THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE, ART AND LITERATURE

VOL. XLV

MAY, 1915 TO OCTOBER, 1915, INCLUSIVE

TORONTO

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

1915

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FRONTISPIECES.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MAY, 1915

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

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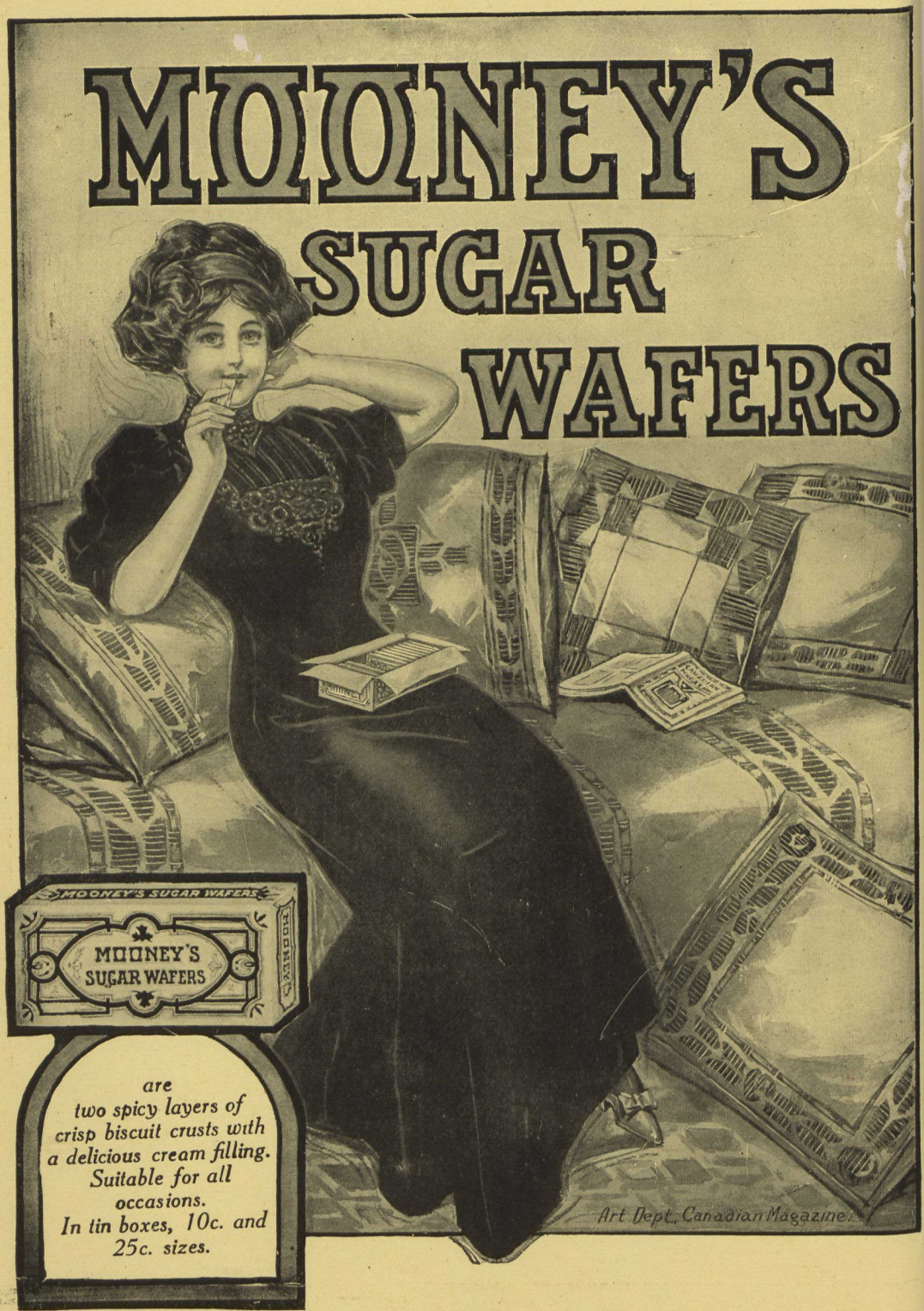

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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLV Contents, May, 1915 No. 1

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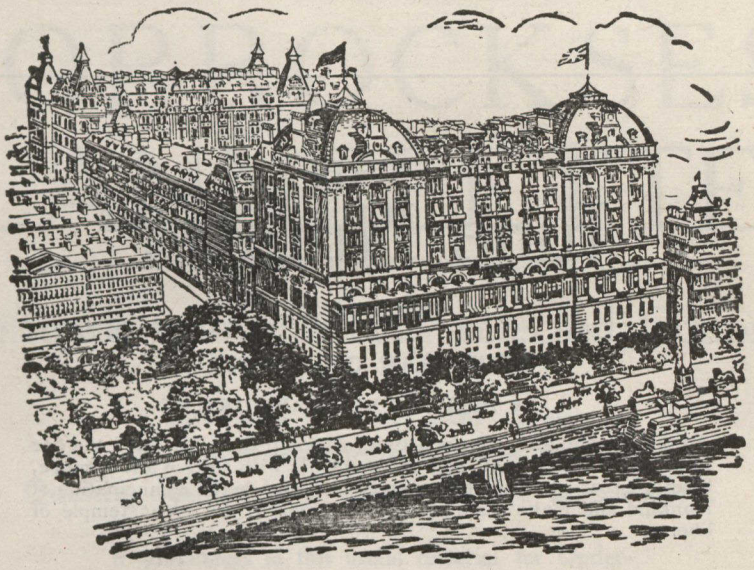

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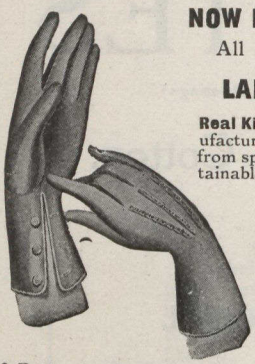

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Royal Naval College of Canada

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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, January 8th, 1915.

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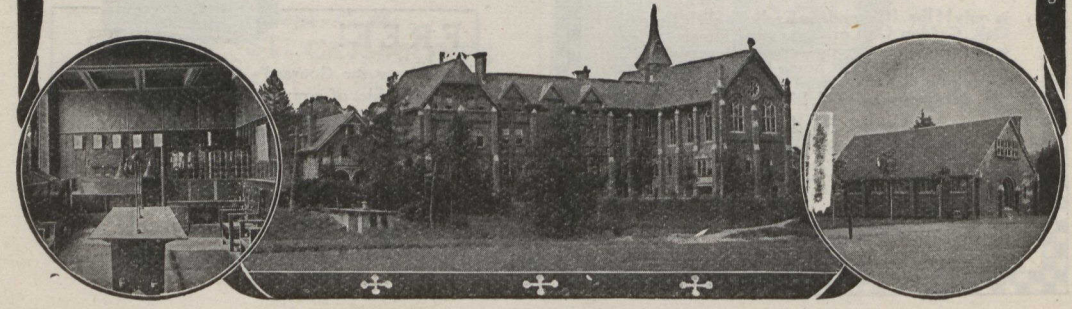

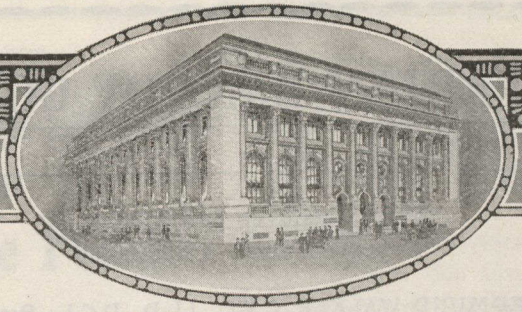

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLV TORONTO, MAY, 1915 No. 1

OUR NATIONAL BENEFACTION

A REVIEW OF THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

BY HERBERT B. AMES, M.P.

HONOURARY SECRETARY

THE supreme test which in future years will be applied to nations and individuals, when the events of to-day come under review, will be summed up in the question as to how they rose to the occasion at the time of the Great War. In calling to the colours, arming, equipping, and training upwards of 100,000 men within the eight months that elapsed after the declaration of war, Canada demonstrated her loyalty and ability to support the allied cause. Nor was this all, for in her generous financial response to the many claims presented to her people, on behalf of those requiring assistance in consequence of war-time conditions, she performed her further duty with equal wholeheartedness.

Hardly had hostilities commenced before the British, French, and Belgian reservists resident in Canada, whatever their station or employment, hastened to join their regiments. Many of these left their homes almost on a moment's notice. A fortnight later the mobilization of the first Canadian contingent began, and a force of 33,000 men was soon assembled at Valcartier. Returns show that fully forty per cent. of these men had wives and dependents relying upon them for support. Without hesitation they answered the call, feeling confident that if they risked their lives for the common defence those who remained behind would see to it that their dependents suffered no lack.

Nor was the confidence of these brave men misplaced. During August and September, at many points throughout Canada, there sprang into activity groups and committees designed to care for the families of those who had gone to the front. At first there was between these organizations no bond of union, nor in their methods any degree of uniformity. Each committee, face to face with its own local problems, endeavoured to deal with the immediate needs of the situation in the manner that seemed effective. It soon became apparent, however, that if no attempt were made to co-ordinate these activities

there would be danger of overlapping in some areas and of neglect in others. Hence, towards the end of August, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught summoned to Ottawa representative men from all parts of the Dominion, and after a prolonged conference a national committee was formed.

This organization took the name of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, with headquarters at the capital, and his Royal Highness issued a general appeal inviting communities throughout Canada to co-operate with this central association. The appeal met with a ready response. A strong executive was created, of which his Royal Highness has been the indefatigable chairman, and the Honourable W. T. White, M.P., the treasurer. Under the supervision of this body legislation was passed by the War Parliament incorporating the Canadian Patriotic Fund and empowering this association by means of branches to extend its work throughout the Dominion.

It was early found, when the general appeal went forth, that different communities varied greatly in their ability to contribute. It was felt that it were better to say to each district, "Raise what you can and draw what you need" than to stipulate that every community should locally spend what it secured within its own territory. Had this latter method been adopted it would have been equivalent to penalizing patriotism, for on the shoulders of those whose loyalty had led them to furnish large contingents of enlisted men would have been placed the added burden of supporting a proportionately large number of soldiers' families; while the district which furnished few men would require to make, for the assistance of their families, but trifling sacrifices. Hence the plan adopted by the Canadian Patriotic Fund is to ask that all moneys raised be put into a common purse. Every branch contributes according to its ability and draws from the combined fund according to the proved need. The idea that it is the duty of the strong to bear the burden of the weak has been the underlying principle of this undertaking since its inception. To-day there are branches of the Fund in every part of the Dominion, from Sydney to Prince Rupert, from Rainy River to Fort Churchill. A few communities, mainly owing to the conditions attached to local subscriptions obtained prior to the organization of the national Fund, have been unable as yet to come in as branches of the larger endeavour, but fully ninety per cent. of the work carried on throughout the Dominion for the assistance of the soldiers' dependents is now under the direction of duly constituted branches of the national Canadian Patriotic Fund.

There have been some notable campaigns prosecuted on behalf of this Fund. Five of the larger eastern cities secured subscriptions aggregating $3,250,000, while many smaller towns raised sums representing as to population all the way from one dollar to seven dollars a head. County and municipal councils have made generous grants, usually payable in monthly instalments during the continuance of the war, and raised by a special tax levied on real estate. Up to the end of March cash contributions amounting to nearly $3,500,000 had been transmitted to or placed under the control of the treasurer of the central Fund, while $1,100,000 had been paid out, leaving on April 1st a cash reserve in hand amounting to about $2,400,000. As many of the pledged contributions are payable in monthly or quarterly instalments, covering the remainder of this year and even extending into 1916, the sum already received will doubtless be increased by another $1,500,000 before the end of the current year. The efforts of the executive of the Fund at present are not directed towards securing additional subscriptions in communities that have already once

generously responded, but rather towards reaching the few remaining parts of the Dominion that as yet have assumed no portion of the burden.

The central organization is the repository of all moneys collected in the name of the Canadian Patriotic Fund. Before the beginning of each month the local Relief Committee makes a calculation in round figures of the amount which will probably be required to enable it to prosecute its work during the coming month. This amount is drawn from the central treasury by requisition signed by the local chairman or treasurer. At the end of the month, a detailed statement is prepared on a standardized form and sent to the central office. This "disbursement sheet," as it is called, is carefully reviewed by an accountant under the supervision of the Auditor-General of Canada. The names of the soldiers are checked to make certain that they are still on active service. The amounts are rigidly inspected to satisfy the head office that the local committee is neither lavish nor niggardly in its expenditure. The cost of administration is investigated and kept down to a reasonable level. For the information of any who may imagine that large expenditure is entailed in the handling of the Fund, let it be stated that the combined administration expenses of the head office and branches does not at the present time exceed the amount received as interest from the sums lying in the banks to the credit of the Fund. Hence each subscriber may feel that every dollar he contributes reaches without impairment the dependent of a soldier. Where a family has been left in an outlying district, far away from a centre of population, it becomes the duty of the head office to discover some responsible person who will act on its behalf in investigating the case and in handling the assistance sent on its behalf. What would have been "No Man's Land" with a large number of independent associations becomes the special care of an all-inclusive Dominion-wide Fund.

The head office dictates to no local branch. It is generally sufficient to indicate how a difficulty has been elsewhere overcome. During March there was held in Ottawa a conference attended by the working secretaries of the branch funds from Vancouver to Halifax. All the larger organizations, with one or two exceptions, were represented. Several days were spent in helpful discussion. It was remarkable to find how similar had been the experience of these men dealing at close range with many difficult problems and how completely they were in agreement over the general policy when questions came up for discussion and determination. To-day, if a soldier's family moves from one city to another where there is a branch of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, it can be practically certain that the treatment afforded in both would be identical and that they will not suffer because of the change.

The Act governing the Fund does not permit of sending money to the dependents of soldiers where these families reside outside the Dominion, yet quite a few British subjects from other lands have enlisted in Canadian regiments. Their dependents naturally deserve consideration. To meet this need there has been created a system of exchanges with kindred associations. The family of a Canadian soldier left behind in England will be assisted by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association, in case the Canadian separation allowance be insufficient for their support. Soldiers' families resident in the Eastern United States are cared for by the British Imperial Relief Association of New England, and if in the Central or Western States, by the Canadian Society of New York. A movement is now on foot to form similar committees at Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, and San Francisco. By special amendment to the Act of In-

corporation, the families of Newfoundlanders enlisted in the Canadian naval and military forces are assisted from Canadian sources.

The Act further describes who may be helped from the Fund. The dependents of men engaged on active service with the military and naval forces of Great Britain or of her allies are all, from the standpoint of the Fund, upon the same footing. British army and naval reservists; members of the Canadian Overseas Force; French, Belgian, Servian, and Russian reservists are regarded as possessing an equal claim for consideration. The Canadian organization works in harmony with the Imperial Pensions Office at Ottawa, the French and Belgian Consuls in Canada, and the Paymaster-General of the Canadian Militia. During the recent session of Parliament, the powers of the Fund were enlarged so as to permit of temporary assistance being extended to widows during the period between death of the soldier and the commencement of regular payments by the Dominion Pension Board, and also to families where the convalescent soldier had returned, but was for the time being unable to work.

The local committee of each branch of the Canadian Patriotic Fund exercises, within reasonable limits, full authority in determining how much assistance a family may receive. Its first duty is to study local conditions and formulate a subsistence scale which represents the amount judged sufficient to enable an average household to be maintained at the level of decent living. It is taken for granted that every family, whatever its previous experience, is, during the absence of the soldier on service, entitled to reach this grade of comfort. In most of our eastern cities the typical family—a woman with three children, aged respectively twelve, eight, and four—is considered as requiring for herself one dollar a day, and for the children, according to age, twenty-five cents, fifteen cents, and ten cents, a total of $1.50 a day, or $45.00 a month. Keeping this scale in view, the local Relief Committee proceeds to determine what amount each separate family requires to bring it up to this level.

The first question always asked is whether the soldier's family is *in need;* that is to say, whether, if there were no Patriotic Fund, the family would fall below the scale set by the committee. If the income of the family, notwithstanding the absence of the soldier, still equals or exceeds the determined scale, then that family would not be regarded as in need, and, consequently, would have no valid claim on the Fund. Were inquiry to bring out the fact, however, that in the absence of the soldier the revenues of the family fell below forty-five dollars a month, the Patriotic Fund would then be expected to make up the deficiency.

The separation allowance granted by the Canadian Government amounts to twenty dollars a month. This is sent directly from Ottawa to the wife of each enlisted soldier and to the widowed mother where her absent son has been her sole support. When reckoning what a family should receive from the Fund this separation allowance is deducted from the living scale, together with any other revenues that the family in the soldier's absence continues to receive. What the soldier may send home, saved from his daily pay, is not by the Fund taken into consideration. Nor is it deemed advisable for a woman with children to go out to work, leaving the little ones to be cared for by others. It were better that she should remain at home, even though the payment from the Fund might otherwise be reduced to the extent of her earnings.

Sometimes it is stated that a soldier's family is being better provided for during his absence than when the husband was at home. Such instances doubtless occur, but they are not numerous. Even where the allegation

is true, it does not necessarily create just ground for criticism. "Bill Smith's wife" and her children may have had a trying time for several winters, and her husband may not have been regarded as one of the foremost citizens of the town in which they live; but when he enlists and becomes a member of the Canadian Expeditionary Force and does his duty faithfully by King and country, Mrs. William Smith's position in life advances accordingly, and she is entitled to live in reasonable comfort.

The average amount granted a soldier's family varies according to the class to which he belongs and to the locality where his family resides. It is taken for granted that all soldiers' families within a given district are entitled to adopt a like scale of living. The amount, therefore, that they may receive from the Fund will be larger or smaller according to the deductions made on account of revenues from other sources. A Belgian household as a rule draws more from the Fund than that of any other class. Their monthly stipend runs from thirty to forty dollars, for there are practically no deductions from the scale, since the Belgian Government can pay no separation allowance. The families of French reservists rank next in amount. Their Government allows them about two-fifths of what is required according to our scale. The British reservist receives from the Imperial Pension Office from fifteen to twenty dollars a month according to the size of his family, and these families usually come upon the Fund as well to the extent of twenty or twenty-five dollars a month. The families of Canadian volunteers, who, of course, constitute by far the greater part of the beneficiaries of the Fund, ordinarily receive in Eastern Canada from sixteen to eighteen dollars a month. This comparatively small amount is due to the fact that the families are not large, as most of the men who have enlisted in Canadian regiments are comparatively young. In the western provinces the rates allowed are about twenty per cent, higher than in the eastern, since the cost of living, especially in winter, is greater on the prairies and in the mountains than in the older settled parts of Canada. During February $218,043.72 was drawn out by 11,093 families, or an average of $19.75 to each family.

The Patriotic Fund is not a charity and ought not to be regarded as such. Every loyal Canadian to-day should ask himself, "Shall I fight or pay?" If he cannot do the former, he should try to do the latter to the extent of his ability. Let it be remembered that the soldier's wife must give her consent before her husband may go to the front. She knowingly agrees to take the risk of becoming a widow or having an invalid husband to look after for the rest of her life. True, the Canadian Government will, if she becomes a widow, grant her a pension or, if her husband becomes disabled, he will receive an allowance according to the extent of his disability; but the maximum in either case will furnish but a bare subsistence. The men may be the heroes, but the women are likely to be the martyrs of this war, and their sacrifice should be valued accordingly. In a few cases where local committees have undertaken to spend "their own funds in their own way" there has been a tendency to treat the soldier's wife in the same way as the down-and-outs of the town, giving them clothes, groceries, or coal in small amounts and making them feel that they are objects of charity. Against this attitude on the part of these organizations, happily few in number, the Canadian Patriotic Fund has always strongly protested. The national organization insists that local relief of the unemployed be kept wholly separate from supplementary assistance rendered the soldiers' wives; those of the former class may be the recipients of charity, the latter are but permitting the man who stays

at home to take the place financially of the one who fights.

In some of our cities, notably Montreal and St. John, the work of a Women's Auxiliary has been one of the finest features of the service. In the former city six hundred ladies, under the skilful generalship of Miss Helen R. Y. Reid, have undertaken to visit periodically the 3,000 families receiving aid from the Patriotic Fund. Each ward has its ward-head, with as many assistant visitors as may be required, allowing usually five families to every visitor. Cheques are sent out by the local treasurer every fortnight, and shortly after that date the lady visitor calls to ascertain whether "the dividend" has arrived and whether all is well in the soldier's home. Bonds of sympathy and friendship have been formed between visitor and visited to the lasting benefit of both. Indeed, it is difficult to determine which has been helped to the greater extent by this mutual contact.

At this time we have no means of knowing how long the war may continue. It may require many months of frightful slaughter before final victory is achieved. Canada will probably be called upon to send "men, more men, and yet more men" to the front. At the outset of the war the proportion of married men among those who enlisted was but as one to four. With heavier calls on the Canadian-born, this percentage is certain to increase in later contingents. The monthly drain upon the Fund has already nearly reached $250,000. True, there has been formed a considerable reserve, but such a precaution is but common prudence. The work of organization on the part of the Canadian Patriotic Fund must continue until there remains not a city, town, or village in Canada that has failed to contribute to the extent of its ability for the soldier's dependents, while he risks all in defence of our common heritage.

ENGLAND

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

WILL the sea-girt Island blossom this spring-time?
(England! Our England!)
God made posies before He made people!
Even before you had one church-steeple
Primroses strewed you with pale-hued gold,
Springing up from the ancient mould;
King-cups glowed in your lush green meadows;
Bluebells gleamed in your dusky woods.
Ay! Old battlefields bloom in an English Maytime.
(England! Our England!)

Primroses, cowslips,
Violets, bluebells,
Hawthorn, heather, and broom.
Send the word to the reeking trenches
(Into the horror and smoke and stenches)
Of England's posies abloom!

EDDY'S WAR

AN UNFAMILIAR CHAPTER IN CANADIAN HISTORY

BY R. F. DIXON

EDDY'S invasion of Acadia, as the region now embracing the Maritime Provinces was then rather vaguely named, was a very formidable affair and might easily have resulted in detaching Nova Scotia, which then included the present Province of New Brunswick, from the British Crown. This raid, which I do not remember to have seen even mentioned in any of the standard histories of the American Revolution, is still remembered in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which, as in the mother country, adjoin each other, though in different Provinces, as "Eddy's War."

Jonathan Eddy—*nomen clarum* if scarcely *venerabile*—was a resident and landed proprietor of Cumberland county, and had been a member of the Legislature of the Province. A native of one of the New England Provinces, probably Maine, he had been settled in Acadia for about twenty years. He was evidently one of those "brisk, bustling" individuals who delight to fish in troubled waters, one of that great company of revolutionary under-strappers who are always conveniently on hand to undertake a small, doubtful job, such as to the Revolutionary Congress then sitting at Philadelphia, and "thinking continentally" the conquest of Acadia probably appeared. Captain (or Colonel) Eddy, as he is indifferently called in the records, was killed some years later in the Revolutionary War.

Conditions in Acadia in that memorable year of 1775 were highly critical, and undoubtedly propitious for a sudden, well-concerted attack from the south. According to Beamish Murdock, the Nova Scotian historian, whose book, though of no particular literary merit, is a perfect mine of well-arranged information and enjoys a high and unchallenged reputation for accuracy, there were at this time only 1,330 regular troops in the Province. Of these, 350 were stationed at Halifax, and the remainder were distributed hundreds of miles apart as garrisons at Annapolis Royal, the ancient French capital; Fort Edward at Windsor; Fort Cumberland, near the modern town of Amherst (called by the French Beau Séjour) at the head of one of the arms of the Basin of Minas, and probably at Lunenburg, on the Atlantic coast, and at Canso on the straits of the same name, which separate Cape Breton Island from the mainland of Nova Scotia.

The Indians, who had warmly espoused the cause of the French in their long-drawn conflict with the English for the possession of Acadia, were known to be hostile and in a state of ominous unrest, and there was good reason to suppose that they were preparing to take the war-path. They were well armed and could muster several hundred warriors. Such French as remained in the Province were naturally, to say the least, lukewarm in their allegiance to the Bri-

tish Crown, and could not be relied on to render any active assistance in repelling an invasion. The very best that could be expected from them was a doubtful neutrality. But it was the attitude of the English-speaking portion of the inhabitants that caused the gravest anxiety and rendered the situation so exceedingly critical.

Nova Scotia and a portion of what is now the Province of New Brunswick had, after the deportation of the French Acadians in 1755, been extensively settled by immigrants from the New England provinces and other Northern American colonies, and in the counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, Colchester, and Cumberland, they were in a large majority. These new settlers, it was evident, as a body were in strong sympathy with the revolutionary party in the thirteen colonies. "From Cumberland to Onslow, and from Falmouth to Yarmouth," that is throughout the entire length of the Annapolis Valley, says, Mr. W. C. Milner, of Halifax, in a paper read last year before the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and to which I would here acknowledge my indebtedness for much valuable information, "the sympathizers with the war against the mother country formed the overwhelming majority." This, I have reason to believe, from the testimony of the descendants of these settlers, and from Beamish Murdock, is an over-statement as far as King's and Hants counties are concerned. As will be seen, these two counties, when the necessity arose, rendered valuable assistance to the Government. But of the other counties, and especially of Cumberland, it was undoubtedly true. Fourteen inhabitants of Cumberland, it is said, went to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, with a petition signed by six hundred residents of the country, asking for assistance to capture Fort Cumberland, or Beau Séjour, which commanded the Isthmus of Chignecto. At this time Quebec was closely invested by Montgomery, fresh from his victory at St. John, and all Canada, outside the walls of a few fortified places, was in the possession of the Continental troops. The English dominion in British North America had been reduced to a thing of shreds and patches and the outlook for its restoration or continuance was as gloomy and uncertain as could well be imagined.

Eddy's declared plan of campaign was to seize Fort Cumberland and then to immediately move on Halifax, raising the country on his way. Halifax at that time was unfortified on the land side. It contained large stores of war material, very inadequately defended by a feeble garrison, every man that could be spared having been despatched to reinforce the royal forces in the rebellious provinces to the south. The malcontents in Cumberland and Colchester counties made no secret of their disaffection, and the oath of allegiance tendered to the settlers by Colonel Goreham, commandant at Fort Cumberland, was everywhere flatly refused, only five out of the entire county of Colchester accepting it. Meanwhile, more than two hundred Indian warriors had assembled at Mirimichi, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and were evidently getting ready to take the field against the English.

Fortunately, or, as a Canadian loyalist of the old school, let me say "providentially," there was one man in the Province who by his counsel, personal influence and example was well able to cope with the situation, almost desperate as it must have appeared to many. Michael Franklin had just completed his ten years' term of service as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. An Englishman and native of Devonshire, he had come out to Halifax in his early manhood, where he had made a large fortune in business, and had risen, apparently by sheer force and ability and unaided by any family influence, to be the representative of the Crown. He owned at this time large estates

in Cumberland, on which he had settled a number of English farmers, nearly all Yorkshiremen. These people were known to be loyal, but were overawed by the American settlers who surrounded and greatly outnumbered them. Franklin's estate was then and for many years afterwards known as Franklin Manor." In his early life he had been taken prisoner by the Indians and kept for some time in captivity. While with them he learned their language and gained their affection, which he ever afterwards retained to a remarkable degree, as was dramatically demonstrated by the immense concourse of Indians at his funeral in Halifax some years later. He subsequently was appointed Indian agent, and, as will be seen, did splendid service in pacifying the St. John River tribes.

In the month of August, 1775, certain information was received at Halifax that a large party of Revolutionists, nearly all of them residents of the Province of Maine, were clearing a road through the forest from St. John River to Shepody (a corruption of the French words *chapeau dieu*) for the passage of the troops for an attack on Fort Cumberland.

Franklin, who held a colonel's commission, and who appears to have been in supreme command of the militia of the Province, with characteristic promptitude immediately embodied the militia in the counties of Hants and King's on the south side of the Basin of Minas, to the number of 450 men. Lieutenant-Governor Arbuthnot, Franklin's successor, and a son, by the way, of Queen Anne's celebrated physician, reports as follows concerning this force:

"I have taken an opportunity to visit the greater part of the townships of this Province, by Windsor, Horton, and Cornwallis, and reviewed the volunteer militia under the command of Colonel Franklin. They have bound themselves by oath to defend the Province against all invaders to the amount of 450 men. In the whole, your Lordship will conclude, I embraced these opportunities of being acquainted with the magistrates and bettermost people by dining together."

Further on he describes his visit to the townships of Onslow and Truro, beyond the Basin of Minas and situate in the county of Colchester, which he says are "inhabited by a strong, robust people, bigotted dissenters and, of course, great levellers." In Annapolis country to the west of Kings, no attempt was made to embody the militia, as the people generally refused to serve. Meanwhile the preparations for the invasion of Nova Scotia and the capture of Fort Cumberland were rapidly maturing. Further information was received that 800 Indians had assembled at Shepody to assist Eddy in his operations against Fort Cumberland, which was to be demolished. A move would then be made on Halifax and the naval yard destroyed.

Additional measures for the defence of the Province were at once taken. Vessels were despatched from Halifax down the Atlantic coast to guard against the depredations of the American privateers, which were very numerous and kept the coast settlements from the Basin of Minas to the vicinity of Halifax in a constant state of alarm, and in many cases inflicting severe damage. A nightly patrol was established at Halifax, and all persons coming into the town were ordered to report themselves at the secretary's office. A reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of Jonathan Eddy and his two lieutenants, both Cumberland men. It was also decided to garrison the seaport towns of Liverpool and Yarmouth, both of which had already been attacked by American privateers, and a force of regulars was despatched to the relief of Fort Cumberland, now in daily expectation of Eddy's attack.

Early in November, 1775, Colonel (or Captain) Eddy, with his rebel force numbering about 180, and chiefly recruits at Machias, in Maine, and at Maugerville, on the St. John River, appeared before Fort Cumberland

and closely invested it. The garrison is said to have numbered 260. Eddy's band, reinforced by his Indian allies and white sympathizers resident in the country, must have reached a total of at least one thousand. They made two unsuccessful night attacks on the fort, but succeeded, however, in capturing a vessel loaded with stores and about forty prisoners, among whom was "Parson Eagleson," the resident Anglican clergyman, a noted loyalist, at that time in the employment of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Colonel Franklin, across the bay, had meanwhile called out the militia and garrisoned Fort Edward, at that town, thus releasing the regular garrison for service elsewhere. Fort Edward, with its blockhouse and officers' quarters and earthen ramparts and moat, is still to be seen at Windsor. It occupied a commanding position overlooking the River Avon, one of the great tidal rivers of Nova Scotia.

Major Batt, commanding the relieving expedition, arrived by sea at Fort Cumberland in four small vessels on November 26th, and immediately attacked Eddy's besieging force, which speedily dispersed. The Americans sustained some trifling losses, and one Indian was killed. They fled through the forest to the St. John River, then the only highway in that part of the Province, and suffered terrible privations by the way.

Among the prisoners captured by Major Batt was Richard John Uniacke, who afterwards became famous as a lawyer and politician, and the founder of an illustrious Nova Scotian family which last century gave a number of eminent men to the Province. Uniacke, at this time, was under age, and was subsequently pardoned on account of his youth. In later years he became Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.

Many of Eddy's supporters resident in the county of Cumberland, after the relief of the fort, refused the oath of allegiance, and were in consequence obliged to leave the Province. Most of them appear to have settled in the State of Maine, where they received grants of land from Congress, as a compensation for their sacrifices in the Revolutionary cause, as the British loyalists in their turn and on a much larger scale were compensated by the home Government with grants of land in the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces.

In the following year a final attempt was made by the Americans to obtain a foothold in Acadia. A flotilla of whale boats from Machias, Maine, Eddy's starting point in the previous year, entered the St. John River, but were beaten off by a joint force of regulars and militia from Halifax and Windsor, under the combined command of Major Studholme and the indefatigable Colonel Franklin. Nova Scotia suffered severely during the Revolutionary War, and though never again invaded in force, was kept in continual alarm by the attacks of American privateers, of whose outrages many stories and traditions survive to this day among the older inhabitants of our coast towns and settlements.

During this troublous and critical period the Indians along the St. John River and on the northern shores of New Brunswick (though with the exception of the attack on Fort Cumberland they do not seem to have actually or overtly taken part in the military operations) occasioned much anxiety. For some time after Eddy's defeat they remained in a state of dangerous unrest, and were well known to be in close communication with the Americans. Colonel Franklin accordingly undertook the task of pacifying them, for which, by his knowledge of their language and character, he was eminently fitted. Treaties were made with the St. John River Indians, known as the Malecites, and also with the Mickmacs of Nova Scotia. Money presents amounting to several thousands of dollars were given and certain lands granted.

After this the Indian scare died out, and we hear of no more trouble on that score.

As the employment of Indians by the British in the Revolutionary War has always been one of the stock charges against the mother country by American writers, the following statement, written by Colonel Franklin to Lord George Germaine, on June 6th, 1778, is interesting:

"The several tribes of the Passamaquoddie, St. John's, and Mickmac Indians are not less than 500 fighting men. Part of those of Passamaquoddie and St. John's River, prior to my appointment, were in arms against the King, and with the rebels at the investment of Fort Cumberland, having been influenced thereto by letters from Mr. Washington and by very considerable presents from the Massachussetts government, and there are now emissaries in the western boundaries of this Province to detach them."

Colonel Franklin's statement as to Washington's personal complicity in stirring up the Indians is confirmed by another letter written by Lieutenant-Governor Hughes to the English Secretary of State on October 12th, 1778. After relating the ratification of a solemn treaty of peace with the Malecites, Mickmacs, and Mirimichi Indians, who took the oath of allegiance on their knees and gave a belt of wampum to the superintendent (Colonel Franklin), he concludes:

"We were really fortunate in this business, for these savages had actually sent in a formal declaration of war to Major Studholme, and returned the British flag to him at Fort Howe. He (Major S.) speaks of the talents, zeal, and diligence of Honourable Mr. Franklin, our superintendent for Indian affairs, to whose discreet conduct and steady perseverance, assisted by Major Studholme and M. Bourg, the priest, we owe the success of the treaty. He says the Indian chiefs returned into the hands of our superintendent the presents which they had received from the rebel, General Washington."

The British were no doubt occasionally assisted in their military operations by loyal Indians, who were under strict military discipline, but Washington seems to have incited the Indians to a general attack upon the settlements, which is an entirely different matter.

During the war of 1812-14, while no attempt was made by the Americans to invade Nova Scotia, its coasts were again harried by privateers. This time, however, the Nova Scotians were in a position to retaliate, and privateering became a most lucrative business, and the foundations of more than one large fortune were laid during this period.

LAW PRESUPPOSES UNIFORMITY

BY S. T. WOOD

WAILS, protests, and even jibes of ridcule are heard from time to time because every application for divorce in Ontario and Quebec is decided on its own merits and not on the merits of other cases declared in the abstract form of statutory enactments. There is no divorce law in these Provinces. Every divorce is a Dominion statute—a private bill similar to an Act incorporating a company. Parliament decides each case on its merits, instead of enacting a law and having each case decided by a court. Looked at without inherited prejudice, the present system gives little ground for complaint. An application by a man or woman desiring release from a life undertaking is submitted to a committee, selected by the most complete and comprehensive process imaginable. The people choose by vote their wisest men for rulers. These rulers meet and select supervisors of their work, men so much wiser than themselves that they are accorded supervisory powers for life. And these wiser than the wise select from among themselves a special committee, free from all restraints of precedent and misconceptions of statutory pre-judgment. This committee hears each case and decides whether or not the applicant shall be released from a bond that has come to be regarded as intolerable. The decision can be reversed or rendered nugatory by a full concourse of the chosen of the people or by the chosen of the chosen, but this seldom or never occurs.

That a system so perfect should be challenged, criticized, condemned, and assailed with demands for a radical change shows how easily the vision may be perverted by long familiarity with the indefensible. Those who contend that it is not the duty of collective authority or the state to make people live together or remain legally tied when they do not so desire, or prevent them from living together if they do, need not be considered. Nor it is necessary to consider those who object to the requirement of airing scandals when someone wants to untie the matrimonial knot. The objection to be considered is that of the thoroughly orthodox, who think if both want release it is collusion, and their wish should not be granted—that release is permissible only when one party wants it and the other does not, and when the one who does is able and willing to expose a scandal involving the other. These think it a serious mistake for the selected wise to meet and decide a case on its merits. They hold that the decision of a case from that standpoint is contrary to all precedent and subversive of law and order. The duty of elected representatives, according to what must be regarded as the orthodox view, is not to decide a concrete case, but an abstract case—that is, to make a decision applicable to all cases. Of course, that is impossible, but the fact has never deterred elected or selected representatives from making the attempt.

There are no abstract cases. A law

is merely a decision governing the necessarily few concrete cases the legislators happen to call to mind when they are framing it. They expect the judge to make it fit cases they do not foresee. Of course, he cannot do so, although sometimes he tries earnestly. He is forced continually to decide each case according to an abstract interpretation of some other issue more or less dissimilar. And so accustomed are we to this that we not only think it right and proper, but are prepared to denounce the deciding of each case independently as un-British, subversive of public order, and a defect, calling for a remedial change. Such is the criticism and condemnation to which the practice of deciding each application for divorce on its merits is exposed. The orthodox-minded think a court should decide each case according to a law which must necessarily be a decision of some other case real or imaginary.

So deeply rooted is popular belief in not only the possibility but the advisability and necessity of laws for guidance, that the Senatorial Committee is always inclined to imagine the existence of one or more. A persistent product of this imagination is the rule that if both parties want release they should be kept together. Another imagined law runs to the effect that the applicant must bring evidence of misconduct on the part of his or her life partner. Parliament is supreme, and can grant a divorce on any ground or on no ground, but so strong is the idea of applying a past decision to a present case that members cannot resist the impulse to tie themselves up to imaginary laws. This tendency is not generally satisfying, so every year produces a demand for the establishing of a court that would be obliged to decide each application according to findings on the real and imaginary situations in the minds of the legislators when in the act of framing divorce laws.

If Parliament were to fill a library with divorce laws they would not cover all the issues arising in deciding the possibility of two persons living together, amicably or advantageously, in the marital relationship. The lawmakers would require prophetic vision with insight and imagination beyond human capacity. But the fact that such legislation is impossible does not explain the reluctance of legislators towards making the attempt. An American humourist says that only one man in a hundred can whistle, but that does not prevent the other ninety-nine from trying. Multitudes of yearly amendments in other fields of legislation show the impossibility of devising formulæ that can be applied to all human relationship, but the attempt to do so is made with perfect confidence again and again. The sound system of dealing with each case, instead of trying to make general decisions to fit all cases, has been adopted with regard to divorce in Ontario and Quebec, not because of any special wisdom regarding the impossibility of legislation, but because churches holding the belief that divorce is a sin have sufficient influence to warn off legislators. It is not because our politicians see the futility of attempt to legislate. Were they so discerning they would also see the futility of attempts at putting other human relationships into formulæ. They see that recognition given to divorce by general legislation would give offence to the religious convictions of a large part of the community and would be in consequence politically dangerous. An occasional demand is heard for a divorce law and a divorce court that would bring the marriage tie under the same jurisdiction as other subjects of which organized society takes cognizance. It would be much more wise to profit by the lessons of the situation and bring other personal and corporate issues under the same supervision as is now exercised in regard to the mar-

riage tie. Instead of trying to institute two authorities over divorce, the one to make laws and the other to apply them, we should seek to establish for other matters requiring authoritative decisions a system with but one tribunal dealing specifically with each case. The more such a system is contemplated in the light of the present continuous and unconscious failure confessed in a multitude of yearly amendments, the less startling it appears. To decide every case, civil and criminal, not on its own merits, but on the merits of other cases, necessarily dissimilar, is not a public moral obligation—only a long-established custom.

PASTOURELLE

By FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

WHEN that the sweet May-time was i-comen in,
With reddening bud and shimmer of green and blue,
When all the feathered phratries made sweet din,
From tree to tree, the whole green boscage through,
I took my steed, gold-saddled (tira-li),
And rode to pluck the roses of the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

My head bowed down in thought, amidst the glad,
Soft lyric raptures of the trembling Spring,
I rode along, and all my soul was sad,
Thinking of Love, when Love shall have its fling:
High on my steed, gold-saddled (tira-li),
I rode to pluck the roses of the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

I heard a rippling trill of silvery carm,
Just as I turned a by-way—all my soul
Leaped up to meet the sweet harmonic charm:
My rapture was a weft of pleasure and dole;
Tranced, on my gold-trapped steed (tir-tira-li),
I did forget the roses on the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

The song did cease. I spurred my milky steed,
And rode beneath the lilac blossoms' sweet;
The voice had drunken me like rich old mead,
My heart was thrilled with yearning visions fleet;
Spurring my steed, gold-saddled (tira-li),
I rode at last out o'er the rose-strewn lea.
(Tantanterai!)

There sat a shepherd maid (O witchery!);
Her hair was blonde as yellow wheat; her face
Fairer than Helen's; her eyes, now turned on me,
Were blue as young anenomes; I could trace
On dewy lips, half-opened (tira-li),
A sweeter rose than any on the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

No word she spake; but just a pearly gleam
  Of inward laughter broke the scarlet glow.
I sat entranced as Man held fast in dream;
  Until at last my soul did overflow.
"O maiden sweet!" I murmured (tira-li),
"Thou art more fair than all the flow'r-gemmed lea!
    (Tantanterai!)

"Thou art the vision which my soul hath seen;
  I love thee more than all the vaunted store
Of the world's wisdom; blind sure have I been,
  Conning my musty vella o'er and o'er!
O maiden, thou art symbol (tira-li)
Of blisses sweeter than the rose-flamed lea!"
    (Tantanterai!)

Still the maid smiled, and strangely, silent gazed.
  At last: "Fair Knight, thou know'st me yet not well.
I am to thee eke heaven and eke hell,
  Inseparable. My eyes, to thine up-raised,
Are elixirs and poisons (tira-li).
Safer for thee are roses of the lea!"
    (Tantanterai!)

I flung me down from off my gold-trapped steed.
  "'*Safe*' is no word for me and thee!" I cried:
"Fain would I drink, like heady draughts of mead,
  The fragrance of thy mouth so long denied."
She raised her hand, and turned her (tira-li)
Toward the jewelled lustre of the lea.
    (Tantanterai!)

"Well may'st thou drink, like heady draughts of mead,
  The fragrance of my mouth so long denied:
Yet it shall come to envy of thy steed,
  That crops the grasses of the meadow wide;
But such as he shall gain Peace (tira-li)
Upon the sweet enamel of this lea!"
    (Tantanterai!)

Reckless I seized her head of yellow gold,
  And raised the drooping flower of her face
Upward to mine; her eyes' lids did unfold,
  Like two wan, fluttering curtains of thin lace,
Upon the scarlet curvings (tira-li)
Of her sweet mouth, within that shimmering lea—
    (Tantanterai!)

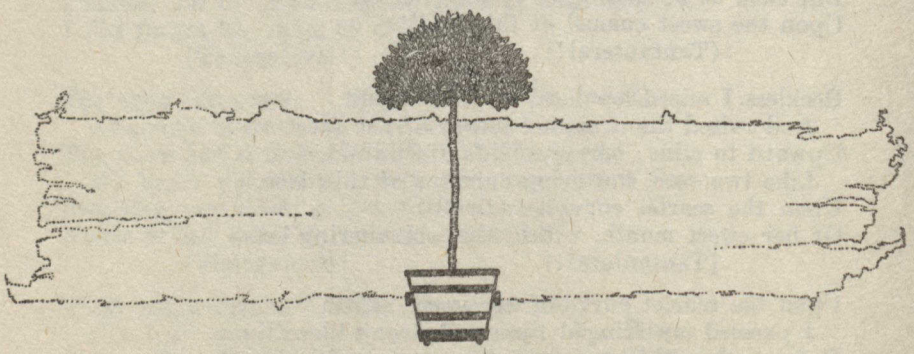
Upon the scarlet curve of her sweet mouth
  I pressed my fringéd lips; and drank like rain
Her breath within my soul, deep-seared with drouth:
  In silence there we clung, enchained, we twain,
By lightest pressure of warm flesh (tira-li)
Upon the fragrant censers of the lea.
    (Tantanterai!)

Then she drew back. My heart was filled with ruth,
Brimmed with strange, bitter pain. "Farewell!" she cried,
With mocking laughter: "All my passionate youth
Hath now coursed through thee: better thou hadst died!"
She did arise, and, laughing (tira-li)
She fled across the roses of the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

When that the sweet May-time was i-comen in,
With reddening burgeon; shimmer of green and blue;
When all the feathered phratries made sweet din,
From tree to tree, the whole lush verdure through,
I mounted steed, gold-saddled (tira-li),
And left the roses blooming on the lea.
(Tantanterai!)

And ever from that gladsome morn of May,
My heart was gnawn with anguish, sorrow-swept;
Peace spread white wings and left me; Vella slept,
Grown o'er with spidery laces; from that day
I sought the poisoned sweetness (tira-li)
Of scarlet lips upon a rose-strewn lea.
(Tantanterai!)

But all the lips that since were pressed on mine,
Quenched not my thirst insatiable. I did ride
North, east, south, west, beyond horizon line;
No solace found I; men did me deride;
Gone now all comfort; vanished (tira-li),
Within the haunting sweetness of that lea.
(Tantanterai!)



TRILLIUMS

From the water-colour drawing by Robert Holmes. Contributed to the Canadian National Patriotic Fund

THE RACE WITH A STAMPEDE

BY W. McD. TAIT

IT was dark and no mistake. The round-up was on the foot-hills of the Canadian Rockies, and the prairie as far east as Stand Off and Slide Out had been thoroughly ridden and the beef gathered. We were holding a big herd of steers for a week, getting ready to ship at Peigan Siding, and it was a lazy enough life, except the night-work. We were camped at Long Bottom, on the Kootenai, where there was plenty of grass to graze the bunch in the daytime and water where two thousand head could drink at once and never one bog or give any trouble. Two men on "day herd" at a time could handle them easily enough, and as there were nine of us, or enough for three guards of three men each, we had nothing much to complain of.

Old Morton was on the "chuck wagon," and, as the Cochrane Ranch Company was putting up the "grub stake," there was nothing lacking in stuff to eat. Morton built pies and puddings that were never excelled anywhere, and occasionally he had a plum duff for supper that simply exhausted the culinary art.

The steers were mud fat, as the boys say, and were easily satisfied with grass and water long before time for bedding-down. Most every night they would take a little run, and it usually took all hands an hour or so to get them back to the bed-ground and quieted down, which didn't tend to make us any better natured when the cook yelled, "Roll out! Roll out!" at four o'clock next morning.

It was the month of October, and the weather had been fine ever since we started in, but this morning it clouded over and in the west, toward sunset, great black clouds crept down the peaks of the Rockies, and overhead little detached patches had gone scudding across the sky, although below on the prairie not a breath of air was stirring. The roar of thunder seemed to be tearing the forest from its native roots, and occasionally a flame of lightning would dart down the mountainside through the rapidly-darkening sky.

At eight o'clock, when the first night-herd went out to take the bunch for the first three hours' watch, it was almost black dark. "Alkali Pete," the boss of the outfit, came out with them and asked us how the cattle acted and told the boys to be careful, and if it rained and the herd drifted to try and keep them pointed toward the bottom, if possible, for fear of some of them beating back to the Stand Off range and losing themselves.

As we rode back to camp we both agreed that the very first clap of thunder near at hand would send the whole herd flying, and that if it rained it would be very hard to hold them. He told all hands not to picket their night horses, but to tie them up to the "chuck wagon" all ready for instant use.

Perhaps I should explain a little about this business, so that my readers may understand what a "bed-ground" is and how the boys stand guard. At sunset the day herders work the herd up toward camp slow-

ly, and as the leaders feed along to about three or four yards from camp, one of the boys rides out in front and stops them until the whole herd gradually draws together in a compact body. If they have been well grazed and watered that day they will soon begin to lie down, and in an hour probably nine-tenths of them will be quietly lying and chewing their cuds. All this time the cowboys are slowly riding round them, each man riding alone, and in an opposite direction from the other, so that they meet twice in each circuit. If any adventurous steer should attempt to graze off, he is sure to be seen and driven back into the herd.

The place where the cattle are held at night is called the "bed-ground," and it is the duty of the day herders, who have cared for them all day, to have them on the bed-ground and bedded before dark, when the first guard comes out and takes them off their hands.

Well, as I said at the beginning, it was dark, and although it was not raining when they left camp, the boys had put on their oil-skin coats, well knowing that they would have no time to do it when the rain began to fall.

The three men on first guard were typical Texas boys, raised in the saddle, insensible to hardship and exposure and the hardiest and most reckless riders in the outfit. One of them named "Shorty" Holder was a great singer; he usually sang all the time he was on guard. It is always a good thing, especially on a dark night, to sing, for somehow it seems to reassure and quiet cattle to hear the human voice at night, and it is well, too, that they are not critical, for some of the musical efforts are extremely crude. Most cow-punchers confine themselves to hymns picked up, probably, when they were children.

I lost no time in rolling out my bed and turning in, only removing my boots, heavy leather chaps and hat, and two minutes later I was sound asleep. How long I slept I cannot say, but I was awakened by a row among the night-horses tied to the "chuck-wagon."

It is hard to find words to describe a stampede of two thousand head of long-horned range steers. It is a scene never to be forgotten. They crowd together in their mad fright, hoofs crack and rattle, horns clash, and a low moan goes through the herd as if they were suffering pain. Nothing stands in their way; small trees and bushes are torn down as if by a tornado; and no fence was ever built that would turn them. Woe betide the luckless rider who, racing recklessly in front of them, waving his slicker or big hat, or shooting in their faces to turn them, has his pony stumble or step into a badger-hole or fall, for he is sure to be trampled to death by their hoofs. And yet they will suddenly stop, throw up their heads. look at one another as if to say, "What on earth were we running for?" and in fifteen minutes every last one of them will be lying as quietly as any old pet milk-cow in an east country farm-yard.

About half the time you can tell what stampedes cattle, and half the time you can't. Sometimes a herd will be lying fast asleep on a quiet night, and suddenly a steer jumps up, sends a great snorting puff from his nostrils and races off into the darkness. And behind him may race two thousand of his companions, all going for dear life, and apparently scared out of their wits.

One night I saw a herd stampeded by the lighting of a cigarette. The cattle were sleeping peacefully, when one of the Mexican herders, riding slowly on his pony around the outskirts of the herd, rolled himself a cigarette, took out the flint and steel, an ancient way of striking a light which we ranchers have, and proceeded to light up. At the very first sharp click of the steel against the flint a big steer jumped to his feet with a snort, and before you could say Jack Robinson, every other one of those two thousand head of cattle

was careering wildly over the plain and rushing with frantic, blind terror and a great thunder of hoofs, which fairly shook the ground, into the dark night. Men could no more have stopped that stampede than a man could hold a steam engine with one hand. It took ten days to get the herd together again.

Another time I saw a herd stampeded by a man removing a slicker from his saddle. The night was intensely dark, and it had begun to sprinkle. A cowboy started to put on his slicker—such a coat as fishermen and sailors call an oil-coat. It stuck to the saddle where he had it strapped, and as he pulled it free it made a crackling sound. In an instant the sleeping herd was awake and off like the wind over the plains.

I happened to be on my horse right in the path, and there was nothing for it but to ride for life. Away we went across the midnight plains, my horse straining every nerve and sinew, and I urging him forward with the certain knowledge that if he stumbled the terrified animals behind me would trample us into the mud. The only thing to do under such circumstances is to keep going and try to keep out of the way if you can. Suddenly in the darkness my horse struck a barbed wire. I heard the wire snap like pistol-shots as my horse plunged through the obstruction. "It's all up with me; this is my last herd," thought I to myself. I supposed the wire would have so cut my horse that the animal would die from loss of blood—then the end come. But he kept straight on, and for an hour I rode at terrific speed. Then I knew by the sound of the trampling feet of the herd that it had swerved to one side; at any rate, I knew that I was no longer in its path. I was safe, but badly used up, and when I drew reign my poor horse was nearly dead, not from wounds, but sheer exhaustion.

Don't believe anyone who tells you that a herd of stampeded cattle can be stopped when once it has got fairly going. It can't be done. Before it is under way—at the very first, before the animals have got really going—a stampede can be stopped or rather prevented, by a skilful cowboy; but not after the panic has seized the steers in its grip.

Sometimes it doesn't even take the striking of steel against flint, or even the crackling of a slicker, to cause a stampede. The animals break out apparently from sheer nervous hysteria. Cattle are queer creatures, and even we who live all the time amongst them do not understand them thoroughly. But I am to tell of another race with a stampede.

I turned lazily in my bed and saw that a huge black cloud had come up rapidly from the west and bid fair soon to shut out the moon. I snuggled down in my blankets and was wondering if we would have to turn out to hold the steers if it rained, when the silence of the night was broken by a peal of thunder that fairly split the skies. It brought every man in camp to his feet, for high above the reverberation of the thunder was the roar and rattle of a stampede.

The cattle broke right down on the camp, and we all ran to the "chuck wagon" for safety; but they swung off about a hundred feet from the camp and raced by us like the wind, horns clashing, hoofs rattling, and the earth fairly shaking with the mighty tread.

Riding well in front of the herd was "Shorty," trying to turn the leaders. As he flew by he shouted in his dare-devil way, "Here's trouble, fellows," and was lost in the darkness and dust. Of course, all this took but a moment. We quickly recovered ourselves, pulled on boots, flung ourselves into our saddles, and tore out into the dark, with Alkali Pete in the lead. I was neck and neck with him as we caught up with the end of the herd, and called to him, "Pete, they're headed for the cut-bank; if we go over some of us will get hurt." Just then, "Bang!

Bang! Bang!" went a revolver ahead of us, and we knew that "Shorty" had realized where he was going, and was trying to turn the leaders by shooting in their faces.

These cutbanks are curious phenomena and very dangerous. The Kootenai in freshet time becomes turbulent and often carries away tons and tons of gravel and earth, only to pile it up farther down the stream. At Long Bottom the swift rushing water had dug into a bend in the shore just below our camp and left a straight cut of fifty feet. From this cut and running back from it some hundreds of feet are a series of ditches or cracks made by the bench water on its way to the river. Some of them are ten feet wide and twenty-five feet deep; others are only a few feet deep and run back for miles on the top land. In the narrow ditches long grass hides the depth so a horse does not see them till he is fairly into them, and every cowboy dreaded that part of the Kootenai range.

Alkali and I soon came to what, in the dust and darkness, we took to be the leaders, and, drawing our revolvers, we began to fire in front of them, and quickly turned them to the right, and by pressing down from that side we crowded them round more and more until we soon had the whole herd running round and round in a circle, or "milling," as we call it, and in the course of fifteen minutes we got them quieted down enough to be left again in charge of the regular guard.

Alkali sent me round the herd to tell the second guardsmen to take charge, as it was their time, and for the rest of us to go to the camp, which was nearby, a mile distant, and visible only because Morton, the cook, had got up and built a fire, well knowing we could not get down the cut without it.

Before we got there the rain began, and we were all wet to the skin; but we tied up our ponies again, and five seconds after I lay down I was sound asleep and heard nothing till the cook started his unearthly yell of "Roll out! Roll out! Chuck away!" I pulled off the heavy canvas I had pulled over me to keep the rain out of my face, and got up. The storm was over, and in the east the morning star was just beginning to fade, and the sky was taking that peculiar gray look that precedes the dawn and sunrise The night horse-wrangler was working his horses up towards camp, and the three or four bells in the bunch jingled merrily and musically in the cool fresh air.

We all were sleepy and cold, and as we sat around the fire to eat, someone said: "Where's Holder?" The foreman glanced round the circle of men, set down his plate and cup, and strode over to where "Shorty" had rolled out his bed the evening before. It was empty and, what was more, had not been slept in at all. A hasty questioning developed the fact that none of us had noticed him after we had come in from the stampede.

"Well," said Alkali, "it's one of two things: either he has run into one of those blamed cracks and is hurt or else he has got a bunch of steers that got cut off from the herd in the rain and has had to stay with 'em all night, because he got so far from camp he couldn't work 'em back alone." As this was not an unusual thing, we all felt sure it was the case, and, after a hasty breakfast, all of us but the men just off guard struck out to look for him.

Somehow I felt a premonition of trouble as I rode out into the prairie, and leaving the rest to scatter out in different directions, I rode straight for the cracks. It was an easy matter to trail up the herd, and as I looked along I could not get "Shorty's" hymns out of my head. As I drew near the crack country I saw by the trail that we had not been at the leaders when we thought we were, but had cut in between them and the main herd. I could see our tracks where we had swung them round, leaving probably one hundred head out.

I hurried along their trail, and as the daylight got stronger and the sun began to peep over the hills, I could make out, about a couple of miles from me, a bunch of cattle feeding. I knew this was the bunch I was trailing, and already some of the other boys had seen them also and were hurrying towards them. But between me and the cattle was, I knew, a dangerous crack. It was some six feet wide and ten deep, and probably half a mile long. If "Shorty" had ridden into that he was either dead or badly hurt. As I neared the cracks, my heart sank, for I saw the trail would strike it fairly about the widest place, and my worst fears were realized when I reached it, for there lying under a dozen head of dead and dying steers was poor "Shorty." The trail told the whole story. He had almost turned them when they reached the crack, and he had ridden into it sideways or diagonally, and some twenty steers had followed, crushing him and his horse to death, and killing about a dozen of them. The balance were wandering around in the bottom of the crack, following it to the river in an attempt to get out.

Drawing my six-shooter I fired two shots, which in cowboy and frontier sign language means, "Come to me." The punchers quickly rode over to where I was, and we managed to get "Shorty" out from under his horse and up on top. Tenderly we laid his body across the saddle and lashed it with a rope, and, taking the man thus dismounted up behind me, we led the horse with its sad burden back to camp.

I think death, when it strikes among them, always affects rough men more than it does men of finer sensibilities and breeding. They get over it more quickly, but for the time the former seem to be fairly overwhelmed with the mystery of death, and seem dazed and helpless and often lose their heads.

But "Alkali Pete" quickly pulled himself together. It was thirty miles to Fort Macleod, and with our heavy chuck wagon it would take more than a day to get the body there. Packing it on a horse was out of the question, so we decided to bury him near the camp.

"Shorty" had no relatives in Alberta, nor any closer friends than ourselves, so we thought no wrong would be done anyone by burying him there. We laid his crushed body under a little shady poplar, and Alkali and I went to find a place to dig a grave. About half a mile from Long Bottom was a big rock which in the glacier age had been deposited with others in a string running southeast and northwest in the foothills. The cattle-men of the south had christened it "Lone Rock," and some years later a ranch nearby took its name. It was a landmark for miles round, and as Alkali remarked, "It was a blamed sight better headstone than they'd give him in the little yard at the Fort."

So we dug his grave, and then wrapped him in a gorgeous Indian blanket, which poor "Shorty" had carried with him to all the outfits he had worked for in late years, and laid him away as carefully and tenderly as in our rough way we knew how.

The day herders had grazed the herd up close to the rock, so they could be at the burial; the cattle were scattered around us, and the cook had taken out the chuck box and used the chuck wagon in which to bring the body over.

When the last sods were placed on the mound, Alkali, with tears, which he vainly tried to wipe away, running down his sunburned face, slowly and brokenly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and with broken hearts and bowed heads we joined in the "Amen," and went back to our beef drive to Peigan Siding.

FATHER AND SON

BY M. B. PHIPPS

THERE are but few men who, after the trying ordeal of a hot, dusty, all-night journey in the stuffy confines of a day coach, are able to preserve a dignified bearing. The Honourable John Heston was one of the exceptions; and now, as he dismissed the bell-boy with the Canadian dime which he had saved for such an occasion, his features did not relax from their expression of stern, unyielding determination.

As the bell-boy closed the door with an expressive bang, Mr. Heston seated himself and extracted from an inside pocket a crumpled sheet of yellow paper. He knew the wording of that telegram by heart, but he carefully perused it once more. It ran as follows:

> Don't believe all the rot in the papers, I was not drunk. The man we hit deliberately jumped in front of us. It wasn't our fault; anyhow, he isn't much hurt. It is just a shyster hold-up. It's an awful mess though, and if you will come on and straighten things out I'll be eternally grateful. Mr. Cohen, of Black, Cohen, McCarthy and Knight, in the Century Building, is my attorney. Do come to the rescue, Dad, just this once more. I am going to cut it all out in the future.
>
> JACK.

The cheerful disregard for expense (it had not been sent as a night message) was not lost upon Mr. Heston, for the telegram had been marked "collect." The hard line about his mouth tightened as he crossed to the telephone and proceeded to look up the number of Messrs. Black, Cohen, McCarthy and Knight.

"This is Mr. John Heston speaking," he announced. "I am given to understand that my son, Mr. John Heston, Jr., has retained you as counsel."

Mr. Cohen, at the other end of the wire, suavely replied that Mr. Heston, Sr., had not been deceived.

"Then," Mr. Heston, Sr., continued, "I want you distinctly to understand that you must look to your client for your fee. He is of age, and I refuse absolutely to have anything to do with him. I left home immediately upon the receipt of his telegram, prepared once more to come to his assistance, but after reading on the train the newspaper accounts of the disgraceful affair, I have decided to wash my hands of the whole matter, and nothing which you or my son may say can alter my determination. Good-bye."

And before the first words of protest from Mr. Cohen could reach his ears, Mr. Heston had hung up the receiver. Thus passing upon the predicament of his only son, who, for aught he knew, was still languishing in jail, Mr. Heston turned his attention to his own affairs. A bath and sleep, he decided, would not be amiss, especially as the first train back did not leave the city for several hours.

And right here is where Fate took a hand in the affairs of the Heston family; or, possibly, Fate had already

intervened when Mr. Heston, contrary to his usual carefulness, had neglected to lock the door after the disgruntled bell-boy's departure. Or, perhaps, what is more likely, Fate loomed up on the horizon when a Canadian dime was transferred to a boy's expectant palm. Had the coin been the quarter which, according to our best hotel etiquette, the occasion demanded, the door would not have been slammed so hard as to rebound beyond the spring lock.

Be that as it may, while Mr. Heston lay motionless in the bath-tub, his tired spirit lulled to semi-consciousness by the tepid water, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance tripped lightly down the hotel corridor. The fact that the door of Mr. Heston's apartment stood ajar did not escape his attention; the prepossessing gentleman made his living, and, from his appearance it seemed a fairly good living, by not allowing any such details to escape his attention. Pausing long enough to make sure that no one was in sight, he pushed open the door, and, with the key to his own room held in plain view of anyone who might be within, entered, and closed the door behind him.

Mr. Heston remained blissfully unconscious of what was taking place in his bedroom, until, rousing himself at last from his doze, his glance happened to wander through the half-open door and rest upon the mirror. For an instant he sat paralyzed, watching with fascinated interest the reflection of a debonair gentleman who seemed to be occupied in closing a bulging travelling bag. Mr. Heston gasped, and as he gasped he sprang from the tub and rushed into the bedroom. Apparently he was unexpected, for the gentleman with the travelling bag, Mr. Heston's travelling bag, seemed somewhat startled, but the catapult-like entrance of a person of cadaverous appearance, clad in the costume prescribed for the most informal hours at a Turkish bath, is enough to startle anyone.

Unfortunately for Mr. Heston, the bed lay between him and the object of his interest, and when he had managed to skid around the foot of the bed, both object and bag were disappearing through the door. The flying leap which he made for the escaping coat tails would have filled John Heston, Jr., with admiration, had he been there to witness the exhibition; but sad to relate, the attempted tackle failed. That it was a game attempt to bring down a runner from behind, seemed to bring no consolation to Mr. Heston's sorely tried soul, for, even as he stumbled through the open doorway and crashed into the opposite wall, he set up a cry of "Stop thief!" Down the corridor, which now reverberated with Mr. Heston's cries, the thief, instead of stopping as by request, flew with an amazing burst of speed, and disappeared around a corner.

The slam of a door close at hand, the distant sound of hurrying footsteps, and a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach seemed to reach Mr. Heston simultaneously, although, in reality, the sinking sensation was the direct result of the slamming door and the hurrying steps. The door in question was none other than the one leading to Mr. Heston's apartment, and, upon this occasion, as the unfortunate gentleman immediately discovered, the spring lock had done its duty.

The east wind had been responsible for much mischief, but never, from Mr. Heston's viewpoint, had it played such a diabolical prank as this.

The footsteps were rapidly approaching when Mr. Heston, abandoning his futile efforts to force the door, fled in panic-stricken terror in search of some haven of refuge. A scandalized feminine shriek and the slam of yet another door, gave him the pleasant information that he had not been unobserved and, in wild-eyed frenzy, he sought something, anything, which might serve to shield his nakedness from a jeering world. A cocoa-fibre mat outside the door of some favoured guest caught his attention, and, as it

was the one and only thing movable in sight (one might think that the hotel management expected the arrival of a college football team) he made a dash for it.

Now, a cocoa-fibre door mat has its uses in the world, and it probably fulfills its destiny just as successfully as do many other things with a higher mission in life, but as a substitute for wearing apparel it is a dismal failure; nor can it be said that it meets with much success as an understudy for a piece of garden shrubbery, behind which unfortunate naked gentlemen may hide. Mr. Heston had added but little to his personal adornment when frantically he seized upon the coca-fibre door-mat.

"This is a nightmare," he moaned, "and I'll wake up in a minute, I know, but it's awful, awful!"

And the distracted man kept repeating, "I'll wake up in a minute; I'll wake up in a minute," as he dashed back and forth.

The words "Service Room," painted on a door past which Mr. Heston had several times hurtled in unseeing terror, at last forced themselves upon his notice. He made for that room like a homing pigeon, and fell into its sheltering darkness just too late to be unseen by the person of the heavy tread, who at that instant, made his appearance.

The title "Service Room" was a misnomer, for the room was merely a closet, but its musty odour of old brooms, damp mops, and yellow soap was, to Mr. Heston's quivering nostrils, as a spice-laden breeze from Araby the Blest. He was not destined, however, long to enjoy the privacy of his wildly sought refuge.

When the heavy footstep halted outside his closet door, Mr. Heston's ears were assailed by a shrill feminine voice. "He's in there," the voice said, "in that service room."

"It's all right, now, ma'am," a masculine voice assured her, "I'll have him outer there in a jiffy." And then the voice was drowned in a perfect bedlam of semi-hysterical conversation, which, to Mr. Heston's tortured mind, seemed to emanate from every door along the corridor. It was quite evident that his cry of "Stop thief" had reached other ears than those of the despoiler of his wardrobe and the owner of the heavy footsteps.

In the struggle which ensued, Mr. Heston was clearly at a disadvantage, for one hand was employed in the obvious necessity of adjusting the intricate folds of his cocoa-fibre mat draperies. Presently the door was yanked open, and with the door, same Mr. Heston, clinging tenaciously to the handle.

"For the love o' Mike," gasped the heavy footsteps person, a house detective, "where'd you come from?"

The redoubled chorus of female shrieks would have drowned any answer which the unhappy man might have made even had he been in a condition for coherent speech, which, most decidedly, he was not. Mr. Heston was a man of great natural dignity, but even Mr. Heston, his son's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, was human, and—well, even an ex-vice-president of any more or less important railway could scarcely, under similar circumstances, be expected to retain that dignity of bearing for which he is noted. No, a gentleman whose entire visible wardrobe consists of a hastily-devised toga, a toga which but an instant before had appeared to the world as a door-mat and nothing else, cannot fairly be held to account if his dignity, for the nonce, seems to have disappeared into thin air.

"Say," announced the detective somewhat belligerently, and with less tact than a hotel employee is supposed to use toward paying guests, "if you women is so horrified at seeing a naked man there ain't no law compellin' you to stand peekin' out o' your doors, you know."

The response to this observation was the instant and indignant slamming of many doors, but, by the time Mr. Heston had been soothed to a

condition in which he was able to inform the detective whence he had come, they were all again open, and twenty pairs of sensation-seeking eyes followed the line of march to Mr. Heston's room. No gauntlet ever contrived by blood-thirsty redskins could have held the terror for its unfortunate victim as did that double row of eyes for the cringing wretch with the door-mat.

With the aid of his pass-key the detective opened the door to Mr. Heston's room and glanced about. The one thing noticeable was the entire lack of anything not the property of the hotel. The visitor had made a clean sweep, not even scorning to take Mr. Heston's soft coal-smoked collar.

"Why," his captor exclaimed, "this ain't your room; this room's empty." And the unfortunate part of it was, that by this time the only thing of which Mr. Heston was absolutely sure, was that he was in the midst of the most unpleasant nightmare he had ever experienced. No, he wasn't sure, the detective probably was right; undoubtedly, this was not his room. He didn't know where it was; he thought he remembered the number was 816, but he wasn't sure; if this was 816, and it was not his room, as the detective assured him it was not, then he didn't know where it was. He had reached the state of mind that when his inquisitor asked if he had taken it with him when he went to give his Salome act in the corridor, he could not be certain about it.

"It's the nut fact'ry for yours, all right," the detective cheerfully informed him. "You come along with me."

With his door-mat replaced by a blanket stripped from the bed in room 816, Mr. Heston meekly followed his captor to the service elevator, and presently found himself in the trunk-room surrounded by a group of grinning porters.

"Now," the detective whom the porters addressed as Mr. Clancy, reasoned aloud, "it ain't likely you was dressed in that there door-mat when you come in, so your clothes must be somewheres around. You can't seem to remember the number of your room, so I guess I'll try and locate it for you before I telephone for the wagon."

"My clothes were stolen," Mr. Heston exclaimed, convinced at last that he was not enjoying a most realistic nightmare; "they were stolen while I was in the bath-tub."

"Stolen, eh?" Mr. Clancy, with a wink at the porters, commented sympathetically, "now, that's too bad, ain't it."

The detective, not unnaturally, had jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Heston was demented, and, detective-like, it was extremely difficult for him to adjust his point of view; infact, he did not try.

"I'll just call up the office," he resumed, "and get the right number of your room. What's your name?"

Mr. Heston supplied the desired information, and sat huddled up on a trunk while Mr. Clancy carried on a low-toned conversation at the telephone in the corner.

"Call the wagon," he comamnded one of the porters, when at last he hung up the receiver.

Mr. Clancy regarded the blanket-wrapped figure with narrow-eyed suspicion. "So," he said, after a long scrutiny, "you poor boob, you don't even know what your name is, eh?"

"Don't know what my name is!" Mr. Heston echoed, "what do you mean? Of course, I know what my name is!"

"Well," Mr. Clancy returned, "there ain't no John Heston registered in this hotel."

And then Mr. Heston remembered! To avoid being interviewed upon the unpleasant subject of John Heston, Jr.'s latest escapade, fate had urged her unhappy puppet to register under an assumed name, and so, upon the hotel books, he appeared as John Williams, of New York.

The arrival of two blue-coated representatives of the city's police de-

partment cut short the disjointed history of Mr. Heston's unbelievable chapter of accidents which he was endeavouring to pour into the deaf ear of the house detective. Mr. Heston, now clad in a pair of cast-off overalls and two dilapidated brogans, not mates, which had been donated by the engineer's department, his gaunt frame hidden by an overcoat grudgingly lent by a waiter (and only lent, as its owner took especial pains to impress upon all present) his gray head concealed by the tattered ruin of a one-time Derby hat, and forth for the police station.

Arrested, humiliated, stripped of his dignity, looked upon with suspicion as either drunk or demented, and all because his clothing had been stolen! The unfortunate man was thoroughly cowed.

The lieutenant behind the desk at the station-house was a man of rare intelligence, at least, so he seemed to the distraught gentleman in the waiter's overcoat, for the police official readily agreed to try to reach, for purposes of identification, Mr. John Heston, Jr., before an alienist was summoned. Mr. John Heston, Sr., the lieutenant surmised, would not be difficult to locate.

Mr. John Heston, Sr., shifted uneasily from one foot to the other for the length of time required for an officer to walk the length of a row of cells, unlock a door, and return to the desk; with the officer appeared Mr. Heston's erring son, rather crestfallen and somewhat the worse for wear.

"You know this man, Jack?" asked the lieutenant, who seemed to be on the most surprising terms of intimacy with his prisoner. "He says you can identify him."

Jack turned and surveyed the miserable individual by the desk, whom he had not before honoured by so much as a glance. He started visibly, and then a broad grin slowly enveloped his features.

"No," he said, at last, shaking his head. "I don't know him; never saw him before. By Jove," he continued hastily, but with perculiar emphasis, as his father seemed to be recovering from the horrid shock, "when you sent for me I thought sure it must be my father; he's in town; Cohen, who left here not ten minutes ago, told me."

Although his conversation was addressed to the lieutenant, young Mr. Heston's gaze never left his father's face; and that face was a study in various and conflicting emotions.

Mr. Heston swallowed, moistened his lips, then swallowed once more, before he could sufficiently master his feelings to make himself understood.

"May I—eh, may I speak with this young man in private?" he faltered.

"Go as far as you like," the lieutenant acquisced, with a wave of his hand.

Two minutes later the pair returned to the desk.

"We have come, Lieutenant," Mr. Heston, Jr., explained, "to get each other out of this. I have found that I do know this person, after all. It was his vaudeville tramp make-up that fooled me. He's my father, and he's not off his nut, at all. Somebody's nipped his clothes when he was in the bath-tub, and when he chased after him, the door blew shut and he was locked out in the hall. No wonder they thought he was looney. Now, will you kindly 'phone for Cohen again, because Dad has decided to bail me out, after all; disgrace to the family, you know."

The lieutenant reached for the 'phone, and, without a word of comment, requested Central once more to connect him with the office of Mr. Cohen. Men behind city police desks are immune to surprise.

"It's never again for me, Dad, I know," Jack announced, as he and his father sat side by side on the wooden bench, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Cohen, "but, of course, if something should turn up sometime—well, I don't suppose the folks at home could believe such a story as this, do you?"

OLD-TIME TRAVEL THROUGH THE YELLOWHEAD PASS

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

—"to-night we may wearily,
Tired and drearily,
Travel, not knowing
What moment disaster
May sweep in the storm-blast,
And over each form cast
A shroud in its blowing."
—John E. Logan.

A FEW months ago, it was the good fortune of the writer, a member of the Canadian Women's Press Club, to travel through the Yellowhead Pass as a guest of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. The special train, which carried us into the heart of the glorious mountains, in which the Athabasca and Fraser Rivers take their rise, was said to be the longest passenger train which up to that date had passed from Edmonton over the newly-made track. Going at a very moderate speed, according to railway standards, the journey of about three hundred and fifty miles by rail from Edmonton to Tête Jaune Cache took about eighteen hours, and few of us would have grieved, I think, had it taken twice the time; but, in 1872, Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming and his well-equipped party were three weeks in making the same journey by the methods then in vogue, whilst in 1863 the smaller company of Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle were not less than six weeks and two days in traversing the territory between Fort Edmonton and the Cache.

But comparison of the time involved scarcely begins to bring out the contrast between ancient and modern methods of travel in this region. The virtue of the modern railway traveller is to sit still and passively accept all that is done to make his way easy across miles on miles of plain, deep-cut gullies, roaring torrents, and up savage mountain-sides. Having once put himself and his belongings into the charge of the railway company, he need have no more care concerning the provision of food and shelter or the overcoming of the difficulties of the way than if he were a child. But to travellers through the Yellowhead this state of thing has only just begun to be. Their very lives used to depend on their possession of the activity, energy, and endurance, which, so far as passengers are concerned, seem to be becoming superfluous under modern systems of transportation.

In vast regions of our enormous country old-time modes of travelling are not yet obsolete. Traders, missionaries, explorers, miners, are at work, and will be at work for many a long day far beyond the mechanical resources of civilization, while none have to endure more of the ancient perils of the wilderness than the very men who make the way so easy for those who come after. Few of us "arm-chair" travellers feel half the gratitude we ought to towards the surveyors and the engineers who to find and open the road dare endless risks

and hardships, or towards the vast inarticulate host of workmen who by hard and often dangerous labour translate the great ideas of the leaders into concrete fact. We may even spare a thankful thought for the humbler army of dumb brutes which serve us and suffer for us, with never a guess at the meaning or use of their woes.

More than a century ago the valley skirting the base of noble Mount Robson was traversed by the fur traders journeying eastward or westward *via* the Athabasca and Fraser Rivers, but in process of time the route fell into disrepute owing to the terrors of voyaging on the Fraser. What white man was the first to enter the Pass I have not learned, but it was known long before it bore its present appellation, sometimes as the Leather, sometimes as the Jasper House Pass. The name Yellowhead, which bids fair to be permanent, is associated with the locality both in French and English form, and the tradition is that it commemorates an Iroquois Indian, living in the Pass, whose red or yellow hair was remarkably light for one of his race.

Possibly he may have been one of the Iroquois brought to the West as canoe-men by Governor Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company. At any rate it is said that early in last century he lived at the place distinguished in these days of railway construction as "Mile 47," (west of Edson) and there had his original *cache*. In June, 1913, the spot was notable for a one-sided street, facing the line, and consisting of log-houses and tar-paper shacks, each of which, with scarcely an exception, was adorned with a sign indicating that it was a "café," a "bed-house," a "pool-room," or something similar, and hither, we were told, came the construction men after pay-day, to spend, or be fleeced of, much of their hard-earned money. No doubt in Yellowhead's day it was a secluded spot enough, but for some reason, apparently, he judged it well after a time to make a new hiding-place for the furs he collected to sell to the traders at Jasper House, for the place now (and for many years) known as Tête Jaune Cache is much farther west, at what is practically the end of the Pass in that direction, and the beginning of a very difficult country for travellers who wish to reach the Pacific.

At the opposite or eastern entrance to the Pass there lingers still the name of another and probably an earlier dweller in this wild region than old Tête Jaune. In a lovely open valley surrounded by great mountain peaks and wanting not the bright beauty of more than one silver lake, there was built, about the year 1800, a rude log-store and dwelling, which, in common with several other trading-posts, was often called Rocky Mountain House. In the need for greater definiteness, however, it soon became known as Jasper House, in compliment to a clerk in the North-West Company's service, who was its founder or was one of the earliest to be left in charge of it. In the journals and accounts of the old traders this man's name suffers strange variations of form, and he appears as Jasper and Joseph, as Haws, Hawes, Howes, Howse, and House. The original *Jasper House* had but three apartments, and was described in 1817 as "a miserable concern of rough logs . . . but scrupulously clean inside." At that time Jasper Hawes himself was in charge, having under his command two Canadians, two Iroquois, and three hunters. The harvest of furs to be obtained there was usually meagre, but there was need for a provision depôt for the traders going to and from the Columbia. It was by no means easy, however, to keep sufficient supplies on hand to meet the uncertain demands. For instance, in May, 1814, when there arrived a large party from the west, it was found necessary to kill a horse to provide the newcomers with meat.

Amongst this company were several of the doughty Scots, who, alike as

traders and explorers, contributed so effectively to the making of history in the West. In this case the race was represented by a Stuart, a McKenzie, and MacDonald of Garth, "a small maimed person of great courage and immensely effective energies," nicknamed "Bras Croche," from an injury to his arm received in childhood. In 1807 he had built Fort Gibraltar, where Winnipeg now stands. More recently he had journeyed from London, changing ship twice, round Cape Horn to Astoria. He was still a young man, but two years later he left the North-West Company and settled in Glengarry county, living to the good old age of eighty-six. Another interesting member of the party was Gabriel Franchère, a young French-Canadian of Montreal, who afterwards published a "Narrative" of this early overland journey eastward.

The party, consisting of ninety persons, all well-armed, had left Astoria (then in British hands and newly named Fort George, in honour of the King) early in April, to ascend the Columbia, in ten large canoes, five of cedar wood and five of bark. The voyage against the current of the mighty river took several weeks, and it was May 12th when the travellers abandoned their boats and began their march along the banks of the Canoe River. On reaching the Yellowhead Pass they found it full of snow, four or five feet deep, and walking in single file, those behind setting their feet in the steps of the leaders had the disagreeable sensation of putting a large pair of boots on and off at every step. Many a time a day they had to cross and recross the icy river, plunging in water up to their necks. One luckless man had his leg broken by a kick from a horse, and so was left for a few days with two comrades at the old post, already abandoned for several years, of Henry House.

Franchère observed that the old "geographer," Pinkerton, had estimated the Rocky Mountains to be but three thousand feet above sea-level, a calculation which he thought to be too low by half. Even this, however, unlike the guesses of many travellers, was still far beneath the mark. It was the more singular as the Pass through which he was toiling, has for its sentinel the highest of all Canadian peaks (so far as is known at present) Mount Robson, which rises thirteen thousand seven hundred feet into the clouds.

After a brief rest at Jasper House, Franchère and his comrades set off down the Athabasca in makeshift canoes of poplar, intending to obtain better ones of birchbark, "en cache" down the river. Unfortunately one of the poplar canoes came to grief in some rapids and two men were drowned. In those days even most experienced travellers through the wilderness took their lives in their hands. Moreover, when measured by the distance it was possible to travel in a day, this seemed indeed a "great lone land." News travelled slowly, and when these voyagers on the Athabasca met a man bound for Jasper House with letters, they learned from him for the first time of Captain Barclay's defeat on Lake Erie, which had occurred eight months earlier.

For long years questions of the comparative merits of the several mountain passes were of interest chiefly to the traders, and to those adventurous souls ever attracted by the difficult and the unknown, but the nineteenth century was still young when optimistic folk began to discuss plans for facilitating travel across the rugged backbone of our continent. McTaggart, a Scottish engineer, who aided in the planning of the Rideau Canal, believed it would be feasible to make a communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by connecting the natural waterways with canals; and the railway era had hardly begun when the minds of some people were fired with imaginations of a great railway from coast to coast.

At length, in 1864, Dr. John Rae, who had been a ship's surgeon in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a member of one of the expeditions sent in search of Franklin, undertook a survey for a telegraph line from Winnipeg to the Pacific, to cross the mountains at about fifty-three degrees north latitude. This led him to the exploration of the Yellowhead Pass. Rae was a man of extraordinary physical strength and was a famous pedestrian. He walked, it is estimated, about 23,000 miles in the course of his North American explorations, and thought nothing of such a short walk as going on snowshoes from Toronto to Hamilton, in seven hours, to dine with a friend! His daring equalled his strength, and he and his party ventured without guides or resulting disaster to navigate the most dangerous rapids of the Fraser in dugouts.

A year or two earlier two Englishmen, Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, had set themselves to seek an easy route through the mountains to the famous diggings of the Cariboo country. Afterwards they wrote an account of their adventure, called "The North-West Passage by Land." They arrived at Quebec on July 2nd, 1862, too late to attempt the crossing of the mountains that year; which, as it happened, was signalized in the history of the Yellowhead by the passage of a party of "Canadian emigrants," about two hundred in all, who were also bound for the Cariboo. At Tête Jaune Cache the majority determined to go down the Fraser, on rafts of their own making, and with difficulty these succeeded in reaching the mouth of Quesnelle. Some sixty of the travellers, however, followed the Thompson route, and after vainly attempting to cut their way to Cariboo, essayed to reach Kamloops. Some succeeded, but not a few lost their lives in the rapids of the treacherous river, and even those who survived were in a most wretched plight. Worse still was the case of five men who, lingering behind the rest, attempted to descend the Fraser later in the autumn. Their canoes were swamped, and though the men struggled at last out of the jaws of the furious river, three of them were disabled, and the others making a terrible journey to Fort George for help could not avert a gruesome tragedy.

The next year, when Milton and Cheadle made their way across, they found many traces of these emigrants, and finally at Kamloops met some of them, face to face, and heard their tale of hardships from their own lips —one, which, by that time, they were well able to match by thrilling adventures of their own. They were of a temper, however, to get some fun out of their misfortunes, and a learned, erratic, much-travelled but wofully helpless Irishman, "Mr. O'B.", who attached himself to them at Edmonton, was a source of constant amusement to them, and of equally unfailing irritation to the soft-voiced, hot-tempered halfbreed attendant, "the Assiniboine," who had once killed a man in a rage. This murderous reputation kept Mr. O'B. on tenter-hooks but did not prevent an incessant study of the one book he carried, Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," at times when he ought to have been giving assistance in the loading of a pack-horse or the making of a raft. The Assiniboine took with him his wife and son, a boy of thirteen, both of whom did good service; and though they had another man as guide through the Pass itself, the party, for the most difficult portion of the way, numbered only six.

They had adventures with "grizzlies," and accidentally (apparently with small compunction for the mischief they were doing) started a forest-fire before they caught their first glimpse of the mountains. They found no one at Jasper House, and learned later that it had been inhabited during the previous winter only by a wolverine, which had devoured the "parchment windows" of the fort,

while to mark the site of old Henry House there was nothing but "a rugged excrescence" in a little prairie. After a painful struggle along the valley of the "unkindly Myette," they passed the height of land easily, but it took five days more to reach the Grand Fork of the Fraser. They were happy enough, however, (as were we press-women fifty years later) to see the white, sharp, topmost peak of Mount Robson "glittering in the morning sun."

Next day they lost a horse and its valuable load of tea, tobacco, and ammunition in the turbulent Fraser; but it was after leaving Tête Jaune Cache (which we saw as a busy construction camp with the real "end of steel" some miles beyond it) that the grimmest difficulties of these travellers commenced. Their resources were pitifully inadequate, and death from starvation came very near in the "frightful" valley of the North Thompson. When things were at the worst, one of the party made the horrible discovery of the headless body of an Indian sitting over the ashes of a long-dead fire, with every token that he had died of want. But they struggled through.

Nine years afterwards the explorers making the preliminary surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railway, which it was once intended should cross the mountains by the Yellowhead Pass, discovered both the headless skeleton and the skull. A little later Mr. Sandford Fleming, engineer-in-chief of the projected line, and his party, including Principal Grant, who told the story of the journey in "Ocean to Ocean," followed practically the same path across the Pass and down the North Thompson to Kamloops, but, to these later travellers, Mount Robson absolutely refused "to show his bright head." In most respects they were more fortunate, having many a merry picnic, where their predecessors had suffered agonies from hunger. Both parties, by the way, found that, for these wilderness journeys, pemmican, now no longer to be obtained, was best of all foods.

Many a true tale of thrilling adventure might be written concerning the exploration and the surveying for the railways in that one district of the mountains. Buried in a Canadian Archives report is a series of letters, written by C. F. Hanington, who was second-in-command of a small party sent in the winter of 1874-5 to explore the Smoky River Pass, a little to the north of the Yellowhead. They travelled as light as possible, using dogs to draw the necessary instruments and provisions, but, as the leader, Jarvis, said, "It is altogether too large a country for six men." They were reduced to eating their dogs, and, confused by a terrible snow storm, they lost their way, but when the weather cleared they saw far in the distance what they fancied might be *Roche á Miette*, near Jasper House. As they sat in their camp that night, however, they feared that another range of mountains might lie between them and the Athabasca, in which case, wrote the diarist, "We have neither enough grub nor enough strength to carry us across. So our end will be near here," adding gloomily, "I don't believe the Athabasca is in that valley. I do believe we have not many days to live. . . . I wonder if our bones will ever be discovered."

But it was the *Roche á Miette*, and the next day they reached Lac Brulé and fell in with an Indian family, who regaled them on boiled rabbit, but told them that there was no one at Jasper House, so their hope of help in that quarter failed; and their troubles from lack of food did not end till they reached Lake St. Ann's, near Edmonton. Next year Hanington returned to the Yellowhead Pass to aid in locating the line from the summit down the Fraser towards Fort George, and in November he went into quarters at Tête Jaune Cache, there to spend a most miserable winter.

It must have been a disappointment to these gallant pioneers of modern transportation that, after all, the first Canadian railway to the Pacific did not go by the Yellowhead Pass. But surely their labours were not all in vain, for now, at last, the mountain section of the Grand Trunk has been knitted up with the line pushing eastward from Prince Rupert and there is train service, two or three times a week, through the Pass. Soon the Canadian Northern Railway, which also crosses the Rockies by the Yellowhead, will reach the ocean, and between the two lines the old-time methods of travel here at least will be indeed a thing of the past.

THE RAIN

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

I AM become the spirit of the driven rain;
My body walked in it,
It beat against my coated chest
And on my face.

Until I beat my stalking body and by chest,
I took on transformation and became the rain,
The hasting spirit of the driven rain,
The rain, the rain, the rain, the hasting driven rain!

And now I go
Through trees with silver trespass on their crimson leaves,
Amid bare limbs with a wild stinging for the heart of them;

Down sodden lanes I go,
Up streets,
I scamper on black roofs,

I reel and swing and go where ever wind
Will bear me, and beyond!

Out, out, O out upon the fangèd bay
I move in swiftness,
How I seethe and go
Down the long stretches where the tumbled waters are!

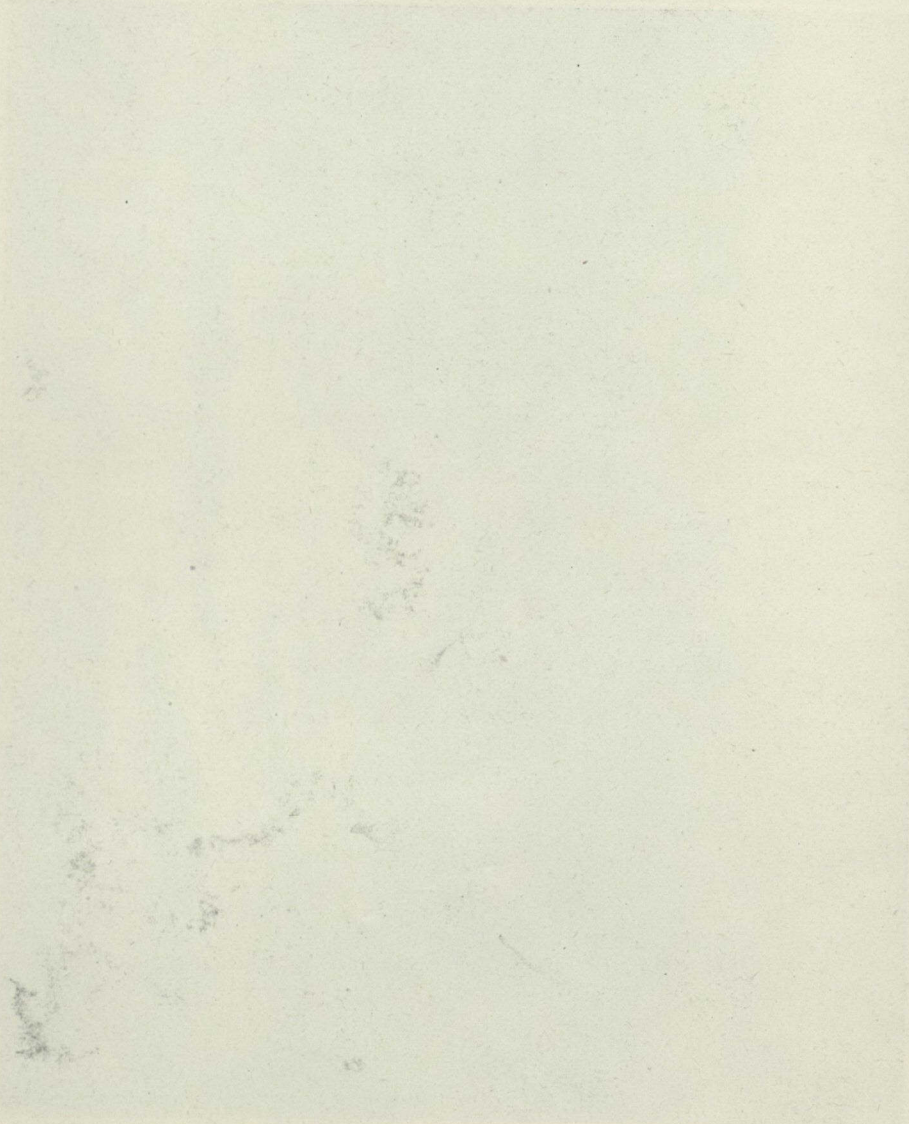
And on the drenched, great hills I riot,
How I speed!
The hills, the hills, the hills;
I riot on them as I pant across them swift,
Swift as the wind will drive me,
Swifter! On! The hills,
The brown old hills beneath my misty sky
Are mine! 'Tis there my spirit freshens
As it moves,
And goes more swiftly till it tires
Upon the hills. . . .

But tires not until
The furtive crimson, cloaked
In gray, is moving in behind the clefts
Of my brown hills,
And day is ending,
And the wind falls still.

FISHING-BOATS

From the Painting
by Harry Britton

Exhibited by the Ontario
Society of Artists



WITH THE COD FISHERMEN

BY LACEY AMY

COD fishing is not what it used to be. The fishermen themselves will tell you that. The fish are not so plentiful, the grounds are more distant from the old convenient harbours, and there are other openings for the energy of the fishermen offering brighter lure. The result is a more or less discontented worker who is either actively looking for another occupation or lacks the ambition. Around Newfoundland and Labrador the uncertainty of the "run" is annually driving hundreds from the calling, and frequently (as this year) leaves hundreds more a charge to the Government. At the Magdalen Islands it has advanced little further than grumbling, for the fisherman knows that to change his occupation he must change his home, and that is the last resort. But along the south coast of Nova Scotia there is a different kind of fisherman, one who has kept pace with the times. Cod fishing there is an industry developed like transportation and surgery and peace organizations and the other outgrowths of later-day leisure and wealth.

And the fisherman himself is changing, especially where he has advanced his methods. That is the altered condition which appeals most to the non-fisherman. But it is still a special train of thought that runs in the cod fisherman's mind; a unique style of life is his, a vivid independence, and an uncertain recklessness that cannot be fathomed by the uninitiated. Therefore, to-day or yesterday, he is interesting. A day with him is liberal entertainment.

In the introduction of the motor one finds the most startling evidence of the altered conditions. A deep-sea fisherman without sails would seem like a farmer without horses; and yet four out of five of the fishing-boats in some of the harbours of Nova Scotia use sails only when the engine balks. Half the waste time of cod fishing and most of the danger have been thus eliminated, and grounds formerly far beyond range are now the regular goal of the day. Where the Magdalen Island, the Labrador, and most of the Newfoundland fishermen trust to their deep brown sails to get them in touch with the cod or run them to shelter in a storm, the Nova Scotia fisherman starts a couple of hours later, arrives sooner, and negligently watches the heavens. Instead of starting soon after midnight, as must the Amherst Island fisherman, his Canso brother sleeps comfortably until daylight, and, independent of the wind, casts his trawls exactly when and where he desires. And at night supper awaits him at an hour as definite as the city man's dinner.

Three hundred dollars of engine and a few gallons of gasoline have made fishing an industry, not a gamble. A few years hence it may be a profession.

But there is one characteristic which sticks to the fisherman—the careless indefiniteness of his morning's mood. "What a difference in the morning" must have originated

IN PORT, SPLITTING THE FISH

with a member of the crew awaiting his skipper on the wharf in the shivering mists of early morning. Patience is the primary requirement of dealings with the independent cod fisherman. He has always come and gone as he liked—save for the elements—and he always will. He has no set hours, no assured returns, no master. To-day a threatening storm forces him to idleness; to-morrow it catches him adrift and sends him home before the day is half over; and all next week a dog-fish raid on his fishing-grounds drives him to another quarter. No wonder he is unsettled!

During several summers amongst them it has been borne home to me that keeping an appointment with them is as tantalizing as the promises of a politician. At the Magdalens, two successive mornings I rose at one o'clock, on specific direction of the skipper, but was doomed to disappointment. Fear of a storm prevented the first day's fishing, and the previous day's idleness impelled a start at eleven p.m. for the second day's work. I gave it up for a night's sleep.

At Canso I fared worse in the way of waiting, but better in results. It required four almost sleepless nights to effect the reward of a day's fishing. On Monday a seven o'clock appearance on the wharf, according to instructions the night before, brought the information that the boat had left two hours earlier. Tuesday was featured by a rainstorm only possible beside the ocean. On Wednesday morning by four o'clock I was on the wharf from which they were to pick me, and down the "tiddle" I could see the boat leisurely making ready. But five minutes' absence for something I had forgotten furnished me with the maddening spectacle of a receding stern chugging out to sea. The next morning I took no chance. I closed my teeth and set the alarm for two a.m., closed my teeth and obeyed its message, closed them again and wandered forth on the deserted moonlit streets and down to the cold,

IN PORT, UNLOADING THE CATCH

damp wharf where the boat was tied. And I sat down on the edge of that boat for three hours, kicking my heels to keep warm, but a little proud that I had discovered a way of overcoming such an unreliable thing as a cod fisherman's start for the fishing-grounds.

And those few hours on the deserted wharf in the brilliant moonlight will never be considered as wasted. All about lay the well-finished, trim boats of the Canso fishermen, models of grace and surprising cleanliness and order. In the moonlight the masts rose like a bare forest around me, gleaming here and there where the light struck them, and black elsewhere against the clear sky. Below it was all darkness, with edges of cabins, dories, tubs, ropes, creeping into sight as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Further down was the utterly black water.

I was alone. Not a sound came from the sleeping boats, although I knew that each had its sleeper—a hundred of them within sound of my voice. The water was as motionless as only tight-bound water can be—the silence that is the uncomfortable waiting and listening of a thing with life. The utter loneliness of the sleeping life was disturbing to a novice. My day seemed to have no start; everything was at a standstill.

A gloomy yawn was my first company, proceeding from a boat that, before the heartless introduction of its motor, had been the champion of the annual sailing races. Presently a spot of light revealed the outline of a cabin window, and immediately someone stumbled up on deck and sleepily shook himself, stretched, and growled at the cold. Then two or three little oval windows flashed into life, and yawns and growls sprang up all about me. A man clambered up the side of the wharf and stretched himself where there were no spars and ropes to interfere. He gave no sign that he saw the stranger within six feet of him, but proceeded to feel the mooring ropes, and disappeared below. It was not surliness—merely

THE BOATS AT REST; THE DAY'S WORK DONE

an intimation that I was not a part of his morning duties. Gradually others appeared, each retreating below after the preliminary stretch and careless reading of the sky. From the length of time between the appearance of the cabin light and the man on deck the scant amount of disrobing necessary for a night's sleep could be accurately estimated.

Then, with every man below, two things happened almost simultaneously in all the boats. From tiny stovepipes protruding above the cabins drifted uncertain whiffs of smoke, and from the cabin entrances poured no uncertain language. If you have ever tried to light a fire in a cabin, beneath the shadow of overhanging wharves and buildings, you will understand the connection. Almost immediately the men began to reappear, thunderously, fluently, giving utterance to a variety of comment that agreed only in its general meaning. They fiddled with the pipe, swore, went below, swore, tumbled up on deck, swore—and swore between times. Those who light the fires of anchored fishing-boats know nothing of the dread effects of example; and I had no desire to enlighten them.

A cup of tea! That is the beginning of the fisherman's day, and the end—and also the middle. The teapot is on the cabin stove before the boat is ten minutes awake, and it is there humming until the last member of the crew has gone. All day long it sings accepted invitation, and by the afternoon it offers a stimulant unrivalled by anything short of end-of-steel whiskey. I tried it—and it'll do until I visit the fishermen again.

A member of my crew appeared, with the information that he had whistled beneath my window at the hotel until he was told of my departure, and through the next hour or so the others came straggling down. They did not apologize to each other, nor resent the expressive allusions to the damp disagreeableness of waiting on a wharf before daylight. To-morrow it would probably be their turn to wait and make comment. From all about us motors were chugging away, stopping to get swung into position, and then puffing steadily off into the distance. For hours little motorless boats had been swinging lifelessly along with flapping sails behind ridiculously small rowboats pulled by one man—and for hours more they

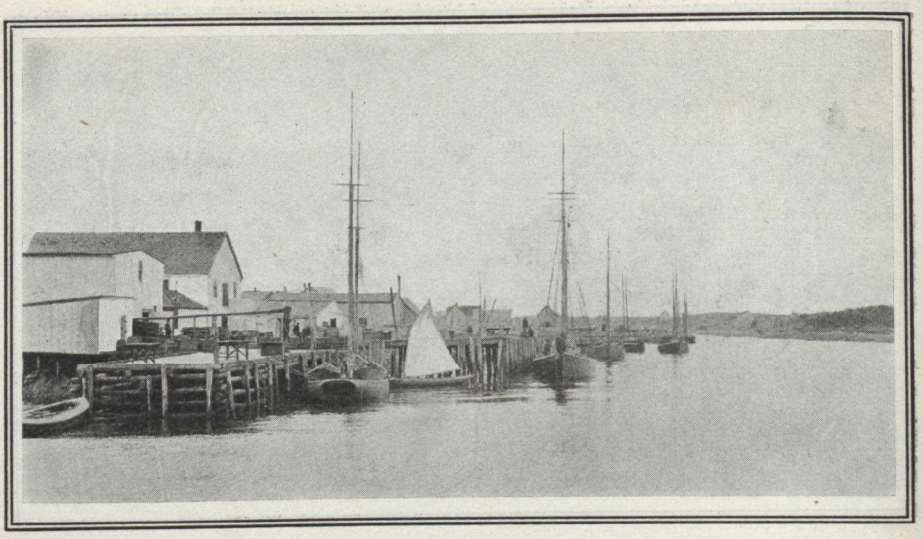
SETTING TRAWLS FROM THE DORIES

would still be within sight. The patient, seemingly profitless toil of a rower towing a big boat is almost pathetic—if you aren't in the boat. To the luxurious occupant of a motored vessel it is ludicrous. But I was still on the wharf; I could see things in their proper proportions.

As we pulled out from the wharf in the hazy light of the rising sun, a long line of boats stretched before us right out to sea—big and little in an irregular line, the motor-driven skimming noisily past the sail-driven, and watched by envious eyes, the less powerful engines yielding in their turn to the greater. Right into the sun we aimed, a big globe of red rising from the ocean with the glare of coming heat—out past the Lunenburg "vessels" anchored in mid-harbour, around the lighthouse on the edge of the open. As we passed one helpless sail-boat we suddenly swung about and threw them a line, although it meant an hour's delay in reaching the fishing-grounds six or eight miles out. The unselfishness of the fisherman is the quality that makes his life most worth living. Where all are so much at the mercy of the elements each strives to help the other.

And then our course began to be more up and down than along. It was not a rough day, they told me, but later they acknowledged that it was the record for that year's roll. I have never been able to bring myself to the nicety of distinction that unhesitatingly separates roughness and roll. I have heard landlubbers do it as an excuse for seasickness. Sometimes we could see the boat we towed rushing down towards us, and sometimes it was out of sight behind a mountain of water that brought the uncomfortable conviction that only our rope was keeping it from hitting the bottom. I liked to keep that tow in sight, even if it threatened to drop on our deck. . . . And I had twelve hours of this ahead. I began to wonder if I had not rashly overestimated the pleasures of a day's cod fishing.

In the meantime the crew—those who were not engaged with the towline and the tiller—were preparing for the fishing. We had taken aboard at the wharf a couple of boxes of herring for bait, the cost to be deducted from our day's catch, and now these were being cut into small pieces. Later the bait was fastened to hooks



A FLEET OF COD-FISHING VESSELS

on short lines attached more than a foot apart on a long, larger line. Net fishing was over, and the cod were being caught on trawls and hand-lines. The trawls had been carefully wound in tubs the night before, the hooks towards the centre, and baiting was done with a dexterity that looked positively dangerous, and the baited trawls thrown deftly in place in another tub.

We had come up with the fleet. In all directions boats of every size stood out against the dark water and bright sky, some casting hand-lines over the side, some lying idle while their dories pulled off with the trawls. Off on the port side a peculiar, uncanny wave broke and disappeared over one spot, broke and disappeared again. They told me a rock came close to the surface there, a constant menace to navigation. Away back when the French and English were tussling sporadically for Nova Scotia a French frigate struck there and sank; and many a ship since. It stood at one edge of the fishing-grounds, in about twenty-five fathoms of water, and the fishermen pursued their calling all about it.

Out past the fleet we twisted, and, beside the flashing buoy that marked the channel into the Straits of Canso, we dropped our dories. In each a fisherman took his tub of bait, and another of trawl and, standing recklessly in the stern, sculled with one hand while dropping two hundred feet of trawl with the other. And there we left them all day, running alongside only at noon. I tried hard not to picture their day on that sea in those tiny bobbing boats, with no protection from the blistering sun, and nothing to think of but the swell and their sins. I was in comparative comfort on fifty feet of deck that was at least flat and solid to the feel—and it was mighty little just then. One thing—it wasn't far to the side of the dory.

From the larger boat we tried to supplement the catch with hand-lines, the last resort of the cod fisherman. Only after netting and trawling are past does he rely upon the more laborious, slower method; and when it comes to hand-lines around Canso the end of the season is at hand. Catching cod in this manner is like trying to satisfy thirst from a pump-spout—an unprofitable task performed in the hardest way. About all we caught

was blistering salt water and sunburn, and now and then a phlegmatic bit of fish that seemed glad to be at rest. No wonder a fisherman leaves hand-lines to the last, when the children are crying for bon-bons. Casting unsuccessfully all day for trout is hilarious revelry compared to cod fishing with a line.

Between acts the professional members of the crew drank tea. If Chinese commerce were bound up like Germany's is now there would be a rush of fishermen to enlist and get the war over in a hurry. At noon we ran alongside the dories and received their catch; and I looked after the tiller while the others went below for stimulant. Seated on deck I tried to forget the all-pervading smell of cod. I couldn't. Why must a fish smell so fishy? And then the dories dropped astern once more to their work.

Occasionally coasting vessels went by, turning around the light buoy into that great path of commerce, the Straits of Canso. A small steamboat cut across our stern headed for Canso, and a couple more passed along between Halifax and Gulf ports, all of them staggering helplessly in the swell. And then, a mile outside, something dark and ominous flashed by, the black smoke streaming furiously out behind so long as it was in sight. Twenty-five miles an hour—nothing less! So fast that a steady wave curled high above the bow, and the stern was out of sight beneath the water. It was a British cruiser going west in chase of reported German boats off the south coast. For war had been declared and the dogs let loose. With regulars and big guns protecting the cable stations in Canso, German cruisers sighted off every corner of the coast, and British cruisers searching them diligently, we felt as if we were the centre of hostilities.

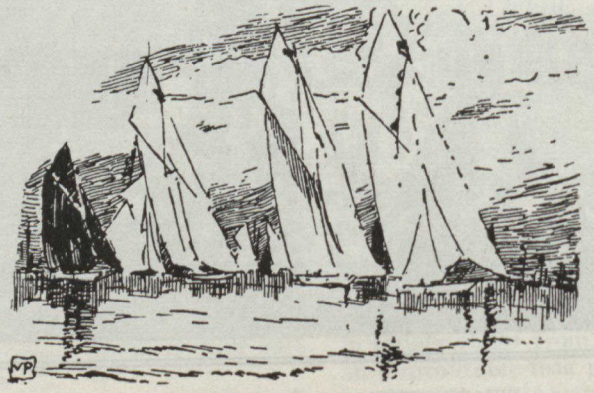
All afternoon fishing boats were leaving the grounds disgusted, some with insufficient catch to pay for the bait, and none with a day's pay. Our luck was a little better. But at sixty cents to two dollars a hundred pounds

WHARF SCENE IN COD-FISHING HARBOUR

cleaned it required a large catch to make the day worth while. But the Canso fisherman does not do so badly. The crew with which I fished had made a thousand dollars in four days the year before, and the skipper had cleared $1,475 for the season. He was not complaining. But he followed the run of cod throughout the season, from Prince Edward Island to the "Western"—in fishing parlance, the western part of the south coast of Nova Scotia.

In at the wharves the boats were moored two and three deep, discharging their catch. The five members of the crew had their work definitely assigned. One pitchforked the cod from the hold to the deck, another passed them to the wharf, a third lifted them to the splitting tables, and the other two performed the expert work of splitting. It was a dirty mess to the novice—fish cleanings, tobacco juice, and odour. The livers and heads were saved, the former bringing forty cents a pail for cod liver oil, and the latter finding a market at the glue factory down the "tiddle." Later in the season a dog-fish factory on the outer islands would take even the bane of the fishing-grounds for manufacture into fertilizer. The by-products of cod fishing are making up to some extent for the decrease in the cod.

His day's work done usually some time before six, the cod fisherman is again the care-free, light-hearted workman who is satisfied that he has done his best. Be the catch good or bad, there is no sign of it when the day is done. Around the wharves he sits with his fellows, telling yarns of past records, banter running through it all, and the unoathlike oaths of a good-tempered people. For the stranger they have a bright welcome, and a willing information that is seldom unreliable. The future is not a worry to them, and the present bears lightly upon them. But the future is often serious. A man of no more than sixty sat totteringly on an upturned dory, hands twisted pitifully in to his body, head bent forward and down, vainly trying to light his pipe. Tremblingly he inquired what was good for rheumatism; he had no faith in the local doctors. Almost in the prime of his life he had been forced from the water, but each evening he faltered down to the wharves to see the catch come in and to tell of things that were in his day. A small boy took his pipe below and lit it with his own breath, and brought it back and pushed it between the old man's lips. Next day they told me partial paralysis had come to him in the night, and the poor old fellow lay weeping to get out with the boats again, to feel the dash of the spray in his face, the tilt of the boat before the wind, the drag of the filled net. But his day was done.



PRUSSIANISM VS. MODERN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY

BY R. GOLDWIN SMITH

GERMANY'S true greatness in modern philosophy is not to be found in her three renowned war-philosophers, Neitzche, Treitchke, and Bernhardi. These men were "made in Germany" for use of Germans only. The attitude of the outside world towards them has been one of condemnation. A world-gift did come from Germany, however, which most of the English-speaking world has welcomed. This world-gift is the scientific method of approach to all thought. It will live when war-philosophies are long dead.

Much has been spoken and written of a rather sweeping character in condemnation of modern German philosophy, as responsible for the so-called irreligion in Germany, which has in its turn given headway to militarism. While denouncing the militarism of the Prussians, the purpose of this article is to show that the Great War has neither been due to the influence of German philosophy, to modern tendencies in religion in Germany, or to the people of Germany as a whole. To this end a brief review of Germany's true contribution to modern thought is given.

Of the various anomalies that have risen out of the present European war perhaps none puzzles the student of modern thought more than the relation between German philosophy and Prussian militarism. Protestant Christianity had its inception in Germany, but it is not condemned for this reason, because it has its answer. Prussianism is in defiance of the spirit of Christianity and will probably be defeated by that spirit. Neither is Germany's musical supremacy impaired because of Prussia's war of aggression. Protestantism will survive, because it is democratic; music because it is beautiful. Democracy and beauty are world forces. Modern German philosophy will survive, because it has something the world wants and needs, because it provides a safe highway for accurate thinking and fruitful investigation.

Perhaps the best test of the greatness of a system is its universality. While the war-philosophy of Prussia is hurtful, it is local and transient in its significance. It is not in request outside Germany.

It is in the field of psychology that German thinkers have attained international renown. The names that should be associated with true German philosophy, therefore, are to be sought in this field. They are Weber, Fechner, Wundt, and Kulpe. For several decades the students of our colleges have virtually sat at the feet of these men. They are doing so today, and doubtless will continue to do so when Prussianism is forgotten.

Psychology has become a science. For this transition from the metaphysical to the scientific method of approach credit is due to the last-

named Germans and their followers. A second world-gift, even greater in scope, followed after this one as an inevitable sequence, viz.: the scientific method of approach to all thought, religious and otherwise. The fruits of the work of these men are far-reaching.

The scientific method has a peculiar history. If the physicist and chemist of to-day were to approach their respective fields of study, as did their predecessors before the time of Newton, Galileo, and Boyle, they would be justly ridiculed. Nevertheless these pioneers of science were subjected to persecution, because of their progressive method. Galileo was put in prison, because he declared that the sun was the centre of the solar system and not the earth. The discovery did not agree with the verbal interpretation of the Bible. Goethe typifies the standpoint of that day towards science. Because Faust analyzed the natural world experimentally he was thought to be in league with the devil.

With the same spirit of distrust and antagonism experimental psychologists and "higher critics" are viewed by many to-day.

In those early days men had been either bondslaves of past authority or they had theorized about matter. The idea of analysis and experimentation had been quite foreign to them. Newton broke from tradition and gave the world its first practical Natural Philosophy, discovering to men the laws of gravity, etc.

Now it is remarkable that while the sciences of physics and chemistry made rapid progress and revolutionized men's ideas concerning matter, philosophy in its stricter sense and religious teaching remained, comparatively speaking, in metaphysical and dogmatic twilight. True there was a great shifting of authority at the time of the Reformation, from the priest to the Bible. But this change was made with implicit trust. The Roman Catholic Church has conceived the Pope as infallible. Protestantism substituted the Bible as infallible. Its infallibility rests on the assumption that it was divinely inspired from cover to cover. In spite of this exaltation of the Bible, Protestants clung to the authority of the early Church Fathers, who were the crystallizers and in great measure the creators of the doctrines of the Christian Church, and who were Greek thinkers before they became followers of Christ. Protestantism never questioned to what degree the dogmas and doctrines of the church were the product of Greek speculation. Neither did they test the authority of the Bible. It remained for the higher (or historical) critic to do these things.

The latter, considering it his right and duty to investigate authority in the realm of religion, tested the Bible in the light of science and found that portions of it were but metaphysical guess-work of an early and unenlightened age. He criticized the dogmas and doctrines of the church and compared them with Greek speculative thought and with the Gospels. He found many of them more the product of Hellenism than of Christ, and some of them opposed the teachings of Christ. In the Arian controversy the church sided with Plato against Arius. Arius may have erred in placing Christ second to God, but the whole "substance" controversy was Platonic in origin and is foreign to Christ's teachings. The historical critic may question the authority of some of the Bible writers, but he has at least gone back to the fountainhead of the Faith.

Previous to the advent of the historical critic, however, authority of one kind or another was implicitly followed. The result was that while the sciences and physics and chemistry were discovering to the world the mechanical and chemical utilities so indispensable to our civilization, the two great realms of truth, philosophy

and theology, were marking time. It did not occur to thinkers in these latter fields that the subjects they dealt with were adaptable to scientific treatment. They became hostile to science, and when scientific research discovered certain truths that did not concur with their metaphysical idealisms and theological tenets discord became mutual. Science separated itself from the church. Thoughtful men became sceptical. Indeed it was only recently that they became reconciled, and that science has in great measure returned to the fold.

Such an event could only happen when theology and philosophy were approached from the scienitfic standpoint, and it was found that science and these pursuits had common ground. Nevertheless as science had revolutionized men's ideas concerning matter, so it has revolutionized men's ideas of philosophy and theology. In other words, science was conquered by philosophy and theology by conquering them.

Eighty-five years ago German scientists began to treat psychology as they dealt with physics and chemistry, and wonderful discoveries were made. At the close of the last century Dr. August Kirschmann arrived at the University of Toronto from Germany. He came imbued with the teachings of Weber, Fechner, Wundt, and their disciples. These men had, some of them, been first physicists or physiologists, then psychologists. For some thirteen years Dr. Kirschmann was director of the psychological laboratory in Toronto. He applied experimental methods; that is, he approached the study of consciousness, or the soul, as a scientist. Under his direction students made elaborate experiments on judgment in its various spheres of activity. To their findings they were able to apply mathematics, and uniform laws were discovered to them, which judgment followed. Results were startling but unanswerable. Weber's Law, that "the laws of consciousness are relative," is one of the root principles. This law is mathematically demonstrated by fact. The exponents of Dr. Kirschmann's work are carrying it on in the psychological laboratories and lecture halls of the University of Toronto. The same principles are being propagated in the universities of the United States.

August Kirschmann was a native of Oberstein, Rhineland, Germany, and a graduate of Leipsic University, where he came under the influence of the famous Wundt. After having eleven years' experience as a teacher in Germany and five years as associate professor of philosophy at Leipsic, he was called to Toronto University, in 1893. The best of his life was given to the students there. The university had no psychological laboratory when he came. His work consisted in establishing one on an efficient basis and in carrying on extensive research work. Notable writings on philosophy from his pen are "Psychological Series of University of Toronto Studies," "The Right and Duty of Criticism," "Dimensions in Space." In addition he was a frequent contributor to *The American Journal of Psychology*.

In religion Dr. Kirschmann is a German Evangelical Lutheran. One of the characteristics that stamped itself on the memory of his students and disciples in Toronto was his beautiful Christian life. By those who knew him most intimately, he was revered for this as much as for his philosophy. Because of this fact the publication of a new book, upon which he has been working, "The Psychology of Jesus Christ," is awaited with special interest. Here is a man propagating and contributing to that "diabolical" scientific psychology, who is at the same time a devout Christian.

Some practical man will ask: "When the scientific method is applied to psychology, is the effort

worth while, from a utilitarian standpoint?''

Scientific psychology has already been of material service to humanity. Toronto possesses a psychotherapeutic clinic, and it is in close affiliation with the University. For good reasons, the clinic is in the General Hospital building. All conveniences are there. Numerous cases come under the care of the hospital physicians. So far the cases dealt with have been chiefly feeble-minded children. Now the first requirement of a physician is to know the normal physiological system. Only then can he adequately detect defects in patients. With physiological diseases he can deal, because he has the remedial equipment. When physicians, however, came to diagnose cases of mental deficiency they were able to lay bare the facts, but were unable to proceed. Appliances were lacking and their scientific knowledge of mental phenomena was very limited. They appealed to the Psychological Department of the University. As a result some of the physicians most interested in these cases of mental deficiency are attending a post-graduate course, which is one of the features of the University curriculum.

The medical scientist faces a peculiar difficulty. He has stepped out into a new field. He appeals to the psychologist, who himself has much to learn, who has as yet found out only the primal methods of treating the deficient mind. Another difficulty in the way of the medical scientist is that he has been trained to view the psychological system as the substratum of the mind, and his tendency is to treat the substratum only, to cure what is qualitatively other than the substratum. The physician is, however, in close sympathy with the psychologist and their coöperation promises well for the progress of methods of curing diseases of the mind.

In the University of Pennsylvania and other colleges in the United States, psychotherapeutic clinics are established in connection with their psychological laboratories. In the one at Philadelphia remarkable cures have been made, where young patients had mental defects and moral diseases of a serious nature. In one case the patient was the victim of a disease known as ''moral obliquity,'' the result of vicious and depressing environment since before birth. The scientific application of a carefully regulated new environment transformed the child in six months. She became normal. Similar methods are at work in asylums, in certain cases of insanity. In such fields, and indeed in many nervous ailments, psychotherapeutics has already justified its existence.

Having had its birth when Weber began his experiments in 1830, scientific psychology is in its infancy yet. But physics was in its infancy three hundred years ago, and it has far to go yet, if what authorities say is true. Untrammelled as the science is now, the possibilities of psychology are unlimited. Its value in the detection, cure and prevention of crime cannot be overestimated. When the laws that govern consciousness are fully grasped, then they can be adapted to the use of men just as the laws of buoyancy have been utilized for man's good. The science must have time and encouragement.

Scientific psychology discovers the elements of consciousness and they have been found to be four in number: sensations and feelings in their time and space relations. The study breaks up the complexities of conceptions and emotions, love and hate, the relation between or identity of desire, duty and will. It analyzes moral and religious sentiments. Thus the content of consciousness, by this sympathetic but severe test of abstraction, is known in its elements and in the laws that govern it, just as matter is known to the chemist.

Like other sciences, psychology, while it is the most complex of all,

resolves consciousness into its simple elements, which gives a lucid and reliable foundation for the study of the subject.

The various attitudes assumed by men towards scientific psychology are worthy of note. A professor of psychology in Toronto in conversation with an elderly gentleman mentioned some experimental work on consciousness in which he was interested. "What," said the old gentleman, half indulgently, half indignantly, "would you try to weigh the soul in a balance?"

A prominent physicist, well-known to the graduates of the University of Toronto, in conversation with a professor of theology, said: "The physicist and chemist have come to the standpoint where they recognize that the elements with which chemistry and physics deal are psychological."

The scientific method is more comprehensive in scope than experimental psychology. It includes the latter. It approaches philosophy in all its branches. Conscious of the right and duty of criticism, the scientific thinker investigates philosophical authority, past and present. He goes to their premises and ascertains whether they are facts or theories.

From the very beginnings of philosophic thought the aim of thinkers has been to discover the "ultimate" in the universe in some great all-comprehending unity. They have built up world-systems either by an attempt at synthesis or by logical deductions from axioms. A good indication of the revolution that has taken place in recent philosophic thought is the fact that the ultimate (or ultimates) is sought by scientific philosophers, by analysis not synthesis. Investigation consists in breaking up a unity not in constructing one. The unity is the thing that presents itself. The elements of consciousness and the laws that govern their combinations are to be discovered. They are the ultimates to the scientific thinker just as the ultimates of the unity water are, to the chemist, hydrogen and oxygen. Spinoza sought to construct a world system which was already built. Plato, Spinoza, and Kant talked of an unknowable deity, who was already expressing Himself in every phase of nature.

The student reads Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" and is impressed by its grandeur. He who has adopted the scientific standpoint, however, goes straight to Kant's logical premises. Granted certain premises, almost anything can be proved. Kant's system can be nothing but a theory because his major premise, "the synthetic activity" behind nature and the soul is assumed, and the "categorical imperative" of his ethics is deduced from this synthetic activity. Most men may be conscious of a categorical imperative in their moral experience. It is a fact, however, not a logical conclusion from a major premise, of which Kant fails to prove the need.

Spinoza's world-philosophy is magnificent, but he, too, deduces his system logically from certain axioms, the chief of which is Plato's idea of substance. In this Spinoza assumes an entity in substance where it is nothing more than a category. On the basis of his premises his system crumbles, because they are found lacking in fact. Many of Spinoza's conclusions are accepted, but it is because factual bases crept in in defiance of his premises.

These two writers are used as examples. Much truth and virtue are to be found in fundamentally faulty idealistic and materialistic writings of the past. But at heart both materialists and idealists are one, because both are looking for sources of consciousness, when consciousness is all in all. Many scientific psychologists have become convinced that they do not need to assume an entity behind consciousness. The content and laws of consciousness satisfy their most reverend convictions concerning

the soul. These men do not necessarily repudiate what is theoretical; they have theories of their own. What they demand is to know what is theory and what is fact, and to determine for themselves whether these theories are tenable or not.

Those who fear the destructive tendencies of the scientific method are ever ready to wield the weapon of science against itself. They claim that science is always moving to new ground. They point out that the atomic theory of matter gives place to the vortex theory, and that therefore science is no criterion of truth. Science, however, does not assume its theories to be infallible, but it claims its method to be infallible. The scientist is merely true to his method. Hence he is always on a safe foundation. This is what thinking people want to-day, a safe foundation for their convictions. Arbitary authority is passing, and the authority of merit is taking its place. True, the scientific philosopher and theologian experience the destruction of many even cherished convictions, but many of them find constructive material sufficient for their most aspiring dreams and they find them in facts.

The scientific thinker approaches theology and all religious matters. Why? Why should scientific psychology busy itself with what pertains to religion? The scientist answers that religion has always been and is one of the most potent facts in life. Here then are phenomena—religious phenomena. They can no more be ignored than the phenomena of colour. As such they are either normal or abnormal. It is the work of science to find this out. Again, the scientist claims this right and is conscious of this duty.

Just as thinkers before the emancipation of physics and chemistry and later of psychology, resisted the trtiumphant progress of the scientific method, so is the "Traditional" church impotently resisting the onward march of the scientific method as applied to religious thought. The "higher critic" is the scientific theologian. He has found that the scientific method is the touchstone of truth. What opposes it must ultimately be relegated to the scrap heap. With sympathy but severity he searches literature and reveals the Bible, with its insignificant man-made errors and its world-principles of sincerity and truth, by which the civilized portion of the world is in large measure governed to-day.

By calling an error an error, he is able to re-establish the faith of the young student, whose belief in the Bible has been shaken. The Laws, the Prophets, the Psalms, and the Gospel are none the less potent because certain portions of the Bible are metaphysical guess-work, Their merit is found within themselves, not in the theory with which one approaches them.

It seems clear, then, from this brief review, that modern German philosophy has directed its activities to far other fields than that of war. It has devoted itself chiefly to method, investigation, comparison, criticism.

In their relation to religion, the people of Germany are divided into three main groups, Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists.

The Conservative camp represents orthodoxy. They believe in the Bible as a product of revelation. They would be classed as traditionalists in this country, because they hold firmly to the doctrines handed down to them from the venerable past. To this group the orthodox wing of the State Church belongs and it is still strong. In many ways this wing is similar to the State Church of England. Included in this group and devoted to it are the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Bernhardi, and the landlords of Germany. There is an element of paradox almost humorous in the fact that most of the non-conformists of Germany, including such bodies as the Baptists and the Salvation Army, are in the

same boat with the Kaiser and his State Church in regard to theology. Those faithful to Rome are also of the Conservative camp.

The Liberal camp includes, generally speaking, the scientific psychologists and historical critics. They are heterodox. They look on the Bible as a product of the evolution of religion in man. The Radicals are also included in this group. This latter sub-group are distinguished among other things for their denial of the historicity of Christ.

The Socialists are anti-Christian.

In what measure have any of these bodies or all of them been contributing causes of the present war? What is the evidence, for and against? Those who have made this charge have failed to produce any current theological or higher-critical literature of Germany that has any direct teaching whatsoever in advocacy of military aggression. Has not their contribution, however, been indirect, through the effects of Christ being shorn of His divinity and the Bible of its supernatural element? With this divine authority removed, has not the moral tone of the nation been lowered, thus giving headway to militarism? Let it be granted that the faith of many of the Germans in the religion of the Bible has been shaken. What then? Liberalism has belonged to the peace party of Germany, so much indeed that the Conservatives are now trying to rouse public opinion against them by accusing them of having been pacifists. It is well known that Socialist principles have been consistently for peace. If there is any reason for accusation in this regard, it must be directed against the Conservative wing, that is the orthodox church, to which the Kaiser and the bulk of the non-conformists belong. To attribute the cause of the war to Liberal tendencies in German thought, therefore, is absurd. It is true also that Liberalism penetrates far into the religious life of Germany. The Crown Prince recently resigned from the eldership of his congregation, because it was developing Liberal tendencies.

Modern theological tendencies have had nothing to do with the war. If all had been Liberals, the war would not have been prevented. If all had been Conservatives, this would not have prevented the war. The war was the product of the military caste of Prussia, something by itself and apart. All Germans are fighting, not for this caste, but for the Fatherland, upon which the crisis has been precipitated by the militaristic element. Germany's sixty-five million men, women, and children cannot be held responsible for the crimes of a few ambitious autocrats, a few writers on military matters, who are at the same time the advocates of the right of force, and a camp of hardened Prussian soldiers. They are not active advocates of Bernhardi's militaristic doctrines. One might just as well say that the masses of Canadian people are active advocates of T. H. Green, or any other modern British theorist. Only a few Germans are familiar with Bernhardi's works, as only a few Canadian students are acquainted with Green. The notion is absurd and the facts of the case give it the lie. The German masses are occupied in raising families, just as are the masses of the British Empire.

It is true that the Radical branch of the higher-critical school appears to have blundered, by overstepping the mark. Their theory that doubts the historicity of Christ appears as wild a speculation to the moderate Liberal critic as to the Conservative believer. Professor Wernle, who is a representative Liberal (as distinct from Radical) says: "That Jesus regarded himself as an object of worship must be doubted; that He ascribed any meritorious atonement to His death is altogether improbable." While such a statement is extreme, it is as far as the representative Liberals go. The Christ of their theology is revered as "the personifica-

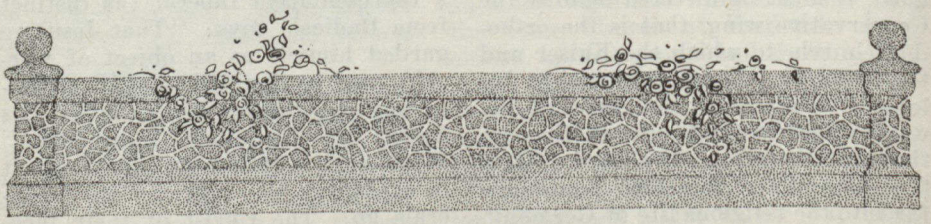
tion of faith in God, brotherly love, faith in immortality, and subject in everything to the limitations of mankind, a pure, holy life clothed in the garment of an Oriental peasant, two thousand years ago."

How far they are then from Neitzche's standpoint! "The Christian religion," says Nietzche, "with its slave morality, is above all other, life's fiercest enemy. Christianity counteracts natural selection. It is the greatest of all conceivable corruptions, the one immortal blemish of mankind." This language, which is condemned by its own extravagance, is as much an insult to the Christian church in Germany, both Conservative and Liberal, as it is to the Christian church in Canada.

The conclusions of even some scientific thinkers may be a crime against the best interests of humanity. The method of science, however, cannot be anything but a blessing. The error of many Conservative defenders of the Faith is that they select certain conclusions of Radicals and proclaim them to be representative of the results of historical criticism. This is not fair. The natural result of historical criticism is not irreligion. If it were so, so much the worse would it be for religion. Historical criticism has proved a bulwark of religion to many honest doubters.

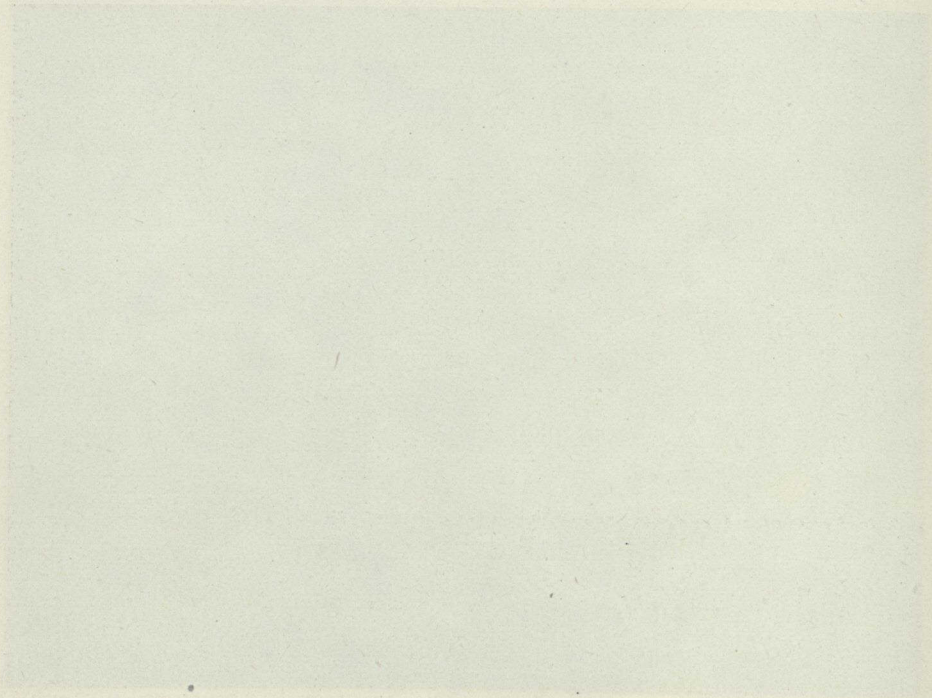
The militaristic doctrines of the Kaiser's war-philosophers are self-condemned by Prussia's political and social attitude to-day. Outside Germany, philosophers passed by Nietzche, Treitchke, and Bernhardi; these men had nothing to give the world. The gift of Germany is method, and the gospel of the right and duty of criticism. Modern psychology stands for investigation. It appeals to facts as opposed to logical premises. It shows from the facts that the conclusion is right. It assumes no premises. It does not start with a theory and try to make the facts fit into it. This attitude has spread through all philosophic and religious thought. It is rendering psychology a future panacea for moral, mental, and physical ills. It is giving the faithful solid intellectual grounds for their religious life and is eliminating apostasy, though often at the expense of theological dogmas and metaphysical idealism. The scientific approach to all life's sentient and subliminal activities advances in the extension of truth.

The world was formerly frank in its admiration of German enterprise. Is the world admitting then that it has been a poor deluded fool? No! At least, it will not when a pardonable prejudice against a political enemy will have been removed after the close of the war. Germany's industrial organization will be admired as it has been in the past. Its masters of music will continue to be the Mecca of the English-speaking student. Its scientific method of research will still extend its lines over the world. In this way the nations' former judgment of Germany's true greatness will be justified. Meanwhile, the nuisance of militarism will have passed away. For its destruction Canada is in arms.



From the Painting by Homer Watson
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE WOOD
LOT



FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

V.—AMBROISE LEPINE; RIEL'S LIEUTENANT

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

TOWARDS the close of the year 1876 there is said to have been released from a Manitoba jail a man by this name, a prison-whitened French-Canadian who had been at one time hailed as patriot, as a high officer in an organization which was to right all the wrongs of a great territory and establish an era of "right" in a land greater in extent than many Englands and potentially wealthier than the land of Indus. There, it is said, was no demonstration as he was let loose at the gates of the jail. A few of his compatriots who had longer memories and better hearts than others, met him, shook his hand and led him back to what was left of his old haunts. The world which he had hoped, in company with others, to set right and from which he might, he thought, have wrung high honours, had in the meantime gone round as quietly as ever, had righted the wrongs, or most of them, that he and Riel had had in mind to right, and had shown how completely it could do without either, without, I suppose, any men for the matter of that. Thus returned Ambroise Lepine, one-time adjutant-general of the "Republic" of Louis Riel, of Fort Garry, tool of that unhappy agitator, and executioner of Thomas Scott, more than seven years before, outside the walls of the trading-fort on the Red River. His death sentence had been commuted by the Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin, to two years' imprisonment and permanent forfeiture of his political rights. He still lives, obscurely, in the town of Forget, Saskatchewan.

Ambroise Lepine's trial in the court of the Queen's Bench in Winnipeg, before Chief Justice Wood, stands as one of the important trials in the history of jurisprudence in Canada. It was important in the politics of the time, but it was still more important as a difficult piece of legal administration. Few judges have had more delicate cases to deal with. It was not a mere matter of establishing the facts of a crime. It was not only a matter of determining whether or not the conditions under which the act was committed made the execution of Scott an act of government or an act of a rebel. The task of the court was made even more exacting by the necessity of discerning between truth and untruth, and clearing from its mind prejudices which the all-too-recent cessation of rebel activities must have created. Public opinion in Canada was still inflamed by the memory of Scott's murder. Constituencies in Upper and Lower Canada were hotly divided concerning the events of 1869 and 1870. In such circumstances it was not easy to preserve even the air of a court from the taint of popular feeling.

Ambroise Lepine was tried in October of 1874. The charge was high treason. The specific act was the murder of Thomas Scott. Canadians still

remember that revolting story. Scott, on the banks of the Red River during the time of Riel's first rebellion, had incurred the displeasure of the rebel leader. First, when a conflict was imminent between rebels and local loyalists, Scott had offended by bearing a message to Riel, asking that special provision be made to screen the women and children from harm during whatever hostilities might ensue. Riel had imprisoned Scott, and Scott had escaped. Then, with a number of loyalists from a nearby settlement, Scott had joined in a demonstration against the so-called rebel government, and had thereby been partially instrumental in securing the liberation of Riel's prisoners. Then, about the end of February in 1869, Scott was arrested, placed in irons, tried before a court which took all its evidence in French, and shot, in brutal and bungling fashion, the next day, March 4th. Lepine, it was alleged, had been presiding judge at the so-called trial of Scott. Lepine had directed the forming of the firing squad, and had dropped the white handkerchief which liberated the bullets of his half-breed soldiers. This was the act on which he was arraigned. Later on, with the fall of Riel, he fled, but was soon in captivity himself.

He was a haggard man, if all accounts of those who saw him in the dock on that first day are true. The fires lighted by a sense of wrong, real or fancied, and by Riel's oratory, had long since died down. The things he, at Riel's direction, had striven to secure for the country had now been granted—but without the recognition of either men as factors in the change. In the cold and gray light of a passionless aftermath the law had gathered him in, and the mills of justice were about to try the wheat from the chaff in the evidence which should be adduced, for or against him.

Chief Justice Wood was, we learn, one of the most respected of Canadian judges, a man fully conscious of the delicacy of his task. He took his seat upon the bench with gravity and dignity, and, after bowing to counsel, right and left, composed himself to listen to the cases they should present. For the Crown appeared F. E. Cornish, assisted by Stewart Macdonald. For Lepine appeared J. A. Chapleau, then a young French-Canadian barrister practising in Montreal (afterward Secretary of State in 1885 when Riel was executed), and Joseph Royal. Chapleau had come all the way from Montreal to defend Lepine. By his achievement in this case he stood to gain or lose in reputation as a lawyer. In the dock sat Lepine, a quiet, almost dull figure, twisting his fingers—he that had once exercised the power of life and death and borne the puppet title of "Adjutant-General."

There was the delay in selecting a jury. The defence challenged sixteen of the talesmen, and the Crown four. Of those that finally were selected about seven, it would appear by their names, were Englishmen; the others French-Canadians. They were seated. Cornish, for the Crown, made an address summing up the case the Crown would seek to make out. There were, he said, twenty-seven witnesses to be called for the Crown, and seven, he believed, for the defence. Among the names of witnesses on both sides were those of leading men in the young community. The audience leaned forward to hear the first witness, Duncan Nolen, formerly secretary to Lepine under the Riel organization. He identified the prisoner, as did also one Newcombe. They were not called upon to give lengthy testimony at that stage of the proceedings. The court finished it first sitting late on the night of the 14th of October.

The next day the Reverend George Young was put on the stand and endured a four-hour examination. He was the man who had visited Scott after his arrest, had tried to secure his release or at all events respite

from Riel's fatal intention, and who had been with Scott as his spiritual adviser up to the time when the squad fired. He was a strong witness for the Crown, and the defence spent many minutes trying to break down his testimony. It was Chapleau's hope that he might draw from Young an admission that Riel's Government had really been recognized by Young and the other colonists as the Government of the country. He laboured long and hard to force the admission from the clergyman, but instead of gaining what would have seemed to soften Lepine's crime, by making it appear an act of a recognized Government, it brought out, in one final, tense statement:

"No, sir. We did not look upon Riel's organization as a government; we looked upon it as mob rule—banditti!"

This was the first opportunity the andience had had to show its animus against Lepine, and the memory of Riel. It is recorded in the despatches sent to *The Globe* (Toronto) at the time that the applause was so great that the judge administered a "withering rebuke" and ordered the sheriff to bring the chief offenders before him in his private chambers after the sitting.

After Young came William Chambers, a distinguished spectator of the execution of Scott. He had seen Lepine, known as "the Adjutant-General," in command of the firing party which led Scott out. Lepine had dropped the white handkerchief, the signal for the volley. He had seen one of the squad shoot the prostrate man, after the volley, in order "to put him out of his misery." He had heard Scott shout as he fell, "Oh, my God! I am shot!" He had seen Riel, O'Donohue, and Lepine all present at the execution.

After him came Alexander Murray, who had seen Scott "shamefully treated" while a prisoner; then Augustis Parisienne, who had been one of the firing squad, but had knocked the cap off his gun rather than shoot; and then, as a climax to that day's proceedings, Duncan Nolen again, he that had identified Lepine as the man to whom he had once been secretary.

"What were your relations with Lepine?" asked the Crown, as he took his place on the stand.

"I was his private secretary."

"What did that mean?"

"I had to attend the council with him, and I kept account of the stores."

"Who else attended the council?"

"The captains and Riel."

The witness then went on to relate the facts as to the trial of Scott: how Captains Jarsliene, Richot, Andre Nault, Elsaer Goulot, Legeumonier, Baptiste Lepine, and Joseph Delorme were present. There were three witnesses against Scott: Riel, an Irishman named Edward Turner, and Delorme. Everything was done in French. Richot moved, seconded by Nault, that Scott be shot. All but Legeumonier and Baptiste Lepine concurred in the motion. The former moved for exile. Baptiste Lepine voted against shooting the prisoner. The other Lepine—now prisoner—had announced that the decision was to shoot Scott and that the sentence would be carried out at noon the next day. Yes, Lepine had announced the decision.

Lepine, in the prisoner's dock, seemed unaffected.

Bishop McLean (Anglican) was then called, and admitted that he and Mr. Smith (the late Lord Strathcona) had yielded entirely to the existing distress at that time. This was emphasized and enlarged upon by the defence to show that Lepine's act was really the act of a recognized government. Then followed a half-breed witness, whose testimony was highly contradictory and apparently discounted by the court. Father Richot, who had been a delegate to the Government of Sir John Macdonald at Ottawa, told of his unsuccessful mission there and of various small dealings

he had had with Riel's government, so-called. The defence had made small headway, and at this point, in the afternoon of the twenty-first of October it "broke down," according to the newspaper despatches of the time, and had to ask for a day's adjournment. Meantime Senator Sutherland testified, on behalf of the Crown, that the recognition of the Riel government might have been given, but if so it was owing to sheer force of arms.

On the twenty-second the defence played its last card: Archbishop Taché, who had known Riel as a child and had, in fact, been instrumental in having him educated, who had been a mediator between Ottawa and the rebels in the first uprising, was now brought into the court-room on a stretcher to testify that the Hudson's Bay Company had gone so far toward recognizing the Government of Riel and Lepine as to enter into negotiations for a loan. He produced the document purporting to be an agreement between the Governor of the company, MacTavish, and the Provisional Government of Manitoba. The examination of the Archbishop was short. He was the last witness and the last hope of the defence. He was not even cross-examined. The court adjourned early in the afternoon, assembling again the next morning only to hear the addresses of counsel and the judge's charge to the jury. The addresses of the lawyers occupied one whole day, and that of the judge to the jury, another. Chief Justice Wood's effort was regarded at the time as masterly. It was lucid and comprehensive. It dealt fearlessly with the political bearing of the case and warned the jurors to leave politics out of their thoughts. He referred to Riel's organization as "that thing called a provisional government." It had been, he said, "kept together by powder, shot, and guns." The evidence was conclusively against the prisoner.

The jury left the room at four o'clock and at eight returned with a verdict of "Guilty. With a recommendation to mercy." His Lordship expressed satisfaction with the verdict, and in matter of fact tone advised the jurymen to apply for extra pay on account of the length of the session—practically two weeks. Lepine was sentenced to be hanged on the 29th of February in the following year, and no doubt would have paid that penalty had the Earl of Dufferin not exercised the right to extend the royal clemency, without th advice of his Ministers. Lepine was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and the loss for life of his political rights.

The trial of Lepine brought out the horrible facts relating to the death of Scott, and it threw light upon the pitiful but tragic efforts of incompetent Riel to establish a government.

Editor's Note.—In the article on the trial of the murderer of D'Arcy McGee, Mr. Blue makes the statement that Whalen's execution was the last of a public character in Canada. It appears, however, that it was not quite the last, for Mr. D. McDonald, of Goderich, calls our attention to the fact that the doubtful distinction belongs to one Nicholas Melady, who was hanged publicly at Goderich on December 7th, 1869, a few months later than the date of Whelan's hanging. Mr. Blue had no wish to shift the honour, for he was relying merely on the precise statement in McMullen's history, and if he erred he erred in good company.

Another reader of Mr. Blue's article has found fault with the references to the late James O'Reilly, Q.C., who conducted the prosecution of Whelan, and who is described as "a young and comparatively unknown Ottawa barrister . . . and an inexperienced one at that." In view of the array of legal talent for the defence, we had read these references to Mr. O'Reilly as if they were intended to emphasize the credit due to him. But we shall let Mr. Blue defend his own statements:

"I am free to confess that when I undertook the article, I had never heard of Mr. O'Reilly, but that fact only made me the more anxious to learn something about him. I searched all the standard books of reference dealing with well-known Canadians,

without finding even mention of his name, and I inquired of several Ottawa 'old-timers' concerning him, with no better success. Your correspondent says I should have consulted Davin's 'Irishmen in Canada.' As a matter of fact, I did so, though only cursorily. I find, on looking up that work again, that there is a sketch of Mr. O'Reilly, which, had I noticed it, would have prevented me from describing him as inexperienced, but it is buried in a sketch of his father, Peter O'Reilly, and so escaped my observation. But it is the fact, nevertheless, that Mr. O'Reilly's retention as the sole counsel for the Crown in the Whelan case exerted, as I stated, some surprise. In the Ottawa "Times," the leading Ottawa paper of that period, there were somewhat strong comments upon the comparative strength of the counsel retained for the defence as against that of counsel for the Crown, and in the Montreal 'Gazette' I found this statement respecting Mr. O'Reilly: 'One correspondent described him as almost unknown.' Moreover, J. Hilliard Cameron, in opening his speech for the defence, paid a tribute to Mr. O'Reilly, remarking that 'though a young member of the Bar, he had shown great efficiency in his conduct of the case.' With such contemporary evidence before me, I thought I was justified in commenting upon his 'comparative' inexperience, particularly as I could find no proof that he enjoyed the standing and repute credited to lawyers like J. Hilliard Cameron and M. C. Cameron. Otherwise, I cannot understand why his retention as counsel for the Crown should have excited the comment it did. In any case, I think I did full justice to Mr. O'Reilly in his conduct of the case.

"In his anxiety to find fault, your correspondent has—probably through loose phraseology—misinterpreted my statement as to 'a member of the Ontario Government having offered a reward for his (Whelan's) arrest.' The member of the Government referred to was not J. Hilliard Cameron, but M. C. Cameron, his associate in the defence. Thus, in the Ottawa 'Times' the statement is made: 'There was a certain amount of wonderment expressed at the success of Mr. John O'Farrel in securing three leading members of the Ontario Bar for the defence, one of them being also a member of the Government'; while in the description of the trial in the same paper the comment is made: 'On the second day there was a burst of applause when Mr. O'Reilly referred to the fact of the Honourable M. C. Cameron signing the proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the murderer or murderers of McGee on behalf of the Province of Ontario.'

"That is my defence, and while it may not be altogether a vindication, I hope it will satisfy your correspondent that I was not without good authority in making the statements which he has so brusquely challenged.

"With reference to the other point that I should have referred to the two appeals in Whelan's case, I may say I was quite cognizant of these proceedings, but they raised legal or technical points which I did not think would add to the interest of the case. In this respect I followed the good example of Dr. Colquhoun, who in the McLeod article confined his attention to the trial proceedings and refrained from dealing with the other stages of the cause.

"To my mind, the 'Famous Trials' series would lose much of their human interest if they were to be turned into legal records."

The next article in this series is by John Lewis, author of "George Brown," in The Makers of Canada series, who gives a vivid account of the famous trial and acquittal of George Brown on a charge of contempt of court following the publication of an article berating Mr. Justice Wilson.

THE LOST PASTURE LOT

BY BIRDSALL JACKSON

FULL of sunshine was the June morning when Uncle 'Bijah Thompson drove slowly homeward in his rickety old calash-top wagon. Charley, the iron-gray, shambled on in front, drawing the vehicle just fast enough to keep it ahead of the cloud of dust they were raising. He had long since learned that this was the only condition set upon his progress and rolled along in his usual overfed complacency. When they drew up at the barn, he heaved a deep sigh of relief and rattled the harness with a vigorous shake, expressive, doubtless, of his hope that some day it might come to pieces and fall from him utterly; and Uncle 'Bijah rose slowly, lowered his lanky frame to the ground, straightened it and began to unharness, whistling and chuckling softly to himself.

"Goodness gracious! 'Bijah—Why couldn't you have stopped at the house first and told me about it and unhitched afterwards? You are the provokingest man I ever lived with."

Aunt Mary, with a blue and white checked apron thrown over her head, was coming toward him with eager steps.

"Didn't know you had lived with any other man," said he, turning away from her to lead the horse into his stall.

She stood looking after him patiently, almost pathetically. Forty years of household care had stamped the crowfeet at the corners of her eyes and set the dark circles beneath them, forty years of hard labour had given her shoulders the heavy droop typical of the farmer's wife. Her voice trembled with anxiety when she spoke again, as he came out.

"Tell me, 'Bijah, quick. I can't wait any more. I've waited so many years. How did you make out?"

"All right."

"Then it's sold?"

"Yes, contract signed and money enough paid down to make it good."

"And the price, 'Bijah, the price?"

"What we agreed on before I went."

"Forty thousand dollars,"—she spoke in a half whisper, as though scarce comprehending, now that the fact was accomplished, "forty thousand dollars! What will we ever do with all that money?"

"Now ain't that just like a woman? Wishes for something and works for it, and prays for it thirty odd years, and when it does come, 'What'll we ever do with it?' says she. Mary, I'm 'most ashamed of you. We'll do what the rest are doin' with it, the ones we've envied all these years."

"But how did you ever get him to pay that much?"

"Well, I've always been pretty good at a business transaction. You know that. If I hadn't been, that five-thousand dollar mortgage would be right here on this place, as it was when we started."

She looked up at him with silent assent.

"After talkin' with him a few minutes I could see he wanted it bad, so

I asked my price and stuck to it.

"Well, I'm glad it's settled," said Aunt Mary. "But it'll be hard to leave the old home after all, some ways, won't it, 'Bijah? It'll be 'most like losin' one of the family. Think of what we've enjoyed here. I shall always love the place for that, no matter where we go."

"Why don't you look at it the other way?" he remarked quickly. "Why don't you think of what we've suffered here?"

"Well, 'Bijah, if I do, I'm not sure but what I love it just as much for that too."

"I guess the forty thousand will make us whole for all we leave behind," said he.

"Well, 'Bijah," said she, "I'm only sorry David couldn't have known of this. He was always talkin' about fixin' it so's you wouldn't have to work so hard. If this had only happened before David—before David—went."

There was a lowering of her voice toward the end, and a tremor upon the last word, the word she invariably substituted for that which she could never bring herself to utter.

He turned to her and spoke gently, even soothingly.

"He was just as anxious about you. And whatever else comes out of this for us, you shall never work so hard again as you have here, Mary, never again. I'll start in a day or so to look up a place for us to move to and we'll go right away."

And with hearts filled with joy, the old couple passed through the low doorway into the kitchen and thence into the sitting-room beyond.

Many were their plans for the future; the purchase of some small homestead nearby with sufficient acreage to keep the old man busy, yet not enough to be a care to him; a house more comfortable and convenient than she had been used to; and, mayhap, some of the trips about the country.

" 'Bijah," said Aunt Mary as he came in one afternoon several weeks later, "I thought you were goin' to look up a place. We'll have to go right off, now that the deed has been passed."

"I know it, Mary, but Mr. Hilton said we needn't hurry and I wanted to get our stock sold first. It's mighty exhaustin' work to sell like stock if you care somethin' about 'em and want to make sure they'll all have good homes. When they come after ole Whitenose this mornin' and led her away, and Charley stuck his head out of his stall and looked around at all the other empty ones and then at me, as much as to say, 'This is a nice fix you're leavin' me in, here alone,' I don't think I ever felt so tired in my whole life."

"You do look played out, 'Bijah, and it's been hard for you, I know. But we're sure it's all for the best, and the thought of it will soon wear off after we leave. I think we'd better move as soon as we can find a place."

"Yes," said he, "so do I. I'll start right out to-morrow."

Through some unknown agency, possibly that of the Gipsom girls, who had now been girls about thirty-five years, and who conducted privately a very reliable information bureau, it became known that Uncle 'Bijah and Aunt Mary would buy a place, if one could be found to suit them. After that, it was not through lack of neighbourly advice that the purchase was not made forthwith.

On several occasions, upon receiving reports of an especially encouraging tenor, they set out together, eager in their quest and flushed with hope. But they were continually disappointed, and the summer waned away without any decisive action.

Others came to gather the crops Uncle 'Bijah had planted, whereat the patriarch, his round of accustomed duty steadily contracting, and for want of something better to do, went out to watch them at work. Nor could he forbear telling them how the harvest should be managed to best advantage

"Who'd ever thought," said he, "Who'd ever thought, Mary, that we'd live to see our place run over like this by a pack of numskulls who don't know a wheel-barrow from a mowin' machine? It makes me sweat all over to look at 'em. It tires me more than the work used to."

"Well, then, 'Bijah, stay away from 'em till we go. We'll be sure to find something to suit before long. You know I've been ready and anxious to leave these three months past."

"Not a bit more so than I have," the old man blazed. "You just show me a place that's laid out half-way sensibly for comfort and convenience, like this one, and a house where I won't feel like a cat in a strange garret, and a well of water that comes anywhere near the taste of ours, and see how long I'll stay here."

Then followed several more days of fruitless search, and finally one at the close of which Uncle 'Bijah drove in wearing such an expression of satisfaction that Aunt Mary hurried out the kitchen door to intercept him.

"No, Mary," said he, "I haven't found what we want, but I've done the next best thing. I've got Mr. Hilton's word that we can stay here all winter if we want to. It seems he's goin' to turn the farm into a place where they play this new game, —knock a little ball as far as they can with a club, then walk after it, so's to knock again, so's to walk again. On the way home," he added, "I stopped at the doctor's."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Said I was as sound as a dollar, and good for ten years at least. Only one sign of danger. 'And what's that, doctor?' I asked. 'I don't hardly know how to tell you,' says he. 'You probably know already better than I do. It's your feeling that you ought to come here, or rather, it's whatever is back of that feeling, what I might call the germ of the idea that you need me.' 'Well, doctor,' I says, goin' for my hat, 'if that's all you can find wrong, I've got the germ of an idea that I don't need you at all.' "

"For my part, 'Bijah, I never did think it amounted to anything, any way," was Aunt Mary's comment.

But, late one gray afternoon in November, he went out and walked slowly through the fields, as had been his wont after the crops were gathered and all made snug for the winter. He came back at a shambling half run with one hand at his breast. Aunt Mary saw him, ran out, and helped him in to his chair.

"Why, 'Bijah! What in the world is the matter?" she cried.

"The pasture lot!" he panted: "The pasture lot! It's gone! and the brook! The brook went too!"

He sank back wearily into the chair with closed eyes.

"You know the place, Mary, where I run the fence across the bend of the brook, so's they could go down and drink whenever they wanted to. Old Whitenose was there, just like she used to be. And when I went towards her with my hand out, in a flash, she was gone; and I was walkin' across *on dry land.* And the fence was gone, and nothin' left but one broad, open field."

She stood looking down at him in amazement and solicitude.

"There, there, 'Bijah! Don't go on so! You've run and got yourself overheated, and it's made you light-headed. They've taken down the fence and filled in the bend, I s'pose, in their improvements."

"Improvements!" he sneered. "Improvements! The fools! They've ruined the best pasture lot in the four townships! I'm goin' right off to see Mr. Hilton about it."

"Oh, don't, 'Bijah. Please don't do that. You can't change it any now. You'll only tire yourself all out again for nothin'!"

But, despite Aunt Mary's tearful protests, he rose, dragged himself to the barn, harnessed the old horse, and drove out.

It was nearly dark when he drew rein at the door of the Hilton coun-

try-seat and asked for the proprietor. But when the latter, who was just home from his afternoon on the links, came out and greeted him pleasantly, Uncle 'Bijah sat bent over in the dusk, fumbling at his whip and at a loss how to explain his errand.

"I thought you ought to know," he began finally, "that somebody has taken down the fences and filled in the brook and ruined the pasture lot."

"I do know it—in fact, I ordered it done." Mr. Hilton's voice suggested good-natured raillery.

"Mebbe you didn't know it was the best pasture lot to be found in a day's drive," suggested the patriarch.

"Hadn't a doubt of it," said the other. "And now it's going to be a part of the best golf links to be found in a day's drive, which, to my way of thinking, is a good deal better."

The impatient Charley lurched forward a little just then, and the light streaming from one of the front windows struck full upon Uncle 'Bijah's face.

"Great God! Man, don't look like that!" Mr. Hilton's tone and manner changed completely. "I wouldn't knowingly bring that look into a man's face for anything in this world. And I won't have my pleasure paid for so dearly as that by anybody. I'd rather lose ten times the few thousands I've spent on your farm than to have you feel so badly about what I'm doing with it. I insist on transferring it back to you immediately."

The old man's lank form straightened up in the seat as though a bullet had struck him.

"Not if you offered me twice what you paid for it to take it again. You don't know 'Bijah Thompson. I asked my price, didn't I? And you paid every cent I asked. I never took water on a business deal in my life, nor went into one without lookin' on all sides of it. I know I've had spells of feelin' tired lately, but there ain't anything the matter with me. And if there was could ownin' a few acres of land more or less make me worse or better? No, Mary and I have acted for the best in this. It's just what we planned and agreed on. Why, Mr. Hilton, Mary and I have *prayed* for this over thirty years. And now we've got the chance, do you think I could ever look her in the face again and tell her I hadn't been man enough to stand by her in it? All the same," he concluded, "it's good of you to offer it, and I'm glad to know that dealin' in stocks don't keep a man from bein' a gentleman."

"Nor does farming," reciprocated Mr. Hilton smilingly.

Whereupon they shook hands, and Uncle 'Bijah drove homeward. Aunt Mary awaited him at the barn, helped him from the wagon, half-carried him to the house, and, with much difficulty, succeeded in getting him upstairs to bed.

But finally, one bright, keen December morning, as Aunt Mary sat at her little sewing-table in the sitting-room, she was astonished to hear steps in the stair-hall adjoining, and, before she could rise, the door opened, and Uncle 'Bijah stood before her, fully dressed, and as erect as in his prime. She was still more astonished when he walked with strong, firm step to his chair by the window.

"Why, 'Bijah! I never was so taken back in my life. I'm afraid this'll be too much for you. I wouldn't have believed you had strength enough to get half way here."

"Well, Mary, I didn't feel as if I could at first, but you see I *had* to come. Why, I couldn't see down towards the orchard at all from the bed-room window. But I'm better, now I've got here. And stronger, yes, a good deal stronger. Only this pain gnaws me some here, in the side. But I'm gettin' used to that, now. That'll never kill me. Oh, I'm good for ten years yet. Don't you worry about me. And I *had* to get up, so's to see if everything was all right at the orchard. I wish you'd come over, Mary, and run up that shade. Mebbe I've been dreamin' up there, but for

several days I've been hearin' a sound kinder dull and heavy, like clods fallin' onto something down in the ground. And this mornin' it was stranger and worse, more like something, or mebbe, *somebody bein' struck by an axe.*"

Aunt Mary laid the white kerchief she was hemming upon the sewing-table, crossed the room to the window, and raised the shade. At the first glance, the old man's hand went to his breast, and his whole body seemed to droop and shrivel before her.

"Oh, Mary! They're gone! The ones we set out first! All we planted before Davy was born! Don't you remember how he used to laugh and hold up his fat little arms to the blossoms? And how he cried one day, and ran and struck one of the trees with his fist, ' 'Tause you fwowed 'at apple down onto my papa's nose,' says he? That was Davy every time, lookin' out for his daddy."

"Oh, don't, 'Bijah! Please don't! I can not stand it!"

But he heard not, or heeded not. "And now they're cuttin' the ones he and I set out together. 'For your use, father, in your old age,' says he. 'No, for yours, when you marry and start out,' says I, and argued with him, not knowin' he was right."

" 'Bijah! Stop! Look here! Look at me!"

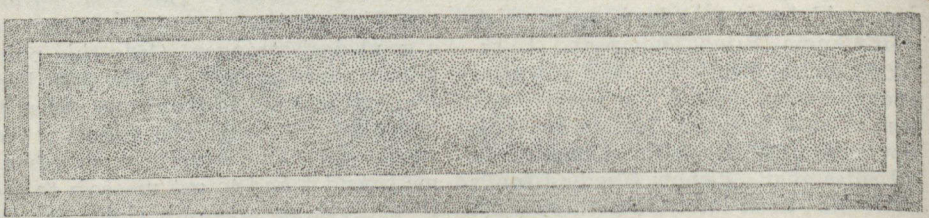
But the old man could see naught else but one thing. He had half risen from his chair, with one hand on the arm, and with the other plucking alternately at his beard and breast.

"But the old tree between! They've left that! That's the one his little swing used to hang from. Put it there myself, so's I could watch him from the corn-lot. Back and forth, back and forth, he used to go, in the shade and out again, like a shuttle. See! they're goin' right past it. They won't touch that one! They wouldn't dare!"

His voice fell to a whisper, a tense incisive whisper, that pierced the stillness of the room like a dagger.

"Why, if they tried to cut that one, Davy'd *come back* and stop 'em. Oh, Mary! Look!" He pointed with one trembling hand. "Look! They've turned towards it again! And *he* is there *now!* And they're swingin' for him with their axes! O my God!"

On the third day thereafter, the astute Charley, neighing his protest against hunger and neglect, drew to his aid one of Mr. Hilton's workmen, whose curiosity led him thence to the farmhouse. He went in at the kitchen entrance, crossed the room softly and swung wide the inner door. At one side of the sitting-room, an old woman with bright eyes and shrunken features was swaying to and fro in her chair, droning weirdly as though to a child held in her arms, while at the other side, the motionless figure of the old patriarch sat by the window and stared out with stony eyes.



THE FEAR

BY HILDA RIDLEY

MRS. SHARPE stood in her husband's study, surveying the letters piled upon his desk. Her sensitive face wore the watchful, almost fearful look of some shy animal of the wood. Small and slight, with her delicate pointed ears, her gray eyes, darkened by the dilated pupils, and soft silky brown hair, so fine that it would slip out of the "bun" in which she tried to confine it, she did indeed seem poised for all the chimeras of the time. The study in which she stood wore a somewhat ecclesiastical aspect and betrayed her husband's calling. He was, in fact, a Presbyterian minister, with a strong philosophic bent. He had been away for a day, but was to return that afternoon; hence, Mrs. Sharpe's tentative visit to his study. Everything was in order. She sorted over the letters again—she had done this twice before—and once more her movement was arrested over an envelope which bore the postmark "Westbrooke." The small, fine writing was unfamiliar to her. Neither she nor her husband had any correspondents in Westbrooke. That was why (or partly why) she knew the letter was from Vivian Merle. Vivian Merle had gone to Westbrooke.

Vivian Merle! About six months ago, she had begun to attend her husband's Monday evening classes in psychology. William Sharpe was a faithful minister, but he was also very much of a philosopher, dreamer and mystic. Having independent means, he was absolved to some extent from the whims of his congregation, and could afford to indulge his own proclivities. To his Monday classes came a few discerning spirits, and many more, drawn by his charm, yet only dimly able to apprehend his teaching. But he taught on, and now and then he was rewarded by the discovery of some select soul. In one of these intervals of discovery came Vivian Merle. The other intervals had been filled in by men. Vivian was a young and beautiful woman.

From the first her mind had seemed to be *en rapport* with William Sharpe's. She understood him, she brought out his point of view, clarifying it even to himself, as he had declared to his wife. It was in the questions which she asked at the close of the discourse, and in the discussions which she set in motion, that she revealed the affinity of her mind to his. Sometimes these discussions would be threshed out to so fine a point that impatient and confused auditors would withdraw, leaving the floor to Vivian and the minister. At such times, the wife, standing on one side, had had bitterly to admit that there were whole tracts of her husband's mind closed to her—tracts which she, with all her love and devotion, could not penetrate.

And afterwards there would sometimes be walks home in the darkness of the winter nights. The girl lived in their direction. She "roomed," she said; but she was always very reserved about her own affairs. Indeed, the discussions left little space for

the personal element. Mrs. Sharpe could see herself on those occasions, a colourless little figure, hovering by the side of the two taller ones. There had been only three of these home walks; but by the time the third one had taken place, Mrs. Sharpe had begun to wonder how far she was left out of the eager discussions, and into what depths of mutual understanding these two were penetrating.

Then had come Vivian Merle's abrupt announcement that she was going away.

"Oh, I don't know for how long," she had replied, in response to their inquiry, "perhaps for years."

The only other information she had vouchsafed was that she was going to Westbrooke.

Nearlv three months had passed away since then, and not a word had been heard of her. Mrs. Sharpe had witnessed the unusual eagerness, perhaps "restlessness"' which had characterized her husband during Vivian Merle's attendance at his classes decline into a depression quite as unusual. It was only during the last two or three weeks that he had seemed to be recovering something of his old, cheerful serenity, and now, just when she had begun to hope, this disquieting letter had arrived.

Was there always to be the shadow of another woman in the lives of even the most happily married? As Mrs. Sharpe surveyed the letter, a spirit of fierceness came upon her. What right had another woman to thrust herself and her individuality between two so united as she and her husband had been? She thought of the various stories circulating in her own neighbourhood—stories of some of her own friends. Mrs. Bingham had secured a divorce, so had Mrs. Spaulding. There were others. She had felt herself so lifted above this kind of thing until six months ago. What did she know, after all, of her husband—of the innermost workings of his mind? It had remained for Vivian Merle to reveal to her that the man she loved might be partially a stranger to her.

She continued to hover tentatively over the desk. Had she not the rights of a wife to protect? That letter, was it prudent to allow it to pass into her husband's hands, to revive in him the restlessness which had begun to subside? She told herself that it was not. But the other course seemed odious. To take the letter and destroy it, unread, would that solve the problem? No; that would be like the attempt to hit at something in the dark. The craving in her was to know where she stood, with what she had to deal. That letter might reveal to her that her fear in regard to her husband and the girl had been groundless. In that case, well and good. She would then have obtained satisfaction, without arousing his suspicion. Or it might reveal—something else. In any event, she surely had the right, under the circumstances, to judge of its propriety.

Mechanically, and as if impelled by this line of reflection, her hand stretched out and covered the envelope, extracting it from the pile. Then softly she went to her own room.

At three o'clock that afternoon William Sharpe came home. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a slight stoop, but fresh-coloured, in spite of his bookish habits, and with an eye as blue and clear as a child's.

"Ah, it's good to be at home, Mary!" he exclaimed. "Home and rest—they are synonomous terms, I think."

"Have you been worried, dear?" said Mary.

He laughed.

"It would be ungracious to say so, for I've really been unwarrantably spoiled."

Mary smiled. People always petted her husband. There was a kind of child-like spontaneity and irresponsibility about him, which, together with his great personal charm, seemed to invite indulgence. Hitherto she had been pleased and proud

that he should be petted; but now, as he spoke, and even as she smiled, she was aware of a clutch at her heart. Had not the insignificant wife of a charming man something to fear?

"Was the whole family there?" she asked, referring to his visit, which had been to the home of a clerical friend.

"Yes; even the charming daughter from Vassar."

"She, I suppose, is very intellectual."

"Quite; but not to any alarming degree. Are there any letters for me, dear?"

"A pile in your study."

He hurried off to read them, and Mary thought of the one which he would now never see. It was impossible that he should see it. That letter would have opened up a correspondence between her husband and the writer, and she would have had to see him part again from his serenity and become subjected to the stirring influence of Vivian Merle. She had weighed the possible consequences of her abduction of the letter. There was the possibility, of course, that a chance meeting might take place between William and the girl; but in that case—well, letters had been lost before now; and in the meantime, what a check to the girl's proud spirit would be the complete silence on the part of the minister!

It was strange, however, as the days went by, how the image of Vivian Merle persisted in her consciousness. Her act, far from erasing the alien influence, seemed to have inserted it indelibly. She had a superstitious feeling that she had not conquered Vivian Merle, but that, in some strange way, Vivian had conquered her. The very silence of her husband on the subject of the girl, his acceptance of her passing from his life, his relapse into something approaching his old equanimity, seemed, to her morbid consciousness, like a finger of accusation pointed at her by the other woman. "You have him on these terms, but are they the real terms?" she seemed to say. Vivian had indeed revealed to her a side of her husband's nature which she could not fathom. Strange, that while she had been dimly aware of this side before, she had thought it negligible until another woman had shown her how perfectly she could unlock its treasury. And now she had the uneasy security of one who, entrusted with some treasure is aware that an enemy exists who holds the key to it. Had she not by her act recognized Vivian as an enemy? And was she not, holding as she did the key to a part of her treasure, a dangerous enemy, and one who might at any moment slip upon her in the dark and leave her desolate? Nay, how did she know that even now she did not steal in, as a thief in the night, and bereave her more and more of what was hers? If she could have conquered this enemy in the open, or transformed her into a friend, would she not have been less the victim of the fear that in some subtle way her husband's soul eluded hers to communicate with its mate?

And then, one day, she saw Vivian Merle on the street. The girl was alone, and her face, with its beauty of expression and purpose, was turned from Mrs. Sharpe's. The older woman felt a curious thrill. The girl did not look defeated. There was a softness in her face which had been lacking from its somewhat intellectual aloofness. She looked as if she had tasted sorrow and incorporated it into the riches of her inner kingdom. How long had she been in town? Just for a moment she associated her husband's renewed buoyancy with the presence of the girl, and then the health that remained in her flouted the suggestion. She knew so well of late her husband's habits. His ingenuousness might sometimes be a mask, but she felt him to be incapable of such a subterfuge as her morbid fancy had insinuated. She shrank

back in alarm from the havoc which the virus of suspicion was working within her; but from the moment she saw Vivian Merle she was aware that what peace of mind she still possessed must desert her. At any time now, the chance meeting which she had feared might take place. The girl might even come to the church and broach the subject of the unanswered letter. But the weeks passed and she did not see Vivian Merle again. She had begun to hope that she had left the city, when the strange expression of her husband's face, upon his return from a series of calls, at once alarmed her.

"Has anything happened, William?" she asked.

Her lips trembled. She felt instinctively that the hour had come.

"No; nothing, dear," he replied shortly.

"Did you meet any one new and interesting?" she persisted, her mind set upon discovering the secret of his perturbed expression.

"No, no, dear; the same old round, the same old faces."

She could bear the strain no longer. Turning her small, pale face, in which the eyes looked preternaturally large, upon him, she said, endeavouring to speak lightly:

"Well, I did see an old acquaintance upon the street the other day; but she did not appear to see me. Guess who it was."

"Was it Miss Merle?" he said quietly.

"Yes; how did you guess so quickly?"

"Because I met her myself a few minutes ago, and she passed me by as if I were a stranger."

He looked now undisguisedly chagrined.

"Oh, my dear, she couldn't have seen you!"

"My dear Mary, she must have. We were so close to each other that we almost touched in passing."

Mrs. Sharpe paused.

"She's behaving in a very ungracious way, I think," she said after a moment, "after all your goodness to her."

"My goodness! I wasn't aware of any."

"Of course, you wouldn't be; but you took up an obscure girl and tried to make the best of her."

"I gave her no more than she gave me—perhaps not as much. But I confess I am disappointed in her."

He sighed and withdrew into his study, leaving his agitated wife to further cogitations. Why had he hidden from her his encounter with Miss Merle? Of course, the wounding of his masculine *amour propre* might account for this. The least conceited of men—a matter merely of degree—were vulnerable; but to be secretive and ashamed with his own wife! To Mrs. Sharpe, his behaviour seemed the last proof of the hold which Miss Merle had acquired over him. She was thankful now that she had withheld the letter; and the relief which comes from the grasping of something tangible, after groping among shadows, came to her. After all, the worst had happened. The girl and her husband had met. The girl had expressed unmistakable offence. Her husband had been repelled. Surely, the incident was closed.

But on the following Sunday, who should come walking up the aisle of the church, attracting all eyes by her distinction and beauty, but Vivian Merle herself! From her pew, to the right, and slightly to the rear of the one Vivian had selected, Mrs. Sharpe watched her, stunned. There was no tremor in the girl's face. It looked serene and full of quiet resolution. She listened with undivided attention, and with something of her old eagerness of expression, to the sermon. After the service, she waited on one side until the tall, gowned figure of the minister came down the aisle towards her. It was then that the minister's wife slipped like a shadow from the church into the seclusion of her own room.

"Yes," William Sharpe was saying; "Miss Merle is coming to see us to-night. It seems she writes—and she wants some counsel on a rather subtle psychological point in one of her articles."

It was on the following Monday. Mrs. Sharpe had not left her room until late that morning. She was now sitting in a small room off the dining-room, darning stockings, and here her husband had sought her out.

"Had I known," he continued, after a pause, "that you were going to feel like this, we could have arranged for another evening. Do you think you should be up at all this morning, my dear?"

She stole a swift glance at him.

"Don't worry about me," she replied, and her voice had a hard ring. "My staying in bed would make no difference. In any event, my head wouldn't permit of my listening to any literary discussions."

"Is it as bad as all that?"

"What difference would it make, any how? I never took part in the discussions."

"It's true, you always were a little mouse," he replied.

"And you were content that it should be so, were you not?"

"Content, my dear! I did not wish to force your views."

"A mouse is dun-coloured and most insignificant, you know," she continued; "so your simile, or whatever you call it, was most apposite."

He looked startled.

"My dear, you are not at all well," he said. "I can see that."

When he had gone, she dropped her mending. It was inconceivable that Miss Merle should have said nothing about the letter. But if she had not done so, what was the inference? In some way, she must have satisfied herself of the minister's complete ignorance of the existence of the missive, and drawn her own conclusions. But what conclusions? And why had she kept silence? Mary covered her burning face with her hands. Had she, on the other hand, mentioned the letter to the minister? And if so, what conclusions had he drawn? There was no escaping from ignominy. It loomed up now in whatever way she looked.

As the day wore on she felt herself more and more unequal to a meeting with Miss Merle. At about six o'clock she went to her room, resolved to remain there for the rest of the evening. Two hours passed away before her strained attention caught the ring at the front door bell. A moment later she heard Miss Merle's clear voice in the hall and her husband's deeper notes. Presently they grew more subdued, and she knew from the direction in which they came to her that they were in the minister's study.

Five minutes passed away, ten minutes, twenty. Had she really believed herself capable of enduring this mental torture? The voices came to her fitfully now, sometimes on a swell of sound, but never redeemed from an inarticulate buzz. Half an hour passed and then the torture became unbearable. She went to her door, leaning out into the dimly-lighted hall, but still the voices were inarticulate. She glided to the top of the stairs. It was the maid's evening out. There were two doors to the study. The one which was reached by the way of the dining-room was kept locked, the other opened directly into the hall. Why should she not descend her own stairs and enter her own dining-room if she wished to do so? The wild little figure, in the kimona, with the streaming hair, stole down the stairs. Two minutes later, it was crouching against the locked door of the minister's study.

"Yes," the man's voice was saying, "love is the Great Teacher."

"Oh, until it came, I understood nothing—nothing!"

It was the girl's impassioned voice.

There was something more about love, something rapt and exalted in the rich voice of the man; but Mrs.

Sharpe did not hear it. A coldness as of death had come upon her. She turned away from the locked door. Once before she had tasted death. It was when she had buried the hopes for the child, which came indeed, but which went away very soon and very weary from the sheltering of her frail arms.

It was only five minutes later—but she had lost all record of time—that the study door opened, and the voices of the woman and the man became once more articulate. Then rather slow, heavy steps mounted the stairs. Was her husband coming to her? She closed her eyes. She felt as if he were coming to thrust a dagger of despatch into her heart, and that she did not care.

His rap came at the door. She did not reply. He gently opened it and tip-toed into the room.

"Little woman!" he said. "Little woman! How is my little woman now?"

He went to the bedside and knelt down beside it, encircling her with his arms. The touch of the warm, strong arms around her was like the first breath of warmth to the limbs of one who had been frozen, and as full of excruciating pain. She said nothing; she could say nothing just then.

"Miss Merle is gone," he continued, speaking in a low, murmurous tone. "She didn't stay very long, did she? Dear, I'm rather glad she is gone. She is a little too enthusiastic; she tires. On the whole, I am rather glad she is going to return to Westbrooke."

For the first time Mary stirred in his arms.

"You know she is going to be married," he went on," and married to a most unintellectual person — a farmer, whom it seems she has really loved for a number of years, without realizing it. She thought he wasn't intellectual enough, but discovered eventually that what she needed was, not more brain, but something else—something he can give her."

And now Mary spoke.

"Were you talking about that tonight?" she said.

"Yes; most of the time. The literary discussion rather fell through. Oh, and Mary," he spoke slowly, looking away from her across the dimly lighted room, "it seems she wrote me a letter about this very discussion; but it must have gone astray. She was going to tell me this yesterday, but we were interrupted."

Mary shrank back from his arms; but he drew her closer.

"Little woman!" he said gently.

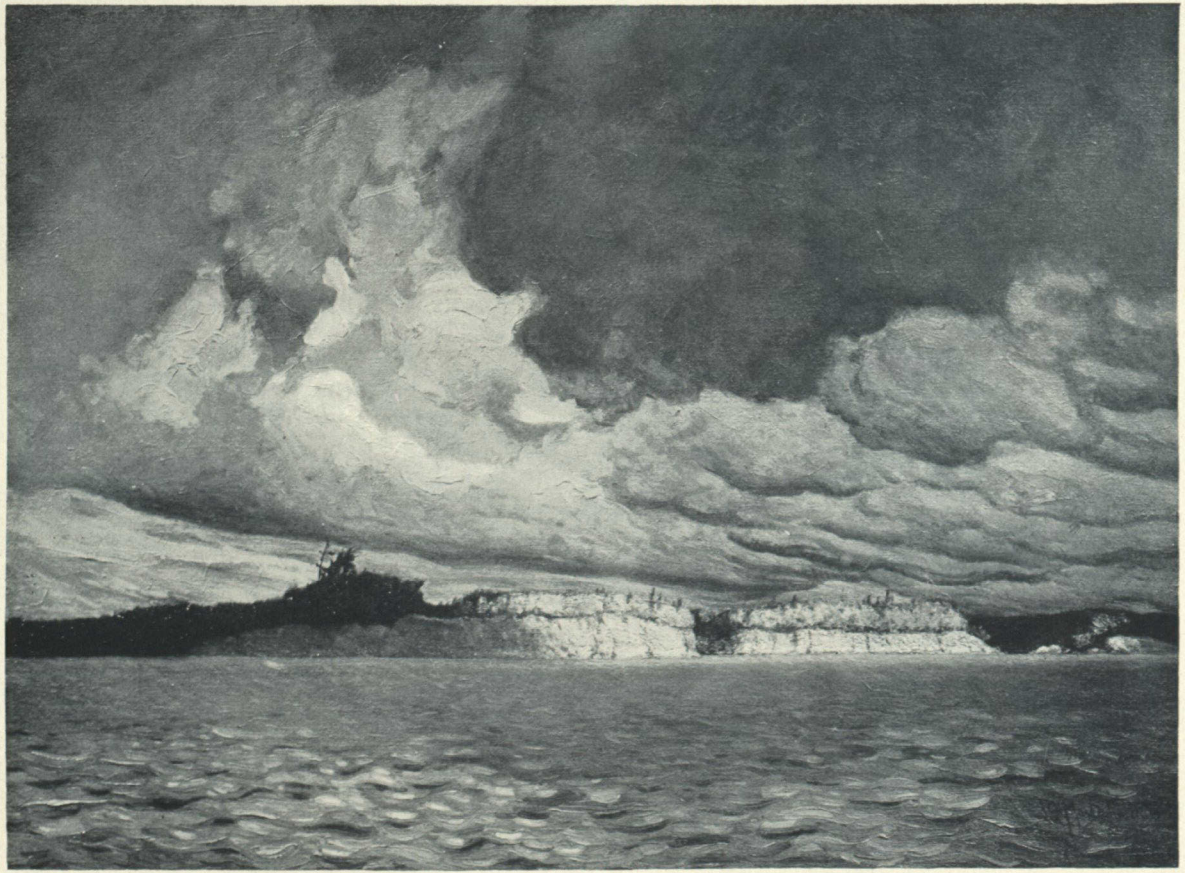
In his voice there was a shade of austerity; but the tenderness was infinite.

She opened her lips to speak, but he closed them with his own.

"Don't speak—it isn't good for you —rest, dearest."

And now she knew that she could rest. In his arms she fell at last into a deep sleep. When she awoke it was daylight. The shadows of the night had departed, and among them the shadow which had for so many months obsessed her.

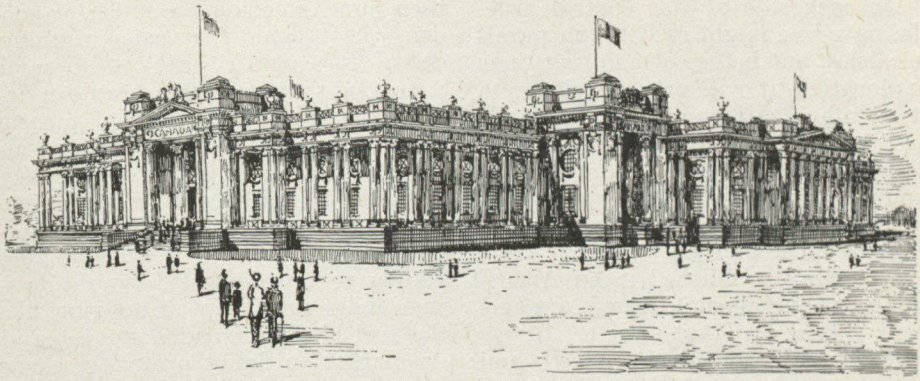
She knew now that it had been only a chimera.



THE LONELY NORTH

By J. E. H. MacDonald

Contribute to the Canadian Patriotic Fund



THE CANADIAN BUILDING, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

CANADA FROM SEA TO SEA

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

AUTHOR OF "THE SETTLER," "CROSS TRAILS," "THE PROBATIONER," AND OTHER CANADIAN TALES

WHILE still unaware of its nationality, I had already seen the Canadian Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and picked it for one of the finest of the eighty-four structures erected by American States and foreign nations. At the first glance one is struck by the combination of dignity and good taste in its appearance, for both in his composition and by the use of "Travertine" stone effects for columns and outer walls, the architect has brought the building into harmony with the exposition architectural scheme.

With its double rows of fine Corinthian pillars, broad facades, great bronze lions that lie couchant before the doors, its appearance may well cause any Canadian a thrill of pride. It has the additional advantage of facing towards the Golden Gate. Standing under its wide portico, one may see the coast liners from Vancouver and Puget Sound heave slowly in and out.

The big wide doors open into a spacious foyer and through a central arch one looks at once down a wide central aisle, which is lined on both sides with large show windows that contain mineral products. Table cases down the centre hold others whose range seems to cover every known ore and mineral from salt to asbestos, iron to gold. Inspection fills the layman with astonishment at their variety and number, which is not altogether assuaged by the knowledge that in ores and minerals Canada is the richest country in the world. Above the cases, the length of the aisle, coloured transparencies faithfully represent every feature of the processes by which the exhibits are converted into the finished articles of commerce; and between the wonderful pictures of farm life alternate reproductions of the heraldic insignia

of the Provinces, all done in grain and seeds.

On each side of this central aisle, the nave one might call it, run parallel aisles, but before attempting their exploration, it will pay the visitor to step into a circular chamber at the east end of the foyer, where is displayed a panoramic map of the Dominion. For me it has a special interest, for my literary career dates back to an article on "Canada from Sea to Sea," published in an American magazine about fifteen years ago. How I slaved at that article. It was revised and rewritten, planed and polished with all of the ardour and zeal of a beginner in letters. My soul went into it. But standing in front of this great colourful map which lifts one, as it were, a hundred miles in the air and lays out the continental spread of Canada beneath, I realized the pen's narrow limitations. It may never compete with the eye. The Atlantic, icy spread of Labrador, mighty stream of the St. Lawrence leading inland to the network of the great lakes, the boundless prairies, Hudson's Bay reaching far up to the Polar ice, the snow-crowned Rockies running down on their western slopes into the vast blue of the Pacific, it was there to be taken in a sweeping glance that inspires something of the feeling inspired by days and nights of travel in the cars across its vast expanse. That feeling is not for the pen. It comes under the classification of that "incommunicable thrill of things" which Robert Louis Stevenson, the master of prose, describes and laments. The thrill of it was strong upon me when I turned into the western aisle and saw in a wide deep recess something that caused me a sudden pang of homesickness.

The lake in front of my old cabin was always black with waterfowl, and here, vividly recalling it, teal and mallard, wild geese, canvas backs and humble mud-hen, the loon and stately white cranes, a hundred kinds of waterfowl were grouped about a reedy sleugh. Far off in the background a farm house that might have been mine, stood in the midst of golden wheat fields that came running down the painted canvas to real "stukes" that were being rapidly denuded of grain by a flock of prairie chicken. They were stuffed specimens, of course, but the realistic way in which one old cock looked at me over his shoulder, provoked a sudden impulse to let fly a stone at him. I knew very well what he would do—just dodge and keep on dodging like the fool bird he is till a stone found its mark. No doubt prairie chickens have become gun-shy since I stood in my tracks and shot twenty-six of one flock thirty years ago. It was murder. I admit it. But a pioneer settler has no conscience when meat is in question. My mouth still waters at the thought of those chicken-breasts—thick as a young turkey—split and fried in fresh butter.

Further down the aisle the sight of a big elk and huge bull moose recalled my first winter in the north, when their wild forebears used to come out of the forest and feed off my stacks of prairie hay. They were welcome, for the sight of a big moose shambling away over the snow was always sufficient pay for what he took, and once in a while they contributed a haunch of venison to my larder. Close to them, a black buffalo bull grazes at the edge of an imitation prairie. In fact every variety of Canada's big game from the mountain goat to the rare wood bison—of which there are said to be less than two score roaming at large—were skilfully placed in a rugged setting of mountain, lake and woods.

Alongside an enormous yellow pine, a giant female grizzly upreared full eight feet of threatening bulk. On one big paw sat her cub, a little thing not much larger than a three-months-old kitten. It would have proved an easy prey for the lynx that peered down at it from the rocks above. The mountain lion in the background

would have swallowed it at one gulp. From its cousins, the cinnamon, brown and black bears, it might receive mercy, but not from the deep-chested timber wolves, fox and wolverine that sneaked in the foreground. Even the otter and mink peering from among the rocks of a tumbling stream would have made short work of the little thing. But it was comforting to know that it could roll and tumble in its native wilds at will under the protection of that mighty paw. There it was safe from all but the bullet that brought both it and its mighty protector to San Francisco to delight the hearts of thousands upon thousands of little children.

Even more interesting is the beaver pool. In front of a painted background representing woods and lake, a beaver dam with domed houses sticking up above the water crosses a running stream. Among the trees on the bank stuffed beavers are to be seen, felling trees, cutting up sticks, dragging them to the water to haul to their fellows who are building new houses. All this, of course, is merely dumb show for the benefit of human observers; but it appears to be the real thing to the colony of live beavers that live in the pool below. Through the crevices of the dam, they peer with great interest at their silent brethren, and were it not for the overhang of the concrete coping which defeats his persistent efforts, the old king beaver would soon crawl over and transmute his stuffed relatives into real "dead ones."

In default, he takes it out in bossing his own household. At any hour, one or another of his devoted spouses may be seen nibbling through his fur on a still hunt for the water parasites that make life, for beavers, not a round of pleasure-seeking, and at four o'clock every afternoon they form a select and silent assemblage while he performs a solemn function. Crawling out upon a rocky isle in the pool's centre, he uprears on his short hindlegs and looks around, selecting a tree for the colony to fell that night. There are some in the foreground, and the deep woods on the painted canvas behind no doubt appear to his beavership as the real thing. But he cannot reach them. One wishes that the directors would place one for his special benefit on the edge of the pool. But the fact that they won't makes no difference. He continues the performance each evening with the regularity of a vaudevillian in "the continuous."

Above these game exhibits, as in other aisles, coloured transparencies set forth familiar Canadian scenes; stock farms of Quebec and Ontario with prize herds of Durham, Hereford and Poll-Angus cattle; golden wheat fields, orchards, gardens, sawmills and lumber camps, and the massed logs behind the boom in a "river drive"; great lumber sleds, piled tier above tier with tons of logs, the sight smote me with the sudden chill of forest snows and filled my nostrils with the resinous odours of slaughtered pine woods.

One cannot walk the length of the aisle without learning more of Canada than could be learned in a year of steady reading. At its end one passes through groves of coal, finished lumber exhibits, cases of mineral ores, asbestos, *et al*, in all their forms from the crude ore to the finished products, along a cross aisle, which ends in a wonderful panorama of the city and harbour of Vancouver. In the foreground stands the city, its principal buildings faithfully modelled, with its docks, shipping and lovely residential districts running back to a realistically painted canvas which carries the view on to snow-clad mountains in the distance. It is interesting in the extreme and very informative.

Walking on down the western aisle towards the foyer, one turns at right angles into an "L," the upstroke of which brings up in an apple orchard seen across the stretch of green turf. Apple picking is in full blast, and

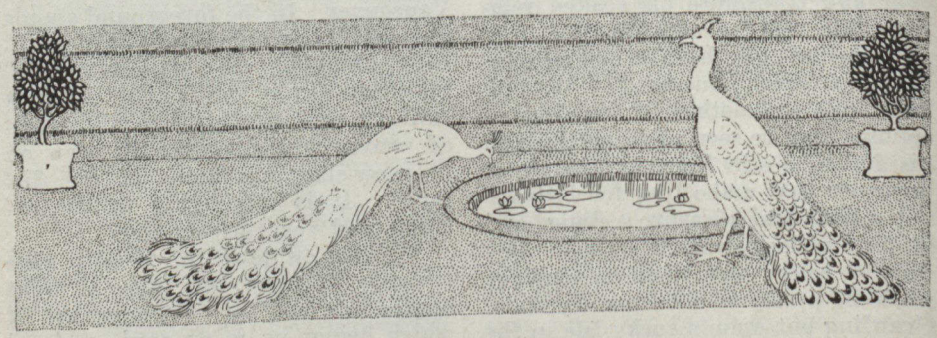
the large glass jars and show cases which line both sides of the "L" display fruits, fresh, canned and preserved, that would do honour to sunny California. It would be quite easy, indeed, for the visitor to imagine that he had made a mistake and wandered into the state exhibit of this land of fruits.

Above the cases in long recesses are placed splendid oil portraits of Canada's rulers and leading statesmen. On one side King Edward the Seventh and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal respectively flank the portraits of King George and Queen Mary. Opposite them, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Robert Borden and the late Sir John A. Macdonald appear with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

Towards the western aisle, in the longest and deepest recess of all, I came on what, to me at least, was the star view of the exhibit—the prairies, from Winnipeg, running west. The sight sent time whirling backward for thirty years to the morning that the Canadian Pacific express ran out of thick woods that stretch from Rat Portage to Selkirk and I got my first view of the level plains. From the horizon, just as in this panoramic reproduction, they ran out in all directions, so vast, illimitable, that the fast train seemed to crawl like a slug over the level distances. Later we ran into wheat. Wheat, miles of it; seas of it; undulating in long golden billows that ran off and away before the wind over the horizon—again, just as it does in the panorama. In the foreground of the painting a fleet of red elevators such as one sees at Portage la Prairie or Brandon were discharging wheat into a toy freight train. As each car was filled, the train moved up with realistic jerks till the next came under the spouts. Then, just as another train came puffing out from under a distant bridge, it moved off on its long journey to Port Arthur or the east. It was all so real, one could have sworn that one was surveying the real thing from a distance.

Specimens of wheats, grains and other products of the Northwest form part of this exhibit. Others are to be seen in the aisles, sometimes in the form of pictures that reproduce the varied operations of western farm life. And there are other things to be seen, too numerous for recapitulation, the equal of anything here described. Taken in all, Canada's private exhibit is something for all Canadians to be proud of. I can sum it best in a remark made by a New York man to a Californian:

"Say, this makes the best of our state exhibits look like ten cents in a fog!"



THE ROMANY

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

O, MY Gypsy lover kissed me, but he left me at the morn,
Though he called my mouth a poppy, and my long hair gold as corn;
O, the grass was wet beneath his feet, the dawn blood red above,
The apple-blossoms fell like snow on the new-made grave of love.

And I would I were his shadow,
To follow, follow, follow,
By flowered hill and hollow,
(Where the corn flower buds are azure in the young and tender wheat),
And to follow at his feet.

O, my Gypsy lover wore me like a flower in his coat,
But he left me when the moon was still, a paling pearl, afloat
In the brightening waves of heaven as he kissed away my tears,
My lover with the tawny eyes and the gold rings in his ears.

And I would I were his shadow,
To follow, follow, follow,
By sunny hill and hollow,
(With the wild rose in the hedgerow and the green finch singing sweet),
And to follow at his feet.

O, my Gypsy lover waved his hand and never looked behind,
When he left me for the vagrant road, the buffets of the wind,
The dew-filled chalices of flowers, the summer pools abrim;
And my days are sick with longing and my nights are black for him.

And I would I were his shadow,
To follow, follow, follow,
By darkening hill and hollow,
(When the full moon folds the valleys in a silver winding-sheet),
And to follow at his feet.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

WHILE the Russian armies are converging on the plains of Hungary after months of terrific fighting over the Carpathian passes, the Allies on the western front are straightening their lines and preparing for the general advance. The French are making headway in the direction of Metz, while the British have been driving the enemy out of his trenches and advancing their front. The roads and trenches are drying up, and a big British force has been assembled in the region of the Yser, signs that the hour is approaching for the big and costly drive which the Allies must face if the fight is to be transferred to the enemy's soil. What this means in actual losses may be estimated by the fight at Neuve Chapelle, where the British casualties in the capture of the German trenches amounted to four thousand killed and wounded.

The whole series of actions in which the British have been engaged at St. Eloi and Neuve Chapelle drives home with very striking force the point of Earl Kitchener's recent statement in the House of Lords. Artillery work was the dominant factor in every incident of the operation. To the gunners belongs almost the whole credit for the success at Neuve Chapelle. "Eye-Witness" has described the method of the attack. It began with a bombardment by a great number of guns and howitzers, and the fire was described by the men in the trenches, waiting for the signal to advance, as being "the most tremendous both in point of noise and in actual effect that they had ever heard." The artillery preparations lasted for thirty-five minutes, during which the British troops could show themselves freely and even walk about in perfect safety. Then the signal for the advance was given, and in half an hour almost the whole of the elaborate series of German trenches was carried at a cost which Sir John French described as "not great in proportion to the results achieved." The action at St. Eloi points the same moral of the essential value of effective artillery preparation. It was the effect of "a very heavy bombardment" which enabled the enemy to rush the British trenches. During the night, apparently, the British concentrated sufficient pieces to master the local artillery ascendency of the Germans, for the trenches which the enemy were compelled to evacuate in the morning are described in the French *communiqué* as being "completely broken up by the artillery." Every incident in these actions proves up to the hilt the absolute dependency of infantry upon artillery under modern conditions of warfare. In these actions the British army has used up, in a few hours, by expenditure of ammunition and deterioration of pieces, as much war material as thousands of workmen require days to produce. This must not only be replaced, but stores must be accumulated against the needs of the new armies, if they

are to break through the enemy's entrenchments without appalling sacrifice of life. If we divide the number of our forces at present in the field into the numbers of the new armies, we shall begin to appreciate the gigantic nature of the task of providing munitions, and the reason of Lord Kitchener's grave anxiety about them.

The Russian advance into Hungary is already demoralizing Austria-Hungary, and peace rumours crop up daily. Hungary is a vital point for the Dual Monarchy, for apart from the incentive to revolution which Russian invasion may create, in Hungary are situated some of the most important arsenals and public works. The capture of these would seriously curtail the output of munitions of war and render desperate the military position of Germany's ally. Heavy fighting must take place before Russia is in a position to strike home at the heart of Hungary, but the end may be nearer than the reports seem to indicate.

Italy at time of writing has not yet taken the plunge. All the outward and visible signs point to her entrance at no distant date, but Germany has not yet closed the door against the possibility of an Italo-Austrian settlement. All German and Austrian subjects are leaving Italy, Austrian troops are concentrating on the frontier, and the Italian army is preparing for war, but negotiations are still proceeding.

The German submarine blockade accounts for a weekly toll of vessels, but the effect upon British trade is negligible. Some of the attacks on merchant and passenger vessels have been characterized by the American press as murder, the brutal and callous indifference to life shown by German officers alienating the last vestige of neutral opinion in the United States. Meantime the *Prinz Eitel* and *Kronprinz Wilhelm* are in American ports—the last of the German sea-raiders still afloat in the Atlantic.

A most interesting paper on "The Cost of the War" was read by Mr. Edgar Crammond at the meeting of the Royal Statistical Society recently in London. He estimated that the total loss to Belgium would not be less than £526,500,000. This figure he reached by giving the direct expenditure of the Belgian Government at £36,500,000; destruction of property, £250,000,000; capitalized value of the loss of human life, £40,000,000; and loss of production and other losses, £200,000,000. The total direct and indirect cost of the war up to July 31st next, Mr. Crammond thinks, will amount to £9,147,900,000. This vast sum is apportioned as follows: Belgium, £526,500,000; France, £1,686,400,000; Russia, £1,400,000,000; British Empire, £1,258,000,000; Austria-Hungary, £1,502,000,000; Germany, £2,775,000,000. On the basis of the figures given, Mr. Crammond says that permanent loss of capital of all belligerents might be expected to amount to about £4,000,000,000, and the loss of income about £5,150,000,000. He felt assured that, on the whole, the peoples of the British Empire might face the future, so far as the question of economic exhaustion was concerned, with a feeling of the most profound confidence.

Among the changes which war has brought in its train in Great Britain is the gradual employment of women in positions formerly sacred to the male sex. A sensation in Clubland has been created by the news that at the Athenæum, that most sedate institution, women waitresses have been installed owing to the dearth of male servants created by the war. At present there are only two of these Hebes, but soon there will be more, and other clubs will be obliged to follow this august example.

Britain is following the lead of other countries in the curtailment of the liquor traffic. The King, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Lloyd George, and others have set an example of total abstinence during the continuance of the war. The nations that can fire the most shots are going to win in this war. The manufacture of munitions of war is one of the most vital concern and anything which tends to lower the efficiency of the worker must be sacrificed to the necessities of the cause. Russia and France have already banished absinthe and vodka, and although the liberty of the British subject is not to be lightly set aside, war is war, and individual rights and individual luxuries must not stand in the way of victory.

Switzerland is determined that no German or Austrian troops shall enter Switzerland, if it can possibly be avoided. There is a feeling in Berne that, if the Germans are driven from Belgium, or if Italy joins the Allies, the German General Staff would not hesitate to march an army through Swiss territory. Determined measures are being taken to prevent any such movement, and any Power attacking Swiss neutrality will have a very difficult task. The frontier, where it is open to attack, is cleverly protected by a series of elaborate, if temporary, defences, while where the mountains act as barriers fresh forts have been added to those existing.

If any fresh evidence of the financial stability of the United Kingdom were wanted—which it is not—it would be found in the revenue returns. The original estimates for the year which ends on the 31st of March amounted to £207,000,000. When the war broke out, these estimates had, of course, to be revised. The results have far exceeded anticipations, and Mr. Lloyd George finds himself in possession of a surplus of sixteen million pounds.

Of great historical value is the reply of the Belgian Government to the German charge that, long before August 3rd, Belgium had abandoned her neutrality. This was alleged to be proved by documents discovered in Brussels recording conversations between Belgian and British military authorities. But the Belgian Government shows conclusively that these documents have been garbled before publication. The fact that certain steps were discussed only on the hypothesis that Belgium had been attacked by Germany was suppressed in the German version, and the word "convention" was substituted for "conversation." The Belgian Government also declares, in answer to another German allegation, that "before the declaration of war no French force, even of the smallest size, had entered Belgium."

The forcing of the Dardanelles will entail land and sea operations and a big force has already been landed to assist the fleet in reducing the strongly fortified positions that guard the approach to the Turkish capital. In Turkey the activities of the peace party are most pronounced, but nothing definite has transpired to offer hope of an early submission of the Ottoman Government.

Whatever the material losses of the British nation through the war, she has gained immeasurably in patriotic, moral, and spiritual strength. In ordinary times in the British Isles a good deal of excessive drinking may be put down to boredom. Men and women engaged in exhausting physical labour, and with nothing to occupy or interest their minds, seek solace in beer or spirits. The war has at least furnished them with a real interest in life. To this may be ascribed also the astonishing and gratifying decrease in crime. It is not that all the habitual criminals have joined the army—not many of

them, probably, are physically fit—but that they seem to have been caught up in the great wave of national feeling, jerked out of their old grooves, and compelled, almost in spite of themselves, to take, if only for a time, to honest courses. The cost of law and justice in 1915 will show a sensible diminution on that of previous years. The improvement in morals is by no means confined to the lower ranks of society—all classes are affected by it. The senseless growth of luxury, which has been so marked in recent years, has been sharply set back, and will, it is to be hoped, never blossom again with its former extravagance and nearsightedness.

The second Canadian contingent may be at the front before this sees the light. The Canadian troops are giving a good account of themselves in the firing line and, although the offensively fulsome praise of some newspapers must be deprecated, especially the ridiculous comparisons drawn between British and Canadian troops to the disadvantage of the former, Canada has no reason to regret her part in the Great War. In time perhaps the public conscience will be touched by the contract scandals disclosed at the Parliamentary inquiry, and those responsible made amenable to justice. In the hurry of a war regrettable things happen, but the farmer who tries to sell a spavined horse is as blameworthy as the agent who buys it. The war will not have been in vain if it raises the moral standard in the Dominion and clears out of public life men who corrupt it by battening on the public treasury.

The Library Table

FORTY YEARS IN CANADA

By Colonel S. B. Steele, C.B., M. V.O. (now Major-General Steele). Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

WE know of no other book than this that gives so complete and close an acquaintance with conditions in Western Canada during the last forty years. The author has had extraordinary opportunities for experience and observation, and his book is proof that he has not been a mere momentary onlooker. As a young man he went out, in 1870, under Colonel Wolseley, to take part in suppressing the first uprising under Riel. He remained in the West, filled various offices in the Northwest Mounted Police, was chosen by Lord Strathcona to command the Strathcona Horse, and since the beginning of the present war was promoted to the rank of major-general. His book is full of intensely interesting historical matter, anecdotes, and adventures.

Describing social life in Manitoba forty years ago, Colonel Steele writes:

> The chief social events in the life of the settlers were dances, weddings, and funerals, whilst church-going was a duty never neglected, the people being in the habit of walking five or six miles to service, or riding or driving twice that distance. Weddings were as important then as now, and were one of the occasions on which wines and liquors were drunk. They took place during the winter months, as the long nights were conducive to the proper execution of the Red River Jig, the Scotch Reel, and other dances requiring vigour.
>
> To be a good jig dancer required much speed and endurance. When the first surveyors arrived a dispute arose as to the distance to Sturgeon Creek, about six miles west of Winnipeg. In order to settle it they agreed to send one of their dog drivers to the creek and back with a pedometer in his pocket. This was at night, and before he had come back the surveyors had gone to bed. Next morning their dog driver produced the pedometer and to their astonishment the instrument indicated sixty miles! He was at once questioned as to where he had been, and his reply was that he did not go farther than Sturgeon Creek, but finally admitted that when he arrived there a dance was going on, to which he was invited, and he had danced all night, walking home in the morning.

Whiskey was a big factor in the early days, and the police experienced great difficulty in keeping it away from the Indians. Colonel Steele describes one particular raid:

> The scenes which had been enacted round Whoop Up and other trading-posts were just what might be expected when the wild redmen obtained the "fire-water". The Indians who came to those posts to trade were soon maddened by drink, and settled old scores and family feuds by shooting or butchering one another in their camps or other places where they obtained the intoxicants. When the police arrived the victims of these orgies were to be seen lying dead in the vicinity.
>
> The first raid on the persons engaged in this traffic was made during the same month in which the force established itself on the Old Man's River. Three Bulls, a prominent Indian of the Blackfoot tribe, and later a chief, informed the assistant commissioner that a coloured man named Bond, who had a trading-post at Pine Coulee, nearly fifty miles north of the police camp, had given him a couple of gallons of whiskey in exchange for one of his horses. Potts obtained the necessary information, and arranged that Three Bulls should meet him next evening about dark

on the trail to Pine Coulee. Inspector Crozier and a small party of well-mounted men, guided by Potts, left camp a little before dark with instructions to seize all robes and furs of any description which he suspected had been traded for whiskey, and in addition a sufficient amount of goods and chattels to satisfy the fines which might be imposed.

Crozier executed his task, and two days later appeared in camp with Bond and four others in custody, all of whom had been captured about forty-five miles distant. They had wagons laden with alcohol, sixteen horses, one hundred and sixteen buffalo robes, and a Winchester-Henry magazine rifle and a Colt revolver each. The assistant commissioner confiscated the robes, destroyed the alcohol, fined the two principals and Bond, who was their guide and interpreter, two hundred dollars each, and the other two, who were hired men, fifty dollars apiece. Next day a well-to-do trader of Fort Benton came to Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod and paid the fines of all but Bond.

There were many raids to capture whiskey outfits. These were very exciting and almost always successful, the traders being fined or imprisoned. Their furs and buffalo robes obtained through the trade in whiskey were confiscated and, as the force was in need of bedding, a sufficient number was issued for the purpose. The hides of the younger animals were made into coats and caps, one being issued to each member of the police.

An instance of the postal service is given:

The postal communication of the southern half of the Northwest Territories in 1879-80 had not changed from what it had been some years previously. There were not post-offices between the Rocky Mountains and the western boundary of Manitoba, a distance of at least 750 miles. Everyone posted his letters in the orderly-room of the Mounted Police at Calgary, Fort Macleod, Fort Walsh, or Wood Mountain. United States postage stamps were used, the nearest post-offices being in the United States. The orderly-room clerks made up and sorted the mails, which were carried to their destination by contract with the Mounted Police. Fort Walsh, Fort Macleod, and Calgary had weekly mails to the south. From Wood Mountain to Fort Walsh and thence to Fort Macleod they were once a fortnight, and from Battleford 300 miles, once every three weeks, and with few exceptions, had only official mails for the force. In the north mails were sent out by contract with the Post-Office Department and picked up at the Hudson's Bay and Mounted Police posts en route.

There were frequent fights between Indian tribes. The last of these is described as follows:

At this date Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, the Indian agent, was absent on a tour of inspection and paying Indians, and his sub-agent not being at home, I had to take charge of the agency for a few days. One of the Cree chiefs, Pasqua, "The Plain," or "Prairie," came to me for rations to take him and a party of young bucks to the United States. He had already been refused them, when I was present, but had forgotten that I had been with Colonel Macdonald when he applied. I, of course, refused, and he went off very much annoyed. The colonel's reason for refusing was that he was certain to get into mischief over there and cause serious trouble, and this proved to be correct, for, in spite of the rations being denied him, he took a small war party over. Near the Missouri he came upon a Mandan camp when the braves were away hunting, and killed and scalped some of the old men, women, and children, and fled north. Before he had gone far the Mandan warriors returned and to the number of sixty gave chase, following the trail, which forked, one branch going northwest, and the other in the direction of Moose Mountain. They took the latter and, after a long ride, caught up to a strong hunting party of Assiniboines who were halted in their corral on the trail. On riding up and seeing that they were not Crees, they were passing by when an Assiniboine called out in Cree, "Where are you going?" The Cree tongue caused them to be suspected, and they were attacked at once and a sharp fight was kept up for some time until the Mandans were defeated with loss. This was the last fight between Indians on Canadian soil. Old Pasqua, fortunately for him and his gang, had taken the left-hand trail, and escaped to his lair on the Q'Appelle lakes, and it was some time before we got news of his misconduct, no one having come north to us to complain of the outrage.

The volume is illustrated with reproductions of photographs, but they are not as numerous or important as they should be in order to maintain the otherwise general excellence of the book.

THE YELLOW TICKET

By Frank Harris. London: Grant Richards.

THE title of this book is taken from the first of the ten short stories that compose the volume. To anyone acquainted with social customs in Moscow there would be much suggested by the title, but to others it might be explained that in Moscow women who trade in what is called the social evil are supposed to possess the Yellow Ticket, which is actually a licence. As this story goes, a young Jewish girl who had come up to Moscow to study found herself helpless, without passport or money or even a yellow ticket. She makes the acquaintance of a gentleman, who takes her to the *Hermitage,* but when the gentleman hears her story, instead of pressing his claim, as she had expected, he lies down upon a sofa while she occupies the bed, and in the morning goes out to get for her, not a yellow ticket, as she has requested, but a passport. It is intended to show that after all there is in man some humanity. And few men can tell a story as well as Frank Harris. The stories deal mostly with subjects that do not come within the scope of ordinary conversation, but they are written with a knowledge of life that is revealed only in men who can give us such masterpieces as "Montes the Matador," or stories contained in "Unpathed Waters."

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LIGHT FROM THE EAST

By Robert Cornell Armstrong. Toronto: The Forward Movement Department of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

THIS volume of studies in Japanese Confucianism makes an imposing addition to the philosophy branch of the "University of Toronto Studies." The author is a doctor of philosophy of Kwanse, Gakuin, Kobe, Japan, and evidently he has given a great amount of time to the study of Japanese religious history and development. His conviction is that East and West are fundamentally the same, and his book is in a sense a plea for a better and more sympathetic understanding of Japanese character and life. He aims to interpret for the Western reader Japanese culture and its connection with religion and to connect the religious movement with the recent great spiritual uprising in Japan. His conclusion is that "Confucianism suggests a very excellent, practical mode of life. Its precepts, so far as they go, contain much that is helpful and common to all moral codes. As taught in Japan during the Tokugama age, Confusianism was especially admirable, because of the importance it gave to wisdom and because of its reverent attitude towards nature. In so far as this was not mere form, but was a living relation to all things, it could not fail to be helpful. In the lives of some of its Japanese representatives it is probably revealed in its purest form. . . . The moral idea of Confucianism is good, so far as the letter of it is concerned. It is an excellent moral code in ink. Its weakness lies in its spirit. It is open to the same objection which can be brought against all such moral systems. They fail to inspire and to give life. An illustration will make clear the importance of this objection. In 1904, Russia and Japan went to war. From the standpoint of physical force and knowledge of military laws and tactics, Russia, because of her past history, should have had the advantage. But these were powerless before the indomitable spirit of the Japanese. So a moral code in ink may be ever so fine, but if it is mere form it is powerless. Confucius has been regarded by many of his disciples as the ideal, but according to his own confession he was not worthy of such reverence. He said in the Analects:

'In letters I am perhaps equal to other men, but the character of the superior man, carrying out in his conduct what he professes, is what I have not yet attained.' He did not himself lay claim to be either a sage or a superior man. He was a mere teacher about the way. He did not take the responsibility of saying, 'I am the Way.' ''

*

THE MAN OF IRON

By Richard Dehan. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IT is a remarkable fact that when the author of this book (the author also of ''The Dop Doctor'') looked up from the ''yellowed newspaper records of a great war waged forty-five years ago'' she saw, looming on the eastern horizon ''a cloud in the shape of a man's clenched fist in a gauntleted glove of mail.'' She had been writing a novel of the Franco-Prussian war, with Bismarck as the principal figure. And just as she finished the task, a task which now shows 815 closely-typed pages, she realized that Germany was again at the throat of France. The situation caused her to make a comparison, which she presents in a preface:

> The Germany of 1870 was not the Germany of 1915. The new spirit of Teutonism had not shown its cloven hoof, or unfolded its bat-wings in those days I have tried to vivify. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was waged sternly and mercilessly, but not in defiance of the rules that govern the great game. Treaties were held as something more sacred than scraps of paper. Blood was lavishly poured out, gold relentlessly wrung from the coffers of a Sate vanquished and impoverished. Things were done—as in the instances of Bazeilles and Châteaudun—that made the world shudder, but not with the sickness of mortal loathing. The plan of the tactician, the art of the strategist, were not mingled with the obscene malice of the ape and the destructive frenzy of the maniac. Kings and nobles made war like noblemen and kings.

No doubt most persons here will agree with the comparison, but in any case it is an interesting exercise to read just now a novel of this character by the author of ''The Dop Doctor.''

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—''The War of Democracy'' is the title of the following symposium: ''The National Idea in Europe, 1789-1914,'' by J. Dover Wilson; ''Germany,'' by Alfred E. Zimmerman; ''Austria-Hungary and the Southern Slavs,'' by R. W. Seton-Watson; ''Russia,'' by J. Dover Wilson; ''The Issues of the War,'' by R. W. Seton-Watson; ''Social and Economic Aspects of the War,'' by Arthur Greenwood; ''German Culture and the British Commonwealth,'' by Alfred E. Zimmern. The volume, which consists of 390 pages, contains a great amount of valuable material bearing on the present war. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

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—''The Supreme Duty of the Citizen at the Present Crisis,'' the last message of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, has been republished from *The Hibbert Journal.*

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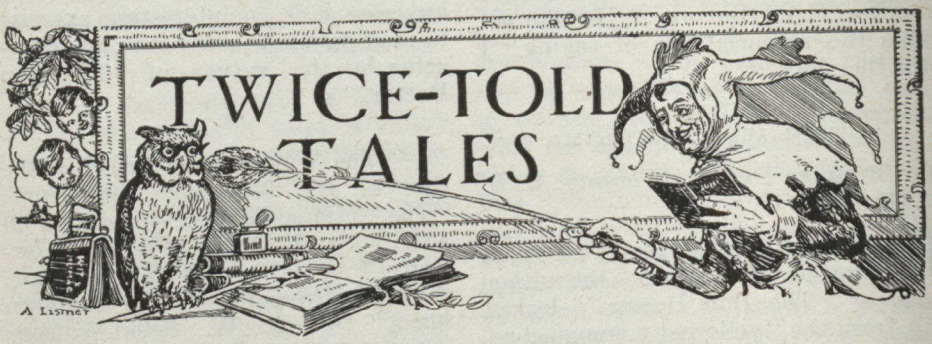
—''Britain and Turkey: the Causes of the Rupture,'' by Sir Edward Cook; ''The Economic Strength of Great Britain,'' by Harold Cox, and ''England, Germany and Europe,'' are titles of three new booklets on the war. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)



Pinch the Baby

A woman who was sitting in the gallery at a pantomime was warned by the attendant that, unless she could keep her baby quiet, she and her husband would have to take their money back and leave the theatre. The baby was silenced, but toward the end of scene seven the mother began to be bored.

"Don't think much of this show after all," she said to her husband. "Wish we'd gone somewhere else."

"All right," said the husband. "Pinch the baby!"—*London Daily Express.*

*

A Joke on the Marquis

The name of the popular heir to the Dukedom of Atholl, sonorous though it is, was not taken seriously by a sentry during the South African War. The Marquis, it is said, returning to the lines one night and having forgotten the countersign, thought he need only say: "Oh, it's all right; I'm Tullibardine." But the sentry was not to be cajoled. His crushing rejoinder was: "None of your fancy Zulu names here."—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Pre-Raphaelite Revival

A distinguished painter employed a small boy from a neighbouring slum as a model. He gave the child some tea, and asked him if he would like brown bread or white, expecting, as is usual with such youngsters, that he would ask for white. The boy, however, asked for brown bread.

"Hello!" exclaimed the painter, astonished, "do you like brown bread?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "it's got more nitrogen in it."—*Manchester Guardian.*

*

Pluck is Essential

The Old 'Un: "Pluck, my boy, pluck; first and last, that is the one essential to success in business."

The Young 'Un: "Oh, of course, I quite understand that. The trouble is finding some one to pluck."—*Cuban Times.*

*

The teacher (at a school treat): "What's the matter with Horace, Mrs. Jones? Is he ill?"

Mrs. Jones: "Oh, no, miss. 'E ain't exactly ill, but no stummick can't stand nine buns."—*The Sketch.*

Only

Indignant char lady: "Why didn't you let me in? I've been ringing and ringing—!"

Young Housemaid: "You kept on so regular, I thought it was only the telephone."—*London Opinion.*

*

Hostess (gushingly): "They tell me, doctor, you are a perfect lady-killer."

Doctor (modestly): "I assure you, my dear madam, I make no distinction whatever between the sexes."—*London Tit-Bits.*

*

Mrs. Locke

"Hearing nothing below, he called to his wife:

"'Has that horrible old bore gone yet?'

"The lady was still there. Mrs. Locke, however, was quite equal to the emergency:

"'Yes, dear,' she answered. 'She left nearly an hour ago. Mrs. Jones is here now.'"—*Strand Magazine.*

*

In the Family

Lord Sandwich, whose claims as a faith-healer are being discussed rather warmly in certain quarters, had an uncomfortable experience in the United States on account of his curious name.

While he was travelling through the States he attended a ball at Washington and asked to be introduced to a certain young lady.

The introducer agreed, and led him up to the lady. "May I introduce Lord Sandwich?" he observed.

The young lady evidently thought it was a made-up name, and they were making fun of her, for she retorted promptly:

"My! And is Lord Sponge-cake coming later?"—*Pearson's.*

The Easier Way

Speaking of the splendid work done by the Carnegie Foundation, which recently held its annual meeting in New York, Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, said:

"The generosity, the intelligent and unselfish devotion, which Mr. Carnegie has shown in this philanthropy, have won for him the esteem of the whole nation.

"The esteem of one's fellow-men—not an easy thing to win; but as Mr. Carnegie has proved, not so difficult, either, as the sage considered it to be.

"A youth, you know," continued President Schurman, "sought a sage and inquired of him:

"'What shall I do, O sage, to have my fellow-men speak well of me?'

"The sage's reply was:

"'Die.'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

*

A visitor who had an exalted opinion of his golf ability was extended the courtesy of the club, and the first day he went over the beautiful course in the Highlands, accompanied by a bright caddy. He had succeeded in burying his ball in every bunker, gulley, and burn on or near the links, when he turned to the caddy and said: "Really, this is the most difficult course I have ever played on."

"Hoo dae ye ken?" asked the caddy gravely. "Ye havna played on it yet."—*Argonaut.*

*

Marcella: "Did I understand you to say Mr. Shimmerpate is one of our best-known joke writers?"

Waverly: "Not exactly. I said he is the writer of some of our best-known jokes."—*Judge.*

*

Indulgent Householder: "Why are you singing carols, my little man? Don't you know Christmas is over?"

Youthful Caroller: "Yes, sir; but I 'ad measles all froo Christmas."—*Punch.*

The Closest Yet

A Scotchman, an Irishman, and an Englishman were discussing the subject of racing recently.

"Oh," said the Englishman, "the closest race I ever saw was at Epsom. The horses ran neck to neck all the way and the winner won by about half a nose."

"The closest race I ever saw was in America," said the Scotchman. "The horses ran so close together along the entire course that the winner was only able to win by putting out its tongue just as it reached the winning-post."

"Bedad," exclaimed the Irishman shyly, "the closest race I ever saw was in Scotland."

*

Celeste: "Gracious, monsieur! How is it that the less material used in my gown, the more it costs?"

Mons. Wurthe: "Ah, madame, et is because of ze art to create ze illusion zat you are well gowned."—*Judge.*

*

Coffee Not in Their Line

Dinny was taking dinner with Hogan at a brilliant café, relates *The San Francisco Argonaut.* They were not accustomed to eating at such a place, but they got along fairly well. When they had finished, the waiter said: "Shall I bring you a couple of demi tasses?" "Not on you life," exclaimed Dinny. "Our wives might come in an' see us sittin' wid them."

*

On the Safe Side

A newly rich woman in Chicago called on an acquaintance who had just returned from an exhibit of prints at the Field Institute, much impressed with what she had seen.

"Have you seen the Japanese prints?" she asked of her caller.

"No, I have not. Is he presentable? If he is, I must have him up to dinner."—*Christian Register.*

How to Gauge the War News

The following credibility index has been compiled by the military expert of *Punch.* One hundred, he says, stands in the table for absolute reliability; nil for the perfect and utter lie:

London, Paris, or Petrograd official	100
do., unofficial	50
Berlin, official	25
"It is believed in military circles here that"	24
"A correspondent who has just returned from the firing line tells me that"	18
"It is freely stated in Brussels that"	17
"Our correspondent at Amsterdam wires"	13
"Our correspondent at Rome announces"	11
Berlin unofficial	10
"I learn from a neutral merchant"	7
"A story is current in Venice to the effect that"	5
"It is rumoured that"	4
"I have heard to-day from a reliable source that"	3
"I learn on unassailable authority"	2
"It is rumoured in Rotterdam that"	1
Wolff's Bureau states	0

*

Looked Suspicious

Visitor (leaving inn, after sleepless night): "I suppose you don't happen to be a German?"

Landlord: "Do I look like it?"

Visitor: "No; but I thought I'd just ask, because my room last night had a concrete bed in it."

*

"Yes, it took me about six months' hard work learning to work this aeroplane."

"And what have you got for your pains?"

"Arnica."—*London Ideas.*

"OUR LENGTH OF LIFE WOULD BE GREATLY PROLONGED"

BY PROF. METCHNIKOFF

One of the world's greatest scientists has specially stated that if, in infancy, our colons could be removed, we would be freed from the most prolific cause of human ailments, and live perhaps twice as long as now.

This is a strong statement, but not so surprising when we know that physicians are agreed that 95% of all illness is caused by accumulated waste in the colon (large intestine), that the first step a physician takes in all cases of illness is to give a medicine to remove that waste—and that probably more drugs are used for that purpose in this country to-day than for all other purposes combined.

The foods we eat and the manual labor or exercise that we fail to perform, make it impossible for Nature to act as thoroughly as she did in the past, in removing this waste, and so we are all, every one of us, affected by it.

This, and this alone, is responsible for the conditions known as "costiveness," "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," etc., which are all the result of accumulated waste.

You see, if the presence of this accumulation would make itself evident to us in its early stages, we would be better off, but it does not and there lies the pernicious danger of it.

For this waste is the worst of poisons, as we all know—an atom of it in the stomach would inevitably produce Typhoid; and the blood constantly circulating through the colon, absorbs and is polluted by these poisons, making us physically weak and mentally dull, without ambition and the power to think and work up to our real capacity.

You know how completely a bilious attack will incapacitate you, and it is safe to say that such a complaint would be absolutely unknown if the colon were kept constantly free of accumulated waste.

Now, the reason that physicians agree that 95% of illness is due to this cause is that it weakens our powers of resistance so much as to make us receptive to any disease which may be prevalent, and permits any organic weakness we may have to gain the upper hand.

The effect of drugs is only temporary; they force Nature instead of assisting her, and the doses have to be constantly increased to be effective at all. Here is what the journal of The American Medical Association says:

"Every drug exerts a variety of actions, but only a few of the actions of any drug are of benefit in any given condition; the others are negligible or detrimental."

It may be surprising to you to know, however, that over a million Americans and Canadians have learned and are now practising the surest and most scientific method of keeping the colon consistently clean and free from accumulated waste.

Who have proven that by an occasional Internal Bath, taking about fifteen minutes of their time, their blood is kept pure, their intellects bright, their minds clear, their bodies strong and vitally powerful, their nerves relaxed, and every part of their physical being in perfect tune, there-

fore, it naturally follows, in perfect health.

Perhaps you will be interested to know just what an Internal Bath really is—and while it cannot be described in detail here, it is no more like the commonly-known enema than a vacuum cleaner is like a whisk-broom—but it uses the same medium —Nature's own cleanser and purifier—warm water.

Some years ago Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, of New York City, was in a most serious condition—at the point of death, according to physicians who were summoned to attend him, and by the principal of Internal Bathing referred to here, and nothing else, he effected a complete recovery.

Since that time Dr. Tyrrell has specialized on Internal Bathing alone, and has devoted his entire time, study and practice to this mode of treatment.

The result of his researches, study, and practical, as well as scientific experience on the subject, is summed up in a little book called "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which can be obtained without a penny of cost by simply writing to Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 213, 280 College Street, Toronto, with a mention of having read this in Canadian Magazine.

There are many practical facts about the working of the digestive organs which everyone should know, but very few do, and inasmuch as the margin between good and ill health is inconceivably narrow, and it is apparent that so very little trouble is necessary to keep well and strong in advanced years as well as in youth, it seems as though everyone should read this treatise, which is free for the asking.

NORMAL SIGHT NOW POSSIBLE WITHOUT EYE-GLASSES

Because your eyes are in any way affected, it no longer means that you must look forward to wearing glasses for the balance of your life.

For it has been conclusively proven that eye-weaknesses are primarily caused by a lack of blood circulation in the eye, and when the normal circulation is restored, the eye rapidly regains its accustomed strength and clearness of vision.

The most eminent eye specialists are agreed that even in so serious a condition as cataract of the eye, an increase in blood circulation is most beneficial.

It is now possible to safely give the eyes just the massage (or exercise) which they need, to bring them back to a normal, healthy condition of natural strength, and this method has been successful in restoring normal eyesight to thousands and making them absolutely independent of eye-glasses.

It does not matter what the trouble with your eyes may be; for old-sight, far-sight, near-sight, astigmatism, and even more serious eye troubles, have yielded to this gentle massage, which is extremely simple, entirely safe, and takes but a few minutes of each day.

If you will write to the Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, Room 217, 280 College St., Toronto, you will receive free on request, a very enlightening booklet on "The Eyes, Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which is a scientific treatise on the eyes, and gives full details about this Nature treatment and its results. All you need do is to ask for the book and mention having read this in Canadian Magazine.

There are few people who consider that eye-glasses add to their appearance, surely they add to no one's comfort, and if you prefer not to wear them, this free book will inform you how many others have accomplished this result safely, successfully and permanently.

The "Magic Touch" of Bovril

The fine natural flavour of prime beef—that is what Bovril gives to your soups and stews and gravies. Just a spoonful here and there cleverly used by a skilful cook does so much to make meals more attractive.

But remember "it must be Bovril."

We will send post paid to any Soldier in England or France two 1/4 pound tins Bovril for $1.40.

"Made in Canada."

"Spreads like Butter"

THE Ingersoll TRIO

Delicious and Appetising

Sold by all Grocers

INGERSOLL Cream Cheese

The purest and finest of all Cream Cheese—so rich in cream—so delicious in flavor—so economical in use. Makes all kinds of tasty dishes—and just the thing for dainty sandwiches. 15c. and 25c. a package.

INGERSOLL Pimento Cheese

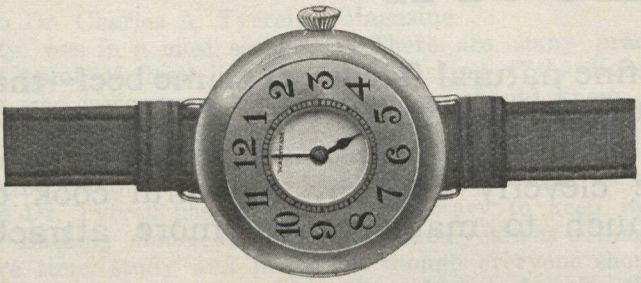
Sweet Spanish Pimentos blended with INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE Makes a delicious delicacy. 10c. and 15c. a package.

INGERSOLL Green Chile Cheese

Piquant California Green Chile blended with INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE. Good and tasty. 15c. a package.

The New Waltham Military Watch

"Design Reg'd"



The regular Waltham Military Watch, as already supplied in great numbers to Canadian soldiers, is a splendid sturdy timekeeper.

We now offer an improvement the advantage of which will be noted from the above illustration. The watch has its own armor plate which protects and partially covers the crystal.

This is the most substantial wrist watch made for military men. It has a solid back case with two bezels, rendering it weather proof.

We venture to say that the strength and reliability of these watches will well correspond with the same fighting qualities of the Canadian soldiers who wear them.

Ask to see the new watch at your jewelers. It is supplied in 7 Jewel grade at $12, and 15 Jewel grade at $15.

Waltham Watch Company

Canada Life Bldg., St. James Street, Montreal

MADE IN CANADA

Suppose You Made a Vim-Food

Would You Make It Like Quaker Oats?

Suppose you could make your own oat flakes. And you knew that your children's vim and vitality depended largely on how they liked them.

Would you not sift out the little grains—puny, starved and tasteless? And make those flakes of only the big, rich luscious oats?

We do that—by 62 siftings. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker. Our process enhances the flavor, and brings to your table these rare, delicious flakes.

They are for folks like you—who know the value of oat food, and want this energizing dainty to be loved by those who need it.

Quaker Oats

The Morning Dessert

Nine folks in ten get too little oat food. And nothing can take its place. Oats stand unique and unapproached as vim-creating food. A thousand years have not produced a rival.

But little dishes far apart don't show the power of oats. To keep spirits bubbling over requires constant, liberal use.

That's the reason for this oat-food dainty, this luscious Quaker Oats. It is made to win children by its taste and aroma. It makes this supreme vim-food the welcome, wanted dish. It leads them to eat an abundance.

As a result, Quaker Oats is the favorite in millions of homes the world over.

Large Package 30c

Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.

Regular Package 12c

If you want a home-full of oat lovers, specify Quaker Oats. Your nearest store supplies them without any extra price. And every package, always, is made exactly as we state.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Saskatoon, Sask.**

We Are Trying To Win Mothers

By These Dainties in Wheat and Rice

That's why we picture them here month after month—why we tell you the story about them.

Not for your sake so much as the children's sake. They enjoy these flaky tit-bits. And when you know what it means to have grains steam-exploded you'll be glad to see that they get them.

The Reason for Bubbles

These are bubbles of Wheat and Rice. They are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size.

We create in each grain a hundred million explosions. Each separate granule is blasted to pieces.

That's for easy, complete digestion. Other methods of cooking may break half of the granules. This method breaks them all. And the object is to make twice-better foods.

The walls are as fragile as snowflakes. The taste is like toasted nuts. Eaten dry they are like confections. With sugar and cream they are sweetmeats. In bowls of milk they form crisp, delicious morsels — airy, flaky, toasted. And they supply a whole-grain food.

Do you know any other form of Wheat or Rice with so many desirable qualities?

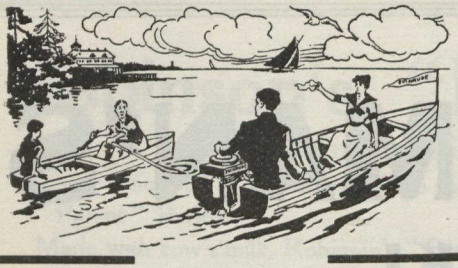
Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

One great reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that you can serve them at any hour. They never tax the stomach. After school, at bedtime —at any odd-hour luncheon—they are ideal foods.

Then you can use them like nut meats — in candy making or as a garnish for ice cream. You are missing more than you know, in a dozen ways, when you don't have Puffed Wheat or Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. (850) **Sole Makers** **Saskatoon, Sask.**



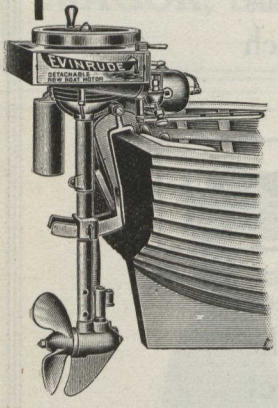
There's pleasure in

EVINRUDING

Before you buy a detachable rowboat or canoe Motor — investigate the superior qualities and exclusive advantages of the

EVINRUDE

The Original Standardized Detachable Motor



Light, but Powerful

Automatic Reverse

Maxim Silencer

Built-in Magneto

Weedless Propeller

This wonderful little motor is so simple a child can operate it. Can be attached in a minute to a rowboat or canoe—starts with a swing of the wheel and develops a speed of from two to eight miles per hour.

Shall we mail a handsome catalogue and send you the name of our

Nearest Canadian Agent?

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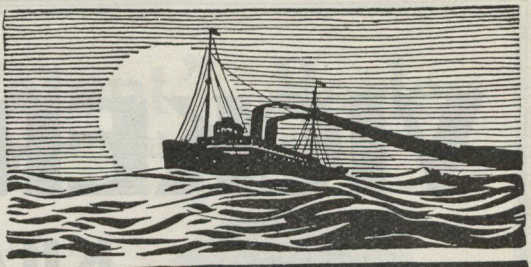
116 S BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY



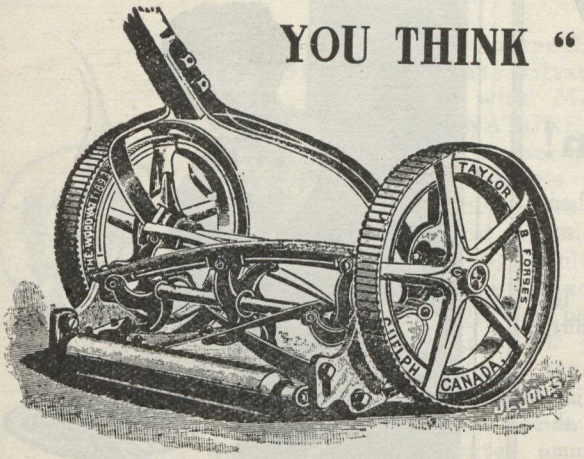
Afloat or Ashore

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

is still the favorite

IT IS SUPERB!

WHEN SOMEBODY SAYS "LAWNMOWERS" YOU THINK "TAYLOR-FORBES"

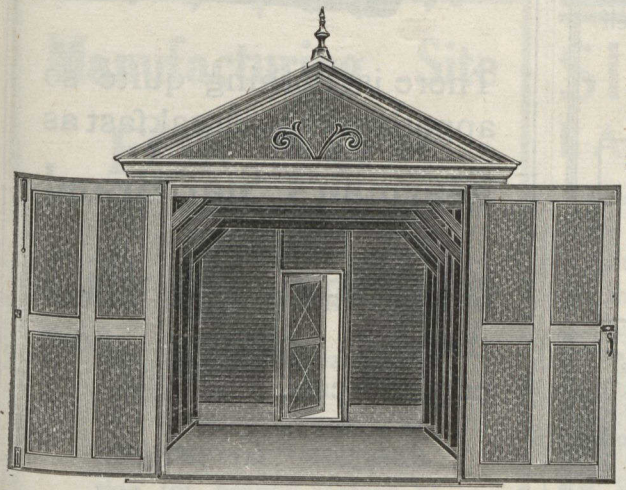


This is the value of a reputation. Taylor-Forbes Lawnmowers were first made in Canada in 1874. Nine out of every ten Hardware dealers sell them.

TAYLOR-FORBES GUARANTEED MOWERS

Made and guaranteed by the Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited, Guelph, Canada. For sale by nearly all the Hardware Dealers in Canada. The best known models are "Adanac," "Empress," "Woodyatt" and "Star." If your dealer has not in stock the size Taylor-Forbes Machine you want he may wire, or phone, at our expense, for immediate delivery.

Have A Garage Of Your Own!



HOW much longer are you going to entrust your car to the tender mercies of a Public Garage? Why not own a

"PERFECT"
Metal-Clad
GARAGE

and free yourself of the burden of rent—the fear of joy-riders—the danger of scratches, dents, and abuse of your car? The cost of a "Perfect" Metal-Clad Garage is trifling, compared to the saving it effects and the convenience it affords.

For those who want the best Garage that money can buy, we recommend our "All-Metal" type.

Write our nearest Branch for Garage Booklet "C. M."

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE, LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1861

Executive Office and Factories:
Oshawa, Ont.

Branches: Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg.

Is Your Baby a GLAXO Baby

If you are unable to nurse Baby yourself, USE GLAXO—because Glaxo is identical in its composition with Mother's Milk. KEEP CLOSE TO NATURE. Nature designed Mother's Milk specially for Baby—Glaxo exactly fills Nature's requirements. It is composed entirely of the solids of the purest tested milk and cream, scientifically sterilized, with the indigestible solids of the milk broken up by the Glaxo process, and rendered easy of digestion by Baby's delicate digestive organ. No starch, flour, cereals, artificial sugar or preservatives exist either in Mother's Milk or in Glaxo. Glaxo is prepared for use in a moment by the addition of hot water.

Follow Nature **Use Glaxo**

Glaxo **418 Dominion Bank Building - TORONTO**

Manufacturing Site FOR SALE IN City of Toronto

50 x 120 feet, side lane, very central, in heart of City, half block from Yonge St., near City Hall. Ideal location for branch factory or warehouse. Reasonable Terms. Apply:—

THE Canadian Magazine
Toronto - Canada

SILVER GLOSS LAUNDRY STARCH

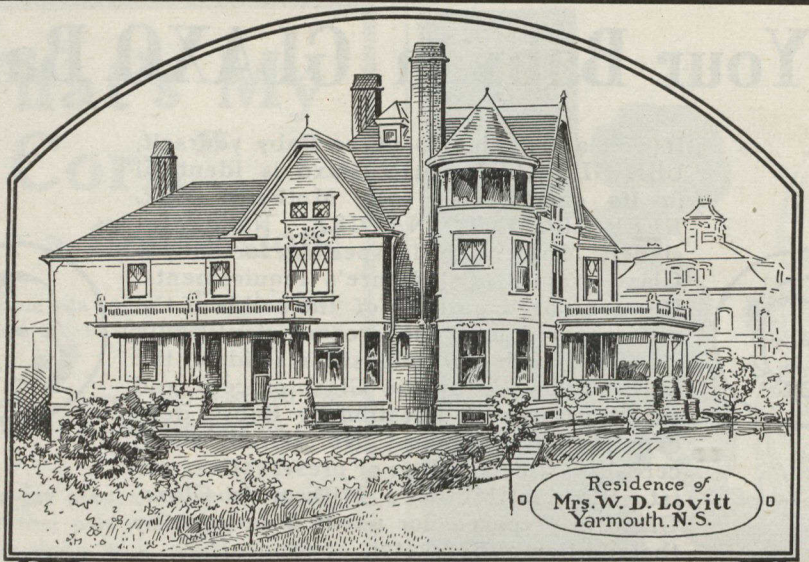
means perfect starching, whether used for sheer Laces, dainty Dimities, delicate fabrics, Lace Curtains or Table Linens.

"SILVER GLOSS" has been the favorite in the home for more than 50 years.

AT GROCERS

The Canada Starch Co. Limited

55



Painted with MARTIN-SENOUR "100% Pure" Paint

LIFE INSURANCE FOR YOUR HOUSE

Unpainted wood means decay. Not to paint your house, means a constant expense for repairs. Paint protects against wear and weather. When you take out your "100% Pure Policy," your house is insured against decay. Such paint protection resists the destructive effects of climate and temperature, besides adding beauty and distinction to the home and value to your whole property.

MARTIN-SENOUR
"100% PURE" PAINT

means life insurance for your home. The genuine White Lead, Oxide of Zinc, Pure Colors and Linseed Oil—ground to extreme fineness by powerful machinery—form a combination that protects against decay.

"100% Pure" Paint makes protection sure. It spreads easily, covers completely and is the cheapest in the end because it covers more space per gallon. In all colors for spring painting.

Write for a copy of our amusing book, "The House That Jack Built." It's full of pictures, rhymes and reason, that you will enjoy as well as the children. We'll also give you the name of our nearest dealer-agent. *80E*

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The MARTIN-SENOUR Co.
LIMITED

283 Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal

"MADE IN CANADA"

COSGRAVES

MILD (Chill-proof)

PALE ALE

As light as lager but better for you.

Get acquainted with this health-giving, delicious beverage—you will be better for it.

Specially brewed to meet the requirements of those who want a light beer.

It satisfies the most critical taste.

AT ALL DEALERS AND HOTELS

For over half a century the Cosgrave label has meant the best in malt and hop beverages.

If you want a Wall Board that will give you the best service at the lowest cost—one that keeps the rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer—ask your dealer about

Certain-teed

WALL BOARD

Tests made on six high grade Wall Boards show that *Certain-teed* is the strongest and that it resists dampness and water better than any other Wall Board.

It can be used in houses, Offices, factories, etc. Permanent and temporary booths can be quickly and inexpensively built with *Certain-teed Wall Board*. It can be applied by any careful workman who follows directions.

Our Certain-teed roofings are known and have made good all over the world.

For sale by dealers everywhere, at reasonable prices

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh
Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland Detroit
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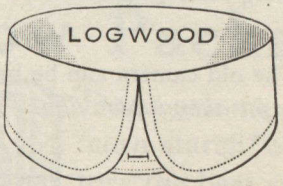
E&W RED MAN



A medium height collar for conservative dressers

20C OR 3 FOR 50C

This collar has the perfect fitting and wearing qualities that distinguish the Red Man brand from all others. One of the most popular collars of the famous Red Man line.

For sale by Canada's best men's stores.

EARL & WILSON, New York

Makers of Troy's best product.

Make your

KODAK

Autographic

THE biggest new thing, the most important photographic development in two decades, is the Autographic Kodak. It makes the record authentic; answers the questions: *When did I make this? Where was this taken?* Every negative that is worth taking is worth such date and title, and with the Autographic Kodak you make the record, almost instantly, on the film.

It's all very simple. Open the door in the back of Kodak, write the desired data on the red paper with pencil or stylus, expose for a second or so, close the door. When the film is developed, the records will appear on the intersections between the films.

This autographic feature having been incorporated in all of the most important Kodak models, we have now arranged to take care of our old customers by supplying Autographic Backs for all Kodaks of these models.

The old camera can be brought up to date at small cost, *and there is no extra charge for autographic film.* Make *your* Kodak Autographic.

PRICE-LIST OF AUTOGRAPHIC BACKS.

No. 1 Kodak Junior - - -	$2.50	No. 4 Folding Pocket Kodak - -	$4.00
No. 1A Kodak Junior - - -	3.00	No. 4A Folding Kodak - -	4.50
No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, R.R. Type	3.50	No. 1A Special Kodak - -	4.00
No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak - -	3.50	No. 3 Special Kodak - - -	4.00
No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak -	3.75	No. 3A Special Kodak - -	4.25

CANADIAN KODAK Co., LIMITED

Ask your dealer, or write us for Autographic Booklet.

TORONTO

NON RUSTABLE

D & A CORSETS

The War tax on corsets adds nothing to the retail price of a D & A or a La Diva Corset.

Because they are Made-in-Canada—But, about fifty cents, out of every dollar paid for imported corsets, now goes for customs duties and profits on them, which add nothing in corset value.

2-15

"BUY MADE-IN-CANADA CORSETS"

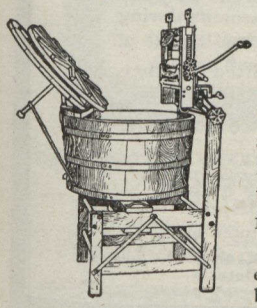
Made by the "Dominion Corset Company," one of the best equi ped Corset factories in the World.

If Economy in Money Matters

Why such extravagance in time, health and vitality by doing the washing on the old-fashioned, out-of-date wash-board?

THE

Connor BALL BEARING Washer



will do your washing in less than half the time required in the old-fashioned way—with the least possible amount of effort, the result being a continual source of satisfaction.

The most essential economies will then have been made.

Write for booklet to-day.

We can supply a machine anywhere in Canada.

J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.

BENSON'S

Corn Starch

IN THE FAMOUS

Yellow Package

Don't ask merely for 'corn starch' or even for 'the best starch', but insist on BENSON'S—the 'Quality Starch' with a reputation gained by half a century's experience.

AT ALL GROCERS

53

BRIGHTEN THE HOUSE

by giving the furniture and floors a glow of freshness with

IOCO LIQUID GLOSS

It polishes, cleanses and disinfects. A few drops of Ioco on a piece of cheese-cloth gives the lustre of newness to everything it touches.
Ioco Liquid Gloss is unexcelled for the polished surfaces of motors. It keeps the varnish from cracking and makes your car look like new.

Dealers everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY Limited

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Made in Canada

Vigor and Action mark the successful Man or Woman

Heavy uncomfortable underclothing hampers the movements and saps the energy.

CEETEE

PURE WOOL — UNSHRINKABLE

UNDERCLOTHING

for Spring and Summer is light in weight, but because of the pureness and quality of wool used, it absorbs all the perspiration.

Free action of the limbs and body is rendered easy by shaping the garment during the process of knitting.

All joins are knitted together, not sewn.

Made in sizes to fit all the family.

Worn by the Best People.
Sold by the Best Dealers.

Manufactured by
The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited
Galt, Ontario

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's High-Class Ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children. Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants and "CEETEE" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.

COLUMBIA

RECORDS

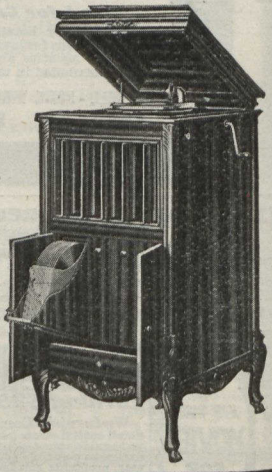
Double-Disc

A new list of Columbia double-disc records—including the latest dance hits—goes on sale on the 25th of every month.

85 cents is the price of more than a thousand Columbia double-disc records! And in every class of music, too! Dance, vocal, instrumental—and every record faultlessly recorded and perfect in its reproducing qualities.

Go to your nearest Columbia dealer. To-day! He is waiting to play any one, or a dozen, you would like to hear. There are more than 4,000 Columbia records in the big Columbia record catalog. A complete library of music.

The Columbia Grafonola "De Luxe," as illustrated, is representative of the entire line of Columbia Grafonolas. At its price, $250, it typifies the perfection of every Columbia as a musical instrument. Other Grafonolas from $20.00 to $650—and on easy terms if desired.



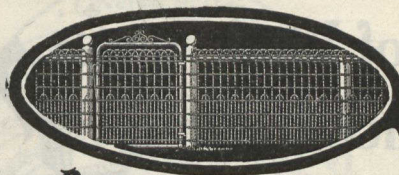
Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.

TORONTO, CANADA

COLUMBIA RECORDS MADE IN CANADA

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry, Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Dealers and Prospective dealers write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book "Music Money."



Beauty Economy and Permanence

Our Lawn Fence

is the highest grade fence on the market, heavier, stronger and closer spaced than any other—it is heavily galvanized and rust-proof, durable, and made by the exclusive **DENNISTEEL** method of weaving which makes it sag-proof.

Can be put up on wooden o iron posts; does not require an expert. It is self-adjusting to uneven ground; does not lose its shape.

COSTS LESS than inferior makes because it is made in enormous quantities in one of the biggest fence factories on earth.

DENNISTEEL

LONDON - CANADA

Ornamental Fence Etc.

Is your home as well-fenced as it is painted? Is your front yard as attractive and as well kept as your front room?

A hundred people see the outside of your place for every dozen who get inside.

Accessories present a rare combination of HIGH QUALITY and LOW cost.

Fabric is of heavy rust-proof wires, interlocked in weaving; can never sag or slacken and is built in various attractive designs. Easy to put up on wood or iron posts.

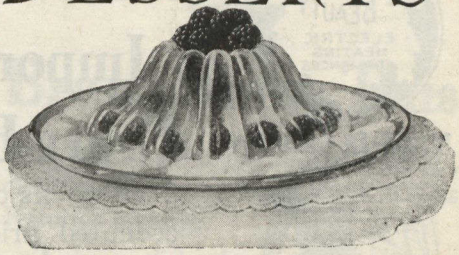
THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED

LONDON

CANADA

AGENTS WANTED

DESSERTS



Jellies, puddings, frozen desserts and salads—with or without fresh or canned fruits—are most popular when made with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

(It's Granulated)

LEMON JELLY (Like Above)

Soak 1 envelope **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 10 minutes and dissolve with 2 cups (1 pint) boiling water; add ¾ cup sugar and stir until dissolved and cooled; then add ½ cup lemon juice and strain through a cheese cloth into mold. Add fresh or canned fruits or fruit juices as desired. Serve with or without whipped cream.

They are appetizing and economical. A package of Knox Gelatine makes two quarts (½ gallon) of jelly.

The contents of both packages are alike, except that the Acidulated package contains an extra envelope of lemon flavoring, saving the cost of lemons.

Send for FREE Recipe Book

It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, Pudding and Candy Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and your grocer's name.

Chas. B Knox Co, 490 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

Yellow Package

Packed in Montreal, P.Q and Johnstown, N.Y.

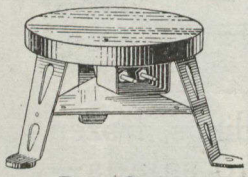
Blue Package

CANADIAN BEAUTY
ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

MADE IN CANADA

An Event of Vital Importance To Every Housewife

Two weeks of special unprecedented prices on electrical appliances of the very highest quality. Two weeks when you can secure the utmost in serviceability, utility, appearance, long-life, at a very small cost. Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity at once.



Disc Stove

A neat beautifully finished little stove that will do quickly light cooking at a very, very small cost. Once used will be found almost indispensible. Guaranteed for 3 years.

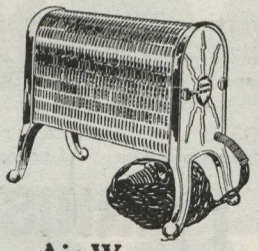
Regular $5.00

Special $3.15

Percolator

Produces the very finest coffee. Percolator is correct in design, beautifully finished and very efficient —a handsome useful table servant. **Regular $9.50**

Special $7.00



Air Warmer

A great convenience — quickly heats a room in the chilly days of spring or fall—and at surprisingly small cost. Portable—nicely finished in copper and nickel, guaranteed for five years. **Regular $6.00**

Special $3.75

CANADIAN BEAUTY FORTNIGHT

SPECIAL PRICES

APRIL 26th ——— MAY 8th

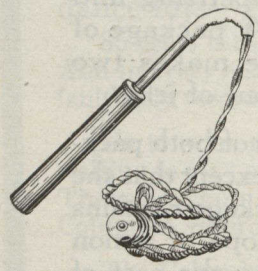
BIG REDUCTIONS

Study the big reductions given on this page. Then go and

SEE YOUR DEALER

Who has a special display of Canadian Beauty appliances at the reduced prices. If he cannot show them write direct to

Dept. B., Renfrew Electric Mfg. Co.,
Renfrew, Ont.



Immersion Heater

For the almost instant heating of liquids. The cost of operation is negligable. Water for shaving, tea, coffee, dish-washing, this heater will fill the need.

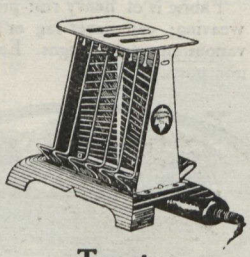
Regular $3.00

Special $1.75

Electric Iron

The most efficient, handsome, sturdy iron yet built. Evenly heated over all the ironing surface. Back-rest doubles the convenience of ironing, and also enables you to use iron as a stove. Guaranteed forever.

Regular $4.50. **Special $2.75**



Toaster

This strongly built toaster has given splendid satisfaction in thousands of homes. Pleasing in appearance, economical and efficient in service, guaranteed for five years.

Regular $4.50

Special $2.75

WHEN THE COOK'S IN A HURRY

THE NEW PERFECTION Oil Cook Stove enables her to get a meal on the table in no time. It is always ready, like a gas stove—roasts, toasts, broils or bakes—does all the cooking better than a coal or wood stove, just as cheaply with half the trouble.

The NEW PERFECTION is easy to operate, easy to clean, easy to rewick. To 2,000,000 housewives today it means "gas stove comfort with kerosene oil." Sold in 1, 2, 3 and 4-burner sizes by hardware, general and department stores everywhere. If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct.

Royalite Oil gives best results

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVES

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY

Limited

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Made in Canada

and travel via THE

CANADIAN ROCKIES

to the

PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION

If you are planning your 1915 trip to San Francisco, make sure your ticket reads via Canadian Pacific, otherwise you will miss the grandeur beauty of nature's most stupendous works—The Canadian Rockies.

BANFF LAKE LOUISE FIELD GLACIER

Are important tourist stop-over points on the Canadian Pacific Railway route to the Pacific Coast. These have excellent hotel accommodation, with opportunties for riding, climbing, swimming, boating and golf.

Agents will personally call on you to arrange your itinerary.

Write, phone or call on nearest C. P. R. Representative.

E. F. L. STURDEE
Ass't. District Passenger Agent
TORONTO

M. G. MURPHY
District Passenger Agent
TORONTO

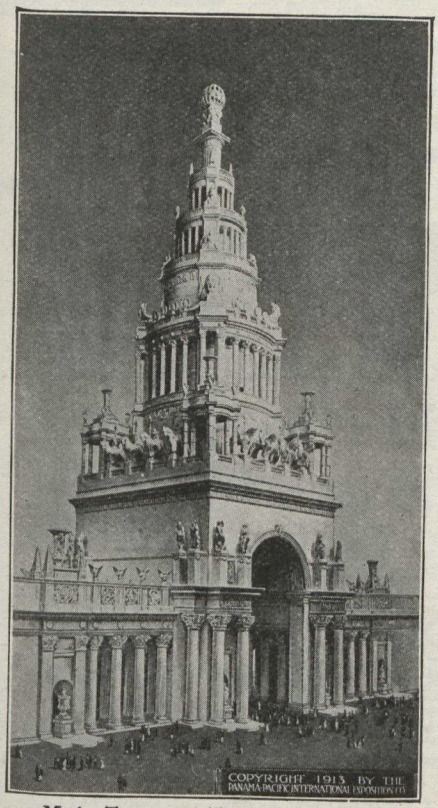
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CALIFORNIA - 1915

PANAMA EXPOSITIONS

SAN FRANCISCO
Feb. 20th to Dec. 4th, 1915

SAN DIEGO
Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1915



Main Tower or Tower of Jewels

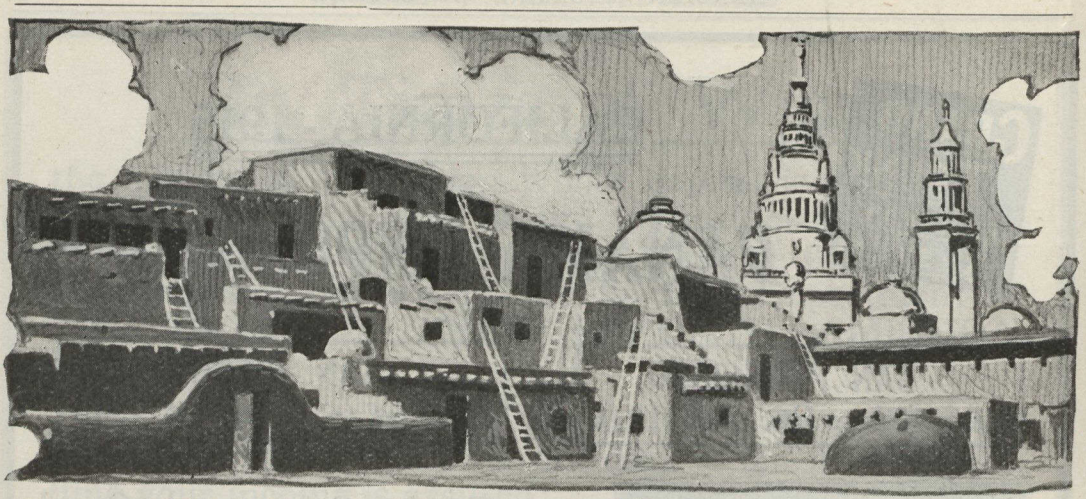
Travel to California via the **Grand Trunk Pacific.** The same fares in most cases (and an additional charge on low excursion fares to cover the cost of meals and berths on Pacific Coast Steamships) apply on this magnificent new scenic route as on the more direct routes from Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and all eastern points. **The New Transcontinental** is as great in magnitude and interest as the Panama Canal. You see the Canadian Rockies at their best and the wonderful Fraser and Skeena Rivers of British Columbia besides enjoying a two days trip through the **"Norway of America"** on the G.T.P. Coast Steamships—the surest, finest and fastest in that service. A short side trip can be made from Prince Rupert to Alaska, which time and expense might not permit from a southern port. No other transportation company can offer the choice of routes or the attractions that the Grand Trunk System has arranged for 1915 to California and the Pacific Coast.

Lowest Fares **Electric Lighted Trains** **Fine Service**
Modern Equipment **Unexcelled Dining Car Service**

For rates, full particulars and advertising matter, apply to any agent of the Company or to W. E. Duperow, Union Station, Winnipeg; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

W. P. HINTON,
Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL



"Two fairs for one fare"

San Francisco and San Diego Expositions are open

On your Santa Fe Way to California visit the Colorado Rockies, the old-new city of Santa Fé, the Indian pueblos, Grand Canyon of Arizona

Los Angeles, Yosemite, and Big Trees

Daily Excursions until November 30th 1915

about one fare round trip

Four daily transcontinental trains, including California Limited Exclusively first-class

Ask for picture folders of both Expositions and Grand Canyon

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traff. Mgr.
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, 1081 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Ill.

THE NAME BEHIND THE GOODS IS
YOUR GUARANTEE FOR THE QUALITY.

To Florida--
To Bermuda--
To California

No matter to what point you are arranging your winter trip you should plan to have the maximum of comfort and convenience as you go and while you stay.

RITE-HITE' Wardrobe Trunks

the most completely appointed and fitted trunk on the market to-day—great capacity—very compact and made for service. The prices are—
$33, $36, $47.50, $52.50, $64, & $70.

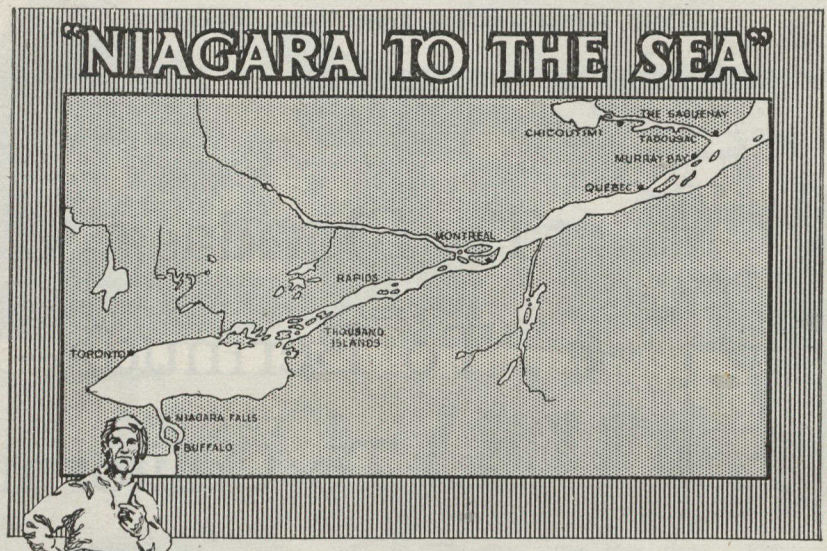
BERTH-HIGH Steamer Wardrobe Trunks

with a garment capacity nearly double that of any other trunk of the same size. Equally suitable for land or sea travel. The prices are--
$32, $36, & $43.50.

Will be glad to demonstrate these trunks any day in our showrooms.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 King Street West, Toronto

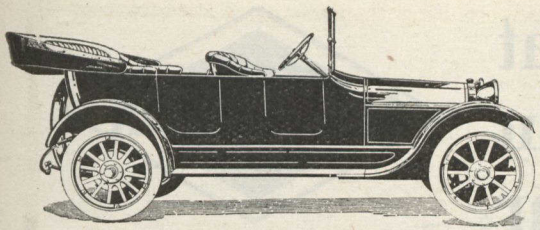


A HABITANT TYPE

Here's a Vacation Trip You'll "Write home about."

Nowhere else in the world will you find a holiday-trip so diverting or so full of variety. Eight hundred miles of lakes, rivers and rapids, included in our trip from Niagara-to-the-Sea. From Niagara Falls to Toronto; thence over Lake Ontario, through the picturesque Thousand Islands; followed by the exciting descent of the marvellous Rapids to Montreal and quaint old Quebec; then on down the Lower St. Lawrence and up the famous Saguenay Canyon with its majestic capes "Trinity" and "Eternity"; and finally along the Gaspe Coast to the Summer resorts of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. Sounds attractive, doesn't it? Then write for the book "Niagara-to-the-Sea" that describes it fully. Enclose 6c. in stamps to cover cost of mailing. Price of the trip, Niagara Falls to Chicoutimi and return $34.55.

Thomas Henry, Passenger Traffic Manager
Canada Steamship Lines, Limited
9 Victoria Square, Montreal



Handsome--- Comfortable--- Powerful

The Russell Six "30" stands out through superior style and distinction. The handsome, streamline body, the new dome fenders, the long sweeping lines all contribute.

Striking features are many:

Long stroke, high efficiency Continental engine—Bijur two-unit starter—new type instrument board—wide, free doors—deep, flexible upholstery—every up-to-date feature and refinement has been added.

For good service, for hard service, for efficient service, the Russell Six "30" offers greater dollar-for-dollar value than any other car on the market. It is built in a Canadian plant, and is the product of Canadian labor.

Russell Six-"30," $1,750

Knight Models:

Four-"32," $2,650; Six-"48," $4,500

All Prices F.O.B. Works.

Russell Motor Car Company, Limited

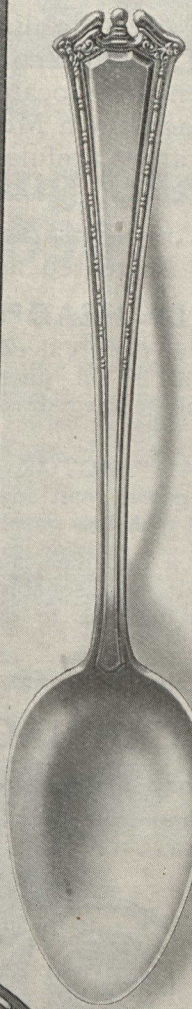
Executive Offices and Works - West Toronto

Branches: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver.

"Made up to a Standard— not Down to a Price."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"



The Continental Pattern

The Continental is an example of the beauty that lies in simplicity. Charming for its historical suggestion and most fitting to the line of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate - the trade mark which is an American institution.

Sold by dealers with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
Limited
Hamilton, Canada

Meriden, Conn. Chicago
New York San Francisco

The Worlds Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

The Company that Takes an Interest in You and Your Car After You Buy It.

McLAUGHLIN

Our interest in you does not cease with the closing of the sale, but extends to as long a time as you are in possession of the car. In other words we are not of the fair weather friend variety.

Every purchaser of a McLaughlin car is at all times within easy reach of a McLaughlin station. We have Agencies conveniently located from Halifax to Vancouver and in each one a McLaughlin owner is assured of prompt and careful attention to what ever his needs may be.

Every McLaughlin owner is regarded by us as a personal friend and is treated as such.

"VALVE-IN-HEAD" MOTOR

The installation and use of the "Valve-in-head" Motor in the modern McLaughlin car is but another instance of the company's desire, not only to keep abreast but a little ahead of other manufacturers.

This "VALVE-IN-HEAD" MOTOR is guaranteed to produce and deliver more power than any other motor of equal size of ANY MAKE and with less gasoline.

The McLaughlin car is a Canadian car of which you can be truly proud to own. It is reasonably priced from $1150 to $2250. It would be a pleasure to demonstrate to you our new model.

Write, phone or call the nearest of our branches.

MADE IN CANADA

This Name Plate on your Car is your protection and the Guarantee of our responsibility.

Literature gladly mailed upon request

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., Limited

Head Office and Factory: Oshawa, Ont.

Toronto showrooms: Cor. Richmond and Church Streets

Branches:—

ST. JOHN, N.B.
MONTREAL, QUE.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.
TORONTO, ONT.
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CALGARY, ALTA.
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REGINA, SASK.
SASKATOON, SASK.
WINNIPEG, MAN.
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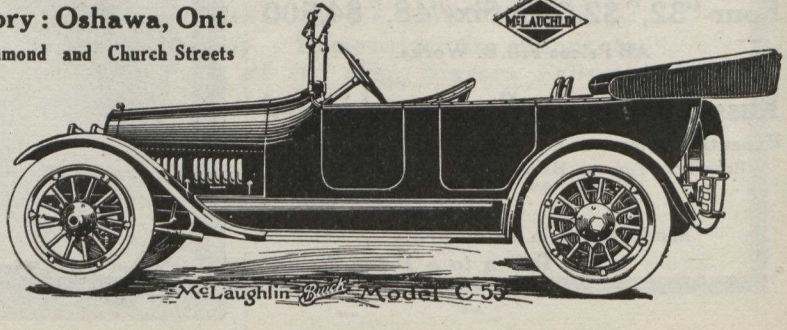
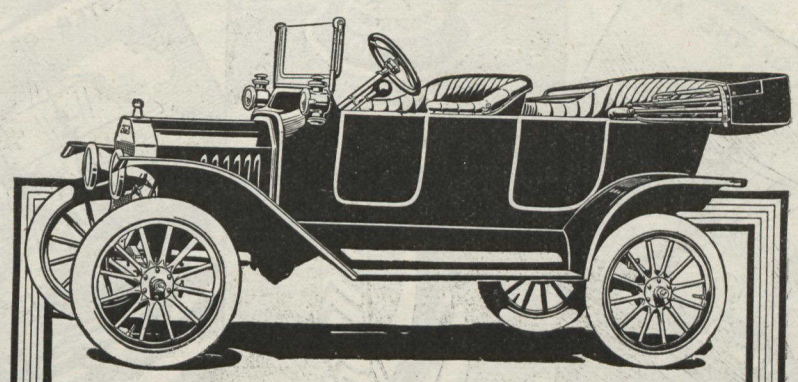




"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car Price $590

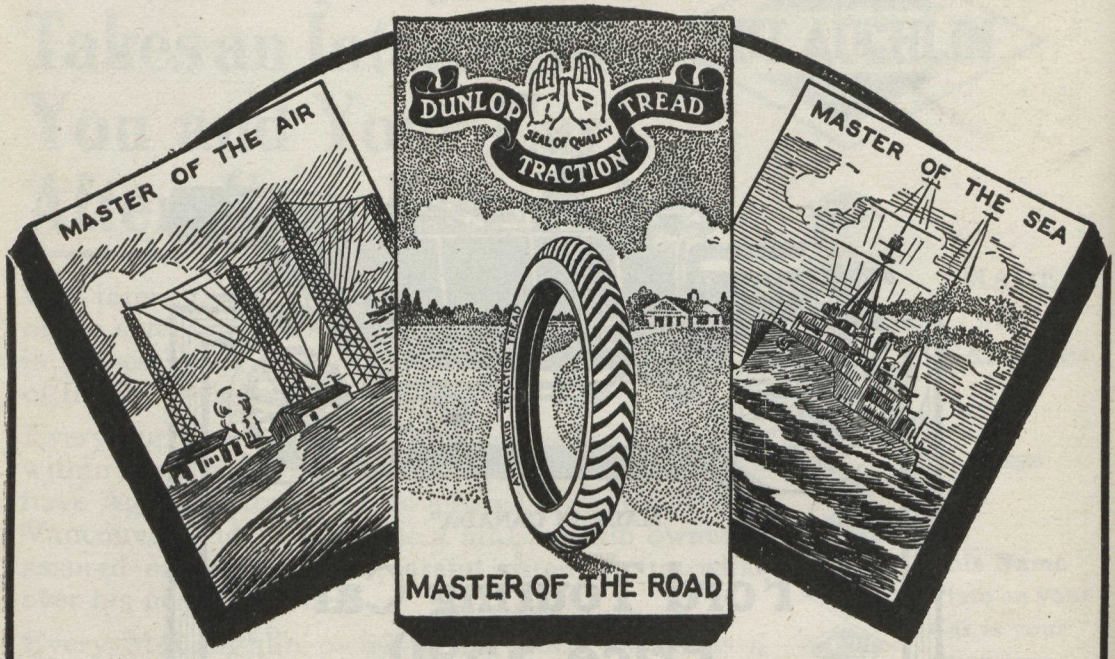
Your neighbor drives a Ford—why don't you? We are selling more Fords in Canada this year than ever before—because Canadians demand the best in motor car service at the lowest possible cost. The "Made in Canada" Ford is a necessity—not a luxury.

Runabout $540; Town Car price on application. All Ford cars are fully equipped, including electric headlights. No cars sold unequipped. Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 30,000 cars between August 1, 1914 and August 1, 1915. Write Ford Factory, Ford, Ontario, for catalogue (E - 1).

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

THE GREAT MASTERS



The motor car could have gotten along without DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD — but not so well.

If DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD had not come into being, motorists would still be looking for protection from skidding; a tire that would never rim cut; and that would adapt itself to every car, every load, because it had sixty-six cubic inches greater air capacity.

In the generality of causes, DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD has sold more cars than any other single source. Tires make or mar the pleasure of driving. A standardized safety-ensuring tire like DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD means auto prospects can be made to forget their anticipated fears about skidding, punctures, rim-cutting, and go ahead and buy the car.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS COMPANY, Limited

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES

Makers of Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Carriages, Rubber Belting, Packing, Hose, Heels, Mats, Tiling, and General Rubber Specialties.

T.96

For Toilet and Bath

Fairy Soap is the whitest and purest soap for toilet and bath use that choice materials and expert soap-making skill can produce.

FAIRY SOAP

gives a rich, creamy lather that is most soothing, agreeable and refreshing. The oval cake fits the hand; Fairy Soap floats. With all its purity, convenience and pleasing qualities, Fairy Soap is inexpensive.

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

Vexatious Clothes Questions Are Answered in the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book

Pink Gown dyed Blue

Your last year's suit or gown which seems nearly worthless because it color does not suit you any longer can be made as good as new.

THE DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL AND DIRECTION BOOK tells exactly how to dye any fabrics in solid, rich, fast colors. This book is free and every woman should send for a copy of it. It will enable you to save a considerable amount of money that you spend each season for clothes.

Miss Agnes Endicott, writes :—

"THE DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL has been a source of great economy to me. I have seen it advertised in the magazines many times, but did not think that it would be of value to me, as my family tell me that my hands are worthless. I am not clever at the things that most girls do with the greatest ease.

"I saw a DIAMOND DYE advertisement, and noticed particularly that it said DIAMOND DYES were simple to use, so I sent for your ANNUAL AND DIRECTION BOOK and read carefully how to dye articles made of silk.

"I dyed my last year's light pink gown to a medium shade of blue. My sister made the new fashion sleeves of lace for the dress, and my gown is now as pretty as can be."

Mrs. J. C. Smith, writes :—

"THE DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL AND DIRECTION BOOK saved me the price of a new suit. My old gray suit was faded and really impossible. I sent for your DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL AND DIRECTION BOOK and read carefully how to dye woolen articles. I then went to the druggists and purchased DIAMOND DYES for wool or silk, and recolored the suit, which was light gray. It is now a very pretty dark green.

"I shortened the skirt and put new velvet collar and cuffs on the jacket. My friends tell me that my new suit is very smart and none of them realize that it is my old suit recolored and slightly remodeled.

"A copy of the DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL AND DIRECTION BOOK should be in every home in the United States, and if every woman would carefully read it, we would be a better and more tastefully dressed people."

Gray Suit dyed Dark Green

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the colored water.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for **Wool** or **Silk** to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for **Cotton, Linen,** or **Mixed Goods** to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, **so that you may obtain the Very Best Results on EVERY Fabric.**

DIAMOND DYES SELL AT 10 CENTS PER PACKAGE.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.—Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, LIMITED
200 MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA


Libby's
Olives
The choice of the hostess for her luncheon and dinner party. Hand-picked fruit from the world's most famous olive orchards at Seville, Spain
—and Olive Oil
The limpid, golden juice of the finest Spanish olives, refined and clarified by modern methods. Its rich, delicate flavor makes every salad a success.
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago
Packed in Canada
Pickles
Pure Imported Olive Oil
Fancy
Libby's
Queen Olives
Packed and Guaranteed by Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Limited Toronto

Personal Power—

The capacity to plan and put into action ideas for success—requires "a sound mind in a sound body."

The famous wheat and barley food—

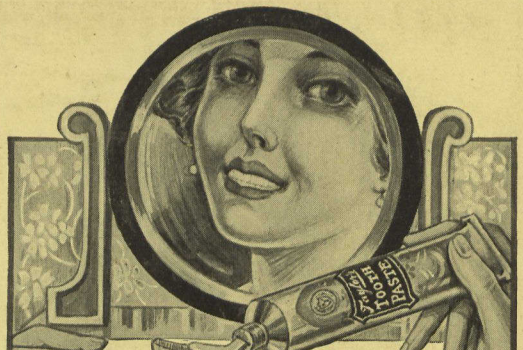
Grape-Nuts

(MADE IN CANADA)

is scientifically prepared for body and mind building—

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere



Taylor's

TOOTH PASTE

Delightful — Refreshing
Cleansing — Antiseptic

MEDALS 38 AWARDS

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.
TORONTO

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Taylor's

TIPPERARY ROSE PERFUME

DISTILLED IN CANADA
MEDALS 38 AWARDS
THE NEW PERFUME

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR
Mail us 10c for trial bottle to
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.
PERFUMERS TORONTO

T. H. BEST PRINTING CO. LIMITED, TORONTO