sacrifice or no severe strain upon any of them. True the numerous military statues and monuments to be seen in Canadian towns and cities as well as in other parts of the Empire show the toll of precious life that was paid and paid ungrudgingly for the unity and peace of the Empire. But there was no personal war gift that at all approached that of the million dollars given by him who gave and maintained a whole regiment such as this that bore his name. Even the man who has seen fit, regardless of kind personal favours, social attention, and abounding hospitality to use a slanderous and malignant tongue upon his benefactor after his death, was compelled to say: "The Strathcona Horse, a contribution to the Empire during the South African war has no precedent in the history of any country". This is a proof that the law of heaven enacts as to the patriot that it "makes even his enemies to praise him". We shall not forget our heroes, who on the fields of South Africa, on the Plains of Flanders, in the War Office, or in the office of the patriotic millionaire entitle us to the epithets that Horace gave to the Parthians of old—"feroces"—"imminentes"—"fierce" and "belligerent" Canadians.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE recent news from Mesopotamia and the Balkans is not of a particularly cheerful nature, but temporary checks and reverses do not slacken British efforts or weaken the determination of the Allies to keep in the fight until the military power of the enemy is effectually crushed. Lord Rosebery says there were two great surprises in this war. We were surprised that one who professed such friendship should be discovered to have been plotting war for years. The other surprise was the discovery by the Teuton enemy that all his vast preparations and secrecy had proved unavailing. The resources and staying powers of Great Britain have surprised none, perhaps, more than the British people themselves. Outsiders were deceived by the grumbling propensities of the English. I use the word English advisedly, for to a much greater degree than his fellow-subjects of the Celtic fringe the Englishman is notoriously a "grouser." The Kaiser's emissaries were convinced by observations on the spot that Britain, because of her internal controversaries, dare not go to war. How mistaken all these observers were the world now knows. Another great surprise in store for the world was the unshaken *morale* of the average British citizen as a fighting unit. Before the war a favourite topic for the writer in search of copy and colour was the alleged decadence of the British nation and Empire. Few in the Dominions save the British-born understood the English character or were capable of forming an accurate estimate of the potentialities of the United Kingdom. This war has upset all the conclusions and theories of those who preached the decadence of the British people and Empire. The Cockney soldier from the metropolis; the pale, anæmic factory hands from the industrial centres; the miner; the effeminate-looking clerks from city offices, and the sons of the belted aristocracy—all have lived, and died, too, in keeping with the highest traditions of the fighting Services. But depreciation of the British character is not confined to foreigners or "colonials". In Britain itself for over a year past grumbling, incessant criticism of those in authority, and deprecatory shakes of the head have prepared the world for the worst, but that worst is yet to come. We were warned that disaster would overtake British arms unless conscription were at once introduced; we were assured that Lord Derby's recruiting campaign would fail; that the Coalition Cabinet was a barrier to military success, and that calamitous results would follow were the advice of the critics to go unheeded. None of these terrible things of which the chief scribes prophesied has taken place. Voluntary enlistment has proved a great success, even in Ireland, the Coalition Government continues in power, and the confidence of the British people in the ultimate triumph of the Allied cause is unshaken.

Newspaper readers have grown so accustomed to the croaking of the ravens at every critical stage of the military operations that they are no longer depressed by the despairing comments of chronic pessimists who seize upon every British retirement or reverse to point a moral and hurl anathemas at the men who are burdened with a terrible responsibility.

There will be little doing during the winter months, both sides strengthening their positions and preparing for the opening of another spring campaign. There are indications that the heavy strain is beginning to tell in Germany, but it were unwise rashly to conclude that Germany can be starved into submission. Peace is in the air, but it emanates from the enemy's ranks, where the truth about the war may no longer be concealed. The present Pope is not so astute a statesman as Leo XIII. and it is reported that his chief political advisers are pro-German. The universal character of the Roman Catholic Church organization makes it peculiarly susceptible to grievous hurt in a war in which Catholic countries are ranged on opposite sides. If, as is rumoured, the German Emperor intends to exploit his peace proposals through the Vatican the situation will be one of great delicacy for the Pope. *The Tribuna,* one of the most trustworthy newspapers of Rome, is responsible for the statement that Austria is desirous of making a separate peace. There is no confirmation of the message from any source, but it is quite possible that Austria, in view of the situation in Trentino, may come to make terms with Italy. Peace, however, is out of the question with Italy alone. That country was the latest to agree to the understanding between all the Allies that no separate peace would be made. Meantime, Mr. Henry Ford, of motor-car fame, is escorting a band of peace pilgrims to Europe with the object of stopping the war before Christmas. That Mr. Ford is serious in his intentions and transparently honest does not detract from the gaiety which his self- appointed office of peacemaker has aroused. The Allies are looking for no temporary peace, but for a peace that will endure for generations. This is why the Ford mission deserves to fail.

Assailed in front and rear by overwhelmingly superior forces the little Serbian army has withdrawn in safety to the Albanian and Montenegrin mountains. Numbering about one hundred and fifty thousand men, and retaining much of its field artillery, the Serb army has access to fresh supplies and, after a period of rest and fresh equipment, will again resume the offensive. The bulk of the fighting on the enemy's side so far has been by the Bulgarians, but their responsibility is limited and they are now growing somewhat uneasy over the Turkish concentration in Thrace and not disposed to extend their military liabilities. There is a disposition in Britain to regard King Ferdinand as still open to a diplomatic deal, with Macedonia as the bait. The danger of a Russian invasion in force, with Roumania looming up in the background, may help Ferdinand to execute another *volte face.*

Great Britain's chief contribution to European allies in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was in the form of control of the sea and financial backing. In view of the loans raised in the United States and Canada, the commandeering of Canadian grain and other precautionary measures for securing economic stability during the war, it is interesting to recall Lord Inchcape's forecast, in his presidential address to the Institute of Bankers in London, at the end of last month:

"The raising of the American loan," he said, "can only be regarded as a palliative, not as a cure, for the rise in the value of the dollar as measured in sovereigns. The only way to restore the exchange situation is to re-establish a favourable trade balance for this country. For this purpose it is highly important

that our export trade should be kept going, and that we should render services of every description by our ships and otherwise to neutral countries, so as to attract money to this country. Germany's financial policy bears marks of recklessness and improvidence. None of the money required for the war has been raised by increased taxation, and each successive loan means a fresh inflation of the currency, showing itself in a steady and sustained rise in prices. The British Government has resisted all temptations to unsound methods. Whether we can continue in the paths of financial rectitude depends on the people's response to the urgent demand for thrift and economy. The amounts we still have to raise for ourselves and our Allies are enormous. We might, perhaps, borrow a portion abroad, but the remainder must come from the nation's savings. Any other course would involve us in inflation, and a consequent rise in prices. The nation, however, will rise to the occasion, and, though the sacrifices will be heavy, they will be met. It might be three months, six, nine, or, possibly, twelve, but as certain as the sun will rise in the heavens to-morrow, Germany and her militarism will be crushed, and the peace of the world, so far as she was concerned, will be secured for another hundred years.''

No one can tell with certainty when the war will end. A neutral, writing to a French newspaper, says that there is hope that the war will be over sooner than expected. He affirms that he has seen a procession of women marching through Berlin carrying red flags and crying out against the war and the famine prices charged for food. News from Copenhagen and Amsterdam goes to confirm the statement, while it is also rumoured that there is a great shortage of food in Hamburg. If it is true that the Berlin women persist in marching about the streets in defiance of penal laws recently passed against such action, and openly carry red flags, the spirit of revolution is beginning to show itself. In a few weeks' time men of fifty and boys of seventeen will be called up. This will be a fact that will appeal to every family, for it cannot be concealed. Germans will begin to realize that the last line of defence, as far as men are concerned, has been reached.

The Irish regiments have added to their undying fame by saving the day in the retreat from Serbia. North as well as South, Inniskillings, and Royal Irish as well as the Dublins, Munsters, and Connaught Rangers, shared in the glory and the terrible sacrifice. One in aim in fighting the common enemy, is it too much to hope that henceforth they will be united on Irish soil in promoting the highest interests of their common country? Coincidentally with Mr. Redmond's references to the good relations subsisting between the Ulster and other Irish regiments in the field comes a letter from Private J. Cooney, an Athlone man, serving with the Royal Irish Regiment, in which he says:

''Everything is 'O.K.' here. We are having a very quiet time of it here just now. The Bavarians speak English pretty generally, and often talk across the trenches to us. We are not encouraged to do this kind of thing, however. The Ulster Division are supporting us on our right. The other morning I was out by myself, and met one of them. He asked me what part of Ireland I belonged to. I said a place called Athlone, in the county of Westmeath. He said he was a Belfast man, and a member of the Ulster Volunteers. I said I was a National Volunteer, and that the National Volunteers were started in my native town. 'Well,' said he, 'that is all over now. We are Irishmen fighting together, and we will forget all these things.' 'I don't mind if we do,' said I, 'but I'm not particularly interested. We must all do our bit out here, no matter where we come from, North or South, and that is enough for the time.' 'I hear Carson is gone,' said he, 'retired from the Cabinet.' I did not know whether he was or not, but said they would be able to manage without him. This young Belfast man was very anxious to impress me with the fact that we, Irish, are all one, that there should be no bad blood between us, and we became quite friendly in the course of a few minutes. They are small, hardy chaps, what I have seen of them, and will, no doubt, make good soldiers. They may be in action any day now, for it is doubtful if the present quietness will continue. We are all in the pink here, and take everything as in the day's work.''

What strikes one as most remark-

able about this letter is the fact that these two Irishmen had to go all the way to France to the firing line for an introduction. Now that they know each other it is unlikely that Carson or any other leader will ever be able to force them apart.

The German Press campaign in the United States reaches its highest level in *The Fatherland* publications. One of these, *The War Plotters of Wall Street,* is before me. Its author is Charles A. Collman. The title indicates the main trend of its pro-German criticisms, but Chapter V., *Our Bankrupt "Lady of the Snows",* is sufficient as a test of the author's veracity. In this chapter he tells a story of "how the cruel British satraps of Canada have brought ruin and misery upon a once fair land"; how they "lured simple and honest men from distant countries, to hew their woods and till the soil"; how "fathers were torn from wives and children and thrown into squalid prison camps, where thousands since have died"; and then how "others were forced with threats to go abroad again and fight and die for a foreign king whom they hated, and of whom others had not even heard." But Mr. Collman does not deal in half-truths. There is worse to follow. He accuses the Canadian Government and people of the blackest crimes against interned Austro-Hungarian and German residents:

> "In all Canadian towns and countrysides, from British Columbia to Quebec, the Canuck ran riot and typified himself with brutal Cossack deeds. He burned houses, plundered shops, and stoned unoffending men, women, and children in city streets and country roads. No one deterred him. German, Austrian, and Hungarian men and women were dragged from their homes and slaughtered in the open. Native-born sons who defended foreign-born parents were slain, the daughters were brutalized by the mob. Then these fathers who survived were dragged to desolate detention camps, old sheds, open to winter winds and rains, flung into factory ovens, starved, and left unclad. The mortality among them has been frightful. . . . And their wives and children in rags to-day still roam the streets and highways of Canadian cities, butts of the mocking mob, begging in vain for food and shelter."

Any German-Canadian who reads this tissue of falsehoods published by the central German publicity department in the United States will know what value to attach to any reports emanating from enemy countries.

At moment of writing news comes of the resignation of General French and the substitution of General Haig as Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces on the western front. The strain on field officers is terrific during a war of such magnitude, and it is not surprising that a man of French's years should be forced to seek respite from the roar of the guns.

The Library Table

DEMOCRACY AND THE NATIONS: A CANADIAN VIEW

By J. A. Macdonald. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

"FOUR thousand miles of river, lake, prairie, and mountain, where nation meets nation, where flag salutes flag, but never a fortress, never a battleship, never a sentry on guard. That is North America's supreme achievement! That is North America's world idea."

This striking volume of essays is dedicated "to those who care for liberty, democracy, and internationalism." The author, who at the time of publication was known all over the American continent as the editor of *The Globe* (Toronto), and as an orator of rare gifts and great breadth of vision. One of the most widely-travelled journalists in the United States writes: "Dr. James A. Macdonald is the embodiment of a great idea let loose on the platform and at work on the press. Democracy and international good-will are the dominant notes of his utterances. He is a world leader on these subjects, the strongest living link between Canada and the United States, the best interpreter of Canada to Great Britain."

A strong man of undaunted courage and singleness of purpose, Dr. Macdonald is not a practical man of affairs. He is a prophet and his weakness lies in the fact that he is so far ahead of public opinion. With a great war raging, in which men think only of crushing the foe, any purely academic discussion of the blessings of world-peace is bound at the moment to be misunderstood, if not twisted and distorted by extremists who can only see red. And yet when we analyze the hundreds of war books that have been issued during the past year we are forced to admit that in the moral sphere the Allies are anxious to convince the world (1) of their great desire for peace up to the last moment, and (2) of their conviction that only by the crushing defeat of the Teuton foe can lasting peace be assured. We are all pacifists of a kind, but we lack the moral courage to emphasize the fact that in going to war against Germany we are making war upon militarism. It is natural, perhaps, that men who are absorbed in war should be impatient of peace talk, but a frank discussion of the things that contribute to world peace is for well-poised minds that preserve a sense of proportion. Dr. Macdonald is not a pacifist of the peace-at-any-price type. His militant attitude on public questions is a complete refutation of the assertion of certain critics that the author of "Democracy and the Nations" is in the same boat with Henry Ford. There is nothing from beginning to end of the book to warrant such a conclusion, but flag-waving is easier for some people than hard thinking.

The keynote to the author's ideas may be found in such extracts as the following: "Independence was the great idea in the North America of Washington's day; independence is coming to be the greater idea in the

North America of our day. Nationalism was the note of the world of yesterday; inter-nationalism will be the keynote of the world of to-morrow." He sees the old ideas being outgrown, and a new standard of national greatness emerging in the neighbourhood life of world nations. No one can rise from a perusal of this book and not feel impressed and stirred by the trumpet call to the new life that is opening up for the nations of the earth. The war is a fierce crucible in which the old life and the old ideas are dissolving and giving place to the new world-ideas that are emerging.

Canada's great achievement is something of which the people of the Dominion are rarely reminded, something which differentiates the people and nation to the south: "Canada represents in North America the first successful effort of any colony of any Empire in the world's history to attain national self-government without revolution and without the sacrifice of the historic background of the nation."

The chapters on "The Anglo-Saxon Impulse" and "The Celtic Strain" the particularly fine and are a real contribution to English literature.

Writing as he speaks, having in his mind's eye a great audience to whom he is speaking, the author's essays have all the magnetic power and passion of the platform orator combined with the well-balanced judgment of the editorial writer. All profits on the book go to patriotic purposes and the wide notice which it has attracted in Canada and the United States ensure for it a large circle of readers.

THE LIFE OF LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL

By Beckles Willson. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THIS very large volume, with more than six hundred pages, sixteen photogravures and a map, is almost all that the most ardent admirers of Lord Strathcona could desire in the form of his biography. It begins with a glowing description of Donald A. Smith's birthplace in Morayshire, Scotland, and ends with a list of some of his principal donations, which amount to $8,225,000. The life of a man who began in humble circumstances in the Scottish highlands and was able to give away so large a sum and still retain great wealth should be intensely interesting. The biographer makes only a few references to the many smaller and private benefactions. One of these is in the form of an anecdote that gives to Strathcona's character a flash of illumination. It is an anecdote that has been related before, but it merits repetition:

> One morning, in the early days of the present century, an elderly individual, of no very prepossessing appearance, called at the office of the High Commissioner for Canada in London and asked to see Lord Strathcona. He was told that his lordship was far too busy to see any but those who had appointments with him.
>
> "Well," was the confident reply, "he'll see me if you tell him that my father drove him to Aberdeen when he sailed for Canada."
>
> The message was taken in to Lord Strathcona, and the result was to gain immediate admittance for the visitor. Five minutes later he emerged with a five-pound note crackling in his hands. Three weeks later the same man reappeared. Again he was told how busy the High Commissioner was, five or six persons being in the waiting-rooms with appointments. His answer was the same: "Tell him my father drove him to Aberden when he sailed for Canada." The result was that in he went and after a little while out he emerged rustling another five-pound note.
>
> A few weks later, back he came a third time. The secretary felt that the limits of benevolence must surely have been reached.
>
> "Here is this broken Aberdonian, sir, some to see you again—the man who says his father drove you to Aberdeen when you went to Canada. He has had two five-pound notes from you already."
>
> "Oh, well," said Lord Strathcona in his quiet way, "I cannot see him. Give him another five-pound note and tell him he need not come again. You may add

that his father did not drive me to Aberdeen when I went to Canada. As a matter of fact, I walked."

There is another Strathcona anecdote that the biographer might have told for the purpose of throwing further light across the great gulf that lay between Donald A. Smith and Lord Strathcona. One day there appeared at the High Commissioner's office in London a man who had known Donald A. Smith in the former Labrador days. Strathcona was glad to see him, and the two sat talking together, when a person in livery and a ramrod up his back appeared and announced:

"The carriage is at the door, my lord."

"It was quite a change," the visitor observed later, "from the old days, when Mrs. Smith used to dig her husband in the ribs with her elbow every morning at sunrise and say, 'Get up, Donald, the dogs are hitched'."

❊

THE PRAIRIE WIFE

By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

NOTWITHSTANDING its epistolary form, which always seems to turn fact into fiction, we like this book better than anything else that the author has done in prose. We like it, even against the circumstance that the letters are long and seem to be written not so much to please or entertain Matilda Anne as to give the writer a chance to tell someone what she thinks about herself. Incidentally she tells what she thinks about her husband, Duncan Argyll McKail, with whom she had decided to be "good friends, old-fashioned, aboveboard, Platonic good friends." But the trouble with Platonic love, as she tells us, is "it's always turning out too nice to be platonic or too platonic to be nice". She describes her husband:

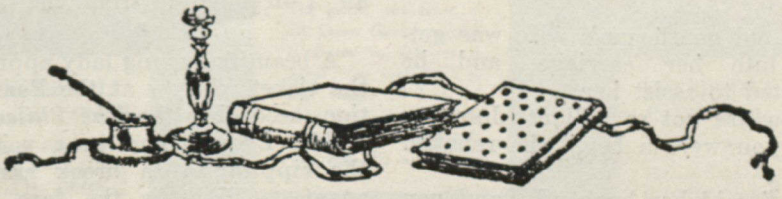
He's tall and gaunt and broad shouldered, and has brown eyes with hazel specks in them, and a mouth exactly like Holbein's "Astronomer", and a skin that is almost as disgracefully brown as an Indian's. On the whole, if a Lina Cavaleri had happened to marry a Lord Kitchener, and had happened to have a thirty-year-old son, I feel quite sure he'd have been the dead spit, as the Irish say, of my own Duncan Argyll. And Duncan Argyll, alias Dinky-Dunk, is rather reserved and quiet and, I'm afraid, rather masterful, but not as Theobold Gustav might have been, for with all his force, the modern German, it seems to me, is like the bagpipes in being somewhat lacking in suavity.

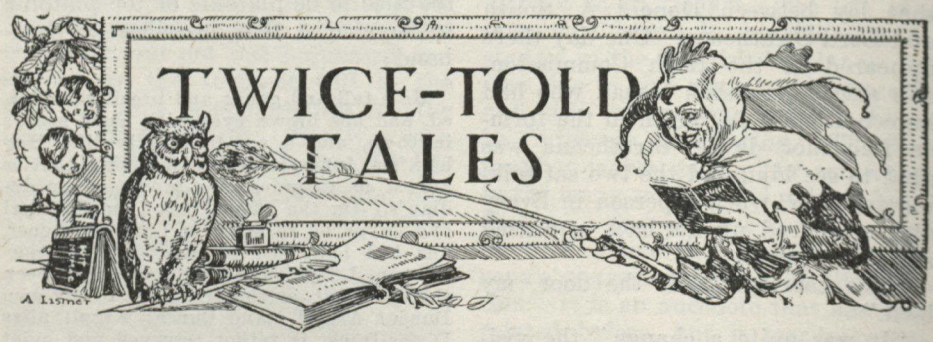
❊

THE LOVABLE MEDDLER

By Leona Dalrymple. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE author of "Diane of the Green Van" has attempted in this entertaining novel to solve the problem of a family of useless husband, hard-working wife, and eight grown-up daughters, by introducing Dr. Glenmuir, who is none other than the lovable meddler. The father of this remarkable family supposes himself to be an artist, and with that supposition he manages to delude his family also, until the doctor interferes and sets things right.





A Poker Hand

Showdown Teacher: "What lessons do we learn from the attack on the Dardanelles?"

Prize Scholar: "That a strait beats three kings, dad says."—*Judge.*

*

A Little Shakey

He went to dine with a bachelor friend who prided himself that his few pictures were gems. After having enjoyed themselves well—too well, in fact—at dinner. they adjourned to the picture gallery, where the host pointed out to his guest a landscape, saying, "What do you think of that, my boy, eh?" The following reply was hiccoughed rather than spoken: "Beautiful, old chap—very fine—awf'lly good! Trees wave 'bout so na'shally!"

*

The old gentleman's wife was getting into her carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not so gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she rebuked him.

"No," said her husband, "and you ain't so buoyant, Mary, as when you were a gal!"

Enough Said

Civilian Youth: "It's all very well to talk about policewomen. But what could they do against us men?"

Patriotic Maiden (promptly): "I suppose the authorities think that they would be quite a match for those who have remained at home."—*Punch.*

*

Overhead

"Looks like rain for our picnic tomorrow." Just our luck! How would it do to telephone the Weather Bureau?"

"No good! But you might make an appeal to the Clearing House."

*

Tommy I.—"That's a top-hop pipe, Jerry. Where d'ye get it?"

Tommy II.—"One of them German Oolans tried to take me prisoner, an' I in'erited it from 'im."

*

A beautiful young lady approached the ticket window at the Penny station, according the *The Philadelphia Public Ledger*, and in a voice like the rippling of a brook asked the agent: "What is the fare to the fair?" To which the agent replied: "Same as to the homely, madam."

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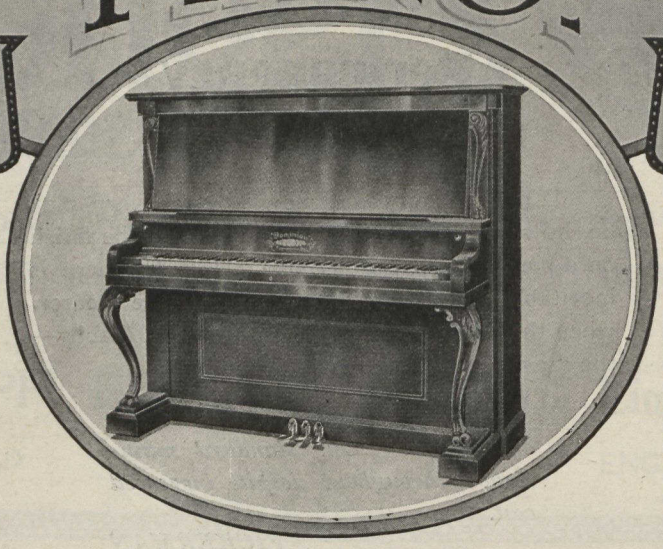

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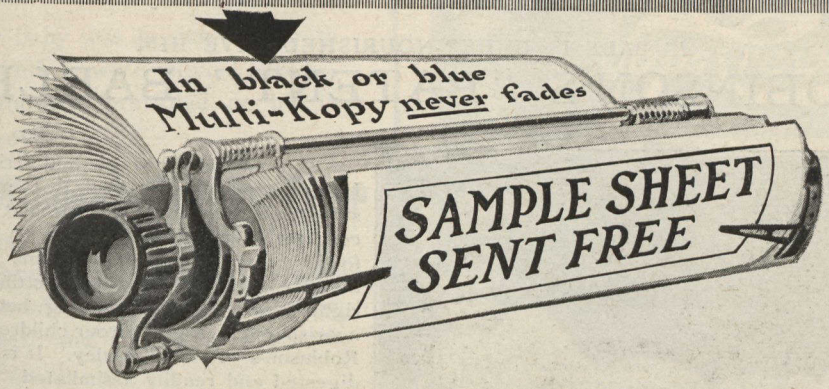

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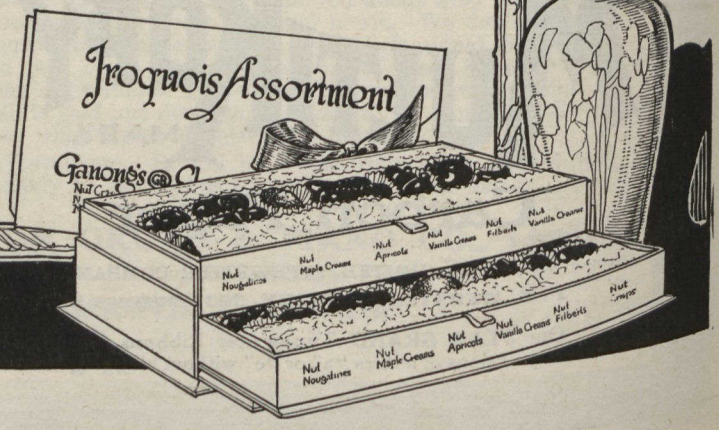

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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

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

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

For Sale by all Druggists.

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

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

O'Keefe's
Pilsener Lager

The Light Beer in the Light Bottle

Best for Purity Health and Flavor

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WELL-KEPT RECORDS

MEANS A FREE MIND FOR BUSINESS

It is better to have each business record in your office in an Office Specialty File in classified order, where they can be located the moment they are required, than to allow uncertain, loose and find methods to prevail, because of the lack of devices that will keep them in business-like order.

Get an *"OSCO"* File in the interest of your business

We make and sell through our own System Stores, Filing Equipment and Supplies to file and record every kind of business information. And more, we show you how to keep your records RIGHT.

Let us put you right in Filing Systems.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

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OUR OWN FILING EQUIPMENT STORES:

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Edwardsburg "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup

POUR IT ON PORRIDGE

YOU can't imagine how delicious a dish of Oatmeal Porridge becomes when it is sweetened with *"Crown Brand" Corn Syrup.*

Have it for breakfast to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how they come for 'more'.

Much cheaper than cream and sugar—better for the children, too.

Spread the Bread with *"Crown Brand"*—serve it on Pancakes and Hot Biscuits, on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples—use it for Candy-Making.

"LILY WHITE" is a pure white Corn Syrup, more delicate in flavor than *"Crown Brand."* You may prefer it.

ASK YOUR GROCER—IN 2, 5, 10 AND 20 LB. TINS.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED

Makers of the Famous Edwardsburg Brands.

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BIG BOTTLE
ASK YOUR DOCTOR
ALL DRUGGISTS

Keep Young

Some people are always youthful, full of vim and energy, but those who are at the mercy of a weak digestion with its consequent loss of appetite—oftentimes severe dyspepsia—will become worn out before their time.

Wilson's
INVALIDS' PORT
(à la Quina du Pérou)

postpones the encroaching frigidity of advancing years. It is unexcelled as a vitalizing tonic as it is a blend of nourishing, building, bracing, palatable ingredients.

There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

F. W. Fearman Co., Limited, Hamilton.

A Perfume for the Most Refined Taste

A leader amongst leaders. After being in use for

NEARLY A CENTURY

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

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BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

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Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

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