

X

THE  
**CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE**

X

JULY, 1919

PRICE 25 CENTS

Beginning  
Recollections of a Police Magistrate  
By Col. George T. Denison

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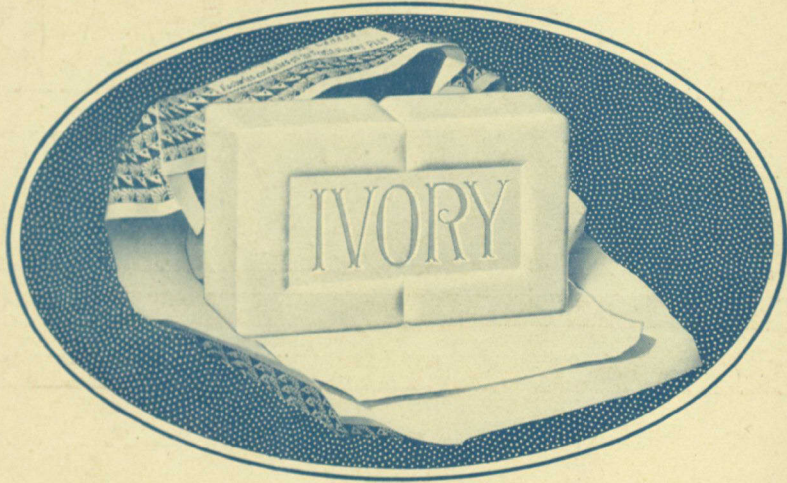
A New Monthly Department  
of Current Events  
By Sir John Willison

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Mist of Morning  
A New Serial Novel  
By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

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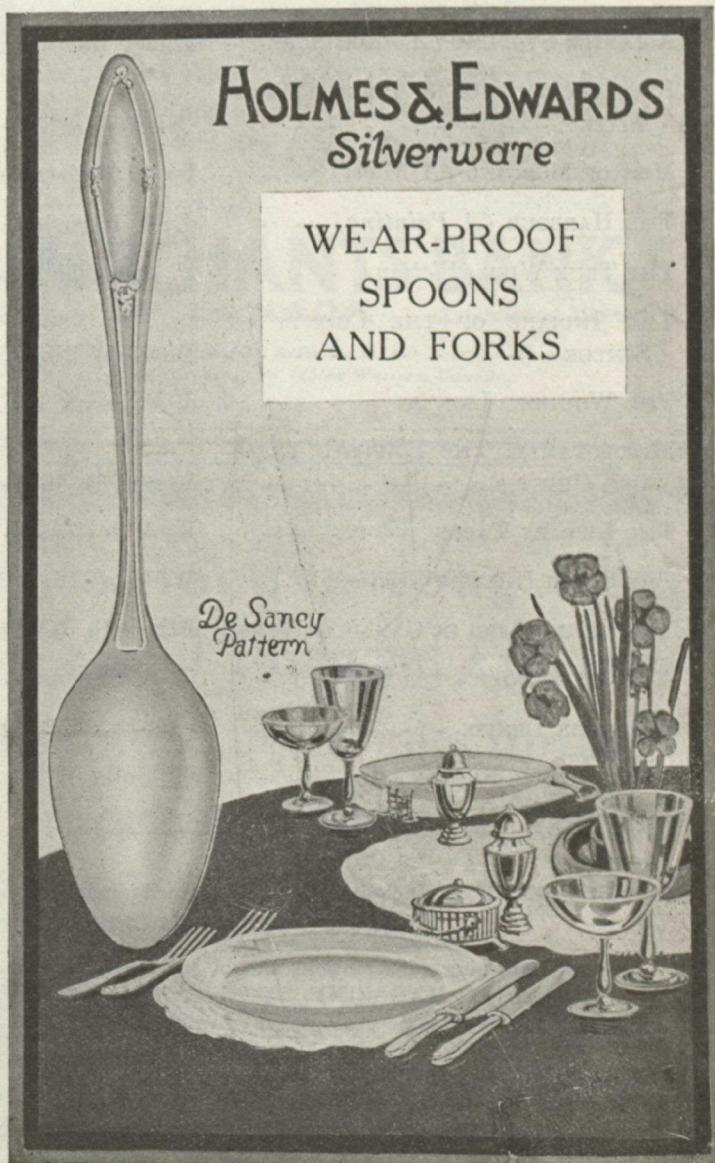
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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. LIII

Contents, July, 1919

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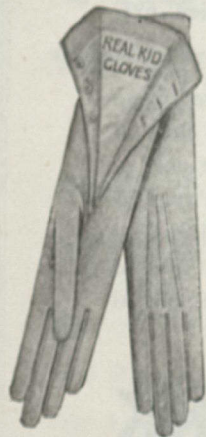
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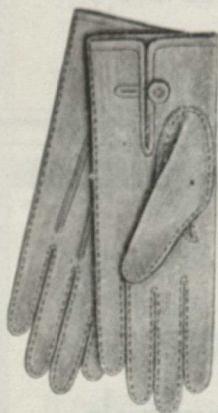
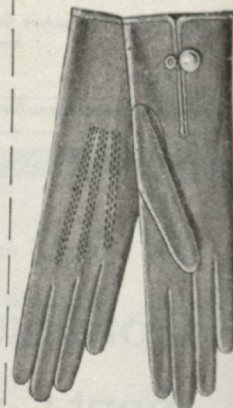
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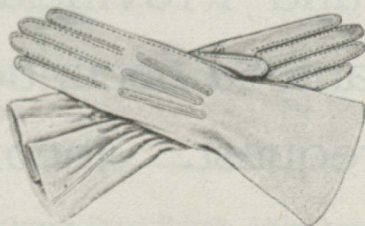
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Colonel Denison will continue his "Recollections".

Sir John Willison will discuss public affairs in "From Month to Month".

Then there will be the second chapter of Mrs. Mackay's delightful novel, "Mist of Morning".

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## "WHO'S WHO" in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE THIS MONTH

James Maris—one of three brothers, all distinguished Dutch painters

Col. George T. Denison has been Police Magistrate of Toronto for more than forty years. He is the author of "A History of Cavalry", "The Struggle for Imperial Unity", "Soldiering in Canada", etc.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is a resident of Vancouver, the mother of several charming girls and an active figure in literary circles in British Columbia. She has published one volume of verse and two other novels besides "Mist of Morning"—"The House of Windows" and "Up the Hill and Over".

David Williams is Editor of *The Collingwood* (Ontario) *Bulletin*. He has had extraordinary opportunities, apart from his connection with the Ontario Historical Society, to study the early history of the Indians of the northern portion of old Ontario. He takes a keen interest in the welfare of Canadian Journalism, and has been President of the Canadian Press Association.

J. M. Swan is a well-known British painter.

J. M. Barnsley is a Canadian painter of much distinction. Being an invalid, he has not painted for years, but lives in seclusion near Montreal, where his work is highly valued.

Lyman B. Jackes is a Torontonian, and formerly a student at St. Andrew's College and at the University of Toronto, where he studied chemistry and bacteriology. He has been editor of an engineering journal and for two years was on the staff of *The Evening Telegram*, Toronto. For more than two years he was with the British Army in Mesopotamia.

William Hugo Pabke, of Quebec, is an American who is making his home and centering his present interests in Canada. His work appears in numerous magazines. He writes mostly fiction.

Professor C. B. Sissons teaches ancient history at Victoria College, Toronto, and incidentally is Secretary of the Ontario Housing Committee. He is an energetic student of sociology and has written extensively on questions such as bilingual schools in Canada, the Manitoba School Question, Community life in the West, and Mountaineering.

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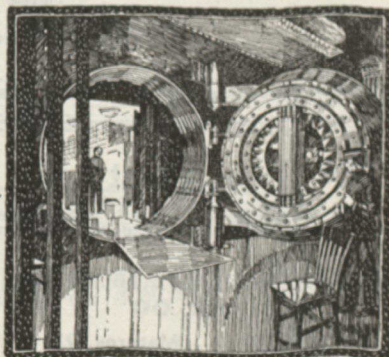
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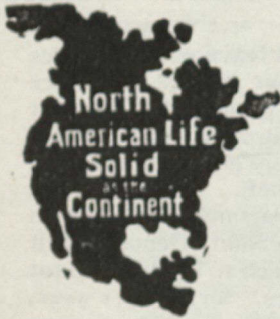
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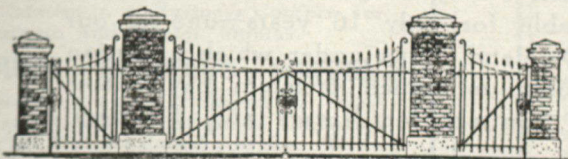
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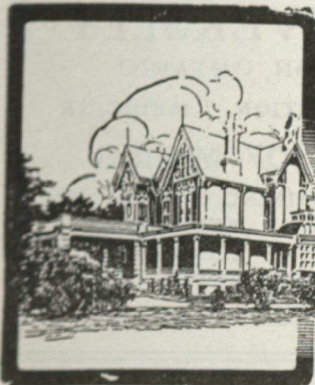
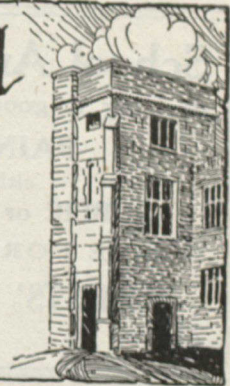
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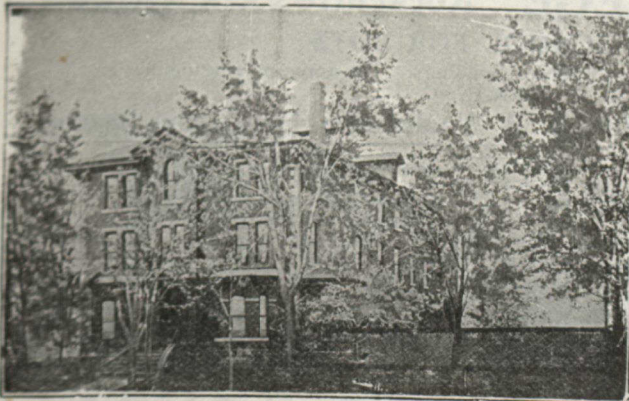
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THE  
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RECOLLECTIONS  
OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE\*

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

I.—APPOINTED POLICE MAGISTRATE

**I**N May, 1877, I was in London on my way home from St. Petersburg, and had just published my "History of Cavalry". I had been away from home for eight months and had taken passage to sail for Canada in a few days, when I unexpectedly received a cablegram from Mr. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, asking me if I would accept the appointment of Police Magistrate of Toronto. This surprised me, as I had made no request for any appointment, and had no desire to take a public office. In fact it was contrary to the tradition of my family, no one of whom up to that time had ever taken any civil appointment.

I promptly decided to refuse, and prepared a cablegram declining the offer, but on second thoughts concluded to wait until I reached home be-

fore finally deciding. I therefore replied that I was returning at once and would see Mr. Mowat on my arrival.

When I saw the Premier, he urged me very strongly to accept the position. He told me that there were a number of applicants, but the Government desired particularly that I should take it, and he put the matter in such a kindly way, and gave such strong reasons, that I agreed to accept, with the idea that I should try it for a year, and if I did not like the work I could easily resign.

I arranged with my brother, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Fred. C. Denison, C.M.G., M.P., who was my partner in my legal business, that in accepting the position it was to be on the distinct understanding that neither he nor any partner of his was to appear as a barrister in my court, and I made over all my business to him and gave up all practice, although at

\* These reminiscences have been written from time to time during the last ten years.

that time there was nothing to prevent me from practising. I also decided that I would take no fees of any kind, nor act on commissions or arbitrations, or directorships of companies, or accept anything that would put me under obligations to anyone. I was sworn in on the 2nd June, 1877, and have continued in the office ever since.

I found out at once how wise it was that I had decided to accept no favours. It had been the custom with my predecessors to continue their law practice, and do any outside work where they could get fees, and to accept passes from railways, steamboats, theatres, etc. Very soon after my appointment I received season passes on the Ontario railways and on steamboat lines, etc. I sent them all back politely explaining that formerly I would have been glad to receive them, but that I had recently been appointed Police Magistrate and could not now accept them.

This policy has been a great satisfaction to me ever since. I am independent of everyone. I am constantly trying cases between the great railway companies, and citizens, thieves, and trespassers, and I am just as independent of the great railway companies, who can and do influence both the Dominion and Provincial Governments, as I am of the poor tramp who is found trespassing on their lines or stealing a ride.

Not long before my appointment the powers of police magistrates had been very much enlarged, and shortly after they were still more increased. With the consent of the accused, I have been able to try all the serious offences, except murder, manslaughter, rape, high treason, and one or two crimes connected with the misuse of explosives, without a jury, and with power in some cases to sentence to imprisonment for life. This wide jurisdiction has made my Court for the last forty years the principal criminal court of Ontario, for up to two or three years ago about ninety per cent. of the indictable offences have, with

the consent of the accused, been tried by me. The last three years about eighty-three per cent.

I soon felt that I might do a good service to the community by giving them honest, even-handed justice, for there was a great opening for that kind of work in the Police Court, with the tremendous powers that had been placed in the hands of police magistrates. This feeling has led me to retain my office for so many years. More than twenty years ago the late Sir John Thompson, who was then Prime Minister of Canada, inquired through my brother, the member for West Toronto, whether I would accept a position on the High Court of Justice. I was much pleased at the offer, but declined it at once (although my salary would have been much larger), because I felt that my position was more important in many ways, and that I might be much more useful to the community where I was.

The question of salary did not weigh with me a particle. I have always felt that the pecuniary side of any question should not be allowed to have undue weight. I fully agree with the saying of the great General (Chinese) Gordon on the question of money. He said:

"If a man cares for wealth, or fears death, he is the slave of others. If he is indifferent to them, he is free, and their master."

Solomon says, "How much better it is to get wisdom than gold."

I refused, as I have said, to act as president or director of any company, and I am pleased to see that of late years provision has been made by statute preventing judges from accepting such offices. Such legislation should not have been necessary, but the practice at one time was a common one. I also decided to take no fees. I have a great aversion to the fee system; in time it is sure to bring the pendulum off the plumb. A man acting in a judicial capacity should have nothing to affect him, pecuniarily or otherwise, in deciding in either way.

I have acted on these principles ever since I have been on the bench, and it has been a great advantage and satisfaction to me.

I have been continually urged to write the reminiscences of my experiences in the Police Court, and in connection with it, and some of my recollections will be found in the following pages.

\*

### I Commence Work

I had arranged, as I have said, with my brother that he was not to appear before me. We had never done any business in the Police Court, but the first day I held court, my brother's office was besieged by a crowd of litigants and defendants endeavouring to retain him to take their cases. A few days of curt refusals put a stop to these attempts at influencing my court.

For the first few days after my taking up the work the entrance to my private office was blocked in the morning by a number of plaintiffs and defendants, intending to continue a custom which had been long in existence of interviewing the Police Magistrate about their cases beforehand. They were generally provided with letters from aldermen telling the magistrate what to do in their cases. I stood in front of my door and as each letter was handed to me I opened it in the presence of the others, glanced at it hurriedly, and told the bearer to tell his alderman to come and give his evidence in open court under oath, and I would then tear the letter up in the presence of them all. As the aldermen at that time had the control over my salary, I felt it necessary to take a very firm stand at the outset. It only took about a week to stop that practice.

At that time the amount of business in the Police Court was not large, about 5,000 cases per annum. It has been increasing with marvellous rapidity. In 1880 the cases all told amounted to 5,939. In 1900 the number had increased to 9,929. Ten years

later the number was 24,826, and in 1913, 39,654; of these 3,849 were indictable offences, of which 641 were committed for trial, the remainder dealt with by me, except when I was occasionally absent, so that I must have dealt with about 3,000 indictable offences summarily, and in addition with probably 10,000 of other cases, being my share of the remainder of the cases for the year.

I might state here that a few years ago in reply to a request sent to him, I received from Sir Albert de Rutzen, the Chief Police Magistrate of London, a full statement of the cases dealt with by the police magistrates of that city. From it I find that there are fourteen police courts, with two magistrates for each, and that 198,711 cases were tried or investigated in the London courts in the year ending 13th December, 1913. This would be an average of 14,193 for each court, or 7,096 for each magistrate. In the same year Mr. Kingsford and I had 39,654 cases, an average of about twenty thousand each.

When these figures are compared with the other criminal business of the Province the contrast is amazing. The High Court of Justice, twelve judges, for the year 1912, in all the Assizes, for the forty-six counties of Ontario, dealt with 152 indictable offences. The County Court Judges in the forty-six counties in the Quarter Sessions, and the County Judges Criminal Court without a jury, in the same year, dealt with 1,247 indictable cases, making for all the judges in Ontario 1,399 indictable offences, while I had the same year 3,849, of which number 641 were committed for trial.

I doubt if there is any judge or magistrate, either in Canada or in England, who has tried as many indictable offences as I have in the last forty years, or had so wide an experience in the administration of criminal justice. In England the powers of the police magistrates are limited to six months' sentences. Mine in some cases extend to life sentences.

### Methods of the Police Court

Before describing cases coming before me, I will give an idea of the general principles upon which I have carried on my business. My main desire has been above all things to administer substantial justice in all the cases coming before me. This I felt should be done in preference to following legal technicalities and rules, if close adherence to them would result in injustice. I paid little or no attention to any rules that are often followed blindly, if in the particular instances they would have interfered with fair and impartial administration of justice between litigants. In the following pages I will give a number of illustrations of my methods.

There is one rule against leading questions. In some cases they should not be allowed, in many cases they are very useful. I never follow precedents unless they agree with my views. The men practising in my court have known for years back that there was no use quoting precedents to me. It is very rare that cases are exactly alike, and the decision in one case might be right, while in another apparently like it it would be unjust.

To save time I used to chaff lawyers wanting to read them, saying, "Why read me another judge's opinion. If it agrees with my view, what is the object? If it takes a different view, why should I follow another man's mistakes?" Sometimes I have had a lawyer quote some very prominent writer on some branch of law, as, for example, Russell on Crimes. After he had read the paragraph I would say, "Is that Mr. Russell's opinion?" "Yes," would be the reply. "Well, my opinion is different." I was once told that he was the greatest authority on the subject. My reply was, "Well, I am sure he has not half as much authority in this court as I have."

As a matter of fact, my experience had been so great, and the cases so numerous, that a new point could hardly come up that I had not known

all about long before, and I had not time to spare for long arguments by men trying to teach me what was already clear to me.

I am always quite satisfied to have my cases appealed. At one time one judge thought I ought to be regulated a bit and overruled some of my cases. On one occasion he had to uphold my decision. The next day the late Mr. Snelling, K.C., met me and congratulated me. "What for?" said I. "Why, your decision in the case of ——— and ——— was strongly upheld yesterday by the Superior court." My answer was, "Well, Snelling, I still think I was right."

On the question of precedents there is something rather illogical about the whole principle. In an argument one lawyer may quote two or three precedents all running in one direction, and the judge may be inclined to follow them, when the opposing counsel will rise and say, "My Lord, those cases have been overruled by a later decision", and he quotes it to uphold the opposite view; the judge is supposed to follow the later case, which is held to be the best law. Therefore the judge who overrules precedents and go against them are supposed to give better law than they who follow them. Why, therefore, follow precedents? The best plan is to go into the whole facts and decide what is fair and right between the parties.

When I have heard all the evidence on both sides in trying a case, I come at once to one of three conclusions:

- 1, the man is innocent;
- 2, the man is guilty;
- 3, I am not sure. The doubtful ones are the difficult cases, and I will wait and try to get further evidence, and when I have exhausted everything, I give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, if I am still doubtful.

I may also say that I depend upon an intuitive feeling as to a man's guilt or innocence and not to weighing and balancing the evidence. I depend upon this feeling in spite of evidence, and will subsequently give illustrations of the advantage of doing so.



On several occasions I have had disputes about horse trades. A man not knowing much about horses would buy a horse from a trader who would say the horse was sound and a good worker, and afterwards the purchaser would find that the horse was unsound and not able to work. He would complain that he had been defrauded. He would get a summons, and the case would come before me, charging the trader with defrauding him by false pretences out of the price of the horse, say \$100. The facts would come out before me and the evidence of veterinary surgeons would prove that the horse was worthless. I would then say to the trader, "What have you to say?"

He would reply, "The horse is all right." I would say, "You are sure of that?" "Yes."

"Is it worth \$100?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then there is no difficulty, you take your horse back, and give the complainant the \$100."

The man would object. I would remand the case for a few days and say, "If you don't do that, then I will know you intended to cheat him from the beginning, and I will know what to do."

This scheme generally put things right and no one was wronged.

From the beginning of my occupation of the Bench, I was punctual in my attendance, going on the Bench every morning while the town clock was striking ten. My regularity attracted in time the attention of the reporters, and about a year after my appointment the following item appeared in one of the morning papers:

"The punctuality of Colonel G. T. Denison, Police Magistrate for the city of Toronto, is something which passes the ordinary understanding. He goes by observatory time, and occasionally corrects it. He generally bolts in at the east door as the third beat of ten is boomed out from St. James's, but if the bell should reach the fifth clang, and no magistrate is yet apparent, the faces of the officials and habi-

tues begin to grow long and look uneasy; should it reach eight, a look of positive alarm spreads over the countenances of the deputy, his assistants and the waiting reporters. What can be the matter? While every ear is strained and the silence becomes oppressive, suddenly the east door opens, his Worship bounds in, and before nine, ten have been recorded by the respectable bell in the tall steeple the first drunk is being conveyed tenderly below, wondering how he will pay that dollar and costs which has just been imposed upon him. What would happen if the clock should finish striking before he appeared? The question makes us giddy."

This item shows how soon I had gained a reputation for punctuality, but the subsequent record is very remarkable. During the forty years and more that have since elapsed I have never been one second late in going on the Bench in the morning.

It is strange that no accident of any kind, or stoppage of my watch, or any other cause has ever broken this record. It necessitates an explanation. I always entered the Court before the last stroke of the town clock. Sometimes the clock has been out of order, in which case I went by my own watch, but the secret of my always being on time was due to two causes. In the first place, I always made a point of being in my office fifteen minutes ahead of time, and in the next place, up to the last year or two I always walked the three miles to the Court House, so that snow-storms cutting off the power on the street cars, or any other like difficulty never prevented me from being on time. I have often wondered that I have been able to maintain for so many years such absolute regularity.

\*

#### Police Court Counsel

Among the lawyers practising in the Toronto Police Court in my time, the wittiest and most humorous was William G. Murdock. He was a genial and kindly man, and a great favourite with everybody. The finest thing about his wit was its amiable geniality. I never heard him make a joke that the person at whose expense it

was made did not enjoy as much as anyone. Some so-called wits gain their reputation by making sharp and cutting remarks at someone else's expense, which often will produce a laugh. I do not call that type of humour wit.

Murdock was constantly joking at the expense of Henry Reburn, sergeant of the detectives. When he would begin it was a pleasure to see how Reburn's face would lighten up in anticipation. Murdock and I often exchanged jokes. I will mention one instance as an example. He was applying for bail for a man who had committed a forgery of a cheque for \$2,000, and I objected, saying the case was too serious.

Murdock based his argument on the ground that the man could not be quite right in his mind, from the manner in which he committed the offence. I replied: "You know my view on that point, Mr. Murdock. I do not believe that any man of really sound mind will commit crime. I agree with Josh Billings, who says, 'When a man makes up his mind to become a rascal he had better first examine himself closely and see whether he ain't better constructed for a fool.'"

Murdock drawled out in his inimitable way: "Yes, I know that view is held by your Worship, and (with a pause) Josh Billings."

"One more, Mr. Murdock," I replied, "King Solomon," and, holding up three of my fingers, I added, "there are just three of us."

Poor Murdock had a pathetic ending. Playfully pretending to fence with a friend, using an umbrella, the friend's umbrella accidentally entered his eye and he died in a few hours. He was deeply regretted by all who knew him, and was a great loss to the court officials and attendants, who very much missed his kindly and genial presence.

N. G. Bigelow was a constant figure in the Police Court, and did a large business in the defence of criminals. He was a man of considerable ability, but died in middle age.

Mr. Holmes was another very prominent practitioner in my court. He was a young man of remarkable ability and shrewdness, but was a little too sharp in his methods. He could steer off dangerous ground in cross-examination with the most remarkable skill. I never met a man who could equal him. The only trouble was that in his cases it kept me on the closest watch to guard against missing important points. Poor fellow, he was accustomed to take morphine, and once taking a little too much of it died before he could be revived.

There was another barrister who had a very hard struggle to make a living, who defended the poorest class of criminals, and did not hold a very good position in the profession. He came to me one day to ask my advice. The people at Sault Ste. Marie, then a small village in a remote and rather unsettled district, desired to induce a lawyer to settle in the place, because the County Attorney was the only lawyer in the district, and as the plaintiffs always employed him, the defendants could not get any legal assistance or advice. A subscription of \$500 was raised, and an announcement made that it would be paid to a lawyer who would settle in Sault Ste. Marie. The offer had been made to this gentleman, and he asked me what I would advise. We knew each other very well, so I replied:

"I would take it and go up, and I should not wonder if within a year they would pay you \$1,000 to send you back again to Toronto."

He took the joke good-naturedly, but he went to Sault Ste. Marie, and, strange to say, he was back practising in my court within a year. He died a young man, comparatively speaking.

On one occasion the late Goldwin Smith gave a legal dinner at The Grange at which the late Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty, myself, and others were present. To start the conversation in a legal direction, Goldwin Smith said that he thought there was a differ-

ence in the custom in the courts in England, in the United States, and in Canada, that in England the judges ruled their courts, in the States the lawyers ruled, but that in Canada it was a sort of joint affair. After some discussion I said, "Well, I don't know much about the other courts, but in mine I am in command."

"I should think you are," said Mr. McCarthy. "Yours is a regular court-martial. I have been there, sometimes, but I don't like courts-martial, so I don't go any more."

"That is where you show sound judgment," said I. "If you cannot obey orders, it is better to keep away."

McCarthy and I were great friends. He was President of the Imperial Federation League for some years when I was chairman of the Organizing Committee, and we often spoke together on the same platform, endeavouring to stir up a feeling in favour of Imperial unity, which is now such a powerful influence in the British Empire. He was one of the ablest men in the Province.

Mr. Fenton was county attorney for a few years and was an able and conscientious representative of the Crown. J. Walter Curry, K.C., was Crown Attorney for a number of years, and a most energetic and efficient prosecutor. He worked with indomitable perseverance and in many important cases showed remarkable ability. He was in charge of the prosecution of the Hyams brothers for murder, and with four exceedingly able counsel against him handled his case most skilfully.

Nicholas Murphy, K.C., was another counsel who did a considerable amount of business in my court. His strong point was his thorough truthfulness. I always felt that I could take his word with confidence.

It is not necessary to say that there have been some practitioners who have not secured my confidence, and often the truth of the old saying, "Honesty is the best policy" is borne in upon me.

In forty years I have seen a great

number of our ablest lawyers appear occasionally in important cases. The men I have named above are a few who have been regular attendants in my court.

The present Crown Attorney, J. Seymour Corley, K.C., is a very capable man, and it has been a great satisfaction to have such men to work with and to assist in the administration of justice. My relations with the various county attorneys who have held office during my time have always been of the most agreeable character, and I have the kindest recollections of them all.

\*

#### The Priestman Case

In the spring of 1899 I was involved in a controversy with the High Court of Justice in a curious way. The law against keeping bucket-shops or places for gambling included among them disorderly houses, and the procedure for enforcing the law in such cases was different from that in all other kinds of criminal prosecutions. In every other type of offence an information has to be sworn to and a warrant or summons asked for, warrants being only issued in serious cases where the defendant would not be likely to appear on a summons.

In gambling houses the law lays down clearly the course to be pursued, and leaves no option. The Chief of Police writes a letter to one of the Police Commissioners, generally the Police Magistrate, stating his suspicion and belief that a certain place is a gambling-house, and requesting an order to permit him to enter by force and take possession of the house and all articles or papers used in the business, and to arrest and bring before the magistrate all persons found in the place. There is no power to summon; the law is mandatory and says all shall be arrested and brought before a magistrate.

I had received a letter in proper form from the chief constable, asking for a warrant to enter the premises of one Priestman, and Inspector

Archibald was assigned to execute it. Archibald entered the office of the bucket-shop keeper and finding evidence showing the character of the business being carried on, he arrested the keeper and all the persons found there, and as was his duty took them to the police station, where they were bailed to appear the next day.

The case was tried before me and the evidence given, and upon the evidence I convicted the defendant. It was appealed to the High Court and the conviction was quashed, and the judge commented very severely upon the conduct of Inspector Archibald, on the ground that Priestman being a respectable man he should not have arrested him, but should have summoned him. In this the judge was absolutely wrong, as the law on the point is very clear and definite. This censure made in open court, and published in the papers, led the defendant Priestman to think that he had a case against Inspector Archibald, and he laid a charge against him before the Board of Police Commissioners to have him dismissed from the force or punished in some way. The Board of Commissioners consisted of the County Judge, the Mayor, and myself.

Priestman came before us and made his complaint that he was arrested instead of being summoned. I said that the law was clear, that Archibald did exactly as the law provided, and that no fault could be found with him. Priestman said that the judge had condemned Archibald severely, and said he had no right to act as he did. I replied that "the judge did not know what he was talking about". This also got into the newspapers, and the judge, the late Judge Rose, brought the matter before the High Court of Justice, and they requested Sir John Boyd, the Chief Justice, to complain to the Attorney-General against me for speaking in that way of one of their number.

Sir Oliver Mowat, Attorney-General, sent the letter to me for my report, which I sent in, pointing out

the law and also pointing out the fact that as a police commissioner I was acting as a judge in a matter which affected the livelihood of a worthy officer who was only doing his duty.

Sir Oliver sent my reply to the High Court of Justice, and they were not satisfied, but wrote another letter referring to "the impropriety of a magistrate commenting disparagingly in a meeting to which the public was admitted, upon observations made by a judge of the High Court while presiding at the assizes; that such a course is not likely to suggest respect for the judicial office or to promote the due administration of the law".

I wrote a very decided reply, for I was determined that, as far as I was concerned, I would show everyone fair play and not be influenced by outside considerations. I said that I had always maintained that it was the duty of the police to enforce the law as they found it, without respect to persons, that if a policeman found any man breaking the law, it was his duty to put the law in force against him without favouritism or consideration for his social position". I went on to say that "we could not leave it to any ordinary policeman to judge of the respectability of a man, and to decide whether one man was to receive greater consideration than another because he was richer or better dressed or better educated or moved in a different social sphere. Mollie Matches, one of the most notorious criminals on this continent, would pass anywhere as an intelligent, well-bred and prosperous business man".

I held that any other system would bring the administration of law into disrepute and the police management into contempt.

I then went on to say that "such a principle as Judge Rose laid down does not exist in any country that I know of—certainly not in England, where one man in the eye of the law has been the same as another from the time that Chief Justice Gascoigne sent Prince Henry to prison down to the other day when the London police ar-

rested some of the wealthiest noblemen in England, on the same charge as that on which Inspector Archibald arrested Priestman and others”.

I concluded by saying that “if Judge Rose had refrained from censuring others in a matter for which he was not responsible, it would have increased the respect which is entertained for his high judicial office, and would not have affected the due administration of the law by the Police Department”.

Sir Oliver Mowat, replying to this, said: “Nothing further need be said. I believe this is the first time any complaint has been made to me as to anything you have said or done as police magistrate”.

This ended the matter.

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#### Different Types of Offenders

The professional criminal, as far as my experience has gone, does not seem to bear ill-will against a judge who holds the scales of justice evenly and decides fairly, no matter what reasonable sentence may be given. I had a curious indication of this feeling a few years after I had been appointed magistrate. I was visiting a friend in Kingston and he suggested one day that I should pay a visit to the Kingston Penitentiary, which is the great prison for serious offences in Ontario. I demurred at first, because I had sent many prisoners there, and they were sent for the more serious offences and were sentenced for the longest terms. I told my friend that it would not be pleasant for many of the prisoners to see me going through the prison. I agreed, however, reluctantly, to go, for I was interested in seeing the building and the general conditions of imprisonment.

The Warden of the penitentiary told off one of the senior officials to show me over the institution. In the first work-shop I entered I saw that some of the prisoners recognized me and, to my astonishment, seemed

pleased to see me and nodded to me and smiled. I spoke to several of them and said:

“Did I send you here?”

“Yes, sir.”

“For how long?”

Probably they would say, “For three or four years.”

In one shop a number of the prisoners came around me and greeted me with the utmost friendliness. I asked them many questions; how much longer they had to serve, how they were fed and cared for, and they spoke quite favourably of the prison. I recognized one prisoner whom I had sent down some years before, and said:

“Why, Leslie, are you still here? I did not think I had given you more than three years.”

“That is right, sir,” he replied, “but I was sent down again for a burglary in London.”

He was a very sharp fellow and he went on to say—speaking apparently for the comrades around him: “We all think well of you, Colonel, because you always give a fair trial. The detectives have got to prove their case clearly or you will not convict, but some of the magistrates and judges decide against a man with a record because he has a record, whether the case is proved clearly or not, and that is not playing the game fairly. If the detectives cannot prove their case they should not get the decision, but if they do prove it then we never complain of the judge for sentencing us. All we want is fair play.” It was the exact point of view of the football player who wanted an absolutely fair referee.

The contrast between this method of looking upon the result of the trials of the professional criminal and that of another class of customers who are very respectable and often wealthy is very remarkable. Of course, in many cases people of this latter class pay their fines willingly and blame nobody but themselves. Some of them, however, resent bitterly being prosecuted and blame everybody but them-

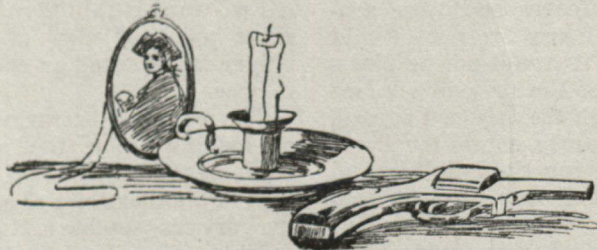
selves. They find great fault with the magistrate and the prosecutor and the police. I noticed sometimes in years past that people fined for not cleaning snow from the sidewalks in front of their property retained a strong feeling against me personally for doing my duty, sometimes a very bitter feeling. I did not mind this, for people who would take that view were not worth bothering about.

A good many years ago a second police magistrate was appointed, Mr. Rupert E. Kingsford, and he was assigned to deal with all the minor cases, while my business was mainly confined to trying the serious indictable offences. The result has been that my dealings have been with the worst criminals, while Mr. Kingsford's principal work has been with the respectable and wealthy classes.

It has been a great relief to me to have escaped dealing with the type who now come before Mr. Kingsford, and particularly of late years since the motor-car has become an established institution. There are a number of rules for the guidance of drivers of motor-cars which are often broken: overspeeding, driving on the wrong side of the street, not having lighted

lamps in the dark, or not returning to the scene of an accident. Overspeeding is the commonest offence of them all, and numbers of defendants are constantly in court to meet such charges. A man always feels he is going very slowly if he is going only five miles an hour over the rate permitted by law, and there is constant complaining by motor-car owners, if brought before the court on those charges. Those who complain the most are generally so-called millionaires. Sometimes in my club they will complain to me about the motor laws and the way in which they are administered.

I always close the discussion by saying: "Thanks to a kind Providence, I have nothing whatever to do with motor cases. I deal with the aristocracy of crime, with murderers, highway robbers, forgers, embezzellers and all the highest class of criminals. I have nothing to do with the petty offenders who don't remove their snow or drive their motors too fast or commit other frivolous little offences, and I am very thankful, for my customers are much more pleasant to deal with; they rarely complain or bear any ill-will."



# MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

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

## CHAPTER I

**H**EADS for the front door, tails for the back!" David flipped a copper into the air and watched it fall with pretended calm. "Heads it is! Guess I would have gone to the front door anyway."

This was pure bluff, but it served to stiffen his courage. He knew it was no light thing for a small boy to ring the front door bell at the house of the Widow Ridley. Boys had tried it before, but they had only pulled the handle and then run away. It was another thing to stand one's ground and deliver a parcel, even when the parcel came from the minister and might be said to be under the protection of the church.

It was a breathlessly hot day. The shadows of the cedar trees lay like dark and pointing fingers over the close cut lawn. The house of the Widow Ridley slumbered in the heat, its wide green shutters closed. But behind those shutters——! David banged the iron gate and marched boldly up the gravelled walk. His hand was already upon the bell to pull it when the door flew open. It opened so silently and so swiftly that it seemed the very worst had happened and that the Widow Ridley would appear in person. But she didn't. The door-opener was not a terrible old woman with a hooked nose and a very useful cane but a little girl.

"You boy!" said the little girl. "What do you mean by coming to the front door? Go round to the back directly!"

"Don't have to!"

The antagonists observed each other warily.

What he saw was a thin, pale child, fantastically dressed, or rather draped, in a Persian shawl. A bright red handkerchief was wound, turban fashion, around her head. Her eyes were long and narrow, her chin delicately pointed and, at the present moment, much uplifted. For all her paleness she glowed against the dark background vivid as a flame.

What she saw was a freckled-faced little boy whose hair stood up in the centre, and who dared to grin.

"Go at once!" ordered Rosme, stamping her foot.

"Shan't. The minister sent me. Here's a parcel. Say, "with a still wider grin, "is this the whole circus or just the big tent? Don't you want someone to water the elephants?"

Rosme closed the door. It was all she could do, and she intended to do it with quiet dignity. But the boy's grin was really maddening and doors have an uncanny way of divining the moods of humans. It banged.

"Now you've done it!" A tall, blonde girl who had started forward too late to prevent the bang threw a glance of reproachful wonder at the author of it. "Aunt will never sleep through that."

"Truly, Frances, I didn't mean to bang it. It just banged."

Three loud thumps sounded ominously from overhead.

"There she is!" said the child, her long eyes lighting with the lust of battle. "I'll go. You pretend you're out. Here, help me off with this old shawl."

Accentuated thumps, a perfect salvo of them, hastened the undraping process. "The turban too," whispered Rosme. "Hurry, or she'll smash the chandelier!" Then, as a final bang was followed by sudden silence, "Oh, thank goodness, she's dropped her cane!"

"Perhaps—" began Frances, but Rosme, always quicker in action than her cousin was in thought, was already on her way upstairs. A second later she presented herself a figure of unhurried calm, at the door of Aunt's bedroom.

"Were you calling, Aunt?"

A groan came hollowly from the bed just visible in the cool depths of the shaded room. But Rosme knew that this was not an answer. It was hardly even the beginning of one. Self-repression was not, at any time, one of Aunt's virtues and just now her natural energy had been reinforced by sleep. When she had expressed herself at great length and with much variety she groaned again and reverted to first causes.

"What was that crash I heard?" she demanded in a fainting voice. "Don't attempt to lie to me! I feel it is the mirror in the front parlour. It is broken—don't deny it! Where is Frances? Where is my cane? Oh, what a terrible thing it is to be helpless and alone!"

"It was only the door that banged, Aunt."

"Only! A door that bangs is nothing! My sleep is nothing! Besides it was not the door. My doors don't bang. If it did, it was done on purpose—to waken me. That is your gratitude. After all I have done for you. Where is Frances? If you didn't break the mirror, she did. I

know it is broken. I have ears, I hope!

"Frances is out," fibbed Rosme shamelessly. "She's been up here twenty times to-day. I'm taking her place."

As she spoke the child came further into the room, and pausing at the foot of the old-fashioned bed, looked over gravely at the old lady who lay within.

"If you talk so loud, Aunt," she said in reasonable accents, "you'll begin to cough. And if you cough—" The rest of the sentence was thoughtful silence. Instantly, as if in response to some malign suggestion, the old lady began to cough. She coughed violently and at length. But when she had ceased coughing she took a long breath and began to scold again. The burden of her remarks seemed to be the hardness of heart apparent in Frances and still more noticeable in Rosme, who had no heart at all! Also the appalling lack of gratitude on the part of both to an Aunt who had done so much for them. References were made to the home which had been provided, to board, to clothes, to education, and it was particularly noted that all that was asked in return was a little consideration, a little care. But this of course was too much to expect. Only let their benefactress be confined to her bed for a day or two and what happened? Gallivanting—gross neglect—every mirror in the house broken, especially the large one in the front parlour bought in England by their dead uncle—

Rosme did not try to interrupt this flow of eloquence. Intent though her attitude was, she was in act not listening. Having heard it all with variations every day and several times a day for years she may have felt that she did not need to pay strict attention. Instead, she let her mind wander and fell to wondering if in the course of nature it were possible that some day she, Rosme, might come to look like Aunt? If she lived to be seventy-five years old? Perhaps all



old people of seventy-five looked like that? If they did, Rosme thought it fortunate that the psalmist had fixed the orthodox age at three score years and ten. The strength of Aunt's excess age was certainly labour and sorrow—for other people.

Whether some of these musings came through telepathically to Aunt it is impossible to say, but the volume of her lamentations lessened suddenly.

"What are you thinking of, standing there like a graven image?" she snapped out.

"I was thinking," said Rosme, politely, "that you haven't told me what you want yet. Excuse me, Aunt, but you have coughed your cap all crooked—over the left eye. I'll fix it."

Fix it she did with grave face and deft hand. Then, "What was it you said you wanted, Aunt?"

The old lady was exhausted, if not beaten. A tear of rage shone in her still undimmed eye but her voice was perceptibly weaker.

"You are a heartless child," she quavered, "a hard, bad child! I want that shutter open. I want my cane. I want my medicine. Nobody cares whether I live or die. Nobody——"

Rosme flew to open the shutter and succeeded in making noise enough to drown the remainder of the indictment. She picked up the cane and placed it beside the gaunt figure on the bed.

"It isn't medicine time for another hour," she announced dispassionately. "You know Frances *never* forgets your medicine. Is there anything else?"

Two more tears of rage gathered in the old lady's snapping eyes.

"Go away!" she waved feebly. "You are bad. You are heartless. The doctor shall know how disgracefully I am neglected. GO AWAY!"

"Is she all right, Rosme?"

"Yes, all she wanted was a shutter open. In five minutes she'll want it shut, at least she would only I told her you had gone out and I don't think

she'll want me again just now. Why don't you lie down, till medicine time, Frances? You look tired out. Say, Frances, do you think its worse when she's upstairs or when she's down?"

Frances shook her head with a nervous smile.

All the time Rosme had been upstairs she had been blaming herself for allowing the child to go. But it was true that she was very tired. Even her buoyant youth was drooping under the demands made upon it. Frances Selwyn had both a heart and a conscience. She did her best to satisfy Aunt, but Aunt was insatiable.

As she had rested in the window-seat, trying not to hear the unceasing rumble overhead, she wondered if other people could do better. Only yesterday a visitor had gently suggested that worry belongs entirely to mortal mind. All environment, she had said, is thought created, and the only reason why all persons are not happy and comfortable and good-tempered is because they cannot be brought to think that they are.

"If I try to think that Aunt is pleasant and kind, thought Frances, "Will that make Aunt pleasant and kind?" The instant and overwhelming negative was not encouraging. "But of course," she added conscientiously, "that is not a fair test, because I couldn't think that Aunt was pleasant and kind no matter how I tried." There was also the undeniable fact that the visitor's remarks had made Aunt even ruder than usual and her temper ever since had been frightful. Frances and Rosme and Matilda were all tired out with it. Matilda, being a maid, could leave but the other two, being nieces, couldn't.

"She is going to tell the doctor how dreadfully she is neglected," said Rosme with an impish smile. "So I think I'll go out and play for awhile. I'm tired of being Bluebeard's wife and the turban was too hot anyway. I'll be in the back yard. Whistle three times if you want me."

In the Widow Ridley's philosophy the back yard was to the front garden what the inside of the platter is to the outside. If one's front garden looked well, it was nobody's business what happened to one's back yard. Therefore it behoved her, as a rich and very mean old lady, to spend what money she felt compelled to spend entirely upon the half-moon lawn, the gravel drive, the formal flower beds and the row of fringing cedars. The remainder of her domain, that part which lay behind the green latticed fence and was screened from the street by a high stone wall, she left largely to its own devices. No one save nature had gardened there for years, and the result was a chaos dear to the hearts of caterpillars and children.

It was Rosme's particular paradise and she disappeared into it to-day with a sigh of care deferred. Aunt never came here. Even when she was able to walk around she came no farther than the back steps. The long grass soiled her silken skirts; the tangled bushes caught at her ankles and the caterpillars—ugh! Rosme loved the caterpillars on this account. She watched one now with gratitude as it perilously performed high wire acts on a swaying stem beside her. She welcomed the big, green grasshoppers that jumped into her lap and the yellow bumble-bees that bumped almost in the meshes of her hair. They were all free of her paradise. Nor did she blame the bees for their preference for her hair. She knew that she had lovely hair. It was luxuriant, beautiful in texture and in shade a warm and golden bronze. At present it was her one unchallenged beauty.

"I think it shall be Joan of Arc to-day," mused Rosme throwing herself upon her favourite slope beneath the high stone wall. Since she had come to live with Aunt she had found this sort of dual personality very helpful. It was so nice to leave off being Rosme Selwyn, a little girl with problems too big for her, and

to become for the moment any one of the enchanting and delightful people of whom dream worlds are full. Joan was one of her favourite *alter egos*—for Joan had been a fighter and a dreamer too. Very probably she had had an Aunt!

"Now," said Rosme, speaking aloud as she often did when playing by herself. "I am watching my cows (or sheep, or something) in a field where there are some trees. I am thinking of what I am going to have for dinner. I don't know that the Archangel Michael is watching me. But suddenly I hear a voice and I look up——"

Slowly she raised her widening eyes and caught her breath with a little click between her teeth. For there, watching her, was not the Archangel Michael exactly, but the little boy who had brought the parcel!

"You told me to come round to the back, so I came," said the boy.

"Go away again!" said Rosme promptly.

The boy smiled teasingly.

"Go away this minute!"

The boy did not move. Perhaps he couldn't. The wall was high and the boy was short. How had he climbed up, anyway? What was he standing on? Perhaps he was suspended in mid-air by magic? Rosme's always active curiosity got the better of her natural annoyance.

"What are you standing on, boy?" she demanded haughtily.

The boy grinned.

"You'll get pricked if you try to come over."

"Won't," said the boy.

Rosme noticed with an impulse of admiration that his outspread arms were resting upon a smooth board which he had placed across the broken stone on the wall's top.

"Come over then!" she told him tauntingly.

The boy came over.

Rosme hadn't expected that. All the neighbourhood children were properly frightened of Aunt. Not one of them would have dared to scale

Aunt's wall. This one did it so quickly and so neatly that Rosme hadn't time to feel outraged. She was without prejudices anyway, and it was apparent that a boy who could climb a wall like that might be worth knowing.

The two gave each other a long, measuring glance. Then: "I'm Joan of Arc," said Rosme gravely.

She watched the boy carefully to see if he would laugh. He didn't. This was the first great test. Rosme went a little farther. "I can be anyone I like," she declared.

"So can I," said the boy stoutly.

"All right," with a sigh of content, "come on and play."

"You're French yourself, aren't you?" he asked a little shyly. "Is that why you're Joan of Arc?"

"No. But my name is French. Aunt won't let me spell it properly. It ought to be spelled with two 'e's' and a dear, cute little mark over one of them. Aunt says I am English because my father was. I know who you are. You are the little boy of Angus Greig the carpenter."

The little boy of Angus Greig the carpenter admitted his identity with a blush which brought his freckles into painful prominence.

"Don't you go to school?" asked Rosme with a virtuous air.

"Don't you?"

"No I don't. Frances my cousin teaches me. Frances has had an expensive education. Aunt gave it to her and now she expects her to do something for it. Aunt is really horrid."

"Oh, I say!" the boy looked a trifle shocked at this. Should one, or should one not, speak of aunts in this manner? Besides the little girl pronounced the word aunt with a soft a. The boy liked the sound of it but felt it his duty not to.

"We don't say 'awnt' in this country," he admonished, "we say 'ant'."

Rosme's steady gaze enveloped him.

"Well, you may if you like," she declared unselfishly.

It took the boy a full minute to see

the import of this. When he did he blushed again. It was an angry blush this time.

Rosme did not seem to notice it. She was engaged in taking the handkerchief from her hair.

"I won't be Joan any more to-day," she declared. "Do you know any stories?"

Her tone was so friendly that the boy thought perhaps he had taken offence unnecessarily.

"Lots," he said. "But I can't tell them."

"Why?"

The boy evidently didn't know why.

"Who tells them to you?"

"Cousin Mattie."

"Have you got a mother?"

The boy shook his head.

"Neither have I. Have you got an Aunt?"

The boy had no Aunt.

"I have," said Rosme with a sigh.

"Couldn't you tell just one story?"

"I could," cautiously. "But it wouldn't sound right."

"Why not?"

"There's one I like when Cousin Mattie tells it. She makes it last a long time. But when I tell it, it only lasts a minute.

"Why?"

The boy considered.

"I seem to leave out the insides," he admitted after a pause.

The meaning of this was quite plain to Rosme, who was used to storytelling.

"Never mind," she encouraged, "I can put the insides in for myself. Go on."

The boy fidgeted. "It's about a Prince," he admitted with the embarrassed air of one who feels that he has grown too big for Princes.

"I like Princes."

"It's about a Prince who lived on a hill. One day when he was out on his castle verandah—"

"Balcony," corrected Rosme, who had a feeling for words.

"—he saw a Princess far off on another hill, playing ball. She had golden hair—"

"Why?" demanded Rosme, causing the boy to hesitate.

"Because Cousin Mattie said so."

"Perhaps her hair was kind of red."

"No, it wasn't."

"Some Princesses have red hair," said Rosme coldly. "Go on."

"The Prince wanted to go to the Princess. So he took his hat——"

"Cap," corrected Rosme softly.

"——and started off. But between the two hills there was a valley with a wood in it. And there was mist in the wood. It was nice there. So instead of going straight through, the Prince played around. Then when he wanted to go on he found that the mist had changed into millions of gray threads. His feet were all tangled up in them. And the gray threads were——"

"Spells!" cried Rosme delighted.

"Yes, spells. And he couldn't break them no matter how he tried, for it was a magic wood and not at all nice when you got tired of it. The Prince hated it, but he couldn't get out. He could go to the edge of the wood and see the Princess up on the hill, but he couldn't get to her."

"Not ever?"

The boy shook his head.

"Well, I think it's a horrid story. I could tell it much better than that. I would make the Princess stop playing ball and come down to get the Prince out. And I would have her hair kind of red, like mine, and so long she could sit on it. And I would tell exactly what she wore when they got married, and what the bride's maids wore, and——"

"But you can't! It isn't your story. Things that people wear are stupid anyway. Can you play pirates?"

"No, I can't."

"I could teach you if you'll promise not to be silly. Are you scared of blood?"

"N—no."

"Lots of blood?"

"No," firmly.

"Well, then, come on. This is a

dandy place to play. That log can be our ship and this long grass makes spiffing waves! Have you got a skull anywhere?"

Rosme did not have a skull. But she had an imagination which did not need one. And David was a good teacher. He was on his own ground here. He expanded and glowed. The old, gorgeous, gory names tasted strong upon his tongue. Under his vivid words the still, hot garden became the blistering Spanish Main. The log became a pirate barque. The black flag drooped at the mast. For the moment there was no prey in sight and the pirates drowsed. But suddenly, out of the west, a sail appeared! "Clear the decks! All hands to the culverins! Tumble up, tumble up!" (Rosme, unfortunately, had tumbled down). "Stand by to board and no quarter!"

Everyone who has ever played pirates knows the rest! Some, but perhaps not everyone, can cast their memory back recapturing something of the thrill, the shivering rapture which was Rosme's that day as, first mate to the great Blackbeard, she followed that hardy villain to deeds of blood and victory. All afternoon they played; many golden galleons they sank; many more they set on fire. Thousands of miserable Spanish walked the plank, amid the plaudits of British sailormen rescued and restored to freedom. Nor were the pirates' efforts unrewarded since treasure ships were thick as blackberries. Blackbeard and his trusty crew buried many chests of gold in various desert islands; and the sun was setting and Frances had whistled many times from the back door before Rosme heard, and knew that the pirate's cruise was over.

"I've got to go," she said ruefully, removing a black patch from her eye and restoring a much-crumpled middy to its original position. "Boy, I like pirates. If you wish you may come again."

(To be continued).



**THE HARBOUR**

From a Painting by J. M. Barnsley in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal



# THE TRUE WIFE

BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE



IT had come at last. Her three years of ill-treatment by that husband of hers had culminated in a blow—an actual blow—not an accidental one which may be the result of an impatient push. There was nothing unintentional in the manner of its delivery. There was nothing hot-blooded about it. He was quite sober when he struck her. There was something of a smile on his face as his right hand shot out and caught her on the side of her head, sending her reeling upon the arm of the sofa and thence to the floor. And he had stood over her in the attitude of the threatening bully, with his hand still clenched, as if he were waiting for her to rise, when he would knock her down again.

She felt sure that he would have knocked her down again if she had made an attempt to rise. She expected to receive a kick from him as she lay half stunned before him; it would have been like him to kick her as she had seen him kick one of his dogs that had failed to obey him. But she was spared that, for the door opened and the butler entered with a letter for which an answer was needed, and he pretended that she was looking for something on the carpet.

He did it very adroitly.

"Don't come near, Simonds," he said before the man had time to deliver his message. "Don't come near, Mrs. Lacon has lost a diamond out of one of her rings, and you may tread on it. Fetch a hand-brush and I'll sweep for it."

"Yes, sir," the butler said, laying the letter that was in his hand on the table. "Mr. Clayton's compliments, sir, and he would be much obliged by a reply by his messenger."

"All right, I'll see what it's about," said her husband. Then turning to her, still on the floor, he asked her if she was sure that she had looked under the sofa.

This was before the butler had left the room. But the moment the sound of the door being closed was heard he said in a very different tone of voice:

"Get up and go out by the other door—quick, before he comes back. I don't want to tell any more lies than can be helped. I hope I've taught you a lesson that perhaps you'll not forget."

He did not even help her to get upon her feet. He tore open the cover of the letter which he had just received, and walked to the door through which the butler had gone. He opened it, and called out:

"Never mind that brush, Simonds; the thing is found."

She had got upon her feet. She was dazed for some moments and found it necessary to grasp very hard the back of the nearest chair for support.

But in another minute she felt strong.

She looked across the room at him and said:

"Yes; you have taught me a lesson that I shall not forget."

He gave a little start and turned half way round as she spoke.

"What do you mean by that?" he cried.

"My meaning is as plain as yours," she replied. "You said you hoped that you had taught me a lesson that I could not forget. Well, your hope is realized. I shall not forget."

She walked to the other door, opened it and left the room without another glance in the direction of her husband.

When she reached her room upstairs she flung herself upon her bed overwhelmed by a sense of the humiliation of the moment. The thought that she, the daughter of one of the proudest families in the land, had been subjected to an insult such as none of her name had ever submitted to without a drawing of swords, was unendurable to her. She struck the pillow wildly with her clenched hands as she lay face downward upon it. She could utter no word; she could not cry out—the agony that she suffered was beyond such relief. She could only beat her pillow; and the motion of her arms as she lay there suggested the frantic efforts of "some strong swimmer in his agony". Truly she felt that the water had gone over her head. She felt herself sunken down to the deepest depths of humiliation and unable to do anything to help herself—to do anything that would give her back her self respect.

For a full half hour the woman lay there before her tears came—tears that brought no relief to her; and when they ceased her sobs shook the bed on which she lay.

With curious suddenness her sobs also ceased. There was a silence that lasted more than a minute; and then she sprang from the bed and stood in the middle of the room as though listening intently to a voice from outside. But it was not to such a voice she was listening; it was to a voice from within that whispered to her:

"You fool! think of all you have submitted to at the hands of that man—all without a word—without a thought of being revenged upon him! And you have it in your power to gain happiness and to repay him

for his treatment of you. You have it in your power to humiliate him as he has humiliated you and yet you stand here under his roof awaiting his next blow!"

That was what the voice said to her and when she had thought upon its words for some time, she laughed, and flung the handkerchief with which she had dried her tears into a corner of the room.

"A fool—a fool indeed!" she cried. "A fool to submit to an intolerable bondage when I have it in my power to free myself—to gain my freedom and my revenge at once. He told me that I should not forget the lesson that he taught me. He was right—I said so—I will show him that I shall not forget it—never—never!"

Again she laughed and this time there was no bitterness in her laugh; it was as joyous as a girl's in the presence of her lover.

The room was in twilight. She switched on the lights at each side of her dressing-table and put her face close to the mirror so that she might examine the mark made by the blow upon her temple. She saw that it was an ugly bruise, for he had dealt it not with his open hand but with his fist—a brutal bruise; the skin was discoloured but not broken. She was able to examine it now in quite an impersonal spirit, just as she would examine an accidental bruise. She was able to go to her medicine chest and find the bottle of the particular ointment which she thought most suitable to apply to her wound and when she had applied it she dusted it with the medicinal powder in the right way, and without the least show of emotion. When this was done, she smoothed down the disordered coverlet of the bed, and seated herself in a snug chair by her fire, picking up the book which she had been reading previously and finding her place.

She felt happier than she had done for more than a whole year.

But she had overestimated the strength of her resolution. The book



fell upon her lap and remained there, open but unread for the next hour, for it took her an hour reviewing the events that had culminated in that blow.

She had many questions to ask herself, the first was, had she ever really loved that man whom she now loathed more than the most odious things in the world?

She could never have had any love for him. She had accepted his wooing of her because she had fancied that she could not endure her father's second marriage. Her father was Sir Hubert Percy, and since the death of his wife, she had been the mistress of the house, and had been very proud of her position. Percy Place was a big house, but no one could say that it had fallen off in the scale of its hospitalities while she had discharged the duties of hostess. She knew this, and when one day, three years after the death of her mother, her father told her that he was about to marry again she had felt very indignant. It was in vain that Sir Hubert had explained to her that she would have as much more freedom under the altered régime than she had before, she felt that his intention to marry again was equivalent to an announcement that she had failed in her duty. She had gone away to live with her aunt in another county and within a year she had accepted the offer of marriage made to her by Stephen Lacon.

Everyone—except such as knew Stephen Lacon intimately—said that the match would be a brilliant one for her; for Lacon Park was a noble property, and a good many people estimate the brilliancy of a marriage on a property basis. But in the county there were some who were ready to affirm that the girl who hoped to make Stephen Lacon happy must be optimistic indeed. There were many rumours in regard to his selfishness—his queer temper—his vanity, and some of them reached the ear of Stella Percy's father. He warned her—she remembered now as

she sat in front of the fire in her room with an aching head, how her father had warned her and had only given his consent to her marriage with reluctance. But she had been self-willed; she had refused to listen to any counsel, and she had married Stephen Lacon.

Before a month had passed she had learned something of his nature, and that knowledge was a revelation to her. She had not thought it possible that any man living could be of a nature so opposed to all the ideas she had formed of what a man might be. A man! He possessed none of those qualities which she had believed to be common to all men—a sense of honour, an instinct of reverence for a woman simply because she was a woman, a desire to protect the weak against the strong. All these qualities went with manhood, she had always supposed, and she was shocked to find that her husband was deficient in all. From the first he had treated her more as a servant than a wife; this was when he was at his best. No servant would have remained a day in his house if treated as he treated her when at his worst. He made no pretence of having any affection for her, and when one day, exasperated beyond endurance, she had demanded of him to say why he had ever asked her to marry him, he had given that cynical laugh to which she had become accustomed and said,

"I married you for this—this—you were so high and mighty I thought I should like to bring you down to the level of the rest of us."

That was three years ago. She had suffered humiliation after humiliation at his hands; but until this day he had never actually struck her. He had command of the countless ways in which a cruel man—an unmanly man—can wound a woman without raising his hand against her. She did not believe it possible that even he would ever be guilty of brutality such as his; but she found that she had been mistaken. He had struck her, simply because she had

promised the Rector's wife, without first consulting him, to take part in a bazaar which she was getting up for the Coal Fund for the poor. He had struck her, and he had announced his object to teach her a lesson that she should not forget.

Once again she laughed as she had laughed before, recalling those words that had a significance beyond what he meant to attach to them.

No; she would not forget the lesson that he had taught her—nor would he.

She was startled out of her reverie by the knock of her maid at the room door. There was a dinner party at Lord Altonhurst's that night, and the maid had come to dress her for it.

She recovered herself in a moment.

"I had no idea it was so late, Marie," she said. "I was lying down—one of my headaches. I don't think that I should venture out. I shall write and explain—that—that—no; I'll not. I shall go, I shall be all right when I get there. What shall I wear? Am I too pale this evening for the cerise with the Mechlin lace, Marie?"

"Madame is beyond doubt a little pale," replied the maid looking at her critically. "But that's no reason why—but what is the matter with your forehead, Madame? It is a wound—a scar!"

"I had actually forgotten what it was gave me the headache," said Mrs. Lacon. "I got it in the drawing-room after tea. I was stooping—you know that bit of loose ormolu on the Sevres table—it should have been fastened long ago. I meant to tell Simmonds about it."

"It is no more than a scratch," said the maid. "It is no disfigurement. It will attract to Madame the sympathy of the table of Mylord. Everyone will say, 'How brave of Mrs. Lacon to come!' Isn't it so? But I shall touch it with a camel's brush to conceal the blue of the bruise. These little accidents lend themselves to a sympathetic word or two."

Mrs. Lacon said she had not

thought of it in that light. (She wondered how much Marie knew—how much Marie guessed.)

She felt that she had never looked better in all her life as she stood in front of the big cheval glass. The Mechlin lace which she inherited from her mother was priceless, and the old Du Barry rose silk that made a foundation for the bodice gave an artistic relief to the delicate cream of the lace. Her fair hair had been treated by the adroit fingers of Marie in the simple way that suited her style of beauty, and looking in the glass she was satisfied with her appearance. Even Marie, who was much more difficult to please, was satisfied.

He took his seat beside her in the big Mercedes as if nothing particular had happened, and he made no allusion to the incident of the afternoon, though he did not refrain from speech.

"Remind me to write to the motor people to-morrow about the new magneto," he said. "I'll be away the most of the day at Heathercroft's. I've promised to try that Irish hunter that someone let him in for. The fool thinks he knows something about horses. This is the third crock he has brought within the year. Remind me in the morning, do you hear?"

"I'll not forget," she replied.

"Eh, what—what is that you say?" he asked quickly.

"I'll not forget," she replied. "You will write after breakfast, I suppose."

"Immediately after breakfast—if you remind me," he replied.

That was the extent of their conversation on their way to Lord Altonhurst's place. It seemed as if he had forgotten that a few hours earlier he had struck her to the ground with a blow of his fist.

As usual the dinner party was followed by a dance. It took place not in the big ballroom but in the hall, but the hall was large enough to allow sixty or seventy couples waltzing without being overcrowded, and this night there were only twenty on the

parquet. At one end a high double door led to the Trianon drawing-room with its lovely panels painted by Watteau. At the other end there was the well-known orangery, dimly lighted and full of the mingled scents of sub-tropical fruits and flowers. On one of the deep-cushioned settees in this place Stella Lacon was seated by the side of the man with whom she had been dancing. His name was Julian West—a very tall man with a bronzed face and dark hair with a suggestion of gray about it. Everyone would have known him for a soldier. A few years earlier the name of Colonel West had been in the mouths of a good many people, on account of his splendid dash that had relieved one of the beleaguered garrisons in the Transvaal.

"I have only seen you once since your return to England," she was saying when they had left the hall and entered the orangery. "You left very suddenly for that big game hunt—how long ago?—eight months ago, was it not?"

"Yes; very suddenly," he replied. "Did you expect me to go to you to say good-bye, Stella? You know why I went—no one else."

"Do you mean to talk about that?" she asked.

"I will never refer to it again if you only tell me now that you have forgiven me," he said.

"Forgiven you—for what?" she inquired.

"For my—my—my madness. I have not forgiven myself for it."

"You told me that evening that you loved me. Was that madness?"

"The madness was not in loving you, Stella; the madness was in telling you that I loved you—in cherishing the hope that you would leave that man whom you could never have loved, and link your life with mine. That was the mad hope of a moment! I should have known more of your nature than to fancy even in the delirium of my love for you that you would ever be otherwise than a true woman."

"A true woman, you say. But what is a true woman? Is it one who is true to herself—to her womanhood—to the love which she bears a man, or is it one who through fear of offending against the conventions of society is ready to submit to daily insults levelled against her—against her womanhood—against her sex—against herself?"

He looked at her at first with a puzzled expression on his face, then, eagerly. The flush that came to his face was plainly to be seen under his bronze.

"For God's sake, Stella, explain yourself," he whispered. "Do you tempt me into my old madness; and that is what you are doing, if you refuse to speak plainly. Tell me what you mean by asking me that question—a true woman—a true—"

"Is a true wife always a true woman? That is the question I have been trying to solve for the past three years—ever since I became a wife," said she. "I thought I had solved it when I told you that you had insulted me by begging me to go away with you. I was mistaken. I have found that out only to-day. It is a woman's duty to be true to herself, let the consequences be what they may."

"Stella! My love! My love!" he whispered.

She did not allow him to interrupt her.

"You see that mark on my forehead," she said. "You heard how they laughed about it at dinner? Lord Altonhurst called it the mark of the Beast. He was quite right; that is the mark of the beast who is my husband."

Colonel West sprang to his feet.

"The infernal ruffian!" he cried. "By heaven I will thrash him within an inch of his life. The cowardly bully! I'll—"

"When he struck me he boasted that he had taught me a lesson that I should not forget. He was right. I made up my mind that I would never forget that moment."

"Oh, my love—Stella!"

"There is such an easy way out of one's trouble. Death, I sometimes think, is a woman's best friend. But I soon came to see that that was not the only way out of my trouble. I thought of you. I knew that I loved you. I knew that I had been untrue to myself—to my love—in sending you away from me eight months ago. You asked me just now if I had forgiven you for—for telling me of your love. Julian, I now ask you if you think you can forgive me for having sent you away?"

"Oh, my beloved, do not put such a question to me. I think you can trust me—I know that I can trust myself. You will come to me—to-night, dearest, why not to-night?"

"It was because I knew you would be here to-night that I came, Julian. I felt sure that we would have a chance of talking together, and I hoped that you would forgive me."

He made an impatient gesture.

"When—when—when—that is the only question now," he said. "Why not to-night? Why not this very hour? My motor is here. We can cross the Channel to France by the morning boat."

"No, no; not to-night," she replied. "I have been thinking it all out on the way here. He is going away to-morrow to Mr. Heathercroft's place—you know it?"

"I know it. It is not far from Lufton station."

I am due to pay a visit to my father in London the day after to-morrow; but I can tell my maid that I intend to go to-morrow instead and I shall motor to Ellerton with my trunk in time for the afternoon train to London. We can travel by the same train; we need not be in the same compartment, but for that matter, it is of no consequence even if anyone should suspect the truth.

"No consequence whatever. The truth will soon be made known, and meantime—well, you can trust me, Stella."

"I know that I can trust to you,

Julian, to make me forget the nightmare of the past three years."

He made no answer. He knew that none was needed. She was looking straight into his face. His eyes met hers.

The door into the hall opened and the sound of an entrancing waltz floated into the orangery to mix with the langorous scents of the citrons that filled the heated atmosphere.

"This is too bad, Mrs. Lacon," cried the man who had just entered, hurrying toward her. "This is our dance and the half of it's gone already. I had no idea that you were here."

"I am so sorry," said she smiling. "Come along. We must make the most of the remnant."

The wine that Stephen Lacon had drunk in the course of the evening made him loquacious during his drive home with his wife. He talked without the least restraint. It was evident to her that he had forgotten the scene in which he had played a prominent part in the afternoon.

She went up to her room, and suffered the faithful Marie to disrobe her and brush her hair. But when she was alone she gave herself over, so to speak, to her delightful thoughts of the future that was in store for her. She had loved Julian West long before he had confessed his love for her, eight months ago, but this had not prevented her from being indignant, and showing him that she was so when he had made his declaration to her. All the time that he had been away she had been thinking of him, though until she lay on her bed with her bruised temple throbbing it had not occurred to her that there was any other way to reply to his entreaty that she should come to him. She had resigned herself long before to the burden that had been laid upon her. It was the brutality of the blow that had aroused her to a sense of what was due to herself—due to her womanhood. It was her clear perception of how easily she might free herself from the intolerable shame of living with a man who had compelled

her to loathe him that had caused her to give that little joyous laugh before sitting down to her fire.

And it was the consciousness of her impending victory that now made her feel happier than she had felt for a long time. She had gone to that dinner to meet Julian West and if he had not referred to their separation eight months before, she would have done so. She had made up her mind to confess to him that she had been a fool to send him away. In her mind there was not the least doubt that she was justified in leaving her husband who had treated her so brutally for the lover who was devoted to her. She knew that she was justified in trusting Julian West, and she had made her plans accordingly.

Her plans had not miscarried. She took care to remind her husband in the morning to write about the new magneto; and his reply was to tell her in his usual brutal way not to bother herself about his affairs, he hoped that he was capable of doing something without her interferences. Then he had got into one of their two motors and had driven off to Mr. Heathercroft's. It was not a matter of many minutes to explain to her maid that she had altered her plans in regard to London—that she wished to go by the afternoon train this day instead of waiting for another twenty-four hours. Of course Marie was somewhat flurried; she was in the midst of some vital millinery work and could not possibly get it finished before the next day, she affirmed. This suited Mrs. Lacon's plans very well.

"Then you need only pack one trunk," she said. "I shall go down this afternoon. You can finish your work and bring the other things to-morrow."

Marie had her doubts about madame managing without her, but madame had made up her mind, and left her maid complaining but hoping for the best. She had no mind to set out on this expedition with the encumbrance of a maid. She was

pleased to find that her plans had not been interfered with by any untoward incident, and she flattered herself as she sat down in her traveling dress to her lunch—the last she would eat at that table—that there was nothing in her bearing that would suggest to the servants anything unusual on her part. She found herself with quite a good appetite.

The first check that she received was in regard to the motor. She had assumed that her husband had gone away in the light Standard, but a message came from the garage that he had taken the Mercedes, and the second chauffeur was uncertain about the magneto of the light car. She remembered that her last words with her husband concerned his writing to the works respecting this magneto.

She went out to the garage on receiving this report, and talked to the chauffeur. The man admitted that he had tried to start the car; he had only made his report on the basis of his last experience of it. She stood by while he turned on the spark, and flooded the carburettor. The engine was certainly obstinate, but after three or four attempts it started and showed no signs of any defect.

"It will take us the seven miles to Ellerton at any rate, madam," the chauffeur said, and she returned to the house feeling that everything was going well.

She left her home without a misgiving—without the least reproach of her conscience. She had never known a happy day since she had first entered that house. Whatever people might say about her act, she would never feel that she had done wrong.

For three miles the car went all right but at cross roads it was compelled to slacken down on account of a large flock of sheep that completely blocked the way. It slackened down and then stopped. The chauffeur got down and took off the engine hood. There was nothing wrong with the engine. It was clearly the defective magneto that was causing the trouble.

The man made many attempts to re-start, but without success.

"I was afraid of it from the first, madam," he said. "But I did think that it would carry us to Ellerton, and so it would if it hadn't been for those sheep."

Could anything be more provoking! She felt inclined to burst into tears at the thought of such a trifle upsetting all her plans.

"What on earth is to be done?" she cried. "I must catch that train—it is most important."

The man suggested walking on to a house known as Westout Grange, where he might be able to borrow a car. It was only half a mile away and there would still be time enough to catch the train.

It was her only chance.

"Hurry on there," she cried. "Don't lose a moment. Tell them it is important—a matter of life and death—so it is—so it is."

Off went the man and she was left alone on the road by the side of the faithless car.

Good heavens! Were the destinies of men and women really dependent upon such trifles as the working of an electric spark? She had read only a few days before an article in a magazine dealing with the universal application of electricity to our daily life, and the writer had laid emphasis upon its reliability! What a fool that writer was! If she had not relied upon that magneto—

A car was coming down the road at right angles to the road where hers was standing. A sudden thought struck her. Why not appeal to the strangers to give her a lift to Ellerton? It would not matter about her trunk; she would sacrifice that for the sake of keeping her appointment with—

She gave a cry of delight. The car was beside her and in it was seated Julian West. He was on his way to the station at Ellerton.

He was out in a moment. But there was his chauffeur, and she must play her part.

"Oh, Colonel West," she cried, "you have come in good time. I was on my way to Ellerton Station when the magneto gave out. It is really important that I should be in town to-day. I wonder if you would give me a lift. Are you going in that direction?"

"It so happens that I am," he replied. "I shall be delighted to help you. Do get into the car. Is that your luggage? We can manage with that, too."

"How lucky I am!" she cried when the chauffeur was transferring her trunk. "How lucky! And only a few minutes ago I thought that I was hopelessly unfortunate!"

The transfer of the trunk was accomplished, and they were seated side by side while the car sped on its way.

They looked at one another and smiled. He put down his hand and it met hers.

"At last—at last!" she whispered. "I feared that that malignant fate which so often puts out a cruel finger between a woman and happiness was about to upset our plans, but now all is well. I am beside you and my happiness is secure."

"It is in my keeping," he said, "and I promise you that it is safe."

His fingers tightened upon hers; but they spoke no more. What was the need of words.

For six miles the car went along the main road. It overtook the flock of sheep and slowed down just as the other car had done.

"Turn into the lane and take the bend on the Hillhurst road," he commanded the chauffeur, for he was impatient at the slackening of the speed. "We might have to crawl behind those sheep for the next quarter of an hour."

They were almost abreast of the lane when he spoke and the chauffeur obeyed him. He turned aside and increased his speed. The extra journey would take an additional five minutes to reach the station. On they sped, but in making the bend in the narrow lane they almost ran into a crowd of

men and boys clustered there around something. One of the crowd held up a warning hand. The chauffeur applied the brake.

"What on earth is the matter?" cried Stella, leaning over the side of the motor and looking forward.

"Heaven only knows," said Julian. "Can't you get on, Smithson?" he shouted to the chauffeur.

"Some sort of accident, sir," said the man. "The lane is blocked."

And then came a cry from Stella. She was standing up in the car pointing to something that had been placed in a sloping position against the ditch. It was a hurdle, on which some rugs had been laid, and on the rugs Stephen Lacon was lying.

Julian thought that he was dead. He tried to get between Stella and that ghastly object—ghastly it was, for the man's face was deadly white and his eyes were staring horribly—but she was out of the car before he could hold her back.

"Dead—is he dead—killed?" she cried, as she knelt by the side of a kneeling man who was bending over her husband, and whom she recognized as the local surgeon.

"No—not dead," he replied. "Paralyzed. How did you get the news of the accident, Mrs. Lacon?"

"I heard nothing of it. I am here by chance—the merest chance," she said. "How did it happen?"

"He was trying a young hunter of Mr. Heathercroft's and it bolted with him, and fell on him. His spine is

injured—that means paralysis. He will need all your attention, Mrs. Lacon. I doubt if he will ever be able to speak. I wonder if we can get the hurdle on to your motor. These men have been carrying him for more than a mile. We hoped to find a conveyance on the high road."

"I think we can manage it," said Colonel West. "Mrs. Lacon, you had better not stay here."

"I must stay with him," she said. "It is for me to be by his side; I will never leave him. Tell me what I can do, doctor."

"I think that Colonel West is right," said the doctor. "It may be too trying for you just now. You do not realize his condition."

"I can bear it," she said. "Having seen his face as it is—his eyes—I can bear anything."

With great difficulty and much contriving half-a-dozen of the men managed to lift the hurdle with its dreadful burden across the car. The doctor had just room to seat himself on the edge of one of the cushions.

"I shall find a place," said Stella. "You have only to remove my trunk."

While the trunk was being taken down she spoke to Julian.

"You see," she said, "I cannot leave him now."

"Yes," he replied. "I see it all. You are a true wife—a true woman. I never loved you as I do now. Good-bye."

She got into the car, and it drove slowly away.



# THE INDIANS OF THE COUNTY OF SIMCOE

BY DAVID WILLIAMS



FEW peoples have given rise to as much studious interest amongst ethnologists and archæologists as the Indians of the North American continent.

They were an object of wonder to the discoverers of the new world, and since then much time and labour has been given over to piecing together their history. Their origin yet remains undetermined, indeed, at the present time it is the subject of interminable controversy, with little or no prospect of settlement. Writers of history have given many pages to conclusions arrived at by careful research, some of these writers leaving their libraries to spend years amongst the Indians in order to familiarize themselves with their manner of living, and to gain an intimate acquaintance with the legendary stories, which in Indian life play an important part.

But it is to the Huron Indians that attention is to be directed in this paper, the tribe, or rather five tribes, which occupied Huronia, the present county of Simcoe, and particularly that part of it bounded by Nottawasaga and Matchedash Bay, Lake Simcoe and the Blue Mountains.

Before entering upon our special subject, let us look at the location of the Hurons as to other tribes. Parkman tells us that the vast tract of wilderness from the Mississippi to the Atlantic and from the Carolinas to Hudson Bay was divided between two

great families, distinguished by a distinct difference of language. A part of Virginia, and of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, south-eastern New York, New England, New Brunswick and Lower Canada were occupied, so far as occupied at all, by tribes speaking various Algonquin languages and dialects. They also extended along the shore of the upper lakes and into the dreary northern wastes beyond. Further, they held Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana, while detached bands ranged the lonely hunting-grounds of Kentucky.

Like an island in the midst of the Algonquins, lay the country of the tribes speaking the generic tongue of the Iroquois. The true Iroquois, or Five Nations, afterwards six, extended through central New York, from the Hudson to the Genesee; southward lay the Andastes, on and near the Susquehanna; westward the Eries, along the south shore of Lake Erie, with the Neutral Nation along its northern shore from Niagara to Detroit, while the Hurons were on the south shore of the Georgian Bay, a large body of water connected with the lake to which the tribe have left their name. From this it will be seen the Hurons were hemmed in by tribes, with many characteristics in marked contrast to their own, all more or less imbued with a spirit of war, and year after year engaged in struggling one with the other. On the contrary, the Hurons, whose especial history may be dated from the beginning of the



seventeenth century—practically nothing having been known of them previously—were a pastoral people, their time when not occupied in feasting, dances and pleasure, being given to rude agriculture, hunting and fishing. In a word, they were more content than their neighbours, preferring to be reared and live peacefully in their own country, and when the time came to pass from it to the happy hunting-grounds, the passage to be attended by the forms and usages of their own people.

Whence came the Hurons? As in the case of the red man in general, their origin is a matter of conjecture. When Cartier arrived in 1535, it was not Hurons he met at Tadousac. It was a very low type of Algonquins, whose home was in the woods north of the St. Lawrence, who lived by the chase and when goaded by deadly famine subsisted on roots, the bark and buds of trees or the foulest offal, and in the extremity even resorting to cannibalism, a practice that was not generally followed by the northern tribes. At Three Rivers, a noted place of trade, Algonquins of a more advanced type were encountered, and again at Hochelaga, which became years afterward a clearing-house for the Indians and the traders, the same tribe was met. It was not until nearly seventy years later that the Hurons came prominently before the white man. They were traders, and in part at least, it was the fur trade on which they had a strong hold that brought the French to their country, far inland from the settlements that had been formed on the St. Lawrence by the incomings from old France. Samuel de Champlain, the son of good and gentle parentage in Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay, led the way. In 1608 he founded the city of Quebec, and having established permanent quarters for his garrison and associates, became more intimate with the Hurons, who each summer, owing to their keenness to barter, came from their distant homes to exchange furs for supplies and trinkets, the latter being

chiefly beads and other ornaments of the cheapest variety, but which were highly valued because of their usefulness as personal decorations.

Champlain joined with the Hurons against the Iroquois, and while he made inveterate enemies of the latter, he warmed the hearts of the former and cemented a friendship that continued throughout their remaining years as a nation. His interest in the Hurons was not altogether free from selfishness, as he hoped by joining forces with them and the Algonquins to secure control of the fur trade, to open the way to greater discoveries and to establish in their midst the power of France. Not only this, but he hoped to be the means of carrying, through the Roman Catholic Church, the message of the Saviour of men to those of the wilderness. He listened to the tales of the Hurons and the Algonquins, and in 1610 sent one of his young men, Nicholas de Vignau, to spend a season with the Algonquins on the upper reaches of the Ottawa River. This man's marvellous tales of finding a great lake with a river leading out toward the north, probably to the then recently discovered Hudson Bay, determined Champlain to visit the country. In 1613 he did so, but to find upon reaching the Algonquins that he had been deceived and that Vignau had been no farther than their lodges during the winter. His story had been a lie and his map an imposture.

The next year Champlain spent in France, but in 1615 he returned, this time accompanied by four Recollet priests of the Franciscan Order. Of these, Father Le Caron was assigned to establish a mission among the Hurons, and shortly after his arrival at Quebec set out for Montreal, then thronged by Indians on their annual visit for trading. It was in July that Le Caron and twelve Frenchmen started on the journey, and a few days later Champlain followed, accompanied by two more Frenchmen and a party of Hurons. Both parties travelled by the Ottawa River for many miles, en-

during many hardships and trials. Day after day was spent in monotonous paddling, or in making the innumerable difficult and unfamiliar portages past rapids. From the Ottawa, the course lay across Lake Nipissing and through the country of the tribe bearing that name, to the French River, by which the parties descended to the present Georgian Bay, which Champlain named *Mer Douce*. Continuing down the east side of the "fresh water sea" intertwining in and out of the channels of the 30,000 islands, to-day the summer camping-ground of thousands of city folk, the Huron country was at last reached, Le Caron arriving late in July and Champlain on August 1st.

Champlain and his party, and it is supposed Le Caron and those accompanying him did the same, landed at Outouacha Bay, now known as Colborne Basin, on the west shore of the bay of "the place of rolling sands", now Penetanguishene. Situated near the shores of the bay was the Huron town of Outouacha, with a population of several hundred, exclusive of dogs, who hailed the advent of the strangers with joyful acclaim and dispensed savage hospitality with a liberal hand. Two days later Champlain proceeded to Carhagouha, a triple-palisaded Huron town with a population of two thousand people, situate in the township of Tiny, near the present village of Lafontaine. Here he joined Le Caron, with his company, and together at an improvised altar celebrated, on August 12th, 1615, the first Mass in the Huron country. Leaving this village, Champlain visited several others which lay in the path to Cahigué at the Narrows, now the prosperous town of Orillia. Here he completed arrangements for the promised expedition with the Hurons against the Iroquois, the one outstanding instance wherein the former deliberately planned to wage battle against these enemies. The expedition proved a failure and Champlain was obliged to return to Cahigué, a village of 200 cabins, to spend the winter. In Febru-

ary of the following year, with Father Caron, he visited the Petun, or Tobacco Nation, which lived west of the Hurons proper, in the present township of Nottawasaga, southwest of the town of Collingwood, and under the shadow of the Blue Mountains. In May Champlain returned to Quebec.

Champlain and Le Caron found the Hurons in advance of the other northern tribes in many respects. They found them a nation of probably 10,000 souls distributed in eighteen villages, scattered chiefly through the townships of Tiny, Tay, Flos, Medonte and Orillia.

The villages which were fixed were composed of houses, not of wigwams, as was the custom with many Indians. Those on the frontier next to their enemies were strongly fortified by walls or palisades, the sites of these being selected with a view to protection, wood and water being also considered. Some of the houses were of great extent, ranging from fifty to two hundred and forty feet long, and their construction was ingenious. Two rows of tall saplings were planted in the ground, bent together at the top until there was left an open space of a foot or two in width along the ridge, and then lashed together so as to form a sort of arbour or booth about thirty feet in width at the bottom and about twenty feet in height. Other poles were tied securely to these upright poles and then the sides were sheathed in bark overlapping to shed the rain and snow. Another row of horizontal poles kept these huge bark shingles in place. Along either side of the interior were scaffolds or bunks about four feet from the ground, which, covered with furs, furnished sleeping compartments. The place beneath was the storehouse for fuel and cooking utensils, while there was a compartment at the end of the house used as a storeroom for corn, fish, sunflowers and other articles of food. Along the upper poles were hung their bows and arrows, clothing, skins and clusters of ear corn. Down the middle were the fires, each furnishing heat

for two families, the smoke escaping through the narrow opening left in the top of the house. Picture such a house, especially in the winter or festal season. "He who entered beheld a strange spectacle, the vista of fire lighting the smoky concave, the bronzed groups encircling each other, eating, gambling or amusing themselves with idle gossip; shrivelled squaws, hideous with three-score years of hardships, grisly old warriors scarred with Iroquois war clubs, young aspirants whose honours were yet to be won, damsels gay with ochre and wampum, restless children pellmell with restless dogs, covered with fleas." Such was the fifty to one hundred houses and homes that constituted the Huron village. As mentioned, the principal towns were fixed, but frequently the smaller, those unprotected, were moved to a new site, this taking place when wood became scarce, the soil exhausted or the location insanitary. Obviously this accounts for so many village sites being found throughout the county of Simcoe.

Champlain found the Hurons farmers, fishermen, traders and hunters. They did not rely upon hunting to maintain themselves. They were upon a higher level in this respect than the Algonquins who roamed the northern forests. They raised crops, corn, beans, pumpkins, hemp and sunflower, the latter being produced for the oil with which the men and women smeared themselves for sacrificial purposes. The Pctuns added tobacco to the crops, hence the name, and just here let it be interjected that though it then grew luxuriantly, it is now raised only as an ornamental plant and with the greatest care. Corn was the chiefest crop and was the main article of food. It was a hard, flinty corn, with bluish kernel, and similar to that grown to-day on the Grand River Reserve. Oil for food was secured from fish, and the hemp was grown for fishing-nets and cords. For clothing, what little was worn was obtained by trapping the beaver, otter and other fur-bearing animals. In the summer

the men were nearly naked and the women were also scantily clad, while in the winter, despite the rigours of the weather, they added but little more. Being thoroughly acclimatized by their continuous outdoor life, they apparently failed to feel the need of coverings to protect the body against the blasts of winter.

The family life of the Hurons was not ideal. The nation was dissolute and licentious. The construction of the houses did not tend to privacy or modesty. The men were "lords of creation", and the women, as Champlain expressed it, their mules. To the men fell the task of building the houses and making weapons, pipes and canoes. The summer and autumn were their seasons of serious employment—the winter their season of leisure and feasting, in neither of which were they ever excelled by the white man. To the women fell all the other work, the gathering of the year's supply of firewood, the sowing, tilling and harvesting of the crops, smoking fish, dressing skins, making cordage and the scanty clothing and preparing food. On the march she bore the burden. Female life among the Hurons had no bright side. It was a youth of licence and an age of drudgery.

The men, like other Indians, were desperate gamblers, staking all ornaments, clothing, canoes, pipes, weapons and wives. At times they gambled individually, at others, one village challenged another, and to such a length is it recorded by one of the Fathers, that once in mid-winter with the snow nearly three feet deep, the men of a village returned without leggings and barefooted, yet, being good losers, in the best of humour.

Dancing and feasts were also great factors in the life of the Hurons. They were of various characters, social, medical and mystical, or religious. Whole villages were invited on festal occasions, the invitation being simply, "come and eat", and come and eat they did. To refuse was a grave offence. Invitations similarly whole-

sale were issued to dance, a crier passing through the village or villages summoning the crowds. Religious festivals, councils, the entertainment of an envoy, the inauguration of a chief were all taken advantage of to bring on a feast. Torture of a prisoner was followed by hideous scenes of feasting, and it was on an occasion of this kind that the cannibalistic nature of the Hurons was made manifest. If the victim had shown courage, the heart was first roasted, cut into small parts and given to the young men and boys, who devoured it to increase their own courage. The body was then divided and thrown into kettles, to be eaten by the assembly, the head being the portion for the chief of their feasts. The most notable was the grand festival of Ononhara, or the Dream Feast, which was deemed the most powerful remedy in cases of sickness, or when a village was infested with evil spirits. This scene of madness began at night. Men, women and children, all pretending to have lost their senses, rushed shrieking and howling from house to house, upsetting everything on their way, throwing fire-brands, beating those they met, or drenching them with water and availing themselves of this time of licence to take a safe revenge on anyone who had offended them. This scene of frenzy continued until daybreak, when they ran from house to house demanding the satisfaction of some imagined want. The inmates tossed out any article at hand and the applicant continued his rounds till the desired gift was hit upon, then he gave an outcry of delight, echoed by all present. If his round had failed in attaining the object of his dream, he fell into a deep dejection, being convinced that some disaster was to follow.

The Indian believed in the immortality of the soul, but did not always believe in a state of future reward or punishment. The belief respecting the land of souls varied greatly in different tribes. Among the Hurons, departed spirits pursued their journey through the sky along the milky

way, while the souls of their dogs took route by certain constellations known as the "way of the dogs".

The burial of their dead was one of the interesting ceremonial functions of the Hurons. At intervals of ten or twelve years they were accustomed to gather the bones of their dead and deposit them with great ceremony in a common place of burial. The whole nation was sometimes gathered at this solemnity, and hundreds of corpses were brought from their temporary resting-places and placed in one capacious pit. From that hour the immortality of the soul began. One of the centres of this ceremony was near the village of Ossassonne, on the east shore of Nottawasaga Bay, while another has been located near the present village of Waubaushene.

Pausing for a moment in our story of the Hurons proper, we shall take notice of one particular branch, the Tionontates, or Tobacco Indians, named by the French, Petuns. These Indians occupied the eastern slope of the Blue Mountains, their villages ranging from the Georgian Bay at the north, to the township of Mulmur, in the county of Dufferin, on the south. Of old they were enemies of the Hurons, but in 1640 became their close confederates. When visited in February, 1616, by Champlain and Le Caron, they were found in a number of villages, the most important of which were Ekarenniondi, "the Standing Rock", which the Jesuits a score of years later named St. Mathias, and Etharita, which they renamed St. Jean. The villages, the sites of ten of which have been discovered by research on the part of members of the Huron Institute, were very similar to those of the Hurons in the eastern part of the county. There were no wigwams. As the Hurons, the Petuns lived in houses, if we accept the term as we have in referring to the lodges of the Hurons. These were built in groups, without any regularity as to location, or convenience one to another. Some of the villages, probably Ekarenniondi and Etharita, were for-

tified by palisades, but the majority were open and defenceless, the Petuns in this respect being exceedingly im-provident. They failed to realize their danger until it was too late. The Petuns lived much in the same way as did the Hurons. The men did little or no work. The women, on the other hand, maintained the household. The nation were farmers, but, as noted, added tobacco to the annual crop, this being grown in sufficient quantities to permit of it being used for barter and trade with other Indian nations, an economic intercourse which they carried on with the Hurons and Algonquins on the east, and the Neutrals, Eries and Andastes on the south. Corn, like tobacco, flourished in their country, the soil being well adapted for it, while the Blue Mountains, which rise 1,000 feet on the west of the villages, afforded no small protection in the season of ripening and harvesting. Fishing was carried on for food, while hunting was followed to secure furs for clothing or venison and bear meat for festal occasions.

The Petuns were governed largely by superstition. They believed in manitous, while the medicine man played a prominent part in directing them mentally, having a significant influence with them in their rites of worship and burial of the dead. They, too, were given over to feasting and dancing, to appease angry spirits, drive away pestilence, or mark some special event in their nation.

But to resume our narrative of the Hurons proper, we turn to the advent of the missionaries. Le Caron and his associates zealously took up the work of planting the Cross amongst the natives, going from village to village preaching, baptizing infants and adults, ministering to the sick and performing funeral rites when permitted to do so by the dusky people. On all sides they were confronted by difficulties. The superstitions of the people, the work of the sorcerers and the opposition of the medicine men always stood in the way. In his labour, Le Caron was joined by Father Gabriel

Sagard, to whom we are indebted for the first history of the Hurons, and the dictionary of their language. The Recollets remained in charge of the missions with the Hurons until 1628, when Le Caron was called to France, hoping to take up his work again upon his anticipated return. Through political turns in old France, the Jesuits were given the place with the Hurons and in 1634 Brébeuf, who had spent some time with them in 1626-29, again reached the wilderness. From 1634, therefore, the untiring labours of the Jesuits may be dated. Upon reaching the Huron country, Brébeuf was received with acclaim, the Indians welcoming him to their new village of Ihonatira, built a few miles from Toanche, which had been deserted through fear of results owing to the Indians having murdered Brulé, Champlain's interpreter there. Brébeuf was joined shortly after by Fathers Daniel, Ragueneau and Davost, and in 1638, by the indefatigable co-labourer, Father Lalement. At the outset, Brébeuf established himself at Ihonatira, which he named St. Joseph, and with the aid of the Indians, who generously assisted in the hope of material reward, such as the priests might bestow, constructed a house, which was sub-divided into three apartments, one a storehouse, another for living, and the third for a chapel. From this centre the missionaries gradually sought out the twenty or thirty villages, comprising in the aggregate, as Brébeuf estimated, a population of 25,000 to 30,000 souls. In 1639, with a view of permanency, the priests erected a headquarters of their own on the banks of the River Wye, a few miles southeast of the present town of Midland. This was named St. Marie, and comprised a chapel, mission house and hospital, and without the walls a hostel. Missionaries were sent out from here to distant villages, Charles Garnier and Noel Chabanel entering upon the work of "the mission of the apostles" among the Tobacco nation. For fifteen years the missionary labours were car-

ried on. During that period, the missionaries had retained their position amongst the Indians, and while energetic work had been done for the conversion of the multitude, the reward was scarcely such as would warm the hearts of any less determined. The teaching of weary months was oft destroyed in a day by the medicine man, by the outbreak of an epidemic or even by something of the most trivial character. Faith was not a strong point with these denizens of the wilderness. Instead, it was superstition that ruled. The missionaries, however, laboured on in the hope of greater results, but their reward was martyrdom. All the time the enmity of the Iroquois had not been lessened. In 1647 a band of this nation, as part of a plan looking to the annihilation of all tribes beyond the pale of their confederacy, burst like a thunderbolt upon the unsuspecting and unprotected Hurons. Coming in by the Narrows, now Orillia, they captured the nearest village, Contarea, killing many and taking the remainder back as prisoners for torture or to be adopted into their nation. In 1648 the Iroquois returned, this time capturing the village of St. Joseph II., and in the fight killing Father Daniel, the first of the five Jesuit martyrs who fell victims to their terrible work of destruction. In 1649 for the third time the Iroquois came, this time in March, before the snows of winter had disappeared. One village after another fell before them, and at St. Louis and St. Ignace they captured Fathers Brébeuf and Lalement, who after suffering most cruel torture, were finally killed, the former being burned and the latter by a tomahawk in the hands of an Indian. Again, in December, 1649, the Iroquois came, this time by a new route, and attacking the Petuns, the village of St. Jean was destroyed, the buildings burned and the inhabitants killed or taken prisoners. Here Father Garmier was killed, while Father Chabamel escaped, but to be treacherously

murdered by an Indian companion near the crossing of the Nottawasaga River while on his way to Fort Ste. Marie II. The remnant of the nation was in consternation. Some gathered their belongings and hastily left the country, making their way by the French and Ottawa Rivers to the Huron settlement at Lorette, near the city of Quebec. Others, notably the Petuns, made their way to the Manitoulin Island, while yet others who were gathered together by the priests after Ste. Marie I. had been given over to the flames, took up quarters on the Island of Ahoendoc, renamed St. Joseph, and now known as Christian Island. A new mission, Ste. Marie II., was established, and around it, throughout the winter of 1649-50, this band dragged out a miserable existence, starvation and scurvy proving great enemies, while the lurking Iroquois who haunted the woods accounted for many more. In the spring the greater number abandoned this temporary abode, and the dispersion of the Hurons was complete.

After the dispersion, the Hurons, including the Tobacco nation, became scattered far and wide. Of those who did not go to Lorette, some were incorporated in the Six Nations, others went to the shores of Lake Superior, but to find a new enemy in the Sioux, who came from the unknown west. Ultimately the latter gathered at St. Ignace, which was built by Father Marquette on the mainland, opposite the Island of Michilmackinac. Some of the Petuns remained on the Manitoulin for a time, but their wanderings were renewed until they became farther scattered along the Detroit River, near the present town of Amherstburg, and as far distant as the Indian Territory. To-day, three hundred years after, the once strong forest nation is but a name. The Hurons as a nation do not exist. The Wyandotts are their descendants, but it is not the Indian life of three centuries ago that they are living now.

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NOTE:—The valued assistance of the writings of Francis Parkman and C. C. James, M.A., C.M.G., is hereby acknowledged.—D. W.



THE WOUNDED LIONESS  
From a Painting by J. M. Swan in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal







A Mesopotamian Brick Kiln

## MESOPOTAMIA: THE EMPIRE'S TREASURE CHEST

BY LYMAN B. JACKES

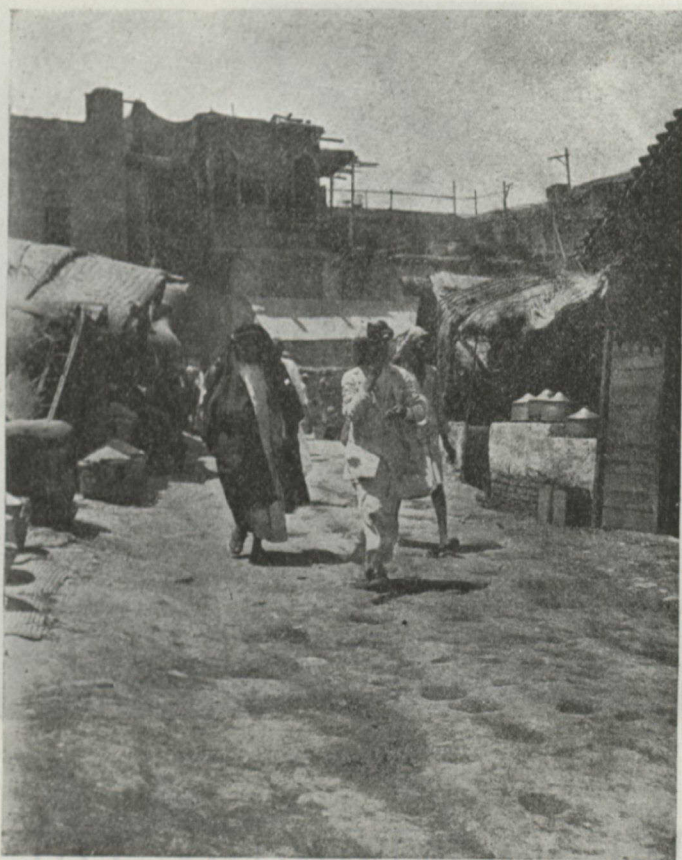
**W**HEN the Bishop of the Syrian Church in Bagdad saw Basrah in January, 1918, after four years' absence, he raised his hands in astonishment, exclaiming, "What marvellous people these British are".

The Basrah he had left in 1914 was a squalid little suburb known as Ashar, a place which had struggled up somehow through Turkish mismanagement as the way of least resistance in providing some kind of town to meet the ever-increasing shipping and

to accommodate the few foreign consuls who played a weary part in a weary drama there.

The old town of Basrah was two miles inland from the river, a condition brought about by the accumulated yearly shifting of the river over ten centuries. Dirt, filth, inactivity, squalour, and all the other signposts of Mussulman authority abounded.

The place the Bishop came to in January, 1918, was a city, grown like the magic of the Arabian carpet about the Turkish abomination that was gone for ever. Spacious and skilfully



The main street of a Mesopotamian City

constructed docks lined the river front for many thousands of yards. Vast ships floated on the majestic Shat-el-Arab, the junction of the two rivers of historic fame that give Mesopotamia its name, for the word means "the land between the two rivers". Modern British gunboats were in evidence, a dry dock capable of taking and caring for ships of many tons was to be seen inland a few rods. Metal and woodworking shops, power houses, military store buildings, motor trucks, telephones, electric light, refrigerating plants and the commencement of a palatial hotel were all in evidence.

Little wonder, then, that the Syrian Bishop followed his first exclamation with, "I am now convinced that the British have come to stay". The

vision of the transformed Basrah had concluded the opinion which had been forming during his six-hundred-mile river journey from Bagdad. Without a doubt the British had come to stay.

It is not my intention to make mention of the military campaign which transferred the possession of the land. The memory of suffering, sickness, reverses, heat and thirst have been softened and mellowed by time and the glorious outstanding fact of the great culminatory successes which transferred the land to the British Empire. It was a feat of the Imperial forces. Alone by them it was won, without the direct aid of the Allies. The land is British now, and I purpose to tell something about it, of its past, its present, its peoples and its



A wealthy Arab and a native water-carrier

prospective future, for it has been my privilege to see up and down and across Mesopotamia, and that is why I chose the sub-heading, "The Empire's Treasure Chest".

It is difficult definitely to describe the area of Mesopotamia, for its borders on the west and north are somewhat obscure, and a British "sphere of influence" in the adjoining country of Persia adds to the difficulties of the calculation. If I say it has an area of about two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, some idea of its size is made possible. The Pushtiku Mountains of Persia, a branch of the Hymalyas of northern India, are about the only natural landmark that could be used as a geographical boundary. On the west and north the

country blends into Arabia and Armenia amidst land that may be described as desert only when that word is used in all its potency. The shores of the Persian Gulf, ever fluctuating by the mud deposits of the Shat-el-Arab, is the southern boundary. This mud, accumulated throughout the centuries, has formed a bar which blocks the entrance of the river to steamships exceeding eighty-five hundred tons displacement; but the opening and maintenance of a channel through it is but a minor detail of marine engineering, and a scheme doubtless of the early future. Once over the bar, the extensive developments of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are seen on the right bank of the river; and the left bank is lined with well-laid-



Arab children at school, where the Koran is almost their only study

out date orchards, which stretch far inland and set the observing newcomer thinking regarding the agricultural wealth of Mesopotamia. Toward Basrah the shipping is impressive, and I have seen as many as eighty steamships here at one time. This number includes ocean freighters and the splendid passenger boats brought up from the rivers of India. They discharge into or load from the barges or native craft alongside. The large Arabian mahalas, with their picturesquely pointed sails, float majestically up and down the river and serve to lend a touch of antiquity to the resurrection that has come to this land so long dead. A very ancient canal breaks the waterfront and connects with old Basrah. At high tide, during the day, this canal is crowded with small craft, chiefly balams and motor-boats. Many large sailing craft are there also, unloading near the market-place on the bank of the canal.

The wares consist for the most part of dates, reeds and reed mats used for reinforcing mud walls in the native dwellings and buildings. A trip through the market-place at Ashar-Basrah brings the newcomer in contact with Arab life. Here are a group standing intently about two central figures, who sing fragments of the Koran in dull, monotonous voices, harsh and rasping to a Britisher's ears, but successful in bringing forth a generous shower of copper coins upon the mat from the onlookers. Veiled women hurry by, often stooped with heavy burdens. The keepers of the stalls in the bazaar gesticulate and shout to one another or to those who pass by. The money changer marches about slinging a bunch of coins from one hand to another in a most skilful manner, which is his mode of advertising his profession. The quick tap-tap of the seal maker's hammer draws our attention to a number of trades-



Arabs at Breakfast

men whose business address is the mud floor of the market-place, and their callings are as diversified as their number. Amulet and charm sellers, makers of minute chains, lock and key merchants, medicine men, beggars, Koran sellers, ring makers, dealers in copper and brass, and china menders are but a few of the trades and callings carried on upon the mud floor and amidst the brightly-coloured wares and stocks of their more fortunate brother men who have been able to secure a lease of stalls and carry on business in a "big way".

A camel train arriving in this medley of commerce picks its way through without disturbance, and the great beasts quietly lower their massive burdens before the quarters of some merchant who is laying in "stock". The scene is completed by the loitering coolies and the wandering barber, who seeks his customers and performs his

tonsorial arts at the site of discovery, be it shop front or gutter side. At a point, easy of access, the minaret of the mosque rises above the commerce of the market-place. The faithful followers of the Prophet in Mesopotamia believe in the line of least resistance theory when it comes to going to prayer.

A mosque is always found in the market-place of every town or city of Mesopotamia; this rule holds without exception from the humblest wayside village to Kasimain or Samara, two of the glories of Mohammedan mosque architecture.

Somewhere within or closely attached to the mosque the schoolmaster holds forth. His class consists only of boys. Girls, in the Mussulman opinion, are not worth educating, as they have no possible chance of gaining the portals of Paradise. The curriculum does not contain a course in

arithmetic, geography, history, etc., as would apply to our schools or conditions: the schoolmaster of Mesopotamia has performed his duty if his boys can repeat, parrot-like, a few verses from the Koran and have been thoroughly drilled in the native ideals of "keeping women in their proper place". The boys generally marry about the age of twelve, so that an early opportunity is afforded them to apply the bullying and annoyances they have learned upon the unfortunate girlish bride. Until the time of her marriage, usually about the age of ten or twelve, she is free to loiter in the streets or play on the wayside amidst company which fills her mind and life with much that is impure and degrading and teaches her nothing that is noble or elevating. We marvel at this. It is strange to our ideals. It is so written in the Koran, and we are in Mesopotamia, the new British treasure land.

There is no attempt to provide the most primitive sanitary conveniences or domestic comforts in an Arab city or town. To the Oriental mind water is the symbol of purity. Its possible biological content is nothing to the Arab. The men and women who wade waist-deep into the muddy waters of the canal to fill their copper jars or goatskin bags are the only means of municipal water distribution. The water-seller goes his monotonous rounds, stooping under the weight of several gallons of water. The master of the house or one of his wives, closely veiled that no strange man may see her face, purchases the needs of the household for the day at the door.

The streets of a Mesopotamian village are always narrow. They are constructed so as to keep them filled with the maximum amount of shade. The household waste which is thrown upon the roadway keeps them moist, even if uninviting, and also forms abundant raw material for mud pie manufacture by the children.

The houses are generally two storeys; the upper windows are extended over the street and are some-

times only a few inches from those of the house across the way. A courtyard is always in the centre, around which the rooms are placed, and the flat roof affords good outdoor sleeping accommodation during the hot, dry nights.

The outer borders of the town merge away into date orchards, and somewhere in the suburbs a kiln for baking clay slabs into bricks is found. The fuel is dried palm leaves, and this mode of brick making has been in use in Mesopotamia since the dawn of history.

In essentials all Mesopotamian towns are alike, and our walk about Ashar or Basrah has shown us what we may expect to see in any other settlement in the country.

There are two general methods of reaching the interior of the country: the ancient rivers and the modern railway. One branch of the railway runs almost due west to Nazareah, on the Euphrates; the other branch parallels the Shat-el-Arab for about forty miles to Querna. At a point about halfway between Ashar and Querna extensive docks have been constructed. The spot is called Tanooma, and is on the western bank of the river.

Querna is located on the peninsula formed by the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris with the Shat-el-Arab. Some have attributed to the locality the site of the Garden of Eden, but the visitor is at liberty to come to his own conclusions in the matter. For my part I think it would be much farther north, probably in Armenia. Large marshy tracts stretch for several miles northwest of Querna and provide splendid facilities for sport if the sportsman is willing to take the risk of contracting malaria.

From Querna the railway keeps close to the Tigris on its northern run, and leaving this place by boat or rail, the country opens into one vast vista of possibilities. The two rivers pouring down a great stream of fresh water, which never fails, and the gradual slope of the country towards the



Transportation in Mesopotamia



Driving sheep to market in the early morning through a Mesopotamian City



A Nomadic Arab on the Desert

south, offers a tempting invitation to the irrigationist. The desert of Mesopotamia is not sand, it is an alluvial sediment, rich in the constituents required by growing crops and requiring only a proper supply of water to break into a paradise of verdure. But more of this anon.

A few hours across this country, or through it by boat, brings the newcomer to Ezra's Tomb. The structure rises sharply from the river bank and in general architectural details is similar to the type of Mohammedan religious edifice of the better class. This implies that it consists of a central dome, the exterior tiled in a delicate

blue with a pattern of other tiles set in. Outbuildings of brick surround it, which are again enclosed by an outer wall of brick.

There are some seventy Hebrews residing within the tomb enclosure, and many visitors are under the impression that the structure shelters the mortal remains of the Ezra of the restoration. Such, however, is not the case. The tomb was erected to the memory of a Hebrew patriarch of the same name, who laboured diligently during his lifetime, in the thirteenth century, to found a superior educational system for his kinsmen in that country. To-day, amidst Islamic





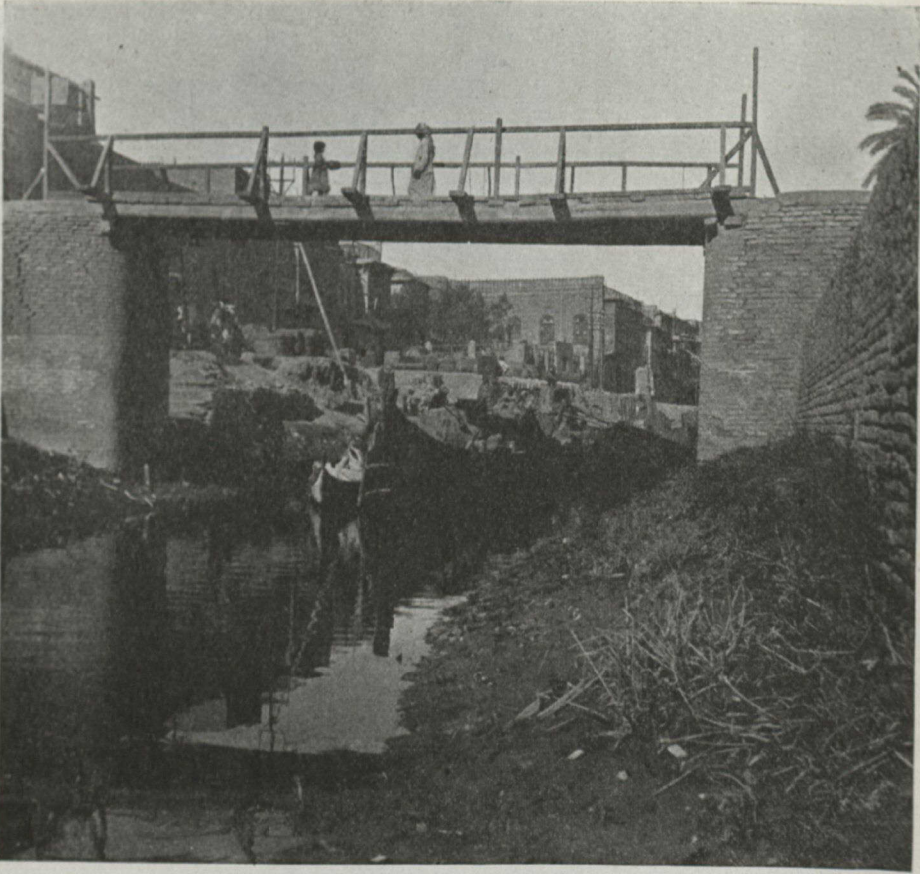
The Traditional Site of the Garden of Eden

bigotry and Arabian superstition, the Hebrews of Mesopotamia have an educational system for their children which will compare favourably with most in the outer world and is superior to many. The system is organized and maintained by a party of wealthy Jewish gentlemen in Paris. A chat with a Hebrew in Mesopotamia clearly indicated that he has a fair knowledge of the events of the outer world. That is a marked contrast to most Arabs.

Several miles northward from Ezra's Tomb the city of Amara is reached. The rail lines from the south stop on the west bank of the river, and a new line to Bagdad is com-

menced across the Tigris. The river here is wide, swift and deep, and a large canal makes a junction with it at this point.

All important centres in Mesopotamia, now as in ancient days, have grown around the point of contact between the river traffic and the overland caravan routes between Persia and Palestine and Egypt. Amara is no exception to this rule. The tall minaret of the mosque again directs us to the market-place, which is well constructed of brick, with some crude idea of ornamentation. The market stalls are much better than those of Ashar, and one of the outstanding places to be seen here is a branch of



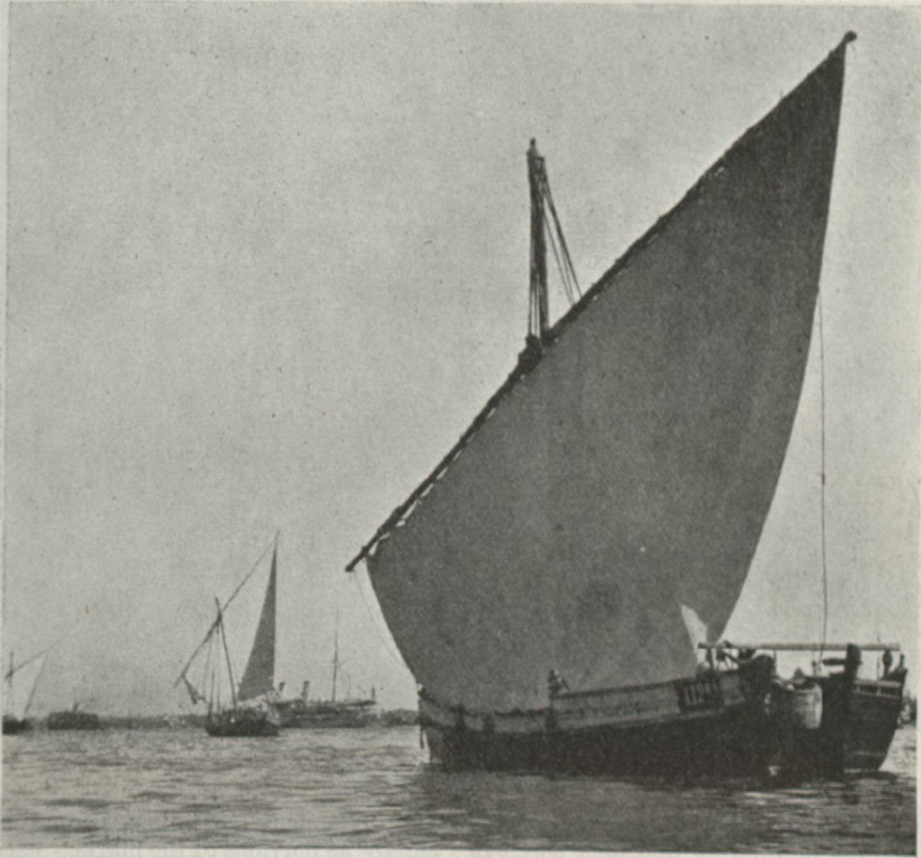
The Mesopotamian Canal which Sinbad the Sailor came down on his way to the Sea

the British and Foreign Bible Society. The agent is an Arab who has been converted to the Christian belief, and he is conducting a wonderful campaign with a view of breaking down the bigotry and ignorance which characterize many of his brethren.

The British have lavished considerable attention on Amara. They have erected a floating swing bridge across the river which will carry the heaviest of military traffic, and may be opened without undue delay for the commodious river boats which now ply up and down these ancient waterways. An "agricultural director" has his office at Amara, and the extensive grass farm, the successful vegetable gardens, the splendid shade trees and the plots of flowering plants are

all fruits of his labours, and convince the most cautious of the fertility of Mesopotamia when water is applied to the thirsty soil.

Kut-el-Amara, the scene of General Townsend's last stand against the enemy, is a considerable journey up the river from Amara. The town is encircled by hundreds of trenches and barricades, and the débris of battle is strewn about over large areas. Dangerous explosives that were left there from necessity make the inspection of the battlefield an extremely dangerous pastime. One of the few religious edifices to be damaged by British shell-fire during the war is seen projecting from the market-place of Kut. It is all that remains of the minaret of the mosque. The British did not



Mahala—the native craft of the Arabs

destroy it accidentally; it was a deliberate act, and was ordered so when the late General Maude discovered that the German officers of the Turkish army were using this structure as an observation post.

The new British town of Kut is two miles to the south-east. The bustling activity here is a strange contrast to the old town, which has assumed a haunted look, and its almost deserted streets suggest little of its former traffic. It is not likely that any attention will be given to the old town, and its name will join the long list of ghostly cities that have been swallowed in the past of Mesopotamia. When the Turks re-captured Kut, they erected a brick monument on the river bank to celebrate the event. It

was shrouded in sacking ready for the unveiling when the British captured Kut the second time, and it was left to the mercy of the elements. Bit by bit the sacking was blown away and the monument exposed. The British left it undisturbed on its lonely site.

Once past Kut-el-Amara we enter a strip of territory which has boasted of large cities since the dawn of civilization. Babylon is but a few miles away, and the ruins of twelve other vast cities may be picked out on the horizon. Deserted by their inhabitants, the buildings have tumbled in and the winds of centuries have covered all with dust and mud to a depth of many feet. Extensive Babylonian burial grounds are found along the river between Kut and Bagdad. They



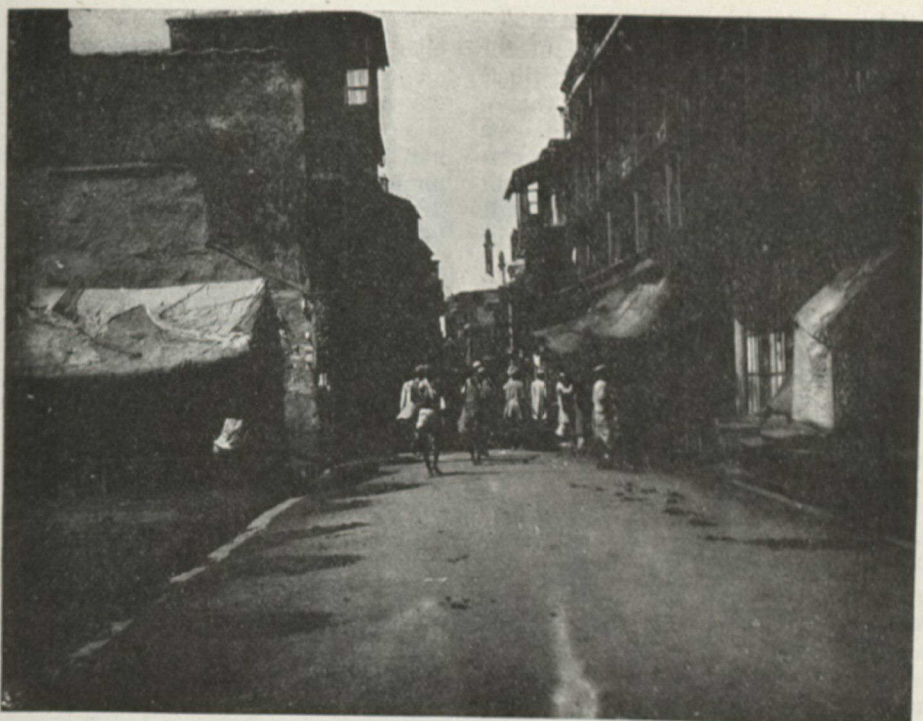
A main street in Bagdad

are a grim piece of evidence of the teeming population that once dwelt in the land. Conservative estimates show that the population about the sixth century prior to the present era could not have been less than sixty millions. If the land would support that number then, there should be no obstacle to the same conditions reappearing. Skill and perseverance on the part of British archæologists will unearth marvellous treasures of the past from these mighty mounds, and we shall learn much about their peoples, for there are wonderful libraries buried amid the ruins. The books are all on clay or stone, those of the latter material having to do with ancient royalty.

There are three or four items which make Bagdad the outstanding city of Mesopotamia. It was the seat of the organization which lifted the faith of Islam to its power. It was the seat of an ancient university. There are a

few fragments of this remaining, chiefly as portions of the market-place, and if history be true, this was the first university in the world to have a department of chemistry, for here, in the year 805, an Arabian alchemist discovered sulphuric acid. Another portion of the ancient seat of learning has been incorporated in an old mosque that stands by the bank of the river near the bridge of boats.

Bagdad is divided into a number of "quarters", the Christian quarter, Jewish quarter, Syrian quarter, Persian quarter, and so on. The streets in the Christian quarter are narrow, but decently paved and clean. There is a very old church in this section with a beautifully carved door of oak, and this is a bit of a mystery, for oak is about as plentiful in Mesopotamia as the proverbial feathers on a frog's back. Once a speaking acquaintance with these Christians is acquired, they are seen to be a most interesting



A street scene in Bagdad

people. There is much evidence pointing to their claim of long visits from Paul and John the Baptist; they also claim that many of the apostles, including Thomas, were with their fathers in the early struggles of their church. A tribe of skilled silversmiths, known as Sabeans, have an ancient roll in their possession which they claim was written by John the Baptist. Two points in favour of their claim are the nature of the writing, which is in a phase of Greek, which was prevalent during the first three and a half centuries of this era, and the nature of the text, which is similar to his reported utterances in the New Testament.

Bagdad is also a centre for the marketing of Persian rugs, the hand manufacture of fancy shoes and slippers, and a great seat of Mussulman faithful. It is stated that there are more than ten thousand mosques or prayer places in Bagdad; one is the largest Suni mosque in the world.

Bagdad is surrounded for many miles by orchards of dates and limes, and this vegetation is responsible for a very considerable moderation in the summer mean temperature over other places in the country. Amid these gardens to the north the mosque of Kasimain rears its four golden minarets. It is a mosque amongst mosques. India in all its glory can boast nothing like it. Its only competitor, outside of San Sophia in Constantinople, is the mosque at Samara, eighty miles to the north. Samara was the summer residence of the rulers of the Arabian Empire when its glories were at the meridian. Samara is a walled city that is fast on its way to decay. The great mosque is in striking contrast to its empty bazaars, deserted streets and dilapidated buildings. Nearby are the ruins of Ahwheen, an ancient fortified city, with walls many feet in diameter, and towering from the piles of fallen brick is a circular tower some two hundred feet in

height. It is supposed to be a model of the Tower of Babel. One of the little backwashes of war took place here in 1917. It was known that a party of German scientists had been interested, for some time prior to hostilities, in the ruins of an ancient treasure city near this tower. A little scientific digging on the part of the British military engineers discovered the source of their interest, when twenty-four boxes of gold coins of great value were unearthed from the hiding-place where the Germans had stored them with a view of removal to the Berlin Museum. They got to a museum in due course, but it was the British Museum.

The description I have tried to give will not be a strong factor in convincing the reader that Mesopotamia is a great land to-day, and such is the case. It is a land of to-morrow, and nothing great will come from the country until the British open up the ancient irrigation canals of Babylon. The ancients formed storage reservoirs at intervals down the rivers and ran out canals east and west. These were cross-connected by smaller ones running north and south, and from an aeroplane at a few thousand feet the entire scheme can be seen like a gigantic draught-board. Modern en-

gineers are satisfied that no improvement of the general scheme can be made. Once the water is assured, marvellous crops will come, and there is no fear of the soil becoming exhausted, for abundant supplies of potash are known to be there. This development will naturally be followed by a railway through to the Mediterranean, and this will also suffice to tap the fabulous beds of iron and copper ore in eastern Mesopotamia and the wonderful timber of western Persia. It could also connect with the railways of India and unite them with the lines of the Cape to Cairo in Africa, or to the lines of the central European railways. Oil of fine quality is found throughout the country.

The great gravel beds northward from Bagdad are inviting to the miner and prospector, and it is known that precious stones are to be had in the north-eastern portions, where furbearing animals may be trapped at certain times of the year. Given an intelligent government, such as the British, there is no reason why Mesopotamia should not again sit amongst the great countries of the world, and we probably shall see this come about well within twenty years from the signing of peace.



# THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE FARMER AND THE INTERESTS, A STUDY IN PARASITISM.

BY CLARUS AGER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



NOWADAYS, of a sunny, sleepy Sunday afternoon, fifteen or twenty motor cars may be seen parked about the little country church where once buggies clustered. If a night meeting is held in the township hall cars will line the roadway up and down for rods. This may be taken for a sign. Whatever may be said of the town and city, in the country gasoline and ideas are related. The farmer is driving a car and he is thinking about carburetors and roads and other things. The car has become a symbol in the country—the symbol of many a man's social and mental and spiritual metaphorphosis, of many a community's obvious transformation. It is not to be imagined that the farmer, by disobeying a scriptural injunction and taking thought, has added a car unto himself. Rather it is that the war and Mr. Henry Ford (but they are not all Fords) have conspired to wish cars upon farmers even while they stood blinking and wondering. For this is the fact, that even while many a farmer is in the very heat and eloquence of the old time bewailing his son, in a spring suit and yellow gloves, backs a "Special Six" out of the garage. The farmer has come into money in the last four years. The car is the symbol of the whole happening. Any attempt to prove the farmer has not come into money

is confronted with—the car, self-started and purring by the porch.

But the farmer has come into more than money; he has come into ideas. He has run into them in his car, as he runs into may flies when the wind shield is down. Many of these ideas have become bees in his bonnet. One of them is the idea, that, having lived once in the joy of a good return for his labour, he will not any more live after any other fashion. In other words, he begins to understand it more thoroughly; in other words, he studies a symbol and begins to realize its full significance. The farmer is beginning to awaken to the fact that the last four years have not been years of grinding penury; he is beginning even to admit that he has been "making good money" during the last four years. And further, he is beginning to realize that he doesn't want to go back to the old pinch; further still, he is beginning to say that he will not go back. Special war conditions have given him only what normal conditions should always have given him and what the normal conditions of the future will have to give him. He is going to keep his car, and reconstituted political and economic conditions are going to provide him logically and directly with what the war flung to him as a by product. The farmer has tasted the blood of luxury. The experience of that tasting was accidental and inadvertent. But it has bred an appetite that is bound to go out and create the conditions of its satisfaction. *The farmer is going to see to it that from this time onward the organization or re-organization of society in Canada*

*guarantees him, out of the normal operations of the nation's life, a return in terms of the amenities of civilization commensurate with what he now awakens to believe he always deserved.* Why is it that a friend of the "interests" fearfully states that more than a third of the next elected Provincial and Federal Houses will be farmers straight from the farm industry of the country? Why the fever for Farmers' Clubs? Why the nervousness in the agricultural departments over defining the duties and jurisdictions of women's institutes and district representatives? Why the marshalling of the United Farmers and the obduracy of the Grain Growers? It is quite largely and fundamentally because the farmer has got his car and is going to keep it.

This little book of Clarus Ager's, published in 1916 and somewhat out of date now, is, in terms of the metaphor of this review, an appeal to the farmer to recognize his chance to keep his car. It is, as the author says in the preface, "an attempt to hold up the economic mirror to the farmer". The contention of the book is that the farmer has been exploited, that, taking into consideration his investment, the risk he runs and the work he does, with his wife's and children's help, he has not been getting an adequate return.

The book is a bright and eager appeal for class consciousness, for an awakening. It is a book for the farmer himself, for the capitalist and manufacturer and for the labour man. It raises inevitably the question as to the future of the farm movement. Will the farmer, once organized as a functioning class in the nation, shrink, as *The Sun* would indicate will be the case, from any alliance with Socialism or Labour, being fearful of the implications of public ownership? And if so, what, on the other hand, would be the nature of any alliance with the manufacturers and protection, or what the effect or possibility of a class neutrality and independence? These are questions.

### SIR WILFRID LAURIER

BY PETER McARTHUR. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE mental and spiritual content of this book is not so cheap as Dent's physical embodiment of that content. Stripped of the rather unattractive jacket, the book gives one the impression that, as far as format goes at least, it was planned with vulgarity and produced in haste. The name Dent, even as a printer and not as a publisher, is worth more than a look at the get-up of this book would lead one to infer.

Having skimmed through the book one puts it down with the feeling that both as regards form and content it is inadequate to the challenge of the name it bears upon its cover. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, by virtue of his human and Imperial and national services, is worthy the best the publisher's art can afford and worthy a great biographer. Anyone who has sat by the fire with Peter McArthur knows him well enough to know that he himself would not designate his little essay in timely journalism as great biography. The book will serve an interim purpose, however. Peter McArthur has gathered interesting material and illuminated it at points with discriminating comment.

\*

### THE BLIND

BY HARRY BEST, Ph.D. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A PART from its technical value as a more or less authoritative treatise, this book is interesting because it deals with what is possibly the most tragic human disability, and the disability that, strangely, nearly always has a touch of romance about it—the imagination is kindled in seeing persons by a contemplation of the blind. Our blind authors and musicians and speakers have so often by some inner light of soul given a sort of pathetic glamour and tragic beauty to their darkness. Even to run through the chapter headings of this large book



and to read here and there is to feel something of this beauty and tragedy. The book is divided into seven parts dealing with "General Condition of the Blind", "Blindness and the Possibilities of its Prevention", "Provision for the Education of Blind Children", "Intellectual Provision for the Adult Blind", "Material Provision for the Blind", "Organizations Interested in the Blind", "Conclusions".

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### BACKGROUNDS FOR SOCIAL WORKERS

BY EDWARD J. MENGE, M.A., Ph.D.,  
M.Sc. Boston: Badger.

WHATEVER else may be said about Dr. Menge, this may be said: He cannot write the English language, as witness his first paragraph, and he patronizes the *Century Dictionary*, as witness page sixty-four, where he says: "By which is meant, as the *Century Dictionary* well expresses it. . . ." In his book there are chapters on "Training", "What Ought We to do?" "Birth Control", etc., and three historical sketches on the family in Primitive, Mediæval, and Renaissance and Reformation times. The historical sketches are superficial. The standpoint of the book throughout is that of platitudinous orthodoxy. Nevertheless, certain of its chapters are readable even if they do not live up to the promise implied in the book's title. The chapter on "Birth Control" is an interesting, unexciting study of a subject that is coming increasingly to public attention.

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### NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

BY JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

VOLUME XXI of this great work treats of the fourth winter of the war. It begins with an account of the struggle along the Italian-Austrian frontier and gives a good description of Italy's stand on the Piave. The scene then shifts to the

Tigris, and records the fall of Jerusalem. Then the reader is taken back to the Western Front and made familiar with the battle of Cambrai. East Africa is treated next, and this is followed by a discussion of political reactions. Special chapters consider single subjects such as the British force in Italy, events in Mesopotamia after the capture of Bagdad, the occupation of Jerusalem, the cavalry at Cambrai, the conquest of Kilimanjaro, and the advance of the Ruffigi. Volume XXII begins with a description of the second battle of the Somme and follows with an account of the battle of the Lys. Zeebrugge and Ostend are considered, and then comes the third battle of the Aisne. The Austrian attack on Italy is reviewed, as well as the second battle of the Marne. There are several important appendices. These two books make important additions to this voluminous history.

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### IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY JOHN McCRAE. Toronto: William Briggs.

IT will gratify thousands of readers the world over to know that "In Flanders Fields", the poem that has thrilled them, and other poems from the same pen, as well as a character study, biographical sketch and arrangement of personal letters, have been put together in a book by McCrae's friend Sir Andrew Macphail. Sometimes it takes but one poem or even one couplet to make a poet famous, and yet everyone will want to read some other work by this poet who gave his life for the cause so dear to his heart. Sir Andrew is on safe ground when he writes that "to say that 'In Flanders Fields' is not the best would be to invite controversy. It did give expression to a mood which at the time was universal, and will remain as a permanent record when the mood is passed away". John McCrae has been writing verse for years. As far back as 1895 we find verses of his in *The Canadian Magazine*. One might

infer, therefore, that "In Flanders Fields" was not an accident, it was the direct result of hard drilling in acquiring a form that when the time came suited the mood and the occasion.

We should like to quote at length from the book, but we shall stop with "The Night Cometh", which Sir Andrew Macphail in his appreciation says is in the same form as "In Flanders Fields":

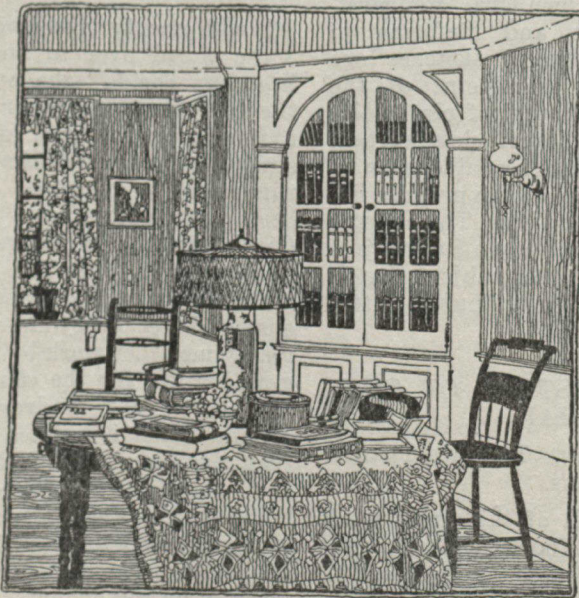
Cometh the night. The wind falls low,  
The trees swing slowly to and fro;  
Around the church the headstones gray  
Cluster, like children strayed away,  
But found again, and folded so.  
No chiding look doth she bestow:  
If she is glad, they cannot know;  
If ill or well they spend their day,  
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go;  
They do not see the shadows grow;  
"There yet is time," they lightly say,  
"Before our work aside we lay";  
There talk is but half-done, and lo!  
Cometh the night.

## FLORIDA: THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

By NEVIN O. WINTER. Boston: The Page Company.

FLORIDA always has been for the white man a land of enchantment. Ponce de Leon, one of its earliest explorers, believed that he would find there the fountain of youth, and there is a romance surrounding his quest that fascinates even in our enlightened age. This book reviews the history of Florida, which, indeed, is not lacking of glamour, tells the story of its native Indians, gives a survey of its lakes and rivers and general topography, estimates its climate, describes its scenic wonders, appraises its abundant animal and bird life, and shows how the Florida of to-day is a State important because of its industries, its agricultural and educational advantages, with exceptional attractions for travellers, seekers for health, nature lovers and sportsmen.



# THE SIXTH HEAVEN

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE



DAN BURBANK descended the broad stone steps decorously enough. Even during the walk down the long drive-way his carriage, although jaunty, still showed some degree of repression. But as soon as he had turned out of the gate into the wide residential street he blithely threw dignity to the winds. His step became a prance, his melodious whistle a veritable pæan of exuberant happiness.

He walked on for three or four blocks, his spirits mounting with each step. On both sides were broad lawns with spacious, dignified houses set far back from the street. The sidewalk was dappled with moonlight that filtered through the huge elms bordering the roadway. All about him lay the silent beauty of the perfect summer night.

He stopped for a moment to light a cigarette. With hat in one hand, light stick and gloves in the other, he continued his triumphal march. It was the happiest night of the boy's life. A few moments ago, back there in one of those stately houses, a girl—a woman rather—had given him his answer. How he had trembled as he asked the question! And when she told him in her sweet, low voice what he longed to hear, he offered up a little silent prayer of thanks. Youth was glorious! Life was so well worth while; and the world was a fairy place in which to live it!

He came to a hedge behind which lay a sweep of lawn bathed in moonlight. Near an opening in the hedge

was a little clump of sturdy beeches that shone like fairy trees in the radiance. The boy stood stockstill in admiration of the beauty round about him. Taking the half-consumed cigarette from his lips he tossed it into the air and struck at it with his walking-stick. It went up like a miniature sky-rocket and disappeared in a splutter of sparks behind the hedge.

If the burning cigarette-end had landed in a barrel of gun-powder the effect could not have been more startling. A girl's fair head and gleaming shoulders appeared above the dark green border so suddenly that the boy stood agape. The girl turned beautiful, blazing eyes at the culprit who cowered a scant two feet from her.

"Oh!" she cried furiously. "You rude, horrid, detestable——"

"Oh, please, *please!*" protested Dan in anguished tones.

"Please what?" she snapped.

"Don't spoil the happiest night of my life!"

"That's just what makes me so furious!" she blazed. "I hate to have people obtrude their disgusting happiness on me when I'm miserable! I heard you afar off whistling 'The End of a Perfect Day.' I wanted to slap you! And then when you deliberately threw your cigarette at me——"

"As I didn't know you were there it could hardly have been deliberate," explained Dan patiently. "Now, if you would only let me come in for a moment to apologize I could convince

you." He edged along toward the opening in the hedge.

"I suppose I owe it to you after my outburst," said the girl penitently. "Haven't I got just a fiend of a temper!" she laughed. "No wonder everyone calls me what they do!"

Dan rounded the end of the hedge as she spoke and stood revealed in the bright moonlight.

"Why," cried the girl in well-feigned surprise; "you look quite nice!"

"That's because I am," remarked Dan complacently. "Were you going to tell me what everyone calls you?"

"Brat," she replied succinctly. "Father started it nineteen years ago with 'That brat'; usage changed it to 'The Brat' when I had developed personality; and finally all superfluities were sloughed off and I became Brat, pure and simple. Mother held out for eighteen years, calling me 'darling' mostly; but recent episodes in my brief career convinced even her, and she succumbed. So now it's Brat universally."

"Charming name," commented Dan. "Where am I to sit?" he asked insinuatingly.

"I am going to sit in the hammock, so you may bring up that uncomfortable rustic chair for yourself."

Dan turned to lug the heavy chair across the lawn while the girl curled up in the hammock swung beneath the beeches. When he had placed the chair at a strategic distance, not so far as to seem remote and yet not near enough to evoke a protest, he seated himself gravely.

"All right, Miss Brat," he said; "we'll commence the apology."

"That won't do at all!" she cried. "I am either Brat or Miss Selwyn."

"Are you offering me my choice?"

Miss Selwyn did not deign to answer. Instead, her beautiful brows became two supercilious semi-circles. Dan retreated in good order.

"I am either Dan or Mr. Burbank," he said with admirable *sang froid*.

"Offering me my choice?" laughed Brat.

"Naturally, Miss Selwyn," he said with a little bow.

"You are nice, Mr. Burbank," conceded Brat graciously. "We'll get on splendidly. But please don't sit there with that owlish expression on your face wondering if I know whether or not this whole proceeding is improper and unladylike. If it weren't I wouldn't be participating! It's hell to be a lady—that is, all the time," she added with the air of a child who has done something particularly naughty and glories in the fact.

"It's not necessary to be a lady if you know how to be one," said Dan sententiously; "but if you don't know how to act like one it automatically becomes imperative for you to be one. Involved but indubitably true."

Brat clapped her hands with delight. "My sentiments exactly!" she applauded. "I never heard any explanation more beautifully lucid in my life!"

"Which all tends to make it easier for me to apologize for my awkwardness," continued Dan. "You see, I know very well that in polite circles it is considered not—well—not quite gentlemanly to hit a lady in the eye with a cigarette stub. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?"

"It didn't come anywhere near me," admitted Brat contritely. "It was just my horrid temper! I couldn't very well dash out and reprimand you for being idiotically happy and whistling while I was in the dumps. The cigarette gave me a wonderful excuse! Now, am I not frank? I think my frankness offsets my rotten temper. Don't you?"

"More than offsets it," declared Dan stoutly. "Moreover, I don't dislike a bit of temper. It's far better than sulks or surly unreasonableness—I'm positive that you're not addicted to either!"

"Thanks! That's really decent of you!"

Dan hitched his chair a little closer and smiled engagingly. Brat was such a fairylike little creature that it

was difficult to associate her with being miserable. Just at the moment she looked quite the reverse. She sat with one tiny foot curled up under her and one slender white arm pillowing her fair head. Her large, dark eyes were amazingly wide-awake for all the indolence of her graceful pose. To the boy she seemed a very part of the glorious night—a creature of moonlight and summer-scented breezes.

"And why were you in the dumps?" he asked a trifle huskily.

"Just lonely—that's all! You see, I'm not used to it. I'm a very spoiled young person. Dad and mother went motoring, and I thought I'd stay at home and read. But the night turned out—well—like this!" She waved her hand slowly toward the moonlight and the whispering trees. "Of course, reading was out of the question, so I just came out here by myself and became achingly lonely. And nobody happened to call to-night." She broke off with a laugh. "Don't you think I'm a perfect baby?"

"I'd better not tell you just what I think about you—yet," murmured Dan.

"If you think it would be indiscreet, don't," said Brat, smiling up at him. "And now tell me what made you so happy to-night. Did someone leave you a fortune?"

"You mercenary-minded young person!" laughed Dan. "To speak of fortunes on a night like this! No, it wasn't that. Money wouldn't have made me happy because I don't happen to be in need of any more."

"Then what was it?" teased Brat.

"A woman!"

A frown crossed Brat's face so quickly, it was gone in such a brief twinkling that it might easily have been mistaken for a trick of the moonlight and shadows. The brightest of bright smiles appeared in its stead.

"How very nice and interesting!" she exclaimed with just a shade too much enthusiasm. "A woman," she mused. "I wonder that you can find

time to dally with me—a mere girl. A woman is so much more interesting!"

Dan merely smiled.

"I'd like to know how to make people so happy that they leave me whistling *The End of a Perfect Day*," said Brat with an expression that held as much mischief as wistfulness. "Just what did she do?"

"It wasn't what she did; it was what she said."

"How did she happen to strike just the right note?"

"That didn't take any great degree of perspicacity," laughed Dan. "You see, I asked her a question and she merely answered it."

"Just as you wanted her to?" asked Brat with a slight edge to her voice.

"Just exactly! Her answer lifted me to the seventh heaven—or so I thought until I met you. Then I realized that it was only the sixth—the seventh is still to be attained. I'm on my way, however!"

This time the puzzled frown remained on Brat's face. She looked at the boy with troubled eyes.

"That's very cryptic," she said slowly. "I don't understand—and I hate things that I don't understand."

Dan was on the part of assaying a partial explanation when the sound of hurried footsteps caught his ear. Looking up he saw an elderly manservant scuttling down the gravel path from the house. The man shuffled across the lawn and stopped breathlessly before his young mistress.

"Miss Dorothy," he panted; "there's something wrong in the house! Oh, Miss, I wish the marster was home! So I do! There's something wrong, Miss—and Henry's a younger man than me, Miss; but he's out in the car just now with the marster and missus!"

Brat sat suddenly erect, her eyes snapping.

"For goodness' sake, Barker," she cried; "you talk like a baby! Get yourself together and tell me what's the trouble!"

"The—the door from the hall into the dining-room is locked, Miss!"

"Terrible catastrophe!" scoffed Brat. "Try the door through the butler's pantry."

"I darn't, Miss! There's some one moving about in the dining-room!"

"Pshaw!"

"And what's more, Miss Dorothy, I tried to telephone but the wire's cut!"

Dan sprang to his feet.

"Here, come with me, Barker," he said, starting for the house. After a couple of hurried paces he stopped and said sharply over his shoulder: "Miss Selwyn, please go as quickly as you can to the house across the street and stay there until I call for you. Probably there's nothing wrong; but it is just possible that there might be some unpleasantness."

Then, without looking behind him again, Dan ran up the path and took the front steps two at a time, the elderly Barker lagging far behind. The lower part of the house was brightly lighted. The boy cast a hurried glance through the open door at his right and found that it led to the huge drawing-room. On his left was a closed door, evidently the one in question. Very cautiously he turned the heavy bronze knob. The door was locked from the inside as Barker had asserted. Listening at the heavy panel he thought he could detect a slight scraping sound. It was so faint, however, that he could not be certain.

He hurried down to the end of the hall, his footsteps absolutely soundless on the thick carpet. A narrow passageway led off to the left, evidently in the rear of the dining-room. He opened a door at the end of the passage and found himself in the butler's pantry, which was in semi-darkness, the only light being the radiance which shone through the high window from the brightness out of doors. There was only a swing door between him and the dining-room. This was swaying slightly to and fro in the draft that came through an open window in the room beyond.

Dan's heart beat furiously with excitement as he placed his ear to the chink of the swing door. This time there was no uncertainty. He plainly heard some one moving about with a slow, careful step. There was something sinister, ominous in the stealthy movement. Very gently he pressed his knee against the door, widening the crack bit by bit. When it was open a bare half-inch he was able to see the open window which gave on a verandah on the side of the house opposite the spot where he and Brat had been sitting.

Suddenly the lower part of the window was eclipsed by the bulk of a man's thick body. Dan held his breath. He saw the thief strain at a large canvas sack to raise it clear of the sill. Throwing open the swing door he launched himself at the intruder, his strong young arms wrapping themselves tightly about his captive's neck. The surprise forced a hoarse cry from the burglar. With an oath he tore at the strangling arms about his throat. Dan freed his right arm and struck savagely beneath the ear once, twice—and again. The thug collapsed like a broken thing and lay sprawled out, his huge bulk partly covering his loot.

Dan leaned over to search the fallen man's pockets for a weapon. He was struggling to turn over the heavy body when suddenly he felt a bewildering, numbing pain above his temple for an infinitesimal fraction of a second—then a void, black, unfathomable.

When Dan regained consciousness he was sitting almost upright, his head pillowed on something deliciously soft and yielding. The room was flooded with light. There on the floor before him lay two men neatly corded up with clothesline. Beside them stood Barker on guard, a heavy automatic in his hand and an ecstatic smile on his inane old face.

"Goo' job, Barker!" said Dan groggily. "Guess save' m' life. Many thanks!" He closed his eyes again wearily.

"It wasn't me, sir!" disclaimed Barker quickly. "It was Miss Dorothy. I tell you, our young lady done herself proud! She followed you right in. When you were in the pantry she got the marster's gun from his room. She held up this feller here just as he was going to crack you the second time. Then I came in and tied 'em up!"

Dan's eyes popped open.

"Brat!" he exclaimed. "Brat did that? Where is she?"

"Here," said a soft voice close to his ear.

Dan turned his head slightly and his cheek brushed hers. The deliciously soft and yielding pillow proved to be Brat's shoulder.

"Oh, Mr. Burbank," cried Brat; "are you badly hurt?"

Dan closed his eyes again hurriedly.

"I've left the sixth heaven far behind," he murmured.

Quick anxiety filled Brat's eyes. She touched his forehead lightly.

"Oh, tell me! Are you badly hurt?" she asked again.

Dan carefully felt his head, his fingers encountering hers on the way.

"Aside from a decided lump on my bean I seem to be all right," he declared.

Reluctantly he raised his head from its resting-place and rose shakily to

his feet. He held out both hands to Brat and drew her up beside him.

"You wonder!" he exclaimed in hushed tones. "You wonder! I didn't know they made girls as brave as you!"

"It was nothing," said Brat simply. "I was armed." Then she gave him his reward with a glance of her eyes, admiring, trusting. "But you weren't! It's you who were brave!"

Dan blushed and gripped her hands still more tightly.

"Brat," he said huskily—"Brat, we can't go back after—after this. We must go on. Are you willing to go on wherever our fate may lead us?"

She nodded. Then her eyes clouded suddenly.

"I forgot," she whispered. "The woman?"

Dan laughed.

"Don't let that worry you," he said.

"But—but you asked her something?"

"To marry me."

"Oh!" breathed Brat. "And she answered——"

"No!"

"Oh!" said Brat. She dropped her eyes, then raised them bravely to his. The warm colour flowed up to her white brow. "Oh!" she said again, this time with a wondering, happy inflection.



# THE GENIUS LOCI IN CANADIAN VERSE

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

God gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordnained for each one spot should prove  
Beloved over all.

—Kipling.



WHATEVER muse, whatever Egeria, may be the special inspiration of the Canadian poet, we may be sure that the *genius loci* has its share in the kindling and awakening influence. So vast and so new a country as Canada must for many a year have adorable regions still unsung, innumerable valleys, heights, and rivers with no place in literature, waiting peacefully for the word that shall give them a definite niche in the hearts of men. Yet, though it may be long before our Canadian place-names shall wield a magic influence wherever the English tongue is known—as do “Yarrow”, for instance, and “Killarney”, “Loch Katrine”, “Sweet Afton”, and others far too numerous to name—yet they are beginning to find their bards, and in our hearts they wake a passionate emotion that no other names can stir.

The great West of Canada, with its immensities of mountain and valley, its wild rivers, jewel-like lakes, and grain-rich prairie, offers an almost inexhaustible field for “songs of place”. But it is not, I think, size that is really inspiring. Size is relative. The tiniest land may awaken the deepest devotion. Canada is so large that, although we do truly think of it as a whole and love it as a whole, it is for

(comparatively) small regions of Canada that the flame of most intense affection burns. This does not interfere in the least with the wider patriotism. The Englishman does not love his country less, but more, for his idealization of individual counties. So Kipling sings of Sussex:

So one shall Baltic pines content,  
As one some Surrey glade,  
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
Before Levuka's trade;  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

And the same is profoundly true of Canadian writers. We each have our best-loved country, in and part of Canada, and no one need apologize for his preferences. It is only through this individual feeling that our provinces, our rivers and our towns will ever have their place on the map of that inner world of ideas which is the world that endures, defying “the wrecked siege of battering days”.

Among our earlier poets, Charles Mair wrote much thoughtful and distinguished nature verse. He was born and educated in Ontario, but spent much of his life in the West, and his descriptions of

“The prairie realm—vast ocean's paraphrase—  
Rich in wild grasses numberless, and  
flowers  
Unnamed save in mute nature's inventory,”  
are vivid and memorable.



Helena Coleman—one of our truest artists in language, as well as a genuine student and thinker—gives us something of the prairie atmosphere in "On the Trail":

Oh, there's nothing like the prairie  
When the wind is in your face  
And a thunderstorm is brewing  
And night comes down apace,—  
'Tis then you feel the wonder  
And immensity of space.

And in another poem she says:

I love all things that God has made  
In earth or sea or heavens bright,  
But most I love the prairie winds  
That blow at night.

Arthur Stringer's "Morning in the Northwest" has the spirit of hope and refreshment that is associated in our minds with the great unexplored lands:

O the splendour of this Autumn dawn—  
This passes not away! This dew-drenched  
Range,  
This infinite great width of open space,  
This cool, keen wind that blows like God's  
own breath  
On life's once drowsy coal, and thrills the  
blood,  
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,  
This virginal vast dome of opal air,—  
These, these endure, and greater are than  
grief!

But "the prairie" is perhaps too vast a term to haunt the heart with a definite affection, and the poets who celebrate it sing not so much of any part thereof as of the general sweep and breadth, the gold grain and the shimmering grasses, and the great stretch of skies above. The Great West is certainly producing its share of poets, but the wonders and beauties of that part of our country have not yet been brought very intimately home to men's minds. It is a land of boundless possibilities for author and artist.

Naturally, the more settled Provinces provide us with more songs of place. Historic Quebec is fortunate in place-names which are almost poems in themselves, as well as in annals and legends which furnish abundant material for literature. The

"verbal magic" of a name is often more suggestive of a poem than any historic facts, however important and full of significance, and the French names are exceedingly musical. The "Habitant's" strong attachment to the place of his birth is familiar to us all through Drummond's inimitable dialect verse:

De place I get born, me, is up on de river  
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval  
Blanc;  
Beeg mountain behin' it so high you can't  
climb it,  
An' whole place she's maybe two hundred  
arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,  
Me grandfader, too, and hees fader also;  
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't  
fonny,  
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you must  
know.

All de same dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ry-  
boddy,—  
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee  
can't geeve;  
So I'm working away dere, an' happy for  
stay dere,  
On farm by de reever, so long I was leeve.

Archibald Lampman's name is unalterably associated with the scenery of the Ottawa district and the country around Rice Lake. But his descriptions of meadow-land and wood are essentially Canadian, and one need not be familiar with Ontario to thrill to such pictures as this:

Over the fields where the cool winds sweep,  
Black with the mould and brown with the  
loam,  
Where the thin green spears of the wheat  
are appearing  
And the high-ho shouts from the smoky  
clearing,  
Over the widths where the cloud-shadows  
creep,  
Over the fields and the fallows we come.

Or this:

In upland pastures, sown with gold, and  
sweet  
With the keen perfume of the ripening  
grass,  
Where wings of birds and filmy shadows  
pass,  
Spread thick as stars with shining mar-  
guerite,—  
To haunt old fences overgrown with brier,

Muffled in vines and hawthorns and wild  
cherries,  
Rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched elder-  
berries,  
And vivid blossoms to the heart's desire,  
Grey mullein towering into yellow bloom,  
Pink-tasseled milkweed breathing dense  
perfume,  
And swarthy vervain tipped with yellow  
fire.

Lampman loved and wrote of almost  
every phase of the country within  
reach of his exploring feet. He tells  
us how

"A furnace over field and mead,  
The rounding noon hangs hard and white;  
Into the gathering heats recede  
The hollows of the Chelsea height;  
But under all to one quiet tune,  
A spirit in cool depth withdrawn,  
With logs and dust and wrack bestrewn,  
The stately river journeys on",

and how he sees

". . . the swinging currents go  
Far down to where, enclosed and piled,  
The logs crowd, and the Gatineau  
Comes rushing from the Northern wild".

He gives us the atmosphere of "Morn-  
ing on the Lièvres":

". . . the crystal deep  
Of the silence of the morn,  
Of the forest yet asleep,  
And the river reaches borne  
In a mirror purple-grey,  
Sheer away  
To a misty line of light,  
Where the forest and the stream  
In the shadow meet and plight  
Like a dream".

Lampman made himself one with  
nature; it became part of his mental  
substance from long and loving ob-  
servation. His "Winter-Store"—a  
wonderful poem both for its dream-  
like beauty and its cry of passionate  
sympathy for suffering humanity—is  
full of vivid and enchanting pictures  
of the country that he loved. Truly  
the *genius loci* led him by the hand.

This part of Canada has set its  
mark on the writings of many others  
—among them Duncan Campbell  
Scott (whose highly individual and  
imaginative genius gives him a lead-  
ing place among our poets); Ethelwyn  
Wetherald, our nearest approach to a

Dryad; and Isabella Valancy Craw-  
ford, whose brilliantly-coloured and  
vigorous work did not bring recogni-  
tion in her life-time, though it was of  
the kind which might have been ex-  
pected to win speedy popularity.

With the Great Lake region of Can-  
ada, and especially with Lake Huron,  
William Wilfred Campbell's name is  
inseparably connected. (In my opin-  
ion, his best work was in those early  
poems of the lakes.) The Spirit of  
the Place has surely inspired him,  
here, with a genuine love, and the re-  
sult is lyric after lyric of rhythmical  
beauty and lovely colour. With the  
Prelude of his "Lake Lyrics" one en-  
ters the magic region:

Domed with the azure of heaven,  
Floored with a pavement of pearl,  
Clothed all about with a brightness  
Soft as the eyes of a girl,

Girt with a magical girdle,  
Rimmed with a vapour of rest,  
These are the inland waters,  
These are the lakes of the West.

In another poem we see how

Red in the mists of the morning,  
Angry, coloured with fire,  
Beats the great lake in its beauty,  
Rocks the wild lake in its ire,

Tossing from headland to headland,  
Tipped with the glories of dawn,  
With gleaming wide reaches of beaches  
That stretch out far, wind-swept and wan.

Another vivid memory is in the poem  
beginning:

A lurid flush of sunset sky,  
An angry sketch of gleaming lake;  
I will remember till I die  
The sound of pines that sob and sigh,  
Of waves upon the beach that break.

In "By Huron's Shore" he sang:

Oh, to stand by Huron's beaches,  
By those glorious sun-bathed reaches,  
In that dream of light and mist  
Earth-embraced and heaven-kissed;  
Just to stand by Huron's shore,—

The note of sincere feeling is in these  
lyrics, the real longing for the country  
of his affection.

Charles G. D. Roberts has brought  
this poignancy and intensity of emo-

tion to his treatment of many Canadian themes, but particularly of the Tantramar Marshes and the country around Chignecto, New Brunswick. "Tantramar Revisited" is full of exquisite pictures; for anyone who has once loved that fascinating region it lives again, unique and heart-compelling, as one reads:

Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches a  
riband of meadow  
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well  
from the sea,  
Fenced on its seaward border with long clay  
dykes from the turbid  
Surge and flow of the tides vexing the West-  
moreland shore,  
Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the West-  
moreland marshes,—  
Miles on miles they extend, level and grassy  
and dim,  
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the  
sky in the distance,  
Save for the out-lying heights, green-ram-  
pired Cumberland Point.

\* \* \* \* \*

Near about sunset the crane will journey  
homeward above them.  
Round them, under the moon, all the calm  
night long,  
Winnowing soft grey wings of marsh-owls  
wander and wander,  
Now to the broad lit marsh, now to the dusk  
of the dyke.

In "The Tide on Tantramar" we feel the shadow of human sorrow over the breadth of the bright wonderland:

Tantramar! Tantramar!  
I see thy cool green plains afar,  
Thy dykes where grey sea-grasses are,  
Mine eyes behold them yet,  
But not the gladness breathed of old  
Thy bordering blue hill-hollows hold;  
Thy wind-blown leagues of green unrolled,  
Thy flats the red floods fret,

Thy steady-streaming winds—no more  
These work the rapture wrought of yore  
When all thy wide bright strength out-bore  
My soul from fleshly bar.

A darkness as of drifted rain  
Is over tide, and dyke, and plain.  
The shadow-pall of human pain  
Is fallen on Tantramar.

In "Ave" he gives expression to the influence of the great marshes on his poetic development:

. . . ever your long reaches lured me on,  
And ever o'er my feet your grasses foamed

And in my eyes your far horizons shone.  
But sometimes would you (as a stillness fell  
And on my pulses laid a soothing palm)  
Instruct my ears in your most secret spell;  
And sometimes in the calm  
Initiate my young and wondering eyes  
Until my spirit grew more still and wise.

Purged with high thoughts and infinite  
desire,  
I entered fearless the most holy place,  
Received between my lips the secret fire,  
The breath of inspiration on my face.  
But not for long these rare illumined hours,  
The deep surprise and rapture not for  
long;  
Again I saw the common, kindly flowers,  
Again I heard the song  
Of the glad bobolink, whose lyric throat  
Pealed like a tangle of small bells afloat.  
And now once more, O marshes, back to you,  
From whatsoever wanderings, near or far,  
To you I turn with joy forever new,  
To you, O sovereign vasts of Tantramar.

Bliss Carman's muse has led him far from Canadian woods and streams, but his earlier inspiration came from New Brunswick and Nova Scotian sources. In "The Ships of St. John" the inescapable tie of the native land is plain, as he apostrophizes:

Canada, great nurse and mother  
Of the young sea-roving clan.  
Always your bright face above me  
Through the dreams of boyhood shone;  
Now far alien countries call me  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Loyalists, my father., builded  
This gray port of the gray sea,  
When the duty to ideals  
Could not let well-being be.  
When the breadth of scarlet bunting  
Puts the wreath of maple on,  
I must cheer, too,—slip my moorings  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,  
Be a word to lift the world  
Till the many see the signal  
Of the few once more unfurled.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,  
Past the crimson rising sun,  
There are dreams go down the harbour  
With the tall ships of St. John.

In "The Wraith of The Red Swan" we have the atmosphere of the St. John River (of which the Nashwaak is a lovely tributary) and of its magic shores:

The cherries were flowering white  
And the Nashwaak Islands flooded  
When the long Red Swan took flight.

On a wind she scudded  
With her gunwale buried from sight,  
Till her sail drew down out of sight.

The stream-bends hidden and shy  
With their harvest of lilies are strewn;  
The gravel bars are all dry  
And warm in the noon  
Where the rapids go swirling by,  
Go singing and rippling by.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look! Burnished and blue, what a sweep  
Of river outwinds in the sun;  
What miles of shimmering deep  
Where the hills grow one  
With their shadow of Summer and Sleep.

The St. John River and its shores  
and islands live in many a song—and  
call for "more poets yet". In "A  
Dream Fulfilled", Barry Straton has  
given us some hint of their restful  
loveliness:

A blue league to the verdant west  
Sleep on the St. John's placid breast,  
Like second Edens kindly lent,  
The bosky Islands of Content.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw the grape-vine spreading o'er  
The tangled thickets by the shore,  
Where ferns and milk-weed, cherry spray,  
And fronded sumachs cooled the day.

I heard the buzzing sea-like hush  
Of wild bees in the willow bush,  
And through the honeysuckle stirred  
The sleep-song of the humming-bird.

Nova Scotia is a land of apple-  
orchards, of ideal seaside nooks and  
fairlylike sheltered harbours, where, as  
M. J. Katzmann Lawson has described  
it,

"Blomidon's blue crest looks down upon the  
valley land  
And the great waves of Fundy lap the grey  
stones on the strand;

\* \* \* \* \*

Where sunny Gaspereau sweeps on amid  
the apple-trees

And the blue waves of Minas chant a  
requiem to the breeze".

Nova Scotia is a name to conjure  
with! The Maritime Provinces are  
dear indeed to their children and  
their children's children, no matter  
how far they roam or where they bide.  
And to the genuine New Brunswicker  
—well, of course, that Province re-  
mains the spot "beloved of all".  
Country of spruce-forests and shining  
river-reaches, of elm-shaded interval  
and island, wind-swept marsh, and  
willow-bordered bay; to some of us  
there is no place that rivals you for  
charm and promise and possibility!

I have not dreamt, in this brief  
sketch, of attempting any comprehen-  
sive listing or mention of place poems.  
Probably whoever reads it will recall  
some favourite quotation which shows  
this spirit, or some author who is led  
by it. If my deficiencies and omis-  
sions in the matter—but, remember, I  
am only trying to suggest, not to sum  
up—should set even one or two read-  
ers hunting through their stock of  
Canadian poetry for instances of the  
influence of the *genius loci*, so much  
the better for them; they will find  
many things worth finding, along that  
and other lines.

But let us remember that place-  
rhymes are not all poems of the spirit  
of place. No mere guide-book work  
comes under this heading. To write  
the genuine place poem, one cannot  
say, "I will sit down and make verse  
about Niagara, or Lake Louise, or  
Blomidon". The poet must first  
establish his kinship with the shy and  
subtle genius of his chosen locality;  
then the remotest hillside or the loneli-  
est pasture may take on a loveliness  
as enduring for men's minds as that  
of the Parthenon or the Taj Mahal.



# A HOUSING POLICY FOR ONTARIO

BY PROFESSOR C. B. SISSONS



WHY should the State bother with housing? Why not leave houses to be provided through the ordinary channels? In the long run would it not be wiser to trust the good old law of supply and demand? Is the State so successful in what it has undertaken to warrant its interference in what is essentially a matter of private enterprise?

Such questions are asked not only by those whose business is intimately affected by State intervention. They are presented with conviction by surviving adherents of the *laissez-faire* doctrine and with incredulity by those who have been rendered sceptical by the wasteful ways of party and patronage. Over against these objectors stand many thousands of citizens who through no fault of their own find themselves unable to provide decent shelter for their families and who ask the State whether a man who works or fights does not deserve a home?

In Canada, under our federal system, we always have the difficulty of determining who is the State, whether the responsibility lies with the federal, the provincial or the municipal authorities. In this case representations were made to Sir William Hearst, the Prime Minister of Ontario, by members of four organizations—the Great War Veterans' Association, the Toronto Board of Trade, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and Organized Labour. The Prime Minister did not seek to evade

the issue. On June 7th, 1918, the Ontario Housing Committee was appointed "to inquire into and report upon the housing situation and to make such suggestions and recommendations as the circumstances may admit and the said committee may deem proper".

The Veterans had been the first to move in the matter. While overseas many of them had left their families with relatives. On their return they wished to find homes for themselves, but were unable to do so. Venus and Mars are traditionally friendly. In Toronto in 1916 and 1917 the number of marriages was 10,945, while only 1,551 new dwellings were erected. Overseas marriages were being contracted at the rate of a thousand a month. The wastage in houses—those becoming uninhabitable through old age—was not being met by fresh building. The Veterans, in difficulties themselves, foresaw grave troubles facing their comrades on demobilization. Besides, they had all seen something of the attractive developments built by State aid or company or co-operative enterprise at Hampstead, or Letchworth, or Bournville, or some other of the scores of English garden suburbs or villages, and they were asking why Canada could not show something of a similar nature.

Employers and employees were also coming to realize the effect on industry of lack of proper housing accommodation situated conveniently to factory and shop. During the war econ-

omy of energy became a matter of more general and serious concern. France and Great Britain and the United States were all engaged in war housing. They had not considered it sufficient to build factories or ship-yards; they were acting on the principle that it was equally important that the workers should be supplied with houses. Canada had done nothing, at least through its Government, to provide houses for war workers. In Toronto, travelling northward on a Yonge Street car of an evening, one jostled strapholders, who had transferred from branch lines and who were again to transfer to the train at the North Toronto station, wearily journeying to their night's work at Leaside. There was plenty of land about Leaside, and good prospect of after-war industry, but workmen were compelled to find shelter in a city already overcrowded and to spend a considerable part of their leisure time in travelling to and from work. Something of the conditions under which they were living may be inferred from the results of an investigation conducted during the summer of 1918. The investigation disclosed the fact that in war-time Toronto had ceased to be a city of homes. A survey of 13,574 houses in fourteen representative districts revealed the fact that only 4,835, or thirty-six per cent., were occupied by single families without lodgers; thirty-six per cent. contained two or more families, with or without lodgers, while twenty-six per cent. contained lodgers in addition to the family occupying the house. All these houses had been built to accommodate single families. 1,538 were described as dilapidated and unfit for habitation. Quite apart from their social bearing, such conditions clearly stood in the way of industrial efficiency.

On July 17th, the Prime Minister made his first announcement of policy. Without seeking to determine whether the responsibility was federal, provincial or municipal, but believing that the difficulty was largely finan-

cial, he offered to lend to the municipalities \$2,000,000 at five per cent. interest, for approved houses of an inexpensive type. The letter in which the announcement was made will stand as the first public document in Canada in which a Government definitely committed itself to constructive measures in respect of housing as distinct from merely restrictive legislation.

On December 3rd the Federal Government took action. The generous sum of \$25,000,000 was made available for housing loans to the Provinces, and in turn through the Provincial Governments to the municipalities. The interest charged was to be five per cent. Certain requirements and recommendations were framed to govern the expenditure of the loan. The services of Mr. Thomas Adams, of the Commission of Conservation, well-known as a housing and town-planning expert in Europe and America, were secured by the Housing Committee of the Cabinet.

In Ontario, Mr. J. A. Ellis, of Ottawa, formerly in turn city treasurer, mayor and member in the Provincial Parliament, was given the responsible work of drafting and administering the provincial housing legislation. The bill was given its first reading on February 26th, and, with some slight amendments, passed its third reading on March 17th, 1919. It is formally known as an Act to provide for the Erection of Dwelling Houses.

Certain features of this pioneer legislation merit attention. The Act seeks to improve the character of building in small houses. The plans of the houses and the plotting of the houses on the land must be approved. The standards as to size of rooms, materials used in construction, light, ventilation and sanitary conveniences, which were worked out by the Ontario Housing Committee, assisted by a committee of architects and representative women, have been accepted as setting the minimum requirements of health, comfort and convenience. With proper supervision it should be pos-

sible thus to avoid the saddling of workmen with houses whose maintenance after a few years becomes a source of continual expense and whose appearance adds depressing home surroundings to the monotony of the factory.

Emphasis is laid on purchase rather than rental. The houses are to be sold on a monthly payment plan. The limit for the return of the loan is twenty years, and in that time a \$3,000 house is purchasable with a payment for principal and interest of about \$20 a month, exclusive of taxes and insurance. The low rate of interest and the sale of the houses at cost contribute to make the terms of purchase bear hardly more heavily on the occupant than does rental in ordinary circumstances. The Act in this way implies that first consideration should be given to those who are prepared to assume the obligations of ownership, who are ready to take stock in the community.

The Act encourages large developments. While individual lot owners may secure loans with which to build approved houses on their property, the provisions of the Act make it probable that the greater part of the building will be carried on directly by municipal commissions or by housing companies. Their policy naturally would be to acquire a considerable area and build a large number of houses. In this way it is possible to secure considerable economies in building and the best results in the planning and general attractiveness of the development. There can be no reason for denying to the humblest city worker of the future the charms of Rosedale, without its inconveniences. So many of our soldiers have seen this sort of thing actually accomplished abroad that they will no longer be satisfied with the old methods of building which showed so little regard for the amenities.

The housing problem is intimately connected with the land problem. One of the clauses of the Act presents municipal commissions or housing

companies with a barbed weapon for use against holders of idle land. With the approval of the provincial authority they may expropriate land for housing. A privilege hitherto granted to railway companies or to municipalities for securing right-of-way is thus made available for the building of homes for the people. The application of the power of expropriation is summary enough. An arbitrator or board of arbitrators appointed by the Provincial Government determines the compensation after a hearing, of which seven days' notice is given to those interested in the land. The price paid for the land is to be its fair market value. No amount is to be added by reason of the fact that the land is needed for house construction or that the commission or company contemplates improving the means of transportation to the property. This drastic provision undoubtedly will prove useful where a municipality finds it impossible to secure sufficient land at reasonable prices. Its application will probably be quite exceptional; in fact, its presence in the statutes may serve to make its application unnecessary. It may be interesting to note by way of comparison the method adopted by the United States Housing Corporation in securing land for houses needed for war workers. An appraiser went about to the various places where houses were required for war industries. After inspection of available land, the most desirable site was selected. A fair price was offered, and generally was accepted. In case the owner was dissatisfied and unwilling to come to terms the property was taken over, seventy-five per cent. of the price offered was paid the owner, and he was given the privilege of suing for any amount in excess.

Fundamental to the Ontario Act is the principle that municipalities have a large or even a main interest and responsibility in housing. The Government advances funds, in return for which it exercises a certain supervision; but the municipality, through the powers delegated by its council

to the commission, selects the land, builds the houses, sells them, collects payments on account of principal and interest and sanctions any transfer of property. Even housing companies with limited dividends, as constituted under the Housing Accommodation Act of 1913, must approach the Government for financial aid through the municipal commissions. In England loans may be made by the Local Government Board direct to public utility societies, which correspond to housing companies in Ontario; but so firmly is the principle of municipal control observed in the Ontario Act that an exception is not made even for these companies which have representatives of the municipal council on their management and whose books are open to municipal inspection. All urban housing is subject to the control of municipal commissions. The sole exception to municipal control is made in the case of houses for farm help or for farmers' sons. Here the Government may lend direct to the farmer, the explanation being that township councils would not care to be bothered with appointing commissions to supervise occasional loans and that the Province can easily determine the necessity and security for the loan.

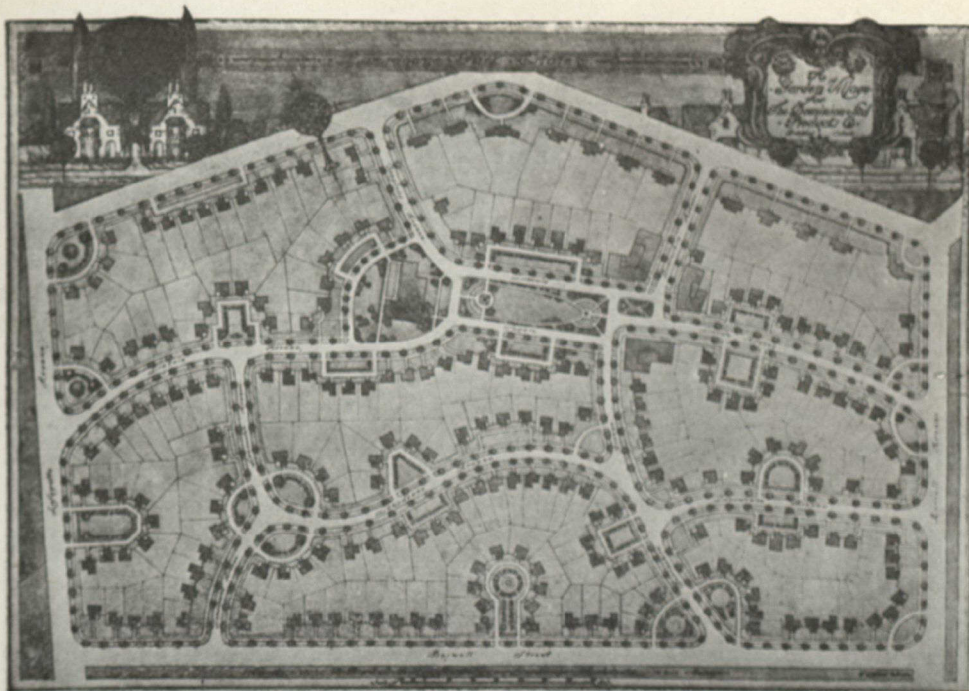
The main features of the Dwelling House Act have been described. It is an advanced piece of legislation, an attempt to apply principles which have been worked out in other countries to the peculiar needs of a society confronted with a severe shortage of houses resulting from war conditions. It does not pretend to deal with all phases of the complicated problem of housing. Much has been accomplished; not a little remains for further legislation.

Take, for example, what may be termed the pathological aspect of housing. What is to be done with our slums? What with the jerry-built houses of boom days which, if allowed free course, rapidly sink into slums and become a menace to the health and well-being of the community? At

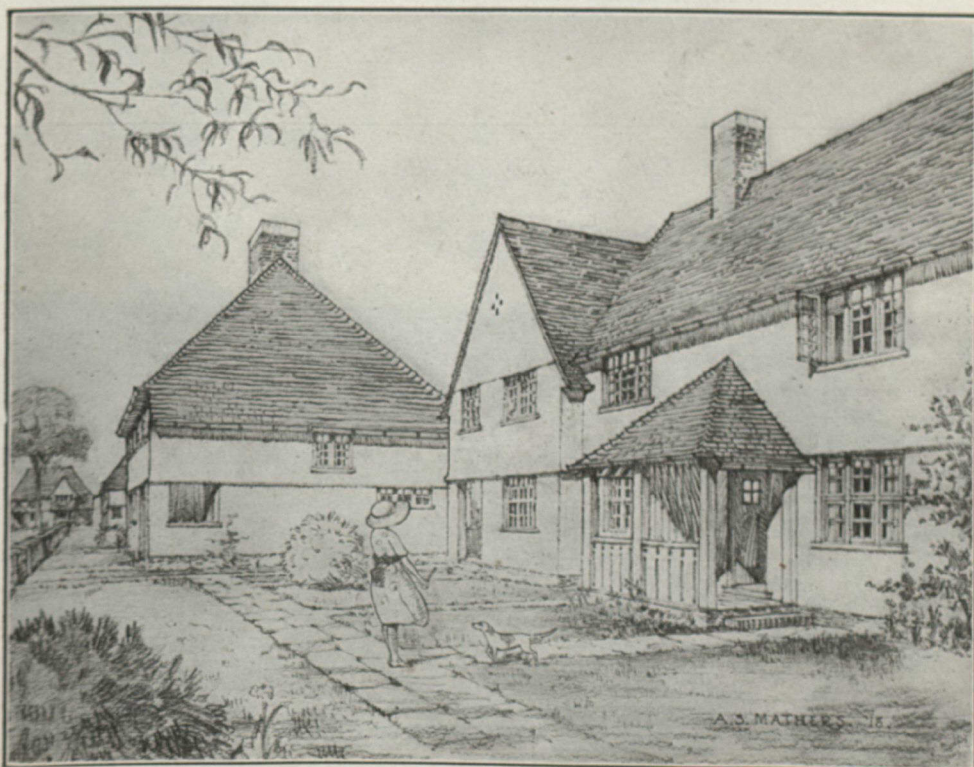
present the law permits the closing of houses which the health officer may condemn as insanitary or unfit for habitation. When there is an acute shortage of houses, when the choice is between a bad house and the street, officers of health naturally hesitate to close houses. Even when they do so the houses stand an offence to the eye at least. Meanwhile the owner may be content to fold his arms and await his reward in the appreciation of land values, for slums frequently occur where property values are tending upwards. If our cities are to be saved from breeding-grounds of disease and crime it is necessary to insist that houses be properly constructed to begin with; that they be kept in good repair; that when they are no longer kept in good repair—for every house has its day—that they shall not simply be closed, but shall be demolished, and at the expense of the owner. Only thus can a city be a place fit for the rearing of citizens. Recent statistics which show that in London, England, only thirty-six per cent. of the men examined were physically fit for combatant service, and the infant mortality figures for 1917 which show the rate in Letchworth to have been thirty-six to the thousand, while that in ninety-six large urban centres was 104 to the thousand, serve to indicate in a measure the preventable waste attendant on bad housing. Clearly the State has a duty here.

In the case of slums, as of most evils, prevention is easier and less expensive than remedial measures. But in Canadian cities bad living conditions are not always confined to congested down-town districts. Evidences of squalour are all too common on the outskirts of our cities, and are usually to be traced to the fact that we have been more concerned with the profits than with the use of land. Land has been withdrawn from cultivation years before it is needed for building, subdivided into the greatest possible number of lots and provided with streets of uniform direction and width, regardless of grade or require-

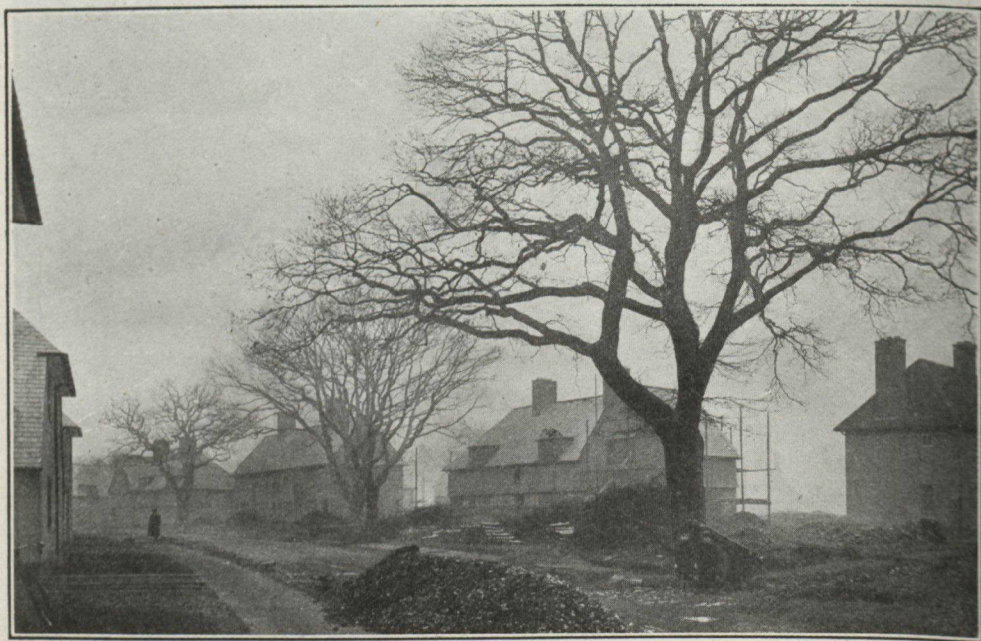




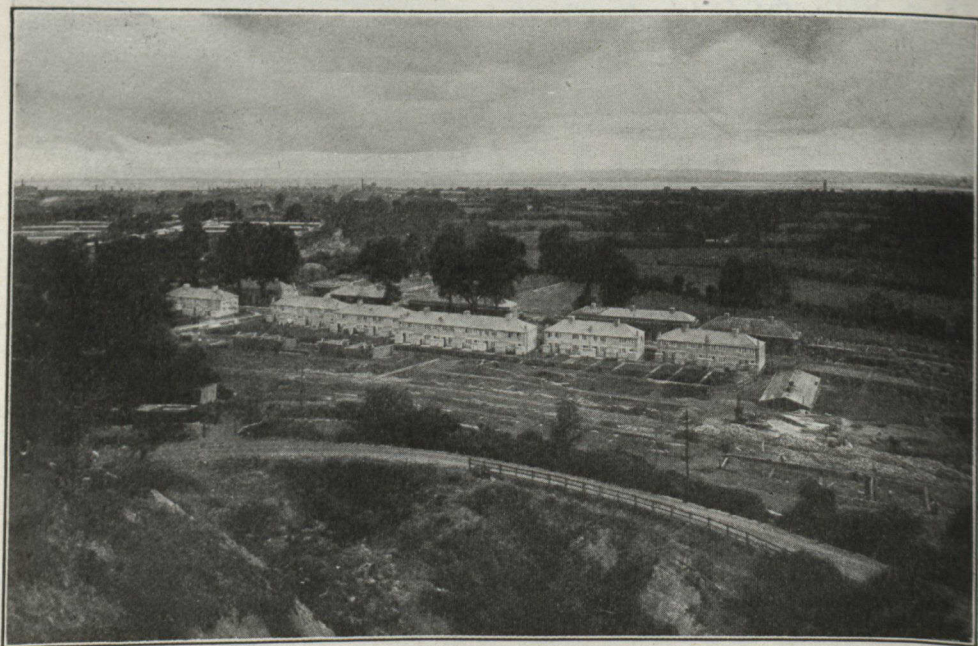
The Garden Village of the Dominion Steel Products Company at Brantford, Ontario



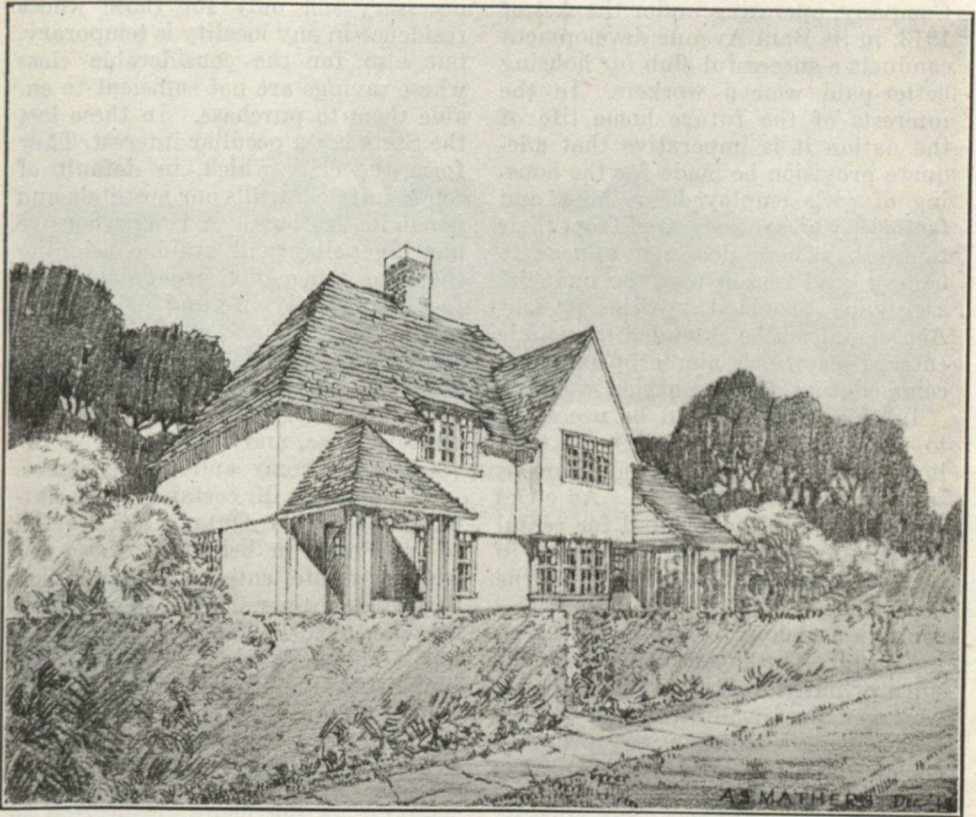
A six-family group and semi-detached house



A British scheme of "War Housing", Roe Green



British "War Housing", near Bristol



A semi-detached inexpensive house

ments of traffic. The occupant of the house ultimately built is likely to pay a price for the land greatly in excess of the agricultural value of the land, plus the cost of development, an excess consisting either of successive profits to speculators or of interest charges accumulated while the land is being held out of use. As we are able to reduce this excess to a minimum the housing problem will be simplified. Relatively heavier taxes on land have been advocated, and undoubtedly a surtax on the unearned increment of land could be used as a means to check wasteful speculation; but whatever improvement is made in methods of assessment or taxation, an obvious remedy is offered in the simple plan of refusing to register land for subdivision into lots before such provision of transportation and

public services has been made as will justify the subdivision and before it can be demonstrated that there is need of the land for actual building. Only as applications for subdivision are carefully reviewed by municipal and provincial authorities, and as streets are planned and public services installed with a view to future needs rather than anticipated profits can our cities be made attractive, convenient and inexpensive places for homes.

One kind of housing which does not come within the scope of the present Act is that designed for unmarried workers. In all large cities the need for such accommodation, particularly in the case of women, is at the present time urgent. Various philanthropic organizations are doing something to meet the need. The Toronto Housing

Company, operating under the Act of 1913, in its Bain Avenue development conducts a successful club for housing better-paid women workers. In the interests of the future home life of the nation it is imperative that adequate provision be made for the housing of girls employed in shops and factories who are separated from their families. There does not appear to be any good reason why the financial assistance provided by the present Act should not be extended to include enterprises which aim at proper accommodation for unmarried workers.

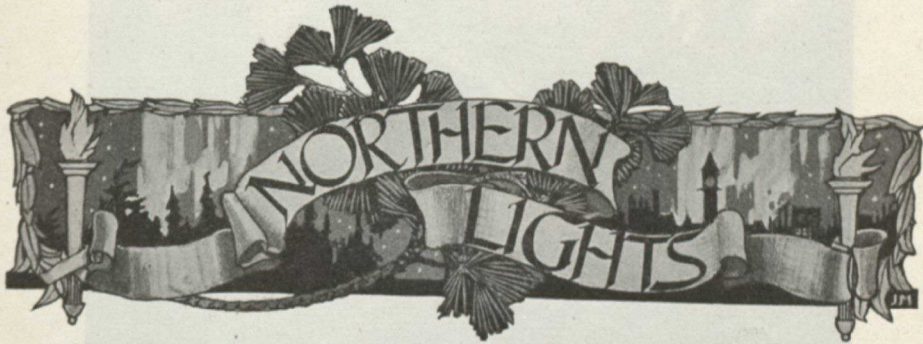
In this case it would be necessary to make rental less exceptional than it is under the Act. And there is some reason for doing so. As cities increase in size the demand for rental increases. In English cities and in large American cities purchase is the exception, rental the rule. In newer countries, such as Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, where the spirit of individualism is strong, many workmen prefer to own their homes, and housing legislation very properly encourages this tendency. On the other hand, houses for rental are

necessary not only for those whose residence in any locality is temporary, but also for the considerable class whose savings are not sufficient to enable them to purchase. In these last the State has a peculiar interest. They form the class which, in default of community care, fills our hospitals and penal institutions. A comprehensive housing policy will avoid consigning them to tenements, recognizing the fact that family life and privacy are inseparable. The Royal Commission on Housing for Scotland in its recent exhaustive report has declared its preference for the cottage or the duplex house, and this in a land devoted to economy and the tenement.

For good or ill, certainly with sufficient precedent, Ontario has decided to intervene on behalf of those for whom private enterprise has failed to provide proper shelter. The Dwellings Act of 1919, following the Housing Accommodation Act of 1913 has committed the Province to an advanced policy. Evidently it was needed. Already some seventy municipalities have availed themselves of its terms.



"The Lindens" (Toronto Housing Company), showing the community playground



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

### A LADY OF GRACE

**I**N these days of turbulence and social revolution, Canada has seen fit to record her disapproval of titles—especially those of the hereditary class. There is one order, however, that of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, which has an interesting appeal, since its foundation in the eleventh century, inasmuch as its members were devoted to deeds of mercy and healing. There has been bestowed on a number of Canadian women, during the last decade, the decoration of Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem—and to none of them did it more fittingly belong than to Marion Elizabeth Crerar, whose death at her beautiful home, "Dunedin", Hamilton, on May 20th, closed a career in which remarkable gifts had been used for highest ends.

Mrs. P. D. Crerar, a daughter of the late John Stinson and Emma (Counsell) Stinson, was born in Hamilton in 1859, and was educated in her native city and in England. The Stinson family was Irish, the Counsells came from England, and Mrs. Crerar's paternal grandmother belonged to the well-known Zimmerman

family of United Empire Loyalist (Dutch) descent settled in the Grimsby district. When she was only eighteen years of age this young Canadian girl became the wife of an Englishman, Mr. Cuthbert J. Ottaway, of the Inner Temple, London, who died in 1878, less than a year after the marriage. Lilian, the child of this union, is the wife of Sir Adam Beck, of "Headleigh", London, Ontario. In 1884, Marion Ottaway became the wife of Mr. Peter Duncan Crerar, a distinguished Hamilton barrister of Scottish birth, whose tragically sudden death in June, 1912, brought to an end a union of ideal comradeship. In literature, music and art there was the happiest communion of taste between these two, whose home was the scene of many a well-remembered gathering.

While she was yet a young matron, Mrs. Crerar showed that realization of the responsibilities of her gifts of person and inherent capacity for leadership which marked her in advance of the day. She threw her untiring energy into every undertaking for the civic good—an Art Fair to aid in the establishment of an Art School, a fête for the Wentworth Women's Historical Society, the Made-in-Canada Exhibitions of 1903 and 1906, the many activities which went to the establish-



Mrs. P. D. Crerar

ment of the Mountain Sanitarium for tubercular patients—these all knew the beneficent effect of her enthusiasm. The local “causes” which Mrs. Crerar had most at heart were the Hamilton Health Association and the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, of which she had been municipal regent since 1902.

Mrs. Crerar had a strong and abiding love for her city, her country and the Empire. In the best sense of that word, which has too frequently been “soiled by all ignoble use”, she was an Imperialist. When the war broke out the three sons of the household declared for military service. The eldest, Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Crerar, D.S.O., was with the “Fighting Eleventh” Battery; Lieutenant Alastan Crerar, M.C., was with the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and Flight-Lieutenant Malcolm Crerar, at the age of nineteen, was killed in action on the Gaza front in August, 1917. Many months before, Mrs. Crerar had transformed part of her residence, “Dunedin”, into a hospital for convalescent soldiers, where she herself acted as superintendent to the band of volunteer nurses. In November of 1917, feeling that, in spite of former political views, her way of duty was with the Union Government, she gave her

time and ability during the campaign, delivering speeches which were of eloquent appeal.

While Mrs. Crerar was progressive in her many interests, she was not in complete sympathy with the advanced feminists, and believed profoundly that the mother moulds the statesman and the legislator. Loyalty and courage, a sparkling wit, an unflinching kindness, a tact which turned obstacles into a way of triumph, were all hers. But greater than her endowments of intellect, finer than the grace which makes her memory fragrant, was the unfaltering belief in those great religious truths which are “the fountain-light of all our day”.

\*

#### BRAVE DES BRAVES: A SON OF OLD “NEW FRANCE”

TWO or three weeks after the fight for Coucelette, when the 22nd Battalion of French Canadian troops “played a distinguished part in winning back some miles of French soil for their ancient motherland”, a young officer, Lieutenant John Brilliant, joined the unit. Born at Bie, in the Province of Quebec, on March 19th, 1890, he belonged, both on his father’s and on his mother’s side, to old French Canadian families estab-



*Un Brave des Braves*  
Lieutenant John Brilliant, M.C., V.C.

lished in Canada when it was still New France. Canon Raiche, who was one of the clergy present at the funeral of General Montcalm, was the brother of an ancestor of Lieutenant Brilliant.

The boy began his education at home with private tutors and later attended the Holy Cross Fathers' College in New Brunswick, and Rimouski College. Unlike many of his fellow-Canadians, who have won the Victoria Cross, Brilliant had "taken several military courses" before the war and had successfully passed the examinations for the grade of lieutenant, specializing in connection with these courses on the theory and practice of electricity and telegraphy. He was, indeed, still engaged with his military studies when the outbreak of war gave them a new value. He was one of the Canadian officers who were chosen to attend the coronation of King George.

He enlisted at Quebec, in the 186th Battalion, in February, 1916, and for a few months did recruiting service in the Rimouski and Matapedia districts, not going overseas till the following September. His stay in England was short, for the 186th was soon broken up and many of its members were drafted to fill vacancies in the 22nd Battalion.

As an officer, Brilliant was free at this turn of affairs to go back home, if so minded. Nothing, however, was further from his desires. He crossed to France early in October, 1916, to join Company "B" of the battalion which had won its laurels at Courcellette, and there in the ancient homeland of his race he spent the short remainder of his life—one year and ten months.

In July, 1918, he won the Military Cross for very gallant work in assisting to destroy an enemy observation

post which had been established opposite the trenches of the 22nd. Men were asked to dislodge the Germans. Brillant was amongst those who volunteered, and in the hot hand-to-hand fighting, in which the position was carried, he was wounded in the face. He was awarded not only a decoration, but promotion to the rank of captain. Unfortunately the appointment did not come through till after his death.

On August 8th and 9th, the first days of the great battle of Amiens, when the Canadian divisions went into action with the French on their right and the Australians on their left, Lieutenant Brillant distinguished himself not only "for valour", but for extraordinary endurance when severely wounded and for great ability in leading his company.

On the first day of the advance he "rushed and captured" a machine gun which was holding up his company's left flank. He was wounded, but carried on. A couple of hours later his company was again held up by fire from a machine gun nest, and the gallant lieutenant, after having recon-

noitered the situation, "organized a party and rushed straight for the machine gun nest". Brillant was again wounded, but fifteen machine guns and ten times as many Germans were captured. Later he led an attack on a field gun, which was "firing on his men over open sights", and then the end came. After a dash of six hundred yards he received a third wound, this time in the body. Still he held on his way for another two or three hundred yards, then, through exhaustion and loss of blood, fell unconscious, to die in hospital two days later.

Brillant's example "inspired the men with enthusiasm and dash and contributed largely to the success of the operations", the more readily perhaps because his masterful courage and contempt of danger was brightened by the happy, everyday quality of "constant good humour". He did not live to know that, as one of his superior officers put it, "*la plus glorieuse décoration anglaise—la Croix Victoria*", had been awarded to him, but his comrades rejoiced in this recognition of his gallantry.





# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I



HE country expects a reorganization of the Cabinet. There are Ministers in places where they do not belong. There are Ministers between whom there is a serious conflict of opinion on vital questions of public policy. This is not to suggest that all members of a constitutional government must agree on every detail of legislation or upon all measures submitted to Parliament. But the cabinet system requires substantial agreement upon broad principles and a common conception of national policy and outlook. Otherwise there is uncertainty, indecision and confusion in the public councils. It is not necessary that there should be an equal number of Conservatives and Liberals in the Cabinet, even if the Unionists should be organized into a permanent party. Such a requirement compels the Prime Minister to consider old party affiliations rather than character and ability in choosing his colleagues. Nor is it necessary that each Province should be represented according to population. We have too many traditions and customs which exalt racial, religious and sectional considerations. The broad division of the Canadian people into French and English cannot be wisely ignored. It is peculiarly desirable that the French majority of Quebec should have responsible Cabinet representation in the House of Commons.

In the new era which peace has opened to Canada we can all afford to forget old quarrels and prejudices. There is clear national disadvantage in a situation which restricts the representation in Parliament of any of the chief Provinces to one party or the other. The Unionists cannot desire any permanent estrangement from Quebec, nor can Quebec wisely refuse representation in a Cabinet whose head has never shown hostility to the French Province or ever spoken a word in dispraise of its people. No government in which the French people are not fairly represented can express Canada, but beyond representation of East and West and the two chief racial elements of the population, sectional considerations should be less influential in the constitution of Canadian cabinets.

## II

It is peculiarly vital that able and energetic Ministers should direct the Department of Trade and Commerce and the Department of Agriculture.

These offices rank with that of Prime Minister and Minister of Finance. The men who hold these places should have commanding influence in the Cabinet and in the country. It is not important that they should be orators or politicians. It is of high importance that they should have organizing genius and practical capacity. All the old conditions of trade have been revolutionized. Old markets have been closed. New markets must be found and held. For a time the ships which carry Canadian products across the seas may make strange journeys. If we sell to new countries we must buy from new countries, and the ships which carry goods taken in exchange for those of Canada may have to be marketed elsewhere than in the Dominion.

The weariness and exhaustion of the Old World makes opportunity for the New. Rising wages in Great Britain have significance for manufacturers and producers in Canada. Export trade requires scientific organization, standardization of products, convenient and adequate shipping facilities and an extension or adaptation of the banking system to new conditions. The enormous increase of the public obligations demands greater domestic production in field and factory, increasing home markets and reliable markets abroad. Hence the imperative necessity for capable Ministers in the Departments of Agriculture and Trade and Commerce, an effective organization for production and shipping and wise co-operation between the Government and the industrial and agricultural interests.

To a far greater degree than ever before the trade of Canada will have an international character, and vision and courage in the public departments will be necessary if the best results are to be attained. In short, in the reorganization of the Cabinet it is primarily essential to consider the new obligations and opportunities of Canada and to find Ministers with the training and qualifications which the new situation demands. It is not suggested that the Government should be more paternal. It needs to be more practical and less political. There is urgent necessity for a closer co-operative partnership between the Government and the agricultural and industrial interests, and the partnership cannot be effective unless the Ministers who must maintain this relation have the character, courage and capacity which inspire confidence and have, too, the wisdom to counsel and the energy to direct and construct.

### III

Disraeli said that England did not love coalitions. There is not much in the practice of free, constitutional government that Great Britain has not tested. If the judgment of the British people is against coalitions it is because the fruits are faction, irresponsibility, instability, sectionalism and parochialism. They know, because they have learned by experience. In Canada experience is teaching the same lesson. It was perhaps wise and necessary that in the desperate emergency of war all partisan considerations and interests should be set aside alike in the Mother Country and in Canada. This was not done in the United States, where as great unity of sentiment in support of all military and patriotic objects was developed and maintained as in other countries. But the constitution of the United States, designed to assure

popular sovereignty and guard against military despotism, lends itself to autocracy and concentration of effort in war. In war George the Third was not so great an autocrat as was Woodrow the First. Nor do the experiences of the United States in the Civil War and in the Great War necessarily condemn the American constitution.

If coalitions are valuable in emergencies they do not ensure orderly and responsible government. At Ottawa we begin to have legislation by rhetoric or, as has been said, government by explosion. A score of extremists to the right of the Speaker, uniting with the Opposition, may impose any revolutionary measure or any empirical project upon the country. The Cabinet must submit, resign or order a dissolution of Parliament. The situation would be even less satisfactory if Mr. McKenzie, who leads the Opposition, did not display a considerable degree of common-sense and steadiness. Under the two-party system there is some assurance that the common sentiment of the country will be expressed in legislation. Under a coalition, sectionalism thrives and the national interest is subordinated to personal considerations and passing political exigencies. Ministers lie upon a bed of torment and a sense of insecurity pervades the country.

#### IV

It is not necessary that the old parties as constituted before the war should be restored. It is necessary that the Unionists should frankly appear as a national political organization, and adopt a platform which the country can understand. In August there will be a national Liberal Convention, at which a leader will be chosen and the attitude of the party towards social, national and Imperial problems disclosed. Probably the action of the Liberals will compel a definite organization and consolidation of the Unionist forces.

There are, perhaps, many reasons why a general election should follow, although there is no absolute obligation upon Ministers to appeal to the country. On the other hand, a Parliament which was chosen upon a single issue has no mandate to reverse traditional national policies without consulting the constituencies. For example, the Government could not fairly sanction any revolutionary increase of customs duties without injustice to that section of the people which wants low tariff, and it would be not less unjust to the industrial interests to effect any radical reduction of duties without going to the country. Upon the new issues of reconstruction Parliament may act freely, but there cannot be any radical reversal of settled public policy behind the backs of the people.

When Parliament is dissolved the country should know definitely the programme of the two parties and who may be Prime Minister and who Leader of the Opposition. We are all mouthing democracy with infinite ardour and enthusiasm. But government by democracy does not mean government by 235 members of Parliament bound by no pledges to the people, enacting vital measures upon which the people have not been consulted and interpreting national feeling as their individual interests and prejudices may dictate.

## V

Sir Robert Borden has returned to Ottawa. There has been harsh criticism over his long absence at London and Paris. There would have been harsher criticism if he had refused to attend the Peace Conference and committed the great task of representing Canada in the negotiations to subordinates. It may be that it was not necessary that he should have been attended by so many of his colleagues, but possibly when he makes his defence in Parliament, if he should think any defence necessary, much of what has been said in criticism and attack will seem feeble, pitiful and unjust.

It is the fashion to whisper that Borden is weak and indecisive. It is said, and perhaps with truth, that he tolerates fools too gladly, and sometimes permits personal friendships to override public considerations. It is said that he submits to importunity and shows excessive regard for men who overestimate their qualifications for office. Gladstone said that it was one thing to get a man into a cabinet but a very different matter to get him out. The charge that is made against Borden was made as freely against Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and possibly with as much reason and justice. A common complaint is that the Prime Minister has "no magnetism". But "magnetism" may have great value for a party and absolutely no value for the country.

From the first Borden has been the victim of depreciation and detraction. But did ever a political leader in Canada have greater tasks to do and more difficult situations to handle? Whatever his weaknesses, has he not done the great things well? When he came into office he was flanked in Parliament by a group of Nationalists whose servant he never became. He has never been supported by Quebec, but he has uttered no reproach nor ever sought to punish the French Province. His naval programme was obstructed in the Commons and rejected in the Senate, but it cannot be suggested that he was unequal to the critical situation in Parliament which the debate developed. He committed Canada to the war with instant decision and courage. He bore himself throughout the long struggle with fortitude and dignity. From month to month and from year to year he sanctioned such measures as were necessary to maintain and reinforce the Canadian army. Mistakes were made in Canada as in every other country, for war creates so many and so diverse problems that wise and effective dealing with every situation is beyond human capacity. But in the ultimate judgment of history Canada will not be dishonoured, nor will the Prime Minister be defamed. He stood resolutely to his task with singular disregard of self and infinite patience and endurance.

## VI

It may be that he should have dissolved Parliament and gone to the country when he did not, but he acted in accordance with public opinion and without consideration for personal or party interests. When a coalition seemed to be necessary he sought to secure the co-operation of the Liberal leader, not in any spirit of bargaining, but upon a basis of equal representation and equal justice to both political parties. Possibly there would have been earlier

approaches for a coalition if he had believed that the proposal would be accepted. If he had been less persistent and less single-minded no union would have been effected. In the organization of the Union Government he sought no advantage for himself or the Conservative party. It is believed that he has had the complete respect and confidence of his Liberal colleagues. There is no suggestion that at the Imperial Capital or at the Peace Conference he has misrepresented Canada or failed to guard Canadian interests.

From the day that he became Prime Minister he has had to deal with vexing situations and perplexing problems. There was a season of commercial depression, a great war, with its suffering and sacrifice, a railway question almost insoluble in its magnitude and complexity, and now an excess of sectional feeling and the industrial turmoil from which no country is exempt. Few men have carried heavier burdens through so long a period. A democracy has no pity and little gratitude. Danton said: "It is better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with the governing of men". But whatever his mistakes or his shortcomings, surely Sir Robert Borden has a clear title to the regard and good-will of his countrymen. It is no secret that he came into public life with reluctance. He did not aspire to be leader of the Conservative party. He has never tricked the country with the pretensions and artifices of a demagogue. But if we examine his career closely we will find that in the great things he found to do he seldom failed to confound his critics or to get a verdict from the people.

Borden has some of the quality of Lincoln, something of his intuition for the depths of public opinion, something of his patience under misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Test after test he has met and survived when it was thought that he would go under. He comes home to meet new conditions and new problems as complex and disturbing as ever confronted any political leader in Canada, and chiefly because they are so complex and so difficult he will probably survive and triumph. For, as has been said, when there are great things to do he reveals all his courage and all his resource and that serene indifference to immediate personal or political consequences which distinguishes the statesman from the politician. It is the pretence of democracies that they despise politicians and want statesmen, but save in the very crises of a nation the people want politicians and find statesmen singularly uninteresting and unsatisfactory. It is true that the people like to be humbugged, and if Sir Robert Borden were more of a humbug he would excite greater popular enthusiasm.

## VII

Someone said a year ago that possibly it was not so far from Russia to Canada. The revolt at Winnipeg suggests that the distance is less great than any of us believed. However the strike leaders at Winnipeg may protest, there was sheer Bolshevism in the methods which they adopted to give effect to their objects. Indeed, the temper of revolution was as clearly manifested in some of the literature issued by the Committee of Fifteen at Toronto. Suppression of newspapers, cancellation of public services, violation of contracts,

and denial of the common conveniences of civilization constitute a usurpation of civil authority and an attack upon free constitutional government.

The principle of the sympathetic strike as interpreted at Winnipeg cannot be recognized by any community which values self-government. The citizens of Winnipeg who have resisted the orders of a group of self-elected despots have fought the battle of freedom for all Canada. Nothing less than revolution was attempted, and the very life of the State required that the conspiracy should be defeated.

The organization of the One Big Union at Calgary was the first open intimation of a design to challenge the validity of the industrial system and the authority of government. There was a further manifestation of the Bolshevik spirit when certain Western leaders of Labour refused to appear before the Royal Commission, and frankly admitted that they were opposed to co-operation between employers and workers, since their ultimate object was seizure of the tools of industry. But probably not even in Winnipeg was there any general suspicion that the conflict was so imminent.

There is reason to believe that English Socialists rather than "foreign" agitators are greatly responsible for the disaffection in the Western Provinces. The foreign elements have been more or less submissive to their demands, but they have not been the chief fomentors of unrest. It may be suspected also, if it has not been established, that outside influences and agencies have had a very direct relation to the movement to paralyze industry and destroy constitutional government in Canada. It is essential that there should be thorough investigation into the genesis of the movement, the means by which the agitation was supported, and the extent of the organization throughout the Dominion.

It cannot be doubted that alien enemies in fear of deportation were easily mobilized into the army of revolt. This possibly was one reason why the struggle was precipitated by the revolutionists. The leaders believed that they could command the general sympathy of the foreign elements and thus had at hand the nucleus of a formidable body of support. Responsible Western newspapers insist that seditious Socialists, sullen Pacifists and disloyal aliens supplied alike the leadership and the mutinous battalions, and they should know what they are talking about. It is almost inconceivable that the leaders believed they could succeed. To strike at the press was malignant folly. To disrupt the public services was to arouse all the courage and energy of a spirited community. To undertake to determine by issue of licences what individuals should be permitted to pursue their regular business was a challenge to the elementary rights of citizenship.

#### VIII

It is vain in these days to deny the right of labour to organize and bargain with employers for wages and conditions of service. The right of bargaining, not only within a factory, but throughout an industry, must be admitted. But if a builders' union in contempt of agreements may throw down its tools because of a dispute in a metal trades union, or if firemen or police-

men may go out because differences in a factory cannot be adjusted, covenants with organized labour have no meaning, and a group of self-elected labour leaders may exercise sovereign authority over the community. No employer could afford to recognize a union or enter into an agreement with his workmen, because by the very fact of recognition he would weaken his own position and the agreement, however faithfully observed, would be subject to cancellation by outside agencies for causes over which neither he nor his employees could exercise any control. In short, the sympathetic strike, as attempted at Winnipeg and at Toronto, is a weapon of coercion by which a whole series of agreements may be broken, all the factories of a community closed, and all the public services interrupted by the contumacy of a single employer or the demand of a single labour union.

This fact was recognized as clearly by the heads of the international labour federations and the responsible leaders of labour in Canada as by the employers and the communities which were assailed. Honourable Gideon Robertson, Minister of Labour, took ground boldly and unequivocally against the Red leaders, and for the supremacy of law and order, for sanctity of contracts and the honour of organized labour. He was supported by the heads of the international federations and by associates in the Canadian Labour movement who have never submitted to the domination of Socialists and syndicalists. Indeed, the responsible leaders of labour in Canada were driven into a difficult position. They had to oppose strikers with many of whose demands they probably were in sympathy and virtually to assist the employers who were under attack. They faced disruption in order that contracts should be observed and that an arrogant and irresponsible Socialism should not be established as the creed of Labour in Canada.

## IX

Employers are not relieved by the experiences of Toronto and Winnipeg from co-operation with workmen. One doubts, however, if there is any single sovereign remedy for industrial unrest. Many employers have problems only less disturbing and difficult than those which perplex workmen. Only by mutual confidence, conference and co-operation can the common interest be established and maintained. In conflict there is common loss, injury to the individual and disaster to the State. Face to face employers and workers consider all the conditions by which they are mutually affected. The family relationship so essential to industrial peace and stability is established. The employee discovers that his natural relation is with his employer. The employer learns that the fear of unemployment is the root of much human misery, and the very source and centre of industrial unrest. In all conferences between employers and employed it has been revealed that the great object of the workers is to secure guarantees of continuous employment. With this assured the whole outlook of the workers would be altered and the stability of the industrial fabric immensely strengthened.

It is, perhaps, a supreme problem, but can any civilization endure under which multitudes are forever anxious for daily bread for their wives and

children? Surely there must be a reorganization of industry which will provide subsistence for workers in times of depression and scarcity, not by the favour of the rich or the charity of the State, but by a system of partnership in which employers and employed will share fairly in the fruits of prosperity, and submit to common sacrifices in seasons of adversity. There is no higher problem to which men could set themselves. There is nothing which would bring so much of peace and rest to the world as a social system so ordered that none need go idle and none go hungry. It is the goal towards which we are moving, and one feels that there is enough divinity in man to bring the great thing to pass. But labour must be efficient, capital must have a legitimate return, and manual workers must unite with mental workers to maintain production, improve organization and hold markets. This is a practical world, and only by the sweat of brow or brain do individuals or enterprises prosper.

## X

In the United States there is singular bitterness in Republican criticism of President Wilson. One rarely hears in hotels, clubs or trains a word of praise for what he has done or an expression of confidence in his sincerity or straightforwardness. Many causes explain the savagery of the attack to which he is subjected. His self-confidence is extreme. He is arbitrary, or at least he makes vital decisions without consultation with the interests affected. He has dislocated "American business" without advantage to the nation. The experiment in public operation of railways has been unhappy and unfortunate. No better results have attended public dealings with the telegraph and cable companies. There is a feeling that he interferes between labour and industry with the confidence of a theorist and the motive of a politician. There is indeed a suspicion that he is always a politician, that every word he speaks has a political object, and that every programme to which he commits himself has a direct relation to his personal or political fortunes.

One is often startled at the malignity of the attack and the strange faith of decent people in the complete political depravity of the President. It is impossible to think that he will stand so unfavourably in history, that his course in domestic or foreign affairs has brought any dishonour to his country, or that any motive lower than concern for mankind explains his devotion to the great conception of a League of Nations. But for the moment he seems to be in general disfavour and disrepute unless, as is sometimes suggested, there are millions of plain, common, silent people whose faith he holds and who are his friends because he has expressed the temper of the organized masses in legislation at Washington and their conscience in driving the country into a war for freedom and in struggling to bind the nations in a solemn and enduring League and Covenant of Peace for the future. An onlooker, however, is bound to believe that as feeling is now running the United States Senate will reject the League of Nations and that in 1920 a Republican president will be elected. He will come back from Paris to a country divided and a Congress beyond control.



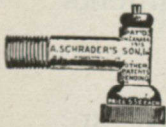
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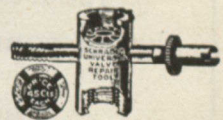
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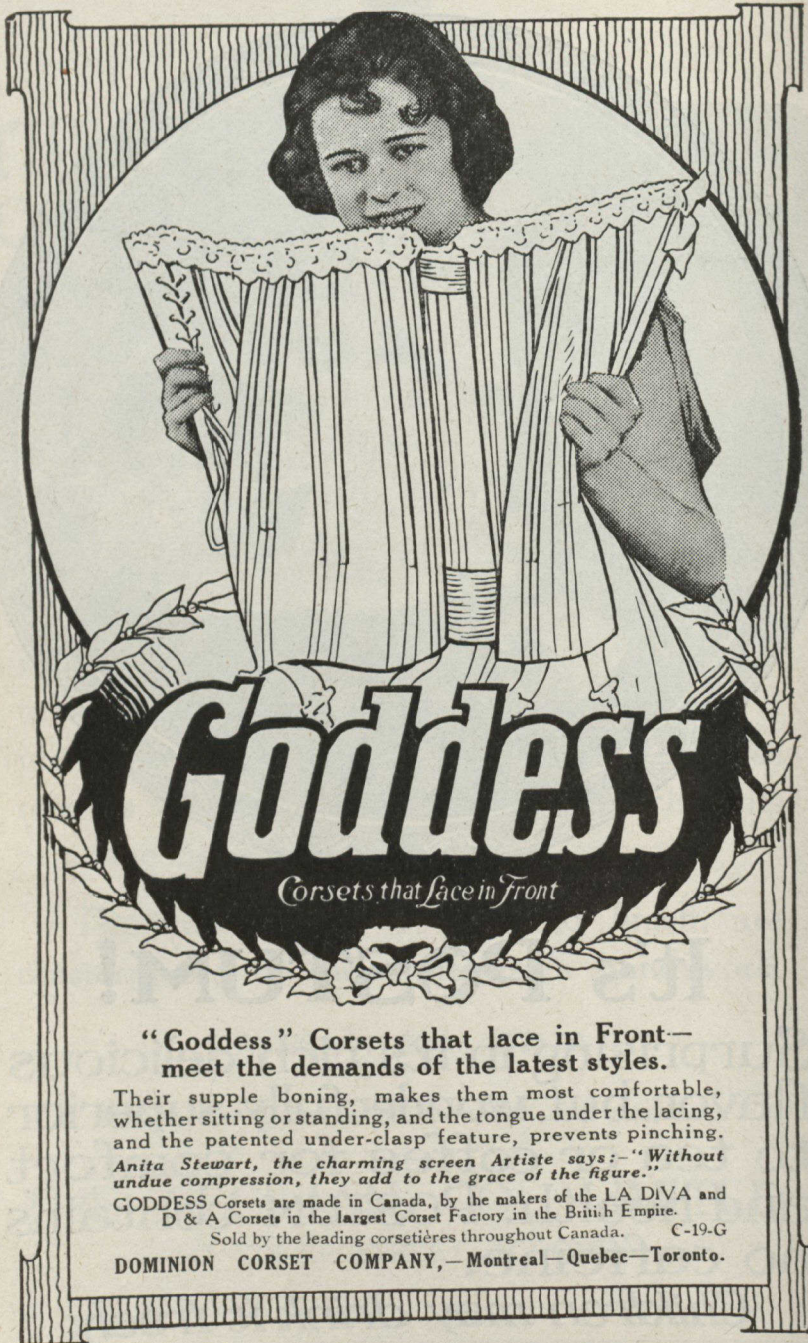




## It's **POSTUM!**

Surprising in its rich delicious flavor, but wonderfully superior to tea or coffee for comfort and health. **POSTUM** contains no caffeine.

*Children may drink it freely.*



**Goddess**  
Corsets that lace in Front

**"Goddess" Corsets that lace in Front—  
meet the demands of the latest styles.**

Their supple boning, makes them most comfortable, whether sitting or standing, and the tongue under the lacing, and the patented under-clasp feature, prevents pinching.

*Anita Stewart, the charming screen Artiste says:—"Without undue compression, they add to the grace of the figure."*

GODDESS Corsets are made in Canada, by the makers of the LA DIVA and D & A Corsets in the largest Corset Factory in the British Empire.

Sold by the leading corsetières throughout Canada. C-19-G

**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY,—Montreal—Quebec—Toronto.**

# DOUBLE the number of your happy vacation hours with a "Liberty" Daylo

*Avoid vacation accidents, increase comfort and pleasure*

WE announce the new Eveready LIBERTY Daylo. It is named the "Liberty" because it leaves both hands free—can be clipped over your belt, or slipped over a button. Get one NOW for your vacation—two handsome styles, gun metal and full

nickel, filled with a long lived Eveready Tungsten battery No. 703. The ideal light for all out-door people.

Eveready dealers from coast to coast are demonstrating this new Daylo NOW, the best all-round light Eveready has ever produced!

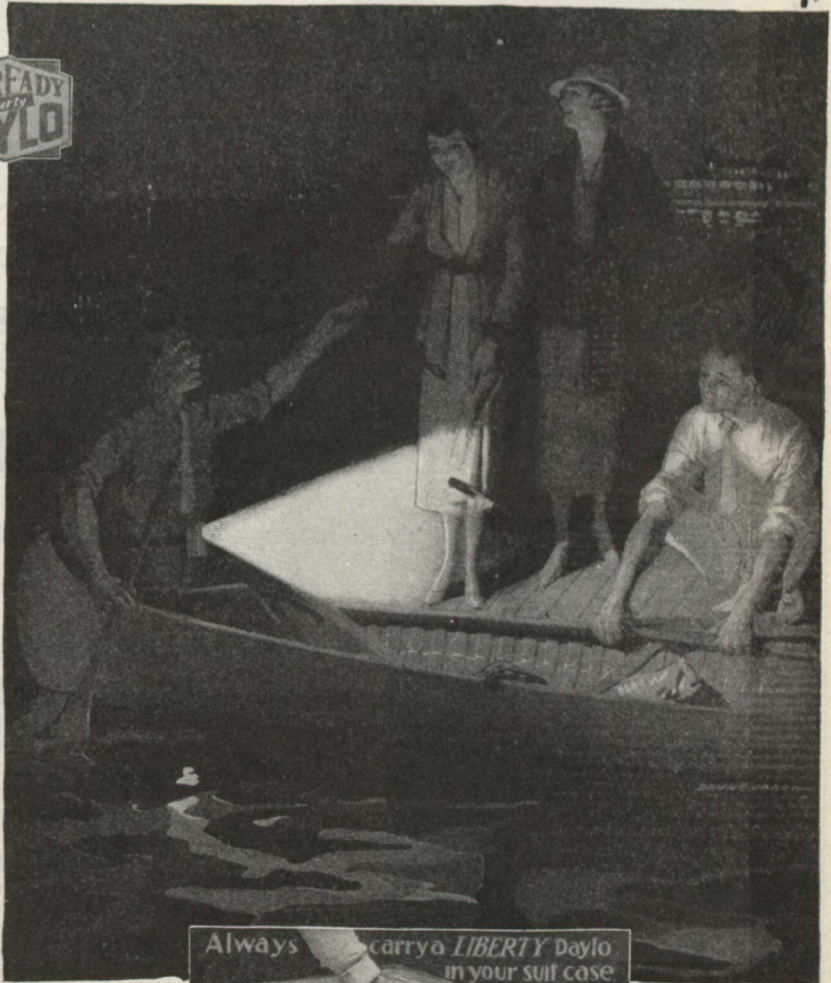


Ready to hang on button or hook.



Ready to hang on your belt; the hinged belt clip in position.

CANADIAN NATIONAL  
CARBON CO., Limited  
Toronto, Canada



Always carry a LIBERTY Daylo in your sult case

The light that says  
"There it is!"

# The Rodgers' TRADE MARK



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

*Look for it on every blade.*

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD

ENGLAND

## CLARK'S PREPARED FOODS

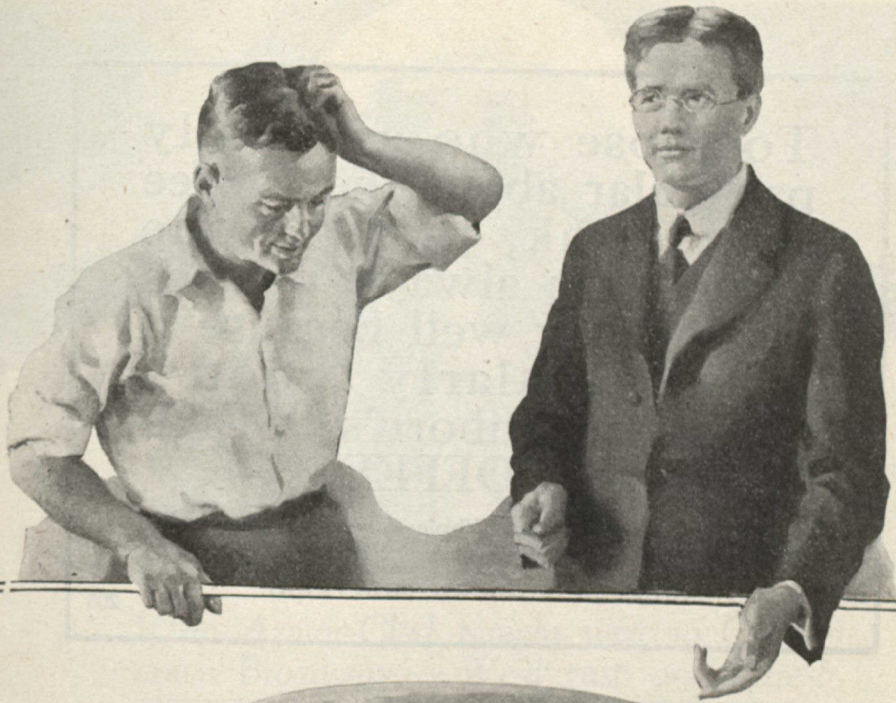


Some of our helps to Food  
Conservation

- CLARK'S Pork & Beans
- “ Spaghetti with Tomato  
Sauce & Cheese
- “ Concentrated Soups
- “ Peanut Butter
- “ Stewed Kidneys
- “ Ox & Lunch Tongues
- “ Pate de Foie, etc., etc.

W. CLARK, LIMITED, - MONTREAL

Canada Food Board License, No. 14-216



## "See, Mr. Farmer What I've Done With Your Wheat"

Prof. A. P. Anderson took whole wheat and sealed it in huge guns. For sixty minutes he revolved the guns in a fearful heat, and turned all the wheat moisture to steam.

Thus he made whole wheat so completely digestible that every atom feeds. He made it so flaky, so flavory, so enticing, that children revel in it.

When you float it in milk you have the greatest food in the world. It tastes like a food confection. It is the best-cooked food in exist-

ence — the easiest grain food to digest. Then he shot the guns and the steam exploded. Every food cell was blasted for easy digestion. The wheat kernels were puffed to thin, toasted bubbles, eight times normal size.

### Created the Supreme Food

It combines whole wheat and milk. It's a vast mistake in these summer days not to have this dish ever handy.

**Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice**  
Each 15c, except in Far West

Puffed Grains are not mere breakfast dainties. They are all-hour foods. And few things so delightful can be served without restriction.

Peterborough,  
Canada

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Saskatoon,  
Canada

To those who are really particular about the Coffee they drink, there is one brand that always pleases particularly well because it is particularly good—Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—Ground—Pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

205

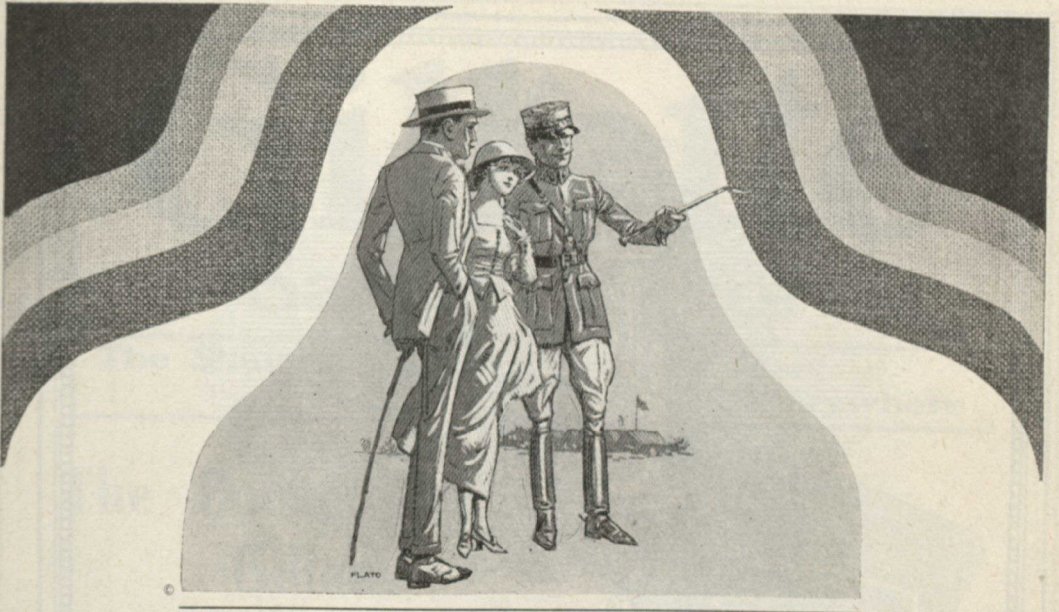


**FEARMAN'S  
Star Brand  
HAMS & BACON**

There is nothing quite so nice for Lunch or Supper as a bit of Cold Boiled Ham and there is no ham quite as tasty as Fearman's "STAR" Brand.

**F. W. FEARMAN & CO., LTD.**  
Hamilton, Ont.





*If an Armor-Clad Knight were to Clank  
down Broadway — We'd gasp and stare !*

**I**N a time not far distant, a man hurrying thru mid-Summer in a wool or worsted suit will be a truly novel sight.

And just between ourselves— isn't it absurd?... Here's Genuine PALM BEACH, with it's millions of cool, comfortable converts, acclaimed by the clubman, the country gentleman and the city worker. Wonderfully washable, shape-retaining and lasting. Made in every desirable shade and pattern.

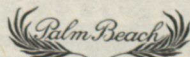
Yet, there are those who prefer discomfort, at a greater cash cost, without even the solace of being well-dressed.

Why not get acquainted with the times, and dress as befits them ?

Every reputable merchant can show you a PALM BEACH SUIT—in your size and favorite color. There isn't a better Summer Suit at any price. The trademarked Label stamps the Genuine.

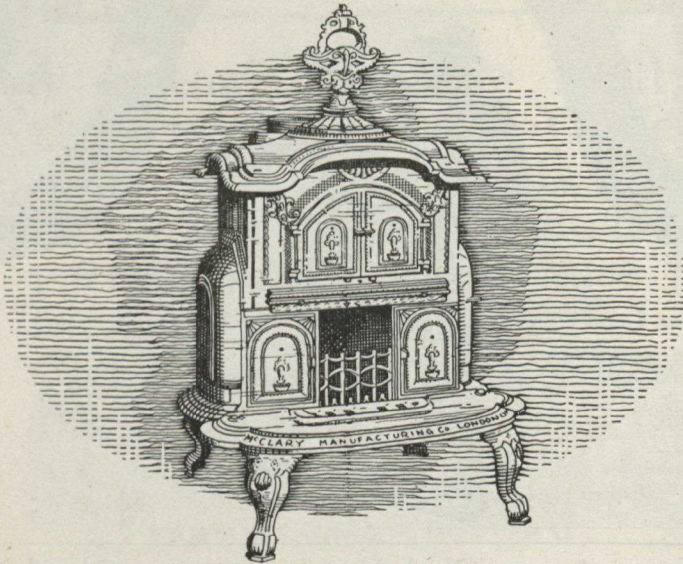
## PALM BEACH SUITS

THE PALM BEACH MILLS  
GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, ME.  
A. ROHAUT, AGENT, 229 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & MAR. OFF.  
THE GENUINE CLOTH  
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

Look for this Label—your  
safeguard against imitations  
Trade Mark Registered in the  
U. S. Pat. Office and in Canada



**I**T is a far cry from this quaint little stove, the finest product of McClary's in 1847, to the long array of magnificent ranges, stoves and heaters bearing the McClary name-plate to-day

That was a wood stove—the strongest and best that John McClary could make. It was the foundation of the McClary institution and the McClary name.

To-day every practical form of fuel has been mastered by McClary's, electricity, gas, oil, coal and wood. McClary's serves every section of Canada; makes stoves to meet the conditions in every locality.

100,000 stoves, and many thou-

sand furnaces will be produced by McClary's in 1919. Every single one, from the smallest heater to the magnificent electric ranges or mammoth hotel or institution range, will be a true McClary's product, well-made from durable materials, and designed to give the utmost efficiency from the fuel consumed. Consult McClary's—the largest makers of stoves and furnaces in the British Empire.

Any of this list of Booklets on heating or cooking will be sent, if you mention this paper.

"Service from the Kitchen"—about the Kootenay Steel Range.

"Magic of the Pandora"—about the Pandora Cast-Iron Range.

"Comfort in the Home"—on heating with the Sunshine Furnace.

"Satisfaction"—dealing with McClary's Gas Ranges.

"McClary's Electrical Appliances"—on cooking with electricity.

"Household Helper"—Canning Edition—describing McClary's Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove.

"The Story of a Range"—McClary's Simplex Combination Coal and Gas Range.

# Consult McClary's

**McClary's** London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.,  
Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton.

See your local paper for name of McClary's dealer.

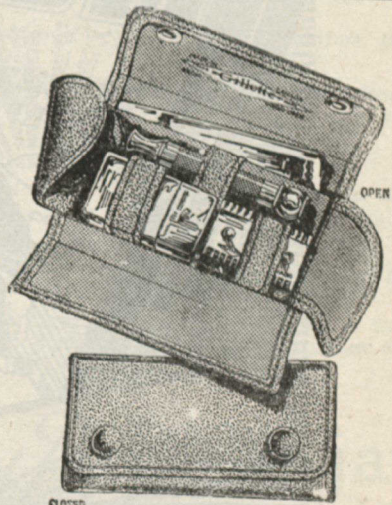
# Gillette

## Safety Razor

The Shaving Service for Every Man  
-- Everywhere

The Pocket Edition  
Gillette  
Bound in  
Seal-Grain Leather

The NEW  
KIT SET  
No. 20



"If I was buying another Gillette Safety Razor," said one enthusiast when he saw the new Kit Set, pictured above, "I would certainly want that one!"

"It not only preserves all the good points of my old morning friend, but it is as compact as any razor set I have ever seen, and takes the least room in the travelling bag."

"And then the black, seal-grain case is so dignified—so appealing to any man who is particular in his appointments. I suppose you are asking a pretty price for that set?"

"No; 'merely— \$5.00 the set

MADE IN

CANADA



KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited,  
Montreal, Canada.

**MURAD**  
FINEST CIGARETTES

**S. ANARGYROS**  
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO OF CANADA LIMITED, MO

*Everywhere  
Why?*

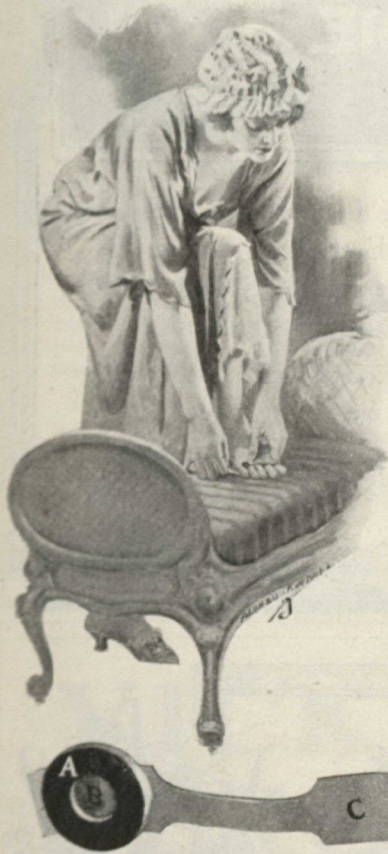
**Finest  
Quality**

*S. Anargyros*

The advertisement features a central illustration of a Murad cigarette pack and a single cigarette. The pack is tilted, showing the brand name 'MURAD' in large, bold, serif letters at the top. Below it, the words 'FINEST CIGARETTES' are written in a smaller font. The main illustration on the pack depicts a woman in a dark, elegant dress sitting on a balcony or terrace, looking out over a landscape with a sun rising behind hills. The background of the pack illustration is filled with fine, radiating lines. Below the pack, a single cigarette is shown horizontally, with the brand name 'MURAD' and a small logo on its filter. The entire scene is set against a background of horizontal wavy lines. At the bottom of the advertisement, there is a stylized slogan 'Everywhere Why?' in a cursive font, followed by a rectangular box containing the words 'Finest Quality' in a bold, serif font. To the right of this box is the signature 'S. Anargyros' in a cursive script.

# My 10 years with a Corn

## By a woman who typifies millions



### How Blue-jay Acts

- A** is a thin, soft protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.
- B** is the B & B wax, centered on the corn to gently undermine it.
- C** is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me.

Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

### Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared.

It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply Blue-jay promptly, and it goes.

I've forgotten what corn aches were.

I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication.

Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight.

# B&B Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly — Ends Corns Completely

25 Cents—At Druggists

Bauer & Black, Limited

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Chicago

Toronto

New York

“GURD’S” Ginger Ale “GURD’S” Caledonia Water  
*There is nothing quite like either, for both are “THE BEST”*  
 CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - MONTREAL



**GENUINE DIAMOND**  
**CASH OR CREDIT**

Terms 20% down and \$1, \$2, \$3 weekly. We trust any honest person

Write for Catalogue to-day

JACOBS BROS., Diamond Importers  
 15 Toronto Arcade TORONTO, Can.

Try **MURINE**  
**EYE**  
**REMEDY**



For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes For Book of Eye write  
 And Granulated Eyelids 013 Murine Co. Chicago

# Barber-Ellis, FRENCH ORGANDIE Stationery

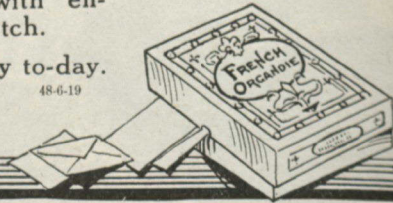


Your stationer is always delighted when you specify French Organdie Stationery because he is vitally interested in having you thoroughly pleased

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Order a supply to-day.

48-6-19

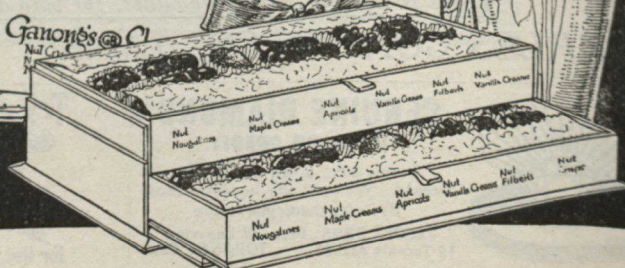


## Iroquois Assortment

Choice Nuts and delicately-flavored Chocolates in a variety of combinations.

Another revelation of the high standard of

**Ganong's**  
  
**Chocolates**





## Ideal for Children

Junket is simply milk, but in an improved form. All children "love" it, even those who won't drink plain milk.

Give it to them often. Let them enjoy all they want of it, for it will help them to grow and keep them well nourished.

# Junket

MADE with MILK

is both a food and a dessert. It can be made either with Junket Tablets, adding sugar and flavor, or with "Prepared Junket" which is already sweetened and flavored with nothing to add but the milk. Six pure flavors to choose from. It is a complete and dainty dessert in itself, but with fruit, berries, nuts, whipped cream, etc. added, you can make an endless variety of tempting Junket dishes.

Please your family with dainty, tasty, wholesome Junket.

*A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c. stamp. A full package for 12c.*

**Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory,**  
Toronto, Canada.



# VICKERMAN'S SERGES WEAR WELL NEVER FADE

Black, Blue, Grey. Smooth or Rough Finish

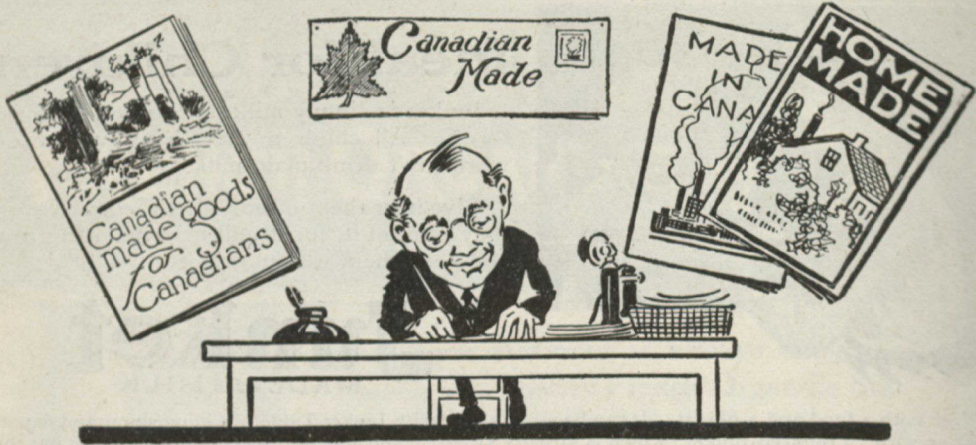
All Colors Guaranteed

Absolutely the best Cloths sold in Canada



This name on every three yards

**NISBET & AULD, LTD., TORONTO**  
Sole Wholesale Distributors in Canada



## Consistency - *thou art a jewel!*

He Uses a  
Foreign Made  
Printing Paper  
to Tell People  
to Use His  
Made in Canada  
Goods.

You see the point? He was sending money out of the country to tell people to keep their money IN the country.

Other things being equal, Canadian business firms should give preference to Canadian goods.

That is vital to Reconstruction—Reconstruction on a really sound basis.

What kind of paper has been used for YOUR printed matter? Hereafter, will you insist on Canadian made paper and raise the standard of your printed matter?

### *The Better the Paper the Better the Booklet*

War covered a multitude of sins—among them, poor printed matter. There is no excuse today. Paper is such a small item of cost compared with artwork, cuts, printing, and distribution, that you simply cannot afford to sacrifice selling value to save a few dollars on your paper.

Are we all agreed then?—the best paper the job warrants, and absolute insistence on Canadian made paper where equal value is obtainable—as it always is.

### *Insist on Canadian Printing Papers*

Send for copy of "Some Facts About the Pulp and Paper Industry of Canada." Sent free upon request.

**CANADIAN PULP AND PAPER ASSOCIATION**

137 McGill Street,

Montreal.

3




Look for this mark on the wrapper of every package of paper you buy.



**INSIST ON  
CANADIAN-MADE PAPERS**

*The*  
"R SHIELD" watermark  
guarantees  
"Rolland Quality"



**CANADA'S  
LEADING  
WATERMARK**

In Bond, Writing and Ledger Papers, the "R Shield"  
Watermark is your guarantee of Superior quality

Superfine Linen Record	Empire Linen Bond
Earncliffe Linen Bond	Colonial Bond
Mount Royal Bond	

*Ask your printer*

**The ROLLAND PAPER COMPANY, LIMITED**  
High Grade Paper Makers since 1882  
Montreal, Que. Mills at St. Jerome, P. Q., Mont Rolland, P. Q.


# MOIR'S Chocolates

With their smooth, thick  
coating and centres of  
Creams, Nutmeats and Jellies

*Make the Holiday a real Joy.*

**MOIR'S LIMITED  
HALIFAX**





# SNOWFLAKE PURITY

The purity and goodness of SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING insures pies, cakes, pastries, etc.,—firm but light in texture, delicate in flavor—delicious, to say the least. Use

## SNOWFLAKE SHORTENING

In all your bakings—results will prove to you that there is none better.

Sold in convenient 1 lb. cartons, or 3, 5, 10 and 20 lb. pails.

Matthews-Blackwell, Limited

*Established 1852*

Canada  
Food Board  
License 13-85.



## **“At All Dealers”**

☐ Ask any dealer and he will supply you with a Dunlop Tire, or get one with the minimum of delay. Practically every dealer is a Dunlop man. He will take your order because we play no favorites—sell the big and small store or garage.

\*

\*

?

☐ The tires with the good reputation that lasts, the service that satisfies, and the dealer representation that settles the issue of emergency, as well as regular calls, are branded: Dunlop Cord—“Traction” and “Ribbed” Dunlop Regular—“Trantion,” “Special,” “Ribbed,” “Clipper,” “Plain.”

### **DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS CO., LIMITED**

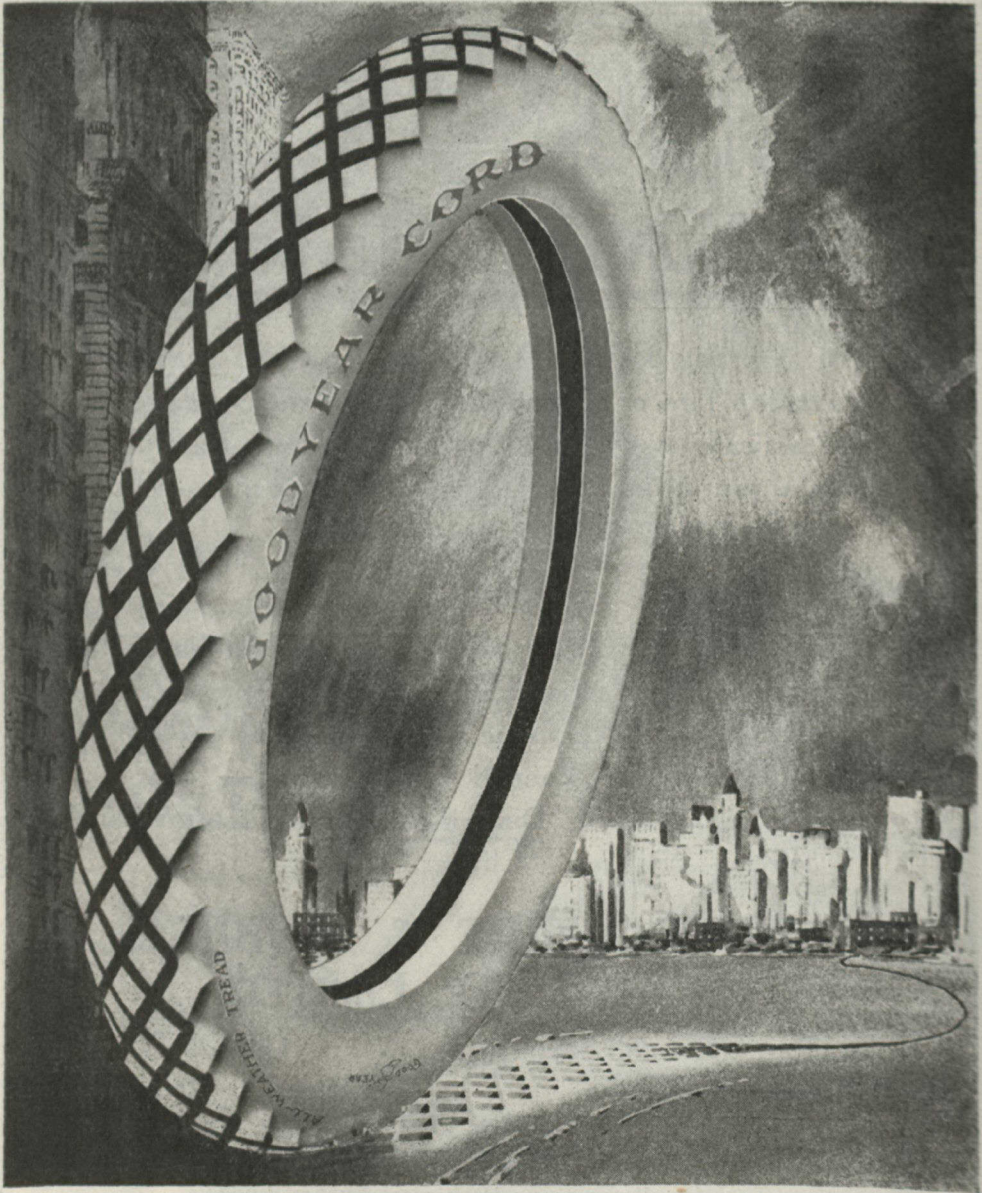
Head Office and Factories - TORONTO

BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES

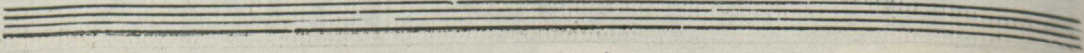
Tires for all purposes. Mechanical Rubber Products  
and General Rubber Specialists.



# **DUNLOP TIRES**



**GOOD**  **YEAR**  
MADE IN CANADA



# A Fourteen Year Drive to Build This Tire

Fourteen years ago scientists and engineers commenced the work which provides a better tire for your car to-day.

A tire which, through sheer quality of design, material and workmanship does four very important things for you.

- 1.—Renders such unusual mileage as to materially lower your year's tire bill.
- 2.—Saves on gasoline and car depreciation greatly.
- 3.—Adds a new and almost unbelievable comfort to the riding of any car.
- 4.—Is ultimate in appearance.

The Goodyear Cord Tire, strong with the strength of thousands of rubber-cushioned cords, is a luxury tire in performance which yet goes so far as to cost less in the end.

It is the logical outcome of the Goodyear policy of ever striding towards lower motoring costs. No tire built with an eye to the present price can ever compete with it in value.

The Goodyear Service Station near you can supply your needs and can serve you too, by advising the Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube, a better, thicker, tube which justifies its price by longer service and greater *tire* mileage.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company  
of Canada, Ltd.

# CORD TIRES

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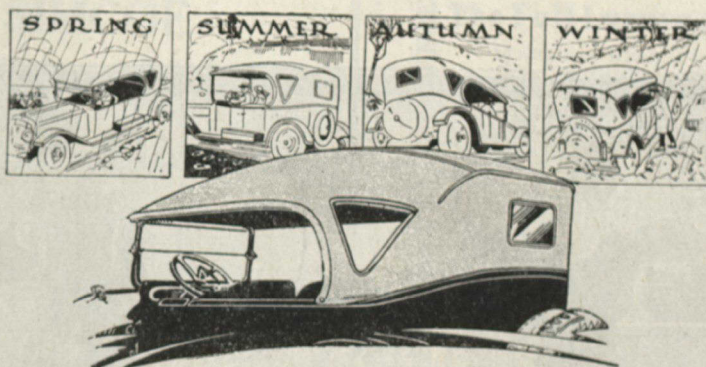
**MALTESE  
CROSS  
\* TIRES \***

*Built for Comfort  
and Endurance*

Maltese Cross Tires are so constructed that the thick rubber tread absorbs much of the road shock and the rest is telegraphed along for absorption by the rest of the tire, giving equalized wear, long life and greater mileage.

**GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, Limited,**  
Head Offices and Factories: **TORONTO**

BRANCHES: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Ft. William, Winnipeg,  
Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge,  
Vancouver, Victoria.



## The All Season Top Material

Some materials will answer for a "summer-top." Some materials will shed the the rain and sleet of winter. But Rayntite resists all kinds of changes in weather and temperature—and affords you constant protection the year 'round.

Rayntite is light, tough and durable. It is guaranteed for a year—but often lasts as long as the car itself. It is light and models perfectly to the outline of the frame. Don't have the whole appearance of your car marred by shoddy wrinkled top.

Order now—while you can spare your car—a new top of Rayntite. It will add dollars to the value of your car—and 100 per cent. to its appearance.

*Write for samples of Rayntite  
and literature fully describing it*

# DUPONT FABRIKOID COMPANY

Sales Office, 63 Bay Street, TORONTO



“Come One! Come All!”

THE housewife who has her pantry stocked with Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon has no fear of the ravenous appetites that come with holiday life. She is never taken unawares by the unexpected guest.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

—good all the year round—are specially desirable in the days when light meals are most attractive, and heavy cooking most disagreeable.

Think how handy! For breakfast—Swift's Premium Bacon, fried in a jiffy. For luncheons, teas, late suppers—Swift's Premium Ham, quickly fried or ready-baked, sliced and served cold, garnished as you see fit, but appetizing in any form.

Both are particularly adapted to summer use because they keep so well, under conditions when fresh meat is impracticable.

Insist on the Brand — Your Dealer has “Swift's Premium,” or can easily get it for you.

Swift Canadian Co.  
Limited

Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

(Canada Food Board License Nos. 13-170, 171, 172)

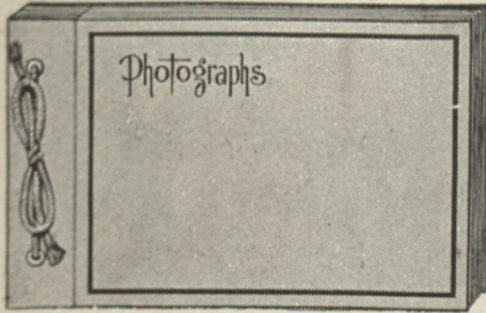


M23





# SIMCOE PHOTO ALBUMS



*Bound in Walrus, Seal  
and Morocco Grain  
Leathers and Silk Finish  
Art Cloths, Flexible  
Covers.*

*Every Collector of Snap  
Shots requires one.*

## PAUL E. WIRT FOUNTAIN PENS

*Self-filling,  
Safety and  
Ordinary Styles.  
Gold Mounted or  
Plain Holders.*



**THE Brown Bros. LIMITED**

Simcoe and Pearl Streets  
TORONTO

## The Full Luxury of the Bath

is attained when it is perfumed  
with the genuine

# MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water



In use for a Century, this  
matchless perfume has won  
on its merit a most enviable,  
world-wide popularity, and  
stands today unique among  
perfumes of its class.

In the Bath its cooling, re-  
freshing and reviving effects  
are truly remarkable. For  
general use on the Dressing-  
table it has no equal.

PREPARED ONLY BY  
**LANMAN & KEMP,**  
NEW YORK and MONTREAL.

Ask Your Druggist for It.  
Accept no Substitute!

# Jaeger

## Protect the Children

Children who  
wear Jaeger  
Pure Wool can  
enjoy their  
games and yet  
be protected  
from colds. Why  
not adopt this  
clothing and keep  
your children  
healthy and com-  
fortable?



For Sale at Jaeger Stores  
and Agencies through-  
out the Dominion.

*A fully illustrated  
catalogue free on  
application.*

**DR. JAEGER** Sanitary Woolen **CO. LIMITED**  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg  
British "founded 1883".



# Partridge Tires

Sentenced to do 10,000 miles  
They will long outlive their term

*Made by The F.E. Partridge Rubber Company, Limited, Guelph, Ont.*

# WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT & TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

EVERY MONTH IN THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Atlantic Monthly Century Harper's Review of Reviews Scribner's World's Work and The Canadian Magazine. 13th YEAR  
Write our advertisers and refer to WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, 8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Ask us for travel advice. Enclose postage  
Where-to-go Bureau forms for August close July 1st.

**CANADA**



## Canada "Highlands of Ontario"

Millions of acres of pine and balsam with thousands of lakes and streams. The mecca for outdoor men and women in "Algonquin Park" "Muskoka Lakes" "30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay" "Timacami" "Kawartha Lakes" "Lake of Bays." Modern chalets. Good fishing and delightful climate. Altitude 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the sea. Write for illustrated literature:

- C. G. Ortteneburger, 907 Merchants Loan and Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
- W. R. Eastman, 294 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
- H. N. Morgan, 1019 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
- J. H. Bergin, 819 Bime Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
- A. B. Chown, 1270 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



**Windermere House** Windermere, Muskoka, Canada. On famous Muskoka Lakes. Modern imp's. Tennis on concrete. Dancing. All water sports. No hay fever.

In making plans for your summer vacation, consider  
**HISTORIC QUEBEC**  
and the famous  
**Lower St. Lawrence River Resorts**  
traveling via the  
**QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY**  
Through Pullman cars with dining service from  
**NEW YORK, BOSTON, PORTLAND,**  
The White Mountains and all New England points.  
For full information write  
**G. D. Wadsworth, General Passenger Agent**  
Sherbrooke, Que.

**"Take a Planned Vacation"**  
Send or call at any of these offices for  
**FREE** Artbooklet "Nine Ideal Vacations."  
Tells where to go to Fish, Camp, Hunt, Travel, Rest, spend a few days away from home, see Historical Points, combine Business with Pleasure or keep within a fixed expense

- Canadian National Railways**
- Boston, Mass. 294 Washington Street Chicago, Ill. 64 W. Adams Street
  - Detroit, Mich. 527 Majestic Building
  - Duluth, Minn. 424 N. Superior Street
  - Minneapolis, Minn. 311 Nicollet Avenue
  - New York, N. Y. 510 Woolworth Building
  - Pittsburgh, Pa. 214 Park Building
  - St. Louis, Mo. 311 Pierce Building
  - St. Paul, Minn. Cor. 4th & Jackson Streets

**PLYMOUTH MASS.**

**MAYFLOWER INN AND COTTAGES**  
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### NIAGARA TO THE SEA

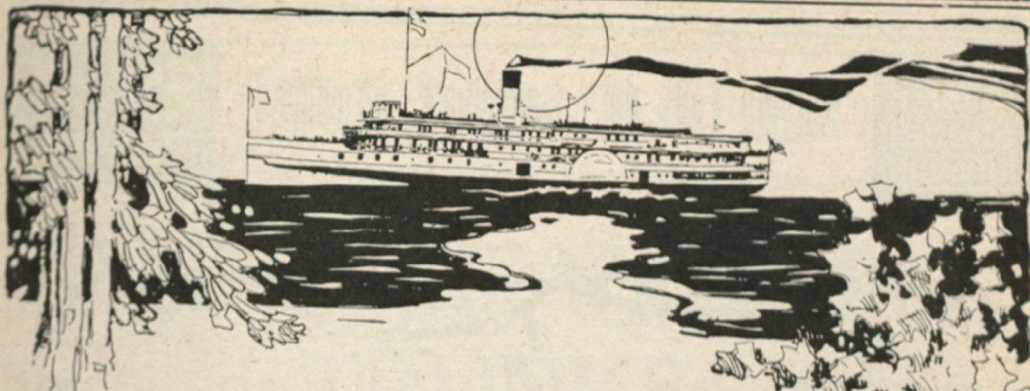
A trip that takes you through the 1000 Islands Scenery—it gladdens the eye with glimpses of green-clad river banks—it thrills you with the novel experience of shooting mile after mile of Rapids.

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## NIAGARA TO THE SEA

The climax of this 1000-mile journey is reached when the boat steams slowly up the magnificent canyon of the River Saguenay—where the traveller's amazement is tinged with awe as he beholds Capes towering higher than the Rock of Gibraltar.

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A trip over waterways peopled with tradition—a journey of joy and contentment that you must take once ere you can say that you know the beauties of Canada.

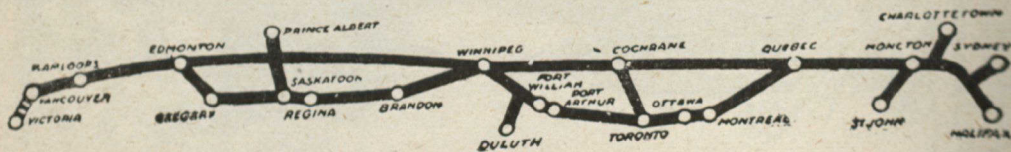
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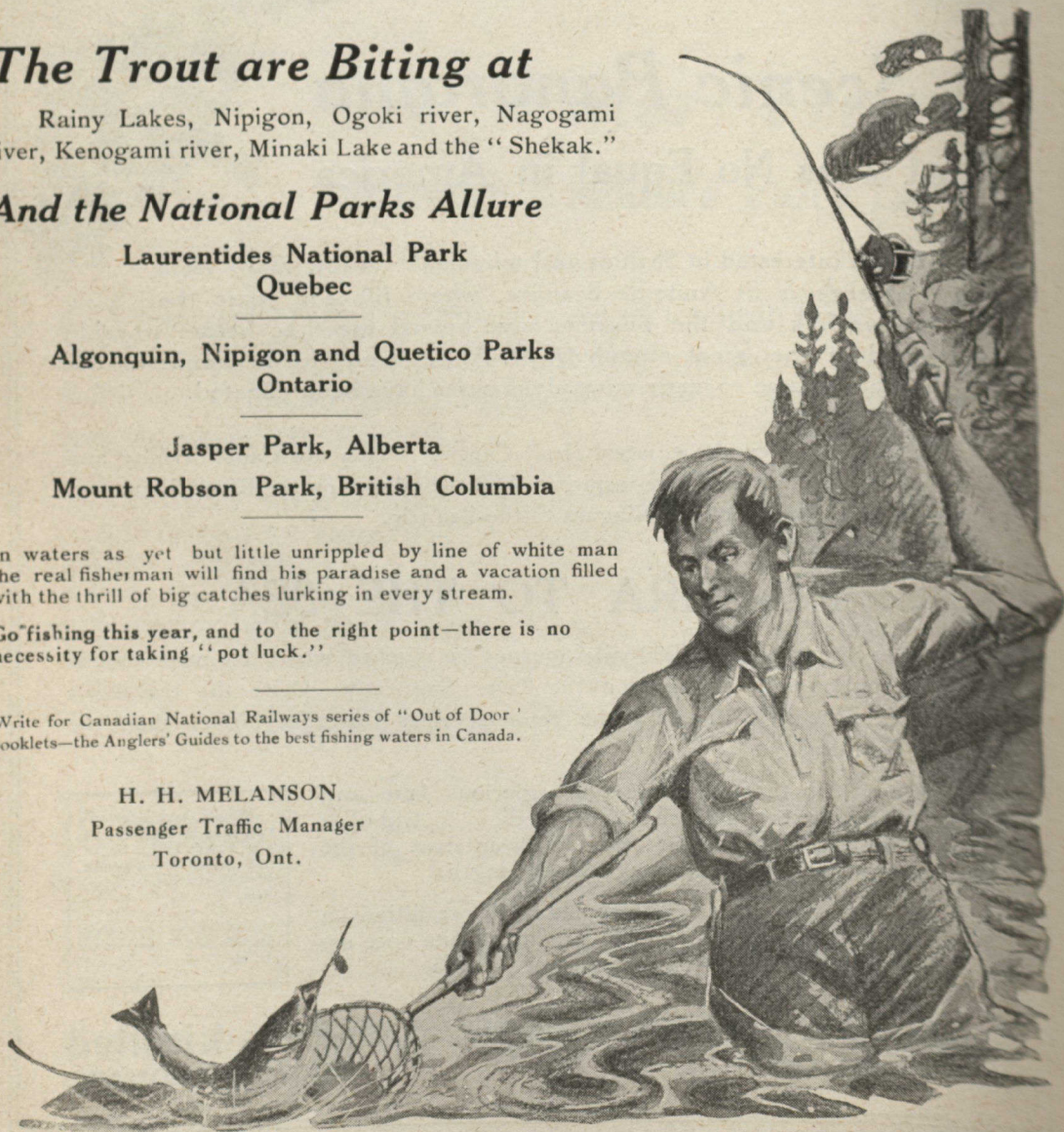
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# Across the GREAT LAKES

## Hot? Not on Lake Superior!

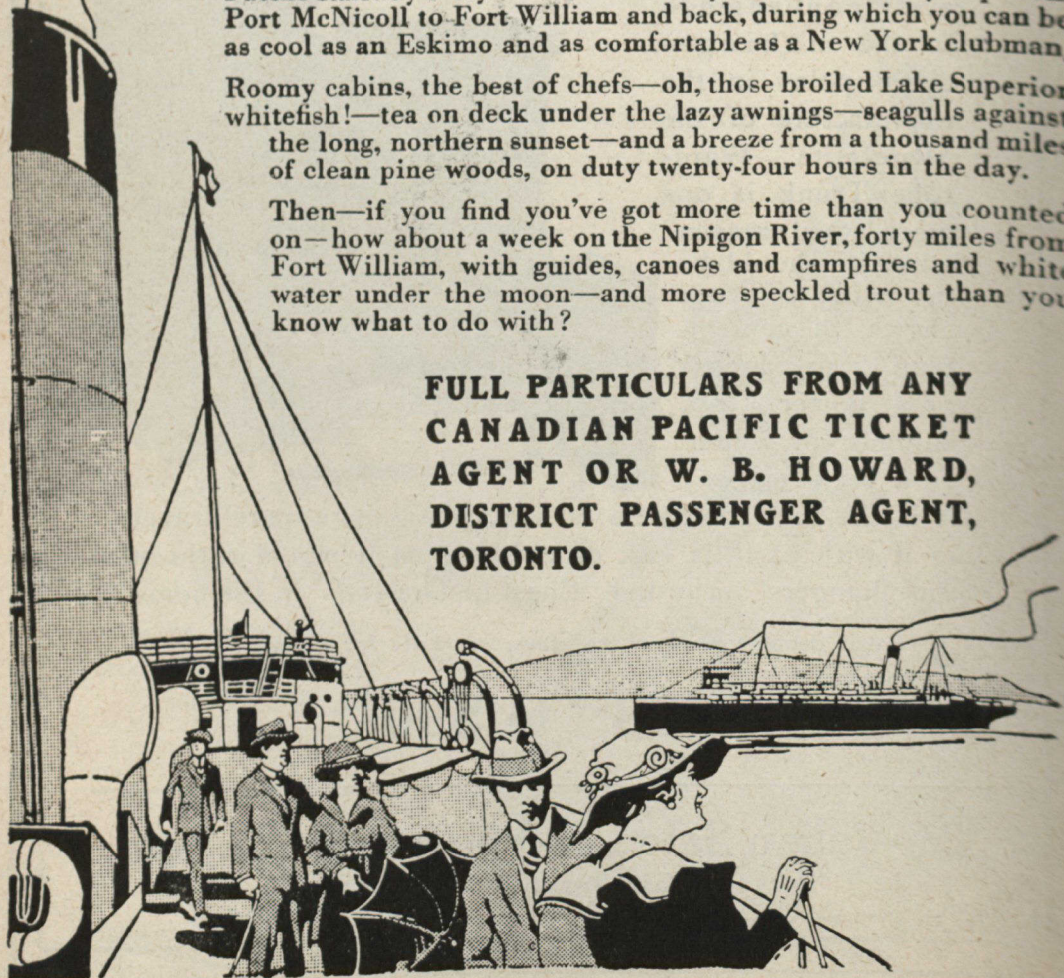
WHEN the mercury is playing around in the upper eighties, and you wish Henry Ford would invent a self-refrigerating collar—do you ever stop to remember that the temperature of Lake Superior *never rises above 40 degrees?*

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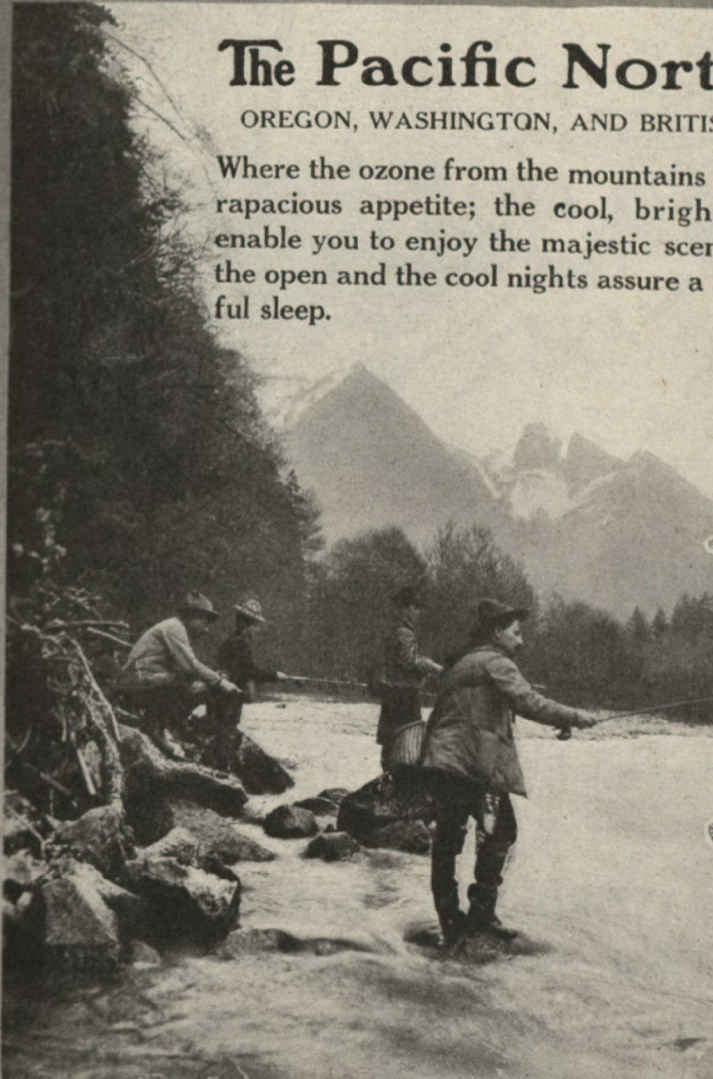


# The Most Satisfactory Vacation

## The Pacific Northwest

OREGON, WASHINGTON, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

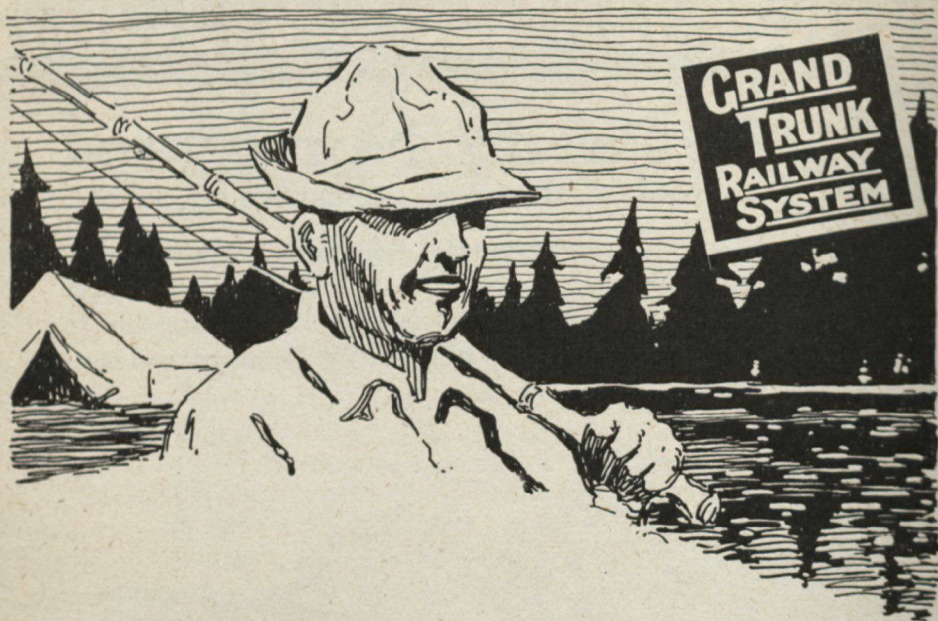
Where the ozone from the mountains and sea gives a rapacious appetite; the cool, bright, sunny days enable you to enjoy the majestic scenery and life in the open and the cool nights assure a sound and restful sleep.



A vacation should mean **RECREATION, PLEASURE** and a **RENEWED HEALTH** of body and of mind. It is not satisfactory otherwise, and **THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST** is the one place in America where such a vacation can be had.

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# HOTEL LENOX BUFFALO, N. Y.



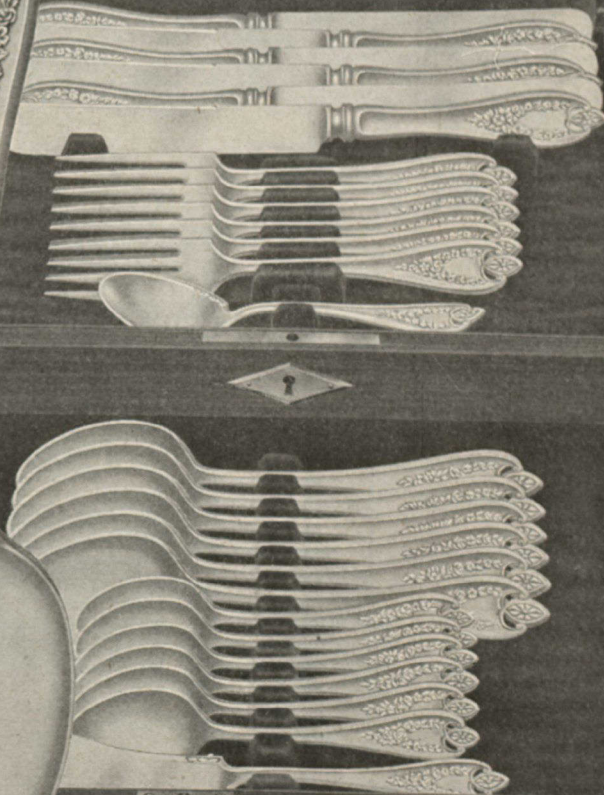
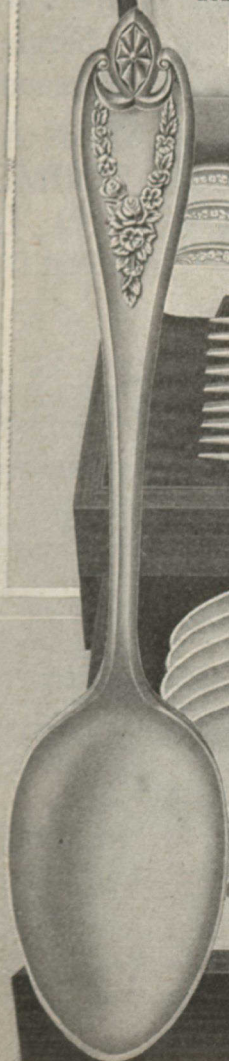
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